**Art Class Gone Wrong**

by Life Model  
  
My name is Amy, and this is the story of how I figured posing nude for a small art class would be the perfect way to satisfy my curiosity about what it would be like to be naked in a room where everyone else was dressed. I’ve seen girls get naked at parties on spring break or nude on topless beaches and such, not to mention the internet sites where only one girl is naked among others who are fully clothed, and I’ve always wondered three things. One. Why are they naked? Two. Where do they get the courage? Three. What must it feel like to be the subject of everyone’s focus while being so exposed and vulnerable? I’ve satisfied myself dozens and dozens of time thinking about it. It was fast becoming an obsession. The art class, however, was not my idea. It was my friend Lynn’s. Lynn and I graduated college three years ago together and have been best friends ever since. We live in the same town and see each other often. After a few drinks one night, I mentioned the subject and without hesitation she nonchalantly said, “You should pose nude at my cousin’s art studio”. I didn’t let on, but I was immediately hooked on the idea. “What better way to experience the thrill, than in the safe environment of a small art class?”, I thought to myself.  
  
I didn’t respond right away because I didn’t want to let on just how much I wanted to be naked among a group of clothed people. We refilled our drinks and Lynn said, “I posed there a couple times Amy”. “You did?”, I asked. “Sure!”, she said. “My cousin’s models will occasionally cancel so I filled in. It’s no big deal”. I continued to keep quiet on the subject, not wanting to appear to eager. Lynn then said, “It pays $20.00 an hour and most classes are two hours. I’ll call her if you want”. I was instantly relieved to hear her cousin was female. I don’t know why. It just felt safer to me. “I guess I could use the extra money”, I replied, using the excuse to conceal the fact that this was my inner most fantasy. “I guess you can call her”, I said, with a rather indifferent tone in my voice.  
  
A week went by and I had spoken to Lynn twice, but to my disappointment she didn’t bring up the subject of me posing nude at her cousin’s art studio. I was afraid to mention it, fearing I would come off sounding like some closet exhibitionist who wanted to be naked in front of other people just for the thrill of it, even though that was the reality of the situation. I just kept quiet on the subject but continued to masturbate to the idea. The next week Lynn stopped by on a Saturday morning without notice and knocked on the door. When I answered, she walked past me and into my living room and said, “I’m going down town and thought I’d stop by my cousin Ella’s art studio. She is looking for some new models and wants to meet you. She needs a model for a class a week from Tuesday so I told her you would do it”.  
  
“You What?” I replied in a surprised voice, hiding the fact that my entire body started to tingle. “I told her you would pose nude for her class, Amy. I thought you wanted to pose!”, she said, as she made her way to my kitchen. Walking the line between not wanting to appear to enthusiastic yet making sure I didn’t accidently blow my opportunity to fulfil my fantasy, I followed her to the kitchen, carefully preparing my response in my head. Before I could put my thoughts together, Lynn opened my refrigerator door and said, as she looked at the almost empty shelves, “Besides it looks like the extra money will come in handy”. She closed the door, turned to me and said, “It will be two separate classes so you will be posing from 7:00 pm to 10:00. Sixty bucks Amy. You could buy some food”. I’m not broke Lynn. I just haven’t been shopping”. “Either way, let’s take a ride and you can meet her.  
  
For the six-mile ride to Ella’s studio, Lynn dropped the subject of posing nude and talked about her favorite subject. Her Job. She was an events planner and went on talking about a new client who needed help jump starting her business or something. I was barely paying attention as I was secretly elated, that she had all but committed me to posing naked for not just one, but two art classes. This was turning out better than I could have ever imagined. I was finally going to experience my inner most fantasy. In just ten days, I was going to be naked among clothed people. I could barely contain my excitement.  
  
We pulled into a parking space along the nostalgic row of small historic buildings that made up what we called the town center. The street was lined by individual small businesses that looked like they came from a Norman Rockwell painting. This was the area of town that would be decorated for every holiday and most of the businesses were specialty shops. Most people did their food and daily shopping at the strip malls on the edge of town. This area was more for a relaxing stroll, window shopping and just appreciating the well-maintained town square. Lynn and I exited the car and she led me to the entrance of her cousin’s art studio. A bell atop the antique wooden door rang out as we entered. The studio was slightly larger than I imagined, but very quaint in it’s own right.  
  
Lynn’s cousin Ella was showing some customers the paintings that were for sale, positioned on specially made display cases and on the side and rear walls of the studio. She smiled at us and returned her focus to her customers. I started to walk around and take in the space. My attention immediately found the posing area, which had cloth covered box of some kind that was large enough for a model to pose in vertical positions, surround by eight easels. My heart started racing as I pictured myself totally naked on the perch, surrounded by eight fully dressed local artists, who were painting their personal vision of my bare flesh on their canvases. I slowly made my way around the studio getting more and more excited.

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The one thing that caught my eye was the location of the posing area. Although more towards the back of the studio, it was in sight from the large window facing the street. I thought to myself, “Surely they have some blinds or curtains in use when the models are posing”. The bell on the door rang again and more customers came into the store. I figured Ella may be tied up for a short while and decided to walk around and survey the merchandise. There were every kind of styles and subjects throughout the studio. There were oil paintings, water colors, charcoal sketches and more. The subjects included everything from nature settings, flower pots, fruit bowls and of course the nudes, both men and women. There didn’t seem to be any specific order, they were just neatly arranged but without categories.  
  
One painting of a nude young woman caught my eye. The artist seemed to catch her most intimate emotions, as her naked body was laid out on a carpet on the floor. I couldn’t help but wonder what she was thinking, as she laid totally exposed in front of the artist, or maybe even a class of artists. I had to continue browsing, as I started to become stimulated and could feel my face get flush. I definitely did not want my arousal to be discovered my Lynn or her cousin Ella. Lynn had gotten a cup of coffee and was sitting on the front window sill. I continued meandering through the aisles, often turning my focus to the posing area and fantasizing about being naked up there. I made my way over to the area where I noticed a privacy curtain on wheels with a bench, chair and coat stand behind it. “OMG” I thought. “Will I have to strip down behind this curtain and walk out from behind it naked?”  
  
Just as my mind started wondering, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I was startled and jumped a bit. I turned and there stood Ella, with a reassuring smile, holding her hand out. “Hi Amy. I’m Ella, and as you can see this is my studio”. I shook her hand and she said, “Let’s sit a minute” as she pointed to the bench. We both sat and she said, “Lynn says you’re interested in ‘Life Modeling’?” I had never heard that term before, so I just shook my head in agreement. “Well I have a brochure you should read. It explains all about ‘Life Modeling’ and will answer most questions you may have. I do recommend you pose for a few sketches with a single artist before posing for a full class, so you know what to expect and are comfortable with the process. I have some clients to attend to, but if it’s not too short notice, I have a friend on his way over and he can do a sketch or two if you’d like and if you have the time”. It was all so sudden, I didn’t know what to say, but Ella just smiled and said, “You think about it and let me know”, as she placed her hand on my knee, handed me the brochure, then left to attend to her customers.  
  
“OMG! I could be naked in front of a stranger today, if I wanted”, I thought to myself. I started to glance through the brochure as I wondered how this all happened so fast, and what should I do? I took the brochure and headed over to Lynn. “Want to take a walk?”, she asked. Since that was exactly what I wanted to do, I shook my head again and we walked out, below the ring of the bell hanging from the door, to the sidewalk. “How’d you know I wanted to take a walk?”, I asked. She simply replied, “I figured you’d have some questions and would rather talk about it in private”. We headed over toward the gazebo that adorned the small plot of land in front of the town hall building.  
  
While crossing the street to the gazebo, I said to Lynn, in the most casual voice I could muster, “Ella wants me to pose for a single artist before the Tuesday night classes”. Lynn replied, “Yeah. That’s normal”. “She wants me to pose today!” I replied, knowing Ella had barely mentioned it, but hoping Lynn would try and talk me into posing today. Even though I had made up my mind to do it, I so wanted it to seem as though I was pressured into it. Otherwise I was afraid she would realize I wanted to be the only one naked, like the girls on the internet sites. “I’m sure you don’t have to do it today Amy”, she said, “But why not if you’re going to pose for the Tuesday night classes. We’re already here and I have no plans for the next few hours”, she recommended. Definitely, not the coercion I was hoping for. Lynn had gone from telling me she had already told Ella I would pose, to saying “If you’re going to pose” as if it were not so certain, in a matter of less than an hour.  
  
I shrugged my shoulders and quietly mumbled, “We’ll see”, and suggested we head back to the studio, hoping she would goad me into posing. No such luck. If I wanted to act on my desires today, I would just have to hope Ella would try to motivate me into posing today. We re-entered the studio to find several new customers which left me wondering, how and when was Ella going to be able to break away to talk to me about posing. The bell on the door rang again and I noticed two cute guys walked in. Ella excused herself from her customers and headed over to the two young men. She walked up and hugged one of them and turned to the other and shook his hand. They spoke for a moment, then the one she hugged shook his head in what appeared to be in agreement, and they started to walk towards Lynn and I. My heart started racing but I had no idea why.  
  
Lynn hugged the same guy Ella had just hugged and said, as they embraced, “Hi Peter. How are you?” They stood back and looked at each other as Peter said, “Great Lynn. How about you?” Before anyone else could speak, Ella jumped in and said, “Amy. This is my artist friend Peter and his partner Greg”. Peter reached out to shake my hand as did Greg, as I thought to myself, “Posing for a gay man! This could ‘NOT’ be more perfect!” I knew right at that moment, I was going to be naked in front of this cute guy today if I had the chance! I had to fight hard to contain my excitement.

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Ella pulled me to the side and softly said, “Peter is willing to do a couple of charcoal sketches, if you’re ready”. I asked her in a whisper, “Where will I be posing?”. She took my hand back to the bench we had sat on earlier, then placed the long privacy curtain in a position that blocked off the rest of the studio. “You can pose on the bench, and Amy, I promise, no one will be able to see you back here”. The sounds of the customers and that bell on the front door seemed to be instantly amplified. Ella must have known just what I was thinking because she took my hand and said, “Amy. No one will see you back here and the sounds of the studio provide the perfect diversion. You’ll need to get used to ignoring such distractions when you are life modeling”. It was like I was watching our conversation from outside of myself as I quietly said, “O.k.”  
  
Ella gave me the most reassuring smile and said, “You dis-robe and I’ll be right back. Just fold your clothes and put them in a pile next to the bench. We’re not concerned with background right now”. She walked around the privacy curtain, leaving me there with all my doubts. Every fiber of my being told me to back out and run, but my most inner desires induced me into removing my clothes. I kept trying to talk myself out of doing this but before I knew it, my clothes were neatly folded in a pile next to the bench. There I was. My 117 - pound frame, with my size ‘B’ breasts and my brunette pubic hair covered pussy, was completely naked. “OMG! I was doing it! I was standing naked in Ella’s studio with nothing but a privacy curtain between me and everyone else in the shop.  
  
Ella walked around the curtain and discreetly looked over my naked body. Chills were running up my spine as she placed her hand on my lower back and said, “Amy. Sit here on the bench. My bare ass hit the cold wood and I was instantly covered in goose bumps. She knelt in front of me and placed her hands on my thighs. Her touch made me gasp for a breath. “Relax honey. You’ll do fine”, she said softly. “Take a moment to catch your breath. This is not a race. The key to life modeling is to understand that the human body is a beautiful thing and nothing to be ashamed of. Find a thought that relaxes you and try to mentally focus on that. You’ll be modeling for fifteen minutes at a time with five-minute breaks in between. Now I’m going to have Peter come around and then we’ll chose a pose for you”.  
  
Ella stood up and peaked around the curtain and said, “Peter. We’re ready for you dear”, they returned and knelt in front of me again. “Oh. I forgot the tape. I’ll be right back”. “The tape? What do we need tape for?”, I was thinking when Peter came around the curtain. I was later thankful that I just froze. It would have been worse to cover up my nakedness in shame. Ella returned immediately as Peter placed a chair in front of me, sat down and got his pad and charcoal pencil ready. Ella again knelt in front of me and said, “I’m going to use this tape to mark the location of your feet, hands and buttocks so you’ll be able to return to the same position after a break. Everything was so surreal, that I again felt like I was watching from outside my body, but I was determined not to show how embarrassed I was feeling. If Peter wasn’t gay, I may have just quit right then and there. Somehow knowing he was, made this easier.  
  
Ella had me sit back so my but was touching the back of the bench. She then bent my left leg, so it was on the bench as my left foot was touching my inner right thigh. My right foot was positioned on the floor and marked with some tape to remember the location. My legs were spread wide open as she placed some tape on the bench to mark the location of my right upper thigh and butt cheek. Next, she had me extend my left arm and place my hand on the bench, so I could lean on it for support. She marked the location with tape and placed my right hand on my right thigh. Last, she turned my head down and to the left, with my left cheek resting against my left shoulder so I was looking at my left hand. She stood up and back a few steps, allowing Peter a clear view of all my attributes. Everything was on full display and I was now somewhere between total arousal and utter humiliation.  
  
“You O.k. Amy?” Ella asked. “Yes”, I was barely able to squeak out, as my mind was racing, my heart was pounding, and I was now totally naked in front of a complete stranger. Worse yet, even I know that nude models are not supposed to move a muscle, so I was unable to cover my absolute mortification. The strange thing was, despite my apprehension and feeling humiliated, I found myself feeling triumphant, that I was actually going through with it. My mouth was silent, but my mind was screaming out, “I AM THE ONLY ONE NAKED!” I was grateful Ella positioned my gaze on my left arm and hand, so I could barely see Peter through side of my right eye, but I knew he could see all of me. I know he’s gay, but I still wondered if he was looking at my pussy, since it, along with my tits, were on full display.  
  
My nipples were completely erect, but I knew there was nothing I could do about it. I was just hoping that was normal. Having my legs positioned wide open like this was getting me more and more aroused. My state of titillation was soon interrupted when Peter said, “You’re doing great Amy. I real natural. No pun intended”, as he giggled a bit, in an attempt to make me feel more at ease. I mumbled my reply. “Thanks”, as two thoughts came into my mind. First. Am I allowed to talk? Second. I’m totally naked and on full display, while talking to a fully dressed stranger. I was torn between two emotions. What was I thinking? I must be out of my mind to be sitting here totally naked, with all of those people right on the other side of this flimsy privacy curtain! And, I can’t believe I’m living out my deepest fantasy right here, right now, with all of those people right on the other side of this flimsy privacy curtain!

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The emotional struggle taking place in my head was interrupted when Ella came around the curtain and stood next to Peter. This was followed by the ring from the hanging bell on the front door, indicating that someone was entering or leaving the quaint little shop. The gravity of my situation was setting in. Barely an hour ago I entered the studio to meet Ella to discuss posing, now the only cover I had was the thin silver neckless I was wearing and the trimmed pubic hair on my now stimulated pussy. Lynn rounded the curtain and decided to join us, then stood next to Ella. They both were now viewing Peter’s sketch from over his shoulders, while turning their eyes to my naked body for what I assumed was a comparison. No matter, having three clothed people only a few feet away from me, not to mention the unknown number of people just past the easily moved privacy curtain, as I sat there naked and immobile, was increasing my sense of vulnerability.  
  
Ella announced the first fifteen-minute segment only had two minutes remaining. That’s when it hit me. What do I do during the break? I mean really. What can someone do for five minutes, when they’re naked in a public place, and the only shelter they have is a small space, hidden from the view of those in the adjoining area, by only a thin, portable curtain? While I mentally tried to sort through my dilemma, Ella peeked around the curtain and said, “Greg. Why don’t you join us?” Determined to soldier on through the most humbling experience of my life, I remained steadfast in my pose, as I could feel the heat poor off what now must have been my bright red face. Greg came around the curtain and stood next to Ella, as I focused my eyes on my hand, hoping I wouldn’t crack and cover up in shame, all the while listening to Ella tell the others how great I was doing.  
  
Peter said, “All finished” as he handed his drawing pad to Ella. “Amy you can relax now” she said, as she viewed the sketch and turned it around so we all could see. It was so amazing that I immediately stood up to get a closer look. For a split second I had forgotten I was standing in a circle, while naked, with four other people who were fully clothed. Lynn stood next to me, put her arm around my lower bare back and waist, sending shivers through my naked physique, and said, “Amy. Looks like you’ve found a new career”, as she giggled and tighten her grip on my waist, reminding me how exposed I was. My relaxed nipples immediately became erect again and I realized I had to go pee. I shyly asked Ella where the restroom was and was there a robe I could use. She replied, “The rest room is right there, Amy”, as she pointed to a door about fifteen feet from where we were standing. “We don’t supply robes, but I don’t believe there are any children in the shop”, as she stepped from behind the curtain and scanned the studio. “The coast is clear”, she announced as she made her way back out to her customers.  
  
I looked to Lynn like a dear in the headlights and said, “No robes?” Peter stepped in and said, “Amy. You are doing fantastic. The restroom is right there”, as he pointed to the door that seemed a mile away. “You’ll be fine”. I looked at the door and decided if I couldn’t walk to the restroom, I would probably have difficulty posing for a full class. I took a deep breath and walked out from behind the curtain and headed for the restroom, not looking in the direction of the customers and trying to keep from running. I reached the restroom and pulled on the door, only to hear a woman’s voice say, “I’ll be out in a minute”. Paralyzing fear gripped me as I realized I had only two options. Return to the safety of the curtain, allowing those in the store to get a full-frontal view of my naked body and then have to make the trek all over again, or wait at the door with my bare back and naked ass on display for those who were browsing through the aisles of the exhibited paintings and other artwork.  
  
I heard the sound of running water and decided to wait for the restroom to become available. A moment later the door opened, and a middle age woman stepped out and was obviously surprised to see a naked woman waiting outside the restroom. She was standing in front of the doorway, blocking my path to the safety of the only private space that could conceal my total exposure and temporarily relieve my feelings of utter humiliation, as she composed her thoughts while scanning every inch of my bare flesh. “You must be one of the life models”, she said, while still remaining to be an obstacle between me and my much-needed sanctuary. “Yes ma’am, I am”, I replied, as I tried to make my way past her, to the protection of the restroom. “Are you modeling today?”, she asked. “No! I just like walking around naked in public!”, I thought to myself as I replied, “Yes ma’am”, still trying to get around her. “Well, I’ll let you get back to work”, she said as she finally vacated the space in front of the restroom door.  
  
I stepped inside the restroom, closed the door and frantically turned the lock on the door. I was practically hyper-ventilating as I stared at my naked torso in the mirror. I splashed some cool water on my face, as I tried to come to terms with both my public nudity and the warped fantasy that led up to it. I did my business and returned to the mirror. I just had a conversation with a total stranger, while completely naked. “This was your fantasy Amy! This is what ‘You’ wanted!”, I repeated in my mind, as I stared at my reflection in the mirror. I pulled myself together and decided to return to today’s posing area with as much dignity as I could muster. I opened the door and walked back to the bench, while allowing my peripheral vision to get a glimpse of the people in the shop.  
  
Peter said, “Well Amy. Let’s do one more sketch”, while Lynn and Greg stepped back, never taking their eyes off me. “Let’s have you stand for the next sketch”, he continued. Lynn picked up the tape as Peter had me place my right foot on the cold tile floor, facing the bench. He then instructed me to place my left foot up on the bench, once again leaving my pussy openly exposed. He then had me fold my right forearm over my left and lean on my left knee, leaving by breasts dangling in the air. I was then instructed to look down at my left foot. Both poses left me completely exposed but focused my gaze in a direction that kept me from having to look straight at the clothed people that were surrounding me. Again, Peter took his seat and started to sketch my naked frame while I occupied my mind with the thoughts of both the thrill and embarrassment of the day’s events.

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During the time I was modeling for the second of Peter’s sketches, Ella spent her time with her customers in the shop, while Lynn and Greg had disappeared from small private space behind the curtain and back into the public area. Peter finished the second sketch and indicated that we were finished. I moved my clothes from the floor to the bench and started to get dressed, while this feeling of disappointment seemed to come over me. I started wondering how depraved I must be, that I was disappointed that the time to put my clothes back on was here. I did know one thing, however. I couldn’t wait to pose for a larger group of clothed artists. The duel emotions of ‘Total Arousal’ and “Utter Humiliation’, were all I had dreamed they would be. I was the only one naked in a public area and was feeling both thrilled and mortified at the same time. It’s difficult to explain.  
  
Peter and I emerged from behind the curtain to find Ella had several clients already interested in purchasing the sketches the talented, handsome, gay man had just completed. They were waiting to see the final sketches, during the time I was posing. ‘Get Them hot Off the Presses’, I guess. Meanwhile, I made my way back into the shop, being careful not to make obvious eye contact with the people who had just seen me naked but overwhelmed with curiosity and wanting to know what they were thinking about me. Greg joined me in one of the aisles and said, “Peter is very impressed with your intrepidness and composure, Amy. He has many private collectors looking for contemporary nude paintings. Do you model privately?” I almost fell over. “This was my first time Greg. I’ve never posed before”, I replied. “Well, private collectors pay well, and being Peter’s agent along with being his partner, I feel it’s safe to say, you should give it some thought”, as he made his way back to the sales counter and joined back up with the others.  
  
After a short time, the group around the sales counter had dispersed and Ella called me over. “Well Amy. You did very well today”, as she handed me $50.00 dollars. “What’s this for?”, I asked. Peter sold the sketches, and this is your share”, she replied. Now don’t get too excited. I still pay $20.00 an hour when you pose for classes here, and that’s the going rate in the industry. Getting paid $50.00 for less than an hour is unusual, but it’s a nice little bonus for your first life modeling session. So! Are we on for a week from Tuesday?” I immediately replied “Yes”, and we shook hands, as Lynn and I left the studio under the ring of the hanging bell. “You had quite the morning, huh girl”, Lynn said, as we walked to her car. Still in somewhat of a fog, I replied, “Definitely not what I was expecting to do today, when you picked me up”.  
  
“So. Are you excited to pose for a full class?”, Lynn asked. Trying to appear indifferent, and concealing this overwhelming feeling of exhilaration, bordering on titillation, I replied “I wouldn’t say excited, but I do have $50.00 I didn’t have this morning”. “Well, I hope you don’t get mad Amy, but a took a few photos, so you would have a souvenir from your first ‘life modeling’ experience”. “You did?”, I asked, in a fabricated, slightly agitated tone, yet so thankful she had and anxious to see them. “Yeah. I did”, she replied, as she handed me her phone. I pulled up the photos from her photo gallery and could not have been more thrilled. There I was. Naked in public. Lynn had taken photos of me in both poses. She made sure to capture those surrounding me in each photo. She took some of me while I was talking to the woman at the restroom door and several more as I walked back to the bench from the restroom. Afraid she may delete them, I sent them to my phone, as I pretended to be embarrassed and pleaded with her not to show them to anyone, knowing I was going to post them to the internet sites I had been viewing, as soon as I had the chance.  
  
Lynn dropped me off in front of my house, stating she had work to do on her new client’s project. I walked into my front door as her car disappeared down the street. Immediately I started to load the photos onto my computer, barely able to wait to see them on the 24” screen. I took a moment to make sure my blinds were drawn and stripped completely naked, then sat in front of my computer. I pulled up each photo and cropped it, so no space was wasted. Lynn had done a great job taking them. The angles taken allowed the viewer to see me totally naked, while those around me were fully clothed, and they were all crystal clear. I could remember what I was thinking at the time, just by seeing my facial expressions. They were perfect and now they were posted on line. I sat in my chair and masturbated, as I knew I could no longer just delete the photos, not that I would ever want to. I was naked in public and now posted on line for all to see. I could hardly wait until a week from Tuesday.

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The next ten days seemed to drag on forever. Other than work, I had few distractions to occupy my mind. I spent much of my free time reposting my pics to additional websites, and reading the comments attached by viewers to the photos I had already posted. I figured there are millions and millions of naked women’s photos on the internet, so if anyone I knew happened to stumble across some of my photos by chance, I would simply tell them “Someone at a ‘Life Modeling’ class I had posed for, must have secretly taken the photos and posted them without my knowledge or permission”. I knew I could act surprised, embarrassed and angry all the same time if I had to, so I continued to post and post and post some more.  
  
It was now only two days until I was scheduled to pose for the classes. I had only seen Lynn once, and talked to her by phone or text only a few additional times. I knew she was busy with her new client’s project, but I so yearned to talk with her since she was the only person I really knew, who witnessed my naked adventure. I was thinking it was probably best, since I had to fight hard to hide how much I wanted to be the ‘only one naked’ and even harder to conceal my elation after I actually did it. To my delight, she unexpectedly showed up Sunday afternoon. We poured some wine and sat around the kitchen table. I allowed her to talk about her job, hoping some discussion of my nude modeling would find its way into the conversation.  
  
As a way of introducing what was quickly becoming my fetish, I mentioned that I was thinking of going to the studio on Monday to pick up the brochure, Ella had recommended I read. With all the excitement last time, I forgot to bring it home and read it. Lynn replied, “Now that you’ve already posed, Amy, you won’t need that. I’ve read it. What do you want to know?”, she asked. I brought up the one little thing I was a bit uncomfortable with. “Why don’t they supply robes for the models to wear during the breaks?”, I asked. “I’m not sure but I think it’s because the emotional roller coaster of taking it off after every break can be a bit destabilizing for the models. It’s like having to strip naked over and over. I think they find the models are less inhibited when they remain nude”. “Well that makes sense”, I replied. “Don’t worry Amy”, she said, in a convincing tone. “After you pose for the first couple of sessions, you’ll barely give it another thought”.  
  
After another glass of wine Lynn got ready to go home. She said, “How about I pick you up on Tuesday. We’ll ride over together”. “Sure”, I replied. “I’ll pick you up at 6:30”, she said, as she gave me a hug and walked to her car. Once back inside my house, I again checked the blinds and stripped naked. I spent the evening pretending I was on break at the studio and was working on maintaining my composure. If my little trip to the bathroom last time I posed was any indicator, I would have to work to remain calm, cool and collected for the entire evening. I mean let’s face it. Any little thing, like having to wait your turn in line for a restroom, has a whole new meaning when you’re naked and no one else is. That’s the thrill of it, yet it has endless possibilities for ridicule and humiliation. I had a full dose of both in less than an hour last time. It is imperative I am prepared for anything.  
  
Tuesday finally came and Lynn picked me up at 6:30 on the dot. I had thrown on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt over my bra and panties and put on my sandals. Since I was going to be spending most of the evening naked, I figured it didn’t matter what I wore. Lynn asked, as we entered her car, “You’re not still mad at me for taking those photos of you last time, are you?” I replied, “I wasn’t mad Lynn. I was just a little worried someone might see them, but I did appreciate the souvenirs”, as I giggled a bit. “Should I take a few tonight?”, she asked. “If you promise not to let anyone see them”, I replied. For the most part that was the extent of our conversation, as we drove to the studio. I had butterflies in my stomach the entire way. It wasn’t until we were half way there, that it occurred to me. Since I was the one modeling, why was Lynn going? Moral support maybe? I didn’t know and didn’t want to hurt her feeling by asking. So, I just sat in my seat full of anticipation.  
  
We pulled up to the studio but had to park a little further away than the last time we were here. We drove around the road that encircled the gazebo and parked on the other side of the town square. It’s rare that I go down town during a week night or weekend for that matter, so I thought nothing of the fact that so many cars and pedestrians were there. As we exited Lynn’s car, I noticed the sun was setting, making the charming little town look so beautiful. I actually started fantasizing about posing for a class on the gazebo as we walked past it, wondering how intense that scenario would be. I was to pose in fifteen minutes, so Lynn and I picked up the pace a little.

**Art Class Gone Wrong 7**

We entered the store past the charming sound of the bell. The atmosphere was quite subdued, and there were eight easels placed in front of the posing area, as there had been the first time I was here. “I am going to be naked in front of eight people”, was all I could think about. “Ten people when you include Ella and Lynn”. I casually surveyed the room, in an attempt to identify those who would have visual access to my pussy, ass and tits, while wondering when Ella would be closing the shop so I could pose. She walked up to me and asked, “Are you ready for our big night?” Having no idea what she meant, I just replied, “Whenever you’re ready, I’m ready!”. “Great!”, she said, as she asked me to sign a waiver.  
  
“Waiver. What waiver?”, I thought to myself. Lynn instantly grabbed my arm and said, “Amy. It’s no big deal. The artists are forbidden to take photos of the models, but occasionally some do. We’re not the cell phone police you know! And even if some jerk sneaks in a pic or two, who cares? You’re ‘Life Modeling”, that’s easy to explain away”. “I couldn’t have said it better myself”, I thought, as I willingly signed the paper. While I was signing my life away, Ella pulled the mobile privacy curtail and placed it to the left side of the posing area, blocking the view of anyone who might walk in the front door, saying “Just a few more minutes people!”. After setting the curtain in place she pushed a button that lowered a two-way mirror type shade that allowed those in the studio to see outside, but anyone outside could not see in. I just stood there in amazement.  
  
Ella walked up to me, took my hand and led me outside. We both looked at our reflections in the mirror-like shade covering the large window in front of the studio, as she said, “You see Amy. No one outside the studio will be able to see you. What do you say we get down to making art?” I was so happy she took the time to put me at ease. She announced to the artists, “Class. We will be starting in a few minutes so please take your places at your easels”. She then turned to me and said, “Amy. You can disrobe in the restroom if you’d like”. While this was going on, Lynn was distracted by something or someone on her phone. Her new client no doubt. I went into the restroom and removed all of my clothes and sandals.  
  
Seeing my naked reflection in the mirror, along with the cold tile floor beneath my bare feet, triggered the same two emotions that seemed to go hand in hand with this type experience. The initial thrill, that ultimately led to my arousal, along with the sense of impropriety that initiated the feeling of humiliation. Up until now, the emotional intoxication of the thrill, outweighed the sense of embarrassment, if only by a little. I summoned my courage by remembering the photos Lynn had taken of me, along with the expressions of confidence on the faces of the girls I had seen on-line, who had put themselves if similar situations, then walked out of the restroom and over to the posing area. Still careful not to look at the faces of anyone in the studio, other than Ella, I stood in front of her with my hands on my hips and asked, “How would you like me to pose?”  
  
Ella seemed a bit bewildered as she said, “Amy, since this will be your only pose for this class, I’m going to have you pose as you did for your first sketch with Peter. I sat on the covering of the models’ perch, happy I wouldn’t be posing on the cold wood of the bench I was on, when Peter drew his two sketches. First, I bent my left leg and rested it on the seating surface, so my left foot was touching my inner right thigh, as Ella placed my right foot in the position she desired, then marked it with the masking tape. I stretched out my left arm and put it on the surface and rested my left cheek on my shoulder, then put my right hand on my right thigh. Ella marked the location of my right butt cheek and left hand, stepped back and said, “O.k. class. Let’s get started on your interpretations of tonight’s life model”. She then stepped back behind the artists as I sat there, happy to be in a position that was both comfortable and revealing.  
  
I posed for the allotted fifteen minutes, then Ella announced it was time for a break. I stood and stretched a bit, as I watched the people walking past the front window on the sidewalk outside. Knowing I could see them, but they couldn’t see me inspired me to take a short stroll away from the posing area. One thing Ella had made clear to me was, “Do not look at the artist’s paintings or drawings, especially when they were not complete. After they are finished, they will show you if they choose”. Remembering this specific instruction, I stretched my legs in areas of the studio that were away from the canvases of the class but allowed me a little amusement. Ella called me over and said, “We’re ready Amy”. I was a bit embarrassed, since the artists were back at their easels and I was still on my little naked jaunt around the store. I took my place and the second session was under way.

**Art Class Gone Wrong 8**

The following two session were pretty much the same. I posed for fifteen minutes, then took my little naked walks around the shop during my breaks, watching the people outside walk past the studio’s front window. I even posed for a couple of photos for Lynn, hoping the artists were in the background, proving I was naked in public. But during these sessions, I had the strangest feeling something was wrong. I felt there were disapproving expressions from some of the artists, but I figured I was just paranoid, since I never had to be told to sit still or be repositioned to duplicate the original pose. I sat for my fourth and final session of the first class and was both relieved and excited at the same time.  
  
I can’t explain it, but trust me when I say, “When you are the only person naked in a room with people who are fully clothed, it is possible to have multiple emotions at the same time”. Anyway, I felt relieved because I had successfully posed for a full class with eight art students and maintained what I felt was a professional image. I was excited, because I knew I would be posing for a new group of clothed artists, permitting me to safely continue feeding my new obsession. Lynn was right when she recommended, I pose for her cousin’s studio classes. Being a ‘Life Model’ allows me to explore my inner most fantasy, while limiting the possibility of the unmitigated shame that would usually accompany being the only person who is naked in a group of clothed people.  
  
The clock on the wall told me it was 8:15 pm, and I had five minutes remaining to complete my first full ‘Life Modeling’ class. Soon, the clock struck 8:20, so as Ella was explaining to the class that it was time to pack up their things, I took my last little naked walk around the store, again careful not to make eye contact with the incoming group of artists. This time I ventured a little further from the posing area and noticed that concealed by the privacy curtain, was a small table positioned by the front door that had a large commercial style aluminum coffee maker, Styrofoam cups, cream and sugar canisters and a stack of what looked to be some sort of brochures. I could smell the freshly made coffee, but at the time I didn’t think much about it. I would soon find out my second ‘Life Modeling’ class of the evening would be much different than my first.  
  
I decided to pee during the ten-minute break between classes, to insure I didn’t have to use the bathroom during the next session. That’s when I discovered my clothes were no longer in the restroom. Concerned they had been moved, I exited the restroom and walked over to Ella, to inquire if she knew where they were. I looked for Lynn, but she was nowhere in sight. I noticed Ella had the same look of bewilderment that she had earlier when I walked out of the restroom, after disrobing for the first class. The same awkward feeling I had during the breaks of the first class started to come over me, so I forced myself to ask, “Ella. Is something wrong? Am I posing correctly?” “Oh Amy! You are doing great!”, she replied, still having a troubled expression on her face. “Then what’s wrong?”, I asked. She was obviously a bit anxious when she whispered, “Everything is fine dear. We’re just not used to a model not wearing a robe between posing sessions. But if you’re comfortable, I’m comfortable!”  
  
I started to tremble and stutter, as I squeaked out my next sentence. “You said the last time I was here, that you don’t provide robes”. Ella so naively replied, “We don’t honey. It’s just that our models usually, well, always bring their own robes. Now don’t concern yourself with this Amy. I think is refreshing to have a model with such confidence and self-esteem. The last time you were here, I had you walked to the restroom to provide you with a little more experience being nude for the artists. Well, you obviously have no issue with the nudity, which makes me feel a bit relieved since we are only three minutes away from our open house”. “OPEN HOUSE? WHAT OPEN HOUSE?”, I frantically asked myself. I knew immediately, there was no way to hide the expression on my face, which said in loud volumes,  
  
  
“I AM THE MOST GULLIBLE IDIOT IN THE WORLD!!!!!!”  
  
By this time the first group of artists had either left or were hanging around the studio, as the second group of artists were taking their places behind their easels. This all transpired, as Ella (without knowing it) was informing me that I was a fool for walking around naked between modeling sessions earlier, and more so for standing here naked now, as the facial expressions of this next group of artists were ranging from ‘Bewilderment’, to ‘Distaste’ to the out and out ‘Lust’, coming from two younger guys who were sitting at the last two easels. No wonder the previous artist/students were all looking at me with such disapproving expressions. They all think I’m some kind of ‘Exhibitionist Slut’! I could not have felt more foolish or humiliated. Or so I thought. I was so stupefied with the events of the last two minutes, I didn’t even have the whereabouts to cover my shame and indignity. I just stood there, trying to come to grips with the situation.

**Art Class Gone Wrong 9**

The bell on the front door rang out, and I heard Lynn’s elevated voice saying, “Come on in folks. Welcome to our ‘Open House’. Please fill out the sign-in sheet, help yourself to some coffee and make yourself at home. As you know we do have a ‘Life Modeling’ class that’s about to begin, so please allow the artist’s their space, but feel free to browse the aisles of artwork. If you have any questions about a particular painting or sketch, Ella will be around shortly to answer them. If you’d like to sign up for one of our future classes, my name is Lynn and I’ll get you registered over at that counter”.  
  
As I noticed a line of people through the front window, Ella saw the petrified look on my face and immediately took my hand and led me to the restroom. I was still trying to catch my breath when there was a knock on the restroom door. The frightened expression on my face told her everything. At least everything she was afraid of. “Amy. Please calm down. Lynn told me you would have no problem posing during the ‘Open House’. Then came another knock on the door, followed by Lynn’s voice saying, “Ella. It’s me Lynn. Let me in”. I think Ella was the only one who was more distressed than me. But at least she had her clothes on. Completely unsure of what to do, she unlocked the door and let Lynn in. “Ella. Let everyone know we’ll be starting ten minutes late. Tell them we want to take a few additional minutes to allow people to get settled before we start”. Ella looked so hesitant that Lynn repeated herself and said, in a reassuring voice, “Go on Ella. Tell them. We’ll be out in a few minutes”.  
  
Ella left the restroom, then Lynn locked the door. She put the seat on the toilet down, turned to me and said, “Sit”. Still trying to catch my breath, I asked, “Why are you doing this to me?”, as my eyes began to fill with tears. She pointed to the toilet seat and again said, “Sit!”. Naked, humiliated and having no idea where my clothes were, I sat on the cold seat. A grim reminder of my nakedness and vulnerability. “Now Amy. I’m going to speak for two minutes. Please do not interrupt me until I am finished. ‘Why am I doing this to you?’, was your question? Well my best friend in the world, I’m not doing this to you. I’m doing this for you honey. And I’m doing it because you wanted me to!” I turned my head up, only to see her index finger waving at me, as she repeated, “AHH! Two minutes”. She went on saying, “The night you so casually mentioned the subject of being naked, when everyone else around you, were wearing clothes, I knew. I knew right then, you were fantasizing about it, and probably wanted to experience it. If you remember, we were both drinking when your phone rang. You left your laptop on the kitchen counter, while you walked into your living room to talk with your brother for a while. Well I took the opportunity to review your internet files. I mean let’s face it Amy. Who brings up a subject like that, unless they’ve been thinking about, or obsessing about it for a while? Do the names ‘Only One Naked’, ‘Embarrassed Nude Female’ or ‘Nude-In-Public’, ring a bell?” An overwhelming feeling of shame ran through my body. My best friend knew all about my most inner, warped fantasy. I wanted to disappear.  
  
The day you posed for Peter, you sent the souvenir photos I had taken of you to your phone instead of deleting them, even though you seemed upset that I had taken them. Well, I went back to those websites and ‘low and behold’, there you were”. I closed my legs tight, covered my tit and coward over in disgrace. Lynn continued, “Amy. Before you die of embarrassment, know this. I was so turned on. Not just turned on for me, but for you, that I masturbated looking at your photos and reading the comments people left, at least a dozen times. If I had the courage I would do it. You are my ‘Hero’! Oh, and by the way I beat you to the punch”, as she handed me her phone. There I was. The pictures she took tonight were already posted to my favorite sites. I looked up to her with pleading eyes as she said, “Amy. You have the chance to live out your wildest fantasy without any repercussions. If you stop now, you will regret it for the rest of your life. By now you must realize that my cousin Ella is my latest client. This ‘Open House’ means a lot for her business and you have the opportunity to help a really sweet woman and live out your inner most fantasy”.  
  
Lynn knelt down in front of me a said, “Look at those photos. You can’t tell me you don’t love it! You’ll be bringing yourself to orgasm over and over for years to come. Now pull yourself together Amy and finish this”. She then took the phone and pulled up a photo from one of the websites, showing a naked girl surrounded by dozens of clothes people, with an expression on her face that made you feel like she was the only one ‘Not’ embarrassed. To my ultimate surprise, Lynn put her hands on my cheeks and planted a big, wet, messy kiss right on my lips. She pulled back and asked, “Are we in this together?” I grabbed her and gave her a big hug. She then said, “O.k. O.k. Let’s get you ready to realize your fantasy and help my cousin out at the same time”. She pulled me to my feet and faced me to mirror. I don’t know why, but I started laughing.  
  
I turned to Lynn and asked, “How many people do you think are out there?” She grinned and said, “Not enough”. “Oh. By the way. Where are my clothes?”, I asked. “Amy. They are safely locked up in my car”, she responded. “Of-course they are”, I replied. “Oh. Just one more thing”, she said, as she turned me around. “You will be helping me with ‘My’ fantasy later”. I must have had a puzzled look on my face because she continued, “What? You think you’re the only sicko here?” We both laughed and together we walked out of the restroom, into a studio with over fifty clothed people and up to the posing area, to Ella’s great relief.

**Art Class Gone Wrong 10**

As Lynn and I made our way to the posing area, someone in the now growing audience started to clap but was quickly quieted by Lynn. Still mentally battling my emotions, and most likely appearing to have lost all vestiges of modesty to those in attendance, I stood there totally naked as Lynn addressed the crowd of at least thirty people. I can’t imagine what a spectacle I must have looked like. “Welcome to our ‘Open House’ everyone. My name is Lynn. I’ll be your host for the evening. As you are aware, there will be a ‘Life modeling’ class in session during the next hour and a half or so. You are welcome to observe, but please be respectful to our artists and this evening’s life model. Please feel free to make your way around the studio and help yourself to the brochures that explain the many activities and classes that are available here at the studio. And of course. All the artwork in the shop is for sale”.  
  
The bell on the front door, which I once considered quaint, rang out over and over like an annoying car alarm that goes off in the middle of the night, while you’re trying to sleep. It soon became unsettling, if not down-right irritating, and a constant reminder that my public exposure was reaching levels far beyond any fantasy I may have had. As Lynn continued her little speech, Ella had me sit on the model’s perch. She quietly explained that she and Lynn had discussed several different poses and they decided on one Lynn had recommended. “Lynn? What the Hell does Lynn know about art?”, I thought to myself. I had to fight the urge to just stand up and walk out. Knowing I had no clothes to put on, even if I did decide I have had enough, compelled me to endure. I resigned myself to my fate, and what I knew would soon become my very public debasement.  
  
Ella had me sit close to the edge of the perch, put my left leg straight out, bending 90 degrees at the knee, while my foot was placed flatly on the floor and she marked the location with the tape. She then instructed me to extend my arms behind me and rest my weight on the palms of my hands, marking those locations as well. Next, she turned my right leg outward, exposing my pussy to the dozens of onlookers, then placed my right foot so only the ball and toes were in contact with the cold wood floor, leaving nothing to the imagination of the spectators. She then had me turn my head down and to the right, so my line of sight was the large picture window at the front of the store. Instinctively I knew what Lynn had so carefully planned out. She had brilliantly positioned me so every square inch of my bare flesh, with the exception of my cute little butt, was on complete display to the growing assembly of spectators, while allowing me the distraction of watching the pedestrians walk past the large, shaded window.  
  
I wanted to ‘Kill’ her and ‘Hug’ her, at the same time. More of those dueling emotions at work. Being preoccupied with the task of positioning myself in this most revealing of poses, I missed the remainder of Lynn’s speech. She walked up and whispered in my ear, “Don’t worry Amy. I’ll discreetly take plenty of photos so you can continue your little hobby when you get home”, as she giggled and made her way into the crowd of people. Thankful, the privacy curtain obstructed the entrance foyer area, but not the large picture window, I kept my focus on the passersby. In an attempt to divert my attention from the audience, while coming to grips with my present state of exposure and vulnerability, I never took my focus off of the large window and those who were walking by outside.  
  
With a couple of minutes until my first break, I started to become very uneasy. What do I do? There are no empty aisles to prance through, while the artists continued to focus on their work. I can’t just hide in the restroom! An overwhelming feeling of dread came over me, as I desperately tried to come up with some plan of action. The sounds of the visitors, which only a moment ago seemed so distant, were now echoing through my mind, as the time until the break was ticking away, and the bell on the front door seemed to be reverberating through the entire town, every time someone entered the studio.  
  
The two groups of artists were made up of both men and women of all different ages, so I knew this sudden attack of anxiety was not due to a particular gender or age group. No. Not at all. It was the ‘Sheer Size’ of the still growing audience. How could I possibly act naturally, when so many clothed people were on every side of me? You don’t have to be an Einstein to realize I was undoubtedly the focus of most of the crowd, and probably the reason many of them were here in the first place. Having an ‘Open House’ during a ‘life modeling’ class was a stroke of genius on Lynn’s part, even if it meant I would long surpass my daily quota (if not lifetime quota) of unadulterated shame and degradation. Unable to imagine what the guests might be thinking about me or my fully visible anatomy, I became concerned I may be giving the impression I was more an ‘Exhibitionist’ than a ‘Life Model’, which I knew deep down was the reality of the situation.

**Art Class Gone Wrong 11**

As the remaining seconds until my break were winding down, I saw a glimmer of hope on the horizon. Well, maybe that’s a bit dramatic. I at least noticed the possibility of a distraction, for my first five-minute break. Walking past the studio picture window, were Peter and Greg. Hopefully they were on their way to the studio front entrance. “They had to be!”, I thought. “I felt at ease, when I was posed for Peter, and was naked in front Greg during my ‘Life Modeling’ training session, so I was optimistic they may be the diversion I needed to occupy my time during my upcoming five-minute break. For the first time in a while, the bell on the door had that nostalgic tone, I remembered from when I first visited the studio. To my relief, Peter and Greg emerged from behind privacy curtain that was obstructing the view from the front door, of any passersby.  
  
Ella caught sight of the handsome, male couple and headed over to greet them. She stopped for a moment and announced that it was time for a break, then continued on her way to meet the two men. This allowed the artists time to critique their work but left me feeling abandoned, and ‘stark naked’ on the posing platform. With the need to limber up to avoid getting any cramps, and no distraction to divert the audiences’ attention, and with the eyes of so many of the guests on me, I had no option but to stand up and stretch a bit. This was the first time I had heard the ominous sound of a cell phone taking a picture. My first instinct was to cover up in shame, but Lynn arrived before I had the opportunity and grabbed my hand, then swiftly led me down a hallway, adjacent to the restroom, that led to the rear exit of the studio.  
  
Before I knew what was happening, Lynn pulled open the inside door, pushed open the outside screen door, and drug me outside to the deserted rear parking lot, that was behind the studio. I tried to pull away and return to the safety of the studio, when Lynn said, “There’s no one out here Amy, but there are plenty of people in there. You only have five minutes. I suggest you try to relax and unwind a bit, before you return to modeling. I turned to her and barked, “Lynn! I heard the clicking of the cell phones! They’re taking pictures of me! I thought that was forbidden!”  
  
Lynn, armed with the most obtuse attitude possible, responded, “Well Amy. Here’s the problem. I wasn’t sure if I should have added the ‘Prohibition of Cell Phone Use’, to my speech, or announce to the guests, that if they decide to take photos of your ‘Bare Ass Naked Body!’, and post them on line, they must forward the website links to you! That way you can add them to the collection of sites you already masturbate too, while viewing your rock-hard nipples, sweet little ass and moist pussy, along with your horny little internet fan club! What should I have done?”, she asked, with the most unforgettable expression. We both started laughing uncontrollably.  
  
Lynn looked at her watch and said, “Alright Amy. It’s almost time to get you back up there”. We hugged again, as she whispered in my ear, “There is no one here that is questioning why you are naked. Enjoy your fantasy! Whatever photos find there way around town, or onto the internet, are easily explained away, like I told you earlier. Now. Don’t look at me, act casual and mingle a bit on your way back to the posing area, so I can get some photos that look more spontaneous than staged”. That last sentence confirmed in my mind that Lynn was truly on my side through this crazy undertaking. I was fascinated with the courage, along with the indifferent attitudes and expressions of the girls on the websites, who were the only ones naked and wanted to be portrayed in that manner. That’s when I decided to trust her completely.  
  
With a sense of renewed motivation and determination, I followed Lynn down the hall and into the open space of the crowded studio. Having no choice but to make my way past those blocking the way back to the posing area, I became resolute and started to shimmy through the maze of clothes spectators. The expressions on the faces of those I came in contact with, along with the feel of the fabric of their clothing against my bare skin, once again postured the feelings of arousal and humiliation against each other. With some guests politely saying “excuse me”, followed by their courteous smiles, while others looked at me with different levels of either lust or disdain, I knew that to continue fulfilling my fantasy, not to mention my commitment to Ella, was going to test my nerves and psyche to their very limits.

**Art Class Gone Wrong 12**

Most of the guests displayed their good manners and politely stepped aside, as I made my way back to the posing area. As with any event, where people from different backgrounds or lifestyles are assembled, there always seems to be one or two who appear to be ‘Out of Their Element’, for lack of a better term. This event would be no different. Only a few feet from the posing area, a young scruffy guy, most likely in his early twenties, was standing in my path to the models’ perch, impeding me from taking the last remaining steps necessary to resume modeling. His eyes were wide open, yet he seemed to be in a trance and was staring directly at my pussy. A standoff that did not go unnoticed by the surrounding visitors. I cleared my throat in an attempt to rouse him from his daze, but to no avail. He just stood there, not only staring at my pussy, but bringing the attention of others to my well-trimmed mound.  
  
I looked past him toward Ella, hoping for some assistance. Before anyone could react, a young woman (probably his wife or girlfriend) grabbed him by his shirt and screeched in a deafening tone, “What’s wrong with you Gary? Get out to the car you little ‘Pervert’!”, as she gave me the ‘Dirtiest Look’ imaginable, insinuating that I too, was a pervert, if not a slut. She then dragged him out of the studio as the place fell deadly silent, other than the ringing of that annoying bell and her fading expletives, as the door shut behind them. You could hear a pin drop as every eye in the studio fell on me. On the verge of having a complete nervous break-down, while standing naked in a room full of dozens of clothed strangers, I heard Lynn’s voice yell out. “Our apologies ladies and gentlemen! I guess the young couple are not ‘True’ art lovers”. Many of the guests started to chuckle, as she had successfully diverted their attention away from me, and the tension in the room had been completely extinguished.  
  
Lynn made her way through the studio, calmly getting the guests to return their focus to the available artwork and talking to them about future art classes, as Ella made her way over to me. She rubbed my back in the most reassuring way, as she helped me over to the models’ perch and seated me. She knelt in front of me and said, in her motherly tone, “Amy. If you don’t want to model any more this evening, I’m sure everyone will understand”, as her soft hands were gently rubbing my bare thighs. I looked past her to get another glimpse of Lynn at work among the dozens of potential customers, then turned my attention back to her and said, No. It’s alright Ella. I’ll continue to pose”. The sense of appreciation in her smile was worth it. As I positioned myself to the pose Lynn had selected, I could feel the tingling in my pussy return, knowing it was again on display to both the artists and the onlookers.  
  
I focused on the sidewalk outside the window again, as sounds of the studio seemed to diminish and the brief, but intense encounter ran through my mind, over and over. Every moment from the vague but steadfast stare of the scruffy young guy, followed by the look of complete and utter disgust given to me by the woman he was with, to the stunned countenance of the dozens of clothed spectators, allowed me to mentally drift back to my fantasy, while gazing out the window, still painfully aware of my present exposure. The facial expressions I had witnessed during my encounter with the couple will remain in my psyche for years to come, if not for the rest of my life.  
  
The looks on their faces were like the expressions of those observing the naked women in the photos, on the websites I visit and have posted on. Those that are in the background of the pictures usually have dumbfounded expressions, while those close to the subject seem to be enjoying their interactions with the naked women. I would get so ‘turned on’, wondering what they were thinking about the girl who is naked in the group. Now that same curiosity is wondering what all of these people are thinking about me. I know it sounds warped, but the mind will do almost anything to be distracted when you are the only one naked in a space full of clothed people.  
  
Ella announced there was one minute left until the break, which prompted the butterflies in my stomach to again become active. I tried to relax figuring the worst (and maybe the best) was over. Break time came, so I relaxed my pose but remained on the perch. Lynn sat beside me and said, “You’re going to love the photos I got. I had heard an occasional cell phone camera click while I was posing but remembered how both Lynn and I felt any photos made public were easily explained away and was actually a bit aroused knowing people were going to have naked pictures of me on their phones. Lynn went through her photo gallery with me, concealing it form the others. She had taken the most amazing pictures.  
  
There were dozens of photos depicting the entire second session. She had captured everything from my naked standoff with the young couple, including full frontal shots of my naked body with my ‘dear in the headlights’ expression, to my revealing pose and the expressions of those who were witness to my public exhibition. Before I could say anything, she leaned over and whispered in my ear, “Don’t worry Amy. I already sent them to your phone. Your horny little internet fan club will have plenty to masturbate to tonight. Now let’s take a walk around the studio and I’ll step back and get some more while you interact with some of the guests”.  
  
To motivate me, she pulled up a photo of an older gentleman with a smile on his face allowing me to pass earlier, while two other men were gawking at my naked body. It was another full frontal of me and with three dressed men with priceless expressions on their faces, while I appeared a bit timid, yet confident. And it was all captured in the same frame. It was perfect!

**Art Class Gone Wrong 13**

Knowing she had me ‘hook, line and sinker’, Lynn took me by the hand while saying, “Come on Amy. There’s only three minutes until the next session”, as she led me to the front counter, of all places. This was the first time had I ventured so far from the emotional safety of the posing area, or shelter of the rear exit hallway. Standing only a few feet from the large front picture window, and now in the line of sight of the front door, this feeling of indecency, bordering on obscenity came over me. I felt utterly inappropriate and the expressions of some at the counter confirmed my emotions. Lynn had stepped away a few yards, leaving me standing there alone and naked, as some of the guests started asking me questions.  
  
“Don’t nude models usually wear robes between poses?” “Will you pose naked for anyone?” “Do you model for photographers too?”, as I heard the clicking of several cell phone cameras. The audience must have taken this as consent, because almost everyone pulled out their cell phones and a barrage of clicking and flashes ensued. The bell on the door rung out and two elderly women stepped in and immediately caught sight of the spectacle. Unsure they were really seeing a stark-naked girl, surrounded by dozens of clothed spectators, who were taking photos of her with their cell phones, they paused at the door with their mouths wide open. My level of mortification was reaching new heights, when Lynn stepped in and rescued me. “Show’s over folks! There are still two sessions scheduled for the artists. Please be discreet with any photos you may have taken”, as she led me back to the posing area.  
  
“I can’t leave you alone for a second”, she said, as she giggled. About to pass out from sheer humiliation, I for one, failed to see the humor in it. Struggling to re-take my position on the models’ perch, I noticed the two elderly women at the door had decided to stay and were still staring at me. I quickly resumed my pose, so I could focus on the window, and not on the crowd that had just witnessed my public debasement. Ella, Peter and Greg were also eye witnesses to the one-minute extravaganza but seemed unaware of the psychological ramifications it was to have on me. With two fifteen-minute sessions remaining and down to one five-minute break, I was resolved not to leave the safety of the posing area again. Once positioned, I re-aimed my focus toward the window and tried to expunge the recent events from my memory but was unsuccessful.  
  
The third session seemed to be dragging on a bit, but to my surprise, more people were continuing to enter than those who were leaving, even though it was almost 9:30 pm. Thoughts of ‘fresh new eyes’ to view my naked body overcame the awkward feelings of embarrassment. I guess deep down I was truly an exhibitionist. The next five minutes would supply me with the proof. As I was looking at the sidewalk through the two-way window shade, my heart skipped a beat as the privacy shade began to retract, exposing me to anyone walking past the studio. ‘Unable’, or ‘Unwilling’ to turn my head from my pose, I maintained my position as those passing by were stopping and looking at me from outside the large picture window. Making sure not to make eye contact, I sat there pretending I hadn’t noticed the shade was up, as a small crowd had assembled outside the window.  
  
The group of six or seven people were talking and pointing, while staring at my naked body. Unable to deny myself this additional thrill, I held my pose and made no attempt to bring the open shade to anyone’s attention. As my nipples became erect, and I could feel the moisture between my exposed pussy lips, I didn’t care how the shade had been retracted, I was just glad it had been. I remained on display for all those inside and out, knowing I could not be held responsible for my public indecency. This heightened my naked experience that much more, since I was originally only to pose for two small groups of artists. The rest of my salacious exhibit was all Lynn’s doing.  
  
With this growing sensation of sexual arousal running through my entire body, I was quickly demoralized, as the two elderly women had made their way to the left of the artists and were now standing in view and only six feet from me. “See Doris. I told you it was Amy!”, one said to the other. OMG! It was the two elderly sisters that lived together in the house across the street from me! An overwhelming feeling of ‘Shame’ came over me as I struggled not to squeeze my thighs together and cover my tits with my hands. Having to remain in my pose for the remaining two minutes was emotionally agonizing and mentally excruciating, as my two elderly neighbors were staring at my naked body with puzzled expressions on their faces. The indignity of the last ten seconds had all but wiped away the many erotic feelings I had experienced during the entire sorted affair.

**Art Class Gone Wrong 14**

Torn between the desire for my nude body to be displayed before the new arrivals and wanting to avoid any further naked exposure in front of my neighbors Doris and her sister Emily, I waited for the final minute of my third modeling session to tick away. I barely saw the two sisters when at home, which is why I hadn’t recognized them when they entered the studio. As I listened to the two old ladies, squabble about my public nudity while trying to figure out how to take a picture with their apparently new smart phone, the need to cover up my bare flesh became almost insurmountable. “Doris! You’re doing it wrong!” “Be quiet Emily! You don’t know how to do it either!” They were arguing in front of me, as I sat there totally naked and exposed, concerning their inability to take a photo of me with their smart phone. Talk about demeaning.  
  
I frantically searched for both an excuse and pathway for my speedy departure from the field of vision of the two old women, as Ella announced it was break time. Before I was barely relaxed from my pose, I heard one of the sisters exclaim, “Amy! You’re naked!”, Emily said, with great exuberance. “Oh, be quiet Emily!”, Doris replied. “I’m sure she knows she’s naked!”, as she continued trying to figure out how to take a picture of me on her phone, while bringing the attention of all who were present (not that I wasn’t already the focus of most of the audience) to my naked state. I could not believe this was happening to me.  
  
I summoned the courage to stand, looking for any way out, when Lynn showed up and said, “Hello ladies. Let me help you with that”, as she took the smart phone from Doris, and said, “How about a picture of you two with Amy?” Realizing I was again set up by my dear friend, I asked, “Lynn. You know my neighbors?”, as the two women flanked me and prepared for a photo with the naked young woman who lived across the street from them. Emily jumped in and said, “Yes Amy. Your friend Lynn was the one who told us you would be participating at the ‘Art Studio Open House’, and that we should attend”. Doris added, as the two women put their arms around the bare skin of my lower back, “She told us you would be participating Amy, but we weren’t aware you would be naked dear”. Lynn just grinned as she took the picture.  
  
The daggers from my eyes were directed at Lynn, while she continued to smirk and take more photos of me with the two old women. Lynn handed the phone back to Doris and recommended the women take a tour of the studio. I just gave her a dirty look and headed to the restroom. Thankfully this time the restroom was vacant. Lynn squeezed past me, grabbed my hand and pulled me into the restroom and closed the door. “Do I have a surprise for you!”, she said. “What? Did you invite my friends from work?”, I replied, with a large dose of sarcasm. Lynn seemed to ignore my facetious response and continued. “Look at all the great pictures I have!”, as she showed me dozens of new photos of me among the people in the studio.  
  
“How did you get all of these?”, I asked with great excitement in my voice, as my attention turned to the photo gallery, allowing me to get past the humiliation of meeting Doris and Emily, in the nude. “It was easy”, she replied. “While you were displaying your tits and pussy to those two sweet old ladies, I went around and asked anyone who had taken pictures of you, to send them to my phone. I told them we were working on a documentary about ‘Life Modeling’ and that they me helpful. I said earlier and I’ll say it again. Lynn could be brilliant, and now I had enough material to keep my internet obsession going, for some time to come.  
  
Lynn had to pull her phone away and remind me my five-minute break was almost up, while promising she would be forwarding the new treasure trove of pictures to my phone. “Oh. By the way. How did you like it when I accidently leaned against the switch that raised the front window shade?”, she asked. “I knew that was probably you”, I replied, without letting on how turned on it had gotten me. We exited the restroom, and I made my way back to the posing area, forgetting to ask Lynn when she planned to retrieve my clothes from her car.  
  
I noticed Ella was socializing with her guests, but Peter was waiting for me at the posing area with a reassuring smile. “How are you holding up Amy?”, he asked with some empathy in his voice. I wanted to complain that Lynn had tricked me into not bringing a robe for the breaks but knew I would only come off looking like the ‘Naïve Simpleton’ I already had realized I was, during my first modeling class. I simply replied, “I’m good Peter”, as I took my pose, trying to portray an aura of confidence, disguising my true feelings of foolishness and humiliation.

**Art Class Gone Wrong 15**

Disappointed that someone had closed the privacy shade over the front window, I again fixed my gaze to the sidewalk outside, knowing if anyone walked by, I could see them, but they could not see me. It definitely was ‘Not’ the ‘Turn on’ that pretending to be unaware the shade was open, while complete strangers were viewing my naked body from outside, had been, but we must take it when we can. Most of the local shops closed up at 9:00 and it was getting close to 10:00, so there were very few stragglers passing by the large window. Still, at least twenty-five clothed spectators were still painting my naked form, or mingling throughout the studio, and I had fifteen minutes remaining to enjoy the thrill of my total exposure. All I could think about was getting home and posting more pictures on the internet.  
  
Knowing Lynn had not yet retrieved my clothes from her car, I started daydreaming about socializing with the remaining guests at the completion of my modeling session. I mean, actually having dialog with the clothed strangers, as Lynn went to her car to get my clothes. I figured everyone had already seen me posing nude, and most probably had naked photos of me on their phones. “Why not?”, I thought, as I was convincing myself to make the most of the remaining time. I even went as far as to rehearse a two-sentence statement in my mind, clarifying the reason for my continued nudity to the remaining guests. “My friend was concerned something might happen to my clothes, so she put them in her car for safe keeping. She should be returning with them any moment”, I would explain to my clothed audience, as I prolonged any conversations we may be having.  
  
Yup! I was going to do it! I was going spread my wings, so to speak. I was going to walk around naked among the guests, and act completely natural. Maybe I’ll even pose for a few selfies, if anyone should ask. With the fourth, and last posing session winding down to within a few minutes of its conclusion, a shot of adrenaline ran through my exposed physique, as the bell on the front door rang out once more. I was unable to see the new arrivals as they came in the front entrance, since they approached the studio from the opposite direction of the front window. All I knew is that the exhilaration was intensifying the closer I came to the end of my public exposure.  
  
My heightened state of titillation quickly turned to unimaginable dread and trepidation, as I watched my ex-boyfriend Scott, walk in. Worse yet, he was holding the hand of another girl. I started to break out in a cold sweat, as I desperately tried to remain focused on the front window, hoping they would turn around and leave before he recognized me. I was completely overwhelmed with anxiety. It had been over two years since Scott, and I had dated. Our break up was amicable and neither of us had any hard feelings. It just wasn’t meant to be is all. I would never have been concerned about running into him, at any time or in any place, but then I never dreamed our paths would cross while he was with his new girlfriend, and I was ‘Totally Naked’ in a public place! I wanted to crawl into a hole and die.  
  
“Keep a level head, Amy. Keep a level head”, I kept saying to myself, hoping Scott and the girl he was with would not notice me, as if anyone would not notice a naked woman in a room full of clothed people. For the first time all night, I felt far more exposed than I wanted to be, even in my wildest fantasies. Having my arms behind me as I leaned back on the palms of my hands, leaving my tits in full view, while my legs were spread open enough for any spectator to take an inventory of my pubic hair, nothing could be hidden to my chagrin. I was so wishing Lynn had chosen a more modest pose for me, at least under the present circumstances.  
  
The seconds seem to tick away like hours, since I had no option but remain in my pose, while the anguish of being discovered by Scott, ran through my mind continually. All of a sudden, I felt like I was in the ‘Twilight Zone’. The sounds of the guests, I was so happy to be naked in view of, were diminished, and the conversation between Scott and the girl he was with, was coming in ‘Loud and Clear. “I’m serious Jean. I dated that girl a few years ago. I’m sure of it”, he said to her. “You dated that ‘Naked’ girl over there?”, she said, with complete and utter distain in her tone. What she would say next, would bring me down to the lowest point possible, of my self-esteem. “Well she’s either naked because she’s being paid a lot of money, which makes her a whore, or she just gets off on it, which makes her a slut! Tell me Scott. Is your old flame a whore or a slut? Either way, I think you should introduce us”.  
  
Just when I could bear no more of this total abasement, Ella announced the fourth and final session was over. I remained frozen for a moment, afraid to face Scott and the girl with the pre-conceived notions of me. After a moment, I did my best to appear casual as I stood up and walked to the restroom, making sure not to make eye contact with either of them. Just when I arrived at the door of the restroom, Doris also appeared. The sweet old woman looked up to me and said, “It’s o.k. Amy. You can go first”. Knowing I was looking for any shelter available to conceal my nudity, and she most likely needed to use the restroom for its intended purpose, I quietly insisted she went first.  
  
Doris entered the only secluded space in the entire studio, as I was left standing naked at the door, with my worst nightmare about to begin. “Amy! …. I thought that was you?”, rang out, as I fought the urge to huddle before the restroom door, now knowing what it felt like to have one’s worst fears realized. “It’s me. Scott!”, he continued. Having no choice (but to falsely claim I was deaf) I slowly turned and faced Scott and the girl with daggers in her eyes. I don’t know if it’s possible to be more exposed than when you’re naked, but that’s how I felt at that moment. With my heart pounding and my body trembling, I managed to vocalize my response, “Oh. Hello Scott”.

**Art Class Gone Wrong 16**

Putting on my best ‘Surprised to run into an old friend’ face, I attempted a sincere smile and asked, “What brings you by here tonight?”, acknowledging his girlfriend and striving to appear as poised and unfazed as a girl can be, when standing in front of an old boyfriend, his present-day girlfriend, in a room full of clothed people, while totally naked. Assuming our coincidental meeting was another of Lynn’s devious yet ingenious set ups, I was determined to soldier through this latest humiliating ordeal with as much dignity as I could muster.  
  
As Scott was about to reply, his girlfriend Jean jumped in and asked in the most demeaning tone, “Shouldn’t you be wearing a robe or something?” Afraid my facade of self-assurance was on the verge of collapse and feeling more ashamed than I had ever felt before, Lynn once again came to my rescue, accompanied by Peter and Greg. “There you are Amy!”, she declared. “Peter said the Vanderbilt’s want ‘You’ to be the subject for his next painting. They have a place in their main hall picked out!” Immediately recognizing Lynn’s masterful plan for my dignified withdrawal from the company of the young couple, and the degrading questions that were sure to follow, I looked up to Peter with the expression of a business woman who had just closed the deal of a lifetime, as he escorted me to a quiet place in the corner of the studio, still under the watchful eyes of Scott and Jean.  
  
I thanked Peter for saving me from what would have been my impending embarrassment, while muttering under my breath how I was going to let Lynn have it, for this latest ignominious prank. Peter looked at me and said, “Amy. Lynn had nothing to do with your ex-boyfriend and his girlfriend showing up here tonight”. I could tell from his demeanor, he was telling the truth. He continued, “When she saw you in such a difficult predicament, she said, and I quote. ‘The drama could not have unfolded better if I had orchestrated it myself’. Then she turned to Greg and I and said, ‘Come on guys. Let’s help her out’. When she came up with the idea for a ‘Painting for the Vanderbilt’s’, I was as surprised as you were”.  
  
Peter and I chatted for a bit while observing those around us. The remaining guests were having any final questions answered by Ella, while the artists were packing up their things. Doris, Emily and of course my ex-boyfriend Scott and his girlfriend Jean remained. Still. I was naked and my clothes were locked up in Lynn’s car, on the other side of the town square. At first, I felt bad about assuming Lynn was guilty for my latest naked degradation. But when I realized ‘My not having a robe for the breaks’, ‘Doris and Emily’s presence’, and let’s not forget the ‘OPEN HOUSE!’ in general, I figured I was allowed one small indiscretion. Yet still here I was. Naked as the day I was born, with nothing to cover my shame.  
  
I began to become anxious again as Lynn, Scott, Jean and Greg started walking over towards Peter and I. Before I knew what was happening, Scott said, “Wow Amy. I didn’t realize ‘Life Modeling’ was such a lucrative career”. Jean added, “I’m sorry if I came off as a bit rude earlier. Can I get a selfie with you?”. She didn’t wait for an answer, stepped next to me and said, “Smile!” ‘CLICK!’ There I was. In a selfie with my ex-boyfriend’s new girl, wearing nothing but a smile. This of course led to an onslaught of people wanting a selfie with the naked girl. Lynn said, “Amy. I’m going to get your clothes from my car. I’ll be back in a minute”, as she handed her phone to Greg, whispered something in his ear and walked out of the studio, leaving me there to pose for dozens of selfies with the clothed guests, artists and even Ella.  
  
I noticed Greg was taking photos of me with my admirers, using Lynn’s phone. Even under such stress (her split-second bail out of me from my naked situation with Scott and Jean) and time constraints, Lynn never missed an opportunity and I was grateful. What seemed like much more than a few minutes went by as Scott, Jean, Doris, Emily and most of the guests and artists had said goodnight and left for the evening. Only Ella, Peter, Greg and a few stragglers remained. Greg took this quiet time to talk with me about posing for Peter. The offer was not the so-called ‘lucrative career’ Lynn had convinced Scott and Jean I had, but the money was good, and I was looking forward to it. They both left a minute later, along with the remaining guests. Only Ella and I were left, waiting for Lynn to return with my clothes.

**Art Class Gone Wrong 17**

Finally, the bell on the door rang out and Lynn emerged from behind the mobile privacy curtain, that was still positioned to block the view of the studio from the front door. With no clothes in her hands and a look of horror plastered across her face, she said, “Amy. I forgot to lock the doors of my car and your clothes are missing”. “MISSING! My clothes are missing!”, I shouted. Having spent so much time naked in the presence of so many clothes people, I was worried less about my clothes than I was about my car and house keys. “My keys were in my pants pocket Lynn!”, I continued. “AMY! I’m not an idiot! I put your keys in my purse, only your clothes are missing”. “Well, you’ll just have to drive to my house and get me something to wear”, I said with a bit of an attitude.  
  
The look in Lynn’s eyes seemed a bit seductive, as she gave me a coy look. I immediately said, NO LYNN! NO WAY! I’m not riding home naked! You need to go to my house and get me some clothes”. Ella, trying to keep the peace in her usual way, said, “Wait a minute”. She walked over to a closet and pulled out an artist’s smock. “One of my students left this here last week. You can wear it home, but please return it sometime this week. She’s scheduled for a class on Saturday”. My first inclination was to scold her for not telling me about the smock when she first realized I hadn’t brought a robe to wear during the breaks. But then I remembered how I had ignored the topic earlier, in an attempt to conceal my utter stupidity, for falling for Lynn’s first prank of the evening. I graciously accepted the smock and put it on. It belonged to someone smaller than me and barely came down far enough to cover my ass and pussy, but I figured I’d be sitting in the car so it would be o.k. to get me home.  
  
Ella hugged Lynn and I, then said, “Thank you ‘two’ so much. I think the evening was quite a success”. She first turned to me and said, “Amy. You sure have ‘gumption’ honey. Thank you so much”. She then turned to Lynn and said, “Will you lock up?” Lynn replied, “Of course Ella. Get yourself home safely and we’ll talk tomorrow”. With that, Ella was gone, leaving Lynn and I alone in the studio. Lynn of course was completely dressed, while I was wearing only an artist’s smock, that barely came down below the gap between my thighs. I think I was hornier then, than I was when I was naked in front of the many clothed people who had visited the studio that evening.  
  
Lynn pulled my phone and keys from her purse, then handed them to me saying, “Amy. If I have it. You have it”. I took the phone and immediately went to the photo gallery. There were more than a hundred photos, commemorating my second (but what I saw as my first) nude in public experience. Unable to take my focus from the many pictures in my cell phone’s photo gallery, I made my way back to the models’ perch and sat down to review them. With no other way to describe the utter euphoria I was feeling, as I viewed so many of the photos for the first time, I can only say I was intoxicated with raw, sexual ecstasy!  
  
I should have been embarrassed when Lynn witnessed me massaging my clit, as I viewed the pictures, but I was way past the point of any modesty. I looked up to her and said, “Lynn. Please take me home now”. She knelt in front of me and said, “As soon as I get to realize my fantasy Amy”. I looked into her eyes and asked, “What is you fantasy?”, feeling nervous and aroused at the same time. She looked into my eyes and quietly replied, “Amy. I am not a lesbian, but I have wanted to taste your sweet pussy since you revealed your fantasy to me, on the night we had drinks at your house”. Neither of us uttered another word, as she unbuttoned the skimpy artist’s smock I was wearing, pulled it over my bare shoulders and laid me back on the soft fabric of the models’ perch. Well. You get the picture.  
  
It was now past 11:00 pm. Lynn and I had both fulfilled our deepest fantasies, so I pulled the smock back over my shoulders, without buttoning it up. I looked to Lynn, and said, “It’s late. We should be getting home”. She winked at me and said, “You’re right Amy. Let’s get going”. I stood up and started to button up the undersized smock, when Lynn stopped me at the lowest two buttons. She put her face to mine and said, “Leave the bottom two, unbuttoned”. I have no idea why she instructed me to leave them unbuttoned, but I decided to heed her instructions and left the lower two buttons, unbuttoned.  
  
I heard the ‘Snap. Snap’ of the electrical breakers being shut off, as the overhead lights were going out, one by one. “Ready Amy?”, Lynn asked, as she made her way to the front door. I timidly made my way to join her, then looked out through the glass of the antique, wooden door. The town square seemed deserted, yet I had an overwhelming sensation of dread, as Lynn’s car seemed to be a mile away. Knowing why I was hesitant, Lynn looked at me and said, “You don’t Have a hair on your pussy if you don’t walk with me to my car!” It was now a battle of wills, so I reluctantly said. “Lead the way”.

**Art Class Gone Wrong 18**

Lynn and I stepped out onto the sidewalk, when an evening breeze blew past the unbuttoned lower portion of the ‘already too small’ smock and stimulated by bare pussy. I knew then, why Lynn insisted I leave them unfastened. I was surprised I was becoming so aroused, in light of the fact that Lynn had just brought me to orgasm. Still, my nipples became erect and I made no attempt to close the lower part of the smock, as I scanned the area for any obscured onlookers. Lynn locked the door of the studio behind us, as she said, “Your ex is kind of cute Amy, not to mention he has perfect timing”, while turning to me sporting the most seductive smirk.  
  
Before we embarked on our journey home, I told Lynn what Peter had said, concerning her intervention in that most precarious situation and let her know how much I truly appreciated what she had done to minimize my humiliation in front of Scott and Jean. She pulled her phone from her purse, then turned to me and replied, “Don’t give it another thought Amy. Now, are you ready?” I felt a twinge of panic run up my spine, as I responded, “Ready for what?” “To go home silly!”, she replied. You can’t blame me for being a bit suspicious, regardless of the fact that my deepest fantasy had been realized, and I had over a hundred photos to memorialize the events of the evening, and my first ‘naked in public’ adventure. Even so, I could not have been more grateful for all Lynn had done.  
  
Lynn was busy texting, while I continued to keep watch for any hidden observers. I figured she was making sure Ella got home safely, and never gave it a second thought. She put her phone back in her purse, and said, “Well Amy! Let’s get you, and that sweet little pussy of yours, home”, as she stared at the pubic hair that was visible between the open flaps of the smock. Realizing how ‘Almost Naked’ I really was, and feeling vulnerable, no longer in the safety of the studio, I had to fight the urge to fasten the bottom two buttons of the smock, allowing Lynn to continue her little fantasy. Finally shifting her gaze from my pussy to my face, she said, “Let’s go”.  
  
Old fashioned street lamps lined the empty sidewalks and roads of the quaint town square, providing little actual light. The town hall and gazebo were the only two areas that were brightly illuminated. Lynn walked into the road and started toward the gazebo of course. Her car was parked on the street on the other side of the square, so I assumed she was taking the shortest route. As we crossed the road, small pebbles were irritating the bottoms of my feet, reminding me how little fabric was covering my naked body. With each step, the short smock would ride up my upper thighs, making me feel like my ass and pussy were on display. I was so nervous, yet incredibly turned on, as we made our way to the other side of the road.  
  
Stepping onto the cool wet grass of the town common area sent quivering sensations of both trepidation and arousal, up my spine. Although Lynn’s car seemed a mile away, the reality was, that it was about two hundred and fifty feet from where we were. With each step I took through the wet grass, this feeling of exhilaration, along with my sense of dread, were increasing a hundred times over. The cool evening air was stimulating my pussy, while my continued paranoia was preventing me from enjoying the full pleasure of the moment. Lynn and I were approaching the half-way point of our jaunt across the town common area, when my worst fear was about to be realized. HEADLIGHTS!!! I was soon to find out they were not just any headlights, but the headlights of a ‘Police Car’!  
  
I started to panic when Lynn shouted, “AMY! Will you relax? Pull yourself together! I had to pull a ...ing permit so ‘Your Naked Ass’ could be on display for the entire town tonight! BUT YOU ARE NOT NAKED ANYMORE!” I frantically tried to secure the lower two buttons of the smock, but I was shaking too much to even accomplish that. Barely fifteen feet from the well illuminated gazebo, but still in the shadows of its light, I closed my eyes and froze, hoping the cop would just keep driving passed us. With my eyes still firmly shut, I heard the sound I dreaded most. The car came to a stop on the road in front of the gazebo, and I heard the door open, then shut. Next followed the sound of footsteps walking up the concrete walkway to the gazebo.  
  
“Hi Lynn”, came a man’s voice, through the cool, thin evening air. “Hey Shawn”, returned the voice of the girl, who had been both my ‘Closest Ally’ and my ‘Nemesis’, for the entire evening. “Let me formally introduce you to my friend Amy”, I heard Lynn continue. I opened my tear-filled eyes and saw an attractive young guy, who looked perfect in his pressed uniform. Lynn grabbed my hand and led me from the shadows, as I held down the front of the smock with my other hand, wishing I had a third, to wipe away my tears. Lynn let go of my hand once she had me under the lights of the gazebo, so I took the opportunity to wipe my eyes, pretending I was satisfying an itch. As I laid clear eyes on the handsome young cop, I knew immediately he looked familiar.

**Art Class Gone Wrong-The End**

“Shawn. This is my friend Amy. Amy, meet another one of my cousins, Shawn. Shawn is Ella’s younger brother”, Lynn explained. Hesitant to reach out and shake his hand, afraid another breeze would blow up my smock, exposing my pussy, I pulled down on the material with both hands. Since the smock still only reached a couple inches below my pussy and butt cheeks, I just smiled and said hello. “There’s no need to be so modest Amy. I was among the first group of people to attend Ella’s open house. She really appreciated you modeling during the event, by the way”. “OMG! That’s why he looks so familiar”, I thought to myself. “He had seen me in that most revealing pose, which means he has seen every inch of my bare flesh”. I could feel my face turning bright red.  
  
Lynn interrupted the brief but intimate moment, saying, “Is the coast clear Shawn?” He turned to her and replied, “Yes Lynn. Now I’m going to patrol the rear parking and loading areas. You have five minutes”. He then turned to me, smiled and said, “Nice to officially meet you Amy”, as he returned to his police car and drove away. Still standing there pulling down on the smock, as if that were going to add eight inches to its length, I look to Lynn and asked in a skeptical tone, “Five minutes for what Lynn?” She casually removed her phone from her purse and replied, “Five minutes to get a few last photos of you on the gazebo of course”. “No! I’m not doing it!”, I insisted.  
  
Her next move was absolutely priceless. She sat on the steps leading to the platform of the well illuminated gazebo, then took a similar pose to the one I was in, during the open house part of my modeling experience. Making the most hilarious face, she said, “You can pose like this, totally naked, in front of dozens of clothed spectators but you won’t let me get a few nude shots of you on the center piece of the town square’s common area? Your horny little internet pals would be disappointed Amy”. Laughing at her outrageous performance, I scanned the area as I tried to decide whether or not to go through with it. It seemed far too risky, but the urge to have some photos of me actually naked in this public space to post on line, was irrepressible.  
  
Still consumed with doubt but overcome with the desire to have these photos added to my growing collection, I frantically removed the smock. “Hurry up Lynn! Let’s do this!”, I said, as I defiantly walked up the steps and stood under the lights of the gazebo, total naked. Lynn took the smock from my hand and through it on the ground. “What are you doing?”, I asked, as the precariousness of my exposure started to resonate in my mind. “I don’t want it in the picture frames, Amy! We can’t have those internet perverts thinking you had a safety net, can we? Now act natural and walk around a bit!” Yeah. Just act natural and walk around naked in the town square. Lynn always had a way of simplifying things.  
  
After taking a dozen or more photos, Lynn grabbed my smock and said, “Race you to the car, Amy!”, as she ran off towards her car with the only covering, I had. I chased her across the wet grass of the town’s common area, completely distraught and turned on at the same time. I can only imagine what I must have looked like, running naked across the lawn. Lynn gave me back my smock once I caught up to her at the car, while laughing hysterically. Not thinking properly after my naked run, I held the smock against my tits and pussy, but neglected to put it on. Just then, Shawn’s police car appeared from an ally, between two of the charming old shops. I desperately tried to put it on, while obviously in his view and in front of his headlights, as Lynn continued laughing.  
  
Shawn finally turned off his headlights, but not until I had the smock back on. He exited his car and walked up to us. “O.k. ladies. Are you two finished with your project?”, he asked. Lynn gave him a hug and replied, “Yes Shawn. Thanks”. Shawn was returning to his squad car when Lynn hit the unlock button on her car keys. The interior lights came on, revealing my clothes were still sitting on her back seat. “You lied to me, Lynn!”, I shouted. She just nonchalantly replied, “Oh. There they are. I thought I had put them on the front seat. I never checked the back seat”, as she giggled and said, “Get in Amy”.  
  
We got in the car and I turned to retrieve my clothes from the back seat, when Lynn looked to me and said, “Really? After everything you’ve been through tonight, you’re going to put them on now?” I couldn’t believe it, but she actually made me feel guilty for wanting to put my clothes back on. “Why shouldn’t I put them on?”, I asked. Because I won’t be able to do this”, she said, as she slipped her fingers into my soaking wet pussy. I never said another word. I just faced forward, put on my seat belt and left my legs spread open enough, so she had access to my opening. I figured it was the least I could do, since she made my deepest fantasy come true. Not to mention, I was enjoying my vaginal massage as I reviewed the pictures in my photo gallery, all the way back to my house.