**Art Class**

by Sky

It started out as just another day in art class. It’s a small class of only twelve people, including myself, and that’s because it’s actually a figure drawing class, meaning that we almost exclusively draw the human body. I think we all knew what we were signing up for, drawing the same thing every day, but no one anticipated how quickly it would get old. By the end of the first week, we all kinda wanted to do something else, create something, instead of mastering this one craft. A few people did drop out, and now it was just the twelve of us, eight boys, four girls, and our teacher, Mrs. Smith. On a normal day, we would have a picture of a model projected onto the big screen from the teachers computer and we’d all draw it. Everyone. The same models, from the same angles, every time. Every work that was made in that class, looked nearly identical, the only deviation would be because of our varying levels of talent and eye for detail. By now, we were all really burnt out of it, and I think Mrs. Smith could tell because she came into class with an unusual smile on her face, and told us that we were going to try and spice things up.

“Starting today, we will be drawing a live model, here in class!” She exclaimed, mich to the confusion of everyone. No one seemed particularly excited per se, it was less of a “Really!?!” And more of a “really..?”. We didn’t think that it would be allowed in school, but we, or at least I was, willing to hear it out. “We need to move the desks into a circle, and the model will be in the center, so everyone gets a different angle to draw.” At this point everyone was still just standing around, looking confused at each other until she hurried us up, and got us moving our desks into a big circle. “Okay, is everyone ready for news?!” She didn’t say anything about there being more news, so once again, all twelve of us just looked around at each other, waiting to hear what this was all about, except now we were in a circle. “Well,” She began, “our models will be all of you! ...in class”. There was no reaction, just more confusion. This whole thing seemed kinda weird, especially the more she revealed. “So we will all take turns, being the model for a day.. and everyone will get their chance..” She was acting super awkward, and really nervous which was making me think that this might not be as fun as she’s trying to maleness it sound.

“I know that it will be awkward at first, modeling for the class but I’m-“

“Wait! Do you mean model naked?” The class loudmouth, Jason, asked her, cutting her off from finishing. I was starting to think that she might actually be talking about that too.

“Yes, now-..” The entire class spoke up, I think we all shouted “What?!” in unison. I couldn’t believe that she was actually trying to propose that. Obviously no one was gonna do it, nor could she make us, I think that we aren’t even allowed if we wanted to. A million things were going through my head, and everyone else in class was shouting or asking questions making the room the loudest it’s ever been until the Mrs. Smith quieted us down. “We can all be mature about it. It’s nothing that we haven’t seen on the projector before-“

“I’m not doing it!” One kid shouted. “Yeah me neither.” Quipped another. I was just sitting in shock, my face was probably already beet red just at the thought of all this, thankfully no one seemed on board.

“You’ll all take turns doing it, it’s very different having a real model and looking a picture online. I want you all to have the experience”.

“Why can’t we bring in a model,” Jason asked, much to the agreement of the class. “No one wants to be naked in front of everyone else”. By now I was almost convinced that it wasn’t gonna happen, until Mrs. Smith said,

“I’ve already discussed it with the principal, and board of Ed, this will count as your final, if you don’t do it then you’ll fail.” Everyone was silent, waiting for someone else to say something, exchanging very nervous glances. “Well draw names out of a hat, and everyone will get their chance. It won’t be as bad as you’re all making it out to be, after the first few times, it’ll just be normal. So,” she said, reaching into her prop hat and pulling out a small piece of paper, “Sky! You’ll get to go first.”

“Eh? Me?” I squealed out, pointing to myself, as if there was any other Sky’s in the room. I was hoping for anything to come up, anything to save me but before I realized it the whole class was looking at me with pity.

“Yes, I won’t make you take your clothes off in front of everyone, so come on and get undressed behind the closet doors,” she said, motioning for me to join her and walk to the back of the class. But I was frozen, I didn’t even know what to say, or what I could do to help myself. “I have a towel you can wrap around yourself until you’re ready to pose, so cmon,” She motioned again for me to get up. I looked around and no one was saying anything, they all just stared at me. I don’t know why, but my body just kinda moved on it’s own, until I was out of my seat. My heart was pounding, my legs were wobbling, and I could barely manage to speak.

“Umm I don’t.. want to do it.. naked,” I stammered. But Mrs. Smith didn’t say anything, she just motioned with her hand to me again, so I stumbled towards her and we both walked to the closet. Standing behind the door with her, she handed me a large, beige towel, with a smile on her face, and a terrified look on mine. “I can’t.. I don’t want to be naked,” I mumbled to her, desperate for mercy. She suddenly frowned, looking disappointed and whispered to me,

“Please, just get the ball rolling and everyone else will follow suit, I know you can do it,” and walked away, leaving me alone behind those big metal doors. She started talking to everyone else, and all I could think about was how humiliating this was, to even be back here, knowing the whole class was waiting for me to emerge in nothing but a towel. How did I even get roped into this, two minutes ago everyone agreed that we weren’t gonna do it, then I get called up and suddenly no one had anything to say. I was basically having a panic attack back there, I don’t know how long I was taking but Mrs. Smith came back to check on me, and told me to hurry when she saw I hadn’t so much as taken my shoes off yet.

So now I was feeling like no one was gonna help me, I felt like I had to do it. So I untied my shoes for the first time in months. I usually slip them on and off, but this time I felt like untying, I guess to stall for time. One by one, I slipped my converse off. I didn’t know what to do next. Whatever I chose, I knew that it would make me one step closer to having to model for everyone so every option felt like a bad one. I pulled my sweatshirt over my head, until it was off my body and in my hands. I tried folding it without putting it on the ground, and must have been taking a while, because suddenly Mrs. Smith called for me. “Are you ready yet, sky?” I didn’t even want to answer that, like saying anything would admit to the class that I was really gonna be naked soon.

“..no...” I said back, they could probably barely hear me but I didn’t care.

“If you don’t hurry we’re gonna run out of time, and you’ll just have to go again tomorrow,” she yelled back to me. Again? She would make me go twice if I didn’t go long enough today? I wanted to cry at the idea of doing it once, let alone again. So I just dropped my hoodie on top of my shoes, and took off my shirt. Undressing in class isn’t easy, it’s not a good feeling to have to unbutton my jeans and slide them off my legs while my classmates are on the other side of a metal door. I unfastened my bra, and it wasn’t until then I realized how hard my nipples were. Not because I was enjoying any of this, it was just a natural reaction to being embarrassed, and naked. My heart started speeding up again as I realized this was gonna be even worse once I stepped out into view, so I wrapped the towel around myself.

“Are you ready?” Mrs. Smith asked, peeking her head around the corner at me. I hadn’t even realized she was there, and I wasn’t even sure what to say.

“No”

“Why not? You look ready to me, it’ll be easy once you get used to it so hurry and get your socks off” she said, not realizing my panties were still on under the towel. I peeled them off, and stepped barefoot on the cold tile floor. Once again she motioned towards me. I stepped towards her, I wanted to tell her I still had my panties on, but she took me by the hand, and dragged me out in front of the class. A shiver went up and down my whole body, I was trying to tell her that I wasn’t ready, but she wasn’t listening, everyone in class was already staring at me, and I lost the ability to talk or do anything for myself. In just a few seconds I was in the center of the circle of desks, all eyes on me, and I was totally immobilized with embarrassment. “Alright,” Mrs. Smith began, “I know it’s hard to go first, but thank you for doing this,” she looked at me, making eye contact. She must have seen how mortified I was, but didn’t say anything else about it. “So to begin, let’s have you put your hands on your head,” she said while moving my arms for me. I had submitted myself to this fate, hardly able to look my classmates in the eye, they almost didn’t even look sympathetic. Half of them stared eagerly, the other half seemed to know that soon it’d be them up here, but no one protested to help.

With my hands placed on my head, Mrs. Smith continued, “and arch your back a little bit, puffing out your chest,” she explained as she gently pushed my spine forward. “We don’t want anything too difficult to hold for a while so we’ll start with that,” and with that the preparations for my modeling were complete. I couldn’t even breathe through my nose, I was practically panting I was so nervous. “Okay, ready?” She asked, but I didn’t answer. I couldn’t bring myself to say or do anything. It was a feeling of great defeat, soon my eleven classmates would all be looking at me in the buff, totally nude for them to draw and immortalise but I still had my panties on underneath the towel. I held out hope for any kind of understanding. Maybe she would let me do it, after all, my figure was still on display, just not the details of my private’s. “Okay here we go,” she said, and she pulled the towel off my body.

No one made a noise as my naked chest and back were displayed. Everyone in class enjoying a different side of me, the only bit of modesty I had was my red panties, they were my last shield from total humiliation. Half the class was still able to see my naked boobs, with me pointing my chest out towards them, probably making them a little perkier. Goosebumps covered my body as they all got to see my hardened nipples that I had taken such good care of my whole life. My breasts that I always hid modestly, now exhibited for the whole class, it made me want to just run away. “Oh, Sky, you were supposed to take these off too,” Mrs. Smith said, as she quickly grabbed my undies, pulled them all the way down to my ankles. A surge went through my body, every muscle I had tensed up as my teacher breached my last bit of privacy. My shaved vagina now made public. My most intimate parts, all on display for these people to draw. The humiliation of having my underwear taken off me, in front of everyone hit me like a train. I felt sick, like I might collapse or throw up, but I was frozen with the shame, unable to escape this nightmare.

“Lift this foot up for me,” Mrs. Smith said, tapping my right ankle, trying to collect my panties from the floor. But I couldn’t move a muscle, she had to lift my ankles for me, and snatched my underwear of my feet, before dropping my feet back firmly on the floor. Totally naked, I think I started to get so lightheaded that I almost fell over. Those people right in front of me could see everything, my tits, my vagina, and the people behind me were probably getting started on drawing my butt. How could I ever look at these people the same way again, after they got to see me in such a shameful manner, Posing nude, basically presenting myself to them all.

Time crawled. Before long my arms hurt, my legs hurt, my back hurt, and the humiliation had me on the verge of tears. I could feel my body starting to shake as the pose got harder to hold.

“Try to stay still, Sky,” Mrs. Smith called out to me. Obviously I wasn’t doing a good job, but I mean anyone in my situation would be struggling. I couldn’t hold it any longer though, I had to finally speak up for the first time.

“My legs hurt.. Can I be done now?” I asked, looking at Mrs. Smith with puppy eyes.

“You can’t stay like that? I don’t think the class is finished yet,” she retorted back, but it was too late. I dropped my arms to my sides, and straightened my back.

“No, I can’t do it anymore..” I said back, standing plainly, without any clothes in the middle of class. Everyone seemed to put down their pencils when I dropped the pose, so I thought that it would finally be over. I turned and glanced at the clock, twenty whole minutes left. I couldn’t believe it, how I possibly could have been suffering through this for only a short amount of time. The first twenty minutes of class I hadn’t even undressed yet, how could it be that only ten minutes had gone by from when they first saw me naked?

“Well, we still have time to try something else,” she said, hurrying and asking a classmate for help dragging a table towards me, in the center of class. Once they got it next to me, Mrs. Smith patted it twice as if to say get on, before she told me, “Here, you can lay down on this, and it’ll be easier”. Reluctantly, I climbed on, overly conscious of how my butt must have looked from behind as I lifted each leg up. I sat upright until she gently pushed my shoulder down, easing me into the table, fully lying down on my back. I just stared at the ceiling as Mrs. Smith moved my arms into whatever position she wanted them in, but I sharply gasped as the grabbed my right knee, and pushed it to the side. As my legs were being spread, I instinctively tried moved my foot over to block the view of whoever was looking straight at me. Then she took my left knee and lifted it straight up, leaving my foot on the table, touching my feet together. I looked with my eyes, leaving my head on the table, and met the gazes of everyone in front of me, who could all, most definitely, stare between my spread legs.

I almost started shivering my body had tightened up so much. Everyone in class saw my pussy, I didn’t even want to think about what these drawings were going to capture. Now as everyone drew in silence, I was alone with my thoughts. I suppose I got used to being naked in a way. The thoughts of how embarrassed I was in the moment, changed into thoughts of how embarrassed I was going to be after this. Everyone in class was going to look at me different, and everyone else in school was gonna want to know every detail about it. I even felt bad for my classmates, how would they handle it when it was their turn? The other three girls in class would probably be just as humiliated as me, getting stared down by eight guys that want to draw your boobies. I thought maybe since everyone’s seen me naked now, I should volunteer to go again in their places, to save them this feeling.

As I was thinking about that, Mrs. Smith interrupted the silence. “Okay, we have only two minutes left until the bell. Everyone you can put down your pencils. Sky, you may start getting dressed. I slid my legs off the table, and threw my whole weight off at once, landing on the ground with a thud as my bare feet hit the tile. I stood up, and saw my classmates faces as I used my arms to cover as much of my body as I could. They seemed unfazed, looking at my body, but I still hurried past them, to behind the closet door where my clothes layed in a pile. On top was my panties that Mrs. Smith must have thrown on after taking them from me. In an effort to get dressed as fast as possible, I managed to lose balance and fall on my ass as I lifted my legs into my panties. I hoped no one heard it, or that they didn’t know what the noise was.

When I emerged, fully dressed, hair a mess from throwing my shirt on so fast, everyone was handing in their art. I tried to just quietly slink back into my seat, but everyone was still watching me, so I tried not to look at them.

“Thank you, Sky,” Mrs. Smith said to the whole class, “ for going first. I know it’s not easy, but you did a great job, and you were very mature about it. The art came out great! Would you like to see some of them?” I looked at her, and then back around the class. Somehow, everyone looked just as embarrassed as me. I waited a brief second before answering in a loud whisper, so she could hear.

“..No.”