**Mary Models**

by Jappio

**Part 1**

Mary and Jenny bounded up the steps of a local tech college. The two weren’t at their usual school today because they were attending a special art class. Mary didn’t have any sort of artistic skill, but she was there to assist Jenny with something.

Mary had an extra bounce to her step, as she was filled with nervous energy. Jenny wasn’t so much looking for help with the actual drawing part of the class, but rather a type of performance. Jenny had a crazy plan that would set herself up to being a nude model for the class.

The two had talked about the plan for a few weeks. Jenny had made arrangements with the model who was scheduled to show up. Then, when it seemed like there would be no model, Mary was to nominate Jenny to do it.

“Are you absolutely sure though, I mean, they all know you,” Mary whispered as they navigated the halls of the building.

“Well, it’s going to be very embarrassing I’ll admit. Yet you know it’s not easy to choose between letting strangers see you naked, and letting people you know and trust see you naked,” Jenny responded. Though Jenny’s face was red, Mary’s grew redder. Somehow, even though Jenny was supposed to be the one on show, she still managed to embarrass. Mary knew Jenny was right, both types of voyeurs were embarrassing.

“Besides, it’ll be maybe a little flattering. The people in there are professionals or at least professionals in training. Will be a little nice to see what beauty they may find in me,” Jenny added. Though Jenny was giving a brave act, Mary could still see signs of nervousness.

They arrived to the room, and a few people were already setting up their tools. Jenny did the same, while showing Mary around the room. The room was lined with cabinets of supplies. Tables and easels made a perimeter around a circular dais that was raised in the center of the room.

Jenny offered to let Mary climb up on the platform. Mary felt a bit silly for joining Jenny up there on the small stage. She suddenly began to picture what it might be like for Jenny soon, to be naked there and having a crowd of eyes on her. The thought alone made Mary shiver.

As more people came to the room, Jenny and Mary took their seats. Jenny had her own easel to work from and Mary took a seat at a table next to her. Though Mary was just there to help get things moving, Jenny still told her some basics. Primarily it was about the schedule and how a model will do a pose or two, and then a break, and repeat the process till class was done. Jenny even made sure Mary had some basic supplies to draw something. The two didn’t want it to seem like Mary was just there for alterative motives.

“Ok class, has anyone heard from Melody? She was supposed to be here fifteen minutes ago,” said the woman rushing into the room. Mary figured she was the teacher. Everyone kind of looked at each other, not sure what was going on.

“OH, I just got a text, Teach, it’s from Melody. She said something came up and she can’t make it!” one of the other students said. Mary knew that was planned as well, having the scheduled model inform the class at the last second. Mary was impressed with how good Jenny was at planning.

“Oh dear, then I’m not sure what we’re going to do. I suppose we can do some other exercises for class instead. I’m sorry about this everyone,” the teacher explained. No one seemed mad or that upset about the events, it was an understandable situation; Mary knew that was her cue. She took a deep breath, ready to put on the best show she could.

“Um, I’m new here, but I think maybe Jenny could model for us,” Mary bluntly offered. There was silence, and eyes narrowed in on Jenny. Jenny herself was already blushing, giving Mary a fake death stare.

“Mary, shush! I can’t!” Jenny said. Mary knew there was supposed to be some resistance, and so, Mary did her best to follow the plan as best she could.

“When I was starting off, you did it for me. You can model naked for everyone too,” Mary announced. It was partially a lie that Jenny had posed naked for artistic purposes, but it was partially true since Mary had seen Jenny naked multiple times.

“Shut up, that was different, that was just you…” Jenny scanned the other eyes in the room and quickly recoiled seeing that she was the center of attention. Mary could tell Jenny was trying to suppress a smile.

Mary was emboldened in pushing Jenny because she knew she’d win. Normally she would never be so bold, especially in front of people. “You’ve got nothing to be shy about Jenny, you look great. Besides, everyone here does need a model. Would that be ok if she did it?” Mary asked everyone in the room.

People were silent. No one probably wanted to seem rude to demand that she strip naked. However, the teacher did speak up, “Well, if you would be willing to do that Jenny, we would appropriately pay you.”

Jenny appeared indecisive, “I don’t know…” Jenny bit her lip and then locked eyes with Mary. “Ok, I’ll do it, but Mary has to join me!” Jenny announced.

Mary’s heart skipped a beat. She wasn’t sure she heard Jenny right. “What?”

Jenny was still red in the face, but she got off her stool and stood next to Mary. “Come on, if I do it, you have to do it too. I’m not brave enough to do this on my own!”

Mary was lost; she wasn’t sure what to do anymore. Jenny was changing the plan. Was Jenny actually serious? “I, I can’t get naked in front of everyone here!”

“Now you know how I feel!” Jenny taunted back. Mary was feeling like things were flipping on their side. The two were being looked at now, no one chiming in to offer any help. Mary was sure she wasn’t going to do it. Before Mary could give another firm denial, Jenny butted in, “So, Teach, is that ok if she joins me too? I mean the other times we’ve had two models it’s been useful. I just, I would be so shy on my own.”

Again, Mary wanted to say something, but this time the teacher interrupted her, “Girls, you most certainly can both model if you’d like. You don’t even have to be naked; you can keep your underwear on. I would be happy to pay both of you as well.”

Mary didn’t care about the money. She didn’t want to show anything to a bunch of strangers in a room! She didn’t want to let them just stare at her as she would have to pose for them! Jenny knew Mary wasn’t up for it yet, so she took command. She leaned in towards Mary’s ear, “Please, just let’s talk about this in private, just play along a bit more.”

Mary wasn’t so sure, but she accepted Jenny’s plea for the time being. The teacher turned to a cabinet and grabbed two robes from it. “You girls can go get changed then. You can take your time; we really appreciate what you’re doing.”

With that all said, Jenny grabbed the robes and Mary by the wrist, and led her out of the room. Mary’s face was red and she was speechless. Her naked body was offered up to all of them by Jenny. She wondered just how many of them were now picturing her naked!

Jenny didn’t say anything either, but it was clear she was no longer nervous, and instead very excited. The two made a short trip down the hall and retreated into the girls’ bathroom.

“Ok, sorry about that!” Jenny started with. “I know, a bit of a rude move to try and push you into this like that.”

“Rude? Jenny, I can’t just stand there in front of them in just my underwear!” Mary explained.

“Well, I was hoping you’d agree to do it naked actually,” Jenny said with a devious grin.

Mary couldn’t believe it, “Jenny, no way am I going out there naked! I was up on that stage; I know just how on show I’d be. That would be way too embarrassing!”

Jenny countered, “They aren’t there to ogle, Mary. Honest, most are just there to study human form. It’s about the art, not about staring at our cute bods.”

Mary rolled her eyes. “Jenny, do you just go for the art?”

Jenny giggled, “Well, I may glance more for fun at times, but honest, you do sort of just focus on your canvas more than the actual people. Also it would mean a lot if I was up there with you. Not just for moral support, but just you know, more thrilling.”

Mary thought about it. Jenny seemed really attached to the idea. Mary was so embarrassed at just the thought; she was sure following through with it would be even worse. “I can’t do it naked Jenny,” Mary insisted.

“That’s fine, in our underwear then,” Jenny began to lift her sweater up over her head. Mary saw Jenny’s purple cotton bra now. Jenny didn’t even slow or hesitate to start unsnapping her jeans.

Mary wasn’t sure what to say. Jenny wasn’t taking ‘no’ for an answer. She tried to still resist. “Jenny, it was just supposed to be you on show, why don’t we just keep it like that?”

When Jenny’s pants hit the floor, her matching, purple panties were now the subject of Mary’s gaze. “I know, but I think you might like this. Really, this is a safe way to sort of see how strangers staring at you will feel. Heck, to make it even, I will be more exposed,” before Mary could try to negotiate, Jenny had her hands behind her back as she eased her own bra off.

“Jenny, I still am not sure,” Mary tried saying. Mary really would hate to disappoint a friend.

“Ok Mary, I’ll even do a few extra things to make it extra bad for me, like really truly embarrass myself. You just have to play along a little too, alright?” Jenny was then topless, and dropped her bra in a pile of her own clothes. She was standing in the school bathroom now in just a pair of panties, shoes, and socks. “Really Mary, you’ll like this. You’re getting a bit tingly just thinking about it, right?”

Mary felt warm. She had been trying to picture herself standing in front of strangers in her underwear. Would they really not think any less of her? Would they not mind or really think about how she was exposed? She wasn’t sure if perhaps she was letting her curiosity get the best of her. She also thought about the scene they just put on. She felt a little obligated to help the artists out, even if it was Jenny’s scheme to get the original model to skip.

“You… really owe me Jenny. Like really,” Mary said in defeat. She couldn’t say no to Jenny. Jenny had never steered her wrong before.

“So that’s a yes?” Jenny said with a snide smirk.

Mary grumbled, “Don’t push it.” She then looked around. Jenny was then putting her robe on, but didn’t bother tying the front of the light material. She let it hang open as she expectantly watched Mary work up the courage to disrobe.

Mary let her fingers linger at her shirt hem. Jenny didn’t say anything, letting Mary take her time. Mary wasn’t so sure how well she would handle the actual modeling; she was getting stage fright from just undressing in front of Jenny. Though to her defense, she was also worried of someone walking in on them too.

With a forced and heavy breath, Mary finally lifted her shirt upwards. The straps of her black bra weren’t quite hidden by the straps of her small, white tank top. She was still mostly decent, but still wished she could be more dressed.

“You’ve got this Mary, I know you can do this,” Jenny said. Mary wasn’t sure if it was just a cheap attempt to bolster her confidence, but she did continue to undress. Her thumbs slipped into the waistband of her pants and she lowered the pair to the ground. As she stood up, she tugged at the bottom of the tank top to cover up a portion of her black boyshorts.

“Cute,” Jenny commented. Mary’s blush flared up. “Keep going, they are studying human anatomy, they need to see your full form.” She was starting to regret getting into this, but like usual, it felt like a snowball she was unable to stop. As time moved on, the more it seemed she would go into autopilot. She was wondering if she was just weak willed, her friends too convincing, or something else that led her to follow orders so well.

“Even cuter!” Jenny exclaimed when Mary did pull the hem of the shirt to her belly button. Jenny had gotten sight of her boyshorts proper, and saw a cute little pink ribbon at the top of them. Mary had bought the boyshorts recently. She felt compelled to get something a little extra “cute” to wear. Normally she wore things even plainer than them, but they were one of her naughtier pairs. She wouldn’t admit it to Jenny, but she chose to wear them because she wanted to feel a little naughty herself while she was exposing her friend. Now the shoe was on other foot, or rather the clothes were off both the girls now.

When Mary did get her tank top off, she wrapped herself in the robe and quickly closed it. Mary was already doing Jenny enough favors; she wasn’t going to keep just flashing her.

“Ok Mary, two things before we go,” Jenny began. “Firstly, to show you I really mean I’ll take the embarrassment fall most of the time, I’m going to make a quick detour on our way back. Just play along a bit, and you’ll see. Secondly, when we get to the room again and we take off our robes, make a joke about me not wearing a bra today.” Jenny bundled up her pile of clothes, the bra hidden amongst them.

Mary began to pick up her own clothing. “Jenny, I’m worried,” Mary admitted. Her heart was racing a mile a minute.

“Just stick with me, and I’ll make sure it’s all fine. You’ll see,” Mary then held her hand out for Mary to take. Mary really wasn’t confident on her own, but she did believe Jenny. Jenny was loving and caring, and Mary trusted that aspect. She took Jenny’s hand, and Jenny walked them out into the hallway.

**Part 2**

A couple of hours later, and the girls were walking into the main entrance of the dorms. Jenny had a huge beaming smile as she made no sign of wanting to stop. Mary was feeling incredibly embarrassed and wanted out of the public eye. However, the Resident Assistant (RA) of the building stopped the two to say, “Hi.” Jenny was able to excuse herself, but the flustered Mary ended up stuck in small talk.

The conversation was tough to hold, considering what had all just happened. Jenny had gone on ahead to her dorm room she shared with Julie. Mary eventually was able to end the conversation with the dark haired RA and make her way upstairs.

Mary’s face was still glowing; she couldn’t believe all she had done in front of those art students. The trip home was short, and she still didn’t get a chance to recover.

When she knocked on the door to the J’s (Jenny and Julie) room, she was shocked to find Julie was completely topless. Julie being undressed wasn’t anything new, but so recklessly opening the door without even checking was still risky behavior. “What if it wasn’t me?” Mary chastised.

Julie let Mary in. “You’re the one to talk Miss Model!” Julie teased. The heat in Mary’s face rekindled again. She closed the door behind her. She saw that Jenny was sitting on her bed. Julie joined her. Julie was in just a pair of light colored, cotton shorts. Her small breasts were quite bare, and nipples already hard.

Jenny then commented, “Wow, showing off made it so you wanted to flirt with the RA?”

“I wasn’t flirting with Lindsey! She just wanted to talk a bit,” Mary defended herself. “She even asked me why my face was so red, and I didn’t even know what to say!”

Jenny giggled, happy that Mary was indeed still flustered. “Ok, so then, she put her robe on over those cute little panties,” Jenny began to say.

“Hey! Don’t tell her about them!” Mary whined.

Julie spoke next, “Yeah Jenny! Why tell when you can show? Mary, let’s have a look, everyone else did!” Mary was again feeling like she was the center of attention, and it was all too soon after her adventure. To make matters worse, Julie continued, “In fact, I think you both should show off a bit what was on show.”

“Oooo, I like that idea. We totally should. There were some very naughty poses I think you’d just love,” Jenny said, lumping Mary in.

“Well sounds like you got to the part where I had them covered, so I’m not showing them yet,” she mistaking said. Julie quickly nodded her head in agreement, considering Mary pretty much agreed to eventually showing them. Mary had gotten too used to following orders that day it seemed.

“Take a seat Mary. I just got to the point where we got our robes on and head into the hall. You remember, right?” Jenny asked.

Mary took a seat. She was a bit relieved the next part wasn’t so much about her. “That’s when we went to the wrong room, right? I still can’t believe you did that, Jenny.” Julie seemed very interested in what the two were talking about as she gazed at Jenny.

“That’s right. I was very proud that Mary agreed to do a bit of modeling with me, so I was going to make it worth her while. We got right out of the bathroom. I had Mary carry our clothes in her arms. She was so shy to walk around in the flimsy little robe, it was adorable. Those things are pretty light; the fabric was something else on my stiff nipples. When we got close to the room, I kept an eye on the small windows on the doors and saw a nearby art class was going on as well,” Jenny then stood up as she was about to tell the next part.

“I tell Mary my plan, and she doesn’t even think I’d actually do it. Well I showed her, and everyone in the room. I opened the door, saying something like, “Ok, let’s get this over with before I lose my never,” and I open up my robe,” Jenny then pulls her shirt up her body and off, tossing it to the side of the room. Julie and Mary get as good of a look as the students in that room did. “I waste little time whipping the robe off, dropping it into Mary’s pile of clothes she’s still carrying. Her jaw is hanging as I give her one final wink; tell her what happened next Mary.”

Mary picked up the story as asked, “Well, she was in just her panties,”

Jenny added quickly, “I’d show you that, but as you can see, someone took them,” and with that, Jenny tugged her pants down to flash Julie her exposed crotch. Mary got a good look at her bare bottom with that action. It was just a flash though, and she tugged her pants back up.

Mary continued, “So she turns around and walks a few steps in front of everyone. They are all shocked to see her like that. It was some type of pottery room, and they didn’t even know what was going on. Jenny just acted all stunned and then quickly covered up her boobs,” Jenny placed a hand on each breast to mimic her past action, “and she stammered something about having the wrong room. A few people giggled and we quickly got out of there. Jenny took her robe back and we made our way to the right room.”

Jenny sat back down on the bed next to Julie. The two girls opposite Mary were now topless, and Mary couldn’t help but look and contrast the two chests. She tried her best to at least not make it obvious.

Jenny narrated again, “So we’re now both back with the other students. The teacher thanks us again for our bravery, and we are approaching the center dais. Mary isn’t sure what to do, and I follow her lead, even though I’ve been to enough classes now to know how to model. Before the teacher though can tell us something silly like we can keep our robes on, I tell Mary that we’ll do it on the count of three.”

“Why did you have to do that? It was so embarrassing; you didn’t even give me a chance to back out! I didn’t want everyone to see me in just my underwear!” Mary complained.

Julie asked, “Oh, so what happened next? What did they see?”

Mary tried her best to pick the right words, “I… I took off my robe and everyone saw-“

Julie stopped her, “no, show me too what they saw! Get up like Jenny”

Mary did so, hesitantly of course. She stood shakily in the room, in front of the J’s. She slowly took her shirt off, and took her tank top with it. Knowing she was at least in the safety of that room, Mary was able to convince herself to not draw it out too much. Even still, as she pushed her pants to the floor she saw the way that the two girls were staring at her black bra with a tiny pink ribbon between the cups that matched the boyshorts.

“WOW! Jenny wasn’t kidding! Talk about art! Those are perfect for you Mary,” Julie complimented. Mary wasn’t sure how being in her underwear could feel so embarrassing; especially after everything she’d done with the J’s and what she had gone through earlier that day. Yet somehow, her heart still beat almost painfully against her chest to be seen like that, even by them.

Jenny spoke again, “so there we are, me in just my panties and Mary like this. It was crazy with how they all were looking at us. It was different than how the models get it, since we were sort of reluctant. It was amazing. We handed our robes off, and we were trapped like that in the middle of the circle. I had hands on my breasts, and Mary was trying to sling an arm over each piece of cute underwear. I had to be the one to ask how they wanted us to pose at first. They asked us to take our shoes off too, which was fun.”

“It wasn’t fun, it was embarrassing. I felt silly to have undressed to my underwear, but that still wasn’t enough. It’s very nerve wracking to have everyone watch you struggled to get your shoes off. My nerves were so shot,” Mary shared on her own. “I had to sit on the floor, everyone staring at me in my underwear, and Jenny couldn’t even cover up her breasts at that point. I caught a few people staring at her and for some reason at me too.”

“That’s because you’re adorable like that. Let me see you take your shoes off too!” Julie requested. Both girls did as she asked, Mary sitting back on the bed to do it.

“You should have seen it though. It’s like they knew we wanted to be embarrassed,” Jenny said.

“I didn’t want that!” Mary tried adding, but it fell on deaf ears.

“They had us pose so we weren’t really hiding anything. The teacher came up and moved us to different sides of the dais. Mary was like this,” Mary was suddenly tugged up, and Jenny took Mary’s arms and pulled them behind her back. The pose was very casual, like a girl standing and waiting for a friend. One hand held onto the other arm behind her back. Her feet only slightly parted and her head turned to the side, gazing in the distance.

“I already couldn’t hide my underwear. I really, really wanted to. You feel like you’re like that forever,” Mary explained. She still held this pose though for Julie to see.

Jenny then took her pose. It was more animated, with a fist on one hip, the other arm slouched, and her head titled, as if saying “What took you?” yet not in a totally stern way. “Everyone could see my bare breast. I still wonder if some of the girls in the class knew why my nipples were so pointy. Sometimes it’s hard to hide how much I get off on the embarrassment,” Jenny said with a playful tweak of her nipples. Having already broken the pose, Mary took the chance to sit back down, so not to have to keep going.

“It was embarrassing though. Like, they all just stare at you. I mean Jenny tried telling me it’s purely professional, and I guess it kind of was, but it still was embarrassing. You know they’re looking at every detail,” Mary squirmed a bit in her seat remembering the staring. “Then they let you move, and your body is a bit sore from being stuck like that. I couldn’t help but cover up again though. Then they let you walk around and see what everyone drew.”

“I’m going to do my best to make sure you see them Julie. Some of the people in that class are really good,” Jenny said.

“It was a shock though when I saw a few who didn’t even draw on my underwear. I mean they didn’t draw any of the… naughty bits. Yet I figured they’d all draw the underwear,” Mary admitted.

“Yeah, some were just there to practice the anatomy, it was like they were picturing us even more exposed,” Jenny teasingly added.

“Jenny tried to tell me that they weren’t perverts about the class, but I really wasn’t sure anymore since some were ignoring the underwear. It was also very embarrassing to just casually walk around in our underwear there to see the pictures. Yet it seemed rude not to look, so I kept having to go stand next to each person,” Mary finished.

“They were pretty kind to my modesty in the next pose actually when they called us back up. I got to sit like this,” Jenny said as she sat on the bed with her knees drawn up to her chest. “So I actually was cover, but poor Mary here wasn’t so lucky.”

The J’s both looked Mary’s way. Mary was averting eye contact already. Julie was of course very curious, “come on Mary, show me!”

Mary sighed and backed up on the bed she was on. She had been sitting on the side of it, but now had to turn to allow for enough space. Just like on the dais earlier, Mary lay back, her shoulders off the ground, as she propped herself up on an elbow. Her other arm rested across her stomach, and she had one knee raised. She meanwhile just had to look off in the distance.

Mary flinched when Julie stood up to get a closer look. She hated how it seemed to mimic what happened before. The students had shifted around and tried to get closer when Mary took this pose in front of them. Mary hated how exposed she felt like this, prone and spread out on the ground. Though her legs weren’t parted, she worried the one raised leg showed off more material of her panties between her legs.

Julie was much closer than the other students, and could wander to see her from a few different angles. Jenny joined her, and Mary grumbled, “guys, I’ve had enough of this today, could you not stare so much?”

“Oh, it’s hardly that bad. I mean you look really good in your cute underwear,” Julie said.

“She had even less after this one,” Jenny spoiled.

“Jenny!” Mary exclaimed as she sat up and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Oh, she took off her bra?” Julie giggled. Mary then realized that her action sort of gave that away.

Jenny took a seat on the same bed as Mary this time. “Yep, the students requested that we try a shared pose, something where we were both touching in some way. So soon we were sitting down and we had our backs to each other and our fingers interlocked. It was kind of sweet really,”

“So when did she show off her hard nipples to everyone?” Julie asked excitedly.

“Julie! You don’t know that!” Mary said, trying to defend herself. Even now though, her nipples were hard, their budding shape showing against the fabric of the bra.

Jenny then turned Mary to show Julie how the pose looked at first. As she did, she continued the story, “Well, we were like this, and Mary and I got to whispering, just lightly between each other. She was telling me how embarrassing it was. I assured her it was fine, but she also was worried about people comparing us. It was a bit silly I told her, that everyone loved her just as much. She was worried that because my breasts are bigger and that I was topless everyone would rather draw me.”

“Jenny, that isn’t fair! I didn’t say it like that, and I didn’t want attention! I just… well they probably did prefer you, and they probably were comparing us…” Mary griped.

“So I suggested that they wouldn’t compare us if we were dressed the same. That’s when I turned around, and did this,” Jenny demonstrated the action, and began to unfasten Mary’s bra! Mary wiggled and tried to get away, but it was too late and her bra was undone. “She actually fought it less there then just now!”

“It wasn’t like I wanted them to see me! I just didn’t want to blow our cover,” Mary fussed.

Mary was now cradling her loose bra. She recalled this moment too well, having been stripped of her bra in front of the whole class. She wanted to shout and run, but for some reason she was stuck in this role of their model she couldn’t escape.

Then just like at the art class, Jenny then helped the bra off of Mary’s arms, leaving her just as topless. Mary’s nipples were hard both times and they poked out without any cover due to them returning to the pose with the interlocked fingers.

**Part 3**

Mary recounted what came next, “I… I really can’t believe it though. They all saw me topless there, and I didn’t even get to cover up. I wanted to, but Jenny was holding my hands away and I had to just sit there in front of them all. They were probably comparing us even more.”

“They were not, not in like a “who is better” way. Trust me, they found us both to be fine specimens of female form. Some of us also happen to think smaller breasts are very adorable,” Jenny complimented the two other topless girls around her. Julie was smirking, appreciating the compliment, Mary more so just shyly trying to ignore it. “Remember what the drawings looked like when we were done?” Jenny asked, letting Mary have her arms again.

Mary quickly covered herself and recalled exactly what happened, “Yeah, you dragged me around topless to all the people there in the class! I thought it was bad being stared at, but then I had to be next to them too. And even though I was trying to cover up, all I saw was drawings of me topless, it was like covering didn’t mean anything!”

“And, you saw that they both drew us equally well?” Jenny asked.

“That’s hardly what I wanted. I didn’t want them looking at me, I’d have rather you fully distracted them. I don’t know how you could so willingly just stand around in just panties in front of so many people!” Mary said, still blushing wildly.

“Hey, to be fair I did make it even. I agreed it was perhaps a bit rude of me to suddenly take your bra, but what I did next was nice, right?”

Mary didn’t want to make it seem like stripping her in front of a bunch of strangers was forgivable, but she couldn’t lie that what Jenny did was at least a bit helpful.

Jenny told Julie about the next event, “So we’re getting set up for the next pose, and I start to get all nervous and such. I whisper to Mary, and I set up a quick act. I call out, “no way, I can’t do that!” and we do a bit of taunting back and forth, and eventually, I just stand there and push my panties to the ground!”

Julie was all smiles to see Jenny stand and push her pants down. Jenny now stood naked in the room, the most exposed again. Jenny this time seemed only partially flushed, and Mary assumed it might have been for reasons beyond embarrassment. In the class though, anyone would have thought Jenny had her arm twisted to strip. Jenny had immediately slung an arm over her breasts and put a hand between her legs to cover up.

“The teacher even applauded her and thanked her for her courage. If only they knew we were doing it because of your guys’ crazy kinks,” Mary added.

“Ours? Mary, you were loving it too!” Julie accused.

Mary tried to dodge the implication, “I didn’t strip naked without any actual convincing! Jenny acted all shy, she even asked the teacher if she could use her covering up stance as the pose for the next drawing.”

“Teacher liked my idea. Again, you should thank me, they had you do the same, though you’re doing it wrong right now,” Jenny criticized. Mary sighed and moved her hands. Instead of cupping each breast with the same sided hand, Mary crossed her wrists and covered each breast with the opposite hand instead.

“It was nice to at least be able to hide them. It was sort of a breather moment, but everyone still stared at us so much. It’s hard to even put into words what it feels like. You guys stare at me all the time, but this was like way more people. I could sometimes glance at them and see just how intently they would look at me and then there paper,” Mary lamented.

“These drawings were especially cute too Julie. Like some of my favorite. Some of them did a great job of drawing just how embarrassed we were,” Jenny mused. Julie seemed very enthralled in our story too; she had been sitting again, looking very bubbly and excited. Mary was wondering if she was only seeing things when she thought she saw Julie rubbing her thighs through her shorts.

Jenny sat down next to Julie. She then told about the break they had, which had Mary all the more worried. “You see, Mary and I then got a break. We sat back where I had my own stuff. Everyone else was stretching their legs and taking their own breaks to go chat on their phone and stuff. So Mary and I have a bit of privacy. I got her to blush even more actually!”

“Jenny, stop it! Don’t tell her about that! It was a misunderstanding!” Mary crossed her legs and continued to grip her chest, feeling all the more vulnerable.

Jenny didn’t heed her plea, “So I look over at Mary, and she’s sitting there all nervous about what could be next. I then comment about her panties. I tell her that she’s lucky that her panties were black, otherwise everyone would possibly see how much she was enjoying it!”

“JENNY!” Mary hissed.

“Oh my gosh! Did she scream out like that in class at that?” Julie asked excitedly. Both girls loved the way Mary was squirming now.

“Almost did, but she kept it quiet there. She was glowing red though. She was worried someone had heard me. She tightened her little thighs together, trying to hide herself from me even. It was obvious I was right,” Jenny reasoned.

“I told you then, and now, I was much more embarrassed than turned on,” tried to defend herself.

“So you are turned on though? Then and now I bet!” Julie asked. Mary was too flustered to even answer.

“I even offered she take a bathroom break to relieve herself some. I think she’s like me though and wanted to build it up even more. Really wait till she couldn’t take any more,” Jenny guessed. She placed a hand between her thighs and gave one a good squeeze even! With a faux moan, Jenny gave the two girls watching a flirtatious stare.

Mary decided to try and change the subject, “I think we need to move on, we’re finally almost done at least. I just want to put it all behind us!”

“This next one was fun though, wasn’t it Mary?” Jenny hopped off the bed and approached the panty clad girl. Mary didn’t have time to really stop matters as Jenny took hold of one of her wrists and pulled her to a standing pose. She knew all too well what was happening now, and before Julie’s eyes the two embraced. Jenny held one of Mary’s hands out away from them, and had her other arm slung around Mary’s back.

Julie applauded and giggled as Jenny spun herself and Mary around. The pose was meant to be like two people dancing. Mary had lost her breath for a moment. She should have seen it coming, but she didn’t think Jenny would just swoop her off her feet like that! She was also starting to recall just how embarrassingly intimate this sort of pose had been to do in front of a group of people!

Mary nervously tried to keep things going. “Um so… this was… was tough to do. They wanted to do an interactive pose again between us, and someone suggested dancing. That’s when the two of us got tangled up like this.”

Jenny followed up, “I made sure to hold her real close, just like this. I held her up even so she was on her tippy toes so our breasts could squish like this.” Julie leaned forward and saw that indeed, the two women had their bosoms pressing softly. “She squirmed and wiggled, Mary has always been too busy to date, and so I suppose I took this sort of virginity from you, haven’t I?”

Mary stammered, “I… I guess… to be doing this naked though is way more than I expected for a first time. I guess I wasn’t ever sure if it would be with a man or woman either… though… well… it feels sort of nice… you know… how soft they are.”

The two girls smiled, not actually teasing Mary on the subject. “I bet it sort of tickles to feel her little patch of fur, huh?” Julie asked. Jenny lightly ground her pelvis into Mary. Mary could feel the sparse hair tickle the area right above the waistband of her panties.

“Yeah… it’s very different. To be so close to someone… sort of nice too…” Mary was lost in thought. She had almost begun to sway to a nonexistent song, but Jenny instead pulled away. Mary didn’t want to let the awkward moment last, so she instead went to the only other possible subject, the story. “So yeah, we had to do that in front of everyone. The pictures were sort of nice, since I didn’t show too much in them. They were really sweet.”

“She really did like it. She was lucky that only I knew that her nipples were super hard the whole time!” Mary quickly covered up her breasts before either girl could verify visually at that moment. Though everyone knew, Mary’s nipples were indeed hard again!

“Jenny, your nipples probably were poking her just as much!” Julie got up and gave each of Jenny’s nipples a playful flick. Jenny groaned and gave an odd look to Julie that Mary couldn’t quite decipher. It was almost, “Dare you to keep going, really!”

Mary felt she maybe had a chance to get out of it, “You can probably guess where things were going though. I should probably head back to my dorm and get changed.”

“Two more Mary,” Jenny chastised. Mary figured she wasn’t going to get out early. “I next told them that Mary owed me for embarrassing me so much. Without even letting the teacher help with the pose, I put Mary next to this one block and had her bend a bit so her hands were on it. It was up a bit more than the night stand, but this will do Mary,” Jenny was again directing Mary around like she had earlier for this pose. Mary again was too complacent at this point to stop her. Mary was set up just as described, but with her hands on the nightstand.

“Did you spank her!?” Julie asked teasingly.

“Now there is an idea,” Jenny said, giving Mary a playful pat on the bottom.

“Watch it back there!” Mary yelped. She wasn’t at all hurt, but quite surprised at a hand actually touching her butt through her panties.

“Well I did move my hands to her hips. I made sure to bend down real low and keep my legs wide for balance. I’d have to hold this pose for awhile,” Jenny was now lowering herself as she describe. Her bottom stuck out farther than even Mary’s, and since she was naked and spread legged, Julie saw everything! “I was hoping everyone would think I was intent on revenge… cause it was very embarrassing to be like this. I saw the drawing later. They drew every detail, like my breasts hanging and my lips between my legs.”

“Did they draw the leaking wetness?” Julie asked. Mary was trying to look back at what was going on and it looked like Julie had rubbed Jenny’s thigh!

“Zip it Julie! Though one person… well one person on their drawing did have some eraser marks there, I think they tried but got rid of it when they realized it might be rude,” Jenny had actually sounded genuinely embarrassed too.

“Mary though, you got your revenge on her?” Julie asked.

“Yep, by pulling down her cute little panties!”

“EEP!” Mary called out as her last bit of cotton was dragged past her bottom to mid thigh. The noise was actually quieter this time than it was in the art room. Then, she hadn’t seen it coming. She remembered the pit in her stomach when she knew she was then naked in front of the entire class!

Her body had seized and she could only look back and see her own bare bottom, Jenny holding her panties at her thighs, and people at their easels staring back at her. No one spoke and time just dragged. Mary breathed heavily. She wasn’t just stripped naked, she was meant to stay that way and let them look!

There in J’s dorm room, she was equally frozen. She hadn’t quite fully accepted what had happened. Hearing Jenny describe and show it, it was all too real.

“Mary, tell us about it,” Jenny requested.

Mary’s mouth was dry, but she managed to start forming words, “I… I was so shocked. I couldn’t do anything. I felt if I did, it would blow our cover. I tried to remain calm, but I saw everyone looking. They really were looking at us a lot Jenny. I tried to look forward. I was told to put my head back though. It really wouldn’t have helped, in front of me people were staring too, they could probably see my breasts squish together between my arms, I hadn’t even been thinking of that with my butt showing. Oh god Jenny, tell me they didn’t see… well they didn’t see too much back there?”

“Oh, I can see a lot! You’re bent just enough that two puffy lips are peeking out! Yet luckily, I was in the way of anyone seeing. People on the right angles saw plenty of your pert little bottom, but nothing more than that back here for this one. I was the one showing it all!”

The two girls both were getting a breathless, the story was reaching its end, and retelling it was a lot like reliving it, even if Julie was the only witness this second time around. Mary also hated just how exposed she was to Jenny, but had lost the will to fight it.

“Last pose then Mary?” Jenny asked. Mary got up and Mary looked down at herself. She saw her panties still at her thighs. “Well, you had taken these off…” Mary shifted her legs and let the panties drop to the floor on their own. She reached down and picked them up. She examined them, embarrassed to find that a wet mark still showed on them, even though dark in color. She set them to the side before anyone else saw it too.

“I had timed things well, cause now that we were both naked, they had only one more pose for each of us,” Jenny said. She went back to a bed. “I got to sit down, which was nice after the last pose. I sat at the corner of that raised cube and my legs were spread, hands behind me. I showed a lot… and had to clean up a wet spot after it, hoping no one would notice it,” Jenny was seated at the beds corner, legs wide. Her arms were stretched out behind her as she gazed upwards. The pose seemed peaceful, even if not very ladylike at all.

Mary felt it fair she take her pose too. “I was nearby, and I had to stand up straight with my arms out, but not too far,” Mary took her pose, arms only about 30 degrees out from her body. Her legs were as tight together as possible, but that didn’t hide very much of her naked charms. Her light brown, lower locks were gazed at by every student. Her bare bottom continued to be the center of attention to those behind her. Her lips, which had begun to become puffy and a deeper pink, were stared at by all the pupils that had been attending that class.

**Part 4**

No one said anything, but that was fine for Mary. She was still trying to tackle the idea of what happened in her mind. She saw the pictures after, of this pose she was in. Though they were tasteful, drawing her in a way that made it look she was some peaceful angel descending upon them, she recalled feeling so naughty. Sharing the spot light with someone, being seen so exposed, and having to stay that way for such an amount of time had been hard to handle, even an hour later. She knew moving or hiding could get her in trouble, and that she had been ordered to be like that. Ordered to stand nude for others… trapped and unable to stop it… all were things that just made Mary feel all the more tingly, despite her overwhelming embarrassment piled on top of it all.

“Have a seat Mary,” Julie announced. Mary was shaken from her trance and saw that Julie was sitting behind Jenny, straddling her lower back. Her bare chest was pressed into Jenny’s back as well, and Julie wasn’t really hiding the fact that she was wiggling her chest and surely dragging her nipples against Jenny’s bare skin.

Mary had taken orders all day, so she did as she was told and sat on the bed. “You want to play, yes? Perhaps Jenny could get her proper art practice in today; capture a real beauty in motion?”

Mary shivered; she had a good idea what Julie was suggesting. Her hands did go to her lap, and she rubbed the skin there, dipping her finger ever so slightly between her legs and towards her thighs.

“I bet this would have been a great piece for the others to study and draw. Maybe Jenny should have done that? Did you two get up to anything else after that?”Julie had taken Jenny’s hands and placed them between Jenny’s spread thighs.

Jenny began to rub her thighs, even with the two girls watching. She drew further attention as she spoke, “Well, as we were packing up and complete, Mary got in her robe. Yet… well I had told her a plan… she should take my clothes. She first left to get changed, and I stayed to look at the pictures. Yet when she got back, she dangled the stolen clothes. She and I got yelled at for goofing around, cause I had to chase her to get it. I even left after her out into the hall, people were giggling and cheering. We went like that all the way to the car, I only got dressed really when we got to the parking lot here.”

Jenny’s fingers were starting to trace the outer edges of her lips! Mary was nearly doing the same to her own! Only her last ounce of modesty stopped her from pleasuring herself in the same room as her best friends.

“If you want, you could still get a lesson in. Right now, with Jenny, she could model for you, let you draw her in the middle of total passion,” Julie taunted. Jenny moaned, her fingers were no longer holding back.

Mary felt hot. Her face was red, and the moment was building up too much. She wasn’t so sure she could do it, masturbate at the same time as Jenny. She admitted to herself she didn’t want to wait though either. She finally pulled her hands away, and reached for her clothes. “Um… I need to… um get some air and stop at the bathroom…” Mary grabbed her tank top and pants. She got them on as fast as possible.

Just as she was leaving, she could hear Jenny moan, “Julie!” but Mary didn’t look back. Once in the hall, she took a deep breath. She could practically still hear moaning from in the J’s room. She hoped for their modesty the neighbors couldn’t hear!

Feeling a bit of a mess, Mary didn’t want to dawdle. Her tank top felt thin, her nipples sticking out. Her pants did little to help her forget she was still without panties. She also had a strong desire to do what she had planned to do.

Mary rushed down the dorm hall and into the bathroom. Once inside, she quickly checked to see if she was alone. No showers running and no one in any stall. Mary quickly shut herself away in one of those empty stalls.

The room was still quiet, and so Mary felt it safe to lower her pants. She actually stepped out of them fully and let her tank top join them. Mary sat, and she spread her legs. She knew she shouldn’t take long, but also knew it wouldn’t take long if she wanted it to. Her hand carefully lowered down to her waiting lips. She was ready… and did her best to stifle her moaning.

Mary was thankful no one entered, as it meant she could play nonstop for awhile. It felt good; her body was tingling all over. She kept thinking about the art class, about the life modeling, about being exposed in front of so many people. Her incredible embarrassment over it all did nothing to cool her feelings.

Moments later, the naked girl wasn’t even able to hold back her moans as she erupted with pleasure. Her back arched and her toes curled as she came. When Mary came down from the orgasm, her body relaxed and she actually smiled. Though still embarrassed, she honestly felt good. The orgasm had been fantastic.

Checking to see if anyone was around, Mary looked out from the stall. She was safe, and surprising even herself, she picked up her clothes and approached the sinks naked. She stood in front of the mirror and for a moment struck the final pose she had in the art class. She smiled; sort of proud of herself she did it. She was still buzzing her orgasm. She was still blushing though, and worry a peer might walk in worried her enough that she got dressed again.

Mary freshened up by splashing some water on her face. She waited a few more minutes before returning to the room. She politely knocked, not knowing what the J’s could be up to. She wasn’t the least bit surprised when a naked and very happy looking Julie answered the door!

“You really should be careful Julie!” Mary re-warned.

“Says the girl who just got off in the shared bathroom on our floor!” Mary tried to hush Julie, not at all comfortable she would say something that so loudly with the door open! Mary rushed back into the room.

The three girls then spent the rest of the evening like they might normally, though Julie remained naked for it, and Jenny wore her night shirt and panties. They made plans to take Julie to see some of the drawings. Mary was unsure if she would need future reminders of her embarrassing day there, but at the same time had little ability to deny how well done they were.

By the time they were done hanging out, the J’s refused to let Mary change back into her own underwear. She had to stash them away in her pockets before leaving to her own room. They also told her they were looking forward to seeing her in them again soon!

The End