**Miranda and the Art Class**

**by [redfacedandnaked](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1051107&page=submissions)©**

Hello again. Let me re-introduce myself. I'm Miranda, I'm in my late twenties, 5' 5" tall and whilst not fat I am definitely curvy. Posting my stories here is becoming a bit of a habit. You might have read about me before in a couple of stories where I told you about occasions where I had found myself either scantily clad or even naked in public. First I got caught naked at the gym contest, then at a night-club.  
  
Well it's happened again!  
  
My flatmate Linzi has a part-time job as a model. It is nothing glamorous, just posing for would-be artists at local evening classes. This particular evening she had a touch of flu and asked me if I'd take her place. All I had to do was sit there and be sketched and painted by a class of about a dozen.  
  
"All you'll have to do is sit there" she assured me as she lay there, sneezing.  
  
As I was leaving I thought she called out again, but I was already late so I didn't turn back. Things might have been so different if I had...  
  
I arrived a few minutes before the class was due to start.  
  
"Can I help you?" asked a tall thin man, with ruffled hair and a straggly beard.  
  
I explained that I was looking for the class tutor, Mr Richards.  
  
"You've found him, how can I help you young lady?"  
  
I introduced myself and explained that Linzi was unwell and that she had asked me to take her place.  
  
"Excellent Miranda," he exclaimed "If you'd get undressed quickly we're starting in a few minutes."  
  
"Undressed?" Linzi hadn't mentioned undressing. "Are you sure Mr Richards, Linzi didn't mention nudity."  
  
"I decide what is required, she is well aware of that. If you won't do it, I'll have to cancel the class and engage a replacement for your friend. Decide quickly now Miranda, we have a class to start."  
  
I thought quickly. If I refused Linzi would lose the part-time job, which she relied on to pay her share of the rent. I had no choice really.  
  
"Ok Mr Richards, where do I undress?"  
  
"My dear Miranda, you will be naked in front of class for the next two hours. Just undress here and I'll arrange you artistically."  
  
Now, as a former gymnast, I was used to communal changing rooms. In those changing rooms we had all been changing so never before had I undressed in front of so many people staring directly at me. I was blushing as I unbuttoned my blouse and stepped out of my skirt. Then I had to take off my tights. Unless anyone knows otherwise, there is no graceful way to remove tights, so I just tugged them down to mid thigh, sat down awkwardly and pulled them off completely. Next I fumbled with my bra catch, before taking it off, before slipping off my knickers. I crossed my legs and crossed my arms in front of me.  
  
"That won't do at all, Miranda, let me arrange you."  
  
Unbelievably I let Mr Richards pose me like some life size doll. First he unfolded my arms, placing the left one of the arm of the chair. His hands were soft and smooth, with long thin fingers.  
  
"Can you just drape your right leg over the arm of the chair for me?" I looked at him, and saw a sparkle in his eyes; he was clearly enjoying this. Reluctantly I did as I was asked, hooking my leg over the arm. I knew that by doing this I was giving everyone a clear view of my most intimate and private parts, but I felt I had no choice.  
  
I sat there wishing the ground could open up and swallow me, I was so humiliated by my pose and by my nakedness.  
  
After a while I plucked up the courage to glance round the class. There were two spotlights on me, which meant I could only make out the front row, in which there were 3 men and a woman. One of the men was young enough to be a student; the others were quite a bit older, maybe even retired. The woman was my age, but with a very dramatic gothic look. When I made eye contact the men all looked away, but she held my gaze and she smiled back at me.  
  
I realised Mr Richards was wandering round helping them, but when he came to the front row, I could just hear snippets of what he was saying. I soon wished that I couldn't. The four comments I heard from the front row were as follows:  
  
To the first older man - "Well done you've captured the fullness of her breasts..."  
  
To the student - "Not bad, but the model's thighs are a little bigger that you've painted them..."  
  
To the second older man - "Umm, a fine effort, but her nipples aren't that large, although I must say you've captured their perkiness..."  
  
To the goth-girl - "I love the look you've given her, very lustful..."  
  
When I heard the third comment I glanced down. He was right; my nipples were hard and perky, like when I get turned on. This gave me a flutter in my tummy and a realisation of some moistness further down!  
  
Mr Richards came over. He explained that if I needed a few minutes break from posing I could get up and walk around the room, but not to get dressed as it would waste time.  
  
I considered hiding in the corner for a few moments, but then something inside me snapped. I wasn't going to hide; I was going to walk proudly round the room.  
  
I started towards the first older man. He shifted awkwardly in his chair, but not quickly enough to hide a tell tale bulge; the old guy had an erection! I wondered if all the men were aroused by my predicament. I looked at his sketch. He had certainly 'captured the fullness of my breasts', but the rest was not very good. I placed my hand on his shoulder and he nearly jumped out of his skin. I bent down and whispered to him "I'm so glad you like my tits." I deliberately used the term 'tits' rather that 'breasts' or 'boobs' -- It seemed so much ruder! He clearly thought so judging by the twitch his cock gave.  
  
Emboldened, I moved on to the student. My heart was pounding as I tried to walk casually, as if being naked in front of everyone was no big deal. The student swallowed nervously. I looked at his painting -- Mr Richards was right; the figure in the painting was much slimmer than me. I stood confidently next to him, hands on hips, legs slightly apart. I bent forward knowing two things; he was getting a great view of my tits and the second old guy was getting an eyeful of my bum! I had planned to tease the student but I was halted in my tracks when the old guy pinched my bum! I turned sharply but he was dabbing innocently at his picture. Momentarily my confidence evaporated and I avoided him and moved on to goth-girl.  
  
I let out a gasp when I saw her painting. It was clearly me but as she interpreted me. My hair, quite blonde in real life was jet black in her painting, but she had captured the way it was styled so beautifully. My skin tone was a lot paler too, much more like hers and my lips were bright red, also like hers. What made me gasp was the way she had taken my stiff, self-conscious pose and made me look languid and relaxed with, as Mr Richards had commented, a lustful look. I realised she was standing beside me.  
  
"Hi Miranda, I'm Saskia." She said.  
  
"Hello Saskia, your painting is wonderful!"  
  
"That's because you're such an inspiration, sexy!"  
  
I blushed again as we gazed into each others eyes. I dimly noticed that we were holding hands, when I felt her gently squeeze mine. The feeling was electric.  
  
"Thank you" I said eventually.  
  
"You're welcome, Gorgeous" she replied.  
  
Mr Richards interrupted telling me to return to the seat.  
  
I was in a daze for the next part of the session. When I had begun my little walk round the room my intention had been to tease the three men and show them I wasn't intimidated. I'd ended up exchanging meaningful glances with a pretty Goth-girl! I knew everyone had seen and I could only guess at what they were imagining. I could feel their eyes boring into me like laser beams. I was sure they could all tell just how turned on I was. I was torn between conflicting emotions.  
  
Part of me was longing to get dressed and end my embarrassing exposure.  
  
Part of me was enjoying the attention and wanted it to last forever.  
  
Part of me was intrigued by my encounter with Saskia.  
  
Part of me was a little scared by my encounter with her.  
  
Finally a bell sounded and Mr Richards called the class to attention. He asked them to thank me and I was given a chorus of 'thank you's' and a bit of applause. I began to get dressed, quickly putting on my knickers, when I realised Saskia was standing beside me  
  
"Hi Sexy."  
  
Blushing again, I mumbled 'Hi', almost feeling more exposed as I dressed, I grabbed my bra but as I fumbled with the catch she moved behind me saying "Here, let me" and did up my bra. Feeling her warm hands against my cold back sent a shiver down my spine and more butterflies in my tummy. I put on my blouse but before I could start to button it up Saskia moved in front of me and gently moving my trembling hands aside, buttoned it up for me, all the time staring into my eyes.  
  
"Thanks" I whispered softly.  
  
The moment was broken by the young lad.  
  
"Excuse me, I'm Grant and I think you're great, can I buy you a drink?"  
  
Saskia frowned.  
  
Great I thought, I'm standing her without my skirt on and a 20-year-old student and a Goth-chick are on the verge of quarrelling over me!  
  
Diplomatically I took his mobile number, but said that Saskia was giving me a lift.  
  
"Oh ok" he said walking away disappointedly.  
  
I finished dressing.  
  
"You've broken his heart, you realise?"  
  
"He'll survive. I'm not looking for a toy-boy." We giggled.  
  
"What are you looking for?"  
  
"Right now, to get out of here, but can I be cheeky and ask for the painting you've done of me?"  
  
"You can ask but I have plans for it." She must have caught my sad expression. "But if you'd like we can discuss you posing again, but just for me, over a drink sometime."  
  
She paused to jot her mobile number on another scrap of paper, handed it to me, kissed me softly on the cheek. "Ring me soon, Sexy" she whispered.  
  
Back home I was ready to confront Linzi.  
  
"Did the old bugger try it on?" she asked as I came in her room. "I called out as you were leaving."  
  
"How do you mean?"  
  
"He always begs me to pose nude but it's not in my contract so I always refuse."  
  
"Um, well, I didn't hear you and he made it sound like you'd lose the job so..."  
  
"You got your kit off in front of everyone!" she squealed.  
  
I told her the whole story. When I finished she suggested that I should post the story here as some of you were kind enough to tell me that you liked the others. Do tell me if you like it, cos I've a feeling it won't be the last one I have to tell...  
  
Love and kisses  
  
Miranda x