**The Art Student**by Bridget

*Earlier that day, Tammy Owens, an art student at the Lysander College of Art, had been forced to pose nude for a final exam when the model canceled. Because of the way her parents had raised her, forcing her to wear baggy or boyish clothes, she suffers from low self-esteem and body issues. The story begins later that night just before a party her fellow students are holding in her honor because by posing, they all received credit for the course and won’t have to repeat it.*

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I still had just over an hour until the party so I lay down in bed to think. I didn’t understand what was happening to me at all. While I was naked in the class, I felt embarrassment and humiliation and excitement. But after I left the class, while I was alone in my room, only the excitement remained. I got up from my bed and sat down in front of the computer and started researching exhibitionism, modeling, and public nudity. Other than a couple of entries in Wikipedia and some articles about nudity as an interrogation technique, most of what I found were links to porn sites. All in all, I didn’t learn very much from my search.

I looked at the clock icon on the computer and saw that the party started ten minutes ago. I tuned it off and went down the hall to the freshman common room. Each class had a room where they could hang out together, watch television, or just relax. There were art books on the shelves as well as newspapers and periodicals. By convention, common rooms were exclusively for the use of one class and members of other classes did not intrude. When I entered, I got another round of cheers from my classmates and headed to the food table that had been set up. There were pizzas, chips and dip, a vegetable tray, sodas, and a tub with ice and beer. I got a plate and a slice of pizza and a beer and sat down with Karen and Gail who were also having pizza and beer. The other four girls in the class were dancing with some of the guys while the others watched and waited for their turn. Because we had more males than females in the class, no one really got attached to anyone else. We never talked about it; it just became an unwritten rule that we all honored. The work was hard enough without adding the friction that came from hurt feelings.

“So what was it like today?” asked Karen.

I knew what she was referring to but played it nonchalant. “In the class?”

“Of course, in the class,” she said laughing. “How did it feel being the only one naked?”

“It was different. I suppose I’m still trying to sort it all out.”

“What do you mean, sort it out?” asked Gail.

“Well, I was embarrassed and I felt humiliated, but it was also a little exciting. I got a little aroused and I am sure you all could see it.”

“Yes, there were signs.”

“What signs?” I asked.

It was Gail’s turn to answer. “Well, when your nipples got hard and we could see your lips swell a little through your pubic hair. Also, when McIntyre got some tissue from the desk and took it back to you behind the screen. You weren’t crying so it had to be for something else.”

“Do the boys know?”

“Probably a few have figured it out, but we haven’t talked about it.”

I blushed at the idea of the boys seeing me naked and aroused. I guess it was one thing to be nude around others, but it was quite different for them to see my body’s reaction and to show them my sexual side.

The music stopped and everyone came over to where we were sitting. Jim raised his beer in my direction. “A toast to our salvation. Here’s to Tammy.”

Everyone called out, “Here, here,” and raised their glasses and bottles. I stood up to acknowledge the toast, and then Jim added one more thing to it. “And here’s to hoping she volunteers to model for us again.”

Another loud, “Here, here,” and I blushed from head to toe. Thank goodness this time they could only see my face.

Jim took my hand and led me to the area where the others had been dancing. Someone turned on the music and we danced with me in his arms. As we danced, he whispered in my ear, “I did some of my best work today with you on the pedestal. I was serious about having you model again. You were so beautiful.”

“Come on. You know my figure is boyish at best. Not the ideal hourglass figure.”

“No, you’ve got it all wrong. You were natural, you were real. Not some idealized woman but a real woman. Just enough curves to show your femininity and enough emotion on your face to show your confusion at the situation. We couldn’t have asked for a better subject for the final.”

“I suppose I should say thank you, but to tell you the truth, I’m still ambiguous about the whole thing.”

“How so?”

“Well, while I was posing, I wanted it to end so badly, to be able to be dressed again, but when it was over, I was a little sad that it couldn’t go on.”

“Really? You wanted to remain naked?”

“A little part of me did. I felt things that I had never felt before. Once I was dressed, I stopped feeling them and I wanted to understand them better. But without all the confusion and conflict about posing nude going on in my head, I really couldn’t get in touch with them anymore. I tried up in my room, but it was too impersonal when I was alone.”

I had three or four more dances, each with a different partner, and then decided more pizza was in order while I finished my first beer. I went over to one of the couches and sat with a group of eight divided five and three. They immediately started questioning me about my first nude modeling experience. As I talked about it, everyone else came over and joined us to hear what I said. I tried to explain it to them then admitted that I was still conflicted about it. How on the one hand it felt sexy and I knew that I was the center of attention but on the other hand I felt ashamed. Some of the shame came from knowing that I didn’t have the greatest body in the world and some of it came from the feeling of inferiority I felt because I was naked and they were not. But I saw that I was not really getting through to them. “If you really want to know what it’s like, why not try it yourselves?” I finally asked.

That got a quick chorus of no from everyone. Then Billy spoke up. He was short, just an inch or so taller than me, but he was quickly recognized as the best of us with pencil. “I have something for you, if you want it,” he said standing up and going over to one of the chairs. He pulled something out from underneath and handed it to me. “I actually had time to complete three drawings. The best two got turned in for my grade and I thought you might like to have this one.”

He handed me a framed drawing of myself. He was at about a forty-five degree angle to my left when he drew it and every part of me was visible because my left foot had been placed behind me by McIntyre. I looked at it for a couple of minutes and saw myself, but I also saw something else. I saw a beautiful young girl nude. His rendition of me was perfect, the proportions were perfect, but the body I saw in the drawing was feminine, not boyish, and would have appealed to any male, I think.

“Billy, thank you. That is wonderful. I never saw myself like that when I imagined what I looked like to all of you.”

“Well, I hope we can put an end to the not the greatest body nonsense now. I would be happy to see you naked any time you want.”

Then Jim started a chant. “Naked Tammy, naked Tammy,” and everyone, including the girls picked it up. I sat there dumbfounded. I just couldn’t believe that I had made that much of an impression on them. The chant died down after a minute or so but while it went on, my mind was at war with itself.

“All of you have got to be kidding,” I offered after the last chant died away. As much as I want to understand my own feelings about this, I can’t be running around in the buff in front of everyone.”

“Why not?” Sara asked. She was probably the prettiest girl in the class. “It’s not like we haven’t already seen everything you have to show. If you want to, I’ll keep my mouth shut about it.”

I made my decision at that moment. “Two conditions,” I started, “First, no one hits on me. I’m not a slut, and I’m not going to bed with anyone when the party is over. Agreed?”

All of them got serious for a minute contemplating what might happen next. Then they silently nodded their agreement.

“Second condition is that I’m not going to do it myself. I will stand up and passively let you strip me, but everyone has to take part, even the girls and even if it is just unbuttoning one button. But by all of you removing my clothes, you are condoning what I will do. If even one of you refuses, the deal is off.”

Then I stood up and waited. Malcolm came over and unbuttoned my blouse and Gail got up and took it off me. Jim knelt down and took off one of my shoes and Jackie got the other one. Then Karen and Ramon took my socks, Karl unbuckled my belt, and Sara, Stevie, and Charlie took turns unbuttoning my jeans. Li pulled my jeans down and took them after I stepped out of them and I was standing there in my bra and panties. Billie nodded toward Maribeth who unhooked my bra and took it from me. Billie was the last and he pushed my panties down to my ankles and lifted each foot to pull them off. Now just twelve hours after suffering the humiliation of being naked in front of my classmates, I was once again the only one naked. I took a deep breath, went over to the tub with beer and opened one, then asked everyone who wanted to dance.

Someone turned on music and we all danced together, without specific partners. I moved from one person to the next, including the girls and danced part of the song and moved on. I never felt so loose or relaxed on the dance floor before. It was like being naked removed every other inhibition I ever had. I loved the way my body was moving with the music, I loved the way the sweat rolled across my skin unimpeded by clothes, and I loved the way my partners looked at me as I danced with them.

After about thirty minutes, people began dropping out to rest and get something to drink. I switched to bottled water, afraid of what I might do if I let myself get drunk. I sat down on one of the bigger chairs and pulled my legs up underneath me while I gulped down the water.

“So are you getting it figured out?” asked Charlie as he sat down on the floor across from me and leaned back against the couch.

“Maybe, a little bit. One of the things I noticed is how I changed when I danced. I was always stiff and awkward dancing. But with my clothes off, I felt more graceful.”

“Makes sense,” he said. “Clearly you’re not worried about people staring at you or you wouldn’t have had us strip you. And if you’re not worried about that, it’s easier to let go of all the other baggage you carry around.”

“You think I’ve been carrying around baggage?”

“Not you specifically, well, yes, you specifically. But baggage is something we all carry around. Our self-image, our self-esteem, and our self-confidence are always under attack. When the attacker wins, we add a few more pounds of baggage. Looks like you got rid of some of your’s tonight. That’s all I meant.”

“That makes sense. I was always wishing my body was different; more womanly or something. But seeing Billy’s drawing made me understand that there isn’t anything wrong with the body I have. It was so obviously feminine that I felt better about myself as soon as I saw the drawing.”

“That’s Billy’s great talent. He makes us see the truth despite ourselves. That’s why he is so good with pencil and charcoal. It allows him to put things in black or white without worrying about shades in between. So the truth of what he sees isn’t subtle. It stands out, the black lines against the white paper.”

“Charlie, you just nailed it. Thank you.”

“No problem. You ready for another dance?”

“Sure, let’s go.”

There is no way to get up from a chair while you have your legs underneath you without opening yourself up completely. But it was okay. I was enjoying showing myself after so many years of not appreciating how good I really looked, the approval that I saw on everyone’s face as they watched me made me feel good. Just as we got to the area, the song ended and a slow song started. Charlie asked if I wanted to sit this one out and wait for the next one but I thought it would be nice to be held so in reply I put my arms around his neck and moved in against him. Charlie was almost a foot taller than I was so I put my cheek against his chest while he wrapped his arms around me and we danced. I felt my nipples rubbing against his shirt grow hard as he led me around the floor and thought that if he wasn’t so tall, his hands would feel nice holding my bottom but he couldn’t get them that low without stooping over.

When the song was over, we separated and Charlie smiled at me. “You know, in many cultures, we’d have to get married after a dance like that.” I smiled and thanked him as the next song started and it was another slow one. I was saved from having to do it again with him when Sara of all people cut in.

She asked if it would make me too uncomfortable to dance with her like I did with Charlie and I shrugged and told her I didn’t know because I had never tried. So she said she would lead and put her arms around me while I put my arms around her neck. She was only an inch or so taller than me so our breasts were touching as we danced and it electrified my nipples as much as dancing with Charlie did. As we danced she whispered that she wasn’t gay but if I had another slow dance with a guy it would be tough for anyone else to get a date and I giggled and told her that dancing like this with me might make it tough for her to get a date. She laughed at that and nodded her head and when we finished the song, I thanked her for the dance.

But now after being held closely by Charlie and almost as closely by Sara, I was becoming aroused. So far this really hadn’t been a problem for me because everything had been very casual in spite of my nudity. Also, after two beers and a bottle of water, I really needed to use the bathroom so I excused myself and went to the restroom in the corner of the room. After I urinated, I thought about staying in there to masturbate but knew that everyone would know what I was doing if I stayed in there too long. I patted myself dry and went back to join the others but all of the seats were taken so I sat cross-legged between two chairs. Gail waited for a break in the conversation and when it came asked me if I knew how erotic the image of me dancing with Charlie and Sara had been.

“Yes, I imagine it was. I certainly felt it and my body responded to it by becoming very aroused.”

“Did you take care of it in the restroom?”

“No, but I thought about it.”

At that point, we had everyone’s attention and Gail asked me why I hadn’t.

“Honestly, because I thought that if I stayed in there too long, everyone would realize what I was doing.”

“Well, most of us thought that was what you were doing so it looks like you missed an opportunity for no reason.” Everyone kind of chuckled at that and I smiled at Gail but I began thinking about playing with myself while everyone watched. Li noticed the serious look on my face and asked me what I was thinking. I told him I wasn’t thinking about anything but he wouldn’t let me off the hook.

“You’ve got this look on your face like something is bothering you. You’ve shown us everything on the outside, now it’s time to show us what is on the inside. Tell us what you are thinking.”

“I was thinking that I would like to play with myself and have an orgasm.”

It got deathly quiet for a moment and I felt the need to say something to break the awkward silence I had created. “But I won’t, not here. I couldn’t.” Gail tried to save me. “Don’t worry about it, hon. I had the exact same thought while I watched you dance. I’m not gay, not even bi, but watching you dance naked was a real turn on.”

“So you thought I would like to play with myself and have an orgasm?” I asked smiling.

“No, I meant that I …” and then she saw I was kidding her and laughed. When everyone else saw Gail’s confusion, they laughed, too and the awkward moment was over.

But then Sara brought us back to a level of seriousness. “Okay, we know that Tammy wants an orgasm. How many of you want to see her have one?” she asked raising her hand at the same time. Right away, Billy and Charlie raised their hands, then Karen broke the ice for the girls, then Li and Maribeth and soon everyone had their hands up in the air.

“You guys are serious?” I asked, ‘You really want to see me finger fuck myself?”

Li answered for the group. “Tammy, don’t do it if you don’t want to, but as much enjoyment as you have given me this evening by letting me see your beautiful body, I don’t think anyone objects if you want to take some pleasure from it, also.”

“Okay, but just like when you stripped me, there is a condition. I won’t do it myself, but Sara is the one who pushed this, so if she wants to do me with her fingers, I’ll agree. Sara, the ball is in your court again.”

“Charlie, get out of that chair,” Sara began. “Tammy, sit up on the back of the chair and spread ‘em.” Charlie was in a big, heavy easy chair. He stood up and he and Billy helped me up so I was sitting on the back with my feet on the chair arms. Sara came around behind me and began rubbing my slit up and down very slowly with the two fingers. With her other hand, she used a thumb and forefinger on my nipple, gently teasing it by rolling it around and pinching it. I closed my eyes and tipped my head back, moaning softly while she stimulated me. My hips began to push out a little to force more contact between her fingers and my pussy, but she wouldn’t allow it, keeping the pressure in my slit even and soft.

“Oh, please,” I mumbled, more to myself than to her as my need for more intimate touching kept growing but she took her time, content to have me writhe under her ministrations without any chance of release. “More, please,” I asked, almost begging in a louder and clearer voice to make sure she heard me, “Please do it harder.”

I felt her two fingers reach in for my clit and circle it, barely touching it. She was torturing me, but I really doubt if she understood that. “Please make me cum,” I begged her, “please do it now.” I meant it for her ears only but I knew that everyone gathered around me to watch my orgasm heard what I said to her. Mercifully, she started rubbing my clit harder and as I twisted underneath her hand, I had my orgasm, moaning and crying out with pleasure as my body heaved and shook.

She pulled her hand out of my pussy and held her fingers to my lips. I licked and sucked them clean, tasting my own fluid for the first time. “Good damn,” I heard someone say, but in my post-orgasmic haze, I had no idea who it was.

I slid down off the back of the chair so I was sitting in the seat with my legs tucked underneath my bottom. I turned toward Sara and thanked her and she acknowledged me with a nod of her head.

“I don’t know how much more of this I can take,” announced Stevie, “and I have an early flight in the morning. I’m off to bed.” He hugged the girls, saying good-bye and I stood up so I was the last to hug him. “Thank you for a wonderful evening,” he whispered in my ear as we hugged. “Any chance this is not the end but the beginning?”

“I don’t know,” I whispered back, “but I enjoyed it as much as you did so who knows?”

The party started breaking up then. I helped clean up, even more conscious of my nudity now that I had climaxed. I felt my breasts sway slightly every time I moved, and as I walked, I could feel my bottom jiggling. And I loved every second of it. When everything was clean, I headed to my room like everyone else. My flight wasn’t until early afternoon but I was already packed so I could sleep in and not have to worry about anything tomorrow.

I woke up about eight the next morning and got in the shower. After getting ready, I headed down to the kitchen without bothering to put clothes on. I was halfway down the hall before I realized I was still naked. I went back to my room and got dressed, then decided to skip breakfast and just get a shuttle to the airport and wait there for my flight. When I got to the lobby by the main entrance, Li was already waiting. I asked him if he wanted to split the fare to the airport and he agreed.

I got home late that evening because of flight delays. The three weeks off were uneventful, with one exception. About my third day home, my mother asked me what was bothering me that I appeared so down in the dumps. I asked her what she meant and she said that I had been moping around for three days with barely a smile. I told her I would be okay, I was just adjusting. After that, I tried to be more upbeat and involved, but it was a struggle.

Whenever I was in my room, I peeled off my clothes as fast as I could. I really enjoyed being nude, I felt better about myself naked than I did when I was dressed. Sometimes, late at night after everyone was asleep, I would sneak downstairs and stand in the backyard naked looking up at the stars and moon. But I couldn’t remain outside very long because it was cold, really cold. Not as bad as some winters, and not very much snow at all, but I started shivering as soon as I opened the back door. I stopped doing it after the first week however for a couple of reasons. First, it was not the same with no one around. Somehow being naked by myself wasn’t nearly as satisfying as being naked around other people. And the other reason was that there would be hell to pay if mom or dad saw me. They were both pretty strict and seeing their daughter outside in the nude would have driven them off the deep end.

By the end of vacation, I was really looking forward to returning to school. When my parents dropped me off at the airport, I was as happy as I had been the entire three weeks. I got back about five in the afternoon on Saturday and classes were going to start again on Monday, so I had all day Sunday to prepare. I stripped off my clothes, unpacked my bag and put away my things and laid down on the bed thinking. An idea had been forming in my head all during vacation and I wanted to think it through before I talked to anyone about it. I had been wondering if it was possible to remain naked all of the time. Everything after class would be okay, I believed, since we were on our own once we got to our rooms. After the party, I thought everyone would be okay with it. Upper classmen didn’t make it up here often and it was usually on the weekend if someone had asked one of us out on a date. But it was rare because the way things were set up, we remained fairly isolated from the other classes.

About six, I decided to run a test and go down to the kitchen without getting dressed. We had turned in our grocery lists before we left but they usually didn’t stock the kitchen until Sunday. As I entered the kitchen, I saw Karen and Jim cutting up some cheese to go with crackers. They looked up as I entered and Karen asked if I had forgotten something.

“No, I don’t think so,” I said smiling. “Is there something I need?”

“No, not really, I guess. The cupboard is pretty bare, no pun intended,” she said laughing. “Would you like to join us?”

“Sure. Lunch was six hours ago and I’m starving. What are we having? And I can take some back to my room if this bothers you.”

“No, it’s fine. It obviously takes more getting used to on our part than yours. And I’m afraid this is it. Everyone else gets in tomorrow so all we have until the groceries arrive are some sodas, crackers, chips, and cheese. There are some dill pickles in the fridge if you want them.”

I got the jar out and cut some spears. Jim finished putting the cheddar and Swiss squares on a platter and Karen put a couple of kinds of crackers in a basket. The pickles went on a paper plate and we sat at the long dining table where we normally had our meals.

“So,” Karen asked me as we sat down, “Why now? I would have thought you would have gotten it out of your system before the holidays.”

“I spent a lot of time thinking about it while I was gone and had to be dressed almost all of the time. I think it’s because I like myself better this way. When I put clothes on, I think I am that frumpy girl who was shy and uncomfortable with herself. But when I’m naked I feel more beautiful and self-confident. I know that sounds like some kind of weird personality disorder, but it makes me happy to be nude and a little wistful and melancholy when I have to get dressed. Is any of this making sense?”