**The Demonstration**

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"Are you nervous?" Asked Josh.

"Not really." Said Marissa, as her and Josh walked down the hallway towards their class. "The chances of being picked for the demonstration out of a class of five hundred are extremely small."

"Yeah, I guess you're right." Said Josh, as he stopped in front of the doorway of the classroom. "I don't know, even if the chance of being picked is low, the thought of it is still scary."

"Josh, you're being ridiculous." Replied Marissa. "You just have to think of this like another day. Now let's hurry up before someone takes our seats."

The two then walked into the auditorium where the class was held. It was a giant room. Shaped like a movie theater except there was a stage where the screen would normally be with two small screens on both sides of the stage to display videos or powerpoints. Marissa and Josh quickly made their way to the usual seats they sat in. Third row from the back, back right corner.

The two sat down and Marissa tried to process her feelings on today. Despite what she said to Josh, she was terrified that she was going to be picked for the demonstration. Josh and Marissa were both in their first semester of college, and the sexual education class they were sitting in was mandatory to take for all students. The only requirement was that you had to be over 18. Even though it was mandatory, the class itself was pretty easy. It was pretty much a guaranteed A, so most students didn't mind taking it. The only issue was the demonstration. Held once a semester, being chosen for it was the fear of all incoming freshmen. It was the kind of thing that sounded like a urban legend, but a simple Google search and every upperclassman testimony would tell you it was very real. It got so bad, that almost everyone would just skip on demonstration day, so they had to make students sign a waiver at the beginning stating that if a student was selected for the demonstration and they skipped class, they would be expelled from the university. It was because of this that the 500 person class was completely full today.

Marissa glanced at a nervous Josh wearing a Radiohead t-shirt and a pair of jeans and imagined what it would be like if he was selected for the demonstration. Josh was a pretty good looking guy all things considered, and him being chosen wouldn't exactly be the worst thing in her mind. Marissa never really could figure out why in all the years she had known Josh he never had a girlfriend.

Marissa was pretty good looking herself. she had medium length black hair, and her Mexican heritage gave the petite girl's skin a golden tone. Marissa's boobs were on the small side, but they fit her body type, and her gorgeous legs more than made up for it. She had worn a black v-neck and jean shorts today to accent her legs. She had a lot of attention from guys back in the small town that her and Josh were from, but Marissa had flown under the radar as far as guys go now that they were at a university.

Marissa snapped out of her daydreaming as the bell rang. The professor, a blonde Swedish woman, walked to the front of the stage as a nervous hush fell over the class.

"Now, we will begin the random selection for the demonstration." Said the professor. "I trust no one needs me to go over the requirements if you are selected?"

The class was silent, which the professor took as a yes. She walked over to a laptop on the side of the stage and pressed a button, which displayed the name of the chosen student on a screen behind the stage.

"Marissa Santos! You have been selected for the demonstration."

Marissa felt lightheaded, and her ears started ringing. Josh was trying to say something to her, but it was like her ears weren't working. She felt like she was going to throw up, and all she wanted to do was run away, but she knew what would happen if she did.

Marissa stood up and begin the longest walk of her life down the stairs to the stage. She heard the murmurs from the other students as they got a good look at her. Most of the guys seemed excited while the girls reactions were a mix of pity and relief. She was startled by a flash and realized someone had just taken her picture. Marissa then remembered how easy it was to find videos of past demonstrations online, and realized that today would be preserved on the internet forever.

Marissa reached the stage and moved to the center facing the rest of the students. She noticed two video cameras, one pointed at her front and another her back side. She realized her whole body was being projected onto two screens. One to the right side of the room showing her front side and one on the left showing her back. Everyone would be able to have a good view of the demonstration. The crowd was silent as Marissa bent down and removed her shoes and socks.

"This isn't so bad." Thought Marissa, who was trying to reassure herself. "It's not like anyone hasn't seen feet before."

Marissa reached down and grabbed the bottom of her shirt. She looked out at the crowd who was silent in anticipation. She pulled the shirt up and over her head before dropping it to the ground showing her black bra to the crowd. She then slowly reached downwards, and unbuttoned and unzipped her shorts.

"Oh God, why did I choose that pair of panties today?" Thought Marissa.

She pushed the shorts down her golden legs as her black thong giving a clear view of her ass to the delighted students. She dropped the shorts down to her bare feet before kicking them to the side.

Marissa felt numb. This situation somehow managed to feel all too real while also feeling like a terrible nightmare. She looked out to the crowd and could almost feel all the cameras recording her every move. Her shaky hands then grasped the back of her bra. She unclasped it and felt her bra straps go slack. Her face was burning with humiliation.

"This is really happening." Thought Marissa. "I'm really about to do this."

She let the straps fall down her shoulders to her arms before grabbing the front and pulling it off. Her small breasts were now exposed to everyone. Her tiny black areolas was perfectly accented by her dark brown skin. She felt the air on her nipples for and realized how rigid they were. She wanted desperately to cover up, but knew that it was against the rules.

She tried to ignore the phones as she tucked her thumbs into the waistband of her thong. Her heart sank as she realized how wet she was. Marissa shuddered as she remembered that she shaved last night. She took a deep breath and pulled her thong down. She pushed it past her knees before dropping it down to her ankles. Her hairless sex had made its debut. She let her hands drop to her sides. Standing before hundreds of students naked as the day she was born. The crowd let out a cheer, but the professor quickly hushed them. She tried to fight back tears when she remembered what she had to do next. Marissa's right hand then slowly started moving towards her silt.

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Josh couldn't believe his eyes. His childhood crush was now standing on stage in front of him butt naked. Josh tried to commit her entire body to memory. Her tiny, full ass, her perky, small tits, Her golden hairless legs that he had never seen quite this much of, and her soaking wet private part. He wanted to be a good friend and respect her privacy by not taking a video, but his erection had different thoughts in mind. He pulled out his phone and started to record. He had to have this next part on video.

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Marissa gasped as her fingers found their way to her pussy. She was really doing this. In front of all these people. She slowly massaged her sex before sliding one finger in. Her legs were quivering as she started moving her finger in and out. Marissa closed her eyes and tried to imagine she was anywhere but here, but the thought of being in front of all of her peers wouldn't get out of her mind. She couldn't help but think about the expressions of pleasure she was showing on her face.

Her body glistened with sweat due to the hot lights of the stage. Marissa grabbed a hold of one of her boobs and started playing with it before sliding a second finger into her pussy. Her breathing started to speed up and she knew her orgasm was inevitable. She took notice of all the people staring at her. All the phones recording every inch of her body. She wouldn't ever be able to live this down. Marissa pleasuring herself was going to be on the internet forever. Just a Google search away for anyone interested. She glanced up at Josh who she was too scared to look at during this ordeal. To her horror, she saw her best friend recording her just so many other students. This finally sent her over the edge. Her back arched as she let out a loud moan. Her fingers slipped out of her sex as she fell to her knees. A drop of sweat dripped down her rear, as her ass jiggled when her knees hit the ground. She had finished the demonstration. The entire class had seen her cum. She was quickly deafened by the applause and cheers of the crowd, as she looked back mortified. It was like Marissa was frozen in place by embarrassment. From this day on, she would never fly under the radar again.