**Introduction**  
  
Hi, my name is Vanessa. I was born in December 1975 and now have a 34AA–24–35 95-pound figure with blondish hair. In 1998 I quit my boring existence in a little town in North Wales and went to work as a Housekeeper for a middle-aged man in the East Midlands of England. It was a brave decision to make as I’d applied for the job after seeing the job advert in a BDSM magazine that someone had left in the hairdressers where I worked. I didn’t really know what I was letting myself in for, but I really did need to do something because my life was so drab and boring. Even the interview for the job was unbelievable, but I was so desperate to change my life that I did everything that was asked of me, and I was finally offered the job.  
Shortly after starting the job my employer (Jon) told me to write a Journal of my new life, and he has since created a web site that it is published on.  
  
<http://www.asstr.org/~Vanessa/>  
  
If you care to read my Journal you will discover that my relationship with Jon is rather different to that of most employee and employer, but I have easily come to realise that I have a life that just could not be more satisfying or pleasurable. I love my life and all the little adventures that Jon and I get up to.  
  
Apart from a little bit of hair that grows on my legs, I have no body hair below my neck. It’s all been removed with electrolysis. I’m slim with small(ish), pert breasts that have small areolas and giant nipples. When they’re hard Jon says they’re like chapel hat pegs. I have a nice firm, flat stomach with a pubic bone that does stick out a bit. In my pussy lips I have 2 little gold rings that Jon put in me. My clit is very prominent and is usually sticking out between my lips. It’s about an inch long with a little round head. Jon sometimes calls it my little dick. I don’t own any bras, knickers, trousers, leggings or shorts; and 90% of my skirts and dresses can be described as mini or micro. I used to be a very shy girl, but I’ve now gone completely the other way, and get a great thrill from letting other people see my body.  
I hope that’s enough to satisfy the people who asked. If it isn’t, perhaps they would like to e-mail me with specific questions.  
  
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Jon told me to stop writing my Journal in the summer of 1999, but has recently asked me to document, some of the more interesting experiences that we have had since then.  
  
Both Jon and I have been scouring the Internet looking for ideas for little adventures or incidents that we could manufacture to have some fun. We’ve found one or two stories that appear to be slightly rewritten copies of some of the text in my Journal, and one or two that are very similar to some of the adventures that we’ve had and that I’ve written about in my Journal. At first I was a bit annoyed about this, but Jon said that I should be honoured that someone thought our adventures were good enough to copy. I’ve started thinking that way as well.

The adventure I’m about to describe is when Jon decided that I should further my education a bit by: -

#### Going to Night School

If you’ve read my Journal you will know that I’m not a very big person (well, the features that you can see when I’ve got some clothes on) and that my face is quite young looking. Just before Christmas 2000 I’d lost my part-time job as a hairdresser when the building that the salon was in caught fire. Just after Christmas 2000 Jon decided that I would go back to school. At first I was a bit horrified that he wanted me to spend days sitting through boring lessons, but after a couple of minutes of explanation I started looking forward to it.

Jon took me to a comprehensive school at the other side of town and I signed-up for Computer Literacy Course. He said that it was time that I learned a bit more about PCs. The next night he took me to a college and into an Art Class. When I saw all the students sketching a bunch of flowers that was on a desk in the middle of the room I got a little worried and excited. I tried to tell Jon that I was a hopeless artist, but he wouldn’t listen to me.

A couple of minutes later the teacher came into the classroom and over to us. Jon asked if he was still looking for a life model. At first I didn’t twig but as the teacher looked me up and down I realised that Jon wanted me to pose for the class. I got all excited thinking 'wow, legitimate flashing’. Without even talking to me Jon and the teacher agreed that I’d pose for the class on each Monday evening for the next 4 weeks.

This is what happened at the classes – well the interesting bits.

#### Computer Class

I was just starting to put some clothes on to go to my first evening class when Jon told me to wear a blouse and skirt. The blouse he told me to wear was quite baggy and he told me not to fasten the top 3 buttons. This meant that the highest button that was fastened was right in the middle of my boobs. As soon as Jon told me that I realised that he wanted me to let the teacher see inside my blouse. I didn’t need telling twice; in fact I was looking forward to it. I made sure that the blouse wasn’t tucked into my skirt much so that it only needed me to lean forward a little for there to be a gaping hole for him to see in when he stood next to me.

I put a coat on and drove Jon’s car to the school.

When I got there and found the right classroom, 4 other people were already sat in front of PCs talking to each other. As I walked in they all smiled at me and 2 said, “Hi.” When I took my coat off one of the older men’s eyes opened wide when he saw my micro skirt. I smiled at him and asked if I could sit at any of the desks. After a slight pause he said ‘yes’ so I chose a desk on the side of an aisle so that the teacher would be stood to my left. I sat not too close to the desk so that I had to lean forward a bit. Sat like that also meant that a lot of my thighs would be showing and perhaps a bit of my bald pubes too, especially as I never cross my legs.

Another 5 or 6 people came in and then the teacher. He was a bald, middle-aged man, married man; well he was wearing a wedding ring. After the introductions the teacher got us to switch the PCs on and then told us how to run a program that showed us all about the different bits of a PC. I pretended that I had never used a PC before and that I couldn’t find the buttons that he was telling us to click on. After he tried to describe where I should be looking and me saying that I couldn’t see it, he finally came over to show me.

Poor man, he just about stopped dead in his tracks when he saw my skirt and legs. I saw him blush a little as he stood beside me and pointed to the button on the screen. As he walked back to the front, he turned and looked back to me for a second before continuing with his lesson.

After about 10 minutes I couldn’t find another button. This time the man didn’t bother to describe where it was, he came and stood beside me and pointed it out.

This happened another couple of times and then just before the end of the lesson I needed his help again. This time he came and stood in front of my desk and leaned over my PC monitor to show me where something was. As he leaned forward I could see that his eyes were looking straight up my skirt.

**The second lesson.**

When I arrived the next week I was a little late and there was only one PC free. That was in the middle of the front row. I’d just got myself organised when the teacher came in. It wasn’t the same man. The new man (Peter Johnson) is about my age and looks a bit of a geek.

After he’d introduced himself he told us that the previous teacher was unwell and that he would be taking over the class. When we did the round introducing ourselves, the teacher stared at me for quite a while before moving on to the next person. That made me a bit uncomfortable, but not enough for me to think about the fun I could have. As the others were introducing themselves I was thinking about my friend Debbie and the fun that she used to have at school.

This teacher tends to go off the subject a bit and rabbit on about things that don’t seem relevant to what we’re doing. It was during about his third trip into technophobic whatever that I decided to try to bring him back to earth. Up until then I’d been sat with my knees tightly together and been concentrating on the lesson, but I was getting bored listening to irrelevant gobbledegook so I let my knees part.

Peter was walking back and forth across the front of the room and so deep into his little story that it took ages for him realise what he was missing. He kept looking down at the floor, but never towards me. Eventually he did look over towards me. He stooped mid sentence, went bright red, and then carried on talking. He stared at my legs, and up my skirt, for a few seconds then looked me in the eye. I just smiled at him.

The poor man just seemed to lose it from that point in the lesson. He kept sneaking glances at my legs and pussy, but he looked as if he was a naughty schoolboy doing something that he shouldn’t. Even though he went to help other students with problems, he wouldn’t come near me. Each time I asked him a question he stayed at the front and explained in great detail what I should be doing.

At the end of the lesson he was gone before anyone else. I overheard a couple of the students talking as they went out, one was saying that the teacher was cute and shy.

**The third lesson.**

I’d enjoyed my little game with the ‘new’ teacher the previous week and wanted to continue it so I arrived early to make sure that I got the same PC. I was a little surprised to find that not only was the teacher already there, but that he’d put a chair in the middle of the front of the class. I was looking at it when Peter said ‘good evening’, and explained that he’d had an accident and hurt a leg. He was going to use the chair so that he didn’t have as far to walk.

‘Oh yeah’ I thought, but didn’t say anything. It could turn out better than planned.

The rest of the students arrived and the class got started. Yes, some (most) of the men were ogling my ultra short skirt and low cut, lose top, and some of the women were giving me dirty looks; but I’m used to that. My only interests that night were learning a bit more about PCs, and having some fun with the teacher.

Peter explained the chair to everyone and was limping about. After about 10 minutes he sat on the chair and kept talking. After a while he gave us an exercise to do and as I started it I looked up and saw where he was looking.

My knees had been closed up until then, but as soon as I saw him looking they opened. Not a lot at first, but as he kept looking, my knees kept opening until they were about a foot apart.

I got on with the exercise but kept looking up whenever no one was asking him a question. He certainly wasn’t as shy as he’d been the previous week.

Someone at the back asked him another question and he had to go and show them something. As he got up and walked passed me I couldn’t help noticing that not only wasn’t he limping, he didn’t have a limp dick either, and there was quite a bulge in the front tight of his jeans. It looked quite painful.

By then I’d realised that he had found his confidence and was out to enjoy himself as much as I was. I was as excited as his bulge told me he was and I could feel my juices seeping out of me. Just flashing him wasn’t enough, especially as he was blatantly staring at my pussy and little gold rings.

I wanted to see how far I could go before he got embarrassed again. I shuffled my chair right under the desk. If I’d had a longer skirt on it would have risen up. As it was my bare backside was on the wooden chair. I let my left hand drop onto my leg whenever it wasn’t needed on the keyboard. Every so often I’d reach down and pull one of my rings or flick my clit.

The first time I did it Peter did a double take. The second time his head moved down towards me a bit.

After I finished the exercise there was a gap while some of the slower students caught up. I used that time to ‘toy’ with my clit and rings. I wasn’t actually frigging, but close to it.

Peter was mesmerised and missed a couple of questions. One of the old men had to repeat himself louder, to get Peter to snap out of his trance.

The lesson went on in a similar way and I was finding it difficult trying to type with my right hand whilst playing with my clit with my left hand. It’s not the actual typing; it’s concentrating enough to know what to type.

By the time the lesson was nearly over I was getting close to cumming. There was no way that I wanted to leave without actually cumming in front of the teacher so when Peter said that there was just one more little thing to do before we all went home, I went for it.

Just after Peter had finished telling everyone what he wanted them to do, I came. I shut my eyes, squeezed my mouth lips shut, and went over the edge. Somehow I managed to keep quiet and I don’t think that anyone realised what was happening – other than Peter. When I opened my eyes and looked at him his eyes were locked on my pussy.

When I coughed a bit he looked up at my face. I smiled and he went bright red.

At the end of the lesson Peter asked me to stop back for a minute. As I waited for everyone else to leave I was wondering if he was going to try and hit on me. In a way he did, he asked me if I’d go for a drink with him. I lied and told him that my husband was waiting outside for me.

The next couple of weeks were very similar to the third week. Peter kept sitting on the chair in front of me, but his walking limp had gone. I kept teasing him.

If anything different happens Jon has told me to write about it.

#### Art Class

#### Week 1

I was very nervous as I drove to the college. Earlier that afternoon I spent ages trying to decide what I should wear. In the end I came to my senses and remembered that no one was interested in what I was wearing going to the class. I put on a simple cotton mini dress and shoes.

I was still nervous as I walked down the corridor to the classroom. It wasn’t just nervousness, it was excited nervousness.

When I walked in the classroom everyone stopped talking and looked at me. After a pregnant pause the teacher came over to me, said ‘Hi’ and asked me if I’d posed before. When I told him that I hadn’t he told me that there was nothing to be nervous about, and asked me if I wanted a cup of coffee.

I told him that I was okay, that coffee made me want to pee and that I didn’t want to have to go right in the middle of the session. He smiled and asked if I was ready to get started. I said that I was and asked what I had to do.

The teacher then called for silence and told everyone who I was and started telling them how they had to sketch me.

While he was doing that I looked round. There were about 20 people in there. Men and women of all ages from about 18 to 80. Some of them smiled at me and said hello while others just kept quiet.

The teacher then told me to go behind the screen in the corner, take my clothes off, put my robe on and come back. He said that he’s put me in the pose that he wanted when I got back. He just said “Oh, okay!” when I told him that I didn’t have a robe.

When you’ve only got a dress and shoes to take off it doesn’t take long and I was back within seconds. As I walked back I looked around and saw a couple of the men looking at me. One was a young man about 20. He didn’t look as if he was only there for the art. His look brought that familiar tingle and dampness to my pussy.

“That was quick” he said and pointed to a big table in the middle of the room. He asked me to climb on and then he told me how to do the pose. I had to sit on the table with one leg bent at the knee and the other straight out. He told me to keep my knees nearly together, but I let them drift to about 6 inches apart. One hand was on the table behind me, whilst the other was on my thigh. I had to look up into the top corner of the room.

Once the teacher was happy with my pose he called all the students over and started telling and showing then which parts of my body he wanted them to concentrate on. One part was my breasts. As he said that my nipples went even harder than they already were.

There were 20 people stood all around me looking down on my naked body. Some were stood at my feet and I’m sure that they could see my juices leaking out of my pussy. One woman whispered to another next to her, but she wasn’t quiet enough. I think that most of the people in there heard her say, “I’ve never seen a woman with rings down there before.”

Eventually they all went back to their places and started drawing.

It was hard keeping still all that time, but at the same time I was enjoying it.

After what seemed like an eternity the teacher came to the front and told me to have a 10 minute break. I was grateful for that and climbed down off the table. The teacher said that normally the models put their robes on for the break, and offered me his jacket. I thanked him and told him that I was all right as I was.

Most of the students kept drawing but the young man came up to me and started chatting. As he was talking his eyes were everywhere but my eyes. It was nice (and a bit exciting) being chatted-up while I was naked and he wasn’t, but I wanted to see how the drawing were getting on. I excused myself and wandered round looking at the different drawings of me.

Some were quite good, I even thought about asking what would happen to them after the lesson.

It was funny the way some of the students just totally ignored me and got on with their work. I guess that they were the serious artists.

Some of the men and a couple of the younger women chatted to me as I walked round. Some were staring at me and I didn’t know if it was for the benefit of their drawing or because I was naked in amongst them.

Being naked in amongst those people gave me mixed feelings. The serious artists did absolutely nothing for me and I felt totally at easy with them. It was similar to being at the naturist swims and on a naturist beach. The people that I wasn’t sure about made me feel a little excited. The more that I thought someone was looking at me in a sexual manor, the more excited I got.

When I got to round to where the young man that had been chatting me up was, I was getting really excited. That pussy tingle was very strong and I could really feel my juices flowing. As I walked up to him I saw that familiar bulge in his trousers. He tried chatting me up again, but I just kept asking him silly questions about his lousy attempt to draw me. His answers sounded just as stupid as my questions. If anyone was listening they must have thought we were both artistic thickies.

The break came to an end and the teacher asked me to get back up on the table. As I was walking towards the table I decided that I’d better go to the toilet before getting stuck in one position again (I also wanted to clean up my soggy pussy before starting again). I told the teacher and asked him where the nearest toilet was. He told me that it was only about 20 yards down the corridor.

I started waking towards the classroom door when the teacher said, “Hadn’t you better put some clothes on?” To be perfectly honest, the thought had crossed my mind but I wanted the chance to walk about the corridor a bit. I was wondering if I might meet and shock someone.

I didn’t really give the teacher a chance to say any more, I just said, “No, it’s okay, it’s only a few yards and it sounds as if everyone’s in their classes.” With that I was out of the door and walking up the corridor.

The teacher was right, it was only 20 yards to the toilet and I was in and out and back in the classroom in no time. I was a bit disappointed that I hadn’t seen anyone.

The second half of the lesson went quite quickly and it wasn’t long before the teacher was telling me to get down and dressed.

As I came out from behind the changing screen the young man was waiting for me and asked me if I’d like to go for a drink with him. Fortunately I didn’t get chance to answer him because the teacher interrupted and told him to go home.

He then told me that I’d done well to keep so still for so long and asked if I was okay to come back the next week. I told him that I’d enjoyed it and would be back.

#### Week 2

As I walked into the classroom there were about the same number of people who had been there the previous week. I did notice an extra couple of youngish people.

The teacher arrived before I had the chance to do anything or talk to anyone, and immediately brought the class to order. He told the class that I was going to pose in an unusual position that night and that he wanted the students to add a little bit of imagination to their drawing.

I hadn’t a clue what he meant by ‘unusual position’ until he turned to me and whispered, “Jon has told me that you’ll pose exactly as I tell you. You’re not going to give me any trouble are you?” I was a bit shocked and surprised. Whenever he had spoken to me before he’d given me the impression that he was a perfect gentleman. This dominant style took me my surprise.

“Right,” he said, “go and get your clothes off while I get the ropes ready.” Another surprise I thought, it sounded as if I wasn’t going to have a problem keeping still that night. I turned towards the changing screen and saw that it wasn’t there. It was nowhere in the room. I turned back towards the teacher to tell him and to ask where I should get undressed. He was busy opening a bag so after a quick think I though, ‘what the hell’ and walked to the side of the room where there were some chairs. I turned to face the class and saw that about half the students were watching me and the other half were watching the teacher lift some ropes out of the bag.

‘Here goes’ I said to myself, I looked at one man, smiled at him and then lifted my top up over my head. The man was smiling back at me as I undid the little piece of Velcro that was holding my skirt up and dropped it to the floor. I then squatted down with my knees wide apart as I unfastened my sandals and the walked out of them.

My pussy was starting to tingle and get wet.

When I got back to the teacher he told me that he wanted me to climb on the table and hold my arms out while he tied a rope to each of my wrists. He then threw the rope over steel frame that was holding the roof up and pulled my arms up in the air.

Maybe I need to explain that the school was originally built round about the turn of the 19th / 20th century. It has had quite a number of ‘extensions’ added, some quite recently. We were in the old part, a single story building.

The teacher then told me to spread my legs and asked me if he needed to tie them to anything to keep them apart. I told him that it wasn’t necessary, as I was comfortable as I was. I wondered if he knew that I spent quite a bit of time hanging my wrist, naked and spread-eagle. I looked down at the students and realised that my pussy was at about head height for most of the students. I got a little wetter as I thought about what some of them might be thinking and knowing that there would be about 20 pairs of eyes staring at my pussy for the next hour.

The next 30 or so minutes went in no time. I’d been daydreaming and when the teacher unfastened the ropes I suddenly realised that it had been a nice daydream and that my pussy felt really wet. I needed to go to the toilet and clean myself up a bit.

I told the teacher where I was going and marched out before he had a chance to finish saying that perhaps I should put some clothes on.

There was no one in the corridor or the toilet when I got there. I locked myself in cubicle, had a pee, wiped my pussy dry and was sat there playing with my clit when I heard some girls come in. I brought myself to an orgasm while I listened to them talking about what they were going to do to their boyfriends later that night.

They stopped talking and stared at me as I opened the stall door and walked to the sinks. As I was washing my hands one of them asked me where my clothes where. I just said, “Art class” as if that would explain everything and walked out.

In the corridor a school janitor stopped dead in his tracks and watched me as I walked passed him. Poor bloke, he looked as if he was about to have a heart attack.

Back in the classroom I wandered round looking at different views of my spread-eagle naked body. One or two had taken ‘artistic licence’ and drawn me with extra ropes and belts on. One had actually drawn a dildo sticking out of my pussy. The detail that some had gone to while drawing my pussy and little gold rings was just amazing.

I didn’t get chance to see all the drawings before the teacher called me over to resume the pose. As I walked back I looked over to there the young man was that fancied me. He looked disappointed.

The teacher asked me if I was okay to continue and when I said I was he retied my wrists and told me to get back on the table.

The end of the lesson came all too soon. The teacher dismissed the class and left me up there while they were all leaving. It was weird saying goodbye to them as the walked passed me having one last look at my naked pussy.

When they’d all gone the teacher came over to me and asked me if I was okay with the different type of pose. I told him that I was and that I was used to being restrained like that. “Not in public I suspect, did you enjoy it? He asked. I think I actually blushed a bit as I admitted that I did before asking him when he was going to let me down.

He then told me that he’d got a bit of overtime lined-up for me and got another couple of ropes out of his bag. He tied my right leg to one leg of the table and as he was tying my left leg to the other end of the table he told me that he’d arranged for a couple of his mates to come and take some photographs of me.

For some reason I didn’t think that any harm could come to me, only good, so I wasn’t worried. In fact I was excited. I felt another tingle and surge of juices.

A few minutes later 3 men and 2 women came in and started getting cameras out. Not a lot was said, but a lot of photographs were taken. One of the women got a big dildo out of her bag and smiled at me as she pushed it into my pussy before more photographs were taken.

After about 5 minutes I was untied, the dildo was pulled out and I was told to lie on the table. Needless to say I was spread-eagle again. More photographs were taken and the teacher came and stood beside me and started playing with my pussy. I suddenly realised how vulnerable I was and obviously looked frightened because the teacher said, “Relax honey, we’re not going to fuck you, if we did you wouldn’t be back next week.”

The six of them took it in turns to make me cum either with their hands or their mouths whilst the others kept taking more photographs. By the end of it I was knackered and just lay there as they packed up and left. I was still lying there when the janitor came in to switch the lights off and lock up. Poor man got quite a surprise and said, “Sorry.” I got up and put my clothes on as he watched me. As I walked out I said, “Don’t be sorry, I’m not.”

I didn’t tell Jon about the photographers.

#### Week 3

Driving to the school I was wondering what was in store for me. I’d put just a lose fitting cotton mini dress and shoes on, and as I walked into the school the wind was blowing it everywhere.

I was a bit late, and by the time I got to the classroom everyone was there waiting for me. The teacher came up to me and said that he was getting a bit worried that I might not be there. He then told everyone that I was going to pose in a very submissive pose and that he wanted them to sketch me exactly as they saw me, no extra bits. Concentrate on what they could actually see.

He then told me to get undressed and onto the table. Again the changing screen was missing so I just whipped my dress straight up over my head, kicked my shoes off and climbed onto the table. The teacher then told me how he wanted me to pose. What he described was the position that I have to get into when Jon tells me to ‘assume the position’. On my knees with them wide apart. I then have to lean back as far as I can and support my body with my hands on the floor. I’ve lost could of the number of times that I’ve been in this position, and for how long. If you add it all up it must be days, so another hour wasn’t going to make much difference. The difference this time was that there would be 20 odd pairs of eyes looking at me and my spread pussy.

Again the time went very quickly as recalled the previous night’s session on the fucking machine at home. Jon had left me on the machine until I’d nearly passed out, then he’d fucked me until I came for the sixth time. I was still a bit sore.

At the break I needed the toilet again; I needed to pee and cum. The teacher didn’t bother to say anything as I walked out of the classroom still naked. I didn’t see anyone again and relieved both aches in peace and quiet.

However, as I went back onto the corridor there was a group of teenagers walking towards me. They were all dressed in sports gear and looked as if they’d just escaped from the gym.

They saw me just as quickly as I saw them. I had a split second to decide to either jump back into the girl’s toilet or keep going. You’ve guessed it, I kept going.

The teenagers (boys and girls) were all about 16 and they came out with all the comments that you’d expect in a situation like that. I was in the middle of the corridor and expecting them to break ranks and let me through the middle of them. I was expecting (and hoping for) a few groping hands, but I wasn’t expecting them to stop and block the corridor.

They surrounded me and didn’t move when I asked them to. Whilst some of them were feeling my tits and pussy, one of them asked me why I was naked. I told them that I was the model in the Art class. Another said that I shouldn’t walk round the school without clothes on because anything could happen to me. When another said that they should teach me a lesson I started to get a little worried. They bundled me back into the girl’s toilets and discussed what they should do with me. Thankfully, when one of the lads suggested that all the lads should ‘fuck the ass off me’ the others didn’t agree.

In the end they agreed that since I was a nude model I should be made to nude model for a lot more people.

With one lad holding either of my arms they ran me all round the school corridors and outside through the car park onto the main road, back into the school grounds and onto the sports field. Most of the group were following us.

I suppose that the lads thought that I was running so easily because they were holding my arms. In reality I was loving it. It was an excuse to be naked in public and to shock a few people. I knew that if we were caught I could get away with it by saying that the lads were forcing me to do it. If only they knew.

As we went down one of the corridors we had to barge our way through a couple of classes that were ending. I’ve no idea what they were, but all the people were adults and we got a few comments from some of them. There were a few people in the car park and a lot more on the main road. I heard a couple of tyre screeches as on or two motorists got distracted.

When we got into the middle of the sports field the lads let go of me and one of them said, “Let that be a lesson girl,” and they all walked off laughing.

I stood there for a minute or so getting my breath back the worked out the best way to get back to the Art class. We’d gone in a big circle and the Art classroom wasn’t that far away. I only had a couple of classroom windows to pass before could get back into the building and then down a short bit of corridor and I’d be there.

As I was walking down the path passed the classrooms I looked in to see a couple of people looking out towards me. One man had a big grin on his face.

When I got back the teacher asked me if I was all right, he though that I might be ill or something. He didn’t ask me about the bits of wet grass on my feet.

Anyway, it was back into the position and try to relax. About half way through the session I looked round the room a bit and saw that the young man who’d tried to chat me up was trying to attract my attention. He was at the back of the room and it was doubtful that any of the other students could see him unless they turned round. Out eyes met for a second and instead of him getting on with his sketch he rubbed the front of his trousers and pretended to wank himself.

At the end of the lesson the teacher asked me to stay as I was while he dismissed the class. When they’d all gone he came and stood at the table at my knees end. In effect, right between my legs. He looked me up and down then said, “No photographers tonight, but I just wanted to tell you that you will really enjoy next week’s class. You’ll go home shattered.” When I told him that I was looking forward to it he turned, picked up his bags and walked out saying, “Good, see you next week then.”

I put my dress and shoes on and went home. When I told Jon about the group of teenagers he just laughed and told me to be careful.

#### Week 4

I was a bit late getting to the class and everyone was waiting for me. As soon as I walked in the teacher told everyone that he wanted them to try to capture the mood that I would soon be in. One of the women asked him what mood I would be in. His reply was just two words, “Sexual excitement.” When he said that I turned and looked at him and I heard one of the young men say, “Nice one teach.”

I didn’t bother looking for the changing screen and just whipped my dress up and off. I didn’t know what to expect other than that I was going to be sexually excited in front of 20 plus people. I was wondering how, looking forward to it and getting a bit damp. My nipples were already rock hard.

When I got up onto the table the teacher tied my wrists to the roof beams the same way he’d done the second time I’d posed. This time he’d got me to stand on a few books and when my wrists were secured he removed the books leaving me dangling there. After he’d done that he told me to open my legs wide and he tied my ankles to the legs of the table. I was tied spread-eagle in mid air, and with no way to move.

At that point I didn’t know if my state of sexual excitement was enough for what the teacher wanted. It wasn’t really visible – apart from my slightly wet pussy and hard nipples; and being restrained like that for the next hour wasn’t going to tire me out.

What happened next had me puzzled to start off with. The teacher got a little table and put it in-between my legs. Next he got a few books and put them on it. On top of that he got something that I hadn’t seen for years, a metronome that he must have borrowed from the music room. Then he got a big feather out of his bag and taped it to the metronome arm so that it was just touching my pussy. Then he set the metronome arm going backwards and forwards. My pussy was getting a very rhythmic tickle.

As I started to understand what was going to happen to me I heard the teacher tell the students to concentrate on drawing my body first. He told them that it would take a while for my face to get the expression that he wanted them to capture.

It didn’t take long. Within a couple of minutes my nipples were so hard that I thought they were going to burst and my pussy was really coming alive. I could feel my juices leaking out of me. Five minutes later I was very close to cumming. I guess that the teacher could tell that because he said, “Try and hold it Vanessa, the students need more time to get your expression down on paper.”

Well I tried, it wasn’t as if I could back away, or close my legs. I tried to concentrate on anything but the inevitable. I looked round the room at the faces of the students. I tried to concentrate on the faces that were getting on with their sketching and looked oblivious to the situation. Every time I stared at one of those people I’d see a movement out of the corner of my eye that would distract me. Only about 60% of the students were just getting on with their job. The other 40% were being affected.

There was one middle-aged woman who was sketching with one hand whilst her other hand was sliding up and down her body. I had to look at someone else because I was sure she was about to grab one of her tits or rub her pussy.

I saw one young man who definitely had a hard-on, and he was licking his lips as well. Another older man was actually rubbing his dick through his trousers.

The inevitable happened and I started to cum. My head was rolling from side to side and I could hear myself moaning. On top of that (or should I say below that), I could feel my juices rushing out of me. I desperately wanted a dick inside me but all I was getting was that damned feather.

No sooner than my first orgasm started to subside than I could feel a second starting. I tried to fight it but I didn’t stand a chance. It hit me harder than the first. Right in the middle of it I looked round the room and saw that one middle-aged woman was looking all hot and bothered. I wondered what state her knickers (if she was wearing any) were in.

When I started to come down from my high, the teacher came over and told me that it was time for a break. He stopped the metronome, took the feather off and showed it to me. It was saturated. He then asked me if I wanted to be untied for the break. When I told him that I was okay and was used to being restrained in similar positions he said, “Good, it would be a waste of valuable time untying then retying me.

I slowly started to cool down a bit and became very aware of the state of my pussy and legs. I could feel my pussy gaping open and my juices running down my legs. Even my feet felt wet although that may have been sweat.

During the break a few of the students came and had a closer look at me. As I looked down on them I could see a mixture of interest and lust on their faces. I could see what looked like painful bulges in the trousers of most of the men. One of the younger men was stood in front of me for ages. Never once did his eyes look up and meet mine. He was the last to go back to his easel and just before he left I could hear him muttering, “What I could do with that.” It wasn’t his dick that I wanted inside me, it was Jon’s.

After a while the teacher came and put a new feather in the metronome and started it going again. My body jumped as the feather touched my pussy the first time. Before he told the students to get on with their sketching, the teacher looked up and asked me if I was all right to continue. I looked down at him and said, “Yes please.”

It didn’t take long for that familiar feeling in my lower belly and pussy to start again and within 4 or 5 minutes I was cumming again and again and again. I must have had half a dozen orgasms before I finally passed out.

When I came round I first felt the sweat that I was covered in. Straight after that it was the feather. I had another orgasm before I heard the teacher say, “Okay, that’s enough.”

I was just hanging there for ages before the teacher lifter my legs onto the books and then untied me. As he untied my last wrist I started to collapse and he had to put his arm round me to stop me from falling. To be fair to the teacher he aimed at putting his arm round my waist. Because I was covered in sweat I kept slipping down and he only managed to keep me from falling when his arm had slipped up to my armpit. By that time his had was holding my left breast. He held me like that until I was standing on the ground. He lowered me onto a chair and said, “You stay there while the students finish off.”

I was knackered; it took me about 5 minutes to feel able to stand up. When I did I slowly walked round the room. I wanted to see the sketches. Some were quite good, some not. A couple of them were quite interesting. They showed little drops of liquid in mid air below my pussy. I guess that I’d been squirting when I’d had my orgasms.

Shortly after that the teacher ended the lesson and the students left. The teacher spent ages looking at all the sketches while I just sat there trying to find some energy. Eventually the teacher got up and thanked me for posing for the class. He said something about there not being many opportunities for artists to capture true human emotions. All I could think of to saw was, “The pleasure was all mine,” which it was. I know that I’m now a fully-fledged exhibitionist and it really had been a pleasure. Its one thing letting people see me naked, but it’s something else letting them see me having multiple orgasms. It was a real turn-on.

The teacher then said that he really had to lock the room and leave. I told him that I’d go and have a shower before going home. All that sweating had left me feeling quite dirty. I picked-up my dress and shoes and wandered out into the corridor. There was no one out there, it was getting late and I guess that most people had gone home.

Just down the corridor are the girl’s toilets. Through a door at the back are the girl’s changing rooms and showers. I dropped my dress and shoes in the corner and went into the showers. It felt good. I stayed soaking for ages and not thinking about anything other than the pleasure that I’d just had. The next thing that I knew was that there was a man staring at me. I saw him out of the corner of my eye. He didn’t say anything, and I didn’t react to his presence. I just kept soaking up the warm water.

After a few seconds with neither of us doing anything, the presence of a man watching me naked in the shower started to get me going again. I felt my nipples get hard and my pussy ache. That ache had to be relieved so my right hand slowly worked its way down to my clit. As my right hand got busy I still pretended that I hadn’t seen him. It didn’t take long for me to cum again, but as I did my head went up and I could no longer pretend that I hadn’t seen him.

He realised that I was looking at him and he went bright red and started to tell me that he was the caretaker. He’d heard the water running and come to investigate. He said that he thought that everyone had gone home and that someone had left a shower running. The poor man was quite embarrassed.

I turned the shower off, then told him that I’d been in the Art class and needed a shower before going home. I didn’t make any attempt to cover myself as I asked him if he’d got a towel that I could borrow. He said that he hadn’t, but that there might be one in one of the lockers in the changing room. I asked him if he could look for me and I followed him out into the changing room.

He must have looked in just about all the lockers before tuning towards me and saying, “Nothing, but I’ve got one in my workshop, I’ll go and get it.” He turned and walked out.

I couldn’t see much point in hanging around waiting so I picked up my dress and shoes and followed him. It was only when he had to open a door that he realised that I was behind him. He started telling me that I shouldn’t be walking around the school naked but I interrupted him and told him I didn’t think that it would matter as we were the only ones there. He didn’t say anything and kept walking.

We got to an outside door and as he opened it he turned to me. As he looked me up and down he said that I’d better wait there as someone might see me outside. I just said that I didn’t mind and kept following him.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, there was no one around and we walked across a yard and into a little workshop. He opened a cupboard and got out a towel and gave it to me. By that time I was just about dry (apart from my hair) and I just rubbed my hair. As I was doing this I could see the caretaker staring at me. I took my time so that he could have a good look. Eventually I stopped, gave him the towel back and thanked him.

We both stood there staring at each other for what seemed like an eternity, but was probably only a few seconds. In the end I broke the silence and said, “The kids don’t come in here then.” He just said, “What?” I pointed to the calendar on the wall. It has a big picture of a naked woman with her legs open a bit. I could just see the folds of her hairy pussy lips.

“Yes, err No” he said. The man was obviously nervous about being alone with a naked woman so I said, “Sorry, but I don’t come up to her standards.” That seemed to settle him a bit because he said, “You’re more beautiful than her, I don’t really like big tits, and you shave down there. Besides, you’re here in the flesh, she isn’t.”

We got talking a bit and I told him what I was doing at the school. After a seconds thought he nervously asked me if I’d pose for him. It was getting a bit late and Jon would be wondering where I was, but I said, “Okay, but just for a few minutes, my husband will be waiting for me.” With that he was off saying, “Back in two minutes.”

While he was gone I had a look round. In one draw I found some old Fiesta magazines. I remembered Jon telling me about some of the letters that he’d read in them.

The caretaker came back out of breath; he said that he thought I might have gone or that he’d find that he was dreaming and that I wasn’t real. I smiled at him and said, “I’m real all right. Now how do you want me to pose?” I was a bit surprised when he said, “With your legs wide open.”

We spent the next 10 minutes with him taking photographs of me from all angles. He took some real close-ups of my pussy and I have to admit that I was getting turned-on. My pussy was real damp.

Eventually he ran out of film and thanked me. I told him that it had been my pleasure but I really had to go. As I was putting my shoes and dress on he thanked me again, and said, “See you around.” As I walked out he said, “No underwear?” “Don’t believe it in.” I shouted back. What a nice man.

Anyway, that’s all about my fun as a ‘mature’ schoolgirl and model. I have other experiences that Jon has told me to document. I’m sure that Jon will get me to publish all of them on my web pages, as and when he’s read them and is happy with them.

Love

Vanessa