**At The Art Studio**

by Louetta

*My friend Samantha tries posing nude.*

[This is a story about the experience of Samantha, in her voice, one of the contestants in the Best Body contest, already chronicled here, when she posed for the art instructor at our high school the summer after the contest in our school's art studio. She's eighteen and the art instructor, Mr. Vento, is like thirty-two.]

So one day I was downtown and I ran into Mr. Vento, the art instructor. I was slightly embarrassed because I had seen him at the Best Body contest and knew that he therefore had seen me naked. I was dressed up, in a short white lace dress with a low cut neckline that displayed my boyfriend's ring on a gold chain.

"Ah, Samantha, how nice to see you," he laid his hand on my bare shoulder, unusual for a teacher because they were not supposed to touch us. "I saw you last weekend in the Best Body contest, you did an excellent job." Of course he had seen me posing in the nude there and wanted me to know about it.

"Thank you. I was surprised to see you there since you're not into sports so much." It had been a contest for cheerleaders.

"Correct, but I'm always looking for girls to model for me and that's a good place to find them." He meant a good place to size up their naked bodies.

"Fine, thank you, I have to go." I tried to remove his hand from me but it slid down my back over the bare skin revealed by my summer dress and wound up on the upper part of my ass.

"OK, but first let me make you a proposition. I have a contract over the summer to sketch and eventually make sculptures of female models and I want you to be one of them. I already have several girls but none of them is exactly what I'm looking for, so I want you. Of course you'll be paid well for your time."

"But why me, why do you think I'll be better than the girls you already have? I'm not a model. There were plenty of girls my age around."

"Such modesty. I have seen you, as I said, and think you are the prettiest girl with the nicest body among all the girls at this school. I don't need a professional model, I will instruct you in what to do, how to pose, how to stand, don't worry about those details."

"I don't think so." I tried to move on from him.

"I'll pay you double the normal fee!" The money did sound good.

"I don't know, what does it mean to me?"

"It means you'll be a model, Samantha. Why are you being so stubborn? A model, an artist's model. Come on, just try it."

"But don't artists models usually pose in the nude?" I figured he'd want to see me naked again. He just laughed.

"Of course they do. It's art. It doesn't mean anything."

"So where would we do this?"

"In the studio, in the art studio at school. You've seen it." I had seen it, a room on the forth floor, crowded with sculpture and drawings and all the materials artists used. I swallowed hard. I'd have to stand in a room on the top floor of my high school naked while Mr. Vento painted a picture of me, that he was going to exhibit, that anyone could see and did a sculpture.

"But what if somebody walks in and sees me?"

"They won't, we'll do it on Sundays when no one is there and I'll lock the door and pull down the shade. No one will see you but me."

"No, thank you."

"OK, I'll pay you a hundred dollars an hour, for as long as it takes, and it will take quite a few sessions so you'll make plenty of money, in cash, tax-free. How about it. This is my last offer." He was getting impatient.

"I'll ask my Mum." And so I did. I was sure she'd say no, but she didn't.

"It's not like he's a complete stranger, he's the school art teacher."

"But he wants me naked!"

"Of course an artist's model is naked. Why are you acting so silly. I'll bet your boyfriend sees you naked."

"What if he does and what if he doesn't, he's my boyfriend and I love him, not some dumb teacher."

"Mr. Vento is not some dumb teacher. If you're going to pose nude I wouldn't want anyone else to be there except him. I'm sure he'll do it in a very professional manner."

"No one else WILL be there, if they are I won't do it."

"I'll call him, and we'll meet with him and talk it over."

"Don't tell Dad, he'll kill Mr. Vento if he finds out." So my mother called him, and we sat outside the school in his car, rather than have him come to the house so Dad wouldn't know.

"Let me explain the process," he told us, or mostly Mum. "First I'll draw a picture of her, then I'll paint it in. That we can exhibit up in the gallery in Newburyport." I froze, a nude painting of me was going to hang in a gallery in Newburyport, like only ten miles away from my high school where all the boys I knew, plus a bunch of strangers, could see it. After that, I'll work in clay, making the sculpture which will be cast and duplicated." Mummy was sold.

"All right, Sam, what do you say?" Mummy asked me. Her tone indicated I should say "Yes".

"I don't think so. I don't want a nude picture of me hanging in a gallery in Newburyport. All the boys I know will see it. My boyfriend will dump me knowing all his friends have seen his girlfriend bare ass naked."

"I'm surprised and disappointed in you, Sam. This is an opportunity, that start of something. You can make something of your good looks and you're not even grateful."

"Mummy, I'll be naked."

"What of it, it's art. When you go to the beach you're practically naked in those little suits you wear. Mr. Vento wants you to do those, out of all the other girls in the school. I would think you'd be excited and flattered that you're the girl he wants. If only I were your age I'd do it in a second, a man like Mr. Vento offering you such an opportunity. Be sensible. You don't have to go anywhere to have it done, you just come here to the high school."

"All right. But don't tell Dad!"

"Excellent," said Mr. Vento.

"Good, you should be excited."

Later at home I ran to my room, took off my clothes, showered and dried my hair. I felt dazed and confused, filled with contradictions. My boyfriend called but I couldn't tell him, I felt like a traitor. That night we went out to McDonald's and then parked in the car at The Willows. We started kissing but I told him I wasn't in the mood. After a polite wait he ran his arm behind my back, pinning my left arm against the seat and holding my right arm with his hand so I couldn't stop him from stripping me. That was how he forced me to give him something the very first time we went out.

I protested but he opened my dress in the back and pulled it down over my breasts and kissed me more passionately. I didn't want to but I felt myself get wet as he did what he pleased. He slipped the straps of my brassière down and started squeezing my titties, hard, to hurt me. Then he forcibly started feeling me up, kissing my neck and then easing his mouth down until he found my nipples, hard as rocks and biting them to hurt me more.

Then his hand was up my skirt, further and further up my bare thighs and there was nothing I could do with my arms pinned behind me. I just laid my head back and moaned softly and by now I was soaking wet and my hips moved slightly up and down so he knew he had me. In another minute his hand was busy at my crotch, feeling the wet of me through the cotton and then he was pulling my panties down over my ass and then down over my thighs and below my knees and then completely off me.

Then his hand was back up under my skirt and on my pussy and then he had two fingers in me and he found my clit and I just gasped with pleasure and then he started stroking me more inside me like that, harder and harder, and in about thirty seconds I had started to cum and he kept at it until five minutes later I was spent. He unzipped his pants, took out his cock, pulled his foreskin down and then pushed my head down to blow him but he couldn't make me put his dick in my mouth.

He started stroking himself, slowly at first and then faster and faster until he came and I got it all over my bare thighs. I made him take me home but that little episode told me I didn't have to feel loyalty to this guy who just forced himself on me. I felt better about posing nude for Mr. Vento, but still not good. In my own room I stripped off all my clothes before my full length mirror and studied my body.

I had a good tan, my tits and my ass and the triangle centered on my girlhood still snow-white. My tits were not large but firm and high, my tummy flat, crotch smoothly shaved, my bum small but firm, nice legs. Why shouldn't I pose nude. I wondered what Mr. Vento's work would show, every detail, my tits, a mole here or there by which I could be recognized by the boys who had seen my body close up, my belly button, the fold skin about the entrance to my pussy. I didn't know what he would show of me but now I wanted to find out.

A few nights later Mr. Vento called me. He wanted to start Sunday morning at 8AM. I told him OK. The night before I couldn't sleep. I wondered what it would be like, posing in the nude for one of my teachers. But there was no doubt I wanted to do it. I got up next morning, showered, washed and dried my hair, put on a brassière and panties and a summer dress and drove to the high school. It was a beautiful day. He was waiting for me at the rear door of the school, otherwise I had no way to get inside. He unlocked the door and we walked up three flights to the fourth floor and headed for the art studio. We were the only ones there and the silence I found eerie, so used I was to the place filled with students. We entered the studio and he closed the door, pulled down the shade, turned the key in the lock and placed the key in his pocket. For an instance I was frightened.

"It's a wonderful day to begin your new adventure!" He was so fulled of energy that I felt foolish having butterflies in my tummy. He could tell, I guess, I was nervous.

"Relax. This will be easy once we get into it. You'll enjoy it. I've worked with many girls up here. He went to a drawer and came back with some eight by ten photos.

"Look at these, you'll know some of these girls." I did. Emily Cardin, who had graduated last year, Kristie Stratton, who was in my class, Ellen Hirsberg, whom my oldest brother took to prom, Sonya Champion, who had captained lacrosse the previous year, a few more. They were all stark naked. At least everybody was over eighteen.

"See, they posed and survived. You will to. I've worked with many models, here and other places. I've taken many art classes and taught at different schools." He had set up his easel and a table with all his sketching pencils and pens and brushes for painting. On a table nearby were all his sculpting stuff, about which I knew little. There were two large pole lamps directed toward a bar stool. That was where I was to sit.

I was wearing a cotton blouse that buttoned down the front, a brassière, skirt and panties and my clogs. My hair was below my shoulders. I wore almost no make-up. He had me sit on the stool fully dressed, except for the clogs.

"OK, I'm going to begin with some head shots, just look natural, like you were gazing out at the ocean. I want to capture your soft, lovely expression. I watched him work and began to feel I was a part of an artistic production. At least he hadn't asked me to get naked just so he could sketch my face, though I knew soon enough I would have to start stripping. I could see the clock behind me. It was 8:15AM. He worked until nine and we took a break.

"I figure we'll work each Sunday, for a few hours in the morning, with breaks, take a lunch and then work in the afternoon for as long as it suits us." I looked at what he had done, sketching in the outline of my fact, my hair and beginning on my neck line. It was good. "It's a wonderful experience, doing something artistic," he intoned. We sat for a few minutes before he spoke.

"So you have a boyfriend?" he asked, motioning on his chest to where my boyfriend's ring hung on mine.

"Yes, well, I'm not so sure right now." And I wasn't, given my experience in the car when he forced at least some of his intentions on me.

"I imagine you've had a lot of boyfriends over the years." I was only eighteen, so there were not so many years as he made it sound.

"My share, I guess."

"This boyfriend you're not sure of, I'm sure you've kissed him."

"Perhaps."

"Girls still kiss boys don't they?"

"Boys still kiss girls, yes."

"Has a boy ever touched your breasts?"

"No," I said, lying.

"How wonderful, you really are as innocent as I thought." Innocent. He had seen me strip naked at the Best Body contest.

"You know I saw you at the contest. You struck me as a very precocious young girl, Samantha. It's why I choose YOU as my model." He looked at me leeringly and it made me feel strange, especially knowing I was locked in here with him. "Well, let's get back to work." We resumed our working positions.

"I'm going to draw you from the top down, working very deliberately. I'm glad you wore that blouse. I want to see you gradually. First I'd like to o an outline of your torso, though. Just stand up, arms by your sides." He worked for a while.

"Now just open your blouse enough to bring it down off your shoulders. Go on, it's OK, just over the shoulders. I undid one button.

"Good, go on, one more." I did. "Good, now just pull the blouse down off your shoulders a bit." I made sure I showed no tit, but his eyes widened looking at me. His glance made me feel about half naked. He worked a bit.

"Another button, please." I undid it. He looked at me and his drawing. "Just pull your arms out of the blouse and hold it up so it covers your tits." I gathered this was a part of drawing me top down. I brought my arms out of the sleeves and held the blouse so it covered my boobies. He looked at me a long time and it made me nervous.

"Something's wrong," he said and advanced toward me. Without asking he peeled my bra straps off my shoulders and went back. "Stand up and turn around to face toward the back." I did. "Now let your blouse fall." He approached me again and in an instant I felt his hands trace my neck and shoulders which made me jump. "Relax, sometimes an artist has to make physical contact with the model to get the right aspect." His breath felt hot on the back of my neck, his lips only inches away from my bare skin.

"Do you mind if I do this now?" he asked, his fingers on the clasp of my brassière. My heart started thumping. He wanted to undress me. "I want an unobstructed view of your back, OK?" I nodded and he undid it and the cups fell off my tits and with my shoulder straps down, bared my budding breasts. I tried to cover them but he told me to keep my arms by my sides. He went back to work. After a time he came forward with a large bath towel.

"Now, take off the rest of your clothes and use this to cover you. You'll lower it little by little and I'll continue doing you from top down. Understand?"

"Yes." I barely got the words out. He went away, presumably to the bathroom, locking the door as he left. Perhaps he thought it would be easier for me to get naked if he were out of the room. Despite my nervousness I felt a warm tingle in my body as I slipped out of my skirt. When I took off my panties I felt even more warmth and my fingers slipped briefly to my by now wet pussy. I heard the key in the door and wrapped the towel around me. He came back with some sandwiches I recognized as having come from the school cafeteria and a large bottle of Pepsi. We sat opposite to eat, me in just my towel. Why did that not wait until after lunch? So he could see my embarrassment? So I would feel more vulnerable? I had to hold the towel closed and eat at the same time.

"Do you think girls are more modest than boys?" he asked.

"Yes, the boys I know don't mind being naked at all. They are all the time in locker rooms."

"So, you've seen boys naked?"

"Yes."

"Who, your boyfriends?"

"My brothers."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"My brothers?" He laughed.

"There's nothing wrong with girls being modest. Unless they take it to extremes." Soon we went back to work. I was sure he would have me buck naked very soon.

"Now, let us see." He approached me, wrapped in my towel. "You're truly exquisite. A young flower just blooming. How lucky I am to have you as my model." He went back and started drawing.

"Just let the towel fall and hold it at your waist and turn your head to the side." At my waist. I hesitated. "Here, let me help you." He came toward me. He held the sheet against my body for a moment, then peeled it down my shoulders, off my arms, off my breasts. He smiled and stepped back. My heart pounded.

"I love your breasts," he said enthusiastically. He returned to work, glancing at my half nude eighteen year old body then down, then looking again, over and over. Then he put down his drawing implement.

"I'm not getting it right!" he exclaimed. He stepped forward "I hope you don't mind but I must touch you but with my eyes closed so I can see your body more clearly."

"With your eyes closed?"

"Through touch. With his eyes closed he brought his hands to my waist. His fingers traveled up my ribs, pausing now and then. Then further up toward the underside of my breasts. "Yes," he intoned softly. Then the tips of his fingers moved slowly up the sides of my boobs and over the tops. He paused. The tickling sensation I felt when he started this routine was replaced by a tingling that traveled deep inside my naked body, exploding everywhere.

The mixture of feelings was bewildering and thrilling at the same time. Did all artists do this to their models? Did all models let them do it? His fingers moved over my bare titties as if he were shaping me. My legs felt slightly weak. Finally he went back to the easel and worked feverishly. I thought "what has he just done?" And "what have I let him do?" Did Mummy know he would do this to me? What would Dad say or do if he ever found out. And all the time he was working he kept looking up at my body, stripped bare to the waist, my boobs accentuated by their whiteness, hidden from the sun by my bikini top.

"You have a wonderful bosom, Samantha. You should be proud to show it off." He kept working and kept looking. Finally he appeared to be finished.

"OK. We're done for today. Get dressed while I clean up." I turned my back to dress and he watched me, apparently hoping I'd drop the towel, but I didn't. I drove home not knowing what to think. I didn't understand my own feelings. Plenty of boys had felt me up, and some girls, too. And I had enjoyed it, in fact it led to some of the best feelings had ever felt. But this time I had felt embarrassed, frightened, thrilled, turn on at the same time.

Mummy was gone to play her Sunday night mahjong. I wanted to talk to her about what had happened. Daddy ordered pizza and we sat there eating it and each having a beer. I enjoyed time with my Dad but didn't want him to know what had happened.

"How are you?" he asked.

"Fine. A little tired."

"What did you do?"

"Modeling for sketching class. I don't know why just standing there should make me tired."

"Well, it's work. Maybe it's boring. That can make you tired. How long will this go on?"

"A while. Mr, Vento is just sketching, then he has to paint. Then he wants to do a sculpture."

"Good." I felt like I was lying to him. I WAS lying to him, giving him the wrong impression of what was happening. Me standing there naked in front of him. Him touching me. Would I get used to it, like it.

"Daddy what would you think of me if I posed naked?"

"Posed naked. Well I'd want to know the circumstances. But I'd still love you. Maybe you should wait until you're twenty-one though."

"You've seen me naked."

"Yes. Yes, I have."

"What did you think?"

"What did I think. I thought you were a beautiful girl. You remind me of your mother when she was younger."

"Did you see her naked before you were married?

"Yes."

"OK, maybe it's not so bad."

"What's not so bad?"

"A girl letting someone see her naked that she's not married to."

"Well. Perhaps not."

Anyway, a week passed and this time on Saturday night Mr. Vento called me.

"Why don't you just wear a cotton shift tomorrow, just that and nothing else. It will make things easier for you." And for him, too.

"Nothing else? No panties, no brassière?"

"Just to be practical. If you wear underwear it's not very efficient because the bra and panties leave marks that take as much as half an hour to disappear and we don't want to waste any time."

"All right, I will." All of a sudden it was Sunday morning and at 8:00AM I went to the high school and again Mr. Vento was waiting for me. I wore just a cotton shift. He was pleased. We went upstairs and again he locked me in the studio with him.

"Today we paint. Ready? What's wrong?"

"I just feel..." He came to me.

"You poor thing, I'm just rushing you into this," he said and he took me in his arms. Thank God I still had my shift on. "I know this isn't the easiest thing for you but you did so WELL last week. I thought you were over your shyness. Think of all the wonderful things you're going to do today." He could feel me trembling.

"OK, let's start. You'll need to take your shift off. Here I'll help you. Just relax." I felt his fingers take hold of the cotton shift, with me naked underneath it. He slowly started to raise it and I softly began to cry. "Now, now..." He lifted it slowly, gently. "Raise your arms."

Trance like I did and I could feel the hem of the shift come up my sun-browned legs, higher and higher until the hem reached the bottom of my snow-white bottom and then a little higher and I knew he could see the pinkness of my genitals and then higher to bare all of my ass, then up to my belly button, then to the bottom of my tits and then he could see all of them and then he pulled the shift up over my face and hair and pulled it aside and I was there before him bare ass naked.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, looking at my naked body. "OK, just stand here as relaxed as you can be." And I did. Stand there, I didn't relax. He spent the entire morning coming up to me and then going back to his easel. During that four hours he put his hands on every naked inch of me, first my budding breasts, then my back, then the softness of my ass, inserting a finger, down my tummy, further down over the hairless little triangle that led to the promised pinkness of my genitals, I felt two fingers go inside, then, my thighs spread, down their insides.

He explored every naked inch of me. And all this time I stood there frozen, immobile outside, but burning inside. I was so wet that when he touched me down there he wiped his fingers before he took up his brush again. It wasn't a surprise to me, I can get wet just stripping to take a shower. By myself. And I knew I just glistened down there. Every one expects girls to get wet when their bodies expect they are about to get laid but this was a new sensation to me. Finally he said we were finished. I grabbed my shift, put it on and tried to get out the door, forgetting it was locked. He opened it and I ran to the stairs, going down to the girl's locker room and into a shower where I stripped off my shift and gloriously finished myself off.

When I got home again my mother was at Sunday night mahjong. I ate with Dad and tried to be cheerful but I really couldn't pull it off.

"Are you OK?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Nothing wrong with this modeling stuff?"

"No Daddy," I lied. "He says only one more session next week."

And I took his word for it. Next Sunday I showed up at 8:00AM, again in just my shift, as instructed. This time he emerged from his car carrying a camera, an SLR, not a phone camera.

"I'd like to get a few photos of you first, so I can use them as a guide when you are not around. Let's go back to the edge of the woods." We did, just out of sight of the school.

"Just stand there and undress."

"Everything?" I asked, knowing the answer. Of course everything was just a shift and my clogs.

"Yes, please."

You'd think getting naked for him now would not be a big deal after all this, but it was. Reluctantly I pulled the dress over my head and of course I was naked underneath. I tossed it down and there I was, naked as the day I was born, radiant, soft, mysterious, shameless, all rose and honey, the hot hollow of my groin on fire already, awaiting the ultimate fulfillment.

So we started with nude photos. Fairly simple instructions, pull your hair back off your shoulders, chin up, elbows back, tits forward. I gave a little shiver when I first heard the shutter open but pretty much I stood there in solitary misery as he fired away. I put my hands behind my head and grabbed some hair and moved a tad side to side to get a little more or less pussy or boob or bum as he instructed and finally he was happy and we went up to the studio.

"We're going to start on sculpting today. This is the last phase. I need you more than ever."

I didn't understand what he meant until after I was once again naked and he began the sculpting work. He had said he needed to touch me to sketch and to paint to enhance his abilities to put my likeness on paper and canvas but that was nothing compared to what he did now. He stopped at least every five minutes while he was working with the clay to come to me and feel me at whatever place he needed to so he could "experience me artistically".

Slowly my figure began to arise out of the clay. Watching what he did I could anticipate where he would touch me next. He had no shame, touching me everywhere. When he reached my genitals I called a halt. But insisted. I made a move to leave but he grabbed me and bound my wrists and ankles with some twine and then tied me standing up to one of the donkeys artists use in sketching.

I pleaded with him to release me but he wouldn't. He spread my legs and made a detailed inspection of my outer lips and then opened me up to see the rest of me inside. Then he went back to the clay and formed it to look just like my most private parts. I couldn't deny though that being bound and having him touch my privates excited me like nothing else. I stopped asking him to untie me, He knew I was enjoying what he was doing to me.

He spent an hour on my breasts, cupping them and squeezing them and then returning to the clay to create an almost perfect likeness. I couldn't keep from trembling as the heat inside me grew and I pushed my bare ass back against the donkey I was bound to and began to cum. My body just exploded and he stared at me in wonderment.

Toward the end of the session he got on his knees, tracing my tummy and my belly button, running his hands up and down my inner thighs. Finally, out of control, he stood up, dropped his pants and his underwear, and forced his erect penis into my ready cunt. He hammered away at my bound body for what seemed like ages, to satisfy himself, all the while pounding it into me. When he finished he untied me from the donkey, leaving my wrists and ankles tied, and I collapsed onto the floor. He left me there, still bound, for an hour or so while he finished work. Then he untied me and told me to get dressed.

I went home and Dad ordered the usual Sunday pizza and we opened two beers. When the pizza came we sat down to eat.

"So how was modeling today?"

"Fine," I lied. "We're through now." Not quite though. After about four weeks the sculpture appeared in a Newburyport gallery. All the boys I knew went to see it. Every detail looked just like me. Breasts, bum, genitals. But of course most of the boys didn't know that because they had never seen me naked. But a few did.