**The Accidental Life Model**

by Exhibition1st

*A naive young student ends up naked & humiliated.*

I sighed as I looked through my wallet, it was full of receipts but definitely not full of cash, in fact it was empty. I'd checked my bank account that morning too and knew I was overdrawn, I couldn't ask my parents to bail me out again, they'd already given me fifty quid last week... "bloody hell" I thought to myself, "there's got to be some way I can get some cash in..."

I wasn't sure how though, all the best jobs had been taken at the start of term, while I was stupidly too busy getting drunk and having a good time... and what with studying and captaining the swim team I could never really find the time to commit to a regular job... my mind idly flicked through some possibilities until the sound of the bell brought me out of my reverie and back to the present moment. I looked up as the bus started to slow, this was my stop.

I picked up my bag, jumped off the bus, thanking the driver as I did so, and headed to campus. I decided to take a different route today, it was sunny & I had time to spare so I went the long way, through the park - figured the walk would do me good and, you never know, I might pass a few of the girls from the netball team.

I'd heard from my best mate Matt that they sometimes sunbathed near the yoga studio and I half fancied my chances with the blonde one, Sam, I think she was called. Although to be fair I also quite fancied Matt, but I pushed that thought to the back of my mind, I wasn't in the mood to think about that and anyway, its probably just a phase I told myself unconvincingly.

People always said I was a good looking guy but I never really believed them, I was toned with a proper 6-pack in the way that 20-year olds often are without having to actually do much to earn it, I swam regularly, thats true, but never went to the gym and didn't particularly watch my diet. I had green eyes & soft brown hair, loosely styled with wax, tousled, bit scruffy.

Today I was wearing my favourite skinny jeans & a plain blue H&M t - I checked my reflection in a shop window, pulling my sunglasses down over my nose so I could see myself properly, pausing and brushing a hand through my hair. I realised that a couple in the shop were watching me and exchanged a little laugh. Flushing red at the unexpected attention, I carried on walking quickly. I wasn't vain, wasn't particularly confident if the truth be told, but still liked to make an effort with how I looked, especially if there was a chance of bumping into the netball girls.

I was shy, at least that's how I think my friends would describe me, I always chose to shower in a cubicle if I'd been for a swim, or try to hang around until the others had finished before getting changed myself. I couldnt quite define where this shyness had come from, but it was a thing, and sort of went hand-in-hand with an introverted lack of confidence with girls, or guys for that matter.

As I walked I thought about my chances of getting a girlfriend, even just some casual action would do, Christ, there cant be too many second year virgins I thought? A skint virgin too... bloody hell. I frowned, scuffing my converse shoes on the floor and aimlessly kicking a pebble into the grass. I looked up to see the yoga studio, it was an old pavillion, converted into a studio with a funky looking extension, mostly big glass panels set in an aluminium frame, styled in a nod to the architecture of the victorian pavillion, but somehow now very trendy and modern. No netball girls I realised as I walked past & kicked another pebble disconsolately.

I saw there was a class in the studio and curiosity got the better of me, there was bamboo planted like a hedge around the glass which made it quite tricky to see, but I'm tall so managed to sneak up & peer over the top... this looked like some sort of art class... a mixed group of artists of different ages sat behind their easels, quietly focused on an old man standing on a raised platform.

The man looked pretty bored to be honest, he had a dressing gown on, he was flexing his left arm and looking down at his bicep. "Blimey" I thought, now thats easy money... I wonder if I could get involved with this? No-one had seen me peering over and I carried on around the building to get back to the path.

As I walked past the entrance though I saw some notices pinnned on a board, "yoga classes they read, park run, meditation workshop, art classes..." "hmmm", "this could be a winner," I scanned the art class notice, took a picture on my battered iPhone and read it as I walked on. The Friday afternoon classes didn't clash with my lectures, or my swimming - and that seriously is money for old rope I thought...

I'd never even seen a life drawing class before, let alone thought of modelling myself, but it looked pretty simple. I didnt know anyone in the class and I was happy to be topless, I would never get naked - obviously - but I knew I had a pretty good torso, certainly much better than the guy I'd just seen, so I felt like I'd be confident enough to give this a go.

That evening after swim training, I emailed the address of the tutor from the poster.

"Hi Stephen, I saw the poster for your art classes today and wondered if you might need any models? I'm a student at the uni, local, reliable and I've had a fair bit of life modelling experience in my home town." I added a brief description of myself, signed it off "David" and hit "send".

The bit about being experienced was complete fabrication, but I figured how would he know? And really, any idiot could stand in their shorts and flex right? A couple of minutes later my phone buzzed as a text came through.

"Hi David, its Stephen - sorry to text late but I've just picked up your email and actually you may be able to help me out with a class, someone has cancelled at the last minute and this is an important one, I need someone experienced, can I call you?"

"Wow!" I thought, "Ker-ching!"

"Hi Stephen, yes of course, I'm free if you'd like to call." My heart was beating fast as I sent the text and I realised I was actually a bit nervous. The thought of standing there with everyone looking at me, my chest exposed like that. Maybe I'll see if I can keep my t-shirt on I thought as the phone rang.

"Hello, David speaking."

"Hi David - thanks so much for replying so quickly, it's Stephen about the life-modelling class. I wouldn't usually do this without meeting up first, but one of my regular models has cancelled on me at the last minute, she thinks she's picked up a summer cold and was worried about spreading it, people are so cautious now aren't they? I have a class tomorrow which is a double model class - supposed to be a guy and a girl posing but, well, you said you've got lots of experience so I'm sure you'll be fine with it. Thinking about this particular group I think they will really enjoy having 2 guys model for them. I can pay you £40 for 2 hours," he said... "and there may be some tips as well."

Blimey I thought, forty quid just to stand there next to some bloke while people paint me, I can't believe I've never thought of this before!

"Ah yeah thats fine. I've modelled on my own and with others many times," I lied. "All good with me."

"Excellent, well thats great news - is 3pm ok tomorrow?" he said, "its a special class actually...".

As he spoke though the signal dropped out on my phone and I missed his words... "it's a group of.... birthday party... body... something...." he said. "Is that OK for you? Again I wouldn't usually ask someone I haven't worked with to do this for their first class with us, but it seems like you have a lot of experience so what do you say?"

I was distracted now m by the idea of the cash and found myself just agreeing even though I hadn't really heard or followed what he'd said. "Of course, thats fine!" I said, "Actually I modelled for a class just like that a few months ago."

"Excellent, excellent, David you're a life-saver! I'll see you tomorrow - if you could arrive about ten to 3 please so we can start on time... any questions?" he asked.

"No I dont think so," I said... "oh, just one thing," I asked, "what should I wear?"

"Haha you are a funny one" he said, "see you tomorrow!"

Thats odd I thought, I guess it must just be a dressing gown... thats what the guy wore today. I thought it was likely that at some point the dressing gown would come off though so they could paint the actual torso of the model. I fished out my chino shorts from the washing basket ready for the next day so I had something nice to wear & went to bed thinking about my new venture and all the cash, I wondered how many gigs like this I could get and what was it about this particular class that made it special. I'm sure he said a birthday - probably some old lady's birthday party.

I felt pretty good the next day as I approached the yoga studio, I saw one of the gardeners in the park cutting the grass and said a cheery "good morning" as I passed him.

"Morning mate," he said.

I noticed his tanned muscular arms, the sweat on his forehead, I saw the waistband of his calvins just visible above his loose cargo trousers as he turned and bent back down to work and felt a flutter in my chest and a twang of desire... bloody hell, David, not now, I thought.

I checked my phone, quarter to 3, a few minutes early so I stopped outside and read the notices again to pass a few minutes. Todays was down as a life-model class and had been marked as 'private', I wondered what the other model would be like. I checked my look, I was wearing a navy t-shirt and some fitted pink chinos. Underneath them though I was just wearing some old white briefs that my mum bought me years ago when I was about 15, they were literally the last clean pair of underwear I had.

In a hasty last-minute decision I'd stuffed a pair of socks down the front. No one's actually going to see them I thought, so whats wrong with it, no different to girls wearing a push-up bra. I'm not that well-endowed and these shorts are quite fitted so I might as well give myself a bit of extra padding to boost my confidence. My dressing gown was in my rucksack.

I stepped in to the studio and called out to see if anyone was there, "hello... Stephen?"

"Hi!" he said, appearing from behind a screen. "You must be David, oh lovely to meet you! You look great, so handsome, I love those cheekbones, and what broad shoulders."

I blushed as he stepped back and looked me up and down, his eyes lingered for a moment too long over my groin.

My goodness I can see why you're suited to life modelling!" he smiled. "Mathias is our other model today, he's unfortunately running a few minutes late but not to worry, we'll start with some solo poses and then make it a bit more interesting when he arrives!" He laughed and winked at me.

"And I do apologise, the air conditioning seems to be stuck on I'm afraid so its rather more chilly than you might be used to, but it doesn't look like shrinkage should be a problem for you haha and I have made a call to see if someone can fix it for us."

I wasn't sure what he meant by shrinkage, "maybe I can keep my t-shirt on I?" I volunteered, "if its too cold I mean?"

"Haha oh you are funny as well as good looking" he laughed.

Worth a try, I thought and I stepped on to the stage to see how it felt before the artists arrived, suddenly when I looked at all the chairs set-up in front of me I felt nervous... the front row was very close, maybe a metre away... forty quid is forty quid I told myself and besides, it's too late to back out now.

It felt strange to be on the inside of the glass building that I'd been peering through from the outside just yesterday. The bamboo hedge gave it a nice screen however, so even though the walls were largely glass it felt intimate and private, not many people would be able to peer through like I had from the outside.

Stephen I'd say was about 45, slim with short hair and blue eyes, he was gay I was sure, he seemed very friendly and genuine. Cute in a DILF type way.

"Ah here they come, hello hello!" he exclaimed as a group walked in through the door.

I swallowed and felt my palms suddenly sweaty and my throat dry, thoughts raced through my mind - I didn't like attention, why had I signed up to this...

The demographic looks very different to yesterday I thought, and realised everyone that had come in so far was young, male and well, good-looking.

"Fuck, he's fit, I thought checking out a guy with short blond hair and blue eyes... bloody hell so is his mate..."

"Hello chaps!" Stephen trilled, where's the birthday boy, is he here yet?

"He's just coming" said blue eyes. He sat down where he'd entered and then, seeing me, changed his mind and opted to take a seat that was right in front of me.

"Hi!" he said, smiling, "I'm Charlie, nice to meet you."

Oh my gosh that smile... my heart gave a thump that threatened to burst out of my chest & a cloud of butterflies fluttered in my stomach.

"Uh... hi." I said nervously, dry throated, then I managed to squeeze out a smile and tried again.

"Hi, I'm David!" more confident that time, I thought. I turned away, blew out my cheeks, took a sip of my water and adjusted my padding.

A few minutes later and the studio was full, 15 guys, mostly between the age of 25 - 30 with a couple a bit older.. and all attractive - a far cry from the middle aged to elderly crowd that was here yeaterday.

Just breathe, I told myself, worst case this is 2 hours of 'shirt-off' attention and then it'll all be over.

Stephen spoke to them all and welcomed them, "such a fun idea to do a life modelling class as a birthday party" he said.

Dan (the birthday boy) beamed at this. He was tanned, with a little stubble, hazel eyes and gorgeous dark brown curly hair.

The group had obviously been drinking over lunch and looked like they intended to continue, I saw cans of gin & tonic and a couple of bottles of prossecco being passed around.

"Right!" He said, "welcome everyone, we have a real treat lined-up for you today."

The group all grinned as they looked up at me. It seemed like they were already a bit drunk and I wasn't convinced many of them would be very interested in drawing.

"So we'll do some really fun poses, our models are David and Mathias" he said, smiling at me. He ignored a low wolf-whistle from the back of the room which made me blush.

"Mathias will be joining us shortly. We'll start with some simple poses and then move on to some more fun stuff before finishing with some body painting!" he said to whoops of delight from the group.

I didnt even know what body painting was, presumably painting a picture of my body, I was a bit confused as to why this got such a reaction, I guessed they liked the look of my swimmers physique?

I blushed horribly and tried to listen to a hushed conversation between blue eyed Charlie and Dan the birthday boy, it sounded like Charlie said something like "well I bagsy this one"...

"So David" Stephen said, "if you'd be so kind as to slip-off your t-shirt for us please, also your shoes and socks, and we'll get started."

I swallowed, tried to smile confidently at him (I couldn't look at the group) and took my t-shirt up over my head. I tried to play it cool & take it off the way they do in the diet coke adverts...

Fifteen pairs of eyes locked on my chest, it was cold so my nipples were hard, standing out proudly against my lightly tanned skin like small pink bullets. My chest was smooth save for a generous tussle of hair in the centre over my sternum and a light brown trail of hair from my belly button down to my shorts.

"And breathe" I said to myself once more. I settled into the pose as the class themselves settled into drawing, with Stephen working his way around the room to help them.

Despite a few giggles every now and again and some hushed laughter this was honestly easy money I thought. My mind wandered as I stiod there... I wondered what Mathias would be like, probably fat and middle aged I thought.

I moved on to thinking about how fit the guys painting were... I really should think about experimenting... I've told myself that finding guys attractive is a phase for so long now, but its not passing.

My heart raced as I caught Charlie looking at my bulge and then my face. If only he knew what was under these shorts I thought. I felt a bit of a fraudster, thank god hes not going to see!

I heard the door open and noises from the park drifted in on the summer air - birdsong, a dog barking, the light chatter of friends and the sound of gardeners cutting the hedges or mowing the grass in the distance.

This must be Mathias I thought, I couldn't see him as I was facing the other direction and trying to hold my pose but I heard Stephen welcome him.

"Mathias!" beamed Stephen, "so glad you're here, don't worry about being late. Pop your things down there and then why don't you join David on stage. You two are going to look great together!"

I felt a murmer of assent from the room... hmm maybe he was good-looking after all.

"I tell you what", Stephen said as I heard the other model taking off his shoes, "why don't you stand back to back like this"

I felt him positioning Mathias behind me.

"Lovely! We'll just hold this for 5 minutes or so to get you warmed up."

"Hi there" I heard him say as he stood next to me.

"Haha, hi" I replied. His voice sounded familiar, young but manly. I tried to visualise him and lost myself in a daydream quickly. I still felt relaxed, even with company.

It wasn't as bad as I had feared, even though I was in front of a room of gay guys, I had got used to the attention and it made me feel pretty good about my body, seeing all the admiring looks and the occasional smile or wink. Plus now it felt easier with Mathias here to share some of the attention, that would take the focus off me.

My state of zen relaxation wasn't destined to last long unfortunately, in fact it was quickly about to go dangerously downhill.

"Right boys, I think you've both had a warm-up" Stephen said, have a little shake to loosen yourselves up & we'll move on to something more adventurous."

I shook my arms and legs gently as I turned to say a proper hello to my new partner on stage, "Shit!" I exclaimed "Matt! what the fu..."

"David!" he said, his eyes wide and equally surprised!

"Since when have you done this?" I asked him in a whisper. "And what sort of name is Mathias?"

"Haha I've been doing it for a couple of terms now, its good money and I actually don't mind the work, usually its a lot of old dears ogling me - this is the first time I've done it for a class of guys though! Mathias is my stage-name," he grinned. "I don't want people looking me up on social media outside of classes.."

"How about you?" he continued, "You're so shy about getting naked after a swim, you don't even use the urinals next to anyone else in a club... so I would never have thought this was your bag? Looking at that bulge though I'd say you've got nothing to worry about!" he winked, looking down at my shorts and patting me playfully on the shoulder.

"What?" I hissed, "what do you mean? What has being naked got to do with anything??"

He raised a quizzical looking eyebrow and went to speak, but didn't have time to reply before Stephen interrupted us.

"Right, settle down now everyone, Mathias, David - looks like you've got to know each other which is great, chemistry between models is so important don't you think? And you'll know each other a lot better soon haha" he said.

He felt panic rise in me, what did he mean? And what was Matt's point on my shyness about being naked, had I missed something? The guy yesterday was in a dressing gown, surely that was just how this worked.

"Right!" Stephen clapped his hands to quieten the class down, "If you two slip out of those shorts please, you can leave your underwear on for now" he continued. "We'll do some athletic sporting poses to start with."

"Oh fuck" I said quietly, "fuck, fuck, fuck, I've got those bloody tighty whities on." I regretted now not bothering to do my laundry, my mind raced for a solution, but drew a blank.

Matt was already out of his shorts, he had a pair of black, Ralph Lauren boxer briefs, they were fitted and tightly hugged the shape of his cock and balls. Blimey, I thought, he's packing... I could literally see the bulging outline of his cock, angled to the left and the silhouette of his balls like 2 eggs. He gave himself a squeeze, and adjusted his cock.

"Come on David," he said, and I felt all the eyes switch from Matt's impressive bulge to me.

Shit! I thought as I unbuttoned my fly, I'm actually doing this... I faced away from everyone as I dropped my chino shorts to the floor and stepped out. Sniggers erupted from the room.

"Bloody hell, where did you get those pants from?!" Matt asked me quietly, "My grandfather used to wear pants like that!" he added unhelpfully.

"I didnt think anyone would see them!" I replied testily, my face blushing crimson.

I could see a few of the guys chatting and laughing with each other as they looked over. I adjusted my own bulge, very conscious now than mine was half sock, half cock and wanting it to look as natural as possible. I saw blue eyes looking straight at me, he followed the treasure trail of fine hair disappearing from my belly button down into the top of my briefs. He was concentrating so hard he snapped his pencil.

"Haha, sorry boys, lost in my own world for a minute!" he apologised and sharpened another from the side of the desk.

Stephen set us up to do some short poses, I had to pretend to throw a discus, whilst Matt launched an imaginary javelin into the air. We moved on to some flexes showing off our biceps, "who's bigger?" Matt asked the room in general & got a laugh.

A couple of the guys giggled then came up to the front and first felt Matt's bicep, then mine. "It's a close one, but David is def bigger!" they agreed.

I blushed but let myself enjoy the feeling of their hands on my skin and their gaze on my body... for someone usually so tight-laced this felt liberating and daring! I hoped Matt wasn't upset that they thought I had the bigger muscles of the 2 of us.

Our friends often said Matt & I looked almost like brothers, in the past we'd even been mistaken for twins. Matt was slightly shorter than me and with brown eyes instead of my green, our skin tone, hair colour, physiques and mannerisms were similar. But personality-wise we were very different, him the attention seeking extrovert and me the quiet guy in the corner, preferring a small gathering to a big party.

I heard some chatter at the back of the class, "When's the big reveal?" one of the boys who had squeezed my biceps asked, downing the last of his gin.

What does he mean, the big reveal? I thought warily, suddey feeling nervous again.

A couple of the others nodded and murmured in agreement and I saw Stephen check his watch, "Goodness, you're right" he said, "OK boys, if you could take your underwear off please... here pass them to me, I'll put them on the chair with your other bits." He held a hand out.

"What?!!" I blurted, not even quietly, "Sorry I thought for a minute you said to take our underwear off!" I let out a manic laugh, this was a joke surely? "D-d-d-dressing gown?" I asked imploringly.

No one else laughed though and my dressing gown suggestion was ignored, the room had moved on. The artists, if you can call them that, were chattering away and out of the corner of my eye I saw Matt slipping off his boxers and handing them to Stephen. He was facing away from me, stretching up to release some of the tension in his arms and back.

Oh shit I thought. I looked at the door like a puppy waiting for its owner to return... I couldn't run, my legs were jelly, my heart pounded in my chest. I felt like I was having some sort of out-of-body experience as I watched myself wriggle out of my briefs.

I covered my manhood with my left hand and passed Stephen the briefs with my right. I'd screwed them up to keep the the socks hidden, but as he took them from me the ball of socks fell out and bounced sadly across the floor, rolling and stopping m by the feet of blue eyes. I swallowed and cursed as I watched this indignity unfold.

The room erupted with laughter and I felt the heat from my face burn, a sharp contrast to the freezing cold air conditioning, "shit" I had no words, I let out a nervous laugh and an apologetic smile.

Blue eyes winked at me, "Don't worry, your secret's safe with us." He handed the socks discreetly to Stephen, even though the whole room had seen them, this felt like a nice gesture.

I followed Matts lead and squeezed my cock, trying to plump it up a little bit without people seeing. Every little helps right? Maybe I can just keep a hand over it to protect what remained of my tattered dignity for the rest of the session I thought.

"Blimey, that air con really is cold." Matt said.

He turned to face me and the room as he spoke, his head turned first, then his body, finally his cock followed, it was big, like REALLY big. I guessed it was 6 inches soft and Christ that thing was thick. He did a couple of little jumps on the spot as if he was warming up for a race. As he jumped his cock flopped up and down hypnotically... big, uncut and surrounded by a luxurious dark bush.

The room was stunned into silence, I saw jaws open and hang there. Matt was now twisting his body from side to side, continuing to limber up, his balls slapped against the top of his thigh as he did. They hung down like 2 huge plums, massive, mesmerising.

I felt my own manhood shrivel further in the cold air & gave myself another squeeze - hopelessly optimistic, no squeezing would help me now, he was bigger soft than I am hard.

"What are you all looking at?" Matt asked to the room. "Sorry, it's cold in here, there's usually a bit more to see," he apologised.

"Jesus Matt," I said in a croaky whisper, "you're hung like a horse. I can't believe you're apologising for the cold with a cock that big."

"If its that big in the cold, I'd love to see you warmed up, lets get that aircon fixed!" someone said from the back of the room to more laughter.

Matt smiled and stood now with his hands on his hips, he was relaxed, so comfortable in this setting, 15 gay guys devouring him with their eyes.

I looked down, hoping maybe the ground would open up and swallow me, maybe a fire alarm or something, perhaps I could fake a heart attack...

"Lovely, thank you boys." Stephen said, "We'll carry on with our sporting theme, David can you take a sprinters pose please, like you're just about the start a race and Mathias, if you stand next to him with your arm raised like you're firing the starting pistol. Thats it, one arm in the air and the other by your side."

I had managed to get down and kept my modesty covered, until I had to put my hands on the floor. My left leg was slightly forward which protected my cock from view. I'd had a lot of practice in locker rioms and knew how to hide my cock from view.

"Head up please." Stephen said to me, and guided my head up a little. "Lovely."

My face was now basically eye level with Matt's enormous cock. It hung there, impervious to the cold, wobbling enticingly as his weight shifted. I gulped, having never even seen Matt naked until a few minutes ago, I now found my face inches away from his groin.

Despite my own predicament I soaked up every last detail of him, the wrinkled foreskin overhanging the tip, a small freckle about halfway down his thick shaft and the skin just a tone darker than the rest of his body.

I was so close I could literally smell him, he was freshly showered and I breathed in the scent of his body, a citrusy aftershave mixed enticingly with a natural manly smell. He'd sweated a bit on his way here I'd noticed, as he was late he'd probably jogged a little. That combination of fresh sweat and aftershave was intoxicating.

What is this feeling? Lust? Shit, surely not, I thought. He's my best mate.

I came back to reality as I felt the sensation of cold air on my cock. I'd somehow been positioned over an air conditioning vent and it felt like my groin was being frozen. I stole a quick look down.

"Keep your head up in the pose please David," Stephen admonished.

Bugger, I thought, even I've never seen my cock this small. It had shrivelled and basically looked like a miniature version of Matt's. To make matters worse, I'd shaved myself last night and was totally smooth, the faint trail of hair from my belly button faded out just above my cock.

"OK thanks boys, have a stretch and we'll do some short poses now".

Matt jumped up and down again and bent to touch his toes, stretching his back out & showing his hole off. He was such a tease. Dan sitting at the front had just taken a big sip of Prosecco when Matt bent over and he almost spat the whole mouthful out.

By comparison, I stood awkwardly with both hands shielding my cock as I looked out to the park. From the stage I could see a group outside the studio enjoying the warm sunshine. What I wouldn't give to be there, anywhere else in fact.

I saw blue eyes watching me, he was waiting patiently for a view of my cock, I could tell. I looked around the room, other eyes were on me too, willing my hand to move from my groin. These guys were like vultures! Oh the absolute embarrassment, my face flushed again, I can't let them see me, I thought, the comparison of my manhood side-by-side with Matt's would be too humiliating.

"Now we'll do a pose as if you are 2 boxers, facing off against each other before a fight" Stephen said enthusiastically and steered us to face each other, "Hands up, fists clenched" he said. The room hushed, all eyes intently watched me, you could literally hear a fucking pin drop.

My hand was glued to my cock in terror, my palm sweaty despite the cold. Stephen went to lift my arm up, I whimpered in protest and resisted momentarily, but realising the futility I reluctantly let him guide my hand up, instantly exposing my smooth cock and balls to the rush of cold air & the waiting eyes around the room.

"Lovely pose." Stephen said and stepped back, admiring his composition. The group were clearly loving this development... lots of whispered chatter and some laughing.

Blue-eyes Charlie in front was looking from my cock, to his paper and back again as he sketched me out. I watched him as he drew, he outlined the shape of my penis, not bad I thought.

Then he looked up again to study me, shook his head, picked up his rubber and erased half of the penis he'd drawn. He completed it again, much smaller and said to himself, "thats better".

I saw Matt's eyes flick down to check me out, they lingered on my poor shrivelled penis and I saw a smile cross his face. The humiliation burned me, our cocks were so close they were basically touching.

Someome came up from the back to get a closer look. He was cute, slim with preppy glasses and long hair that fell into his eyes as he leaned forwards. He knelt down in front of us and pushed his hair back, he had somehow found a ruler in the art supplies which he held up first against Matt's cock, then mine, "6 inches and 2 inches. Just getting some perspective" he said as he stood up, smiling & winking before walking back to his seat.

The guy who was sat next to him then also came to the front. What now, I thought, he'd had the most to drink out of all of them and was irritating me.

"Who's bigger now?" he asked before pissing himself with laughter, echoing Matt's question earlier about our biceps.

I definitely wasn't going to win any cock comparisons. He had a quick squeeze of our biceps again & I closed my eyes to try and block out the indignity. The next thing I knew he was holding my little cock between his thumb & forefinger. Shocked I pushed his hand away but he was laughing, he reached across and did the same thing to Matt, who just smiled at him and let him have a feel. "Close," the guy said sarcastically, "but I think Mathias wins this one!" More laughter.

"Don't be a twat Theo, leave him alone" it was blue eyed Charlie standing up for me.

I groaned inwardly at the utter humiliation and blushed for what felt like the hundredth time.

Stephen walked back into the room, "OK for the next pose, lets imagine you're post-fight, David you won!" he said, "can you turn to face the class and Matt, can you raise David's arms up like a champion please."

"Fuck," I muttered under my breath, I didn't feel like a bloody champion...

Matt was just slightly shorter than me and the pose was difficult, he basically had to stand right next to me to reach my arms above my head and I became conscious that his right foot was touching mine & his thigh was pressing against me, I didn't dare look down initially but then temptation got the better of me. I stole a glance, that wasn't his thigh I could feel it was his cock.

As he reached up to hold my arms, his dick brushed gently against my groin, coming to rest just to the right of my own cock. It felt amazing, electric, I swallowed hard, I was so far out of my comfort zone I was basically on another planet.

Dan, the birthday boy came up quickly, whipped his phone out of his pocket and took a photo before I even had chance to object, "you don't mind do you? thanks boys, looking great" he said - he sat down and I heard the 'whoosh' noise of a text being sent.

Oh bloody hell, my little secret is properly out now I thought. I looked at Dan & he just gave me a shrug, "it's alright for you," I muttered.

Stephen moved the class on, "We'll do a classical post now," he said & showed us a picture of Michelangelo's sculpture of David.

I cringed as I stood next to Matt in the same pose, my tiny cock was a much more faithful representation of the original.

"David & Goliath more like!" Theo said and the room burst into laughter once again.

I tried to tune out the world around me and focus on the birdsong, even that got lost now though as the gardeners must have been closer so all I could hear really was a lawnmower and the howls of laughing.

Stephen told the room that we'd do a couple more poses then move on to the body painting.

I still couldn't workout what this might be, but it left me feeling uneasy, surely it cant be worse than this though I thought.

Next we enacted a wedding proposal, I was kneeling in front of Matt, again eye-level with his enormous cock, he had a quick scratch before the pose started which sent his dick flopping and lolling about all over the place.

Fuck this was making me horny & that would really not do... "breathe David," I said to myself and the feeling that had been growing in my own cock, luckily subsided.

When the pose ended, I moved to rise first but my knees had seized up from holding the position and I tripped as I rose, face planting right into Matts groin.

"Oh my god, I'm s-s-so s-s-s-sorry," I stuttered. I went to put my hand on his stomach to steady myself, but as he had stepped back at the same time I misjudged and instead I managed to put my hand on his cock, I recoiled away in shock.

"Haha don't worry it was an accident", he said.

I could see though that he looked to have swelled a little in size, surely he wasn't getting horny too? He blushed and I've never seen that happen.

Wow, what if he's a grower as well as a show-er. I thought.

The room had loved my little trip-up and asked if we'd hold that as a pose, I scowled and muttered obscenities under my breath. Still flustered, I realised I had one of Matt's pubes in my mouth, I pulled it out and brushed it off onto the floor.

My face on his cock had felt amazing I had to admit, I found myself reddening once more.

"Lets flip that pose around," said Stephen, "its a nice one.

It was my turn now to stand with my small cock in Matt's face as he reached out on bended knee in mock proposal. His face was so close to me, he coughed and I felt his warm breath on my cock.

Shit... that feeling again, I could hear my heart beating 'ba-dum' loud in mybears, I think I could even see it as it pounded drum-like in my chest.

Matt was taking slow deep breaths now, I chanced a look down and couldn't believe my eyes, his cock had swollen, it was raging, engorged, thick like a truncheon, growing an inch every few seconds. I saw the tip of his pink head expose itself tantalisiny as his foreskin drew back. I guessed at 9 inches, I'd never seen a cock that size before, it was like a weapon.

He wasn't looking at my face now, just my cock, and I could feel his slow, steady breaths hitting my foreskin as he tried to calm himself and suppress his erection. I tried to distract myself too, but it was hopeless, my cock responded and gradually unfurled itself, like a flower reaching for the sun.

Proudly standing 5 inches erect with my long foreskin still hanging over, it pulsed and throbbed in Matt's face, twitching involuntarily as his hot breath teased it. I closed my eyes, I couldn't bear to see the reactions across the room.

The cute preppy guy had been chatting with his neighbour and they both pointed and suddenly burst out laughing. Charlie, directly in from of me, had stopped drawing altogether and was just enjoying the show. I closed my eyes and cursed my cock as it twitched once more.

Facing the room again I briefly made eye-contact with Charlie. He looked at me, then looked at Stephen. Seeing he was pre-occupied with something & not paying attention he winked, flicked his pencil off the end of his desk towards my feet and then came round to retrieve it.

As he bent down he paused, his face literally inches from my cock. His eyes and Matt's both locked onto my shaved, twitching hard cock, he blew gently on it sending it into a spasm of delight and gently traced his finger up the shaft as he stood. He touched the end of my foreskin and a glistening drop of pre-cum stretched out, connecting us as he lifted his hand away. He wiped it on my nipple, making me moan quietly in pleasure and then, seeing Stephen look around he held up his pencil, "sorry, rolled off my desk!" before taking his seat.

I should say, I am a leaker, when I get horny I mean... I drip like a tap, and by now there were long streaks of precum coursing down my shaft and into a growing pool on the floor. I was so focused on trying to control this catastrophe of penile display that I hadn't noticed the noise of the gardeners machinery getting louder.

Looking over the class I saw the bamboo that had been shielding the room from the park being chopped down, reduced from almost 2 metres to a little over half a meter, daylight seemed to flood in, "thats better said the guy with the hedge trimmers, much easier to maintain."

His mate nodded and then elbowed him in the ribs, "Bloody hell mate, look at this lot!"

Oh Christ, I felt like someone had punched me in the stomach. I looked down, then back up again, it was the cute gardener I'd seen this morning... his eyes nearly popped out of his face, I gave him a grim smile and he shook his head, muttering something under his breath and continuing to hack down the bamboo, light flooding in as he did so.

"Oh god." I thought, "Oh dear god no, please leave that hedge alone."

The netball team... some were playing, some chilling out on beach towels, but they were all there - a big group of the fittest and most popular girls on campus.

Maybe they won't notice I thought to myself, I checked the clock, it felt like I'd been here for an eternity, 30 minutes left... its just possible they wont notice us... the hedge was completely cut down in about 5 minutes and I watched the gardener walk away, whistling.

He chatted with the girls on his way back to his van, "oh god no, you absolute bastard," I cursed.

He spoke to the group for a couple of minutes, I saw him laughing as he made a 'prawn' sign with his little finger and gestured over to the yoga studio. My heart sank as I watched the girls grab their stuff & start to walk over, "ohhhh sweet fuckety fuck," I said.

Stephen, oblivious to the girls walking over & fortunately oblivious to my still throbbing erection clapped his hands together a few times and brought the class to quiet.

Thank god I thought, saved by the bell! Finally some good luck. I quickly covered my cock, wiping the precum off my foreskin as discreetly as possible as I did so. I wasn't quite sure what to do about the puddle on the floor and tried to spread it in with my foot.

Matt put an arm round my shoulder, his big cock pressing into my butt as he squeezed me, "See that wasn"t too bad was it?" he said encouragingly.

"Fine for you," I said huffily, "what's next Matt? I can't handle much more of this - what actually is body painting?" I asked him in a whisper.

"Not sure to be fair" he said, "I haven't done anything described like that before..."

I told myself that it must surely be just painting of my body, like my torso right? Something like a wind-down session after the intensity of naked modelling. I walked to retrieve my briefs from the other side of the stage as Stephen was getting some new paints ready.

"Where are you off to?" he asked.

"Just getting my pants?" I said, although it came out more like a question than a statement.

"Not yet mate" he said and pointed me back to the centre of the stage. I turned, rolled my eyes to the ceiling and went to stand next to Matt, me cupping my modest package in my hands (I was using 2 hands but everyone in the room knew that 1 hand was more than sufficient) and Matt standing with his hands on his hips & his giant schlong lolling around as he stretched and twisted to ease his body after holding the different poses. I wished I had his confidence, well, lets be honest, I wished I had his cock!

The netball girls were outside the window now, they were ogling Matts giant cock, camera phones going crazy.

My stomach clenched, theres no way I could let the whole team see me naked, I'm sure my cock is maybe just slightly smaller than average, but Matt's big bush and thick hanging dick made my shaven version look like a toy, like puberty has completely passed me by.

I saw Sam, the girl I liked arrive at the window, her jaw dropped and her hand went to her mouth as she saw Matt casually jump down from the stage to grab his glass of water, his cock lolling about like a dildo on a stick.

"Right gentlemen", Stephen addressed the party, "David and Matt very kindly agreed to let your group paint them as a one-off for your birthday Dan."

Whoops and whistles erupted from the painters!

I was bloody terrified, he surely couldn't mean letting this lot loose on my naked body? Why didnt I pay attention last night on the phone I thought, why didn't I ask more questions, there's no way I would've agreed to this! I felt like a condemned man... I knew there was no way out now.

Hopefully if there was a crowd around me at least the girls outside wouldn't get a view and the guys in here have seen literally every inch of my body already I thought."

"We'll split into 2 groups, this side of the room will work with Mathias, and this side with David. I'd like you to get creative, the theme is animals and nature. You have 30 minutes and I can't wait to see your creations!"

Oh god, I thought, this is the most humiliating experience of my entire life... lets just get this over with before they get even more drunk.

Charlie had quickly walked over to me and put his hand on my back as soon as Stephen invited the class to split. His touch felt both comforting & sensual, I could tell he liked me...

Theo also joined us along with 5 others. Theo saw me as a great source of amusement, I realised. They confered in hushed whispers about their plans.

"Right David, can you stand with your arms outstretched to the side?" one asked.

I complied helplessly, closed my eyes and stood in a big 'T' shape, by now I felt powerless to challenge what was happening to my body. "Legs wider apart" they told me and I meekly obliged.

They divided me up with 3 starting from behind and 4 from the front - Charlie and one other started at the top of my chest and the other 2 took a leg each. Feeling all these hands on me as they painted and rubbed me felt both the most humiliating experience of my life, yet incredibly erotic... I'd never been touched like this before...

I could feel Charlie painting from my collarbone down to my nipples, the paint cool on my skin, he caught my eye & slipped me a wink. Theo was busy working his way down my back whilst 2 others from behind had a leg each and were painting upwards. One of the lads painting my legs from the front had spikey hair and he was inadvertently brushing it against my balls as he moved.

I felt it starting again, I tried so hard to repress it, but slowly, like a plant unfurling towards the sun, my cock raised itself up until once again it was vertical, straining & producing a steady stream of precum like a small cock-volcano. Spikey-haired guy looked up as he felt it start to land on his head, "I'm so sorry" I said meekly.

"Something about Mary haha!" laughed Theo as he reached down and styled his mates hair, pretending to use my precum as gel.

I swallowed an uncomfortable gulp, the fact was there wasn't much of me left unpainted as the boys all converged towards my most intimate parts. Theo had taken charge of my behind and instructed me to bend over whilst he and his 2 mates spread my cheeks so they could paint all the way up to my hole.

The rest of my group watched them, all eyes on my ass, the slow, soft brush strokes... I could feel paint dripping down my crack, slowly trickling over my hole, Theo used his little finger to wipe the excess away & I shuddered with pleasure, a pulse of precum leaking out. I had to hold the position for a couple of minutes to ket the paint dry. "I'd love to top that" I heard someone say, but couldn't see who... the indignity was complete.

After everyone had come over to inspect my virgin hole, I was allowed to stand again. Charlie was running the show at the front... he was holding my cock away from my body so that he could paint behind it, he held it gently but gave it the occasional squeeze and subtle wanking motion when he thought noone was looking. As he moved it around, my precum oozed out and lubricated his hand... it felt an eternity that he was down there.

The others watched on as he used a tissue to wipe me before painting my cock itself, I couldn't see what he was doing exactly but he seemed like he was actually quite artistic. Despite my small size he took his time and included some intricate details.

I glanced across at Matt, he was at a similar stage in the process, I couldn't see his cock but he looked relaxed, laughing and chatting with the group.

"Right, lets finish off please," said Stephen "and we'll compare our models!

The boys all stepped back to admire their work, Charlie was sporting a big bulge himself I noticed, his loose shorts struggling to contain his evident enjoyment, he blushed and adjusted himself.

I was painted like a field of sunflowers, I saw that he had painted my cock as a little mouse, climbing up the stem of a flower... a fucking mouse, I thought and reddened with the shame.

Matt's body was a jungle of green vine creepers and his thick soft cock, by contrast was the trunk of an elephant. This literally couldn't be any more humiliating, I thought.

Finally though it's over. I breath a sigh of relief and turn to get my dressing gown, but 2 sets of hands turned me back.

"Girls!" I heard Theo shout at the open window, "come on in!" he was waving now, beckoning the netball team in, "we need someone to judge our artwork!"

"Theo! No!" I shouted, "Really, I mean it, no!"

But it was too late, they were already coming through the door, they didn't need to be asked twice.

"Right stand next to each other and give us a twirl boys!" Theo commanded. The guys that had painted Matt were now inspecting me, along with the girls obviously.

"I love this detail." Dan said, pointing out how my long foreskin had been turned into the wrinkled nose of the mouse.

"And the nipples as the centre of the flowers." the girls agreed, touching one to illustrate the point.

"I love the mouse, its so cute!" said Sam. My cock was solid still, leaking like a tap and my face was red with shame.

"Well I think we need some photos of this," Stephen said, clearly pleased with the collective creativity. "David can you kneel here please, Mathias if you can stand behind him just to the side."

He moved us, "Hmmm thats not quite right," he said, looking dissatisfied with his arrangement...

"I know!" Theo offered, stepping forwards. "If you just squeeze in closer," he ushered Matt closer to me, "nah closer," he said, "don't be shy, I thought Little & Large was a famous double act". Everyone pissed themselves at this.

By now Matt's elephant trunk cock was actually resting on my left shoulder. It felt warm & heavy.

"Lovely, hold it there please and we'll take some photos." Stephen said.

While they went to get their camera phones and started clicking I hear Matt panicking behind me, "Oh shit, no!" I heard him say, "No, no no."

I felt the weight lift off my shoulder as his cock swelled and hoisted itself into the air. It happened suddenly, I think all the attention was just too much for him.

I turned to look at him to see what was the matter, as I turned towards his cock, he erupted into my face with a powerful hands-free jet of hot spunk. It was like a super-soaker, a second jet arched over me, cum rained down in my eyes, my hair, my mouth and over my body.

"Aaah!!" I screamed, I fell back hard in shock.

Matt finally managed to aim away from me, there was no stopping him though, he came like a fountain until he gradually subsided and sat down next to me, dazed and apologising profusely.

"Can someone help me please, I can't see!" I shouted. I was lying on the floor now, covered in spunk and with my own boner still raging uncontrollably.

"I have tissues!"

I heard a voice, it was Charlie's, I felt him starting to wipe the spunk off me. He gave me one tissue for my face and then started by wiping my cock himself, "you're covered" he said.

Charlie's hand on my cock, after 30 minutes of 7 guys molesting me and the sweet, salty taste of Matt's spunk still on my lips tipped me over the edge... My cock may have been half the size of Matt's but I equalled him in terms of cum. I exploded like a rocket.

Charlie stumbled back like he'd just been tasered, cum dripping from his face, he held my cock and tried to point it away from him - the next spurts came in quick succession and went clean over my shoulder, covering the still dazed Matt like a shower.

"Holy shit!" said Stephen, flustered now. "I think lets call this a day! Thanks everyone, umm, you two - there's a shower through there."

By the time Matt & I came out the class was gone, just Stephen tidying up. We'd had to shower each other off to wash the paint from our backs, we did this in silence, but, to be honest after publicly covering each other in spunk, my inhibitions had gone and that didn't phase me at all.

There were 2 envelopes waiting for us, fat with tips and mine also had a note scribbled on, 'here's my number, call me - Charlie X'