

Badface Investigates - Being Naked

by Bad Face

I'm completely naked in an unheated basement, about 40 first year university students, most of them female, are staring at my ridiculous waif-like body. This is so wrong. Why do I allow these things to happen? I'm basically a rational person and yet here I am in another completely horrible situation of my own creation wanting to run away and hide.

What is happening here is that I got drunk and decided to become a life model. Half because I'm poor and poverty is a powerful creative force, and half because I didn't think I'd be able to do it, so I knew I had to try.

Christ knows why they call this life modeling, I wish I was dead. Nobody looks at you when you are dead.

One factor that I'd naïvely neglected to consider when arranging to do this was that it is fresher's week at the university and people are a bit trigger happy when it comes to signing up for things, and unlike the rest of the year, they actually attend. The room is packed, some people are on the floor because they ran out of chairs.

Being naked in front of these strangers is making my head spin with paranoid thoughts and my body temperature is stupidly erratic, I feel like a woolly jumper in a washing machine. A woolly jumper would be heaven right now. I look at the clock and I swear the thing is broken, the second hand seems to be taking forever on every tick, drawing out my torture.

Its about an hour in and the position I'm in now is sat on a chair with one leg folded over my knee, my cock is resting flaccid against my thigh. Things are beginning to feel sort of normal, or rather I'm getting used to all the horrible things I am feeling. Perhaps I have achieved my ultimate aim of liberating myself from the irrational

fear of being naked in front of other people. Maybe I've unlearned something that society has been teaching me my whole life.

Then there is a twitch against my thigh. Oh fuck. I think I'm getting an erection, didn't count on that, fuck, fuck, fuck. I've seriously got to stop thinking the word fuck - if anything its making things worse.

Blind panic, an erection right now would be inexcusable, and literally impossible to disguise.

Another twitch. I want to check if this is all in my paranoid mind, but I figure that if I move my head to look at my cock one of the forty people staring straight at me is bound to notice.

I decide that it is time for the anti-erection big guns, sorry Gran.

When even that somehow turns erotic I know I am doomed, I vow never to use my Grandmother for such purposes ever again for fear of severe mental scarring. What helpfully happens next is I start having a completely internal panic attack; hot sweats, shortness of breath, walls closing in, the lot. All without showing anything on the outside to these poor young girls.

I'm seriously considering a fully naked bolt for the door.

It takes everything but I force myself to stay, fighting the urge to run. My leg goes dead which is an excellent distraction from the possible erection so I use the pain to stop thinking constantly about sex.

Somehow, after what seems like forever, it is over and I get dressed as everyone files past me. Wearing clothes feels amazing, like a really relaxing hug, the type where the whole world melts away and you are the only two people left floating in space forever. Perhaps that is a slight exaggeration ,but it felt good.

It is safe to say my reliance on clothes goes far beyond just protection from the elements. Clothes are most definitely a crutch.

A month later, to see if I'd get used to being naked, I life modeled again. About thirty seconds into the lesson I realised I'll never get used to it and that I'm about to go though the whole two hours of torment all over again.

[ENDS]

