

ENF Stolen Clothes: Humiliated Naked on Campus

Part One: The New-d Model

So many eyes are on my naked body right now, my crush's being the least among them. My college classmates, art professor, and even his assistant by the door scan every inch of my bare skin as lead pencils bum my image onto blank canvases. A single cough rings as loud as a gunshot. My innocent heart is throbbing inside my chest. Soon, the entire class will have my nudity drawn to life, to the point that I may as well have texted them all my nudes: my reputation is ruined anyway, Oh, God... how did I ever think that volunteering as a nude model to impress Madeline was a good idea?

I smile sheepishly as a bead of sweat runs down my forehead and splashes against my bare breast. I can't stop thinking about it: I'm naked, in class, surrounded by dozens of college students, all because I knew Madeline was taking this course. Fuck... I'm so naked, I'm so completely fucking naked!

"Five more minutes, everyone," Professor Caulfield announces coolly as her stare burns a hole into my side. "Isabella, you may change poses. Rest on your butt and spread your legs far apart. Students, I want you to focus this time. All of you deserve an opportunity to truly capture the female form."

I grit my teeth. She's been doing her best to micromanage me ever since my towel came off. I can't blame her, since the only reason I ended up volunteering is because the first model called out sick thirty minutes before class started but that still doesn't give her the

right to boss me around. Normally, the class would stay silent and continue the study: only the professor can decide what poses I strike. However, my crush stands from her seat to draw her ire. Professor Caulfield doesn't have a patient bone in her system. Even the slightest interruption ticks her off,

"What are you asking us to draw? Her sex?" Madeline asks as she chews on the eraser end of her pencil I can't help but be smitten from that alone. Her soft freckled skin is radiant under the harsh campus lighting. Her flowy dark hair falls down her body like a clothed Lady Godiva, trotting along on horseback, captivating crowds. Ugh, she's so endlessly beautiful. She should be the nude model-not me. What does the chubby body of some bookish wallflower have to offer for a bunch of aspiring artists?

Still, Professor Caulfield thinks I'm worth something, otherwise she would've just cancelled class. "Her thighs, ankles whatever you think is best, Mads. You're the artist," she clarifies before aiming her crosshair at me. I've never met a person that could make me feel as naked as her. "Isabella, I told you to change poses. Now. Unveil your inner thighs for us."

Are you seriously asking me to show off my pussy to my crush? I think to myself. Oh, fuck me. You are the worst college professor ever.

My mouth is left hanging open, but I do as I'm told after a long pause. With Madeline's attention back on me, the last thing I want to do is disappoint her while she's drawing my form. I slowly part my thighs, then stretch my feet until my pale white soles hang just past the

platform I'm seated at in the dead center of the classroom. At the same time, my smooth pussy lips open, exposing my wet clit to the air conditioned breeze. All the air in my lungs is spirited away, leaving me breathless. I glue my eyes shut. There's no way in hell I can

look at Madeline right now not while she's staring down there!

"Good, good," the professor says. She takes a moment to walk over to me so she can correct my posture, then smiles quietly to herself as her students return to their canvases. It's as if she enjoys torturing me. "Isabella, you're doing a wonderful job. Maybe I'll have you be our replacement from now on. What do you think?"

Try as I might to utter words, I'm too distracted by Madeline to focus. I turn my cheek, hoping to catch her expression before it disappears behind her canvas. What is she thinking right now?... Does she like what she sees?

"I. I think that would be fun, I whisper as Madeline's gaze returns to my sex. My clit twitches, leaking wetness down my thigh. I can't help myself. My crush is drowning my pussy. How can I possibly control myself in a moment like this?

I bite my lip, doing everything I can to stifle a moan. Luckily, most of the class is too focused drawing my legs for them to pay any attention to my face. That fortune won't last forever, though, not as long as wetness leaks from my sex. I look up to the clock on the wall and pray to God that time didn't stop from the last moment I checked. I breathe a sigh of relief as the big hand puts us two minutes before the bell. Two minutes. I can survive flashing my pussy to all my friends for that long... right? "Isabella, Professor Caulfield barks. "You're moving your legs too much. Stay still

A hot blush floods my face. "Right, right. I'm sorry," I say as I spread my thighs far and wide. I'm allowing my emotions to get the better of me. It doesn't matter if Madeline is drawing me-I need to take this seriously. I'm supposed to be a nude model, not some exhibitionist slut. But if that's the case... then why am I getting so turned on?

Because it's Madeline, I think as she eyefucks me. Because I'm madly in love with her but can't have a conversation without stumbling over every word. Because I'm so shy that my best plan to catch her attention was to pose nude in her class. That's why I'm turned on: I need her to see me. I need her to realize just how much my body yearns for hers.

God, it's like I want to embarrass myself.

Still, I bat my eyelashes in her direction as the bell sounds the alarm. The student body rises to their feet to escape the class, all but Madeline and the few stragglers in the back of the room who always slack off, a naked girl as the assigner or not. I shut my legs closed

and take a deep breath. The torture is over with. Thank God.

"Bella," Madeline calls out before I can scurry away to the outfit waiting for me in the changing room. Her silky sweet voice sends a cool shiver down my bare spine. She runs up to me, holding her canvas against her chest like a present ready to be gifted. "Wait for me for a second?"

I freeze in place if only I could've been this still while everyone was drawing me. "Uhm... sure!" I say. I don't know how to respond, much less carry on a conversation without clothes on with a girl I'm head over heels for.

Madeline makes it easy for me. She flips the canvas the other way and lifts it up for me to see. Unsurprisingly, it depicts a very naked me, thighs, face, breasts and all, but she's drawn me in such a way that even my glaring imperfections make me blush. "What do you think? Flattering, am I right?"

I roll my eyes. Madeline isn't exactly one to be humble, especially when it comes to her artwork. Still, she has all the right to gloat compared to some of the other artists' in the class, some of whom can barely draw a hand without it looking like a misshapen claw. "Very flattering," I say, almost forgetting that I'm standing naked in front of her-only almost. "Are you going to put that in your portfolio?"

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It's a silly question that makes me mentally slap myself the moment I say it, but Madeline shrugs it off. "Oh, this? It's just a sketch," she says with a smirk. "But if you want to be in my portfolio so badly, maybe you can come over sometime and pose for me?"

It's as if she's Medusa, turning me to stone. " 'pose for you?"

"Yes," Madeline responds, not missing a beat. "How about it?"

"...Naked?"

"Well..." Madeline giggles. 'Clothed is fine. You've suddenly become very prudish considering you've had the last five minutes to put your towel back on

Suddenly, the chi!! from the air conditioner around my body reminds me that I am in fact nude. Blood rushes to my face as I spin the other way, desperate to find my towel hanging up on the wall. "Right, right!" I say. "I guess... when, uhm... you've been naked long

enough... you kindo forget you're supposed to be wearing something."

That makes Madeline burst into hushed laughter, although I can't tell from what. Does she think my nervousness is endearing? Or does she just think that a chubby naked girl stumbling around is the perfect form of slapstick? Either way, I feel like a big dumb idiot as i bring the white cotton towel around iny waist and tie it tight over my chest. I'm too well-endowed for the towel to wrap over my frame twice-so in forced to hold it together with my hand. It's not exactly an elegant solution... but it works.

"See you in Chem, Bella, Madeline calls out. "Clothes or no clothes!"

"Walt!" I say, "You're leaving already?"

I try to make a run for the door before Madeline leaves for her next class, but I'm routed by Professor Caulfield, whose stern, hard face makes me wonder if I've done something wrong. "Isabella, don't act like I don't know what you're doing."

My eyes grow wide. I watch as Madeline disappears past the door Caulfield tries to capture my attention. "What do you mean? I followed all of your poses like you asked."

That seems to annoy her further. "Your posing was adequate but neglecting to put your clothes back on after the session is completed is not. Do you enjoy flashing the entire class?"

"I wasn't!" I yell-causing my hand to slip and drop my towel past my belly button, exposing my bare breasts for far, far too long before I'm able to bring the towel back to my chest.

"Madeline wanted to show me something. I wasn't being a pervert, I swear!"

"Uhuh," she says. By now, any hope I have of finishing my conversation with Madeline is long gone. "Listen, I know you're into that girl, so I'll be lenient with you, Isabella: if you forget to put your towel back on again, then I'll make you attend class in the nude from now on. Is that understood?"

"But"

"No buts. Take responsibility for yourself, the professor barks before gathering loose papers on her desk and making her own journey to the door. "Your next class is in a few minutes. You should get dressed."

I bite my lip. She wouldn't seriously make me attend class butt naked... would she? No, she's not that cruel, but I better not risk it with a feigned apology. "I will. Sorry, professor, I say " do better next time."

"I know you will," she says absent-mindedly as she blends into the crowd in the hallway. With that, I'm left alone in an empty classroom. I allow myself to drop the towel to the ground as I plant my palm on my face.

So dumb, Bells, I think to myself as I drag my feet to the changing room. Why do you always have to embarrass yourself like this? You made a fool of yourself in front of Madeline and now, what, thirty people now know what you look like naked? So stupid!

I close the door behind me and bash my head against the wall before searching for my clothes. At least I don't have any tests ahead of me to deal with me. I rub my eyes, then reach down for-

I blink. The changing room is empty. Well, not empty empty, since a very naked me is in here. But my jeans, panties, t-shirt, bra-all of them are nowhere to be seen. Even my black leather boots have vanished into thin air. Where the fuck are they?

"...Oh no," I whisper as I run my hands across the floor, hoping to find an invisible t-shirt or something over than a dust bunny. Did my clothes just fade out of existence? They couldn't have just waltzed out of the changing room on their own!

"Professor Caulfield! Can you please I call out, opening the door just a tad so my voice can echo as far as possible. It's no use. She, along with Madeline and the rest of the class, are already halfway across campus. "Fuck me... Fuck!"

The reality of the situation hits me like a battering ram. At the same time, my knees grow weak, newfound wetness finding its way down my shaky thighs.

Someone just stole my clothes, I think. My heartbeat begins to pound so fast that for a split second, I can't help but feel as if it's a heart attack. Someone just took my fucking clothes!

I pace back and forth, frustrated beyond belief. I'm completely fucking naked on campus, and I have class in five minutes. What am I supposed to do?!

Part Two: Lost and Found

There's no way in hell I'll step out of the classroom in my current outfit, so instead, I sneak toward my backpack left at my desk. Luckily, whichever thief that stole my clothes forgot to steal my phone, too. I breathe a sigh of relief as I feel my phone in my hand and unlock without difficulty.

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Okay, Bella, you'll be fine, I reassure myself as I scroll through my list of contacts. You just need one of your friends to drop by and bring you clothes. Simple, right? I mean, it's not as if you have to explain to them why you're butt naked on campus or anything....

I grind my teeth. The pink blush on my face is going to be permanent at this rate. Whatever. I just have to grin and bear the humiliation for now as long as I stay hidden here, I don't have to worry about my reputation being completely destroyed as the new campus nudist

I call the first person I can think of-then swallow my tongue as the harsh sound of the dial drills into my ear. How am I supposed to start this conversation? How does anyone? Do I just say, "Hey, I'm naked! In public! Can you come pick me up? as if I wouldn't be laughed at?

I'll just have to hope that my friend takes it seriously for what good that'll do me. Still sleeping cozily in her bed, Sasha finally wakes up to answer her phone at the last ring. "You ruined my nap, Bells," she says, groggy as ever. "What's up?"

"Hey..." I whisper into the phone as I twirl my hair out of utter nervousness. I keep my eyes glued to the classroom door in the off chance that a janitor makes a surprise entrance. "Can you do me a huge favor? Like a huge huge favor?"

The pause Sasha makes me endure before she responds almost has me rip my hair out. "Depends on what it is," she says in a gravelly, hoarse voice. She sounds sick. "If you need money, then I'm out. Sorry."

"No!" I say, doing everything I can to steer this conversation in the right direction. Clothes. I need clothes. "I just uhm... please don't laugh at me when I say this, but I really need you to go through my wardrobe and bring me an outfit to wear."

"...An outfit? she asks. Her curiosity has just been piqued. "What did you do, spill juice all over your shirt or something?"

"No... can you please just do what I asked? It's really important. I'm still in the art building. You can find me in Professor Caulfield's class."

With that, I've left all the puzzle pieces necessary for Sasha to put two and two together which she does as she giggles over the phone. "Why are you still in her class? Weren't you modeling for her today? Like... fifteen minutes ago, actually?"

I bite my lip so hard that it feels numb. My pale bare skin is goosebumped from my neck to my toes. God, am I really going to have to beg just for her to take this seriously? "-yes. Sasha, can you please just get out of bed? I carpooled with another student. I can't just walk into the parking lot and drive home!" I say, my voice cracking. It's clear from my overflowing emotion alone that something is amiss- am not being subtle right now.

"You couldn't have spilled anything on your clothes if you were already not wearing them," Sasha deduces. "So... I wonder what that means, hmmm?"

I close my eyes and grit my teeth. Please don't make me admit this, I think. Please please please.

"It doesn't mean anything," I cry into the phone. Anybody walking past the hallway can probably hear my yelling, but at this point, I'm too flustered to care. I'm already butt naked-artistic sense of decency I might've had is long since gone. "Look-yes" I continue, this time

by whispering. "Something happened to my clothes, okay? Is that what you want me to say?"

There's so much laughter over the phone that, for a moment, I think about ending the call right then and there. "Wait, wait, wait! Sasha says, each word louder than the one before. I hope one of her neighbors files a noise complaint. "So what are you saying? That you don't have any clothes to wear?"

The words get caught in my throat. I bring my phone's speaker to my chest and hold it there, rubbing cool plastic against sweaty skin. Then, I bring it back to my ear. "Yes, Sasha. I... think someone stole my clothes."

"So... you're naked."

"Uhm... a little bit, yeah."

"...Oh my God. You're just stuck on campus, then?"

I roll my eyes. "That's... what I've been saying, Sasha. Do you get the full picture now? Can you please get out of bed and get me clothes?"

Finally, Sasha seems to take my pleading with some consideration. I hear her untangle herself from her blankets and begin to brush her bedhead, "Well, I can try. But I'm like thirty minutes away, Bells. You can be mad at me all you want-but I think we both know you

can't exactly wait in that class for me to get there. Doesn't the professor have another class scheduled?"

My eyes grow wide, but I successfully resist the urge to scream. Yes, she does in as little as fifteen minutes judging from the clock on the wall. I can't wait for Sasha, because the class will be chock full of students before she even starts her car.

Try as I might, I can't help but hyperventilate. What the fuck am I going to do?

"Why don't you just check the lost and found?" Sasha suggests through my heavy breathing. "There's bound to be some clothes that fit you there. If you go now you should be able to make it to the admin building before anyone sees you."

My nervous heart relaxes a bit. That's the best plan I have so far-even if it still requires me to streak across campus. "That's perfect! Thank you! Thanks so much, I say. "Listen, I have to go. I-please don't tell anybody about this. I cannot have the whole student body think I'm some exhibitionist pervert!"

That draws another giggle. "Mhm, sure, naked girl," Sasha says before ending the call on me. "I mean, it's not as if you decided flashing your body to your crush was a good idea, right?"

"Hey!" I yell to no avail. I toss my phone back into my backpack and slam the desk with my fist. God, this is such a nightmare.

Whatever, I don't have time to feel sorry for myself. I grab my backpack and hold it across my chest as I make for the door. My breasts are too big for me to run without supporting them, so this strategy will solve that problem while also protecting what little modesty I have left. I leave the towel behind knowing that I'll just trip if I try to run while wearing it. I shove the door open, look both ways as if I'm crossing the street, then sprint down the hallway, the slap of my bare soles against the tile floor echoing as far as the horizon goes. I can't believe I'm doing this, I think as I pick up the pace. My chubby thighs clap together, as if to announce to the whole wide world a girl is now streaking campus. Who could've possibly taken my clothes? It makes no sense. The professor might be the biggest bitch on the planet but even she isn't that cruel. It has to be a mix-up. Maybe her assistant accidentally took them while I was still passing? No, that makes no sense but who else could it possibly be? Someone who noticed I had a crush on Madeline and wanted to humiliate me in front of her, I guess?

I shake my head at myself as warm sunlight kisses my skin, now that I'm outside on campus proper. It doesn't matter what happened: my only priority now is to find clothes to wear before class ends. Fortunately for my sake, the concrete walkways surrounding the campus's buildings are quiet, and the few stragglers I spot are too far or too distracted with their own lives to notice my nudity. In a way, I almost feel invisible. I'm out in the open, protected by nothing but my backpack, and everyone is none the wiser. It's actually kind of freeing.

I allow my backpack to part from my breasts and strap it over my back, if only because my arms are too tired to carry it further. The admin building is not far, but to make it there, I have to climb up a flight of concrete steps facing the parking lot—which is not an option, as far as I'm concerned. I slip behind the nearest trimmed shrubbery and fall on all fours as I deliberate my options. I must look like the biggest naked idiot on the security cameras right now. I look up to a camera watching over this side of the admin building and give it a limp-wristed wave. Oh, don't mind me, 1.T. guy! I think to myself, rolling my eyes so far that they bounce around in my skull. I'm not an exhibitionist. I'm a nude model, you see? This is all just one big great misunderstanding!

Enough thinking. I have to move. I rise to my feet, then dash past the green shrubs before—

"Hey! What are you doing outside of class?" a harsh, low voice calls out, separating my soul from my earthly form from fright alone. "Look at me while I'm talking to you."

Fuck fuck fuck!

I spin to face the voice in question, but instead I'm smothered by the thick shrubs. Can he see me? I balance on my tippy toes as I try to spot him without revealing too much bare skin. "Sorry, sorry!" I say, my voice cracking like broken glass. Rough branches scratch at my skin, as if to remind me again and again how vulnerable I am. "I was just uh going to the lost and found. I forgot my phone yesterday and I'm hoping I'll find it there!"

The man is just a janitor judging by his dirty, unorganized attire, consisting of a jacket and wife-beater that would almost give the impression that he's homeless if it wasn't for him holding a mop. Still, now I'm in danger, if he steps to the side even slightly...

"You should be more thoughtful. Someone probably stole it by now," he says.

I hug closer to the hedge, hoping to God that he doesn't question why I'm showing so much skin through the branches. Beads upon beads of sweat pour from my forehead. I can't stay here. I need to go, now.

"You're right! You're, uhm... right," I stumble. I twist my neck in both directions to make sure that I'm not about to be flanked. The coast is clear for now. "Still I'm going to check anyway. For the peace of mind, right? So... I'm just going to go do that now."

He gives me a long, but ultimately harmless glare before turning away. "Word of warning, missy, you shouldn't wear such revealing cinthes. Dress code doesn't like strapless dresses."

Blood rushes to my cheeks. "I'll keep that in mind, I say, realizing I don't have to answer him while he walks away. Fuck me. That was too close. Way, way too close!

I make my escape past the greenery and up the concrete steps, throwing caution to the wind knowing that I only have a few minutes before the next bell rings. The admin building has to be jam packed with faculty, but the lost and found itself should be in reception, guarded by whatever secretary that's scheduled. I can speak past them. I can't sneak past everyone else on campus.

Once I'm at the double doors, I drop my backpack on the ground and glue my eyes to the glass. Reception isn't empty-because of course it isn't. Instead a group of students are waiting by the secretary's desk, making conversation. Fuck

I need to go back. I can't just walk in there, I think as my hand hovers over the door handle. I can't do this. I'm fucking naked. I can't just walk into a crowded room and pretend that nothing is wrong!

It takes a moment of indecision to realize that my hand is shaking. My nerves are beyond fried, and that's to say nothing of the adrenaline pumping my heart far past its breaking point. I need to get it together. Right here at the front door is the worst place for me to fall apart like this.

I seal my eyes shut and throw the door open, pretending that I'm invisible as I walk barefoot into the office proper. The layout of the space is easy to remember by heart, and so far, nobody has shrieked at my nudity yet, so I take several steps forwards before allowing

myself to reopen my eyes. A load-bearing pillar near the waiting area is my best choice for cover: I dash to it and crouch, sticking my back to its surface as conversation erupts around me. I wait there like a statue, frozen except for my throbbing heartbeat. After a long, perilous moment, I slowly tilt my head beyond the pillar. To nobody's surprise, the front desk is surrounded by bodies, college students, one guy and one girl, although their talking is too quiet for me to hear exactly what they're saying. I fall back on all fours as I spot the lost and found box a few steps away from the desk itself. I can't see its contents without standing up but there has to be clothes inside. They don't even have to fit me. At this point of my naked journey, I'd be happy wearing a potato sack like Marilyn Monroe.

"Oh, she definitely likes you, Mads. Did you see the looks she was giving you in class today?" a voice echos. "It's so obvious. I can't believe she thought that posing naked would work."

Fuck me, I think. I start to crawl away from the pillar, but the sound of footsteps coming my way forces me to stay put. I throw my hands on my chest and shield my breasts, knowing that there's little else I can do. Fuck fuck fuck!

"I mean... it was a cute gesture," another voice says, one that can't help but spike my heart rate. Madeline's. A bit.. weird, seeing that I now know what she looks like naked. But cute, nevertheless."

Please stop talking about me, I think. I lean my head to the side again and find Madeline's legs pass straight by me, accompanied by a female friend I don't recognize. Now there are six people in this room. How the hell am I supposed to sneak to the lost and found now?

This is honestly worse than torture. My crush is talking about me, and I'm stuck to hear every word. If she only knew that I was here...

"Cute? You have an interesting concept of 'cute', Mads. If I was you i'd be asking myself why some chubby nerdy girl thinks she has a chance with me. It's so pathetic."

My heart sinks deep into my chest. Please don't tell me that Madeline agrees with her, whoever's voice it belongs to

"Oh, stop it. Bella is nice. Now come on already. We have a class to get to, remember?"

I can almost hear the eye roll just from her friend's voice alone. "Oh, fine. No idea why you wanted us to take a detour through the admin building anyway."

I breathe a sigh of relief, almost collapsing on the floor from exhaustion. I listen for their footsteps leave the waiting room along with the students occupying the front desk. This is my chance. The secretary might still be there, but evading one person's gaze is a lot easier than six. Once the coast is clear, I hop to my feet and sprint out into the open, hoping to God that the secretary has her back turned. Her desk is vacant. Finally, some luck comes my way!

Once the lost and found is within arm's reach, I slide to the ground on my knees and tilt the box to its side. Electronics spill out, as well as hats, gloves, even a pair of sneakers but no clothes, at least none of the size that could ever possibly fit me. My heart skips a beat

as I toss item after item behind me, desperately hoping that maybe there's a hidden compartment at the bottom that could have something for me to wear. There's nothing.

jaw hangs from my face. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck! What am I supposed to do now? I don't have clothes. I don't have a way home. I'm stuck in one of the most crowded places on campus-will this nightmare ever end?

"Isabella, what are you doing?" a voice says from behind me. Madeline's

...Well, I guess this can't be any worse, I think.

I'm too humiliated to look her way. "I..."

"Here, put this on."

I turn my cheek, only to be hit by a balled up navy blue sweater the same one she had worn to class an hour ago. I give her a weak, but grateful smile. "I think someone might've taken my clothes, I say sheepishly.

She giggles lightly, but doesn't save me the humiliation of pointing her gaze somewhere else. "Yeah, I can see that."

I put the sweater on without complaint. It's just long enough for me to pull it down with my hands and hide my butt, for what good that does now. "How did you know I was here?"

Mads smirks. "Well, no offense, but you're not exactly hard to notice. I saw your sideboob when I came into the office. Well, actually, that's not true. I saw another student step into the changing room during our art session and didn't think anything of it until I saw him joking

about him stealing your clothes while I was in the hall. Pretty shitty of him. After that, though, I assumed you had to be somewhere, since Caulfield's class was empty when I came back."

For the first time, I feel my heart slowly begin to relax. I'm not exactly dressed yet, but it's a start, even if it's not enough to wear to my next class. Thanks. That means a lot to me, that you tried to save me from total humiliation."

That draws another laugh from her. "You're not out of the woods yet, naked girl. Should I drive you home, get you an actual outfit to wear?"

I smile back. "That would be lovely. Uhm. On one condition"

She gives me a glare. "A naked girl, bargaining? That's a first. Well, what is it?"

"You never tell anyone about this. Ever. Ever"

Madeline can only laugh. "Deal. Now let's get going. I still have to draw you, remember?"

THE END