**Emily Abroad**

by imanewb

**Emily Abroad... 18. Life at Full Volume pt. 2**

“Owie!” The girl hadn’t yet looked up from where she’d landed, her eyes locked on her knee as she prodded around the joint and groaned, either unaware of, or not caring about the display she was putting on for anyone who cared to look.

“Sorry, so sorry,” Emily Jane spluttered as she fidgeted, “I didn’t see you there… are you, umm, ok?”

“Only hurts when I prod it,” the girl announced sheepishly, pausing when she finally looked up at the person who’d knocked her flat on her backside.

“Oh, it hurts so bad!” She moaned through an exaggerated grimace as she reached out towards Emily Jane, “I think I better visit the infirmary, help me up?”

Her hand paused, not even halfway to Emily Jane’s outstretched hand, her eyes widening as if she’d suddenly realised something, the sly grin that formed before she continued sending little spikes of nervousness through Emily Jane, “but I wouldn’t want to get you in more trouble… I mean, you’re already naked… so maybe you should help me out instead…”

Emily Jane groaned, her concern for the girl on the floor warring with the knowledge of how this school dealt with ‘trouble’. “I don’t know,” was all she managed to say before they were interrupted.

“Ms. Saunders, Ms. Sinclair, what’s going on out here?”

The silence hung heavily between the girls as the teacher drew closer. The girl on the floor, Ms. Sinclair, looked enquiringly at Emily Jane who hesitated, uncertain what it was she was agreeing to but unable to deny the girl’s request, nodded minutely moments before the teacher came to rest before them.

“I tripped,” the girl lied as she grabbed Emily Jane’s hand and pulled herself to her feet, “she just stopped to give me a hand.”

As soon as she was standing, the girl leant heavily against Emily Jane draping an arm over her shoulder for support - the ‘insects-crawling-over-her-skin’ sensation intensified as Emily Jane’s skin warmed under the other girl’s touch until it was all she could focus on.

“Thanks doll, let’s get to class, I’m Cathy by the way,” the girl chatted away idly as they hobbled towards the classroom, “and you’re gonna be my little helper, right?”

Cathy’s fingertips briefly closed around a nipple as they walked through the classroom door - Emily Jane stiffened briefly, before brushing aside the touch as accidental, Cathy’s hand swinging side to side with their disjointed motions. The girls paused and looked round the art studio before hurrying to the only free seats as quickly as they could.

“Thank you Ms. Chambers,” the teacher spoke as Emily Jane settled Cathy behind an easel, “now, up you come...”

Emily Jane dropped her bag on the seat next to Cathy and, scratching the incessant itch, looked at the teacher curiously. Before she could ask any questions, however, the teacher patted the long, padded bench-like seat on the raised platform, beckoning her forwards as she continued speaking, “…so glad you came prepared, just get yourself comfortable, poses will be ten minutes each with a few minutes to stretch out any kinks in between, we’ll break for drinks after three or four positions…”

“Poses?” Emily Jane’s asked unintelligently, cheeks burning bright red and feet grinding to a halt as she felt every eye suddenly fixed on her as she stared uncomprehending at the teacher.

“Yes, yes,” the woman said as she reached out and pulled Emily Jane towards the stage, “such a pretty girl, you’ll be a great model… now, sit down, make yourself comfortable… drop your arm, good, bend your knee and turn your head…”

“Stop that!” Emily Jane finally protested, resisting as the woman tried slipping another loop around her arm, “You can’t string me up here for everyone to stare at!”

“You’ll be fine,” the teacher declared sounding confused, “the supports will help you hold the poses and,” she continued, lowering her voice so only Emily Jane could hear, “it’s too late to change your mind now Ms. Saunders - you volunteered, I’d rather we keep things amicable but…”

“But what,” Emily Jane interrupted, struggling against the strapping, “you’ll force me? You’re as bad, no worse than the other sadists here…”

The class erupted with shocked gasps; the woman opened her mouth but remained silent for several seconds as she stared down at Emily Jane.

“Well,” she said eventually, tersely pulling the cords taught before Emily Jane could react, “let’s see if we can’t adjust that attitude… that’s two demerits and…”

Emily Jane panicked as she felt herself being pulled upright by her wrists, her heart rate picking up as her feet left the floor. She barely registered the other straps as they were fastened around her limbs, her legs twitched involuntarily as the straps pulled taut, leaving her barely able to move.

Every eye seemed to be focussed on her helpless form as her muscles tensed and relaxed, fighting futilely against her restraints. Angry tears threatened to fall as a gag was pressed between her snapping teeth, each strangled breath barely filling her lungs until darkness pressed at the edges of her vision.

The teacher turned away from her and back to the class, her voice seeming to drift further and further away, becoming distant as if coming from another world entirely but, somehow, she knew every word was directed at her.

Embarrassment flooded through her veins, causing her cheeks to burn bright red as she closed her eyes, trying to escape the class’s hungry stares as the teacher detailed her body's curves and flaws. A thin line of drool slipped from the corner of her mouth as the description progressed, dripping slowly onto her chest where it mixed with beads of sweat dotting her exposed flesh.

Her eyes suddenly flew open as fingers trailed over her stomach, goosebumps rising in their wake. Her eyes met Cathy’s, looking back at her sympathetically from her desk as the other students closed around her, before seeking out the instructor. The evil bitch was smiling as the kids around her started pinching, squeezing, fondling whatever parts of her they could reach. Hands slid over her ribcage and thighs, grabbing roughly at the soft flesh as she squirmed pathetically.

Someone roughly grasped a breast, scoffing at its size. The kid’s laughter filled her ears, echoing painfully inside her skull as the assault on her body intensified. Their hands didn't stop, relentlessly exploring every inch of her skin as they moved freely around her helpless form.

It took everything she had not to scream into the gag as their rough hands continued exploring until the teacher finally sent them back to their desks whilst telling them what to do next.

“Now you’ve all got to know our model a little, divide your page into four panels, I’ll give you fifteen minutes to produce four sketches of,” she turned, scrutinising Emily Jane as she spoke, “her breasts, if you managed to find them, her baby smooth pubic area, her eyes,” the teacher stuttered at whatever it was she saw in Emily Jane’s expression, “a-and dealer’s choice… be sure to label each panel appropriately - Emily Jane’s baby cunt, for example… and begin.”

The fury that’d coursed through Emily Jane slowly ebbed as she tired from struggling uselessly against the restraints binding her. Her only comfort came from the way the teacher busied herself with the other students, refusing to even look back at her until the clock finally signalled the end of the first activity.

Emily Jane’s arms fell leaden by her side as the teacher slackened the supports, allowing her feet to fully touch the ground for the first time in what felt like forever. Students milled around, chatting and looking at each other’s work while she stubbornly ignored the woman, turning her head away from the proffered bottle of water, focussing instead on the dull throb of blood returning to her extremities to drown out the comments coming from the peanut gallery, resigned to waiting for whatever came next.

She didn’t have to wait long. With an impatient sigh, the teacher orchestrated her repositioning by two of her fellow students until she found herself reclined against the back of the chaise, torso twisted towards the class with one foot flat on the floor and the other on the seat, her knee bent almost to her chest - posed and held, as she overheard, like Balthus’s Therese on a Bench(see end), not that she had any idea who that was.

The only consolation, little that it was, in this and the positions that followed was that her thighs remained pressed tightly together, keeping prying eyes away from her kitty for the rest of the class.

Relief washed over Emily Jane as the bell rang signalling the end of the tortuous hour she’d spent being objectified and humiliated in front of her classmates. The other students took their time leaving, casting dispirited glances her way as the teacher shooed them from the studio.

The classroom grew quieter until only Cathy and the teacher remained, heads bowed together, the susurrations of their whispered conversation drowned out by the ticking of the clock. Emily Jane’s unease and confusion grew as she watched the pair glancing at her before the older woman stood and walked briskly from the room.

Cathy slowly stood and stretched languidly before walking towards Emily Jane, her eyes glinted with amusement and a wry smile tugged at her lips as she brushed matted hair from the bound girl’s face before untying the gag.

“You want out,” She stated breathily, and completely unnecessarily as far as Emily Jane was concerned, continuing without giving her a chance to respond, “and I want something to remember that class by, so are you going to be a good girl for me, or do we have to do this the hard way?”

“Too slow,” Cathy grinned salaciously when Emily Jane didn’t respond immediately, reaching up and placing a gentle hand on either side of her jaw and gently shaking her head before backing away. Emily Jane’s skin prickled with the loss of contact, icy fingers of dread running up and down her spine as she watched the dark-haired girl rummaging through supplies stored at the back of the room.

Cathy didn’t want to hurry but knew her time was limited. Her eyes flickered across Emily Jane’s flushed features, studying the subtle shift of muscles as she swallowed heavily.

"There, there," Cathy soothed as she slipped the gag back into place, “now relax and let’s get this done…”

She leaned closer, practically hovering above Emily Jane as she reached for the control pad. The gentle whir of the motors was the only warning Emily Jane got before she felt herself being pulled into the air. Cathy quickly slid the thick metal bars into place to take Emily’s weight, arching her back and pushing her chest out.

“Look at that,” she smirked, “they’re almost like real tits now, just one more adjustment…”

Cathy stepped back and surveyed her handiwork as Emily Jane’s lean legs parted, her naked pubis slowly exposed revealing a petite, perpendicular crack, framed between two smooth, fleshy lips. Emily Jane, unable to resist the pull of the motors, soon found her legs spread into a wide V - she closed her eyes and let her head drop back, whimpering softly behind the gag as her most intimate flesh was displayed under the bright lights for the other girl to savour.

Cathy stepped between her legs, watching gleefully as they moved further and wider, until Emily Jane was in an almost perfect side split - stopping the motors only when her outer lips widened and her inner lips pulled slowly apart, gaping open. She stood mesmerised for a moment as the pink interior glistened before her.

Emily Jane felt the brush of Cathy’s breath as the girl leant forward and sniffed at her opening. She felt like a piece of meat, a cheap whore, so wantonly displayed like this - she was getting lightheaded as her breathing grew more laboured, her anxiety worsening as adrenalin continued to flood through her body until her heart felt like it was about to explode from her chest.

She would have jumped out of her skin if she was able to move when she felt the cold liquid being brushed over her lips and round her puckered anus.

“There,” Cathy crooned as she pressed paper into Emily’s paint slicked folds, “a couple of prints for my wall and,” the rapid click, click, click of a shutter broke through the buzzing in Emily Jane’s ears, “a little something for the wank bank… and down you go!”

Emily Jane landed uncomfortably on the stage, her legs snapping together as the tension in the cables finally disappeared, allowing her to curl up in a ball. Her tears finally broke through while she lay there, trembling as the significance of Cathy’s words registered. She clawed at the gag, desperate to get it out of her mouth as she fought back the overwhelming urge to throw up, bile rising volcanically as she wondered just what Cathy had planned for those photos.