**Dr. Sex**

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When Kevin first brought it up, I thought he had lost his mind. We had been dating for a couple of months and had gotten into a nice routine. I thought I had finally found a nice guy; a doctor, self-sufficient, handsome and great in bed. I thought I was special to him as well, but after that conversation I felt like a cheap whore.

He brought it up subtly. He started telling me how he loved how responsive I was and how I told him what I wanted and needed. He said he wished there was a place men could go to "learn" how to please a woman; how to be better lovers.

After he told me his idea I was disgusted and decided I needed to go home and sleep in my own bed, by myself, possibly forever. I spent the next few days seething and angry. I thought about what he had wanted me to do and felt repulsed. I had decided not to see him anymore. I figured any guy that would ask me to do such a thing wasn't worth my time. I tried to move on, but the though kept gnawing away at my subconscious. I started to realize that there was a bit of a fantasy developing in my head; the thought of being watched, looked at, maybe even desired turned me on. Bitter disgust soon gave way to sweet temptation; and temptation soon gave way to enterprising inspiration, which soon gave way to, well, me touching myself at the idea.

So this is how I came to be sitting there, in the middle of a gynecologist's examination room on a Thursday night, surrounded by 5 eager beavers, Kevin and a whole month's rent richer. Kevin and I worked out the issues of how I felt about this over the last few weeks as we arranged our little "class." I was still nervous and apprehensive, but I must admit the excitement and anticipation was far more enticing at that point.

I looked around at the men. Most of them were boys, really. They were all over 18, we made sure of that. Two of them were 25 or 26. They were all a bit geeky, except one; he looked like the athletic type. I have to commend them all for doing this. I mean, wanting to learn how to be a good lover is one of the best things you can do for your partner. The room was cold and sterile. But for the floral painting on the wall and the pink wallpaper, it looked like any other physician's office. Kevin had raised the temperature, so that I would be comfortable. It's funny how gynecologist try to make their offices look homey, and then they do something to you that you would only do with someone in an intimate setting. Maybe they should make it dark and light a few candles while they are at it.

My heart beats sounded like they were pounding out of my ears and I couldn't hear Kevin's lecture on female anatomy. I kept focusing on my breathing. I didn't think I would be able to relax enough to give my feedback as we had planned, but it probably wouldn't matter.

I looked over at Kevin, who glanced at me reassuringly with those deep blue eyes. I had gotten over my initial disgust at him about it. I was still sort of looking at him more as a business partner than a lover, but he made me feel safe in this situation. He was my rock. He was good that way, always checking in to see if I was okay. I wasn't, but I am trying not to let him see that. It was not too late to back out , but I had said I would do this, so I am going to. I didn't have to do it again if I didn't want to.

The lights dimmed, and the overhead light came on over the exam table. It was time. I wasn't naked, only wearing an exam gown, with the opening in the front and a sheet draped over my lower half, just like when I get my yearly gyno exam. Kevin walked closer and whispered softly in my ear "Remember, you are in control and can stop anything or let things go as far as you like."

I shook my head in response and he kissed my forehead as he helped me lie back and put my feet in the stirrups. I was trembling. I closed my eyes and took a slow, deep breath like the teach you in yoga. "Try to relax. You're alone on the beach." I tried to tell myself. It was no use.

Kevin was continuing his little lecture and mentioning something about the mouth being an erogenous zone. He leaned in and kissed me, gently, then bit my lip. That calmed me a bit, and excited me a little. He knew it would.

He then put his hand over my left breast, still covered by the gown. He caressed it, knowingly. Keep breathing...

He said something about the nipple and the connection between that and the uterus is why they are another erogenous zone. The gown was pushed to the side and my breast was out there for the world, or at least the class, to see.

I took another breath. This was nothing. I had been on the nude beach down at Sandy Hook many times. My tits were used to the exposure. But my nipples were so erect and desperate for what I knew was about to come. I had been thinking, fantasizing, about this for weeks now. Kevin and I really hadn't had sex since all this started. I hadn't felt right about it, and he hadn't pushed the issue. We talked about the class, our "choreography" and how it would go. I thought about the thrill of it when he wasn't with me and it really turned me on. In that moment that it was here it all seemed so surreal.

I felt his warm breath on my nipple as he spoke to the class, getting closer... closer.... Then I felt his wet tongue slowly circle just outside it. I slightly arched my back, wanting to stick my whole nipple in his mouth. I could feel his coy, teasing smile as he pulled back just enough and asked if that felt good.

"Yes" I said softly. He did it again and I arched my back even more this time.

Bingo! My nipple was in his mouth and this time he suckled on it, but only enough to really get me excited. He pulled his face away for a second as I just started to enjoy it and continued with the lecture.

I had forgotten they were there. The nervousness started to creep back in when I heard him ask "Who wants to give it a try?"

There it was. This was what I was nervous about. Some exchange went on and then Kevin moved away slightly to make room for my first "tester". I didn't look at him out of fear. I had decided I wanted this to remain slightly unreal and I thought I would be better off without a visual of the whole thing. If I didn't see it, it didn't happen...

Sure, it didn't happen.

I felt a cool hand near my chest. He gently placed his hand on my breast and barely touched it. He felt a little clumsy at first, nervous. That made me feel so much better.

Kevin interjected "It's okay to be firm when you touch it. She likes to know your there." As he said this I felt his hand gently stroke the hair off my forehead, reassuring; loving. It was very weird, but somehow oddly sensual between us as a couple. A couple. I hadn't really thought of us that way since he had first brought all this up. Odd that was when I decided to start feeling romantic again.

The hand on my breast had gotten stronger and a little more confident. I started to relax more as my student did. I then felt a wet tongue and warm breath making it's way around my hard nipple.

"How does that feel?" Kevin asked. He was queuing me for feedback.

I promised I would be honest. "Good, but you could suck harder, even bite a little." The student obliged. I could feel the heat building in my crotch. I knew I was going to start dripping soon.

One by one they took their turn until the last one was just starting. This was such a turn on; all of these different hands, mouths, eyes... cocks. Yes, I said it. they were all still fully clothed, but I knew they were there and my now hormone driven mind started to wonder what they all looked like without those jeans...

It was then that Kevin had moved on to the rest of my anatomy. While student number 5 worked on his sucking technique, Kevin knew I was ready for more. He pulled the bottom sheet away so that I was completely exposed. At that point I didn't care anymore. He showed them all my anatomy, and then took his index finger and rubbed it on my clit. I was so turned on at this point I almost came just from that. I took a deep breath and Kevin showed the students how he rubs his fingers around in slow little circles.

I dug my fingernails into my palm trying to stop the orgasm from coming. He knew what was about to happen and stopped, moving his hand away. I almost kicked him for it and he knew it. I heard a devilish snort as he knew all this was driving me mad.

He explained to the class that he wanted to bring me to orgasm so they could see what happened in the process. He asked the student working on my breast to stop and watch. While I was upset about that, I was happy when I felt Kevin near my face whispering "Are you ready."

The stupid look on my face was enough for him to understand that he needed to hurry up and make me come, immediately. He kissed me and then licked his way down to my breast and slowly moved his hand down to my thighs and rubbed them a few times before working his 2 middle fingers onto my clit. I felt 5 sets of eyes staring at my vagina. It was intoxicating.

He sucked my breast, harder and harder as his fingers moved around slowly and then went inside my now dripping wet pussy. He slowly slid them in and the all the way out and over my clit. Then he would pause, teasing, and start the slow glide in again. Over and over, slowly in, slowly out. A swirl over my clit, then slowly in again. I breathed deeply. I knew I was close and if I just breathed it would happen stronger.

Then he sped up the pace. In deep, fingering my G spot with his long fingers as he got in as far as he could, and out, rubbing my clit. I thrust my hips to the rhythm of his fingers going in, deeper, and out... in deeper, and out.

The next thrust he got all the way in and rubbed my sweet spot with his finger as he rubbed my clit with his thumb. That was it. I lost it. My muscles tightened and relaxed on his fingers over and over and I moaned pleasure from somewhere deep in my core. Waves rushed all over my body and I felt the most intense euphoria. It was the deepest orgasm I had ever felt.

I heard a sigh from the classroom which reminded me we were not alone. I lay back and breathed, but for some reason I felt it was okay to open my eyes and look at them. They were all in awe, and when I looked at the bulges in the front of their pants, I could see I wasn't the only one that enjoyed the last 5 minutes.

Kevin knew I needed a minute before we went on. He covered me and I lay there recovering. He told the guys to take 5. He figured they may need a minute to, well, pop one off; but as they were walking out of the room I whispered to him to tell them specifically not to do that. He did, then looked at me quizzically.

After they had left the room he kissed me and said that looked like the most delicious orgasm he had ever seen. I told him it was and that I had been so turned on I couldn't stand it. He seemed pleased, but a bit confused.

He kissed me a bit more, gently. It was weird; this seemed so intimate really, even though it was so... public.

As we made out, I reached my hand down and felt this incredible hard-on, like I had never felt before. He smiled at me and kissed me again. I wanted him to fuck me so badly. I was getting turned on again.

The class gathered back for what was now my favorite subject. It was time to see if they had learned anything, or just gotten turned on.

Kevin instructed them to each take turns trying to make me come. It probably wouldn't happen like it did for him, because I had already had such a crazy, strong orgasm, but just to see if they had the idea.

One by one they sucked and finger fucked me as I gave feedback; harder, deeper, faster, slower, until each one would be able to please just about any woman without a second thought. I didn't come again, though, mostly because I kept thinking about Kevin's hard cock.

When the last guy was done, I looked around at their still bulging pants and said "Time for some extra credit, boys." They all looked at me, quizzically.

"I want you all to take your hard cocks out and masturbate while you watch me come again."

I was in control. I was giving a room full of horny men permission to whack off to me.

I didn't have to ask twice. They all dropped their pants as fast as a hummingbird flaps it's wings, including Kevin. I admired all their different shapes and sizes. One long and thin; one ultra thick, but short; one longer with a gigantic head; one medium sized with a lot of hair around it; and one really small (I found it amusing that this one belonged to the jock). I marveled at how hard they all were, and knowing that they were hard because of me. This was the ultimate turn-on. I had all the power right now and I wanted to give them something they would never forget.

Kevin pulled out some lube from a drawer and passed it around and started tugging his enormously hard cock. "Not you, Kevin. You're going to make me come." I demanded.

He smiled, knowingly, and walked over. He touched my clit and started to put his fingers inside when I stopped him. He gave me another quizzical look, wondering what I wanted him to do. "I want you to Fuck me with your hard cock!" I said, forcefully.

He was all too happy to oblige. He made his way between my legs in the stirrups and rubbed the head of his cock on my clit. I started to moan. He bent down and kissed my neck and slowly kissed up towards my mouth. He bit my lip as he slipped the head of his cock in, stopped and gave me that devilish smile again. This time, I knew he wouldn't hold out for so long.

Knowing that the students were watching turned me on so much. I glanced over at the two who were on my left and watched them pulling on their members. It was almost like we were all having sex at the same time; like they were fucking me too, at least with their eyes. I knew they were all imagining themselves in Kevin's place.

Kevin kissed me hard as he thrust himself deep inside me. I moaned with deep delight as I felt his rock hard pole massaging my guts like it was beating eggs. He stared into my eyes as he pumped into me over and over and he kissed me deep and hard, never losing eye contact. His hands reached around my back and held me so tight to him. I reached around and grabbed his ass and pulled him deeper into me with each thrust until I lost all control and came all over him, pulling him deep into me as he came inside me.

I heard 2 of the students moan as they came at the site of what happened. I think we had lost the others earlier on.

Kevin kissed me deeply, and put his hands on my head, caressing the sides of my face while looking into my eyes. We stayed lost like this for a minute as he lay inside me until we heard some rustling as the students were getting themselves back together.

"Class dismissed." Kevin said, "Next week we'll go over cunnilingis, if you want to come back; just sign up on that notebook." There was a mad scramble for the pen.

After they left, Kevin held me for a while. He told me I had done really, really well and that he was proud of me for getting through it. He then said he loved me. Oddly, I knew it was true. What had started out as something that I thought felt dirty and shameful and would push us apart ended in something wonderful, for both of us.

And who knows, maybe there's a market for women who want to be better lovers for their men...