**Elizabeth the Exhibitionist**

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"The Nukabé tribe is a strange, indigenous people of West Columbia. We are very excited to be given this opportunity to go study them."

Professor Thomas Wiggins was my Archeology professor at UC. I interned under him and was well into the second year where I had worked on various grants for him. Mostly just sorting data. I was still a year away from completing my thesis, but eventually I would have my doctorate.

"This would be your first assignment with us where you actually get to work in the field, is that right, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, professor," I said.

"Well, Elizabeth, I want you to know, this trip is not mandatory. South America can be a very dangerous place, though the Nukabé tribe is renowned for being perhaps the most peaceful tribe on the continent. There should be no threat of violence there, but still, fair warning and all."

"That's good to know," I said. "All the better to make me feel about coming on this one."

"Well, I do need to fill you with a few more details before you make up your mind."

"OK," I said.

"Even though these indigenous tribes of South America are small and confined, acts of criminality do occur. Missionaries murdered, in-tribe violence, the occasional rape. The Nukabé tribe is unique in that there has never been one reported act of violence in their known history. And they were first discovered in 1891!"

"How often have they had foreigners visit or been studied?"

"More than five known, recorded expeditions. Various missionaries have been there, of course. The tribe has always allowed people to stay or come and go as they pleased, so long as they contributed to the community in some way."

"Then why is this study so special?"

"Because it's been almost two decades since anyone last recorded their activities. All the studies we've seen to date show an indigenous people that, no matter how much they are exposed to the advancing world, refuse to move with it. It will be interesting to see that hold true today."

"How many weeks again?"

"Six. We leave in two weeks. But here's the thing, Liz..."

"Spit it out already," I said.

"They may be a peaceful tribe, but they do have a rather unusual 'hierarchy' to their tribe. For outsiders, it may appear as if women were considered second-class citizens."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the women there, especially young ones such as yourself, are often subjected to rather humiliating ordeals. Many go naked, not as a matter of practicality, but rather to please the men's attention. Some even perform sexual acts on them, out of duty as it were."

"I thought you said they were a peaceful people. It sounds to me like they oppress their women, even treat them like slaves!"

"That's just it. None of these women do these things unwillingly."

"Of course, that's what they say!" I exclaimed. "They're abused women!"

"It's not that simple."

"Of course it is!" I scoffed. No one, man or woman, would want to play slave to another.

"No, listen to me carefully. The first expedition that discovered this tribe in 1891 actually held that belief. That even though the tribe was friendly and peaceful, the humiliation of these women was a cruel and unjust thing. However, as they assimilated with the tribe, they recorded that the women were all quite happy and content. Genuinely happy! The next expedition, in 1921, the next research team recorded the same phenomena."

"OK," I said, hesitating. I felt as if there were more to this coming.

"So two years later, in 1923, another expedition was assembled, this time with four women on the team. It was a first as only men had gone before. They wanted to discover if the female tribe members would perhaps bond with these female researchers, even though they would not subjugate themselves to such acts. The thinking was, considering how peaceful a people they are, that the tribe would get a better understanding of their own abusive culture and understand it better."

"Makes sense," I said.

"The thing is, when they arrived, three of the girls began getting unnaturally sexually aroused. Within minutes, they were as naked as many of the tribeswomen were and behaving just as audaciously at times."

"What?"

"The girls reported that they couldn't help themselves. That they wanted to perform the actions in which they engaged. Elizabeth, they were subjected to some very shameful things!"

"Like sexual abuse?"

"Yes... and no. It's not abuse if the person wants it to happen. Every time, this is exactly what happened. The women reported they were okay with behaving this way; that they enjoyed it. If these reports are accurate, some would go so far as to masturbate for an audience. Anyway, though things like this occurred, there were no known incidents of actual rape or sexual abuse."

"How strange," I said. "But why would women behave this way in public? Something in the water?"

"Perhaps. We have a theory that it is some kind of natural aphrodisiac that is either in the environment, or perhaps something emanating from the tribesmen; something in their pheromones, perhaps."

"So let me get this right. You're saying if I go down there, there is a good chance that I will act lewdly, uncontrollably, in front of you and others, including strangers! And I won't mind doing it?"

"I am telling you that statistically that is a possibility. Based on the evidence of the report from 1923, as well as much larger study done almost twenty years ago, a majority of the women willfully denigrate themselves. We're talking something like six or seven in ten. The others won't be affected at all; just like the men in the group. I will say this, though..."

"What's that?" I asked.

"We're going down there to specifically study this phenomena, along with other cultural aspects, too, of course. However, if you are unaffected by whatever makes the female gender respond this way while in the village, we are sure you would not think down on the women that are affected."

"Of course I wouldn't," I said. "I still have a hard time believing this is a willful act of the women. I'm thinking there is something much more nefarious happening."

"Regardless, should you be affected, we wouldn't think any differently of you. We would all be respectful and take the opportunity to study the phenomena."

I should mention that I have perhaps the largest breasts-to-frame-size in the whole of New York. I was naturally lithe and thin, with a firm butt, but my breasts are gigantic; of epic proportions. Someone once said I had the breasts of Dolly Parton, but bigger. "Much bigger." Giant areolas encircled thick, meaty nipples. I was more a freak of nature than a honey pot, though.

Until recently, I hadn't even been naked in front of anyone in years. The other night, for a large sum of money and other reasons I am still unsure of, I worked a party topless. I had to admit, it turned me on a lot, to be ogled by so many men. It was not nearly as bad an experience as I thought it would be and I discovered that many guys do like large breasts, even ones like mine.

The thought of not only being naked, but downright slutty in front of an audience, was suddenly a huge turn on for me. Thoughts of that party were still fresh in my head and admittedly, it often got me excited thinking about it. Without hesitating a moment longer, I insisted on joining the party and Professor Wiggins could do nothing to convince me otherwise.

So imagine my surprise and disappointment when we finally arrived. Within minutes of entering the village, while so many of the tribespeople were gathering around to greet us, six of the ten women in our large convoy began disrobing entirely.

I was surprised so many female scientists and interns had agreed to join this party after being told of the risks, but considering how quickly I agreed to join on, I suppose I shouldn't have been so surprised, after all. Now, all six of these women were rubbing their breasts, tweaking their nipples and a few even playing with themselves as they introduced themselves to the crowd. Some of the tribeswomen were just as naked as these interns and frankly, just as lewd. One older tribeswoman, perhaps in her forties, was giving head to a young man almost half her age and no one seemed to even acknowledge it!

"It is a strange phenomenon, indeed, is it not?" said Professor Wiggins, approaching behind me.

"Yes, it is," I said, and it was then I made the immediate decision to do something absurd. I quickly ripped off my shirt, exposing my tits which were held firmly in place by a huge black bra. In one motion, I unsnapped the front and popped it off, before tearing my pants and panties off. In seconds, I stood completely naked in front of the professor and the rest of the crowd.

One of the naked interns hollered from the center of the crowd, "You, too! I'm so glad there's more of us!"

"So it appears you, too, are affected," said the professor, looking me up and down.

"Yes," I lied, watching his eyes pause on my large nipples, taking a long look. I could swear he licked his lips, and though I probably should have found it creepy, it excited me. Frankly, I wouldn't haven't cared if he enjoyed it or not; just the act of being so exposed in front of so many strangers and colleagues was thrilling to me.

"You were able to hold out a bit longer than the other girls," he said.

"I tried my best," lying again. Following the other girls' cue, I began stroking the edges of my nipples. At this point, I was committed to playing the role of one of these sexually-mesmerized girls, so I had to do whatever they did to keep up appearances.

Cindy, a rather plain looking brunette and the youngest in the group, had her legs spread far apart and she was shoving two fingers in her pussy, while talking to one of the other girls and a few of the tribespeople. Professor Wiggins walked over to her.

"Cindy, are you able to talk a moment?" he asked.

"Sure, Doc!" she said, turning directly towards him, ensuring he got a fantastic look at her swollen pussy.

"Does this... uh.. being in this state...," he stammered a bit, waving at her, "... it doesn't bother you?"

"Actually, no," said Cindy, diving her fingers in deeper. "It's rather strange. It's like I'm just compelled. I'm so horny right now, it's unexplainable! To the point I'm not in the least offended who watches. I... I just need to fuck myself right now. It makes sense in my mind that everyone will be okay with that, too. Oh, and it feels so damn good, better than any time I have ever masturbated!"

"Hmm.. a strange thing," said the professor, turning back to me. "What about you? Do you feel compelled the same way?"

Knowing what I had to do, I arched my back and spread my legs, as if I was straddling a horse. I then reached down and began rubbing my pussy in a circular motion. I couldn't believe I was doing this, being so slutty. I continued the lie, "As a matter of fact, I do believe Cindy is explaining it well."

"And you two don't mind all of us watching you right now?"

"I really can't control it," said Cindy, grinding in a rhythm. "I don't see why I should let that bother me, though. I mean... I guess I should, but I don't."

I nodded my head in agreement when two of the tribesmen walked up to me. "Why you do that?" said the taller of the two, directly at me. He was very dark and muscular and not wearing much. His half-hard cock was long and raised the fabric of his short tunic. I couldn't help but think the show I was giving contributed to his state of arousal.

I rubbed my pussy more furiously as he gazed upon me. "Do what exactly?" I asked. I couldn't believe everyone was watching my tits bounce up and down, as I pounded myself. The entire crowd was now beginning to gather around me, many ignoring the other girls. It seemed like I was getting the most attention.

The tall tribesman reached out and lifted my hair, gently. I quit fucking myself to squeeze my nipples hard as he waved my long hair in the air.

"You not a black hair. Not possible!" he exclaimed, waving his hands up and down me.

I was just starting to understand what he was implying when Professor Higgins spoke up.

"That's amazing!" he said. "Beth, JoAnne and Carly aren't affected and they're all natural blondes, like you. But look! All the brunettes in the group are behaving lewdly."

Not wanting to come clean, I squeezed my left breast and pinched the nipple hard. "And yet I am compelled, too." In a way, it was true; only not the whole truth.

Professor Higgins stepped closer and leaned in. My left breast was rubbing against his shirt; he was so close. "Elizabeth, are you sure you're being affected the same way the other girls are? Look around you. Even the tribeswomen who behave this way are all dark-haired girls. The ones with lighter hair, and there are only a few, are not behaving in this manner at all."

"What are you suggesting, doctor?" Not wanting to give away any sense of fakery, I grabbed my right tit and lifted it to my mouth, sucking hard on the end of the nipple while I looked innocently at the professor.

He finally turned to the tribesman. "Is it possible this is a first?

"Never happened," said the tribesman, struggling to explain no light-haired woman had ever been affected by the village's spell. "Can't happen!" He crossed his arms, looking at me sternly while I continued to fake being under their spell.

The professor turned to me again, silently, also just staring at me as I continued to work harder to convince them.

"Do you dye your hair, Elizabeth?"

I lifted my nipple out of my mouth to meekly say, "No."

"Do you want to explain yourself?"

I pounded a bit harder, driving my fingers in deeper, yet the two men just stood silently watching me as if I was a freak rather than normal like the other girls. They were already cumming and no one was paying them any mind. Finally, I stopped and stood up straight.

"Fine!" I exclaimed. "I only did it, because I didn't want the other girls to feel embarrassed like I thought they would."

It wasn't really the truth, but I was hoping they would let it go.

"Well, your actions could seriously skew our data, Elizabeth. Did you not think about that?"

"Uh, I guess not, but... but..."

"But what?"

"Well, what if I do want to do it? Who is to say I shouldn't if you're allowing the other girls to?"

"But they are compelled to, with no choice in the matter."

The tall black man next to the professor nodded along in agreement.

"But yeah... uh... but, well, this is hard to explain."

"Why don't you start at the beginning," said the professor.

The rest of the team, by this point, had huddled around our conversation, a couple of the girls still in the act of stroking their pussies. One girl was assisting her friend, slowly fingering her, before getting down on her knees to use her tongue, yet I seemed to be the only one who even noticed. It got me so wet witnessing the scene and I decided to go with a truth of some nature.

"Professor, I am really, really horny right now. I need to cum, this is not a lie. Now maybe the other girls are experiencing a different kind of feeling or compulsion to explain their actions, but I suppose I'm suggesting that perhaps, if this is allowed here, that this is the reason why I am okay with doing it in front of all of you."

"Are you suggesting that if it was allowed, say, back at home, you would do it there, too?"

"I don't know. Maybe," I said, beginning to caress my left breast with my left hand again, pinching the nipple for good measure.

The professor paused for some time, finally saying, "Well, this does make for an interesting turn of events. I don't see why you shouldn't be allowed to do what the others do, yet yours is a different social experiment altogether."

"I have a solution," I said, continuing to stroke my nipple, letting everyone around see my actions well. "How about we follow through on the others, and just see how I behave on the side? I assure you that I will do my job whether I decide to fuck myself or not, or anyone else for that matter. I promise to always be honest with you if it is simply my exhibitionist behaviors that I believe are the cause of my actions, or if it is something else."

"Is that what is happening now? You admit to it? You're doing this of your own volition?"

"Yes," I said, finally confessing while sliding my right hand down to my pussy, gently touching the clit. "Will you please let me cum?" I whispered.

The professor looked at the others and even the scowling tribesman shrugged his shoulders and grinned slightly. Finally, the professor spoke.

"By all means, continue."

Moments later, a fire erupted in me, the strongest orgasm I'd ever experienced as nearly twenty people watched, allowing me to fuck myself indiscriminately in front of them. It was so hot to be so free.

And this was only the first day...