**Exposing Carol**

by[luv2bseen](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=113335&page=submissions)©

Carol saw her husband's car pull into the driveway. "It's now or never," she thought. She greeted him warmly.  
  
"Hi, sweetie," She kissed John softly on his mouth. "Hmm, you smell so good." John hugged her close to him. He loved her curves and flesh. And he loved the shyness she often displayed.  
  
"John, let's sit down for a minute, I need to talk with you about something." She led him to the living room, grasping his hand tightly. He sat in the Queen Anne chair and she sat opposite him. She took a deep breath.  
  
"What is it, honey, you look so serious. Is there something wrong?"  
  
"No, there's nothing wrong, at least not yet. But I need to say something, actually request something is more like it, and I hope you don't get mad at me." She cast her eyes down away from him. She sighed again. He recognized her behavior as the shyness he loved so much.  
  
"Carol, you know you can talk with me about anything. I won't get mad. So, what's up?" He smiled at her and saw her relax just a little. Then, she leaned in a bit closer to him and began to speak softly.  
  
"Since I've been about five years old—oh, God, I can't believe I'm going to say this—since I've been five, I've always gotten excited when I've been exposed."  
  
"Exposed?"  
  
"You know, naked. It's always turned me on when I've been nude in front of people, especially when they, themselves, were clothed. God! I can't believe I'm doing this." She looked at John who was staring at her intently. He leaned forward in his chair.  
  
"Honey, how long have we known each other? Fourteen years. And, now, after all that time, you're finally telling me something that I wish I had known a long time ago. But, why now? What made you want to tell me this now?"  
  
She searched his face, looking for any sign of displeasure. What she saw was love and a little bit of lust. She smiled back, ready to put it all on the line. "John, we have a great life together. Our love keeps on growing. The children are great. The sex is good. But, I can't get this urge to go away. I've tried hard to suppress it for years. Sometimes, I worry that I'm obsessed by it. But, then I think, 'I'm an adult, there's no harm in exposing myself under certain conditions.' And that's what I want to do…" She paused and then finished the sentence. "… with your help."  
  
"My help? What does that mean?" He felt a stirring in his body. A sexual excitement. This could be a life-changing moment for them. He saw her familiar blush but also something new that he couldn't figure out.  
  
"John, I want you to direct me in this. I want you to set up situations where I'll be required to be naked in front of people. I'll have no say in what you want me to do. It'll be your call. I may be embarrassed or even humiliated by the situation but I'll be really excited too. That's what I want you to do." She looked at him and he stared right back. She had done it. She'd opened herself to him like never before. Now it was up to him.  
  
"I'll do it," he said. "I don't know what exactly, but I'll do it…and you'll do it…you'll do what I say." He could feel his cock stiffen. He extended his hand and Carol reached for it.   
  
"Thank you, my love. Thank you so very much." Then, he took her in his arms, breathed in her tantalizing smell, felt her squeeze his sex.   
  
In her own words—  
  
That's how it began. My revelation and request raised an edge in our relationship. Every time John looked at me, I felt he was undressing me with his eyes. It was like every day he was meeting me for the first time. I felt so horny, anticipating what it was that he would have me do. He kept teasing me, telling me that today might be the day when I'd get my first "assignment." The sexual tension was exquisite.  
  
Six days after I revealed my desire, I was looking at my email when a new message popped up—one line from John, telling me to look on page 174 of one of his legal books in his downstairs study. I stared at the screen, trying to collect myself. I could stop this now, before it started. I could tell John that I was afraid of where it would lead. But my desire, my obsession, was too great. This is what I wanted. I wanted to be seen.   
  
I opened the book and found a note. It said that John had made an appointment for me with a portrait photographer. I was supposed to call the studio and get the details of what to wear. The receptionist who answered the phone told me to bring three dresses that I thought I looked good in. She said I should expect to spend about two hours in the studio. She looked forward to meeting me the next day.  
  
John got home at 7 p.m. He saw my face and knew that I had followed through with his instructions. He smiled and said only one thing about it. "Carol, the photographer is very good, very professional. He'll get some great shots of you. Just do everything he says. He knows exactly what I want." Our love-making that night was passionate, frenzied fucking. John was very hard and, when he came, I felt like I was clutching a wild animal. My cunt overflowed with his cum. My chest pounded against his. My orgasm shook me to the core.  
  
I was still asleep when John left early the next morning for a business meeting. My pubic hair was matted with semen. I could still smell him on my fingertips. I got up thinking of what was to happen later that day. I spent the rest of the morning having difficulty concentrating on anything else. After a shower, I gathered the three outfits I thought would photograph well, had a light lunch and, with increasing excitement and a bit of anxiety, drove across the city to the studio.  
  
A pretty, young woman named Kira greeted me with a warm smile. She took me to a cozy dressing room and asked me to put on one of my dresses. She said she'd return with the photographer in about ten minutes. Being alone in that room, waiting, only made me more nervous and excited. I chose an elegant black dress that accentuated my cleavage. I must admit that I looked pretty good in it. There was a knock on the door and Kira came in with Wesley Coleman, the photographer.   
  
"Carol, a pleasure to meet you. I'm Wesley Coleman. You look great in that dress. Are you ready to start?" I nodded. "Good. Your husband told me that you wanted a formal portrait and then something a bit risqué. Is that correct?" I nodded again, still trying to find my voice, understanding more of what was ahead for me. "Excellent. He also told me that you're rather shy, so this is a big step for you. Well, not to worry, I've got five excellent assistants and we'll do our best to discover the real you."   
  
The number jumped at me. Five assistants! Six people will be watching me as the photos are taken! And I'm not sure exactly what kinds of photos they'll be. As John instructed, I'd played along with acting like I knew what I wanted. All I did know was that I was about to pose for a half dozen strangers. I tried to contain my growing excitement.  
  
We entered the studio, a larger room than I had expected. Wesley introduced his assistants, all of them young men. He then had me sit in a luxurious chair in front of a dark backdrop. Two of the assistants fussed with my hair and applied some light makeup. Another carefully draped my dress around my legs. Suddenly, some large lights went on. The other assistants helped Wesley adjust the lighting and then he was ready to shoot.  
  
"Okay, Carol, just hold that pose. That's right. Great! Okay, now we're going to reposition you." They did their work very efficiently and professionally. Wesley must have taken more than 15 poses, changing the lighting and the angles. I liked being the focus of attention. After about 20 minutes, he called for a break to reposition the lights in a different part of the studio. "You're a great model, Carol. So natural, yet with a little bit of that shyness showing through. Next, were going to do a series of shots over there." He pointed to a French lounging chair set against a red velvet backdrop. He took my hand and walked me to the new set. I think he could feel the wetness of my palm.  
  
"What I want, Carol, is for you to sort of recline on your side on the lounge. Prop yourself on your elbow." I did as I was told. I noticed that the lighting was softer, more romantic. "Okay, Carol, Billy here is going to adjust your dress a bit." Billy moved in toward me and reached up to the spaghetti straps of my dress. Gently, he slid them off my shoulders. Then he tugged on my bodice so that a lot more of my breasts were visible. He startled me with that action and quickly apologized. Somewhat timidly, I said it was alright. I could feel my heart speeding up, my nipples hardening against the fabric. This is it, I thought.  
  
Wesley took a few shots. Then Billy moved the lower part of my dress to reveal more of my legs. More sounds of the camera and the popping lights. Wesley stepped closer to me as he kept complimenting me as a model, all the while clicking the shutter. Then he pulled the camera from his face. "Are you ready to get a bit bolder, Carol?" I looked at him and softly said yes. "Okay," he said. "We'll do this slowly. No rush. Your husband said you're willing to try anything, within reason. Is that right?"  
  
"Yes," I said. "Just tell me what to do."  
  
He helped me stand up. "Turn away from the light stand," he said. "Now, look over your shoulder but not right at the stand. Great! Now, reach behind you and pull the zipper of your dress down to your waist. Hold it right there." He grabbed his camera and began shooting again. "Now, Carol, follow the camera with your eyes. Look sexy. Excellent!"  
  
I started to get into it, very aware that my back and the lace bra I was wearing were fully exposed. Wesley told me to pull the zipper down all the way. Now, my matching panties were visible a little bit. More shots followed, then some repositioning.   
  
"How are you doing?" he asked. "Ready to move on?"  
  
I saw the enthusiasm in his eyes. The young men seemed eager to continue as well. I decided to push it a little farther, not sure when my inner voice of humiliation might say 'stop.' I was getting more excited and I could feel a growing wetness in my crotch.   
  
"I'm game, if you are," I said, as six pairs of eyes roamed over me.   
  
"Good," he said. He ordered his assistants to rearrange the set and change the lighting. I took a break and sat in the shadows. The tension had increased noticeably with the men and with me. Some soft jazz came out of a hidden speaker system. As soon as Wesley's assistants had finished, he beckoned me to come forward. In an even tone, he said, "Remove your dress and put it on the table."  
  
I hesitated for a second or two. Then I slowly slipped the dress off my shoulder, slid it down to my knees, and stepped out of it. As I laid it on the table, I saw my wetness seeping through my panties. There was no way I could hide it.   
  
Wesley told me to face the lights. Alan, the makeup assistant, started touching up my face. Then, he lightly dabbed at my breasts. I knew he could smell my growing excitement. Billy came back and smoothed out the waistband of my panties. Never before had I been half-naked in my underwear with more than one man touching my skin. Even with the lights, I could feel goose bumps on my arms. As Alan finished up, he said, "You look really sexy. Have fun with it." Billy smoothed the lace across my ass. I loved being touched.  
  
"Okay, Carol, let's try this," Wesley said. "We'll turn the music up and you see if you can turn us on. Just go with what you feel, be sexy, and move around the set. Use the lounge chair, if you want. Don't be too brazen, though. Stay in your underwear. Be a bit subtle, but vary what you do as well. Think you can do it?"  
  
I smiled a little and silently thanked John for putting me in this situation. A man who was a stranger only an hour ago had told me to take off my dress in front of him and five young men. And I did. Now he was directing me to move and to pose sensually in front of all of them. My eyes locked on Wesley's and I said, "I think I can do it." He dropped his eyes to my wet crotch. His look told me my time had come.  
  
At first, I imagined I was getting ready to go out. Then I lounged on the chair and slowly ran my hand up my body. I held my left hand on my right breast and let my fingers slide underneath the fabric. My nipple was very hard. My bra wasn't sheer so I knew that none of the men could actually see my nipples. The wet spot, though, was a different matter. My hand drifted down between my legs. I pretended that I was surprised and then I changed to a knowing smile. The guys loved it. That's when Wesley told me to take my bra off slow and sexy. My body told me there was no turning back but my conscience wasn't quite convinced.  
  
"I'm not sure I can do this," I said. And I meant it—at least for a moment.  
  
"Sure you can, Carol. You look great, the camera loves you. You're a natural at this." I still hesitated.  
  
"Look," he said. "You can stop anytime, it's your call, but deep down I think you want to do this. I think you want to show yourself. I think it turns you on. It's sure turning us on." He smiled at that remark. I smiled too, a bit embarrassed, a lot excited.   
  
I stood up, turned away from them, and reached behind my back to unhook my bra. The camera clicked and the lights popped. For a second, I held the bra against my breasts. Then, I let it drop to the floor. I turned around slowly, still covering my tits with my hands. Wesley shot from different angles. I moved my hips to the sensuous music and let my hands fall to the sides. Only wet panties still covered me. I started playing to the camera, parting my lips, caressing my body, feeling my sex.  
  
"What do you want me to do next?"  
  
I was surrendering to him, to all of them. I wanted them to see all of me in any way they wanted.   
  
"Pinch a nipple and hold it. Use your other hand to rub your pussy." Wesley's voice and attitude were more commanding. "Now, lift your tits and push them together." His language was coarse. "Suck on your finger like you're giving a blow job."  
  
I did everything he told me to do. I loved it. I wanted more.  
  
"You're looking great, Carol! You've got a wonderful body. A beautiful face. You were meant to do this." I smiled and licked my lips. "God!" was all he could say. I reached inside my panties and moved my fingers over my puffy lips. My skin glistened in the warm lights.  
  
"Wait a minute," he said. "Let's try something different. Carl, Jed, wipe Carol down."   
  
"Sure thing, boss." They came toward me from the sides of the set, towels in hand. Quickly but gently, they dried my skin. Jed circled one breast and then the other, lifting each in turn. Carl worked my legs, nudging them apart so that he could reach my inner thighs. When they were finished, they stepped back. Wesley spoke up.  
  
"Carol, put your hands on top of your head and keep them there," he said with authority. "Guys, each of you put a hand on her hip, just above her panties. Now, tuck a couple of fingers inside her waistband. That's it." He began shooting again. "Okay, slowly pull her panties down. Very slowly."  
  
"What are you doing?!" I asked.  
  
"Don't say anything. Just stand there. C'mon, guys, pull them down little by little." Wesley was in full control now. My cunt was getting wetter. The top of my pubic hair was exposed. Suddenly, he told them to stop. "Turn around, Carol, and face away from me." I did as I was told. He took a few shots. Then he told Carl and Jed to continue to strip me slowly, while he kept photographing us. I felt my panties slide below my ass. Again, he stopped them. This time he told them to each put a hand on my naked rear end. Being stripped and being touched in front of six clothed men was turning me on like never before.  
  
Carl and Jed squeezed my cheeks. Together, they used their free hands to pull my panties to my knees. Wesley told them to back away. There I stood, my bare ass in full view, my hands still on top of my head, my whole body tingling with excitement and, strangely, a feeling of humiliation. I loved it!  
  
Wesley directed me to sit on the lounge and pull my panties down to my ankles. He snapped pictures of me as I made love to the camera. My poses were at once sensual, and sexual, and provocative. Then he told me to remove my panties altogether. I stood up and stepped out of them. I had what I wanted. I wanted to be seen. I was fully exposed.  
  
The six men were all staring at me. They could see my hard nipples and my wet pussy. I was on display for them and they were taking in all of me. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Billy open a drawer and pull out something. As he drew near, I saw the black dildo in his hand and the gleam in his eye.   
  
"Whoa!" I said. "Being naked in front of you guys is one thing, playing with toys is something else. I really don't think I should be doing this." Billy paused. Wesley came up to me and spoke so only I could hear him.  
  
"If you could see yourself like we are seeing you, you wouldn't be resisting this next step. You've made us all horny watching you get naked. We can see that you're getting off on this too, Carol. Your pussy's wet, your nipples are hard, your face is flushed. I know you want us to see you in a private moment. You want us to watch you play with yourself. You want us to see you shove that dildo in your cunt. Admit it, Carol. Tell me you want to spread your legs for us."  
  
I stood there, embarrassed and ashamed. He was right. I wanted to show them how I fucked the dildo. I wanted to cum in front of them. But all of this was too new for me.   
  
"I can't, Wesley. I think I've gone farther than I should have anyway. I've shown you everything I have. That's enough for now. I'm sorry." I left the set, quickly dressed, and walked out of the studio.   
  
It's been eleven days since the photo session. John has that look in his eye again.

**Exposing Carol & Much More**

"I can't believe it, Carol!" Bonnie sat with her mouth open, staring at me.  
  
"It's true," I said. "The thrill of doing it is like being high. I feel so alive. It's the most exciting thing I've ever done."  
  
"Aren't you embarrassed?"  
  
"You bet I am. But that's just part of it. Somehow, it adds to my excitement. It's been like that for me since I was a little kid."  
  
"God, Carol! How did you get up the nerve to tell John about what you wanted?"  
  
"I knew if I didn't, I'd regret it the rest of my life. And you know what? The need to tell him and ask him to direct me in exposing myself was so strong that I don't think it could have turned out any other way. It's something I just had to do."  
  
"And he didn't think you were crazy?"  
  
"That's another thing. He's been so wonderful, so supportive, and so imaginative. I've been turned on since day one just waiting for him to give me my 'assignments.' He's the best!"  
  
"It's so amazing," Bonnie said. "I'm getting turned on just listening to you. I know I could never do that."  
  
"I bet you could. You'd be surprised. Don't you get aroused when you know that someone is catching a glimpse of your panties or one of your nipples? How about when your doctor pulls your gown down to examine you?"  
  
"Sure I do. But that's a lot different from exposing myself in front of others like you've been doing, and being told when and where to do it by someone else. It's like you're not really in control."  
  
"I'm not. But that makes it really exciting too." Bonnie paused to think about what she'd just heard. "Stand up and take off your clothes," I said.  
  
"What?!"  
  
"Go ahead. Stand up and get naked."  
  
"I can't, Carol. I'd be embarrassed."  
  
"I know you would. That's why I want you to take off your clothes and stand in front of me. I want you to feel what it's like. C'mon, try it." Bonnie stopped protesting but she made no move to comply with my request. I watched her face as I scanned her body. I said nothing. She stared at me with that little girl lost look she sometimes gets when she doesn't know what to do. It's odd, but I had a strange feeling of control over her.   
  
"Take off your clothes, Bonnie," I said, more forcefully.   
  
"God, Carol! I can't."  
  
"Yes, you can and I think that deep down you want to do it. So, stand up. I'm waiting." A look of surrender crossed her face.   
  
"Tell me I'm not doing this," she said as she stood up. She pulled her tee shirt off and dropped it on the sofa. Then, she took off her running shorts. I could see she was embarrassed standing there in front of me in her gray sports bra and white bikini briefs. She was sweating, too.   
  
"Now the bra and panties," I said. Bonnie looked at me. All resistance was gone. She took off her bra and then, quickly, her panties. I sat silently looking at her, focusing on her crotch. My eyes traveled slowly up her torso. Her nipples were wet and hard. I stood up and smiled at her. "Let's get some more iced tea."  
  
I started toward the kitchen. "Follow me," I said, and smiled at her again. We walked down the hall and into the kitchen. "How do you feel?" I asked.  
  
"Really embarrassed," she said. "I feel so naked, so vulnerable." Bonnie smiled back, a bit nervously. I didn't hide my obvious enjoyment of her body and her predicament. After a few more minutes, she seemed more comfortable, although her hard nipples betrayed her sexual excitement. As we talked in the kitchen, the front doorbell rang. Bonnie jumped at the sound.  
  
"It's okay," I said. "Probably the mailman. Just wait here and I'll be back." I left her leaning against the counter. Jack, our neighbor, was at the door. Some of our mail had been misdelivered to his house and he was there to give it to me. Jack's a great guy, about 45 and rugged looking. I had an idea.  
  
I told Jack about Bonnie in the kitchen but I changed the facts a little bit. I told him she was doing an experiment to see how people react to a nude person in their presence. I told him to just act naturally and pretend he had come over to check out replacing the cabinets. He eagerly agreed.  
  
We walked into the kitchen. Jack said, "Whoa!" Shocked by Jack's sudden appearance, Bonnie tried to cover herself.  
  
"Relax, Bonnie. I've told Jack all about you. There's no need to pretend that you're embarrassed. He's just here to check out the cabinets. Let him take a good look at you."  
  
Bonnie straightened up and dropped her arms to her sides, not sure what I meant. Jack openly admired her body and then examined the cabinets briefly. I offered him some iced tea and we spent the next ten minutes talking about redoing the kitchen. Occasionally, we asked Bonnie what she thought. She tried to be very nonchalant but I knew that she was getting more and more excited. At last, Jack said he had to go. Bonnie and I saw him to the door. He turned, looked straight at her and said, "Bonnie, that's some experiment you're conducting. I enjoyed it immensely. Hope you get great results." Then, he left.  
  
"Holy shit, Carol! What a rush! Did that really happen? Was I just naked for fifteen minutes in front of a guy I don't know?"  
  
"You sure were. Your nipples gave you away. They were so hard. They still are." Without thinking, Bonnie touched them. Blushing, she looked at me, still squeezing them.  
  
"Thank you, Carol. Thank you so much!"  
  
"Get dressed, Bonnie. That's enough for today. I don't want you to swoon." I laughed. She seemed disappointed but she quickly put on her clothes and left soon thereafter. Settling into a chair, I reflected on Bonnie's first exposure. Watching her was almost as good as being on display myself. Almost, but not quite.  
  
An hour later, I retrieved the mail. Bills, a magazine, junk mail, and a letter to me from the university's medical school. I opened the envelope.  
  
The letter thanked me for agreeing to be a subject in the ongoing training of new doctors in the study of female sexual response. What the hell is this? I didn't agree to anything. The letter went on to describe the training sessions and reiterated that I had "agreed" to participate in certain stimulus-response procedures while being observed by a number of doctors involved.  
  
Suddenly, it hit me. John had set this up. I don't know how he got the medical school to think that I had personally agreed to participate. But he did, and I was upset. I needed to talk with him.  
  
He got home at 6:30. I poured two glasses of wine and we sat in the same chairs we did when I first told John of my desire, my need to be seen.  
  
"What's up, honey?" he said cheerfully.  
  
"We have a problem, John."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"The letter, John. The doctors' training course."  
  
"Oh," he said. I tried to lessen the growing tension.  
  
"John, I love you. I love what you've done for me these past weeks. It's more than I could have hoped. And it sure hasn't hurt our sex life!" He smiled at that. "But the medical school wants me to engage in some activities so that the doctors can watch how I respond sexually. I can't do that."  
  
"Honey, remember when you were naked in front of all those men at the Executive Club? Remember when I slid my hand up your leg? When my hand was on your pussy, you were grinding your hips like you do when we fuck. Tell me you weren't aroused."  
  
"You know I was, you bastard. But that was unexpected."  
  
"What's the difference if you expect it or not? You're still showing yourself. You're still not completely in control. You're still being told what to do. It's not like they want you to fuck someone in front of them. They just want to see how a normal female responds to different stimuli."  
  
"It'll be like doing a solo sex show in front of them," I protested.  
  
"Carol, they're doctors, for God's sake. They're training to be better doctors so that they can help people. You can help them help others and have fun yourself in the process. Besides, our friend, Zack, is the teaching physician. He'll protect you for sure."  
  
"Doctor Zack is the instructor!? God, John! I can't do that in front of someone I know!"  
  
"How do you know that you weren't in front of someone you knew at the Executive Club?"  
  
"Was I!? Did someone know me there? Who was it?" I was panicking a bit.  
  
"I'm not telling you, Carol. Let's just say he had a lot of fun."  
  
"Oh, fuck!" I said. John put his hands on my shoulders, trying to reassure me.  
  
"Look. You know Doctor Zack is one of the premiere physicians in the country doing work on human sexuality. He needs to be able to train doctors who can follow him. He needs you, Carol. I think it's a logical progression in the experiences you've had."   
  
"I don't know, John." My voice gave away my weakening resistance and John picked up on that. He spoke more authoritatively.  
  
"Look, Carol. I want to remind you that you said you would do anything I told you to do. You trust me. I haven't let you down. I want you to do this even though you are reluctant to do so. I want you to do what Zack and the other doctors say. I want you to do this no matter how embarrassing it may be."  
  
I realized that this was the fork in the road. Since the Executive Club assignment, I had been thinking about the swirl of emotions surrounding me as I was stripped of my clothing in front of 135 men. I had come to expect them, to expect the contradictions they presented. I had come to accept them as part of my complex and expanding desires.   
  
When I balked at using the dildo in front of Wesley, the photographer, and his assistants, it was just too soon. That had been my first "assignment" from John and I wasn't sure of myself at all. I'm still not completely certain of where all of this might go. Merely showing myself is so thrilling. Being more overtly sexual in front of others might not add anything to the experience. But, I guess it wouldn't hurt to try it once.   
  
I decided to take the road less traveled by me.   
  
The following Tuesday, I drove over to the university and parked in the visitor's lot near the medical school. Soon, I was waiting for Zack. Doctor Zack has been friends with John since college. He attended our wedding and he's been an infrequent guest at our home over the years. He really is a very prominent physician, giving lectures all around the country. From the times I've spent with him, he seems like a very nice man.   
  
After waiting for ten minutes, Zack came out, greeted me, and asked me into his office. I tried to hide the growing apprehension inside of me.  
  
"Right off, Carol, I want to thank you for helping me train my colleagues." Little did he know that it wasn't my idea. He had John to thank for me being there.   
  
"Well, Zack, I don't know quite what I've gotten myself into but John told me that you're doing important work. I'm glad to help."  
  
"Thank you, again, Carol. I really appreciate it when someone like you is willing to literally expose herself to others so that they might learn how people actually respond sexually. Our work helps us to diagnose and cure problems that many women and men have when it comes to opening themselves up sexually." I smiled. Just listening to him talk about his work was turning me on.   
  
"Now, I don't know a lot about you but I did call John when I learned that you had volunteered to participate in my instructional work. I'll try to use what I know about you from our conversations at social gatherings and what John said about you to set up an environment where you can feel free to express yourself sexually. At first, it may be a bit embarrassing for you to act in front of me and the other doctors. But we'll all take our time and move along at your pace. If at anytime you decide to stop, just say so and we'll stop."  
  
All sorts of images raced through my mind. Some doubts appeared too, but I was determined to just go with the flow of my emotions. Zack picked up on my nervousness.  
  
"We know, as I'm sure you do, that surprise is often sexually stimulating. We're working on techniques that people can use to help their partners. So, part of our training today will focus on that. We want you to do what feels good to you at any moment but, from time to time, I or another doctor may ask you to do something else. I want to train the doctors to be more imaginative in their suggestions to patients about improving their sex lives. Is that okay with you?"  
  
"Yes," I nodded. "I don't see any problems with that." My nerves were jumping, anticipating the scene. I was aroused already. This might be fun after all.  
  
"Good, then. We should go over to the classroom so you can get used to the layout before the doctors arrive for the training." Zack rose from his chair and helped me up from mine. Together, we walked up a flight of stairs and entered a darkened room. Zack turned on the lights with a dimmer switch and I could see that this was not an ordinary classroom. There were about fifteen chairs arranged in a semi-circle facing a standard size bed made up with rose-colored satin sheets. Several matching pillows lay on top of the mattress.   
  
"I must say I didn't expect this. Is this where you'll want me to be?" I asked, pointing to the bed.  
  
"Right," Zack said. "In spite of the circumstances, I want you to be as comfortable as possible. It's not Paris, but it can be somewhat romantic. We can play some music for you, add a bit of fragrant scent to the room, and adjust the lights and temperature. Let my nurse know before we begin."  
  
At that moment, a few doctors walked into the room, followed by more, along with Zack's nurse, Daria. She asked me if I had any requests for adjusting the ambience of the room and I told her to make it a bit cooler. Within ten minutes, all of the doctors had arrived, eight women and seven men in all. They found their seats and waited for Zack to begin.  
  
"Thank you, doctors, for being prompt today. This morning we'll continue your training in the observation of sexual responsiveness within normal parameters. I'd like you to meet Carol, our volunteer for this session." I smiled at them and shyly lowered my eyes. Looking up, I could see that they were all watching me while they listened to Zack. He motioned for me to sit on the edge of the bed.  
  
"Let's begin," he said. "Carol, the doctors have some questions for you. Answer them the best you can."  
  
"I'll try," I said.  
  
A female doctor was first. "Does it take a long time for you to get sexually aroused? On average, how long does it take?"  
  
"Wow! You don't waste any time, do you?" I laughed a bit nervously. "I'd say anywhere from six to ten minutes."  
  
Another doctor asked, "What about when you're alone?"  
  
"Well, it might take a little less time."  
  
"Does it turn you on to be sitting here in front of us?"  
  
"It does. I'll admit it."  
  
"Are you an exhibitionist?"  
  
"Well, I don't flash unsuspecting people, if that's what you mean. But I do get a sexual thrill being exposed to others in certain settings." I could feel myself blushing as I spoke frankly about my desire. I knew these were doctors working on improving their skills but I also knew they were people with their own personal turn-ons. I wondered what they thought of me.  
  
Zack spoke up. "Carol, would you take off your dress, please?" I was startled by his matter-of-fact tone. It was almost clinical, more like a direction than a request. But it sent a charge through my body. These doctors were going to watch me disrobe and do things only John had seen before.  
  
I stood up from the bed and reached behind me for the zipper. My fingers trembled as they clasped the pull and drew it down. Maybe it was just me but I felt a sexual tension in the room as my dress fell to the floor.  
  
Zack's nurse picked it up and removed it from my sight. I stood there in front of the fifteen doctors in just my lace bra and panties.  
  
"Does this turn you on?" a male doctor asked. In a low voice, I told him it did. Another doctor wanted me to tell her exactly how I felt. I tried to describe it but doing so was harder than I thought it would be. Just standing there, answering questions, was making me hotter by the minute.  
  
"Can you take off your bra, now?" It was Zack again, sounding more like a movie director than a doctor. I was really getting into what was happening. I wanted them to watch me, to see me reveal my breasts. My inhibitions were fading away.  
  
I slipped off my bra and handed it to the nurse. Looking down, I saw my nipples growing hard. Again, they asked me to tell them in detail how I was feeling. It was easier this time around. I even touched my nipples while I described how they felt and how my mind was filling with erotic images.  
  
Then Zack told the doctors to approach me one by one and observe the changes in my nipples as I caressed them. I could hardly believe it. I was rubbing myself, turning myself on, in front of these people who wanted to know everything about what I was experiencing. My tits were flushed and covered in goose bumps. And this was just the beginning.  
  
The bed in the room was higher than a normal bed. At its foot was a pushbutton that controlled the elevation. Another button controlled the angle of the bed off a horizontal plane. On each side, below the mattress, were two rolled-up canvas strips about three inches wide, attached to the box spring frame. The bed itself was in the center of the room with the doctor's chairs in the semi-circle arranged around it.   
  
After the last doctor returned to her chair, Zack spent a few minutes lecturing to his class about the various responses they observed. From time to time, he would point to my nipples but he never touched them. Standing in front of the doctors, I began to feel more comfortable even though I was wearing only my lace panties. I could feel my sexual arousal subside. Then Zack turned to me.  
  
"You're doing great, Carol. Thank you again for helping us."  
  
"My pleasure," I said, surprising myself with the statement. Without intending it, my voice sounded a bit seductive, slower and huskier. I held the gaze of several doctors, female and male, as I looked around the room. I was enjoying them watching my near-nakedness. I wanted them to enjoy watching me too.   
  
Zack moved to the side of the bed and asked me to sit there. Then he pushed the button and raised the bed about a foot to his waist level. "Lie back on the bed, Carol, with your head on the pillow." I did as I was told. I was willing to do anything Zack or the other doctors wanted me to do. I was surrendering to their desires and to my own.  
  
The lighting focused on me, leaving most of the room in shadows. This time, Zack asked the doctors to approach the bed all at the same time. Their white coats rustled in a dim circle around me. Once again, questions were asked about my mental and physical state of arousal.   
  
"Well, I'm less turned on than I was earlier when I was fondling myself, but with you all watching me I still feel a sexual thrill. Not knowing what's next is also pretty exciting for me." I wanted to touch myself right then but I couldn't bring myself to initiate it spontaneously. Without some direction from Zack, I was afraid that they would think I was too brazen. I didn't have to wait long for his command.  
  
"Carol, please begin fondling yourself, but only from the waist up. Do whatever feels good to you. Okay?"  
  
"Okay," I said. I closed my eyes and began roaming my upper body with my hands. I squeezed my breasts and pinched my nipples. Then I circled my bellybutton with my index finger. I've always liked that; it's so sensitive. Arching my back, my tits jutted up. I grabbed them again. Breathing a bit harder, I let out a soft moan. For a moment, I had forgotten my audience. Zack brought me back.  
  
"Okay, Carol, stop for just a minute. Doctors, notice the flushing around the neck and upper chest. That's always a good sign of positive physical response to the stimulation; it can't be faked." One of the doctors asked Zack a technical question. He asked her to get closer to me to observe my skin texture. That exchange brought me down from the arousal I had stimulated and Zack picked up on it.

"I'm sorry, Carol, about the starts and stops. It's necessary for the teaching I'm doing."  
  
"I understand," I said. "It's just a little bit weird, though."  
  
"I know it is," he said. "I'll try to keep it to a minimum from here on out." He asked the doctors to move away from the bed a step or two. Then, in a softer voice, he said, "Okay, now you may do anything you want, anywhere you want, on your body. I may give you a direction from time to time but I hope it won't interrupt your increasing arousal. Just go with it as best you can. Okay?"  
  
The lighting seemed to dim a little more and it was more difficult to see the doctors' faces. But I knew they were there, watching me intently. I tried to forget about them as I began to touch myself again.   
  
I went straight for my crotch and lightly stroked my damp panties. I brought my fingers to my nose to smell my sex. That got me going. I slid my hand under the waistband and gently caressed my vulva. My finger slid along the wet slit. Daria, the nurse, moved out of the shadow as Zack said, "Carol, let Daria remove your panties. Just keep masturbating." I lifted my hips so that she could pull my panties off. Now, I was completely naked. But I didn't care. This is what I wanted so much. To be seen. And, now, to be seen enjoying my sexual self.  
  
I probed my hole just a little, in and out, slowly. It felt so good. I pushed deeper and found my swollen clit. Like some women, I can hardly bear to touch it or have it touched sometimes; it's so sensitive. This time, though, it couldn't get enough of me. God! I was getting close. I desperately wanted the release. I needed to cum so badly. But, then, Zack stepped back in.  
  
"Sorry, Carol. I want my colleagues to observe your clitoris for a moment while you're at this stage of arousal. Could you let them see it, please?" I could hardly speak but I did as he asked. I held my pussy wide open so they could each stare at my clit. A few made comments or asked questions and Zack provided the answers. Then he surprised me.  
  
"Carol, I'd like the doctors to see if they can find your G spot and feel the difference in texture from the surrounding tissue. Is that okay with you? If it's not, that's okay too." I didn't expect a hands-on inspection. So far, all they had done was observe my response to my own sexual stimulation. Only John had ever penetrated me with his finger in order to turn me on. I knew their finger fucking, for that's what it would be, could push me over the top. If I let them, I knew I would be crossing a line that John and I had talked about but had not agreed upon. Or disagreed, for that matter.   
  
In another setting, I would have said no. Here, with these professionals, with these doctors, I could see no harm. I had wanted them to see me and I found I wanted them to see me get aroused. Now I wanted them to get me off. In a low, guttural voice, I said yes. I wanted them, each man and woman, inside me.  
  
Daria placed a box of surgical gloves on the edge of the bed. Zack nodded to one of the doctors. She moved to the side of the bed and drew a glove onto her right hand. I was so wet that no other lubrication was necessary. I spread my legs for her and bent my knees up. "Please do it," I said softly.   
  
She brought her hand to my pussy and gently cupped it. Then she rubbed me with a circular motion of her four fingers. I raised my hips and pushed against her. I needed her to fuck me. And then she did, slowly pushing her middle finger past my lips and into my sex. She knew exactly where to go and found my spot quickly. She pressed it gently and I moaned. She pressed it again. Once more and I knew I would cum. Then she quickly pulled out, leaving me on the brink.  
  
One by one, each of the doctors donned a glove and entered me. Some found the g spot easily but they didn't linger long. Others needed some direction from me. The sensations were great but the change in fingers decreased my arousal point enough so that I wasn't quite ready to cum. But I was aching for it.  
  
The last doctor was another female. By now, I was so wet that she pushed two fingers into me quickly. I squeezed them with my cunt and raised myself against her hand. There was a twinkle in her eye as she twisted here fingers inside of me. She gave no indication of pulling out anytime soon. I grabbed my breasts and tweaked my nipples. My moans grew louder. She smiled and found the spot. Doing this was not new for her. She expertly manipulated me and I knew there was no holding back. I humped her fingers, she pressed my spot. I grabbed her wrist, she held my hip. Then she slid her bare finger to my anus and circled the rim.  
  
I screamed and came uncontrollably. I lifted my hips well off the bed, trying to suck her hand into my cunt. She didn't stop, didn't pull out, and didn't let me go. Finally, I settled back on the bed. But little orgasms rippled through me as the doctor kept stroking my g spot. At last, I begged her to stop and slowly she withdrew from my sex. My chest heaved, raising my tits and my hard nipples. The only sound was me breathing, sucking in air, moaning in delight.  
  
I lay there on the bed, spent of all sexual tension, as the doctors observed my body's post-orgasmic responses. Then, I started to giggle and laugh outright. This exposure had been so delightful, so thrilling. Still naked, I sat up and slid off the bed. I shook each doctor's hand and they thanked me for helping them learn about the intimate details of sexual arousal. Then, they left the room, except for Zack and Daria. They had some final follow-up questions to ask. Daria brought me a dressing gown but I refused it. I wanted to stay on display for them. That was part of my response, after all. I think they liked it, too.   
  
Looking back on my experience at the medical school, I now think it liberated me. I accept that it's natural for me to want to expose myself in certain situations. Responding sexually in front of strangers is no violation of my marital vows. John agrees with me. He admits he was turned on by my description of the whole event. But, it's been four weeks and he's said nothing about any new adventure. Was this the last one? I have no idea.  
  
Do you?

**Exposing Carol As Living Art**

The very formal dinner of the board of directors of the art museum was winding down. The chairman of the board, a very wealthy man, had risen to toast another successful year, due in large part to the efforts of my husband, John, who had secured a very popular exhibition of European masters.   
  
I knew the chairman a little bit and a couple of other board members, but most of the twenty-five or so dinner guests were complete strangers to me. They were the ones who gave lots of money to support the museum. Some of them were older, some younger, but all of them and their spouses or dates were very sophisticated.   
  
As the chairman concluded his remarks, he invited us all to adjourn to his very large and well-appointed library for some after-dinner drinks. John had drifted away to talk with a white-haired gentleman and I was sitting listening to the wife of one of the benefactors talk about their upcoming trip to Australia. In a booming voice, the chairman asked for our attention.  
  
“Ladies and gentlemen,” he said, “our star for this year, our good friend John, has something he’d like to say. John, if you please.” My husband smiled and moved toward the center of the room.  
  
“Thank you, Geoffrey. As always, you have put on a wonderful evening for all of us. Now it’s time for the surprise I spoke to you about earlier.   
  
“Friends,” he said, turning in a tight circle to acknowledge those gathered around the room. “For some months now, my wife, Carol, and I have been undertaking an exciting adventure.”  
  
“Oh, my god!” I thought. “Is John going to tell them about me displaying my naked self in all those situations?” I could hardly breathe.  
  
“You see, Carol gets really turned on by the idea of being nude in front of people under circumstances that I choose.”   
  
I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. By the looks on the faces of the other guests, they seemed astonished too. They all turned to look at me and I could feel my face blushing.  
  
“We have a couple of rules,” he said, drawing their attention again. “I choose the setting and the time. None of the people who get to see Carol can be unwilling participants. And, finally, Carol has to display herself no matter how embarrassing it might be for her.”  
  
The guests started to murmur as they looked at me again. John had piqued their interest and everyone seemed tantalized by the disclosure. More than one of them started eyeing me up and down, imagining, I bet, what I looked like naked.  
  
“This can’t be happening!” I thought. John hadn’t said a word to me about any of this. Now, these people knew a secret about me that only my friend, Bonnie, knew. I stood there, near the fireplace, frozen in my shoes. Everyone was listening intently to John.  
  
“I wasn’t sure how our host would react when I told him about this and what I’d like to do.” John looked at the chairman who stepped forward, smiling broadly.  
  
“When John made his request,” he said, looking right at me, “I told him that his efforts on behalf of the museum in the last year entitled him to ask anything he wanted. When he told me about Carol, I said I’d invite only broad-minded guests to this little affair, no pun intended.” He laughed heartily and the others applauded and smiled. Then he yielded the room to John again.  
  
“Thank you, Geoffrey,” John said. “Your hospitality is unmatched.” Then he turned to the others, flashing the grin I love so much. “Is there anyone,” he said, “who would be offended if I had Carol take her clothes off for us?” He scanned their faces. All of the men and, surprisingly, all of the women seemed eager and excited about the possibility of seeing me naked in front of them. I was shaking with anxiety.  
  
“Well, honey, it seems like no one objects to seeing you on display. You’ll be a living piece of art for all of us to enjoy.” Everyone applauded again.  
  
“I can’t, John,” I said, finally finding words to speak. “I’m so embarrassed. It wouldn’t be right.” Even as I said those words, I felt the first stirrings of sexual arousal. My mind was fighting my body’s urges.  
  
“You can, Carol, and you must,” John said. “It would be wrong to deny these fine people the chance to see you nude.” He looked around the room. “They know you’ve done it before. You’ve got to do it now.”  
  
My eyes flitted from face to face. I swear I saw lust in some of them. I fidgeted, not wanting to disappoint John but not wanting to disrobe either. I was just too embarrassed to do it.  
  
The room grew quiet. Only my breathing was audible. In the cool library, I felt very warm. Everyone was waiting for me to speak.  
  
“I’m sorry,” I said, lowering my eyes. “I just can’t do it.”  
  
They all groaned. John, though, seemed determined.  
  
“Carol, right now you’re saying no but your body is starting to say yes. Right now, you’re starting to get excited by what’s happening here. We’ll stay, looking at you, until you’re ready to say you’ll do it.”  
  
“I’d love to see you naked,” a dark-haired woman said.  
  
“So would I,” said another. A few men encouraged me as well. My resistance was waning. John kept staring at me, smiling at me. I was very nervous. None of my past “adventures” made me feel any less so. I couldn’t figure it out. I’d undressed in front of people before. I’d gotten off on it. I always was looking forward to doing it again. But the same embarrassment, the same reluctance, the same shyness that I’d always felt before doing it had returned and it kept me from doing it now.  
  
“I’m really sorry, but…” My words trailed off.  
  
“We want you to do it, Carol,” said a man I didn’t know. “John wants you to do it too. Don’t disappoint him—or us.  
  
Right then, I knew I would say yes. I couldn’t resist any longer, even though I was embarrassed and anxious and shy about showing myself.  
  
“Okay,” I said, very softly.  
  
“Yes!” someone whispered. John held out his hand, beckoning me to the center of the room. As I approached him, everyone else moved back. I was surrounded by a lot of hungry eyes.  
  
John kissed my hand and then my lips. “I love you,” he said, and then he slipped to the side. Everyone applauded as I stood there.  
  
“Wait,” John said. “Wait until someone gives you directions. I think the people here would like to tell you what to do.” I put my hands to my sides, submissively, and looked to see who might speak up. John asked for volunteers.  
  
“I’d like to go first,” said a man in his early 50s.  
  
“You’ve got it, Mark,” John said.  
  
“Turn around slowly, Carol, until you’ve come full circle.” I did as I was told. “Okay,” he said, “reach behind and pull you’re zipper down.”  
  
I was wearing a sleeve-less, pale green evening gown. Underneath, was a thin lacy bra. As I pulled on the zipper, I could feel the front of my dress loosen around my breasts. I brought my left hand up to hold it in place. I stood there waiting for the next command.  
  
“Who’s next?” John asked. The chairman spoke up. “Okay, Geoffrey,” John said.  
  
“Carol, move your dress off your chest and bring it down to your waist.” I hesitated at this first exposure but then I did as he asked. My dress bunched up at my hips and rested there. I could feel people looking at my still-covered tits. I inhaled deeply, trying to calm my nerves.  
  
A tall man in a tux, a man I knew a little bit, asked John, “Could we take some photos of this event for posterity?” John looked at me and I offered no resistance. The thought of being photographed in this situation got me more aroused. I knew that there would be no control over who might see the pictures. I knew that my “secret” would be widely spread and that I had no way to stop it. Then I realized that I wanted that. I wanted to be seen by people I’d never know.  
  
“Carol, I suspect that you’re wearing shoes, right?” A young woman spoke to me from the rear of the room. I nodded. Then she said, “Mark, go over there and lend an arm to Carol so that she can take her shoes off. A very handsome black man moved to my side and extended his arm as he smiled at me. Using it to balance myself, I took off one shoe and then the other. The chairman’s butler stepped up and asked for my shoes which he then took out of the library. That seemed strange to me.  
  
“Okay, who’s next?” my husband asked.  
  
“John, with your permission, I’d like to remove Carol’s dress.” My eyes widened. This fellow was expanding the rules of the game.  
  
“Go ahead, Jimmy, I’m sure Carol won’t mind.” I was speechless as he quickly walked over to me. As quickly, he put his hands on my hips and grabbed my bunched up dress. He leered at me a bit and then slowly pushed my dress down. Then he asked me to step out of the gown. As I did, he picked it up and handed it to the butler who, again, left the library with some of my clothing. Jimmy made a big deal of kissing my hand before retreating to his place in the circle of people surrounding me.  
  
I stood there, in my bra and panties and garter belt and stockings. Someone asked me to turn around slowly and I complied. People were whispering to each other as they watched me. And, although I was still very embarrassed by what I was doing, I was getting very excited.  
  
“May I take her stockings off, John?” asked the woman who earlier had wanted to see me naked.  
  
“Sure, Paula,” John said.  
  
With that, Paula stepped forward, smiling at me. She had a gleam in her eye as she leaned in to whisper in my ear. “I wish I were you at this moment, Carol. This is so exciting!” Then she unclasped my stockings and rolled them down my legs one at a time. I put my hands on her shoulders as she gently pulled the stockings off my feet. Then she unhooked the garter belt.  
  
“Wait,” I said, as Paula started to withdraw. Looking at the others, I continued. “I think Paula would like to join me. Would you mind if she did?”  
  
Paula started to protest but the other guests were insistent. Her husband looked shocked but he wasn’t about to deny the crowd this additional pleasure. Paula’s face was red and I could see that she was embarrassed but she also looked like she was ready to be exposed too. She gave me a little smile, leaned in again and whispered, “I guessed I asked for this.”  
  
“Well,” John said, “one more and we’d have ‘The Three Graces.’”  
  
“I’ll do it,” said a young woman who appeared to be barely eighteen and had accompanied her startled father to the dinner. She quickly joined Paula and me in the center of the room. Her father kept shaking his head, his face as red as Paula’s had been. “I’m Randa,” she told us with a big smile. “I’ve always wanted to do this! This is so erotic!”  
  
John sensed we were waiting for more directions. “Randa and Carol remove Paula’s dress,” he commanded. All eyes were on us as we did as we were told. Paula was wearing a dark blue dress with a high neck. I stepped behind her and pulled down the zipper. Randa raised Paula’s arms and drew the dress off her very slowly. I saw a man and a woman watch the hem as it inched up Paula’s body. She has great legs, well-toned and tan. As her face disappeared behind the rising dress, everyone caught their first look at her low-cut bikini panties. Her crotch was already damp. Her lacy bra could not hide her erect nipples. I saw her take a deep breath when she once again could see everyone watching her lose her dress.  
  
“Randa,” John said, “I have a request from one of the women. She wants to see you walk around the room as you take off your dress. We’ll clear the way when necessary.” Randa didn’t hesitate at all. She flirted with everyone as she seductively removed her black dress. Again, the chairman’s butler scooped up the two dresses and took them from the room.  
  
The three of us stood there in our underwear in front of twenty-five elegantly dressed people. Randa’s father couldn’t take his eyes off his beautiful daughter. Then, John spoke up again.  
  
“How about some applause for our ‘Three Graces?” Everyone clapped. “Before we continue,” he said, pausing for dramatic effect, let’s refresh our drinks and give our living art a chance to mingle with you.”  
  
This was a twist. The invisible barrier between “the art” and the audience was broken. Paula and Randa and I spent the next ten minutes fielding questions and compliments as we walked around in only bras and panties. I was getting more turned on and I could tell by their voices that the other guests were too. I still was embarrassed but that seemed to be disappearing little by little. Paula looked like she was still having trouble with her exposure but Randa seemed almost giddy. Her father kept his distance. He didn’t know what to do.  
  
It all could have ended right then. The three of us could have walked out of the room, found our clothes, and left. But we didn’t. We could have told John that we would be too embarrassed to go farther. But we didn’t. We could have said that it was inappropriate even to have begun. But we didn’t.  
  
For whatever reasons, each of us wanted to continue, each of us wanted to be seen.  
  
Over the chatter of voices and laughter, John said it was time to resume viewing the living art of the evening. Paula, Randa, and I put down our drinks and walked back to the center of the library. This time, the guests found chairs and couches to sit on. Looking down on them, I felt more exposed than before. “What am I doing here?” I thought, again feeling embarrassed at my state of undress.   
  
“Lydia, you have a request,” John stated.  
  
“Yes, John. I want Carol and Randa to sit down over there,” she said, pointing to some chairs along a wall. “I want Paula to tell us what she’s feeling right now and then I want her to ask us for permission to take off her bra.”  
  
“That sounds fair,” John said. “Randa, Carol, won’t you be seated please?” It was all so polite, formal almost. We found our chairs, leaving Paula standing alone, framed in the light. She stood there, silently, glancing about the room at the people watching her, waiting for her to speak.  
  
“I’m extremely embarrassed,” she said. “I almost left ten minutes ago. But, I must confess that I’m thrilled too. I don’t know most of you. Except for my husband, none of you have seen me like this. But I’m excited to be doing this. I can’t explain why, but I am. I don’t know what else to say.” She lowered her eyes.  
  
“Do you have a question for us?” someone said. Paula turned toward the voice. “Do you?”  
  
“Yes,” she said softly. “May I take off my bra for you?”  
  
“Do you want to?”  
  
“Yes. I do,” she said. “I want to very much.”  
  
Embarrassed as she said she was, Paula suddenly had personalized the moment, charging it with sexuality. She waited for permission to be given.  
  
“Take it off,” a woman said. “No, wait a minute. Take it off looking directly at me.”   
  
Paula reached behind to unhook her bra. Suddenly, she stopped. Still looking at the woman, she walked right up to her. They stared at each other for a moment. Paula’s breasts appeared to be touching the woman’s. Again, she reached behind to unhook her bra. She pulled it off slowly and let it drop to the floor. Her erect nipples brushed the woman’s blouse. And then she turned and walked back to the center, a sensuous smile on her lips.   
  
“Do you want me to take off my panties?  
  
“We do, Paula, but we want you to wait awhile.” I couldn’t tell who had said that. Then, John spoke up.  
  
“Some of us, Bill, would like to see Paula naked right now. May we have your permission?”   
  
God! What’s with all the formality? I’d never seen John act that way. He was really into playing the role. The unseen man said it was okay with him if Paula took off her panties now rather than later.  
  
“So, Paula, are you ready to stand completely naked before all of us?” John asked.  
  
“Yes, I am,” she said and then she quickly removed the last of her clothing. She handed her panties to the butler who took them from the room. Some polite applause followed and Paula smiled. She looked much more comfortable than before, as the ceiling lights cast shadows across her body.  
  
“Thank you, Paula. You are a beautiful example of living art in a place that is so appropriate for such a display,” the chairman said. Then, he turned toward Randa and me. “I think that Randa should step forward now. Paula, you come and stand by me.”  
  
With her breasts bouncing, Paula walked over to the chairman who gave her a light peck on the cheek. It was so erotic watching her smile at the guests around her. One man politely shook her hand. Another boldly gave her a warm hug. Paula, naked, touching the clothed guests, was turning me on.  
  
“Randa,” the chairman said to the lithe eighteen-year old woman clad in a skimpy black bra and a low-cut bikini brief, “do you think you should be doing this with your father here? He still looks shocked and I don’t want him to have a heart attack.” Everyone laughed, even Randa’s father.  
  
“Please, honey,” her father said, “what will your mother say?” Everyone laughed again. “Besides, it’s been a very long time since I’ve seen you without clothes. You’re a woman now, not the little girl whose diapers I changed.”  
  
“Daddy,” she said, “you’ve raised me to be independent and self-confident and mature. You’ve taught me to love art and to support the people who make it. I’ve never done anything like this before but this feels so right, so natural. Think of it as my contribution to the advancement of the arts in our city.”  
  
Someone said “here, here!” There was loud applause and Randa’s father knew he had lost the argument. He smiled and joined in the hand-clapping. Randa blew him a kiss and looked at the chairman.  
  
“I guess that answers your question,” she said, hands on her naked hips.   
  
“It sure does,” he said, laughing. “John, you’d better take over.”  
  
“My pleasure, Geoffrey,” John said. He looked over at me and then back at Randa. “I have a request,” he said. “I’d like you to take off your panties first.” Suddenly, I heard the click of a digital camera. I had completely forgotten about the tall man in the tux who now was standing near me and shooting some shots of Randa. I don’t know if he took shots of Paula but I suspect he got some good ones of her. Again, I felt the thrill of the entire world seeing us naked on the internet.  
  
I looked back at Randa just as she began to lower her panties. She had a perfect ass with two little dimples at the top. Her pubic hair was lush but trimmed and her belly was very firm. With no prompting, she slowly turned completely around and then stood waiting.  
  
“John,” said the man in the tux, “may I take a close-up of Randa’s lower torso?”   
  
“I don’t think Randa will mind.” She put a hand on her hip and took the weight off her other leg. Her curves in the light were magnificent. Our “photographer” moved closer and framed his shots as Randa shifted positions several times. She looked like she loved the camera and loved having her picture taken.  
  
“Okay, Reggie,” John said, “that’s enough shots for now.” After one more shot, he thanked Randa and slinked back into the shadows of the library.   
  
“May I take off my bra now?” Randa asked in a very sexy voice. Like Paula, she was making this event very sensual.   
  
“Please let me help you,” said an older woman standing by her wide-eyed husband. Randa nodded. As the woman approached her, she turned her back to give her access to the clasp. The woman placed her hands on Randa’s shoulders and then moved them down to her bra. After unhooking it, she reached in front of Randa and under her breasts to pull the bra away. For a moment, her hands cupped Randa’s tits, bringing smiles to both of their lips. And then Randa was completely nude, standing there, massaging her breasts as if no one was looking.  
  
“Thank you, Randa, the second of our beautiful ‘Graces,’” John said. “I think your father needs a hug before he faints straight away. Go over there and give him a little support.” Randa smiled, walked up to her father, and embraced him, her pale naked skin contrasting with his dark suit. She kept her arm around his waist as she accepted the thanks of those nearby.

“Well, Carol, we’ve come full circle back to you,” John said, smiling at me. “Do we have any further requests from our distinguished audience?”  
  
“I have one,” said Michael, a friend of John’s I knew slightly. “You and Paula and Randa have provided an unexpected pleasure this evening and I know that everyone here is very appreciative,” he said, shifting his gaze from me to Paula and then Randa. “But, I guess we owe all of this to John who revealed your secret game in the first place. I’d like to see him remove the last of your clothing himself, Carol.”  
  
“I would enjoy that,” I said, surprising myself.  
  
“So would I,” said John, surprising me. I wanted it badly. I wanted him to strip me in front of his friends. I wanted him to show them what I looked like naked. I wanted him to display me nude, turned on, and wet.  
  
I coyly beckoned him to draw near. He did, with a mischievous grin on is face. At first, he appeared to be undecided about what to take off first. But, then, he slipped my bra straps off my shoulders and gestured like a magician pointing at a rabbit in a hat. The others picked up on it and gave him some applause. Then, he playfully pulled a bit on one side of my panties, moving it down about an inch. Another gesture and more applause.   
  
“This is great fun,” he said. I smiled as he moved behind me and unclasped my bra. He left it there, loose, but still covering my tits. Then he slid the other side of my panties down about two inches. More applause followed. I could feel myself getting wetter and I knew John caught my rising excitement. Still, he did not hurry to strip me.  
  
Instead, he asked Paula and Randa to come to the center of the room. Then, he positioned us so that our backs touched, forming a triangle, as we faced out toward the guests. Finally, he arranged our arms and legs to make us appear like a marble sculpture, a modern Three Graces. And then, he walked away.  
  
“Haven’t you forgotten something, John?” said the chairman.  
  
“What’s that?”  
  
“Carol. She’s still wearing her bra and panties. Don’t get me wrong, it’s a wonderful tableau you’ve created but, personally, I’d like it if all three women were nude.”  
  
“You’re right, Geoffrey. It would look better. Paula, could you and Randa remove Carol’s garments?”  
  
That bugger! He knew how turned on I got when men at the charity auction at the Executive Club had bid for my clothing and the winners came up on stage and took their prizes right off my back. Now, he provided a twist to the scenario—two naked women undressing me completely in front of all the guests. I knew that when I lost my bra everyone would see my excitement in the hardness of my nipples.  
  
Paula and Randa wasted no time in stripping me nude. For the last time, the butler appeared and took my underwear out of the room. Then, John repositioned us in a much more erotic pose. Randa crouched down in front of me and raised her arms to reach for my breasts and lift them slightly. My head was turned to the left so that Paula, who was behind me, could touch my lips with hers. I could feel her pubis pushing into my ass.  
  
The man with the camera took several shots from different angles before John said we could relax. After a good amount of applause, each of us mingled with the guests who were very interested in knowing how we felt about being displayed as living art. Of course, we were still naked and, I think, Randa and Paula were as turned on as I was.   
  
Everyone wanted to be photographed with us, individually and with the three of us together. Many of the guests didn’t hesitate to put a hand on a nude shoulder or hip. Being touched felt so natural. Being naked felt so right.  
  
Many of the guests left soon after having the photos taken. Then the butler returned Paula’s clothing and she left with her husband and an everlasting memory. By 11 p.m., only the chairman and the photographer, Randa and her father, and John and I remained.   
  
Chairman Geoffrey was feeling his martinis just a bit as he told a couple of risqué stories that left us in tears of laughter. Reggie asked if he could take a few more shots before leaving and, surprisingly, Randa’s father said he had a few poses he’d like to see. He suggested that we move into the larger living room. By now, Randa and I had been naked for almost two hours.   
  
As we posed together, I kept wondering how I would react when people I knew said they had seen me on the internet. I expect I’ll know soon enough.

**Exposing Carol To Old Friends**

I knocked on the door. My heart was pounding. I fidgeted with a button on my tailored pants suit. And then, suddenly, unexpectedly, I was facing my past.  
  
“Hello, Carol.”  
  
“Brian? Is that you?”  
  
“Well, of course it is.” He smiled. I smiled back and embraced him. Brian had been my first boyfriend in tenth grade. He hadn’t changed much physically. He was still skinny, still short. He took my hand and led me around a corner of the foyer and into the hotel suite.  
  
“Oh my god!” I blurted out. “I can’t believe this,” I said, as my hands came up to my open mouth.  
  
I had had five boyfriends when I was in high school. They were all really nice. Now, two decades later, these same five men were standing in this plush suite, staring at me.  
  
Without telling me, my husband, John, had arranged for them to be here. All he had told me in the past week was that my next adventure in exhibitionism would take place in these rooms. He gave me no other information about who would be there or what would happen. That made me excited and nervous.  
  
From the beginning, I had agreed to follow his directions to show myself in situations of his choosing, no matter how embarrassing they might be. That was part of the thrill for me. Even though I wanted to be seen, I wasn’t in control.  
  
Now, regaining my composure quickly, I looked around the room. Brian didn’t have to introduce the others. I remembered them all, even though some looked more different than I would have expected. They all said “hi” with a smile. Each of them embraced me warmly; some gave me a peck on the cheek. Their eyes ran up and down my body.  
  
A couple of these men had groped me when they were boys and I had groped back. But it never went further than that. My clothes always stayed on. They knew me as a nice girl with a nice body. They respected me and I remained a virgin. Later, alone in my bed and thinking of them, I would fondle myself until I came.  
  
Now, these boys-turned-to-men were here to see me, all of me. I knew I’d end up naked; I just didn’t know how. And I knew, more than ever, I wanted to be seen.  
  
For the next fifteen minutes, we relived some of our past. Then, Brian asked for our attention.   
  
“Carol, your husband has talked with each of us individually and invited us to be here tonight. It’s so great to see you again, even though none of us know what’s supposed to happen next.” He smiled and then drew an envelope from his pocket. “Your husband wanted you to read this. We don’t know what’s in it.” He handed it to me. Nervously, I opened it and read it silently.  
  
“Dearest Carol,” it began. “Tonight, you get the chance to do what many people our age fantasize about: meeting a high school flame years later after you’ve had a lot of intimate experiences with others. Tonight, you get to show yourself to five men who’ve wanted to see you like that for a long, long time.”   
  
I looked up from the letter to see them staring at me intently. The room was very quiet. I resumed reading.  
  
“I want you to show all of yourself to them,” John wrote, “and I want something more. I want you to show them your sexuality and let them respond to it. Don’t worry, no one is going to fuck you or have you suck his cock. I don’t want that. These men are here because of you and because I told them that you had a very special surprise.”  
  
I raised my eyes again, wondering what John had said. What did these ex-boyfriends know about me and my “adventures?”   
  
“Your friends know nothing about what you’ve been doing these past months,” he wrote. “They don’t know what to expect. But, without telling you how I know, I assure you that none of them will be offended by anything you do or ask them to do.”   
  
I shifted in the chair and smiled at my silent old boyfriends. Then I read the last paragraph.  
  
“Carol, tell them how you first approached me with your desire to show yourself. Tell them about what you dreamed about doing with them back in high school. My eyes widened as I continued reading. I couldn’t believe what John was asking me to do. He finished with ‘I love you,’ and signed his name in red ink.  
  
I reread the letter quickly, a flood of emotions rolling over me. I was about to do something I’d fantasized about and talked to John about. Nervously, I folded the letter and put it in my pocket.  
  
“Well,” I said, taking a deep breath, “I have some things to tell you. I hope you’ll like my story.” They looked eager to hear what I had to say.  
  
“I’m sure we will,” said Billy, who still had a boyish charm about him. “We’re all ears.” I smiled and tried to control my nervousness.  
  
“Some time ago, I told my husband about how, ever since I was a little girl, I get excited about being nude in front of people.” The guys’ eyes widened and they leaned forward in their chairs. “Since then,” I continued, “John has set up several situations where he instructed me to end up naked. I do whatever he tells me to do, no matter how embarrassed I might be.”  
  
“You, Carol?! You’ve got to be kidding!” said Tom, my football hero.  
  
“I’m not, Tom,” I said, looking straight into his dark brown eyes. Suddenly, I felt bolder, more excited. I stood up and walked over to him. “Will you help me out of this jacket?” I said, turning my back to him. He just sat there. I looked over my shoulder. “Well, will you?”  
  
He stood up quickly and slipped the garment off me. “Thank you, Tom,” I said, as I walked back toward my chair. But I didn’t sit down. Instead, I stood behind it and looked at “my men” who were speechless. They seemed ready for more.  
  
“Charles,” I said, in a little girl’s voice. “Could you come over here and stand by me?”   
  
“You bet, Carol,” he said, his blue shirt glowing against his black skin. Charles was my height and still very thin after all these years. I slung my arm over his shoulder.  
  
“Remember that time when we were at the movies and I stopped you from unbuttoning my blouse?” He smiled.  
  
“I’ve never forgotten it,” he said. We all laughed at that.  
  
“Well, Charles, let’s pretend we’re back in that theatre. Try your move again.”   
  
“Are you sure about this, Carol?”  
  
“I am, Charles, just don’t do it too fast.” I surprised myself with how much in command I felt. There was no embarrassment, no more nervousness, just growing excitement.   
  
Charles carefully undid my top button, then the second one. My collar fell open. As he fiddled with the next button, his hands rested on the tops of my breasts. He gave me the sweetest smile. Now, he could see part of my lace bra.  
  
“Wait a second,” I said, moving to his side. “I think the other guys should see how you’re progressing.”  
  
“Great job, Charlie!” Frank said. Frank was my last boyfriend in high school. He’s very funny and very sexy. I rubbed my clit a lot after dates with him.   
  
The others echoed Frank’s praise. Charles looked at me and politely asked, “May I continue, Carol?”   
  
“Please, Charles,” I said, as I turned toward him. Now, the others could see more of the action as Charles undid the button below my bra and the one at my waist. “One more,” I said, as I pulled the blouse out of my pants. He quickly undid the last button.  
  
  
No one said or did anything. Then Charles asked if he could help me take off my blouse. “I’ll be gentle,” he said, smiling. I turned my back to him and let him slowly remove the silk shirt. A bit of sweat gleamed off my breasts.  
  
“Thank you, Charles,” I said, in my little girl voice. “You may be seated.” He clutched my blouse as he found his chair next to the others. Then, I began to unbuckle my belt and take off my suit pants. I didn’t say a thing as I looked directly into the eyes of each of them. They kept moving from my face to my pants and back again.  
  
I folded my pants and laid them on a side table. Then, I sat down on the chair facing them, clad only in my black lace bra and panties. I was in control but I was about to give it up.   
  
“My husband instructed me to get naked in front of you, but he also wants me to do something else.”  
  
“What’s that, Carol?” said Billy.  
  
“He wants me to show you my sexuality, too.” I hesitated. “He wants me to let you turn me on, as if I’m not already.” They laughed nervously.  
  
“What do you mean by that?” said Tom. I could see they were puzzled but very intrigued by my statement.  
  
“Well, he said I should do anything you want me to do and you can do anything you want to do to me.”   
  
“You mean we’re going to call the shots?” asked Brian.  
  
“That’s right,” I said. “There are two exceptions, though.”  
  
“What are those?” asked Charles.  
  
“I don’t believe I’m about to say this,” I said. I straightened up in my chair and lifted my chest as I took a deep breath. “I can’t suck your cocks and you can’t fuck me with them. Other than that, I’m yours. I can be as sexual as you want me to be. My husband says you can even make me cum. But, no cocks.”  
  
The look on their faces was priceless. I couldn’t help but laugh and that eased the building tension. They all started breathing again.  
  
“Well, guys,” said Brian, “it looks like we have some work to do.” Control of my situation had shifted to them. Now, Frank spoke up.  
  
“This is amazing, it’s unbelievable. But here we are. Five guys and their ex-girlfriend and she’s in her underwear. What did I do to deserve this?” We all laughed again. Then, Tom took control.  
  
“Let’s make this last a long time, guys,” he said. “I think Carol should come over here and sit in my lap for a minute. How about it, Carol?”  
  
“Yes, sir,” I said. I’d been sitting in front of them for five minutes and I could feel my crotch getting damp. I looked down. It didn’t show, yet. I rose and walked over to Tom who reached for my hand and guided me to his lap. I put my arm around him and rested my other hand in his.  
  
“Did you want to be naked when you were with me on a date?” Tom asked.  
  
“More than you’ll ever know. But I was too prudish then. I wanted to be naked with each of you. I just couldn’t get up the courage.”  
  
“You did get excited thinking about it, didn’t you?” he asked.  
  
“I sure did. I used to go home and masturbate after dates with you.”  
  
“Are you excited now?”  
  
“You know I am, you bastard,” I said.  
  
“Let me see,” he said and, with that, he reached into my bra and found my hard nipple. He ran his finger back and forth across it. “Now, that’s something I’ve always wanted to do. I’m glad you find it exciting.” I could feel his cock against my bare leg. Then, Frank spoke.  
  
“Carol, would you mind standing up and slowly removing your bra?” I looked at Tom who didn’t seem to mind me leaving his hard-on behind. I got up and stood in front of them and reached for the front clasp. “Tell us how you feel as you do it.”  
  
“Well,” I said, “I’ve done this several times now and each time has been very exciting. None of you has ever seen my breasts—until now,” I said, as I pulled my bra apart and slid it off my shoulders. “I’m so horny.” I reached up and fondled my tits.   
  
“Can we touch them?” asked Brian.  
  
“You can do more than that,” I said, walking over to him. I pulled him from his chair and directed his mouth to my right breast. “Suck it,” I said, “gently.” Brian did as he was told. Then I motioned for Charles to take my left breast into his mouth. As they sucked on my tits, I looked at Frank, Tom, and Billy.  
  
“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” I said to them. “It’s a dream come true.”  
  
“I’ll say it is,” Billy smiled. Then, I pulled my tits away and asked Charles and Brian to sit down. I backed up to my chair and sat down facing them all.  
  
“Is there anything else you’d like me to do?” I asked.  
  
“Show us how you masturbate,” Frank said.  
  
“Do you want me to keep my panties on?”  
  
“No, take them off,” he said.   
  
I stood up, turned my back to them, and slowly drew my panties over my ass and down my legs. Then, I stepped out of them and turned to face my friends again. I wiped my crotch with my panties and held them up to my nose. Then, I threw them to Tom who took his own whiff of my sex.  
  
“I love being naked in front of you all,” I said. “I feel so exposed and so horny.”  
  
“Will you rub yourself for us, now?” Frank said.  
  
“Yes,” I said, deciding to do it standing up. I started to caress myself, all the while looking into their eyes. Then, I moved closer to them so they could touch me if they wanted to. Billy reached around and put his hand on my ass. I thrust my pussy at him and then I slowly spun away.  
  
“Don’t tease me like that,” he said. I smiled.  
  
“Come over here,” Frank said, as he stood up. I walked up to him, turned, and nuzzled my ass against his cock. He took my arms and raised them above my head. “Help me out here, Charlie,” he said. Charles stood up and knew exactly what to do.  
  
“How does this feel?” he said, as he put one hand on my breast and the other on my pussy.   
  
“Exquisite,” I said, closing my eyes. I spread my legs slightly so he could feel me up better. He slid his finger along my wetness, pressing one lip and then the other.  
  
“I’ve got an idea,” Tom said. “Let’s put Carol on the bed.”  
  
“Oh, no,” I said.  
  
“Don’t worry. We’re not going to fuck you,” he said. “At least not with our cocks.” He looked to the others. “Come on, let’s carry her over there.” And with that, four of them lifted me up and gently moved me onto the bed. My heart was pounding.  
  
“Okay,” Tom said. “Each of us should grab an arm or a leg and spread-eagle her a bit.” They did just that.  
  
“Are you okay with this, Carol?” Charles asked.  
  
“Yes,” I said. “Yes.” I lay there, splayed out, a hand around each of my arms and legs.  
  
“Okay, Charlie,” Tom said. “Let’s see if you can get Carol off.” I flinched, not in protest but in anticipation. I was surrendering to the lust of these men years after they had first turned me on. I was doing this because my husband told me to do it. I was doing this for me.  
  
Charles moved between my legs. I locked my eyes on his.  
  
“It’s okay, Charles,” I said. “I want this. I want you to touch me. Make me cum.” He looked at my pussy and then back at me and smiled. I closed my eyes and waited for his fingers.  
  
He began by gently pulling on my pubic hair. He pulled it and then smoothed it out. Pulled it and smoothed it. Each time I moved my arms or legs, hands would grip them a little tighter. I looked up at the men holding me down. I wished that they were naked too.  
  
Then Charles gently stroked my wet pussy lips. He leaned in and cooled them with his breath. I wanted his tongue but he denied it to me. Instead, he searched for my hardened clit, found it, but kept his fingers away.   
  
“You’re beautiful, Carol,” he said.   
  
“You are, too,” I said. Then he started pushing a finger into me, slowly, steadily. As he pushed, he twisted it, going deeper. Then he backed out, but not for long. I felt two fingers going in, twisting and spreading me open. He paused, and then pressed his thumb on my clit.   
  
“Oh, God,” I moaned, as I raised my hips to meet his hand. He kept on me as I squirmed against my handlers.   
  
“Cum for me, Carol,” he said. “Cum for me hard.”  
  
I stifled a scream and then another and then I fell off the cliff, floating in ecstasy, as he pumped his fingers inside of me. I gasped for breath as a second wave of orgasm hit me. From way off, I could hear the others urging me on.  
  
And then, it was over. My muscles unclenched and I began to breathe deeply. I looked up at my boyfriends and flashed on the past. They released me. Tom stroked my hair. Billy touched my lips. But Charles kept his fingers inside me, feeling me squeeze them rhythmically. No one said anything. I lay there, surrounded by love.  
  
“Do you think you could do that again?” Brian said, in a fake Irish accent. We all laughed loudly and Charles withdrew at last.  
  
“Did you like that, Carol?” said Frank.  
  
“It was fantastic,” I said as I slipped off the bed, my skin wet, my hair disheveled. These were my men now and they looked like they wanted more.  
  
“You still haven’t masturbated for us,” Frank said, looking straight at my pussy. “I really want to see you do that.”  
  
“Me, too,” said Tom. The others agreed too.  
  
“I need a break,” I said.  
  
“No, you don’t,” said Frank. “You’re just getting started.” He was adamant and I must admit that I was still very horny.  
  
“At least let me sit down,” I said.  
  
“Sure,” Frank said. “We’ll gather around you and sit on the floor.”   
  
As I moved to the chair, all I could think was that we were animals in heat, our sexual desires nowhere near sated. Knowing I couldn’t fuck these men made my desire even greater.   
  
“Spread your legs, Carol,” said Brian.  
  
“Okay.”  
  
“Wider, please.” I draped them over the arms of the chair.  
  
“Could you talk to us as you do it? Could you tell us what you’re feeling or thinking?”  
  
“I can’t believe I’m doing this. I mean, I’ve done some adventures before but I’ve never done anything so wanton.” I started playing with myself. “I know you’re turned on because you’ve all got hard-ons. I can see them.” They shifted their seating on the floor. “Don’t be ashamed,” I said. “I wish I could see them in the flesh.”  
  
“Well, why don’t you ask us?” Billy said. He smiled.  
  
“You mean you’d show me your cock, Billy, even though you can’t fuck me and I won’t give you a blowjob?”  
  
“Sure, why not?” he said. “What I’d like to do is cum on your face.”  
  
“Well, then,” I said, not believing my own words. “Do it.” I rubbed my pussy a little harder as I kept my eyes on Billy’s crotch. I was so wet.  
  
Billy got up and dropped his pants quickly. He pulled off his shirt too and then his white jockey shorts. He stood facing me, his thick cock bobbing near my mouth.   
  
“Stroke it,” I said. He put it in his right hand and began to pump it. I couldn’t stop myself—I reached out and cupped his tight balls. The others looked on in silence.   
  
“Who’ll grab his ass?” I said. The others didn’t move. They looked shocked at my request. “Come on, someone finger his asshole,” I said. Still, no one moved. “Come on, someone do it!” I looked at Charles and pleaded with him. “Charles, help us out here. Please.” Billy and I were both getting close to exploding.  
  
“I’ll do it,” Tom said and he moved behind Billy and pulled his ass cheeks apart. Billy stood his ground. Tom started rimming him with his finger. Billy moaned. I squeezed his balls tighter and, then, he shot his load all over my face. I started cumming too, screaming out Billy’s name, feeling his cum drip off my lips.  
  
After a moment, I got up from my chair and embraced Billy, his spent prick pushing against my mound. I held him tight and softly said, “Thank you.”  
  
“Thank you,” he said, with a big grin. “Whew!” Turning, he said, “I never knew you were a bugger, Tom.”  
  
“Neither did I,” Tom said. “I don’t know what came over me.”  
  
“I did,” I said, in a very sexy voice. The odor of Billy’s semen on my face filled the air.   
  
“I’ve cum twice and Billy has once,” I said. “You guys have some catching up to do. Is there anything else you want me to do?”  
  
“Stand over there by the window,” Frank said. “Let those guys in the other building get a good look at you.” I hadn’t noticed that the drapes were open and that, indeed, there were people working in the office building next door. I walked to the window. I had no inhibitions left.  
  
“See if you can get their attention,” Frank said. I moved around and waved so that the office workers might catch my movement in the window. It didn’t seem to be working and, after another minute, I gave up. I turned to Frank, Charles, Tom and Brian who were still dressed.  
  
“Well, guys, will I get to see your cocks tonight?”  
  
“I don’t think so,” said Charles. “I think the focus should be on you. I’m enjoying everything that you’re doing.”  
  
“I’ll strip if you’ll finger yourself while I’m doing it,” said Brian.  
  
“Deal,” I said, as I fucked myself with my middle finger. Brian wasted no time in disrobing. He had an average-sized cock that was semi-hard. I reached out and stroked him slowly until he was stiff. Then I let him go.

“Your turn, Frank,” I said.   
  
“I’m with Charlie,” he said, “and it’s my time of the month,” he joked. I chuckled but I didn’t press him or Charlie. I like being naked around some people who were dressed.  
  
And I liked being naked with my old high school boyfriends. Not doing so when we were in school made this all the sweeter and sexier. There was just one more thing I wanted.  
  
“Tom, I want to jerk you off,” I said, the words spilling from my mouth. Tom looked shocked then excited by my need. “And Brian, I want to do you at the same time. I want you both to cum on my face.  
  
“I’m up for that,” said Tom.   
  
“Me, too,” said Brian.  
  
“Just one thing,” I said. “I want Brian to take Tom’s clothes off.”  
  
“Whoa!” Tom said. “I may be a bugger but I’m not gay.”  
  
“I know, Tom,” I said. “That’ll make it even hotter for me. What do you say?” He looked at Brian who just shrugged his naked shoulders.  
  
“There’s always a first time, I guess,” Tom said.  
  
“Great!” I said. “Brian, will you do the honors?” He stood next to Tom, not knowing how to start. They both looked a bit awkward.  
  
“Start with his shirt,” I said to Brian. He removed it easily. Then he went for the belt. “Wait,” I said. “Will you tweak his nipples a bit?” Brian looked at me, then Tom, then rubbed his thumbs back and forth across Tom’s nipples until they stood out hard.  
  
“I’m jealous,” said Billy.  
  
“Wait your turn,” said Brian, who then loosened Tom’s belt, unzipped his fly, and pulled down his pants. I could see that Tom was excited and he knew I was looking at his cock peeking through his boxer shorts.  
  
“Off with the shorts,” I commanded and Brian dragged them to Tom’s ankles. Tom stepped out of them and pulled his scrotum away from his legs. Then, I dropped to my knees in front of them and grabbed their hard cocks.  
  
“I used to dream about this when we were in school,” I said, as I slowly slid my hands up and down their shafts. Charles and Frank had sat down beside me and I had Billy stand behind me and rub his cock on my head.  
  
“This is fucking unbelievable,” Tom said.  
  
His cock grew thicker as I pumped him and it looked like he was going to cum soon. I slowed down with him because I wanted Brian and him to splash my face at the same time. Brian’s eyes were closed as he took in my steady stroking. I slid my hands to their balls and massaged them briefly. Then I resumed yanking on their cocks, faster now.  
  
Tom stiffened and put his hand on Brian’s shoulder to steady himself. Brian thrust his cock forward and back. They were close, so I jerked them quickly. Then, I felt their cock muscles relax and then tense swiftly. They both started cumming, showering my face with hot spurts of jism. Brian’s knees buckled but he held on to Tom’s waist as I kept wanking them. Then, I let go of their cocks and rubbed their cum over my face and chest.  
  
“Good job, guys,” I said, licking my lips. I fell onto my hands and knees and looked back at Billy looming over me. “Rub your cock on my ass, Billy, but don’t try to stick it in,” I commanded. He dropped down, grabbed my hips, and slid his cock up and down my crack. Then I rolled over on my back and stared up at his stiff penis. He had recovered quickly from his first orgasm.  
  
“Fuck my tits, Billy. They’re real wet for you,” I said. He fell on top of me and I wrapped my legs around him. For a few seconds, the tip of his cock poked at my pussy. I pulled him up to my cum-soaked breasts and squeezed his cock between them. He fucked them slowly as I stared into his beautiful eyes. I could see the urgency building in him.  
  
“Come on, Billy, fuck me,” I said. “Shoot your load all over my face.” I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue. I wanted to suck him off but I remembered the “rules.” I pushed my tits harder against his cock, as he quickened his pace, and then he sprayed my face and tongue with his cum.  
  
“Oh, shit!” he yelled. I grabbed his cock and spread the goo over my chest and neck. I brushed my lips across the tip of his wet cock head and tasted the saltiness of his cum. I was drenched in the spunk of three men. Then Billy lifted himself off me and helped me to my feet.  
  
Tom and Brian and Billy closed in and wrapped themselves around me. I slowly turned round and round, giving each a quick kiss, a quick feel, a quick pinch. I wanted more. I wanted to cum one more time.  
  
“We need to clean up,” Tom said. We all started for the bathroom.   
  
“Not you, Carol,” Billy said. “You need to stay naked and sticky for a while longer. Hey, Charles, you and Frank take care of Carol,” he said, as he disappeared into the bathroom.   
  
So there I was, still naked with two clothed men in a sumptuous hotel suite. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.  
  
“Room service,” a man called out. I started to go toward the bathroom.  
  
“No, wait, Carol,” Frank said. “I’ll handle it.” He went to the door which was out of my sight. I could hear him and the other man talking. Then, Frank reappeared, followed by the bell boy!  
  
“Carol, this is Donnie,” Frank said, as I tried to cover myself with my hands. “He brought the extra towels we asked for and some more wine. I thought it would be good if he helped clean you up.” Donnie was a chubby young redhead whose eyes seemed to be popping out of their sockets as he looked me up and down. Along with the wine and the towels, he had a bowl of rose water with him. I knew it was useless to protest.  
  
“Don’t be shy, Carol,” Frank said. “Donnie, go over there and do your best to wash Carol.” With some hesitation, Donnie picked up a towel and the bowl of water and walked toward me.  
  
“May I?” he asked, not looking me in the eyes.  
  
“I guess so,” I said to this stranger in the room. He wiped me down with a dry towel first, getting most of the cum off me. Then he used a damp towel to clean me up. After that, at Frank’s request, he pulled a tube of skin lotion from my purse and applied it all over my body. By now, everyone was back in the living room watching Donnie’s hands caressing me.  
  
“Before he goes, will you show Donnie how you cum?”  
  
“What!?” I said, looking at Charles who had a smile on his face.  
  
“Show him how you get off,” he said. “I’m sure he’d love to see you do it, wouldn’t you, Donnie?”  
  
“I think I would,” he said. I could feel myself blushing. The others kept encouraging me.  
  
“Come on, Carol, I bet you want to do it,” said Tom. “She loves showing herself to strangers,” he said to Donnie. “Here, sit down and watch Carol masturbate,” he said, guiding Donnie to the sofa.  
  
I no longer felt in control. My “boyfriends” were directing me to get off in front of this young man. They didn’t know it but I was thrilled.  
  
“Okay,” I said, “but you mustn’t tell anyone about this, Donnie. Agreed?”  
  
“Agreed,” he said. The others found seats around the room. Someone turned on some sexy slow jazz. I began swaying to the music and touching myself. I took my time, loving the rapt attention of six men watching me be sexual. I rubbed my tits on the top of Donnie’s head. I bent over and pulled my cheeks apart so that he could get a great look at my asshole.   
  
For ten minutes, I teased Donnie and the others. My pussy was visibly wet again as I slid my fingers in and out of it. As earlier, Donnie seemed a little embarrassed looking at me, as if he had not had much experience with women.  
  
“I’m getting close, Donnie,” I said to him, as I fondled my tit. “Here, give me your hand.” I reached for it and held it in my own. Then, I guided him to my pussy and pressed his hand against me.  
  
“Feel how wet I am, Donnie. Look at how puffy my pussy lips are. You make me want to cum, the way you touch me like that.” I had never felt as brazen as now. The confident exhibitionist had opened up even more.  
  
“Push your finger inside me, Donnie. Reach way in. That’s it. I pumped his finger in and out. Faster, Donnie. Oh, yes! Faster! I’m gonna cum. Fuck my pussy, Donnie. Fuck it!”  
  
Then, it hit me, a gushing wave of passion. I humped his finger hard, screamed his name. I could barely stand up. Donnie looked frightened, helpless, as if he was hurting me. I knew then that he’d never had an experience like this one.  
  
When it was over, I licked Donnie’s finger and embraced him. He was speechless.   
  
“Well done, young man,” said Brian. “You really got her off.” Donnie smiled. He seemed relieved and excited. I thanked him for his help and walked with him to the door. As he walked down the hallway, his last view was of me standing naked in the doorway, smiling, and holding my breast.  
  
Before I got dressed, I gave each of my boyfriends a big hug and let them grope me one more time. A limo was waiting for me as I left the hotel. On the way home, I wondered how John would react to my tale of the evening’s events.   
  
As I entered the house, I heard a muffled sound coming from his private study. I walked in and there he was watching a video on the big screen. As I focused on the television, my jaw dropped. There I was, in the hotel room, cum shooting onto my face!  
  
“Hi, darling,” he said. “Did you have fun?”

Exposing Carol: Way Back When

Bobby Running Bear was my brother Jason’s best friend. He was cute, a great dancer, and a really nice guy. Bobby and Jason were both popular in high school and both were headed for college that fall.  
  
By March of that year, they had both turned eighteen. It was a time of innocence and confusion. A time of horniness and inhibition. They were adults—and they were still kids.  
  
I was two years older than Jason and finishing my sophomore year at the university. Unlike my brother, I was pretty shy. I dated guys occasionally, frat boys and townies. I even let them feel me up now and then. But I wouldn’t go all the way. I just couldn’t. Sometimes, I would stand naked at the window of my darkened dorm room, wondering if anyone was looking at me. Sometimes, I’d touch myself. Just a little. Or maybe a lot.  
  
Spring break was the first week in April. Mom and Dad were going to Ireland on business and they asked me to take care of the house and keep an eye on Jason. So, instead of Fort Lauderdale or the Bahamas, I spent the break lazing around at home.   
  
Jason was in school that week. He’d leave in the morning before I got up and return after baseball practice in the afternoon. I’d make some dinner and then read a book or watch TV. Jason spent the evenings doing his homework and talking on the telephone with friends. It was nice, though, being home for a bit.  
  
On Friday, I cleaned up the house, washed my clothes, and did some preliminary packing for my return to campus the next day. Mom and Dad would be home on Saturday and then I’d leave after dinner with them and Jason. I remember it rained on Friday afternoon, that slow, soaking rain that always made me think of Heathcliff on the moor.   
  
I was half asleep on the sofa when Jason walked through the front door. Trailing behind was Bobby, drenched just like my brother. They must have thought I was asleep when I didn’t move or greet them. They tried to keep quiet as they walked upstairs. To this day, I swear that I heard Bobby say, “Boy, Jason, your sister is hot!”  
  
About twenty minutes later, I got up from the sofa. I could hear Jason and Bobby talking and laughing upstairs in Jason’s bedroom. Bobby’s comment still lingered in my mind. I grabbed my books from the coffee table and headed up to my room. As I passed Jason’s room, the door was ajar and I could see them hunched over a magazine. Backing up, I nudged the door open and said, “Hi.” Startled, they turned around toward me. Jason tried to hide the magazine but I could see it was one of those with nude women in it.  
  
“Hey, Sis. Did you have a nice nap?” He tried to act nonchalantly. I smiled and told him it was okay to be looking at the magazine. I put my books down and sat on his bed. I could see that both of them were a little embarrassed so I changed the subject and we talked about baseball and school and a couple other things. I could see Bobby eyeing me when I was speaking to Jason. I liked him looking at me. Jason did the same when I was facing Bobby. I liked that too.  
  
Then, as if some unknown force was guiding me, I brought the discussion back to nude women. “So, why is it that you guys like to look at pictures of naked women in magazines?” I stared at them, shifting my glance from one to the other. “C’mon, I’d really like to know. Jason? Bobby?” I don’t know what had come over me to act so bold.  
  
Bobby looked at Jason who looked at me. “Most guys like to do it,” Jason said. “Must be the hormones or something.” We both looked at Bobby.  
  
“I don’t know. We’re horny, I guess,” he said. Now they were both looking at me. My shyness came back and I lowered my eyes. No one spoke. Then I broke the silence.  
  
“I want to ask you both something and I promise I won’t tell anyone what you have to say.” They were watching me intently and I felt self-conscious but I pressed on. “How many naked girls have you seen live, you know, in the flesh, so to speak.” I was ready for some big-time fibs.  
  
“153,” Bobby said, and we all burst out laughing.  
  
“Is that all?” Jason said. “I saw that many last month.” We laughed again.  
  
“Come on,” I said. “I promise I won’t tell even if it is zero.” I could sense their hesitation in being candid with me and I could sense a little increase in the charged atmosphere in Jason’s bedroom. Again, they were looking at me and, again, I looked away. Bobby cleared his throat.  
  
“Well, don’t tell anybody, but I’ve only seen my mother and that was by accident,” he said. “She was coming out of the shower and didn’t think anyone was home yet.” He seemed relieved by his admission. “Okay, your turn, Jason.”  
  
Bobby and I watched him squirm a little and waited. “Well,” he drawled, “I want to say seven but the answer is one. And it was just her tits. Jenny and I were swimming at the creek and she took her shirt off when I dared her. But she only kept it off for about thirty seconds.”  
  
“You saw Jenny’s boobs!?” Bobby said. “Wow, I wish I’d been there.” It was like he had forgotten I was there for a moment. “Sorry,” he said, red-faced.  
  
“That’s okay,” I said. Our eyes held each other’s for a second.   
  
“So there you have it, ladies and gentlemen,” Jason said. “Two cool guys telling a sister that they’re still virgins in more ways than one.” We chuckled at that remark and I felt the age gap between us was more than two years. I wanted to do something for them. And for me. I wanted to be bolder than I had ever been before.  
  
I stood up from the bed. “Can I see that magazine a minute?” I said. Jason reached behind him and handed it to me. I flipped the pages, searching for the photos. By today’s standards, they were pretty tame. I looked at a lot of them while the guys quietly watched me. Then I held one up.  
  
“See this,” I said, pointing to an airbrushed photo. “She looks nice, but she looks fake. I mean, you never will see a girl or a woman who has perfect skin in real life. And we’re all not built like this,” I said, raking my finger across the model’s breasts. The guys just stared at the photo, raising their eyes only when I spoke. “What do you think of her, Jason?” My brother looked at me.  
  
“She’s pretty cool, I think.”  
  
“Bobby?”  
  
“Uh, I agree. But then, all I have to compare are other pictures,” he said.  
  
“And your mother,” Jason said, laughing.  
  
“Well,” I said, not quite believing my own voice, “do you want to see what a real woman looks like with no clothes on?”  
  
“What do you mean?” Jason asked.  
  
“What if I could get a real person to show you her body? Would you want me to arrange that for you?” Their faces lit up.  
  
“Sure!” they both said, simultaneously.  
  
“Well, here I am,” I said, with a little shudder in my voice as I opened my arms to them. I couldn’t believe I had just done that. They looked at me, mouths open.  
  
“God, Sis! I don’t know about this. I mean, you’re my sister!” His voice quivered. Bobby just stood there, looking, his eyes capturing each part of me.  
  
“Look,” I said. “There’s nothing wrong with this. We’re not going to have sex or anything. I’m just going to show you what a real naked woman looks like. So, do you want me to or not?” I was about to chicken out.  
  
“Yes,” they said.  
  
“Okay,” I said, trying to remain calm and sound like it too. Then I had another idea. “How I want this to work is”—I paused—“I want both of you to undress me. Can you do that?” they looked at each other and then at me. I could see “yes” in their smiling faces. They shook their heads.  
  
“What should we do?” Jason asked.  
  
“Okay, here are the rules,” I said, making it up as I went along. “Each of you can take turns removing one piece of my clothing at a time. That’s all you can do. No grabbing, no touching, nothing else. Understood?” They eagerly said yes.  
  
“Who wants to go first?” They looked at each other again. Bobby told Jason to start. He looked at me and I smiled nervously. My own brother and his best friend were about to undress me in his bedroom.  
  
“Okay, baby brother, you can begin.” He walked up to me and then hesitated as if he didn’t know what to take off first. “Do my blouse first,” I said, another shiver running through me. He reached out and fumbled with my top button. He was tantalizingly slow; not realizing the effect his prolonged effort to remove my shirt was having on me. Finally, the buttons were undone. Jason timidly eased the shirt off my shoulders.  
  
“Could you turn around, please?” I did as he asked and felt his fingers curl around my shirt collar and pull it down. I kept my arms at my sides so that he could slide the shirt off me. When he did, I turned around and caught him looking at my bra and breasts.  
  
“Okay, Bobby, you’re up,” I said, trying but failing to lessen the sexual tension in the room. He went straight for my jeans, undoing the button and pulling down the zipper. That was the easy part. My pants were tight and I saw that he wasn’t sure what I’d let him do to get them off me. He stuck his thumbs between my hips and the jeans and yanked but it was soon clear to him that his approach wouldn’t work. All he’d done was tug my white panties down a bit with the waistband of the jeans.  
  
“Here,” I said. “I’ll hold up my panties and you try to inch the jeans down over my rear end. Then, I’ll sit on the bed so you can pull them off my legs.” He was a quick learner and, in about 45 seconds, I was standing in front of Bobby and Jason with only my white bra and cotton panties on. My brother moved in back of me. I knew he was a virgin at these things by the way he struggled with my bra clasp. I thought he was going to rip it off. But he finally unhooked it. This time, he didn’t hesitate in removing the item.  
  
Self-consciously, I cupped my breasts in my hands and turned around to face them. Without a word, I dropped my arms and watched them see my naked tits for the first time. I knew they were turned on. So was I. This exposure was new to me too. But I tried to keep very cool and calm. My nipples, though, were growing hard and my areolas had crinkled up. I know they saw them. That’s all they were looking at! I broke the spell.   
  
“Okay, Bobby. You’re next and last.” So far, neither of them had said much. Bobby came up to me and squatted down. He reached up and quickly pulled my panties to my ankles. Just as quickly, I stepped out of them. He stood up and gently placed my panties on Jason’s desk. I faced them, naked, open, embarrassed, and thrilled. My brother and Bobby kept looking, unashamed at what they were doing, enjoying it more with each passing second. I smiled at them, feeling more comfortable being nude in their presence.  
  
  
“Well,” I said, “what do you think?” I love the fact I was naked and talking with two fully-clothed young men. “Come on,” I said, “tell me what you’re feeling. Is it what you expected?”  
  
“Alright, Sis, I’ll say it. You look hot! Better than any of those pictures. Right, Bobby?”  
  
“You’re right, man. I can’t believe it. I can’t believe I’m here. You’re the neatest sister I’ve ever known.” At that, we all laughed really hard. My breasts jiggled and, without thinking, I grabbed them. By their expressions, I realized what I had done. It gave me another idea.  
  
“I wasn’t going to do this,” I said, “but, if you can handle it and not be immature, I’ll show you a few things about the female anatomy, my anatomy to be precise.” I watched their eyes move up and down my body. “Well,” I said, “are you ready for a lesson or should we call it a night?”  
  
This time, Bobby spoke first. “We’d like the lesson, Carol. Right, Jason?”  
  
“Absolutely. I still can’t believe you’re doing this, Sis.”  
“Neither can I,” I said, growing more excited by the second. “Come a little closer. I want to show you something.” They stepped toward me, both of them with bulges in their crotches. I reveled in the effect I had on them and rejoiced in the effect they had on me.  
  
“Look at my nipples. They’re sensitive to the touch. They get hard when they’re touched or squeezed or when I’m turned on. They are…  
  
“Can I touch them?” Bobby blurted out. His eyes pleaded with me. Jason looked eager to handle them too.  
  
“No,” I said. Disappointment crossed their faces. I was losing control of the situation. I wasn’t sure where this was going. Being naked was one thing. Having them touch me was another. I wanted to keep the situation going but I knew I had to stay in control. “Look,” I said. “I have an idea. This has been fun for all of us so far. But I don’t want this to turn sexual. I want you both to learn something. I confess that I love being naked in front of you. It turns me on and I know it turns you on too. I’ll let you touch me but you have to do it the way I tell you. And, if I say ‘stop,’ you stop. No arguments or anything. Just stop. Do you agree?”  
  
“Yes,” they both said. I had regained some control but I was still nervous. And I was very excited.  
  
“Okay.” I took a deep breath and turned toward Bobby. “Put your hands on top of my head. Now, close your eyes. Good. Now, very slowly, use your fingers to feel my hair and my face. Keep your eyes closed.”  
  
Bobby did as he was told. Jason watched us both intently. “Okay, Bobby, feel my neck and my shoulders. Keep it slow.” He had a light touch and seemed to be exploring me like a sculptor might explore the contours of a model. My chest rose, lifting my tits with every breath I took. Looking at Jason observing this made me hotter. But I had to stay in control. I struggled to sound calm.  
  
“Open your eyes, Bobby.” He did. “Do you want to keep touching me?” He nodded. “Okay, start with my shoulders and work your way down my body slowly. If you want me to turn around, just say so. But keep your eyes closed so that you can concentrate on feeling what a real woman is like. Understand?” Again, he nodded ‘yes.’  
  
Bobby’s breathing had quickened but he kept trying to act cool. He circled my breasts and felt their weight. Then he lightly pinched my hard nipples and pulled on them. His hands roamed over my belly and found my hips.  
  
“Turn around,” he said. As I did, his fingers stroked my pubic hair. He moved down to my labia and seemed surprised that they were moist.  
  
“My pussy’s wet from your touching me and from being naked in front of you both,” I said. He did not linger there. Instead, he wrapped his hands around my left leg and slowly slid them down to my foot. Then he grasped my right foot and slowly felt his way up my leg to my crotch. I widened my stance just a bit so that he could go as far up as possible.  
  
“Open your eyes. Remove your hands. That’s it. Now, smell your fingers. That is the true scent of a woman.” I took hold of his hands and helped him to stand up. His cock pushed against his pants. I smiled at him and looked directly at his hard-on. He blushed. Then, I looked at my brother.  
“Do you want to touch me, Jason?” I had never been so open with him. Several years later, he told me that he almost said no. But, he said he was so horny and wanted so much to finally feel a naked woman that he tried to pretend that I was not his sister.  
  
  
“Do you want to touch me like Bobby did?” I asked again.  
  
“I do. Yes. Please.” He sounded so sweet and I felt good about letting him do it, about letting him see me naked, about letting him feel me up. I had never been more exposed.  
  
Jason closed his eyes and put his hands on my head. His touch was heavier than Bobby’s, his fingers more rough. As he moved around my body, I thought of Lady Chatterley’s Lover. He was insistent, thorough, bold even. He savored the smell of my sex. While Jason touched me, Bobby watched. I wanted both of them feeling me at the same time.  
  
And they did. Without asking me. Without me protesting. I was losing control again, so I stopped them.  
  
“Wait. I have another idea,” I said, moving away from them toward Jason’s bed. I sat down and then reclined on the mattress, my head on the pillow. “I don’t want this to get sexual but I think you should learn one more thing about anatomy.”  
  
I tried to sound like a school teacher so that I could ease the growing tension in them and in me. I told them to sit on the bed near my feet. Then I lifted my knees and spread my legs.  
  
“My pussy is like every other woman’s and it responds a lot like others. But every woman is unique and you have to learn what they like, what turns them on.” They were staring at my cunt, listening carefully. I took my fingers and spread my lips so that they could look deeper. I showed them everything. My clit protruded from under its hood and I stroked it.  
  
“This really turns me on. Some women can’t take it. But I love it!”  
  
“Can we touch it?” Jason asked.  
  
“Yes, but gently.” He reached forward and put his index finger on it, rubbing it slowly. Bobby followed and I raised my hips to meet his thumb. I took his hand and guided his middle finger into me. I reached out to Jason and pushed his finger inside me too. I held them there, not letting them move, as I squeezed my cunt around them. I closed my eyes, feeling other people inside me for the first time. Then, I slowly pulled them out.  
  
“Someday,” I said, “your cocks will know what your fingers have felt. And I’ll squeeze a cock as it cums in my cunt. But, now, let’s have something to eat.”  
  
I led them down to the kitchen and prepared some pasta and salad. I stayed naked the whole time, loving the looks and the appreciative smiles. Then Bobby had to leave. We said goodbye to him and went upstairs—to our separate rooms. I don’t know about my brother, but it didn’t take long for me to go over the edge.  
  
Jason’s never seen me naked again. Bobby? Well, that’s another story.

**Exposing Carol, Again**

John slowly slipped outside of me. One became two.   
  
My decision to display myself had changed our life together. My soul lay naked when I told him of my desire. I gave up control, willingly. He took it, steadfastly. And we were happy, ardent, and very much in love.  
  
The results of the photo shoot, John's first "assignment" for me, were spectacular. John said that he saw a lot of different aspects of me in the pictures. There was the shy woman, the flirty, sensual woman, the embarrassed and humiliated woman, and the hot, sexy woman.   
  
My anticipation about my next exhibitionist adventure was mounting every day. I have to admit that my first exposure had been more thrilling than I had imagined it would be. What was more surprising was the range of emotions I had felt. Now, I was waiting for John to tell me what to do next.  
  
Two days later, the waiting was over. Like the first time, John had left an email message instructing me to look in a particular book. I found the book and the next assignment scrawled on a piece of paper and read it eagerly.  
  
"Carol, my love, a group of business executives in the city holds an annual auction for charity. It's an adults-only affair, very swank, and they raise a lot of money. The master of ceremonies needs an assistant on stage next Friday evening to help him handle the bidding. I've arranged for you to be the assistant. The attire you will wear is hanging in the guest room closet. The time and place and emcee's name are there too. Enjoy!"  
  
"What's so daring about this?" I said aloud. I walked to the guest room and opened the closet. There, in front of me, was a floor-length gold two-piece outfit, so sheer that I could see my hand through the material. A matching bra and thong completed the ensemble. The clothes were stunning and I quickly stripped off my running togs to try them on.  
  
"These look great!" I thought, as I gazed in a mirror. The curves of my body were plainly visible under the clinging cloth. The undergarments disappeared in the color of the blouse and skirt. Two layers of fabric concealed what one layer revealed. I could see my nipples and pussy when I had just the bra and thong on. Even with the complete outfit, my pointed nipples and nicely-trimmed mound caught the material when I moved certain ways.  
  
"John," I thought, "you're a devil, but this will be fun. I get to stand in front of a group for awhile, knowing what little I have on and knowing that the audience can almost see beneath my clothing. Exposed, but not exposed."  
  
I smiled. This was different from what I expected John to propose for my second time out, but I think it's an example of how he wanted to help me and still have me keep my self-respect.  
  
On Friday afternoon, I spent a leisurely time soaking in the tub and then getting ready for the auction. When John got home, I was ready to go.   
  
"Honey, you look magnificent! That outfit was made for you. You're gonna knock them out, standing on that stage." He kissed me lightly on the lips.  
  
"Thanks, love," I said. "I'm getting really excited to be up on the stage. I wish you could be there to see me."  
  
"Me, too," he said.   
  
We drove to the Executive Club where a valet helped me out of the car. I blew a kiss to John and caught a risqué glint in his eye. I waved as he pulled away.  
  
I was quite aware of the looks I got as I walked into the Executive Club. My exuberance, though, was tempered by the fact that I was not in complete control. In spite of everything good, I still had these conflicting thoughts. Here I was, in a situation not of my own design. Sure, I wanted to be on display. That's why I'm doing this. But John told me where to go and what to wear and what to do. Soon, I was going to be on a stage helping run an auction. People in the audience will see how my clothes strongly suggest what's underneath. I won't be able to hide or cover myself with a coat.   
  
I can't figure it out. I love the feeling of being exposed. It's thrilling and embarrassing at the same time. Doing it at another person's direction enhances everything. Sometimes, though, I think my desire is becoming an obsession.  
  
A valet met me in the lobby of the Club and escorted me to the manager's office to meet the man who would conduct the auction. Sammy Moore is a roly-poly man with a lascivious grin, roving eyes, and a bawdy sense of humor. I felt naked standing there as he went over my duties as his assistant. Naked and thrilled and embarrassed. And we weren't even on stage yet. Sammy offered me some wine which I gladly accepted. I wanted to lose a bit of my natural inhibition. After a few more minutes of off-color jokes, it was showtime.  
  
We entered the backstage area and Sammy told me to wait in the wings while he opened the show with a comedy routine. He's really good, I must confess. The audience was rolling with laughter. Then, it hit me. The audience was all men. I was the only woman in the entire building! That strange combination of emotions rushed through me again.   
  
Sammy was encouraging the crowd to be generous in their bids for the auction items. Then, he began introducing me.   
  
"Gentlemen, it's customary for me to have an assistant at our annual auction and tonight is no exception. Please welcome the beautiful and sexy Carol."  
  
Taking a deep breath, I stepped from the wing. Polite applause changed to catcalls and whistles. I smiled and walked to center stage.  
  
"What did I tell you? Isn't she gorgeous? Turn around, Carol." Sammy twirled me around as if we were on a dance floor. The men screamed when they caught a glimpse of my thong and ass through the sheer material. I did a little curtsey and smiled again at the faces I could see in front of the stage. With that, the auction began. There were some great items to bid on and it was clear that the men in the audience had money to spend.   
  
Sammy kept up the humorous chatter as he solicited bids. Once an item was sold, it was my job to take the voucher to the top bidder. I'd walk down the steps from the stage and go over to the table where the winner would give me his check in exchange. Then I'd walk back to Sammy. A lot of men got close up views of my diaphanous two-piece ensemble.   
  
Once more, I silently thanked John for putting me in this elegant situation. Here I was, teasingly on display for all the men. My heart beat rapidly. A shiver of sexual excitement rippled through me. Eyes focused on my hardened nipples, on my visible belly-button, on the curves of my ass. This was all so sweet.  
  
Sammy had one item left to auction. It was a week's stay at an exclusive tropical resort. The bidding progressed rapidly until, finally, there was no higher offer. The audience applauded the winner and, again, I moved down the steps to exchange the voucher for a check. I wanted to make the most of this last trip through the tables of appreciative men so I walked a bit slower and smiled at many of them. Politely, but firmly, I pushed away the occasional hand that wanted to touch me. I did give the last winner a light peck on the cheek and slowly turned back to the stage.  
  
The whistles and catcalls increased as I rejoined Sammy.  
  
"Gentlemen, thank you again for your wonderful generosity. The proceeds from tonight's auction will help those in need throughout the city. Before we end the festivities, however, most of you know about a little tradition we have which gives you a few more chances to bid on some items."   
  
A loud cheer went up from the crowd. I looked around. There was nothing left on the table. No vouchers, no objects, nothing. Sammy spoke again.  
  
"For you newcomers, let me explain. Each year at the Executive Club auction, we conclude with something special. Each year, my lovely assistant—and there have been many through the years—graciously volunteers to sell the clothing off her back. Piece, by piece, by piece."  
  
The audience roared and applauded loudly. Sammy turned toward me, licked his lips, and smiled broadly. I stood there, frozen, stunned, and trying to maintain my composure. At the same time, I felt myself beginning to get turned on. God! John had done it again.  
  
"Well, Carol, will you continue the tradition?" Sammy's eyes roamed over my body. Very embarrassed, I shook my head "no." The men groaned. I looked out at them and then down at the floor. Images and thoughts raced through my mind.   
  
"Listen to them, Carol. They're pleading with you. Think of the needy ones who'll benefit from this. Hell, think of us horny farts."   
  
The men cheered and started chanting, "Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it!" I laughed nervously. I covered my face with my hands and shook my head again. The chanting grew louder. The men began clapping slowly, rhythmically. They shouted my name. "Carol! Carol! Carol!" Sammy kept urging them on.  
  
A sexual shiver rippled through me. Again, I was where I wanted to be. I had asked for this and John had delivered. There would be embarrassment and humiliation for sure if I went through with it. But I knew there would be excitement and thrills as well.   
  
  
I moved my hands from my face and smiled. I leaned close to Sammy and said, "I'll do it."   
  
"She'll do it!" he shouted. Another roar rose from the crowd. It took half a minute for Sammy to quiet the men down. Then he began the bidding for my clothes.  
  
"Okay, gentlemen, what am I bid for Carol's lovely top? 50 dollars over there. 75. 100. 125 back in the corner. 150. Come on, guys, her top is worth a lot more than that."  
  
"Two hundred dollars!" bellowed a middle-aged man up front.   
  
"275!" came a yell from the back.  
  
"Do I hear 300? 300 anyone. 275 going once, 275 going twice. Sold to the horny old guy at table 32." Another cheer rocked the room.  
  
I looked at Sammy. I didn't know what to do. Realizing this, he held up his hands and the noise became less. "Gentlemen," he said. "As is customary, the winning bidder has to come up on stage and retrieve his prize by taking it off Carol. So, get on down here and take her top off."   
  
The crowd cheered the old man on. He half-ran to the stage and climbed the steps. He was about sixty and very distinguished looking. He smiled at me and then stared at my top. I told him to pull it up over my head. He put his hands on my hips as I raised my arms straight up. Then he grabbed the material and slowly drew it up past my head and off my arms.  
  
The crowd whistled and cheered. The old man held my top up above his head. I stood there, knowing my bra did nothing to hide my erect nipples, knowing that this was just the beginning.  
  
"Aren't they beautiful," Sammy said, pointing at by breasts. Then he ushered the first winner off the stage and started the bidding again. "Okay, gentlemen, who'll bid 100 dollars for Carol's skirt? Carol, turn around so they can see all of it."  
  
I slowly turned, so that they could see my thonged ass through the thin material. I felt myself getting wet. I loved being on display.  
  
The bidding moved rapidly to $500. Finally, at $550, it stopped. A good-looking man up front had bought my skirt. Like the first winner, he came up onto the stage. Raising his arms like a boxing champ, he hopped up and down, exalting the men to clap louder. Then he smiled and moved behind me. Awkwardly, he unclasped the hook on my skirt and then quickly pulled the zipper down. His hands rested on my hips for a moment before he started to slide the waist band down. He egged the men on by stopping and starting again. Suddenly, he pulled my skirt all the way to the floor.  
  
I've never heard such noise. Sammy held my hand as I stepped out of my skirt and the winner wrapped it around his neck like a towel. He leaped off the stage. Sammy twirled me around slowly so the men could see my ass. My pussy was a black patch against the see-through thong.  
  
I was so turned on. I never imagined this would be so good. 135 men were watching me standing in front of them with only a bra and thong on. Sammy told me to walk to one side of the stage and then the other. Every eye followed me. I might as well have been naked but I knew that was still to come.  
  
Sammy cracked another risqué joke. Then he started to auction my bra. It seemed like the number of active bidders was much greater than before. The price for my bra escalated quickly. Sammy could hardly keep up with the offers. I looked at each man who shouted out a figure. Suddenly, I recognized a man sitting next to one of the bidders. It was my husband! John was witnessing my increasing exposure before the raucous crowd of sexed-up men.  
  
This changed everything. It turned me on so much to see him there. But there were other feelings, too—embarrassment, humiliation, shame. I don't know where they came from. When I asked John to direct me in displaying myself, I thought those feelings would be present. But, after my first experience and half-way through this one, I only felt bolder. My shyness had disappeared, or so I thought. Now, all these feelings swirled around my body. Whatever was happening inside of me was almost too much for me to deal with.   
  
"Sold to the man at table 17!" Sammy's voice brought me back to the present moment. A well-dressed man, about 35, walked slowly to the stage, high-fiving at least one guy at every table he passed. He smiled as he stood beside me.  
  
"Larry, you lucky man," Sammy said. "$950 gives you the pleasure of removing Carol's bra and taking it home with you. She's all yours," he said, pointing to me, leering all the time.   
  
The men started chanting again. "Larry, Larry, Larry." He bowed to them and slipped behind me. I felt his warm hands trace my back and then move to my bra. He unhooked it and then paused. The audience, my audience, was going crazy. Larry grabbed my bra straps and slid them off my shoulders. Then, he moved in front of me with his back to the audience. He curled his hands over the top of the cups and pulled my bra off, making sure he grazed my hard nipples in the process.  
  
I looked up at him. Suddenly, he bent down and gave me a soft kiss on the lips. He turned to face the crowd, raised his arms and "his" bra, and bolted down the steps. I have never been so excited in my life. But we weren't finished yet.  
  
Sammy told me to take another walk across the stage. He said he wanted to see my tits bounce. And they did. My heart was beating so fast. I couldn't believe I was doing this. And I was exposing myself as my husband watched from the back of the room.  
  
The bidding for my thong was frenzied. In less than a minute, it had reached $1000. Offers flew to the stage. Finally, at $1600, it was over. The most handsome man in the room walked to the stage to strip me of my last bit of clothing. Unbeknownst to everyone but me, the winning bidder was my husband, John. He was the one who would strip me bare.  
  
He did nothing to reveal our relationship. Nor did I. He acknowledged the cheers of the crowd and smiled broadly at Sammy who beckoned him to take what he had paid for. Like the man before him, John moved behind me as I faced 135 men waiting to see me fully exposed.   
  
John gently grabbed my arms and lifted them straight up, indicating I should hold them there. He slowly moved his hands down my arms toward my thong. The men yelled all kinds of suggestions to him. He paused dramatically at my armpits. But then, instead of continuing downward, he reached in front of me and held my hard nipples between his fingers. He lifted one breast by my nipple and then the other, alternating between the two. The noise was deafening but, I swear, I could hear my heart beating rapidly.  
  
John finished by circling my nipples with his middle fingers. Then, he placed his hands on the strings of my thong. The moment was at hand. Very slowly, he hooked a finger on each string and began pulling them over my hips. I knew my pussy was wet and glistening in the light. I lowered my arms as he lowered my thong to my ankles. Then, I stepped out of the thong, fully naked now, in front of all those men.  
  
John nudged my feet apart. Still behind me, he ran his right hand up the inside of my left leg. It sent chills through my body. The noise grew even louder as the men watched me being handled by John. When his hand could go no higher, he placed his palm on my pussy and moved his hand in small circles. I couldn't help it. My crotch responded to his touch and I started rotating my hips just a bit.   
  
"Oh, yeah!" Sammy screamed. Every man was standing. Those in the back hopped up on their chairs to get a better view. Sammy was begging for more but John would go no further. He pulled his hand through my crotch and up the crack of my ass. He stood up, raised his arms in triumph, and brought his fingers to his nose as if to savor the aroma of my sex. Then he jumped off the stage and hurried back to his table.  
  
I stood there, completely naked, next to Sammy who was thanking the crowd for the most memorable of all of the charity auctions. Then, he took my hand and led me behind the curtain. It was over.   
  
We got back to the manager's office and I realized I had no clothes to put on. Sammy pointed to a box on the desk and told me to open it. Inside, there were some shoes and a long coat. My raincoat. John had thought of everything. Again. A cab was waiting for me outside of the Executive Club. My husband was waiting for me at home, already planning my next assignment.