**Model for the Med Students**

by**[AloneTime](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1418621&page=submissions)**©

Beth was completely relaxed as she waited for the class to finish filing in and take their seats. This was going to be the easiest $200 she had ever made, and all she had to do was some twists and bends in front of a class of med students. She had seen a flyer for a female model posted in the school's quad and asked around to a few people—every month Professor Sonya held a lecture for her first year medical students with a live model to help her pupils study muscle movement and reaction in a living body so they could learn on something other than plastic models. Later that day she stopped by Professor Sonya's office to ask about the job, and get a little more information. Professor Sonya was a formidable looking woman—definitely a no-nonsense type. So when Beth inquired about the modeling job, the professor was completely matter-of-fact,

"If you take this job you will be prompt. 6:45 at the auditorium. The class starts at 7:00 and you must be ready to go. Please be neatly groomed with hair back and no piercings. You must be comfortable standing in front of approximately 50 students for one hour and do not mind physical contact. If any you are unable to adhere to any of these then I will not be able to hire you for this lecture."

Beth simply shook her head, "No, I think all of that should be fine."

"Alright then," Professor Sonya continued, "all of these lectures are video recorded for use as additional study aids to my students. If you wish you may view some to gain a better understanding of what I am looking for. I must also ask you to review this course outline and sign at the bottom indicating you understand what is expected in order for you to receive payment."

"Oh, ah, okay. Can I—can I go ahead and watch a couple of the lectures then?" Beth asked as Professor Sonya handed her the outline and then several discs to take home.

"Please have these returned by tomorrow," was all the professor said before turning her attention back to her work, indicating to the girl that it was time to leave.

At home that night Beth popped in a couple of the discs and fast-forwarded through a few of the lectures. She wasn't really interested in anything the class was supposed to be learning—she just wanted an idea of what the model was supposed to do. On some of the lectures there were guys and some were girls. Most of them wore tight-fitting work-out wear so you could see the muscle definition underneath. A few times it was a girl in a bra and panties or a swimsuit. Beth didn't have a problem with that—she was confident about her body and didn't mind if people saw her in a bikini. It would just be like the beach. On the video Professor Sonya stood in front of the auditorium and had the model demonstrate certain movements or else just stand still while she poked, prodded, lifted, and bent them in various ways. It looked a little awkward for the model, especially if Professor Sonya had some of the students assist her or come down for a closer examination, but it wasn't anything $200 wouldn't make better. While she watched as one particularly cute guy was getting stretched and twisted, Beth grabbed the paper the professor had given her and skimmed, "Students will locate and define muscle groupings... blah blah blah... gland structures... reactions to outside stimuli... connected muscle response... whatever," then signed the bottom of the paper with a flourish as laid back pondering how to spend her $200.

When the day of the lecture came Beth actually skipped her last class to go home and get ready. If she was going to be standing in a skimpy outfit in front of a bunch of people, she wanted to look good doing it. She pulled her long blonde hair back into a tight bun so it wouldn't interfere with the student's view of her toned shoulders, and decided to wear a strapless bikini for that same reason. The bathing suit she chose was a plain black that rode low on the hips and hugged tightly across her rather sizeable breasts. After all, even though they were studying her body didn't mean they shouldn't admire it also.

Thinking about what she had seen the other models do on the lecture videos, she decided that the best way to avoid any embarrassment would be to do a complete shave rather than just trim her bikini line. How awful it would be to have 50 students staring at you with stray hairs poking out! Beth would've died of embarrassment. So once she deemed herself ready, she headed over to the auditorium to await her audience.

Beth sat on a chair near the door in her robe and watched as the student came in and filled the seats. As more and more arrived she began to notice the lack of female students in the class. As it turned out, other than Professor Sonya, there wasn't a single female in the class. For Beth, the idea of a room full of men staring at her was a little nerve-wracking, but also exciting. She found herself getting slightly aroused by the thought when Professor Sonya announced it was time to begin.

Beth glided up to the center of the platform next to the professor and tossed her robe to the side. She was disappointed there wasn't any kind of visible appreciation for her beauty efforts. In fact, the class seemed to barely notice she was there—they were all listening closely to Professor Sonya and taking notes. Beth was starting to get antsy when the professor finally walked over to where she was standing and began utilizing the model.

"Please class, let's review our last week's material," the teacher began. "Beth, if you will please turn around and reach for your toes." 'Finally,' Beth thought and followed orders. As Professor Sonya spoke to the class about vertebrae or something—the model was not paying the least bit of attention—all Beth could think about was her butt sticking out and whether her bathing suit bottoms were riding up or not. Then, of course, Professor Sonya had Beth turn around and bend again and the girl's thoughts went straight to her breasts which were now dangling down from her chest. She was certain the class had an excellent view of her cleavage, but she had chosen her outfit knowing this may be the case and was not worried about falling out of her top at all. Instead she was more concerned about how excited she was getting. Beth had never been an exhibitionist and was surprised about the effect being studied by this class was having on her. Professor Sonya was now standing behind her as the model stood straight with her arms lifted out to the sides. The teacher's hands were traveling up and down the girl's torso stopping to indicate a bone or muscle without obstructing the students' view. Beth was concentrating on breathing slowly so as not to give indication of the arousal she had begun to feel in earnest when something unexpected happened.

"Alright class, I think we are ready to move on to the new material. Let's begin with the mammary glands..." and in one tug the strings holding Beth's bikini top came loose and the garment fell to the ground.

Shocked, Beth tried to turn around and hide herself from the audience. "Professor, I—what—I don't think," but the girl was interrupted.

"You signed the outline which clearly indicated the content of tonight's lecture. This should not be a surprise. I must now ask you to fulfill the terms you agreed to and not to interrupt my class again."

"But—"

"You will please return to the position I requested and remain silent."

Unable to think of anything else to do, Beth inhaled deeply and closed her eyes, turning back to face the crowd. Topless. Oh God. To make matters worse, Professor Sonya was not being gentle. She was lifting, squeezing, and pushing Beth's breasts in every direction to demonstrate her lesson to the class. Beth was mortified to realize that her rough handling was feeling good.

"And now class, please turn your attention to the areola and nipple. You will find the size and color varies greatly among women. Beth here has an average sized areola and her coloring is typical for her skin pigmentation. You will also notice the nipple has begun to stiffen..."

Beth's eyes shot open. Professor Sonya went on talking something about the different things that cause nipples to stiffen, all the meanwhile tugging and rolling Beth's nipples so they became more and more prominent. And, to Beth's frustration, more and more sensitive. At one point Professor Sonya gave a particularly rough tug and Beth gasped audibly. Beth scanned the room and looked into the faces of the medical students. Every one of them had their eyes glued to her breasts being manhandled by the professor. None of them showed any obvious indication that the show was turning them on, but Beth thought she spied one or two hard-ons in the crowd. And, to her shame, she knew the whole thing was getting her wet.

"Excellent. You can now see clearly Beth's stimulated nipples. So let's move on. Beth, please remove your covering."

Beth stared at Professor Sonya, trying to process what she had just been told.

"Beth, if you please," the older lady said strictly.

The model, horrified, acquiesced. As she slid the bikini bottoms down to the floor and kicked them aside, Beth hoped that the class couldn't tell the extreme dampness between her legs and was starting to regret her decision to shave earlier. She was now on full display in front of nearly 50 men, all of whom were staring directly at her shaved, wet womanhood.

"Class, you will please direct your attention to Beth's mons. Also note that she has chosen on a complete shave. When grown naturally, this entire area, " Professor Sonya indicated by tracing a triangle across Beth's mound and down the edges of her groin—causing a shiver down Beth's spine—"is covered. You can see here the clear separation of the labial folds." Professor Sonya's finger ran down Beth's slit and the girl couldn't help but gasp aloud for the entire class to hear. The older lady cupped the girls' pussy and was talking about—well, something, but Beth couldn't concentrate. It took all of her self control to keep from grinding up against the woman's hand, so intense was her arousal at this point. Finally the temptation removed and Professor Sonya took Beth's hand, leading her to an examination table that had remain unnoticed by Beth until this point.

"Beth, please take a seat and lay back with your arms at your side."

Nervous, but glad to have her face turned away from the staring eyes of the men, Beth hopped onto the table and lay flat on her back, her feet pointed toward the class. As the seats were on risers, she knew they all still had a clear view of her naked body, but at least she needn't look into their eyes. And then Beth heard a noise of metal scraping and saw the foot holds. Oh dear God. Now everyone in the room would know just how much this experience was getting her aroused. And that thought got her even hotter.

Professor Sonya lifter each of Beth's legs into the holds and spread them apart until the girl's pinkness was visible to even the back of the auditorium. Beth could have died of shame, but at the same time was so turned on the she was sure even the slightest touch would send her over the edge into orgasm. She wished she could touch herself and get it over with, but that was not an option.

"For those of you farther away, please turn your attention to the overhead screen for a clearer view of what we are studying here."

Confused, Beth strained her neck to look behind her and was horrified to see her pussy spread open, magnified and very clear on the large screen above her. Any sense of modesty or dignity Beth had clung to dissipated completely in that moment.

"We begin by identifying the clitoris and the clitoral hood. They are found here," Professor Sonya rested her finger on Beth's obvious and sensitive button, and the girl subconsciously rocked her hips against it in an effort to alleviate the pressure building inside of her. Ashamed of the way her body was behaving, Beth tried to focus on other things, but with the play-by-play in close-up going on just behind her, Beth couldn't escape. She knew that she was wetter than maybe she had ever been, and could feel a small pool gathering below her butt as it trickled down the table.

Professor Sonya was putting her through hell as she would glide her finger up and down her slit, tug and spread her pink folds, and brush her clit in her demonstrations. Each time Beth cringed to hear the sounds of her extreme wetness, which she was sure could be heard by everyone in the room. It was all so surreal.

It wasn't until Professor Sony's finger slid into her vagina that Beth was jolted back to reality. It slid so easily that Beth couldn't help but feel like a slut. How could this have happened? She was being fingered in front of 50 men by another woman. And enjoying it. That was the kicker.

Professor Sonya was saying something about expansion and lubrication that Beth barely heard before the teacher slid in two more fingers and was inserting and extracting them in a tortuously slow manner.

Beth lost it. She started bucking against the lady's hand so evidently that the Professor withdrew entirely and turned to look at Beth's face. Her expression was clear.

Professor Sonya turned back to the class, "I think that Beth is ready to demonstrate another muscle reaction I had not anticipated showing you all, but as the model is prepared for it, we will have that bonus tonight. As I stimulate the clitoris and vagina, please take notice of her body's reaction. This varies amongst women, but we will have one example here."

With that, Professor Sonya returned her fingers to Beth's pussy, three fingers sliding in and out and a quickened pace while with her other hand she made circular motions against the clit. While she was doing this she was explaining things to the students but Beth neither cared nor noticed. She had gone into overdrive, shamelessly bucking her hips in rhythm with the older lady's fingers and moaning loudly. It took barely any time at all after all the pent up stimulation and Beth's orgasm was more intense than any she had had before. Her back arched and muscles spasmed as she let out a scream of ecstasy that reverberated throughout the auditorium.

Once she came back down, the actuality of what she had just done hit Beth like a tidal wave. She had orgasmed, willingly, in front of 50 strange men as they watched her being put through her paces by an older woman. The shame she felt sent a few silent tears down her face. Professor Sonya didn't notice. Instead, she was addressing her class.

"That will conclude the lecture portion of tonight's class. Should you require further review, the video of tonight's session will be available to you at any time..." Beth had forgotten about the video. More tears flowed. Now her shame could be viewed by practically anyone at anytime. It was immortalized. The thought of men watching her every night being groped and fingered was something she couldn't think about. It was at the same time defeating and arousing. And she didn't need any more of either.

"And I think that now we will take the last few moments of class to have some time for closer examination for those students who wish. Please come down to the front and form lines."

Oh God.

Professor Sonya instructed the men in small groups to come circle around Beth, laying on the table, and take turns with some "hands-on" study. They rotated around, two examining her breasts—squeezing, rolling, tweaking as the professor had done—another identifying her clitoris by using their finger to give it a few rubs, and another having the opportunity to slide his fingers in and out of her vagina several times to get a sense of the inner anatomy.

Surrounded by men as they leered over her, groping her breasts, fingering her pussy and rubbing her clit, Beth was in heaven and hell at the very same time. All 50 of the men took his turn, and Beth gave up. With constant pressure, she orgasmed several more times under the hands of the medical students. By the time the last man withdrew from her pussy, she was spent. The students all had left the auditorium and Professor Sonya had packed up all her things to leave.

"Thank you very much for your participation tonight, Beth. Your paycheck will be sent to you this coming week. If you would please shut the lights off before you leave, it would be appreciated."

And with that Professor Sonya left the room as well leaving Beth alone, laying naked on the exam table, legs spread, and juices smeared. The girl lay there a moment before stiffly climbing down off of the table and gathering her clothes. Not even bothering to put her bikini back on, she pulled on her long coat and moved to the door. As she turned off the lights and exited the auditorium, she found herself wondering when her video would be available. And if she could have a copy.