**Shelly Exposed**

Shelly read the ad in the paper again, “$500 – Subject needed for University Class. Nudity required”. The last few weeks hadn’t gone well.

She was let go from her job, and her savings were running out. Her interview were going well and she was sure at least one of them was going to come through, but meanwhile, she needed some cash to get through the next couple of weeks.

Nudity required. What could that mean? Probably figure modeling for an art class. Well she wasn’t ashamed of her body, still firm and trim at 31 years old, she still had perky breasts, 36 B, and a cute shapely butt. Although she’d never really been nude in front of strangers, there was that time in Mexico with her ex-husband. He cajoled her into taking her top off, like some of the other women on the beach had. She had found herself strangely excited by exposing her breasts publicly, especially when she noticed the guys walking by staring intently at her. She wasn’t exactly sexually turned on, but she was excited by it. Excited enough, that despite the heat, her nipples had grown noticeably hard. She only became embarrassed when her ex had commented on it. Which made her put her top back on. In fact, they went straight back to the room and had some of the best sex she could remember.

So she decided to call the number in the ad. An appointment for an interview was made for the next say. Shelly found the office at the university and knocked on the door. A female voice called for her to come in. The office looked like a typical professors office would. There were shelves, full of books, and a desk piled high with papers. Behind the desk sat an attractive woman, older than her, maybe in her early forties. She introduced herself, “Hi, I’m Dr. Hartwell. You must be Shelly. Thank you for coming. So, tell me a little about yourself.”

Shelly responded without hesitation, “Well, I’m 31, divorced and I recently lost my job. To be honest, I really need the money. I’ve never posed nude before, but I’m sure that I can do it. Quite frankly, I’m a little surprised at how much you’re willing to pay. I didn’t think art class models got that much. How many classes would I have to model for?”

“Just one.” Replied Dr. Hartwell. “But it involves a good bit more than I could explain in the ad.” Shelly began to get a little nervous. She felt her opportunity to earn $500 was slipping away. Dr. Hartwell continued. “I’m a researcher in Human Sexual Physiology. The class I’m teaching this semester is Human Sexual Response. We are currently studying the female sexual response and orgasm. My plan is to find a person willing to be the subject for my class to observe and study how the female orgasm affects them. I have several levels to this demonstration in mind, but the first would involve our subject, in a clinical setting, achieving orgasm, through masturbation.”

Shelly didn’t know what to think, but she knew she couldn’t just sit there staring at Dr. Hartwell, so she asked, “In a clinical setting, you mean, like a laboratory?”

“More like a classroom, where the students can observe the subject up close and take notes recording the subjects progression from a non-aroused state to a full orgasmic release.” “I hope that I haven’t shocked you. I assure you, there is nothing salacious about this. It’s purely scientific. I am a published and respected researcher in this field and most of my students are pre-med.”

“Oh no!” Replied Shelly, “I guess I just needed a moment to absorb this. You mentioned that there are several levels to this demonstration. You’ll be needing a subject for them also?”

“Yes, I would. Each one of those would also pay $500.”

Shelly asked, “Nobody, but yourself and the students, would be able to observe this?”

“That’s correct. The room will be locked and it has no windows. There won’t be any interruptions.”

“What if I’m so nervous or embarrassed that I can’t achieve orgasm?”

Shelly inquired.

“Dr. Hartwell explained, “I plan to have available a variety of aids. Vibrators and dildos will be there, in case you need them. You are orgasmic, yes?”

“Yes,” replied Shelly.

“Are you capable of multiple orgasms?” Dr. Hartwell wanted to know.

”Yes, occasionally.” Answered Shelly.

“Good, then if you’d like to be one of our subjects, let’s schedule a day when we can get started.” The doctor replied, taking out her calendar.

Shelly was awash in emotions over her decision. Excited at the financial relief the money would bring, and nervous at the prospect of what she’d just agreed to do. She did have to admit though, she was a little turned on by the idea of it, if not the reality of it, which she found almost impossible to imagine.

When the day came, she found herself on the verge of canceling, but in the end, she decided to go ahead, because her need for the cash hadn’t changed. So she spent the morning taking a bath, shaving her legs and manicuring her bikini line. After all, she was going to be exposing herself to a group of strangers. She spent some time trying to decide what to wear. Then she remembered they wouldn’t be seeing what she wore anyway. She decided on a sundress, with no bra or knickers, for ease of getting undressed, and more importantly, getting dressed, to get out after it was over.

She showed up at Dr. Hartwell’s office a little early. Dr. Hartwell asked her if she was ready. ”Yes, nervous, but I think I’m ready.” She replied. “OK then, follow me.” Dr. Hartwell led her down a corridor of classrooms until she stopped and opened a door. Shelly stepped into a small room, rather like a storage room. Dr. Hartwell locked the door that they had just come through and pointed to another door, that she explained, led into the classroom. She took a white lab coat off of a hook and handed it to Shelly. “You can disrobe in here and put the lab coat on. I’m going to go prepare the class. I’ll knock on the door when we’re ready for you in a few minutes. I’ll introduce you to the class by first name only, and then I’ll help you up onto the table, after you’ve removed the coat.”

“Table?” asked Shelly.

“Yes, kind of an examining, with stirrups. We will need you to place your feet up in them, so that the students can view everything.” Answered Dr. Hartwell.

In her mind, Shelly had imagined lying on some sort of a bed and maybe discreetly rubbing herself between mostly closed thighs. But apparently she was going to be a lot more exposed than she had imagined. Well, there was no turning back now. Dr. Hartwell left the room. Shelly quickly pulled the sundress over her head and slipped on the lab coat, buttoning enough of the buttons to maintain some modesty, until the moment came to remove it. Still not being able to imagine how this would go, she just focused her thinking on her task. She would go out there, masturbate, have an orgasm, and hopefully, not even have to look at the people watching her, and then she would be free to leave and take the money and run.

Knock – knock. She took a deep breath and opened the door. Dr. Hartwell took her hand and walked to the front of the classroom. The class consisted of 15 students. About half men - half women. They were all younger than her, early twenties and mostly attractive. Their chairs were arranged in a semi-circle in front of the table. She couldn’t look any of them in the eye, so she took the opportunity to check out the table as Dr. Hartwell introduced her as their subject for today’s lesson. The table was of the medical exam sort, with stirrups and the back was inclined, so that she would not be lying down, staring at the ceiling.

“Shelly, if you’re ready, I’d like to have you disrobe so that the class can make note of the physiological state of your body prior to stimulation, for comparison later.”

Here goes nothing she thought. She removed the coat and for the first time stood stark naked in front of a mixed group of strangers. Dr. Hartwell said, “Class, take note of her skin complexion, normal, not red and flushed, as we may observe later. Also, her nipples are soft, in a relaxed state.”

“Shelly, would you please climb up on the table and place your feet in the stirrups?” She did so, and could feel her vaginal lips part slightly as she spread her legs to put her feet into the stirrups. Dr. Hartwell was asking the class to take note of her labia and how they were closed and in a non-aroused state, her clitoris hidden in its folds. Meanwhile, she looked around the room and found all the men were staring directly at her pussy, while most of the women were a little more modest, not staring directly, but not making eye contact either.

Dr. Hartwell asked, “Are you ready to begin? Just go through your normal masturbation procedure. We will stop to take questions from the students, so I hope that won’t disturb your ability to achieve orgasm?”

“Um no, I don’t think so.” Responded Shelly.

“Whenever you’re ready then.” Said Dr. Hartwell. Shelly didn’t want to look out directly at all of the students, so she just half closed her eyes and looked down her body at her breasts and on to her pubic mound. She brought both hands up to her breasts, brushing her fingertips back and forth over her nipples making them erect rather quickly. She then began pinching and pulling on both nipples at the same time. She enjoyed the feeling she got in her pussy from that.

After a couple of minutes of this, she was almost able to forget where she was. She could fell her pussy opening, getting wet. While still tweaking her left nipple, she reached down to her crotch with her right hand and cupped her whole mound in her hand. Sliding it slowly upward, pulling the hood back and spreading her lips open. When her fingers first touched her exposed clit, she gasped lightly, arching her back. It was at just this moment when Dr. Hartwell asked if she could pause for a moment so that the class could make some observations.

She wanted to go back to her clit again, but Dr. Hartwell was the one paying her. Dr. Hartwell asked the class what changes could they see have occurred already. For the first time, Shelly looked out at the class. A good-looking young man in khaki pants had his hand raised, Dr. Hartwell pointed to him.

“Her vaginal lips have swelled and she seems to have gotten very wet already.”

“That’s right!” said Dr. Hartwell, “Shelly, could you please spread yourself open for us to see how you’ve begun lubricating?”

With less embarrassment than she expected, Shelly reached down with her right hand and spread her lips wide apart. The class was focused intently on her vagina. She noticed the student who pointed out her obvious excitement had an enormous bulge in his pants. Shelly was absent-mindedly still playing with her left nipple while Dr. Hartwell talked to the class, occasionally pointing to specific areas of her sex.

Dr. Hartwell had picked on a female student who had her hand raised. “Her nipples are extremely erect from her stimulating the. I also notice she’s continued to stimulate them even though you asked her to pause.”

“Very good observation!” Dr. Hartwell complimented the student. “I would suspect our pause here has caused Shelly some frustration. Is that right, Shelly?” Shelly whimpered, “I would like to continue, if it’s alright?” “Yes, by all means, please continue Shelly.” Dr. Hartwell instructed.

Shelly’s hand went straight to her opening and she plunged her middle finger deep into her pussy, curling it inward to touch her g-spot. This caused her to take a sharp intake of breath and arch her back. She brought her left hand down and began a rhythmic massaging of her clit. While she began a pumping motion with the middle finger of her right hand, fucking herself, as if her finger were a small penis. She was really getting into it now, pumping her hips straight at the class to meet her thrusting finger. She wasn’t going to come yet, but was riding a wave of pleasure. Her eyes made contact with the student who’d made the first observation, khaki pants. He was blatantly rubbing his erection through his pants with the tips of his fingers. He had a wet spot forming where the tip of his cock ended. His ministrations were focused on the area just below the wet spot. He was massaging the head of his penis and the glands just below. He would have been rather obvious to anyone else in the room, except for the fact that everyone was focused on her. The woman in front of them all, with her legs held wide in stirrups fucking herself silly with her finger.

Then Shelly noticed the girl wearing a short mini-skirt, sitting next to khaki pants, was grinding in her seat and busily rubbing her thighs together. Their eyes met and she knew the girl was trying hard to reach orgasm with her. She heard Dr. Hartwell comment to the class that Shelly appeared to be nearing an orgasm and they should pay close attention now.

“Shelly, are you approaching orgasm now?” Asked Dr. Hartwell.

Shelly could hardly form the words, “Uh huh, very…close….now!” As she increased the pressure on her clit, she put another finger in her pussy. Just then, the girl she was watching stiffened, her whole body went rigid, with her legs sticking straight out and tightly closed together…she was coming.

Shelly looked at khaki pants and watched his face go slack and his legs start shaking, as he tried to hide the fact that he was ejaculating in his pants. It was obvious from the huge wet spot that became immediately visible through his pants.

That was it! That sent her over the edge. “Dr. Hartwell”, Shelly gasped.

“Yes dear, I know, let it come dear” comforted Dr. Hartwell.

”Aaaahhhh God, I’m coming, I’m coming Dr. Hartwell, I am coming hard!”

When the initial orgasmic wave passed, she was panting for breath, her hand still with two fingers buried in her pussy, was soaking wet. Her clit was too sensitive to touch and she could fell a wet puddle under her that had run down from her engorged slit. When she opened her eyes, the entire class was standing around her in a tight circle watching her intently. Dr. Hartwell had invited them up for a closer inspection of the results of her orgasm.

Dr. Hartwell asked if she would please pull back her clitoral hood so that they could observe her clitoris. Shelly gently pulled back the hood with two fingers, exposing her little bud. It was swollen, pink, and still throbbing. Dr. Hartwell said, “Shelly, I’m going to touch your clitoris and demonstrate for the class just how sensitive this organ is. Especially at this stage.” With that, Dr. Hartwell reached between her legs and lightly dipped her index finger into Shelly’s wetness before bringing it up to her clit. She then gently brought her finger down on her most sensitive nerve and Shelly involuntarily bucked her hips up to meet her finger and increase the pressure on her clit.

Dr. Hartwell looked surprised and remarked to the class. “Our subject must still be aroused, most women, after experiencing an orgasm like Shelly had, would find direct stimulation of the clitoris too sensitive now.”

Shelly decided to be blunt. She was still horny and wanted to come again. The sheer lewdness of being naked and masturbating for these students was driving her wild. Dr. Hartwell was still fingering her clit and Shelly was bucking her hips up and down lewdly lunging her pussy at the students gathered closely around her.

Her breath was coming in ragged gasps as her hip thrust ere met with continual pressure from Dr. Hartwell’s finger on her clit. Between breaths, she told Dr. Hartwell, “I…need….something…ahhh-ahhh…inside me!” Dr. Hartwell continued manipulating her clit while she addressed the class. “Students, notice how Shelly is simulating copulation with her hip thrusting, almost as if she were having actual intercourse, with a penis in her vagina. If we were to introduce a phallic device for her to insert, I feel certain that we will get to observe her reach orgasm again.”

Shelly pleaded “I need something inside me, please, do you have anything?” Dr. Hartwell stopped fingering her to reach into a nearby bag and produced a standard plastic vibrator and one of those huge realistic looking rubber cocks. She held them both up for Shelly to see. Shelly had taken over rubbing her clit herself when the doctor went for the dildos and without speaking she wantonly pointed to the large rubber cock.

“That one!”, she said. It had a large mushroom head and the shaft was so big around that Dr. Hartwell’s hand didn’t quite fit around it. Shelly had lost all inhibition now, she wanted that cock insider her when she came again. Until now, Shelly had refrained from her usual vocal-ness during her first orgasm, but decided that this time she wouldn’t hold back. Her normal practice during sex or masturbations was to be very vocal, in fact, it sometimes helped to put her over the edge.

She pointed to khaki pants and said “Give it to him!” Dr. Hartwell handed the enormous phallus to the student and Shelly began to instruct him on what she wanted. “Just put the head in first, slowly, I want to feel it stretch me open.” Khaki pants stepped up between her legs and brought the head of the dildo to her wet opening. He looked up at her for guidance. Staring into his eyes, she instructed, “Slowly, put the head in and hold it there.” “Ooohhh….yessssss!”, she moaned as the plum sized head spread her wet lips wide. The feeling was electric and she increased the tempo with her finger on her clit. “Slide it all the way in me now, that’s it, that’s it, that’s it” she chanted as her eyes rolled back in her head while he buried the dildo keep in her and held it there.

She had herself hanging on the very edge of an earth shattering orgasm. She loved the felling of teetering, right on the verge, knowing that just the right additional pressure on her clit or movement inside her would push her over the edge of that cliff. She took a moment to glance at the students watching her before she took that plunge. All eyes were on her, well aware of how close she was, they all seemed to be holding their breath, much as she was, waiting to join her in the release she was so close to achieving.

Her body was trembling and her breath was coming in short gulps. She looked khaki pants in the eyes and with her voice quaking, she said, “Pull it out slowly, till just the head is left in me.” Her finger was on her clit and the slightest movement and she would explode. She braced herself then shouted at him “RAM IT IN ME, HARD!” It slid all of the way in, totally unimpeded, due to her gushing wetness. At the same time, she began fingering her clit frantically. “AAAhhhhh, aahh, aaahhh, yessss, fuck, fuck, fuck, Oh God, I’m Coming, SO HARD!” Her body was racked with spasms. When the peak had passed, she was shaking from the intensity of it. Her helper gently slid the dildo out of her. Dr. Hartwell handed her a towel to mop the wetness between her legs. Two of the male students eased her legs out of the stirrups and helped her to her feet. Their erections were on obvious display. Shelly wondered if they’d make it home before having to relieve themselves.

As they helped her into the lab coat that she had entered the room in, she heard Dr. Hartwell address the students, “Class, I hope you enjoyed today’s demonstration. If we can prevail upon Shelly to come back again, I plan to get a male subject to have a demonstration of foreplay and intercourse.”