**The Exhibitionist Wife   
by Marc**

*The following is actually a true story, but I think that some of your audience may appreciate it.*

*If you like it, I could send you more about some of the games I played with her.*

My wife comes from a very formal, upper class, European family and is always very concerned about how she comes across.

She is very beautiful and has this way of looking very innocent and at the same time incredibly sexy.

When I first knew her, I always thought that a lot of the guys around her were taking advantage of her innocence.

When we went to a large new years party, she was wearing garter and stockings and before I knew it, some of our old friends were dancing with her and lifting her dress to get the grand view; with her managing to put up a great " deer in the headlights" face.

It was only after some years that I started to realize that she was actually creating these situations and was getting a great kick out of them.

When a new high rise was being builds next to ours, she would do a great job (early in the morning when it was still dark) coming out of the shower and with the drapes wide open, make the bed and dry her hair, beautiful and naked, pretending not to see the crowd of construction workers (some, after the first time, with binoculars) hanging over the unfinished balcony close to our bedroom windows.

After a lot of glasses of wine, I finally got her to admit that she was getting a kick out of being exposed and watched, but somehow could not face that the audience knew she was doing this on purpose. Another thing that got her all hot was the kick of the fear to get in a humiliating situation.

A year later she got both!

We were thinking of getting her pregnant, but were not managing and started looking into in-vitro fertilization programs.

After a few unsuccessful tries, she came to me one day, showing an article about a professor at one of the Universities, who was recognized as a world leader in this field.

I agreed to call and see if he would treat her and to my surprise it was easy to get in and actually much lower priced than the programs we had tried before.

When we went for our first visit, she was nervous. Being examined by a doctor she had never met before was right along her lines!

We entered the large University Hospital and were faced with the usual mountain of paperwork.  As she was reading through the disclaimer forms, she suddenly froze and called me over. The sentence that had gotten her attention was: "patient acknowledges that this is a teaching hospital, that students may be present during procedures and that photographic or video material may be prepared for teaching purposes".

She looked at me with big innocent eyes and asked if I thought that this might actually happen. I told her that I thought there could be one or two students, looked her in the eyes and told her that I did not thinks she really would have a problem with that. She blushed, avoided eye contact and signed the forms.

We then proceeded to the prof's office and went through a very detailed interviewon our history. Walking over there, I could see her look around with anxiety, looking at all the students in the hallways.

When the interview was finished, the Prof told my wife to go with the nurse to get prepared and told me that if I wanted to be present during the examination, I could go to room 14B, just around the corner.

When I went through the door I could not believe what I saw: a large Amphitheater, with row upon row of seats, around a small stage with a gynecological chair in the middle.

Around the room were video monitors, showing a close-up view of the "area of interest", right between the stirrups!

As I found myself a seat, more and more young students came in, some eating their lunch and appearing to be in a good mood. One of the guys sitting near me started a conversation and told me these classes were popular, as the subjects were usually young.

After some time the Prof came in and addressed the large crowd. He gave an overview on fertility problems and the systematic approach to pinpoint the problem.

At that time the door behind the stage opened and my wife came in. She was wearing a short hospital gown that was open at the back, making her nice, firm, round ass stick out as she walked over to the Prof.

Some of the guys around me looked at each other and smiled.

When she had finally taken in the whole situation, she blushed like I had never seen her do.

The Prof asked her to step on a small, two feet high, stand next to him and, without introducing her and treating her like just an object, continued to address the crowd.

When he asked her to drop the gown she did so shyly.

She stood there, looking beautiful, with her long blonde hair, large breasts (nipples erect!) and long legs.

He talked about hormonal imbalances and, lifting her arms, pointed out that she displayed none of the obvious signs like excessive bodily hair growth etc. (her pubis was shaved so to me it looked like she actually had too little!)

She then showed me she could blush even more, when the Prof said that, as we would see in a minute, her clitoris was also of normal size.

After some more talk he told her it was time to get "into the traditional position".

It was quite a turn on to watch her lift herself onto the high chair and then spread her great legs to reach the stirrups!

On my left I heard a whispered: "wow".

Having been cleanly shaven, she offered a great sight: under the bright lights her lips were slightly open and it was clear that she was soaking wet!

For those sitting further away, the screens showed a great detailed view. When she looked around and saw herself from that angle on one of them, she bit her lip.

The finale was when it was time for her internal ultrasound and the Prof brought out the sensor that looked like a good size dildo. He rolled a condom over it and the lubricated it.

In it went and it looked like he was actually fucking her with this thing, with the entire crowd watching with interest.

As we left the hospital, she was very quiet and did not want to talk about it. That night she went wild when I did her and kept coming and coming. Finally, after days, she did start to talk and told me she never had such a high.

Every part of it was right along her lines, from the fear for what was going to happen, standing there, still wearing the gown, till being spread open with a speculum and finally fucked with the ultrasound sensor. All that with a large group of young guys staring intensely between her wide spread legs and some of them making eye contact and giving her a little smile. She felt totally humiliated, but somehow that turned her on even more.

Since then we have done some other things that turn her on, but nothing has been able to match this high

(She did get pregnant a year later the natural way!)