**The Pussy Exhibition**



Do you have a special dear friend who is always putting her foot in it and getting everyone into trouble? Such a friend is Hortense. We and our husbands belong to a “Young Marrieds” club which meets once a month for interesting activities such as talks, discussions, demonstrations, visits etc.  
  
We are a pretty happy bunch with a great sense of humour and everyone is willing to join in. Unfortunately, sometimes Hortense is the exception to the rule. We sometimes refer to her as ***intense*** Hortense.  
  
On one particular occasion she got all us girls into a situation that was totally embarrassing and humiliating. It happened during one of our discussions. The subject was “Loving couples” and, as I’m sure most of us thought of ourselves as fitting this description, we looked forward to a good time.  
  
It was when the subject turned to sex that Hortense made her great faux pas. I don’t know much about her sex life, but she took the attitude that when it comes to sex, men are selfish. Then she said, “I don’t suppose any of our husbands would recognise our pussies if they couldn’t see the rest of us.” That did it!  
  
Several men were most indignant at such an insult and really had a go at Hortense for her sexist remark. They maintained that sex was a mutually enjoyable experience. But Hortense tried to press her case until Martin who ran a professional photography business with his wife, Chloe, challenged her.  
  
“Hortense, you said that we men wouldn’t be able to recognise our wives’ pussies in isolation.”  
  
“Correct!” she replied offensively.  
  
“Can you prove that?” asked Martin.  
  
“Well,” demurred Hortense, “I can’t really prove it but I’m sure I’m right.”  
  
Martin then took the upper hand. “Well, I can prove that you’re wrong!”  
  
“Go on then,” challenged the still unrepentant Hortense.  
  
“OK,” said Martin. “I’m willing to photograph the pussies of all our female members and display them in close-up at a private exhibition in my studio at one of our meetings. I’ll number them all and we’ll see how many husbands can pick out their wives’ pussies.”  
  
All we women were devastated at this suggestion and we tried to think of all sorts of reasons for this being a bad idea. Marilyn was sitting between me and Hortense and I saw her dig her in the ribs and whisper, “Apologise, you fool! What are you getting us into?”  
  
But Hortense just would not back down. “Well . . . um . . . I. . . er. . .I’m willing. I think we should do it.”  
  
If looks could kill, Hortense would have died a horrible death on the spot. There was no way out. We all had to agree to go along with the challenge. All the husbands were asked and agreed to be challnged in this way.  
  
Martin made a list of all the wives, with times when they could be available to be “photographed” at his studio. He said that Chloe (who acted as his receptionist) would be present when the photographs were taken.  
  
I went along with three friends two days later for our joint ordeal. To say that we were all embarrassed and humiliated would be putting it mildly. We all had to lift our skirts and drop our pants as Martin focussed on our most intimate parts to take the photographs. It didn’t take long, but for every second, I hated Hortense and her big mouth.  
  
As the next meeting was already arranged, we had to wait six weeks for the rest of our ordeal. We all turned up in fear and trepidation at Martin’s studio for the “exhibition”. He and Chloe had arranged it all just like a proper exhibiton. We started with drinks and bites in the reception area and then he flung back the curtain to invite us into the studio.  
  
All around the walls were framed pictures of pussies, all considerably larger than life size, and showing every detail. Nothing was left to the imagination. By the side of each photograph was a round blue spot bearing a number. I have never seen such a collection of very red female faces in my life. Quite a few of us started to giggle but it was out of sheer embarrassment.   
  
Our husbands walked around quite casually making all sorts of remarks, humorous and otherwise, and some commented that it was amazing at the variation in pussy design. They all seemed quite confident that they would be successful.  
  
After about twenty minutes of this excruciating experiment, Martin spoke to us all. “OK folks. I think all you husbands have had enough time to have a really good look at the ‘vagina variations’, so all you have to do now is to take one of these blank cards, sign it, and say which number you think is your wife’s pussy.”  
  
This matter took only a minute or two, and then Martin and Chloe collected in the cards and compared them to the list on their reception desk. Martin addressed us all again with a broad smile. “I’m happy to annouce folks that every single husband has recognised his wife’s pussy.”  
  
All the men cheered, and someone thanked Martin for putting on “such an interesting exhibition.” Hortense had the grace to apologise to the husbands for being absolutely wrong and then covered her face with her hands. “When are you going to take the exhibition down, Martin?” she asked.  
  
“As a matter of fact,” he replied with a smile, “I’m thinking of opening it to the public for a week or two.” Seeing our horror-struck faces he quickly added. “Joking! Only joking!”