**Exposing Carol & Much More**

by luv2bseen

*Carol's stimulated by exposure at medical school.*

"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?