**Exposing Carol**

by luv2bseen

*Husband helps wife expose herself.*

Carol saw her husband's car pull into the driveway. "It's now or never," she thought. She greeted him warmly.

"Hi, sweetie," She kissed John softly on his mouth. "Hmm, you smell so good." John hugged her close to him. He loved her curves and flesh. And he loved the shyness she often displayed.

"John, let's sit down for a minute, I need to talk with you about something." She led him to the living room, grasping his hand tightly. He sat in the Queen Anne chair and she sat opposite him. She took a deep breath.

"What is it, honey, you look so serious. Is there something wrong?"

"No, there's nothing wrong, at least not yet. But I need to say something, actually request something is more like it, and I hope you don't get mad at me." She cast her eyes down away from him. She sighed again. He recognized her behavior as the shyness he loved so much.

"Carol, you know you can talk with me about anything. I won't get mad. So, what's up?" He smiled at her and saw her relax just a little. Then, she leaned in a bit closer to him and began to speak softly.

"Since I've been about five years old—oh, God, I can't believe I'm going to say this—since I've been five, I've always gotten excited when I've been exposed."

"Exposed?"

"You know, naked. It's always turned me on when I've been nude in front of people, especially when they, themselves, were clothed. God! I can't believe I'm doing this." She looked at John who was staring at her intently. He leaned forward in his chair.

"Honey, how long have we known each other? Fourteen years. And, now, after all that time, you're finally telling me something that I wish I had known a long time ago. But, why now? What made you want to tell me this now?"

She searched his face, looking for any sign of displeasure. What she saw was love and a little bit of lust. She smiled back, ready to put it all on the line. "John, we have a great life together. Our love keeps on growing. The children are great. The sex is good. But, I can't get this urge to go away. I've tried hard to suppress it for years. Sometimes, I worry that I'm obsessed by it. But, then I think, 'I'm an adult, there's no harm in exposing myself under certain conditions.' And that's what I want to do…" She paused and then finished the sentence. "… with your help."

"My help? What does that mean?" He felt a stirring in his body. A sexual excitement. This could be a life-changing moment for them. He saw her familiar blush but also something new that he couldn't figure out.

"John, I want you to direct me in this. I want you to set up situations where I'll be required to be naked in front of people. I'll have no say in what you want me to do. It'll be your call. I may be embarrassed or even humiliated by the situation but I'll be really excited too. That's what I want you to do." She looked at him and he stared right back. She had done it. She'd opened herself to him like never before. Now it was up to him.

"I'll do it," he said. "I don't know what exactly, but I'll do it…and you'll do it…you'll do what I say." He could feel his cock stiffen. He extended his hand and Carol reached for it.

"Thank you, my love. Thank you so very much." Then, he took her in his arms, breathed in her tantalizing smell, felt her squeeze his sex.

In her own words—

That's how it began. My revelation and request raised an edge in our relationship. Every time John looked at me, I felt he was undressing me with his eyes. It was like every day he was meeting me for the first time. I felt so horny, anticipating what it was that he would have me do. He kept teasing me, telling me that today might be the day when I'd get my first "assignment." The sexual tension was exquisite.

Six days after I revealed my desire, I was looking at my email when a new message popped up—one line from John, telling me to look on page 174 of one of his legal books in his downstairs study. I stared at the screen, trying to collect myself. I could stop this now, before it started. I could tell John that I was afraid of where it would lead. But my desire, my obsession, was too great. This is what I wanted. I wanted to be seen.

I opened the book and found a note. It said that John had made an appointment for me with a portrait photographer. I was supposed to call the studio and get the details of what to wear. The receptionist who answered the phone told me to bring three dresses that I thought I looked good in. She said I should expect to spend about two hours in the studio. She looked forward to meeting me the next day.

John got home at 7 p.m. He saw my face and knew that I had followed through with his instructions. He smiled and said only one thing about it. "Carol, the photographer is very good, very professional. He'll get some great shots of you. Just do everything he says. He knows exactly what I want." Our love-making that night was passionate, frenzied fucking. John was very hard and, when he came, I felt like I was clutching a wild animal. My cunt overflowed with his cum. My chest pounded against his. My orgasm shook me to the core.

I was still asleep when John left early the next morning for a business meeting. My pubic hair was matted with semen. I could still smell him on my fingertips. I got up thinking of what was to happen later that day. I spent the rest of the morning having difficulty concentrating on anything else. After a shower, I gathered the three outfits I thought would photograph well, had a light lunch and, with increasing excitement and a bit of anxiety, drove across the city to the studio.

A pretty, young woman named Kira greeted me with a warm smile. She took me to a cozy dressing room and asked me to put on one of my dresses. She said she'd return with the photographer in about ten minutes. Being alone in that room, waiting, only made me more nervous and excited. I chose an elegant black dress that accentuated my cleavage. I must admit that I looked pretty good in it. There was a knock on the door and Kira came in with Wesley Coleman, the photographer.

"Carol, a pleasure to meet you. I'm Wesley Coleman. You look great in that dress. Are you ready to start?" I nodded. "Good. Your husband told me that you wanted a formal portrait and then something a bit risqué. Is that correct?" I nodded again, still trying to find my voice, understanding more of what was ahead for me. "Excellent. He also told me that you're rather shy, so this is a big step for you. Well, not to worry, I've got five excellent assistants and we'll do our best to discover the real you."

The number jumped at me. Five assistants! Six people will be watching me as the photos are taken! And I'm not sure exactly what kinds of photos they'll be. As John instructed, I'd played along with acting like I knew what I wanted. All I did know was that I was about to pose for a half dozen strangers. I tried to contain my growing excitement.

We entered the studio, a larger room than I had expected. Wesley introduced his assistants, all of them young men. He then had me sit in a luxurious chair in front of a dark backdrop. Two of the assistants fussed with my hair and applied some light makeup. Another carefully draped my dress around my legs. Suddenly, some large lights went on. The other assistants helped Wesley adjust the lighting and then he was ready to shoot.

"Okay, Carol, just hold that pose. That's right. Great! Okay, now we're going to reposition you." They did their work very efficiently and professionally. Wesley must have taken more than 15 poses, changing the lighting and the angles. I liked being the focus of attention. After about 20 minutes, he called for a break to reposition the lights in a different part of the studio. "You're a great model, Carol. So natural, yet with a little bit of that shyness showing through. Next, were going to do a series of shots over there." He pointed to a French lounging chair set against a red velvet backdrop. He took my hand and walked me to the new set. I think he could feel the wetness of my palm.

"What I want, Carol, is for you to sort of recline on your side on the lounge. Prop yourself on your elbow." I did as I was told. I noticed that the lighting was softer, more romantic. "Okay, Carol, Billy here is going to adjust your dress a bit." Billy moved in toward me and reached up to the spaghetti straps of my dress. Gently, he slid them off my shoulders. Then he tugged on my bodice so that a lot more of my breasts were visible. He startled me with that action and quickly apologized. Somewhat timidly, I said it was alright. I could feel my heart speeding up, my nipples hardening against the fabric. This is it, I thought.

Wesley took a few shots. Then Billy moved the lower part of my dress to reveal more of my legs. More sounds of the camera and the popping lights. Wesley stepped closer to me as he kept complimenting me as a model, all the while clicking the shutter. Then he pulled the camera from his face. "Are you ready to get a bit bolder, Carol?" I looked at him and softly said yes. "Okay," he said. "We'll do this slowly. No rush. Your husband said you're willing to try anything, within reason. Is that right?"

"Yes," I said. "Just tell me what to do."

He helped me stand up. "Turn away from the light stand," he said. "Now, look over your shoulder but not right at the stand. Great! Now, reach behind you and pull the zipper of your dress down to your waist. Hold it right there." He grabbed his camera and began shooting again. "Now, Carol, follow the camera with your eyes. Look sexy. Excellent!"

I started to get into it, very aware that my back and the lace bra I was wearing were fully exposed. Wesley told me to pull the zipper down all the way. Now, my matching panties were visible a little bit. More shots followed, then some repositioning.

"How are you doing?" he asked. "Ready to move on?"

I saw the enthusiasm in his eyes. The young men seemed eager to continue as well. I decided to push it a little farther, not sure when my inner voice of humiliation might say 'stop.' I was getting more excited and I could feel a growing wetness in my crotch.

"I'm game, if you are," I said, as six pairs of eyes roamed over me.

"Good," he said. He ordered his assistants to rearrange the set and change the lighting. I took a break and sat in the shadows. The tension had increased noticeably with the men and with me. Some soft jazz came out of a hidden speaker system. As soon as Wesley's assistants had finished, he beckoned me to come forward. In an even tone, he said, "Remove your dress and put it on the table."

I hesitated for a second or two. Then I slowly slipped the dress off my shoulder, slid it down to my knees, and stepped out of it. As I laid it on the table, I saw my wetness seeping through my panties. There was no way I could hide it.

Wesley told me to face the lights. Alan, the makeup assistant, started touching up my face. Then, he lightly dabbed at my breasts. I knew he could smell my growing excitement. Billy came back and smoothed out the waistband of my panties. Never before had I been half-naked in my underwear with more than one man touching my skin. Even with the lights, I could feel goose bumps on my arms. As Alan finished up, he said, "You look really sexy. Have fun with it." Billy smoothed the lace across my ass. I loved being touched.

"Okay, Carol, let's try this," Wesley said. "We'll turn the music up and you see if you can turn us on. Just go with what you feel, be sexy, and move around the set. Use the lounge chair, if you want. Don't be too brazen, though. Stay in your underwear. Be a bit subtle, but vary what you do as well. Think you can do it?"

I smiled a little and silently thanked John for putting me in this situation. A man who was a stranger only an hour ago had told me to take off my dress in front of him and five young men. And I did. Now he was directing me to move and to pose sensually in front of all of them. My eyes locked on Wesley's and I said, "I think I can do it." He dropped his eyes to my wet crotch. His look told me my time had come.

At first, I imagined I was getting ready to go out. Then I lounged on the chair and slowly ran my hand up my body. I held my left hand on my right breast and let my fingers slide underneath the fabric. My nipple was very hard. My bra wasn't sheer so I knew that none of the men could actually see my nipples. The wet spot, though, was a different matter. My hand drifted down between my legs. I pretended that I was surprised and then I changed to a knowing smile. The guys loved it. That's when Wesley told me to take my bra off slow and sexy. My body told me there was no turning back but my conscience wasn't quite convinced.

"I'm not sure I can do this," I said. And I meant it—at least for a moment.

"Sure you can, Carol. You look great, the camera loves you. You're a natural at this." I still hesitated.

"Look," he said. "You can stop anytime, it's your call, but deep down I think you want to do this. I think you want to show yourself. I think it turns you on. It's sure turning us on." He smiled at that remark. I smiled too, a bit embarrassed, a lot excited.

I stood up, turned away from them, and reached behind my back to unhook my bra. The camera clicked and the lights popped. For a second, I held the bra against my breasts. Then, I let it drop to the floor. I turned around slowly, still covering my tits with my hands. Wesley shot from different angles. I moved my hips to the sensuous music and let my hands fall to the sides. Only wet panties still covered me. I started playing to the camera, parting my lips, caressing my body, feeling my sex.

"What do you want me to do next?"

I was surrendering to him, to all of them. I wanted them to see all of me in any way they wanted.

"Pinch a nipple and hold it. Use your other hand to rub your pussy." Wesley's voice and attitude were more commanding. "Now, lift your tits and push them together." His language was coarse. "Suck on your finger like you're giving a blow job."

I did everything he told me to do. I loved it. I wanted more.

"You're looking great, Carol! You've got a wonderful body. A beautiful face. You were meant to do this." I smiled and licked my lips. "God!" was all he could say. I reached inside my panties and moved my fingers over my puffy lips. My skin glistened in the warm lights.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Let's try something different. Carl, Jed, wipe Carol down."

"Sure thing, boss." They came toward me from the sides of the set, towels in hand. Quickly but gently, they dried my skin. Jed circled one breast and then the other, lifting each in turn. Carl worked my legs, nudging them apart so that he could reach my inner thighs. When they were finished, they stepped back. Wesley spoke up.

"Carol, put your hands on top of your head and keep them there," he said with authority. "Guys, each of you put a hand on her hip, just above her panties. Now, tuck a couple of fingers inside her waistband. That's it." He began shooting again. "Okay, slowly pull her panties down. Very slowly."

"What are you doing?!" I asked.

"Don't say anything. Just stand there. C'mon, guys, pull them down little by little." Wesley was in full control now. My cunt was getting wetter. The top of my pubic hair was exposed. Suddenly, he told them to stop. "Turn around, Carol, and face away from me." I did as I was told. He took a few shots. Then he told Carl and Jed to continue to strip me slowly, while he kept photographing us. I felt my panties slide below my ass. Again, he stopped them. This time he told them to each put a hand on my naked rear end. Being stripped and being touched in front of six clothed men was turning me on like never before.

Carl and Jed squeezed my cheeks. Together, they used their free hands to pull my panties to my knees. Wesley told them to back away. There I stood, my bare ass in full view, my hands still on top of my head, my whole body tingling with excitement and, strangely, a feeling of humiliation. I loved it!

Wesley directed me to sit on the lounge and pull my panties down to my ankles. He snapped pictures of me as I made love to the camera. My poses were at once sensual, and sexual, and provocative. Then he told me to remove my panties altogether. I stood up and stepped out of them. I had what I wanted. I wanted to be seen. I was fully exposed.

The six men were all staring at me. They could see my hard nipples and my wet pussy. I was on display for them and they were taking in all of me. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Billy open a drawer and pull out something. As he drew near, I saw the black dildo in his hand and the gleam in his eye.

"Whoa!" I said. "Being naked in front of you guys is one thing, playing with toys is something else. I really don't think I should be doing this." Billy paused. Wesley came up to me and spoke so only I could hear him.

"If you could see yourself like we are seeing you, you wouldn't be resisting this next step. You've made us all horny watching you get naked. We can see that you're getting off on this too, Carol. Your pussy's wet, your nipples are hard, your face is flushed. I know you want us to see you in a private moment. You want us to watch you play with yourself. You want us to see you shove that dildo in your cunt. Admit it, Carol. Tell me you want to spread your legs for us."

I stood there, embarrassed and ashamed. He was right. I wanted to show them how I fucked the dildo. I wanted to cum in front of them. But all of this was too new for me.

"I can't, Wesley. I think I've gone farther than I should have anyway. I've shown you everything I have. That's enough for now. I'm sorry." I left the set, quickly dressed, and walked out of the studio.

It's been eleven days since the photo session. John has that look in his eye again.