**Exposing Carol As Living Art**

by luv2bseen

*A husband exposes his reluctant wife at an elegant dinner.*

The very formal dinner of the board of directors of the art museum was winding down. The chairman of the board, a very wealthy man, had risen to toast another successful year, due in large part to the efforts of my husband, John, who had secured a very popular exhibition of European masters.

I knew the chairman a little bit and a couple of other board members, but most of the twenty-five or so dinner guests were complete strangers to me. They were the ones who gave lots of money to support the museum. Some of them were older, some younger, but all of them and their spouses or dates were very sophisticated.

As the chairman concluded his remarks, he invited us all to adjourn to his very large and well-appointed library for some after-dinner drinks. John had drifted away to talk with a white-haired gentleman and I was sitting listening to the wife of one of the benefactors talk about their upcoming trip to Australia. In a booming voice, the chairman asked for our attention.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he said, “our star for this year, our good friend John, has something he’d like to say. John, if you please.” My husband smiled and moved toward the center of the room.

“Thank you, Geoffrey. As always, you have put on a wonderful evening for all of us. Now it’s time for the surprise I spoke to you about earlier.

“Friends,” he said, turning in a tight circle to acknowledge those gathered around the room. “For some months now, my wife, Carol, and I have been undertaking an exciting adventure.”

“Oh, my god!” I thought. “Is John going to tell them about me displaying my naked self in all those situations?” I could hardly breathe.

“You see, Carol gets really turned on by the idea of being nude in front of people under circumstances that I choose.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. By the looks on the faces of the other guests, they seemed astonished too. They all turned to look at me and I could feel my face blushing.

“We have a couple of rules,” he said, drawing their attention again. “I choose the setting and the time. None of the people who get to see Carol can be unwilling participants. And, finally, Carol has to display herself no matter how embarrassing it might be for her.”

The guests started to murmur as they looked at me again. John had piqued their interest and everyone seemed tantalized by the disclosure. More than one of them started eyeing me up and down, imagining, I bet, what I looked like naked.

“This can’t be happening!” I thought. John hadn’t said a word to me about any of this. Now, these people knew a secret about me that only my friend, Bonnie, knew. I stood there, near the fireplace, frozen in my shoes. Everyone was listening intently to John.

“I wasn’t sure how our host would react when I told him about this and what I’d like to do.” John looked at the chairman who stepped forward, smiling broadly.

“When John made his request,” he said, looking right at me, “I told him that his efforts on behalf of the museum in the last year entitled him to ask anything he wanted. When he told me about Carol, I said I’d invite only broad-minded guests to this little affair, no pun intended.” He laughed heartily and the others applauded and smiled. Then he yielded the room to John again.

“Thank you, Geoffrey,” John said. “Your hospitality is unmatched.” Then he turned to the others, flashing the grin I love so much. “Is there anyone,” he said, “who would be offended if I had Carol take her clothes off for us?” He scanned their faces. All of the men and, surprisingly, all of the women seemed eager and excited about the possibility of seeing me naked in front of them. I was shaking with anxiety.

“Well, honey, it seems like no one objects to seeing you on display. You’ll be a living piece of art for all of us to enjoy.” Everyone applauded again.

“I can’t, John,” I said, finally finding words to speak. “I’m so embarrassed. It wouldn’t be right.” Even as I said those words, I felt the first stirrings of sexual arousal. My mind was fighting my body’s urges.

“You can, Carol, and you must,” John said. “It would be wrong to deny these fine people the chance to see you nude.” He looked around the room. “They know you’ve done it before. You’ve got to do it now.”

My eyes flitted from face to face. I swear I saw lust in some of them. I fidgeted, not wanting to disappoint John but not wanting to disrobe either. I was just too embarrassed to do it.

The room grew quiet. Only my breathing was audible. In the cool library, I felt very warm. Everyone was waiting for me to speak.

“I’m sorry,” I said, lowering my eyes. “I just can’t do it.”

They all groaned. John, though, seemed determined.

“Carol, right now you’re saying no but your body is starting to say yes. Right now, you’re starting to get excited by what’s happening here. We’ll stay, looking at you, until you’re ready to say you’ll do it.”

“I’d love to see you naked,” a dark-haired woman said.

“So would I,” said another. A few men encouraged me as well. My resistance was waning. John kept staring at me, smiling at me. I was very nervous. None of my past “adventures” made me feel any less so. I couldn’t figure it out. I’d undressed in front of people before. I’d gotten off on it. I always was looking forward to doing it again. But the same embarrassment, the same reluctance, the same shyness that I’d always felt before doing it had returned and it kept me from doing it now.

“I’m really sorry, but…” My words trailed off.

“We want you to do it, Carol,” said a man I didn’t know. “John wants you to do it too. Don’t disappoint him—or us.

Right then, I knew I would say yes. I couldn’t resist any longer, even though I was embarrassed and anxious and shy about showing myself.

“Okay,” I said, very softly.

“Yes!” someone whispered. John held out his hand, beckoning me to the center of the room. As I approached him, everyone else moved back. I was surrounded by a lot of hungry eyes.

John kissed my hand and then my lips. “I love you,” he said, and then he slipped to the side. Everyone applauded as I stood there.

“Wait,” John said. “Wait until someone gives you directions. I think the people here would like to tell you what to do.” I put my hands to my sides, submissively, and looked to see who might speak up. John asked for volunteers.

“I’d like to go first,” said a man in his early 50s.

“You’ve got it, Mark,” John said.

“Turn around slowly, Carol, until you’ve come full circle.” I did as I was told. “Okay,” he said, “reach behind and pull you’re zipper down.”

I was wearing a sleeve-less, pale green evening gown. Underneath, was a thin lacy bra. As I pulled on the zipper, I could feel the front of my dress loosen around my breasts. I brought my left hand up to hold it in place. I stood there waiting for the next command.

“Who’s next?” John asked. The chairman spoke up. “Okay, Geoffrey,” John said.

“Carol, move your dress off your chest and bring it down to your waist.” I hesitated at this first exposure but then I did as he asked. My dress bunched up at my hips and rested there. I could feel people looking at my still-covered tits. I inhaled deeply, trying to calm my nerves.

A tall man in a tux, a man I knew a little bit, asked John, “Could we take some photos of this event for posterity?” John looked at me and I offered no resistance. The thought of being photographed in this situation got me more aroused. I knew that there would be no control over who might see the pictures. I knew that my “secret” would be widely spread and that I had no way to stop it. Then I realized that I wanted that. I wanted to be seen by people I’d never know.

“Carol, I suspect that you’re wearing shoes, right?” A young woman spoke to me from the rear of the room. I nodded. Then she said, “Mark, go over there and lend an arm to Carol so that she can take her shoes off. A very handsome black man moved to my side and extended his arm as he smiled at me. Using it to balance myself, I took off one shoe and then the other. The chairman’s butler stepped up and asked for my shoes which he then took out of the library. That seemed strange to me.

“Okay, who’s next?” my husband asked.

“John, with your permission, I’d like to remove Carol’s dress.” My eyes widened. This fellow was expanding the rules of the game.

“Go ahead, Jimmy, I’m sure Carol won’t mind.” I was speechless as he quickly walked over to me. As quickly, he put his hands on my hips and grabbed my bunched up dress. He leered at me a bit and then slowly pushed my dress down. Then he asked me to step out of the gown. As I did, he picked it up and handed it to the butler who, again, left the library with some of my clothing. Jimmy made a big deal of kissing my hand before retreating to his place in the circle of people surrounding me.

I stood there, in my bra and panties and garter belt and stockings. Someone asked me to turn around slowly and I complied. People were whispering to each other as they watched me. And, although I was still very embarrassed by what I was doing, I was getting very excited.

“May I take her stockings off, John?” asked the woman who earlier had wanted to see me naked.

“Sure, Paula,” John said.

With that, Paula stepped forward, smiling at me. She had a gleam in her eye as she leaned in to whisper in my ear. “I wish I were you at this moment, Carol. This is so exciting!” Then she unclasped my stockings and rolled them down my legs one at a time. I put my hands on her shoulders as she gently pulled the stockings off my feet. Then she unhooked the garter belt.

“Wait,” I said, as Paula started to withdraw. Looking at the others, I continued. “I think Paula would like to join me. Would you mind if she did?”

Paula started to protest but the other guests were insistent. Her husband looked shocked but he wasn’t about to deny the crowd this additional pleasure. Paula’s face was red and I could see that she was embarrassed but she also looked like she was ready to be exposed too. She gave me a little smile, leaned in again and whispered, “I guessed I asked for this.”

“Well,” John said, “one more and we’d have ‘The Three Graces.’”

“I’ll do it,” said a young woman who appeared to be barely eighteen and had accompanied her startled father to the dinner. She quickly joined Paula and me in the center of the room. Her father kept shaking his head, his face as red as Paula’s had been. “I’m Randa,” she told us with a big smile. “I’ve always wanted to do this! This is so erotic!”

John sensed we were waiting for more directions. “Randa and Carol remove Paula’s dress,” he commanded. All eyes were on us as we did as we were told. Paula was wearing a dark blue dress with a high neck. I stepped behind her and pulled down the zipper. Randa raised Paula’s arms and drew the dress off her very slowly. I saw a man and a woman watch the hem as it inched up Paula’s body. She has great legs, well-toned and tan. As her face disappeared behind the rising dress, everyone caught their first look at her low-cut bikini panties. Her crotch was already damp. Her lacy bra could not hide her erect nipples. I saw her take a deep breath when she once again could see everyone watching her lose her dress.

“Randa,” John said, “I have a request from one of the women. She wants to see you walk around the room as you take off your dress. We’ll clear the way when necessary.” Randa didn’t hesitate at all. She flirted with everyone as she seductively removed her black dress. Again, the chairman’s butler scooped up the two dresses and took them from the room.

The three of us stood there in our underwear in front of twenty-five elegantly dressed people. Randa’s father couldn’t take his eyes off his beautiful daughter. Then, John spoke up again.

“How about some applause for our ‘Three Graces?” Everyone clapped. “Before we continue,” he said, pausing for dramatic effect, let’s refresh our drinks and give our living art a chance to mingle with you.”

This was a twist. The invisible barrier between “the art” and the audience was broken. Paula and Randa and I spent the next ten minutes fielding questions and compliments as we walked around in only bras and panties. I was getting more turned on and I could tell by their voices that the other guests were too. I still was embarrassed but that seemed to be disappearing little by little. Paula looked like she was still having trouble with her exposure but Randa seemed almost giddy. Her father kept his distance. He didn’t know what to do.

It all could have ended right then. The three of us could have walked out of the room, found our clothes, and left. But we didn’t. We could have told John that we would be too embarrassed to go farther. But we didn’t. We could have said that it was inappropriate even to have begun. But we didn’t.

For whatever reasons, each of us wanted to continue, each of us wanted to be seen.

Over the chatter of voices and laughter, John said it was time to resume viewing the living art of the evening. Paula, Randa, and I put down our drinks and walked back to the center of the library. This time, the guests found chairs and couches to sit on. Looking down on them, I felt more exposed than before. “What am I doing here?” I thought, again feeling embarrassed at my state of undress.

“Lydia, you have a request,” John stated.

“Yes, John. I want Carol and Randa to sit down over there,” she said, pointing to some chairs along a wall. “I want Paula to tell us what she’s feeling right now and then I want her to ask us for permission to take off her bra.”

“That sounds fair,” John said. “Randa, Carol, won’t you be seated please?” It was all so polite, formal almost. We found our chairs, leaving Paula standing alone, framed in the light. She stood there, silently, glancing about the room at the people watching her, waiting for her to speak.

“I’m extremely embarrassed,” she said. “I almost left ten minutes ago. But, I must confess that I’m thrilled too. I don’t know most of you. Except for my husband, none of you have seen me like this. But I’m excited to be doing this. I can’t explain why, but I am. I don’t know what else to say.” She lowered her eyes.

“Do you have a question for us?” someone said. Paula turned toward the voice. “Do you?”

“Yes,” she said softly. “May I take off my bra for you?”

“Do you want to?”

“Yes. I do,” she said. “I want to very much.”

Embarrassed as she said she was, Paula suddenly had personalized the moment, charging it with sexuality. She waited for permission to be given.

“Take it off,” a woman said. “No, wait a minute. Take it off looking directly at me.”

Paula reached behind to unhook her bra. Suddenly, she stopped. Still looking at the woman, she walked right up to her. They stared at each other for a moment. Paula’s breasts appeared to be touching the woman’s. Again, she reached behind to unhook her bra. She pulled it off slowly and let it drop to the floor. Her erect nipples brushed the woman’s blouse. And then she turned and walked back to the center, a sensuous smile on her lips.

“Do you want me to take off my panties?

“We do, Paula, but we want you to wait awhile.” I couldn’t tell who had said that. Then, John spoke up.

“Some of us, Bill, would like to see Paula naked right now. May we have your permission?”

God! What’s with all the formality? I’d never seen John act that way. He was really into playing the role. The unseen man said it was okay with him if Paula took off her panties now rather than later.

“So, Paula, are you ready to stand completely naked before all of us?” John asked.

“Yes, I am,” she said and then she quickly removed the last of her clothing. She handed her panties to the butler who took them from the room. Some polite applause followed and Paula smiled. She looked much more comfortable than before, as the ceiling lights cast shadows across her body.

“Thank you, Paula. You are a beautiful example of living art in a place that is so appropriate for such a display,” the chairman said. Then, he turned toward Randa and me. “I think that Randa should step forward now. Paula, you come and stand by me.”

With her breasts bouncing, Paula walked over to the chairman who gave her a light peck on the cheek. It was so erotic watching her smile at the guests around her. One man politely shook her hand. Another boldly gave her a warm hug. Paula, naked, touching the clothed guests, was turning me on.

“Randa,” the chairman said to the lithe eighteen-year old woman clad in a skimpy black bra and a low-cut bikini brief, “do you think you should be doing this with your father here? He still looks shocked and I don’t want him to have a heart attack.” Everyone laughed, even Randa’s father.

“Please, honey,” her father said, “what will your mother say?” Everyone laughed again. “Besides, it’s been a very long time since I’ve seen you without clothes. You’re a woman now, not the little girl whose diapers I changed.”

“Daddy,” she said, “you’ve raised me to be independent and self-confident and mature. You’ve taught me to love art and to support the people who make it. I’ve never done anything like this before but this feels so right, so natural. Think of it as my contribution to the advancement of the arts in our city.”

Someone said “here, here!” There was loud applause and Randa’s father knew he had lost the argument. He smiled and joined in the hand-clapping. Randa blew him a kiss and looked at the chairman.

“I guess that answers your question,” she said, hands on her naked hips.

“It sure does,” he said, laughing. “John, you’d better take over.”

“My pleasure, Geoffrey,” John said. He looked over at me and then back at Randa. “I have a request,” he said. “I’d like you to take off your panties first.” Suddenly, I heard the click of a digital camera. I had completely forgotten about the tall man in the tux who now was standing near me and shooting some shots of Randa. I don’t know if he took shots of Paula but I suspect he got some good ones of her. Again, I felt the thrill of the entire world seeing us naked on the internet.

I looked back at Randa just as she began to lower her panties. She had a perfect ass with two little dimples at the top. Her pubic hair was lush but trimmed and her belly was very firm. With no prompting, she slowly turned completely around and then stood waiting.

“John,” said the man in the tux, “may I take a close-up of Randa’s lower torso?”

“I don’t think Randa will mind.” She put a hand on her hip and took the weight off her other leg. Her curves in the light were magnificent. Our “photographer” moved closer and framed his shots as Randa shifted positions several times. She looked like she loved the camera and loved having her picture taken.

“Okay, Reggie,” John said, “that’s enough shots for now.” After one more shot, he thanked Randa and slinked back into the shadows of the library.

“May I take off my bra now?” Randa asked in a very sexy voice. Like Paula, she was making this event very sensual.

“Please let me help you,” said an older woman standing by her wide-eyed husband. Randa nodded. As the woman approached her, she turned her back to give her access to the clasp. The woman placed her hands on Randa’s shoulders and then moved them down to her bra. After unhooking it, she reached in front of Randa and under her breasts to pull the bra away. For a moment, her hands cupped Randa’s tits, bringing smiles to both of their lips. And then Randa was completely nude, standing there, massaging her breasts as if no one was looking.

“Thank you, Randa, the second of our beautiful ‘Graces,’” John said. “I think your father needs a hug before he faints straight away. Go over there and give him a little support.” Randa smiled, walked up to her father, and embraced him, her pale naked skin contrasting with his dark suit. She kept her arm around his waist as she accepted the thanks of those nearby.

“Well, Carol, we’ve come full circle back to you,” John said, smiling at me. “Do we have any further requests from our distinguished audience?”

“I have one,” said Michael, a friend of John’s I knew slightly. “You and Paula and Randa have provided an unexpected pleasure this evening and I know that everyone here is very appreciative,” he said, shifting his gaze from me to Paula and then Randa. “But, I guess we owe all of this to John who revealed your secret game in the first place. I’d like to see him remove the last of your clothing himself, Carol.”

“I would enjoy that,” I said, surprising myself.

“So would I,” said John, surprising me. I wanted it badly. I wanted him to strip me in front of his friends. I wanted him to show them what I looked like naked. I wanted him to display me nude, turned on, and wet.

I coyly beckoned him to draw near. He did, with a mischievous grin on is face. At first, he appeared to be undecided about what to take off first. But, then, he slipped my bra straps off my shoulders and gestured like a magician pointing at a rabbit in a hat. The others picked up on it and gave him some applause. Then, he playfully pulled a bit on one side of my panties, moving it down about an inch. Another gesture and more applause.

“This is great fun,” he said. I smiled as he moved behind me and unclasped my bra. He left it there, loose, but still covering my tits. Then he slid the other side of my panties down about two inches. More applause followed. I could feel myself getting wetter and I knew John caught my rising excitement. Still, he did not hurry to strip me.

Instead, he asked Paula and Randa to come to the center of the room. Then, he positioned us so that our backs touched, forming a triangle, as we faced out toward the guests. Finally, he arranged our arms and legs to make us appear like a marble sculpture, a modern Three Graces. And then, he walked away.

“Haven’t you forgotten something, John?” said the chairman.

“What’s that?”

“Carol. She’s still wearing her bra and panties. Don’t get me wrong, it’s a wonderful tableau you’ve created but, personally, I’d like it if all three women were nude.”

“You’re right, Geoffrey. It would look better. Paula, could you and Randa remove Carol’s garments?”

That bugger! He knew how turned on I got when men at the charity auction at the Executive Club had bid for my clothing and the winners came up on stage and took their prizes right off my back. Now, he provided a twist to the scenario—two naked women undressing me completely in front of all the guests. I knew that when I lost my bra everyone would see my excitement in the hardness of my nipples.

Paula and Randa wasted no time in stripping me nude. For the last time, the butler appeared and took my underwear out of the room. Then, John repositioned us in a much more erotic pose. Randa crouched down in front of me and raised her arms to reach for my breasts and lift them slightly. My head was turned to the left so that Paula, who was behind me, could touch my lips with hers. I could feel her pubis pushing into my ass.

The man with the camera took several shots from different angles before John said we could relax. After a good amount of applause, each of us mingled with the guests who were very interested in knowing how we felt about being displayed as living art. Of course, we were still naked and, I think, Randa and Paula were as turned on as I was.

Everyone wanted to be photographed with us, individually and with the three of us together. Many of the guests didn’t hesitate to put a hand on a nude shoulder or hip. Being touched felt so natural. Being naked felt so right.

Many of the guests left soon after having the photos taken. Then the butler returned Paula’s clothing and she left with her husband and an everlasting memory. By 11 p.m., only the chairman and the photographer, Randa and her father, and John and I remained.

Chairman Geoffrey was feeling his martinis just a bit as he told a couple of risqué stories that left us in tears of laughter. Reggie asked if he could take a few more shots before leaving and, surprisingly, Randa’s father said he had a few poses he’d like to see. He suggested that we move into the larger living room. By now, Randa and I had been naked for almost two hours.

As we posed together, I kept wondering how I would react when people I knew said they had seen me on the internet. I expect I’ll know soon enough.