**Exposing Carol, Again**

by luv2bseen

*Husband puts wife on display again.*

John slowly slipped outside of me. One became two.

My decision to display myself had changed our life together. My soul lay naked when I told him of my desire. I gave up control, willingly. He took it, steadfastly. And we were happy, ardent, and very much in love.

The results of the photo shoot, John's first "assignment" for me, were spectacular. John said that he saw a lot of different aspects of me in the pictures. There was the shy woman, the flirty, sensual woman, the embarrassed and humiliated woman, and the hot, sexy woman.

My anticipation about my next exhibitionist adventure was mounting every day. I have to admit that my first exposure had been more thrilling than I had imagined it would be. What was more surprising was the range of emotions I had felt. Now, I was waiting for John to tell me what to do next.

Two days later, the waiting was over. Like the first time, John had left an email message instructing me to look in a particular book. I found the book and the next assignment scrawled on a piece of paper and read it eagerly.

"Carol, my love, a group of business executives in the city holds an annual auction for charity. It's an adults-only affair, very swank, and they raise a lot of money. The master of ceremonies needs an assistant on stage next Friday evening to help him handle the bidding. I've arranged for you to be the assistant. The attire you will wear is hanging in the guest room closet. The time and place and emcee's name are there too. Enjoy!"

"What's so daring about this?" I said aloud. I walked to the guest room and opened the closet. There, in front of me, was a floor-length gold two-piece outfit, so sheer that I could see my hand through the material. A matching bra and thong completed the ensemble. The clothes were stunning and I quickly stripped off my running togs to try them on.

"These look great!" I thought, as I gazed in a mirror. The curves of my body were plainly visible under the clinging cloth. The undergarments disappeared in the color of the blouse and skirt. Two layers of fabric concealed what one layer revealed. I could see my nipples and pussy when I had just the bra and thong on. Even with the complete outfit, my pointed nipples and nicely-trimmed mound caught the material when I moved certain ways.

"John," I thought, "you're a devil, but this will be fun. I get to stand in front of a group for awhile, knowing what little I have on and knowing that the audience can almost see beneath my clothing. Exposed, but not exposed."

I smiled. This was different from what I expected John to propose for my second time out, but I think it's an example of how he wanted to help me and still have me keep my self-respect.

On Friday afternoon, I spent a leisurely time soaking in the tub and then getting ready for the auction. When John got home, I was ready to go.

"Honey, you look magnificent! That outfit was made for you. You're gonna knock them out, standing on that stage." He kissed me lightly on the lips.

"Thanks, love," I said. "I'm getting really excited to be up on the stage. I wish you could be there to see me."

"Me, too," he said.

We drove to the Executive Club where a valet helped me out of the car. I blew a kiss to John and caught a risqué glint in his eye. I waved as he pulled away.

I was quite aware of the looks I got as I walked into the Executive Club. My exuberance, though, was tempered by the fact that I was not in complete control. In spite of everything good, I still had these conflicting thoughts. Here I was, in a situation not of my own design. Sure, I wanted to be on display. That's why I'm doing this. But John told me where to go and what to wear and what to do. Soon, I was going to be on a stage helping run an auction. People in the audience will see how my clothes strongly suggest what's underneath. I won't be able to hide or cover myself with a coat.

I can't figure it out. I love the feeling of being exposed. It's thrilling and embarrassing at the same time. Doing it at another person's direction enhances everything. Sometimes, though, I think my desire is becoming an obsession.

A valet met me in the lobby of the Club and escorted me to the manager's office to meet the man who would conduct the auction. Sammy Moore is a roly-poly man with a lascivious grin, roving eyes, and a bawdy sense of humor. I felt naked standing there as he went over my duties as his assistant. Naked and thrilled and embarrassed. And we weren't even on stage yet. Sammy offered me some wine which I gladly accepted. I wanted to lose a bit of my natural inhibition. After a few more minutes of off-color jokes, it was showtime.

We entered the backstage area and Sammy told me to wait in the wings while he opened the show with a comedy routine. He's really good, I must confess. The audience was rolling with laughter. Then, it hit me. The audience was all men. I was the only woman in the entire building! That strange combination of emotions rushed through me again.

Sammy was encouraging the crowd to be generous in their bids for the auction items. Then, he began introducing me.

"Gentlemen, it's customary for me to have an assistant at our annual auction and tonight is no exception. Please welcome the beautiful and sexy Carol."

Taking a deep breath, I stepped from the wing. Polite applause changed to catcalls and whistles. I smiled and walked to center stage.

"What did I tell you? Isn't she gorgeous? Turn around, Carol." Sammy twirled me around as if we were on a dance floor. The men screamed when they caught a glimpse of my thong and ass through the sheer material. I did a little curtsey and smiled again at the faces I could see in front of the stage. With that, the auction began. There were some great items to bid on and it was clear that the men in the audience had money to spend.

Sammy kept up the humorous chatter as he solicited bids. Once an item was sold, it was my job to take the voucher to the top bidder. I'd walk down the steps from the stage and go over to the table where the winner would give me his check in exchange. Then I'd walk back to Sammy. A lot of men got close up views of my diaphanous two-piece ensemble.

Once more, I silently thanked John for putting me in this elegant situation. Here I was, teasingly on display for all the men. My heart beat rapidly. A shiver of sexual excitement rippled through me. Eyes focused on my hardened nipples, on my visible belly-button, on the curves of my ass. This was all so sweet.

Sammy had one item left to auction. It was a week's stay at an exclusive tropical resort. The bidding progressed rapidly until, finally, there was no higher offer. The audience applauded the winner and, again, I moved down the steps to exchange the voucher for a check. I wanted to make the most of this last trip through the tables of appreciative men so I walked a bit slower and smiled at many of them. Politely, but firmly, I pushed away the occasional hand that wanted to touch me. I did give the last winner a light peck on the cheek and slowly turned back to the stage.

The whistles and catcalls increased as I rejoined Sammy.

"Gentlemen, thank you again for your wonderful generosity. The proceeds from tonight's auction will help those in need throughout the city. Before we end the festivities, however, most of you know about a little tradition we have which gives you a few more chances to bid on some items."

A loud cheer went up from the crowd. I looked around. There was nothing left on the table. No vouchers, no objects, nothing. Sammy spoke again.

"For you newcomers, let me explain. Each year at the Executive Club auction, we conclude with something special. Each year, my lovely assistant—and there have been many through the years—graciously volunteers to sell the clothing off her back. Piece, by piece, by piece."

The audience roared and applauded loudly. Sammy turned toward me, licked his lips, and smiled broadly. I stood there, frozen, stunned, and trying to maintain my composure. At the same time, I felt myself beginning to get turned on. God! John had done it again.

"Well, Carol, will you continue the tradition?" Sammy's eyes roamed over my body. Very embarrassed, I shook my head "no." The men groaned. I looked out at them and then down at the floor. Images and thoughts raced through my mind.

"Listen to them, Carol. They're pleading with you. Think of the needy ones who'll benefit from this. Hell, think of us horny farts."

The men cheered and started chanting, "Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it!" I laughed nervously. I covered my face with my hands and shook my head again. The chanting grew louder. The men began clapping slowly, rhythmically. They shouted my name. "Carol! Carol! Carol!" Sammy kept urging them on.

A sexual shiver rippled through me. Again, I was where I wanted to be. I had asked for this and John had delivered. There would be embarrassment and humiliation for sure if I went through with it. But I knew there would be excitement and thrills as well.

I moved my hands from my face and smiled. I leaned close to Sammy and said, "I'll do it."

"She'll do it!" he shouted. Another roar rose from the crowd. It took half a minute for Sammy to quiet the men down. Then he began the bidding for my clothes.

"Okay, gentlemen, what am I bid for Carol's lovely top? 50 dollars over there. 75. 100. 125 back in the corner. 150. Come on, guys, her top is worth a lot more than that."

"Two hundred dollars!" bellowed a middle-aged man up front.

"275!" came a yell from the back.

"Do I hear 300? 300 anyone. 275 going once, 275 going twice. Sold to the horny old guy at table 32." Another cheer rocked the room.

I looked at Sammy. I didn't know what to do. Realizing this, he held up his hands and the noise became less. "Gentlemen," he said. "As is customary, the winning bidder has to come up on stage and retrieve his prize by taking it off Carol. So, get on down here and take her top off."

The crowd cheered the old man on. He half-ran to the stage and climbed the steps. He was about sixty and very distinguished looking. He smiled at me and then stared at my top. I told him to pull it up over my head. He put his hands on my hips as I raised my arms straight up. Then he grabbed the material and slowly drew it up past my head and off my arms.

The crowd whistled and cheered. The old man held my top up above his head. I stood there, knowing my bra did nothing to hide my erect nipples, knowing that this was just the beginning.

"Aren't they beautiful," Sammy said, pointing at by breasts. Then he ushered the first winner off the stage and started the bidding again. "Okay, gentlemen, who'll bid 100 dollars for Carol's skirt? Carol, turn around so they can see all of it."

I slowly turned, so that they could see my thonged ass through the thin material. I felt myself getting wet. I loved being on display.

The bidding moved rapidly to $500. Finally, at $550, it stopped. A good-looking man up front had bought my skirt. Like the first winner, he came up onto the stage. Raising his arms like a boxing champ, he hopped up and down, exalting the men to clap louder. Then he smiled and moved behind me. Awkwardly, he unclasped the hook on my skirt and then quickly pulled the zipper down. His hands rested on my hips for a moment before he started to slide the waist band down. He egged the men on by stopping and starting again. Suddenly, he pulled my skirt all the way to the floor.

I've never heard such noise. Sammy held my hand as I stepped out of my skirt and the winner wrapped it around his neck like a towel. He leaped off the stage. Sammy twirled me around slowly so the men could see my ass. My pussy was a black patch against the see-through thong.

I was so turned on. I never imagined this would be so good. 135 men were watching me standing in front of them with only a bra and thong on. Sammy told me to walk to one side of the stage and then the other. Every eye followed me. I might as well have been naked but I knew that was still to come.

Sammy cracked another risqué joke. Then he started to auction my bra. It seemed like the number of active bidders was much greater than before. The price for my bra escalated quickly. Sammy could hardly keep up with the offers. I looked at each man who shouted out a figure. Suddenly, I recognized a man sitting next to one of the bidders. It was my husband! John was witnessing my increasing exposure before the raucous crowd of sexed-up men.

This changed everything. It turned me on so much to see him there. But there were other feelings, too—embarrassment, humiliation, shame. I don't know where they came from. When I asked John to direct me in displaying myself, I thought those feelings would be present. But, after my first experience and half-way through this one, I only felt bolder. My shyness had disappeared, or so I thought. Now, all these feelings swirled around my body. Whatever was happening inside of me was almost too much for me to deal with.

"Sold to the man at table 17!" Sammy's voice brought me back to the present moment. A well-dressed man, about 35, walked slowly to the stage, high-fiving at least one guy at every table he passed. He smiled as he stood beside me.

"Larry, you lucky man," Sammy said. "$950 gives you the pleasure of removing Carol's bra and taking it home with you. She's all yours," he said, pointing to me, leering all the time.

The men started chanting again. "Larry, Larry, Larry." He bowed to them and slipped behind me. I felt his warm hands trace my back and then move to my bra. He unhooked it and then paused. The audience, my audience, was going crazy. Larry grabbed my bra straps and slid them off my shoulders. Then, he moved in front of me with his back to the audience. He curled his hands over the top of the cups and pulled my bra off, making sure he grazed my hard nipples in the process.

I looked up at him. Suddenly, he bent down and gave me a soft kiss on the lips. He turned to face the crowd, raised his arms and "his" bra, and bolted down the steps. I have never been so excited in my life. But we weren't finished yet.

Sammy told me to take another walk across the stage. He said he wanted to see my tits bounce. And they did. My heart was beating so fast. I couldn't believe I was doing this. And I was exposing myself as my husband watched from the back of the room.

The bidding for my thong was frenzied. In less than a minute, it had reached $1000. Offers flew to the stage. Finally, at $1600, it was over. The most handsome man in the room walked to the stage to strip me of my last bit of clothing. Unbeknownst to everyone but me, the winning bidder was my husband, John. He was the one who would strip me bare.

He did nothing to reveal our relationship. Nor did I. He acknowledged the cheers of the crowd and smiled broadly at Sammy who beckoned him to take what he had paid for. Like the man before him, John moved behind me as I faced 135 men waiting to see me fully exposed.

John gently grabbed my arms and lifted them straight up, indicating I should hold them there. He slowly moved his hands down my arms toward my thong. The men yelled all kinds of suggestions to him. He paused dramatically at my armpits. But then, instead of continuing downward, he reached in front of me and held my hard nipples between his fingers. He lifted one breast by my nipple and then the other, alternating between the two. The noise was deafening but, I swear, I could hear my heart beating rapidly.

John finished by circling my nipples with his middle fingers. Then, he placed his hands on the strings of my thong. The moment was at hand. Very slowly, he hooked a finger on each string and began pulling them over my hips. I knew my pussy was wet and glistening in the light. I lowered my arms as he lowered my thong to my ankles. Then, I stepped out of the thong, fully naked now, in front of all those men.

John nudged my feet apart. Still behind me, he ran his right hand up the inside of my left leg. It sent chills through my body. The noise grew even louder as the men watched me being handled by John. When his hand could go no higher, he placed his palm on my pussy and moved his hand in small circles. I couldn't help it. My crotch responded to his touch and I started rotating my hips just a bit.

"Oh, yeah!" Sammy screamed. Every man was standing. Those in the back hopped up on their chairs to get a better view. Sammy was begging for more but John would go no further. He pulled his hand through my crotch and up the crack of my ass. He stood up, raised his arms in triumph, and brought his fingers to his nose as if to savor the aroma of my sex. Then he jumped off the stage and hurried back to his table.

I stood there, completely naked, next to Sammy who was thanking the crowd for the most memorable of all of the charity auctions. Then, he took my hand and led me behind the curtain. It was over.

We got back to the manager's office and I realized I had no clothes to put on. Sammy pointed to a box on the desk and told me to open it. Inside, there were some shoes and a long coat. My raincoat. John had thought of everything. Again. A cab was waiting for me outside of the Executive Club. My husband was waiting for me at home, already planning my next assignment.