

Living Art for all to See

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I wanted to punish her for being unfaithful but in the end the tables were turned

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Living Art for all to See by Lady Grey

Emily knew what George's intentions were for her before they arrived at the gallery for the opening night of Kurt Wilder's exhibition. As she mingled, made small talk, and drank champagne with the many invited guests and some local dignitaries, many of whom she knew personally, she could not believe that George was actually going to go through with his threat.

George on the other hand was looking forward with some excitement to what he had planned as a surprise item on this evening's agenda. He had spoken to Kurt, who saw no problem with the extra item. In fact, after being introduced to Emily, he was quite looking forward to it.

George had received the same response from Nigel Winterton. Nigel had helped to sponsor the exhibition because he was a great admirer of Kurt Wilder's work. When George had filled him in on what he had planned he smiled. "I think that should add more than a spark of interest to the proceedings," he commented, as he stole a glance across at the attractive looking Emily where she stood drinking her champagne with some friends, blissfully unaware that her husband was discussing her imminent future with Nigel.

Emily glanced at her watch. 8:45. She knew Nigel was making a small speech and officially opening the exhibition at 9 P.M. . She knew she could just leave, walk out, but she knew that would solve nothing. She knew she would have to stay and take what was coming to her. She took another glass of champagne from a passing waiter, and took a long drink. Could she drink enough of these to make her forget her problems, in less than 15 minutes? She thought not.

At last the moment had arrived. George took the stand and called for attention. Slowly the conversation in the room died away. Emily was standing in the centre of the crowd, the position

George had instructed her to be in. She watched as she saw Nigel and Kurt join George on the stand. George spoke a few words and then introduced Nigel, who welcomed everyone to the private showing. He then said a few words about Kurt's work and the high quality of the items in the exhibition. Then he passed over to Kurt himself. Kurt was a man of a few words and just thanked everyone for coming along and said he hoped they would spend a lot of money. He was grinning as he passed the position back to George.

George smiled at the crowd surrounding the stand. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said smiling at everyone, "you have all come here this evening to admire and hopefully purchase some of Kurt Wilder's work." He turned and looked at Kurt and smiled. "As you all know, the inspiration for Kurt's work is the naked female form, something I think we men all appreciate." There were murmurs of consent from the men around the gathered throng. "Although Kurt has the wonderful ability to show off this beauty in his pictures, sadly no picture can be the same as the real thing. As a special item for your pleasure this evening, we have among us a real living exhibition of the naked female form." Emily's heart gave a leap. This was the moment she had been dreading. George looked over to where Emily was standing. "Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you all Emily." There were murmurs of surprise from around the room as the crowd turned and looked at the elegantly dressed young women to whom George had indicated. Around her the crowd parted in anticipation.

Emily stood there transfixed for a moment. George smiled at her. "If you would like to remove your clothing dear, everyone is waiting." Emily stared at the crowd surrounding her. She saw the hunger and anticipation in their eyes. She knew there was no way out, she had to go through with it, she had to stand there and strip herself totally naked in front of all these people.

Her indiscretion with Andrew, the 18 year old son of their next door neighbours Peter and Rachel, had all started a month ago. She remembered it well. That morning George had left for work early and Emily was just clearing up the breakfast things before she showered and dressed. That morning she was wearing as usual her thin silk wrap, the one George liked. He always said it made her body feel wonderful when he held her.

There was a light knock on the kitchen door and when she opened it she found Andrew standing there. He smiled. "Good morning, Mrs. Wilson, I've come over to sort out George's computer." Then she remembered. George had mentioned the problems he was having only the night before. She stood aside and let him in. She could not help but notice the way he looked at her, and glancing down, she saw the reason. Under the thin silk of her wrap and with the coolness of the outside air,

her nipples were displayed prominently. She felt herself getting quite warm under his close scrutiny.

Andrew was an attractive lad, big for his age. Rachel had told her one day when they had spoken that he played for the college first eleven football team. After she had shown him to George's study, she felt excited about the way he had looked at her. She enjoyed the sensation he caused and as she was feeling a little naughty, she decided not to bother getting ready until after Andrew had left.

Back in the kitchen she made a fresh pot of coffee and perched herself on one of the high bar stools at the breakfast bar. She allowed her wrap to fall open slightly exposing her long legs. She had just about finished her first cup of coffee when Andrew reappeared. He smiled at Emily. "I know what the problem is with the computer," he said. "It needs a new bit of software."

"Can you fix it?" Emily asked.

He nodded. "Not a problem but I can't do it today. I need to get something."

Emily noticed him looking at her exposed legs. She smiled to herself. This was getting more interesting. She was attracted to the good looking young guy and she was beginning to wonder just how far she could go with him. "I've just made some coffee. Would you like one before you go?" she asked. He nodded. She poured one out and he eased himself up onto the stool opposite her. She wondered to herself if he had realised that she was probably not wearing anything at all under the thin wrap. She had this sudden urge to pull undone the tie of her wrap and expose herself to this attractive guy. She wondered what his reactions would be if he were presented with the sight of her naked body. A slight tremor went through her. Dare she do it? She resisted the temptation, realising that the guy's mother was only next door.

As they chatted about his work and life at university, she continued to tease him. She could feel her nipples were still erect and she knew he could clearly see them poking against the thin silk of her wrap. As they sat and talked she could not resist casually beginning to ease her legs apart, not brazenly, but just a slight movement. She did not know how much she was displaying to him but she noticed that he kept glancing down. Something was definitely interesting him. Sadly it all ended when he glanced at his watch and with a last look at her slightly parted legs, said he would have to leave. He had arranged to meet up with someone, but he would be around again first thing in the morning. Emily felt a little deflated and frustrated by his sudden departure, as by now she was beginning to feeling extremely horny. She looked at the closed door, the empty mug and the stool where he had been sitting only a moment ago, and she sighed.

She undid her wrap, slipped it off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. She sat there naked, thinking of what might have been. She slid her hand down between her open thighs and cupped her

moist pussy in her hand. She could not resist slipping a couple of fingers inside herself. She closed her eyes and imagined that Andrew was still sitting there watching her as she slowly brought herself off to a reasonably satisfying climax. Afterwards, she made her way upstairs and showered. As she stood under the hot spray she made up her mind that tomorrow she was going to do it, and she began to make plans.

The following morning she could not get George off to work fast enough. She wanted to be on her own when Andrew arrived. She felt the excitement of anticipation as she heard the knock on the back door. She knew it could only be Andrew. He smiled when he saw her. "I hope I'm not too early," he said, looking at her still in her wrap.

Emily shook her head. "No, I'm just finishing up the breakfast things before I go and get ready." She showed him into George's study.

"I'll be about half an hour if everything goes OK," he said.

"No problem," Emily replied. "Is it alright if I take my shower while you are sorting things out?"

"Go ahead," Andrew said. "I'll give you a call when I'm done."

Emily left him to it and made her way upstairs. She slipped out of the wrap and stepped into the shower. Now that her plan was coming into fruition she began to feel excited. Just how would it feel to be revealed naked in front of Andrew, and just how would he react?

She stepped out of the shower and dried herself, then glanced at her watch. It had been twenty minutes since Andrew had arrived. She brushed her hair and applied some light make up, stood and looked at herself in the long wardrobe mirror. She stroked her hands over her breasts, her fingers rubbing lightly on her hard nipples. She shivered. She looked down her well toned body at her flat tummy and the delightful sight of her exposed pussy lips. She had spent some time last night trimming her pubic hair. Now just a small vee shaped patch pointing to the delights of her shaded cleft was left.

She wanted to touch herself but she knew if she did she would not be able to stop. She picked up a towel that was laying on the bed. She had tried this one out. It worked perfectly. She wrapped it around her naked body and tucked the corner in beside her breast to secure it. With a last glance in the mirror and with a thumping heart she made her way down stairs.

In the kitchen the coffee pot was bubbling. She waited nervously for Andrew to appear. She could hear the computer working in George's study. Then it went silent. Was he finished? She stood there

waiting, feeling more than a little exposed in just the towel, but it was an exciting feeling.

Emily looked around as Andrew came in. "Everything OK now?" she asked.

He nodded. He seemed a little uncertain of himself. "Yes, everything is working now." He looked at her. "Sorry if I disturbed you."

She looked down at the towel and smiled, then shrugged. "I just fancied a coffee before I got dressed," she said. "You're not embarrassed are you?" Andrew smiled and shook his head. "I could go put something on if it would make you feel more comfortable."

Andrew smiled. "Don't worry about me," he said. "I think you look very nice."

Emily smiled. "Thank you, young man," she said. "Do you want a coffee before you go?"

He nodded. "That would be nice."

She reached up and opened the cupboard door. The mugs were now on the top shelf where she had placed them. She wished she could see Andrew's face but she had her back to him. She knew as she reached up for the mugs the towel would be lifted up displaying to him even more of her long legs. But it wasn't the towel lifting up that excited her. It was the feeling of the towel beginning to give away around her breasts as she reached up. She felt it slowly slipping undone as it had done every time she had tried it the night before.

Suddenly it slipped completely and she felt it fall away. She made no move to catch it as it fell to the floor. Then she turned and gasped. She saw Andrew getting an eyeful of her exposed charms. She bent down to pick up the towel just as Andrew stepped over and kicked it out of her way. "I don't think we need that," he said with a smile. "You've been trying to give me a show ever since yesterday."

Emily looked at him and grinned. "Sorry, was I so obvious?" Andrew smiled and nodded.

It felt just as exciting as she knew it would, standing naked in front of Andrew. He looked up and down her exposed body. "You have a wonderful body, Mrs. Wilson."

She smiled. "Call me Emily," she said. She looked across at him. "Do you still want that coffee Andrew or is there something else you fancy?"

He smiled. "I think I will take you up on the coffee," he said. "If you don't mind, I would just want to look at you for the moment."

Emily found it highly arousing being naked in her own kitchen with the young guy as she prepared the coffee for them both. Andrew had perched himself on one of the high stools and watched her every movement with interest. For Emily it was more exciting than she had ever expected it would be displaying herself to him like this.

As they sat and drank the coffee she made no effort to try and hide anything from him. Her legs were slightly parted and Andrew could clearly see every detail of her exposed pussy. Emily saw him looking and smiled. "See something you fancy, Andrew?" He licked his lips and nodded. "Shall we move over into the lounge? I think we will find it more comfortable." Emily reached out and took his hand. He followed her obediently.

In the lounge she smiled at him. "How about you joining me?" she suggested.

He looked down. "You mean undress?"

She nodded. He shrugged and smiled as he began to quickly remove his clothes. When he too was naked she looked him over. He had a nice body with muscular arms and legs and a firm chest. She moved towards him and ran her hands over his chest. She felt him tremble as her hands touched him. Then her hands moved down and she took hold of his semi erect cock that seemed so quickly to grow as she ran her hands along the length of it and cupped his tight balls in her hands. She leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "I'm all yours," she said, "if you want me."

He grinned as he reached out and cupped her breasts, feeling the hardness of her erect nipples. He pushed her towards a comfortable looking sofa and they fell on it. Now with his confidence boosted he was all over her. His hands and mouth were soon discovering and exploring every intimate detail of her available body. She groaned as she felt his hard erection pressing against her pussy lips, easing them apart and sliding slowly inside her. Then he was screwing her urgently, his body thrusting into hers. She pulled him tightly against herself, matching his every thrust with one of her own.

When he came Emily screamed as she felt his juices flooding into her, and then they fell apart, gasping for air. He was a virile young man and he was quickly ready again. Emily made no objection as he entered her again. It was almost lunchtime before that had sated their lust for each other. Even then she did not hold back at going down on him as they showered together.

After he had dressed she walked him to the back door. She hadn't bothered to dress, she was still enjoying the thrill of being naked in his company. At the doorway he gently caressed her breast. "Can I come round and see you again?" he asked.

Emily kissed him lightly on the cheek. "Whenever you want," she said, "whenever you want."

Much to Emily's delight Andrew became a regular visitor all holiday. He watched for George to leave and then he was around. Emily usually greeted him naked. What was the point of clothes only to remove them as soon as he arrived?

All good things had to come to an end and it did for Emily one morning about a month after things had started with Andrew. That morning they had just made love on the sofa in the lounge. They usually made love in the lounge or the kitchen. Emily had always thought it would have been wrong to take her young lover to their bedroom. She had left Andrew sitting on the sofa while she went upstairs to the bathroom. When she returned he was still sitting where she had left him, but there was something different. He looked up at her, a worried expression on his face.

Then she saw the reason. George was standing in the lounge doorway. He looked up from the naked youth on the sofa to the naked figure of his wife standing on the stairs. Emily looked shocked when she saw George and turned to go back up the stairs. George stopped her. "It's a little late to suddenly become shy Emily. Just come down here and join us. Emily slowly made her way down the rest of the stairs. She now felt embarrassed being naked in front of her husband with Andrew watching her. George looked at her. "How long has this been going on?" he asked.

She looked at Andrew. He looked terrified. "Let Andrew go and we can talk," she said.

George turned to him. "Get your clothes on, young man. I will deal with you later." Gratefully Andrew got up off the sofa and made his way to the kitchen to find his clothes. He quickly pulled them on and almost ran out of the kitchen.

He watched the boy leave and then turned to his wife. "So, let me hear your side of the story," he said. She explained to him how it had all started, how she enticed the boy, how it had excited her displaying herself to Andrew, and then as things went further, she found she could not stop seeing him. George smiled. "So you like showing your naked body off to whomever is there to see it?" he asked.

Emily shook her head. "It's not like that," she said.

George thought for a moment, and then he smiled. "Well, we will just have to see. Go get some clothes on." Emily made her way back up the stairs wondering just what George had in mind.

Emily was surprised that nothing was said for a couple of days, and then one evening after they had

finished their evening meal, George dropped the bombshell. He told her that as she seemed to like showing her body off to strangers, he was going to give her the chance. She looked at him shocked. "Next week at the opening of Kurt Wilder's exhibition you will remove all your clothes and display yourself as an exhibit."

She laughed nervously. "You have got to be kidding."

George smiled and shook his head. "If you don't, I will inform Andrew's parents what has been going on and how you seduced their son."

She gasped, "You wouldn't?"

He smiled. "Just try me."

Emily knew she had lost the argument. She knew what would happen if George went through with his threat. Although Andrew was over the age of consent and nothing illegal had occurred, his parents might not look on it that way. She knew however shameful and humiliating it was going to be, she would have to do whatever George required of her without question.

Those last few nights before the exhibition she had hardly slept. Always in her mind was the thought of having to completely undress in front of all those people. Now, was this the moment as the crowd parted? She hesitated. George thought for a moment that she was not going to go through with it. He saw Nigel looking at him, a slightly nervous look on his face. Suddenly, he saw Emily move. Her hand went up to the strap on her dress and she slowly eased it down off her shoulder.

Although she had managed to have several glasses of champagne she was still dreading what she had to do. She almost refused, but then she thought about the consequences, and she reached up and slid down the shoulder straps. She could see all the eyes in the room were on her. No one spoke as she reached for the zip on the back of her dress. The sound of it sliding down could be heard in the deathly silence in the room. As the zip parted the material the dress collapsed around her. She felt it slide down her body and lie in a pool of crumpled material around her feet. One of the gallery attendants, under George's instructions, came over and removed the dress. She stood there in just her bra and panties. She was shaking all over as she heard muted comments from the crowd surrounding her.

George was still on the small stage. He nodded and smiled at her. She knew she must continue. She reached up and worked open the clasp of her bra and felt it fall loose. Then she slowly eased it away from her breasts exposing them to the crowd. Her nipples were already so erect they felt painful. She wanted to touch them but she resisted the temptation. The attendant returned and relieved her of the discarded bra.

There were now more murmurs of approval and the crowd seemed to ease forward as her hands slowly went to the waistband of her brief panties, the last item of clothing. She closed her eyes to shut out the scene before her as she slid the panties down over her hips, lifting one leg at a time as she stepped out of them, leaving herself naked. She felt the panties being plucked from her grasp. There was a round of applause and she heard George's voice. "Ladies and gentlemen, my I present our live naked work of art, Emily." There was even more applause.

Emily could feel the coolness of the air conditioning on her bare skin. She knew she was completely naked in a room full of clothed people. She wanted to run somewhere but where? She was surrounded by people and she knew they were staring at her, taking in every detail of her naked body. At last she managed to open her eyes. Several people were standing close by her. She noticed two men smiling as their eyes roved over her naked body. A tall woman in a brightly flowered dress turned to her friend. "It must be awfully exciting to display yourself like that," she said. Her friend smiled and nodded. Other people drifted over, some making comments, others just staring and sipping on their champagne.

What was she to do? Where were her clothes? She had not moved from the spot where she had undressed. She saw George, accompanied by Nigel, making their way over. "You did a very good job, my dear," George said with a slight smile. "I think everybody quite liked our little show." He turned to Nigel who smiled and nodded. Emily saw him looking her up and down, his close scrutiny making her feel uncomfortable.

"Please, can I get dressed again now?" she asked George.

He smiled and turned to Nigel. "I don't think we can allow that, can we Nigel? We don't want to disappoint our guests. She is one of the works of art and must remain on display."

Emily couldn't believe what she was hearing. She was going to have to remain naked until the close of the show. She bit her lip to stop from bursting out in tears. This was really taking things too far, but she knew there was nothing she could do about it. George smiled and took her by the arm. "I would like you to come over and meet an old friend of mine," he said. As he led her across the crowded room she could feel everyone staring at her.

Lee Bassinger was an avid collector of Kurt's work and he had already ordered several pictures from the collection. He smiled and greeted George warmly. "Wonderful show, George," he said. "And this young lady, quite a surprise." He took Emily's hand and lifted it to his lips. Emily could see his eyes were appraising her exposed breasts.

Emily slowly was beginning to realise that after the first shock of being naked in a room full of clothed people that the idea was beginning to excite her. The way people were looking at her, especially the close scrutiny she was getting from Lee Bassinger, was turning her on. Emily had to smile to herself when she saw the look on the young woman's face who was with Lee. She could see that she was not too happy about the interest Lee Bassinger was showing in her. Maybe it was going to be fun after all.

Once Emily set her mind to it, she soon began to enjoy the whole experience. Now she chatted easily with everyone who came over and spoke to her. Some of the women were interested in how it felt to be naked in such an auspicious gathering. The men who were accompanied by their wives and female companions were a little reserved, but the single guys took full advantage of the situation, offering her drinks and happy to be in her company.

Slowly, by late evening, the gallery began to clear as people, fueled by all the free champagne, drifted off home or to other venues to finish off their evening. At last, apart from the caterers, Kurt, George, Nigel and the still naked Emily were the only ones left in the place. The men agreed it had been an extremely worth while event with over fifty pictures being sold.

Nigel poured out another round of champagne from a half filled bottle he had secured. "I want to thank you all for the effort you have put in: Kurt for his pictures, George for the organisation, and most of all, Emily here for being such a great sport and showing off her perfect body as a live work of art. I have to admit that I, like every other red blooded man in the room, admired her for it. I know that you did not do it willingly to start off with but I think in the end you seemed to be enjoying yourself." Emily smiled and nodded.

"I think like every other guy in the room, what with Kurt's great sexy pictures around the walls and a real live great sexy body to look at, I have been sporting a rather painful stiffy for quite some time now." Emily noted that even Kurt nodded in agreement. George smiled at Nigel's comment, but he wasn't too happy to discover that his young wife had actually enjoyed the whole experience. He had planned the event to humiliate her as she had done to him with her young lover.

He looked at her standing there naked with the glass of champagne in her hand, totally at ease with the situation. He inwardly smiled to himself. He had still one more card to play. "Well, Nigel," he said, "we can't have you going home in that condition can we?" He smiled at Emily. "I'm sure Emily would

be only too willing to relieve the situation.”

He could have laughed out loud when he saw the expression on Emily’s face when she realised just what he was suggesting. But now things were different. She was willing to stand up to him and his bullying ways. She smiled coyly at Nigel. “I am sure I can do something to assist you.” With that she sank down on her knees in front of Nigel and pushing away his slight token resistance, she pulled open the front of his pants and extracted an angry looking erect cock. She ran it between her hands, stroking along its length before dropping her head and running a wet tongue over the bulbous head.

Then she allowed him to slide it deep into her throat and she began sucking on it hungrily. George and Kurt looked on with interest, George in amazement at what his wife was willing to do, and Kurt in expectation, hoping that his turn was going to be next. Emily gripped on to Nigel’s legs as she allowed him to literally fuck her face as he pumped into her with enthusiasm. With his passion so worked up he was not long in cumming and although he tried to pull out, Emily insisted that he cum in her mouth and she drank it down hungrily.

She turned to Kurt with trails of cum dripping down her chin. “You want the same treatment?” she asked with a smile. Kurt nodded eagerly, quickly withdrawing an equally hard member and presenting it too her. She took it with a smile and was soon working on it with pleasure. After Kurt had also relieved his pent up urges, Emily smiled up at the two guys, totally ignoring the presence of her husband. “I think it’s time that I too got some relief,” she said as she got too her feet. “I’ve got a place down here,” she said, rubbing her hand over her pussy, “that needs the attention of you guys.” Kurt and Nigel looked at each, other then at George, who shrugged. He realised that things had gone too far but there was no stopping things now without losing face.

Emily knew she was in charge of the situation and she was going to make the most of it. She leaned over a chair, placing her hands on the seat, her perfect ass presented to the two guys. She looked over her shoulder at them and ran her finger up her exposed wet slit. “It’s all yours,” she said with a cheeky grin.

Nigel didn’t waste any time. He was already hard again. He never looked in George’s direction, he just walked over, gripped Emily’s naked hips, and with a push, slid easily inside her warm wet hole. She groaned as she felt him fill her and pushed herself back against him wanting to feel every last inch as he began to fuck her. George watched the pair, Nigel’s cock sliding deep into his wife’s willing body and his hands eagerly caressing her swinging breasts.

He knew from that point he had lost whatever advantage he ever had, and when Nigel withdrew and Kurt took over George dropped into a chair and just stared at the pair of then rutting away. What had happened? How had this evening he had planned so carefully turned out so disastrously? He had so

wanted to humiliate her but in the end she had turned the tables and humiliated him.

Written by Lady Grey (Laura Grant)