**A Housewife**

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**A Housewife Ch. 01**

My story started when he moved into the neighborhood, just opposite to my house. We often met and talk a little in the evening when he came back from work and I was outside doing gardening or some routine chaos in front of my house. He used to park his car just outside my house as his family has a few cars.  
  
That was something about him, or his stare to be more accurate. He never hides his interest on my body. He would stare a bit longer at my boobs when my shirt was a bit tight or flimsy even though we were talking face to face. When I knelt down to do my gardening, he would move into the right position and peeped into my cleavage. And not bordered to look away when I turned to look at him, although eventually he did look away. I always felt his eyes were on my butt too whenever he was at my back.  
  
I did not confront him as I was enjoying his little attention too. Although I am a thirty-something 'aunty', but I know I still have a slim and fit body that man like to look at.  
  
We became friend later and his helped me in my book recycle project. Basically the project is to collect book donated by people, we sort them and channel them to other places needed them. We spent almost every alternate weekend afternoon together in my house for the project. There were another 2 college girls coming to help.  
  
He is tall, handsome and built with an athletic body and charming character.... And he really likes to watch. I often see him peeping at the other 2 girls too. But as he never does anything more than watching, I just let him be.  
  
In fact, I let him be more than that....  
  
The girls usually go home round 3pm and left two of us alone until whenever we feel like to stop, usually round 6. After the girls left, we became more daring. I would show my body more than necessary and he would be there to watch me. Some time I just changed into something sexier to enrich the scene. He always expressed his compliment with his ever watching eyes and satisfied smile.  
  
Later one day after the girls has left. Our show-and-watch game went one level up.  
  
We have stopped the sorting and packing. He was resting and I was doing my work with my laptop.   
  
I asked him how to use some of the software function. So he stood behind me to teach me. At first our hands touched each other a few times when we both wanted to get hold of the mouse. Then he seemed to lower his head more than necessary pretending to watch the screen. But I knew he was checking my cleavage out. I have changed into a tiny top that covered two third of my breasts.  
  
'Michelle, your hairs smell so nice.' he said.  
  
'You like it... Thanks.'  
  
His comment on my hair suddenly changed the atmosphere. We never have such intimacy before. I sensed a subtle sexual charge slowly built around us.  
  
I noticed from his vintage points, he would be able to peep very deep down my cleavage. As my tiny spaghetti top only covered two third of my breasts, leaving generous portion of my breasts exposed in the air. As I became more aware of the situation, I found that my bra often detached from my skin and revealing much of my breasts whenever I move. He must be enjoying one hell of the boobs show....  
  
'I like the shorts you wear today...'  
  
'You did.'   
  
Now my shorts!  
  
'You shorten them a little bit more today... good decision....'  
  
'ummmm......yeap...' I did not know how to answer. True enough that I purposely shorten my shorts until just enough to cover my crotch and my butts.  
  
A thrill rushed through my body and my soft nipples slowly turned into stone.  
  
'That would be perfect, if you wear string.'  
  
I was speechless for a while.... How dare for him to speak like this to a married lady!  
  
'String panties you mean?' But I played along like an adult.  
  
'Yes. Those string and only string type.......'  
  
'I loved to see the string came above the waistband...... I can't help but imagine what's hiding behind that sexy short... that's very sexy...'  
  
'So that's your favorite....'  
  
'Yes, that's ONE of my favorite.'  
  
'I see. ONE of your favorite....'  
  
'That goes without saying that you shaved and you should be wearing a string bikini bra too...'  
  
'Yes.... Make sense.' I was suppressing my heavy breathing.  
  
'Ummmm.... you shaved?'  
  
I almost chocked.  
  
'Ummmm.... Yes.....'  
  
'Totally?'  
  
'Yes. Totally,'  
  
'Great..... I like smooth cunt.... I mean pussy...'  
  
'I see....'  
  
My body turned all excited. I felt like he was tearing off my cloth slowly with his vision and mind power and I was helplessly sitting there. I never felt so naked before a man, although I was still not losing any of the cloth... If he were to ask me, I would allow him to fuck me there and then....  
  
Before we say goodbye that day, I jokingly commented.  
  
'CY, I never know you are such a pervert. Always like to look at people's body and thinking what people wear inside,'  
  
'Yes, but just ladies. Just beautiful ladies like you. Bye.'  
  
'I'm flattered. Bye.'  
  
After he left, I can't help but touched my boobs many time.  
  
Middle of the night, he sent me a sms, "wat r u wearing now?"  
  
I replied, "same"  
  
"drop ur bra n panties"  
  
My heart rushed like wild house.   
  
Never before a man command such a thing to me. And now, it was coming from a twenty-something young man.  
  
I was holding my hand phone for a while not knowing what to do.  
  
"hei... don b notty ok... little boy!" I was trying to gain some control.  
  
"im serious do it i know u love it"  
  
It was like a spell, I did it with my two shivering hands eventually.  
  
"k no bra no panties now"  
  
"good girl" He replies quickly.  
  
Later, I fingered until I came all over my shorts. While I was doing that, my mind was imagining him watching me.  
  
He sms me again before mid night; "sleep naked... totally".  
  
I smiled and did not reply. I always sleep naked. But that night I could not sleep until I stuffed my swollen pussy with my biggest didlo.  
  
The next morning, I woke up like a new born. I know I like to do some harmless showoff now and then, like to wear sexy when situation allowed. But never thought that I would comply with a young man command to not wearing my bra and panties and gotten all excited about it!  
  
And that day, was a Sunday, we wanted to finish the book project on the same day.  
  
Before any one of them arrived. His sms arrived first.  
  
"string remember"  
  
Was that a command or a request! Does that means also wearing the same shorts and top yesterday? The shorts that already stained with my juice!  
  
But a spell has been cast. I took out one of my tiniest string bikini set and put them on. The panties hardly contained my pussy lips and the string was too thin to cover anything. I examined myself many time in front of my mirror, checking out every possible posture and how my body would look like, or how my body would expose rather. Finally, I did something more. My shorts were cutoff even further. When I spread my thighs, the shorts would not be able to cover all of my sex and my panties would be showing. From the back, part of my butts would be showing from below too.  
  
I replied, "string n only string...shaved cunt... I mean pussy"  
  
When the 2 girls arrived, they showed me a surprise look after seeing how I dressed up. Incidentally, both of them were wearing small tops and hot pants.   
  
Today must be one hell of a day to my young man that would come soon. I told myself.  
  
And we started working soon after CY arrived. And he brought a friend, Tim.  
  
And I have decided to put up a show that day. When I kneel, I let my knee spread. My shorts would strain to contain my crotch but my panties would sneak out from the side, revealing the some shape of my puffy pussy. When I kneel on all four to get something on the floor, I would arch my ass into the air, giving everyone some great views of my ass and cleavage. CY kept praising me with his smile. Tim was enjoying the show too.  
  
Later, the two girls realized what I was doing and they joined in, showing off their young fresh body around. One of them even purposely bump her ass at the boys hard crotch and pressed longer than necessary. Many times they pressed their boobs at the boys or brushed their body with their peeks or their firm ass. Both boys were having a constant hard on, and they did not try to conceal their tent either. The whole day of work was done under such highly erotic atmosphere.  
  
Some of the books received were not suitable to recycle so I have to keep them temporary in another room. Tim assisted me in the process. He helped me to carry the box of book upstairs into another store room with many book shelves.  
  
I arrived to the room with my heart already pumping fast and strong. Having Tim following me walking up the stair already made me all excited. His eyes were at the level of my butts and my cutoff shorts were tailor made to expose!  
  
I have to climb up the ladder to file most of the book. And Tim did not hide the fact that he was looking up my pussy.  
  
'CY told me that you promised him to wear the tiniest string panties today....'  
  
'Bloody CY, he told you that?'  
  
'Yes. I can see that you kept your promise...'  
  
'So you've been checking me out whole day?'  
  
'Yes. I have to say you're the hottest housewife I even met..... I have to say truly the tiniest string too.'  
  
My heart pumped like a wild horse.  
  
'Tim, How can you be sure?'  
  
'Well, your string sneaks out from your back.... that looks very thin... Just that....'  
  
'Just that what...' I asked.  
  
We kept doing our filing jobs.  
  
'Just that CY said string and nothing else from the back, and the shaved smooth and clean.... That I'm not sure...'  
  
My juice leaked out and started to stain my panties.  
  
'I know... that string and only string and the smooth and clean cunt....that's you're not sure.... So you wanted to find out the truth?'  
  
'Yes, So that I go home without any regret.'  
  
'Sure. You're my guest today, and you are sacrificing your time for the project. I guess it's my obligation to make sure my guest go home without any regret.'  
  
My juice already flooded my pussy.  
  
'Tim, that's many ways to find out. I am sure you're not a kid anymore.'  
  
I continued to file my books on hand. But my butts waited in anticipations.  
  
Tim closed the door and walked back behind me.  
  
Tim started to caress my thighs and very soon his warm hands traveled up my leg and reached the beginning of my butts. Then his hands sneaked under my shorts and invaded onto my soft globes.  
  
'Huhhhh...'  
  
A soft moan escaped from my mouth. He was so soft and gentle.  
  
Slowly his hands conquered my globes completely. He continued to squeeze and massage the soft meat of mine. His fingers traced the string from top down slowly to the crack of my ass.  
  
'True, only string.... Very tiny string.... I wonder your anus is decently covered...'  
  
His finger traced further down and reached my anus.  
  
'Looks like your string do not cover your anus well.' His finger poked lightly at my opening.  
  
'At least now I'm sure that it's the tiniest string...'  
  
'You sure? The tiniest string?'  
  
I bent down more to give him more access.  
  
'Remember... no regret. By the way, are you sure of the smooth and clean cunt?'  
  
'Right. I need to check that as well.'  
  
Truly he was not a kid.  
  
He slowly pulled my shorts down and my bottom was completely revealed before his eyes.  
  
'Amazing! What a nice string on a smooth clean cunt.'  
  
I circled my ass in front of his eyes to give him more views of my ass.  
  
'I just wonder....'  
  
'What?'  
  
Without answering me, he stuck his tongue on my anus and started licking.  
  
'huhhhhhh....' Such a sudden invasion rendered my whole body weak and soft. My whole weaken body leaned onto the ladder for support, which further opened up my ass crack.  
  
His was focusing his tongue action on my anus. He alternately licked and poked my anus with the tip of his tongue. Never before a person give such intimate attention to this most private part of my body. Totally new sensations I began to experience.  
  
He continued to lick my pussy after pulling my string to one side.   
  
'Yesssssss..... eat my pussy.... good...... huhhhhh...... lick my ass hole again...please.... huhhhh....'   
  
'Suck my lips please........ Tim.... I want your tongue deep inside my pussy..... ummmmm...... yesssss..... deeper.... deeper....suck my clit..... yesssss.....huhhhhhhhh..... shitttt.... that was good....' I was lost in the world of indulgent.  
  
'Shit.... You like my ass hole don't you, Tim......... ummmmmmm..... shittttt..... don't stop ....... don't you stop.....' He was ass rimming me and he pulled my butts to the sides very hard to expose more of my hole.  
  
'Tim, use finger...'  
  
He did not wait. Soon his finger gained entrance into my asshole.  
  
'Yes...... deeper..... deeper....'  
  
While his finger continued to track deep into me his mouth continued to eat my pussy.  
  
'huhhhhhh...... yes........ shittttttt.... Ummmmmmm...'  
  
I was melted on the ladder, leaving my whole vulnerable bottom to his fierce tongue.  
  
Our moans filled the air.  
  
We stopped only after a knock on the door. He quickly adjusted my string and pulled back my shorts.  
  
No one was outside, perhaps the person went away.  
  
We continued to work like nothing had happened. No one knew my bottom was totally wet and slippery!  
  
After all work was done, we have a small celebration and situation getting even wilder with the effect of alcohol. Later, they decided to play basket ball at my backyard. I did not join as I wanted to clean up the place. But I did able to watch their game from the house.  
  
My backyard was at the lower ground and hidden from outside. The whole backyard was secured from outsider except a few neighboring lots.  
  
Two horny girls played against two horny boys. Needless to say there were a lot of body contacts and many accidental touching and brushing along the game. I saw many times the boys intentionally cupped their bouncing boobs, or their butts. They did pretest, but never stop playing. I kept watching while cleaning up. Both men glanced over my direction from time to time, checking me out.  
  
Not sure if they aware that my pussy were soaking wet.  
  
After some time the game ended and the 2 girls went home. They face was all flashing red and their fair skin turned to pink. Both boys have their tent fully erected too. They were horny as hell.  
  
'So you want to play?' CY asked.  
  
'Not sure. You two were pretty rough, you know?'  
  
'Really?'  
  
'Very naughty too,'  
  
'How so?'  
  
'You know what I mean, CY.'  
  
'By the way, why is that a big hard rod under your pants?' I suddenly squeezed his hard on with my hand.  
  
'You used that to play basket ball?'  
  
'......'  
  
'Warn you, CY. I used to be a basketball player.' I walked back to the house.  
  
I decided to play with them. Not that I wanted to play the game so badly, but my body needed to be touched so badly after watching their game.  
  
In my bedroom, I removed bra and changed into my cutoff shirt made from an old worn off cotton round-neck. It was cutoff from bottom all the way up to just below of my boobs. My boobs were not big but the hem of the shirt still hanging freely in the air when I walk. My bottom was a cutoff too. I made it long time ago for my own fun time. It was a very daring jeans cutoff where the bottom panel was totally removed except the center line. The front was cut just enough to cover my crotch the back was cut very high too. Only half of my butts were covered horizontally and the tiny center panel went tightly down my crack and my puffy lips were totally exposed. The cutoff shorts became very tight as I have gained more weight after some years.  
  
'Wanna play? Young man,' I challenged him.  
  
They were examining my chest carefully, trying to find a clearer view of my nipples under the white shirt, I think. But they did not know that it was better to check out my back!  
  
'Sure... What's the bet?' He challenged back.  
  
'Want to bet... haha... You are a dead meat.'  
  
'Well, then bet it is. What the bet?'  
  
'Strip basket ball... like strip poker... three of us against each other,' He dared me.  
  
'Haha... my pervert. Not that I'm chicken, but strip basketball.....it's too childish. By the way, not much for me to strip too.'  
  
'Childish.... Let's play adult then.'  
  
'Listen, the loser will have to lick the winner cum before YOU could cum. How's that,' CY challenged again.  
  
'Deal. Make sure YOUR gun doesn't go off before I say so.'  
  
What a deal I entered into! Such a loosely define sex bet.  
  
My nipples quickly erect under the shirt.  
  
'No fucking..... OK.' I bought some insurance.  
  
'Nice jeans!' They were both surprised when they saw my back.  
  
We started playing. It was pretty gentle at the beginning. Not so long after I scored the first point, both of them went rough, both the game and their hands.  
  
More and more accidental touching on my body as the game continued. Later, CY became very daring and when I jumped to make the shoot, he cupped my bare boobs under the thin shirt.  
  
'Hey! Behave young man,' I protected.  
  
'Your two buttons are hard, Michelle. Very nice to touch.' He teased.  
  
'Watch out, CY. While you play naughty, I scored. You're the loser,' I pulled down my shirt to cover my boobs. I saw my nipples became more visible as my sweat wet the cotton.  
  
Then we went serious into the game. They were good, but I was a player too. So did our flirting game. Soon, they became corporative. When I raised my hand to shoot, one of them squeezed my bare boobs under the shirt instead of blocking my action. The other fingered my exposed pussy from behind. They even hugged me from behind and gave good squeeze at my swollen nipples. I cannot remember how many times when they did that, I just stop moving and let him played with my boobs. And I would grind my ass against their hard on.  
  
My shirt already turned totally transparent as my sweat kept dripping down my body, giving them very clear view of my boobs and hard nipples. Later I decided not to border pulling down my shirt after it's landed above my nipples.  
  
I was enjoying a whole new sensation of showing off in my own backyard.  
  
Later CY played a new trick, where they would pull down my shorts whenever they could, leaving my ass and pussy showing in the air. When I attempted to pull my shorts back, one of them would attack my boobs leaving me helpless to defend, they other one would take the ball away from me. Off course I did pretend to retaliate, but I have to admit that I loved it!  
  
I was slowly loosing the game under their constant attack on my sex and their stamina to play. But I did not border as I was enjoying the other game.  
  
Suddenly rain started to fall. We continued to play as no winner yet.  
  
I lost eventually.  
  
'Not fair. Two against one poor aunty,'  
  
'Hey. A game is a game... and a bet is a bet.'  
  
'What bet? I don't remember...'  
  
I turned and slowly walked back to the house under the rain. I began to strip leaving the two behind me watching. First I striped my shorts, then my cutoff shirt.  
  
Before I reached the house, I was already totally naked. They were watching all the way. A whole new sensation conquered my body. I was all naked at my backyard, with two men watching from behind, not sure any neighbors would be watching too. Rains kept falling on all over my naked skin, heating on my erect nipples, my face, bare thigh, my shoulder, waking up all my senses. I was in heaven!

Before we entered the house, I told them that they are not allowed to walk into the house with their dripping wet cloth.  
  
I then began to dry myself. I squeezed my soaking wet shirt in my hand to remove access water. Then I started to rub my body to remove the rain water, in front of the men. They were watching quietly, watching where my hand and shirt went. First my shoulders, then my neck, my chest, my abdomen, my crotch, slowly down my legs. They never removed their eyes. My pussy turned swollen under their intense watching. Then I turned around with my back facing them.  
  
'Help me please.' I asked.  
  
CY took my wet shirt and started to rub my back, slowly from my neck down my bare back. While one of his hands was rubbing me with the shirt, his other hand was caressing my skin, the side of my breast then my bare buttock. He squeezed my buttock real hard until moans escaped from my mouth.   
  
'Spread you leg, Michelle.' He asked.  
  
I spread my leg.  
  
'Bend down,'  
  
I bent down with my head resting on the garden table. My pussy and anus opened before him.  
  
He began to rub my leg and slowly travel up my thigh, then my inner thigh. Eventually, he reached my pussy.  
  
'Spread some more,'  
  
I complied.  
  
Then he rubbed my swollen pussy lips and my anus. After that, he dropped my soaked shirt on the floor.  
  
The rain getting heavier outside, so did the fire inside my pussy.  
  
He began to lick my ass.   
  
'CY, I thought I am the loser?' I asked.  
  
'Yes, you lost. So don't you ever cum before I say so,'  
  
Quickly, he dropped his pants to reveal his hard young rod.  
  
He pulled my two meat globes to the side to totally expose my bottom, my pussy and tight anus were completely revealed before him. While one of his hands was firmly pressing me down against the garden table, the other hand of him was holding his hard rod for action. Very soon, his rod found the target and started to attack.  
  
'CY. No fucking...' I protested with my panting voice.  
  
'Shut up. I wanted to fuck your cunt since the day I know you. Now push your fucking ass higher!' His commanded in his panting voice.  
  
Instantly his fat hard on shoved deep into my wet hole in one sleek push.  
  
'Ahhhhhhhh...' I moaned with mix of joy and pain.  
  
He kept pumping my holes forcefully, sending me to heaven.  
  
Tim did not wait there doing nothing either. Very soon, I found his rod in front of my face and I quickly know what to do.  
  
I opened my mouth and he shoved his hard rod into me. He held my head firmly against the table and deepthroat me. His hard rod went in and out my mouth constantly without leaving me any chance to breath.  
  
There I was, at my very own backyard, totally naked, with a man fucking my pussy and another fucking my mouth!  
  
The rain quickly turned into a storm and the strong wind splashed the rain water onto our body. But nothing could stop their lust to seek gratification from my sleazy body.  
  
Eventually, Tim erupted into my watery mouth. I continued to suck him clean.  
  
CY stopped his pumping too, leaving my slippery holes completely opened in emptiness.  
  
Soon, he came back with an empty beer bottle. He placed the bottle on the floor and said,  
  
'Fuck the bottle. Face outside. Let the whole world know you are such a bottle fucking bitch!'  
  
'Yes.'  
  
I knelt with my knees on the floor and my pussy above the tip of the bottle.  
  
'Like this?'  
  
'Yes.'  
  
Without hesitation, I sat onto the empty beer bottle. The top portion of the bottle found not resistant entering my slippery hole. The only obstacle prevented it from entering completely into me was the size of the bottle at the lower part. But I sat down harder and harder every time, seeking satisfaction from even the tiniest advancement of the bottle into my hole.  
  
'Suck.' CY pushed his hard on into my mouth without warning.  
  
I began to suck.  
  
'Show me how good you suck,'  
  
He was getting faster and faster and his pumping action turned bigger and bigger. A few times his hard on pulled totally out of my mouth and quickly re-entered completely deep into my throat.  
  
'Huhhhhh... You are damn good.'  
  
He continued to stuff my mouth with his angry monster without mercy. And the bottle at my bottom went deeper and deeper into my hole as my thigh lost strength to hold on to my body weight. I was at the edge of eruption.  
  
'Huuhhhhhhhh.... Huhhhhhhh...'  
  
'Ummmm....Ummmmm......'  
  
We both moaned in ecstasy. Indulged in the world of pure lust and desire....  
  
'Eat this bitch!' CY shouted and pulled his hard rod out, instantly he emptied all his cum over my face.  
  
After his eruption subsided, I continued to suck his cum from the still throbbing rod. Meantime, the bottle has expended my pussy to the maximum and I could not hold any longer.  
  
'You may cum now,'  
  
'Yes... yes......'  
  
Instantly, I had the biggest orgasm of my life ever.

**A Housewife Ch. 02**

After that event, I thought that my actions were the result of my flirting with CY. But the urge to expose my body has never stopped coming back to me. Slowly, my outfits began to change. From ordinary t-shirts, I have changed to more body hugging daisy dukes or tank tops. And I loved the feeling of my shoulders went completely bare when I wore a spaghetti tops. I have also thrown away all my usual bulky sports shorts and changed into hot pants or denim shorts. And they fit nicely along my curves or just long enough to just cover my buttock or short enough to reveal the total length of my slender thighs.  
  
But after a while, those sexy and revealing outfits could not satisfy my desire for showing off. I began to wear skimpy underwear and I would make sure my usual delivery guys have their time and opportunity to admire my body and sometime my sexy underwear.  
  
My hubby had discovered my changes too and he loved it. I also carefully tested him a few times by wearing my smallest tank top and my shortest jean shorts when the delivery guy came. The first time I wore a revealing outfit he commented about me wearing too little but did nothing after that.  
  
For the benefit of those who did not read my previous Housewife story, I am a thirty plus housewife with fair skin and a slim body frame. My figure is nothing extraordinary but I am still proud of my own B cup boobs and my firm buttock.  
  
In the search of sexy outfits, I was exposed to the world of porn and sexuality on the Internet too. Watching those models exposing their naked bodies completely or wearing tiny skimpy outfits always made me hot and horny.  
  
Finally one day I decided to go braless under my tank top when the cooking gas delivery guy came. It was a very short encounter. He replaced my empty gas tank, I paid him and he left. But I noticed he did take two quick glances at my chest. I wouldn't have minded if he stared. I wanted him to look at me, look at my chest. After that day, I decided to go without underwear at home because the feeling was just fantastic!  
  
I began to do more daring things; like running my errands without my underwear; cutting off my tank top to reveal even more of my boobs, cutting off my shorts so high that they revealed a small part of my ass cheeks.  
  
And I realized my situation was getting worse. After showing off more of my boobs, I wanted more; I wanted to show off my nipples. After exposing my ass cheeks, I wanted to show off my ass crack and even my pussy lips. Slowly, the idea of imitating those porn models, exposing my private parts completely to my various delivery guys had become much more desirable. I was nervous but I was also out of control. I wanted, no, I needed to expose myself.  
  
Eventually one day when I passed by some selections of kitchen aprons in the supermarket, I pictured myself wearing it. I pictured myself wearing just the apron, nothing else; knowing that it would barely cover my excited pussy, knowing that it would not completely cover my naked boobs, thrilled me. I knew that I shouldn't but I did as my heart won the tug of wall against my mind and I bought the apron. I am going to be like those porn models wearing only my apron in my kitchen!  
  
My first target audiences were the aquarium maintenance guys. On the day of the scheduled maintenance service I took a long time to shower and shave. My mind went wild while shaving my sex. I was shaving for those aquarium maintenance services guys!   
  
The aquarium maintenance service comes monthly to service my aquarium, plants and my garden. My plan was to pretend like I had forgotten the appointment and have the opportunity to show off my apron, or my body wearing just my apron.   
  
I decided to try the blue apron first. It was made of silky soft fabric. The size of the apron was rather big compared to ordinary apron and had more coverage at the hips than ordinary apron. It was a knee length apron and the hip area was intended to cover part of the buttock, but could not completely cover my buttock, there was still at least 6 inches gap exposing my ass crack, no matter how tightly I pull the knot! At the top, the apron could cover my breasts nicely but the light soft material could never conceal the shape of my two melons and my nipples.  
  
I planned to be baking cookies during their visit so that I would be busy baking in my apron while they would be busy doing their maintenance jobs. Hopefully having plenty of opportunity for me either to showoff and have they watch.  
  
Then the doorbell rang. They were an hour early.   
  
Oh no, my plan was ruined.  
  
I quickly dried myself and put on my apron and walked down stairs. I had to walk slowly because I suddenly became self-conscious of my breasts bouncing too much. I opened the door and saw the newspaper boy instead of the aquarium maintenance service guys outside my gate. He came to collect newspaper money.   
  
My nipples instantly stiffen. I am about to walk out of the house in this kinky apron!  
  
I walked out and realized it was about to rain. The wind was strong and filled with smell of rain. The strong head wind was pressing my apron onto my body and completely revealed the shape of my chest and my hips.  
  
Yes, the wind was blowing strong, indicating a heavy rain would surely follow.   
  
"Hi Prakash, How are you? Long time no see. Where have you been?" I talked to Prakash, who was the son of my actual 'paper man'.  
  
"I have been at the university a few months already. Now is my semester break."  
  
"Oh congrats Prakash. Your father must be very happy." I congratulated him by giving him a handshake.   
  
He was watching my chest while we shook hands. I instinctively looked down at my chest and saw my two breasts nicely on display under the soft semi sheer apron. And quickly I covered my exposed breasts with my arm.   
  
Obviously I was not mentally prepared for showing off yet.  
  
My heart raced as I felt so naked standing in front of this young man.  
  
"Sorry Mrs. Tan." He quickly apologized for his rudeness.  
  
"Never mind Prakash. I should be the one apologizing... I was rushing, that's why I didn't change." What a lame excuse, I thought.  
  
"Anyway, please call me Michelle. Ok, how much do I have to pay?"  
  
He quickly handed me the bill.  
  
"Prakash, I remember that I cancelled a few days of newspaper because I went outstation."  
  
"Sorry, I think my farther must have forgotten."  
  
My apron was flying and I had trouble keeping it steady. He noticed my predicament and he took this chance to watch my exposed breasts and my increasingly sensitive nipples.  
  
"Let me check my message to your papa."  
  
"Sure."  
  
I turned back to the house to retrieve my hand phone. As I turned, the wind blew from behind and my whole buttock was exposed as the wind blew open my apron. I tried to cover up and apologized but it was just too difficult to cover my buttock. It was never able to cover my buttock anyway. So I gave up and decided to run back to the house. I am sure he had good time watching my bouncing ass.  
  
I retrieved the hand phone and walked back to the gate again to show him my message to his father.  
  
He then recalculated the bill.  
  
"How stupid, I should have brought my wallet along."  
  
So I went back again and he had another good time watching my bare ass. I could felt the cool wind squeezing through my ass crack and escaping between my inner thighs.   
  
I came back again with my wallet. But my hands were occupied and I have to give him the money. In such clumsy situation, I lost hold of my money and the bill and they were blown away from my hands.  
  
I ran to catch the money and the bill that was scattered around my garden. While I was wandering around trying to pick up my money, the wind kept blowing up my apron, giving Prakash perfect view of my exposed chest and buttock. I had trouble covering my exposed private areas while picking up those notes on the floor.  
  
Then suddenly the apron knot at my back loosened up and the apron just flew like a kite in the wind leaving my whole body exposed. The apron only managed to stay on me because it looped around my neck. With my hands all occupied, I gave up trying to manage my apron. Also I found that I was enjoying the sensations of the strong wind brushing my erect and sensitive nipples. I was getting very excited!  
  
But then it was too late as the heavy rain began to pour and my body was instantly wet! I ran back to my house and opened the auto gate.  
  
"Come inside, quick." I waved to Prakash.  
  
He pushed his bike to the car porch.  
  
"Come inside." I invited him again.  
  
He was all wet too. His t-shirt and his shorts were all soaked with rain. So was I. My apron was soaked and clung to my skin. I pulled the soaked apron to cover back my chest.  
  
"You are all wet. I am so sorry."  
  
Instead of talking to me, he was staring at my chest!  
  
A quick check on my own reflection in the cabinet mirror behind Prakash revealed my puffy nipples were almost totally visible as the apron had turned transparent! The fabric clung to my lower abdomen had revealed the shape of my crotch and the beginning of my pussy crack.  
  
I was extremely embarrassed and just wanted to hide away.  
  
How did I do to land myself in such situation?  
  
"Let me get you a towel."  
  
An intense heat swept through my face as I gave a reason for running away.  
  
I turned and ran upstairs and again my bare ass was under his watch all the way.  
  
Inside my own bedroom I checked myself out again at the full body mirror. I was wet from my hair all the way down to my feet. The soaked apron still clung to my body highlighting my puffy nipples.  
  
After catching my breath, I felt my breasts with my hand and found my erect nipples. It was the first time feeling my own nipples in such aroused state since exposing myself to Prakash. I gave my nipples a few squeezes in order to give myself some much needed relief.  
  
But my nipples grew even stiffer after my caress and never before I felt an intense urge for attention! I needed someone to look at my aroused nipples! I needed someone to look at my bare ass and my swollen pussy! I needed someone to watch me!  
  
Quickly, I took 2 towels and ran down stair again.  
  
I knew he will get a nice view of my bouncing melons on my way down the stairs. And I made sure he watched me while I was climbing down the steps.  
  
Come, let me help you... take off your shirt, it's all wet." I spoke to Prakash on my way down the stairs.  
  
I thought he was in state of shock seeing me so exposed. He stood up but did not say a word. So I decided to help him dry off.   
  
I removed his shirt and dried his upper body. His eyes were glued to my chest. My nipples grew even more erect under his watch.  
  
He was back to reality when I pulled down his shorts. He tried to grasp his waistband but he was too late.  
  
I was shocked too when his full erection sprung back upwards and smacked on his crotch after escaping from his shorts!  
  
"Oh sorry... sorry... I am so sorry." I apologized while admiring his erect manhood.  
  
Half of his hard rod stood proudly out of his briefs.  
  
He quickly pulled his briefs up to hide his erection but still the crown was partly visible.  
  
He pulled the towel from me and quickly sat on the sofa and covered his crotch with the towel.  
  
His enormous manhood was mesmerizing!  
  
"Oh look at me... I am all wet too!"  
  
"Do you mind if I remove my apron? It's all wet and sticky."  
  
I stood right in front of him with him looking up my body. I pulled the apron away from my skin and removed it from my neck. My totally bare body was revealed before his eyes. My erect nipples and clean shaven crotch was plainly exposed to him.  
  
I have never imagined myself doing such an indecent exposure to man other than my husband. But now, such an indecent act was so desirable.  
  
I took my time drying myself in front of this young man. Then I wrapped myself with my towel. The smallest towel which was not for body wrapping. It was too short to properly cover both my chest and my bottom at the same time. With he was sitting down on the sofa, he probably could see my swollen lips!  
  
"Let me dry your clothes and make you a hot drink. Would you like some hot drink? Coffee or tea?" I offered.  
  
"Hot tea please... thank you Mrs. Tan."  
  
"Please Prakash, call me Michelle."  
  
I picked up the wet clothes from the floor.  
  
I initially wanted to bend down to expose my rear to him but could not gather enough courage. Instead I squatted down in front of him. Yet my towel rose up on my hips and my pussy was completely exposed for a few seconds.  
  
I put the clothes into the dryer and continued to make 2 cups of tea. Throughout the process, I was struggling with my towel. Not only was the towel was too short vertically, it was also too short horizontally. I could only manage to tug at a small corner of my towel to secure itself.  
  
The vulnerability of my towel had added up to my sexual excitement. My hands were shivering, my heart beating fast and pussy crack was flooded.  
  
I went back to the room with 2 cups of hot tea on my hands and my towel dangerously hung to the tips of my breasts.  
  
But just a few feet before the coffee table, my towel slipped and dropped to the floor.   
  
"Damn it!"  
  
When the towel suddenly dropped and I was totally naked again in front of this young man, I experienced my first orgasm of the day!  
  
I stood stiffly in front of him while the thrill of orgasm swept through my body! Gosh, I never knew dropping a towel could be that exciting!  
  
I did not know if he noticed my orgasm. But he was watching every moment of it.  
  
I continued to serve the tea in the nude after my orgasm subsided and my body gained back strength.  
  
I sat down opposite him with my towel just covering my front. We started chit chatting.  
  
After a while he sat straight and looked at me.  
  
"Miss Michelle... umm..." He was nervous and hesitating.  
  
"Just call me Michelle. What is it?"  
  
"Ok... Michelle, don't be angry but I have to ask you...are you exhibitionist?"  
  
"Exhibitionist!" I almost chocked myself.  
  
"Sorry..."  
  
"Exhibitionist... umm..." A hot wave flashed all over my face and I did not know how to answer.   
  
"Yes, exhibitionist... those who love to show off their body to others..."  
  
"Prakash... I... I... ahhhh... yes... no... No...I mean me..." I could not find my answer to his question.  
  
"Yes... it means that you get excited when your body is exposed... like just now. Are you?  
  
"Umm... so embarrassing... Prakash, must I answer you?"  
  
"No you don't have to answer. I think you are. Can I... ammmmm... can l see your ... ummmm breasts... that is if you love to show me."  
  
My heart skipped a beat.  
  
"You wanna see my breasts... ohh Prakash... you are so direct..."  
  
"Yes... please Michelle, my girlfriend still refuses me... I'd... love to see her naked."  
  
"So you have never seen your girlfriend's breasts."  
  
"No."  
  
"I guess I am Ok if you really want to."  
  
With that I lowered my towel. My two hard nipples exposed to him again.  
  
"Michelle, can I see your vagina... and can you put back the apron again?"  
  
"And now you wanna see my vagina? By the way, I prefer you call it pussy."  
  
"Yes... please..."  
  
"OK. The same apron I wore just now? It's all wet."  
  
"Yes. That apron."  
  
"Very well then. I think I can temporary pretend to be your girlfriend."  
  
I went back to my laundry area to retrieve my wet apron and he followed behind me.  
  
"Can you help me please?" I asked him to tie my apron.  
  
He quickly went to my back and knelt down to tie my apron.  
  
"Oh yes... so beautiful..." I heard him mumbling to himself.   
  
My pussy responded well to his admiration by releasing love juice again.  
  
Michelle, can you... can you open a bit more?"  
  
"Like this?" I assumed he was asking me to open my legs.  
  
"Yes... yes... some more..."  
  
I spread my legs a bit more.  
  
"Can you tie my apron now?"  
  
"Sorry... yes... I do it now..."  
  
Done...  
  
He stood up while I pulled the apron to cover my chest...  
  
"Yes... so beautiful... I love to see... this..." He was watching my breasts from my side.  
  
"People call it sideboob view."  
  
"Yes... sideboob..."  
  
I turned around to let him see more.  
  
"Michelle, can you... umm."  
  
"Prakash, don't be... just ask me. I am all for you right now."  
  
"Can you lean against the kitchen top?"  
  
"Like this?" I went to the kitchen and leaned myself against the kitchen top with my buttock facing out.  
  
He came to my back and he knelt down again.  
  
"Yes... bend down... bend down."  
  
"OK. Like this?"  
  
I bent forward and I could feel my bottom being revealed before Prakash.  
  
"Yes... some more..."  
  
"Can I touch?"  
  
"I think you can..."  
  
"Can I touch myself too...?"  
  
"OK. Go ahead."  
  
Then he pulled down his briefs and squeezed his own erection with one hand and his other hand reached my bottom and quickly found my wet crack.   
  
"You are so wet!"  
  
And soon, his finger found my wet opening and he entered without any resistant.  
  
"Oh shit... I am so close... I am coming..."  
  
"Michelle, can I ask one more thing?"  
  
"Yes... Prakash. Just ask."  
  
"Can I fuck your mouth?"  
  
More fingers entered me while he asked.  
  
"Yes... yes... you want it now?"  
  
"Can I also cum in your mouth and all over your face?"  
  
"Oh yes... Prakash...fucking yes."  
  
I quickly turned and knelt down to receive his giant rod.  
  
He wasted no time to push his crown all the way down my throat. And he continued to fuck my head.  
  
Ummmm... Ummmm. .  
  
Yes... fuck... yes...Jenny... eat my cock... Jenny... oh yes... that's right... eat it like a slut... yes...  
  
He obviously lost himself in his imagination of fucking his own girlfriend.  
  
Very soon, he deposited his first load of cum inside my mouth and then he pulled out and continued to cum on my face. Before he finished cumin, he stuck his cock back into my mouth...  
  
Oh fuck Jenny... oh Jenny... oh yes...  
  
He kept pumping until he completely released all of his cum into my mouth.

**A Housewife Ch. 03**

The aquarium service did not come because of the heavy rain. They came the next day. But my husband was around so I have to drop my apron plan and changed to a much milder tank top and jeans shorts, outfits to keep my exhibitionistic blood warm.  
  
My husband found out I was braless. He took his chances to tease me, touching my breasts when I came near him and when the service guys were not looking.  
  
"Honey, your nipples are rock hard."  
  
"Because you keep playing with them."  
  
"Look at them, I can see their shape under your top." He was touching my nipples while talking.  
  
"Ya honey, I think you should stop. Or they will see my nipples. So embarrassing."  
  
"Never mind. I could see the two dots even before I touch them. I supposed they have seen your 2 dots already when they first came in."  
  
"Oh no! Really? Should I put my bra back on?" I pretended to be surprised but actually I was aware and was aroused knowing my state of exposure.  
  
"No no. I loved seeing you this way. You are so beautiful and sexy this morning."  
  
"But don't you mind them seeing my nipples? Well, the shape of my nipples."  
  
"I don't mind. Let them have some harmless fun too."  
  
I figured that it's time to test my hubby further.  
  
"Really honey? You don't mind other people... well, how to say... admiring your wife, her body?"  
  
"Humm... what about yourself, do you mind people watching you? Admiring your boobs?" He threw back the question to me.  
  
My nipples grew even stiffer as the conversation continued.  
  
"Why not answer my question first."  
  
"No. I want to know what you think."  
  
"Me? Ummmm... OK. But first promise me that you wouldn't get angry?"  
  
"What? Something very bad?"  
  
"No. Just promise me. Or I will never tell."  
  
"OK. Promised. Now tell me the bad news."  
  
"No bad news honey. Just that they did watch."  
  
"Who watched what?  
  
"These two guys, I knew they watched me... a few times already today."  
  
"Really! When? Tell me more."  
  
"Just now when they first arrived, I noticed they stared at my chest... my boobs actually..."  
  
"Wow!"  
  
"And then when they followed me to storeroom to retrieve some tools... when I bent down... you know... when I bent..."  
  
I actually bent in front of my husband to demonstrate how my top was exposing my breasts.  
  
"When I bent down they kept looking at me. Do you think they saw anything?"  
  
"Shit! Honey, I think they could see your tits." He straightened his sitting posture and tried to look down my top from a higher vintage point.  
  
"Oh gosh, they saw my breasts... do you think they saw my nipples too?" My nipples stiffen.  
  
"Ummm... maybe not. Let's see... but i could." He peeped into my collar and at the same time attacked my dangling breasts from below.  
  
"Bad boy! Hands off. .. hands off."  
  
Off course he didn't stop. I tried to run away but he caught my hips and I fell onto his crotch.  
  
"Wow... someone get an erection... someone is getting very naughty."  
  
I found myself sitting on my husband's hard on. I took the chance to massage his erection with my buttock.  
  
"You too... look at your nipples... So hard. You are such a naughty girl..."  
  
"It's all your fault... you've been teasing them..."  
  
I continued to grind my bottom along my hubby's erection.  
  
"Don't blame me. You were hard even before I touched them."  
  
"No way... you are the culprit."  
  
"Don't blame me... seriously... do you get excited when they watch  
  
your tits?"  
  
"Nope." I denied and I pushed even harder onto my hubby's erection. I was getting very excited by my husband's questioning.  
  
"Come on... be honest... did you get excited?"  
  
He continued to play with my breasts.  
  
"I don't know honey... yes... I think my nipples responded to their stares."  
  
"See... you are a little showoff bitch."  
  
"Honey... how could you!"  
  
"Sorry. But I think you're a showoff."  
  
My breathing got heavier as my hubby became aware of my secret.  
  
"Showoff? You mean I like to expose myself to other people?"  
  
"That's right."  
  
"But dear, i don't know. It seemed so wrong, exposing myself... you didn't get angry at all?"  
  
"No. Do I look angry now."  
  
"Yes. You do... you are very angry now... down there."  
  
"Oh yes... I am very angry right now."  
  
He returned my favor by pushing his erection harder to my bottom.  
  
"Honey... did you get excited when I wear sexy outfits?"  
  
"Yes... honey... I love to see you wearing sexy stuff."  
  
"Honey... did you get excited even if other men also get to watch me wearing sexy clothes?"  
  
"Yes. I am kind of excited knowing these guys are trying to peep at your nipples."  
  
"You are such a pervert... ummm... shall we go upstairs?"  
  
We had a wonderful fuck that day.  
  
I was both delighted and relieved to know my hubby loved me wearing sexy outfits andthat he got excited when I am exposed to other people.  
  
On the other hand, I also considered changing my mind about exposing too much to all my regular deliver guys. Because the situation may turn complicated and dangerous later. I would keep wearing sexy things but would not showing off my private parts to them.  
  
Meanwhile, my hubby also got more involved in my exhibitionist adventures. Some times he would ask me to wear certain outfits in certain occasion, which I  
  
would happily comply. He also got more involved in my shopping which usually ended with us buying skimpy clothing.  
  
However, deep inside me I still have the intense urge to showoff my most private parts; my erect nipples, my wet and swollen pussy, my anus and my completely naked body. The memory of the paperboy event kept coming back to me.  
  
Finally, an opportunity appeared.  
  
My hubby decided to renovate the terrace area at the back of the house into a gym. Nothing major, but it still required few days of renovation work.  
  
My hubby usually comes back from work very late in the night and goes to work late morning. By the time he woke up for breakfast, it would be 10 am.  
  
The first day, when the renovation workers came, he asked me to wear a shirt dress. It was white in color and with vertical blue line and somewhat transparent. Not really transparent but if you are very near or in a bright area, it did not completely hide my body. It was also rather short.   
  
My hubby wanted me to just wear the shirt dress and be completely bare underneath. I protested at first. But we negotiated. If I agreed to undo a few buttons, he allowed me to wear my string panties. I wouldn't mind going without underwear but I don't want to show too much of my exhibitionist side to my hubby just yet.  
  
He pretended to involve me in the discussion about the renovation work but I knew his intention was to exhibit me. I played along with him because I was excited, too.  
  
Most of the discussion was between my hubby, the renovation supervisor and myself. The supervisor was constantly switching his attention between my hubby, myself and my body during the discussion. My cleavage was on show through the gap of my dress as I had undone 2 buttons. I was enjoying his attention too. But the biggest satisfaction was coming from the 3 workers. They were waiting at the corner to start and they were paying full attention to me! From the corner of my eyes, I saw them watching my every moment! Their attention was so intense that I actually felt naked. Because they were squatting down, I was also enjoying myself wondering if they could peep underneath my short dress and see my panties!  
  
I knew that I was about to have one hell of exciting day!  
  
The more I knew about the renovation schedule the more excited I became. The first day, 3 workers will be doing the concrete work. Then the next day another group would be here to install the timber flooring and wallpaper. The last day the electrician will be here to install all the lighting and electrical appliances. That means none of the worker's would be working more than 1 day! Maybe I could showoff more since they are not coming back!  
  
My body was thrilled in anticipation.  
  
Finally, the supervisor gave his instructions to his workers and left. Soon my hubby also left for work. Leaving the 3 workers and myself at home.  
  
Yes. I was left alone with 3 workers in the house!  
  
My mind went blank and confused as suddenly many 'show off' ideas popped into my mind.  
  
It was already 2 months after the paperboy event and I was yet to find a chance to show off my sex. I was desperately needed some one to watch me! And watch my most private parts!  
  
But I have to do it carefully so that no one would suspect it was intentional.  
  
I made my first visit to the work site and pretended to watch over the progress but actually I wanted to them to watch me. I casually walked around and chatted with them. They paid full attention to me and 2 of them actually stopped working until I left them. An hour later I made another visit, this time I brought along 3 cans of carbonated drink. Yet again I had their full attention. My nipples were getting hard and my pussy became moist and warm after that.  
  
I have to think of something more drastic!  
  
Another hour passed and l heard the washing machine make beeping sounds indicating it was time to hang dry the clothes!  
  
An idea came to me and the heat of my bottom became unbearable.  
  
I just have to show off myself today completely, my panties, although very tiny and sexy, had to go too!  
  
I quickly removed my panties and I became totally nude underneath my skirt dress!  
  
I examined myself in front of the mirror and I was not satisfied yet. I briefly measured the hemline and I quickly shorten the dress.  
  
I examined myself again with the newly cropped shirt dress.   
  
Oh no! A bit too short! The hemline could only covered my buttock and nothing else. My thighs were completely bare and that's only if I stand straight!  
  
But the fire inside me was too intense. I could not wait any longer. So I proceeded to get my clothes and went to the terrace area to hang them.  
  
When I walked down the stairs, the place was quiet. They had stopped for lunch and rest.  
  
I came to the terrace and I had my first adrenaline rush! All of them were resting, one of them sat in the floor leaning against the wall, the another 2 were laying on the floor! And I have to walk through them to get out!  
  
My pussy leaked!  
  
My heart pumped forcefully and i began to have second thoughts about my plan.  
  
Maybe I should just drop my plan as they have not seen my cutoff dress yet...  
  
The guy sitting on the floor noticed me and greeted me.  
  
Oops... too late!  
  
If I turn back now he would still be able to see my ass when I walk up the stairs.  
  
WTF! I wanted to show them my shaved bottom so badly since the morning. Why turn back now?  
  
I put on a smile and carefully walked through them.   
  
My dress hemline was just level with the guy who sat on the floor. I thought that he had an excellent up skirt view!  
  
Then I walked passed the 2 guys laying on the floor. One of them saw me walk by.  
  
Oh no... I could feel my soaked slippery lips caressing each other as I walk!  
  
I put down my laundry basket in the shady area which was a few feet away from them and inadvertently bent over. My dress pulled up and my whole bottom was revealed!  
  
I kept wondering what their view was like... was my pussy exposed completely? Could they see my asshole too?  
  
I pulled the laundry rack over and began to hang my cloths with my back facing them.  
  
Oh no... as I was facing away from them, I was effectively giving them uninterrupted session of watching my bare bottom every time I bent down to pick up my clothes!  
  
After a I hung a few items, I started to enjoy the situation.  
  
I pretended to scratch the back of my thigh near my buttock and acted surprised to found out my dress was too short.  
  
"Alamak, pendeknya baju saya!" (Oh no... my shirt is so short). I half turned and apologetically talked to them.  
  
I pulled the hem of my dress, pretending to cover up.  
  
"Minta maaf ya..." (sorry ya)  
  
"Tak apa... takpa la. Sikit saja...hahaha... takpa...". (Nevermind... nevermind. Just a bit only... hahahaha... nevermind.)  
  
They burst into laughter.  
  
My face flushed in full redness but I was encouraged and began to walk a bit more and bent lower to allow them better view. Although still very embarrassed by my urges, I was hoping to show them my anus!  
  
I even purposely dropped my skimpy panties to the floor so that I have to walk pass them to rinse my panties in the washroom.  
  
After the inner side of the rack was full I walked to the outer side to hang more clothes. They still got an uninterrupted view of my bare thighs and perhaps my exposed pussy because the clothes were blocking each others view.  
  
I squatted down with my legs spread a few times pretending to sort out the clothes but really just so that I could expose my wet puffy pussy!  
  
They have been watching me non stop! One of them ever stroked his bulge while watching my show.  
  
My clothes were done and I pulled the rack outside to catch the sun.  
  
But there were so much debris and sands scattered around and I stepped onto something and fell.  
  
"Ouch!"  
  
I fell onto a pile of sand with my bottom landed on the sand and my hands supported my body from flipping over.  
  
They rushed over to help me and found my legs spread wide and my sand stained pussy widely on display while I was struggling to support my upper body.  
  
Their eyes were glued to my exposed pussy!   
  
They helped me up without losing view of my exposed bottom.  
  
The back of my body was covered with sand. My naked bottom too.  
  
They quickly helped me to get the sand off my dress using their hands.  
  
Their action quickly turned from brushing off the sand to feeling up my naked body underneath my flimsy dress!  
  
I asked them to stop and tried to push their hands away. But 6 strong hands were too much for me to handle.  
  
"Jangan... Jangan... stop... please stop... I can do it myself... stop...".  
  
"Takapa... takpa. Jangan risau..." (Nevermind... don't worry)  
  
I could not stop them from taking advantage on me... neither could I resist myself from secretly enjoying their harassment!  
  
They became bolder and started to squeeze my breasts. A few hands went down to my bottom and started to brush off the sand stuck on my buttocks and crotch. But soon they began to squeeze my buttockss and feel my crotch.  
  
I could not resist at all. My body caught on fire!  
  
Soon hands and fingers were all over my body. My breasts got squeezed and my nipples were pinched, 2 hands were squeezing my buttock and my pussy lips were spread and fingers entered my wet opening.  
  
"Ummm... huhhh... please stop... please..."  
  
I continued to push their hands away. But they probably sensed my lack of resistance too.  
  
They torn my dress opened and my chest exposed to the air. They conquered my exposed breasts immediately. They kissed and sucked my erect nipples.  
  
Another strong pull from behind me and my dress was completely off my vulnerable body.  
  
I stood there in completely nudity, helplessly taken by 3 strong men.  
  
Soon, one began to eat my soaked pussy and another began to licked my anus from behind me.  
  
Huhhh... huhhh...ummm...  
  
My garden was filled with the sound of our moans.  
  
I can't remember when a hard cock went into my pussy. I remembered I tried to avoid the cock at first but soon the hard fat meat gained entrance and penetrated deep into my love hole.  
  
My whole body was lifted up and I helplessly fell onto a muscular chest. He was pumping my pussy fiercely while the other 2 kept caressing my naked body.  
  
Then they lifted up one of my legs and one of them squatted down and licked my bottom while my pussy was fucked continuously.  
  
I had become their fuck toy!  
  
And they took their turn penetrating me. I came numerous time and they shot their loads of cum deep inside me...  
  
My little showoff attempt has ended up with me getting fucked like a toy by 3 workers. I was very worried but at the same time was very satisfied. I have been secretly daydreaming about taken by men and today I had made my daydream a reality.  
  
I don't know how tomorrow is going to be...   
  
I don't know how I should explain this to my husband...

**A Housewife Ch. 04**

*My path to be an exhibitionist seemed unstoppable!*  
  
Every day I become bolder in the outfit that I wear and how I show off to people. Men who came to my house for deliveries or services have seen me in various type of sexy outfits and at various states of exposure. A few men have even had heated experience with me.  
  
My hubby has become more aware of my exhibitionistic nature and so far has been appreciative about it. But he was not aware of my sexual experiences with a few men. I was still too fearful of telling him. Fear because I do not know how he would think about it. However I did not feel guilty as I did not considered those as acts of betrayal. Yes, you may want to argue that it was betrayal, that's all up to you.  
  
I still love him.  
  
Just as I am an exhibitionist that could not resist showing off to men, at the same time I have noticed my submissive side. I could not resist men taking advantage of me, sexually.  
  
Yes, what I did was immoral and betrayal by all measures of my society. However I think it is only that our society has not only denied the existence of exhibitionists like me, but also failed to admit and accept submissive like me.   
  
And I also do not know if my hubby would accept a submissive like me, accept his wife being taken by other men simply because she could not resist and worse of all; because she enjoys it.  
  
Perhaps only time will tell.  
  
My path to be an exhibitionist continued.  
  
One morning the doorbell rang but nobody was there when I checked the gate. However, one nicely wrapped small box was left at the gate. A small card attached written 'To Michelle, I hope you like it. '.  
  
I was curious while carrying the box from the gate back into the house. I opened the box the moment I closed the door. The box contained a pink spaghetti tank top and a floral mini skater skirt.  
  
The tank top was very soft, thin, stretchy, and... sheer.  
  
It was very strange to receive such a suggestive clothing without any apparent reason. At the same time, I was excited and I just could not wait to go back to my bed room.  
  
I removed my shirt and put the pink top on.  
  
The smooth thin top hugged my body, wrapping it like a second skin, revealing every shape and curve of my body, but my bra was completely outlined. I decided to remove my bra and try the top again. The top was very thin. Every inch of my upper body was revealed, including the details of my areolas and nipples. It was very sheer!  
  
Not just the shapes and curve of my breasts were visible, even the color of my like brown areolas and nipples were obvious!  
  
I saw my nipples quickly erect underneath the thin top... Where am I going to wear this top?  
  
I then removed my shorts to try out the skirt. I hesitated awhile... no panties!  
  
So I removed my panties before putting on the skirt. The mini skater skirt length was slightly above mid-thigh, not very short but short enough to make me feel vulnerable for being without panties.  
  
I went back to check myself out in the mirror.  
  
Oh shit! Too young for me... too sheer... to slutty!  
  
But I felt so sexy wearing this outfit from the stranger. The top displayed my upper body totally and the skater skirt displayed my slender legs and flowing effect of the skirt just made me feel like I am at the verge of exposing my private parts when I walk. I felt so erotic!  
  
Then the delivery boy Prakash came to my mind. He would be delivering my order later today. He has been a perfect partner in my exhibitionism. He did his weekly delivery to me and he usually came to my place last so that he could spend time, chit-chatting and watching me arranging my groceries in the kitchen. And usually I would be wearing something sexy just to satisfy myself.  
  
So I wore that sheer thin top and the skater skirt to greet him.  
  
His very first response when I opened the gate at the back yard was mesmerizing and giving me a thrill down my spine!  
  
He was shocked and his jaw dropped when he saw me.  
  
"Anything wrong Prakash?" I asked him.  
  
"No No... Nothing."  
  
His eyes were staring at my chest. My nipples instantly stiffen.  
  
"Come in."  
  
He drove his bike to the door leading to the kitchen and began to unload the groceries.  
  
I went back to the kitchen and began to arrange my items into the cabinet and fridge while his eyes were glued to my body.  
  
I pretended like nothing was out of the ordinary and ignored his stares like I usually did in the past. I was even talking to him without looking at him, otherwise he would have to have eye contact with me and thus interrupt his viewing.  
  
My aroused nipples grew even longer and bigger underneath the sheer thin fabric, and the complete outline of my nipples and areolas were revealed.   
  
"Very nice top you are wearing today madam." He finally breaks the silence.  
  
"Oh thanks Prakash."  
  
"Welcome."  
  
"I love it, just that... do you think the top is too thin? I mean too transparent?"  
  
"Transparent?"  
  
"Ya, I mean am I showing too much of my skin wearing this top without bra?"  
  
He did not answer.  
  
I finally faced him and we established eye contact.  
  
"Prakash, I think we are friends enough for me to ask you this question... I am a bit worried about the top... can you see my nipples?"  
  
He was shocked by my direct question and he looked away.  
  
"Don't worry Prakash... you are my friend. Let me know honestly. I don't want to wear this if you think it's inappropriate and later embarrassed myself."  
  
"Come Prakash... take a look and tell me... don't worry."  
  
I talked as if he has never look at my chest.  
  
I walked closer to him and tugged the hem of my top down, making the thin fabric stretched even thinner. I felt my nipples poking through the fabric.  
  
"Ahhh... I think not, really."  
  
"Not really? Not transparent?"  
  
"I mean yes... it's transparent. But not much."  
  
"So it's transparent... shit! Are my nipples showing? Can you see my nipples?"  
  
After so many times of me showing off to him and him watching me, I finally broached the topic about our showing off games, my showing off games rather.  
  
"Yessss... I mean no... Not a lot actually." He was getting very anxious about giving me his honest answer.  
  
I was getting more aroused.  
  
"I can see that you are not wearing bra... I can see the shapes of your breasts and... Little bit of your nipples... not really just the shape of it."  
  
He was obviously lying about my state of exposure.  
  
"Phew...! I thought I might appear practically naked in this top... cause I really feel like naked wearing this thin top."  
  
"No worries madam... you are fine. Wearing it at home is fine. You are just sexy!"  
  
"Great! Thanks for your honest answer. So I can continue wearing it."  
  
"Now let me put this instant noodle into the top cabinet." I pulled the step stool over and climbed up.  
  
Usually I just have to climbed up 2 steps and stretch my hand to reach inside the cabinet. But today I took another step up and stood on top of the step stool. And I purposely leave the packets on the kitchen top.  
  
I opened the cabinet and put the first packet inside, I bent down without bending my knees to reach the packets on the kitchen top.  
  
The hem of the skirt rose up and my bare bottom became completely exposed to Prakash who stood at the other side of the kitchen island. I don't know how much he could look up my skirt but I was sure the hem rose past my naked pussy.  
  
My wet, swollen, excited pussy was completely exposed! And I think this was the first time Prakash saw my pussy completely naked!  
  
"Is this what he was hoping to get by giving me this outfit?" I asked myself.  
  
Another packet and I stepped one leg on the kitchen countertop pretending to find more balance. In turn my thighs spread and could feel my swollen lips part and my pussy crack open wider, exposing my soaking wet inner lips.  
  
"Oh fuck! What am I doing?" I scolded myself.  
  
One last packet to go and I could not let this opportunity go. I pretended to brush away something on my skirt, then tidying up my skirt and pulling my skirt even higher up my waist. I bent down again and purposely pushed the packet into the sink using my leg. I then have to bend down even more to retrieve the packet!  
  
I knew this was not proper womanly behavior, I knew this was not ladylike posture, because the hem rose high up exposing my pussy again, and this time exposing my anus too.  
  
"You are such a shameful slut... showing your dirty ass hole to a young man!" I scolded myself again in my mind. However, a thrill of satisfaction swept through my body knowing that he could see my whole naked bottom.  
  
Suddenly I lost my balance and the packet dropped and I reached to the cabinet for support. Prakash sensed my danger and he quickly came over to support me.  
  
He held my hips and his face was so near to my exposed bottom. A small orgasm rolled through me as Prakash was watching my exposed pussy and my ass hole.  
  
Now he could study my most private parts in great details, my most private parts that my hubby loves to kiss, lick and fuck. My face flashed as I feared that he could even smell my aroused pussy.  
  
"Oh YES... Young man, look at my pussy? So wet! So swollen! Look my asshole!" I screamed inside my mind!  
  
"Are you OK madam?" Prakash brought me back to reality.  
  
"Thanks Prakash. I am fine. Just let me finish."  
  
Eventually I gathered my strength and completed my job with Prakash looking up my skirt.  
  
On the way out I decided to confirm my suspicions.  
  
"Prakash, honestly... do you like watching girls... or a woman like me wearing sexy things like this?"  
  
"I don't understand madam?"  
  
"Wearing a sheer top and a short skirts... like this."  
  
"Michelle... you are very sexy... certainly I like..."  
  
"Honestly did you ever buy this kind of clothing for lady?"  
  
"Buy... NO NO... you must be kidding me... why would I..."  
  
"Never mind, forget it. Thank you very much for the delivery. Bye."  
  
"Welcome madam... see you."  
  
Perhaps It's not him sending me the outfits, I told myself.  
  
Later that night I wore it when my hubby came home. He really loved the outfit but did not show any signs that he sent me the outfit.  
  
Who is the sender?  
  
Two weeks passed and I have put the question behind me.  
  
Then one day the doorbell rang and another box appeared. My heart pumped so fast while carrying the box from the gate back into the house. Same note attached to the box; "Michelle, I hope you like this one too".  
  
My hubby don't usually call me Michelle.  
  
My heart pumped so fast while carrying the mystery box from the gate back into the house.  
  
It was a singlet.  
  
I took out the singlet and made a details examination. It was a red, loose, knit singlet. Holding that singlet at my hands my heart started to pump harder and my breathing get heavier. I could feel the excitement that rose fast within me. Because I have never worn a singlet like this, also it was the erotic thought that someone sent this skimpy singlet to me.  
  
I rushed back to my bedroom and removed my shirt to try it on. The singlet fit pretty nicely onto my frame. I examined myself wearing the singlet in front the mirror. The singlet was long enough to cover my bottom. It has large armholes that exposing the side of my chest and my bra.  
  
I removed my shorts to see how low the singlet could cover my lower body. It covered my buttock nicely with a few extra inches covering my thigh.  
  
After a few more turns in front of the mirror I found support for the little showoff voice deep down my heart that the bra was awfully and ruined the view. I looked around my room to check if anyone was watching. I was silly because I was alone at home, perhaps there was feeling of guilt inside me.  
  
My hands were shaking lightly due to my excitement. I removed my bra and put on the singlet again.   
  
The armholes ended slightly below the base of my breasts and the large wide armholes reveal partly the swell of my breasts. I lifted my hands up as if to tidy up my hairs, the singlet cling closer to my chest but still the swell of my breasts were obviously exposed. My pussy became moist seeing myself in the mirror.  
  
The plunging hem line only covers half of my breasts, I swayed my chest side to side to see how well the singlet could envelop my breasts.   
  
I climbed up my bed and knelt on all four. The singlet dropped down and so did my breasts. I looked at myself at the mirror, almost the whole side of my dangling breast was exposed except my nipple. I crawled a few steps and found that the singlet dropped lower in sync with my movement and revealed my nipple repeatedly. The light frictions between my breasts and the singlet aroused my nipples further.  
  
My mind kept wondering, who sent me this singlet? How much he knew about me? Is this what he wanted to see or imagine? Where is he now?  
  
I stood on my knees and examined myself in the mirror again, repeatedly turning to the side and my back. My bare thighs were nicely displayed.  
  
I pulled up the hem to look at my panties wrapped crotch in the mirror.  
  
Does he want me to wear my panties? What type of panties he prefers? Or maybe he prefers me go pantiless? My hearts pumped faster and harder with all the questions going inside my head and the view of myself in the mirror.  
  
The singlet was long enough to cover my bottom completely. Maybe I can go without my panties, I told myself. So I removed my panties and looked at myself again in the mirror.  
  
I became very excited and I could not help but to touch my pussy and breasts underneath the singlet.  
  
Is this how he wanted to see me wearing this singlet? Who is he? Is he fancies about my downblouse exposure or my sideboob exposure? May be he likes looking up my bottom? I became extremely aroused because I have the feeling that he is secretly hiding somewhere and watching me intensely.  
  
I could not resist but to reach underneath my singlet and found my pussy completely soaked and my nipples rock hard! I continued played with my aroused body until I achieved my orgasm!  
  
Who is this man? What does he want?  
  
My hubby? Most likely. He knew my size. But he has been with me a few times when I bought some of my sexy cloths. He doesn't have to be secretive now. May be he wanted to add on the fun?  
  
Could it be CY, the young man lives opposite me? He knew about my exhibitionistic nature and we fucked before. We also occasionally sexting, teasing each other.  
  
Or maybe it is Tim, CY's friend. I had similar experience with him like CY did.  
  
All with possibilities, however the most likely would be my hubby, I told myself. Although previously he did not reveal himself, but very likely it was him.  
  
That night as usual he came back late evening and I received him at the door wearing that singlet.  
  
I stroked a "is this what you like me to wear?" pose and he hugged me real hard and took his chance to squeeze my buttock, he gave me a few compliments about the singlet but did not say anything about him buying it. And the night continued with him staring more at me as I purposely exposed more of my body in front of him.  
  
I have such a new excitement flashing my own husband! Am I a pervert?  
  
I felt so happy and aroused when I knew he was watching me... sometime openly, some time secretly. My nipples quietly stiffen and my pussy turned moist.  
  
Later when he was sitting on the sofa and I was cleaning the dining table he asked me to go over to him.  
  
"Come here darling."  
  
"What? Why?"  
  
"Stand here."  
  
He then seriously looking through my singlet from top to bottom.  
  
"Turn around."  
  
"What? Silly... what are you looking for? Anything wrong?" I asked him.  
  
"Bend forward."  
  
"Why? Bend like this?"  
  
I bend forward slightly with my hands resting on my thighs.  
  
"No... Legs straight."  
  
"Like this?" I bend with my legs straight as told.  
  
Then he reached his hands below my singlet and caressed my buttock.  
  
"Ahhhh... Honey what are you doing?"  
  
Then without warning he grasped my panties and pulled it all the way down to my ankle in one swift action.  
  
"Ahhhh... What are you doing?"  
  
I instantly tried to catch my panties on its way down my thighs but was too late.  
  
My pussy leaked! This was the first time someone, also first time my hubby stripped my panties down without my consent! Strangely, I was aroused by such a disrespectful act upon me!   
  
"You naughty... hehe... honey... help... help..." I giggled and pretend to get help.  
  
I wanted to runaway but the panties at my ankle restricted my movement. He pulled my backward and I landed onto his lap and also landed on his hard manhood.  
  
My hubby sudden action removing my panties added onto my already aroused state and I achieved a small orgasm as I landed onto my hubby's lap.  
  
"Honey..."  
  
He cradled me from behind.  
  
"Yes... darling..."  
  
"You don't need your panties in the singlet..."  
  
"Eeeee... no panties... so impolite... so naked..."  
  
"But I like it... I know you like it too..."  
  
"You do? You do like the singlet?" I was about the say "the singlet that you've bought me" but I decided to keep in silence.  
  
"Yes... I like it!"  
  
He began to caress my breasts and I began to slowly ground on his hard on.  
  
"You like me to wear it without bra and panties like this... it's not covering my breasts properly... you see... and it's too short?"  
  
"Yes... I like it no bra... no panties... not too short... it's just nice..."  
  
"But a few time my breasts fallen out..."  
  
"Yes... I saw it... that was so hot honey..."  
  
"Ummmm... you're such a pervert... peeping at your own wife."  
  
Our foreplay get hotter. He was sliding his hard dick along my ass crack.  
  
"OK... I will wear it no bra no panties... just for you..."  
  
"Honey... is my pussy showing?"  
  
"Don't know... never mind..."  
  
"Never mind? Ummm... You mean never mind even... even if my pussy might expose when I wear this singlet?"  
  
My hubby has pulled down his shorts and released his hard dick.  
  
"Yes... never mind... I like it..."  
  
"Ummm... you pervert... like to watch your own wife's breasts and pussy showing... honey you are so hard!"  
  
"Yes I am fucking hard now... honey... I love seeing you like this... you so fucking hot to night... you are such a showoff slut!"  
  
"Ummm... you talk dirty... I am not a slut!" I objected and hid my blushed face in his chest. My hubby knew that I am a showoff "slut".  
  
He then positioned my naked bottom onto his hard dick.  
  
"You are wet honey! So wet!"  
  
"Yes... you've made me so wet..."  
  
His guided his cock head into my wet hole...  
  
"Honey... just now when you pulled down my panties... ummmm."  
  
My hubby drove his hard cock into my wet opening.  
  
"Ummmm..."  
  
"What happened when I pulled down your panties?"  
  
He pushed his hard cock into me while I drove my body deeper onto his manhood.  
  
"Huhhh... when you pulled down my panties... without my approval... my pussy felt strange..."  
  
"Strange? How strange?"  
  
He slowly pulled his hard cock out of my bottom...  
  
"My pussy leaked... you know? I felt my love juice leaked out!"  
  
"That's why you are so wet honey... you like it don't you?"  
  
"Ummm... no I am not."  
  
"Yes... you do."  
  
His cock re-entered my pussy and quickly slipped deep inside me.  
  
"Honey... ummm... is that all right? That I like it? Am I a slut if I enjoyed it? Enjoyed you spontaneously stripping down my panties?"  
  
I was not sure it was my imagination or it was real, I felt my hubby's cock grew even bigger as we talked.  
  
"Honey... nothing wrong even you were to enjoy it... honey... I want you to be yourself... your true-self, even if you become a slut... my slut..."  
  
"Honey, so I can wear something like this at home?"  
  
"At home sure you can."

"But some time there will be delivery man, postman even plumber or electrician...coming to our house. Changing to another cloth would be too troublesome..."  
  
"Ummmm..." Our pumping actions have increased its pace.  
  
My heart turned heavy as I carefully opened the topic to my hubby.  
  
"Am I impolite to wear this singlet to receive them... you know... they might see my body...huhhh... Honey, do you approve me wearing just this singlet to receive them? I promise to wear my panties."  
  
"Yes. I am OK... Never mind... let them watch... let them enjoy."  
  
"Ummmm... Let them watch? Even if they might able to see my breasts and nipples... and my wet panties?"  
  
"Wet panties?"  
  
"Yes, when man watching me... my pussy always turn wet and soak my panties..."  
  
"Fuck! Honey, you are really an exhibitionist slut!"  
  
"Stop calling me a slut... so bad."  
  
"Honey... ummmmm... you go so deep today..."  
  
"Honey... if you don't want to dirty your panties, why not you wear no panties also... like right now?"  
  
"No panties... that means they can see my pussy too... oh no... huhhhh..."  
  
"Yes... no bra no panties... let them watch my beautiful wife." He pumped my love hole even harder.  
  
"Ummm... so bad... so embarrassing... man come to my house and my hubby ask me not to wear bra and panties... huhhhh... and let them watch! You know honey... they might see my breasts... my nipples... ummm... even my wet pussy... Uhhhh... so embarrassing!"  
  
"Yes... let them watch... huhhhh..."  
  
I became extreme turned on as my hubby ask me not to wear bra and panties and let delivery man watch me. I noticed my hubby also extreme excited when I said man can see my private parts.  
  
Our sex has never felt this good before.  
  
"Will you get angry?"  
  
"No... Don't worry. I want you to be happy... Just show them your sexy body... hummmmm."  
  
"Honey I love you!"  
  
"I love you too!"  
  
"Honey... do you like this singlet?"  
  
"Yes. I fucking love it!"  
  
"Have you seen this singlet before?"  
  
"No... why?"  
  
"Never mind honey..."  
  
Soon we stopped talking and we continue to make love on the sofa with me wearing the singlet throughout.  
  
Next morning I wore the same singlet with no bra no panties and we made love again at the dining area before we could finished our breakfast.  
  
I was so happy because my hubby obviously loved the singlet and I enjoyed wearing it myself. And most importantly, he allowed me to wear it in front of man coming to our house and let them watch me. He loved me being a 'slut', his slut, regardless what it really means.  
  
However the question remains unanswered. Nothing confirmed my hubby was the one buying it.