**After Getting Home**

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I just stood there, still shocked that Rob had already checked his email and that little shit Shawn had really sent him pictures of me at work!

Rob smirked at me. At my silence and the blushing that I was doing....

"Didn't you wear pantyhose today Beth?"

"Um, yes."

"You did? Where are they then?"

Son-of-a-bitch!

"Ah, I caught them on my desk and ripped a hole in them, so I took them off."

"Looks to me like that wasn't all you took off, Beth."

Damn him, damn Shawn!

"It was just a fun joke, Rob. Really, that is all it was."

"Oh? Who took the pictures?"

I was speechless. Who was I going to tell him took those damn pictures?

"Marilyn, yes, Marilyn. It was going to be a surprise for you, Rob."

"It certainly was a surprise to me, Beth. Makes me feel pretty excited to know that you were naked in your office darling. Why don't you take off your clothes now?"

At first I was a little surprised by Rob's request, then I figured I had better and I turned to head up the stairs.

"No Beth, right here."

I stopped and turned back to him, flustered.

"I can't do that here, Rob, the drapes are open."

"Sure you can Beth, no one can see, the window is a long way from the street."

I was trying to get him to let me go to the bedroom or bathroom so I could hide the fact that I had nothing on under my skirt.

"I'll come back Rob, naked, like you want me to be, please?"

"You seem to be trying to hide something from me Beth. Is that true?"

I looked at the floor, knowing that I was giving myself away but not able to stop myself.

"No, I am not hiding anything, let me go upstairs Rob."

"Take. Off. Your. Clothes."

Rob and I had played some little domination games, in bed, in our bedroom and I sort of liked them a bit, but I wasn't liking this at all. I unbuttoned my jacket and removed it, folding it and laying it on the chair I was standing next to. Next I unbuttoned my blouse and removed it, doing the same. I felt my face getting hot. Damn it, I was embarrassed and getting aroused!

I glanced at the picture window with a seat in front of it and the wide open drapes. I reached behind my back and undid my bra, then let it fall forward, baring my breasts. My face was burning as I tried to ignore the open window. My bra joined the jacket and blouse. How was I going to explain that I was naked under my skirt? My hands were shaking as I undid my skirt and pulled the zipper down. With my mind racing to come up with an excuse, I slowly pushed down my skirt and stepped out of it.

Rob chuckled.

"No pantyhose, no panties, either Beth?"

I could tell how embarrassed I was and how nervous I was as Rob saw me, knowing that I had come home without panties on.

"Did your panties get torn too?"

"Ah, yes."

"And you say Marilyn took the two pictures?"

"Ah, yes, she did."

"Get me the phone, please."

I was happy to get out of the view from the street and trotted to the phone, grabbing it and trying to think how I could get Marilyn to tell Rob what I wanted her to tell him but I couldn't think of how to do that. I crept back into the front room with my left hand over my crotch and the other holding the phone.

As I held the phone out to Rob....

"Put your hand down Beth. I want to look at you."

Even though Rob has seen me naked plenty, I still was blushing, remembering that I stripped for that little shit Shawn!

I watched as he dialed and stood there very uncomfortable.

"Oh hi, Marilyn. How are you? That's great! Can you and Bob stop over? Yes, now would be good. OK! See you in a couple of minutes."

I was totally surprised and shocked! I turned and started for the stairs.

"Where are you going Beth?"

"I'm going to put something on!"

"Marilyn's seen you bare ass, what's the problem?"

"You told her to bring Bob!"

"Yes, I did. So?"

"He hasn't seen me naked!"

Rob got up and scooped up all my clothes and walked off, leaving me standing in the front room. Just as he came back the door bell rang.

"Why don't you get the door dear?"

"Rob, I can't!"

"Of course you can Beth, since I don't believe that Marilyn took those pictures anyway. So someone other than her and me has seen you bare ass naked. So, what's the problem with one more?"

"You really want Bob to see me naked?"

"Do you?"

"Of course not! What do you think I am?"

"I think you are a wife who got naked in her office at work during the day and had someone take a picture of her while she did it. And I don't think it was your friend Marilyn!"

"Fine, you asshole!"

I turned, my anger burning inside of me at his absolute asshole behavior and I stalked towards the front door. As I did, I got nervous as hell! Could I actually open the door to my girlfriend and her husband like this?

As I reached the door, the door bell rang again and I did the girly eek and almost jumped out of my skin. I can't do this!!

I looked over my shoulder to see Rob standing in the entry way back by the front room, smirking. The fucker! Fuck him! I peered through the sidelight by the door. Damn it! Bob is there too! And the worst part, as I stood there, almost shaking was I could feel moisture and my traitorous nipples had hardened! Rob wouldn't really want me to do this, he'll tell me to stop, I told myself. I reached out for the door knob. I grasped it expecting to hear Rob say "Stop, Beth". But he didn't.

I reached up to cover my breasts and felt a hard nipple, poking out as I turned the door knob. Letting myself go a bit and pinching my erect nipple, I opened the door, hiding behind it, totally embarrassed, feeling slightly humiliated, and turned on.

Marilyn and Bob walked in, saying hello to Rob and I shakily closed the door. My door hand covered my bush and pussy and the other, the one that had been fondling my nipple, the arm covered my tits. I could see Rob smirking.

Marilyn saw me first.

"My God Beth!"

Then Bob turned a bit towards me and grinned.

"Well, hello Beth!"

I turned beet red and stood there like an idiot.

"Hello."

All I had on was my sensible 2-inch work heels! My face felt as though it was on fire and unfortunately Rob wasn't done.

"Lower your hands Beth and get us some beer. We'll be in the front room."

Bastard! I hesitantly let my hands drop, amazed at how hot and aroused I felt as Bob's eyes went right to my crotch! I was totally embarrassed at how my once pert tits were now slightly sagging down on my chest and so thankful that I had a rather thick bush. Rob motioned me to move and I hesitantly walked past the two of them, now showing my bare fat ass. I was totally humiliated and totally worked up!

I went into the kitchen and I heard them moving. I took four bottles of beer out of the fridge and opened them, putting them and four glasses on a tray. I picked the tray up and walked to the front room, the tray not allowing me to cover up although it partially hid me down there.

As I set the tray down on the coffee table and began to hand out beer and glasses.....

"Well Beth, Marilyn says she didn't take the pictures, but both her and Bob think they are cute. So, why don't you tell us all who did take them?"

I was silent as I passed out the beer and glasses. How was I going to tell my husband, best friend and her husband what I had done? I was trying to think up a story that I could get away with and my mind wasn't working that well. Rob motioned me to sit on the easy chair across from the couch where they were all seated.

"All right Beth. You can sit down, but if you don't start talking and tell me about the pictures, you can put your legs over the chair arms and scoot that ass of yours up to the edge. Do you understand me?"

"Jesus Rob" Marilyn said.

"Well, something is going on, and I want to find out what it is. So she can talk or humiliate herself, whichever she wants."

All Bob was doing was staring at me, with a huge grin on his face. God damn my husband! Did I want to admit to him what I had done or did I want to expose myself? Neither, actually, but I didn't have too many choices, so....

I shakily poured my beer into my glass, set the bottle down on the floor and looked at Marilyn.

"Marilyn, I apologize."

And I lifted my legs up and hooked them over the chair arms, spreading myself open for Rob, Bob and Marilyn. I covered my eyes and sat there, on display, so humiliated.

"Rob, I won't tell you."

"What do you think Bob?"

"Nice twat, but a little hairy."

The fucker! If I could have gotten any redder I know I would have! Marilyn swatted him on the arm. As I peeked through my fingers though, she was grinning too. Damn it she was laughing at me too!

Rob, the bastard, made me sit like that for the next two hours, as long as I refused to talk, which I wasn't going to in front of Bob and Marilyn. The only time they weren't staring at my tits and pussy was when Rob sent me to get more beer and then they got to look at my fat ass!

Finally they left, both grinning and he made me see them to the door.

Then when it was just the two of us, he took me upstairs and screwed my ass off, but he'd push as deep inside me as he could and stop thrusting and ask me who took the pictures, just holding himself inside me, not moving, not letting me move.

After about fifteen minutes of exquisite torture, I spilled the beans. I told him everything, the sorority initiation, blowing the frat pledges and the return for the smokers and everything that I had done, including Shawn blackmailing me to strip and fucking me over with the pictures anyway. Rob was a little angry with me over all of this, but he blew a load like you wouldn't believe inside me! I think that he was especially turned on by thinking of those college guys, like Shawn, probably having pictures of me nude with a tray of cigarettes.

Then after about twenty minutes of silence, the two of us lying side by side, he pushed my head down to his dick and made me suck him hard again and he pounded me doggy style, this time I orgasmed, twice! And he blew off inside me again! His sperm was just running out of me! He wouldn't let me clean up either, he made me lay on my back in the biggest wet spot I can ever remember.

Well, we got up Saturday morning and Rob informed me that since I was such a little bitch, I could stay naked all weekend until Monday morning when I go back to work.

I argued with him that I was blackmailed into things with Shawn, that I didn't do them willingly and that I certainly didn't want him to send pictures to my husband, but to no avail.

Rob just said that I obviously enjoyed being naked in front of someone other than him by the way I acted with Marilyn and Bob, and ignored me telling him that I didn't want them to hear everything and showing my pussy seemed less embarrassing to me. Rob just repeated that it seemed that I didn't really care who saw me nude and since that was the case that I could run around naked when the two of us were at home.

He made me pack up, well he helped too, all my casual clothes and all my panties and bras and he threw out my pantyhose. All that was left in my part of the closet was my business clothes, the suits and dresses for dinners and such. So, all that I had left to wear was my work clothes. Oh, and I forgot, one pair of really tiny shorts and a tank top. Oh I argued with him about all of this, but didn't get anywhere.

So after everything that I wasn't going to get to wear anymore was packed up in boxes, Rob taped them shut and took them out to the garage. I suppose that I could go out there and look for them, but if Rob catches me with them, he's just going to take them away again.

And, of course, during the weekend both Marilyn and Bob made sure they dropped over to our house. Yeah, they caught me in the nude again! And Rob didn't seem to mind a bit that they did. And my nipples were like as hard as diamonds all weekend, which Rob made sure to point out to me as a sign of how turned on I must be. Of course he pointed it out to Marilyn and Bob too. One of the times that Bob came over, Rob was shaving me, neatening me up he said.

I'm sitting on the bathroom counter in the master bath, legs spread and Rob is shaving off all my pubic hair except for a clipped short triangle above my pussy. The ass invites Bob up and he leans against the wall watching Rob shave me. Let me tell you how embarrassing and humiliating that was! And then Rob has him inspect the shave job to make sure that he got all the hairs! And then later when Marilyn came over and started giggling when she saw how I was trimmed down there, God! Let me tell you that nothing is left to the imagination down there.

The only good thing is that Rob has said nothing about Shawn since Friday night. I'm sure my face has been red all weekend but I am also pretty turned on, except when Bob was looking between my legs after Rob finished shaving me. That little escapade turned me off completely! I was so fucking humiliated, sitting on the bathroom counter while Bob is inspecting me!

Late Sunday I started thinking about work and that little shit Shawn and that eliminated any arousal that had been built up during the weekend. But even after I told Rob that I wasn't in the mood for sex, he went ahead and screwed me anyway. I didn't orgasm but he sure did and made me sleep on the wet spot and not clean up.

It's now Monday morning and Rob picked out my clothes for work. A skirt-jacket outfit with a lavender blouse so my areola don't show that much if at all, but my nipples are really hard! I don't really understand why I am getting aroused, I should be ashamed of myself! No bra or panties and thigh high stockings, hold-ups. Sensible heels too.

I'm really sort of nervous about what the little shit is going to do to me today. He's got those fucking pictures and if the bosses ever saw them, I'd be out on my ass in a minute. And it scares the shit out of me that I am at work with him. I'm just hoping that he doesn't send anyone else the pictures. Having Rob see them has been bad enough, what with Bob and Marilyn coming over while he had me naked and then Bob watching him shave my pussy and inspecting it for stray hairs! That was absolutely the most humiliating thing because I had to hear Rob tell him to check me and listen to Bob talking about the shave job! They also made sure to mention how hard my nipples looked, smirking at me. Oh well, he's seen it all now, just hope Marilyn doesn't get pissed at me. She is one of my best friends.

Maybe some more after work....maybe not....it embarrasses me to tell you all this stuff, you know. It really does. Almost as much as when I have to do something