An Apt Punishment

by hemo101Â©

Before hubby and I got married we once shared a beach house with two other

couples for a long summer weekend. The guys who shared the house with us were

close friends of hubby, while the other girls were their respective girlfriends.

The two other girls by the way, were also best friends and had known hubby and

his friends since they were kids. So you see, I was what you would call the odd

girl in the group, since I really wasn't that close to any of the others and had

only gotten to know them through hubby.

Anyway, we all decided to share a ride to the beach house, to save on gas. Since

hubby was the only one with a van that could fit all six of us, the others left

their cars in hubbies place and we all rode on the van to get to the beach

house.

After about a four hour drive from the city, we were finally able to reach the

beach house we would be sharing. It was right along the coast and rather

isolated since the nearest house we could see closest to it was miles away. Be

that as it may, the house was quite nice in that it had the convenience of

electrical power as well as water facilities and had its own little pier out

back, where we found a speed boat, available for our use.

Since there were only the six of us for miles around, we started getting more

and more casual in our attire and less inhibited in our actions. Soon after our

arrival, you could find any one of the couples openly kissing and even fondling

each other out in the open, unmindful of the others present or even caring

whether the others could see what they were doing to each other.

Being a little bit of an exhibitionist and a tease, I was the first to doff my

clothes. As soon as we arrived, I removed the clothes I had worn during the trip

and put on this little string bikini, and pretty much dressed that way for the

rest of the trip. The two other girls were a lot more conservative than me,

opting to remain dressed in their traveling attire (jeans and shirts) while

exploring the place with me on the day of our arrival, and finally changing into

more comfortable shorts and t-shirts, only later that night. They did though put

on their swimsuits when we went swimming but always had cover-ups on when out of the water. So for the most part, I must admit I was the center of attention of

all the guys there and , am proud to say, that their eyes kept following me

wherever I went.

On our second day, we three girls were sunbathing in the beach when I mentioned

wouldn't it be fun if we could do it in the nude. Although neither of them

wanted to try, they nevertheless told me that they wouldn't mind if I wanted to

and told me to go ahead. So, seeing that no one would object, I slipped of the

bikini I was wearing and stretched myself out on the towel, lying on my stomach

and sun bathed, in the nude.

I'm sure the guys could see that I was lying naked on the beach, as I myself

could see them out fishing on the boat, not far from the shore. In fact, I could

not get that thought out of my mind as closed my eyes and lay stretched out

under the sun with the other girls, naked as the day I was born.

I must have dozed off at one point, since I found myself sunbathing all alone

the next time I opened my eyes. Scanning around, I saw them wading in the ocean.

As I have always wanted to skinny dip in the daylight, since the only few times

I tried it was always at night, I decided to join them. Hence, I did not bother

to put my bikini back on as I ran to the water. The water felt so cool and

refreshing as it flowed all over my naked body. Unlike the times when I had gone

skinny dipping at nigh, I did not feel at all cold despite the lack of any

covering whatsoever, as my bare skin was sufficiently warmed by the heat of the

sun.

Though the other girls were at first taken aback by my nudity, they were able to

get over whatever uneasiness they may have felt quickly and took my singular

state of undress for granted. We had a great time having fun in the water,

splashing each other and frolicking in the waves, that I kinda forgot that our

guys were somewhere around. The guys though managed to make their presence known to us by suddenly roaring in close to us in the speedboat, hollering and hooting to get our attention, and openly ogling my nudity, their fishing all but

forgotten, as they seem to have caught on to something more interesting.

At the time the guys suddenly made their move, I was standing only up to my

knees in the shallows, and therefore was totally exposed to them. Though I was

at first embarrassed by their having seen me naked, this feeling soon turned to

one of excitement as I was starting to get turned on by the idea of my sudden

exposure to them, and started to get really wet down there. Fortunately, I was

able to take control of my aroused state and calm down, otherwise I would have

had to do something to get myself off, even if there were other people around.

As a result of this experience, I suddenly developed a sense of modesty, and for

the first time donned a pair of shorts when I got back from the beach. I kept

myself relatively covered that night too, to the obvious disappointment of the

guys.

I woke up to our third and final day feeling my old self. As a lasting

remembrance for our trip, I was finally able to convince the two girls to join

me for nude sun bathing after breakfast. To save on time, we decided to start

packing up before heading to the beach, leaving only the clothes we would be

wearing for the trip home out. With packing all done, we headed for the beach,

bringing with us a large beach blanket which we three would share. As usual, I

was skimpily clad only in my string bikini, while the two other girls wore more

conservative two piece suits, one a tankini and the other a suit whose bottom

looked more like a pair of shorts than panties, under their cover-ups. I was

also barefoot while they had sandals on their feet as well wide brimmed summer

hats, to keep the sun off their heads while walking.

We were able to find an ideal place to sunbathe among the dunes, and as the

others spread the blanket on the sand, I quickly shed both the top and bottom of

my suit, and placed them in the bag one of the girls brought, for safekeeping. I

began applying sunscreen all over as I stood naked , until my body all but

glistened under the sun. By contrast, the two other girls were slow to get

naked. Though they did remove their cover-ups just as soon as the blanket was

spread, they did not, however, remove their suits while they applied tanning oil

on their bodies. It was only after we had all lay down on our stomachs that they

unclasped the hooks of their tops and sun bathed with tops undone but bottoms

still on.

After about half an hour had passed, I started to get hot and decided to take a

quick dip to cool off. When none of the others cared to join me, I just stood up

and ran to the shore, unmindful that I was naked and not really caring whether I

could be seen or not.

The water felt really good and refreshing on my bare skin as I started swimming

out farther from shore. Just as I was about to turn and head back, I heard a

roaring sound fast approaching me. When I looked up to see what it was, I saw it

was the two other guys we were with riding on the speed boat. As the speed boat

stopped beside me they hailed me and asked whether I would like to join them for

a ride. Although I know I should have declined and gone back to the girls, for

some reason I just blurted my acceptance, as I really loved riding on boats and

could not resist their offer. Even if I knew I was not even dressed for the

ride, or anything else for that matter.

As they helped pull me on board, I saw that the two guys were already fully

dressed for the trip back, in collared sports shirts and khaki pants. Even their

feet were already shod in topsiders, giving them both a preppy yachtsman look. I

on the other hand looked completely out of place, being naked as the day I was

born. As I was starting to feel rather uncomfortable with my nudity and was

about to tell them to let me off, one of the guys just gunned the engine,

speeding us off into the distance.

Despite my initial misgivings, I started to relax and enjoy the sea breeze

blowing all over my bare skin, making me forget that I was naked alongside two

fully clothed men. Besides, to their credit, the two acted like true gentlemen

by not taking advantage of my singular nudity and not overtly ogling my body. In

any event, I quickly fell at ease with their company and was able to joke and

share stories with them as we hurtled through the waves.

I think it was after around 45 minutes when we headed back. I asked them to drop

me off close to the where the other girls were sunbathing. When we got there, I

just dove in and swam the rest of the way to shore. As I got out of the water

and walked to were I had left the other girls, noticed that they were no longer

there. Nor was there any trace of the blanket we lay in as well as any of my

stuff. Thinking that they must have gotten tired of waiting for me and must have

gone ahead, I decided to make my way back to the house as well.

As I approached the house, I noticed that the van we used to come here was no

where in sight. Also, when I tried opening the back door to the house, I found

it locked as well as all the other doors and windows I tried to open to gain

entry. While standing in the veranda, naked and at a quandary as to what had

happened and how I would be able to enter the house, I was startled by the sound

of giggling behind me.

Spinning around to see who had made that sound, I found the two other girls

standing behind me with wide grins on their faces, looking as if they had pulled

a fast one on someone else. As I continued to stare at them, it finally dawned

on me that they were no longer dressed in the beach wear they wore earlier, but

had apparently changed their clothes, while I was on the speedboat.

Just like the guys, both girls were already dressed and ready for travel. They

were similarly attired in light cotton shirts and pants and had on espadrilles

on their feet. They also wore light long sleeved windbreakers as added

protection from the sun. Looking at them, I could not help but feel ashamed at

my state of undress as I stood before them, and found myself assuming the

classic ENF (embarrassed nude female) posture while I stood before them ; you

know, standing with both legs on slightly bended knees held tightly together,

the upper body all scrunched up in an almost upright fetal position, arms

wrapped tightly around my private areas and head bent downwards, avoiding any

and all eye contact.

When I asked them why the doors were all locked, one of them explained that

since everything was all ready packed and ready to go, hubby and they decided to

load everything already on the van, and just lock the place up already, so as

not to unduly worry about it just as we were about to leave.

When I asked them where my clothes were, one of them again told me, this time

with an unconvincing innocent look on her face, that they must be in the van,

since hubby had made sure to load all my stuff in there, leaving nothing behind.

Finally when I asked where in hell the van was, this time they both

simultaneously spoke with open smirks on their faces, that hubby had taken it

out to put some gas as well as to have it checked out for our trip.

From what I gathered from the answers given me, it finally dawned, that unless

and until Hubby gets back any time soon, I would be stuck here with the others ,

absolutely naked and without hope of finding any thing to wear, as a quick look

around failed to show anything I could use to cover myself with. This

inevitability was further confirmed when I asked the girls for something to wear

, but they both curtly said no and motioned me instead to help out with lunch,

our supposed last before we left.

Since there was really nothing else I could do under the circumstances, I

nervously followed them to the picnic area beside the house, which had a

barbecue pit as well as outside oven and sink close by. When I got there, I

found that the other girls had already done most of the food preparation , and

all that was left really was for us to barbecue the meats and set the table.

Being the only one without clothes, I was made to do the barbequing since the

other girls didn't want any of the grease or smoke to ruin their clothes. They

were the ones who set up the table, gaily chatting with me as if there was

nothing out of the ordinary with my being totally nude beside them.

Concentrating on my task, I soon took for granted my state of nudity and acted

as if everything was normal. This soon changed, however, when we were joined by

the boys who were pleasantly surprised to still find me nude, hanging out with

their girlfriends. They broke out in uproarious laughter when the girls told

them what happened to my clothes and continued to mockingly look at me all over,

from head to foot .

I could have died of embarrassment right then and there , as I felt all those

roving eyes pore over each and every square inch of my nude body. However, in

addition to my being mortified, I started to develop a growing sense of

excitement at my being nude in public, and was even getting turned on by the

abject humiliation thereof. In fact, without any conscious effort on my part, I

started to get wet and all squishy down there, my whole body heating up and

causing me to flush all over.

The girls noticing my flustered state, asked me whether I felt the sun was too

strong and if I would like some coverage from it. However, before I could even

answer, one of them brought out a bottle of sun tan oil which they proceeded to

apply liberally on my bare skin. I'm sure we provided their boyfriends with the

most erotic show possible with me standing there naked between them as they

rubbed sun tan oil all over me , thoroughly coating my breasts including my ever

stiffening rock hard nipples. Nor was my pubic mounleft unattended, as I

distinctly felt them sneak their roving fingers pass my pussy lips to probe deep

inside of me while making it appear they were innocently applying lotion to my

thighs, making me almost cum, right then and there.

Fortunately, before they got me to climax in front of their boyfriends , I heard

the sound of a vehicle approaching from a distance, which brought me back to my

senses and enabled me to put a stop to their manual stimulation of me, I'm to

the utter disappointment of the boys, who had been watching us with rapt

attention.

When I was able to get a look at the approaching vehicle, I was happy to see

that it was indeed hubby's van. I ran off to meet it, not caring whether or not

my jiggling ass would be on display , thinking only that now I would finally be

able to get some clothes on.

I got to the van just as hubby was about to close his door. However, when I

asked him for some of my clothes quick, he responded by giving me a smile and

proceeded to lock the vehicle up with the car alarm's remote control.

I didn't know it then, but hubby and the girls saw me get into the speedboat

naked with the two other guys ,and the two girls were a bit pissed at me,

believing that I was flirting with and trying to make a move on their

boyfriends. As for hubby, although he may not have believed I was cheating on

him, he was, nevertheless, equally pissed at me for acting so brazenly in front

of his friends. He therefore agreed to help out when the girls thought of this

plan to deprive me of my clothes, in order to teach me a lesson.

When I begged hubby to open the door, he just shook his head and told me he was

hungry and started walking towards the picnic area. When he saw I was making no

move to join him, as I was shocked beyond belief by this turn of event, he

reached for my arm and started dragging me along with him, and lecturing me that

it was not polite to let food wait, in answer to my desperate protests.

I was greeted by the taunting stares of the others as we approached the picnic

table .When we got there, I was made to squeeze in between the two girls, while

hubby took his seat opposite me on the table in the space left vacant for him by

the boys. Except perhaps for my singular nudity, we would have made the perfect

postcard image of a group of friends enjoying a picnic in the beach. Thank

goodness my nudity was mostly ignored during the meal, except for a number of

teasing comments from the girls about my state of undress. Nevertheless, I could

not help but be constantly reminded of my nakedness, as all I could see around

me were my clothed companions, especially when one or both of the girls beside

me would deliberately brush their clothes against my bare skin.

After about an hour, everyone was done eating and helped in cleaning up the

table. I, however, was made to do the dishes by myself since, as it was pointed

out by one of the girls, I was already (un)dressed for the job, being already

naked and all, to the cheers and laughter of the others. The rest though kept me

company as I stood in front of the sink, the girls even offering to wipe the

dishes dry.

After the boys left to load the remaining items in the car, the girls turned the

outside hose on me, telling me that it was now time for my shower since we were

about to leave. The water was very cold, causing my nipples to pucker up and

involuntarily harden once again. They just threw me a bar of soap and continued

to openly watch me as I lathered up. After giving me a final rinse, the girls

didn't bother to give me a towel to dry myself with, telling me to just let the

sun and air do it for me.

After I had sufficiently dried, the girls suggested that we take souvenir

pictures of our last day. The guys were told to sit in a row on one of the

picnic benches with the girls sitting on their respective boyfriends lap. As I

was naked, I protested no end to any picture being taken of me, but was forced

to agree, nevertheless, when hubby and the girls exasperatedly inquired why I'm

making such a big deal out of this, since I obviously don't have any problems

with going on naked boat rides with other boys. Being unable to make a proper

response, I reluctantly gave in.

It's a good thing I was allowed to cross my legs tightly and use my arms and

hands to cover up my nipples and pussy from view, as I sat pensively on hubby's,

blushing all over. As such, although It could clearly be seen I was naked in the

picture, I was able to hide both my nipples and pubic mound from view. Of course

it helped when hubby crossed his arms around my breasts, but then he started

secretly playing with my nipples, enjoying my squirming of my butt on top of his

crotch. After this group pictures, other pictures were taken of all of us, in

various combinations and poses, the only thing being constant was that I was

stark naked in all the pictures I came out in.

After the picture taking it was now time for us to leave. Thinking that I would

finally be allowed some clothing, it came as a complete letdown when I was made

to get in the van nude. Moreover, I could not find any scrap of clothing in the

van nor any of my stuff, which must have been stowed at the very bottom of the

pile of luggage in the back. Anyway, considering that I was seated in the back

and that the windows were heavily tinted I did not believe I could be seen from

the outside, and therefore did not balk too much.

I sat between the two girls on our return trip. After about 30 minutes of

driving Hubby said he forgot to buy gas and therefore had to stop for some in

the next station. When we got to the station, the girls decided they wanted to

use the restroom while the van was being filled and got out. Unfortunately, they

didn't bother to close the van's door when they left, leaving it wide open and

me exposed to the outside world. Rather than try and reach out to shut the door,

which I am sure would have alerted the other cars to my nakedness, I just

cowered in the back, quietly cringing in fear and shame. The girls eventually

returned and thankfully shut the door, mouthing off fake apologies to me for

having inadvertently left it open.

After about another hour and a half l we came upon a famous roadside restaurant

and souvenir shop. Upon seeing it, the girls squealed that they wanted to stop

and eat there. Being nude, I obviously voiced my opposition to the idea and for

once that day, Hubby took my side. The girls then offered to give me something

to wear, which made hubby finally agree to stop. What the girls gave me was my

string bikini from this morning, which was the skimpiest suit I own and

basically used only for tanning purposes. Though it essentially covered my

nipples and pussy, that was all. In fact, the suit left nothing to the

imagination, from its revealing top and micro-thong bottom. And, was therefore

most inappropriate for where we were going.

Despite my protests, the others insisted I come down with them. When I started

complaining about the suit, the other girls offered to take it back, in which

case I would still have to dine with them, this time dressed as I was. Thinking

that they would make good on their threat, I finally gave in and put on the

suit.

As I walked into the restaurant with the others in my mostly naked state, I

could feel the eyes of everyone in the room turn towards me, my unexpected

attire no doubt attracting their attention, no end. In fact, everyone from the

diners to the restaurant staff, continued to ogle me as I strolled to the table

picked by my companions at the very center of the dining area, and all through

out the meal as I sat blushing terribly and unable to make any eye contact with

anyone.

I thought my ordeal there was about to end when we stood up to leave, but the

girls insisted on having souvenir picture taken. With the assistance of a

waiter, we posed for a number of group pictures both inside the restaurant and

in the souvenir shop, with me in only a bikini. Unlike the ones taken early in

the beach, where there were no-one else appearing with us in the shots, here

there were a lot of people appearing in the background, and am sure some may

have taken some pictures themselves. Its not an everyday sight that an almost

nude female dines in a restaurant with her friends.

I thought they would ask the suit back when we got to the van. Fortunately,

hubby was able to convince the other girls to let me keep it instead. So for the

rest of the trip I was able to remain barely clothed in a bikini.

When we got to hubby's place I helped take down stuff from the van still only in

my bikini. After seeing the others off, Hubby took me home and without any

warning broke up with me for acting like a slut in front of his friends. I wept

inconsolably when he left.

It's a good thing though I was able to convince hubby that I was not coming on

to his friends and we were able to get back together again and got married. I

was also able to make peace with the two girls, and we eventually became very

close friends thereafter. In fact, we still go out as a group and sometimes joke

about what they did to me, and whenever I think about it, I could not help but

get turned on by that experience.

Perhaps one day I'll let hubby catch me displaying myself nude in front of his

friends again, and hope that I get punished the same way again.