**Beaver on the Internet**

**by [magmaman](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=424353&page=submissions)**

My name is Dana, I am what is known as a normal housewife.  
  
Well, at least I was, anyway.  
  
I guess I could be called a "good girl", too. I was a virgin the night my husband came to me the first time, barely 20.  
  
I knew what to expect of course but I do have to admit I was scared to death.  
  
It wasn't bad, in fact it felt rather nice. Messy, though. I just got up and showered afterwards and really never thought too much about any of that. I was happy. My husband Dave worked hard and came home on time, there wasn't any drinking or running around.  
  
My job was the house and food on the table, laundry and tending our tiny patch of grass and flowers. I even painted the house once, it took me 4 days and I enjoyed it.  
  
But working on the roof or ladders or anything like that was off limits, Dave insisted I let him do that stuff, he even did the trimming on our one tree in the yard.  
  
I think he thought I would fall off the roof or something, men can be funny that way.  
  
The changes started about the 2nd year of our marriage. Dave bought me a nice top, it was pretty with different colored swirls and it fit nicely. But the front was way too low and the armholes much too large. I couldn't wear it with a bra and no way was I going out without one.  
  
So I wore it around the house, Dave seemed to like it and I soon figured out that if I wore it Dave would get fussed up and I would get some cuddling and loving, which I liked. I also liked the free feeling of my bare breasts under the cloth, it rubbed my nipples and that felt nice, too.  
  
Then one day he came home with a skirt and top. This top was just as skimpy, the skirt was light blue with pleats and way too short.  
  
It looked like the kind of thing I had seem some overly thin young girls wear, not something a 24 year old slightly plump married housewife would wear in public.  
  
Even standing up straight I knew my white panties would probably show with every step, I told Dave I couldn't wear that that way.  
  
He just reached in the sack and handed me a light blue thong, it was a wide string up the back and enough material to cover the front.  
  
I knew my pubic hair would stick out both sides, that just wasn't going to work.  
  
"You could shave?" Dave asked.  
  
I thought about it, but put the outfit away.  
  
It was a few weeks later when Dave mentioned I never wore the new outfit for him. So the next day after he went to work I showered and then I shaved off my pubic hair enough that the thong would cover it.  
  
I had on the outfit when Dave got home that night. He took one look at me and stopped, his mouth open, a funny look in his eyes.  
  
Dinner got cold.  
  
Dave got down and licked my soft flesh, the first time.  
  
I saw sparks behind my eyes that I had squeezed shut, and I heard someone moaning out loud.  
  
Then I realized that was me.  
  
I shaved the rest of the hair off the next day and was rewarded with the same results.  
  
By now I realized that being sexy made Dave happy and that made me happy. So I went shopping, I found several outfits that can best be described as naughty.  
  
I started teasing Dave several times each week, the results were pretty much the same. We were making love so much I could feel my body toning up, I even lost a few pounds, so did Dave.  
  
One day I stepped on the scales and I only weighed 115 pounds, at 5'3" that was as light as I had been in a couple of years.  
  
Talk about a weight loss program that works!  
  
One thing I did notice was that Dave spent a lot of time on the computer, he didn't hide the fact that he was looking at pictures of women. I even saw some of them, they were rather terrible. Women with their legs open, things like that.  
  
I didn't understand why so many of them seemed to like that, but I also didn't really mind if Dave looked.  
  
Those were just pictures.  
  
Then one night after we had just made love, Dave suggested that maybe I should be waxed.  
  
"Waxed? You mean...?"  
  
"Yes, it will make you nice and soft, I would like that."  
  
"Soft? You mean I am not soft?"  
  
"You are fine, it's just..nicer and you won't get the razor burns."  
  
Well, I was getting a little of that, but I also used lotion.  
  
"Besides, you taste better without the lotion." he said, reading my mind.  
  
"I don't know where to have that done." I lied.  
  
"There is a spa that advertises waxing near here."  
  
I could see he had that thought out.  
  
The couple of weeks later I called, the lady who answered gave me an appointment.  
  
I drove over and parked in their lot, I must have started to go in a dozen times before I took a deep breath and got my courage up.  
  
The receptionist led me into a tiny side room, had me get ready. Then another lady came in, she spread on some kind of shampoo and washed me as I gritted my teeth, my face flaming.  
  
I didn't have much hair but she stripped it off. I expected it to hurt but it didn't. Just a little bit. Then she even did me behind, that was terrible.  
  
Finally it was over, I paid and left. I felt myself at home, it did feel softer.  
  
Dave came home that night right on time, I had told him I was going to try it. He was rather excited, wanting to know all about the procedure.  
  
I explained that all they did was strip the hair off.  
  
"Who did it? Was it one of the men?"  
  
"Men? On no! It was a woman attendent."  
  
"Oh."  
  
He seemed..disappointed?  
  
"I just assumed you would be more comfortable with a man....down there instead of a woman."  
  
I didn't know quite what to say, so I didn't say anything. Later that night as we were making love he mentioned it again.  
  
"You should try one of the male attendents next time, see which way you prefer."  
  
I didn't even know they had any men on staff, but It hit me that Dave knew and there must be. I hadn't seen any.  
  
"I don't know if I could...." I started to say.  
  
"Oh, it's just like going to the doctor." He answered.  
  
I could tell that Dave didn't believe that, his erection was as firm as I could remember.  
  
"Does the idea of some..man...seeing me...doing that, excite you?" I asked him bluntly, my hand still fondling him.  
  
"Yes, it does!" he admitted, his thing getting even larger if possible.  
  
Then he was inside me, for the 2nd time in just a few minutes. He was lasting longer, too, I began to feel some new sensations, almost like when he was....licking me!  
  
I let out a grunt as explosions went off inside my head, then I gasped for air, realizing I had been holding my breath.  
  
"Well, will you?" He asked afterwards.  
  
"Maybe..." I answered, hesitantly. I was reasonably sure that wasn't going to happen, but Dave seemed so tickled.  
  
Dave mentioned it again several times over the next few weeks, I kept putting him off saying I had to grow some hair before they could remove any.  
  
But after about a month or so it was growing back in. It regrew soft too, not like the scratchy stubble I would get when I tried shaving. It really was much better, I didn't get any of the red bumps and uncomfortable itching.  
  
Dave was busy licking me one night when he looked up at me and grinned.  
  
"Getting kinda bushy now, hon. Is it about time yet?"  
  
"I guess so."  
  
He seemed all excited about that.  
  
"Be sure to tell me all about it!"  
  
The next morning I called the spa, got an appointment for later in the day.  
  
Then I mustered my courage.  
  
"Do you have any male attendents?"  
  
There was a moment of silence, I felt my face flush.  
  
"Well, yes. We have Stan on call if you prefer?"  
  
"OK. I will be there this afternoon." I said too quickly.  
  
God. What they must think?  
  
I hung up. I had done it now, nothing to do but go through with it.  
  
I showered and scrubbed, then I dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, leaving off my panties since they would just be in the way, but I did put on a bra.  
  
I looked myself over in the mirror and changed my mind. I got out the pretty blue blouse and matching skirt, and the blue thong.  
  
Dave wanted an experience for me to talk about, I would give him one.  
  
Running as much on pure stubbornness as confidence I headed for the spa.  
  
The receptionist smiled sweetly and led me into a different tiny back room.  
  
"Go ahead and undress, Stan will be in in a few minutes."  
  
She handed me a sheet and turned to leave.  
  
"Enjoy your session!" she said with a poorly hidden giggle.  
  
I took off the skirt and thong, and sat down on the edge of the table, tugging the sheet closely around me. I felt excited, I should be feeling bashful, I thought.  
  
"Ready?" I heard a strong male voice and a knock on the door.  
  
"Yes." I called out.  
  
Stan stepped into the room, he was around 6 foot, muscular, his head was completely shaved. He looked like the guy from the soap commercial, right down to a round earring in his left ear.  
  
He wore a white T-shirt and black jeans, and he seemed to have been molded inside of them.  
  
He began to prepare his equipment, and mixed up a bowl of what looked like shampoo.  
  
"All of it today?" he asked.  
  
"Yes." I managed to squeak.  
  
He reached out and slid the sheet up to my waist in one quick motion, then applied some of the goop and began to work it in.  
  
His fingers were all over me, in quick motions and they were having an effect before I could even brace myself. A powerful orgasm crashed over me in seconds.  
  
My face must have given me away, I was mortified.  
  
"Relax, I am used to it. It happens all the time." He smiled sweetly and kept on.  
  
That helped a little bit, not much.  
  
Then he was reaching completely between my legs, rubbing his whole hand up and over my mound. The lady attendent hadn't even done that.  
  
"We need to get the hairs in back soft too." He said, smiling.  
  
He kept that up for a long time, I had another orgasm and was headed for the 3rd one when he stopped and used a warm sprinkler hose to rinse me off.  
  
I know I spasmed the whole time he was sprinkling me.  
  
"Doing OK?" he asked, as he reached for a towel to pat me dry.  
  
"Yes." I managed, my voice still tiny.  
  
Then he bagan to quickly strip all the hairs from me, pushing first one leg high and wide, then the other so he could reach around in back. In short order he was finished. He applied some kind of lotion, then tugged the sheet back down.  
  
I dressed and stepped out into the office, paid the bill. It seemed like everyone there was grinning at me. I held my head as high as I could as I escaped to my car.  
  
I got some wolf whistles from a pair of guys that had pulled in in a great big truck. I was all the way to the car when I realized I had left my thong.  
  
I was naked under my tiny skirt!  
  
I didn't have the courage to go back to ask for it.  
  
I was still wearing the outfit when Dave got home.  
  
He was eager, so I told him all of it, leaving nothing out, even the walk across the parking lot.  
  
He was on me in a flash.  
  
Later, I showered, put on another blouse and skirt to go fix dinner.  
  
"Let's go out to eat." Dave said.  
  
"OK..I will go change."  
  
"No, you look fine."  
  
"But...I don't have any.."  
  
"You look great! I like it."  
  
I sighed and agreed. We actually had a nice dinner, I kept my legs together as the young waitress came by several times to check on everything. There were two guys sitting across from us at another table that kept glancing my way.  
  
I knew they could see my legs but that was it.  
  
Finally we were back home, I went to change into some normal clothes, Dave came in with his digital camara and there was quite a fuss as he tried to snap some pictures of me.  
  
I was quick, I kept ducking and pulling blankets up in front of me until we were both laughing and giggling, then we made sweet love.  
  
It was wonderful, Dave held me for a long time afterwards.  
  
"You should let me have some nice pictures." He said.  
  
"Those won't be nice pictures, I know you." I took a fake poke at him.  
  
He easily avoided me.  
  
"Come on, they are digital, I can just push the button and they will be gone."  
  
That didn't work, I stayed steadfast but Dave pestered me for days afterwards.  
  
I finally gave in, and let him take a few that were a little risque', after I got his promise of deleting them afterwards.  
  
Dave made a big show of pushing the button and getting rid of the pictures.  
  
I finally relaxed, and let him take some even naughtier, a few with my legs wide open and some not even wearing shoes or jewelry.  
  
I watched each time as he looked at the photos, and then showed them to me. He talked about lighting and getting the right angles. He even said something about it being like art.  
  
We both laughed crazily when I asked him, "Who's Art?" Just silly stuff, sexy suggestive things. Harmless, I thought.  
  
Those sessions always ended up with us making sweet love, Dave would hold me and snuggle, I was happy making him happy.  
  
It was fine, I watched him push the button to delete the pictures so I wasn't worried.  
  
Everything seemed to be normal after that, I even kept up with getting myself waxed but I went to the woman attendent. I was just uncomfortable with Stan, silly I suppose but it didn't feel right?  
  
I loved my husband, after all. He asked a few times and I did fib, telling him the man was doing the waxing. He liked that, I didn't figure my little fib hurt anything. Once I told him that Stan's fingers slipped inside me a little bit, that really got Dave excited.  
  
I was beginning to wonder about that. But he would get so hard and love me so well, I exxagerated that even more. I told him that Stan was getting bolder and spent lots of time rubbing my clit and looking at me.  
  
I suppose I should have felt guilty but it was innocent, just to get Dave going.  
  
Curious, I went onto the computer, I really never did that much except for opening my emails once in awhile.  
  
I found some websites that I knew Dave looked at, they were all pretty much the same. Then I found the history link up at the top and opened it, there were dozens of websites.  
  
I tried one, it needed a password to get in. I wondered what that could be, tried several and none worked. Then I tried Dave's name and his birthday and it opened right up.  
  
That scared me, I quickly closed the site and shut down the computer, I didn't want Dave to think I was snooping.  
  
A few days later Dave mentioned he wanted to take some more photos. I was used to that by then.   
  
He asked me if I minded if he had some professional help. That sounded odd to me, so I asked him that if he was just taking the pictures and deleteing them, why would he need help?  
  
He responded weakly that he just wanted to get better at it, that didn't sound right and I knew by then he just wanted to show me off, expose me.  
  
We had our first argument about that. It ended with him telling me it wasn't any big deal and me crying, yelling that no way was I going to let someone I didn't know look at me naked.  
  
He then said that I had already been naked in front of Stan dozens of times and didn't seem to mind. Since I had been lying to him, I had no response. I was pretty sure that he would be real mad at me if I told him the truth so I didn't say anything.  
  
Then he told me it would be a professional photographer, so no big deal, they were used to it.  
  
I went to the bedroom and sat there for a long time. Dave was unhappy and I couldn't stand that.  
  
Why was he like this, why couldn't he just be..normal?  
  
So I agreed, Dave changed instantly back to being happy. It was just a couple of days later when he called from work, saying he had a surprise.  
  
"I found a photographer for us."  
  
"You did?" I think my voice sounded hesitant.  
  
"Yes, go ahead and get ready, he will be there tonight."  
  
"Who is it?"  
  
"Just a guy, you don't know him. He seems nice, a real pro."  
  
I pretty much resigned myself to it, so I took a shower and fixed up my hair. I picked out a white blouse, started to put on a bra, then thought the hell with it. I did wear a thong under one of my shorter skirts, that was it.  
  
Then I busied myself, knowing Dave would be home in short order.  
  
I heard his car drive up, by then I was braced for just about anything. I felt helpless, Dave would be furious if he knew I had been lying to him about anything. He always said it was the one thing he would not stand for.  
  
I expected someone to be with him, there wasn't anyone. My glimmer of hope was quickly shot down when he explained they would be along around 7 PM.  
  
"They?" I asked.  
  
Yes, Tim and his helper Jerry.  
  
Helper? Jerry? Two men coming?  
  
"Why does he need a helper?" I asked.  
  
"Oh, to run the lights, help with the poses."  
  
"You want to let two men see me naked?"  
  
"Relax, it's what they do. It's like going to the doctor."  
  
He sure used that going to the doctor line a lot, I thought.  
  
I fixed dinner and we ate quietly, then I almost jumped out of my shoes when the doorbell rang. I expected it but it startled me anyway.  
  
Dave went to the door, he came back in a few seconds with two men. One he introduced as Tim, he was a bit older than Dave and mildly balding. The other was a much younger man, not more than 20, with long blonde hair and rugged features.  
  
After Dave introduced us, he almost instantly said, "Shall we get started?"  
  
He showed Tim and Jerry into our bedroom, then Jerry went out and came back carrying some tall lights and a large bag.  
  
I had no idea what to do, so I just stood there.  
  
The older man, Tim, looked me up and down.  
  
"We will try to do the shots in such a way as to tell a story." He smiled in a disarming way.  
  
"So let's start out fully dressed and see how it goes."  
  
There was a blur of photos, just me standing, walking, opening the door the shutter was clicking over and over. Jerry moved around, turning the lights, he kept looking down at some tool in his hand, I guess it measured the light somehow.  
  
I was sitting on the bed turning my head this way and that at Tim's direction, Dave was off to one side shooting some photos also.  
  
"Let's lose the top, a bit at a time." Tim said.  
  
I unfastened it, and let it slip, more and more until finally my breasts were bare. I looked at Dave who had a grin like I had never seen. I was holding my hands over myself.  
  
"Perfect! Beautiful!" Tim was saying.  
  
"Now lay back, let your hands flow up over your head."  
  
I did as he asked, they just kept snapping away. I was thinking they must plan on taking thousands of photos?  
  
"OK. Bring one leg up, nice and slow."  
  
I did, knowing my thong would be in view. There were more clicks as they all moved around the room.  
  
"OK. Great! Now go ahead and slip off the skirt."  
  
I pushed it down and off my hips, Tim stepped in close. I knew some of his pictures would be closeup crotch shots. It was just a few minutes before the inevitable.  
  
"All right. Now slide the thong down, one strap at a time."  
  
Gritting my teeth, I began to pull it down. Jerry moved in closer, I could feel the heat from the lamps.  
  
Lifting my legs, I slid the thong off, set it aside. Glancing over at Dave, he had stopped taking pictures and was staring, his face flushed.  
  
Tim was moving in even closer as I sat there naked with my legs still together.  
  
"Left leg up, let your knee slid sideways." Tim asked.  
  
I did as he asked, feeling the heat from the lights on my bare loins. I felt a dribble of moisture, knew I was beginning to swell, my nipples began to harden.  
  
The next full half hour was more of the same, from every angle possible, I was completely on display.  
  
Finally they were done, I pulled on a robe as they sat down and began loading the photos into the computer.  
  
Then they gathered around, bringing up shot after shot. I was sitting there ammused, all three of them seemed more interested in the naughty photos of me than me?  
  
There was me, naked, blatant, no secrets anymore on the screen.  
  
Oddly, I didn't really feel ashamed. Some of them looked pretty good.  
  
Tim and Jerry collected their equipment, they spoke to Dave quietly, then they left. I looked at the clock, it was nearly midnight.

Dave wanted pictures, well he sure had some now.  
  
Over the next few days I went about things as normal, Dave went to work and came home. Then I was shopping and I came around the corner pushing a cart. A man was just ahead of me, he saw me and got a funny look on his face.  
  
He said something I didn't hear to the woman that was with him, she looked at me, too.  
  
It didn't really register on me other than I checked my clothing to be sure something wasn't unfastened.  
  
Then a few days later I got another odd look and saw some people whispering.  
  
It hit me.  
  
I rushed home, turned on the computer. I typed in Dave and his birthday, the screen opened up.  
  
I started scrolling the photos loaded over the last few days, it didn't take very long and I was suddenly looking at myself on the screen.  
  
In the amatuer contest section?  
  
There was a counter off to the side, it read several thousand views. I clicked on that, found that I was leading the vote totals.  
  
Hundreds of pictures of women and I was leading?  
  
Me?  
  
I tried to be angry, but inside I felt...proud?  
  
Still. I was upset inside, Dave hadn't been truthful with me.  
  
Time to get even.  
  
I waited until late evening, Dave took a shower. I managed to sneak several photos of him with the digital, one was delightful. It showed him clearly, his penis jutting out as he was reaching with the towel to dry his back. Standing behind some plants we had in the hallway, he never saw me.  
  
After he was asleep, I turned on the computer and loaded the shots. I posted the one of Dave with his penis sticking out clearly, his face obvious to the screen. There were several others of his bare behind, too.  
  
I didn't hesitate when I clicked "send."   
  
Then I waited.  
  
It wasn't long.  
  
"What the hell!!" I heard from the other room as I was making up our bed.  
  
Dave came storming into the bedroom.  
  
"What did you do?" He yelled.  
  
I smiled sweetly at him.  
  
"I think they are cute, honey."  
  
"Cute? Jesus Christ, they can see my face!"  
  
"They can see mine too, honey."  
  
Dave looked at me and started to laugh. I started laughing, too.  
  
He hugged me and I hugged back. So I guess things are all right.  
  
"Say, I wonder if we will win the contest?" He said.  
  
Well, we didn't, but I got voted 2nd place and won a little prize.  
  
I still tease Dave, it is fun. There have been some other sessions, too. Those are fun, and I am a lot less bashful.  
  
I still get waxed, and yes, I see Stan now. Stan takes his sweet time, and he really has had his fingers inside me some. I go home and tell Dave all about it, truthfully now. Dave likes that, he gets hard as a rock. Stan made a couple of suggestions but I told him no, just touching. I even strip completely now, lay there naked with my legs wide open, Stan reaches up and fondles my breasts too. It has nothing to do with getting waxed, it has to do with having fun.  
  
I suppose that would be cheating, I don't let Stan fuck me but I sure do get some fabulous orgasms. I hinted to Dave that maybe I would touch Stan back, just to see his reaction. I doubt that I will, though. I am not sure I could stop myself if we ended up both naked together, Stan is one good looking male.  
  
For some more fun I made Dave go in and get it done, one of the girls did him. I figured he would like it, she is only about 20 or so and cute. I thought about the idea of his pubic hair being ripped out by the roots, and I grinned.  
  
But I heard him yelping clear in the other room, that was hilarious. I laughed so hard I started to choke, poor Dave.  
  
Actually, I do like him better that way.  
  
I am still a good little housewife.  
  
Well. So far.