Chicken

Part 1

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This is a story about a little game of chicken that I played with my husband.

I lost, and lost quickly, thanks to some bad advice from my friend Becky. In

the end it all worked out great though, and changed my life for the better. To

understand this you’ll need a bit of background information. I promise I’ll

get through the boring part quickly.

I’m Mary (no, not my real name) and John (not his real name either) is my

husband. We’re both 25 and have been married for almost two years. I’ve always

been a bit of an exhibitionist and when we were dating, John was all for

watching me parade around wearing skimpy dresses and sometimes wearing nothing

at all. After we got married he changed. I guess when I changed from being his

sluttly girlfriend to his wife he didn’t want me showing my body off to

people.

I figured this was normal and I didn’t raise a fuss about it. I realized that

men may like to date sluts but they don’t really like to think of their wives

that way. The problem is that I was a slut when he met me and I’m still a

slut. I don’t even think of that as a derogatory term. I like getting naked

and I look good naked. I like sex and don’t need to be in love with a man just

to have a little casual sex. Once we got married the casual sex with other men

stopped completely and the casual nudity pretty much ended, too. I still wore

little dresses but they became a lot more conservative. At home when John and

I are alone, I still wore very little, usually just panties, and I’m usually

fully dressed when company drops by. A couple of friends are close enough to

see me just wearing panties, but for the most part, I wore clothes for guests.

Before I got married, though, I almost never wore anything in my apartment.

Even when I was living in the dorm in college, I almost never wore clothes in

my room. I just liked being naked. I missed going naked all the time but it’s

just what happens when you get married. Or it was.

So, what started our little game of chicken was my discovery of a dress from

my single days. I was cleaning out the closet and stumbled on this old

sundress that brought back some great memories. It wasn’t especially short. In

fact the hem was just above my knees. The top was very revealing, though. The

dress had a built-in quarter cup bra and an elastic gather just below the

breast line. From there, it dropped straight down to the hem. It was like a

baby-doll nightie, but it was a dress. The dress showed lots of cleavage, my

tits were well supported, and the shape of my nipples was clearly visible

under the thin fabric. Even though the dress was long (by my standards,

anyway!) the way it billowed around me made it easy to show lots and lots of

thigh and even more. Just leaning forward a little caused the whole dress to

drop away from my body, affording great chances to look up under it. Also, the

wind would catch the lower part of this dress like a sail, revealing

everything underneath. Oh how I used to tease the boys in this dress.

This was a favorite dress of John’s when we were dating. I hadn’t worn it

since we got married, though. I knew he would think it was too slutty for me

now, as his wife, but I just couldn’t throw it away. On a whim, I put it on.

He commented on it as soon as he got home. We had a little discussion about

how much fun it used to be to show off in clothes like this dress. Naturally,

he denied being the reason for my much more conservative behavior since we got

married and told me if I wanted to wear the dress I could wear it to dinner

that evening. I flashed him a bit of panty just to remind him that the dress

was wickedly revealing. I thought I saw his resolve weaken a bit but he said

‘wear the dress’ and I did.

We ended up at a little chain restaurant we like (we didn’t have much money

since John is old-fashioned and doesn’t want me working outside the home) and

ordered. We had been continuing our discussion about the “old days” when I

wore much more revealing clothes. He continued to deny being responsible for

my more conservative attire after marriage. I reminded him of the many

conversations we had about how it was embarrassing for him to have people see

his wife partially naked. Amazing the selective memory men have at times! He

insisted I was wrong. I excused myself and went to the ladies room. When I

came back I dropped my panties on the table, letting him know that now the

dress was all I was wearing. He blushed as the waitress chose that particular

moment to come by with our drinks and I called him on it. He was embarrassed

but he was pigheaded enough not to admit it.

I wouldn’t let the subject go. I can be pigheaded, too. I’m sure the alcohol I

was drinking played some small part in this, but I finally issued a challenge

to my husband. I was convinced that he was more embarrassed by me being

exposed than I was and I was going to prove it. I told him so and he actually

laughed at me! I proposed that I would wear this dress, and no other clothes

but the dress, at least one time a week. And, after each time I wore the dress

I would shorten it two inches and re-hem it. To emphasize my point, I

demonstrated just how easy it was for me to flash him with its current length.

I shouldn’t have been surprised that he accepted my challenge. Looking back, I

realize I had really goaded him into this. I did flash some strangers in the

restaurant that night and it felt good to be back in the game. I remembered

the mixed thrill of being both embarrassed and excited to be seen.

As we drove home we continued to talk about the little game of chicken I had

proposed. John laughed at the idea that he would be more embarrassed than me

about my showing my body in the summer dress. I was convinced I was right and

told him so, repeatedly. John suggested we make a wager on which of us would

call ‘chicken’ first. Naturally he figured I’d chicken out first and wanted a

big payoff. He demanded 10 blow jobs when he won. He knows I don’t like to

give blow jobs and would not really enjoy paying this bet off. He insisted on

this as his prize for winning and even told me he expected to finish each blow

job in my mouth. On the few occasions that I’d blown him in the past, I never

let him do that before. I got caught up in the heat of the moment, though, and

accepted his terms. I then told him he was going to hate the prize I wanted

when I won. I demanded 10 hours of total obedience from him. I let him know

I’d have friends over to watch that he’d be serving me nude, and that he would

masturbate for me as part of his payoff. I was 25 years old and had never seen

a man masturbate. John was always too embarrassed to let me watch him and now

he would have to do it for me, possibly with some of my girlfriends watching,

too. He let his male ego get the better of him, though, and accepted my terms.

He added that if it was fair for my friends to watch him masturbate, he could

invite friends to see me blow him. I agreed to this because I was so sure I’d

win. The game was on!

Needless to say, that night we had sex. My dress was off the minute we came in

the door. I wasn’t wearing anything else but shoes. The following morning I

didn’t bother with panties. John didn’t say anything about my nudity when we

had our morning coffee. I figured he’d have a comment about it when he came

home from work and found me still nude, though. I had already decided I was

going to be spending a good part of the day without clothing. If felt good to

be totally naked around the house again and that’s how I was when Becky came

over late that morning. I have known Becky since my college days and we share

everything. We were housemates in college so she knew all about my habit of

wearing nothing at home and how I loved to wear revealing clothes and flash

people. She also knew about how things had changed since I got married and was

a little surprised to see me without my usual outfit of panties.

“So, is John loosening up a bit or did you just forget your pants this

morning, girl?” she said with a laugh. She was an old friend and I never

bothered to get dressed for. She worked nights and we frequently get together

in the daytime. Even though she almost always found me wearing nothing but

panties when she came over, I hadn’t been totally nude in front of her for

over a year. She took my nudity in stride but I remember being a little bit

turned on by it. I’m not going to tell any stories about Becky here. Let’s

just say we have a past and there is a sexual attraction there.

I told her about the events of yesterday and showed her the dress. She was

laughing as she pointed out the irony of me greeting her at the door nude and

putting a dress on to talk about my planned exhibitionism. Still, I had to

show her the dress, how revealing it was, and how easy it was to give peeks of

what was under it. Once she had seen it on me I took it off. I told her I

intended to return to the old days when I spent most of my time at home

completely naked. Becky was one of my college roommates and had seen me naked

very often back then. Some of my newer friends were going to see me naked

around the house now, too.

When I explained the wager to her and the plan to shorten the dress by two

inches every time I wore it she laughed hysterically. I was pleased with

myself and told her when I won the bet my husband would be nude for every

minute of the 10 hours he wagered and I’d make sure she got to see all of it.

She laughed again and asked if she’d get to see me giving the 10 blow jobs

since that was the certain outcome of the bet. I blushed a bit and told her

that she might if I lost, but there was no way I would lose. I was a little

offended by her attitude until she explained why she thought I’d be the first

one to call ‘chicken.’ After listening to her explanation I began to get a

little worried. I got a ruler and some safety pins and we did a little

experimentation on the dress. Suddenly, I was a lot worried.

I’m sure anyone that’s worn one of these dresses that doesn’t have a waist has

already figured out the obvious point I missed. The very thing that made this

dress so easy to flash in with its knee-length hem would make this dress

uncontrollable at a shorter length. The billowing dress would be OK when I

shortened it two inches. After that, things got dangerous. I should explain

that while I love exhibitionism, I like to be in control. I have always chosen

the time, place, and audience for flashing. I measured 4 inches and pinned the

dress. This is the length it would be after just one more wearing. At this

length I’d be flashing peeks under the dress whether I wanted to or not. How

could I have been so stupid? This was a whole different bet given the idea

that I wouldn’t be able to control the view.

“Let me have that dress for a minute, will ya?” Becky asked. I slipped it off

and handed it to her. She chuckled at me, saying, “You haven’t changed at all.

You’re still the easiest slut to talk out of her clothes.” I laughed

nervously.

Becky began measuring and pinning the dress while she talked. “While we’re

talking about this silly wager you made, let’s talk about another little item

you must have neglected to think about. You didn’t put any restrictions on

where John can take you in this dress, did you?” I shook my head. I had been

so wrapped up in winning my argument with John that I hadn’t really thought

this whole thing through. Becky seemed to be enjoying my predicament.

“On the bright side, we won’t have to listen to you brag much longer about how

you’ve never swallowed cum before. Here, put this on,” Becky laughed. She had

shortened the dress 12 inches and pinned it up. Damn! It was short and there

was a whole lot of space between the dress and my body. I was barely covered

but I looked obscene. She walked me over to the full-length mirror and stood

beside me. I looked like a cheap whore.

“Now, I’ve taken it up 12 inches. Since you wore it last night, we need to

take 2 inches off today. This is how short it will be after 5 more times you

wear it. Assuming you’ve survived the untold hundreds of people getting free

looks at your bare ass and cute little puss to get to this point and the wager

is still undecided, this is what you’ll look like. Now, let’s do a little

role-play. Make believe I’m John and you’re you in this ridiculous dress. This

mirror is a door frame and this right here,” she pointed to a spot on the

frame of the mirror, “is a doorbell.” She stood behind me and said, “Now, ring

the doorbell my barely dressed bimbo friend…and say hello to…” she paused for

dramatic effect. “Your mother!” As she waited for me to consider my husband

taking me to visit my parents in my now very short dress she poked me in the

ribs with her fingers. I squealed and jumped and when I did, saw the dress

jump all the way up to my waist, baring everything.

“Oh my gawd! You don’t think…no, he wouldn’t…besides, it will never get this

far. He’ll get too embarrassed to be with me in public long before the dress

gets this short!” I stammered, realizing just how screwed I was. There was no

way I could go visit my mother looking like this. I loved flashing strangers

but I was not at all interested in flashing my mother!

“And now, let’s talk about the final weakness in your plan. You’re relying on

John calling this whole thing off because he’s too embarrassed to see you

expose yourself. And, when he calls it off his penalty is going to be spending

10 hours naked, jerking off for you and your friends. Just how embarrassed do

you think he’s going to get by you showing your cootchie? Personally, I think

he’ll be more embarrassed by how stupid you are than by how exposed you are,”

Becky laughed. “Either way, I think he’d let you go to church stark naked

before he’d agree to 10 hours of total, naked humiliation, don’t you? Or is he

an exhibitionist, too?” She was so satisfied with herself as she pointed out

how hopeless this whole thing was.

“Oh, don’t look so glum. This isn’t the end of the world. First of all, we

don’t know he’s gonna take you to see your Mom like this and even if he does,

you might still have a little time to grow some hair down there. It won’t

cover you much but at least your mom won’t think you’re a total whore,” Becky

laughed. “And two, cum doesn’t really taste that bad. Some of us do that for

our men willingly,” she said, laughing some more.

“Oh gawd, Becky, what am I going to do?” I asked.

“What’s the big deal. You like exposing yourself. Enjoy it until it gets to be

too much then suck his cock. Hell, you might even find you like sucking cock.”

Becky was clearly not feeling sympathetic. “Why don’t you get out of that

dress and let’s get the two inches you need to cut off taken care of. I want

to go to lunch and I’d love to see you wear the dress today.”

I shucked the dress and stood naked once again before my long-time friend. She

removed the pins and smoothed it out.

“I can’t just concede this bet. I made such a big deal of it last night. It’s

a pride thing. I have to win.” I whined.

“Well, I don’t see how you can. I mean, you did a lousy job setting this up.

John probably thinks you’re trying to lose intentionally. And maybe you were.

I know you were happy about this whole thing when I got here. Maybe it’s

‘mission accomplished’ already. I mean, you’re naked again and that’s what you

wanted right? When John gets home this evening you plan on being naked, right?

Tell him you reconsidered, give him a blow job, and then just don’t get

dressed. No worries. He’s your husband, Mary. He’s going to be OK with you

hanging around the apartment naked,” Becky said.

“No, I can’t just give up. I have to at least try. Oh how could I be so

stupid.”

Chicken Part 2

“Well, there is one way out that might work,” Becky said.

“What are you thinking. I’m desperate here. I’ll try anything!” I almost

jumped at her.

“Well, it’s risky but maybe you can shock him into calling off the bet. If you

take this dress up two inches at a time, he’ll be able to get used to it

gradually. What if you cut a foot off it today? You could call him up and tell

him you’re wearing the dress tonight and arrange to go someplace really

public. He still thinks it’s knee length, so he’d be OK with any place you

suggested. And you suggest someplace where tons of people will see you looking

like a cheap slut. Maybe you can even win the damn bet. You could make a real

show out if it. You know, hike the thing to your waist, spread your legs and

really show off. It’d be embarrassing as hell for you but also for him. At

least you have the opportunity to get prepared for it,” Becky said.

“Oh gawd. A foot? Wouldn’t it still work if I cut like 6 inches off it? That’s

still really short,” I asked.

“It’s up to you but I don’t think 6 inches will do it. It has to be totally

revealing if you’re going to embarrass him. You’re only gonna get one shot at

this. I’m not even sure a foot is enough to cut off of the dress. Either way,

this is going to be totally embarrassing for you but if you want this to work,

you have to make it really embarrassing for him, too…more than he can stand.

And he’s going to stand for a lot since you’ve already told him you’re gonna

totally humiliate him if he calls chicken. You should be thinking of cutting

this more than 12 inches, not less.” Becky argued.

“But 12 inches barely covers me and as soon as I move I’m going to be totally

exposed!” I should add here that while I love flashing and being seen naked,

it is still very embarrassing for me. That’s a huge part of the appeal for me.

It seemed very scary, but extremely exciting, too, to consider not having the

control I always had in the past when I flashed. Becky seemed to understand

this and kept pushing me.

“That’s right but you just said it yourself. As soon as you move you’re going

to be totally exposed anyway. So, the dress doesn’t even have to cover you.

Everyone will see everything as soon as you move so what’s the difference if

they see it while you’re standing still? They still get to see it,” Becky

said. She could see by the look on my face that I wasn’t happy with this idea.

“Look, I already said it would be embarrassing for you. I can’t help it. You

made the bet, not me. I’m just working with what you gave me here. Just think

about it for a minute. What’s better, total exposure in front of a lot of

strangers one time or having to visit your mom dressed like a whore and still

having to give him 10 blow jobs? Let’s cut the dress right up at your hips and

shock him into giving up.”

“Oh gawd, I don’t know. I don’t know if I could even make myself go out of the

house like that!” I argued. What Becky said made sense but she was suggesting

I go out in public effectively naked from the waist down.

“Well, you’ll get a chance to practice before meeting John. You already agreed

to wear the dress to lunch and I’m holding you to it, no matter what length it

is,” Becky laughed.

“Oh Becky, I just don’t know what to do!” I couldn’t make a decision.

“Well, if you want, I’ll decide for you. It’s a one of a kind dress, though,

so you have to live with my decision once I cut it. And, since you’re wearing

it to lunch, I’ll be able to gauge how embarrassed John will be by being with

you while you’re wearing it.” Becky said. I doubted this last part was true. I

know Becky enjoyed seeing me play the bimbo and would gladly take me to lunch

totally nude without any embarrassment on her part at all. Still, I had to

trust her on this since I knew I was never going to be able to make a

decision. If I weren’t responsible for the decision, I would be free to enjoy

the consequences without guilt. I would go to lunch with Becky totally nude if

she’d hold my hand through the ordeal. Of course, I couldn’t tell her that or

she’d try to pull it off! I honestly didn’t know how short she would cut the

dress. Part of me wanted just a couple inches taken off. Another part of me

wanted it cut short enough to show my navel.

Becky had me put the dress back on. She told me to close my eyes and I felt

her fiddle around with the dress. In a minute she had me open my eyes and

surrender the dress once again. She quickly made some cuts and tossed the

dress back to me. I could see that it was incredibly short. “Hem it,” was all

she said. She looked like the cat that ate the canary but she wouldn’t let me

try it on. I fired up the sewing machine and put a tiny hem in the dress. I

didn’t get the hem exactly straight but I was sure people’s eyes would be on

what the dress revealed, not the dress itself. I was actually shaking when I

was finished.

“OK, sweetie, I know you’re going to need a push to do this so here’s how it

will work. Give me your keys and the dress. We’ll get out in the hall, get the

apartment door locked, and then you can have the dress back. You’ll either

wear it at lunch or you’ll wear nothing at all. No arguments, either,” Becky

said sternly though she was laughing at me while she said it. Just like in

college, Becky was pushing me to go a little further than I wanted or

intended, and not taking ‘no’ for an answer. Some things never change.

To say I was nervous when I stepped out of the apartment would be a huge

understatement. I knew Becky was having a great time exploiting my stupidity

and she wasn’t above totally embarrassing me. All of a sudden I was skeptical

of her advice about cutting the dress very short. I was also thinking I made

yet another stupid decision when I left the cutting in her hands. I was

certain she would keep to her word, though, and I wouldn’t be getting my

apartment keys back until after we had lunch. Of course, I really didn’t have

time to worry about just how short she cut the dress while I was standing in

just my shoes in the hallway of my apartment building. Fortunately, the

neighbors didn’t see me while I stood naked in the hallway. Becky stood

waiting for my reaction as I put on the dress.

I expected the dress to be really, really short but I was definitely not

prepared for how short Becky cut it. I was prepared for the worst and was

still shocked at how little the dress now was. I had expected it to cover me,

if nothing else. It did not. The hem was so high that literally half of my

pussy was on display. And Becky just laughed and laughed. And the bitch had my

keys. Like it or not, I was going to go to lunch in this obscene dress.

“Becky! I can’t wear this! It doesn’t even cover me. Half my pussy and most of

my ass is just hanging out.” I hissed. I had to get her to reconsider this

whole lunch thing.

“Oh, did I forget to mention that this is supposed to be embarrassing for you?

I know you love to tease people with your nudity. I’m guessing it feels

slightly different when you have no control over it, though. Am I right?” she

laughed.

“Please! I can’t go out like this. I’ll get arrested.” I was pleading with

her. I don’t know what was more embarrassing for me. Was it the tiny dress or

the fact that I was very wet? It was probably a combination of both plus the

fact that I couldn’t hide it from Becky or anyone else.

“You won’t get arrested. Here’s the deal. People that are standing up will see

your ass, for sure. That’s not illegal, though. They will see that your dress

is extremely short, but won’t actually see your pussy, just because of the

angle. You know, line of sight stuff.” Becky answered.

“But what about the wind? This dress is gonna catch the wind and everything’s

gonna show!” I was getting frantic.

“Yup. Sounds like just the thing for an exhibitionist like you! Of course,

once we get into the restaurant there won’t be any wind.”

“Yeah, but what about all the people that are sitting down. They’re gonna see

my pussy for sure.” I said.

“Oh, yes, they are. In fact, they’ll probably see all the way up to your

navel. That dress is just made for showing off,” Becky answered.

“So that’s it? I’m supposed to just let everyone look at me naked from the

waist down?” I asked incredulously.

“You know, sweetie, you look like a bimbo but you’re really smart. You’ve

figured out that lots of people are gonna see that cute shaved puss of yours

today. What you’re missing, though, is that letting people see it is the whole

idea. Now, you’re gonna have to go some place really public tonight to meet

hubby dressed just like this. You’ll be on your own. Just be grateful you’re

getting this trial run with me here for moral support. Now, enough bullshit,

its show time!” Becky said and began walking towards the lobby door. I meekly

followed feeling the skirt swish and sway, completely exposing me front and

rear with each movement.

It felt like everyone was staring at me. Becky said it was my imagination but

I know for a fact that people were staring at me. And every little rush of

wind was exposing me totally. I was the center of attention every where I went

and I heard people laughing and making very unflattering comments about me.

Becky laughed at me the entire time. As embarrassing as it was, it was also

arousing. I was pretty damn horny!

As bad as it was standing in the restaurant lobby waiting to be seated, it was

far worse actually walking to the table. The teenage hostess snickered at my

attire but showed us to a table all the way in the back of the restaurant.

Naturally, this meant we had to walk past the maximum number of seated diners.

My partially exposed pussy was right at eye-level for them. Becky managed to

make a bad situation even worse as she grabbed me by the shoulder and slowed

my walk, increasing the distance between my exposed front and the hostess.

Finally, we were seated and I was blushing like a tomato. Becky couldn’t stop

laughing at me.

I ordered a double Bloody Mary and drank it quickly. I ordered a second one

before ordering lunch. I needed something to calm me down. I was in a very

public place and I felt naked. Becky slowly sipped a glass of wine. I had a

little alcohol buzz going by the time we ordered lunch.

“Now, call John and arrange to meet him at a public place. Maybe at a bar near

his office. If you’re going to shock him into conceding the bet, there has to

be lots of people around.” Becky was giggling as she gave me instructions. I

was already in to this plan too deeply so I just went along with her and made

the call. John laughed when he heard that I would be wearing the dress and we

agreed to meet right near his office. I figured having the chance that his

co-workers would see my partial nudity was my best chance to get him to

chicken out and let me win the bet.

My third drink arrived just as I was finishing my call. I was already feeling

the effects of the first two, but I didn’t slow down. It had been a long time

since I exposed myself and I needed a little of the liquid courage the alcohol

provided.

“Ok, sweetie, sitting here getting smashed isn’t going to get you back into

that old exhibitionist groove. It’s time for you to take a walk. I want you to

take a nice slow walk all the way around the perimeter of the dining room

before our food arrives,” Becky told me.

“Yeah, right. Everyone in the place will see my pussy if I do that,” I said,

dismissing the idea and returning my thoughts to my third Bloody Mary.

“Yes, they will. That’s the whole idea. Now, do I need to remind you that your

miles from home and I have the keys to your apartment? You’re supposed to be

an exhibitionist. Well, go exhibit something. You aren’t getting home without

showing off, no matter what happens, so you may as well do it the easy way,”

she explained.

“You’re blackmailing me for a ride home?” I sputtered. She was the same old

Becky from college. She was always pushing me to go further back then and now

she was doing it again.

“If it helps to think of it that way, then yes, that’s exactly what I’m doing.

If you didn’t want to show your puss you wouldn’t be here in that dress. So,

go do it. Walk slowly around the perimeter and let everyone see what you got.”

Becky was giggling at me. The giggling quickly turned to outright laughter as

I stood up. She was right. I did want to do this and she had given me just the

push I needed.

Chicken Part 3

I didn’t find out until much later, after the whole game of ‘Chicken’ was over

that Becky used my cell phone to call my husband while I was walking around

the restaurant, showing myself off. She filled him in on everything. She told

him she knew about the bet and was going to help him win it. She told him what

she had done to the dress. She even told him that I was taking a walk around

the dining room at Murphy’s Restaurant showing off my ass and pussy as she

spoke. She also made arrangements with John to make sure she and some of our

friends got to watch me give him a blow job. She told him to call me at 4:00

and to change the after work meeting from a bar near his office to the Food

Court of the local mall. She all but guaranteed that I’d be too scared to wear

the newly shortened dress there and the bet would be won today.

I was blushing beet red as I returned to my table. I had put on quite a show.

Nearly everyone in the crowded restaurant had seen me. It was a rush but also

very embarrassing. I could hear people talking about me and saw people

staring. Becky laughed, naturally. Before lunch was over she made me walk the

perimeter two more times and had an embarrassing discussion about the length

of my dress with the waitress right in front of me. I was a little drunk by

the time we left and just let the wind do what it would with the dress on the

walk back to the car. All told, I’m sure more than a hundred people saw my

pussy and butt while we were out. I survived the trip, though. Soon we were

back at my apartment. I had to pee badly so I went straight for the bathroom

when we got home. I slipped the dress off and walked out to the living room

nude.

“Oh my gawd, why did you take off the dress?” Becky asked with a grin.

“It’s just us here, why do I need it?” I answered. It’s not like it covered

much and I had been nude with Becky all morning.

“Well, it’s just surprising to me given the rules of your bet say you have to

cut two inches off it after each time you wear it,” she laughed.

“But, John doesn’t know I was wearing it. He doesn’t need to know, either.” I

retorted.

“Rules are rules. You know and I know. Do you want to win this bet based on a

lie?” Becky asked.

“Well, no, but…” I didn’t know what to say.

“You’re being stupid. You’re doing all of this to get your husband to lighten

up about your exhibitionism, right? You have a good marriage but you want

hubby to let you wear more revealing clothes and run around the apartment

nude, right? And yet, you’re willing to lie to him for a couple inches of

dress length? You complain that he doesn’t understand you. Did you ever think

that he will never understand you if you lie to him?” Becky had her

self-righteous attitude going and there would be no winning this argument.

“But the dress doesn’t cover me know. If I cut two more inches off it

everything is going to show!” I whined.

“That’s the bet you made, sweetie. Just because it was a stupid bet doesn’t

give you the right to cheat and lie now, does it? Give me the dress. I’ll cut

it for you and you can hem it up. It will show a bit more but your conscious

will be clear,” she chuckled.

I was beaten. I handed her the dress and cursed my own stupidity for the

hundredth time that day. I didn’t know if I could go out in public again with

the dress at the length it was at lunch time, much less with it two inches

shorter. It didn’t take Becky long to cut the dress and hand it back to me.

“I didn’t see the ruler so I guessed at two inches,” she said, grinning. She

had actually cut about 4 inches off the dress. When I hemmed it and tried it

on, the “dress” now ended about an inch below my navel. It wasn’t even a dress

anymore. It looked like a maternity blouse. Becky laughed hysterically.

“I cannot go out in public like this! I’ll get arrested!” I said.

“Then you’ll lose the bet. Don’t worry, though, I can help you,” Becky said.

“I really need the help, what do you suggest?” I said, clinging to my

desperate hope.

She laughed. “Well, if you’re gonna go out in public half naked, I’ll come

with for moral support. Or, I can give you some tips on giving blow jobs,” she

said.

“I am NOT giving up on this bet!” I yelled.

“Really? Think about this for a minute.” She took my hand and led me over to

the mirror. “Take a good look, sweetie. You’re kinda exposed here, don’t you

think? Can you really walk into a bar at Happy Hour dressed like this? Every

male eye will be on you. Every female eye, too. You don’t even have hair down

there to hide the fact that you’re wildly horny. Everyone will see your clit

poking out and your pussy all swollen up. This might be a bit embarrassing for

you.” Becky was mocking me and having way too much fun with all of this.

“Shit! Why’d you have to cut this so short?”

“Hey! Don’t blame me. Even if I cut precisely two inches off it, your entire

puss would have been uncovered. Unless you’re embarrassed by your hip bones

showing, the little extra material I cut off means nothing.” Becky answered. I

hated to admit that she was right again.

“So, do you need some tips on giving a blow job?” she asked, mocking me again.

Just then the phone rang. It was John calling. He told me he wanted to meet me

in the Food Court in the mall. I didn’t know what to say and hadn’t fixed my

mind to concede the bet, so I agreed. Becky collapsed on the floor in

laughter. Numbly, I hung up the phone.

“Wow! Are you actually thinking of going to the mall like this? I have to see

this!” she said.

“No, I can’t go to the mall like this. I’d get arrested for sure unless I died

from embarrassment first,” I said.

Reluctantly, I called John back. I got his voice mail and left a one-word

message: “Chicken.” I had to give up the bet and now owed him 10 blow jobs.

--- Two Months Later ---

Since the game of Chicken ended, my life has really changed for the better. I

gave John the 10 blow jobs he won. He totally embarrassed me by inviting Becky

and two of my other girl friends over to watch me give him the first one. I

was completely nude, of course, and I knelt in front of my husband and sucked

him off while my friends sat and watched, laughing and critiquing my

performance. John even let my friends photograph the event. I trust them all

to keep the pictures off the Internet, of course. They still tease me all the

time about it and Becky loves to tell everyone about my first real blow job

and show the pictures to them. John invited them back to see the 10th blow job

and once again my performance was critiqued and photographed. I did not learn

to like giving blow jobs, though. I regularly suck John’s cock for a short

period of time as foreplay, just to get him erect, but he has not shot in my

mouth since I finished the 10 he won. He’s fine with that, by the way.

Also, I have become a virtual nudist around the house. I am literally naked

all the time, even when we have guests. Not only is John OK with this, he

insists on it. We agreed that I would never wear anything in the house without

his permission. He hasn’t given permission yet despite having a cable TV

repairman come to the house and a super embarrassing visit from my Mom. I was

a nervous wreck as I greeted my Mom at the apartment door nude. She was cool

about it and laughed. I ended up giving her more details about my sex life

than I wanted to, but she understood the situation and had some fun with it.

She even started teasing me, asking if I planned to be naked when Dad visits.

It’s a little creepy for a 25 year old woman to visit nude with her parents

but John tells me that yes, I will be undressed if Dad visits.

I have also bought a couple new short dresses for public flashing. I only wear

panties when I’m having my period now and I flash somebody every time I go

out. John has gotten into it just like he was back when we were dating. He

also started taking pictures of me. He’s taken a lot. When we have people over

he gets the camera out and we have tons of pictures of me naked in a room full

of clothed people. We also started taking nude-in-public pictures. These are

fun and I’ve gotten completely naked in a number of very public places.

Finally, I’ve gotten much closer with Becky. I wrote earlier that I wasn’t

going to say much about my past with Becky. Well, I’ll tell you a little bit.

In college, Becky and I had a relationship. She was dominant and I was

submissive. We’ve resumed that relationship with the full knowledge of John.

Every Monday I clean Becky’s apartment. I clean in the nude, of course. We

have a routine where I clean in the morning, we go have lunch with me wearing

very little clothing, and then I clean some more in the afternoon. Late in the

afternoon she’ll inspect my work and if she finds something wrong (and she

always does) she spanks me before sending me home to John. By mutual

agreement, she makes me work very hard. It’s not playing and I work very hard

at cleaning her place. I enjoy the humiliation of keeping her apartment

cleaner than my own. For example, at home I mop my floors every couple of

weeks. I clean Becky’s floors on my hands and knees every week. I’ve never

washed my baseboards, ever. I’ve cleaned Becky’s every week. I have to work

hard and fast every Monday to finish.

I also see Becky most days of the week. I’m nude at her place, just like mine.

She gets way more oral sex than my husband does. I pamper her with messages, I

brush her hair, I paint her nails, and do her errands. She continues to push

me to do more daring things in public. She loves to embarrass me and make me

feel vulnerable. Lately, she’s been stripping me naked in public restrooms,

like in a mall or a busy hotel lobby and leaving me there for hours at a time

with no clothes. She also has tons of pictures of me naked.

My other friends tease me all the time, too. Naturally, when they come by the

apartment I am nude. When we’re out, they love to tell stories about me. They

also love to show pictures of me nude when they tell strangers about me.

I can be bitchy at times but I haven’t had a single argument with John or my

friends since I lost the game of Chicken. When you’re naked and everyone else

around you is dressed, it’s unlikely you’ll start an argument. Even in public,

my friends can always make me vulnerable, so I tend to go along. Nobody is

mean about it and except for Becky, nobody is pushy, either. It’s just that I

don’t have an equal say in things anymore, which is fine with me. No way do I

want to argue with someone who can instantly whip out pictures of me naked!

And I’d never argue with Becky, of course. Just being with Becky is a thrill

now because I never know what she’s gonna come up with next.

So, life for me now as a married woman is great. I get all the benefits of

being married with all the fun I had being single. Oh yeah, I forgot to

mention my new nickname. My friends now call me “Chicken.”

The end