**Damn Key**

by[Britease](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=972467&page=submissions)©

If I hadn't miss-spelled exhibitions wrongly then maybe I may never have got into it, but who knows? Maybe it was just in me and would have come out eventually anyway.

I was looking for an exhibition of drawings that I was interested in, and I'd drawn a blank on Google up till then. Then I tried just 'exhibitions' as a last chance in the hope that it might be listed, but typical of me I spelt the end completely wrong. That's how I ended up clicking on exhibitionists, having no idea what the word really meant. You'd think that by thirty-six, I would have known really, but I'd got married very young, and my life had been taken up with bringing up my two daughters. I'd had a happy if uneventful marriage, but now my daughters were more or less off my hands and I was bored and looking for some new interest. That of course was why I was looking for that exhibition but tumbled upon the strange world of exhibitionism.

It blew my mind a bit to tell the truth, and I could hardly believe it. I started by looking at some pictures that were free, of women doing the most incredible things. Taking their clothes off in all sorts of places, whilst someone photographed them doing it. Right from the start it got right to me, and gave me a thrill that I couldn't understand. Then I found a site, and spent hours pouring over pictures and even videos of girls stripping off and strolling down the road, or walking around shops. I imagined myself doing it and it got me really horny, though of course I could never really see myself actually doing something as daring as that.

Then I found another site, which did sexy stories and found myself reading about women doing the same thing, but this time with written descriptions of how they felt, and why they did it. It was riveting reading, and I began to really understand the appeal. A mixture of daring and thrill, with a risk factor of getting seen or even caught, combined with the simple pleasure of showing your naked body off to strange men who you'd never seen before. It became intoxicating. I came home every evening and logged on to see if anything new and juicy had been added to any of my sites, wishing I had the nerve to do it myself, but knowing that I'd have to enjoy this particular thrill second hand.

I worked part time several days a week up in town, and I found myself wearing my clothes a little more sexily. Not new sexy clothes, just an extra button left undone, going without a bra if I was feeling really brave, or on more than one occasion, borrowing my eldest daughter's short skirts without her knowing, and teaming them up with high heels. I felt a new me, and even my colleagues began to remark on it, saying I looked younger and sexier than they had ever known me before.

My husband? He never even noticed!

There was one particular chap who used to get the same train as me, and it became so obvious that he was eyeing me up. He'd never as much as talked to me, and in fact never did, but one evening as I stood there holding on in the crowded carriage, I started to imagine myself lifting my skirt up to flash him my panties, then undoing a couple of buttons and letting him peep in at my breasts. If he had only known what was going through my mind, then he would probably have gone potty, and grabbed me on the spot.

But I didn't ----- I just couldn't --- too frightened of course.

Walking home from the station that day, I felt so switched on, and halfway home I dipped into the doorway of a closed shop. Pretending that I then took my blouse and bra off, I waited till nobody was anywhere near, then boldly walked out in public, in my mind strolling down the road topless, my bare breasts swaying feely, just as I'd seen on the Internet. It was a strange thrill, a feeling of complete freedom, no doubt not as good as the real thing, but if you have a good sense of imagination like me, then an excellent substitute if you couldn't face really doing it.

I simply couldn't keep the grin off my face.

I saw someone coming in the opposite direction, and darted into another doorway till he'd passed, holding my arms protectively over my supposedly bare breasts, and breathing a sigh of relief that he had not caught me, which seemed so real that it sent my pulse racing, and other more intimate parts of me tingling. I managed to get the whole way home without anyone seeing my nakedness, only suspending the game when I had to cross two busy roads. Back in my house I almost ripped all my clothes off, and spent the rest of the evening walking about naked, dreamily promising myself that if anyone rang at the door, I would answer it like that. But of course nobody did, so my bravery was not tested.

My first real genuine test came just one week later, by which time, in my imagination, I'd walked home from the closed up shop totally naked a couple of times including nonchalantly crossing the busy road and causing a major twenty car pile up as the distracted drivers ogled my body. But reality is not so easy as it is in your imagination, so when an opportunity presented itself to truly take a risk, it was no easy decision.

It wasn't even all that daring, and a changing room in TopShop is hardly the most exotic of venues. However, there I was, already stripped down to my bra and panties, and about to try a dress on, when I realised that just outside the cubicle were two chaps waiting for their girl friends to come out. All I had to do was 'accidentally' elbow aside the curtain and stand in front of the mirror to give them a good flash. Better still, I took off my bra, and prepared for my first adventure.

I stood there, and I stood there, and I stood there.

I couldn't do it! I just couldn't do it.

I stood there with my breasts bared and ready, but couldn't bring myself to 'accidentally' scuff open the curtains. Me, who in my imagination had strolled naked down the street just the night before, and I couldn't bring myself to flash my bare breasts, even fleetingly, with a good excuse for it being an accident.

I never even tried on the dress, and I went home in despair, sure now that I'd never have the nerve to be even a mini exhibitionist. I was so disappointed with myself, to find out that this new thing was just not for me. I felt a failure, and with no real career behind me or anything, it left me feeling pretty low. I decided to drop the whole idea as a waste of time, and for the next few months I tried to drop it from my mind. I was partially successful, and at least the nagging need to show myself off only returned to haunt me from time to time.

I didn't really need to work, as hubby made plenty, though I seldom saw him as he was away so much. Our marriage was to be honest, going through a low patch, and had been for some time. I never normally went away with him on business, but wonder of wonders, totally out of the blue, I found myself jetting out to join him in what to me seemed to be some exotic location, though for him it was just work, some new hotel to be built.

He didn't even meet me at the airport, and the young local guy seemed almost frightened to talk to me, maybe thinking I'd complain to my hubby for his cheek. My journey to the hotel, through the crowded suburbs, thronging with people, was only made bearable by the air conditioning, and my excitement at the week ahead.

When I got to out hotel, at least my husband was there, but following the cursory kiss he gave me, I began wondering whether I should have bothered. My attitude soon changed when I saw the splendour of where we were staying, and what a superb room, or suite even, that I was to spend my six days in. It was sumptuous, with everything you could possibly want, including a large balcony that overlooked the huge blue pool in the pretty flowered garden right in the middle of the hotel. It was a hotel that my husband's company had finished only the year before. Our room was on the third floor, and from the front we had stunning views over the beach and the sea, but due to the slope of the ground, at the back, over looking the pool, our balcony was just a few feet up from the immaculately tended grassy surrounds. It was idyllic!

The first two days were wonderful, though I only saw hubby for dinner when he came home from work. I swam and sunbathed, read books, and even tried tennis, something that I hadn't done for some years. So, even when he announced that he would have to go away for one night, I didn't complain, as it wouldn't make much difference to me.

I hardly noticed him leaving, and it was only when I came back to my room in my new bikini, after spending the afternoon at the pool, that I realised I had the evening to myself. Actually not strictly true. I'd got chatting to a few other people round the pool, and had been invited to join them for dinner. I was quite looking forward to it, not least because one of them was a quite attractive single guy, Michel, who had been quite attentive to me. I'd no intentions of getting up to anything out of order, but none the less it was so nice after the lack of notice I'd had from my husband.

I stripped off and went for a long, long relaxing shower, and by the time I'd finished, fixed my hair, and put on a little make up, not much, but just enough to compliment my new sun tan. I was ready to get dressed and go down to the bar to meet my new friends, especially Michel, who I'd decided I might risk flirting with just a little.

But just a little!

I thought I'd just have one last look over the pool, and wrapping a towel round my waist, I went out onto the balcony. Just at the last moment I realised I was about to make an error. I'd discovered earlier to my cost that once closed, the self-closing door to the balcony locked, and there was no handle to re-open it. Apparently it was a security issue, but the last thing I wanted was to be marooned out on my balcony in just a small towel, with nobody around to call to help me. I popped back inside and grabbed the key, strolled out onto the balcony feeling pleased with myself and the world in general, and spent twenty minutes or so leaning over the rail, and admiring the light over the pool as the sun set and the shadows crept slowly across the gardens. It was truly lovely, and I felt so daring standing there just my hands covering my exposed breasts. I waited till the last person left the pool area, then taking a big breath to give myself courage, stood up straight, dropped my hands, and left my bare breasts on show for several moments.

God what a thrill! I don't think I'd ever been so aware of my breasts before.

As far as I knew, nobody had even been looking, but I couldn't be absolutely sure, and a shiver of raw pleasure ran through my body.

But enough was enough, and reluctantly I turned my back and offered the key up to the door. It was getting dark, as dusk falls very quickly in those parts, and I had some difficulty finding the lock. At first I giggled to myself at how hopeless I was, but as the minutes passed I got more and more frustrated. It was only then that it occurred to me that previously I had propped the door open, and that I'd never actually opened the balcony door that way before. There was no lock, at least not on the outside. " Damn it!" I thought. " What a stupid design. I bet my daft husband had something to do with this." I looked around, wondering what I could do. It was stupid. I felt stupid. The whole situation was damn stupid. Nobody was around to help, and I could be stranded there all night. I decided to tell my husband what a damn stupid design it all was. The only thing I could find on the balcony was a cheap silk scarf I'd bought in the market the day before. I'd used it earlier to cover my shoulders when I'd had enough sun, but at least now it would be enough to cover up my boobs.

Well ---- sort of.

The thought of dinner, and I must admit the company, especially Michel, made me decide to not hang around. It was just a short drop over the balcony and down to the gardens, which I could easily cope with. Then an easy, if slightly embarrassing walk in just a towel and my skimpy scarf, through to the front of the hotel, up a couple of flights of steps, and along a corridor to my room door, for which I clutched the key safely in my hand. Eight minutes or less, and I would be back in my room, and be able to get dressed to go to dinner.

I'd sort of fantasized about this type of situation, but I can tell you that the reality is quite different.

I climbed over the railing, and carefully lowered myself down to the grass below, dropping the last couple of feet. As I landed, I was glad nobody was around, as my towel fell off, leaving me standing there happy, but half naked.

I couldn't help but giggle to myself.

No problem! I picked up the towel and wrapped it back around my waist ----- semi-respectable yet again. Despite the gathering gloom, the garden was dimly lit, so it was no problem finding my way to the rear emergency exit where I knew I could make my way through to the rear of the main lobby. There I found my next problem ------ it was locked.

Again I cursed their security mania, blaming it all on my poor husband, realising that they must lock it in the evening after dusk. " Damn it!' I said aloud to nobody in particular.

I stood there for some time, not sure what to do. There was no point in going back, and the only other direct way back into the hotel from the garden was through the dining room. At the other end of the garden I could see the lights from the dining room, a rather stylish affair, and saw that it was already beginning to fill up with early diners, all in their finery. No way was I going to parade myself through there in what I had on. The towel was small, and for all I knew, the silk scarf may well be see through in full light. Thoughts that Michel might escort me back to my room were appealing, but in reality it just wasn't on.

No.

The only option was to go right round the hotel and back in through the main entrance. It wouldn't be that bad, as I knew there was a small door to the left, and with any luck I'd be able to creep by without too many people noticing.

I started off confidently, not exactly whistling happily, but not too worried, and still looking forward to the evening ahead, confident that I'd soon be back in my room. Once round the end of the building, and out of the garden, I found myself on a sort of terrace, and to my concern, my route became blocked by a set of railings, with a drop behind them.

" Damn it." I thought.

I'd forgotten that the ground sloped steeply to the front.

I looked over the railings and realised that it was not too bad. I could climb over the railings, and the drop was not too much. Further than the drop from my balcony maybe, but I had handled that so easily, that it gave me confidence that I could handle this obstacle. Climbing up and over the cold metal rails, I slipped over the top, and found myself falling a little faster than intended down the other side. I grabbed hastily at the rails to steady myself, breathing a sigh of relief as I caught hold, and gently lowered myself to the path below, the coldness of the concrete reminding me that I still had no shoes on. I also realised that I had grazed my knee against the wall while sliding down against it, but worse, as I bent down to rub it, discovered that my towel had disappeared.

Just wasn't there any more!

I scrabbled around in the semi-dark to retrieve it, my panic mounting when I couldn't immediately find it.

Where the hell was it?

Where had it gone?

I couldn't see or feel it. I searched even more desperately, getting down on all fours to look more closely, ignoring the pain in my already grazed knee. At last I thought to look up, and there it was, caught up on the top of the rails which I had just clambered over. I could see it, but no way could I reach it.

Damn it!

Bloody hell!

What should I do?

I looked around for something to climb back up with, but it was hopeless. The towel may as well have been on the moon, and I had no choice but to abandon it.

I undid the flimsy scarf, and tried to rearrange it between my legs and up over my boobs to cover myself all up, but it just wasn't possible, so I settled for wrapping it round my hips, covering my pussy, but leaving my tits bare. It wasn't even big enough to cover up my bum properly.

Better that way I figured than the other way round. Covering my boobs with my hands, in case someone surprised me, I continued cautiously down the path, somewhat less confidently than before, but still determined that I would some how or other still make my dinner date.

By now I realised what a difficult situation I had got myself into, and I found it hard to stop my legs shaking, as I concentrated on putting one foot in front of the other. I reached the next corner without incident, peeped round, and saw the coast was clear up to the final corner before the main road, and ultimately the front entrance.

A few deep breaths to give my self confidence, and I was off again, creeping along, terrified that any moment, someone might confront me, and wondering how on earth I could explain my plight.

A few minutes later, and I was peeping round the next corner. I was shaking all over, but I'd got there.

Not so good!

Busy Road.

Cars passing.

People walking about.

Brightly lit up.

I couldn't do it.

My mind went back to my imaginary naked walks down the high street, and I wished desperately that I was still pretending.

I was well and truly trapped, and had no option but to grit my teeth and go for it, so I planned my whole route out in my head, and figured I could be at my door within four to five minutes. A few people would certainly spot me as I ran to the entrance, but I'd be gone by the time they could react.

Once inside who knew?

I had no idea how many people would be hanging around, but hoped most would be into dinner by then. Carefully rearranging the silk scarf around my waist, covering myself as best as I could, I clutched one breast in each hand, took yet another huge breath, and made a dash for it.

By the time I'd reached the main door, several people had reacted to my flight. Bikini clad girls were quite the order of the day around the swimming pool during the day, even the occasional topless sunbather, but at that time of night, a pretty brunette with a good body, wearing just a skimpy, half see through fragment of silk round her hips could not go un-noticed.

Pushing through the revolving doors, frustrated that they would not go round faster, I felt as if I was in a display cabinet with everyone looking at me. At last I was through, and rushing through the lobby, not crowded, but with enough people that I had to swerve around them to avoid running straight into them. Everyone was looking at me, staring at me, and I felt my cheeks blushing, my legs going wobbly, unable even to keep hold of my boobs as they bounced around, plopping out of my hands and flashing everyone.

The door to the stairwell was just across the lobby, but seemed to be miles away, each step forward hardly seeming to make a difference to the space still to cover, till at last I got there, letting out a great sigh of relief as I left the crowd of guests staring open mouthed at me, and started to rush headlong up the first flight of steps, thanking my lucky stars that I had made it.

Where I crashed straight into a guy coming down!!

Full bore, head on, my head butting him straight in the chest as I rushed straight into him, not looking where I was going in my haste. We both tumbled over, falling back down a few stairs to the landing, ending up in a tangle on the floor, our limbs all entwined.

I leapt up, aware that some guests had followed me out of the lobby to see where I had gone to. I had to get away, get away quickly, but the end of my scarf was trapped under the guy I had knocked over, and had unwrapped as I stood up.

I tugged at it, pulled as hard as I could, and screamed at him to get off it.

The silly bugger just lay there staring up at me, no doubt wondering whether he was dreaming or not. A dream for him maybe, but the whole thing was turning into a nightmare for me, and I was left with no option but to run, and run I did, abandoning my scarf, and scampering up the stairs, now completely naked, not a stitch on, my breasts bouncing wildly at each step, praying that nobody was chasing me. I got to my floor and rushed along the corridor, not stopping to worry whether anyone else was there, unable to do anything else, even if there had been.

My eyes were misting up as tears of humiliation began to form.

I reached my door, double-checking the number, 16, not wishing to burst naked into someone else's room.

" Open the door," I cried to myself desperately. " Put the bloody key in."

The key!

Where was it?

"Where had the bloody key gone to?"

Oh no!

Oh my God no!

I no longer had the key.

I'd dropped it, but where? Where could I have lost it?

Despair flooded over me as I realised I must have lost it when I had fallen over on the stairs.

Oh God what was I to do?

Could my situation possibly get any worse?

There was only one thing left to do, and that's exactly what I did. What any other girl would have done in my position.

With a little sob, I collapsed in a heap on the floor outside my door, and lay there feeling extremely sorry for myself, fighting back the tears till I couldn't hold them back any longer. At last a single tear ran down my cheek, and was soon followed by floods of them, my sobs becoming louder and louder.

It was surprising that nobody staying on my level came along while I was in such a state. Or perhaps they did, and I didn't even notice them.

Eventually, some time later, I came round to my senses, and knew that I couldn't just sit there naked all night. I pulled myself to, stood up and tidied my hair, and wiped my smudged eye make up as best as I could. Looking around, as expected, there was absolutely nothing for me to use to cover myself up with. Everything was modern and stark, not even a rug or a curtain that I could make use of.

I made my mind up, and for the first time, I knew I could do it. Perhaps I was programmed to eventually do it.

I strode purposefully back along the corridor, my bare boobs swaying, and then down the stairs where I encountered my first people, a couple. They stopped in shock as I approached them, stunned by this nude young woman walking towards them as if nothing was wrong.

"Good evening," I said to them confidently, as if I didn't have a care in the world. If only they'd known how my heart was pounding. Once down the stairs, without stopping, I continued on into the lobby, and walked over to the reception. It was not as crowded as earlier, but some late night types were still hanging around, and every one of them must have turned and stared, enjoying the unexpected free show they were getting.

I made no attempt to cover myself up, being well beyond bothering about it by then, beyond caring about who saw my bare tits and exposed pussy.

The man behind the desk was dealing with someone else when I got there, and I had my first real fright, not imaging how I could just stand there naked waiting for my turn.

However the chap being served was a gentleman, or maybe wanted to stand back and ogle me. Either way, he took a step back, and I got immediate attention, demanding a spare key, not explaining how I had lost the other one.

With a bemused look on his face, he handed it over without a word, his mouth opening a few times, but no sound coming out.

"Thank you." I said to him.

"And thank you as well," I added, looking at the guy who had made way for me, daringly holding his eye for the briefest of moments, before turning on my heels, and heading back the way I had come, fully aware that the pair of them would be admiring my bare bum.

My cheeks were burning with embarrassment as my steps took be back through the lobby, but I could actually feel how rock hard my nipples were, thrust out there before me.

My insides gave a jump as I realised the guy I was about to pass was Michel, the one I had missed having dinner with some time earlier. If only I had just walked through the dining room before, not caring what anyone had thought.

" Hi,' came naturally to my lips, "Sorry about dinner. Something came up."

"Certainly looks that way," he replied with a huge grin on his face. "What happened?"

I know what I should have done.

It's bloody obvious what I should have done.

I should have just smiled at him and walked on. For God's sake, I was stood there completely naked in the middle of a hotel foyer. Of course I should have walked on.

"It's a long story," I heard someone saying. Oh bugger, it was me.

"I'm all ears," Michel grinned at me, so blatantly enjoying the situation that he found himself in.

"I'll bet you are," I responded, finding to my surprise that I was beginning to enjoy the thrill of it all.

"Fancy a drink?"

What a question!

What a stupid damn question!

A drink was the last bloody thing I had on my mind.

"Where?" Shut up ---- shut up you silly cow. Just walk away.

"My room?" he ventured.

"No bloody way." I wasn't that far gone.

"The bar maybe?" He suggested, obviously not wanting to lose me.

"Oh yer!" I came back. "Do you think I'm stupid or something? How many guys would there be in there at this time of night?"

"Seven ----- maybe eight ----- maybe one or two more."

God!

The idiot!

I was naked!

Cute as he was, did he think I was stupid? Did he think I was going to walk into a bar full of boozed up hunks?

Did I say hunks?

Oh bloody hell --- what was I thinking of?

No No Michel ---- No damn way am I going to walk naked into that bar with you ---- No bloody way!

"Just one drink maybe. A quick one."

I couldn't believe that I'd just said that!

A quick one ---- naked ----- bar ----- men ----- bare tits ------ pussy throbbing ----- nipples on fire.

Oh shit!

Michel slipped his hand round my waist, the first touch of his firm hand on my bare skin making me suck in my breath deeply.

"Michel, I'm not sure ....."

"Course you are honey," he countered, and led me, guided me towards the entrance to the bar.

The bar!

Bloody hell, the bar!

Full of strange men and I was stark naked.

"Hi guys," he started to say. "This is ......" but the rest of his words were lost in the exclamations of surprise, of pleasure, of damn right satisfaction.

"High honey."

"Evening gorgeous."

"Nice tits."

"Genuine blonde."

"Strewth!"

"I think I've gone to heaven."

"Come over here darling."

I heard it all!

And I loved it!

God, how I loved it!

The look on their faces as they stared at my nudity, and the way their mouths sagged open as their eyes explored my naked body.

I loved it!

"How does a girl get a drink around here?" I demanded, and within moments ten guys were clammering at the barman to grant me my wish.

I found myself being surrounded by the men, all wanting to get within touching distance.

"No touching!" I insisted. "Look all you want, but no touching." Surprisingly they complied, only to happy to stand round the bar in the company of a lovely nude lady. I relaxed, if that was possible, leant back up against the bar, and rested me elbows on it behind me. Golly that made my tits stick out.

When I arched my back for effect they stuck out even more.

I drank my drink ---- didn't recognise it ----- couldn't remember it, while chatting to the group of men, all of them trying to pretend that this sort of thing happened every day.

"Time we were going maybe." It was Michel. He was right of course ---- but I was enjoying myself.

"Hey! --- Who did that?"

They all looked at me like innocent schoolboys, but one of the buggers had groped my left tit.

I tried to act upset. Trouble was, I kept giggling.

"Shall we go now?" It was Michel again, and he was right. Another ten minutes or so, and the affable group around me would be sucking me and fucking me, and I really didn't want that. Or at least, I wasn't ready for it.

"See you guys," I called to them.

But!

"No goodnight kiss," one of them asked, and the others looked on hungrily.

I looked over at Michel, and he shrugged his shoulders. He wasn't my husband ----- what did he care?

I went to the first one and offered him my cheek for a little peck, which I got away with if you didn't count where he put his hand. The second one was somewhat bolder, and by the time the third one got his chance, it was tongues down the throat, hands all over my tits, and a huge erection pressing against my bare tummy.

I managed to pull away, but the next one took his place, and while he was busy snagging me, he was either an octopus with at least eight hands, or some of the others were getting impatient for their turn.

Couldn't blame them.

I loved it!

"Come on sweetheart," called out Michel, dragging me away from my admirers. "Got to get back to our room."

Our room?

But again I managed to break away, Michel pulling me and the others playfully refusing to let go. Blowing the others a kiss as I eventually escaped their clutches, shaking my bare boobs at them, and shaking my hips, as laughingly I allowed Michel to prise me away from them.

Did I really do that? Was that really me?

We reached the lobby --- people looking at me ---- pointing at me ----- likely lusting after me --- what did I care?

The lift ---- the corridor ---- and at last my bedroom door. Number 16, I remembered.

Michel opened the door for me ---- had I given him the key?

Was he going to come into my room with me?

Was I going to let him ....... Well you know!

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I woke up about midday the next day with a mild hang over. Michel? Well he wasn't there, and I hadn't let him into my room either.

Mind you! The hour or so we spent saying goodnight outside my door was really something. That Michel was very talented with his hands, but even more so with his mouth and his tongue. I wouldn't forget that evening in a hurry.

God ----- My husband was due back in less than an hour, and I had to get myself back into presentable order.

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"Hi honey," he greeted me." Had a good time while I've been away?"

"Not bad," I responded. "Not bad at all."

I circled him carefully all morning and eventually he went out to some silly meeting, coming back about mid afternoon.

He walked in.

He looked at me, and I knew I was in trouble, and that he had heard about my exploits of the night before.

"Sorry honey," I murmured, not knowing what else to say, but he launched himself into a tirade, swearing at me, abusing me and calling me everything under the sun.

Cow

Bitch

Whore

Slapper

Whatever! I couldn't stop him, and saw my marriage going down the tubes. Only one thing --- so I did it!

"What the hell do you think your doing you slut," he shouted at me, but I didn't stop.

"Don't think you're going to change my mind," he screamed as I slipped out of my dress.

"Don't think you're going to get round me like that," he cried, as I unclipped my bra, and threw it aside.

"Stop it you bitch --- stop it right now," he exclaimed, as I slipped my panties down past my thighs.

"Right husband," I said to him, as I stood there naked in front of him. "Do you really want the new me, or am I going down to the bar again like this? Make your mind up ---- and make it up quickly!"

He did, and I have to admit that the results were rather satisfactory.

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Two weeks later, back home, and even I wouldn't believe how much my married life had improved. My husband never neglected me again.

No complaints now, but was I the same woman?

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Another week on!

There I was, having finished work, and taken my train as usual.

The short walk home that I knew so well, would maybe never be the same again.

I found the shop ---- You remember, the empty one, and with a grin on my face crept into the entrance.

My top, my skirt, that bit was easy.

My bra and my panties were far more of a thrill.

This time it was for real!

With my clothes safely in my bag, I confidently stepped out into the street, the chill on my bare pussy sending a shiver through me, and the free swing of my breasts reminding me of my earlier adventure.

Oh my God ---- I had a sudden thought ----- I hoped that my little stroll, wouldn't really cause a twenty-car pile up!