Did You Ever Wonder, I Did

Mon Apr 16, 2007

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Did you ever wonder what it would be like to be naked in public and not be

able to get dressed, I did . The truth be told it excited me more than you

would ever know. The more I thought about it the more determined I was to try

it. At first I was going to try and keep it risk free but that didn't feel

right so I decided to go for broke and throw caution to the wind.

I thought that before I went for broke I would try a couple of simple test

runs to see if I really had the nerve to go through with my plan. My first

test was going to be taking the trash out naked The morning of my test I

checked to see if anyone was out before stepping out my front door naked as

the day I was born with the trash in hand and headed to the garbage can next

to the curb. I was scared to death that someone would catch me before I got

there and back but no one did. The next test was a little more daring, I

decided to go get gas for my SUV but the catch was I had to do it nude. Now I

wasn't willing to risk going to the station I normally use and was known at so

I went to one across town that was far enough away so that no one who knew me

should be there. I wore a sundress to the station and when I pulled in I

looked around before taking it off and stepping out to fill my tank, thank god

I could pay at the pump and didn't have to go inside but it still took a long

time to fill my tank and just as I finished a car pulled up and the two guys

inside it saw me in all my glory. I jumped in my SUV and got out of there in a

hurry. A block from the station I had to stop I was so nervous and excited.

Before I drove home I had to masturbate and get myself off.

Finally I was ready for the big day, it was a Friday and I had planned my day

out in advance. I had pulled out a dress that was getting to small for me and

a pair of shoes I didn't mind getting rid of. I had cleaned out my SUV and

removed every thing that could be used for cover, next I got my purse and

emptied it out, leaving only my house and car keys and my wallet. From the

wallet I took my drivers license's and ten dollars, I put that in the purse

and left every thing else. Next I took a pair of scissors and put them in my

purse. Then I got dressed for the day, I put on the dress and my shoes and

left the house and drove down town to the shopping district. I found a parking

deck and parked my SUV and left for the next part of my day. I went to the bus

stop and caught a bus to the park about a mile away and found a rest room for

my next part of the day.

Inside the restroom I found a stall and took the dress off and opened my purse

and took the scissors out and cut the dress to ribbons leaving it totally

useless. Next I took my shoes off , it hit me then here I was in a public park

about a mile and a half from my car naked with no clothes to put on to get

back to my car. Now came the hard part, getting back to my car without being

arrested for public nudity. I took a deep breath and stepped out of the stall

taking my now worthless dress and my shoes and put them in the trash and

walked outside and started walking back toward my car.

The trip back to my car was nerve racking as I walked down the street naked

with my small purse clutched tightly in my hand, knowing that if I lost it I

was in deep trouble. Cars driving by honked there horns and I had many people

walk by calling me a slut and a whore. The walk back took just over thirty

minuets and by the time I made it back to the parking deck my thighs were

covered with my juices and my legs were weak but I was thrilled by the ex

poser. As I approached my SUV I heard someone call my name, I froze in place,

it was Robert , the guy I had just started dating.

What happened next is another story.

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Tue Apr 17, 2007

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Hi, it's me Sue and Robert tells me I have to tell the rest of this story.

Robert followed me home from the parking deck and into my house. Once inside

he demanded some answers, and I felt as if I owed them to him so I ask him to

have a seat and bear with me as I explained it all to him.

We both settled down in my living room as I started to explain it to him. I

started by telling him this was something I had wanted to experience for years

and that it had just become to strong for me not to try it at least once. I

told him about taking the trash out and about filling up my SUV naked across

town before going for broke with this experience. I told him how it made me

feel inside, the power, the humiliation the extreme feeling of being free. He

sat through it all as I slowly laid it all out for him. Then he started to ask

me questions, such as did I intend to keep doing this now, was I aware of the

risks I was taking, was I prepared for my friends and family to find out about

my kinky desires. I did my best to answer his questions, telling him I most

likely would do something like this again, and yes I knew the risks and that

as far as my family and friends went, I could only hope that my friends would

understand and my family would never find out. I then ask him how this would

effect us and was happy that his answer was that he loved it and hoped I would

allow him to help me with it. He informed me that it was his dream to find a

woman who was comfortable with being exposed to other and now that he had

found one he wasn't about to let me go. He told me that from now on I was

going to be his little slut to play with and enjoy.

Over the next year we had several little trips where I was exposed naked or

nearly so in many different public places and at party's that we attended as a

couple. Then came the day he ask me to marry him. I was thrilled at the

thought and said yes. We started to plan the wedding that very day.

The wedding was six months later and was held in two parts. The first part was

for our parents and family and the second part was for the close friends of

ours who knew about my fetish and wouldn't be put off by it. The first part

was very simple and small and by all accounts was quite beautiful. I wore a

white from fitting dress and took place in my parents church. The second part

took place two weeks later in Mexico, and that was the one I will always

remember, that one I wore nothing but white heels and a garter. The next week

we spent in Mexico me completely nude the whole time, unless you count the body

paint I wore a couple of days. All this happened five years ago and I couldn't

be more happy by the way things have turned out, oh by the way we are now

expecting our first child so I guess my playing will be toned down from here

on.