**[Domesticity](http://cmnf.coccozella.com/board/viewtopic.php?t=1490" \l "p4830)** **[by ej](http://cmnf.coccozella.com/board/viewtopic.php?t=1490" \l "p4830)**

by [Bare-Belly](http://cmnf.coccozella.com/board/memberlist.php?mode=viewprofile&u=1575)

It all came about because I saw Pete take out his wallet in the cafeteria line. He had this large, two-compartment wallet. On one side, I could see his documents in a clear plastic, accordion envelope. On the other side, a similar envelope held his wife Gem's documents. Gem is a really beautiful and really shy woman. When Pete took her to a company activity, she'd cling to him all night long and all they'd do was slow dance and hug each other with a look of radiance in their faces. She's probably in her early thirties, with long blond hair down to her back, which she wore in one braid when at a formal party. Gem's probably about 4-foot 3-inches tall, with measurements of 36C, 29, and 40.

We sat down at a free table and were joined by Mark and Angela. I was really curious and asked, "Pete, don't you worry Gem will need her documents while you have them here?" Pete's a big guy, and he looked up from his food with an expressionless face that made me involuntarily put together the fingers of both hands and prepare to take a jump back and out of my chair. Pete's also probably the gentlest soul you will ever meet, once you know him. "Oh, no," he said, "she never goes anyplace without me." He took a big forkful of corned beef hash and seemed to relish in the bliss of the food. Everybody at the table was looking at him. He swallowed and continued, "She wouldn't need those documents anymore than she needs to wear clothes at home."

Now he really had our undivided attention. "What do you mean?" Angela asked. Pete went on. "Of course she dresses when I drive her out someplace. But as soon as she is back at home, she takes all her clothes off and puts them back in the closet and the drawers." Mark asked, dumbfounded,
"How can she do that?" Pete did not seem to grasp the meaning of the question, because he said, between smaller bites of corned beef,
"I got her three sets of identical clothes, plus the black dress for serious occasions." It must be true. We had always seen her wearing the same blouse and skirt combination when she accompanied Pete. Or the same black all-purpose dress, with suitable jewelry, at more formal parties. Always open shoes without any stockings

Pete went on, "Oh, she has a good apron for kitchen work. Safety first, you know. And a smock and rubber boots for yard work. Can't have her go naked in public." Pete beamed. "Or with other folks around." He concluded, "Otherwise, as soon as we get home, she gets down to her birthday suit."

Angela, the model professional woman, tried to hide her outraged discomfort.
"But then, Pete, you are treating poor Gem like an ignorant serf!" She said with just a touch of indignation.
"Not at all," Pete continued, "Gem agrees with me that a woman's place is at the home, as long as the man fulfills his obligation to support her completely. She has her education and degree, but she loves the way things are. Of course, if ever she wished to part, I would not coerce her in any way and would support her until she could take care of herself. Fortunately, I make enough here so that is not a problem." He paused, then added, a bit sadly, "Unlike with my mother."

I was a bit scared to ask, but did it anyway.
"What happened with your mother?" I said, trying not to sound ominous.
"Dad didn't make enough to support the whole family, so Mom had to work in her profession as a school teacher. The old man would only let her out of his sight when she worked as a teacher and was in charge of all those students. As soon as he brought her back home, he'd have her strip completely and spend the rest of the day naked until it was time to go to work. That's how it was since before my sister and I were born. But since I can remember Mom just went about the house doing all the chores in the buff. She was a really pretty woman."

"You're pulling our leg!" Mark almost shouted. At all this, Pete's natural tone of voice had not invited anyone else's attention.
"Why should I?" Pete replied with a surprised raise of his
eyebrows. "They saved a lot on her clothes, as both Mom and Dad said. She had only three outfits, just like Gem now. And Mom liked the freedom of going nude most of the time. Dad sure liked having her available like that at all hours."
Angela gave a gasp, and Pete winked and smiled,
"They went to their bedroom, what did you think? But my sister and I peeked." Pete had almost finished the food and lunchtime was about over.

"By the time Dad passed away," he continued, "my sister and I were grown. I don't think Mom ever got used to wearing any clothes around the house when she lived alone. Only when strangers would come over, which sort of unsettled her. Until she passed away, she'd just wear her smile when my sister or I came visiting." Pete paused, remembering fondly. "She did put on a robe when I introduced Gem. And she spent a couple of hours talking to her in private. Girl stuff about what Mom called female domesticity, I guess."

Mark whispered, "More like domestication." Angela found her voice again,"I'd never have thought." She said. Pete stood up and said, "I am sure your husband and you do the same as my Mom and Dad, since you work." He seemed truly astounded at our reaction to his story.
"What is so strange?" He probably did think we had the same so-called domesticity regime for females in every home in the nation.

Last week I stopped by his place and Pete had me wait talking with him at the door while Gem got 'presentable'. Then, we all sat in the living room. Pete announced that Gem was now with child and asked me to feel her. She never said a word, but with her usual loving smile to Pete she stood in front of me and let me put a hand over her slightly protruding tummy. I couldn't help noticing she was barefoot, barelegged, and wasn't wearing any underwear under the blouse and skirt.

Pete stood up from the cafeteria table. Looking at his watch, he said "Oops, back to the grind." We just looked at each other. Then stared after him open-mouthed and watched him go.