**Embarrassed Nude Female**

by llkop

**Embarrassed Nude Female – Part 1 of 2**

*I begin to fulfill my wife's fantasy of becoming an Embarrassed Nude Female.*

**Friday Afternoon**

I came home from work to find my wife upstairs in our bedroom, where she was sitting cross-legged with her laptop on the bed in front of her. I smiled as I entered the room. It was unusual for my wife to be sitting here instead of the living room downstairs.

“I want to be her,” my wife said, motioning to the screen of her laptop.

I frowned a little as I took off my coat. This was an unusual statement for my wife to make, as she is very attractive and doesn’t normally have an image crisis over seeing a pretty woman online.

“What do you mean, sweetie?” I quizzed.

She said nothing whilst tilting her head towards the screen once more. I cast my gaze to her laptop that revealed a Tumblr page showcasing women publically exposing themselves in open areas, secluded woodland and even on a busy street.

I played dumb whist my wife explained the premise of an ‘embarrassed nude female’. I knew damn well what it was, and I loved the thought of her exposing herself - I’d just never brought it up with her. I listened intently until she was finished talking about these women and what she wanted to try.

“So what do you think?” she asked. “Are you up for that?”

I smiled and nodded, deciding to keep it to myself that I’d thought of this situation many times before.

**That Night**

We had a few drinks from when we ate, further discussing what my wife wanted. We continued to drink into the evening, my wife looking for a little ‘Dutch courage’ I think. We watched some crappy Friday night TV and a film until it got dark. Our front room overlooks a street, busy with traffic during the day but dead at night, however, at the weekend, the street was used by plenty of drunk people heading home from town. We left the window ajar with some music on very low so we could hear anyone coming down the street.

My wife sat in a chair that I had positioned looking out the window. She wore only a dressing gown and a smile. We sat in the dark so nobody could see in but we were able to see out. Footsteps echoed down the street along with a man talking; he could be on the phone or having a very one-sided conversation.

“Are you ready, darling?”

She nervously nodded. I listened closely for the footsteps to get to the just the right spot. When I thought the moment was right I flicked the light switch on, my wife disrobed and stood up to reveal herself to the street.

It was a man, on his own, speaking on the phone. My wife walked slowly towards the widow as if she were about to adjust the curtains. With her left arm by her side she reached out with her right arm and grasped the curtain, and that is when he looked. The stranger in the street looked straight into my home and cast his eyes over her naked body. His conversation stopped dead, his head transfixed in my wife’s direction as he kept walking by, but at a slower pace than before. My wife having pretended not to have noticed him until now, feigned embarrassment beautifully. Acting very innocently, she caught eyes with the stranger and was ‘outraged’; she poorly attempted to cover herself but fumbled at every attempt.

After she felt that he had had his fill of her embarrassment, she threw the curtains shut and burst into laughter.

“Oh my God, I’ve never felt so amazing! He didn’t expect a thing, and when it happened he had no idea what to do.”

I congratulated my wife on her new-found exhibitionist side and encourage her to go again. She agreed to the same set up as before so I set it up and then we waited.

Around fifteen minutes passed before he heard a group of footsteps, maybe six or seven pairs. Plenty of raised voices of men and women, a mixed group would be good for her confidence I thought to myself. Again we waited until the opportune moment before switching the lights on.

The lights illuminated the room and my beautiful wife. I wasn’t sure if the group were going to see my wife this time, they seemed too caught up in their own drunken conversation.

“*Look!*” one of the women shouted as she pointed to my wife.

The group stopped and silently ogled my wife, once again pretending not to notice their prying eyes. There were seven members of the group, three women and four men. This time she stretched her arms over her head and closed her eyes, turning as she did so to reveal more of herself to the window. She heard one of the men shout something and instantly spun on her heels and looked mortified, once again fumbling to cover herself and close the curtain.

Her showing off had made my wife very horny apparently, as she pulled me to the floor of our living room and we made passionate love, during which she told she wanted more. More risk and more eyes.

**The Next Morning – By the Sea**

I parked the car on the far left of the bay car park that overlooked the sea. I picked this spot because there would be no kids, as families use proper beach further north. There were already several cars parked in the area but we were unable to see if they were occupied or not because of the way the sunshine was reflected by their windows.

I told my wife to get out and take the holdall from the backseat and read the note inside. She smiled and exited the car. I locked the car as soon as she closed the door behind her. She looked in through the window and I just smiled back.

She read through the note which explained my plans. I read through what I had written earlier in my mind as my wife read it outside. My note told my wife that these cars may or may not be occupied, that there was a golf course overlooking the area and a heavy goods transit route passing through the coast road as well.

The holdall contained a complete change of clothes including underwear. My note told my wife that she was to completely strip down including her socks and shoes then to fold all of those clothes neatly and place them onto the car bonnet. Next she was to dress in the clothes I had provided in the bag and replace them with the clothes she had taken off. Only then would I unlock the car. She smiled and began to strip off.

She started with her top half, quickly removing her shirt and bra, exposing her breasts to the cold sea air which instantly turned her soft pink nipples into hard protruding bullets. Next she pulled her trousers down and as she reached to take her feet from them a large lorry passed by us, we were unsure if she had been seen until the driver honked his horn. My wife heard my muffled laughter through the closed car doors and stared me straight in the eye. She was loving it.

She finished getting naked uninterrupted and began to fold her clothes. Something struck me just then - she wanted to be the ‘embarrassed nude female’ from the website, so I thought, 'Let’s make her embarrassed.' I slammed the car into reverse, pulled out from the parking space and drove slowly until I reached the other side of the car park, counting eleven cars as I drove past them. My wife stood, stunned, until I had parked up on the far right.

She walked, barefoot and naked, in front of all the parked cars showing each of them her naked body. I sat in our car with a massive grin on my face watching her come towards me. She grabbed the holdall and threw on the change of clothes and came back into the car.

She playfully called me a bastard and then admitted what a good idea it was. Seven of the cars were occupied by people eating breakfast or just enjoying the view.

We sat for several minutes until she calmed down, then uttered the words, “What’s next?”

**That Afternoon – The multi-storey**

I pulled up the car by the stairwell on the ground floor of a local multi-storey car park and told my wife to undress apart from her trainers, as she would be needing them. I explained that we were going to have a race. I would take the car to the top floor of the car park and she was to take the stairs. She smiled, no doubt thinking this would be a cake walk as nobody ever used the stairs because there were more than enough lifts to serve the car park.

She bolted from the car as I began to make my way up the continuous ramps, but my wife didn’t know what I knew about the car park. They had recently installed a valet service which were stationed in an office on the top floor connected to the stairwell exit. I of course beat her to the top and had enough time to open the door to the valet office in order to see my wife’s embarrassment. The door to the stairwell burst open and my naked wife strode through the adjoining glazed corridor to the office. She turned her head and stared through the office, scowling at me, her boobs jiggling gently with each step that she took.

I had tricked her, but it was all for her benefit. I knew that she was loving having the half-dozen guys watch her. I exited the office and watched my wife’s perfect ass sway with each step she took towards our car. We entered the car, and she thanked me for the effort I put into making her truly embarrassed.

I drove us to a hotel just outside of town that we were going to spend the night at and have a bit more fun.

**Embarrassed Nude Female – Part 2 of 2**

*I continue to fulfill my wife's fantasy*

**Recap**

So I had begun to fulfill my wife’s ambition of becoming an Embarrassed Nude Female by exposing her firstly to strangers passing by our window at night. I then took her to the beach to expose her to the elements and finally I had tricked her into walking through a valet office totally naked. This is how that weekend concluded…

**Saturday Evening – Room Service**

I had decided that a hotel just out of the city would do for this evening, as it would be very unlikely for us to run into anyone that we knew. We were both getting hungry so I told my wife to have a shower then we would get something from room service.

She immediately stripped off and jumped into the shower. I phoned down to reception and ordered our meals and was told that it would be approximately twenty minutes. I entered the bathroom and enjoyed the view that my wife was providing. By speaking to her and aiding her wash, I had managed to keep her busy until the knock on the door of room service.

I handed my wife a white t-shirt that I had packed; it was mine, so it was plenty long enough to cover her body. I shook my head as she reached for a towel; I wanted to wear this t-shirt. A grin spread across her face as she realised what I wanted to happen.

“Just coming!” she shouted to the room service delivery boy. She accepted the white t-shirt and pulled it over her soaking wet naked body. The material instantly became transparent and everything of my wife’s was on show. Clinging to her curves, it stuck to her legs and ass, showing her neatly trimmed dark bush through it as well.

“Act like it’s covering you and that nothing is out of the ordinary,” I instructed her, “I will stay here and watch you.”

My wife walked over to the hotel room door and casually opened it.

“Sorry, I was in the shower,” she told the young man as he pushed a trolley into the room. I saw the smile grow on his face as he passed my exposed wife. He left the trolley in the middle of the room and turned to leave.

“How much do I owe you?” my wife asked, in a hope to turn him to her once again.

“Nothing, miss, it will be added to your bill,” he answered as his eyes scanned every inch of my wife. “Just give reception a call when you are done and we will collect the trolley.”

My wife thanked the man and closed the door on her first up close and personal embarrassment. She laughed and screamed in excitement as she burst through the ajar bathroom door to hug me.

“What’s next?” she asked.

**That Night – The Hotel Bar**

I had told my wife that we were going for a drink that night and that she was to wear a black sheer top that I had packed for her. The material was just dark enough that it was only see through with the correct lighting.

After a few drinks to loosen the inhibitions, we sat in a booth in the hotel bar. The booth was top lit from spotlights that were just bright enough to show how transparent her blouse actually was.

We sat for a few hours letting the bar full of individual men try and subtly glance at my wife’s breasts. The air conditioning within the hotel was just on the right side of cold to harden her nipples, causing them to push against her top.

I made sure that I was the one to the drinks every time, leaving my wife alone in the booth for as long as possible each time. I came back with only a drink for my wife and told her that I would be back shortly. I slowly walked up to our room and waited, watched some TV and waited some more. Around thirty minutes had passed before I decided to go back down to see my wife.

She was still sitting in the booth when I arrived with another round of drinks for us, her breasts still showing beautifully through her top, except now there were two men sitting in the booth on either side of her.

They had clearly had a few drinks and fancied their chances with a woman showing off in a hotel bar, maybe thinking that she was a prostitute looking for clients. I rejoined the table and passed my wife her drink. The men looked unsettled despite their level of intoxication. I reassured them that it was fine and encouraged them to act like I wasn't there, and to keep talking to my wife.

We continued to drink and the other men discussed my wife body as she smiled politely and did everything she could to press her breasts against the fabric. After a few more drinks she decided that the fabric was too constricting, so she preceded to remove her shirt. This is exactly what I was hoping for, for my wife to take her nudity into her own hands.

She sat with her arms by her side allowing a full view of her breasts for anyone who happened to look in our booth. The two men smiled at each other as my wife encouraged them to get closer and fondle her. They both reached out and cupped her breasts and tweaked her nipples. She was loving it, letting out gentle moans of pleasure as the strangers played with her.

I was getting harder by the second. With every pinch they gave my wife my cock jumped in my trousers. This was becoming too much to handle, but I sat and writhed in my seat until my wife had had her fill.

We sat for a few more minutes until my wife couldn't take any more touching and excused herself from the two gentlemen. She took me by the hand and led me to our room, not bothering to fasten her blouse so that her tits were exposed with every other step that we took.

We laughed and kissed the whole way back to the room, where we fucked, pressed against the seventh floor full-height glazing. I took her from behind forcing her tits flat against the glass, totally exposed to the city.

**Sunday – The Concert**

I blagged our way into a small concert in an underground nightclub having known the doorman for a number of years. My wife was dressed in only a dress and some boots, fitting in quite nicely to the heavy metal crowd.

We decided to sit by the bar through the first two bands, giving the club time to fill with people and my wife to build her courage. Just before the headline band began to play we pushed our way into the middle of the crowd where a mosh pit was sure to break out sooner or later.

The pushing started as expected after one song, and then began to quickly escalate. My wife was getting really into it; she may be short but boy can she handle herself. She danced, jumped and spun around, flailing her arms and holding her own against some of the biggest guys there. I picked my moment when I wouldn't be noticed and when it would be blamed on an accident.

When my wife was close enough to me I reached my hand out and slipped it into the join at the back. Her strapless dress was held up by a mere twelve popper-style buttons up her back. I pulled at her dress causing almost all the buttons to fly open, leaving only two. The continuing mosh pit completed the rest of my task. The rowdy music lovers bashed into her and she fought back.

The last two buttons popped causing her dress to fall to the ground revealing her naked body to the crowd. The music continued to play and the crowd continued to sway and jump. I disappeared back to the bar. Raised above the stage area, I could see the entire crowd surrounding my nude wife. I watched as a hundred hands reached out and touched her as she pushed her way to the front.

She made it to the front, hands still touching her all over, when the singer reached out and pulled her onto the stage. She looked scared, but only for a second. Her fear was replaced by joy when her eyes caught mine over the crowd. The music continued, as the saying goes ‘the show must go on’, and she was now part of the show. She jumped into the crowd, surfing her way towards the back. Those same hundred hands poked, prodded and grabbed at my wife’s body as she passed by above them.

I ran to meet my wife at the back of the crowd and helped her down. We ran out of the door and straight into my car which was parked in the next street. We left her dress with the crowd, a memento for the evening of a young naked woman who worked her way through the crowd and loved it.