**Exposed**

by Mary

Hi, my name is Mary and I have a story to tell you. First let me say that all

I will tell you is true and to the best of my memory is how it happened.

A little about me first, I'm now 40 years old but am told I look much younger.

My hair is brown my eye's are hazel. I'm 5'5 and weigh in at just 125 pounds.

My measurements, well I won't say but I still catch my share of looks,above

average I guess. My breast are still pretty firm, no sag yet and my hips are

firm and full and my waist is small.

I own a small women's clothing store here in the middle of Virginia and that's

where the story starts. I opened for business about ten years ago after a

messy divorce from the only man I had ever been with after I caught him

sleeping with our neighbour.

I was brought up in a very conservative life style and always dressed the

part, and if I'm going to be completely honest my sex life was on the boring

side for most, just the standard missionary style and that was what had my ex

husband playing else where I guess. I never was willing to explore other

things till after the divorce and a year or so had past. Even then it was hard

to let myself go. That is till I meet him, a man who wouldn't take no for a

answer and had the confidence it took to take control.

Ron was the sales manger for one of the leading clothing lines for young women

that we carried at my store and shortly after our first meeting he questioned

why I never wore any of his line. I explained to him I felt they showed to

much for most women to ware and where just to sexy for me. As time past we

became close friends and soon started seeing each other away from work. Well

one thing led to another and soon we were even going on vacations together,

that's when he started taking charge.

We had gone to Florida, Key West and when he saw my one piece swim suit he

told me that would never do so that day he brought me a new bikini, one that

showed entirely to much of me I thought. At first I refused to even put it on

but he kept telling me to let go and before I knew it I had it on and to my

shock and surprise I liked it! The next day at the beach he suggested we take

a walk through town and enjoy the sites. I wanted to go back to the hotel and

change but he wouldn't hear of it, saying I should let go and relax and do as

the other women around here did so I did. I felt so out of place parading

around in something that showed so much of my body, my breast were almost

spilling out the top and my butt was all but completely on display. It was so

humiliating, looks I got from the men around, I could almost feel them

undressing me further with there eye's and in there minds, but I also felt

something else, excitement. He took me all over, to lunch at a sidewalk cafe

to a couple of bars and to a place where they did body painting. I watched as

women undressed and were painted and left the shop wearing nothing but the

paint on there bare skin, I was shocked. That night we had sex for the first

time.

The next day we spent in the hotel talking about my past marriage and why it

failed, much of it my fault I guess, but also about how I could change things

if I wanted. I told Ron I wanted to change but didn't know how to do it. He

ask if I wanted help and if I trusted him enough to let him help. Thinking

back it really didn't take long to decide I did trust him and I really did

want to open up some. That day for the first time I knew what I had been

missing. We went out for dinner and dancing and more conversation

on the changes he was going to make in me.

Exposed 2

Hi, it's me again.

When we returned home Ron came by my place to check my wardrobe to see what I could keep and what had to go. As you can guess most of my stuff had to go.

After looking every thing over and filling several black plastic garbage bags

Ron told me that tomorrow we would be going shopping.

Shopping with Ron was a very trying day as he picked out things that never

before would I have worn. Clothes that showed more of me than I wanted but to

tell the truth it excited me. The most trying part of it all was his rule that

underwear was forbidden. He had throw away all but a few bra's and thongs so

my choices were very limited.

When I walked into work the girls that worked for me were surprised at how I

was dressed. A skirt that came well above my knee's and a blouse that you

could almost see through, the fact I wasn't wearing a bra became very

apparent. All day long I suffered the looks of the girls who worked for me as

well as some of my customers. Most of the girl's mentions that they liked the

new look so that helped but still I felt embarrassed by all the attention.

When I returned home Ron was waiting for me and ask how my day had gone. I

told him how it made me feel and he told me to just relax and go with the

flow. Later we went out to eat. When we went out he had me change clothes

again, this time into a much shorter skirt and a blouse that was even more see

through, I almost died when I looked into the mirror to see how I looked. My

face and the rest of me was blushing a deep red and I didn't know if I would

be able to step out the front door. Ron assured me that all would be fine.

At the restaurant the waiter's eye's never raised above my breast, but he did

notice the length of my skirt and seemed torn about where to look. All through

the meal I was trying to cover my breast and to pull my skirt down more, that

is till Ron told me to stop and enjoy the attention I was getting.