**Fiona's Trip to the Lake**

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I’m married. I love my husband. It’s just that sometimes I do stupid things that get me into trouble. I want to stop, but it seems that some way, some how I still end up in situations where I feel embarrassed or humiliated. My husband at first was not happy, but now he just shrugs.

Anyway, we had planned a trip to our lake for the weekend. Steve invited some of his friends from work to come along, none of which were women. So I asked him if I could invite a friend. I asked Annie. She is a teaser and flirty. She doesn’t mind the looks that make me blush. She doesn’t mind showing a lot of leg or going braless. I do. I get embarrassed when I feel like too much of me is on display. It’s just me.

We took off early Friday in our van. We have four captain’s chairs and a back couch seat that will make into a bed. The back end was stuffed full of bags and food and liquor for the weekend. The guys Steve had invited drove over. I let them get in the front with Steve and I sat on the couch in the back. We picked up Annie. She was wearing a crop top and a pair of tight shorts. You could see the panty line they were so tight! I had on a polo shirt and a pair of baggy shorts and underwear. I wasn’t about to show too much to anyone. After a couple of hours we pulled off at a rest stop and Steve got out the cooler. We found a spot away from every one and sat on the ground. Steve broke out a bottle of wine and uncorked it. We sat and drank wine and nibbled on cold cuts, cheese and crackers. It was nice to get out and stretch.

Now, I am not a drinker, so I tried to be careful, but Annie kept topping off my glass. I sipped but the more I did, the tipsier I became. Steve opened another bottle of wine. Annie kept topping my glass off until I was giggling stupidly at almost any remark. Steve kind of looked at me and I decided to be good. When it was time to clean up and leave, I had two-thirds of a glass left. Annie told me not waste it so I drank it down. When everything was packed and we were back in the van, Annie and I chatted while kind of looking at the guys. Soon, with the wine I had drunk and the sun shining in the window, I was sleepy and a little drunk.

Annie suggested that I lay down, and I did. She had me put my head on her lap and soon I was asleep or probably more passed out. This is what happened after I didn’t know what was going on. Annie called to Steve.

“Steve, Fiona is out like a light. I think she needs to get more brave, don’t you?”

Steve, I was told just grunted and then replied.

“She never does anything flirty. She blushes and gets embarrassed.”

“Well, I don’t think she has a clue right now. I think she needs to loosen up a little.”

Steve laughed. The other guys were listening very interestedly.

“You don’t mind if I tease with her a little bit, do you Steve?”

“Go ahead, Annie.”

I don’t think my husband really knew what a nasty bitch Annie could really be. I know I didn’t and she was my friend.

Anyway, she reached down and pulled up one of my legs and took off my shoe and footie sock. Then she pushed it back down and did the same to the other. She pushed both legs over the edge and pushed me up so I was sitting, sort of.

As I was sitting and leaning against her she took a grip on my shirt and began to pull it up.

“Fiona, lift your arms up.”

In my haze from drink I obeyed. Annie kept pulling up and my shirt was soon over my head. She held me up and with one hand undid my bra clasp. Then she laid me down again with my shirt over my head and arms trapped. She worked it off and dropped it on the floor next to my shoes and socks. The guys in the captain’s chairs closest to us turned them so they were facing backwards, looking directly at Annie and I. I was told Steve looked in the rear-view mirror and started laughing. The guy in the front now turned and was peering between the seats. I was lying down showing my bra.

“Should I go further?”

Three guys excitedly saying yes followed that. Steve just shrugged. Annie reached down and undid my shorts. She started tugging them down, one side, then the other until they were below my ass underneath me. Then she pulled my legs up, reached between them to grasp the waistband of my shorts and pulled them to my knees. My panties were now showing, my granny panties.

“Kick your feet Fiona.”

In my wine-induced haze I did and my shorts slipped to my ankles, then off, sliding to the floor of the van.

“Umm, feels cooler. It’s nice.”

“Yes, it does, Fiona, Steve turned the air on.”

“That’s nice.”

I was drunk enough that I still didn’t have a clue.

“Further Steve?”

My husband glanced in the mirror and grinned.

“Do I really have a choice? It looks like you have her Annie.”

I was lying on my back in an unclasped bra and granny panties, that’s all. And Annie was grinning at the guys who were staring at me.

“What do you think guys? Should I stop?”

“No fucking way!”

“Why would you stop now?”

“Well, I’d be showing you more of her than anyone except Steve has seen. Too bad she isn’t sober enough now to enjoy it.”

Annie reached down and pulled my bra straps from behind my back, then she slid my arms out of the shoulder straps and left my bra just lying on my boobs. As the van hit bumps in the road my boobs jiggled and bounced, and the bra slipped little by little. I was still clueless. Steve looked in the mirror and laughed and Annie now knew for sure he wouldn’t care what she did to me.

We hit more bumps and I bounced and jiggled until my bra slipped off me and fell on the floor of the van. I don’t have really big boobs, but the are full and sag. I have big nipples. My boobs sagged to each side of my chest, but they jiggled nicely for the guys. Annie watched one of them adjust his pants. She smirked. The guy looked kind of embarrassed.

Now Annie started to tug on the sides of my panties, pulling them down on one side and then the other. I was showing more and more skin all the time. Some how she got me to roll up on my side so my ass was facing out and she pulled my panties down until my ass was bare. She pulled the top side of my panties down as far as she could, then started teasing my pussy hair, making me squirm.

I squirmed around and she teased until I was facing the guys. Then she pulled down the other side until my panties were halfway down my thighs. I guess eyes were bugging out by now.

Then she started teasing my thighs so I would work my legs back and forth and as I did, my panties slid down further until my top knee was through them. Some how she got me to turn over again until my back was to the guys. She started teasing my thighs again so I would work my legs back and forth. My panties slid down further and further until they were around my ankles. Finally one foot pulled out of them completely. The van bounced over bumps, I jiggled and finally my panties just fell off. I was naked, completely bare assed naked, and I didn’t even know it.

Annie told one of the guys to get her bag and stuff my clothes into it, which of course he did. Stupid request, wasn’t it? Anyway, now that I was naked, Annie rolled me onto my back and let me bounce and jiggle away for a while.

After she got tired of that, she pushed me up until I was sitting, half leaning against her. She put my arms on the back of the seat so I wasn’t covering anything and sort of pushed my ass forward so my pussy was more visible.

If I would have known at the time that this was happening to me, I would have died of embarrassment, but I still had no clue. You all know how a really drunk person is. Well that was me.

I just sat there, eyes closed, in a daze, with my tits and pussy hanging out. The guys all thought it was great seeing me naked. They wanted to come back and touch me, but Steve said no to them. They could look but not touch.

It was about two hours later that I started to wake up with a headache from the wine. When I realized that I was naked I immediately crossed an arm across my tits and shoved the other hand between my legs, clamping my thighs together and screaming at Steve. He let me go on until I ran out of breath.

“Fiona, they’ve seen it all already. I don’t think there is any reason to be shy any more. I think they all could describe your tits and pussy anyway,”

One of the guys snickered.

“Yeah, her lips are big and the inner ones stick out past the outer ones.”

I turned red as a beet. Assholes! He definitely had seen my pussy. I looked at each one of them and they were smirking at me. I asked Annie to get me some clothes. She just smiled at me and did nothing. My bag, I knew was at the bottom and there was no way I was going to get up and bend over the back of the seat.

So, for two hours I just sat in the back of the van, naked. Every time we hit a bump I would jiggle which set off giggles and chuckles. I was so embarrassed and pissed off.

When we got to the cabin, everyone but me got out and unloaded, including my bag. I wouldn’t get up. They left me there. It was hot and I was uncomfortable and angry with all of them. After about two hours Steve came out and opened the door.

“Come on out Fiona. There isn’t anything they haven’t already seen.”

“NO!”

“Fine, then.”

He climbed in the van, grabbed one of my arms and started dragging me out. I started hitting him with the other, but I am not very strong and he ignored me. He just dragged me out, naked. With him holding one arm and me trying to beat him with the other, everything I had was showing.

Steve dragged me up on the deck and into the cabin. He sat down on a chair and pulled me over his lap. I had one arm down to hold me up a little and the other was over my ass. Steve grabbed the arm over my ass and twisted it up into my back. Then he started swatting my ass. I was pissed and then I was crying and kicking my legs and squirming as he spanked me.

After my white ass was a nice rosy red, he stopped.

“Fiona, you’ve been a snot. Go to everyone and apologize or I’ll give you a few more. And keep your hands at your sides.”

I got up and didn’t think about being naked, just rubbed my hot ass with both hands, trying to cool it off. Then with tears drying on my cheeks, I went to each one there and apologized for being a snot. I was really embarrassed, but I was turned on too. I didn’t cover up but I know that my face was burning.

Steve decided that since I had shown off everything anyway that I could stay naked all weekend. He told me if I tried to put anything on, I would get another spanking each time. The only time for two whole days I had something on it was an apron when I was cooking, so I wouldn’t get grease splattered on my skin. As soon as I was done cooking, I had to give to Steve.

I never really got over my embarrassment from being naked, but eventually I wasn’t hiding everything. When the guys were out fishing, Annie trimmed my bush. It was to make it sexier, she said. I think it was just to make it easier to see my pussy lips. It did feel pretty nice, though.

Since that weekend, if I get bitchy, Steve spanks me. I have been spanked at home in front of guests and twice when we were at some one else’s home. He always pulls down my panties and does it on my bare ass. He really doesn’t care who sees me either. He also has me trim my bush, since he liked the look a lot. After the first few times of being spanked, I found that I liked it, sort of, if he wasn’t too harsh. So it has now become a play thing for us mostly. But it’s still ends up being in front of people and I get embarrassed to have my bare ass wobbling as he smacks it. It isn’t really big, but you know asses, if they get smacked the wobble and jiggle.

Since that weekend, I haven’t been totally naked in front of other people, but I suspect that may change. Steve has a new glint in his eyes. I suspect I may not like what may happen to me, but perhaps I will. I’ll never know until it happens.

By the way, the story is my recollection from what they told me on the weekend at the lake. I didn’t remember getting stripped, I was too drunk. But I sure have vivid memories now!