Football Exposure   
BY: Hooked6   
   
Have you ever fantasised about taking risks with your body? Perhaps tryng a few daring things while nude just for the fun of it but didn't really have the courage to go through with it?  But what if events totally out of your control conspired to make your fantasy a reality?  This happened to a friend of mine which through her gracious permission I'm retelling here.   
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My husband, either on purpose or unwittingly, caused me one of my most embarrassing moments. To this day I cringe when I have to relive that awful moment. He insists I write and tell you about it. I'm not much of a writer so bear with me please.    
   
It all started when my husband Tom invited two of his friends from work (Ed and Frank) to come over to watch a football game on T.V one Halloween Weekend. He was going to barbeque some hamburgers and hangout for the afternoon.    
   
As usual my inconsiderate husband forgot to tell me until the day they were supposed to arrive that he had invited his coworkers. He told me at 11:00am that morning they were coming at 1:00pm to catch the game! I scrambled to clean the house as it was a wreck and made a list of the things we needed at the store for lunch as we had very little in the refrigerator. I had barely 2 hours to do what would normally take half a day. Even though we had a one-bedroom, one-bath apartment, it still took a fair amount of effort to keep clean.    
   
At 12 noon the doorbell rang! It was Ed and Frank. I thought they were really inconsiderate, showing up an hour early but apparently my husband had gotten the time wrong.    
   
It didn't seem to matter much to our guests that things weren't ready as they made themselves quite comfortable in the living room watching the pre-game show on T.V. as I subtly continued to tidy up. After a half an hour my husband came to me as I was cleaning the bathroom and announced that they were going to the store to get some beer and food for the barbeque. What a relief I thought, one less chore to do. I thanked him profusely and finished up the bathroom.    
   
As I looked at myself in the bathroom mirror I realized that I was a mess from cleaning and decided that a quick shower would make a world of difference and help calm my jittery nerves. It's amazing how a hot shower can refresh and revitalize a person.    
   
Anyway, I got out of the shower and dried myself off and decided I had better start pre-heating the oven for the side-dishes I was going to fix. Not giving the matter much thought I walked out of the bathroom without any clothes. I figured I'd get dressed in our room right after turning the oven on. They had been gone only a few minutes and the store was 10 miles away. I had plenty of time to get ready I thought. I walked out into the great room and into the kitchen and accomplished my task. Then, turning around to go to our bedroom to get dressed, I saw the back of Frank's head!!! He was sitting in the living room with his back to me watching TV!!!! Here I was naked in the kitchen separated from him by a small countertop and bar stools.    
   
Our apartment consisted of one large room - combination living room - kitchen - dinning room; a bedroom the door of which was off one side of the great room, and lastly, the common bathroom whose door was off the other side of the great room. I was stuck! There was no where to hide! My only hope was that Frank was so occupied with watching T.V. that he didn't hear or, worse, SEE me come into the Kitchen. I froze pondering my situation. I was SOOOOO nervous. I would JUST DIE if a coworker of my husband, someone that I had to see on a regular basis, would catch me naked!!    
My mind raced a mile a minute. I looked around the tiny kitchen for something, ANYTHING to cover myself in case I was caught - but there was NOTHING!! I had tossed even the kitchen towel into the laundry only moments before because it was dirty.    
   
I could just KILL my husband! He said "THEY" were going to the store. "THEY" to me meant EVERYBODY!!! Not just my husband and Ed. What was Frank still doing here??    
   
I thought if I was REALLY quiet, I could get back to the bathroom to cover myself with a towel. I stood silently for a few moments, my heart racing. I feared that my breathing was so rapid and loud that at any minute Frank would hear it and wonder what in the heck that was.    
   
Fortunately he just kept watching TV apparently unaware of my presence. I took a baby-step towards the bathroom - walking on tip-toes like a thief in the night trying to be as quiet as I could. So far so good, I thought. I got up the courage to take second small step. I had just passed the kitchen countertop and was standing in the open when it happened.    
   
"Abby? Do you have anything to drink?" Frank asked, still facing the T.V. engrossed in the program he was watching. I about died right there! HE KNEW I WAS IN THE KITCHEN!!!    
   
I had decided to make a run for the bathroom before he discovered me. At the worst he would just catch a shot of my butt running into the bathroom. Before I could react, however, Frank said, "Never mind, I'll get it myself," and stood up and turned around toward the kitchen.    
   
I was frozen with fear. My legs wanted to run but I was stuck like in one of those bad dreams where you want to run but can't seem to move!! Frank's mouth dropped almost the floor when he saw me.    
Every time I think of this, I kick myself over and over for being too stupid to even have the presence of mind to use my hands to cover myself!! I was in shock and just stood there stupidly displaying everything I had to this man!!    
   
It seemed like he looked me over forever but it must have been only a few seconds. To me it lasted a lifetime! Then things got REALLY bad!!! Frank started walking toward me apologizing when - you guessed it - in walks my husband and Ed through the front door!    
What my husband must have thought as see saw me standing only a few feet from his friend Frank - completely nude?!   
   
My humiliation was complete. Now ED got an eyeful as I panicked. I was so afraid that my husband would think the worst. That Frank and I had been fooling around sexually while he was gone. I forgot all modesty and ran up to him and Ed trying my best to explain.    
   
"It's not what it looks like, honest!! I was. . . I mean, I didn't know Frank was . . . I needed a shower and you said you were going to the store. . . and. . ." I knew I wasn't making any sense but I couldn't get the words to come out fast enough! My husband took me by the arm and sat me down on the couch. He seemed so concerned for me that he didn't even bother shutting the door or putting the groceries down. He spoke softly as he led me across the room and sat next to me. It soon became was obvious that he wasn't upset. He said later that he saw my wet hair and figured that I must have taken a shower and was surprised to find Frank still there.    
   
I was so relieved that he was so insightful and didn't think I cheated on him. That was all I could think about at that time. I love him so much I didn't want him to think the worst about me. He tried over and over again to ease my fears while I kept repeating my explanations. All this consoling took some time but I eventually calmed down.    
   
My husband then stood me up and said, "Why don't you go get yourself something to drink. You look like you could use a cold one to calm down after your shock."    
   
Of course like an idiot I forgot that I was still naked as the day I was born and paraded into the kitchen to do just that - all the while giving our guests some great views of my body - something no one but my husband had seen before!    
   
I stood poured myself a glass of wine and stood next to the couch next to my husband sipping my wine and still shaking like a leaf. I was rudely brought back to my senses though when in through the front door of the apartment that was still open walks our next door neighbor. "Hey you guys gonna watch the game?" he said barging right in. He then sees me and says sarcastically, "WHOA!! ARE YOU GUYS HAVING A WILD PARTY? How come I wasn't invited??"    
   
I realized that I was showing yet another man my charms and screamed, covered myself and ran back into the bathroom like a little school-girl!! I could hear the guys all laughing hysterically as I left the room. I stayed in the bathroom the rest of the afternoon, too embarrassed to come out and face them again after what had happened.    
   
Well, that's my story. Since my husband insisted I write this I will confess that I guess if I ever ACCIDENTALLY got caught like that again, I would complain too much - unless it was somebody I knew. Does that make any sense?