**Going Native**

*HEATHER’S SECRET FANTASY COMES TRUE WHEN HER PEACE CORPS ASSIGNMENT REQUIRES HER TO SHOWER AND SUBMIT TO A MEDICAL EXAM IN FRONT OF THE TRIBE AND HER EAGER MALE CO-WORKERS.*

A few years ago my wife Heather and I enrolled in the Peace Corps. Our first assignment was a small village in Africa that was experiencing periodic cholera outbreaks because of poor sanitation.

As strange as it may seem, the solution was to run a sewer pipe along the river to prevent the tribe from using the river for dumping. Our job was to build toilets and showers and to get the natives used to the idea of routine medical inspections and vaccinations.

I was assigned to head the team because I spoke the native dialect. We had two other young men on the team: an M.D. named Dan, and an engineer whom we jokingly referred to as “Builder Bob”. My wife Heather, a trained sociologist, didn’t have much to offer, since the tribe had a very low view of women. Heather was there largely because she was my wife, and she did try to help out occasionally.

All of the women in the tribe were kept totally naked except for a red bandana with feathers in it and some cheap leather sandals. Whenever they left the village they would have their hands bound behind their back to prevent escape.

Heather naturally protested this mistreatment of the native women, but I was under strict orders that we were there to solve the cholera problem and NOT to liberate the tribe’s women. This naturally led to a number of arguments between Heather and myself, which shocked the males of the tribe even more.

The work was very satisfying, although Heather was frustrated by her lowly status. She did enjoy flirting with Bob and Dan, but other than that she didn’t have much to do, and the men in the tribe seemed puzzled that we allowed “our woman” to wear clothes and run around without a male escort.

It was easy to get the tribe to use the toilets we installed, but it was difficult to get them to use the shower or submit to the medical exams. The chief insisted that we demonstrate on the lowly tribal women, to prove that the procedure was safe before the men participated. He even jokingly suggested that my wife Heather join the women, since if something went wrong, it wouldn’t be much of a loss. He also suggested that I would have less trouble with my wife if I took away her clothing, and treated her like one of the women in the tribe.

That night in our hut, I told Heather the story, and naturally she was furious. But when I told her that the chief thought she should join the women of the tribe, she admitted that she had fantasized about the same thing!

Heather and I had both noticed that the female nudity had left Dan and Bob with constant erections. Both of them were too smart to get involved with any of the female in the tribe, which meant that they flirted with Heather. Heather enjoyed teasing them, and had purposely started wearing scantier clothing to torture them more.

Heather wondered if I might engineer a scenario where she would be forced to strip as part of the demonstration of the shower and medical procedures. She had fantasized about being examined by Dr. Dan, and he had been teasing her about how he really wanted to give her “a good going over” one day. Since I was the only one in our group who spoke the native language, it would be easy for me to arrange a scenario where Heather had to strip down to her underwear “for the sake of the mission”.

The next day I told the chief that I agreed that Heather should be the first person to demonstration the new facilities, and I told Dr. Dan and Builder Bob that the chief had insisted that Heather demonstrate the shower and medical examination first. I told everyone that Heather hated the idea. The Chief thought that Heather was being forced to do it by me, while Dan and Bob thought that Chief was forcing the issue.

Dan and Bob were both clearly excited by the chance to get even with Heather, and I made it clear that as far as I was concerned she was a little tease who deserved whatever they decided to dish out. They both promised to make her demonstration as memorable as possible.

The night before the demonstration, Heather and I made love three times, and my very excited wife made me promise that no matter how much she protested I would force her to play out her fantasy. The idea of being forced to strip in front of the two men she had teased so unmercifully made Heather incredibly hot. When I told her that the chief said that the men of the tribe had never seen a naked white woman, and were looking forward to the show, she got even more excited.

But after a few minutes Heather started to have second thoughts. Heather knew that she would have to remove some of her clothing, but this was the first time anyone had used the word “naked”. The shower had “modesty walls”, even though Heather had teased Bob that in this tribe modesty was hardly an issue. And of course, she had envisioned that Dr. Dan would examine her in her underwear.

I just smiled and reminded Heather that she had vowed to play out the scenario wherever it led. I then kissed her goodnight, and advised my suddenly nervous wife to get some sleep so that she would be ready for tomorrow.

The next morning Heather and I walked to the shower site to begin the demonstration. Heather’s jaw literally dropped. During the night, a busy Builder Bob had removed the shower walls from the shower area, so now the exposed pipes were totally in the open!

Heather protested that Bob needed to put the walls back up, but Bob rather pointedly reminded Heather that her “opinion as a sociologist” was that the walls were “a silly vestige of outdated Western modesty”, and he had no intention of putting them back up.

When Heather turned to me, I pretended to be angry with her. “You’re the one who wanted to come to Africa!” I screamed. “You’ve been no help at all, Heather, and you’ve done nothing but cause trouble”. “Now that you finally have a chance to help, you’re going to endanger the whole mission”. “As team leader I’m ORDERING you to strip, or I’ll send you back to States right now!”

Heather looked genuinely stunned at my staged outburst, although deep down she new it was phony. Heather looked to Steve and Bob for assistance, but she could tell from their eager grins that they were more anxious to strip her than help her.

The men and the women of the tribe didn’t know what I had said, but there was no doubt that the men of the tribe were on my side, and that they were glad that this bitchy white woman was finally being given her comeuppance.

Without a friend in the world, Heather sadly reached for the top button on her blouse…

The tribe immediately formed a circle around Heather, with the men in the front rows, and the women in the back. The Chief naturally took the front row center seat in front of Heather, with Bob and Dan in the places of honor on either side of him.

The natives laughed when Heather took off her shirt and her lacy bra came into view. I had to explain to the tribe that the bra wasn’t actually part of Heather’s body, and that she was built more or less the same as the other women.

Heather rather awkwardly took off her shoes and socks. During this I noticed that Dan had produce a bag of something, which he was sharing with Bob and the amazed Chief. It took me several seconds to realize what it was.

It was popcorn. The three of them were laughing and eating popcorn while they watched my wife strip, like they were watching a movie!

When Heather unsnapped her pants, Bob let out a wolf whistle, which confused the tribe. I quickly explained the meaning of the sound, and a very embarrassed Heather was soon serenaded by a cacophony of tribesman trying out their wolf whistle for the first time, as she unzipped her khaki shorts and let them fall to the ground.

At this point Heather started to walk towards the shower, but Dan and Bob loudly objected.

“You don’t shower in your underwear, Heather”, Bob pointed out.

“If we expect these people to shower in the nude, we have to show them how”, Dan agreed.

“But I can’t strip...naked...in front of all of you!” Heather protested.

Heather turned to me for help, and I quickly discussed the matter with the chief. The grinning Chief, who was quite into the show by this time, eagerly agreed that complete, absolute, and total nudity was required.

“Sorry Heather”, I said cheerfully. “It has to be bare!” “Strip down to your birthday suit!”

Heather immediately blushed beet red, which caused another sensation. I had to explain the concept of blushing to the dark skin tribe. They didn’t understand fully why Heather was embarrassed, since the concept of public nudity was trivial to them. But everyone knew that the haughty stuck up white woman was totally humiliated, and they found it delightful!

Heather turned around when she unhooked her bra, even though that simply exposed her to another section of the circle. I soon realized that she was more humiliated by the grinning smiles of Dan and Bob than she was by the natives, since they alone knew how humiliating this forced striptease really was.

Bob led the tribe in another round of wolf whistles when the blushing Heather dropped her lacy knickers and revealed her shapely bottom to the chief and her two co-workers. Anxious to get it over with, Heather quickly scampered to the shower nozzle a few feet in front of her, and turned on the freezing water.

“Turn around, Heather”, Dr. Dan commanded. “Turning your back on the chief is very disrespectful!”

Heather looked over her shoulder at the smiling doctor with undisguised hatred. But when I translated and the tribe began shouting at her, Heather docilely complied, revealing her nakedness for all to see!

Heather’s sparse blonde pubic hair caused an uproar, and Dan suggested that the tribe examine her exposed sex prior to her shower. A mortified Heather soon found herself standing in front of the chief with her legs spread and her hands on top of his head, while he gingerly fingered and examined her exposed pussy.

It took a good twenty minutes for all of the members of the tribe to examine Heather. During this time, Heather’s face was crimson, but the manipulation of her sex also made her dripping wet!

Dan and Bob were the last two in line, and they took their time finger fucking her. Dan’s skilled hands caused Heather to experience a wrenching and very obvious orgasm, which led to another round of lusty wolf whistles from the tribe.

Heather quickly trotted back into the shower, and Bob directed her through a very intimate and degrading shower procedure. The ostensible purpose was to show the natives how to wash themselves everywhere, and Bob made sure that every inch of Heather’s flesh was exposed and scrubbed.

While my humiliated wife showered for the crowd’s amusement, the chief asked me if he could begin loading our equipment onto the truck so that it could be shipped to the next village on our schedule. I readily agreed, although the Chief’s sly smile left me puzzled.

After the shower, Heather asked for a towel, but Bob explained that the natives would not use towels, and Heather should dry off “the native way”. My lovely wife was quickly reduced to running around in circles and flapping her arms while her breasts and buttocks jiggled provocatively. The laughter and lewd remarks from Bob and Dan encouraged her to finish “drying” as quickly as possible.

Heather looked thunderstruck when a smiling Dr. Dan reminded her that it was time for her medical exam.

Dan listened to Heather’s heart, took her blood pressure, and checked her eyes, ears, and throat while the crowd watched closely. The breast exam provided a great deal of entertainment, particularly when Dan decided to use Heather as a model to teach the men of the tribe how to examine the woman’s breasts. Heather was soon facing another line of tribesman, eager to grope and fondle her tender fruits.

But the ultimate humiliation was when Doctor Dan had the natives haul in a crude jungle exam table and ordered Heather to “mount up”. I’ll never forget the look in Heather’s eyes when she put her tiny feet into the bamboo stirrups...

The rectal exam was next, and Heather’s facial expressions and general distress during the procedure provoked a great deal of laughter. Since Heather had already had a series of vaccination shots in her arms a few weeks before, the ever resourceful Doctor Dan decided to demonstrate the use of the needle by giving Heather a series of painful vitamin shots in the muscular cheeks of her exposed bottom. The natives were fascinated by the procedure, and multiple shots were necessary to give them a full demonstration, much to Bob and Dan’s delight.

When Heather’s exam was complete, the women of the tribe quickly jumped into the showers, and the men followed soon after. Doctor Dan was soon busy examining people and handing out vaccination shots. Heather fumed when she saw Dan skip the pelvic and rectal exams, and gave the natives their vaccination shots in their arms!

The mission was complete. Most of our supplies had been loaded on the wagon and were already heading towards the next village. The next day we would stop by the marketplace to pick up supplies, and meet our belongings at the next assignment along the river.

In a few days, another town down river would soon be saved from the ravages of disease.

When Heather tried to get dressed after the exam she couldn’t find her clothes. Heather returned to our hut, but she found that all of her clothes were gone. She quickly grabbed me and went to the Chief for an explanation.

The Chief explained that while Heather was being examined the men of the tribe had packed up Heather’s clothes with the rest of the equipment and had loaded it on the wagon we had sent to the next village.

But the good news was that the Chief was so grateful for Heather’s help that he was going to make her an honorary member of the tribe. So Heather didn’t need her clothes anymore!

Heather said that was wonderful, but she had no intention of running around naked until she left tomorrow, and she wanted some clothes.

The Chief smiled and handed Heather an ornate ceremonial box with a gift: a red headband with feathers, and some leather sandals for her to wear!

Heather repeated that she was flattered to be part of the tribe, but she needed some clothes for her trip to the marketplace tomorrow. The chief replied that since she was part of the tribe, he would accompany her to the market. Of course, she would have to have her hands tied behind her back the entire time…

Heather stared at the chief in disbelief. The marketplace was a crowded, festive place filled with whites, blacks, and people of all races and nationalities. During our last visit to the marketplace, she had complained that the free wheeling street people had liberally groped her, and she had found the experience quite degrading.

I could tell that the idea of parading around naked with her hands tied behind her back was more humiliation than she had planned on. And Heather knew she would be helpless to defending herself against straying fingers…

I’ll never forget the sight of Heather being led naked through the crowded streets of the market. The chief had a rope around Heather’s neck, and as she feared she was groped freely. Heather was shamefully hot and wet the whole time, but she was also deeply humiliated, and the look on her face was simply priceless.

One particularly sleazy slave merchant even tried to buy her. The Chief explained that Heather was not for sale, but he didn’t object when the evil trader dragged Heather onto the auction block and began giving my blushing blonde bride a COMPLETE examination. Before long a crowd began to form, and a few people even started to offer handsome bids...

But that, as they say in the jungle, is another story…