**How it began**

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She was not sure when it had begun. Dim memories from before her kids were born; of the thrill of skinny dipping, sleeping in the nude occasionally; she guessed the feelings had always been there, but with kids and the hustle and bustle of going to hockey, band, soccer there had never been any time or, she guessed opportunity.

Now as an empty nester and with a husband busy with a demanding career, she found herself alone more and more with those long dormant feelings. They came as random thoughts when she was working out or out jogging and she was able to brush them off and never dwelled on them very much. On occasion while home alone for a few hours after work, the idea kept reoccurring.

Since they lived in the country on a quiet road with few neighbors, "what if?" ... No it was not something a responsible mom did and she repressed the thoughts.

One morning, as she was getting ready for work, she took a look in the mirror and considered her appearance.

Just barely on the north side of 50, she was in pretty good shape. The years of jogging, yoga and lifting weights had left her taut and the same weight she had been in her twenties. Her smallish breasts were still perky and her nipples were as sensitive as ever, hardening instantly at her touch. Hers hands reached back to her tight ass and she always thought it was her best feature and she was grateful for all of the years of jogging and yoga.

As other women her age had progressively turned into their mothers, she, at least according to the comments of the women and men she worked with had gotten better looking in comparison. She wore just enough makeup to accent her pretty features and always dressed stylishly but somewhat conservatively.

She finished shaving her long legs and looked at herself, and thought for the most part, not bad. She smiled, and slipped her business clothes on, enjoying the feel of the slacks against her shaved skin.

Her husband didn't like the fact that for several years she shaved her pussy, saying she looked more like a school girl than the businesswoman she was, but she liked the feeling. Since sex was a distant memory, as part of their relationship, she considered it just something she liked doing for herself. She had also given up wearing panties at about the same time and rarely wore a bra, again enjoying the subtle feel of the soft material against her naked skin.

She smiled at these little secrets, only her doctor was aware of them and that only happened because she had totally forgotten about her annual appointment, and she reminded herself that the doctor had been very good about the whole thing. She had only detected a slight smile as she left his office, when he said that all of her physical fitness was making certainly worth the time.

Leaving for work, her husband gave her a quick peck on the cheek and said that he was going to be working late that night.

That first night, after a tough day at the office, she would never remember exactly why she did what she did. She remembered undoing a few buttons on her blouse. The sky was growing dark as she drove, and without even thinking she undid the rest of the buttons. The warm spring air felt nice on her chest and she absent mindedly rubbed one breast and toyed with her areola, the nipple becoming rock hard in seconds.

Stopped at a red light, she undid the clasp on her slacks and lazily slid her fingers between her legs and felt the warmth and the dampness spreading. As she drove out of town and turned onto her quiet road, almost in a daze, she pulled over and slipped her blouse off then her heels off and then slipped out of her slacks.

Putting her shoes back on and doing up the seat belt, she suddenly realized what she was doing, here she was in her car totally naked. Naked on a very quiet country road. The effect was electric and now she could feel the seat getting wet from her pussy.

She thought "What if there was a police check?"

"What if she got in an accident?

"What if she couldn't stop her hands from shaking?

She took a deep breath and steadied herself; and drove the rest of the way home, not believing that she was doing this, it was so unlike her. Pulling into the driveway of the darkened house, she took a few minutes just to enjoy the moment.

Slowly she closed her eyes and she began to play with herself, one hand massaging her chest, alternating between running her fingertips lightly over her breasts and then pulling and tugging on her nipples, and the other hand and fingers finding their way around and inside her soaking pussy.

It seemed to only take seconds to come, and despite herself, she moaned and almost screamed when the orgasm gripped her. Sitting again, letting her heartbeat return to normal, she did one last naughty thing, she brought her hand to her mouth and licked her juices from her hand and fingers.

Then dressing quickly, she went into the house, not believing what she had done. Later that night when thinking about what had happened, she almost came again without even touching herself, but of course she did.

The next morning, she was scared. "What if she had gotten caught?"

"What if someone had seen her?"

"How would she have explained herself?"

All her life she had never taken such a chance. But then she remembered how she felt and now how wet she was now even thinking about what she had done and the thought of being caught made her knees weak.

When she had gotten ready for work and was getting in her car, she felt the seat, it was still damp. She had to run errands that night and the next so she never got another opportunity, until a few days later when the same scenario reoccurred.

She knew she would be alone at home again that night. The day seemed to take forever to end. When it did finally end, she almost ran to her car but she forced herself to relax. This time she waited until she was on the start of her road before she did anything.

Pulling over, she removed her business jacket and then slipped her almost knee-high boots offs, her breathing was rapid and she noticed her hands were shaking again. Taking a deep breath and checking the mirrors, she slipped her skirt off and shivered when her pussy rested on the upholstery, then her tank top was gone and then she was nude again.

Pulling her boots back on, she felt so sexy, so naughty, and so beautiful. She thought for a moment, the road was deserted and there were no houses in view.

She opened the door and got out of the car, she walked down the middle of the road a bit and then after about a hundred feet, turned and ran back to the car and then jumped back inside, doing up the seat belt, she almost squealed the tires as she pulled back onto the road.

What was she thinking?

Her heart was beating so fast, she could almost see it beating through her skin. Her hand had fallen between her legs and as if it had a mind of its own, she began caressing her outer lips, and then slowly the inner ones, and then rubbing the tiny nub of her clit.

Her breathing was become more labored, not from fear this time, but from pleasure. As she pulled in her driveway, she was almost climaxing; but that is when she noticed the car in the driveway, her husband was home! How? and why? She wanted to scream.

She managed to get her top back on and wiggled back into her skirt without taking her boots off. Anyone with half a brain would think that she had just been fucked, her hair was tousled but it was the best she could do. The back of her skirt had a small wet spot from her pussy and she could smell the sweet scent of her sex.

She came in the house and said "hello".

Her husband was lying on the couch and mumbled something about not feeling very good and he barely noticed her. She slipped into their bedroom and quickly pulled off her clothes.

Not bothering with any panties, she pulled on her sweat pants, some wool socks, and an over-sized sweat shirt, and put her hair in a pony tail. He hadn't made any supper and when she asked, he said "I'm not hungry and I'm just going to bed".

Her excitement faded and she ate something and cleaned up the dishes. She started to watch some TV when she heard him start to snore, she got up and closed the door when she felt that stirring again.

She looked outside and saw the moon shining and smiled to herself.

Leaving the TV on, she went to the back door and without turning the light on, she went onto the deck. She slipped out of her clothes and took out the pony tail and shook her hair, giving her that tousled "just fucked" look again.

The night was warmer than the last time, but her nipples were even more hard than before. She walked to the back fence, and then slowly caressed her two beautiful boobs, running her fingers lightly over them, then she did the same thing to her tummy and ran her fingers along the hairless space below, she loved that feeling, the smoothness, one finger and then two entered her pussy.

Spying the picnic table, she moved over and lay on the top, spread-eagle to the stars and moon. Her fingers found their favorite spots again and she moaned loudly as the first orgasm found her.

Then taking one dripping finger she eased it behind herself and then felt between her two cheeks and found her little rosebud, running the finger along the edge and then penetrated herself. She had never played with her ass before and neither had her husband, but it felt so naughty and bad; and with several fingers buried in her pussy and the other fingers in her ass, she gasped and bucked as another orgasm made her scream.

Lying there under the moon, she allowed herself to drift off, she awoke after a few minutes and smiled, feeling so sexy and for a change, satisfied.

Getting up, she noticed a distant light at her neighbors house and smiled at the thought of someone seeing her this way. She knew they would never be able to see this far and they would never suspect that the prim and proper person she was; would be such a wanton woman. Dare she think of herself as a slut, masturbating naked on a picnic table under the stars and moon.

That word, "slut", just thinking about it made her weak. She felt the flush of another orgasm approach and her hands went to work to make it happen.

She licked the last of herself from her fingers and retrieved her clothes, but before going in, she thought it might be fun to check the mailbox naked.

She knew it would be risky, as she walked towards their long driveway. At about half way, her ears perked to the slightest sounds, she detected the sound of an engine just as she realized there was no place to hide and she had no time. Panicking because of the speed that the lights were approaching she laid flat on the soft grass, expecting the car to stop and expose her, her heart was beating out of her chest again, as she was sure the whiteness of her ass would be reflected in the headlights of the car.

The seconds ticked by with agonizing slowness as she realized she had more time than what she had first thought. The car finally passed and never even slowed down.

She hopped up and against her better judgement she continued down the driveway, growing bolder and actually letting her hips sway as she approached the road.

Coming to the edge of the road she forced herself to walk slowly across to the mailbox and collect the mail. Ever watchful for the glare of lights she took a moment and ran her fingers along the outside and then slipped them into her pussy and licked them; thinking that she tasted delicious.

Grabbing the mail and she walked back up the driveway, almost disappointed that no other lights appeared.

She collected up her clothes again and walked nude into the house. No one jumped out from behind the door, the house was quiet, she only heard the steady drone of snoring.

As she came to bed, her husband was sound asleep, she got between the sheets naked, something she had not done in years.

She fell asleep with her mind dreaming about other naughty things she might try.

In the morning, he was still snoring as she got out of bed and slipped on her robe. It used to bother her that he did not notice her, but not anymore, and this morning it bothered her even less because she had an idea that she wanted to try.

**How it began Ch. 02**

Each night for the next week, she did not have another opportunity to get naked outside. Each night there seemed to be more errands than the night before or her husband was at home. As the weekend approached, she grew more frustrated.

She figured that she would not get a chance for anymore fun until the following week because they were supposed to open up their cottage that weekend.

On the Friday morning, her husband announced that they were going to have to postpone the cottage weekend because he had to work unexpectantly, again.

When she suggested that she go to the cottage herself and open things up alone, he thought it was a good idea.

"There'll be a few of the regulars up there this weekend, so if you need help someone will be around," he added.

She actually hoped that there would be very few people around, for what she had in mind, but didn't say anything.

She suddenly got excited about the idea that she had been thinking about for the last few days and what other possibilities might present themselves. She was becoming addicted to the rush of being secretly naked and making herself get off in public.

On Friday when she arrived home from work at little early, she found a message from her husband.

"Working late, will see you Sunday night. Have fun at the cottage."

"I intend too," she said to the empty room.

There was a time that would have bothered her to go alone; but, in fact, tonight it just made her plans better.

She stripped off her work clothes, put her hair in a pony tail, and slipped on a t-shirt, some shorts, and some wool socks. She had a quick supper and loaded up her car with the cottage supplies.

When the car was done, she went back into the house and ran the bath. Taking a little extra time, she shaved everything and forced herself to relax a little to steady her hands. She had all weekend and she intended to make every second count.

Getting out of the bath and not bothering with any clothes, she did her makeup and went to her dresser. Sorting through her lingerie, she realized that all of it was more than fifteen years old.

"That's going to have to change," she said to the mirror.

That was a problem for another day, not tonight. Finding what she wanted, she hoped it still fit. She guessed it was supposed to be a merry widow outfit, with a bustier and matching G-string panties. It had been a gift from her sister and she only worn it once because her husband didn't like it.

"You look like a slut in it," had been his comment.

She had almost thrown it away, but was glad she kept it because she was beginning to feel very sexy, thinking of herself as a slut.

"Why is it that a man can like sex, but if a woman likes sex and dressing sexy, then she is a slut," she said to the empty room.

"I'm not going to worry about that anymore" she said a little louder than she intended.

She slipped into a bustier that pushed her small boobs up a little and barely covered her nipples and then pulled the little G-string panties up, the material barely covered her pussy and the string slid deliciously up her ass.

"Perfect"

She was already soaking wet.

She found a small black choker that she put around her neck and then completing her outfit, she put on her fanciest heels, she looked in the mirror and smiled.

She left a note for her husband, turned off the lights, and locked the door.

She went to get into the loaded car, but couldn't resist something first though.

Walking back to the picnic table under the falling darkness and setting sun.

She laid across the top of the table again and running her fingers over her little G-string she felt the wet silky material and pulled it aside and sank her fingers deep inside herself and masturbated in the moonlight.

"That's the first of many orgasms, this weekend sweetie."

Adjusting the tiny piece of fabric to cover her pussy again, she sat up and stretched. She noticed the lights on at her neighbour's house and although too far away, she hoped that if anyone did see her, that they enjoyed the show.

She felt so sexy and naughty in her slutty outfit.

"I am going to be a slut this weekend," she said and smiled.

"I deserve to feel sexy."

That sexy feeling was only enhanced by what she was going to do next, she got into her car and started driving the 90 minutes to their cottage.

She shivered feeling scared and incredibly sexy at the same time, now that she was actually in the car and driving. Her regular clothes locked in the trunk.

As she drove, she had to consciously force herself not to speed, getting pulled over wasn't something that she wanted to have happen, no matter how wet it made her pussy.

Driving with one hand between her legs, she wished she had one of those small vibrators that she could control with a remote, then she thought about what else she might order.

Some new lingerie, what she was wearing was nice but it she wanted something she picked out.

A nasty thought came to mind, a butt plug and a big dildo, for the first time ever she considered having both her pussy and ass filled at the same time and the wet spot on her car seat got even bigger as she imagined being filled completely, and maybe a cock in her mouth would be nice too.

She had never bought any sex toys in her life, but she now wished she had some with her.

She thought about what she might have with her that she could use. Then she remembered the fresh vegetables she packed and in particular the English cucumber. If only the food hamper was in the car instead of the trunk.

She noticed few cars on the road, the normal weekend traffic was still several weeks away and she wondered if she should take the risk. Her pussy never had any doubt.

She remembered a small rest area up ahead and told herself that if there were no cars parked there when she got to it, that she would stop. Not only that, she had to pee in the worst way.

The small parkette was deserted when she pulled in.

Her hands started to shake again in anticipation.

Parking off in the shadows, she opened the door and slid her sexy legs out.

Noticing in the light, she smiled at the size of the wet dark circle from her juices on the car seat. Checking the road again for anyone, she approached the public facilities and found the door locked, it was too early in the season.

"Damn, what to do, what to do."

She knew she would never make it to the cottage without an accident and she thought about looking behind the building for a place to go when another idea struck her.

She walked to the centre of the parking area and pulled the G-string down and balancing on each foot, took the tiny panties off. Then spreading her legs, a little, she tried to pee.

It took a minute or two to relax enough and her body wasn't conditioned to pee standing up, but soon her bladder got the message and she feel so naughty as her warm spray made a puddle in the parking lot.

"OMG, that is so bad, I shouldn't be doing this," but once started she couldn't stop.

Petrified that someone might see her doing this, her head swivelled from side to side as she peed.

Finishing, she repositioned the G-string and went back to the car. She just had time to grab the cucumber when she heard the unmistakeable sound of a truck approaching. Closing the trunk quickly and moving as fast as her heels would allow, she just made it back into the car door when the truck signaled to come into the rest area.

She started the car and pulled out, just as the truck pulled in. It was then that she noticed a sign "Parkette monitored 24 hours per day by camera."

"Fuck", would it be operating this time of year, she wondered?

Dressed like a slut and then peeing in the middle of the parking lot while she was getting a cucumber out of her trunk so she could fuck herself silly. She laughed at how far she had come in less than two weeks?

"And how many times," she added.

Her fingers, playing with her hard nipples, convinced her not to worry.

She was so horny that for a moment she wished she had stayed in the parkette when the trucker pulled in. The idea of having her sexy little body manhandled by a big trucker made her feel even more like a slut and gave her goosebumps.

She thought that she wasn't ready for that ... not yet anyway.

She took the cucumber and noticed it was wrapped in thin plastic and pulling aside the little piece of fabric on her G-string again, she placed the tip against her folds. By shifting her ass, a little, she was able to spread her legs and by applying a little pressure, the end of the cucumber entered her pussy.

It had been more than five years since her husband had last fucked her and she hoped that her pussy would take the cucumber.

Little by little she pushed it in, she pulled it almost all of the way out and then repeated the same action and, slowly but surely, she had the cucumber more than half way into herself.

The feeling of fucking herself while she was driving was too much and she barely had time to pull onto the side of the road before an orgasm overcame her. Parked on the side of the road she let the waves rush over her.

As her breathing returned to normal, she slid the cucumber out of her pussy and taking the dripping vegetable she put it into her mouth. Savouring the taste of herself, she pretended it was a cock and tried to see how much of it would fit.

She could feel the tip of the cucumber at the back of her mouth and wished it was real.

She thought about her husband, having his cock sucked was one of the few things that he seemed to enjoy about sex. She thought she was pretty good at it and always enjoyed allowing him to come in her mouth and the salty sweet taste was something she missed.

Realizing she was only a few miles from the cottage, she decided to forgo any more pleasure until she arrived.

Their cottage was at the end of a long cul-de-sac and she saw no other lights to indicate that anyone else was there tonight.

She got out of the car and undid the gate. As she fiddled with the lock, she could feel juices from her pussy run down her legs and a quick feel of the G-string showed it was soaking.

When she noticed the time, the normal 90-minute drive had taken her almost an extra hour, but she wasn't tired at all and she still had more plans for tonight.

It took no time to turn the power and water on, but she decided to leave the rest of the unpacking until tomorrow.

There was something she wanted to do. Something she had planned on doing it every night she was there alone.

She pulled the sopping wet G-string off and brought it to her face and inhaled the sweet aroma of herself. Squeezing the material, she forced a couple of drops of herself onto her tongue.

Pulling the bustier off, she freed her tits and roughly massaged her nipples.

Changing her heels for a pair of sneakers, she looked in the mirror. Her makeup was intact and she looked very desirable, she noticed her pussy was red and puffy from all of her attention, but she knew she wasn't finished yet.

This is what she had been thinking about since her husband had said he wasn't coming. She laughed at the irony and stepped out into the night.

Closing the door, she thought to herself that she didn't have to do this.

"No, she said out loud, yes I do!"

She walked nude to the end of their private driveway, her hips swaying, and her hairless body bathed in the moonlight. She enjoyed the warmth of the night and the feel of the slight breeze on her body and all it's sensitive bits.

Taking a deep breath, she stepped onto the road and started down the right lane of the cul-de-sac. She walked past the semi-hidden cottages and the thought of walking completely naked, unseen past her weekend neighbours made her knees so weak, she could hardly walk.

Thinking back to driving nearly nude up here by herself, masturbating and playing with her self, and now strolling nude along a public road made her think of how bold and sexy she was becoming.

The moon and the stars were out and almost bright enough to cast shadows as she continued. She willed herself to slow down and to imagine what her neighbours would think if one of them might be out enjoying a late night-walk.

She imagined being caught, maybe a policeman who would take her in the back of his cruiser rather than arresting her; maybe a young couple, who would invite her back naked to their place for a night of three way sex; or maybe a group of young college guys, who would take and fulfill her thoughts of having all three holes filled with their cocks.

She found she could hardly walk her pussy throbbed so much. As she came to the end of the cul-de-sac, she figured she was more than a mile from her clothes.

She couldn't wait anymore. Pausing in the middle of the road, she stopped and ran her finger tips over every inch of her neck, breasts, stomach, ass, and then finally her pussy.

Putting a couple of fingers into her pussy, she got them good and wet and then she slid the one of her fingers to her ass.

Tracing the space between her cheeks and finding the rim of her ass, she penetrated herself.

The fingers from her other hand plunged in and out of her pussy, first just one, then two, then finally three. The image of herself in the middle of the road, naked, on full display to anyone pushed her over the edge. Standing in the middle of her road, she came hard and powerfully.

She came so strongly that she almost stumbled.

Slowly recovering she smiled to herself, it was only then that she heard a soft female voice say ...

"That was so hot."