**Humiliated in an Italian Mall**

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Hello everyone, in case you didn't read my last my last entry about me in the grocery store here's a little back story on me. I am a very shy 26 year old woman, I am 5'2" and 105 lbs. My bra size is 34C, and I have shoulder length reddish brown hair. Up until recently I have had a very normal sex life, no one had even seen me naked until I was married (yup virgin bride). In fact a crazy night for me before was if my husband, who I will call Josh, and I switched positions so I was on top!   
  
So you may be asking, how did I go from that to this? I did it for my marriage and I stand by my choice. Josh was in a bit of an unhappy mood for a little while now and I finally got him to tell me what was wrong a few weeks ago. Josh admitted to me that he has felt unfulfilled with our sex life. He mentioned that he did not feel like he would ever be able to realize his sexual fantasies with me.  
  
Not long ago, in an attempt to help my marriage, I read a healthy marriage book that had a portion that said for a relationship to truly work, both partners must try to fulfill the other's sexual needs. At the time I didn't know sex was a problem. I really wanted Josh to be happy again so I took the book's advice and prepared for the worst. I let josh know that he could be open with me, and even though I wasn't very experienced I would do my best to fulfill his needs no matter what they were.   
  
One of his desires was for me to write about my experiences, being completely honest on how they make me feel and post them on the net so he could read the comments it gets with me, so here I go again on my next "adventure" as Josh calls them.  
  
I just got back from a beautiful trip to Italy with my husband, where we drove all over seeing some beautiful sites. My "adventure" happened during our last week there, on our way up to the mountains, in a city called Udine in northern Italy. Josh chose to do it during our trip to Italy so we would not have to worry about getting charged with public nudity in the states.  
  
Josh asked me if I would go to a Mall with him and change a few times there, in a semi public environment, each time into a more and more revealing outfit?  
  
I of course agreed despite the fact that I was very worried about what a semi public environment would be. Non the less I am committed to this and I will continue to do anything for my husband. I promised to see all of his fantasies through and I will never let my husband down, no matter how much it scares me.  
  
He gave me my first outfit to wear and had the rest in a fabric shopping bag. I dressed in my first outfit, it consisted of a tight white long sleeved shirt that showed a lot of cleavage, a pair of tight jeans with tears up and down the legs, a pair of three inch shiny black high heels, a pair of thong panties and a push up bra, making my breasts almost jump out of my shirt. It was a lot skimpier than I would usually wear, but much better than my grocery store experience. I was just glad to have underwear this time, though I knew I wouldn't get to keep it long.  
  
My husband heated up the car for me, since it was a little chilly that day, and then we headed off to the mall.  
  
The mall was pretty close to our hotel so it didn't take to long to drive there. I was very nervous, my breasts were just about bursting out of the top of this shirt, and I kept thinking 'the next outfit will be worse!' And 'where is Josh going to have me change?'  
  
We parked in a spot furthest from the main doors and got out. Josh came around to my side, gave me a big kiss and held me tight for a moment as he told me how much he loved me and how happy I was doing this for him. This made me very happy, but I was still terribly nervous. He let me go slowly and we walked in to the mall.   
  
The warmth of the mall felt good after the chill of the outdoors. Every one here was wearing coats due to the weather which made me stick out in the crowd. Luckily there wasn't to many people there and I avoided looking at them.   
  
We walked for a minute or two until Josh found a little corner with a potted plant. He brought out my next outfit and asked me if I would change behind the plant.  
  
My heart beat fast and I began to shiver in fear. We were near some doors that were not getting used to much, but people were still coming and going on a pretty regular basis. The plant was in the far corner of an open square cut out, about fifty feet from the doors. I nodded at Josh and as he handed me the the clothes he mentioned that my bra would not be needed any more today. I took the clothes from him with a trembling hand and walked behind the plant.   
  
The plant was large enough that I was able to hide relatively well behind it; it was a bit shorter than me, just about eye level, and it was very thin towards the top, people easily would be able to tell what I was doing if they looked well enough. I nervously looked around watching people come and go as I took off my shoes, a couple of whom looked over at me curiously, and as soon as there was a pause in the movement I took a deep breath and quickly squeezed out of my pants, grabbing the black cotton skirt I was to wear. I slipped it on, zipped it up and buttoned it up. I straitened up to see a woman looking my direction, but as soon as I noticed her she looked away and walked off. The skirt sat very low on my hips showing off my thong, I pushed the thong down but it was still slightly visible. The skirt was longer than the one from my last assignment but was still very short, it came down just a few inches below my butt.  
  
I looked around some more to see people coming and going, not paying much attention to me, other than a curious glance now and then, as if to wonder why I was standing behind a plant. Once there was another break in people I crouched as best I could behind the bush and pulled my shirt over my head, then I undid my bra and reached for my new shirt. To call what I grabbed a shirt was a big mistake, it was more like a napkin with strings! If it weren't for the bunny picture on the front I might not have known how to put it on. It looked like a triangle piece of fabric with the top point cut off and a string loop (for my head to go through) in its place, there was a two inch triangle hole in the center, then another string on each point (to tie behind my back).   
  
Once I had it on, the hole in the center showed off my cleavage and my breasts were not totally covered on the sides. There were now a couple of people standing and one walking by looking at me, but they left once I noticed them (Italians don't seem to be as intrusive as Americans). I had to lean on the wall as I put on my shoes because I was a little dizzy from embarrassment.  
  
I grabbed my old outfit and walked out to Josh who had a happy loving smile on his face again. This made me very happy and I almost forgot what I just did, or what might come next. He asked me to toss the clothes I was carrying in the trash can nearby. I did as he asked, feeling a little sad to let my relatively normal clothes fall in the garbage, then went back to Josh. He squeezed me tight and gave me a strong passionate kiss, which made me a little dizzy again. When he pulled back he said he just had to fix a couple of things and I would be ready. First he pulled up my thong so that it pulled tight between my cheeks and exposed the T of the back above my skirt. Then he brought out two red tags, each attached to a paper clip, with some writing on them. He held them up for me to see, they said "PLEASE PULL ME!" As well as the Italian translation. He unbuttoned my skirt but left the zipper up, causing the skirt to slide down a little more, exposing my thong disappearing between my cheeks. He told me he was going to attach these to the string tying the back of my top and to the zipper of my skirt, and if someone comes to pull them, I should let them. I stared at him wide eyed and opened my mouth, almost letting out a complaint, but just nodded meekly as he attached one tag to my zipper and one to my bow knot behind my back.  
  
I was so terrified as we began walking that I had to be very careful not to trip in my heels. People kept looking at me and every time someone came up behind me I thought they would read the tags and either: undo my top or send my skirt falling to the floor! My skirt already felt like it would fall of since it was so loose around my hips. We walked all around the mall like this, Josh kept me at a slow pace so that everyone had a chance to pass me. In the end much to my relief no one pulled either my knot or my zipper.  
  
We arrived back at the potted plant and Josh handed me my last outfit saying it was a shame that while plenty of people red them, no one pulled on the tags.  
  
I just shuddered at the thought of all the people who must have considered doing that to me. I tried not to look to relieved about this though, because I could tell Josh was a little disappointed that his plan didn't play out.   
  
Josh held out my next outfit and with a big smile told me I would need to change my underwear for this outfit.  
  
I shuddered again, this time at the thought of having to take my panties off behind a little plant. I nodded in acceptance and took my new bundle behind the plant with me.  
  
This time I looked at my new outfit before taking my current one off, so that I could make sure I knew how to put it on. I had a white long sleeve shirt and shorts that looked way too small but were made from stretchy material, almost like tights. Then for my "underwear" I was shocked to see some kind of black string contraption (Josh had to teach me how to put this on). It was kind of like a one piece swim suit but with almost no material. I was humiliated just thinking about it.  
  
I was hoping to change my bottom first and then my top, but due to Josh's choice in "underwear" I would have to get completely naked with nothing but a potted plant for cover! I wanted to have my clothes off for as little time as possible so I pulled off my shoes again and pulled down my thong keeping my skirt in place before looking around for people. Once the coast was cleared again I took a deep breath and quickly pulled off my top and my skirt, making me totally nude crouched behind the plant. I fumbled with the "underwear" for what seemed like an eternity (Josh said it was actually about three minutes). Even after Josh told me how to put it on it was very confusing due to all the straps and limited material. I was really scared and embarrassed as I tried feverishly to put it on hunched over behind a plant that offered little cover. I peaked out once or twice in the process to see a few people look my way and a couple stop trying to get a better view but seeming to not want to come any closer.  
  
Just as I was finally positioning the last of the straps I noticed someone slowly moving to my left at a distance to see around the bush. It was a man in his twenties, he had a shocked, but pleased, look on his face. I froze for a second trying to figure out what to do, there was nothing I could do to avoid him at this angle, so shaking tremendously and almost naked I tried to hurry and finish dressing.  
  
With the "underwear" (I really don't know what else to call it) on I felt totally humiliated, there was just nothing to it. It is very hard to describe but I will try my best. It only had two tiny bits of real fabric to cover my nipples and the straps were less than half an inch everywhere else. It had one strap that came from my shoulder blades down between my butt cheeks and up the center of my crotch to about my belly button, there it split in a Y where the two straps went up meeting the tiny diamond of fabric covering my nipples, which continued over my shoulders and meeting the strap in back. To keep the main straps over my nipples in place there were two straps connected to them, one connecting the two nipples in the center, another connecting the nipples with a strap around my back. The front strap between my legs offered no real cover since as soon as I moved it would slip between the lips of my vagina, kind of like a double sided thong. I was just glad I could hurry and put something over it, and even though I knew the black "underwear" would probably show through the white fabric, at least everything else would be covered.  
  
I quickly grabbed the white shorts, trying not to think about the man watching me, and pulled them up my legs and wiggled the tight stretchy material over my butt, which the shorts barely covered. I immediately grabbed the shirt and pulled it over me head. I got my arms through the sleeves and stretched the material over my breasts.   
  
Feeling a tiny bit better, I put on my shoes as I looked around the plant. I still had the man off to my left watching and there were three people standing near the doors looking over curiously.   
  
When I straitened up and looked down at myself my fear returned in force when I realized how exposing this outfit was. My shorts were tiny with no legs what so ever, like what some woman would wear to the gym. My shirt came down just below my breasts and since the straps of my "underwear" were raised taught leading to my breasts, my shirt could not fully wrap under them, leaving gaps in the bottom. Not that the gaps mattered since I noticed the material on the shorts and shirt was like a cross between nylons and fishnets, there were little holes all over them! From a distance it gave me the appearance of wearing something but anyone who got close would pretty much be able to see right through them! The straps that were exposed on my back and stomach were pulled tight leading into my pants, and disappearing between my cheeks and lips.  
  
I was shivering and terrified and I did not want to leave the relative safety of my plant. I looked over at Josh in despair and I saw Josh smiling and waiving me over. I held back the urge to refuse and gathered what courage I had left and I walked out to my husband looking around franticly. Josh laughed and told me I looked amazing as he gave a tiny tug on my front strap digging it deeper into my crotch. He thanked me again for agreeing to this and then said we should move along.   
  
I was so humiliated! I didn't know where to put my hands, I wanted to cover everything at once, but I also did not want to draw any extra attention to myself. I eventually just left my arms at my side, walking as casually as I could, half naked, with my "underwear" digging into vagina with each step I took.   
  
Everyone was looking at me! Some in shock, some in disgust, some with smiles and mostly with laughter. To make things worse, the constant rubbing between my lips was making me overly sensitive and wet. I was so embarrassed I was blinking hard to try to keep my tears from falling, I was shaking and a little dizzy. We were nearing the main entrance now and I wanted so badly to run out the mall as fast as I could.   
  
Right about then Josh stopped me and told me we could be done for the day if I would like.  
  
I was overjoyed and nodded my head with joy and relief.  
  
He said there was one more thing he planned on having me do as we left but that I didn't have to if I wasn't up to it.  
  
My heart sank! I could hear in his voice that he really wanted this, whatever it was, and though I desperately wanted to escape this terrifying situation, I agreed softly in a very shaky voice.  
  
He smiled widely and thanked me. He explained that he had one last outfit, a normal one, in the car for me. With a mischievous smile he asked if I would be willing to get undressed here, throw my clothes in the trash and walk out to the car wearing nothing but my heels?  
  
I just stared at him in shock with wide eyes for a good minute, hoping he was joking, but knowing he was not. I was right in the middle of the main T intersection near the front entrance to the mall. While I wouldn't say it was overly crowded, there were people all around, coming and going. I was already the subject of much attention for what I was wearing, let alone if I were to strip naked right here! I felt sick to my stomach, and while I wanted to say no, or to beg him to reconsider, I knew I would do this for him. I promised to satisfy his fantasies, not just the easy ones, all of them. I wiped the moisture that was building from my eyes and nodded with a shudder.  
  
Josh sighed with relief and gave me a huge smile! Then he kissed me, thanked me and gave me the car keys. He backed a good ways away to get a good view of me and the people around me.  
  
I looked around again at all the people walking around, more than half of whom were looking at me as they passed. Shaking in fear at what I was about to do and how many people would see me do it, slowly removed my shoes and set the keys down next to them. This act alone was already making some people curious to what I was doing. I was so very scared, I had no idea how I would get through this, I just knew that I wanted to be able to do it for Josh.  
  
I took one last look at all the people around and at Josh, who was smiling widely, and I squeezed my eyes shut taking a deep breath as I pulled my shirt off as quickly as possible. I dropped it on the ground to the sound of whispers and a couple laughs. I immediately hooked my thumbs around my shorts and yanked them down, kicking them towards my shirt. If I didn't know better I could have sworn I could feel their gaze burning my crotch as I was sure people were looking my frontal thong disappearing between my soaking wet lips. I heard a couple of gasps and a surprised cry of laughter from a woman as I began to untangle myself from the "underwear" I was wearing. I kept my eyes shut tight, pulling one arm through the shoulder strap, and then the other as the voices and laughter got louder. I pulled the straps down off my breasts with one hand a covered them with my other arm, which caused another wave of murmurs and laughter from what seemed to be a pretty large group now. I could hear many voices, but was to afraid to open my eyes, in fact I was very glad I did not know enough Italian to understand what they were saying. I pulled the bottom part of the straps down my legs as fast as I could with one hand, trying to keep my knees together as much as possible in order to expose as little as possible. I pulled one leg free of the tight straps and covered my crotch with my now free hand. But as I brought my foot down something terrible happened.  
  
Once my foot was free, I felt a little off balance and my foot came down fast in a forward right direction. I felt myself kick something and heard what sounded like my keys slide across the floor. I snapped my eyes open as I looked feverishly in the general direction I thought they went. I did not see them at first, but I did see the people. People were standing all around me forming a semi circle around me about twenty feet away. They were laughing and pointing, whispering and calling out comments to me I couldn't understand. There were people there of all ages even a couple that looked like they should have still been in high school. I was horrified by the sight of them all. Standing there totally naked covering up with just my hands in front of all those people! I had never been so humiliated in my life! Tears immediately began falling from my eyes and I was shaking violently.   
  
I looked at Josh desperately for some help and he was standing there watching me, but his smile was beginning to look concerned and worried. I did not want to ruin this for him after I came this far, so I dried my eyes as best I could and looked again for my keys.   
  
I spotted them a second later at the base of an advertisement board. I quickly put on my shoes, with one hand while covering my breasts with my other, grabbed my clothes in my one free hand and threw them in the trash bin that was a few feet away. I walked quickly over to my keys and picked them up as I glanced over at Josh to see him smiling with a captivated look in his eyes.

I walked toward Josh and the rest of the crowd, still with my left arm across my breasts, my right hand holding the keys and covering my crotch, looking through tear filled eyes trying to see a way through the crowd. Josh moved to the side a bit to start a gap for me, and as I walked toward it others followed the example and made a narrow gap for me to get through. As I brushed my body past Josh he whispered he loved me in my ear, which, even with the predicament I was in, made me feel good. I walked past the rest of the crowd, only inches from my naked body. Surprisingly no one tried anything, just a bunch of what were obviously crude remarks called out to me as I passed.  
  
Free of the crowd I walked as fast as I could in my heels out the doors of the mall to feel the cold air bite at my exposed skin. Though I was not as worried about the consequences here in Italy, I stopped just out the doors for a second to make sure there were no police around before I made my escape, not wanting to be stopped by police naked.   
  
I almost ran in my heels to the sound of cars honking and the shocked looks on peoples faces as I made my way to the far end of the lot, where our car was parked. Once I was in range I hit the auto start since I was freezing and made sure the doors were unlocked.   
  
I hopped in the passengers seat and grabbed the clothes Josh had there for me. I quickly put on the simple tight long sleeve shirt and skirt that came down almost to my knees. It felt so good to have real clothes on again.   
  
Josh entered the drivers seat as I was slipping on the skirt and he kissed me passionately. Then he backed out and driving off as people stared after our car.  
  
On our short trip back to our hotel Josh thanked me over and over and explained in detail his favorite things that happened. He did this while his hand was between my legs making it impossible to concentrate on what he was saying, but he repeated it all again later anyway.  
  
When we got to the hotel we had another amazing night of love making! It may be horrifying going through the humiliation, but it is worth it for the after effects.   
  
My second big "adventure" as Josh calls them was very scary, but I must admit, I think the grocery store was worse. I don't know if it is just because that was my first or if it was because I was in America, and the punishments there are worse for this kind of thing. Either way, this last "adventure" made my husband very happy, which in turn made me very happy. I am terrified about next time but already looking forward to the benefits that come after. I am so very lucky to have my husband in my life and will continue to do anything he desires to make him as happy as he has been lately! See you all next time.