**“How it Happened”**

This is a true story of how I went from a housewife and mother of four to a sexual play toy for a man I met in a bar and his friends.

It all began after I separated from my husband and then lost my job at a local dry cleaner's. I had worked there for the past four years and had just become the manager when it happened, money missing and they blamed me. No, they didn't think I took it, but they blamed me for letting it happen.

For the next several weeks I searched for a job but nothing came of it. Then one night, as I was sipping wine as I talked to a girlfriend of mine she suggested I apply for a job as a dancer in one of the local topless bars. "What!" I almost shouted, "I couldn't do that, I've got four kids. Nobody wants to see me naked!" More wine and more talk led to me going out the next day to see if I could do it.

I thought I would check out some of the clubs first before trying to get hired, you know, see how busy they were, what the other girls looked like, all that stuff.

The first couple were okay, busy and all that, but the other girls were so much prettier than me, so I chickened out and went to the next one. That's where I met Ron. He was sitting at the bar nursing a beer. I sat down next to him and ordered a glass of wine. He turned to me asking if I worked here or if I was going to apply for a dancing job.

"Just checking thing's out for now." I replied.

I was wearing a white mini skirt that showed a lot of leg and a tight blue denim jumper that hugged my body tight. As I finished my wine Ron ordered another for me. I thanked him and we kept talking. Then out of the blue he asked me how open minded I was. I laughed and told him, "Well, I'm sitting in a topless bar thinking about applying for a job taking my clothes off, so I guess I'm very open minded." He smiled and offered to pay twenty five dollars for my bra if I would take it off and sell it to him right there at the bar. I almost choked on my wine before asking if he was serious. "Just as serious as a heart attack." he said. 'What the hell' I thought and doing that cute little trick all us girls know I unhooked my bra and slipped it off without undoing my jumper and handed it to him. Again he laughed and said, "I forgot that trick.", as he handed me the money. A few minutes later he told me he would give me fifty dollars for my panties or thong if I removed them at the bar. By this time I had drunk three glasses of wine here, not to mention all the ones at the other bars, and was more than a little tipsy. Besides I could use the money. I lifted my little butt up and reached under my mini and pulled them off and gave them to him. In return he handed me a crisp fifty.

We stayed there for another drink and then he asked if I wanted to go for a drink someplace else where we could get a mixed drink. I know I shouldn't have but I said yes. I told him I had to stop for gas before I went far so he followed me to the gas station. While I was pumping gas he asked me to lift my skirt and show him my bare pussy. Without thinking I did and he snapped a picture of it. I should have been mad but hell he had already given me seventy five dollars and bought me several drinks, so I didn't say anything.

We went to a nice place and had two mixed drinks each before he suggested we check another bar. The next place we went was darker and loud even in the booth we took way in the back. Then, just as the waitress brought us our drinks, he dared me to take off my skirt. 'What the heck' my muddled mind thought, 'it's dark, no one will see', so I did it. After a bit of conversation and another glass of wine he asked for my top. I was drunk and thought nothing of it and removed my cute blue jumper and gave it to him.

It's funny how being naked in a bar will start to sober you up so quick, but there I was butt naked in a noisy dark titty bar with a guy I had met just a few hours earlier. A little later one of the dancers came by to say hi to Ron, seems he knows a lot of them. She saw I was naked and told Ron he was being bad again. "Me being bad? I'm just sitting here having a beer. I'm not the one naked." he said. Later the waitress came by and told him to get me dressed before he and I both got in trouble. After he let me get dressed he got my phone number and my address and we finished our drinks. Before we got outside he stopped me and told me when we got to the door he wanted me to strip and walk to my car naked. I was still drunk enough and under his spell to say okay, and that's what I did. I walked across the lot to my car naked as the day I was born in full view of, I guess, twenty guys. Ron told me he would call me later tonight and sent me home.

Later that night, true to his word, he called and told me to meet him tomorrow at the bar we met at and he would make sure they hired me.

**"How it Happened" part 2**

That night I tossed and turned and got very little sleep as I remembered how the day had gone. I thought of my children and worried about how this could effect them.

The next morning I got them fed and off to school. Just as I was returning home my phone rang. It was Ron reminding me to meet him around noon at the bar. He told me to wear something sexy like I had worn yesterday but to leave off the bra and panties.

When I pulled into the bar parking lot I saw his car and when I walked in I saw him at the bar talking to a young woman in her early to mid twenty's. I found out later she was the manager. When he saw me he introduced me as Mary saying I was the one he had been telling her about. She asked me if I had ever danced before and I told her, "No, but I learn fast and hope you will give me a chance."

"Okay," she said , "let's get the paper work done and see what you can do." I filled in an application and she took my drivers license and made a copy for the records. Then she asked if I had any dance wear. "No," I told her, "not yet." Ron spoke up saying he would take me out and buy some and then I could start work today.

Ron took me to a shop that sold dancer outfits and spent more than I wanted, but he said it was all needed. Then we went to another shop and brought heels for me to dance in. Then back to the bar.

Jenn, the manager, went over the rules and what I could and couldn't do and the hours. She explained the tip out, so much to the DJ, so much to the bouncer and the rest was mine. After she finished Ron told me to forget what she had told me I couldn't do, he said for the next few days he would guide me along and for me to just do as he said. Soon I heard my name called for me to get on stage.

I was so nervous and embarrassed it was almost funny. A few of the guys tipped me and I saw Ron walking up to the end of the stage. I moved toward him and he told me to relax and just feel the music. "Dance" he said, "like you are making love to the music or a man." I relaxed some and more of the guys tipped. When my third song was over I gathered up the money and joined Ron as he had moved to a booth. He took the money and put it all in order face up and counted it. I had made thirty nine dollars in just three songs and it wasn't even busy yet he told me.

Ron then told me to go back and change outfits and when I came back out not to wear the pasties on my nipples. He said this early I could get away with it so I did as he told me. My next set I danced more at ease and moved closer to the customers like Ron had told me and when I came down again he took the money and put it in order. I made seventy six dollars that set.

We talked as I sipped some wine and Ron had another beer. "Mary, you are a natural total submissive." he said. You have done everything I told you to without question. I hesitated for a second, but his words rang true. I had done as he told me yesterday and today both.

I went back on stage for another set and this time it was getting busy and when it was over I had made another hundred and twenty dollars. Ron held the money for me and as I started to slip in the booth with him he told me to give him my t-back and sit down bottomless. I looked around at all the people and asked if he was sure it was safe. Yes, he answered, so I did as he said once again.

While we sat there a couple of his friends came in and he waved them over telling them to join us. He introduced me to them and them to me and then he laid my t-back on the table right in front of them. They both looked at it, then me, before ducking there heads under the table to see if it was mine. Ron leaned over and told me to spread my legs and let them get a good look. Slowly I opened my legs and shivered as the humiliation washed over me. Here I was showing my pussy to two guys I had just met. When they straightened back up both had big smiles on their faces and so did Ron. He was turning me into a slut! And I was letting him and on top of that I was enjoying it.

I danced two more sets before it was time for me to get off and after tip out I had made over three hundred dollars of which I paid Ron half of what I made to cover most of the money he had spent buying my outfits.

I left and went home to feed the kids and help with any homework they had and went to bed tired from all the dancing. I slept much better that night.

**"How it Happened" part 3**

The following morning as I dressed, fed and took the kids to school my mind wandered back to how I felt when Ron exposed my naked pussy to his friends. The humiliation of sitting there while they looked at me and surprisingly the deep feeling of excitement. I wondered what he would do next.

As I was pulling back into my driveway my phone rang. When I picked it up I saw it was Ron. "Hello?" I answered. Ron asked that I meet him for breakfast and I agreed. "Where?" I asked. He told me where and I told him that I would meet him there in about a half hour.

When I entered the restaurant I saw Ron wasn't alone. The two friends of him were there, too, as was Missy, one of the girls from the club. I think that she was with one of his friends.

After we ate and had paid the check, I lit a smoke as I walked to my Blazer which was parked in the back and I noticed the others following us. When we got to my Blazer Ron told me to strip.

"What here! Now?"

"Yes," he answered, "here and now."

Why I did it I don't know, but after giving a quick look around I did as he said. First came my shirt then my black lace bra. Next I hooked my fingers down inside the waist of my skirt and pushed that down stepping out of it. I was standing in the parking lot wearing only my lace black panties and my sandals while they all watched. Ron softly said "Finish!", then I removed my panties. Ron took out his phone and took a picture of me standing there naked. Then he picked up my clothes and told me that he would see me at work. Then they turned and walked back to their cars and drove off.

I quickly got in my Blazer and shut the door, shaking, feeling strangely free and excited but at the same time deeply embarrassed. 'What now?' I thought to myself, 'What if I get stopped?' I looked around in the truck for something to cover myself with, finding nothing but my dance bag. Quickly I slipped on a thong and a shear top that I wore at the club before starting my truck and driving off.

I drove as carefully as I could in my excited state of mind to the club, wondering if Ron and the others were going to be there or if they had stripped me and went on about their day leaving me to deal with this myself. My heart jumped for joy as I pulled into the club parking lot seeing his car parked in front of the door. After I parked I grabbed my bag and locked the door and walked up to his car, ignoring the cars that drove past on the road as I made that long walk.

"Good girl." Ron spoke as I got to his window, "I knew you could do it, but who told you to dress?" he asked.

"No one." I answered, "I didn't know you wanted me to drive naked."

"That's okay." he said as he got out of his car and walked to the door to open it for me.

Inside it was just Ron, his friends and the other dancers who worked the day shift and Jenn the manager. Jenn spotted the way I was dressed and shook her head before calling me over to speak to me. "Mary, I know you're new to this, but you can't just run around in your dance clothes on your way to work. Look how your bare nipples poke out."

In the dressing room Missy had been telling the other girls what I had done in the parking lot of the restaurant. I walked in just in time to hear one of the girls say "What a slut!"

Missy spoke up in my defence saying, "Maybe, but for sure she is a submissive one."

I turned and walked back out. Back out in the bar I replayed what I had just heard and remembered that Ron had told me how submissive I was and thought, maybe he's right.

That afternoon when my shift ended it dawned on me Ron still had my clothes. Was I going to have to go home as I had came into the club this morning? Then behind me I heard Ron say, "Meet me at my car, I'll give you back your clothes."

"Thank you." I almost moaned.

Outside I went to his car still in my dance wear as he opened the door and reached in picking up a paper bag he had put my stuff in. As he turned to me he said, "In return for your clothes here is what you have to do. Take off what you have on now and give them to me. Then you can go to your Blazer, but put them in the back seat and drive off naked. Once you get almost home you can get dressed."

I knew I had no real choice so I stripped and gave him what little I had on and took the bag and made that long walk back to my truck naked and did as he had told me.

I drove about a mile before my nerve ran out and I pulled over and got dressed.

**"How it Happened" part4 (final)**

For the next several weeks Ron and his friends used me for their pleasure. My life was totally changed. When not working I spent many days and hours in bars and night clubs with them.

A typical day with them would include me being either partly or totally undressed for their amusement and pleasure. Now to be honest, I can't say I didn't find enjoyment in it as I did. Can you imagine being in a bar or club with your blouse undone, your breast exposed, your nipples being pinched, twisted and pulled by men you didn't know? Well I don't have to imagine it, I lived it!

Sometimes they would undo my skirt or jeans and have my ass and pussy on display. I turned from a shy mother to a sexual slut in just a matter of weeks. It wasn't just men I allowed to use my body but women also.

It got to the point I really started to need and want the treatment I received from them. Oh, I tried to escape them and for a while. I did, I even got my job back at the cleaners, but I soon found out I missed the excitement, so I slowly drifted back to them and others like them.

Now I find myself doing private parties for men, dancing nude and preforming acts I won't go into here. I even stopped to posting on Craigslist looking for that old excitement.

Ron saw what was happening and he stopped allowing his friends to use me and even went so far as to watch over me when he saw me out in the clubs.

Where this will end, I don't know. My point in this is, even though I suffered much humiliation I enjoyed it. I'm trying now to get my life back together, but truth be told I enjoy what happened.

**"A Little More"**

After I finished writing "How it Happened" I started thinking about how I felt now my secret was out and found much to my surprise I wasn't ashamed. Even posting the pictures didn't upset me too much. I mean, what the heck, they were honest and lots of people had seen me already. What I realized was that being naked in public was a turn on for me. Yes, I still feel embarrassed and humiliated but excited and turned on at the same time.

Thinking back I recalled one weekend that stood out in my mind that pushed my buttons in ways I will never forget. Ron knew that it was the weekend my husband had the kids, so he arranged a get a way for us to Atlantic City. We would leave after the kids had gone. Ron told me to pack only mini skirts and skimpy revealing tops and to be sure to bring my heels.

When he picked me up the first thing that happened was he had me strip off right in my driveway. I was worried that my neighbours would see and asked if it could wait till we were away from there. Ron turned to me and said you can do it here in the car or get out and go back inside and walk out naked, you decide. I knew he meant it so I stripped. Off we went. After we got going I relaxed a little and decided I might as well enjoy it if I could. As we pulled on to interstate 95, Ron spoke up saying, "Damn, I forgot to fill up the gas tank.", and told me that he would pull off at the next exit to get gas. Deep down inside I knew I was going to be the one pumping the gas and I was going to be naked doing it. I was right.

The exit he took had three places to fill up at. One was a small Shell station, the next was a convenience store that had gas and the last was a major truck stop. Yep, that's the one he picked. Thankfully he used a credit card and we could pay at the pump, but still here I was butt naked at a truck stop filling the tank while who knows how many people watched. After filling the tank he had me clean the windows just to keep me out longer and to give a better show to the ones watching. All the reaching to get the windows clean gave everyone a good look at my ass and my pussy. I turned several shades of red as I did it.

The next embarrassing thing that happened was when we hit the first toll booth. We hit several on the way and all but one had men taking the toll and Ron made sure that he used big bills, so getting change took longer and the toll collector got a good view of me. The one with a woman was the worst. She did a double take and started laughing saying her boyfriend would never believe her when she would tell him about this as she made change. Ron suggested she take a picture to prove it and she did. Several in fact.

As we reached Atlantic City almost six hours later Ron let me get dressed, saying that trying to check in with a naked woman might be difficult as he laughed. Check in went well and soon we headed to our room. Once in the room he had me strip again before picking up the phone and ordering room service. "We need to eat." he said.

About twenty minutes later came a knock at the door, "Room Service" the voice at the door announced. Ron told me to answer the door. Standing behind the door I opened it as the young girl wheeled the cart in. When I turned Ron had a frown on his face as he walked toward me.

"Is that how you have been taught to answer the door, by hiding behind it?"

It was then the girl noticed I was naked for the first time. Ron turned to her, "I apologize for the slut's behavior." he said, "Rest assured she will be punished."

The girl was by now curious as to what was going on, so she asked, "How will she be punished?"

"She will have her ass spanked." he said.

"Hmm, that sounds like fun." she said.

"Would you care to watch or would you rather spank her yourself?" Ron asked. "Oh! Could I?" she squealed beaming like a kid at Christmas. "Yes." Ron answered as he pulled a chair from the desk, telling the girl to have a seat. Then he turned to me and told me to lay across her lap. As I carefully laid myself across her lap she told me to spread my legs and count each blow. Then she asked Ron how many. "Ten," he said, "and make them good ones."

Then she started as I counted each one. By the time she reached eight I was in tears and my butt was on fire. The ninth and tenth both landed square on my pussy. Then Ron had me thank her for my spanking as he walked her toward the door. She told him she got off in a hour and asked if she could stop by after she got off. "Yes." he said.

By the time we finished eating and Ron had taken a shower I heard a knock at the door and the voice of our room service girl. This time when I answered I opened the door with me in front of it fully exposed to whoever might be out in the hallway. "Much better slut." she said as she walked in. Ron told me to go take my shower as he turned to the girl, I found out then her name was Gwen.

While I was in the shower Ron and Gwen talked and he told her about how we had met and what a submissive I was. When I came out Gwen had already went through the clothes I brought and had laid out what I was to wear. After we left the hotel she suggested we make a short stop to pick up something else for me to wear. Ron said okay and our first stop was at an adult book and sex shop. Gwen took us in and went straight to the toys and picked out a nasty looking set of nipple clamps and as she paid for them called me to her. "Open you blouse slut." she said as the guy behind the counter looked on. Then she pinched and rolled first one nipple, then placed the clamp on it as I flinched from the pain and repeated the same to my other nipple before tightening both till I was almost in tears. "Leave the blouse open." she said as Ron walked up to her. "Damn girl, your a girl after my own heart." Looking at me he said, "Lets go slut."

We spent the next few hours dancing and drinking with both of them exposing me to others for their pleasure before stopping by Gwen's place to pick up a change of clothes for her before returning to our hotel. When we got on the elevator they had me strip and when we reached our floor they had me walk naked in front of them to our room.

The next morning Gwen showered and left before Ron ordered room service for us. After eating and pushing the cart out the door the maids came by. They had fun watching me as Ron had me standing in front of our window naked spread eagle facing the rooms on the other side. Ever so often he would have me turn around so anyone looking got a good look at both sides of me. Ron then let me dress and took me down to the casino. We played for a couple hours before going back up to the room. That night he took me to a show.

The next morning we packed and returned home. Of course when we got on the road I was naked again.

**"One More Example"**

Hi while we're all waiting to see what Les will come up with let me give one more example of what my life has been like.

It had been another slow day at the bar and I was heading home when Ron called on my cell, "Hey Mary, feel like a little shopping?" he asked. Now what woman ever doesn't feel like shopping so I asked, "Where and when?"

"Meet me at The Forrest, I'll buy dinner then we go shopping."

The Forrest is a small neighbourhood bar and grill that a lot of dancers meet at for drinks since the clubs here now can't sell mixed drinks. I walked in looking for Ron, and spotted him sitting in the back with another dancer I knew from another club, both sipping drinks as I made my way to them. When I reached them I slide in beside Ron and asked, "Not waiting for me were you?"

Both laughed saying that they had just got started. The waitress came over and I ordered a rum and coke asking for a double shot in it. Ron noted I had on jeans and a tee shirt saying that he wasn't thrilled about the jeans and would have to correct that before we went shopping.

We had a couple more drinks and a nice steak dinner. Then one more drink before Ron paid the check and we walked out to my Blazer. "Have you got a skirt in your dance bag?" he asked. "No," I answered, "only one of my wraps I wear when I leave the stage." "That will work." he said, so I pulled it out and started to head for the ladies room to change into it. "No," he said, "just change here." I felt the heat start to rise in my body and myself getting excited, so I undid my jeans and slipped them off before putting the wrap on. Then he took my jeans and put them in my dance bag and locked my Blazer up saying we would take his car.

Now for those of you who haven't been to a strip club let me describe what these wraps look like. They aren't really meant to be worn as a skirt. They do cover most of the important parts, but show a lot of leg and if you aren't wearing panties, and I wasn't, you need to watch or you would be showing a lot more than maybe you wanted. The tee shirt I was wearing was tight and showed the form of my small breasts and of course my nipples were trying to poke their way out and I was still wearing my "... me" strippers heels.

From there Ron drove us to one of the shopping malls out in the suburbs and parked out near the front edge of the lot, leaving us a good long walk inside. Once inside Ron headed straight for a shoe store saying that I had mentioned needing a pair of new dance shoes for work. I told him that I wasn't really dressed for buying shoes, but he just smiled saying I was just perfect. I knew at once he was going to have me showing myself off and my pussy really started getting wet then, excitement and shame battled inside me.

The guy who waited on me got a real eye full when he undid the heels I was wearing and helped me put the new heels on. The way my wrap was my wet pussy was at eye level and he didn't take his eyes off it. I would have had a wet spot on my rear end if my wrap hadn't rode up so my bare ass was on the chair.

From there we went to The Gap where Ron found a sales girl to help us. He picked out several little tops and a couple of minis and asked if I could try them on. The sales girl led us to a dressing room with a curtain for a door. When I went in Ron opened the curtain a little so that anyone sitting out there could watch as I changed into one of the tops and minis. When I came out I saw right away that several other guys were there, not to mention the sales girl, and wondered who had been watching. Ron had me try on other outfits. Each time he left the curtain open just a little more till by the time I put on the last outfit it was half open. I knew that I was giving quite a show. When I came out the last time the sales girl had another outfit in her hands saying she had suggested this one to Ron. When I took it I saw it was a tennis skirt and a see-through top. I blushed knowing that unless this skirt was different from the one I wore on stage it would come just to the point my legs came together and would expose my bare ass and my puss with each step. I put it on and stepped back out noticing everyone of the men there sporting tents in there pants, even a couple of wet spots. "Perfect." Ron said. "Wear that one from here on." he said as he gave the others to the girl and told her to ring them up as he handed her his credit card.

From there we went to a store that carried toys and he brought me a large life-like dildo before we left the mall.

The walk back to the entrance had everyone looking at me, my titties bouncing, my nipples on full high beam and my pussy leaking down my thighs. Back in the car Ron opened the dildo and had me put my feet up on the dash and use it on myself as he drove slowly back to my Blazer saying not to cum till he said so. It was torture, but I made it, just barely. Then he let me finish right in the parking lot of The Forrest.

I took my time walking to my Blazer enjoying the looks I was getting.

**"Birthday Humiliation"**

I woke with a nagging worry about what was going to happen today, but also with a thrill knowing Ron had planned a full day, not to mention the party he had told me he had arranged. The kids were with their father for the weekend, so I didn't have to worry about them.

I took my shower and washed my hair wondering the whole time just what Ron had planned for today. Once finished in the bathroom I moved back into my bedroom just as the phone started to ring. It was Ron telling me to wear simply a dress, nothing else, saying he would pick me up in twenty minutes. Well, that made getting dressed simple and I knew just which dress to wear. It was a deep teal button up dress that came to just above my knees. The top part of the dress was tight as was the waist, but the bottom part was made to flow with the wind.

Once Ron picked me up our first stop was at the shop of a friend of him. This surprised me as this friend owned a graphic sign business that did quality air brush work. I was going to ask what we were doing here when Ron told me that Jeff was going to do some painting on me that he wanted for later. I almost complained, but thought better of it. At least it wasn't going to be something permanent like a tattoo. We headed straight to Jeff's office and once inside Ron introduced me to Jeff. Jeff handed Ron a sheet of paper asking if this was what he had in mind. Ron looked it over and said that it was right on the money. Jeff then told Ron he had made up a set of templates to use because of the delicate nature of the areas he was going to be working on and the printing being small. He went on to say that once the templates were in place he would just spray the paint and remove the templates and we would be good to go. With that Ron turned to me and told me to take off my dress.

I removed my dress feeling the excitement and humiliation building in me. I mean, Jeff's office was mostly glass-walled and was in the center of his shop. So any of his people could see what was going on, not to mention any customer who came in. First Jeff placed two of the templates on my breasts just above the nipples. Then he took another and placed it just above my pussy, his fingers just lightly brushed my now swelling pussy lips. 'Damn!' I thought to my self, I forgot to shave it this morning. All of this took just a short time. Then he opened the door and walked out into the shop to get his tools leaving me still standing for everyone to see and believe me, several did see me. When he came back it took just a couple of minutes to apply the paint and the sealant. Then he removed the templates and used a blow dryer to help the paint dry before I was allowed to get dressed again. After I was dressed Ron showed me what was now painted on my body. On my breasts just above my nipples were the words pinch and twist. Above my pussy was painted SLUT with CUM DUMP printed on both sides. I was shocked, mortified but thrilled as I knew others would see that before the night was over and I was getting wet just thinking about it.

Our second stop was at the beauty salon where he had my hair done along with a pedicure and a manicure. Then he told me he noticed I hadn't shaved yet, so he asked the woman who had taken care of me if they offered waxing. "Yes," she answered, "let me check if we can fit you in now." With that she walked to the front where she spoke with two women as she pointed back to me. When she came back she said, "You're in luck, we can do it now.", as they had just gotten a cancellation. It hit me just then what the woman who did the waxing would see shortly and a low moan escaped me.

I was led to a small well lit room and Ron had followed along. The first thing I noticed was how warm it was. Well, I guess it was because of the heating wax. The woman told me I would need to remove my dress and lay down on the table and spread my legs before she went back out. When she came back I was laid out on the table legs open as she had ordered. When she noticed the writing she looked first at me, then at Ron and then she chuckled saying, "So, you like that, are you?". Again humiliation and shame rippled through me. With no warning she pinched one nipple as she twisted the other. I moaned not sure if it was from pain or pleasure. Then she got busy applying the wax and laying pull strips to remove my stubble. Most of the time it's quick and not too painful, but she took her own sweet time. I could feel every hair as it was pulled from the roots out of my body. It took her several times and each was just as painful as the one before. Then once finished she applied some jell to ease the burn. She turned to Ron and asked if she could take a picture of me to show her friends. "Yes, sure." he answered.

**"Birthday Humiliation" part 2**

As we were leaving the beauty salon I noticed the girl who had done my waxing showing several of the other ladies the pictures she had taken. My pussy tingled and my level of humiliation went up another notch.

Our next stop was a boutique that had specialty women's undergarments and there Ron talked to the woman who both owned and managed the place. He told her what he wanted and both acted as if I wasn't even there. When she was sure she knew just what he wanted she told him that she needed to make some measurements to assure the proper fit and asked if we would follow her to the fitting room. Once inside she told me to undress and step up on the platform in the center of the room. She carefully measured and remeasured my bust, then just as carefully measured my inseam although her fingers seemed to have a way of slipping into my by now wet engorged lips, just barely rubbing the tender excited clit that was now poking its pretty little self out. By the time she finished, my thighs had become slick with my fluids and I was ready to do anything just to be allowed to cum! She left to put some things together and when she returned she took a wet wash cloth and cleaned me up before handing me a pair of crotchless panties to put on to check for the proper fit. Once they were on she had me step down and walk to a mirror to see what they looked like. In the mirror I saw my pussy perfectly framed as my sex shown in its full wet glory. Next she handed me a bra that lifted and separated my breasts, but in the middle were holes that allowed my now rock hard and fully extended nipples to poke through, not only that but the painted on pinch and twist were visible also.

I stood there looking at myself dressed as some cheap slut but knew from experience these garments were anything but cheap. I tried on a couple of more sets, each as revealing as the first when Ron told her he would take them all. Then he told me to thank the lady for all her help and when I started to speak he slapped me saying that wasn't the thanks he had in mind. I knew then what he wanted and as I bent my knees and kneeled before her I asked her, if I could worship her sex in thanks. She lifted her skirt and I removed her thong and began to lick and suck her sex. Ron reminded her not to muss my hair. In no time she climaxed covering my face with her womanly juices. Then I was allowed to dress but not clean my face.

The next stop was a high end shoe store where the man who waited on me got quite an eye full as he measured my foot while the whole time he was looking at my now wet pussy. It took only a moment to find just the right heels and after Ron paid for them we went to lunch.

After lunch we made our final stop. It was at an upscale dress shop that made special gowns and dresses. I didn't know, but Ron had ordered a special gown for me, and all that needed to be done was a final fitting and any last minute alterations. Once inside the shop after he had spoken to the lady up front we were taken to the rear dressing room and again I had to strip. Ron had me leave on the bra and panties he had bought earlier and he even had brought in with him the heels he had purchased for me. While we waited he had me put the heels on.

The dress was a pale green and the material was so sheer I may as well been naked when I put it on. You clearly could see right through it. My hard nipples poking at the thin gauze like fabric you could see the goose bumps on each of them. My ass was split by an all but invisible thong and from the front my sex was plainly in view for all. Ron had only one request and that was to have the hem shortened by a few inches leaving it to end just under my pussy. He was told it would take just a short time before it was finished. I dressed and we went a couple of blocks before pulling into a nice bar. Inside we enjoyed a couple of drinks and he asked if I was curious as to who would be at the party. "Yes!" I told him, but that I also didn't think he would tell me. He laughed and said I was right. He wouldn't, but he did tell me that I would reach a level of shame and humiliation I had never reached before. He did tell me that some of the people he had invited would be a shock to me, but it was all going to be alright. We finished our drinks and returned to the dress shop.

The dress was finished when we returned and again I tried it on. This time Ron said it was perfect.

Ron took me home after that and told me that he would pick me up tonight at 8 and for me to be ready when he arrived. He laid the dress on my bed along with the bra and panties he wanted me to wear. Then he kissed me and left. As he went out the door he told me to relax and enjoy myself as tonight my life would be making a major change.

**"Birthday Humiliation" part 3**

After Ron left I thought about his parting statement, about how my life was going to have a major change - as if it hadn't already - and it scared me. How much more could it change I wondered. Let's see, so far no one that really knew me had seen me - at least as far as I knew. That was what worried me most, someone close finding out. Next I thought about someone from management at the cleaners finding out. That could cost me my job. Then I thought about family finding out. Ron wouldn't expose me to my kids, I knew, but what about my brother? He had met him. Maybe my ex husband. He knew him also. Soon I had worked myself into a tizzy, but deep down inside me I knew that what I wanted most was the humiliation that the risk brought with this game I was playing. I had come to live for it.

Time past as I waited for the bath tub to fill. I wanted a long hot bath to ease my nerves. I soaked till the water cooled and then left the tub. Drying off with a soft towel I looked at myself in the mirror and saw my naked body with the painted on words and shivered. Looking back at me was a slut. I realized at that moment I liked what I saw and if anyone else didn't that was their problem not mine. Again I thought of the people who could possibly be there later tonight. My ex couldn't hurt me. And my brother, well he chased every woman he met. People from work, hey I don't care. So I relaxed.

By seven I started doing my make up. I applied a heavy coat of deep whore red lip stick and repainted my nails to match, even my toenails. Next I picked up the bra and thong Ron had selected, for the first time noticing they were as red as my nails and lips. That caused me to smile. Soon I was putting on the dress and when finished the heels were next. Then I checked myself in the mirror again and liked what I saw. I checked the time, it was five till eight. Ron will be here soon I thought as I walked to the living room. Then I heard a car pull up. I looked out the window and saw a stretch limo and Ron walking to my door. When I opened the door a huge smile from his face greeted me. He told me I was beautiful and perfect in every way. I knew right then that no matter what tonight would be just fine.

On the way Ron told me that he would be beside me all night and that everything would work out in the long run. Tonight is your coming out party and if everything goes as planned something else very special, too.

The party was being held at a private club one of Ron's friends owned and when we walked in the joint was packed. All at once the noise level dropped, I swear you could almost have heard a pin drop. Everyone was looking at me.

Ron led me around introducing me to his friends. He had bankers, lawyers, even two judges there. Not even mentioning Jeff who just this morning had painted me, nor his drinking buddies from the bar, nor some of the dancers I knew who either worked where I did or at other clubs Ron had taken me to. Then one of my fears came true, my ex walked up! He called me a slut and a whore saying, "Look at how you're dressed, your ... on display!" Ron spoke up saying my ex had a choice to make. He could either apologize or take the other choice and get his ass beat right here. He went on to say it wasn't my fault as he wasn't man enough to give me what I needed. Well, my ex was never the smartest person in the world, so he got a bad ass whipping. He threatened to have my kids taken from me and about that time one of Ron's lawyer friends told him, "Try it and you will lose at the same time." One of the judges who were there spoke up saying he didn't have a chance as some of Ron's other friends pushed and shoved him out of the club.

My next shock came a little later as Ron and I stood at the bar, me sipping wine and Ron with a beer in his hand. My brother walked up, he shook Ron's hand saying my ex had that coming for a long time. He turned to me saying he was sorry he hadn't done it for me a long time ago. Then he kissed me on the cheek and said in the future he would step in much quicker if anyone hurt me again. He said he really liked how I looked, but that it was a shame that so much was covered, giving both Ron and me a shy smile. Ron asked if he really wanted to see more and if he wanted everyone else to see it, too. My brother told him it wasn't about what he wanted, but what I wanted was important. I don't think I ever loved my brother more than just then. With that said Ron turned me around and unzipped my dress, letting it fall to the floor. Then he asked me to dance with him. I followed him on to the dance floor. As we danced I could feel his erection pressing into my belly. As my nipples hardened my juices began flowing down my thighs and tears formed in my eyes. Both tears of shame but mostly of joy.

For the next few hours I danced with most of the men there and yes they followed the instructions on my breasts. My nipples were under assault being pinched and twisted by most of the men and some of the women also. My brother included. It was he who while we danced told me I should go ahead and remove the bra and thong also to make the night complete. I stopped dancing and looked him in the eye saying that was his job, not mine. He did it and put them in his pocket before we finished the dance and he led me back to Ron.

I spent the rest of the night naked and exposed and loved it. More dancing followed. At one point Ron even put me up on the bar and had me dance like I was at the club giving everyone a good look at my wet pussy and at my puckered butt hole.

Ron asked me to marry him that night and it was the hardest thing I ever did telling him no. I told him I loved him and always would, but I didn't want to be married again. Instead I offered to be his sex slave, if he would have me. We have been happy ever since.

**"Taking Chances"**

My brother Gordon and Ron have been getting together a lot lately and came up with the idea of a game that involved me being naked, exposed and taking chances. The point of the game is to have me chancing humiliation in public.

The first thing they wanted me to do was to take a walk through my neighbourhood butt naked in handcuffs. I live in a nice well lit subdivision, so the risk of being seen is very high. Being seen naked by my neighbours would be humiliating enough, but naked in handcuffs! Wow, over the top. Since there are small children in the area it was decided that either late at night or early morning would be the best time to take my stroll. Both Gordon and Ron would be close by in case they were needed.

Bondage was something new to me and scary. Yes I admit I had thought of being bound and helpless before, but had never seriously given it much thought. Besides most of my thoughts had been of me being bound, blindfolded, gagged and helpless as person or persons unknown ravished me. Not something like that. I wondered how I could pull it off. After all I had my four kids living at home with me and they didn't know their mother was a slut. At least I hoped not.

Ron called one night and told me it was time and tomorrow morning was going to be when. He told me he would be at my house at 4AM and for me to be naked and waiting by the door. That night I got no sleep as my nerves were going crazy. With the kids safely in bed and asleep I was naked and waiting when Ron knocked on the door. It was a Saturday morning and I thought surely no one would be up, so there was very little risk of being seen. I stepped outside to greet Ron and he spun me around putting cuffs on me before turning me back around to kiss me as he fondled my breasts, tweaking my nipples, then slipping two fingers into my warm wet sex.

"Excited I see." he said as I softly moaned yes. Gordon was still sitting in the car.

"Since this is your first time it will be a short walk, two blocks up the street, two blocks to the right. Then two blocks back this way and two blocks back to your street before coming back home." The night was clear and the temperature was warm, but I was sweating like crazy.

Ron explained the rules to me: I was to stay on the sidewalk at all times. He and Gordon would follow me in the car with the lights on, "All the better to enjoy the view." he said. I was to walk at a normal pace and if anyone was out and spoke to me I was to answer. If they touched me, I wasn't to worry. Touching would be all they would be allowed to do. Then he walked me to the sidewalk and told me to get started.

The first few steps away from my house I was in a daze. I couldn't believe I was doing this, but by the end of the first block I had slipped into a traffic-calmed zone and the second block was easier. Then I turned the corner. The next block went by quickly. Then I crossed the street to the next block. That's when I realized that the two blocks coming up next were right along a main road and traffic could - and most likely would - be heavier.

Getting to the main road my worst fears became true. The traffic was heavy. 'Where in the hell were all these cars going?' I wondered. Not only that, but I also wondered how Gordon and Ron were going to stay behind me to watch out for me. I heard a door close and looked back. Ron had gotten out of the car and Gordon had turned the corner and drove off. I saw then that Ron was going to be behind me on foot till I turned back into the quieter part of the neighbourhood. I felt better and kept walking. My arousal level was going through the roof and my thighs were slick and gleaming from the fluids leaking, no pouring from my pussy. My nipples were pointed out like beacons, I was so aroused. The first block was now over and no one had shown any sign of seeing me, but all of a sudden a horn started honking and a car pulled to the side. Inside it were three teenage boys and they made several comments and asked if I wanted a ride, cause they all sure wanted to ride me. I told them, no I didn't need a ride and that I wasn't interested in playing with little boys when I had a man to take care of me. I knew as soon as I said that I had made a mistake as one of them started to get out of the car. About then Ron spoke up saying if he didn't want to get hurt he best get back in the car. He told them they had seen enough and should move on. Then one of the boys spotted Gordon walking up from the other direction and they pulled off.

The rest of the walk was fine. No one else stopped, though a couple did slow down and whisled and honked their horns.

When I got back to the house Ron followed me to the door and unlocked the handcuffs before opening my door. He turned to Gordon and told him I would take him home later. Once inside Ron took me to my bedroom and then went to my bathroom where he got a wash cloth and washed my bare feet before taking me to bed and made love to me.

Later that morning I fixed him and the kids breakfast before taking him home.

**"Taking Chances, another time"**

My brother Gordon and his wife played major roles in the next chance. Actually, I shouldn't call it chance as I was definitely going to be humiliated and there was no way around that. The only thing not definite in advance was that I didn't know how badly until the day came.

Ron told me that Gordon and his wife Kim were going to be entertaining some friends and I was to do what ever either of them told me. I tried to find out more, but no amount of begging or pleading got any answers. Matter of fact all I got for all my questions was my bare ass spanked and if that wasn't enough afterwards I had to stand in a corner with my nose pressed to the wall with my hands on my head. I couldn't even rub my sore ass! To make matters worse it was almost time for the kids to get home from school. How would I explain this to them if they got home early? Ron cut it close only letting me dress when the bus pulled up outside.

Kim called me the following Monday and told me that the dinner party was set for Friday. I was told to get there early to help with things before the guests arrived. I didn't know what she possibly could need as she had already told me the dinner was catered so it wasn't cooking.

Friday came and I showed up around 3 in the afternoon as I was told. Gordon was still at work so it was just Kim and me. Kim had me strip almost as soon as I was inside. A short time later the caterer showed up and she and her helper saw me naked. By 5 the caterer had gone leaving the food in the kitchen. The table still needed to be set as it was bare but for a table cloth. I asked Kim if she wanted me to set the table, but she told me that could wait till Gordon got home. In the mean time she wanted me to draw her a bath and then bathe her. That was strange as it was the first time I had ever seen her naked. Kim has a body most of us women just wish we had. Shoulder length blond hair, high firm breasts, pink puffy nipples, a tiny waist and a flat stomach. After her bath I was told to shower and then come back downstairs when dry.

When I came down Gordon was home by then and I found him and Kim in the dinning room. They had removed the table cloth and placed a thin rubber mat on the table before putting the table cloth back. It was then I found out why I was there. I was to be the table center piece. Not only that, but I was going to be the serving platter also.

Gordon helped me on to the table. Then he placed a bar between my ankles and locked it. Next he took one wrist and wrapped a padded cuff around. He attached a long bungee cord to the cuff and passed it under the table to Kim as he moved to the other side of the table, taking my other wrist and wrapped another cuff around it before attaching the cord to that side, too. Then he told me to try and move my hands. I couldn't. Next he had me raise my head and open my mouth before placing a penis shaped gag in it that he then strapped behind my head. He asked if I was okay. I nodded yes, but panic was setting in. Next they placed a rubber pillow under my head. Then came the food. I was covered with fruit and vegetables from my neck to my feet. Whipped cream and chocolate were applied to my small pancake breasts and honey was poured into my pussy.

A short time later the first guest arrived. Over the next half hour the rest arrived while I was laying in the dinning room alone and waiting.

My first warning I had been spotted was a squeal of glee from one of the women, then followed up by a male saying the display was totally eatable. From that point on my body was under constant assault as they all teased me as they reached for pieces of fruit, dipping them in the whipped cream or the honey. I was going crazy with desire. I looked to see who was there and my humiliation deepened as I saw the girl who had done my waxing. Then there was also the lawyer who handled my divorce. Next I saw one of the bank tellers from the bank I visit almost daily for work. The rest appeared to be friends of theirs. As the fruit vanished my nipples came to their attention, not to mention my very wet sticky pussy. Several tongues tried to clean it but I kept adding another kind of cream myself now.

After the party wound down I was released and helped to the bathroom to be cleaned up by both Gordon and Kim. Then Gordon drove me home as I was in no shape to drive.

When I got home Ron was there and he had got the kids to bed and was already waiting for me.

**"Humiliating Trip"**

Ron pushed the limits on this one, but after it was all over I found it to be one of the most exciting days of my life.

Ron has family up in the country about two hours from here and he once took me to a cabin he has not to far from where they live. I loved it there. It was so quite and peaceful. There is a lake and everything there, not to mention how nice the cabin is. Ron asked me one Thursday night, if I remembered how to get there, and I told him yes as it was easy to find. He suggested that since I was off for the weekend maybe I could drive up and spend the weekend with him. I saw no reason not to as my folks were taking my kids to the beach so I agreed. We planned on me leaving after mom and dad picked the kids up and Ron helped me pack what I needed for the stay. You know by now he always chooses the skimpiest clothes I have, but I didn't worry about it. Once we had packed everything I needed, he suggested he take them up when he left, so I would already be unpacked when I got there. Then he dared me to drive up naked. I've learned not to question him and knew that his dare was really an order. I thought about the drive and decided that it was safe enough barring an accident or break down and, as my Blazer had just been inspected and had a full tank of fuel, I agreed.

Mom and dad picked the kids up just before noon and after they left I stripped off my clothes and ran to the Blazer hoping no one saw me as I did so.

Once on the road I was relaxed and made good time. I watched my speed as I didn't want to be pulled over naked with nothing to cover up with. About twenty miles from where I was going I saw red flashing lights in my rear view mirror and got very nervous. Then I knew I was being pulled. I was totally panicked as I knew I was about to be totally humiliated. I just hoped I wouldn't end up in jail.

It was a county deputy who pulled me and once he saw I was naked he allowed me to stay in my Blazer as he took my licence and registration card and walked back to his cruiser. I was almost in tears I was so worried. He was gone a long time it seemed. When he came back to my vehicle I knew something was up. This time he had his hand on his gun. Out of the car he ordered and the next thing I knew I was up against my Blazer, feet spread and my hands cuffed behind me. He told me I was under arrest for no drivers licence, as mine had expired, and for speeding. He told me since I was naked he had to call for a female officer to take me in as he walked back to his car leaving me standing there on the side of the road in plain view of passing traffic. His dash cam recording the whole thing. It seemed like forever before the female officer got there and when she did she marched me straight to her car and put me in the back. I heard the male officer tell the female to take me to the sub station's holding cell till the sheriff could make up his mind what to do with me. By now I was in tears, my life a shambles.

I was taken to the sub station and placed in a cell still naked and to make matters worse a drunk was in the cell next to me and about six other police officers were there. Finally they let me make a phone call and I called Ron hoping he could get me out of this mess.

Two hours later Ron showed up and with him were the officer who had pulled me, the female officer who drove me in and the sheriff. The cell was unlocked and I was taken to the sheriff's office followed by everyone else. Once inside I noticed Ron had a smile on his face and wondered just what he found so funny me being in so deep trouble. Then he introduced me to his uncle and his two cousins. That's right, the sheriff was his uncle and the other two were his cousins. The sheriff explained that Ron had set the whole thing up and had told them all about me and my need for humiliation. He also said he hoped to see as much of me tomorrow at the family picnic and hoped that there were no hard feelings. Then he told me I was free to go.

The next day at the picnic I was dressed just as they saw me last when I met Ron's aunt and the rest of his folks.

**"Pet Smart Humiliation"**

It was a hot Saturday morning as Ron and I drove East toward Va Beach. Our conversation was centered around my need to be humiliated. Ron had mentioned how much harder it was for him to really humiliate me. Not that I still didn't become very humiliated with some of what he had me doing or anything, but the really earth shaking, mind blowing, orgasm causing kind were becoming fewer and fewer.

Our plan for today was to hit the beach, swim and soak up some rays before hitting some clubs for drinks and dancing. The hotel we were staying at was located right on the beach and in easy walking distance from a couple of hot clubs he had found.

We had taken my Blazer over his truck since his AC was on the blink and he had it in the shop for repairs. Both our bags were in the back. I had packed little as he had since our main goal was fun and sun. Both of us were dressed for just that. He wearing shorts and tee shirt and me I already had my bikini on with a little beach wrap over that.

On our way into town Ron spotted a Pet Smart and told me to pull in as he wanted to pick up a couple of things. I didn't give it a thought as Ron has the most gorgeous German Sheppard you can imagine. A huge black and tan that he has had for years. I just thought he wanted to get him something.

Once inside we walked around the cool air causing my nipples to harden and poke the small triangles of my top out. Both Ron and I noticed the looks I was getting from the customers both male and female. I also felt my pussy starting to heat up.

The first thing Ron picked up was a leather collar but it wasn't something I could see him putting on Brutus as it was a bright pink. Then he found a thin light weight leash to match. Now I was sure they weren't for Brutus, but I still didn't know or realize they were for me. Next came a doggies bed, also in pink, but at least it was big enough for Brutus I thought. The last thing he wanted was a tag. The young woman who was to print the tag asked Ron what he wanted it to show and his answer floored me, "Ron's Slut" he told her.

Her eyes flashed toward me as a smile formed on her pretty face, "Oh getting your pet some pretties are you?" she asked. "She's a pretty thing, too. Is she well behaved?" she asked. I know I turned several shades of deep red as Ron answered "Yes, most of the time." I felt my pussy gush soaking my bikini bottom. You could smell my arousal in the air. After the tag was printed she put it on the collar and told Ron she would be happy to check him out if he was finished shopping. Ron thanked her and paid for his purchases. The girl put the doggies bed in a bag and started to reach for the collar and leash when Ron stopped her saying I would be wearing them out as he knew the city had a leash law and didn't allow pets to run free as he placed the collar around my neck and next came the leash. I was totally humiliated. Here I stood, a grown woman, being collared like a dog in a crowded store with people watching it happen. Ron paid the girl and picked up the one bag. Then he led me out of the store by my leash and back to my Blazer.

When we checked into the hotel I stood there still wearing my collar as Ron carried our bags and the bag from Pet Smart to our room. In the room he put our bags down and turned to me asking if I was ready for the beach.

We hit the beach and swam for a couple of hours. Part of that time we spent laying out soaking up some sun. All that day I wore my collar and revelled in the looks it got both on the beach and at the clubs.

That night I slept at the bed side in my doggie bed as Ron stroked my hair till I fell asleep.

I awoke the next morning feeling refreshed happy and loved.

**"Guessing Game"**

Ron took me on a business trip with him that was a very humiliating but oh so exciting experience for me. The meeting was to start on Thursday, but on Wednesday night there was to be a catered cocktail party so everyone would have a chance to meet each other.

We arrived late Wednesday afternoon and after showering and getting settled into our room Ron took me up to the ballroom where the party would take place. It was a beehive of activity, people setting up tables and snack trays, bartenders setting up mini bars around the room. Everything was in place and the guest would be coming in soon.

Ron took me to another room off the main ballroom where he told me what he had planned for me. Then he showed me how I was going to be displayed. He had a baggage trolley enclosed with curtains and on the inside was a X shaped cross. Next he had me strip then step up on the trolley. First he bound my hands, one hand to each side of the cross, then he did the same with my legs. The center of the X was just above my waist. He pushed the trolley over to a wall mirror to show me how I looked. The only part of my body not exposed were the parts against the cross. Next he took a sleep mask from his pocket and put it over my eyes. I couldn't see a thing. Then he put a set of headphones over my ears blocking out most of the sound till he turned on an Ipod or something filling my ears with music, I could hear only that. Then the music stopped and he removed the headphones and told me that he was closing the curtains and I would be moved to the main room shortly. Then he put the headphones back on me and before he started the music I heard the curtain close. I don't know how long it was before I felt the trolley moving.

For the rest of the night I was displayed naked in a room full of people. Not only was I displayed, but people freely ran their hands over my body. Some fingered me, then gave me their finger to clean, some pinched and pulled or twisted my nipples. I was cumming freely and couldn't help myself. Then it all stopped and I felt the trolley moving again. When the headphones and the sleep mask were removed I was back in our room. When Ron showed up he told me I had done great.

The next day at the meeting I felt every eye on me and wondered if the person I was talking to had been one of the ones who had played with my body. I was humiliated beyond belief. I spent half the day cleaning my juices up to keep them from running down my leg.

**"Unexpectedly Naked"**

Planning the wedding has taken so much of our time it has left us little time for just us. Ron decided we needed to get away for a few day's to have a little fun and relax. Ron found what sounded like the perfect place, a small Bed and Breakfast located in Georgia. He even took care of packing for me so I had no idea what I would be wearing at any time but I trust him to keep us safe and me out of jail.

The drive down was nice, of course Ron had me pump gas naked a couple of times, the embarrassing part was having to go inside to pay. Embarrassing but fun if you know what I mean. Meal's were another time he spiced things up. Most of the time my blouse was undone to just below my breast giving our waiter or waitress a good view of my small breast and hard nipples.

When we reached the Bed and Breakfast our room was to just die for. We were joined by three other couples and they were nice and soon we became friends going every place together. Two of the other couples were conservative both in dress and action but fun anyway. The other couple seemed just like us, open to most anything.

Anyway here's what happened. One day we decided to spend the day close and enjoy the pool and just hang out. Ron had brought me a Bikini and when I put it on it covered just as little as I expected but I didn't complain and neither did anyone else. The suit top just covered my nipples and the bottom didn't hide much either. The suit fit perfect and felt like you weren't wearing it so when it happened I didn't notice it till I saw all the guy's looking at me as well as the three other women. When I looked down I saw I was naked. Ron kept me standing there as he explained what had happened. He had found some site on the web that you can get swim suits that when they get wet they dissolve!!!

The day ended up with two of the other girls joining me naked the other did go topless at least. The guys all loved it and our host when they came out and found us undressed as we were suggested dinner be a clothing free affair which we all agreed too.

A word of advice girls is to pack your own swim wear or you may have as much fun as I did.