My Naked Wife by Lady Grey

Jim looked into the kitchen and smiled as he shook his head. Standing

over the sink was his wife, Enid, washing some lettuce leaves. Nothing

strange in that you might think, but it was what she was wearing that

was strange. Well, not actually strange, but quite exciting, for Enid

was almost naked. The only thing she was wearing was a flowered apron.

He could see her long shapely legs, being shown off to their best by

four inch high red patent fuck me heels, and her trim tight bottom with

their two perfect globes of firm pink flesh. As she lifted her arms to

place the washed lettuce leaves in a colander, he could almost see the

swell of her breasts.

She turned and smiled at him. Now he could see the swell of her firm

breasts and the points of her nipples against the thin material of the

apron. "I'm just about ready," she said. "The food's all done and the

beer's in the fridge."

"So you have decided to go through with it?"

She nodded. "Why not? It was your idea."

"Look," he said with a slight exasperation in his voice, "if you want to

go to Florida with the girls, I will pay. You don't have to do this."

She shook her head and smiled. "No, darling, a deal's a deal. You said

that if I waited on you and the guys naked, the ones that are coming

over to watch the match on our new hugely expensive HDTV, you would pay

for me to go to Florida, so here I am ready and naked."

With that she undid the apron, pulled it quickly off, and tossed it on

to the kitchen table. Now completely naked apart from her red high

heels, she stood smiling at him. Jim felt himself beginning to feel

warm as he looked at her. Enid could really be stubborn when she put

her mind to it.

She had a stunning figure--five foot four and all the curves in the

right places. Her breasts were firm with no sign of drooping, with

crinkled brown areolas the size of a fifty pence piece, and hard stubby

pink nipples just aching to be touched. Her torso was tight and flat

from many hours spent at the gym, and she had almost the trace of a six

pack. Her stomach had just the slight sign of a curve, but this was

hardly noticeable as his eyes were drawn to the pronounced delightful

bulge of her mons pubis, completely devoid of hair. The shaded cleft of

her outer pussy lips was just visible as they disappeared enticingly

between her thighs.

Jim was beginning to sweat. He did not thought she would go ahead with

it. It had been a joke. Yes, she was annoyed because he had paid so

much for the new TV. They didn't need a forty two inch TV wall mounted

in the lounge. It made the lounge look like a cinema.

It was a week ago now, when he said they couldn't afford for her to go

to Florida, that the argument really started. "You are a chauvinist

pig," she finally said, "Only interested in your football and not me,

and I would have done anything to go out there with the girls."

"Anything?" he said with a grin on his face.

"Yes, anything!"

He looked at her, still grinning. "You know it is the cup final next Saturday?"

She nodded.

"Well, I have invited the guys over to watch it on the new TV."

She harrumphed, "Might have guessed that; showing off again."

"I have a deal for you. You serve the food and drinks during the match

and I will pay for you to go to Florida."

She looked at him in wonderment. "I thought we couldn't afford it."

"We can't really, but I've got a bit of cash put away."

Enid smiled at him and went over and put her arms around him and kissed

him. "I do really love you. Jim," she said kissing him again.

He pulled her arms from around his neck. "Don't get too excited. You

have not heard the conditions yet."

She looked at him puzzled. "What conditions?"

He smiled again, relishing the moment. "It's just what I want you to

wear while you are serving."

She smiled. "Not that kinky French maid's outfit I wore at Freddie's

party last month. You said how much you liked me in that."

He shook his head. "No, not that."

She looked at him. "Well, what then?"

He grinned. "I want you to wear..." Then he paused for a moment.

"Nothing!"

She looked at him. "You are kidding, aren't you? Serve you and your

mates food and booze for two hours with nothing on? You can get lost."

With that she stormed out of the room.

Jim sat down and pressed the remote and smiled as the large screen lit

up. He settled himself down on the leather sofa. Well, I didn't say she

couldn't go, he thought silently to himself.

Two days later Enid met up with her friend Joan for coffee. "It looks as

though I'm not going to be able to go with you to Florida."

Joan looked disappointed. "You can't afford it?"

"Not really after what he spent on the new TV. I hate the bloody thing

every time I see it."

"Look, I can help you out with some of the cash if you could find the

rest." "That's great of you, but I don't want to be in your debt. I

would only have to find it later."

Joan looked disappointed. "I was looking forward to you coming. Isn't

there any way?"

Enid was quiet for a moment, sipping on her coffee. Then she told Joan

about Jim's offer.

Joan looked at her shocked. "How dare he ask that of you. You should

have slapped him in the face."

Enid laughed. "I thought about doing worse than that," she said.

The two women were silent for a moment. Then Joan looked at her. "Did

you ever consider doing it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, after I had got over the shock, I did

think about it. You know, taking him on at his own game."

Joan smiled. "He only suggested it because he knew you would never do

it. If my Garry said such a thing to me, I would do it just to get back

at him. He's like Jim; he doesn't really want to let his friends see

you naked; no husband does." They finished their coffee and went

shopping. Jim's suggestion was not mentioned again.

About ten the following morning, Joan's phone rang; it was Enid. "I'm

going to do it," she said.

Joan didn't understand at first; then it dawned on her. "The cup final,

you mean?" She heard Enid laugh.

"I thought about it all night, and decided to play him at his own game."

"I hope you know what you are doing."

Enid laughed again. "I'm letting some horny guys see me in my birthday

suit. Don't forget, one of them will be your Garry."

There was silence on the line. "I won't mention it to him before hand

and just see if he tells me afterwards. It could be good for a bit of

blackmail." Now they both laughed.

Enid said nothing to Jim. On Friday she shopped for the food. Jim

brought the beer home in his car when he came home from work and stored

it in the fridge. They slept in on Saturday. Enid had surprised him the

night before by being extremely horny. They had a good sex life, but

for some reason she wanted more than usual.

On Saturday they had breakfast together. Jim looked at her in her blue

silk house coat, her hair still tousled from sleep and last night's

sexual romp. Yes, he was one lucky guy.

"Think I'll cut the grass this morning," he said. "Then I've got the

afternoon free and you can't go on at me."

She smiled. "I wasn't thinking about that. I know you want to watch your

football match. You go and cut the grass and I'll take a shower and

then make up the sandwiches."

While in the shower, she heard the mower start up. She slowly washed her

body. She was still somewhat nervous about what she was about to do,

but she was also feeling a little excited. She looked at her naked body

in the long bedroom mirror as she dried herself. She knew she looked

almost perfect. So what was her problem? She smiled as she remembered

the old saying: ‘If you have got it, flaunt it!" And looking at

herself, she certainly had it.

She was just going to dress when she thought, what the hell, and walked

down to the kitchen naked. She took an apron from a drawer and slipped

it over her head and tied it around her waist. Then she got busy

preparing the food. Through the window she could see Jim going back and

forward on the ride on mower. He waved at her and she waved back.

It was when he at last came back to the house after putting the mower

away that he saw her. He smiled when he saw her revealing outfit. It

was a joke of course.

"So you have decided to go through with it?"

She nodded. "Why not? It was your idea."

"Look," he said with a slight exasperation in his voice, "if you want to

go to Florida with the girls, I will pay. You don't have to do this."

She shook her head and smiled. "No, a deal's a deal. You said that if I

waited on you and the guys, your friends, who are coming over to watch

the match on our new hugely expensive HDTV, naked, you would pay for me

to go to Florida. So here I am ready and naked."

With that she undid the apron, pulled it quickly off, and tossed it on

to the kitchen table. Now completely naked apart from her red high

heels, she stood smiling at him. He tried to talk her out of it. He

offered her the money, but she shook her head. In the end he turned

away in desperation. "Okay, you go ahead with it; make yourself look a

fool." He went up to the bathroom and showered. He was hot and sweaty

from the gardening. My God, he though to himself as he stood under the

gushing water, when am I ever going to keep my big mouth shut? Then he

thought again, maybe she was just putting it on, making him sweat. At

the last moment she would disappear up to their room.

Kick off was three o'clock and he had told the guys to get there by two

to watch the build up. He noticed that Enid was still in the kitchen

naked when the door bell rang. She was cutting it fine he thought as he

went to the door to let Garry and Phil in. He took them through to the

lounge and they stood and admired the new TV. Jim handed them a Bud

from the small fridge he kept beside his favorite chair.

Just then the bell rang again. "Shall I get it?" Enid's voice was heard

from the kitchen.

"No, its okay," he called. "I'll let them in."

Barry and Craig greeted him with a smile. "We are looking forward to

watching the match on your new big screen."

Jim took them through to meet the others and gave them both beers. Three

of then sat on the sofa and Garry sat in the other arm chair. Jim was

pleased the way they all went on about the new TV.

"Do you want any food yet," Enid's voice came through from the kitchen.

Jim looked around and they all nodded. "Wouldn't mind something; for

some reason I missed lunch," Garry said.

"Joan was acting very peculiar," Garry said as they looked at each other

with a knowing smile.

"Don't they all at times? I will never understand women," Craig said,

taking a swig of beer.

"Shall I come through and get something?" Jim called.

"No, it's okay, I'll bring it through."

There was a pause, then the door opened and in came Enid holding a large

tray of sandwiches in front of her. The four men all stared. Craig

choked on his beer and Jim's face went as red as his Manchester United

shirt, for apart from her red shoes, Enid was still completely naked.

Not only that, but she had applied oil to her body and it seemed to

emphasize every curve.

She seemed totally unconcerned by her total nakedness as she smilingly

offered the tray of food to everyone. No one seemed to notice what they

were picking up from the tray as every pair of eyes were taking in her

beauty--her hard firm breasts with those incredibly hard looking

nipples and the delightful flatness of her stomach leading their eyes

down to the almost hidden delights of her pussy. She served the four

guests first, and then went across to Jim. She parted her legs slightly

as she bent over. She heard the unmistakable sound of a groan from one

of the four men behind her. She knew just how far she needed to bend to

give them a fleeting glimpse of her exposed pussy.

She stood up and smiled. "Just call if you need anything else," she

said. "I've got plenty more for you." They all watched at the

delightful sight as she made a slow enticing exit to the kitchen.

"Fuck me," Barry exploded. "Did you know she was going to do that?"

Jim was still a bit shell shocked, and just shrugged. "We had a bet," he

said slowly, "but I never considered for one minute that she would go

through with it."

"What bet was that?" Garry asked incredulously.

"I said if she served us naked, I would fork out for her trip to Florida."

"My God," Garry said, shaking hid head. "Does Joan know anything about

this?"

Jim shrugged. "I don't know. They are good friends; maybe they talked."

Garry brushed the hair off his face. "I bet they did. That would be why

she's been funny with me all morning."

Craig swilled the rest of his beer down, then burped loudly. "I'm ready

for some more food. How about the rest of you?" Jim glared at him.

It was just before the game started that Enid came in again. It had

taken her some time to compose herself when she got back to the kitchen

after her first appearance. Her legs were shaking and her heart was

thumping. She swilled down a large glass of cool white wine from a

bottle she had opened earlier, and she clung onto the kitchen unit for

support.

She had actually done it; completely exposed herself to the four men.

She smiled nervously as she thought about the moment when she bent

over. Had they actually seen her pussy? She shivered slightly. She

wasn't cold; she was nervously excited by what she had just done. She

finished the glass of wine and poured herself another. She knew she

mustn't overdo the drink, but she needed some support.

At last she was ready to do it again. She picked up her second tray and

walked boldly through into the lounge. She knew every eye was on her,

but she smiled and handed out the food as though it was quite normal to

be naked.

"Any more beer?" Phil asked, speaking to Jim, but not taking his eyes

for a moment off Enid's naked body.

Jim opened the small fridge. "Just two left in here," he said, passing

them out. "I'll get some more."

Enid smiled at him. "You just watch the game, darling; it's just

starting. I'll refill the fridge for you." She made her way back to the

kitchen followed closely by five pairs of eyes. She took another box of

beer from the big kitchen fridge and carried them through into the

lounge.

They were all trying to take some interest in watching the game, but

Enid was causing a distraction, not that any of them were thinking of

complaining. She squatted down beside Jim's chair and tore open the

box. Then she began to stack the bottles in the small fridge. It was an

awkward position with not a lot of room, and every time she leaned

forward to put the bottles in, she had to slightly open her legs for

support. From Jim's position he could not see what she was doing, but

the others were being treated to the sight of her delightful pussy

being displayed to them again and again. At last she stood up, and with

some amusement, she noticed them all attempting to adjust rising

erections. Back in the kitchen, she had to control herself from

laughing out loud. This was turning out to be fun.

At half time Jim, came through to the kitchen. Enid smiled at him. "I

think everyone seems to be enjoying themselves," she said with a slight

smile. Jim looked at her. "Okay, the joke's over. Now go and put some

cloths on. I think they have all seen enough."

She looked at him. "Now who's bottling out?" she said. "I've no

intention of going and getting dressed. I'm beginning to have fun, and

I haven't heard any of them complain."

Jim knew it was no use talking to her when she was in this mood. He

grabbed another case of beer from the fridge and made his way back to

the lounge.

She had prepared some sausage rolls and some other hot snacks for the

interval. She took them from the oven and placed them on a tray. Smiles

greeted her as she walked around handing them out. A lot of the

nervousness had gone on both sides. They could see now she wasn't at

all embarrassed being naked, and she didn't seem to mind them looking

at her. In fact, Garry thought she was beginning to enjoy it. He looked

over at her perched on the arm of the sofa looking totally unconcerned,

her long legs slightly parted as she chatted amicably with Barry and

Craig and laughing at their comments. She made a couple more

appearances during the second half much to everyone's delight, giving

everyone tantalizing glimpses of her most intimate parts as she bent

over to pick up empty plates and discarded bottles.

At the end of the match, she brought in a tray of coffee. She guessed no

one would be driving, but it would help to sooth aching heads. Jim had

turned the TV off, and they all stood around chatting. She couldn't

believe that she was there in her own lounge standing naked chatting

with four guys and her husband.

Suddenly the door bell rang. Everyone looked at each other. Then they

heard the front door open and a voice called out, "It's only me."

Garry's hand went to his head. "My God, it's Joan," he said.

She breezed into the room, smiled at Enid, and came over and kissed her

on both cheeks. "Hope you have all enjoyed the game." Garry looked at

her sheepishly. She smiled. "It's the Rugby Six Nations Final next

Saturday; how about you all come over to our place?" Garry's eyes

widened and he watched as Joan put her arm around her friend's naked

shoulders. "I could do with a coffee," she said. Enid smiled at her

and they walked together through to the kitchen.

Craig looked across at Garry. "What time does the game start on Saturday?"

Well it's a little light reading isint it, hope you found it stimulating, it's the big match in the UK soon so it might give some of you ideas. If you did enjoy it and you would like to read more of my work just add my name to your favorit author list and you will be informed about my next submission, and if you would like to chat about my stories or any other subject just drop me a line I would love to

hear from you.