**My New Nude Life**

by By [Daican](https://www.thebeachclub-ii.net/file/owner/Daican)

I can't believe how my life has changed in just the last month. Two months ago, I told my husband that I wanted to register as a permanude, and become his naked love slave. He asked me to wait a month, so we could be sure. Meanwhile he made me stay naked at all times in the house, even when I answered the door for deliveries. He would also treat me as a slave in other ways: making me sit on the floor, having me eat and drink out of dog bowls, caressing me whenever he wished. He also did not let me wear any underwear at any time, including to work. I loved it, and he could see that I did.  
  
So, one Saturday we spent the afternoon putting all my clothes into boxes, keeping only one warm coat and several pairs of shoes along with socks for some of them. That evening he took me to the Registration Office, and told me to register for one year. I filled out the form, but after he had checked it, I added a zero to the term field. I removed my business suit, blouse, and shoes and stockings right there in the lobby. My husband had chosen my newest and best business suit for the registration, because he felt it would make me feel the change more strongly.  
  
We then went to the second-hand store, and donated all my boxed clothes, as well as what I had been wearing. Hubby made me do all the carrying, and watch as the clerks oohed and aahed over my good clothing so that, as he put it, “You will always be sure who it was who made you permanently naked.”  
  
Then it was off to the Adult Store, where he purchased a beautiful metal collar that he locked around my neck, and both ankle and wrist cuffs of soft leather that he also locked on me. Standing in the middle of the store, naked, cuffed and collared, totally exposed to eight or ten men — and a couple of women — I felt truly exposed. But it was only when hubby clipped a leash to my collar and started to lead me out of the store that my slave status became real to me. I was so aroused that I actually orgasmed when we were back in the car and he put his hand on my thigh.  
  
As I cleaned myself up we drove back to our place. But instead of settling in, he called a taxi, reminding me that his administrative assistant was retiring at the end of next week after forty-two years with the firm, and the CEO of the company we both work at was holding a farewell party for her. He wanted to be able to drink more than one toast to her, as she had been an excellent assistant, so he would not be driving. I couldn't believe I had forgotten about this, but I guess that I was so concentrated on my permanude decision that it had slipped my mind.  
  
During the taxi ride I couldn't think of anything but the attention I would be sure to draw as I strode boldly into the party naked but for collar and cuffs, and being led by a leash.  
  
Hubby — or I guess I should say Master — told me everyone needed to understand my new status, so rather than walking in beside him, I had to crawl from the door across the room and then crawl up on the coffee table. Everyone stared at me as I knelt there, totally exposed and humiliated, like a dog at a dog show.  
  
  
While a photographer recorded my humiliation, Master proceeded to inform everyone how I had chosen to become his naked slave and that I would be working this way from now on. But he did emphasize that I was his slave, and did not have to obey anyone else. As first I couldn't believe that he would humiliate me this way, but when I looked at his face I saw the love in his eyes, and realized that he knew that this was right for me.  
  
Once he was finished I was allowed to stand up, and could walk around for the rest of the evening like a human being. The one exception was that I was not allowed to sit on any furniture; instead I had to sit or kneel on the floor. It was so exciting to kneel beside my Master while he sat in an armchair, particularly when he tousled my hair or stroked my shoulder or arm. In fact it was so exciting being the only one naked at such a large party that I came three time during it, but fortunately was able to nip into the bathroom each time so nobody noticed.  
  
  
The company newsletter reported my change of status, and included two large color photos in the next edition, so everyone at the company, not just the senior staff at the party, got to see my embarrassment.  
  
I didn't think anything could possibly match that evening, and my work continued pretty much as it had been. However, after only three days, my boss, the VP of Transportation, indicated that he and his wife were both born-again Christians and that they both had problems with the fact that his administrative assistant was always naked, and even more of a problem with the slavery.  
  
Master and I were called in to see the CEO. He said, “We a very strong policy against two individuals who are involved outside of work working in the same department, and even more strict against one being the superior of another. However, you two appear to be a special case. I have discussed it with the board and we feel this may be the time that an exception to the policy is the right course. Since you need a new administrative assistant and Ms Arbuthot's current superior is unhappy with her for reasons that have nothing to do with her competence, we would like to transfer her to your department, to become your AA. Do you feel you can keep things on a professional footing during the workday?”  
  
I almost shouted for joy, but managed to restrict myself to a nod, while Master indicated that he would make sure that productivity did not suffer. Since he is the only one allowed to add or remove cuffs or chains, this works out very well. I can't remember how many clients have been surprised to see a nude lady walk in carrying a tray with coffee and biscuits, with a three foot chain between her wrists. And they are often completely shocked when that naked, chained lady takes a seat and joins in the business discussion.  
  
And because Master is the VP for Marketing and Customer Relations, I am seen by many strangers. We spend almost as much time out of the office as we do in, and often travel to other cities. Because permanude status is accepted but the ‘slavery’ needs explanation, I usually wear only my collar when visiting offices, sometimes hidden by a scarf, but the real fun comes later. I can't express how humiliating and exciting it is to be led into a première restaurant or high-class night club on a leash, wearing collar, cuffs and several chains. The look of amazement from the staff and customers is terrific, but even better are the stares of our clients, because I know I will be seeing them again, and they will be remembering this.  
  
My life is perfect now.  
  
Perfect as a permanude.  
  
Even more perfect as a permanude love slave.