My Wife's Punishment - Part 1

By:Hooked6

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and is intended for ADULTS only.

My young wife and I had been married only for a few months having

tied the knot shortly after high school graduation. I soon

discovered that my new wife had a problem with spending way too much

money on unnecessary items and subsequently lying about it. In fact,

it all came to a head when several important checks bounced as a

result of her spending sprees, placing us in a precarious position

with our creditors and causing me some serious embarrassment as a

result.

After much discussion, I decided two things. First, since I was the

only breadwinner in the family, I would have to take a firm hand as

head of the household and second, my wife needed to be taught a

lesson.

My wife had no choice and reluctantly agreed with my demands. Since

much of her spending was on frivolous clothing, I decided that she

would spend the next day at home completely nude! At this point I

must point out that my wife is very shy as a rule and was brought up

in a conservative family. You should have seen her face when I told

her about her punishment.

"I can't be NAKED all day!" she protested.

"I think that it is the PERFECT punishment. Since you wrecked our

budget on stupid clothes, you shall go without for a while. Perhaps

THAT will give you something to think about next time," I countered.

I awoke early the next morning and laid out the ground rules.

"Tina," I told my wife, "you must remain without clothing of ANY

kind all day. The drapes are to remain open as well as the blinds.

You are not to cover yourself with ANYTHING! I may or I may not

arrange to check on you unexpectedly. If I do and I find that you

have cheated on your punishment, we are through! Is that clear?" I

asked. She nodded her head reluctantly in agreement.

I then proceeded to pick up all her clothing scattered around the

house, all towels and dishrags and anything else that I thought she

could use to cover herself and put it in our bedroom. I then ordered

her to strip as I watched. It's funny. Since I have known her, we

have explored every inch of each other's bodies, but THIS time I

could tell she was terribly embarrassed at being naked in front of

me. Sex was one thing, but punishment quite another. I knew this was

going to make a lasting impression on her. Satisfied that all her

clothes were in our room, I ordered her out and locked the door. The

only way to unlock the door to our room was with a screwdriver that

fit into the small hole in the bedroom door knob - and I was taking

that with me to work.

The second rule was that IF she ever found herself having to explain

to anyone why she was naked, she had to tell them the truth - the

whole truth!

The third rule was that she had to write about her experience that

day and that I would be posting it on this site as a lesson for

other wives.

I then left for work. What follows is my wife's recounting of her

punishment in her own words. Feel free to post any humiliating

comments for her to read at this site.

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I'm not sure where to start. My name is Tina, and yes that's my real

name. My husband is making me tell you all about my punishment. OK I

admit what I did was irresponsible and stupid and I deserved what I

got. I just had no idea when I agreed to his demands what I was in

store for.

After my husband left for work I tried to stay in the inner rooms of

the house. I was very nervous about even being anywhere close to a

window. I was sure that someone walking on the sidewalk outside or

driving by in the street would just happen to look in and see me! I

really don't have that much of a body to speak of. I am an A-cup up

top. No jokes please. I am pretty petite in body type standing about

5'5". I am only writing this description because my husband ordered

me to. I am not really ashamed of my body, just uncomfortable with

it. I wish at times I was better endowed and that my, ah, well,

“lips” weren't so prominent, and my butt didn't have those pimples I

get every now and then.

I kept walking around the house with my arms folded across my chest

and just couldn't help noticing that being unclothed when I knew I

was supposed to be clothed was nerve-wracking.

Finally after about an hour I began to slowly relax a little. I grew

bored being a prisoner in my own house as it were and began to take

a few risks. First I stood in front of the sliding glass doors that

faced our backyard. There was a privacy fence that surrounded our

house so there wasn't much danger. It was a beautiful spring day -

warm and inviting. I decided that I needed to actually DO something

productive. I noticed that the patio needed to be swept and the lawn

furniture could use a good washing.

Carefully I went outside and "tested" my safety. I checked ever so

carefully to determine if any of our neighbors could see over or

through our fence. Satisfied that I was hidden from prying eyes, I

ventured out and swept off the patio. I was beginning to secretly

enjoy myself and the freedom of being without cover. I then dragged

the garden hose to the middle of the yard and proceeded to wash and

scrub the patio furniture. The sun felt warm and refreshing. That's

when it happened.

Out of nowhere I heard a man clearing his throat. "Excuse me. Power

company, I need to read your meter," I heard him say, as I

instinctively turned around to see who the intruder was!

The unexpected shock of discovering a MAN in my yard was

frightening. I froze! Just stood there facing him like an idiot! I

must have looked a sight standing there naked, holding a garden hose

gushing water in one hand and a soapy sponge in another. A million

thoughts raced through my mind. Then it hit me! I was NAKED!!! This

strange MAN was STARING at me and my bodily secrets!! No one other

than my husband had ever seen me naked before!!! There was an

awkward silence as he looked at me for what seemed like an eternity

then he cleared his throat again, lowered his eyes and headed toward

the meter. I quickly covered my small breasts and turned around

facing my furniture. I kept wondering if he noticed that I was

embarrassed. I tried to tell myself that I couldn't show any

weakness. I would be OK if I acted as if it was no big deal. Part of

me was humiliated and part of me was scared. I decided to keep

facing away from him and continue washing the furniture.

I didn't hear anything. I just knew he must be staring at my butt. I

strained to see if I could tell if he had left yet, but all I could

hear was the water from the hose hitting the ground! I was too

chicken to turn around. My legs were weak and I could hardly stand.

My heart was pounding! I wanted to run but thought that would be a

mistake.

After a few minutes I convinced myself that he was a professional

and had just did his job and left. Twice I tried to turn around and

see for myself if he had gone and twice I couldn't find the courage.

Finally I mustered up all my strength and decided to quickly turn

around to see if he was still there. I was convinced he had long

since left as it had been about 10 minutes. I swallowed hard and

turned around. HE WAS STILL THERE at the gate looking at me with a

grin on his face!!! My jaw must have dropped about a foot! He had

been there gawking at my naked ass the whole time!

He politely said, "I'll be going now." and opened the gate.

Thankfully he was leaving. I felt a little better until he turned

one last time and said in a playful tone, "Thank you, miss. See you

next month?" His question gave me chills! He must have thought I put

on that show for him on purpose! How humiliating!

I quickly dropped the hose and ran inside like a little schoolgirl.

I took me about an hour before I had the nerve to calm down enough

to go back outside and shut the water off.

My heart was pounding the whole time. I was shaking so hard you

would have thought I was freezing to death. I had all sorts of mixed

feelings about what had just happened. I hated it and yet I LIKED

it. I replayed the incident over and over in my mind. I was actually

NAKED in front of a total stranger! To my horror I soon discovered

that I was really WET, ah, down there. I was actually aroused by the

whole thing even though my conscience told me I was a bad little

girl.

Just when my heart had slowed to almost normal, there was a knock at

the door! OH MY GOD! I thought. HE'S BACK!

Whoever it was, knocked again.

I slowly crept to the door and peeked out the peephole. It was my

neighbor Sally. I was so relieved at the fact that it wasn't the

power company guy, I opened the door to let her in. BIG MISTAKE!

"TINA! What on earth are you doing? Did I come at a bad time?" she

asked. It was too late to hide. She was already inside and staring

at me.

Now many of you reading this aren't going to understand this part,

but I was more humiliated by Sally seeing me than I was by the

strange meter-reader. Sally was a GIRL and somebody I knew! And YES,

I was very uncomfortable at her seeing me. Women can be so critical

of each other you know. I think it was the playful look in her eyes

that made me uncomfortable. She kept looking at me up and down. If

she were a guy I would have sworn she was thinking something like

"Boy, would I like to get a piece of that…" I was really

embarrassed. You have just no idea what I felt like!

Sally asked me again, "Why are you running around without clothes?"

I then recalled that I had promised my husband that I would tell the

truth - the whole truth, if anyone asked. I nervously showed her the

sofa and invited her to sit down. I confessed that I was being

punished by my husband and had to remain that way all day. Sally

kept looking at me with that "look" as she persisted in asking for

more details about what I had done to deserve this. I finally gave

in and told her everything.

As it turns out it was a good thing I did because Sally already KNEW

why I was naked. She told me that my husband had called her and

asked if she would help him out by checking up on me - the rat! Of

course she was only too happy to oblige.

She then explained that he also asked her to do something else . . .

which I would rather not go into unless I HAVE to.

hooked6

Wife's Punishment 2

By Hooked6

My husband just read my account that I posted here and he wasn't

happy that I quit in the middle. I am really embarrassed that I have

to continue telling THE WHOLE DAMN WORLD what happened to me, but I

love him so I am giving in. Please, everybody, don't make too much

fun of me. I'm already nervous about this as it is.

Anyway, Sally was sitting on the couch looking at me with that funny

grin that hadn't left her face since I let her in the house. I was

naked, and yes damn it, still aroused as a result of the little

incident with the meter reader guy moments before. I was worried

that she would notice that.

"Sally, you mean to tell me my husband actually TOLD you I was being

punished?" I asked. Sally playfully responded, “Yes!” I kept after

her to tell me what ELSE he told her and finally learned that she

really did know everything - even the part about my modesty and how

hard he had to work at getting me comfortable with even a little

petting when we were dating! It seems he EVEN told her how, to this

day, I still was afraid of making love with the lights on in the

house. I must have turned a deep red as she was talking because she

began to laugh out loud pointing out how "cute" my face was!

I was really, and I mean really ashamed at myself for having to be

so undressed like this in front of my neighbor. Sally had known us

for about 6 months. She was actually a friend of my husband's

brother while my husband and I were dating in high school. She is my

age and unlike me, has a real job as a waitress at nights.

Sally interrupted my thoughts by reminding me that my husband had

also wanted her to make sure I did a few things for him.

"WHAT things?" I nervously asked.

Sally's grin got more menacing as she said, "Oh, well, I guess we

had better get right to it as time is getting short." I was still

trying to figure out what she meant by that when she stood up and

asked, "Where do you keep your bills and stuff?"

Puzzled by her question, I cautiously replied, "Why?"

Sally explained, "Your husband wants to be sure that you pay the

telephone bill - like TODAY. He said there was just enough money in

the account to cover it and he wants me to make sure that you write

out a check and get it in the mail. Otherwise, you'll be

delinquent."

Relieved that it wasn't anything earth-shattering, I went over to

the desk in the other room and made out the check, put it in the

envelope and stamped it. "OK, that's done," I said as I handed the

envelope to her.

"Why are you giving it to me?" she asked playfully, "I'm not the

telephone company." She began to giggle at her own wit as I stood

there. "You best get it in the mail," she instructed. "The mail dude

will be here shortly. You don't want to miss getting it in the mail

do you? After all, I understand YOU are the one responsible for

screwing up your credit rating already."

I hadn't thought about that. It really did have to go out in today's

mail to be there on time. I would be dead meat if I got us in

trouble with the phone company too. What was I going to do? I

finally protested, "But the mailbox is at the end of the driveway!

You don't REALLY expect me to walk bare-ass naked out to the street

do you?" She just smiled all the wider and shook her head yes. I

pleaded with her in my best, most sympathetic voice, "Common Sally,

be a sport. Take this down for me. No one will ever know. Please. .

. PLEASE!!" I begged.

Sally openly laughed as she replied unempathetically, "But, I will

know and I couldn't live with a lie if I had to tell your husband

that YOU did as he requested when we both know you didn't do it."

I argued and pleaded, but it was of no use. It was apparent that she

was enjoying my situation and I was certain she could care less

whether the bill got paid or not. "ALL RIGHT!" I screamed. "I'll put

it in the mail. I'll probably get arrested but see if I care!"

I grabbed the bill and made a bee-line for the door. Of course my

stern voice on the outside did little to hide the true fact that I

was scared beyond description on the inside.

I opened the door a tiny crack and peered outside. I reminded myself

that most everyone I knew worked during the day. Hardly anyone was

home at this hour. Still it WAS a public street and cars did drive

by. I nervously looked about as I felt Sally's hand on my back. It

was almost as if she was ready to PUSH me out the door or something!

I saw no one. I waited a bit and still no activity. My breathing

once again was quickened and my heart was racing faster than I can

ever remember. I decided to run down the yard as fast as I could,

shove it in the box and race back.

How long could it take I asked myself - 5 maybe 10 seconds?

I mentally told myself I would go on the count of three. "One, two,

two and a half . . . THREE!" I shouted in my mind. Out I went!! OH

GOD DON'T LET ANYBODY SEE ME, I silently prayed! I would have been

screaming my lungs out for courage if I wasn't so afraid it would

have attracted attention. The air blowing on my bare skin as I ran

awkwardly down the yard reminded me of how naked I was. I got to the

mailbox, shoved the envelope inside and ran like heck back to the

house – back to Sally laughing hysterically.

"I made it!" I exclaimed with a sort of pride in my voice!

Sally shook her head and said matter of factly, "No you didn't."

"What do you mean??!!" I asked nervously, thinking I had been seen.

Sally pointed out the window toward the mailbox. "You didn't put the

FLAG up. The mail dude might not know to stop if the flag isn't up.

He might pass you by if he doesn't have any mail for you. You gotta

go out again and THIS time put the flag up."

I let out an exasperated sigh. She was right. I couldn't take the

chance. I had to finish what I had started. I crept back to the door

and looked about once again. The coast was clear. My heart was still

pounding from the last race. It was now or never. The longer I

delayed the more likely I was going to get caught. I darted once

again across the lawn. I was half way to the box when I heard Sally

shout at the top of her lungs, "TINA LOOK OUT! A CAR IS COMING!"

I didn't even look up. I took two giant steps and tried to stop at

the box faster than I should have and fell flat on my backside,

sliding across the grass. I was too nervous to even look around.

"HURRY TINA!" I heard Sally shouting! I got up, put the darn flag up

and ran back to the house.

"DID HE SEE ME?" Did I get back in time?" I frantically asked my

neighbor. Sally was laughing so hard she was almost crying. "There

was no car, silly. I was just having you on!" she said between

outbursts of laughter. I could have killed her right then and there!

I still don't know for sure if there was really a car or not. For

all I know another one of my neighbors is spreading gossip about me

to this day!

Sally looked at my dirty legs as a result of my fall. "You best get

cleaned up she said as she took my arm and led me toward the

bathroom. I was too overwhelmed to resist. She looked around for a

washcloth but found nothing to use. I told her what my husband did

before he left. "Well, never mind," she said as she proceeded to

turn the water on in the tub. "Step in," she ordered. I did as she

requested and almost immediately Sally splashed water on my ankles

and lower legs. I was really taken aback when she lathered up some

soap in her hand and started washing the dirt off me!

"HEY! I'm not helpless you know," I protested. She gave me that

"look" again as she gazed up from her crouched position over the

tub. It was then I realized that she had a perfect view of my, well,

a perfect view . . . down there. (Go ahead make fun of me because I

can't say those words.) I got very embarrassed and quickly closed my

legs. I was ever so worried that she saw how wet I was! She laughed

and washed a bit higher up to my knees. True, I WAS dirty and I DID

want to clean up, but feeling another woman's hand on MY body - a

CLOTHED woman at that, while I was so aroused was too awkward for

me.

"Hold still I'm almost done," she said as she splashed some more

water on me to rinse off the soap she had just applied. Then she

said something that took me totally by surprise. "Have you ever

thought about shaving your pubes?"

I wrinkled my face and said, "No way! That would be gross! Why would

you even ASK such a thing?" I closed my legs as tightly together as

I could get them thinking that she had only asked that question

because she thought I was turned on by her, because she saw or could

sense my arousal.

Without warning Sally reached her wet hand up and gently rubbed it

across my hair. "Well, for one thing, your husband wants you too,"

she said as she playfully continued stroking my pubic hair.

I pulled back away from her hand to stop her intruding on such a

private space and yelled, "HE DOES NOT!"

Sally stood up and then put her face right up to mine and sternly

said, "Then why did he tell me to be sure you shaved before he gets

home, huh?"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing! I disbelievingly retorted,

"He never said anything of the sort to me when he left. He was VERY

specific about what I had to do and he NEVER, EVER mentioned

anything about SHAVING! YOU'RE LYING!"

Sally told me that they had discussed my nudity on the phone and

that my husband really admired my body - except for one thing, my

ugly, hairy crotch. Now you must realize that up to this point my

husband had never told me whether he liked my body or not. We had

only been married for a few short months. It was just one of those

things a girl assumes. You guys never tell us enough how pretty you

think we are. Anyway, hearing her tell me that he had actually told

her how attractive he thought I was made me want to please him. To

make a long story short I relented and said I would do it.

I grabbed my razor and Sally got the scissors out telling me I had

to trim it first before I could use the razor. It did make sense I

guess. To my disgust she used those scissors to cut my hair. After

each cutting, she would rub her hand across the remaining hair, I

guess inspecting her handiwork and it really was getting to me. Once

satisfied it was short enough, she got out my husband's shaving

cream and proceeded to lather me up. "I had better do this," she

stated, "You obviously don't have a clue how to do this."

Feeling her stroke away at my most tender parts was very, OK, OK I

admit it, exciting, I guess is the word I'm looking for. I can't

believe I'm actually telling you all this. I am so ashamed!

Anyway, before I knew it, she had shaved me bare - yes even between

my legs. And it WAS humiliating having to spread myself before her

as she used that sharp instrument on me. I unhesitatingly did

everything she told me to do as I realized that one false move and

she could cut me badly.

After rinsing off, I got out of the tub and I stood facing the

mirror and much to my horror realized just how poutty my lips were -

yes my lips down there. I mean they REALLY stuck out! It appeared

like I had two huge tangerine slices or something between my legs! I

looked awful. My hair had hidden their true thickness I guess. Now

shaved bare, I was mortified! I squeezed my legs together to try and

diminish their prominence but that really didn't help. I still

looked stupid I thought. Sally kept telling me how sexy I looked.

That didn't help either. I already questioned Sally's motives and

hearing tell me how sexy she thought I was, didn't do anything for

my confidence!

Sally looked at her watch and said, "We had better get a move on!

Your husband will be home soon."

I looked at her in disbelief. "He's coming home for lunch? He never

comes home for lunch."

Sally replied, "Yes and he has one more thing I need to do before he

gets here." I was confused. Sensing my lack of understanding, Sally

grabbed my arm reassuringly and said simply, "Follow me!"

I was taken back to the front room. Sally placed the desk chair in

the center of the room facing the front door and told me to sit

down. I did as told as I watched her disappear into the kitchen.

Several minutes later she returned with something hidden behind her

back.

"What's going on?" I asked nervously.

Sally said that I was going to surprise my husband by siting in the

chair with my legs spread. She kept telling me how much he was going

to enjoy seeing me this way and what a wonderful wife I was for

doing this. I nervously kept shaking my head and telling her I

couldn't go through with it. I told her of my concerns about my

appearance and that my husband might not really like me after seeing

me so, well, poutty down there. I really doubted I could go through

with it, as much as I really wanted him to be pleased. I was just

too ashamed of my body and how it looked. I mean, I don't have much

to show up top and now too much to show down below!

I really did want to please him and the thought of him seeing me,

the way he really told Sally he wanted me, was highly motivating.

Well, that and I WAS really aroused and still very wet. Sally asked

me if I wanted her help and I told her if she could make this work,

I would really be grateful.

It was then she took her hands from behind her back and revealed 4

small ropes! "OH, NO!" I said.

Sally just laughed and grabbed one leg and started tying it to a

chair leg. "You said you wanted my help. This will certainly keep

you from chickening out at the last minute. Anyway, once he sees

you, it will be all worthwhile won't it?"

I did want things to work out and she was right about me panicking

at the last minute, so I willingly let her tie me. When she was

finished, my legs were tied to opposite chair legs keeping me spread

about as far as I thought I could spread (I'm not that big as you

may recall). My arms were tied behind the chair as well. She had

placed a pillow behind me, between my back and the chair, trying to

address my insecurity about my chest by telling me it would push my

chest out making my breasts more prominent. When all was through,

she stood in front of me smiling as if to admire her handiwork!

Sitting there, unable to move, showing my inner most private parts

was very, very embarrassing, but also very exciting. I couldn't deny

that. After a few minutes I was so wet between my legs that I felt

my moisture dripping down my skin and settling under my butt. Sally

just laughed and sarcastically said, "You must really LIKE me

staring at you this way, huh?" I hadn't thought that she would say

such a thing or even THINK such a thing! There was no denying it

though. Then she said, "Well don't feel bad, honey, I really like

LOOKING at you as much as you apparently like showing yourself to

me!"

That wasn't it at all! I was about to make some smart-alecky remark

but I heard a car pull up outside. Sally looked out and said

playfully, "Your husband's home!"

I closed my eyes tightly and my heart was really pounding! I

couldn't bare the thought if he didn't like seeing me this way. I

just didn't want to see his face if he was disappointed. I

instinctively fought my bindings, but I was held fast. I couldn't

hide myself even if I wanted to. All too soon I heard the front door

handle turning! Soon I heard the door open!

"WOW!" I heard him comment excitedly. "YOU look GREAT, Hun! I never

expected THIS THOUGH!"

Hearing the pleasure in his voice gave me all the confidence I

needed! HE OBVIOUSLY liked what he saw. I hurried to open my eyes.

Then I SCREAMED the loudest, longest scream I think I have ever done

in my life!!

There standing before me was not, only my husband but his BROTHER

AND SALLY'S NEW BOYFRIEND AS WELL!!!!

I have to stop now. I can't bear to write anymore. It is all too

humiliating! I'm sorry. You'll just have to wait until I compose

myself.

Wife's Punishment - Part 3

BY: Hooked6

My husband is now standing over me threatening me with our

relationship if I don't finish telling you this story.

So there I was tied to a chair with my legs spread wide naked as the

day I was born - not even a wisp of pubic hair being gawked at by my

husband, his brother and Sally's new boyfriend! You have no idea how

fast my heart was beating. I felt faint and was hyperventilating to

boot!

"TINA! You look so . . . so WONDERFUL!" my husband said in an

exaggerated tone. I had longed to hear those very words from my

husband, Jim, but NOT being bound and NAKED like this in front of an

audience! His brother Tom joined in, "Gee, Bro, I have to admit

you've got taste. So what's going on here anyway? Is THIS what we're

having for lunch?" he asked with a smile as big as his whole face as

he pointed toward my, ah, well you know. Sally laughed out loud at

his remark, which made matters worse.

It was then I had to endure my husband telling the whole story of my

punishment all over again. I was so humiliated.

I couldn't help but notice, however that all through Jim's story his

arousal became more obvious as did Tom's. Sally's boyfriend stood

close to her so I couldn't tell if he too was enamoured with my

body. It WAS kind of exciting for a girl with low self-esteem to be

the center of attention for once.

Jim finally finished his story and asked Sally if the sandwiches

were ready. She responded by saying she had everything already made

up at her house for our picnic. PICNIC??!! Were they going to park

themselves in our living room and eat while I was on display? They

wouldn't dare! I struggled with my bonds hoping to free myself. This

had gone on long enough I thought. Sally quickly left through the

front door to get the lunch supplies at her house, leaving the front

door WIDE OPEN I might add! Anyone passing by could have had a

perfect view of me sitting naked in the chair!

"HONEY?" I said in the sweetest tone I could muster nodding my head

in the direction of the open door. He understood my meaning but just

laughed. "Oh don't worry, dear, he said as he took a few steps

closer to my chair and bent down behind me. I felt him undoing my

bonds. THANK GOD! I thought as I breathed a sigh of relief! This

ordeal will be over soon.

Once my hands were free I froze with fear as he lowered his head

near my, um, crotch to untie my legs. He stopped and took a LONG

look at me. I couldn't help but notice the other guys looking at him

looking at me, or was it that they were looking at me too?!!

No sooner had he untied me then Sally returned with a large paper

sack filled with all sorts of food and stuff. "I see you're ready to

go" she said enthusiastically.

"GO??, GO WHERE?" I demanded to know.

"Oh, it's such a LOVELY day out I thought we could, you know, go on

a picnic. I had Sally prepare everything and, well, knowing how much

you LOVE the great outdoors, I figured you could come along too." He

explained.

WAS HE SERIOUS!!!??? I thought to myself. I didn't have to wait to

find out. He took my hand and started leading me toward the open

front door. "OH NO!" I protested. Of course Jim had to remind me and

everyone else of my punishment once again.

"But I'm NAKED!" I continued, trying to use logic to make my case.

"Yes, I know" was all Jim said.

Out the door we went much to the delight of everyone but me. I was

grateful that the others walking next to me provided some type of

cover from prying eyes in the neighborhood. We all piled into Tom's

minivan. I was in the back center seat with sally and her boyfriend

on either side of me. Jim was in the middle seat and faced me the

WHOLE time while Tom drove. I wanted to use my hands to cover myself

but Sally mockingly reminded me that, "Honey - we're all seen what

you've got. No use pretending that we haven't." I could have died at

her words. It's was true. They had all seen every part of me - even

my very wet, well, private part. (Ok, stop laughing at me! I'm

having a hard enough time typing this without having to say THAT

word.)

Worse yet I was bare there! I felt like a little kid having to be

BALD down there. What were they thinking I wanted to know? It didn't

help matters that Sally's boyfriend was sitting almost on top of me

STARING at me! I kept my legs tightly closed.

It was then my thoughts drifted away from my own self-pity and I

realized that we had left the neighborhood and were actually driving

out on the public highway!! I stupidly screamed "EEK!" and tried to

sink low in my seat. "There are CARS out there!" I yelled. Everyone

laughed and Sally said in a patronizing tone, "Of COURSE there are.

That's where cars drive - in a street," as if I were stupid or

something. "It's OK. Really it is." She then said trying to comfort

me.

Soon Tom pulled off the road and we entered a local park. There were

only a couple of cars in the parking area but I didn't see any

people around. Tom pulled over near the far end of the parking lot

and turned off the engine. My heart almost stopped completely as my

husband opened the side door of the van and got out. "This will be

perfect," he said with glee and held out his hand to help Sally out.

"I’m NOT going out THERE!" I protested. "Punishment or not, you

gotta be out of your mind!"

Jim just stood there and crossed his arms. "Very well," he said,

"You have a choice, you either join us for a marvelous picnic lunch

or we will force you out and you can walk home - NAKED. Oh and be

prepared to pack up your things when you get there cause you won't

be sleeping at MY house tonight."

I could tell he was serious. I took a deep breath and resigned

myself to my fate. My legs trembled as I got up from my seat and

took a baby step toward the open door. My head went to and fro

looking to see if anyone would see my condition. I spotted no one.

Once outside, my husband took hold of my hand and gave me a

reassuring pat on the behind. The group of us headed out down a

trail lined with thick green bushes and shaded by large oak trees.

Under any other circumstances it would have been BEAUTIFUL!

We wound our way around several curves heading for God knows where.

The farther we walked the more fearful I grew - going ever farther

away from any means of quick escape. God how I hoped no one was

anywhere within a hundred miles of us! The cool air of the shade

caused my nipples to stand at attention. The skin surrounding them

got all wrinkly and that nipple tightness caused me to become

increasingly more excited. The moisture between my legs was very

obvious and as I walked along I could feel the slippery goo sliding

between my very upper most thighs.

Finally we came to a table in a small clearing among the bushes and

shrubs. "This will do," my husband said as everyone else surrounded

the table.

"Sally, did you bring a tablecloth?" Jim asked. Sally gave a smirk

then said in a most sarcastic tone, "Why NO! I didn't THINK to bring

one." The chuckling by the group sent chills down my spine. WHAT

were they up to?

"No problem," said Jim. "We'll use Tina," then turning to me

continued, "You don't mind do you, hun?" I was dumbfounded. What did

he mean by that?

"Climb up there, dear, and lay down," said my husband pointing to

the flat surface of the picnic table." My mouth dropped as I

certainly hadn't thought he would have planned something like that!

I shook my head in disgust but did as I was instructed. No sooner

had my back hit the table then there were hands all over me. Someone

grabbed an arm and pulled it to the side and another grabbed a leg

and spread it wide across the table. Before I could protest Sally

produced more rope. WHAT type of woman was she that she carried rope

everywhere?! In an instant the group had succeeded in tying me to

spread-eagled to the table. As I looked around, there everyone was

with grins on their faces admiring their handiwork.

Then the really gross part happened. Sally proceeded to take out all

the picnic supplies and laid them out on top of me arranging a place

setting for each member of the group! "Now hold still or you'll

spill everything," she admonished.

Picture this. There I was naked, tied on a picnic table with paper

plates, cups and stuff on my chest and abdomen. For their sake it

was a good thing I had small breasts or this wouldn't have worked at

all. I was mortified when the food started being piled on and every

sat down on the benches making them at eye level with all my most

private parts!

"OK EVERYONE. LET'S EAT!" shouted Sally. Soon everyone was reaching

across my body like a bunch of children at a boarding house dinner,

grabbing for this and that. Hands and fingers brushed - either

accidentally or on purpose - against my most sensitive areas as they

acquired some food object or condiment. My breathing became faster

and faster. The sensation of having all those everyday objects upon

me, hands moving back and forth, the sounds of everyone eating OFF

ME was more than I could handle at times. I was on the brink of one

whopping orgasm and what's more I think everyone there knew it. I

dreaded having these perfect strangers witness what I considered to

be a woman's most intimate event!!!! Just as I came close to getting

off, they would get quiet and stop moving around- ARRGGG! I lost my

momentum. Part of me was glad and part was disappointed. Then when

the near rush had subsided within me they partied it up again. They

were torturing me and I think they were really enjoying it.

When all the food was consumed, Sally told everyone that she would

clean up. I almost died as the guys watched her slowly pick-up

everything from my body leaving me once again more exposed. But I

really felt violated when she took a moist towelette and started

wiping me down as if she were cleaning a real table. The sensation

of her circular motions using the towelette across my nipples and

between my legs was excruciating! I tried desperately NOT to orgasm!

There was no way I was giving these perverts the satisfaction of a

free show. I was more than humiliated at the realization that

another WOMAN was making me so sexually excited and it was made

worse by the fact that all the guys INCLUDING my husband knew it! I

couldn't deny it - my body was giving me away. It got so quiet you

could have heard a pin drop. The electricity in the air was palpable

as everyone wondered if I was actually going to - well - you know,

DO IT! Sally would tease me unmercifully all the while pretending to

do a legitimate clean up job. I grimaced and sighed but fought the

urge to climax. She finally grew bored I guess and slowed her

actions.

When she finished, My husband asked, "Anyone up for a little

after-lunch stroll?" The rest eagerly accepted his suggestion and I

watched as the all started toward the trail leaving me still tied to

the table.

"HEY!!!" I shouted. "You can't leave me here like THIS!"

My husband stopped, thought a moment and replied. "Your right dear.

Sally? Cover her up a little." With that Sally walked over to her

large paper bag and pulled out a large red handkerchief. I knitted

my eyebrows together as if to silently show my lack of amusement. It

was then she proceeded to tie the thing around my eyes as a

blindfold!!

I protested but all I heard was laughter and the sound of footsteps

walking away. "Don't make too much noise," Jim said. "You might

attract visitors." Everyone laughed and off they went leaving me

blind, naked and bound spread-eagled to a picnic table!!!

Wife's Punishment - Part 4

BY: Hooked6

There I was securely tied spread-eagled on top of a picnic table in

a public park, blindfolded and naked as the day I was born.

After pleading with them to stop kidding around, I heard their

footsteps and talking trail off and then - silence. Only the wind

occasionally rustling the bushes that surrounded our spot off the

trail broke the stillness.

I was sure they were just standing off out of earshot spying on me

just to get a few laughs at my expense. I strained to see through my

blindfold but Sally had tied it way too tight. I could detect a

faint light through it but nothing else was visible. I tried rubbing

my head on the table to loosen the blindfold but to no avail. As I

struggled I shouted, "ALL RIGHT. YOU"VE HAD YOUR FUN NOW LET ME UP."

Nothing. Not a sound. How could 4 people be so quiet? "Come on . . .

" I pleaded, "Enough is enough. PLEASE??" I then recalled my

husband's parting words, "Don't make too much noise, you'll attract

strangers." Fear overtook me. What if they really HAD walked on up

the trail and left me here? What if they WEREN'T nearby? My heart

began racing and panic overtook me. I thrashed and wrestled in

earnest. I really didn't want to be left naked and so vulnerable and

all alone like this.

DAMN! Where did Sally learn to tie knots like this? I was really

stuck. It seemed the more I tried to free myself the tighter my

bonds became. Exhausted I stopped struggling and listened. I figured

if I just laid back they would get bored and come out to release me.

I did my best to lay quietly but it was sooooo hard to do. My heart

was still racing.

Then I heard footsteps. THANK GOD! I thought. "It’s about time you

guys came back!" I scolded. There was something peculiar about what

I was hearing though. I realized that the footsteps I was hearing

weren't casually walking closer. They were, well, sounding like

someone was SNEAKING up on me cautiously! One step, then a pause.

Then another careful step - only one person it seemed was

approaching me. WHO WAS IT?

"VERY FUNNY" I said with my voice cracking a bit from fear. I was

hoping it was my husband playing one of his jokes. "OK, JIM. PLEASE

cut it out. You're scaring me." I said with a bit more confidence -

I guess trying to convince myself that I was in no real danger. No

response, only the sound of footsteps once again drawing nearer.

OK maybe I was wrong. If wasn't Jim maybe it was one of the others.

"TOM? Is that you?" I called out turning my head toward the oncoming

sound as if I could see but still no answer. I tried using my nose

to smell around a bit to see if I could detect my husband's cologne

Or Sally's perfume. Nothing. Gee, I wondered, did they even wear any

today?

The footsteps stopped. Whoever it was, was standing right next to me

taking in the sight of my exposed and naked flesh!! I could hear

heavy breathing but couldn't tell anything more. "STOP IT!" I cried

in desperation. Then I felt a hand cup my left breast!! I WAS BEING

TOUCHED!!!

I tried squirming and the hand let go. Was it a woman's hand or a

man's? Maybe it was Sally's boyfriend?? The hand reached out and

stroked my body carefully - sensually. All up and down my belly,

around my navel then over my nipples and down again. Each time the

hand went lower and lower and lower still - almost as if whoever it

was wanted to touch my inner most spot but was afraid too.

I was afraid yes, but then a worse fear hit me. If it was someone in

my party they were doing things only my husband had done. I know it

sounds silly but I grew ashamed and humiliated. It was one thing

someone else to LOOK at me but touching me like this was quite

another. I wanted it to be someone I knew because I wouldn't have to

fear being hurt but on the other hand I was hoping it was just some

unknown teenager who happened to wander by and was feeling his oats

by touching a girl for the first time.

Ooooh I shouldn't have thought of that. That idea suddenly got me

really aroused again. I was just out of my teens myself and the

thought of being a young lad's first experience with a naked girl

was somehow getting to me. Whoever it was had a little experience

because I was enjoying their touch.

Then the hand found my clitoris (Yes I mustered up the nerve to

write that word). My breathing got faster and the finger became

wrapped in my, uh, juices, I guess you could say.

To keep my sanity I imagined it was Jim. Yes it HAD to be him! Even

though I was sure he had never touched me exactly like that - not

with such sensuality and uncertainty of purpose. I could feel my

face turn red and get flushed when I realized that I was actually

helping whoever it was by thrusting my pelvis up and down as if to

control the speed of the stimulation to my sex. I was soooo close to

an orgasm again. Then it happened!

I felt a finger glide inside me, then another. In and out they went

probing my inner depths. I screamed at the boldness of this new

development! Then I arched my back and shuttered with the best, most

intense orgasm of my life. Contractions from deep inside me grasped

the fingers of my assailant over and over again. I didn't want that

feeling to ever stop. My body got all hot and my skin felt clammy.

When it was over the finger just stayed there inside of me.

How awkward. Soon my senses came back to me and I screamed for all I

was worth. Hell, I could have been sexually assaulted by some

pervert wandering the park! For all I know he was dropping his

trousers right now and preparing to ravage me!! Images of this man's

cock flooded my mind. I could just see him licking his chops at his

good fortune - standing there with his hand wrapped around his organ

trying to get it ready for his dastardly deed.

My screaming worked because in an instant the fingers were violently

withdrawn and I heard footsteps running - not walking, but running

away. This only confirmed my suspicions that it wasn't anybody I

knew. I started to cry.

Soon I heard a bunch of footsteps approaching and familiar voices!

My mind raced a million miles a second. If it wasn't anyone I knew,

should I even let on that anything had happened? What would my

husband think if I told him I had been nearly raped? What if it was

his brother? I decided just to keep quiet.

Jim undid my blindfold and the others untied my bonds. I sucked it

up and pretended not to have a care in the world. After some

friendly teasing I was led back to the car - naked. I didn't even

care. After what I had been through it didn't matter. Once in the

backseat of the mini-van I remained silent. One nagging thought kept

replaying itself over and over in my head - I actually LOVED what

had just happened! It was scary, true, but BOY was it exciting!!!

The idea that it might have been a total stranger excited me to no

end. I know it sounds weird but women are complicated creatures. You

just had to be there to understand.

It was then that Sally leaned over and whispered in my ear, "You

have the tightest cunt I have ever played with - and you’re a

married woman!"

HOLY COW! It was HER!!! Now I was REALLY ashamed and embarrassed.

ANOTHER WOMAN for heaven's sake and she got me all worked up like

that!!!!!

We drove back home and my husband let the guys out and bid them

goodbye as they had to get back to work. I was ready to make a mad

dash back into the house but Sally and my husband had other ideas.

"Where are we going now??!" I asked as we pulled back out of the

driveway. "Don't you have to get back to work too?"

My husband explained that he had the rest of the day off and that I

wasn't going to get off that easy.

My juices were still flowing and it was quite obvious to all

present. Hell, "I" could even smell my sexual arousal so I was sure

it was obvious to them. Yet, the thought of venturing out again

naked was nerve wracking.

After a few minutes we entered a shopping center and drove around

back. We drove past a few dumpsters and trucks unloading a few

things and finally pulled into a parking place behind a store. The

painted sign, badly in need of a touch-up and new paint, read:

THRIFT STORE.

"What's going on? Why have we stopped here?" I asked hoping that he

was just parking to think a bit.

My husband winked art Sally and then got a serious look on his face.

"Honey," he said sarcastically, "You foolishly spend all of our

money on extravagant clothes that you don't need. All you do is blow

my hard-earned cash on things that we don't need or don't use.

That's why we are in the financial mess we are in. So, what better

way for you to learn your lesson about the value of money than at a

Thrift Store?" Before I could answer he honked the horn and an older

lady opened the back door and approached the car.

I slid down in my seat and covered myself as best I could with my

arms and legs. All I could think about was hiding from her. "Jim!!

I'm naked remember? What the hell are you doing?!!!" I whispered

angrily.

Too late. The lady approached the car and of course noticed me right

off. "Yes? What seems to be the problem here?" she said in a rough

tone of voice.

"My wife," he said pointing at me, "obviously needs some clothes but

she has no money. None. Zip! She's too proud to accept charity. Do

you have any work here she could do to maybe work off the price of

an outfit?"

The old lady shook her head and cracked a wry smile and said, "Well

. . . actually I could use some help. I just got a bunch of

donations and I need to unpack them and put them all on hangers. I'd

guess and hour might pay for an outfit - if she really wants to work

for it."

My husband then proceeded to humiliate me further by explaining why

I was naked and my irresponsibility to this total stranger! The old

lady took it all in and said that she was pleased that I was

basically a sane person because the only help she usually got was

from court mandated drug users and hookers doing community service.

Sally laughed and looking back at me said, "She DOES look rather

like a hooker doesn't she?" At that everyone laughed. My husband

admonished the lady to make sure I didn't try and take some clothing

BEFORE I had earned the money to pay for it otherwise I would never

learn the value of a dollar. I was ready to kill each of them. I

could see the headlines in the paper now, "THREE PEOPLE KILLED BY

INSANE NAKED LADY!" It might be worth it I thought. I was hoping

that Jim somehow had pre-arranged this whole thing but the way the

lady was acting it seemed more like he had just gotten lucky with

this old bird.

I was led into the back of the shop's storeroom and looked at all

the junk lying around. On the floor were three large boxes and

several black garbage bags filled with clothes of all types. There

was a huge pile of hangers all twisted and thrown together in the

corner. "O.K. missy. Take these clothes here and put them all on

hangers and then put them on this rack here.” Then turning to my

husband, “You two gonna watch or what? I've got a shop to run." She

said pointedly.

Jim and Sally thought it would be good for me to work without their

interference so he told her they would be back in a little while.

"WHAT?!" I yelled. "Where the hell do you think you're going?" I

asked rather upset.

"HEY!" the old lady replied. "We'll have no cussing in here. This is

a place of business, you know." Sally laughed and I watched as they

both went back out the rear door and left me!

There I was with that old witch in a seedy part of town - completely

naked. I reached down and grabbed the first garment and started to

put it on. "Just what do you think you are doing, missy? Want me to

call the cops on you for shoplifting? Get that off and get to work

or get out!" she sneered and then went out into the main shop. I

reluctantly took off the garment and started to sort and hang the

clothes as instructed.

There was no door or curtain between the storeroom and the main part

of the dusty old store. With all the junk piled high where I was, it

was impossible for me to completely hide myself. If a customer came

to the back of the store and looked in they would surely see me. I

decided to stand with my back towards the door to work figuring if

someone did look in they wouldn’t get the best view anyway!

After a few minutes I was cursing under my breath at those damned

hangers. They were gnarled up into a solid mess. I could have done

three times the work if I didn't have to stop each time and try to

untangle that mess. Once when I was bending down to try and retrieve

a hanger, I was startled when I heard a man clearing his throat and

then asked "Is this the only dressing room, miss?"

I stood quickly up and draped the shirt I was holding over my front

and, still facing away from him, yelled, "THIS ISN"T THE DRESSING

ROOM! IT MUST BE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE. NOW GET!" After he left I

realized that he must have gotten a pretty good look at my pussy

they way I was bent over and all. After several minutes I resumed my

work and kept wondering where the hell Sally and my husband were.

The shop was strangely quiet and I got a little curious so I peeked

around the corner to see what was out there. To my surprise, there

was no one out there but the crotchety old lady. The store had some

clothes but mostly it resembled a giant yard sale. There where old

clocks, toys, lamps and things. Recycled junk is what I thought.

Then I saw Sally and John come through the front door. I was so glad

to see them! I almost said something to that effect but I didn't

want them to know they had gotten to me so I went back to work.

Another 5 minutes went by without them coming to check on me.

I heard John ask how long I had been at it and the old lady replied

almost 45 minutes. I heard footsteps approaching and then heard the

old lady say, "She hasn't done much, has she?" as if she was

disappointed in me.

Sally asked what she could buy with the work she had done so far and

the old lady huffed and said she would be back. When she returned

she was holding a bright pink bikini. "She can have this if she

wants it," she said without emotion. My husband took it from her and

thanked her for her help. He handed me the outfit and told me to put

it on as we had to go.

My initial relief vanished as I put the top on. I suddenly realized

that the woman who previously owned this was huge! I mean the bra

part of the top was 2/3 empty. Not only did I lack the boobs to fill

it but Even trying to tighten the back strap as tight as it would go

resulted in it falling off me. The bikini bottoms were no better -

at least 3 sizes too big. In order for this to work I would have to

hold (press) the top against my chest and pull the bottoms into

position and hold them - trying not to have either slip off of me!

"VERY FUNNY," I said sarcastically. "Can I get some real clothes

now?"

Sally and Jim just looked at each other as if they were confused.

"What do you mean, hun?" he asked. "This apparently was all you have

money for. It's either take it or leave naked - your choice."

Faced with that choice I took the garment and waddled out the door.

The sad part was that even holding the front of the bottoms up the

back sagged unmercifully showing my butt crack and what not else. If

I tried to hold one side up the other fell down showing my pubic

area. If I held the back, the front fell down. This was a

humiliating outfit. I might have been better off without it.

Once in the car, I had a little relief. That is until we got home.

As turned the corner of my street, there sat my mother's car in our

driveway. "JIM! Please don't make me get out like this. Please! I've

learned my lesson and I won’t spend another dime. PLEASE turn around

now before she sees me."

"Oh, she already knows and so does your dad. They know ALL about it

AND your punishment. In fact they told me they always thought of you

as a spoiled little child and that this might be good for you. In

fact, the last big thing you have to do is cook dinner for us

tonight. That's why they are here - for dinner."

"YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS?" I yelled hoping he was just joking. "You don't

really expect me to cook dinner naked in from of my mom . . . and

DAD?"

Jim laughed, "No. You don't have to do it naked, hun. I mean you

have your new outfit and all. You COULD wear that if you like. It's

up to you." Sally snickered loudly and at that moment we pulled into

the driveway. No sooner did he shut the engine off, my parents came

off the porch chairs to greet us.

I must have been absolutely bright red with shame and embarrassment.

"SO - how's your day going?" asked my dad as he peered at me through

the window. There I was pressing my over-sized padded bra, bikini

top against my tiny A-cup breasts looking totally ridiculous. My

bikini bottoms weren't all that flattering either!

"Fine dad," I said flustered, "Just fine!" Jim asked my dad how he

liked the new bathing suit that I had just bought. He just smirked

at me not saying a word. Sally opened the door of the van and held

out her hand to help me out. I almost accepted it until I realized

that to do so meant my bottoms would fall off. I climbed out by

myself and, trying to keep some semblance of dignity, walked

carefully into the house following my parents and Jim. Sally wished

me luck and bid me goodbye.

I quietly walked right into the kitchen. I figured I had best fix

something, ANYTHING, pronto just to get them out of the house. Jim

stayed in the living room playing host to our guests. There wasn't a

thing in the house to fix. I then thought of the four TV dinners in

the freezer and thought that would be the fastest way out of this

mess. I popped two of them in the microwave oven and stayed hidden

in the kitchen hoping no one would come in.

As the second set of dinners were cooking I took out 4 glasses from

the cupboard and took one into the dinning room carefully holding it

in the hand that held up my top. I set it down and repeated the

process until all four glasses where on the table. I had a pitcher

of tea already in the fridge but it was too heavy to take to the

table and STILL hold onto my suit! I thought maybe I could get my

husband to help me when it was time.

I used the same technique to place the silverware on the table. Back

in the kitchen I had to let my top fall to my waste as I peeled back

the plastic covering from each dinner. I was so nervous that someone

would see me but they didn't. Covering back up I realized that since

each dinner was different that I would just announce dinner was

ready and let each of them come into the kitchen and pick out which

ones they wanted.

"DINNER'S READY!" I called. But no one came. When I looked around

the corner they had all assembled in the dinning room waiting on me

to bring it out. I told myself that I could do this and that I

needed to just see this through in order to minimize the "win" Jim

thought he had won.

I was so embarrassed as I made a trip carrying one HOT TV dinner in

my right hand as it held up my top and the remaining left hand

holding my bottoms. I bent very carefully down and gave my dad his

tray and scurried back into the kitchen for the next tray. I managed

to place the tray in front of my mother as she sat silently. Two

down, two to go.

I got my husband's dinner and repeated the process arriving at the

table as before. This time as I bent down the tray bent over

spilling the hot meatloaf onto my husband's lap. He jumped up

screaming and trying to brush the hot entry off his trousers. I was

so shocked I jumped back and put my hands over my mouth. I forgot

all about my clothes, the bottoms of which immediately fell to the

floor and the top sagging around my waist. In a few seconds all I

heard was laughter. Lots of laughter. At first I thought they were

laughing at Jim but then I realized it was me. I was naked in front

of my own mom and DAD!!!

I was pissed and stomped out of the room. Their laughter ringing in

my ears. I had had enough!

I yanked off my stupid suit and marched right back into the dinning

room naked. I then launched myself into a tirade about how I loved

my husband and that I would do anything for him and that if I had

made mistakes in the past I was perfectly willing to own up to them,

etc, etc.

The look on my parents face, especially my dad's at seeing me naked

going on and on was priceless. I didn't care though. I wanted to be

heard and heard and SEEN I was. I had everyone's complete attention!

I asked them who else would work at a thrift store NAKED to earn

enough money to buy that stupid suit 3 sizes to big just to please a

spouse? Who else would allow herself to be tied up nude to a picnic

table in a public park while her neighbors watched and allow herself

to be fondled by a complete stranger? I spilled my guts about the

whole day and apologized to everyone - especially my husband for

letting him down.

It turns out that my parents didn't have a clue about my misdeeds

nor my punishment. It was just a coincidence that they were there we

when arrived home. It was my husband that had a lot of explaining to

do and I relished every bit of it!!!!

Oh and did I tell you? I have got my own credit cards now and Jim

doesn't say a word about what I buy.

hooked6