**Naked Dream Becomes Reality**

by Katie

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 18**

“See how Katie’s face is flushed,” the professor said from beside me. I was pretty distracted but noticed that she was pointing at my face and now my boobs. “The blush is spreading down to her chest. The fact that she is pale makes it more noticeable. On women of other races or ethnicities, it would not be.”  
  
I was barely aware of her presence as my attention was focused between my legs. Using a sex toy, I was currently masturbating in front of a room full of women. They were a group of women who struggled to achieve orgasm…true to his word, SR had found something almost exactly like what Tami had experienced. Except in my case, I was bringing myself off.  
  
I had arrived on campus about an hour ago, freezing my butt off while riding that damn bike. The moment I entered the campus property, a car with swirling lights approached and two security guards got out of the car. I was surprised that one of them was a woman.  
  
The male guard approached me first and asked me to get off of my bike. “Maam, are you Mrs. Irwin?”  
  
I breathed a sigh of relief…at least he knew I was coming. “Yes, I am Katie Irwin.”  
  
“ID please ma’am,” the female guard said from my side. I hadn’t even realized she was next to me and I felt her jacket graze my bare arm.  
  
I grabbed my purse and pulled the ID out, handing it to her. I saw her eyes get big, as they all do, and she looked back at me. “Frank, you might want to make the ID here,” she said smirking. Frank, who hadn’t stopped staring at me, snapped out of it and turned to take my ID. His eyes got wide and his mouth opened. “Shit.”  
  
I closed my eyes, knowing what was coming next. I had been pulled over so many times by now, each one ending with an intimate examination of my “private” parts, well at least those parts private on most girls. He asked me to spread my legs while he ID’d me by my vagina. By now, many students were gathering around to watch and I was mortified.   
  
“Turn around please,” he said, “and spread em.”  
  
I did, putting my hands on his car and spreading my legs while he ogled my anus. I was so humiliated but had no choice. I turned my head and saw the female guards gawking at my boobs and I shivered. Her look was ravenous as if she wanted me right then and there. I had expected that from men but not women.  
  
“OK, I’ve ID’d her, she’s Katie Irwin,” he said, handing me back the ID.   
  
The woman said, “do you know where you are going from here?” I nodded, having driven the route this afternoon so I knew where to go.  
  
“OK, we need you to walk the bike from here,” she said. “No bikes on our walking paths on campus.”  
  
“Dammit,” I thought. This was only going to make it worse. I felt the cold ground under my bare feet and having to keep both hands on the bike would open me up to any who looked. Of course the crowd that gathered when the police had stopped me were now following me. I walked on, aware of their stares and also of the police escort I was getting as the guards who had gawked at me were now following.   
  
Finally, I made it to the health science building that housed the women’s clinic where our workshop would be. More mortification as I had to secure the bike to the rack located outside of the building. Of course all eyes were on my boobs as they dangled when I bent over from the waist and then on my ass and pussy from behind. I was shaking from being so exposed but finally made it into the building, grateful for the warmth though feeling the pins and needles after being cold and bare for the long ride here.  
  
There were shocked faces as I passed students doing their work or eating a snack. I was getting used to this but it never failed to humiliate me. Feeling my bare feet against the cool tile floor, the drafts brushing up against my bare skin, made me feel insignificant compared to those around me wearing clothes. I felt like curling up into a ball and begging for clothes or running home to where I could be naked in peace. But I knew that did no good…I was naked now and for a good long time and there was nothing I could do about it.  
  
“Katie,” came a voice from down the hallway. For a moment, I wondered how she knew me but then I realized how silly that thought was…not too many other naked girls running around campus.  
  
“Yes,” I said as I got closer, shaking the hand extended to me.   
  
“Good to meet you,” the woman said. “I am Lane Vetowsky. It is very nice to meet you after hearing so much about you.”  
  
I forced a smile onto my face, wondering what she had heard about me. Hopefully only that I was a nudist but who knows.  
  
“Can I offer you a drink, maybe a cup of coffee,” she said. “You look like you are freezing.”  
  
“Yes, thank you,” I said, grateful to do something normal like drink coffee. She led me into the room and I saw a set up of coffee and refreshments in the back. I was grateful for the warm coffee and held it with my hands trying to get warm. As I walked into the room, I noticed an array of machines at the front with all kinds of dildos attached.  
  
“These are the machines you will be using tonight,” Dr. Vetowsky said. I was shocked and probably showed it. “Didn’t your husband tell you what we were doing tonight? We can cancel if you’re not okay with this.”  
  
I had to react quickly. SR would kill me if I let on that I didn’t know.  
  
“No, no, of course he did,” I said. “I just didn’t know what they looked like. It’s all good.”  
  
“Good,” she said. “You can have a seat.” She pointed to the hard and probably cold plastic desk chairs. I didn’t really want to sit in one of them but felt at least I would be half covered then so I did, hissing as my bare butt made contact with the cold surface. Until my naked days, I never knew how cold everything was.  
  
Dr. Vetowsky pulled a chair up and sat across from me. I felt the hem of her long skirt rub against my bare foot and I yearned to be wearing that instead of my now normal attire of nothing. “Katie, you fascinate me,” she said. “Most women I know go to great lengths to not be seen but you proudly live your life naked. I was so intrigued when your husband called and let me know that you had registered as a nudist. I looked it up and found out that it was a real thing. Amazing.”  
  
I smiled, not knowing how to respond. She hadn’t asked a question really but seemed to be waiting for me to speak. “Yes, well, I know what you mean. I used to be that way too. I mean, always worried about covering up, could guys see up my skirt or down my blouse. Now I don’t have to worry about that.”  
  
She laughed heartily, as if I told the great joke ever. “Guess not,” she said. She looked like she was going to ask me another question when the door opened and she stood. “Ah, Elaine, Dorothy, so good to see you both,” she said, heading to the back to greet the women. I gratefully took the alone time and sipped my coffee.  
  
In no time, the room was full and the women had taken their seats around me, many smiling a hello to me but no one talking to me.  
  
Dr. Vetowsky stood and spoke. “Well, thank you all for being here,” she said. “The best crowd for our group all year. I suppose the subject matter was enticing."

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 19**

“I am so proud of our guest here today. Katie Irwin is a nudist and she is here to serve as a model for us. I know that many of you have questions for Katie so we can start with that before the demonstration. Katie, if you could come up here.”  
  
Thankfully, this had been discussed beforehand so I was ready. Still, it took a lot of resolve to get out of the desk and stand in front of the room. I saw everyone stare intently at me, especially concentrating on my boobs and erect nipples and my bare mound. It took every ounce of discipline to keep from covering myself with my arms or crouch down to block their view. Instead I stood there and let the women drink in my nudity.  
  
Once again, I noticed that women seemed more interested in my nude body than many of the men did. At least they were more obvious in staring at her…that was probably it, the women didn’t care if they got caught gawking and the men were a bit more reluctant to be caught.  
  
“Hello, I’m Katie Irwin. I am 33 years old, a wife and mom of four daughters. Two months ago I declared myself a committed religious nudist and registered with the state.”  
  
Over my head my ID card was put on the screen by Dr. Vetowsky and I heard the gasps from the women in the audience. After all, no woman wants to see her anus posted in huge photo on the screen. I decided to ignore their reaction and kept talking.  
  
“Since then I have not worn any clothing. In fact, I gave my clothes away to charity and no longer own any clothes.”  
  
Dr. Vetowsky came forward and stood next to me, placing her arm around my shoulders. I almost melted when I felt her sweater against my bare skin…after two months without clothes, any contact with them felt so good.  
  
“Ladies, I am sure you have some questions for Katie. As she is a nudist who does not believe in modesty, no question is off limits.”  
  
A hand went up. “Yes, Liz.”  
  
“Girl, you’re crazy,” the woman said to nervous laughter from the group. “It’s getting cold. How do you stand it?”  
  
“I’m getting used to it,” I said, hoping those words were true. “You’re right though…it is cold.”  
  
“Actually, Katie here rode her bike to campus tonight to try and build up her endurance in the cold,” Dr. Vetowsky said.   
  
Another hand shot up, a stylishly-dressed woman stood when acknowledged. “You are so brave,” she said. “I could never do what you are doing.”  
  
I blushed, not feeling very brave at all. “Thank you,” I said quietly.  
  
“So, ah, could I ask a icky question? What about your period?” Nervous tittering came from some of the women. “What? We’re all women here. We’ve all had our period.”  
  
It was just a week or so into my nude period when I got my period. Thankfully I was always aware of its coming and wasn’t typically greeted by a mess before realizing I had my period. Feeling the familiar ache in my pelvis, I went and inserted a tampon. I didn’t think anything of it until one of my daughter, Tina, said, “Mommy, you have a string on your gina.” Since they were little, we had taught our daughters to use real names for body parts and not made up ones. They hadn’t gotten the full pronunciations down yet.  
  
“Oh, that’s ok honey, that’s just a tampon,” I said, not thinking.  
  
“What’s a tampon?”  
  
Damn, I thought. I was not ready to have a sexual reproduction talk with my daughter today.   
  
“Well, you know that mommy’s bodies sometimes have babies in them?”  
  
“Yeah.”  
  
“Um, well, Mommy’s bodies only sometimes have babies in their bellies. When they don’t, sometimes, their bodies have to, um, reset itself. A tampon helps take care of that.”  
  
She looked at me very confused as well she should. My explanation made no sense. I was trying really hard not to tell my 7 year old daughter that, “you see honey, once a month, women bleed from their vagina and we stuff cotton tampons up there to stop it.” I figured that might cause some nightmares.  
  
Back to now, I answered (exactly as Tami had), “I put a tampon in and that stops it.” Then I added, “I don’t usually have a heavy flow anyway.”  
  
More hands.  
  
“Do you find that you feel more sexual?”  
  
Dr. Vetowski jumped in. “Actually, ladies, I want to clarify something here. Nudism is not always sexual. Many nudists just appreciate being clothing free, the feel of the sun, wind, etc., on their bare skin. Please do not make the mistake of confusing the two.”  
  
She then pointed to me. “However, in Katie’s case, she has also expressed her desire to live a life free of modesty and that also means sexually so I think the question may be appropriate here.” All eyes turned towards me.   
  
She had made me sound like a huge slut. Still, I was a nudist who didn’t believe in modesty so how could I object?  
  
“Yes, I guess so. My husband has been very, uh, interested lately, that’s for sure. And I guess it’s more, um, accessible and all. So, yes, it has definitely increased my love life.”  
  
“Don’t your feet hurt without shoes?”  
“Yes, they did at first. I got used to it.”  
  
“How do you stand everyone looking at you? I couldn’t do it.”  
“It’s taken some time to get used to it but I don’t really notice it now.” Yeah, right, I thought. I notice it all the time! I wish I could get used to it.  
  
More questions came my way. Did I use a towel to sit on? (NO) Was I worried about keeping certain areas clean since they were always on view? (YES) Finally, Dr. Vetowski stepped forward.   
  
“Well, I know that we all have many questions for Katie but she is here for a reason. As you know, we have many sexual aides available to help you achieve orgasm. Rather than guess at each one’s utility for you, we brought Katie here tonight to be our demonstration model.”  
  
I am sure my eyes got wide. There were at least 8 or 9 machines here. Was I going to have to use all of them? Orgasm on all of them? How could I manage that? Oh God.   
  
Vetowski motioned for me to sit on a table, probably a desk.   
  
“Sorry we don’t have a stage or anything,” the woman said, while I silently thanked my lucky stars. This was bad enough without being on stage. “However…(God, these days there’s always a however!!)…maybe next time we do this, we can move it to the auditorium.” UGGH. NEXT TIME?!? What had Slice gotten me into?!?  
  
The professor handed me a large wand. “This is the first device, with details of it in your packet. Katie, I think you can figure out how to use it. Do it however you would normally do it.”  
  
Truthfully, I was not well versed in sex toys. As a good Catholic girl, I usually just used my fingers. Actually, I didn’t masturbate much though since I got naked, I’ve needed to more often. That wasn’t entirely true…I had certainly masturbated on camera for SR to watch via the camera but that wasn’t my choice…or at least that’s what I told myself. Of course I could have chosen not to but I was madly in love with my online master and would always obey.  
  
Turning on the vibrator, I laid back and put it between my legs. That position wasn’t good enough for Vetowski who asked me to “sit up please.” She pulled two student desks in front of me so I could place my feet on them. Now though I was forced to see everyone watching me doing such an intimate act.  
  
The wand was circular with a wide circumference. One press between the lips of my now spread vagina and I moaned. Clearly this machine was well designed to get me off. The situation was awful but it was already well known that public displays got me aroused. To cum in this room, in front of all of these women, was the lowest form of shame for me and I was getting more and more excited by this fact. What kind of sick person am I?  
  
Of course those fleeting thoughts were only that…fleeting. I was quickly building up to a very public orgasm. This wand was hitting all the right places and I was feeling very, very aroused.  
  
“Notice how Katie’s breathing is becoming ragged,” I heard Vetkowski lecturing the group and that took me out of my buzz. Noticing my alarmed look at her, she said, “sorry” in a mock whisper.  
  
I got back to it, moving the base of the wand up and down my now slick vagina, pressing just inside the lips, making frequent contact with my clitoris. Finally, I felt my arousal reach the point of no return and I came. Loudly, bucking my hips, I cried out as wave after wave hit me. Finally, it subsided and my bare butt sank onto the desk and I laid back trying to catch my breath. I heard applause from the audience which pushed me further into shame.  
  
“Wonderful job Katie, wonderful,” Dr. Vetowski said. “Now, if you can get on all fours, facing away from the audience…”

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 20**

The chatter of the girls in the back seats of the minivan was just a dull din. I could barely notice it. Truthfully, it took every ounce of concentration I had to keep my eyes on the road and get them to school. I was wiped out.  
  
Last night had been intense. I lost track of how many orgasms I dragged out of my body last night. Well into double digits…maybe even 20 or more. Eight machines, two or three on each. I could barely walk at the end and felt that my vagina was numb and my nipples, always achingly erect, threatened to burst. After the first few orgasms, Dr. Vetowski added a nipple stimulator and that did its job. The orgasms that came when I used that was 5x a normal one. I will have to find one of those gadgets for myself. However, all of the use had forced my nipples to be uber-erect and that had taken a long time to get back to their simple normal erect state.  
  
After the demonstration, I had been forced to mingle with the women, answering questions about how they felt or about my nudism. It was torture to talk to these women after they had seen me so vulnerable and raw. Still, as a proud nudist who didn’t believe in modesty, why would I argue.  
  
After an hour or so of mingling, I had to ride my bike back home. I was again stopped by campus security and had to show my ID. Finally, I was allowed to leave. It took me nearly 45 minutes to ride home on rubber legs. When I got back to the apartment, mercifully Tommy and the girls were asleep. I broke the rules and climbed into bed next to him under the covers. He didn’t say anything and even nestled back into me. It was heaven, especially after such a rough night.  
  
Still, getting the girls up and ready for school had been a challenge. They kept asking me where I was last night and why I was so tired. “Mommy was working out,” I said. One pointed at my vagina, which was still red from the overuse, and said, “ouch.” You have no idea, I thought.  
  
I had just dropped off when my phone buzzed. It was a text from Aunt Sarah. “You up for coffee this AM?”  
  
Inwardly I groaned. No, I thought, I just want to go home and sleep. But ever the dutiful niece, I replied, “Sure. Can we go to my normal place? They know me there.” And don’t mind me being naked, I could have added.  
  
“Great…9?”  
  
I looked at the clock and saw it was 8:30. 9 would be perfect. “Yep. CU There.”  
  
I dropped my youngest daughter off and headed for the coffee shop, arriving a few minutes early. I wanted to beat Aunt Sarah here and be settled into a seat. I know it’s not much but I thought it was better than having to make an entrance.  
  
The wedding was just a few days away and I assumed that she, as the mother of the bride, would be super busy with planning, etc. I wonder why she wanted to meet me?  
  
The normal gasps came as I hurried into the shop from the cold. The staff was used to seeing me as I came here at least three times a week but most of the time the customers were new so that explained the gasps. I went to the counter (no line today, thank God) and ordered my usual. After waiting a few minutes, my back to the crowd so only my bare butt was visible, I got my coffee and settled in on my favorite couch which was so soft on my bare skin. I leaned back, carefully resting the coffee on my thigh (the heat felt so good) and nearly fell off to sleep. This felt so good.  
  
“Katie,” I heard a voice call from the door. It was Aunt Sarah carrying a garment bag in one hand and another bag in the other. She walked towards me and plopped the items off on the chair next to me. Awkwardly, trying not to touch any inappropriate part of me, she leaned in for a hug and kiss and hurried off to get her coffee. Why the bags, I wondered. Maybe she needed me to give it to Kacy or it’s something for my girls for the wedding.  
  
She got her XL cup of black coffee (“I need it. After all, I’m planning a wedding,” she said with a smile) and sat down across from me. I suddenly felt very self conscious and crossed my legs at the knee, right knee over left and held my mug in my hand.  
  
“This is a surprise Aunt Sarah,” I said, trying to pretend I wasn’t nervous. “I figured you’d be swamped with wedding plans. How’s Amy holding up?”  
  
“She’s good,” the woman said, heading into a long story about dress fittings, shoe dying, etc. In some ways it was very soothing to hear her…she was like a mother to me over the years and I do love her so. Still, there was no denying that I was really nervous.  
  
We talked about the wedding, her grandchildren and my girls. “So, I don’t want to beat around the bush,” she said after 15 minutes of small talk. She put her coffee down and leaned in. “Amy would kill me if she knew I was here but I had to do it.”  
  
Aunt Sarah took a deep breath and took my hands in hers. “Kate, you know that we love you from the bottom of our hearts and that nothing could ever change that. Right?”  
  
I nodded, not sure where this was going but getting more and more anxious.   
  
“And we accept you in all ways?” Another nod.  
  
“However…this nudist thing is a whole different matter.” I gulped hard…still not sure where this was going to end up. “Now Amy would never say it so I am going to say it for her. It’s just not going to do to have a nude person there at the wedding.”  
  
I started tearing up and Aunt Sarah stammered. “Wait, Katie, please understand,” she said, squeezing my hand harder. “There will be a photographer and a video crew and, um, 25 years from now, I’m not sure Amy will want to show her kids their wedding movie with her nude cousin on it. You have to see the point in that don’t you?”  
  
I was stunned, never expecting this from my favorite aunt, and pulled my hands free and slamming back into the chair. “My kids seem me naked all the time,” I said. “What’s wrong with that?”  
  
“Everything Katie, but that’s not my decision,” she said, pursing her lips. “That’s your decision and Tom’s. But for the wedding, I have to protect my daughter. Plus we have paid a lot of money and want it to be perfect. Your decision to be a nudist isn’t going to change that.”  
  
We sat in silence, me seething, her not sure what to do next. Finally, when she realized I wasn’t talking, she continued. “I talked to Colleen, who warned me this was a bad idea by the way, and she said that you didn’t own any clothes any more anyway. So I brought you this dress of Amy’s. I think you are the same size but I can see from looking at you that her breasts are a bit bigger.” Mortifying but true I thought. “She told me your shoe size and I found shoes to match.”  
  
She looked at me but I refused to look at her. She sighed and stood up, coffee in hand. “I’m sorry sweetie, I truly am, that your feelings are hurt,” she said. “I love you very much and want you there to celebrate with us. I just hope that you will understand my point and try to be accommodating.” With that she turned and walked out of the shop, leaving the dress and shoes behind.  
  
I sat there for a moment stunned before tears started to flow. I pulled my feet up onto the chair, my knees smashed against my breasts and cried. Annette, my favorite barista, came over to console me. “What’s wrong Sweetie,” she asked. I couldn’t respond but accepted her gentle hand on my bare back. “Let it out Katie, let it out.”  
  
She moved away after a few reassuring moments and I tried to get my crap together. How pathetic I must have looked to people coming in. Why was that naked lady sobbing? I don’t know why this hit me so hard…I guess because Aunt Sarah was my favorite aunt, like a mother to me. This felt like she was slapping me, telling me I wasn’t good enough.  
  
I gathered the garment bag and shoes and left, thanking Annette for her kindness. When I arrived home, I hid the dress and shoes in the girls’ closet and tried to figure out what to do.  
  
That night, after we put the girls to bed, I asked Tommy what he thought. He kind of blew me off before I grabbed his arm and pulled him towards me. “Please Tommy, I need your help.”  
  
He snickered. “Now you want my help? You went and became a nudist without my help. You’re fine on your own,” he said, taking a swig of his beer. I took a deep breath, doubting everything I had thought. Tommy had been a loving husband. Aunt Sarah had been a mother to me. Could me being naked change all of that?  
  
“Tom, stop being an ass,” I finally said, quietly but firmly. “I was really, really wrong about that and should have totally consulted you on my decision. I am trying to do it differently now and I need your help.”  
  
He stopped, muted the TV and turned to me. “OK, tell me again, what’s the problem?”  
  
I launched into the story about Aunt Sarah’s visit, how she wanted me dressed for Amy’s wedding, etc. He listened and finally spoke. “Do you really want my opinion or do you want me to validate your own opinion?”  
  
Another deep breath before I answered, “yes, I want your opinion.”  
  
He took another swig of beer. “Look, you made a decision to be a nudist, for reasons that make sense to you. However, unlike other decisions, your decision affects others. In this case, it affects Aunt Sarah and Amy. I think you should respect her wishes and put a dress on.”  
  
Tears welled in my eyes. “Of course you do,” I said. “You hate that I’m a nudist. You want me to wear clothes. You’re still pissed that I did this without telling you. I’m sorry about that Tommy, I really am but I can’t do anything about that.”  
  
He clicked off the TV and turned to look at me. “You know something, I do sometimes hate that you are a nudist. Do I like having everyone see my naked wife? Yes. Do I wish we could just go somewhere without having to worry if you’ll be allowed there naked? Yes. Do I hate that our girls now have to deal with this at school? Yes. Do I hate that you made this major decision to be a nudist and get rid of all of your clothes and shoes and, well everything, and walk around naked without discussing it with me or anyone quite frankly? Yes.”  
  
The crying became full-fledged now. My husband, who used to adore me, was now embarrassed by me.  
  
“But I’m not an idiot Katie,” he continued. “Our sex life has never been better and I love seeing you naked all of the time. If your happiness comes from being naked, then it’s fine with me. I’m happy to go to this wedding with you naked, clothed or otherwise.”  
  
My crying continued but now out of happiness. He loved me, despite it all. I knew he was a good guy. “I’m so sorry I did this to you,” I said, leaning in and placing my head on his shoulder, relishing the feel of my bare skin against his warm shirt. “I should have consulted you.” He put his arm around me, kissed my head, and accepted my apology.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 21**

The wedding day was finally here. I was as nervous as I had been that first day I had to go naked. After being nude for so long, six weeks now, I wasn’t sure I remembered what clothes felt like.  
  
I was helping the girls do their hair. It was cute…they had all been bathed and were sitting in little robes while I braided their hair in an almost assembly line. Except for me being naked, it was the most wholesome thing you could imagine as they chattered about the wedding. None of them had ever been to a wedding. The closest they have come were from Disney movies or TV shows.   
  
“OK, go and get dressed,” I told them. “Mommy is going to shower.” Funny, after me being naked for so long, they didn’t even bat an eye at my bare breasts and all of the skin I was showing. They headed to their rooms to put on their pretty dresses with no idea that their mom would also soon be putting on a dress, the first clothing I had worn in weeks.  
  
Tommy and I had decided not to tell them in advance because it might take too long to explain. Better for me to appear clothed and tell them that I am doing it for Amy. I did tell Kacy, who was surprised but supportive. Taking support even further, she lent me a bra for the evening since I no longer owned one nor did I own underwear or pantyhose. Why, after months of being naked and going braless and without panties, was I interested in wearing these undergarments? I wasn’t sure but it felt like I needed them if I was wearing clothes.  
  
I took my time in the shower. Being naked, I am meticulous in shaving my legs, pubic hair (per my registration) and underarms. I would have been mortified if anyone had seen even a stray hair. Today, even though I wasn’t going to be seen, I still made the time to shave carefully. I can never be too careful.  
  
After the shower, I did my makeup and hair. Before dressing, I went to check on the girls. Except for an issue here or there with tights or shoes, they were all dressed, as was Tommy. “You look beautiful Mommy,” Tina said to the agreement of her sisters. I was so floored…I was still naked and hadn’t done much except some makeup (which is unusual for me) and my hair (maybe even more unsual) and my daughters thought I was still beautiful.  
  
“Thanks Tine. Let’s get a photo,” I said. Though I knew I’d be dressed shortly, for some reason I wanted one group shot of me naked. Maybe I was becoming that nudist I always wanted to be.  
  
Tommy set up his phone as we posed. Ironically, I realized we were posing almost exactly as we had in that 4th of July photo that hangs in the living room with one difference: I am naked. When I saw the photo, I noticed my face had a curious look, the moment when I realized how different our photos would be. All in all, this wasn’t bad. You could see my left breast clearly and it was obvious that I was naked but Erin blocked most of the rest of me. My legs were on display but they were in the other photo too. At least my vagina and ass were not seen…a small victory for an always naked girl who is not entirely naked by choice.  
  
“Girls, stay here with Daddy, I’ll be right back.” I hustled upstairs to dress for the first time in months. My legs were shaking with nerves as I pulled the dress out of the closet where I hid it with Tommy’s suits. I laid it on the bed and went to the now my now empty drawers where I placed Kacy’s bra and panties. The nice thing about having an identical twin is we are the same exact size! I could barely remember how to put on a bra as I pulled it around me, just under my breasts, and clipped it shut. I then slid it around so the cups were in front and slid the straps onto my shoulders, allowing my breasts to be covered for the first time in forever.   
  
I have to state now that I have always hated wearing a bra…felt that they were God’s punishment to girls. Bras were a necessary evil to keep my boobs from drooping (not that mine were that big but still). Now though, I loved this bra. I felt so feminine and clothed. If I could just go out in this, I would feel happy but I didn’t have to stop there now. No, today I get to be completely clothed. More unfamiliar feelings as I pulled the panties up my legs and let them fall securely over my vulva and anus, two areas that were now more used to be on display. I looked in the mirror and was stunned to see me in these garments…I had gotten used to seeing my boobs and vagina and my bare ass. Not today and I felt like crying. Thank you God, I said, hoping not to ruin my makeup.  
  
I pulled on the pantyhose, another garment that I used to complain about but now wanted to have on my body unlike anything else. My legs were so happy…covered after being exposed day after day after day. I grabbed the dress from the garment bag in which it hung and gently slid it up my legs and on my body. After so many days of being on display, of being naked and embarrassed and gawked at, I, Kathleen Abigail Irwin was wearing clothes.   
  
Looking in the full-length mirror on our door, I almost did not recognize myself. I looked so different, so feminine. I normally feel so dirty seeing myself naked, like I am a slut asking for it. I know that nudity does not equal sex but I was brought up believing that good girls didn’t show their bodies. Our skirts and dresses couldn’t be too short, our tops couldn’t be too revealing, our pants couldn’t be too tight. We worked very hard to make sure that no one could see our panties up our skirts or our bras down our blouse. Now, every moment of every day, those parts were on display for all to see. Even all of these months later, it still felt wrong and weird to be naked all of the time. Still, I couldn’t deny that it felt strange being clothed.  
  
Sliding my feet into shoes was another unusual. My feet had bourne the brunt of my new lifestyle the most. Pounding in the pavement, walking across hot ground and then frozen ground, over rocks and glass (once OUCH!) without ever being protected, they have changed. The soles of my feet are much tougher now. My toes are now spread out a bit after weeks of not being squeezed into shoes. I try to keep my nails painted since they are always seen but still, they have taken a beating and now look so happy with pantyhose on and then the shoes that I borrowed from Kacy.  
  
I stood in front of that mirror for minutes, transfixed by the sight of myself in clothes.   
  
“MOM, we have to GOOOO”

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 22**

The morning sun hit my eyes and caused me to stir. For a few moments I wasn’t sure where I was or what time it was. When I sat up, I felt the blanket against my bare boobs and realized I was naked. For a few seconds I was appalled but then remembered that I was a nudist again. Last night’s brief foray into clothing was now long over.  
  
Actually, it hadn’t even lasted all night. But I can’t deny that it was glorious.  
  
Walking into the living room where my daughters and husband waited was interesting. He smiled and gave a low whistle while my daughters were shocked. “Mom…why are you wearing CLOTHES?” I explained that it was for Amy and Aunt Sarah. They didn’t quite understand but God bless those girls they are flexible. Shannon, in fact, looked pleased, happy to not be embarrassed by her mother. The younger ones didn’t understand the difference and were surprised that their nudist mom was not nude. Still, we walked to the car for the first time in months as a normal, clothed family.  
  
The wedding was so much fun. Aunt Sarah was beaming when she saw me, mouthing, “THANK YOU” when she saw me in church. Honestly, I was grateful to not be naked in church. Amy was surprised to see me wearing clothes but just smiled at me. In the receiving line afterwards she said, “what’s going on? Why are you dressed?” I just smiled and said, “a present for your mom” and she laughed knowingly.  
  
It was so nice being at the wedding with my sisters and not worrying about being nude and who could see me and how cold the chair was or should I dance nude with my boobs bouncing. Instead, I had a great night chatting with my family, laughing with my daughters and dancing with my husband. I also had a bit too much to drink but didn’t mind imbibing.  
  
I was surprised to be alone in bed under the covers. I saw a note from Tommy on the nightstand: Katie, you looked so comfortable I figured I’d let you sleep. Took the girls to breakfast and then to gymnastics. See you for lunch. Love, Tom.”  
  
Love Tom was a nice touch. We had a great time, though I assume his friendly actions this AM was helped along by the fact that I gave him oral at the wedding last night (in a wide unused coat check room) and then we had anal sex last night. It was my first time and though it was a little uncomfortable, his excitement and the position we were in (me on all fours and him pounding into me while mauling my boobs) led to a massive orgasm. I could still feel a soreness back there but it was a dull soreness. Nothing really to worry about, though I wondered if I leaked out while I slept.  
  
As fun as last night was, I still ended up naked but even Aunt Sarah couldn’t mind too much. Towards the end of the night, as we were all sweaty and exhausted from a night of dancing, eating and drinking, Amy got up on the mic with her new husband Todd.   
  
“Everyone, thank you for celebrating with us tonight…what a great party!”  
  
We all cheered.   
  
“Thank you to my mom and dad and Todd’s mom and dad for helping us throw this party tonight. You are the best!”  
  
More thunderous cheers.  
  
“NOW, one more thing. My cousin Katie” (ALL EYES ON ME AS I STAND OPEN MOUTHED) “is a nudist. Tonight, she wore clothes to not ‘ruin’ our evening. Katie, you are an amazing cousin and friend but I will not allow you to do it one more minute. Does anyone mind if Katie got naked for us?”  
  
That led to the most thunderous applause. It was surreal heading up on stage and disrobing. In some ways, it felt good as the tights were hot and I was not used to having clothes on but I could not believe it as the crowd cheered when I kicked off my shoes and then reached under to pull off my tights. The band, getting into the swing of things, played the stripper song as I began to turn into a stripped rather than a nudist. I shimmied out of the dress and heard a loud WOOT as my bra and panties came into view. “TAKE IT ALL OFF!” shouted someone, I think it was Tommy. I smiled and sexily unhooked the bra (almost forgot how and fumbled like a teenage boy) before removing it. There was a huge roar when my boobs came into view and then a drum roll as I slowly removed my panties and stood naked.  
  
“Katie, you are amazing,” Amy said to me as she leaned in for a hug as did Todd.   
  
Heading back to the dance floor, I was now unable to blend in but I did continue dancing, the alcohol and good feeling washing over me. Still, deep in my mind, I realized I had crossed a threshold…nudity was now my norm.   
  
Rolling over I grabbed my cell phone from the night stand and sat up in a fright. Several texts from SR.  
  
“WHAT IS THIS?” he texted with a photo from the wedding of me in a dress.  
  
“DID I GIVE PERMISSION TO WEAR CLOTHES SLUT?”  
  
“WELL, BESIDES BREAKING THE LAW, YOU HAVE BROKEN OUR AGREEMENT.” Underneath was a link. When I clicked on it, my heart sank. It was a Webpage with photos of me, as he had threatened. They were vulgar and awful, me in all kinds of compromising sexual positions, including a few from last night.  
  
“WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?”  
  
That last text came only as few minutes ago. I was desperate to make him happy.  
  
“Sir, please i am so so sorry. i did it for my aunt.”  
  
“WHAT A PATHETIC .... I TELL YOU TO GET NAKED, YOU DO IT. YOUR AUNT TELLS YOU TO WEAR CLOTHES, YOU DO IT.”  
  
“BIG DIFFERENCE: YOUR AUNT LOVES YOU AND ONLY WANTS WHATS BEST FOR YOU. I AM JUST HAPPY TO HAVE SHOWN A PATHETIC ... THE PROPER WAY TO LIVE HER LIFE. NAKED AND HORNY.”  
  
That last text crushed me. He didn’t love me? I did this under some ridiculous belief that he did. I had ruined my life for someone who didn’t love me at all.  
  
“Please Sir, please don’t say that. I love you Sir.”  
  
“WHATEVER. I AM SURE YOUR HUSBAND WILL LOVE SEEING THESE PICTURES.”  
  
Oh God…no. Please no. Tommy and I were just finding a good place after all of these weeks. These photos could ruin everything and honestly he could file for divorce. I would love everything, the girls, everything.  
  
“please sir. please i beg you to not send this link to him. please don’t do this to him or my girls. it’s me your mad at. this will crush him.”  
  
“TELL YOU WHAT…VIDEO YOURSELF CUMMING RIGHT NOW AND SEND IT TO ME. IF I LIKE IT, I WON’T SEND IT TO HIM.”  
  
I hated doing this again for him…but of course I had no choice. Holding the phone in one hand, I began rubbing myself with the other. The situation and the consequences already had me on edge and horny. There was no denying that I was a humiliation slut as this moment had me moving quickly towards orgasm. With no one home, I could be as loud as I wanted so I got as vocal as I could, wanting SR to be pleased. I moaned, I groaned, I cried out and when I finally came, I screamed out and bucked up and down, letting myself move through a very intense orgasm.  
  
I couldn’t stand to watch the video of myself but wanted to make sure that it was good enough. I was so embarrassed watching myself but hoped that it would be enough for SR. Finally I hit send and begged again.  
  
“please sir. This girl is so sorry she defied you. i am just a poor slut who can’t help herself.”  
  
After several agonizing minutes, I got another link from SR. The same page as before except with that video posted. What the hell, I thought. Betrayed again!  
  
“Slut, I will not send that link to your beloved Tommy, at least not yet. Next time you screw up, it goes to him, your dad, sisters and everyone you love. Think next time before you act.”  
  
“thank you Sir. Will you remove the page?”  
  
“No. It will still exist but I will not send it to anyone. If someone finds it, then they find out. That’s your punishment, knowing that it’s out there and could be found.”  
  
I cringed, knowing that he had listed my name and city on it. I wondered how hard it would be to find. Then I looked and saw that it now just read: Naked Katie and my last name and city deleted. That made me take a deep breath of relief…it would be harder to find but still out there.  
  
I sniffed the room and it smelled of sex and, well, me. I had to do something so I stripped the beds and threw everything in the wash. I noticed a large stain from last night and another from my little video act. Ugh…being eternally naked makes some things really difficult. Another girl could have put panties on to contain the leakage but not me.   
  
After that I hopped into the shower, making sure to clean down there (front and back). I also had to remove the makeup which I had forgotten to do last night (drunk and horny had won out). I found Amy’s dress and shoes and Kacy’s undergarments in a pile in the living room. I threw the dress, bra and panties in the wash and the pantyhose in the trash. The bottoms of the feet were black from dancing and it reeked of sweat. Looking through the girls’ rooms I saw that their dresses were also in piles with the tights. I scooped them up, like a naked servant girl cleaning the house, and brought them to the laundry room .  
  
Grabbing a cup of coffee and a grapefruit instead of the donuts that Tommy had bought this AM (a naked girl has to watch her carb intake), I pulled out my laptop and went to Facebook. I gasped when I saw the photo albums of Amy’s wedding…I had been tagged in dozens of photos, all wearing the dress and then some at the end naked but not obviously displaying anything because Facebook would delete any photo of exposed nudity (which I have found out time and time again!). That’s how SR found out about my discretion…a simple Facebook photo album. UGH.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 23**

Today was my day to deal with that appointment that all women come to dread—the gynecologist, a harrowing ordeal of exposing yourself and then being prodded with medical equipment and fingers, hands, etc. Not something that any woman looks forward to.  
  
Actually, I suppose that I am more prepared for this doctor’s visit than most women. After all, I have been exposed and prodded many, many times over the past few months, almost daily. Still, I was not looking forward to it, at all.  
  
I dropped Erin off at school and headed over, stopping at the drive thru to get a cup of much needed coffee. I wondered if I should have called ahead to let them know like I did last week for the dentist. That had been a mortifying experience…I have never seen an adult male there who wasn’t a patient…my dentist is a woman and all of the hygenists are women. However, each of them must have invited their husbands or boyfriends or brothers or uncles, I don’t know, but there were about a dozen men there waiting for me. Even when I was in the chair, I could feel their eyes on me and as I laid there I tried desperately to keep my legs crossed at the ankles to try and avoid them seeing my vagina but when the scraping of my teeth got too intense, I know I gave them quite a show.  
  
Today I didn’t call. I guess I figured that in the rooms most of the women are naked anyway. Also, I wouldn’t think that these people would be offended by female nudity in the waiting room. After all, they see boobs and vaginas all day long.  
  
Pulling up, I forgot that other doctors use offices in this building. Oh boy, not just my loving little group at the OB-GYN and the women there would be seeing me today. You would think, after all of these weeks being naked 24/7, I would be used to it. Still wasn’t. Driving into the parking lot, I instantly regretted not calling ahead. I soldiered on though, grabbing my purse and heading into the medical building.  
  
There were two older men heading from the other direction and I saw their eyes get big when they saw me. I smiled and thanked them for letting me pass, trying to pretend that I wasn’t naked but their reactions reminded me that I was indeed not wearing clothes in public in the middle of the day heading into a medical office building. My life was just not normal any more.  
  
I slipped into my doctor’s office and heard gasps from the three women sitting there. I walked past them, trying to act normally, knowing that there were large floor to ceiling windows that lines the wall. Anyone walking in from the parking lot or just driving by would have an uninterrupted view of my nude body. UGH.  
  
“Um, excuse me Miss, but what is going on?” the receptionist asked.  
  
“Hi, I’m Katie Irwin, I have a 9:30 appointment,” I said quietly. Being nude made me feel less than others so I instantly became subservient. The old Katie who was confident in herself disappeared and the nude Katie took over.  
  
“Whoa, OK, um, most women wait until they get into the room to take their clothes off,” the woman said laughing.   
  
“Yes, I understand that. But I’m a nudist and no longer wear clothes.”  
  
“Is that even allowed?” Her comments got the attention of others at the reception desk and soon three other women were gawking at me, their eyes big at the sight of my bare breasts over the counter. I am sure the three women were getting quite a view of my bare butt. I kept my feet together to try and avoid them seeing my vagina from behind but I’m not sure how successful I have been.  
  
“Yes, I actually registered with the state,” I said. Do I dare say it? “I was given an ID and everything verifying it.”  
  
Gasps from the women. “I had no idea.” “Jesus, that’s crazy.” “I have to see this ID!”  
  
“Seriously, can I see the ID? What does it say?”  
  
I slid my purse around front and pulled out the wallet and ID. I handed it to the woman whose eyes got wide and mouth opened. “No shit,” she said laughing, handing the card behind her to the other woman. “Good for you honey. I could never do what you are doing.”  
  
They all took a look (one asked if she could make a copy for my “records”) and handed it back to me with a clipboard to fill out while I waited. I chose a seat with my back to the window to lessen my exposure. Happy for something to do, I crossed my legs at the knee, right over left, and leaned my clipboard on my bare thigh as I answered the questions. With my arms in front of me filling out the forms, my legs crossed and my butt on the seat, this was as covered as I got. In a life full of unwanted exposures and embarrassment, this was a pathetic but needed moment of coverage.   
  
The door opened (I acutely felt the whoosh of cold air pour in) and looked up to see a young couple walking in. She was very pregnant and he was helping her. Obviously they hadn’t seen me yet but I knew they soon would. He led her to a chair and went over to the reception desk. Turning around, his eyes caught my bare skin and he stopped. Wisely he said nothing, instead sitting across from his partner. That way he could “talk” to her while still keeping me in his line of sight. She grabbed her phone and started texting while he just stared at me. I tried to ignore him but it was impossible. I looked up and glared at him, wanting to say “pay attention to your PREGNANT WIFE!!” but didn’t. And my glares didn’t seem to make an impact. How scary can a naked girl be?  
  
“Kathleen Irwin,” a woman said from the doorway. I hadn’t even finished the paperwork and they were taking me back, a rare occurrence. Perhaps they didn’t want a naked girl in the waiting room too long? Well, if that’s the case, I should have stripped well before; would have cut my doctor’s office wait times so much!  
  
I got to my feet, grabbing my purse and the clipboard. As I passed the couple, the woman saw me for the first time and then looked at the man who was gawking at me. She punched his arm and said, “stop staring you dope” (YOU GO GIRL!) as I eased by the nurse into the back area of the office.   
  
Now the first moment that most women dread…the scale. Luckily I have no excess weight on me…it is literally me and only me all the time. I step on the scale and she says: “121. Hm, you lost six pounds like last year. That’s strange. You been dieting?” No, I thought, except I have been neurotic about gaining an extra ounce. A naked girl can not be too careful.  
  
I then stood against the wall to be measured. I knew that this would expose all of me as I stood with my feet flat and together, my back against the cold wall and stood up straight. Of course the door opened as I stood there and the person entering got an unobstructed view of me (as did anyone in the waiting room lucky enough to be looking). “WOW, you grew an inch too. 5-7.”  
  
I thought that was strange…to gain an inch? Maybe, without clothes, I was standing up straighter? In clothes, I slouched more, I suppose. Grew an inch and lost six pounds…pretty interesting appointment so far and I hadn’t even gotten examined.  
  
“Sorry Katie, but the rooms are full right now,” she said. “Would you mind waiting here?” She pointed to a chair down the hall towards the exam rooms. I sat and crossed my legs, working to finish my papers. I saw a few women leave the exam rooms and gasp when they saw a naked woman sitting there. They probably wondered what had happened, that maybe I was interrupted in the middle of an exam and sent out here. That was every woman’s worst nightmare…no, I wanted to say, I get to live that nightmare every moment of every day.  
  
Finally it dawned on me…they wanted to get me out of the waiting room and wait here to avoid others seeing me. Though I appreciated it, I also kind of got mad. Of course I didn’t like the exposure but they didn’t know that. For all they knew, I was a proud nudist who didn’t care who saw me. Them moving me here kind of hindering my right to be nude in public, a right granted to me by the state. I didn’t know whether to be grateful or annoyed.   
  
“Katie, what on earth,” came the voice. It was my OB-GYN, Dr. Dana Mickoff. She was a bit older than me but not much. She wasn’t the doctor who delivered Shannon (she wasn’t a doctor yet) but she did deliver the twins and Erin. It’s hard to say that your gynecologist is a friend but I liked Dana a lot (and she made me call her Dana). When someone is down there in such a vulnerable situation, it’s nice to have someone you like.   
  
“Hi Dana,” I said.   
  
“Why are you naked out here? What happened?”  
  
“I’m a nudist,” I said, trying to remain calm, like this is normal. “I registered a few months ago with the state.”  
  
“A nudist? You wore a hoodie in the delivery room. Now you’re a nudist? That’s crazy.”  
  
“Yup, I can see why you would be surprised.”  
  
“A little…we will talk more in the exam room.” With that she grabbed a chart and headed into the room across from me. I exhaled, surprised that I was nervous about her judgment. Truthfully this woman has seen my vagina naked more than covered. She has inserted her fingers and hands inside of me. She has seen me spread out for all to see as I delivered my babies. Why would I worry about her opinion of my nudity? I guess because I liked her and respected her. To think that she would think less of me was tough.  
  
After a few minutes, and having women pass me, I was finally ushered into an exam room. I was a bit more angry than I had been because I was clear now that they had shuffled me into the back. I wonder if someone had complained?  
  
In the room, I sullenly sat on the table, now lined with paper. “Uh, normally I would ask you to disrobe and put a gown on but I guess there’s no need for that,” the nurse said. “Would you like a gown?”  
  
Oh would I, I thought, but declined, knowing that it would be only a brief respite and who knows if SR would find out about it. He seemed to have spies everywhere. Also, how sad am I, lamenting the fact that I couldn’t wear a thin, paper gown.  
  
They took my vitals and before I knew it, Dana was back in and smiling. “How’s my favorite patient, and now my favorite nudist?” I so envied her spirit and, today, her clothes. She was casual but chic. Under her lab coat, she wore a thin turtleneck that accentuated her curves but not in a bad way. She wore stylish tan pants and I was dying over her tan suede ankle boots. It was exactly the type of outfit I used to wear and I desperately wanted to wear again.  
  
She asked about the girls as she started examining me. She felt my boobs clinically, working her way around the perimeter first before getting closer to my nipple. First the right and then the left. I felt a bit aroused by the attention but that was pretty normal.  
  
“OK, feet in the stirrups and let’s take a look.” I laid back and, for once, I was like every other patient here, bare from waist down, feet in stirrups, legs spread, vagina on display. I suppose I wasn’t exactly like every other patient…they had some modesty covering themselves but not much. No, for the first time in a very long time, I was not the exception.  
  
I felt her slide two fingers inside and feel the inside of my vagina. She then pressed from the outside and inside, an uncomfortable feeling but not terrible. Before the last few weeks, I would have been mortified to have her do this but this wasn’t as bad as some of the other things I’ve been subjected to.  
  
“This is going to be cold,” she said. When I looked down I saw that she had a speculum and I gritted my teeth as she pressed it in and then started to spread my opening. After a few turns, I felt air escape up inside of me and felt a chill. I was then waiting for the warmth of the light heading up when the door opened.   
  
“Dana, come quick,” the nurse said. “Ms. Alvarez just had her water break.”  
  
“Damn,” the doctor said, getting to her feet, ripping off her gloves and heading out the door. The other women followed her and left me there, naked with a speculum still holding my vagina open. Even in my months of nudity, I have never felt so exposed. I laid there, not sure what to do. I have no idea how to remove the speculum, short of yanking it out (which seemed like it would hurt) and was afraid to put my legs together.   
  
I heard the commotion outside the room and felt bad for the laboring woman. I remember those days well…it hadn’t been that long ago. With Erin, I barely had time to get to the hospital before she was coming out. It hurt like hell (no time for an epidural) and it was my fourth so I was prepared. If this woman was a first time mother, I can only imagine how scared she was.  
  
As I waited, all of a sudden the door opened and there was a very cute EMT standing there, a shocked expression on his face. I do not think he was ready for a naked girl to be sitting there with a speculum spreading her open. I was tempted to wave but was mortified.  
  
“The towels should be in there,” a female voice said. It was one of the nurse. She noticed that the man had stopped and then looked at me as if remembering that I was there. “Oh, she’s a nudist, don’t worry about her. Registered with the state and everything.”  
  
“Really? I didn’t know you could do that.”  
  
“Apparently you can. She showed us her idea and everything. It shows her, um, everything.”  
  
“That is so interesting. Wonder why someone would do that?”  
  
They continued this conversation as if I wasn’t there and walked out, his eyes drinking in another long glance my way before the door closed. I heard laughter and then the door opened again. This was the other EMT, an older guy and then a woman followed.  
  
“Shit, Todd’s not lying. That’s hysterical,” I heard the woman say as she closed the door. Now I was getting pissed. I know that I am not supposed to have modesty and all but this was beyond that. They were mistreating me and mocking me. I was about to yank that stupid speculum out of me and storm off when the door opened and it was Dana.  
  
“Dammit, Katie, I am so so sorry,” she said. “I cannot believe I left you here like this. Let me wash my hands and finish this exam.”  
  
She ran over to the sink, washed up and then came back. “This was so unprofessional of me and my team,” she said, looking me in the eye. “I am so sorry.”  
  
“It’s fine,” I said. “I’m not happy that some of the women here seem to be making fun of me.”  
  
The other women in the room got quiet, even sheepish.   
  
“I know that my lifestyle choice is unusual and I expect to be mocked by some people but not here,” I said as all three women looked me in the eye, some of whom for the first time. I know I was laying it on thick but I was pissed.   
  
“Katie, I am so sorry,” Dana said. It was so strange to see here poised between my spread legs, her face inches from my spread vagina, and to feel power. “Can we talk after the exam about a few things?”  
  
“Sure,” I said, nodding, as she leaned down and continued her exam. I stared at the ceiling as she poked and prodded. Finally, after what felt like forever, she released the speculum and pulled it out.   
  
“Because it was in so long, it may feel like you are still open down there for a bit,” Dana said. “Again, I am so sorry. Would you mind getting cleaned up and meeting me in my office?”  
  
“OK,” I said as she removed her gloves and disposed of them. I took the paper towels provided and wiped between my legs. Any feeling of superiority I had felt over these women disappeared in that moment as they stood there, clothed from head to toe, while naked old me wiped myself. I tried to regain my old confidence but failed as I slinked out of the office.  
  
I wasn’t really sure where Dana’s office was but I found it and knocked. There was no answer but I didn’t want to wait in the hallway, desperately needed a place to be hidden from view for a little while. I slid into the office and felt instantly wrong for being there. While the rest of these rooms were used to have undressed women in it, in this room it seemed insolent. This was Dana’s private space and I wasn’t comfortable being in here. I was about to leave when she came in a different entrance.  
  
“Kate, great, thanks for meeting me,” she said. “Have a seat.”

She was pointing to the two chairs that were upholstered and looked so comfy. She paid no mind to the fact that my naked butt and vagina would soon be rubbing against it. I was going to ask if she wanted me to sit on a towel but her looks to me make it seem like she was wondering why I wasn’t already sitting so I sat, reveling in my bare skin against the soft fabric. Dana sat next to me, her lab coat brushing my knees as she passed, turning so her legs, encased in professional pants up against my bare ones.  
  
“First, I want to sincerely apologize for how my staff behaved today,” she began. “You have experienced something that I have noticed from my group too, a lack of compassion. I haven’t been sure what to do about that but when I saw you, I had an idea.”  
  
I had no idea what she was talking about but felt flushed as she leaned in closer. I could smell the faint whiff of her perfume as she got inches from my face. I had never noticed it before but I was seriously attracted to her right now…what kind of girl falls for her gynecologist?  
  
“Katie, will you come work for me?”  
  
I shook my head to come to…my stomach was fluttering and I could not deny I was turned on. I had barely heard her as I was so infatuated with her.  
  
“What?”  
  
“Work for me,” she said, sliding around so she was kneeling between my spread legs, her hands on my bare thighs. “I was thinking about the position being a Patient Care Associate.”  
  
I was trying to concentrate. “Um, well, I never thought of it, um, I, you know, what would I do, and I uh, have to take the girls to school.” I was blabbering and Dana could sense that I was turned on. With no pants or underwear in the way, my watering vagina was probably obvious.  
  
  
“I know you have to take Erin but I am only thinking two days a week from like 9-1 or 2. Would that work?”  
  
“Gosh, um, yes, I guess. What would I do?”  
  
“Well, you can imagine that many women are nervous about being naked, especially as the only naked person in the room. It can be intimidating. But, if one of my staff was also naked, that would alleviate that a little, I would think.”  
  
“So I just have to be here? You would pay me for that?”  
  
“Sort of. I might have you ask some intake questions while they disrobe but, basically, I just want you here to support them, hold their hands, whatever.”  
  
I swallowed. Actually, Tommy and I had been discussing finances and wondered how long I could be a stay-at-home mom. Of course I worried about what kind of job I could possibly get naked. This sounded perfect.  
  
“WOW, this was unexpected but it sounds really interesting,” I said. “Can I let you know tomorrow, after I talk to my husband?”  
  
“Sure. And I was thinking $150 a week? I know it’s not much but at least it’s something. For 10 hours, that’s not bad.”  
  
Not bad at all, I thought. Plus, I would be working closely with Dana, who I now had a mad crush on.  
  
Of course Tommy was all for it, as long as I could still get the girls and everything done. The next Tuesday, I started work as the naked Patient Care Associate for Dr. Dana Mickoff.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 24**

The girls were all busy. Shannon was reading on the couch, Tara and Tina were doing a craft at the kitchen table, Erin was watching a show and resting after getting up from her nap. Tommy was sitting on the deck trying to fix a broken roller skate (Tara’s) while I cooked dinner on our grill. A normal family scene except for one thing…the wife/mother (ME!) was completely naked and had been for months now.  
  
There was a hint of coolness in the air. I wondered how many more nights I could grill comfortably out here. Of course I was building up some resistance. Last year at this time I would have been out here in a sweater, pants, socks and shoes and still been chilly. Tonight I was bare foot and naked and somehow surviving.  
  
I was talking about my new job and Tommy was pretending to listen. As I talked, I noticed people at the windows of the neighboring building and knew that many people could see me. Who knows how many people watch me on a daily basis? Here, on the deck, I was clearly visible.  
  
“So, excited to go and visit your family next week,” I asked Tommy. Thanksgiving was next Thursday and we travelled a few hours upstate to see them. Of course I was worried about seeing everyone naked but didn’t think it could be avoided.  
  
“Yeah, about that,” Tommy said, putting the skate down. “Um, I’m not sure about whether we should go this year. I mean, maybe we should just stay home and celebrate here, the six of us.”  
  
My heart leapt a bit. That would be great, I thought, I won’t have to expose myself more than I normally do. I could make a nice dinner and we can just relax as a family. I was about to say that when Tommy continued.  
  
“I mean, I don’t think my parents need to know about you being naked and all,” he said. “It’s cool. We can back out.”  
  
His words stopped me. Was he embarrassed of me?  
  
“Wait. You haven’t told them that I’m a nudist?” He shook his head. “Tom, I’ve been naked for months now and you never told your parents?”  
  
He harrumphed. “You know my parents. They are so conservative. They won’t understand.”  
  
I turned from the grill and stared at him. His eyes went from between my legs (almost eye level to where he was sitting) to my chest to, finally, my face.   
  
“Tommy Irwin, you effin asshole.”  
  
“Christ Katie, stop with the dramatics.”  
  
“Do you think you can avoid me ever seeing your parents again? I mean, I’m not planning on stopping being a nudist so your plan doesn’t make sense.”  
  
He broke eye contact and began fiddling with the skate on the table. “Katie, I just think this will pass and you’ll stop doing this,” he said quietly. “I don’t know if that’s next week or next year or 10 years from now but I cannot imagine you won’t be wearing clothes ever again.”  
  
I was so angry. I dropped the spatula on the table in front of him and stormed into the house. The girls looked up but said nothing when they saw my angry face, choosing to lay low. I went into the bathroom and ran the shower. Tears were streaming down my cheeks and I wasn’t sure why. After all, I should be happy that we weren’t going to his parents. They weren’t very nice, had never really liked me. This way I didn’t have to display myself to a new group of people.   
  
Still, I cried. I was really hurt. Even though I wasn’t naked by choice, Tommy didn’t know that. For him to expect that I would give this up, that this was a whim, hurt me. I cried for that. I cried for the stupid, awful situation I was in. I cried that everyone seemed to mock me. I cried for all of those reasons (and maybe my period was coming too).  
  
I hopped into the shower and let the water mask the tears. After a few minutes, I heard the door open.   
  
“Kate?”  
  
I ignored him, letting the water run over my head. At least in here being naked didn’t put me at a disadvantage.   
  
“KATIE,” he said, louder this time.  
  
“What?”  
  
I heard him take a deep breath. “I’m sorry.”  
  
I pulled the curtain and stuck my head out. “For what? For having a naked wife? For not believing in her? For not standing up for her?”  
  
“Katie, we can’t keep playing this same freaking tape over and over again,” he said. “No, I don’t like that you are naked. I’ve told you that. I don’t like that you did this without talking to me about it. And no, I don’t think this is forever. Sorry, I don’t.”  
  
I closed the curtain and went back to my shower.  
  
I heard him sit on the toilet. “Katie, I know I’m not being very fair to you,” he said. “Obviously this hasn’t been an easy decision for you to live with. And you are living it very well, despite obstacles.”  
  
I tried to not cry but the tears came anyway. Damn him.  
  
“But I do think that could change. Maybe next year at this time, you are called to do something else. Or three years. Whatever. I don’t know. But things change. That’s all I’m saying.”  
  
I sniffed unconsciously, hoping he didn’t hear it. I have no idea if SR would ever let me wear clothes again. At some point, maybe he would get tired of me and putting me through this. Would it be too late?  
  
“Katie, please don’t cry. I’m sorry. I really am. Know that I love you.”  
  
“But not enough to bring me home to your family? Not enough to stand next to me and to support me, even if your parents don’t approve?”  
  
Another deep breath from Tommy. “Actually, I thought you would be relieved to not spend Thanksgiving with my family.” I was but not like this. “I don’t know why I haven’t told my parents. But I will, ok? I’ll call them tomorrow and explain. Then they can decide if they want us there or not. OK?”  
  
“Whatever Tom, they are your parents.”  
  
I heard him stand up and felt the cool air as the bathroom door opened. I stayed in there another few minutes before shutting off the water, letting the steam and the curtain be my clothes for a few minutes. It felt good to argue with him without being naked and having him stare at my boobs the whole time. That may have been the most frustrating part of being constantly naked: people rarely had conversations with my face. They looked at my boobs, or my pubes, or both. I was constantly aware of my disadvantage being naked.  
  
Finally I dried off, careful not to cover myself, and left the bathroom as the girls were just sitting down to dinner that Tommy had finished. He mouthed, “sorry” and I nodded, sitting in the empty chair next to Shannon, wondering what would come next.  
  
  
The six of us were piled into the minivan. Between my bare feet was a cake that the girls and I had made for Grandma and Grandpa. On the floor, between Erin and Tara’s seats sat a large casserole, a recipe that my mom had passed on.  
  
We were heading up the turnpike, an hour into our trip and a few more to go. Traffic on this day before Thanksgiving was heavy and I wondered how many motorists had seen my naked breasts. There was no way to know but I assumed many.  
  
Until a few days ago, I hadn’t been sure we were going. Tommy had called his parents the day after our fight and explained my new lifestyle. They hadn’t taken it particularly well and said they would have to think about whether we should come up there.   
  
“They said it wasn’t them, they didn’t really have a problem with you being naked but a few of the aunts and uncles,” Tommy had said when relaying the conversation.  
  
“This is so humiliating Tom,” I said, angrily. “They all get to pass judgment on whether I get to attend Thanksgiving? Your parents might tell their son and daughter-in-law to not come for the holidays, to not see their grandchildren, because they don’t agree with my lifestyle?”  
  
Again, a deep breath. Poor Tommy was working overtime trying to placate his annoyed wife and her equally unhappy mother. The very definition of being caught in the middle!  
  
“I know, I know,” he said, putting his hand on mine. “Let’s see how it plays out.”  
  
A few days later, my mother-in-law called and invited us to Thanksgiving, appreciating the opportunity to see us, all of us. Sigh, I thought, be careful what you wish for. Now I was going to have to expose myself to a whole new group of people.  
  
Packing hadn’t been tough. One of the nice things about going to the Irwins for Thanksgiving is dress is casual, though of course Tara and Tina insisted on wearing dresses on Thursday for dinner (as they do most days). For the other two girls, I just packed leggings and a long shirt. They could wear their sneakers. Of course, I didn’t have to pack any clothes for myself (not that I owned any!). I put together a small bag of toiletries that was now stuffed into Tommy’s bag. The perks of being a nudist!  
  
“Daddy, who else will be at Grandma and Grandpa’s?”  
  
This was a frequent game, talking about who will be at a place. We started it so the girls would be able to say hi to people.   
  
“Well,” Tommy said, starting as always, “Grandma and Grandpa will be there of course.”  
  
“DADDDD,” the girls said in unison, fake annoyed. I smiled, grateful for normalcy.  
  
“So Uncle Tim and Aunt Susan and their kids, you remember your cousins Heather and Timmy.” That was Tom’s brother Tim. I liked his wife Susan a lot and we have been co-conspirators at these family events over the years. We weren’t friends, per se (didn’t talk outside of family event) but an ally. Tim was kind of a jerk but Tommy adored him…he was five years older than Tommy and would let his little brother tag along.   
  
“Aunt Sarah and Aunt Irene will be there, Grandma’s sisters.” These women would glare at me whenever I greeted them. Not sure they have said a thing to me in our years of marriage. They, however, gushed over my girls so I give them a pass.  
  
“Uncle Patrick and Aunt Peggy will be there too.” My heart swelled. I loved Patrick and Peggy, my father-in-law’s brother and sister-in-law. They were the sweetest and always went out of their way to talk to me. I wonder how they will react to my new appearance. Aunt Peggy always used to say, “Katie, you are the perfect mate for our Timmy…so pretty but classy.” Wait til she seems me now.  
  
“What about the other guy,” Shannon asked. “The priest?”  
  
“Oh, Fr. Shawn,” Tommy answered. “He’s grandpa’s uncle. I’m sure he will be there.”  
  
That was 11 new people to see me naked…joy, including a Catholic priest. Our family had avoided church functions in the weeks since my lifestyle change and would probably continue missing for the foreseeable future, though I wonder if we would go on Christmas. That might take some pre-planning but that was a worry for another time.  
  
I shifted in my seat, a pan full of orzo salad, one of my other specialties. I could have left it on the floor but liked having something over my crotch in a pathetic attempt at cover. I crossed my legs at the knee, shifting the pan but kept my hand on it.  
  
Since hearing from Tommy’s mom, I had been wondering how I should approach her. Do I pretend that nothing has changed and walk in as if I was wearing clothes? Do I acknowledge it or pretend nothing is different? Do I hang back and stay mostly invisible, in deference to their feelings? I felt like I had no one to discuss this with…maybe Kacy but she would only have so much knowledge to draw on in this subject. No, I was on my own. Not even Tommy could help me.  
  
I leaned my head onto the window and promptly fell asleep. It felt like I was out for a minute when I heard a horn blare and I woke with a start, a trucker noticing the naked passenger in the car next to him. Looking up I saw Tommy pulling the minivan onto the exit ramp.   
  
“God, how long was I asleep?”  
  
“Almost two hours. The girls too, except for Shan.” I turned and saw the girls’ heads bobbing, still out.  
  
“Sorry hon, didn’t mean to leave you alone on the drive. Some co-pilot I turned out to be.” I put my bare feet onto the dashboard, my knees pressing against my boobs, the most covered position I could muster. Looking over, I could not help but feel love for my husband. He was still adorable, even 15 years after meeting him as freshmen in college. We could have never imagined then that we’d marry and have four kids and, of course, that one of us would become a nudist. Life sure throws us curveballs. “You know, I have to apologize for how I’ve been acting. I’ve made it all about me and never once considered how difficult this is going to be for you.”  
  
He gulped and smiled at me. “I’m fine…not a problem.”  
  
I reached for his hand. “I know it has been a problem for you and I’m sorry about that. You didn’t sign up for this.”  
  
He squeezed back and smiled at me. But that smile froze as we pulled onto the street where he grew up, where his parents still lived. The time had come for him and his naked wife to walk into the family home.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 25**

The sizzling bacon splatted up and hit my defenseless naked body. I winced and tried to jump back each time but was mostly unsuccessful and just had to suffer in silence as the hot grease singed my bare skin.  
  
I was being a trooper, nakedly helping my mother-in-law make breakfast for the entire family, my husband and kids included. Besides my six and Tommy’s parents, we were also cooking for my brother-in-law, his wife and their two kids as well as my mother-in-law’s two sisters, Barbara and Irene. So far, it had been an interesting 16 hours or so.  
  
When we arrived yesterday, my in-laws had met us on the porch. Thankfully, Erin had just woken up when we got there so I was carrying her so I wasn’t fully displayed as her body covered mine. My father-in-law came to the car, hugged Tommy and the girls and then leaned in to give me a peck on the cheek. “Hello Katie,” he said coolly before kissing Erin’s forehead… “and hello to you little Erin girl. How is my sweet baby granddaughter?” He tickled her back but was careful not to touch me in a way that could be considered inappropriate. “Hi Charlie,” I said in reply, thanking him as he motioned for us to go first. I guess this also gave him a chance to see my naked butt up close as he followed us up the steps but he would have done the same thing if I was wearing clothes so no big deal.  
  
Tom’s mother was mostly the same story. She was icy but pretended to not be.   
  
“Hello Katie, and hello precious,” she cooed to Erin who was starting to wake up and leaned over to hug her grandma, leaving my boobs exposed for the first time. I heard a gasp as my mother-in-law saw my breasts and I chucked to myself. “Lady, you have these too, they are not that big a deal,” I wanted to say. Of course I didn’t say that at all and just smiled, determined not to make a much of a scene this weekend.  
  
We entered the house and for a while it was just us, my six and Tommy’s parents. My loving mother-in-law had asked me if I didn’t mind “sitting on a towel, please hon,” to protect the furniture. I grimaced then smiled and said, “sure,” placing the towel on the stupid chair that probably came from Ikea. Tommy glanced at me and mouthed, “sorry.” I just nodded and we sat talking. I felt my father-in-law’s eyes on me the whole time and got a bit nervous. Not that I think he would ever hurt me or touch me or anything. Still, it was getting weird.  
  
Not only that but I knew that at some point over the next few days, I would have to humiliate myself in front of him and my brother-in-law. Two days before we left, I was chatting with SR and told him about this trip.  
  
“Plus, I have to be with my jerk brother in law and my father in law is always checking me out. Gives me the creeps.”  
  
“Well then it’s settled,” SR said.  
  
“Sir, I don’t understand. What’s settled?”  
  
“This weekend, you will expose yourself to them both?”  
  
“Of course, I will, I’ll be naked as always.”  
  
“No, I am thinking humiliation. You will have to humiliate yourself in front of both of them.”  
  
I gasped and put my hand over my mouth. This is going so far and I wondered if this was the line I wasn’t willing to cross.  
  
“Katie, you never expected that I would make you live naked and look, naked for months. You never expected to masturbate in public and you’ve done it numerous times. Trust me, I will get my way and you will do it.”  
  
“What if I say no?”  
  
He laughed. “You won’t say no. You could have said no so many times over these last few weeks but you never do. And you know why. Of course there is the matter of the photos but it’s more than that. You want this and love that I make you do these things. I am allowing you to be the slut you have always hidden inside.”  
  
I was shaking, partly in anger but partly in realization that he was right. I hated what he was doing to me but secretly loving it as well.  
  
“What would I have to do,” I asked quietly. He smiled.  
  
“I am thinking, masturbating in front of your father in law and showing your asshole to your brother in law.”  
  
I started to cry. This was so much further than I was prepared to do. “But, how? My kids will be there. And my sister in law and she doesn’t hate me. Please don’t make me do this.”  
  
“Katie, I’m not making you do anything. I’m not holding a gun to your head. You’re not a puppet. You’re a big girl sweetie and can do things or not. But you know the consequences if you don’t…are you prepared to live with them?”  
  
So that was now weighing how to accomplish that task. I figured I would have to figure out a way for my father in law to “walk in on me” masturbating though I wasn’t sure how. As for my brother in law, I still hadn’t figured it out.  
  
“Katie, dear, how have you been,” my mother in law asked as the girls hustled into the basement to play.   
  
“Fine, fine, good actually,” I said, trying to smile and pretend this was my great idea. “The girls are really excelling in school and they are so busy. Tommy and I are getting along great. It’s been really---.”  
  
“But this nudity thing must be a struggle for all of you,” she said, her voice icy again. “I mean, you can’t be really walking naked everywhere. Who’s taking care of the girls?”  
  
“She is Mom,” Tommy said. “Katie does everything she used to do, except now she does it naked.”  
  
“But why? I mean, was this some sort of nervous breakdown honey? Do you need help?”  
  
Yes, yes I do, I wanted to scream. I am not naked by choice but could not and would not ever reveal that to her.   
  
The rest of the weekend went on like that. My mother-in-law was barely hiding her complete disgust for me while also treating me like her slave.   
  
“Katie, can you go out in the yard and bring in some firewood?”  
  
“I’ll get it Mom,” Tommy said.  
  
“Don’t be silly, honey,” she said, “Katie can get it. Can’t you dear?”  
  
“Sure.”  
  
So I went and got the wood, among other things. Many of the jobs involved me bending (to show my ass) or reaching up high. Or frying the bacon.  
  
Yesterday, I had accomplished my first task: masturbating in front of my father-in-law. Tommy and my mother-in-law took the kids to the park and the other guests hadn’t arrived yet. I begged off, saying I wanted to rest. I knew that my father-in-law was upstairs in the shower…this was my chance. After the kids left and I saw them down the street, I hustled upstairs and climbed on their bed, outside of the Master bathroom. I could hear the shower running as I spread my legs and began to rub. I had to be careful though, to not cum too soon. I had to have him see me. So I would rub and then stop and then rub…for some reason, though SR hadn’t said it, I thought I had to cum in front of the man in order for it to count.   
  
I was angled so that my spread legs faced the bathroom door. The first thing he would see when he came through it was my bare sex. This was so embarrassing but there was no denying how wet she was. Now, please don’t think I am attracted to my father-in-law in any way. Besides being Tommy’s father, there is very little that I like about him. We have different political ideas (VERY!), different belief systems, etc., etc. No, it wasn’t an attraction. I suppose it was the degrading nature of the situation that had me so turned on. Sadly, I was learning more and more that I was a true masochist.  
  
My fingers would vigorously rub and then stop when I got too close. Finally I heard the shower water shut off and hoped that I would soon be able to finish…staying so close to the edge was frustrating. Of course, SR hadn’t said I had to orgasm in front of him but I was trying to keep with the spirit of the command. How humiliating it will be to expose myself so explicitly to this man.  
  
I heard creaking of the floor and knew he was walking around the bathroom. I began to rub furiously, knowing that my orgasm was close. However, after two minutes of nothing, I had to stop or risk finishing too soon. I heard him move again and began my ministrations. Again nothing.   
  
Finally, I heard him cough and move. This time I was rewarded with the door opening. I rubbed furiously now, knowing that my release was imminent. I saw him enter the room, covered in a robe, his head now turned towards me and I came. Hard. Loudly. A loud, arching cum, my fingers rubbing, sliding in and out, in and out.  
  
“My God Katie, what the hell are you doing?”   
  
I couldn’t stop even if I wanted to…my hips were arched up off the bed and I cried out in shame and pleasure. Finally, after several heaves, I was finished and laid flat on the bed.  
  
“Katie, what is the meaning of this?”  
  
“Oh God, Charlie, I didn’t realize you were home,” I said, trying to pretend this was an accident. “I thought you went to the park with the girls.”  
  
“Why are you doing this on my bed? My wife’s bed?”  
  
“I was, um, I needed to, um, take care of that, uh, itch and needed a place,” I stammered. “I wanted to be upstairs in case the girls came home. I didn’t mean to offend you.”  
  
He came towards the bed, his hand on his forehead. “My bed. My marital bed. I mean, how can I tell Agnes?”  
  
“Please, Charlie, please don’t,” I said, climbing to my knees on the bed. “She will be so mad at me and take it out on Tommy and the girls. Please let this slide Charlie, I promise that it was a mistake.”  
  
He looked at me with sad eyes but no less leering. “This nudity is the mistake girl. How can you resist touching yourself all the time when it’s so available. Right there.” He moved towards me and I pulled back when I heard the door open downstairs and the girls’ voice.  
  
“MOM,” one of them, probably Tara, yelled.  
  
“I’m upstairs,” I shouted. “Just a minute.”  
  
I slid off the bed, away from the man, and eased down the stairs. I was relieved when I saw the girls were alone in the house. Tommy and his mom were still outside, still walking. The girls didn’t even wonder why I was upstairs or where their Grandfather was. They just wanted lunch. By the time Charlie came downstairs, he was dressed and happily greeted the girls, ignoring me, which was fine. Soon Tommy and his mother came in and we all had lunch, Charlie choosing to stay as far away from me as possible and not meeting my eyes. Still, I think he had resolved not to say anything. I sighed in relief and ate in peace.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 26**

“What the hell were you doing with my husband?”  
  
My sister-in-law Susan was standing between me and the door, the one that he husband just hurried through.  
  
“Suz, it’s nothing, I--”  
  
“Skip it Kate,” she said, seething. “I saw what was happening.”  
  
What she saw was her husband’s face inches from my ass. As ordered, I had shown it to him under the pretense of needing his help.  
  
My Master, SR, had ordered me to humiliate myself in front of my father-in-law and my brother-in-law, two men I couldn’t stand. He even gave me exact instructions for each: my father in law had to see me masturbate and my brother in law had to see my anus. Check…both accomplished.  
  
After the interaction with my father in law the day before, I wasn’t sure how to get the second one done plus now the house was full with assorted other relatives. I, of course, was the work horse. My mother in law had me do every job available. My sister in law made no attempt to help, just sat there watching me in all of my naked glory.  
  
When I saw Tim head to the basement to get more wine, I knew that it might be my only chance. I scurried after him and cornered him.  
  
“Hey Kate, what’s up,” he asked nervously.  
  
“Um, Tim, I need a favor.”  
  
He looked so uncomfortable, not sure where to look or what to do. I was his sister in law so I was off limits. Plus, he really didn’t like me. If I wasn’t naked today, he wouldn’t have even noticed me.  
  
“Sure, ok.”  
  
“This is, uh, delicate.” He twitched, trying not to stare at my boobs. “I went to the bathroom a few minutes ago and I want to make sure I’m, um, clean. Down there.” His eyes went right to my crotch. “No, I mean back there.” He shivered. “Would you mind looking for me? I mean, I’d hate for others to see my dirty butt.”  
  
“God Katie, ok, yeah, fine, whatever.”  
  
“Thank you Tim, I am so appreciative.”  
  
I went and bent over the counter above the wine fridge and spread my legs. This was so humiliating and I had gotten so wet. The only saving grace was knowing that he was super uncomfortable at this scenario, even though he was turned on (what guy wouldn’t be?). He leaned in to look as I reached back to spread my asscheeks. I know he could also see my vagina and smell its secretions.  
  
“Tim! Get the hell away from her!”  
  
Susie had come downstairs so quietly that neither of us heard her.  
  
“Suz, I can explain,” he said.  
  
“Save it. Get your ass upstairs before I smack you good.” He ran past her and out of the basement, nearly forgetting the two bottles of wine. He came back, grabbed the wine and headed out, unwilling to look at either of us.  
  
“What the hell were you doing with my husband?”  
  
“Suz, it’s nothing, I--”  
  
“Skip it Kate,” she said, seething. “I saw what was happening.”  
  
I turned around to face her. “Susan, I had no intention of doing anything with Tim. I promise. I just needed something.”  
  
“What? His face in your ass? Were you hoping he licked you? Made you come?”  
  
I shook my head. “No. I needed someone to look to make sure I was clean back there.”  
  
She laughed. “Well, first of all, you are disgusting.” I blanched at her mean tone. “Second, why didn’t you ask me? Or, oh I don’t know, your husband?”  
  
I said nothing. I had no answer.  
  
“Stand there, spread your legs and put your hands behind your head,” she ordered. I gasped at her instant command over me but instinctively did as she ordered. She came behind me and put her fingers on my shoulder, tracing the collarbone, then down my back. I felt her breath down my back as she crouched. “Is this what you wanted from my husband? Did he check your ass for your dirtbag?”  
  
“No maam,” I replied. “He didn’t tell me what I wanted to know.”  
  
“Which was?”  
  
“Am I clean back there?”  
  
“Hmm, let me see. Spread those legs really far apart.” I felt her move away. In second, I felt a harsh blow right between my legs and the air went out of me as I fell onto the ground, curling into a fetal position. My sister in law had kicked me right in my vagina, shoes on. It hurt like hell and I was rolling in pain.   
  
“Kate, if you ever let my husband anywhere near your disgusting naked body again, I swear to God that will feel like a love tap,” she whispered in my ear. “Do you understand?”  
  
I nodded.   
  
“Good dirtbag. You’d better get it together…they are going to miss you soon.”  
  
With that she walked up the steps and out of my life. I had never expected that from her but I deserved every minute of it. After catching my breath and getting my act together, I got to my feet and joined the family dinner. I didn’t notice anything strange from Susan but Tim refused to look at me. he and his family ducked out quickly after dinner and I expect he had some apologizing to do. I felt bad for putting him in that position but I had no choice. Master would have found out if I didn’t.