Poor Isabelle (One)

Fri Sep 16, 2005 16:40

205.188.117.65

My husband and I met Tonya and Isabelle through this board. It all started when Isabelle had some rather curt, and insulting things to say about how often I was naked in public. Really, at first I just shrugged it off because I know it's different strokes/different folks.   
  
But, as we got to know of the situation that surrounds Tonya and Isabelle, I could see where we might be able to be at least helpful to them.  
  
Tonya decided that Ms. Isabelle needed to be taken down a peg or two and arranged for her to do a nice "Naked Hike" as part of her punishment...it was funny because Rob had me doing one this AM too -- but, mine was tame compared to what happened to Isabelle this AM...  
  
Here is the letter I recieved from her earlier this afternoon -- I am reposting it to the board with Tonya and Isablle's permission:  
  
<<Dear Ms. Jenn,  
Let me begin by apologizing again for my comments that  
got me into all this trouble in the first place. I  
know I was out of line and I thought about that A LOT  
while I was on my hike. Believe me, I will keep my  
opinions to myself from now on.... :)  
  
Tonya made me undress in the kitchen. She insisted I  
be completely naked. I begged her to let me keep my  
shoes on because that trail can be a little rough in  
parts, but she was adamant I be "birthday suit bare"  
as she called it.  
  
I had to cross the courtyard in the back of our condos  
and I was praying there wouldn't be anyone out on  
their decks. It was about 7:30 a.m., so I got lucky  
and didn't see anyone. I have to admit the grass felt  
pretty good on my bare feet, but it did make me  
conscious of the fact I was naked. Tonya was following  
a ways back with her camera and I got ahead of her a  
good ways because I wasn't exactly keen on just  
hanging around in the buff!  
  
The trail is just across a two-lane road from the  
condos and I hid in some bushes waiting for the right  
moment to cross. Traffic was fairly heavy with people  
going to work, I guess, so I was hoping to wait until  
it died down a little. Tonya snapped a photo of me  
crouched in the bushes. It should be the first one  
attached. I was terrified, but I think I managed to  
look calm.... I hope.  
  
Tonya then snapped at me, "Better get your little bare  
butt moving, girl," she said. "We don't have all day."  
  
Blushing, I figured I better make a dash for it so I  
did. The problem is that there are about 40 concrete  
steps completely out in the open leading up to the  
trail. So after I darted out in the road (and there  
were two or three cars approaching), I was totally  
exposed not only crossing the road but for the next  
probably 60 seconds or so it took me to bound up the  
steps.  
  
I winced a little as my bare feet pounded the concrete  
steps, but this was no time to be strolling.... I  
heard several honks and someone yelled something as I  
finally made it to the woods. The first part of the  
trail was covered with leaves so it wasn't too hard on  
my feet and I moved pretty fast. In fact, Tonya  
ordered me to stop at one point so she could get a  
shot of me. It should be the second photo where I'm  
turning back around. I wanted to yell, "Just take the  
...ing photo!" because I was NOT comfortable just  
standing there.  
  
I was praying I wouldn't run into any other joggers or  
hikers and my luck held for the first half mile or so,  
but then I heard the leaves crunching and voices ahead  
and knew someone was coming. I ducked off the trail  
into a heavier wooded area to let them pass. It was  
two older women and a girl about my age I guess. All  
wearing colorful jogging suits, but they were just  
walking. I thought the suits were kind of tacky  
(serious Golden Girls material) but at that point, I  
would have killed for one....  
  
I waited until they got past and was going to get back  
on the trail when I heard Tonya talking to them and  
asking if they had seen a naked woman! I couldn't  
believe she was doing that. Then I heard her call my  
name and looked over my shoulder and there she was,  
standing with the women, and she snapped another shot.  
Should be the third one attached. She made me walk  
back up there and introduce myself!!! It was Sooooo  
humiliating....  
  
After the women left, she told me if I hid from anyone  
else I encountered, she was going to test out a switch  
on me right there in the woods! She said I couldn't  
hide or cover up in any way.  
  
I proceeded on for another half mile or so and didn't  
meet anyone else. She told me I needed to get a switch  
so I was picking one out. She snapped another couple  
of photos, but then she was laughing at me saying the  
switch I picked was too thin and would break  
immediately on my backside! She thought this was very  
funny, but I didn't see the humor. There is nothing  
amusing about getting spanked!!!  
  
She finally pointed out several and made me cut them  
loose. I gathered three and gave them to her. I  
continued on and made it to the other side. She had  
said we would decide when we got there if I would have  
to run around the park. My heart was pounding in my  
chest at the thought because there are always people  
walking the park trails in the morning and people on  
their porches.  
  
Sure enough, there were eight or nine people walking,  
numerous people out on their porches and a couple of  
people I guess eating breakfast or something at one of  
the tables. I was about to start crying at the thought  
of having to streak by all of them, maybe even more  
than once, but then Tonya came up and said she didn't  
think it would be a good idea since the family at the  
table had kids with them.  
  
So she told me it was time to just head back. I was  
glad to get back into the relative safety of the  
woods, although the path was gravel in some parts and  
my feet were starting to hurt. It was slow going for a  
while there.  
  
About halfway back, some old guy on a dirt bike passed  
me. He didn't even stop, but he was laughing like a  
baboon as he went by. Jerk! It was all I could do to  
resist covering up, but I didn't! When we finally made  
it back to the other side I was getting ready to make  
another mad dash down the steps and back to the  
courtyard, but Tonya stopped me. She said since I  
didn't loop the park, I would have to sit on the steps  
right down by the road for 10 minutes!!!  
  
How insane is that? I had to sit there, naked as the  
day I was born, less than 40 feet from a busy roadway!  
I don't even know how many cars and trucks went by.  
They all slowed down. Many honked. I just kept looking  
at the side or looking at my feet. I didn't want to  
make eye contact with anyone. Sometimes I just closed  
my eyes and prayed for the 10 minutes to pass. I could  
hear Tonya snapping photos!!!  
  
One SUV came back four or five times. I could hear  
laughter coming from the occupants, but never looked  
up to see who they were. It sounded like kids and they  
were making rude comments about my breasts. I know  
they're small. You don't have to tell me. Assholes!!!  
  
I tried to imagine I was a fashion model on some shoot  
or something. Like a fashion model would be naked out  
on the side of the road!! But inside I was dying!  
Finally, the 10 minutes was up and I bet I broke some  
track records darting across the road and through the  
courtyard. One of our neighbors was out and I heard  
him yell something, but I never looked back. It was  
very, very, very humiliating....  
  
So that's the story....  
  
Now, I want to make an appeal to you and Rob if I can.  
Tonya said it was OK with her, but she didn't think it  
would do any good.  
  
Please talk her out of spanking me in front of my  
co-workers. She has always punished me in private. The  
part in the Subway post where I said she spanked me at  
the rest stop and then I went into Subway. It never  
happened. I just thought that made the story better  
because the very idea of it is so humiliating to me, I  
couldn't even imagine it....  
  
I would rather streak a dozen Subways then get a bare  
bottom spanking in front of other people!!! That's not  
fair. I know what I did was wrong, but it wasn't that  
big a deal. The party I was at was only a few miles  
from our condo and I didn't go through town. The jerk  
deputy just happened to be driving by at the wrong  
time or I would have been home and in bed and nothing  
would have happened.  
  
I know I shouldn't have been speeding, but I'm a good  
driver. It wasn't like I was going to wreck or  
anything.  
  
I know I'm in trouble and I'm going to get a spanking.  
I'm terrified of getting one with a switch, though.  
Does it really hurt bad? And even the hand spanking is  
going to be horrible if my friends are watching!!!  
  
She usually gives me 50 to 60 swats, but since this  
was SUCH A BIG DEAL, she has told me she is  
considering giving me 100 hand swats!! I usually start  
crying after about 40 so I can't even imagine what  
I'll do if she gives me 100 spanks, Ms. Jenn.  
  
I don't want my friends to see me break down and cry  
like some big baby! I really don't think it's fair for  
them to get to see me. And she said she might even let  
them spank me!!! My friends!! Spanking my bare bottom.  
And I have to be naked in front of them the whole  
time....  
  
I think 25 is too old to be spanked and not in front  
of other people. I think Tonya will listen to you if  
you tell her... And hurry, because I think she's  
planning to do all this this weekend....  
  
Thanks in advance for your help,  
  
Love, Isabelle>>  
  
Jenn again -- attached were seven pictures taken along the hike of Poor Isabelle stark naked! Tonya may be willing to share you will have to write and ask her.  
  
OH! The rest of the story is that Isabelle is evidently going to spend the weekend NAKED and then be disciplined by Tonya and som of her co-workers...if asked, I will post this for them as well.  
  
Jenn

Poor Isabelle -- (two) Saturday

Tue Sep 20, 2005 18:26

205.188.116.135

It has been insanely busy at our house today -- we are leaving to go to Asia on Thursday, and have to wrap up a lot of loose ends...speaking of :) -- Considering the insanity at my house it was a pleasent surprise to find a letter from Isabelle in my mailbox detailing her Saturday...  
  
Rob and I have a small thing going on between us right now that involved me being naked -- but, after reading Isabelle's letter, I'm not even going to bother mentioning it.  
  
Isabelle has just lived a weekend of embarrassment that is hard to even IMAGINE. She still has a touch of rebellion (see her closing remarks to me...) but, boy has her attitude been ADJUSTED -- Big Time!  
  
Read and enjoy -- I cringed at some of what she had to do...but, I will also admit while I was cringing, my body was betraying me and I can't wait for Rob to get home so we can read this together -- if we make it through to the end before -- you figure it out -- I will be greatly surprised!  
  
Note to Isabelle -- yes, it was an awful weekend, and I'm sure when you close your eyes you still are reliving it (as you will for quite some time) -- but, you did get through it. That which does not destroy us will make us stronger!  
  
Love   
Jenn  
143/2  
  
<<Miss Jennifer,  
  
I know you said I could just call you Jennifer, but  
after the last 48 hours I'm pretty much calling  
everyone Miss or Mr. and saying sir and ma'am... even  
my younger co-workers....  
  
I know you are anxious to hear about the weekend and  
while I would rather never think about it again as  
long as I live, Tonya said part of my punishment is to  
tell you everything. I can tell you up front that the  
last two days have been the most humiliating of my  
entire life! And as I lie here writing this almost 24  
hours after it was over, my poor bottom is still so  
sore it hurts to walk, let alone sit....  
  
I know now that I deserved what happened to me.  
Listening to all those letters from people was one of  
the hardest parts of the whole thing because it really  
made me see how ashamed I should be. Not ashamed  
because I was naked or because I was about to be  
spanked like a naughty 10-year-old, but because what I  
did was wrong. It doesn't ease the pain in my backside  
or the cringing humiliation of my two days of total  
nudity, but it will hopefully help me be a better  
person in the future.  
  
I wish I could say I was really brave through the  
whole thing and didn't cry. I told myself I wasn't  
going to cry. But that didn't last long. I can tell  
you now I cried longer and harder in the last two days  
than I've ever cried in my life. And I found out an  
unfortunate fact about myself. You know that feeling  
of total and complete humiliation you can achieve  
where your face is burning, your heart is beating,  
your legs are trembling and you feel like you are, to  
quote from you, blushing from your nose to your  
toes!!! Well, I discovered I can actually maintain  
that level of feeling for hours and hours... without  
letting up. It never got better. I never got used to  
it. That feeling that I wanted to just crawl under a  
rock never lessened or went away.... It was  
horrible!!!!  
  
And it started right away. I got out of the shower  
about 8:30 Saturday morning and my robe and slippers  
were gone and there was only a towel with a note.  
"Come down for breakfast. Leave the towel. Love,  
Tonya."  
  
I have been naked in front of Tonya several times now,  
but it still felt so weird padding into the kitchen  
naked as the day I was born with Tonya puttering  
around the stove, smiling at me like it was perfectly  
natural... I blushed for the first of about thousand  
times as I took my seat and ate my breakfast.  
  
Tonya would periodically ask me to get her something  
out of the fridge or off a shelf, requiring me to get  
up from where I was sort of cowering at the end of the  
table and expose my bare bottom to her. Finally at one  
point, she said, "I guess you're enjoying sitting down  
now while you can, huh?"  
  
Blushing even deeper, I mumbled, "Yes, ma'am." What  
else do you say?  
  
Then it began. She had dumped the scraps in the trash,  
bagged it up and put the bag next to another one from  
the day before near the door. Smiling at me, she said,  
"Run the trash out for me, Ok, sweetie."  
  
Sighing, I grabbed the bags and moved toward the door.  
This was one of the frightening tasks I had to do on  
my last nude day (my initial punishment for being rude  
to you, Miss Jenn) but the fact I had done it before  
didn't make it less scary. But last time no one saw me  
as far as I know and it was only about 40 to 50 feet  
to the trash cans. But as I put my hand on the door  
knob and started to open the door, I heard the mowers.  
The maintenance men were mowing the lawn outside! I  
didn't even think about the fact they came every  
Saturday. Two older men and a teenage boy. My heart  
pounding I looked out and saw one of the men mowing  
the grass beside our carport and the boy was using a  
leaf blower further back. I would have to walk right  
between them to get to the trash cans.  
  
I turned to look at Tonya with pleading eyes, but she  
just laughed and said, "Better move those buns, girl.  
We've got a lot of stuff to do today."  
  
I eased the door open, grabbed the sacks of trash and  
scampered out, my bare feet slapping the cool  
pavement. I figured the faster I dumped the trash and  
came back, the shorter the view they would have of my  
exposed body. I made it about halfway to the dumpsters  
before the boy saw me and froze! I expected him to  
start yelling but he just stood there in stunned  
silence.  
  
The older man, who I think is his father, noticed me  
as I made it to the dumpster and dropped the trash  
bags in. I knew better than to try to cover up so I  
just walked back as fast as I could. I heard the elder  
man say, "Uh, good morning," right before I made it  
back inside. My cheeks were burning as I sank into a  
kitchen chair and buried my face in my hands...  
  
I only had about 30 minutes of reprieve from my  
nightmare before Tonya had me sweeping our patio deck.  
None of my neighbors were out, but we are about 60  
yards from the golf course and I saw some of the  
golfers start looking over and then about five or six  
gathered on the green and just stood there looking,  
shielding their eyes from the sun. From that distance,  
I don't know how clearly they could see me, but  
evidently clearly enough that they knew I was bare ass  
naked!  
  
That's probably the fastest sweeping and cleaning job  
I've ever done and I heard applause as I ducked back  
inside, giving them one last peek at my bare behind.  
So that's what a golf clap sounds like... :)  
  
I came in and snuck a beer out of the fridge. (Don't  
tell Tonya... :)... since she banned me from drinking  
for a month)... But I needed something to calm my  
nerves. I was actually starting to relax a little when  
I heard the doorbell ring. I thought I was going to  
jump out of my skin! I figured it was the maintenance  
guys again and hopefully, Tonya would deal with them.  
  
No such luck. I heard Tonya in one of the back rooms  
yell out. "Could you get that, Izzy! I'm a little  
busy..."  
  
Busy? I thought. At least you've got clothes on.  
Sighing and blushing anew, I tiptoed over to the door  
and looked through the spy hole. There were three  
women and a teenage girl standing outside. What the  
hell? I didn't recognize any of them.  
  
I eased the door open and peeked out the crack,  
careful to keep my body concealed behind the door. I  
asked what they wanted and they told me they were  
gathering donations for Hurricane Katrina victims.  
  
"Sorry, we don't have anything," I said, but then  
Tonya came up behind me and opened the door the rest  
of the way! I was standing there naked in front of  
them and I have to say they looked as shocked as I was  
by the turn of events.  
  
"Why, sure we do, Isabelle!," Tonya said, all smiles.  
"We've got five boxes ready to go in the other room.  
You ladies just relax a sec. Isabelle will bring them  
out."  
  
Turning to me where I was desperately wanting to cover  
my chest and privates. I had already notice the teen  
girl outside, who looked to be about 15 or 16, had  
much bigger boobs than me at 25. Of course, hers were  
covered in a T-shirt while mine were totally exposed.  
  
The one lady chuckled and said, "I've heard of people  
giving the clothes off their back to help, but this is  
a first!"  
  
Tonya laughed and proceeded to explain that I was  
being punished and that I would carry all the boxes  
out by myself. I secretly hoped the women would like  
freak out and leave, but they seemed to find it all  
amusing, especially the younger one who was laughing  
out loud!  
  
So I had to go and get this cardboard box of clothes  
and carry it out and naturally, they were parked on  
the far side of our carports. To make matters worse,  
it was now about 1 p.m. and the pavement was getting  
hot. If you've ever had to carry a fairly heavy box  
while walking about 100 feet across hot pavement in  
your bare feet, let me just say that it ...ing  
sucks!!!  
  
When I went back for the second box, trying to ignore  
the amused smirks on the faces of the women who were  
just standing idly by, I asked Tonya if I could put  
some sandals or something on just to move the boxes  
but she shook her head. "Birthday suit bare, baby. You  
know the rules."  
  
I was moving the fourth box when I heard a cough to my  
right and saw our neighbor, Mr. Jenkins, standing  
there with a leering look on his face.  
  
"Hello, Isabelle," he said. "Need some help?"  
  
"Just mind your own business!," I snapped, getting  
flustered trying to carry the heavy boxes as the  
pavement continued to scald my poor feet. Little did I  
know I was about to feel some heat somewhere else!  
  
"Isabella Marie!" I heard Tonya bark and actually  
jumped. She had a furious look on her face and was  
waving me over. Still trying to avoid eye contact with  
the Katrina people, I slinked over, momentarily  
grateful she was standing under the carport where the  
pavement was cool.  
  
She jerked me by the elbow, spun me around so I was  
facing Mr. Jenkins and then gave me four VERY HARD  
swats on my bare behind which literally lifted me up  
on tiptoe! It stung like hell!!!  
  
"Do not ever talk to one of your elders like that  
again, young lady!," she snapped. "Now you march your  
little bare fanny over there and apologize."  
  
My face feeling like it was pressed against a hot  
plate, I scampered over to Mr. Jenkins, who had the  
biggest shit eating grin I've ever seen.  
  
"I'm sorry, sir," I mumbled, fighting back the tears.  
  
"No problem," he said, his eyes moving up and down my  
body.  
  
I turned around to go back for the last box and Mr.  
Jenkins laughed.  
  
"Nice handprint on her little tush there, Tonya.  
You've got quite an arm there."  
  
Tonya laughed. "Thanks. I was just practicing for  
tomorrow night. Wasn't I Isabelle?"  
  
Biting my lip and really struggling to hold back the  
tears, I just nodded and padded back inside to get the  
last box. As I was loading it on the truck, waiting  
for the girl to move some stuff to make room and  
bouncing from foot to foot because of the heat, the  
girl asked, "So are you going to get spanked again  
later or something?"  
  
"No, she's just teasing," I said, blushing and praying  
that was the end of it, but the little bitch had other  
ideas.  
  
She suddenly looked toward Tonya and shouted, "Are you  
going to spank her again later? She said you're not."  
  
Tonya smiled and said, "I most certainly am. Whether  
she gets any more spankings today is up to her, but  
she is scheduled for a long spanking tomorrow night,  
over my knee and then with a switch!"  
  
I wanted to die, Jenn. I just wanted to crawl under  
that truck and stay there until the end of the world.  
I tried to avoid eye contact with the girl but she  
leaned in close to my face and said, "Damn! That is  
going to hurt like hell, I bet!" and then she just  
started laughing!  
  
I shoved the last box forward, turned and ran back  
into the house, tears streaming down my eyes. I'm not  
sure which was worse. The numbing humiliation of the  
encounter with the women or the fact that now I was  
thinking about my impending spanking again with a  
fresh reminder of how hard Tonya could swat! And that  
was only four spanks! She had mentioned possibly  
giving me 100 Sunday night! That would be the spanking  
I just got, which was still stinging like hell even  
after several minutes, times 25! And my friends were  
going to be sitting there watching the whole thing!  
  
I threw myself down on the sofa and cried my eyes out  
into my favorite bear throw. I've discovered it's  
quite good at soaking up tears.  
  
Mercifully, Tonya left me alone for the next several  
minutes and then brought me a soda and a sandwich. She  
hugged me and told me she knew it was a tough weekend,  
but it was all for my own good.  
  
I wanted to believe her, but I still don't think it's  
fair. The rest of the afternoon was fairly uneventful.  
She sent me out for the mail about 5 p.m. which  
required me to run about 300 feet to the mailbox. At  
least the pavement had cooled and none of my neighbors  
were out, but a handful of cars went by during the  
trip and one of them honked!  
  
We went out for Chinese that night and I was filled  
with terror during my naked ride over because I just  
knew she was going to send me in to get the food, but  
she didn't. I sat in the car, cowered down, until she  
came back out and we went home and ate.  
  
It was actually kind of a pleasant evening. We ate and  
watched movies and even had ice cream. Except for the  
fact I was naked the whole time! At least Tonya  
doesn't leer at me all the time or tease me too much.  
In fact, she didn't treat me any different than if I  
was dressed.  
  
She did get in one last jab right as I was going to  
bed. She noted, "You may want to sleep on your back  
tonight. You won't be able to tomorrow night," she  
said.  
  
I tried not to think about Sunday night, but it was  
impossible. It was like a flashing neon sign in my  
mind. I was going to get spanked! Really, really hard  
and for longer than I had ever been spanked before and  
then I was going to have a switch whipping across my  
already red and sore bottom...  
  
But as much as I was dreading the pain and wondering  
if I would be able to take it, the one thing that kept  
going through my mind was the fact it was all going to  
be in front of my friends. Carrie and Stacy were  
pretty good friends and I know they care about me, but  
it was still humiliating to think of them watching me  
get spanked.  
  
But there was also going to be Perla, this younger,  
Hispanic woman who had started after me. She was cute  
and she and I didn't always get along. I guess I was  
jealous because she has a better figure and would  
sometimes be kind of hard on her. I would jump her  
about little mistakes and stuff and a couple of times  
I'm sure I embarrassed her.  
  
I'm sure she was looking forward to Sunday. I could  
only imagine she was really going to relish every  
moment of my humiliating ordeal. They say revenge is  
sweet and she was about to get a big taste!  
  
And Tonya had also invited Dana. She was the oldest of  
the girls, even older than Tonya, and was kind of a  
know-it-all. She gave me grief all the time anyway and  
used to hint that Tonya was too easy on me when I  
would screw up. I felt sure she was going to enjoy the  
evening too....  
  
I cried myself to sleep finally....  
  
(This is all I had time for right now, Jenn, but I  
will post a report about Sunday tomorrow. And my trip  
to the sheriff's office yesterday. OMG! That was the  
worst!!!!  
  
Love,  
ISABELLE  
  
P.S. Please try to talk Tonya about sharing any of my  
punishment photos with everyone. I've already got  
these photos of me naked being spread all over the  
damn place. I couldn't bear to have any spanking  
photos of me out there!  
  
She'll listen to you, I think.... I feel I've been  
punished enough...>>

The Day After (some thoughts)

Mon Sep 19, 2005 15:23

205.188.117.7

Rob and I discussed it a lot this weekend, wondering how it was going and how Isabelle was holding up. Both he and Tonya have accused me of being too soft hearted...and, I have thought a lot about that.  
  
I don't for a minute want anyone to think I thought Isabelle should get out of her punishment...it's just that I have spent a long time naked, and was punished along the way -- and I know that feeling of helplessness that comes over you...so, if I seemed soft -- it was empathy more than sympathy.  
  
Most on this board have read only my more or less voluntary nudity...the time when I was REQUIRED to be nude and was spanked, whipped, or paddled every day (for EIGHT full days) is one that I still vividly remember. Rob has asked if I'm ready to share it yet -- and the answer is not yet -- it was last year, and the memories are still very, very intense.  
  
Anyway, I too will be waiting for a letter from our now humbled Isabelle and will pass it along with my comments when I receive it...a note on pictures -- we are getting requests for photos -- yes, Isabelle and Tonya did share them with us, but we would both feel more comfortable if you would request them directly from the source...if nothing else, I believe Tonay has asked for a short letter expressing your feelings to Isabelle as part of the deal.  
  
Their address is: isabellefalconsprings@yahoo.com  
  
Thanks,  
  
Jenn  
143/2

Just another day (one)

Fri Sep 16, 2005 08:03

205.188.117.65

It's funny Isabelle got in trouble (originally) for making fun of me...when Rob and I were talking about it yesterday during a long training run he suggested perhaps I was getting to sure of myself and that I was the one who NEEDED some naked time. So when we got home off my clothes came for 24 hours of "reflection."  
  
I thought it would be no big deal because the only person I would see me, besides Rob, would be my friend Melinda -- who has certainly seen me naked enough that it really doesn't bother me...I was WRONG.  
  
Melinda did come over yesterday afternoon and we were working on a grant proposal in the living room. (Yes, she did make a quip on if I was starting a new nude streak -- I assured her it was a "mini streak" at best. Anyway, we had everything spread out on the coffee table and I was sitting crossed legged on the sofa.  
  
It never occurred to me how exposed I was in this position, and we were deep into our project when I realized I heard voices!  
  
Then I looked up and there was Rob and a young couple that I had never seen before IN our living room. I felt myself blush beet red and realized the way I was sitting they could see EVERYTHING!. Turns out they are new prospective clients and they came by to talk about a new program and Rob was simply walking them through to his office <right>.  
  
You could tell the woman was very uncomfortable suddenly being confronted with a naked woman -- the man on the other hand was staring at me...which made me feel even more naked!  
  
They spoke and I managed some sort of a greeting as I tried to rearrange what I was reading to cover me "down there."  
  
When they left Melinda burst out laughing and said, "Well, Jenn when your husband has an office here and you sit in his "waiting room" in the buff you gotta figure sometime you are going to get seen."  
  
I know this, and its not the first time it's happened, but it still makes me blush..which leads up to what happened last night...  
  
(continued)



Just another day ( two)

Fri Sep 16, 2005 08:22

205.188.117.7

Sooooo...the rest of the day was uneventful -- Melinda left, the clients left (I had gone to another part of the house) -- Rob and I made dinner and watched a little TV (me still in the buff) when about 9:00 he said, "You know that was a long run -- my leg msucles are a little stiff (we did 24.2 miles) let's go down to the park and walk on the grass..."  
  
The park is about half a mile away and has a half mile track...down and back and two laps is a comfortable two miles...if you are not NAKED.  
  
I asked somewhat pleading, "Can we drive down and walk four laps instead?" He gave me the look and said, "OK, you've already been spotted once today...I guess we can drive down."  
  
I don't care how many times I've done it -- it still feels funny to leave my house in my birthday suit without any clothing with me of any kind. But, off we went. We parked in the little lot and I noticed that over at the basketball courts there was a pick-up game going on.  
  
They didn't seem to see us and we got out to the grass covered trail and strolled along at a moderate clip for almost forty minutes...honestly, other than being a little scared this part felt good -- the evening breeze on my bare skin...the wet grass under my bare feet. We finished our two miles and then headed back to the car...just as the basketball game was breaking up -- then I saw their car was parked in the same lot as ours!  
  
The boys turned out to be from a local college and were just out "shooting some hoops." Needless to say they stopped and stared and then started with a series of cat calls as we walked up. I was red from my toes to my nose!  
  
Rob stepped in front of me and said quietly, but firmly, "Gentlemen this my wife." I sort of stood behind him. Rob is over 6'2" and makes an imposing figure -- there is something about his tone and demeanor that can take control of any situation. (I guess that is why I am able to do the things I do -- I know I'm safe with him.)  
  
There was just something about the way he spoke to them -- they immediately calmed down. He opened the door and I got in the car. One of the group called out, "But, why is she naked man?"  
  
"Because she's beautiful and I love to see her body," he shot back.  
  
I blushed some more.  
  
When he opened the door the dome light came on and stays on until the key goes in the igniation -- so the young men got to see me while Rob walked around to his side and then they asked another question...I kept just wanting him to GET IN THE CAR!  
  
He ended up chatting with them for several mintues with the light just reflecting off my bare skin. I was totally embarrassed by this point.  
  
Finally, it was over and we headed home -- as is often the case, in addition to being embarrassed, I felt another emotion turning up the heat -- arousal.  
  
By the time we got home we were both ready for some serious action in the bedroom! (Maybe its' another reason Rob likes these 'games' :)  
  
Love  
Jenn  
  
(PS to Isabelle -- when I was out on my park walk, I wondered how yours went -- write and tell us ALL when you can...I know its hard, but that's part of the program. J-)

Isabelle dressing  
  
Most men will claim there is nothing sexier than a woman stripping. The connoisseur however knows better: there is nothing more erotic than a woman dressing. So let’s make our way to Isabelle’s condo. She is still asleep. It is 6.45 am and she has set her alarm clock for 7.00. She always tunes in to the Classis Music station, so she will be awakened by the soothing soft sounds of strings and pianos. She is lying on her side facing her bedroom window. The first rays of sunlight softened by the leaves of the trees outside her window caresses her pretty face. Her dark hair spread out on her pillow shines. A secret little smile plays on her lips. The soft movement of her silken sheet betrays the gentle rubbing together of her thighs. A soft moan escapes her lips; she is reliving moments of her come-uppance last weekend in exquisite detail. “Please not the switch.” She always sleeps “au naturel”, that is in the nude. The movement of her thighs makes the sheet rub against her nipples. As Isabelle gives ever more into her erotic thrills, the radio comes alive. The sound of a Mozart string quartet fills the bedroom, gently probing Isabelle awake. Still lost in her reveries she turns on her back, stretching her limps with all the suppleness of a cat. She yawns, opening her eyes.   
  
Softly she gets out of bed and slips on a dressing gown. Barefoot she walks to her kitchen. She squeezes two oranges and drinks deeply from her glass. Two tiny drops of juice dripping down her chin. With her hand she wipes them of. She bends over, the gown tight across her bottom showing of her muscular calves. With a breakfast bowl in her hand she stands up again. She stretches herself to reach into the top kitchen-cupboard where she keeps her muesli almost baring her left breast. She shakes some muesli n her bowl and takes a bottle of yoghurt from the fridge. She eats hungrily almost sucking on the spoon. Her hunger stilled and thirst quenched, she quickly puts everything away. She turns on her espresso machine.   
  
Her breakfast finished – she will drink her coffee after shower – she sways into the bathroom letting her gown slip from her body. It always makes her feel deliciously naughty and naked. A perfect toe tests the water in the shower; a naked body quickly follows the little scout. She washes her hair first, her fingers rubbing her skull, chasing the last cobwebs from her mind. She is wide awake now. Her eyes are closed; foam is drawing traces across her face. She reaches for her bar of silky soap. Gently she rubs it over her belly, circling slowly higher towards her breasts passing the bar between them. She puts it away. Her hands are now free to caress her body. Gently rubbing her belly she makes sure her bellybutton is clean. Now her hands glide higher reaching across her breast, massaging them. Her fingers pinch her nipples, she moans. This feels so good. Next she washes her back. The bar of soap draws circles across her saucy fanny. A finger slips down through her crack almost invading her cute pink bum hole. She takes the bar in her other hand stroking her pubic hair. A Soapy hand invades her private parts and being a good little girl she does as her mother taught her: her fingers find every nook and cranny. One hand rubs her silky erect clit, the other strokes her bare fanny. The water from the shower is caressing her breasts and nipples making them harder and ache. As she gets aroused, she stops and rinses the foam from hair and body. She turns off the water and steps from the shower. She wraps her wet body in a large fluffy towel.   
  
She blows her hair dry, brushes her white teeth and applies her make-up. She uses just enough to highlight her face’s best features. “Morning girl,” she whispers softly to her mirror image. She leaves her steamy bathroom. In her bedroom she undoes the towel letting it slide along her body leaving her gloriously naked. She picks out her clothes for the day and lays them on her bed. First she puts the garter belt around her waist, adjusting it slightly. Then she sits on a little stool and picks up a silk stocking. Carefully she puts it around her toes, wriggling them until they found their place. With infinite care she pulls it across her foot. They are expensive and rip so easily. She sits straight and pulls her knee up allowing us a delightful glimpse of the soft silk folds between her thighs. She unrolls her stocking covering her knee and thigh; carefully she attaches the clasps of her garter belt. She picks the next stocking and repeats the process. Now she stands up and slips on her bra. She always puts on her bra first, maybe because her breasts are the only part of her body she feels insecure about. The bra pushes her breast up; the lace trimmings barely cover her nipples. She stands in front of her bedroom mirror, her high-cut knickers in her right hand. Her left hand briefly touches her silken pubic hair. She turns around, admiring her naked bottom and checking if the seams of her stockings are straight. She makes a little adjudgment and gently rubs her rosy behind. Bending over, allowing us once more a brief glimpse of her most feminine parts, she slips her feet into her knickers, slowly pulling them up. In the mirror her pubic hair disappears behind the soft silk of her knickers. She wriggles her naughty behind pulling the knickers from her bum crack. One last look and she moves back to the bed picking up a silk blouse. She slips her right arm into a sleeve then her left. The blouse cover her back, nestling itself in her lower back on her pert behind. She begins to button it slipping the lowest button through the buttonhole. Her bellybutton disappears, soon her breast are covered, her nipples poking through the thin material. Her hands grasp the lower end of her blouse and pull it down across her bottom. She is almost dressed now.  
  
She picks up her skirt and steps into it. Gently she adjusts her blouse. Her left hand holds her skirt as her right zips her up pulling the skirt tight across her sassy behind. Biting on her lower lip she buttons her skirt. She slips her dainty feet into a pair high heals and as her hips sway making her fanny dance she walks to the kitchen. She makes herself an espresso and drinks it quickly; she grabs her purse and car keys and leaves the house. It is 7.50 now and she is going to be late. At 8.15 at the office Tonya starts slapping her big hairbrush against the palm of her hand: “Where is that silly girl?”