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?”