**The New and Improved Becky**

by[applevalyan](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=24982&page=submissions)©

My name is Becky and my husband Bud convinced me to try my hand at a letter. Bud wrote one almost a year ago about me and how brainwashed my mother had me. You should really read that story first before you continue reading this one. Read 'The Doctor Changed My Wife'.

Like Bud said, I grew up in a small town in central Georgia, population around 2500. The pastor of our church was my uncle, my father's brother. My mother was the real Bible toting Baptist in the family. My father was cool. My mother was very strict in her ways. Even when my sisters and I were little kids, she never let us wear shorts and the pants we wore had to be loose and baggy. Form fitting clothing that showed our figure was a major no-no. Our skirts and dresses could be no shorter than mid-calf. And if there were buttons involved on any article of clothing, they all had to be buttoned. She even made us wear underwear under our whole piece swimsuits when we went to a creek near our house to cool off during the summer. Even after a bath, we had to be completely dressed before we left the bathroom, even if it was just across the hall to the bedroom. She even made us wear underwear and undershirts beneath our pajamas.

I met Bud when we were little children in church. Church and school were the only time I got to see him. We eventually became close friends and my mother actually liked him, which was a relief to me because I had a crush on him by the time I was 10. I never told mom but we had our first kiss when I was 14 and he was 15. But my mother had already told me before I asked, that I couldn't date until I was 18.

Bud and I dated about 3 years before we got married. We kissed a lot and I loved it but I never let him touch any of my female parts out of fear my mother would find out and banish me to some deserted island or something. Since we were about to be married, I once let him feel my breast from outside my shirt. It felt so good, it scared me and I wanted him to do it again but I knew that if I did he might think I was a slut or worst. So I waited until after we got married. My mother gave me the talk about the only proper way a lady had sex. That was on her back, lights off, eyes closed, and mouth shut. She was to spread her legs leaving them flat on the bed and let the man penetrate her and have his fun because a lady did not enjoy sex. Boy was she wrong! I almost feel sorry for the old bat and at all the fun she has missed over the years but it was her fault, not mine.

Bud and I got married and I had a hard time holding still in bed, sex felt so damn good, mom just had to be wrong. I finally started wrapping my legs around him and letting my moans out and this seemed to give him more energy. We found out within a couple months I was pregnant. About the time Bud was offered a better paying job in a larger town about 50 miles from home. I really didn't want to leave my hometown and my friends. But my friends were the ones that told me it would be best for Bud and I to get out of this little town and spread our wings and be happy. We needed to start our own family and leave my mother and her iron hand behind. I understood and agreed with them so Bud and I packed up our few things and moved away.

We found a little two-bedroom trailer but the air conditioner didn't work and we could not afford to get it fixed. It was so hot that Bud talked me into cutting off one of my older pair of pants to make shorts. They were definitely cooler so I cut off a couple more pair. One day while I was doing laundry, I noticed the legs one pair of the shorts seemed to be a couple inches shorter than I remembered. I took off the ones I had on and compared them. I was right, they were 2 to 3 inches shorter than they should have been. I put on the shorter pair and liked what I seen and they seemed to be cooler yet, so I cut off the ones I had been wearing to match the shorter one. I never told Bud that I had noticed the difference but got to enjoy wearing those shorts around the house for him but still didn't wear them away from the house.

He bought me some tank tops and some nice shorts and even a pair of short-shorts. I never told Bud but I started to wear those short-shorts around the house for a couple weeks and really enjoyed them, so I let Bud see me in them when he came home from work one afternoon. He told me how good I looked in them and my tight tank top. He kept trying to get me to go braless and pantyless around the house telling the less I wore the cooler I would be. I told him no way! He told me that his sisters often when without any undergarments during the summer. He said they claimed it was cooler and more comfortable in the heat. Plus if they got a heat rash, there was no underwear to rub against the rash. My reluctance to not wearing underwear was about the only thing we ever fought about. I ended up cutting off the 3 original shorts to what they now call 'Daisy Duke' shorts.

I had a beautiful healthy baby boy and all was fine. I quickly lost my baby fat and was happy with myself. We got the A/C fixed and the baby grew. I did start going braless around the house and even wore my longer shorts into town a few times that next summer but never went without panties anywhere.

I once made a quick trip to the grocery store one day and inside before I remembered I was braless. I had noticed one of the bag-boys staring ay me wide-eyed. And when I seen what he was staring at, I was completely embarrassed and quickly left the store empty handed. When I got to the pick-up I was shaking I was so unnerved. I reached for the keys to start the truck but them I remembered I had to have those two items so I could make supper. I summoned up my courage and kept my arms in front of my chest as I quickly got those needed items.

On the way home I couldn't get the look of that bag-boy from my mind. I looked down at my breast and my nipples were rock hard. Just the thought of someone looking at my harden nipples under my top began to appeal to me. Women have been going braless in public places for years and years I told myself, so why shouldn't I. I purposely started going braless in public once in awhile but doing it more and more frequently as I enjoyed it more and more. I also started wearing my short-shorts in public also.

The next summer just into our third year of marriage. I got a nasty rash and infection between my legs and had to see the doctor. I had a yeast infection and a bad case of heat rash. The female doctor gave me some antibiotics and prescription ointment for the rash and told me not to wear any underwear until I came back to seen her in a week. I tried to tell her I could not do that and she said I had to if I wanted to get better. She explained the elastic was rubbing the rash making it worse and I need to get air to it to let it dry up. I was shocked at this situation and felt humiliated as I walked out of the doctors office in my below the knee dress with my panties in my purse. I was even too embarrassed to tell my husband that I was doing what he always wanted me to do.

I didn't even leave the house all week because I was pantyless under my long skirts. But when I did finally tell Bud I was pantyless, her perked right up and asked me to lift up my skirt and show him. I couldn't believe he had just asked me to lift my dress up and show him my privates, but at the same time I got a bit excited as I slowly lifted the hem of my dress to my waist. Bud walked over grabbed me and kissed me telling me it looked good to see me that way.

When I seen the doctor, she told me I was getting better but that she wanted her to remain pantyless for at least another week. And when I expressed her concerns of her not wearing panties the doctor explained the actual health benefits of not wearing panties. When I asked the doctor if any women actually preferred going without panties. She said that she knew many women that rarely wore panties anymore. I was a bit surprised and said, "Really?" with a questioning look and the doctor smiled and said that she was one of them.

I was sitting there stunned by the doctor's remark when one of the nurses walked in and the doctor asked her if she was wearing any panties today and the girl calmly said "NO". That was when the doctor looked at me and told me that as far as she was concerned, underwear was really an almost useless piece of garment. The only time she wore any was when she wore a short dress or skirt or during her period for extra protection. The nurse agreed and said that was right, but then sometimes it was fun wearing a short skirt or dress without panties. Both the nurse and doctor giggled at that statement.

They more or less convinced me that day that there was nothing wrong or immoral if I didn't wear underwear. The only people, who were concerned, were the people who made them. If nobody wore them they would be out of a job.

By the time I got home my lack of panties didn't bother me, I was comfortable with it. Bud came home a few minutes after I did and I told him what the doctor said about my rash and them told him I didn't have time to take anything out for supper and that if he didn't mind could we go to 'Burger King' to eat. He smiled and asked if I was going to put panties on. I lifted my skirt and said,"Nope, I'm going like this." He smiled again, kissed me, picked up the baby and took my hand leading towards the door. At first it felt weird sitting in a public place without underwear but I soon got use to it and began to enjoy the daring feeling I had.

I started wearing everything without panties after that day. Within a few weeks I had quit wearing bras or panties all together! I would get up in the morning and put on only a t-shirt or tank top and a pair of shorts or short-shorts and go to town shopping like that. I noticed that people started noticing me more and more. Before I knew it I was enjoying the looks and then I started to look for clothing to get more looks. One of my simple but very effective outfits was just one of my husband's old white man's undershirts and a pair of my super short 'Daisy Dukes' with no bra or panties beneath them. There was no doubt that I was braless, my nipples seem to be trying to push holes though the top and I loved it when a man would stop and stare at them. And I had cut those shorts so short that the lower cheeks of my ass were showing. My pussy was wet every time I came home. I really was getting into exposing my body.

One day I seen a couple of cute short sundresses and had to have them, one had thin straps over the shoulder and the other was a halter dress. I tried them on and asked the salesclerk if I could wear it home. I felt almost naked. I had never owned much less worn a short dress before and now here I was going to wear one in public and with nothing on under it. Wouldn't Bud be shocked if he seen me like this.

I then decided to do something I rarely do. Since it was almost noon I called Bud and told him that since I was I town would he mind if I picked him up lunch and we could eat together. He said that he would love that. I told I would stop and pick up some chicken and see him soon.

I had left J.J. [our son] at my favorite babysitter [Jane] so I called her and told her I was going to eat lunch with Bud and would be a couple hours later. I stopped at 'KFC' and picked up some chicken and fries. I was nervous but yet exhilarated, standing there naked but for the little thin-strapped sundress I was wearing.

Bud was standing outside the office talking with a co-worker when I pulled up. I got out of the car and bent over to get the chicken when I felt a breeze on my bare ass. I looked around and was glad nobody noticed. I definitely had to learn to be careful when I bent over. Especially since this dress was about 2 foot shorter than the ones I used to normally wear.

Bud stopped talking in mid-sentence and his eyes bulged out when he saw me. I walked to him with a new found confidence and happiness I never knew was in me. Bud's co-worked looked at me and just said, "Whoa, who's the babe?"

Bud smiled and told him I was his wife. The guy said he was sorry about his comment and Bud told him it was no problem because he was thinking the same thing.

Bud kissed me and told me I looked fabulous. He asked how long I had this dress. I smiled and told him about an hour.

He said he loved it and I told him I had also bought another one too he would like.

Then he asked if I was wearing panties, I just smiled but said nothing.

After we ate our chicken he walked me to the car. I opened the door while looking around; I bent over to put the rest of the chicken on the other seat as I bared my ass to him. He grabbed my ass and fondled it as I moaned. I slowly stood up on my wobbly legs and he kissed me. I teasingly asked him if he liked the way I was dressed right now.

He said, "Yes, it has always been my biggest fantasy."

I said, "You know, I'm beginning to like it too so don't be surprised if I do it more often." I kissed him and got in the car pulling the hem up until I could see my bush. His eyes got big again as I told him that maybe I should drive home just like this. Then I pulled the hem back down stating I didn't think I was brave enough to try that yet. But a mile down the road, I couldn't help but pull it back up again just to see if I could drive around exposed like that. But before I had gotten home, I had the hem of the dress around my waist. I don't really know if anyone seen me like that, but my pussy and car seat were wet anyway.

I had put the baby down for a nap when Bud got home. I was sitting naked in front of the computer reading letters from his favorite website [Literotica] and was really horny. I quickly started removing his clothes and then pushed him on the floor and for the first time I got on top of him and quickly lowered myself onto his hardening dick. It was a new position for me but I quickly got the hang of it and wondered why I waited so long to try different positions. After a couple minutes I got off of him and got on my hands and knees and actually said the words, "Fuck my pussy, NOW!" Oh I loved this new position, I may never go back to missionary.

The next afternoon Bud called and was excited. He said he had just been promoted and felt like going out and celebrating with a nice dinner tonight and for me to call Jane and see if could baby-sit tonight. I was so happy! Jane agreed to watch JJ and even offered to watch him all night. I went home from dropping off JJ, I took a nice bath and decided to wear my new halter dress.

I put it on and noticed it was a bit thinner than I had remembered. I could make out my nipples and bush if the light hit it right. I then remembered reading in some of those letters on Bud's website about women shaving their pussies bare, so I thought I would give it a try. Within half an hour, I had it nice and smooth. It felt so different and so nice. From my neck down I now had no hair, I looked like a little girl. I giggled at what Bud might think when he found out. In these last few months my mind has changed. I am now willing and wanting to try anything sexually with Bud. I put my dress back on and was happy with the changes so I decided I could wear the dress without any major see-thru problems.

When Bud seen the dress, he said I looked so sexy he was thinking about taking me right there in the middle of the livingroom floor. Except that we needed to hurry he had made reservations and we had just enough time to get there. When I walked out the front door Bud told me to stop. I was standing in the doorway between Bud and the sun. Bud said he loved the view through the dress and for me not to move. He went and got his camera and took a few pictures of the sun shining though my dress. I was more than willing to strike a few posses for him.

Once in the car, Bud reached over pulled up the dress and when he seen my shaved pussy he actually ran off the road a bit. He then reached over and rubbed my pussy a bit. My God, I almost came! The feelings were more intense with no hair. He made me smile when he said he liked the change I had made and said he hoped I would let him lick it when we got home. I told him that if he touched me like that again, I might just make him pull to the side of the road and make him lick me then and there.

After a short pause, I told him that I hoped he didn't mine but since he touched me there. I now needed some relief and since we didn't have time to stop, I hoped he didn't mind but I was going to finger myself off here and now. He told to go for it. I reached in the back seat for a towel we keep in the car, just in case we get caught in the rain. I spread in on the seat under my ass and lifted my dress to my waist and commenced to bring myself off while Bud drove northbound on I-75 towards Atlanta in the evening sunset light. This was only the second time in my life I had masturbated and my first in front of Bud and now I didn't care who saw me.

I had just leaned the seat back and stared to finger myself when Bud dropped another bomb. He said he had meant to tell me when he got home but that my sexy dress made him forget. There were going to be two other couples joining us, two of the other district managers and their wives. For some unknown reason, knowing that four strange people were going to be sitting with us and me practically naked and the possibly of two men looking at my breast through my thin top only excited me more. I came hard in less than a minute.

We arrived at the restaurant just in time. The other couples Jack/Karen and Kevin/Carla were waiting both having shorter drives. I noticed immediately that Jack and Kevin were both looking at my boobs. It felt good to be noticed, I liked that feeling. Dinner went very well, I never had been one for drinking but I got talked into a couple glasses of wine and was feeling warm and comfortable. I was now enjoying my near public nudity, I was now making it a point to get up and walk across the busy restaurant to the restrooms. I could see many of the men checking me out every time I strutted across the room.

We would be very late getting home plus it wouldn't be safe to drive with alcohol in us. So Bud suggested we get a room at a nearby hotel and stay here tonight. We got a room at the 'Ramada' and while we checked in we heard music from the lounge. Bud asked if I would like to try my hand at a little dancing before we went to the room. I've never been on a dance floor before but in my intoxicated state, it sounded like fun to me and agreed to try. On about the second or third song, Bud lowered his hands to my ass as we dance. I liked the feel of his hands on my ass and told him I liked it. Then he began to massage and rub my ass, I knew someone might be watching and I kind of hope somebody was. Then Bud totally shocked me! He reached his hand under the hem of my dress and grabbed hold of my naked ass. Knowing that anybody could be looking at my now exposed bare ass excited me and gave me a mini-orgasm right there on the dance floor. I took Bud's face in my hands and kissed him and then told him to take me to our room and to make me a slut.

We didn't get much sleep that night. I became what my mother would call a slut. I sucked Bud's cock for the first time and I enjoyed it. Then he ate my pussy for the first time, which I hope won't be the last. Then we screwed in almost every position we could think of. Then when we woke in the morning, we had anal sex. It was a bit painful at first but I ended up really enjoying it and can't wait to try it again.

Bud called room service and had breakfast brought up. I asked Bud if I could try something I read from his website and he said I could do almost anything I wanted so I let him in on my plans. When room service showed up, I was on my back and only a bed sheet covered me. When Bud stubbed his toe on the table, it was my signal to stretch and roll away from them. As I rolled over onto my stomach, the sheet came with me uncovering my entire naked backside from heel to head. Bud said the bellboy's eyes where as big as silver dollars. He left as soon as Bud tipped him. That was so exciting for both of us that we just had to screw again. Since all the clothing I had was my little dress, I took a shower and slipped it back on just before we left.

As soon as we were on the interstate, I reclined my seat back to relax but Bud reached over and slid up my dress to play with my pussy again. Then he gave me an evil little smile as he said. "Wouldn't you be more comfortable with this dress off?"

I had never given a thought at being completely being naked in the car during the day but the though did not offend me, in fact it excited me a bit. I asked him if he was sure he wanted me naked so that anybody around could see his wife naked. He said he really wasn't sure how he felt about it but just wanted to know if it would be willing to give it a try. I told him I didn't know if I could do it but if he was all right with it and wanted me to give it a try, I would. He took my hand and gave it a squeeze. As this point if he had asked me to stand naked in the middle of Atlanta I would have done it for him.

I sat up a bit and grabbed the hem of my dress and pull it up and over my head. I was now naked to the world and the warm sun coming through the windshield landing on and warming up my pussy put me into a wonderful world of my own. I was so warm and comfortable and at ease, I didn't care who saw me naked. I reclined the seat back again and closed my eyes and still tired for our night of sex I ended taking a short nap until I heard a truck horn blow.

I snapped awake and noticed a 18 wheeler next to us and the young man was grinning ear to ear as he looked down on me. I then realized he was looking at my totally nude body. Because of my old habits I started to cover myself with my hands, then I slowly started to play with my tits for the guy. I asked Bud if this was the first trucker to see me, he said "no, that this was about the 10th guy to see me." Apparently the word had gotten around on the CB radio because all the truckers were watching out their rearview mirrors as we approached. Let's just put it this way. I remained naked until we pulled into our driveway. I masturbated myself off twice and sucked Bud off once on the interstate while the tuckers watched I'd say close to a hundred in all. I think that riding around naked is one of my favorite things to do on a long trip.

Well I just like being naked! I now am naked or close to it all the time now. Sheer tops, super short dresses and skirts with nothing underneath are a way of life for me now. Bud and I are into public sex. We've done it in a hundred different places. Whether it be on an empty stretch of beach or on a bar stool in a dark crowded bar or standing up in the middle of a large crowd at a rock concert, it is so exciting! We haven't gotten it trouble with the law yet but we have been caught in the act a few times by strangers. It is so exciting being watched that I don't even want to think of stopping when someone catches us. We still have Bud's old pickup and it is big enough in the front seat for me to sit in his lap naked and drive as he is thrusting his big hot cock in my pussy from behind as we drive down the highway putting on a show.

We recently moved into a new and bigger house with a fenced in backyard and an in-ground pool. We hadn't been in the house two weeks when we had unexpected company. One Saturday morning about 10am, Bud and I were getting ready to get in the pool for a nude swim when we had a knock at the front door. I opened the door and was surprised to she my father, mother, and sisters standing there. I was wearing just a large tank top and Bud was in just a pair of tight black nylon boxer briefs.

Mom's face went red and her mouth dropped open then she started screaming at me for how I was dressed. She started calling me a slut and a whore, telling me I was going to hell for dressing as I did as she turned and stomped off back to the car. I lost my cool and shouted after her that I might be a slut, but that I was a very happy and well-satisfied slut with a wonderful husband that knew how to keep me happy in the bedroom. She stopped looked back at me then opened the car door, got in and slammed the door shut.

Dad told me not to worry about the old bag and said the reason they stopped by was to ask if I could put up my sisters for a week or so. They had to go the Mississippi; her sister was real sick and wasn't expected to last but a couple days. I told him sure, no problem and for him to drive safe.

When he left, I noticed my sisters; Cara and Barbara were staring at Bud in his tight underwear. I told them we were both just getting ready to get in the pool and if they wanted to they could both join us. They said they had no suits to wear so I told them I had a couple suits that would fit them and to follow me to my bedroom. I knew I might have a little trouble getting them to wear my old string-tie bikinis with mom's puritan believes still in them but I knew I had to try. They agreed to wear them but only under some of Bud's old big t-shirts. The suits fit them both and I told them so, but they still wouldn't leave my bedroom until they had put on the t-shirts. I just had to show-off even for my sisters, so I put on my hot pink t-back bikini.

They couldn't keep theirs eyes off Bud's slowing growing bulge that afternoon. Thanks to my helping hands. There just might be a chance for them yet. There was a lot of horseplay and wrestling in the pool and I noticed the girls loved to jump on top of him while wrestling him and they always seemed to wrap their legs around him in the process of trying to dunk him.

While we were resting I got Bud to put some suntan lotion on my back. The girls watched as I got down on my stomach with my all but naked ass to the sun and Bud rubbed the lotion on my back, legs, ass cheeks. I just had to shock the girls a little so I moaned a couple times as he rubbed it in and told him how got his hands felt as he was rubbing my ass. I then asked Cara and Barbara if they would like for Bud to rub lotion on their backs. Barbara quickly said yes and removed the t-shirt she had on then laid flat on the lounge chair next to me. Cara asked Barbara what see was doing and said that if mom found out she might kill her.

Barbara asked her, "And how would she know unless someone tells her. I'm sure not going to tell her and I don't think Becky would tell her and so unless you tell her she won't find out. Are you going to tell her?"

Cara smiled and said, "No way I would tell her and what she doesn't know won't hurt her." She then looked at Bud and asked him that when he got done with Barbara if he would mind doing her back as well. Cara later told me she admired my guts at being willing to wear the suit I had on. I told her that in the privacy of my backyard it was no big thing and that on some days we even swam and laid out around the pool completely nude.

You should have seen her jaw drop. "Nude?" she asked. I just smiled and nodded my head. "Him too?" she asked. I nodded again and I seen small smile come across her lips.

I told her that is what we were getting ready to do when they knocked on the door this morning. About that time Bud came out of the pool with the beginning of a nice erection. Cara eyes when straight to his semi-hard member. I knew I somehow had to figure out a way for her to see his unit without her knowing I knew she seen it.

We all remained in our suits the rest of the day. After supper I put on only a long red tank top and I asked Bud to put on his turquoise gauze running shorts only, the ones he removed the liner out of a couple years ago.

He asked why them, because almost every time he sat down, his balls would come out.

I told him I knew that and that was why I wanted him to wear them. I wanted him to 'accidentally' come out in front of my sisters so they could see what a real cock looked like, and I told him not to worry if something went wrong because I would be there to put our the fire.

Both sisters came out in ankle length nightgowns with robes but I could still see they were wearing bras and panties. I told Cara and Barbara I sure hope they didn't mine what Bud and I where wearing because we usually didn't wear much around the house but that we also didn't want to offend them. They looked at each other saying it was fine with them and that they wish that they had something cooler to wear but mom would not allow it. I told them to get up and come with me. I gave them each one of Bud's long T-shirts to wear. They both removed the long pajamas and put on those t-shirts and nervously came back to the family room with me. Bud was in his recliner and I got in mine, putting the girls directly across from Bud. He went and got him a soft drink and flopped back in his chair. In the corner of my eye, I saw Barbara elbow Cara and point towards Bud. Cara's eyes got big and she started to blush. Then she smiled and bent over to Barbara and whispered something to her.

Bud 'accidentally' came out a few more times that night and neither sister said a thing but then again I noticed they did not miss a chance to get a free look. The last time he popped out, his dick and ball where completely out as he laid back in his recliner pretending to be asleep for at least 15 minutes. But I had to wake him up because his dick was starting to get hard and it was time to take ME to bed.

I walked over to him and dropped a throw pillow in his lap to awaken him and I told him it was time to go to bed and winked at him. He nodded and slowly got up spreading his legs as he got up allowing the pillow to fall on the floor and revealing his now completely hard dick. He looked down and acted surprised and embarrassed and saying his apologies as he ran from the room. I told my sisters I was sorry they seen his penis and hoped they weren't upset about it.

They both were red faced with embarrassment but told me they weren't mad and not to be mad at him about what happen. I smiled at them and then giggled as I told them that I wasn't going to punish him for being in his condition but I did have plans for his condition. I told them goodnight as I headed for the bedroom planning to make some extra noise tonight.

Things progressed quicker that week than I thought it would. By the time next Saturday rolled around both my sisters were walking around the house and swimming in the pool as naked as Bud and I. They both shaved they pussies and learned to openly masturbate if they felt like it. I even showed them how to jack-off a guy whenever they got a chance to by using Bud as an example. I even showed them the finer points of sucking a guy off. I made sure to tell my sisters that they could look all they wanted but they could not touch Bud's dick. Bud was more than willing to let them watch.

When Bud was home from work he always seemed to be in some state of arousal with three naked females around him and I enjoyed playing with him I front of my sisters to keep him that way. We all agreed we like looking at a nice hard dick. I'm sure mom is going to be very mad at me with the major changes in attitude of my sisters. But screw her! I don't want my sisters to be so uninformed and misinformed about men, sex, and the way in life in general as I was when I got married. I told my sisters if they ever needed a place to stay, they would always be welcome here.

A couple weeks later bud came home with a small 2 small boxes under his arm one Friday night. I asked what they were. He said that they were a couple of surprise for me. One he gave me and told me to go clean up and put it on because we were going out tonight. He also said he had talked to Jane a couple days ago and she had agreed to watch JJ again for us. The other box was for when we returned home.

The dress was a stretch black mini-dress with 3-inch circular cutouts up both sides. It was very light and molded to me like a second skin. Can you say it was sexy? Oh yea!

We ended going just south of Macon to a new dance club. The place was rockin'! The lighting and music was great. Most of the girls there dressed in some sort of revealing outfit. There was a lot of skin showing everywhere you looked and I noticed Bud looking a lot. It didn't bother me one bit because I knew he was coming home with me. Plus we had agreed months ago looking around was OK but no touching. It was a lot of fun that night but I was tired and slept most of the way home.

After we picked up JJ and got home, I asked Bud what was in the other box. He told me to get undressed and to meet him in the family room. He told me to sit next to him on the couch as he pressed play on the CD remote. IT WAS PORNO! Believe it or not I had never seen one before and I didn't see much of this one. All the moaning, sucking, licking, and fucking really got to me. I was on the floor between Bud's legs sucking on his cock in no time. Watching the sex on TV and sucking Bud's cock, I had an orgasm without being touched. Bud came in all three holes before we went to bed. I still watch those CD's sometime when I'm home alone and get horny. My plastic buddy helps me make it through the day when I get that way.

I don't mind using my friend when needed because I don't even want another man to touch me sexually. Bud and I have had the talk about how excited I get when I expose my body and if I would ever be tempted to have sex with another man even if Bud is present. I told him "NO WAY!" It actually revolts me at the thought of another man sticking his dick in me. I would rather be naked on national TV for all my family and friends to see, than to have another man inside me.

Cara graduated a couple weeks ago and just called and asked if she could come over and stay a few days. She'll be here in about an hour so I need to get up and clean up a bit. I still hope she is willing to get naked because I want to surprise Bud when he gets home with two nude women to greet him. I just might let her touch him so that I can really teach her how to treat a man right. I'm glad it's Friday night and Bud doesn't have to work tomorrow. It just might be a long night for him.