**The Picnic
by Christopher97**

**Part 1: An Innocent Outing**

It was the last Sunday in April. My Japanese wife, Ai, stood naked in our bedroom. She held two bikinis in her hands and asked which one I liked best. I pretended to consider my response and after an appropriate pause said, “How about the cream one? It really matches your skin, if fact, it looks just like your skin.”

She smiled and said, “OK. If it'll make you happy.”

“Oh, I think it'll make everyone happy,” I replied cryptically.

My wife and I have been married now for about five years. I consider myself fortunate to have found a wonderful woman who was open to experimentation. Not that she always likes to go along with my “schemes” as she calls them, but in the end she seems to enjoy pushing the envelope a bit. We've experimented with all sorts of things, but, after reading the stories on Leviticus' website, I had developed a strong interest in enforced nudity. The key word of course, was “enforced”. I've gotten my wife to flash me in public, at least at night and in very secluded places. And also once when we housesat for some friends in the countryside. But I wanted something different, something more risky.

So, I came up with what I hoped would be a foolproof plan that would have my wife naked in public. And if everything went according to plan, she would be seen by a number of people, including of course myself. I almost felt sorry for her as the poor woman really didn't know what she was in for. As it turns out, neither did I.

So, on that fateful Sunday, I decided I would take my sweetheart for a picnic. Of course, this wouldn't be an ordinary picnic. For my plan to be truly successful, I would have to get her into her cream bikini. Fortunately, she solved that problem for me! As I mentioned, it's basically the same color as her skin, and from a distance it looks as though she's more or less naked. This was integral to my plan. And to complete the plan, I would be wearing my own cream swimsuit with the same effect.

So we loaded the picnic basket I had prepared into the car and drove the 20 minutes to the park. The park has a main area on top of a hill where most people hang out, barbecue, and throw Frisbees. As it wasn't quite summer yet, there were only a few dozen people around. Even so, we wanted to be alone, so we drove around the park a little bit to a slightly more secluded spot down the hill. People could still see us from the main area, but it was pretty far away, maybe 500 yards or so up a hill with a few small trees providing some cover. We got our stuff out of the car and spread a picnic blanket underneath one of the small trees.

I opened a bottle of wine and we toasted and talked. I was leaning with my back against the tree and she was leaning with her back against me. This gave me a nice shot over her shoulder of her breasts in her tiny string bikini. I told her how hot she looked and how from up on the hill everyone probably thought we were naked. I couldn't have been more on the money. We were still giggling about that when the park security truck drove up. From experience I knew the truck usually made rounds every hour or so. The security guard parked about a hundred yards away down the hill, next to our car, and slowly walked up to where we were sitting.

It was a bit comical. I could tell he thought we were naked but as he approached and saw that we had flesh-colored swimsuits on, he visibly relaxed. We greeted him and asked him how his day was. He said it was going well, but that someone reported two naked people having a picnic.

We both looked aghast and looked around and said where?

He just laughed and said “here!”.

At this point, we looked a little confused and then acted like it had hit us. “No! You don't mean us? Can't they tell we're wearing bathings suits?”

The guard just laughed and said from up on the hill he guessed not. In fact he added, from up there, he had thought the same thing.

We apologized and explained that we didn't bring anything else with us, but if he wanted us to go, we would.

He said that wouldn't be necessary and apologized for bothering us. He said he just had to make sure and that we should have a great afternoon. I noticed that during most of this conversation he couldn't help staring at my wife's exposed body. I guess he was getting as much a kick out of us as we were out of him.

We watched as the guard drove off. I now knew that I'd have at least an hour until he came back around and that he would most likely ignore any future reports of a 'naked picnic' now that he had checked on us. Our 'aw shucks, us?' performance couldn't have been any better performed.

I now had the opening I had been waiting for.

**Part 2: Time to Play**

I excused myself for a few minutes and walked to the toilet which was about 200 yards away. It was slightly up the hill, about 100 yards closer to the main group of people, but off in a different direction. I could clearly see the people on the hill, and they could see me, except when I was behind some of the small trees that were randomly placed on the hill. But from that distance it wasn't possible to make out details. As I walked, I noticed the security guard up talking to someone and pointing. I assumed he was explaining the situation to the unhappy park visitor. The man nodded as they shook hands and the guard then went off to do his rounds.

I visited the empty washroom and took care of a few urgent matters. Then, I returned to my lovely wife. I sat back where I was before. I continued to admire her breasts and the feel of her ass against my cock. I ran my hands down her shoulders, her sides, stomach, and on her thighs. I whispered in her ear, “Wouldn't it be great to really be naked in public?”

Lulled by my light massage she just murmured, “mmm..hmmm.”

I reached into the picnic basket an pulled a small metal box out. It was the small tool box that I usually kept in the car. It was normally filled with some fuses and some screwdrivers and other small tools and tape. Today, of course, it held something quite different.

She looked at it and asked if something needed fixing.

I just smiled,reached into the box, and pulled out a pair of handcuffs. Before she knew what was happening, I cuffed her hands behind her back in one swift motion.

“What are you doing?” she said in a flirtatious voice. I guess the wine and the massage were doing the trick.

“Having a little fun. But I've got a little more fun in store for the both of us.” I whispered in her ear.

I slowly undid the strings to her top, slipped it off, and put it in the box. I asked how she felt and she said 'nervous but excited'. I could feel her heart beating through her chest, but I was proud of her. Here she was, sitting topless in plain sight of dozens of people with her hands cuffed behind her back. She began playing with my very hard cock. I kept up my massage and waited until her heartbeat and breathing slowed a bit.

I slowly slid my hands down and untied her bikini bottoms. Before she could protest, I lifted her up, grabbed the bikini bottom and put it in the box as well.

Ai squirmed but seemed to be enjoying herself a bit. She just said, “You're so bad!”

“That's my girl!” I thought to myself. I was encouraged by her acceptance of the situation and decided that it was now or never for the next stage of our little game.

**Part 3: Upping the Ante**

We sat there for a few minutes enjoying the moment. Every sound and every breeze made her jump a little bit. After about ten minutes she asked for her bikini back.

I laughed and said not quite yet, my dear. I pulled two more items out of the small toolbox: another pair of handcuffs, and a lock. The lock I put on the toolbox and closed it. I put the toolbox in front of her and said, “Your bikini is in there, my love.”

She now sounded a bit less relaxed, “What do you think you're doing?”

I laughed and said, “Making our little game a little more exciting. Aren't you excited?”

“I was at first, but this is a bit much. Please uncuff me, now. And, why do you need another pair of handcuffs?”

I didn't respond.

“Come on, uncuff me”, she pleaded.

“I'm sorry, I can't do that.”

Now was the moment of truth. I could more-or-less end the game here and go home, but in for a penny in for a pound.

I really surprised her when I took other pair of handcuffs, put one cuff on one wrist and then put my arms back around the tree and slapped the other one on. We were now both handcuffed in public. Ai, of course, was handcuffed in the nude. I still had my swimsuit on but was handcuffed to the tree.

I could feel her stiffen and with an uncertain voice she said, “OK...you've had your fun. Now where's the key?”

I smiled and said, “Oh, he he. I may have left it on the windowsill of the men's bathroom. I'd go get it for you but, I'm kind of stuck here.”

From behind I could see her jaw just drop. She turned her head and looked around at me. My plan was obviously becoming clear in her mind. She suddenly realized that she'd have to walk to the toilet naked with her hands cuffed behind her in plain sight of dozens of people.

I smiled my best angelic smile and said, “You might want to get going. There's no telling when the guard will be back on his rounds.”

One thing I have to give Ai credit for is the fact that she can analyze a situation and do what has to be done. She got up, slowly, first to her knees, and then to her feet. She started walking, quickly, but not too quickly as to gain attention. I have to say, she was truly a sight to behold. I couldn't' believe I had made it happen; here was my beautiful wife, naked in public, walking around in handcuffs with strangers able to see her.. It was a bit unfortunate that my plan required me to cuffed to the tree, otherwise I would have been able to offer myself some release.

I just marveled as she steadily made her way towards the outhouse. She only slowed down a little bit when she was covered by the trees, but overall she kept marching on. I looked up the hill to see if anyone noticed and a few people did seem to be looking, but the guard must've done a good job of convincing them that we were in fact clothed. And the fact that she, like me, was completely shaved helped sustain the illusion.

As she neared the outhouse, she looked back at me. From that distance I couldn't read the expression on her face, but I'm sure it wasn't particularly happy. However, I knew from experience that she would look back on this adventure fondly, once she got through it.

For my part, I was thrilled. I had just watched my wife's lovely ass move back and forth as she walked the length of two football fields in the nude. And, I still had her walking back naked to look forward to. I didn't have to wait long. She came out of the toilet holding the handcuffs and walked toward me. Her face was a bright crimson color but she had a bit of a smirk on her face.

She got to the blanket and looked at me and asked for the key to the lock to the toolbox. I guess by this point she really wanted to get her bikini back on. And she probably felt that by now she had earned that right.

I just smiled and said, “Hmmm, the key to the lock...I think it's on my workbench back home. We'll have to check when we get back.”

She just shook her head and said, “I can't believe you!” She sounded angry but I could tell by the way she talked and the smell of her sex that she was enjoying this almost as much as I was.

**Part 4: Time to Go Home**

“OK, baby, just uncuff me and we can go home and get your bikini out of the box. I think you deserve some clothing after all you've been through.”

“You're right” she replied, “People should get what they deserve.” She then grabbed a knife from the picnic basket and proceeded to cut my swimsuit off.

“Baby? What are you doing?” I asked, a bit shocked. Normally, I was the more dominant personality in our relationship. Clearly, she had found some courage during her little nude stroll.

“I think it's payback time, don't you?”

She tore off my swimsuit and took the car and house keys from the pocket. So there I was, naked, with a huge hard on and still cuffed to the tree. I have to admit, this possibility hadn't occurred to me. She began packing up everything we had brought. In no time at all we were sitting on the grass naked next to our picnic basket.

Ai told me to open my mouth and stick out my tongue. Still a little shocked by the change in her demeanor, I did so. She took the handcuff key and placed in on my tongue. She got up, grabbed the picnic basket, and said, “I'm leaving in 2 minutes, with or without you.” She turned and walked toward our car.

I watched her walk off, half expecting her to turn around and lend me a hand. Although I was in a bit of a predicament myself, I was still excited watching her walk naked. The sound of voices on the hill brought me to my senses.

A few hours before, I would've thought Ai was joking and would never leave me there, but now I wasn't so sure. I turned my head and spit the key out toward the base of the tree. I clumsily rotated around a bit and searched with my hands. I heard the car trunk open and close, and as I heard the car door shut, I found the handcuff key!

I realized my time was getting short when the car started. I quickly uncuffed myself and ran down the hill toward my car. Ai beeped the horn and waved. She began backing out of our parking spot and just as she put the car into first gear I reached the door. I reached for the handle but it was locked!

I pleaded, “OK. Honey, you've had your fun. Now unlock the door, please.”

She just smiled innocently and pointed to her watch. I guess my two minutes were up. She put her foot on the accelerator and drove off about a hundred yards down the road and stopped. I ran after her and as I neared the car, the trunk popped open. I knew what she wanted. So, I dutifully climbed in and shut the lid.

The ride home was a bit bumpy, but otherwise uneventful. I could tell when we got home, we pulled into the garage. I heard Ai get out and assumed she would soon let me out of my cage. Several minutes went by and I heard her get back into the car and start it up. I was really getting worried at this point.

She backed the car up just a few feet and left it in the driveway. She got out, came back, and opened the trunk. She looked at me and smiled. She grabbed the picnic basket and left a bottle of water. She handed me the car remote and said, “The spare house key is in the mailbox. You might want to wait until dark, as the neighbors across the street are having a cookout on their lawn. Ta ta, my dear.”

With that, she closed the trunk and left me in the dark with hours to go until I could get out on my own. Like they say, “Hell has no fury like a woman scorned!”

I lay in the dark thinking about how I could top the day's experience.

THE END