**Well & Truly Caught**

**by [Sabineteas](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=59922&page=submissions)©**

My husband sat back, arms crossed and stared at me. His look was not making me feel any better. My mind was running at warp speed trying to come up with something to say and I couldn't. My face was scarlet and felt like it was burning.  
  
"Well?"  
  
"Honey, don't be angry at me. Nothing happened."  
  
"I wouldn't say my wife standing naked with two men nothing."  
  
"I can explain."  
  
"You already said that, Beth and I really want to hear your explanation. I really do, but I am slightly pissed off at you."  
  
"I understand, honey. It was really nothing. Marilyn, um, sort of dared me to, um, get naked in the car and, ah, I did it and then, um, she dared me to get out and let her take some pictures. And, ah, we didn't see these, um; drivers coming up and they caught me naked. And, I sort of, um, posed with them so I could get my coat back and leave. It really wasn't my fault, honey, really."  
  
"So, you are telling it me that it is Marilyn's fault that you are running around naked letting other men see you?"  
  
"Well, no, ah, it isn't really her fault. I mean she dared me to do it, but I guess I did it. She, ah, didn't make me or anything, I did it. I am really sorry, honey."  
  
"Beth, what did you get out of this? Were you embarrassed?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"What else, Beth? Were you excited when you got caught?"  
  
"I was scared, but then I guess, ah, I got a little excited."  
  
"Do you like being naked, Beth?"  
  
I blushed even more and I couldn't help looking at that damn picture of me naked on the computer screen.  
  
"I suppose at times I like being naked, honey. I mean, ah, it can be sexy."  
  
"Do you like feeling sexy, Beth?"  
  
"Yes, at times I like it."  
  
My husband looked at me. He looked me up and down. Then with a stern expression on his face he spoke.  
  
"Take off your clothes, Beth."  
  
I just stared at him. When he didn't say anything else, only lifting an eyebrow, I began to unbutton my blouse. I didn't want to but I would do anything at this point to make up with my husband. I undid all the buttons and pulled it out of my slacks and off. I folded it and laid it on the other chair. I slipped off my sandals, the ones I had on in the car and then undid my slacks. I looked at him, begging him with my eyes. He didn't smile at me. I sighed and pushed my slacks down, having to jump a little to get them over my feet. My face was so hot! Even if he was my husband and had seen me naked many times before, this was different. It wasn't undressing for bed. It was a cold, calculated stripping of my body.  
  
I began to sniffle. I was feeling very ashamed. I reached behind my back and unclasped my bra, slowly slipping it off. It joined my slacks and blouse on the chair.  
  
"Please honey, I'm sorry, so sorry."  
  
"The panties, Beth."  
  
I sobbed softly. This wasn't like my husband. This was another man that I didn't know.  
  
I hooked my thumbs in my underpants and pushed them down. Tears were trickling down my cheeks. I slipped my feet out of them and bent to pick them up. I clutched them in front of my pussy, feeling very vulnerable. My husband nodded at the chair and with a whimper I added my underpants to the pathetic pile of my clothes. I put one hand in front of my pussy and crossed the other arm over my breasts. It was foolish, I know, but he wasn't acting like my husband.  
  
"Hands at your sides."  
  
I forced myself to lower my hands and keep them at my sides. I was trembling. I was feeling those tingles in my nipples and pussy. I was such a bitch.  
  
"Do you like being naked, Beth?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Your nipples tell a different story, Beth. They look very hard. And I bet your pussy is wet, isn't it?"  
  
I didn't answer. I knew how hard my nipples were, I could feel them. And I wasn't going to tell him if my pussy was wet, even if it was. I was totally humiliated, standing naked, even if it was my husband who was looking at me. This wasn't a seduction; it was just a casual stripping.  
  
"I think perhaps you really do like being naked, Beth. I have to think on this for a while. In the meantime, I want you to go upstairs and get all your bras. Then you can throw them away. I don't think you'll need them anymore."  
  
"But, honey.."  
  
"Do as you are told, Beth. NOW!"  
  
I scurried up the stairs after I had grabbed the bra I had been wearing. Sniffling with tears trickling down my cheeks I gathered up my bras and scurried back downstairs.  
  
"Honey, please.."  
  
"In the garbage, Beth, all of them."  
  
Mournfully, I walked to the garbage can in the kitchen.   
  
"Not there. In the large container in the garage."  
  
I opened the garage door off the kitchen and walked naked to the garbage container. I lifted the top and wrinkled my nose at the smell. I looked back and my husband was watching me. I sighed and dropped my bras in the container. Then I walked back to the door. He stepped back, and as I passed he swatted my ass, making me shriek and jump.  
  
"That's for not obeying, Beth."  
  
I walked through the kitchen naked with my husband following me. I was not sure if I knew him anymore. I was embarrassed and nervous. He made me stay naked all that night. Every time I crossed my legs he made me uncross them so his view of my pussy was not impeded in any way. I felt so humiliated even if it was really my fault. I wasn't comfortable at all. I also felt pretty guilty as if I had cheated on him. I hadn't. All of my adventures so far had not resulted in adultery. Letting some one see me naked was one thing. Letting some one have sex with me was another and it was a line I hadn't crossed. Finally he let me go to bed. I wasn't afraid of him, but I wasn't that comfortable either. He wasn't acting like my loving husband. This was a different man. He stayed up later than I did and I woke up when he came to bed. I tried to hug and hold him but he turned his back on me, leaving me facing his back. I had also put on a nightgown, but he made me take it off so I was naked once more.  
  
The next morning I woke up to hear the shower running. I got up and put on a robe, determined to make up with him. I went downstairs and made coffee and bacon and eggs for him. When he came downstairs he looked at me.  
  
"Take off the robe."  
  
I almost started bawling, but bit my lip and removed it. He watched me put the bacon and eggs on a plate and carry it to him at the table. I went to sit down, but he made me stand by his chair, naked, while he ate. When he finished he looked at me once more.  
  
"I can't control what happens when I am at work, Beth, but when I come home you know how I expect to see you. Make sure I am not disappointed. And I won't be calling you to tell you whether I will be late or on time or whether I am alone or with someone. Now you can walk me to the door."  
  
He stood and walked by me, leaving me to trail behind him to the front door. He opened it, stepped outside and turned to me. I was in the doorway, in plain sight of the street, scared to death that some one would drive or walk by. My husband bent and kissed me, then patted my bare ass and turned, walking to his car. I stood like a dummy and waved as he backed out of the driveway. Then I closed the door, my nipples erect and tingling.  
  
I just leaned against the door bawling. Deep wracking sobs were wrenched out of me. Tears ran down my cheeks. I was ashamed and humiliated at how I had been treated and by how he expected me to be waiting for him. Marilyn called me perhaps an hour later.  
  
"How are you Beth. Do you want to go on another drive?"  
  
"NO."  
  
"Is something wrong?"  
  
"NO."  
  
I wasn't going to tell her anything. It would just make me feel more humiliated. I made some excuse to get her off the phone and went upstairs to dress. He might expect me to be naked when he got home, but that didn't mean I had to stay naked all day. About half an hour later, the doorbell rang. I went up to the door seeing Marilyn standing there. I opened it. She walked in, looking at me. Looking at my red rimmed eyes.  
  
"What's wrong, Beth?"  
  
"Nothing."  
  
"Don't lie to me. I know you well enough to know when something is wrong. Now tell me."  
  
I started to bawl. Marilyn came over, sat down and held me as I cried my eyes out. I finally calmed down.  
  
"H-h-he knows."  
  
"He knows what?"  
  
"H-h-he knows I was naked."  
  
"All right, who is he?"  
  
"M-m-my husband."  
  
"Oh shit. What's he saying?"  
  
"Nothing other than he thinks I like being naked, Marilyn. He made me strip last night and stay naked all night. And then he made me take off my robe this morning and stand by him while he ate the breakfast I made for him."  
  
"I think he's a little upset, Beth. How did he find out?"  
  
"Those damn pictures that you emailed to me, Marilyn. He saw them. I don't know how but he saw them."  
  
"How do you know?"  
  
"He made me stand by the computer last night and showed me each and everyone of them. That's when he told me to undress."  
  
"I don't know what to say, Beth."  
  
"Just leave me alone, Marilyn. I think between you and I we have done enough for a while."  
  
Marilyn hugged me and after taking a long look at me, left me alone again. I sat alone in out house, alternately being upset with myself and angry with Marilyn and afraid of what my husband might do to me. I managed to put a roast in the oven and some potatoes to bake. I got a bottle of wine and put it in the fridge to cool. Soon it was close to five and I remembered what he had said to me. I went upstairs slowly and sniffling, I stripped naked. Then I went back downstairs to check on the roast. At his normal time to be home, he still hadn't arrived. I just got more and more upset and nervous as I waited.  
  
Finally just past 6:30PM I heard the car and the door slam shut. My husband walked inside with his briefcase and two packages. I felt really stupid, standing naked in front of him. He smiled at me and set down his case and the packages. Then he came up and kissed me, taking the opportunity to squeeze my ass. I still felt humiliated at having to be naked, even though his smile seemed to indicate that he might no longer be willing to kill me.  
  
We ate a nice dinner, even if I was ashamed to be naked. He didn't bring up my nakedness, just smiled as he gazed at my body. I kept alternately blushing and then relaxing as I ate. I blushed when his eyes bored into my body, but relaxed as we talked about his day. Everything seemed to be normal, except for my being naked. We talked more about my husband's day after dinner. He said nothing about the packages he had brought home. I wanted to ask him but didn't. He went into his home office and I guess he worked for a while. I don't really know since he didn't tell me and I didn't ask.  
  
Finally as it got dark outside, he came back into the living room and picked up the packages. He opened the first and handed me a top, one with spaghetti straps and very clinging. I just looked at him and when he smiled, I put it on. The second package held a thin pair of shorts. After he handed those to me and I put them on, I realized that they would hide not much. They clung to me also.  
  
"Let's go for a walk."  
  
I didn't think other than how I would look in the top and shorts. I was embarrassed to be wearing them. I didn't really want to go outside. My husband took my hand and led me outside and we walked down the street. I was happy to have clothes, even if they were skimpy and revealing, but I certainly didn't want to be seen.   
  
He led me out of out house and then to the left, down our street towards one of the main streets in town. I was nervous at how I was dressed, but with my husband with me I felt safe, sort of safe. I wasn't sure what he had in mind, but I was sure it was not going to be something that I was going to like.  
  
We walked along, in silence. I was looking all around us making sure we were alone and no one else was nearby. My husband was just walking, occasionally smirking at me and my efforts to see if anyone was watching us. As we got closer to the main street I became more nervous. All I had on was the clinging top and the too small shorts. It wasn't enough clothes for me.  
  
As we came to the main street, Oak Street, my husband led me to a convenience store. I was not walking with him, but a little behind him. He took my hand and pulled me up beside him.  
  
"Want a Coke, Beth? I do."  
  
I smiled at him. That would be nice.  
  
"Sure honey, I am a little thirsty."  
  
He led me inside and we went to the cooler. He picked out two Cokes, opened them and we went back to the counter. I was sort of hiding behind him because of how I was dressed. He made me get up next to him.  
  
"We want two Cokes, but I don't have any money. Is there some way else we could pay you for them?"  
  
My heart dropped and my stomach clenched. My eyes blurred over and my breathing came faster. I felt lightheaded. When I could focus again, the store clerks were looking at us.   
  
"You need to pay for the Cokes, man."  
  
"I don't have any money, but I am sure there is something we have that would pay for them."  
  
"What the hell do you mean?"  
  
The guy, an older man with a beer belly and beard looked at my husband suspiciously. The other, a younger woman, stepped up and looked at my husband, then at me and started laughing.  
  
"Don't you get it?"  
  
"Get what?"  
  
"God are you dense!"  
  
She looked at me. I shivered. Then she looked to my husband.  
  
"The top for a Coke."  
  
My husband looked at me and nodded. I felt faint. He wouldn't really expect me to take off my top. He wouldn't!  
  
"Look mister, you already opened them. I can't take them back."  
  
"I know. She'll pay for them."  
  
I knew what he meant. If possible, my face turned even redder. I looked at my husband and he smirked at me. I didn't think anymore. He wanted someone to see me, I know he did. I shivered and grasped the bottom of the top.   
  
"I don't want to do this Rob."  
  
He said nothing. I pulled up the top, lifting my arms and baring my breasts. Then I pulled it over my head and lowered my arms, covering then baring my breasts again.   
  
"Give it to him."  
  
I looked at the male clerk, at his smirk as he stared at my naked breasts. I hesitantly handed the top to him. He jerked it away from me and dropped it behind the counter. His smirk got even bigger. I felt his beady eyes burning holes in my breasts. If anything my face got even warmer and I was so humiliated!  
  
"That will do for one coke, mister."  
  
Rob said nothing and I looked at the two clerks who were both smirking and staring at me.  
  
"Rob, don't make me do this."  
  
"I'm not making you do anything Beth."  
  
"Should I call the cops, lady?"  
  
I shuddered, picturing myself topless when the police arrived. My hands went to the shorts and I pushed them down quickly and kicked them off. I bent and picked them up and handed them to the clerk also. I had my other hand clamped over my pussy. The clerk took my shorts and they disappeared behind the counter. Now the beady little eyes burned a hole into my pussy hair. Thank god I wasn't shaved like some younger women!  
  
"Move the hand lady."  
  
I began to cry, silently, tears leaking from my eyes but I moved my hand. Both the clerks looked me up and down, the girl laughing at me, the man staring hungrily. Rob made me turn around to let them see my ass. I was so embarrassed!  
  
Even with the embarrassment and humiliation, my nipples were so hard. And I felt that telltale tingling in my pussy telling me that I was getting turned on. Rob finally relented.  
  
"Let's go Beth."  
  
"Rob! I'm naked!"  
  
"Let's go, Beth!"  
  
I began to walk to the door, my breasts jiggling and I am sure that my ass was jiggling too. Rob walked behind me as I came to the door. I peeked out through the glass and there was only one car at the gas pumps. I slowly slipped outside and down the side of the building, Rob behind me and snickering as he watched me cover up my breasts and pussy with my hands. I was so flustered that I had even forgotten the coke that I had paid for with my naked body. I made the relative safety of the darkened street. I was petrified that someone would see me and scurried down the street until we came to a streetlight. I stopped dead, torn between running through the lighted area and not moving. Rob came up behind me.  
  
"Hands down Beth."  
  
I just stared at him; open mouthed until he pulled my hands down and took one of them and just started walking. I was pulled behind him into the light. Completely exposed. Naked. Bare assed naked. And Rob did not seem to care.  
  
I scurried faster through the light and as soon as we were in the dark again, Rob let go of my hand and I covered my nakedness once more. He let me walk like that until the next street light and then he just looked at me. I dropped my hands and without any prompting walked through the pool of light. It was like that all the way home. He let me cover in the dark, but in the light I had to be exposed. I was scared to death and tingling all over. I hated it. I loved it. It was late. No one drove by. No one came out of their house to scream at the naked woman. No one called the police.   
  
We made it home.  
  
Rob had me stand by the picture window as he turned on lights and dragged an easy chair over in front of it. The back of the chair faced the window.  
  
"You didn't mind Beth."  
  
He took one of my hands and pulled me up behind the chair. My belly was pushed against it and I was bent over the back. Rob's strong hand clamped on my neck. My toes were just touching the floor. My breasts were dangling in the air.  
  
CRACK!  
  
I shrieked as Rob's hand smacked my naked ass. I felt the burning heat from the blow and shrieked again as he smacked me once more.  
  
"Shush Beth, do you want the neighbors to hear and watch this?"  
  
I shrieked again as he whacked my ass once more and then, stupidly, not protesting his spanking, I stuffed my left hand in my mouth and bit down. I didn't scream at him for the spanking. I just let him do it.   
  
I bounced from one set of toes to the other as he spanked me, heating my ass up and turning it bright red. My feet kicked out on each side as he smacked each cheek alternately. I felt my breasts slapping on my chest and swinging in the air as I jerked back and forth. I also felt my ass heat up with each swat. I was crying. I was humiliated. I was hot!  
  
Rob finally stopped spanking me and pulled me up. He pulled me to the side, turned the chair around and sat down.  
  
"Get me out and sit on it, Beth."  
  
I had been rubbing my hot ass but as soon as he said that I hurriedly bent over, unzipped him and pulled him out. Without waiting I straddled his legs and holding him I centered him on me and sat. I felt my breath gush out as I was filled and I slumped against Rob. I was having trouble breathing. His hands clutched my cheeks and urged me up. Soon I was bouncing up and down on him, in clear view. I was naked and screwing my husband right in front of our picture window. I didn't care. I was so turned on, both by being naked and by being spanked. My breasts were flopping up and down and Rob's grip on my cheeks was almost painful, but I didn't care. I screwed him until he came up me.  
  
"Get up Beth, I don't want my slacks stained."  
  
I lifted my head from his shoulder and blearily looked at him. Then I stood, trembling. I felt his sperm leak out of me and run down my leg. I felt dirty, shameless and very fulfilled, even if I hadn't come.  
  
Rob made me put the chair back where it had been and walked behind me up the stairs so he could see my ass and pussy. And the sperm that was still running down my legs. He told me to shower before I came to bed and that I wasn't to masturbate in the shower.  
  
When I had finished I came into our bedroom, naked, and walked to the bed. Rob was lying on his back.  
  
"Clean me up, Beth."  
  
I knelt over him and sucked him clean. Not surprisingly, he got another erection. Which, again not surprisingly, I rode to another orgasm for him and my first. It was a knee trembler, an explosion. I felt as though I had run a marathon, but I was oh so satisfied. I noticed that he had opened the curtains on both bedroom windows and of course he had a lamp on. If anyone looked in, they could have seen me. I didn't care.

I fell asleep, holding my husband from behind, both naked, wondering what my wonderful husband would do to me next.