Why Did I Ever Tell Marilyn?

by Sabineteas ©

In my last little tale, “A Big Mistake”, I am sure you all were wondering

at the end what the mistake was. It could have been me letting Marilyn egg

me on to strip and then wait for the pizza delivery, which I surely wasn’t

expecting. Or, it could have been me trying to surprise my husband dressed

in just apron when he came home, only to find that three of his clients

had come with him.

Both made me embarrassed and a little humiliated especially the part with

the clients. Odds were that at sometime I was going to see them again at

some time and I was definitely going to remember them seeing my bare

breasts. I am pretty sure they would remember me too, not in a way that I

wanted.

No, my mistake was telling Marilyn that I was asked to strip at a

fraternity party and then stripping for her. She quickly figured out that

I could be made to be a little bit submissive and Marilyn thought it was

cute. She felt that she could get me to do things.

Marilyn came over the day after the pizza delivery and walked in without

ringing the doorbell or knocking. I was surprised to see her and a little

put out with her just walking into our house.

“So did you enjoy yesterday?”

“Well, sort of, I was really embarrassed.”

“You loved it, didn’t you, being naked in front of that man?”

Stupidly I also told her about the surprise that I tried to do for my

husband.

“You mean you just had on an apron and they saw your tits?”

I blushed and she broke out laughing.

“Well, ah, um, yes, I am pretty sure they saw my breasts.”

“Beth, now they are your tits. Say after me, I showed my tits to my

husband’s clients.”

“I showed my tits to my husband’s clients.”

“What did Ron think?”

“He was pretty surprised. I was totally embarrassed. I had to spend the

evening with them, knowing that they had seen them and it was pretty

uncomfortable for a while.”

“You loved it, Beth, admit it.”

“Well, ah, it was sort of exciting to think of that happening.”

“Let’s do something else today.”

“I’m not sure I want to Marilyn.”

“Oh come on, you’ll love it.”

I kept saying no, but she didn’t want to take no for answer. I finally

gave in and she told me to get a longish coat. When I had, she took it

from me and took my hand, leading me to her car. We got in and she drove

off. I was starting to get butterflies in my stomach. She drove out of

town on the interstate. I was wondering what she was doing when she looked

at me and smirked.

“Take off your clothes, Beth.”

“I really don’t want to.”

“You get off on showing off, don’t you? You really want to do a little

more, don’t you?”

I sat there, wondering how I could deny what she had said, when I had been

naked in front of the pizza guy yesterday and after what I had told her

about the boys. I wondered if I wanted to do something else. I stared out

the windshield, already blushing.

“Come on, Beth, it’s just me and I have seen you naked before. Here, put

on these sunglasses. No one will know who you are.”

She reached over with the sunglasses in her hand and I took them, looking

first at the sunglasses and then at her. I put them on. I toyed with the

top button on my blouse. She was watching me, watching my fingers.

“You can fold your clothes and set them between us.”

I undid the top button.

“Good girl.”

I flushed. She was being patronizing. I undid the second button, feeling

nervous and excited. I undid the rest of the buttons and pulled my blouse

out of my shorts. I looked around, through the windshield and the other

windows. There were cars but not close. I slipped my blouse off and folded

it carefully, lying it between us.

“Good girl.”

I shivered. I undid my shorts and unzipped them, feeling warm all over. I

slipped my sandals off and lifting my butt, slid my shorts down. I

wriggled until they were at my ankles and I bent over and folded them and

laid them on my blouse. The sun shining through the windows was warm. I

was heating up, thinking of what I was doing. But I still felt nervous and

a little scared.

“I don’t think I can do anymore, Marilyn.”

“Nonsense. I know that you will love this and you do too. Now let’s have

the rest off.”

I looked around again and leaned forward to reach behind me. My bra clasp

let loose and I sucked in a breath. Was I really going to do this? I

leaned further forward and my bra straps slid down my arms. All of a

sudden I felt very vulnerable. I nervously removed my bra and laid it on

top of my shorts, crossing my arms over my bare breasts. I turned and

looked all around. We were still alone on the interstate; no one was close

to us. My hands lowered and as if they didn’t belong to me, grasped the

sides of my underpants. I lifted up and slid them over my hips, baring my

pussy hair. I took another deep breath and closed my eyes. My hands pushed

my underpants further down, to my knees and then they just slipped to my

ankles. I sat still for a minute, trembling. Then I bent forward and took

my underpants off and hurriedly laid them on my bra. Marilyn smirked at

me. Then she lowered the armrests that had been up, pinning my clothes

under them.

“Feels good, doesn’t it Beth.”

I couldn’t answer her. I sat with one arm over my breasts and the other

hand between my legs, covering up.

“Now, just tilt your seat back and relax.”

Stupidly, I did just that. The seat tilted back, lifting my lower body up,

letting me recline. I still covered myself.

“Now, just for fun, lift your arms over your head and close your eyes.”

The sun felt really good on my body. I smiled to myself and did as she

told me. My hands found the headrest and I grasped it. My entire body was

uncovered, feeling the warm sun on it. It did feel good. I laid back and

closed my eyes.

“Beth, you look great. Just open your legs a little bit and let the sun

shine on that cute pussy of yours.”

I felt good, the warmth soothing me. I took a deep breath, another one,

and let my legs open. The sun felt so good! My eyes closed and I enjoyed

the heat and the rays shining on me. We drove for a while, until I heard

some loud noises. I opened my eyes and in shock saw us gaining on a semi.

“Marilyn!”

“Just lay back and relax. The driver won’t know who you are, Beth. You

want him to see you, don’t you?”

I was nervous and a little panicky, but she was right. The previous

exposures of my body had excited me and this seemed to be really safe. I

mean, I was in a car on the interstate. No one but Marilyn was in it with

me. He really wouldn’t know me. I could do this. I could. I laid back and

let my legs open slightly, feeling warm all over but especially on my

nipples and my pussy. Marilyn pulled up next to the semi and matched

speeds. Then she honked the horn, making me jump a little. I opened my

eyes and peeked up. A man was gazing down at me and the semi’s air horn

blew. I jerked a little again at the sound.

I watched him through my sunglasses as he stared down at me, alternating

looking at the road and then my naked body. My totally naked body, exposed

for him. My face felt hot. I was still feeling embarrassed at doing this.

But I was also feeling aroused.

We drove alongside the semi for a while and then Marilyn sped up. As we

pulled away the air horn went off again.

“Well, Beth?”

I didn’t know what to say. Here I was naked with her and just had shown

myself to a stranger. I didn’t say anything. I hadn’t noticed that when I

was looking at the truck driver Marilyn had taken some pictures of me with

a digital camera. I wasn’t paying attention to her.

We drove further and came up alongside another semi. Marilyn did the same

thing. She matched speeds and honked the horn. I watched up towards the

driver and was rewarded by the air horn once more. Feeling more secure, I

let my legs open a little bit more. My nipples felt so hard and hot, my

pussy was tingling. Marilyn snapped a few more pictures of me, showing me

naked with a truck alongside us.

We did this a few more times and for the last two I pressed my breasts

together with my arms so they were held out straight from my chest, my

erect nipples pointing straight up. I even teased my fingers through the

hair above my pussy. I stroked my hair lightly, not my pussy, but just

above it. My skin seemed to ripple when I touched it. It felt good. I felt

warm. I felt special and excited.

“Had enough?”

I looked over at her as she slowed the car and pulled into a rest stop.

Now I was feeling scared. Marilyn pulled into the truck section of the

rest stop. I was hunched over, covering up. My eyes were flitting around

the parking area where several trucks were parked. Marilyn stopped and

looked at me. Smirking, she opened her door and pulled my clothes out from

underneath the armrests. I heard the trunk pop open and she disappeared.

The trunk closed. I was shaking as she appeared at the door.

“How do you feel now?”

“What did you do with my clothes?”

“I put them where they won’t be a temptation. Beth.”

Marilyn opened the back door and took the coat I had gotten and she had

brought with us. She handed it to me.

“Put this on but don’t button it and get out of the car.”

I was like a scared six-year-old as I slipped on the coat.

“What are you doing, Marilyn?”

“Just get out of the car and come with me.”

I both wanted to do it and didn’t want to do it. My rational mind was

saying this is not a good idea, but my subconscious was saying this could

be exciting. I did as I was told, holding the coat closed. I still hadn’t

noticed the camera she had. Marilyn walked me to the side of a semi and

stood me by the cab, showing the company name on it next to me. Then she

backed up a few feet.

“Open the coat.”

I blushed and felt hot in my face. I looked at her, then around. Seeing no

one, I opened the coat, exposing my breasts and pussy hair. The camera

came up and clicked. I hurriedly closed the coat.

“Marilyn, what do you think you are doing!”

“Just recording this for posterity. Open the coat again.”

My little devil took over. I looked around and seeing one but her opened

the coat again. She took another picture.

“Let the coat slip off your shoulders a little.”

Another picture was taken.

“Turn around and lift up the back, look over your shoulder at me.”

I did, flushing, but feeling so excited. She took another picture.

“Let it slid down and hold it below your ass, look at me.”

I did. I was bare from shoulders to thighs. She snapped another picture.

“Want to raise the excitement?”

I did and I didn’t. This was exciting enough. Marilyn walked over and

looking me in the eyes slid the coat down my arms and slowly removed it,

leaving me totally naked. She stepped back and dropped the coat on the

asphalt. She took another picture. She had me bend so my breasts dangled

down. She had me turn so my ass was pointing at her. With each pose she

snapped a picture. I was so warm, so hot. My eyes were flicking around,

making sure we were alone. She had me cup a breast in each hand, lifting

them for the camera. She snapped pictures. She started smirking.

“Hello lady.”

I shrieked as I saw two men walk around the side of the semi. My arms and

hands covered me instantly. Marilyn started giggling. I was so

embarrassed! I wanted to run but I had backed up to the semi to use it to

hide my bare ass. I was finding it hard to breathe.

“Th-th-the coat.”

Marilyn smirked at me. She didn’t move. I huddled over, clearly naked,

embarrassed, as the two men looked me over.

“MARILYN!”

She giggled again.

“Pose with them and we’ll go.”

“MARILYN!”

“I can stand here all day, Beth.”

Hunched over I glared at her. Then I looked at the men.

“You’re an asshole, Marilyn.”

“Maybe, but I am not the naked one, am I?”

I looked at the men again. I was truly caught and embarrassed and not a

little pissed off at her.

“No touching!”

The men smirked at me and walked over. I straightened up, still covering

myself. They came to either side of me. One put his arm over my shoulder,

the other around my waist.

“Lower your arms.”

I did, closing my eyes. I was glad I had the sunglasses on. My whole front

was bare for them to see. I knew they were looking at me. They were seeing

my bare breasts, erect nipples and my pussy hair. I turned bright red. I

opened my eyes to see Marilyn taking pictures again.

“Turn around and look over your shoulder.”

I did, baring my ass to the camera and the men. She took a few more

pictures.

“All right, let’s go.”

“Bring me the coat.”

“It’s a little late for that now isn’t it, Beth?”

Steaming, I glared at her and walked over to her. I was baring my ass, my

jiggling ass and my jiggling breasts. All I wanted was to get the coat and

put it on. She was right; they had seen all of me, pretty much. I was

still embarrassed but angry. I grabbed the coat and slipped into it.

“Say good bye to the nice gentlemen.”

“Good bye.”

We walked back to her car and got in. Marilyn broke out laughing and after

a few moments started it and we drove out of the rest stop. I was shaking

but feeling aroused. Aroused at my exposure once more. We didn’t say much

on the way home. I was still angry with her for playing on my emotions;

conning me into getting naked and then letting those men see me. That was

not as anonymous as it was in the car. She dropped me off. I went inside,

not even caring that all I had on was that coat.

I went upstairs and dressed in another outfit. In about an hour and a

half, the phone rang. It was Marilyn.

“Check your email.”

Then she hung up. I walked to the computer in my husband’s home office. I

started it up and signed on. In my email there were the usual junk

messages and some things from people that I knew that I had saved. The

third message down was from Marilyn. I opened it. The message came up; “Do

you know who has sent this email?” I clicked yes and there was no message.

Files started loading and I was treated to a picture of me naked in the

car, seat tilted back. Then a few more in the car loaded up. I was

blushing, but very interested. The next was of me with my coat open by the

semi. Then my rear view, lifting the coat. Then one of me naked next to

it. Then one of me hunched over. I knew what was coming and shuddered. The

next few were of me with two men. I was naked. They had their arms around

me. My breasts and bush in the open, the men looking down at my naked

body. I felt my face heat up. The next was of me with my ass to the camera

with the men looking at it. The last two were of me walking away from the

men naked, their eyes glued to my body.

I am not a computer expert, so I didn’t know as I opened the email that

the pictures were ending up on the document menu on the desktop. I looked

at each picture, shivering a little and then I closed the email, keeping

it as new. Then I shut down the computer and went upstairs and

masturbated, reliving the afternoon. Reliving the nervousness, the

excitement, the embarrassment and humiliation. I came very quickly.

My husband came home to dinner. I had made his favorite meal to try and

reduce the guilt and embarrassment I felt. We had a nice dinner with some

wine. Eventually my husband had to go to his office to do something for

work. I sat on the living room couch, daydreaming about the day and

listening to music. After about half an hour my husband called to me.

“Beth, come here.”

I walked into his office.

“Yes, honey?”

“Come over here.”

As I walked up behind him, filling the screen on his computer was a

picture of me naked in the car. My stomach dropped. I felt faint. He

clicked the document menu and then another file. I was naked next to a

semi, staring into the camera. Another two clicks and I was standing naked

between two men who had their arms around me. My bare breasts and bush

clearly on display, both for the men and now my husband.

“Beth, what the hell is this?”

I couldn’t speak. My mouth was dry and my head was spinning.

“I-I-I c-c-can exp-p-plain.”

My husband crossed his arms and gazed at me sternly. I wanted to drop

through the floor, but I didn’t.

“I’m waiting.”

I wanted to die.