**Wondering Why**

by Mary

Have you ever wondered what makes you do thing's? I find myself doing it more and more as I age. Why did I do this or that, knowing the risk involved. Why does it make me so excited? I guess you’re asking yourself, what is she talking about? Well I'll try to explain it and I hope that along the way I will get my answer also.

It seem's this all started back when I was about 16 or 17 year's old. The urge to be controled, to be used, the need or the want to be naked to the world exposed for all to see.
I guess it started out by me comming home from school to the house alone while mom and dad worked, hurrying to my room and quickly undressing and doing my chore's naked! It was a thrill, knowing I was doing something that could be hard to explain if I was caught not to mention down right embarrassing or humiliating. Oh I guess at the time I was safe enough, I knew what time they got off work and about how long it took them to get home so I knew what time I had to be dressed by so as not to let them catch me but deep down inside I knew that something could happen and they , either one or both might show up early but that didn't stop me. No in fact I think it made me push the risk further. like the day I took the trash out naked for the first time, knowing that I might be seen and someone tell them about it.

My social life was like that of most teen age girl's, trip's to the mall, dating and such. I got good grade's in school and my folk's trusted me to make the right choices for me so life was good, and let's not forget the car they bought me for my 17th birthday, the red Mustang conv. About the only thing they ever got on my case about was the guy's I started dating, they didn't approve of them but they really didn't make a big issue of it, that trust thing I guess.

The guy's I dated were all pretty much alike in one way or another, a couple of years older than me and controling, that was my choice I guess. One really pushed all my button's his name was Ron. He wanted someone who would do as he told them and I pretty much fit that part perfectly, I wanted to be controled!

It all kicked off one night at a party he took me to, getting me drinking was the first step then getting me to let him start feeling me up in front of his friends and the next thing I knew my blouse was off and I was naked from the waist up, sorry I have small breast so I really didn't need a bra. Don't get me wrong I have breast but they are small but they do make a nice handfull.Anyway back to what I was saying, there I stood naked from the waist up , my mind going crazy, feeling embarrassed and humiliated but at the same time so excited hopeing he would go further , he did but that was later.

**Wondering Why part 2**

By my senior year in high school my wardrobe had changed and my desire or need's had grown. My jeans had gotten tighter and my skirts and dress's shorter, my breast while still small seemed to cry out for attention as my nipples were always hard and on full beam. another change was that I now seldom wore either a bra or panties, so sitting in some of my skirt's or dress's became a challenge not to show off all my goodies.

Ron and I got invited to all the party's, it seemed everyone wanted to see what would happen next, the new's about the first party with him had spread. That plus the rumor's of me driving around topless which were more than rumors if you want the truth. That was something else Ron had caused me to do. I guess they started after hed had me go through the drive thru window at McDonalds. Even through all this mom and dad never caught me and never let on that they had heard anything about them if they had.

As I said my need to push the limit grew so it wasn't long that I started to find a excuse to go out each night for a walk around the neighbourhood, both mom and dad felt this was a healthy thing so no problem there, that plus the fact it was a safe area. The real reason would have sent them to the moon if they knew, I was looking for places to get naked! Crazy, yes I guess it was but that was what I wanted.
At first I started going out in shorts or jeans wearing either a blouse or tee shirt with nothing else but then came a change, I started back to wear a bra and panties under them when I left and of course I started going out later. At first mom was worried about that but dad reminded her the neighbourhood was a safe area so she relaxed and let it go. My next step was that since it was so late and dark could I get away with stripping down to just the bra and panties for my walk, what a rush it was the first time I did it. I had gone two blocks from home before I took my blouse off, well really just unbuttoned it and pulled it out of my jeans, I walked like that for about another block or two till I worked my nerve up enough to find a spot out of site and remove my jeans then I hid both my blouse and the jeans and walked off leaving them there and me all but naked. this went on for about three months. The next change was I talked to my mom and told her I was going to make a change in my routine, I was going to start running every morning but I was going to be doing it early, no problem just don't wake us when you go out.

The first morning run was a blast, I left the house wearing just my sneaker's, shorts and a hoodie and a block later I was naked but for my sneakers! Talk about a mind blowing experince,butt naked for all to see in my own neighbourhood! The only thing was it was 5 in the morning and everyone was in bed and no one to see me I thought. I had forgot about the morning paper carrier and the milk man, yes they still had them I'm not that old. I had also not thought about other early birds that might be out and about. Nor did I remember the police! Well I did that for several months and to the best of my knowledge was never seen.

Gradutation came and I was out of school and me and one of my girl friends ended up renting a apartment not too far from were I grew up. I went to work at Food Lion as a cashier and life was good and moved on.

Susan my house mate had been friends at school so it wasn't hard for us to share things plus she had heard all the rumors in school so I guess I should have expected her to bring them up sooner or later and she did. At first I was worried about saying to much but those strange feelings and needs made me open up and tell her the full story, hey it was all about that risk thing I guess. Any way she was cool with it and seemed to like the idea, she could live her life through me. Her family were well to do and had money so she had been kept on a short leash to not embarrass her family but inside her she was a lot like me, a wild one.

**Wondering Why part 3**

Susan started taking control around the apartment,at first it was little things, nothing major but then as time went on she upped her games. I had just gotten home from work and Susan met me at the door as I came in. I remember that day well,"Mary, we need to have a talk" she said as she led me to our small living room, she started off by saying that she had been thinking about my past and my desire's, my need to be controled, my wanting to be exposed and humiliated and she had been looking into it. I've decided to finaly set some rules for you! From this point on you will strip naked as soon as you enter our apartment and remain that way till you either have to go to work or till I tell you that yo may get dressed. You will also start doing your morning walk's again, but this time they will be fully naked , from the time you step out the door! You also will no longer be allowed to wear either bra or panties when you are dressed. Plus you will when dressed outside of here sit with your knees open at least six inch's apart, do you understand these rules? she ask. I was shocked ,but oh so happy and excited, Susan was taking total control, yes I answered softly. Her next words were simple,"strip".

From that point on I never wore clothes at home, even when we had guest, with one exception, that was if my folks came by or her family, then she would allow me to dress or in the case of her family remain in my room naked out of site. I remember the first guest we had, Susan's boy friend Chuck, well really his name was Charles but he went by Chuck. I had to greet him at the door when he arrived, he was comming over for dinner. When I opened the door his eye's went wide and a smile grew on his face, his eye's quickly taking in my naked body from head to foot as I blushed from head to toe. I think most of the night at least when I was around them his eye's were on my ass and leg's, I didn't compare with Susans huge 38c's she carried so well but I admit I do have a nice butt and have been told "killer legs" At dinner Susan only had to remind me once to keep my knees apart.

my first walk naked through the complex was just as embarrassing, I had made it from the door of our apartment to the front door of the building before I was caught the first time,it was two guy's, students at VCU who lived on the second floor I think, they were just getting back from some party or something anyway they were the first, again I blushed bright red as I made my way past them out the door for my walk, i couldn't help but hear one of them say, "damn nice body but small tit's" as they walked the other way. Now I may have small breast but my nipples are fat and when excited they stick out well ,and they did at hearing that, I went on "high beams " all at once and my little kitty got all wet and gooey,who else saw me that day I don't know. A couple of weeks later Susan and I went out to TGIF's with Chuck and he had arranged to have one of his buddies meet us as my date, Susan reminded me my rules still applied. It turns out that was a good thing as Rob and I started dating after that and ended up getting married less than a year later.It's a shame it didn't last longer than it did.

**Wondering Why part 4**

Rob and I dated for for less than a year before we married, I was just turning 23 at the time. Our marriage started off great and Rob knew all about my past and accepted it and even helped me from time to time, showing off me to his friends and drinking buddies, that is till our first child. That's when he told me I had to get my act together and act like a proper mother and wife! I tried , really I did and I think it was working. Our first child was soon followed by our second and third all girl's, Rob wanted a son.

I had quit my job at Food Lion shortly after the birth of our first and became a stay at home wife and mother, boredom set in but I tried to keep my act together for the sake of Rob and my children, that is till I found out Rob was spending his free time with other women, then it became just for the kid's. We stayed together for 7 years till the day I caught him in bed with my best friend, yes Susan! that's when I told him to get out and I wanted a divorice.

I had to find a job so I went back to Food Lion but soon found out I couldn't support myself and three girls on what I made and keep the bill's paid, my life seemed to be going down the drain. I had to stop and take a good look at myself and decide what to do. Though I now had three kid's my body still was in good shape, yes I ha some bad strech mark's but I still had a nice firm butt and great leg's but the one fault I found was I still had small boobs, the one good thing about that was three kids later they still didn't sag even though I had breast fed all three. I knew then that I needed help so who did I turn to , yes mom and dad. They agreed to raise my girls and give me a chance to get myself back on my feet. Now I just had to find a better paying job I could handle. Two weeks later I did, I got a job in a strip club as a topless dancer. The hours were good and the tips better, plus as I soon found out I started getting some of what I needed, I was humiliated almost daily because of my small breast plus most of the guys that came into the club thought of and treated me like trash. God knows I ate that up.

**Wondering Why part 5**

So, here I am a 31 year old woman, divorced mother of three starting over as a dancer in a strip club. Who would have ever thought it would be something that they would start at that stage in life, well at least it paid good, and I don't mean just in money. It gave me daily dose's of the embarrassment and humiliation I wanted. While most of the other dancer's were younger ,in there early twentys and better built not to even mention better looking, I did pretty well. I didn't have the full pert boobs that most had, nor the pretty face but I did have great legs and a nice butt.

It didn't take long for the other girls to discover my submissive side or the fact that I seemed to enjoy the way that the customers treated me or talked about my little soft flabby breast, note I said soft not saggng! Management at the club was handled by a woman not much older than me who ruled the club with a iron hand when needed but at other times was as sweet as candy, I think she was the first to see what I needed! The club had rules as to how the dancer's dressed when not on stage, on how much a dancer could drink when working, even the type of dance ware we could use, but I soon found Raven, the manager having me do just the oppsite of what was expected,example. When we danced we were allowed to strip down to a g string and pasties to cover our nipples but when finished we had to weartop and shorts or at least a sexy cover up, that is all but me. I was told by Raven that when not on stage to wear only my pasties and thong oh and of course my stripper heels, it was really embarrassing having to mingle with the customers dressed or should I say undressed like that, it just invited them to touch and grope what they wanted. It didn't make me to popular with the other dancers either, they felt I was being allow a unfair advantage to make more money.It wasn't long before some of the braver and bolder ones started there tricks for payback on me. By the time I had been there three month's I was known as the club slut and Raven had me acting the part. It was about that time when Raven made her first moves on me and within another month I was her personal play thing. It was about that time I learned that her husband owned the club and she controled what went on inside it. I became a skillful lover for both men and women during this time. Raven's husband and she both were very good at causing me humiliation, do you have any idea at the embarrassment of trying to pee with someone watching not to even mention having to hold yourself open while doing it? I do from first hand experince.

Outside the club I lived a different life for the most part, visting my girls, taking part in their school programs when possible putting up the front of a normal single parent, it as hard. My wants and needs seemed to stay just under the surface but ready to break free at any time.Shopping for grocries for example I wore just as little as the law allowed and showed it off as often as I could by clothes either to tight or to loose and as short as possible,once even went to the store wearing a white tennis skirt that just barly covered me and a thong that covered nothing since it slipped right into my butt crack and was swallowed to the point you could see either one or both of my lower lips. Thank god I had the sence to go to a store I didn't visit often. I still followed the rules Susan had set way back when for the most part at home and even when out eating I found myself keeping my knees at least six inchs apart unless I went out with my folks or the girls. It was like two seperate people living in one body.

This lasted about nine year's till one night leavng work I had a wreck! That turned out to be a very public embarrassment as I was but naked at the time . A drunk flew through a red light and T-Boned my car, the fire dept had to cut me out of it. I was luck to come out of that alive. When the news got out about it I was lucky again they thought I was changing clothes ,little did they know Raven had been having me leave the club naked and drive home that way for over a year. I guess having my dance bag with my clothes in it turned out for the best.

**Wondering Why part 6**

Talk about embarrassing, imagine the humiliation and embarrassment I felt having to deal with the police during and after my stay in the hospital. Or better yet my mom and dad not to mention three teen age daghters. Luckly for me my folks are the forgiving kind and while they didn't ask as many questions as I expected I'm sure they had plenty they wanted answers to but didn't ask.I guess I was lucky that I had told them the truth about what my job was, just not all that was involved. My girls that was a different story they ask every thing! The doctor's and nurse's not so many but I did hear them talking at times and that was enough. I was there 28 days before they sent me home.

As I said my girls all wanted the full story and they didn't want or would they take any half hearted answers, so finaly I gave up and gave them the truth or at least the truth I thought they might understand. No they didn't get the full story or even most of it but enough to get them to see that every action we take brings a reaction some place or time later. Needless to say my dancing days were over but again "Lady Luck" had taken a interest in my well being and the asshole that hit me had great insurance and I got a great settlement plus all my hospital bills paid, not to even talk about the huge lump of cash that came with it. My lawyer did a good job too. Matter of fact he arranged the meeting with a group who now handles my fincial matter's, no not the day to day ones but the ones that make sure my money lasts long enough. Let's face it at my age now,40 , It will need it to last a long time. Raven and her hubby stepped up also, I guess it was there way of thanking me for not bringing them into my mess. They gave me a house free and clear, seems that they were into real estate and owned several rental units, the house they gave me was one of them.I guess they were doing better than anyone knew as it's a nice house.

Now my biggest problem is trying to fill my day's and nights with something to do other than grow old and fat. Dancing was out and so was going back to Food Lion, remember all the press about the wreck and the naked woman driving, they did! and so did most other places I went once I started looking for work. The search goes on!

**Wondering Why, The End or is it**

So here I sit in my living room stark naked as I write this wondering if my life will ever again be normal or do I even want it to be. I ask at the start of this why did I do the things I've done and guess what? I still don't know all the answers, but I've come to accept that I'm a highly sexed woman who gets off on being embarrassed and humiliated. I'm now 42 and while I never was a raving beauty I think I'm still worth looking at. True my breast are small and soft, almost to the point of being like little cotton puffs, yes some strech marks on my tummy but most women after child birth have those. I've still got a great butt and nice legs I think.

Will my life change, I don't know do I want it to change, again I don't know what I do know however is that I plan to enjoy every bit of it I can, no matter what it brings.