**Exposing Kristy**

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**Exposing Kristy Ch. 01**

When I married my husband, I was eighteen and he was thirty. Even though he was much older than me, I was still attracted to him because he was handsome and semi-wealthy. I also loved how much attention he gave me. The boys in high school were only after one thing and they quickly dumped me when they didn't get it, but Alex treated me like a queen.

Now I'm twenty-eight and Alex is forty, and he pays more attention to golf than he does to me. He would rather watch football with his friends than watch me strip naked. It is frustrating to say the least.

I don't have model good looks with long legs or big boobs, but I'm cute with medium-sized perky breasts. I'm only five-foot-two, but I work out regularly so I have tight abs and a firm butt. Alex used to adore my auburn hair and the way I kept my pussy hair neatly trimmed, but it doesn't seem to matter anymore. I just didn't know how to re-kindle his interest in me. Then one day something happened purely by accident that changed the way Alex looks at me.

It was a Saturday morning and Alex was drinking coffee at our kitchen table while waiting to play golf. I decided to join him and I walked into the kitchen wearing a tiny white tank top and nothing else. When I entered the kitchen, I was surprised to see Pete, his forty-something golf buddy, also sitting at the table.

As they looked up at me, I was really embarrassed because my shirt wasn't even long enough to cover my bush. When I saw Pete, I instinctively pulled down on my shirt to hide my pussy, but it stretched the tank top tight against my body and my round rosy nipples showed right through the thin white material.

I froze for a second, and then I said, "I didn't know you had company."

Alex looked at my tiny tank top, chuckled and said, "Obviously."

I asked, "Can you get me a cup of coffee?"

He gave me a mischievous smile and replied, "Get it yourself."

I nervously said, "But honey...um...I don't have anything on under this shirt."

Pete excitedly said, "We can see that," and then the guys laughed.

I started to walk away, but Alex said, "Pete's harmless. Go ahead and get your coffee."

I shyly asked, "Are you sure you want me walking around half naked in front of your friend?"

Alex replied, "I don't mind. Do you mind, Pete?"

Pete replied, "Not at all," and then Alex turned to me and said, "There you go. I don't mind and Pete doesn't mind, either."

I said loudly, "Of course Pete doesn't mind!"

Then I took a deep breath and said, "Well, okay...here I come," and then I timidly walked into the kitchen.

I've always been a shy person and I'd never been naked in front of any man except my husband so this was very unnerving for me. I was very self-conscious as I stood in front of the kitchen cabinets because I had my back to the guys and I knew my short tank top left the bottom portion of my butt cheeks exposed. Then I reached up to get a cup and my face turned red because the hem of my shirt rode up. It felt like my entire bare ass was showing, right in front of my husband's golf buddy!

I put my arms down and began pouring the coffee, but to my dismay, the shirt did not drop down. There was some static electricity in the tiny tank top that kept the hem bunched up near the top of my butt crack. My firm butt was still on display for Pete to look at and my husband made no attempt to come to my rescue. After I finally finished pouring the coffee, I quickly pulled my shirt down to cover as much of my butt as I could.

I grabbed a spoon and some sugar packets, and then I started walking carefully towards the door. I had to make sure that I didn't face Pete because most of my pussy hair was exposed in front of me and I didn't have a free hand to hold my shirt down. When I reached the doorway, I thought I was home free, but my nervousness caused me to drop the spoon.

I didn't want to bend over in front of Pete so I asked, "Alex, can you get the spoon for me?"

He responded, "Can't you get it yourself?"

I timidly replied, "I can, but honey, I don't have any panties on. Do you really want me to bend over in front of your friend?"

Pete called out, "Yes," and my husband didn't object, so I said, "Fine, I'll pick up the spoon myself."

I tried to squat down to get the spoon, but I almost spilled my coffee so I had to bend over with my legs straight and slightly apart for balance. As I reached for the spoon, I could feel my shirt riding up in back and from the position I was in, I knew that Pete not only had a clear view of my bare ass, he also had an unobstructed view of my pussy lips from behind, too. I was mortified! After Pete got a nice long look, I stood up, left the room and returned to the bedroom.

Moments later, Alex walked into the bedroom and asked, "Are you alright?"

I replied, "It was embarrassing, but I'll survive. I just wish I wouldn't have been wearing this little tank top."

Alex asked, "You mean you wish you'd been completely naked?"

I giggled and said, "No, silly. What I meant was," but before I could finish my sentence, Alex pulled up my shirt and said, "It's too bad Pete didn't see your tits because they're fantastic!"

I blushed and said, "Well, this tank top is so thin that I felt like I was topless!"

Alex added, "You looked like you were topless, but you look better like this," and then Alex practically ripped my shirt off.

He started grabbing my breasts and sucking on my nipples. I was more turned on than I'd been in years. Next Alex began caressing my nipples with his fingers as he softly kissed my belly before sliding his head down between my legs.

Alex asked, "Did you get excited when Pete saw your pussy?"

Shocked I said, "Pete saw my pussy?"

Alex replied, "Well, briefly when you first walked in...so did flashing your ass turn you on?"

I blushed and replied, "No...maybe...I don't know."

Alex said, "You must have wanted to do it. Otherwise you would have marched right out of the room and put some clothes on, but you stayed and let Pete see your bare butt."

I didn't say anything. I just laid there and blushed. Alex was right. Subconsciously I must have wanted Pete to see me naked or else I would have left the room and gotten dressed.

Seeing how red my face was, Alex smiled and said, "So you're an exhibitionist. You little tease! That gets me so hot."

I didn't reply. It was hard to concentrate with Alex's head between my legs. He was moving his tongue quickly over my little clitty. It almost felt like a vibrator, and then he moved down and pushed his tongue inside of my love hole. Alex was really getting my juices flowing, but thinking about other men seeing me naked was intensifying my emotions. I was ready to bust!

When I was almost ready to cum, Alex stopped and said, "It might be a thrill to pose naked in front of other men, but I'm the only one that gets to do this," and then he opened his pants and pushed his hard rod deep inside of me.

Alex was really slamming me, and all these thoughts about getting caught naked were making the feeling inside of me build stronger and stronger. I was thinking about pizza delivery guys, gardeners, repairmen, salesmen, neighbors, all of the people that might stop by the house and catch me in the nude, and it was pushing me to the point of no return. We were both so excited that we came in no time, almost simultaneously, and then we held each other as we tried to catch our breath.

Soon Alex got out of bed and said, "See what happens to naughty little girls! This is your punishment for flashing other men!"

Alex made it sound like he wanted me to let other men see me naked. Alex joined his friend and they left for their golf game, but I just laid there in the nude. Suddenly all kinds of crazy thoughts were running through my head.

As I remained in bed naked, I smiled and said to myself, "Wow, flashing other men must be what it takes to get my husband to notice me."

Then I thought about it and said to myself, "Who am I trying to kid? I'm too shy to ever do it again."

However, it didn't stop me from fantasizing and masturbating the rest of the afternoon!

**Exposing Kristy Ch. 02**

An uneventful week went by, and then Saturday rolled around again. I heard noise coming from the kitchen so I decided to kill some time by taking a shower. I made sure the door was locked because after what had happened last weekend, I was afraid my husband would try to bring Pete into the bathroom and let him see me totally nude!

When I stepped out of the shower, I tried to wrap a towel around me. Unfortunately, the towel was too small to go all the way around my naked body so I just held the towel in front of me. I stuck my head out the door and I didn't hear anything so I figured the coast was clear.

In hind sight, I should have gotten dressed first, but I saw no reason not to go into my own kitchen. I should be able to get a cup of coffee even if I am in the nude. However, when I turned the corner, I saw three reasons why I shouldn't go into the kitchen naked...my husband's golf buddy Pete and two guys I'd never met before!

Red-faced, I said, "Oops, I thought I was alone."

The two strangers looked shocked, but Pete and my husband both had a big grin on their face.

My husband said, "Don't worry about these guys. Go ahead and get a cup of coffee."

I said, "I can't, Alex. I don't have any clothes on."

Pete said, "That didn't stop you last week!"

I looked at the new guys, blushed and said, "I wasn't naked. I had a shirt on...I just didn't have any panties on."

Then one of the guys looked at Alex and asked, "Do you always let your daughter walk around naked in front of your friends?"

Alex chuckled and said, "This isn't my daughter...this is my wife," and then he stood up and said, "Come in and meet the guys, Kristy."

I pleaded, "No, this isn't a good time. Don't make me go in there without any clothes on," but my husband put his hand on my bare ass and nudged me into the kitchen.

He said, "This is Paul," and then Paul stood up and reached out his hand.

I had both hands cupped over my breasts holding up the towel so I couldn't extend my hand.

Then my husband said, "Don't be rude," as he grabbed my right wrist and pushed my hand forward.

It forced me to let go of one side of the towel and the towel slipped down, exposing my ripe round breast to the men. My pretty pink nipple was poking out hard as Paul vigorously shook my hand, causing my right boob to bounce up and down. I was extremely embarrassed because all of the guys were examining my bare titty, but I couldn't cover myself up. Paul was gripping my right hand and I was afraid that if I moved my left hand, I would drop the towel so there was nothing I could do except let the guys have a nice long look at my fully exposed right tit. I was just thankful that the dangling towel was still covering my auburn bush, albeit barely!

When Paul finally released my hand, I quickly covered myself up and made sure that I could hold the towel across both breasts with just my left arm. Then my husband introduced me to the other guy named Hal. He had to be pushing fifty and it was obvious that he enjoyed the view of a nearly naked twenty-eight year old girl that still looked like a teenager.

I nodded my head to Hal, but Alex placed his hand on my bare butt and gently pushed me forward while instructing me to shake Hal's hand. I had to lean across the table so I could reach out to Hal and from the corner of my eye I saw Pete looking down at my legs. Suddenly I realized that I had a bigger problem now than I did when I shook Paul's hand.

Even though both of my breasts were now covered, leaning across the table allowed the towel to drift away from the front of my body. Since Pete was sitting right next to me, he had a birds-eye view of my neatly trimmed auburn bush through the gap between the towel and my naked body. Hal held my hand tight and shook hard for a long time, hoping I'd drop the towel.

I was really embarrassed now. Even though I didn't drop the towel, Hal shook my hand for so long that it allowed Paul to move into a position where he could see my pussy hair, too. Of course my husband did nothing to stop his friends from ogling my bare body, which only served to intensify my humiliation.

Finally Hal let go of my hand, so I stepped back and said, "It was nice meeting you."

I tried to walk out of the room backwards to hide my bare ass from the guys, but then my husband asked, "Aren't you going to get some coffee?"

I said, "I'll get some later," but before I could leave, my husband said, "Well maybe our guests need a refill."

As Pete, Paul and Hal all stated that their cups were empty, my husband got up, put his hand on my butt and once again nudged me back into the kitchen. Then he told me to get the pot and fill their cups.

I begged, "Honey, I can't get the coffee pot. All I have to cover myself with is this towel."

Alex said, "You can hold the towel with one hand and pour the coffee with the other hand."

I pleaded, "But there's nothing hiding my backside. Your friends will be able to see my bare butt. Do you really want your friends to see me naked from behind?"

Alex seemed extremely excited to see me in such distress, so he merely said, "You must have wanted them to see your ass. Otherwise you would have put some clothes on before you came in here. Now pour the coffee and then you can leave."

I begged, "Honey, please give me a break. I've never even met these men before and now you expect me to walk around with my bare ass hanging out? What if I accidentally drop the towel? They'll see me completely naked!"

Alex said, "Then don't drop the towel," as he pointed to the coffee pot.

With a room full of men staring at me, I reluctantly turned around and displayed my smooth firm butt to them. I was nervous because I had to lean forward to reach for the coffee pot and the men were so close to me that from their sitting position, I was afraid they would be able to look up between my legs and see my pretty pink pussy lips. This had to be the most humiliating moment of my life.

Finally, I picked up the coffee pot and turned to face the men. My bare ass was no longer on display, but each time I leaned forward to fill a cup, the towel would drift away from my body and expose my reddish-brown pussy hair to the guys. After filling all of their cups, I returned the coffee pot to the warmer and backed out of the room.

I darted into the bedroom, dropped the towel and flopped face down on the bed. As expected, my husband charged in right after me. He carefully inspected my bare butt while gently dragging his finger up and down my sensitive butt crack.

Alex said, "You put on quite a show in there. My friends really like you."

I blushed and said, "I'm sure they do! What middle-aged man doesn't like a younger naked girl?"

With a little more compassion this time, he said, "I'm sorry you were naked when you met my friends for the first time, but admit it...you liked showing off your cute little butt to the guys, didn't you?"

I said, "No, it was humiliating!"

Alex said, "Come on...your butt is so firm and smooth. It had to be a thrill knowing that all the guys were admiring it."

Having my husband tickle my butt crack was distracting, but I said, "This is so new to me. It is so embarrassing for a stranger to see me in the nude."

Then I rolled over and said, "You seem to enjoy parading me around naked in front of your friends, but I'm still not comfortable with it."

He asked, "Then why did you march into the kitchen with only a tiny towel in front of you?"

I replied, "I thought you'd left," but then I grinned and continued, "Well, I guess I was hoping you were still there with Pete, but I was overcome with embarrassment when I saw two strangers sitting there, too."

Alex began making circles over the hard pink nipple on my right breast and said, "I guess it was even more embarrassing when your boob fell out."

I opened Alex's pants and began stroking his rock hard penis as I replied, "Of course I was embarrassed, but I was really humiliated when the guys saw my pussy hair."

He said, "What?"

I replied, "Oh come on, you had to know that they were peeking under the towel at my red bush!"

He said, "You mean they could see this?"

Then Alex reached down and started sliding his finger up and down my extremely moist slit.

I moaned and said, "Yes...um...yes, that's what they saw."

I could feel his manhood getting even harder as he thought about his friends looking at my bare beaver. Suddenly he was overcome by excitement and pushed his rigid rocket deep inside of my tight wet pussy. The sex was even more intense now than last Saturday, but I became embarrassed again when I realized that my husband left the bedroom door open. I don't think the guys were spying on us, but there was no doubt that they could hear us.

Alex kept pushing his manhood in and out, and the tension inside of me started building quickly. I was moaning loudly until I reached the point of no return. When I finally, hit my breaking point, I let out a scream and Alex began grunting and shot his load inside of me.

We held each other until my body stopped shaking, and then Alex was off to his golf game and I went in and took another shower. As the water cascaded down my bare flesh, I thought about what had transpired earlier in the day. This type of behavior was so contrary to my personality. It was so hard to believe that I was becoming a slave to public nudity!

**Exposing Kristy Ch. 03**

The following Friday, Alex's boss invited us over for dinner. John is pushing sixty and he is the CEO of the investment firm that Alex works for. John's wife, Jenna, is in her forties, but she is in great shape and she is very attractive for her age. Their super cute daughter, Holly, was home from college and she joined us for dinner. Holly is actually John's stepdaughter because she is Jenna's daughter from a previous marriage.

Holly is studying to become a fashion designer and she was wearing one of her own designs. It was a blue mini dress with a low scoop neckline. She wasn't wearing a bra and I could see her little titties every time she leaned forward. The dress was so short that her matching blue panties were frequently on display.

I thought the outfit was a little risqué for the occasion, but John never had much control over Holly and Jenna encouraged Holly's sexuality. I also don't think Jenna ever liked me. She used to be the hot young wife, but now the years are starting to catch up with her and she doesn't like the attention that her husband gives me. I guess that's why she has a "show it while you can" attitude with Holly.

A few minutes later, the doorbell rang and their maid, a fortyish Latina woman, answered the door. It was Mike, an investment agent like my husband, who also joined us for dinner. He is in his early thirties and he is very handsome. Mike is single and did not bring a date.

The dynamics at dinner were a little weird. John and Alex talked business, but Alex kept a watchful eye on Holly's low scoop neckline. Jenna was flirting with Mike like a little schoolgirl and Mike was trying to make a play for Holly. However, Holly seemed to be making a play for me!

Holly was sitting next to me at dinner and she is the type of person that talks with her hands. She kept putting her hand on my bare thigh and each time Holly touched me, she would move her hand up higher and higher until her hand was actually under my short skirt. I'd never had a lesbian experience before, but for some reason the gentle touch of her soft hand made me wet between my legs. One time she actually touched my panties and when she felt the wetness, Holly looked up at me and smiled. I was so embarrassed because this was all going on during dinner in front of her stepfather and mother, my husband and Mike.

Later we adjourned to a large room with a big screen TV. John put on a football game and that got the attention of the men. After a few drinks, Holly wanted to show me some of her designs. Holly offered to make a one-of-a-kind dress just for me. I was flattered so we went to another room.

Holly led me into an office that was just off to the side of the main room where Alex, Mike and John were sitting. It had two large sliding doors that Holly closed behind us.

I asked, "So, what kind of design did you have in mind?"

Holly replied, "I can create a drawing for you, but first I need to take your measurements so I know what I'm working with."

Without warning, Holly unzipped the back of my skirt and it fell to the floor. I stepped out of the skirt and Holly picked it up, folded it nicely and placed it on top of a chair that was all the way across the room. As I stood there in just my white panties, white bra and white see-through blouse, the doors suddenly opened and Jenna walked in carrying more drinks. Her hands were full so she didn't close the doors behind her.

Holly asked, "Mom, don't you think you should shut the doors?"

Jenna replied, "Oh those guys are watching the game. They're not paying any attention to us."

I guess I didn't have a say in the matter because nobody asked me. The men were not far away and I was standing there in my panties. I didn't say anything because I always felt intimidated by Alex's boss and his wife. They were the wealthy high society type and they controlled Alex's future.

I'd had a feeling for years that Jenna was waiting for a chance to humiliate me in public. I told Alex about it, but he dismissed it by telling me that I was being paranoid. I suddenly had that feeling again, but I didn't want to cause a scene. Therefore, I went ahead and let Holly take my measurements, even though all three men kept glancing over and checking me out.

Holly unbuttoned my blouse, slipped it off of me, and then she folding it and placed it on top of my skirt. I was now in my underwear and it did not go unnoticed by the men. Next Holly walked behind me and I thought she was going to put a tape measure around me. Instead, she reached up and unhooked my bra.

I put a hand over each breast and shrieked, "Holly, what are you doing?"

Holly's mom spoke up and said, "She needs to get an accurate measurement. You'll need to be naked for that."

I nervously asked, "Naked? But...but what about the men?"

Jenna said, "Oh don't worry about them. They're watching football."

Against my better judgment, I went ahead and released the grip on my breasts. Holly slipped the bra down my arms and walked off with it. Then Holly returned and hooked her fingers inside my panties.

I timidly asked, "Do I have to take off my panties, too?"

Holly looked at her mom and Jenna said, "Yes, you must also remove your panties."

Instead of reaching for my sides, Holly put her fingers in the front and back of my panties. When she slowly pushed my panties down, her fingertips slid through my pussy hair and down my butt crack. After I stepped out of my skimpy undies, Holly took my panties and placed them with the rest of my clothes. I was now completely naked and the doors to the room were wide open. My husband, his coworker and his boss were close by and even though they were pretending watch a football game, it was obvious that I was the center of attention.

I felt tense and I was becoming very suspicious of Jenna. I couldn't figure out why Jenna was calling the shots if this was Holly's project, but Jenna suddenly started acting warm and friendly towards me, which put my mind at ease. I should have kept my guard up, but Jenna lulled me into a false sense of security and I was beginning to feel like I could trust her. Then the doorbell rang and I was instantly gripped by fear.

I put an arm across my chest and a hand between my legs as I yelped, "Who's that?"

Jenna said, "I don't know. We're not expecting anyone else," but then a muscular college aged boy walked into the room.

As I struggled to hide my bare tits and hairy triangle from the boy, Holly nonchalantly said, "Hi Brad. Can you give me a few minutes? I'm kind of busy right now," like it was no big deal that I was standing there stark naked in front of the boy.

He replied, "Okay," but then he continued standing there staring at me.

Jenna noticed my discomfort, smiled and said, "Brad is Holly's boyfriend," and then she turned to him and asked, "Would you rather watch football with the men or wait in here until Holly is finished?"

Wait in here? Was she kidding? I was naked!

Brad chuckled and replied, "I think I'd rather hang out in here," and then he took a seat beside me.

Jenna said, "Well okay, you can sit there, but be quiet. Holly's trying to work."

I said, "Um, hello...naked girl here. Is anyone going to ask me if I want him to stay?"

Holly giggled as Jenna replied, "Kristy, relax. We're all adults here."

Obviously no one cared about my opinion. I couldn't believe it. I was stark naked and Jenna allowed Holly's boyfriend to take a seat and stare at me...as if I was expected to simply accept it as a commonplace occurrence. It was bad enough that I had to be naked in front of my husband's boss and coworker. Now there was another guy looking at me. I didn't think things could get any worse, but I was wrong.

The maid suddenly walked in asked, "Miss Jenna, do you want me to hang up these clothes so they don't get wrinkled?"

Jenna replied, "Yes...that's a good idea," and before I could speak, the maid walked off with my skirt, blouse, bra and panties.

I was so embarrassed because I was the only one naked in a house full of people. However, that was nothing compared to the vulnerability I felt watching my clothes get carried off to who knows where. Now not only was I naked, I also had nothing to cover my nude body with because my clothes were gone.

Then Holly asked, "Mom, where's the measuring tape?"

Jenna answered, "I think it's upstairs."

Holly asked, "Can you help me find it?"

Jenna answered, "Sure," but I demanded, "Wait, you're not going to just leave me here naked in front of Brad, are you?"

Holly said, "Oh don't worry, he'll keep you company," and then Holly and Jenna left the room, but Jenna had a hedonistic smirk on her face as if she really enjoyed the position she was putting me in.

I was mortified! I looked over at my husband and he was sitting there laughing silently to himself. He loved the predicament I was in because he had nothing to do with it.

Brad asked, "So are you a friend of Holly?"

I replied, "No, my husband works for John," and then there was a long pause as Brad sat there and studied my naked body.

Brad wasn't even discrete about staring at me. He had a naked girl trapped in front of him and he was capitalizing on my unfortunate circumstances. I tried to cover my boobs with one arm and hide as much of my pussy hair as I could with my hand, but that didn't stop Brad from gawking at me.

Finally, Brad broke the silence by saying, "I know you. I work at Bruno's. I've seen you come in for lunch."

I said, "Yes, I've eaten there before."

He continued, "Well you should show up on Wednesday nights. They have a wet T-shirt contest and the girl that strips naked usually wins. With your body, you'd win for sure!"

I said, "Sorry, but I'm not into public nudity."

Brad just looked dumbfounded at me and said, "Okay, whatever you say."

Brad didn't say anything else. He just sat there in silence and gazed at me. Brad even scooted his chair up a little closer to get a better view. I tried to cover my breasts and bush the best I could, and I even tried turning away from Brad, but that just gave him an opportunity to examine my ass. I was mortified! It seemed to take forever, but Holly and Jenna finally returned with the tape measure.

Jenna looked at Brad, grinned and said, "I'm sorry it took so long."

Under my breath I said, "Sure, I'll bet you are!"

Jenna took a seat and Holly stood next to me. Then she asked me to put my arms up.

I said, "You want me to what?"

Holly said, "Put your hands on your head so I can measure your chest."

I nervously said, "But...but the guys...they'll see everything."

Jenna said, "Don't worry about them. They've seen tits and pussies before."

I meekly said, "But not mine."

I reluctantly raised my hands above my head and my naked body was now fully exposed to everybody. My firm breasts, round rosy nipples and hairy triangle were right out in the open for everyone to see and Brad, who was only a foot or two away, was not shy about studying my bare flesh.

First Holly tried to take a measurement of my waist. As she guided the tape measure around me, I dropped my hands to cover my breasts, but Jenna quickly stood up and pushed my hands back up on my head.

Jenna said, "Just keep your hands up there. It will be easier that way."

I said, "But she's not anywhere near my chest. Can't I have a little dignity?"

Jenna said loudly, "Oh nobody's looking at your tits so keep your hands up until Holly is done."

Jenna was wrong. Everybody in the house was looking at my tits. Brad was sitting back and carefully studying my nude form while the guys in the other room could hardly take their eyes off of me.

Holly said, "This first measurement has to go from the top of your pussy hair to the top of your butt crack and back around to your pussy hair again."

She tried to take the measurement, caressing my pussy hair and sensitive butt crack in the process, but Holly just couldn't get an accurate measurement...or so she said!

Holly asked, "Brad, can you help me? I just can't seem to do it by myself."

I said, "You want Brad to help you? You want me to let him touch my body?"

Jenna interjected, "Kristy, just relax. They might get done faster as a team."

I said to myself, "Or it might take longer because this will give Brad an excuse to grope my naked body!"

Brad stepped forward and Holly said, "Hold the end of the tape measure here," and he pressed his fingers right up against the top of my pussy hair.

As Holly slowly walked the tape measure around me, Brad let his fingers casually sift through my reddish pussy hair. Holly positioned the tape at the top of my butt crack, and then she came around and took the measurement. Next she took a measurement I'd never heard of.

Holly said to Brad, "Hold the tape at the top of her pussy hair, but this time pass it under her legs to me."

I was mortified. Brad held the end of the tape at the top of my pussy hair with one hand, and with the other hand he dragged the tape (and his fingers) right though my hairy triangle. He even slid a finger across my moist slit, which made my body quiver. Next Holly took the tape measure and dragged it up my butt crack until she reached the top. The measurement seemed unnecessary to me. It appeared as if she invented the measurement as an excuse for Brad to touch me between my legs.

Holly said, "Now we'll measure your chest."

Jenna added, "Make sure Kristy's nipples are nice and hard so you'll get a precise measurement."

Holly said, "Okay mom," and then she licked her fingers and slowly caressed my soft pink nipples.

She made circular motions over my nipples with her fingertips and it was turning me on so my nipples hardened quickly. However, Holly didn't stop there. She started pinching, twisting and pulling on my nipples right in front of everyone. It was a struggle for me not to start moaning, but I held on until she finally stopped.

Holly said, "I think they're ready to go mom," and then she dropped her hands and everyone look to see how hard my nipples were.

My nipples were poking out proudly as Holly positioned Brad's fingers right over them. Brad coyly pinched my nipples between his fingers as he held the tape measure in front of them and Holly took her good ole time getting the measurement. Soon Holly stated that she had what she needed so Brad released my nipples.

I looked over at Jenna and she had a big grin on her face. I don't know if this embarrassing routine was orchestrated in advance, but Jenna sure seemed to enjoy watching me endure such humiliation. She just sat there taking it all in with no regard for my feelings. Finally, Holly said that she needed Brad for one more measurement.

Holly said, "Brad, get down on the floor and hold the end of the tape measure by Kristy's foot."

Jenna said, "Kristy's legs should be wider apart for this one."

Holly said, "Okay mom," and then she place her soft hands on my inner-thighs and forced my legs apart a little further.

Brad held the tape on the floor while Holly stretched it up to my hip. As she slowly took the measurement, Brad seized the opportunity and gazed right up between my legs at my pretty pink pussy lips. I was so embarrassed that my face turned dark red, but nobody was looking at my face. They were all checking out my bare beaver!

Eventually Holly finished taking her measurements and said, "Okay, I think I've got what I need," but Brad spoke up and said, "It might help if you had some pictures, too."

I begged, "Please, you're not going to take pictures of me in the nude are you?"

Jenna said, "Actually, I think that's a great idea," and then she motioned for Brad to start snapping pictures of me with his cell phone.

I tried to hide my breasts and pussy from the boy, but Jenna said, "Kristy, you need to keep your hands on your head so Brad can get some useful pictures," and then she forced me to put my hands back up on my head.

Brad started snapping away. He took full length photos from the front, back and both sides. He took close ups of my breasts, pussy hair and butt crack. Brad even reached between my legs and got a close up of my pretty pink pussy lips.

After what seemed like an eternity, Holly said, "Mom, I think we have enough pictures," so Jenna said, "Okay Brad, that's enough," and she motioned for the boy to sit down.

Jenna asked me to have a seat while Holly sketched a new design just for me. Unfortunately all of the seats were taken so I was forced to sit up on the desk, which made me feel even more vulnerable.

Then the maid returned and asked, "Would you care for another drink?"

Jenna replied, "Yes, please bring a round of drinks for everyone."

A few minutes later, the maid returned with a tray of drinks and said, "Gentlemen, drinks are served," so Alex, John and Mike got up and headed for the office.

I thought to myself, "Oh no, this is horrible. Everyone is going to be in this little office and I'll be the only one naked!"

As the men entered the room, I gave a look to my husband as if to say, "Please help me."

All my husband did was grin and return a look that said, "Damn you look good in the nude."

To make matters worse, John dragged in a few little folding chairs for the men to sit on, which placed them lower than everyone else. With me sitting up on the desk, I felt like I was on stage. I crossed my legs, but some of my reddish pussy hair was still peeking out. I just hoped that my pink pussy lips weren't showing.

I tried to hide my breasts with my arms as I casually sipped my drink, but it was difficult for me to keep my nipples covered. My husband and Mike scooted their chairs over to see what Holly was sketching, but they didn't fool me. Holly had to lean forward in order to sketch and it allowed the top of her mini dress to fall away from her chest. Her small breasts and pencil eraser nipples were on display and the guys studied her little titties carefully. She was either young and naïve, or very comfortable with her body. Either way, she made no attempt to hide her breasts from the guys' prying eyes.

Soon Holly finished her drawing and she wanted everyone to see it. I thought she would just pass the drawing around, but no...Holly wanted everyone to visualize what the dress would look like if I was wearing it so she asked me to stand up.

I said, "Holly, this isn't necessary," but Holly said, "This is how we do it in fashion school," and then she took me by the hands and led me to the center of the room.

I had an arm across my breasts and a hand between my legs in a vain attempt to hide my tits and pussy from the crowd, but Holly looked at me and said, "Oh no, that won't do. You have to stand natural," and then she pushed my arms down to the sides.

Next Holly stepped back and took a long look at me, as did everyone else. I glanced over at Brad and he had his cell phone out, but he wasn't taking pictures. Then I realized he was making a video of this!

Before I could object, Holly moved towards me and said, "Try putting your hands on your head again."

I shrieked, "On my head...I don't think so," but Holly didn't listen and positioned my hands over my head.

There I was completely nude in the center of a room full of people with my hands over my head, my breasts pushed out in front of me, and my auburn bush out in the open for everyone to see. What was even more embarrassing was the fact that I didn't plan on being naked tonight so I didn't bother to trim my pussy hair. Therefore my reddish bush was a little bushier than usual.

Holly began, "As you can see from the drawing, it is a mini dress similar to the one I'm wearing. It will be about this short," and then Holly slowly dragged her fingernail across my thigh where the hem will be.

She continued to drag her finger over my thigh at a level that was equal to the bottom of my pussy hair. When her finger arrived between my legs, she continued to move her finger over to my other leg, but in the process, her fingertip made contact with my little clitty, right in front of everyone.

My body twitched, so Holly stopped and asked, "I'm sorry. Did I hurt you when I touched you there," and then Holly placed her finger right on my love button.

It sent a shockwave throughout my body that almost caused me to drop to my knees, but I managed to reply, "No...no, it doesn't hurt when you touch me there," which made the guys chuckle under their breath.

Holly said, "Okay, then let's start again."

This time Holly moved her finger even slower across my thigh and allowed her fingertip to linger gently over my little clitty longer than necessary, but I managed to hold still this time until she continued moving her finger over to my other thigh.

Then Holly put her finger on my shoulder and said, "The dress will have a tiny strap up here, and a scooped neck that will run down across her chest like this," and then she slowly slid her finger down and across my chest.

Holly's finger bounced over my nipples like they were little speed bumps because my nipples were now hard enough to cut glass.

Holly added, "Of course the dress will hide these," and then she made little circles over my round rosy nipples to show that they would be covered by the dress.

Holly caressed my nipples for quite a while and no one attempted to stop her, including me!

Next Holly placed her finger in the cleavage between my perky breasts and said, "There will be buttons that run all the way down the front," and then she slowly slid her soft fingertip down my chest and over my flat abs.

She paused briefly at my belly button, which tickled a little, and then she headed south right through my pussy hair.

When Holly reached between my legs, she concluded, "This is where the buttons will stop," as she once again softly touched my love button.

Holly was driving me insane as my juices began to flow. Now I had something else to be embarrassed about. The room was being filled with the aroma of feminine juices and everyone knew that those juices belonged to me. I thought the demonstration was about to end, but Holly was on a roll and wasn't going to stop anytime soon.

Holly began sifting her fingers through my bush and said, "Kristy could undo a few buttons, but that would leave this area exposed," as she drew everyone's attention to my pussy."

Holly continued, "Now she could do it if she shaved this area," and the she started dragging all of her fingers through my pussy hair.

I was mortified as Holly pointed out, "See how bushy it is?"

As Holly continued combing her fingers through my hairy triangle, she explained, "All of this hair down here would have to go."

Holly removed her fingers and said, "The area down between her legs must be trimmed, too," and then, without warning, Holly placed her hand behind my right calf and lifted my right foot up onto the desk.

She had me off balance so quickly that I couldn't stop her. Now Holly had my legs spread in front of the crowd and they could see everything. To keep my balance, I had to lean back with my butt against the edge of the desk, which tilted my pussy up and left me even more exposed. If that wasn't bad enough, I glanced over and noticed that Neal was zooming in on my most private area with his cell phone.

Holly said, "Well, I expected Kristy to be hairy down here, too, but it looks like she has this area nicely trimmed. See how these soft pink folds of skin are completely exposed," as the little college girl began moving her finger back and forth across my tight moist snatch.

I heard Mike whisper to Jenna, "Wow this is hot," and she responded by placing her hand over the bulge in his gray dress pants.

Holly continued, "Keeping yourself trimmed down here makes it easy to do this," and then Holly slipped a finger deep inside my wet waiting love hole.

I lost control and let out a loud moan so John stepped up and said, "That's enough Holly. Move on with your presentation."

Holly said, "Okay," and then she slowly pulled her finger out of my pussy and instructed me to turn around.

Holly put her finger on my shoulder and said, "The dress will be backless, so the material will go down like this," and then she drew a line down my back with her finger.

She stopped at the top of my ass and said, "A little bit of her butt crack will show," as she ran her finger up and down the top part of my sensitive butt crack.

Then Holly continued, "But that's how all the sorority girls at school wear their dresses now."

Holly said, "Of course the dress will cover this area," as she ran her finger over the lower portion of my butt crack.

Then Holly paused and said, "However, she'll have to be careful not to bend over or she'll be showing all of this," and then Holly pushed on the small of my back and bent me over the table.

Next she placed her finger on my butt crack and slid it down between my legs until she reached my love button. After massaging my little clitty for a second or two, she moved her finger back the other direction and up my butt crack.

As she continued moving her finger over my most precious areas, she said, "Yep...if she bends over, this will all be on display."

Finally Holly stopped and asked, "Well, what do you think of my design?'

I was still bent over the desk with my bare ass up in the air and my pussy lips on display from behind, but I managed to eke out, "I love it."

Then Jenna told everyone that the show was over. She also asked Neal to stop recording me on his cell phone, but I looked back and witnessed Neal capturing one last close-up of my exposed butt before finishing his video. Jenna ushered everyone into the main room and offered them another drink. She also wanted me to come into the room and socialize, too.

I said, "Jenna, I can't go in there...I don't have any clothes on!"

In a condescending tone, Jenna said, "Oh come now, Kristy. We've all seen everything you have to offer. You no longer have anything that you can hide from us."

I asked, "Well, can I at least have my clothes now?"

Jenna replied, "Certainly," but then she paused and said, "Unfortunately I sent the maid home already and I don't know where she put your clothes, but I'll send Holly to see if she can find them."

I frantically yelped, "You lost my clothes?"

Jenna replied with a smirk, "Don't worry, we'll find them...eventually,'" and then she led me into the main room.

I nervously entered the big room where everyone was gathered and Jenna brought me a drink. My husband was on the other side of the room. Even though he was keeping a watchful eye on me, he had no intention of rescuing me from this humiliating situation. Everyone was now standing around me talking, and I was still stark naked!

John wasted no time coming up to me, and he said, "Kristy, you're a real sport to let everyone see you naked like this."

I sarcastically said, "Well, I can't take all the credit. Your wife and daughter had a lot to do with it."

John, who was a little drunk, smiled and continued, "My wife and daughter tried to pull this prank on one of my daughter's sorority sisters. The poor girl ended up naked in front of Brad and me, but she ran for cover before Holly and Brad could take the measurements. You on the other hand, are a real trouper. You stuck it out through the whole thing," and then he gave me a hug, followed by a pat on my bare ass.

I felt like an idiot. I let Jenna and Holly make a fool out of me, and I was still standing there naked in front of everyone, included my husband's boss and his closest business associate. The two fully clothed men were trying to carry on a casual conversation with me, but their eyes were constantly scanning my nude body. John seemed thrilled because he always showed an interest in me and now I was standing in front of him without a stitch of clothing on Mike just seemed like a guy lucky enough to be standing next to a girl that lost her clothes and he was taking full advantage of the situation.

It seemed to take forever, but Jenna finally returned with my clothes. However, all she gave me was my skirt and blouse. My bra and panties were missing.

I asked, "Jenna, what happened to my underwear?"

She replied, "Holly and I couldn't find them, but you can remain naked while we go back and look for them if you'd like."

I quickly said, "No, that's okay," and then I began getting dressed.

I had been naked in front of all of these people for hours, but now they seemed very interested in watching me get dressed. First put on my see-through blouse and buttoned it, but my pretty pink nipples were quite visible under the veil thin material. Then I stepped into my skirt and zipped it up. As soon as I was completely dressed, it was suddenly time for everyone to go home.

Alex and I got into our car and headed for home. He looked over and saw tears in my eyes so he asked me what was wrong.

I pulled up my skirt and said, "Everyone saw my pussy! How will I face them again?"

Alex said, "It's not that bad."

I countered, "Not that bad? Didn't you see what happened to me?"

While my auburn bush was still out in the open, I started unbuttoning my blouse. Soon my breasts were on display with cars passing right beside me."

As I dropped my blouse on the floor, I said, "Jenna made me stand there topless while Holly did this to me," and then I demonstrated how Holly caressed and teased my nipples.

After my nipples were nice and hard, I moved my finger down between my legs and said, "Holly even touched me here, right in front of everybody," and I started massaging my little clitty.

Alex was having trouble staying in his lane as he watched me unzip my skirt and slide it off. I picked up my skirt and blouse, and then I threw them in the backseat, but when I turned around, I accidentally knocked the door to the glove compartment open and a little light came on that illuminated my nude body.

Alex tried to close the glove compartment door, but I said, "Leave it open so you can see what I'm talking about."

Alex said, "But honey, people in passing cars can see you."

I retorted, "Fuck 'em! At least I don't know them. It's John and Mike I'm worried about. How will I be able to face them again after Holly did this to me," and then I reached down between my legs and parted my pretty pink pussy lips with my fingertip.

I said, "She was moving her finger up and down over my slit and I was getting turned on...and everyone was laughing at me!"

Alex said, "Believe me, no one was laughing at you."

I continued, "Well, I'll bet they were laughing when Holly put her finger in me like this," and then I pushed my finger deep inside of my tight wet pussy.

I started moving my finger in and out, in and out, and I also squeezed and teased my nipples. An eighteen-wheeler pulled up next to our car and he slowed down to keep pace with us when he saw my nude body in the front seat.

Alex asked, "Do you want me to pass this guy?"

I replied, "I don't care. I just want to cum."

Alex and the truck driver almost crashed into each other twice while they watched me massage my breasts and finger my pussy.

Then I started moaning, "Oh Alex, I'm getting so close. I wish you were inside of me!"

That was all Alex could take. He immediately pulled off the highway and turned into the parking log of a 24 hour Walmart. Then Alex jumped in the passenger seat and positioned me over his mighty missile. Soon I was bouncing up and down on his cock as we played the events of the evening over again in both of our minds. Sure there were people putting their purchases in cars right next to us, but we didn't care...we needed this!

I'd been on the brink of an orgasm ever since Holly put her finger in my pussy, so it didn't take long before I was bellowing screams of ecstasy and Alex wasn't far behind. That held us over until we got home, but Alex gave me a couple more orgasms that night before we finally went to sleep.

Was I turning into a slut? I didn't think so because exhibitionism was so humiliating, but I sure liked what followed!

In Alex's next paycheck, he received a huge bonus from John. I asked him if it was a big commission check, but he replied that even though he has been performing well at work, it was my performance that netted him the big check!