**Dani Is Punished, Nude**

by luv2custrip

**Dani Is Punished, Nude Pt. 01**

*Dani must face the consequences of cheating on her husband.*

Dani should have known something was wrong when she came home late from shopping and her husband, David, was nowhere to be found. She called out, puzzled, but there was no answer.

She shrugged and began walking up the stairs to her bedroom. It was early, just past seven, he couldn't have gone to bed yet, she thought.

Just to be safe she put down her packages and went into the guest bathroom in the hallway. She checked herself out in the mirror. She was 34, blonde, and in great shape. Just in case David was mad about something, she unbuttoned a few more buttons on her blouse. He would be less angry when he saw her purchases: very sexy lingerie that she would wear only for him.

It had been a crazy past two months. David had been away on business trips for days every week. Dani had gone a bit nuts: she discovered a Naked Challenge on the internet that required her to be nude in private at all times. That relieved her boredom but not her loneliness.

Then, following the Challenge, she ventured out early one morning for a naked hike into the woods in back of her house. And Mike, her 71 year old neighbor, saw her. Rather than run away and get dressed she had gone boldly to his house, totally nude.

The experience excited them both, and Dani offered to share more naked times with Mike. Their special times together turned more and more into Dani acting out her naked fantasies while Mike watched -- and masturbated.

Finally David was home for good. Their interactions with Mike had seemed awkward to Dani at first. Lately though, David and Mike seemed to have developed a closer bond. They were often talking quietly together, heads down. Dani didn't know if that was good or bad.

She shrugged off her concerns and went to the bedroom door which was closed. If he was in there, if he was in any kind of mood she would pull him out of it with an impromptu strip fashion show. As she kept changing outfits right in front of him, he would inevitably give in and pull her down on their bed. She just hoped he wouldn't rip any of her pretty purchases by ripping them off her body.

She knocked. "David?" she called out, tentatively.

"Come in" he said. "We've been waiting for you."

'We?' she thought. Who's 'we'? Then she opened the door and saw David and Mike sitting in the chairs against the far wall.

"What?" she gasped. "Why...?!"

"Close the door," David ordered. "And lock it behind you. We need to talk."

She went white. She started trembling but she did what she was told.

"Come and stand in front of us."

She dropped her packages on the bed and stood in front of them, glancing frantically back and forth at each of the men in her life.

David cleared his throat. "Mike's been telling me about some very interesting things you two were up to while I was away."

Dani looked up, panicked. "I.. it was... I never meant to hurt... I was just so lonely!"

David looked at her like she was some strange, unknown creature. "You're mistaking this meeting for some kind of trial in which you're allowed to defend yourself. It's nothing of the kind... you've already been found guilty; now we're informing you of your punishment."

"Punishment?!" she gasped. "I don't understand! I know what we did was wrong but --"

David held up his hand. There was something in his eyes that made her close her mouth. She knew him well enough -- he was trying to control himself; he was getting very angry in his own cool, collected way.

"We're giving you two choices... one more choice than what you deserve! There's a suitcase already packed in the closet; enough clothes, cosmetics, personal care items for about a week. There's a hotel room already booked for you. If you choose to leave, you will only be allowed back once to collect whatever else you need."

She was crying now. She felt the tears running down her face. Her face, her whole body felt cold but her tears felt hot.

"If you make that choice," David continued, "I will initiate divorce proceedings after thirty days. It will be on my terms. If you challenge me, all the details of your lovely fantasies with Mike will come out in court."

Dani turned and stared at Mike. "But... Mike..." her voice trailed off. He was deliberately staring at the ground, not looking at her. She didn't want to point to him being complicit, she just couldn't believe that he wasn't defending her.

David forced a laugh. "At first, I was ready to... I don't know what I wanted to do to him! Then I heard all about what you did. Like a lot of men, he was naturally sneaking looks at your legs, your tits and your ass. You are a fucking beautiful woman. And then you go and walk over to him stark naked." He shook his head.

Mike looked up now and made eye contact with her, as if he was trying to tell her something.

"No, I don't blame Mike." David continued. "You used him; you cheated on me. That's why we've come together to agree on an appropriate punishment."

Dani looked at Mike and thought: 'but he invited me over! He saw me naked and he very calmly invited me over.' She knew that Mike had held that part back.

"What -- what punishment?!" she gasped out. "You mean you two... you're giving me another choice?! What... what choice do I have?!"

David leaned forward. "I will give you over to Mike for thirty days. You will be his: completely. You will do whatever he tells you to do unflinchingly. If, at the end of thirty days, we are both satisfied with you progress, that you've fully accepted your new lifestyle, then I will take you back."

If she had thought her emotional state was making her cold, now the shock sent waved of shivers through her body. She was trembling.

"You're talking about..." she trailed off.

"Slavery," Mike spoke out. "You will be my naked slave."

Dani felt like fainting. "You can't... you won't... this can't be real! You can't do this to me!" she wailed.

"Dani," David leaned toward her. "When you married me and I suddenly got the job offer, you left your own job, your friends and your family behind. You have nobody here. You have nowhere to go. Accept it."

She stared at him, at them both; the two men she thought she loved. "Wh... what do you want me to do? What do I have to do?" she gasped out.

"Start by taking off your clothes for me," Mike answered, very calmly. "Everything except panties for now. Shoes, jewelry, everything -- just drop it all on the floor," He leaned back, waiting with arms crossed.

Her brain, her whole body had gone numb. She could see no way except to cooperate-- for now.

For now, she would play her part in their sick games; become an actress in their cruel fantasies. That was it! she thought. This was just one of many fantasies, and she would not allow herself to shed her reality as easily as she was shedding her clothes onto the floor.

She fumbled with the buttons on her white blouse, her eyes stinging. She was trying desperately to do what she'd been told but she was shaking uncontrollably.

"Don't turn this into a striptease," David ordered. "We've already seen it. We've both seen everything. Get your fucking clothes off NOW or we'll rip them off!!"

Now she was frightened as his anger was boiling up and she did the best she could do. Her blouse had just hit the floor as she simultaneously loosened her belt, unzipped her skirt part way and pushed it forcefully down. She kicked it off in their direction, glaring angrily at them and then remembered her shoes. She pulled them off as well, standing awkwardly on each bare leg.

Her bra of course was a problem. Her fingers were all thumbs as she struggled to undo the back. Feeling their impatience with her growing, she pulled hard at the remaining clasps. The bra cups and straps dug into her skin, under her breasts and on her shoulders, leaving painful red marks. Finally she got the offending little garment off. As it fell to the floor she could see that she had ruined it. She had been the one to ruin her own lingerie by ripping it off.

She was breathing hard and she knew the effect it had on her bare breasts. As she tried to calm down she felt their eyes boring into her. For the first time, they weren't looking at her naked as a potential bedmate for the night; they were evaluating her naked as a potential slave.

"Jewelry too," Mike reminded her gently.

She sighed and started with her earrings. She couldn't rush taking these off without hurting herself and she hoped they understood. Her watch dropped to the floor next, then she held out her hands. She had rings on both hands -- so pretty -- including her wedding ring. She numbly slid everything off her fingers, dropping it all to the floor. There was no longer any need to make a production out of shedding her wedding ring. But there was something about a woman being forced to take off her jewelry that went beyond her nudity. It was somehow even more intimate and humiliating to find out that she was not allowed to wear even the tiniest adornment on her bare skin without permission.

"Come closer my dear," Mike asked, once she was done, not unkindly. She stepped slowly forward until she was standing between his open legs, wearing absolutely nothing but her cute little panties.

"Who selected these panties for you to wear today? And who put them on you?" Mike asked.

"I did" she said quietly and hung down her head. She could see where this was going.

"These panties" Mike stated, as he reached around and played with the silky fabric on her ass, "will be the very last item of clothing that you selected to wear for a very long time."

He moved to the front now, stroking the silk lightly, running his fingers just inside the waistband. "I may choose to keep you naked or I may dress you up. But it will be my choice from now on. If I take you out in public, and tell you to take something off, you will do it -- instantly and without question. Do you agree?"

"Yes... sir." She hesitated, not sure what to call him.

Mike smiled. "Yes, I know 'master' is a little too 'I Dream of Jeannie'-ish. That, my dear, is one of the few choices I will leave up to you. Although, you do remind me of a young Barbara Eden with your blonde hair and these delightful curves." He patted her thigh.

"Now, take your panties off and hand them to me, to signify your acceptance of our agreement." He held out his hand.

This was it, Dani thought. There was no turning back. She felt pale and shaky as she pulled her panties down, over her little feet, and handed them to him.

He stuffed them without fanfare into a satchel he had next to him. She saw with some horror that it was the very same satchel they had used to carry accessories for their outdoor, masturbatory fantasies.

He told her to kneel for him and she did so without hesitation. Still into his satchel, he pulled out a black leather collar. The collar had regularly spaced holes lined with metal rings. He had her pull up her hair in the back as he adjusted it tightly to her neck. Her reaction surprised her.

She felt so good that this was something that Mike had chosen for her, that he was actually 'dressing' her. This collar was hers to wear, and to wear proudly. Although she was kneeling, she straightened out her body and unconsciously thrust out her breasts.

"That's acceptance" Mike informed David. "They try to hide it but their bodies always give them away. That's only one reason to keep them naked as much as possible."

He told her to stand up and then he attached a long metal chain with a matching leather strap at the end to her collar. When he was done adjusting it, the chain hung down between her breasts and ended as it grazed the top of her vulva, exactly between her outer lips and over her clit. As she looked down she saw that this was a leash. The leather strap was directly over the opening to her vagina, framing it nicely.

Mike jumped up and stood behind her so quickly that couldn't see what else he was holding. "Put her hands behind you" he ordered. She craned her neck and saw silvery handcuffs.

"Oh no. Oh no" she said. "I can't. You don't need to --"

Mike slapped her hard on her right butt cheek. She gasped.

"A slave does NOT disobey orders!" He leaned in close. "I don't want to hurt you; I don't get off on that at all, but I will NOT tolerate you questioning me."

She put her hands behind her at once, blinking back tears from her pain and her humiliation. She felt her hands being roughly yanked into the cuffs and she felt the cold metal close on them. She was totally helpless. Totally.

"Look at her" Mike was addressing David. They're out there in their power suits, so strong, going to take on the whole world. But they all have THIS under their clothes." He suddenly cupped his hand to her mound, his middle finger grazing her vaginal opening.

She held herself as still as she could. She was beyond squirming; she was beyond tears. She was no longer being treated as a woman; she was being handled as a slave.

"Their bodies," Mike continued, "are designed to attract our gaze. And this opening" he pressed his finger deeper into the sensitive ring of flesh around her cunt "is designed for our penetration. How can they not be viewed as vulnerable; how can they not see themselves as potential slaves?"

"As long as I'm here..." he said and then without preamble he pulled her upper lips apart and, with the fingers of his other hand, dug in just below her clitoral hood. She involuntarily squeezed her inner thighs together at this sudden, intimate intrusion. "Not even hard; not even wet" he announced, shaking his head.

"But that will change" David prompted.

"Oh yes," Mike agreed. "Once she's fully trained, the mere entrance of a man into the room will get her very hard and dripping wet. It will be her automatic response."

They were discussing her as if she wasn't there; worse: as if she was a slab of meat they were considering purchasing.

"Well," Mike said, releasing his grip, "I think she's ready for transport!"

"Get her out of here," David sneered. "This is one time that I will love to see that sweet ass of hers personally out the door."

Mike nodded slightly and started walking, pulling Dani along whether she liked it or not. She sensed David following and she so wanted to be out of the house and away from him.

David opened the back door and Mike led Dani nude under the porch light. She looked around; so many new sensations at once that she was briefly overwhelmed. It was late summer, but the night air was surprisingly cool and damp, especially on her bare skin. She got instant goose bumps all over, and her nipples promptly popped out to new lengths.

Mike was about to take her out on the grass when David spoke out behind them:

"Oh Dani..."

She turned, reluctantly, as Mike paused.

"Mike has graciously granted me spousal privileges to your fair young body. I only have to give Sir Michael fifteen minutes notice and I may then proceed to head over and fuck you. You had better be ready," David warned. "And by ready I mean nice and wet and open for me. Mike doesn't like punishing you: I have several punishments in mind!"

And with that he slammed the door shut.

David started moving again and she was so grateful. She was naked and barefoot on the cool wet grass but she didn't care. Mike's house would be so warm and inviting compared to the cold she was leaving behind that she didn't care what he would do with her -- or where he would chain her. She once again tried to blink her angry tears away and actually try to really feel this experience:

She felt the blades of grass under her feet; the harsh sting of Mike's slap on her buttocks; and she felt her exposed pussy respond to the cool air with a familiar tingling and a special warmth from deep inside.

That warmth and tingling seemed to radiate outward. She was in a condition beyond being simply 'nude' or 'naked': she had never felt so unabashedly female nor so purely and completely alive.

They soon passed the exact spot where Mike had first seen her nude nearly two months ago. But... why had he seemed to be waiting for her? Why did he so calmly invite her in? Had he already come upon her nude in her garden before she knew it, and crept quietly away? Had he been watching her afterward; had he been waiting for just such a awkward, intimate moment for her to be caught off guard; for her to accept his invitation?

She shook off all those speculations as she was all at once lit up by the streetlights between their houses. She looked around wildly as she could now be seen by anyone walking by, or turning around on their dead-end street. But there was no stopping Mike. Besides, what would they see?

She looked down at herself in the harsh, artificial light. She was collared, being led on a leash, was handcuffed, and she was stripped; absolutely stripped. What would they see?

A slave.

Only a naked female slave.

**Dani Is Punished, Nude Pt. 02**

*Dani learns dark secrets as her slavery consumes her.*

(The slave who was known as 'Dani' has been granted permission by her Master to continue her story in her own words.)

As soon as my bare feet touched the cold concrete steps to Mike's sunroom, I felt that I was home. Mike led me, leashed, cuffed, collared and nude, past the chair where I had first exposed myself to him.

How did I feel now that I was bound as a slave?

Michael explained to me during my training that there are three stages of nudity:

The first is our common personal nudity. Our bodies belong to us and us alone; only we choose who will see us nude.

Second is the nudity of the naturist. They have accepted that nudity is their natural state. Still, they only choose other like-minded people who may see them nude.

Third is slave nudity. A slave knows that every inch of her is owned: her master has her naked purely because he enjoys the delightful display -- and she no longer has a choice.

Slave nudity extends to when a slave is allowed clothing. It is a part of her exposing a pretty knee or a thigh in public when she's wearing a skirt; it is in her exposing a glimpse of her round breasts as she casually unbuttons her blouse on a train because it's 'oh so hot.' Any man watching is a potential master and she is trained to act that way.

I was shifting among all three stages that night. I was embarrassed, I was sexually excited, I was in my natural state -- and I knew that I was naked because my master wanted me that way.

He pulled me through his living room which was relatively dark. I already accepted instinctively that he would chain me somewhere in his house.

When we were clearly headed to the kitchen my knees went weak. The kitchen contained the inside door to his basement. Mike had lied to David and me about his basement being unfinished. I had sneaked a peek one day, just looking down the stairs and it was most definitely finished.

David and I laughed about it later, saying that Mike must have "naked blondes chained to the wall" down there.

Oh god: to be his chained naked blonde!

Sadly, he led me past the basement door to a corner of his kitchen. I looked around, confused. There was a blanket on the floor along with various decorative pillows that had been taken from sofas and chairs. Then I saw the chain attached to his butcher block table. The chain had what looked like an ankle bracelet at the end. I sobbed involuntarily, knowing he was going to leave me here.

"Has a slave forgotten to kneel?" Mike asked, ignoring my tears.

"Sorry Master" I said quickly and sank to my knees. I had just called him 'Master' for the first time. I kept my head and eyes downwards, but I could sense how secretly proud he was of me.

He removed my leash but kept the collar on. I was glad: the collar was mine. He knelt behind me and removed the handcuffs. I quickly massaged my wrists then instinctively placed my hands on my thighs.

Finally he attached the anklet to my right foot. He stood up and surveyed his work.

"That chain is long enough to reach the half bath," he informed me. "Your water for the night is over there." He pointed to a bowl on the floor I hadn't noticed. The fact that it was a bowl for a pet animal did not escape me.

"I thought --" he glared at me.

"May a slave speak?" I asked softly, head down.

"You may speak. You're learning fast! You surrendered your panties" he checked his watch "twenty-three minutes ago."

"I was hoping... that a new slave would warm her master's bed tonight."

He actually laughed. "You are a quick learner." He squatted down in front of me. He stroked my cheek, my shoulder, my breasts. "Some masters" he explained, "would taken advantage of a new slave. They would have already taken you, hard and fast."

He dropped his hand to my belly, then stroked my pubic hair. "I know you're not ready for that. I'm giving you time. God -- I'm becoming soft in my old age -- giving more time to a foolish slave only because I already love her!"

I looked at him and more tears came. I thought I was already cried out. "You love me?! What is all this?! You're punishing me, you're taking David's side, you're angry with me!"

He was quiet for a while. "An outburst like that from anyone other than you, and I would already be dragging that slave's naked ass down the stairs, and I would leave her chained to the wall for the night!"

We were both very quiet. Minutes passed. There was a clock somewhere nearby, ticking.

"It's my fault!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Let me speak! Many weeks ago, I came upon one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, working naked in her garden in the sunlight. I crept away. I came back quietly, two days later, at about the same time and there she was again.

"I was enraptured and my brain was racing. I went into the woods one night and came out behind her house. Within minutes I saw what I was looking for. She had no curtains on her kitchen windows and she was still nude."

I gasped. "You were stalking me!"

He was quiet again. "I might as well give you permission to speak freely, otherwise I will be punishing you all night!"

He knelt in front of me and began roughly pinching my nipples. They were so sensitive and he knew I couldn't stand rough play.

"I have clips that will look so good on you..."

"Oh no Master please! I'll be good -- I'm so sorry!!" I fucking hated nipple clips!

He leaned even closer. He bit one nipple, then the other. I tried not to react and I willed myself not to cry.

"Foolish little cunt," he said, amused. He then lightly kissed and suckled my nips until I let out a grateful sigh. All was forgiven... for now.

He continued. "I wasn't stalking anyone. I was evaluating a potential slave."

I went cold. I was shivering from a swirl of emotions.

"I had to think: this woman had hinted about her internet addiction and the strange things she found. It didn't take me long to find the Naked Challenge. This was a good thing -- she was already preparing herself to be nude at all times -- perfect preparation for a slave!"

I wanted to speak but I was afraid.

He could practically read my thoughts by observing the tensing and relaxing of the muscles all over my nude body.

"Go ahead; speak freely."

"How... how did you know about my naked hike?"

He smiled. "I was wondering when you would find the courage to be nude outside your comfort zone, as per the Challenge. Then I saw your hiking boots outside your back door."

"Those boots!" I exclaimed. "They were brand new but they had a such a factory smell, I had to air them out."

Mike nodded. "I was always up early. One morning, there you were. I knew you were already acting out your naked fantasies; eventually I would have introduced you to -- all this."

"But," I said. "This isn't just a game with you. This is real."

He began lightly stroking my body absentmindedly as he collected his thoughts: my shoulders, my belly, my thighs. What else do you do with a beautiful naked woman who is completely yours to command? You enjoy her, constantly.

"I... was given a slave, in a country where that is still practiced. It was under false pretenses -- they thought I was someone important who could be bribed. I... only had her for five days. We spent every waking minute delighting in each other; she in the sheer joy of being owned, being mine to command.

"Then they found out. They took her. I never saw her again." He let out a long breath. "Once a man knows the exquisite joys of owning and loving a woman..." He shook his head. "I couldn't go back."

We were quiet for a while. It was a lot for me to absorb.

"There have been women," he said, breaking the silence. "They claimed to be slaves, but they were only play acting. No one real since Lee-tah. No one real until you."

He stood up and looked down at me as if he was searching my face and my body for something lost. Then he started taking off his clothes.

"What... what are you doing?" I foolishly asked.

He was ripping off his undershirt along with his shirt as he reached for his belt. "I'll tell you what I'm NOT doing: I am NOT giving you up! Only a fool would give up two natural slaves in his lifetime!"

"But you agreed!" I cried out, not believing I was talking about myself this way. "You have me for thirty days! After that --"

"After that, is nothing but negotiations!" He exclaimed, and pulled down his pants, realized his shoes were still on, and plopped down beside me.

"I... I don't understand!"

He unexpectedly put one arm around me and pulled me towards him. I nestled my head against his bare shoulder.

"Everyone has their price," he continued. "I have resources neither of you are aware of. You can't imagine what I will give you: your old job back in the city, international travel. This will be your public life." He managed to pull his shoes and socks off one-handed and started pushing down his jeans.

"But when you come home to me," he continued, ignoring the fact that he was stripping, "you'll undress and kneel, as you are now. You will wait for my assessment. And every night I shall personally bathe you, rubbing essential oils into your skin. You've been preparing yourself for this life with your self-enforced nudity and your immersion into a life of fantasy. Will you take it?"

And with that he pulled off the rest of his clothes and knelt between my open legs.

I looked at him, only the third time I had seen him naked. His cock was long, hard and throbbing.

"I can't wait any longer -- will you take this life?" he demanded.

I was transfixed by him and I was helpless. I had no choice. I breathed deeply in, then out. "I will."

He took a minute to examine me. He found my clit easily this time. He rubbed it and pulled on it and tasted his fingers. "Excellent!"

His probing fingers moved lower, he pulled on each of my puffy inner lips, then pinched them together. He went on to my gaping open cunt and plunged three fingers inside.

I was trying desperately not to resist him and also not to squirm.

Then he abruptly withdrew his fingers and tasted again. "Exquisite!"

I noticed that he wiped his fingers on his body between tastes. It was as if he was tasting wines made from different grapes in the same vineyard.

Satisfied, he moved quickly, positioning himself above me, leaning on his hands and feet as if he was doing the Plank. He slowly lowered himself down, his cock drawn like an arrow to the target of my wet, hot, open cunt.

"I can't believe..." I breathed out, "that you're 71!"

He grinned as he got closer and closer, his purple head a millimeter from entry. "There are many things you shouldn't believe about me!" and he began his slow slide inside me.

I was overwhelmed. I tried to think but I was beyond rational thought. Was this man the old man I thought I knew? Was I being raped or made love to? Did that matter to a slave?

I only knew these things:

His cock. He would plow deep inside me and then hold still. He would pull all the way out and tease my tender folds with his knob. He would vary his thrusts from slow and loving to fast and rough. He would ride me high, then low. He would even rotate his hips or move his body from side to side.

Hot liquid was pouring out from me, and making the pillow he had so sweetly placed under my ass sopping wet.

His mouth: he would kiss me sweetly then thrust in his tongue. He would try to swallow up each tit and, failing that, would take a nipple between his teeth and bite and pull, making me cry.

His hands: they were all over me. His fascination with my breasts was manifest in his groping. Then he would reach under my ass and pull me up towards his body. And I could not resist.

I tried and tried to think: this was the 21st Century. There a space station orbiting the Earth. A woman was a heartbeat away from the Presidency.

And I, a naked slave, was being fucked -- and fucked mercilessly -- on a cold kitchen floor.

And I was loving it.