

ENF House Tour: Naked, Humiliated, and Exposed

WHEN I FINALLY WAKt myself up, there's dozens of missed calls and texts on my phone, my clothes are nowhere to be seen, and I have a house tour scheduled for a buyer in twenty minutes.

I groan as I run my fingernails through my messy bedhead. Or, rather, I would call it bedhead if I was actually lying on a bed to begin with. A fluffy blanket spread out on the hardwood floor and a pillow doesn't exactly count as a bed in my book, but that's my fault: James and I could've brought a futon. Still half-asleep, I yawn, stretch my arms as high up as my shoulder joints will let them go, and smile to myself as fresh, bright sunlight streams in through the parted window blinds. Then I pick up my phone and carry it with me to the bathroom down the hall. My bare feet audibly creak the floor boards as my breasts sway back and forth. I should probably put same clothes on before meeting the buyer. Probably,

I straighten my long, dirty blonde hair into something presentable in the mirror with my hairbrush as I flick through all of my missed notifications. Thankfully, none of them are from the buyer who's supposed to show up soon. Instead, they're all from my lover, James, my sweet. I smile irresistibly just seeing his name and profile picture in my contacts. Five years ago we bought this little condominium to live in together. Now that we've saved up enough money to head to greener pastures, somewhere with much more square footage, somewhere we could settle down, we've decided to sell. With everything packed up and sent to the new house, there was nothing left to do to but say goodbye to the condominium our home before handing the keys away.

It was James's idea to make the most out of our final night in the condo together. As frisky as the man was, I had to admit, the idea was appealing to me, too. In our completely empty bedroom, we made love one more time, enjoying the moment for all of its worth, re-experiencing of memories we made together in this tiny condo before falling asleep together just one more night while we still had the opportunity. It wasn't exactly comfy.rolling my shoulder is evidence enough that I'll be as stiff as a board for the rest of the day but oh, was it fun. And kinky.

Suffice it to say, things had gotten out of hand between us, and my clothes were a total mess from how shall I put it?-his 'inadequate aim. James, embarrassed, offered to take my clothes and get them washed and dried at the new house before the buyer dropped by this morning. Too sleepy and thoroughly fucked to care one way or the other, I said okay. Sleeping naked has always been my favorite activity doubly so for walking around naked so I didn't mind the slight inconvenience. And besides, I didn't need any clothes until the morning after. As long as James gut back to me before the buyer arrived at our dour, being a little 'exposed for a while wasn't going to be an issue.

Well, now it is the morning after, and now I do need clothes. In about fifteen minutes, judging by my watch. And there's absolutely no sign of James or any of my clothes anywhere. Well, that last one isn't stricth true. My high heels and nude colored stockings are still waiting for me next to the blanket and pillow James wasn't so dinmwitted to take all my clothes, good Lord-but it's not like I can put them on without looking even more unprofessional. And feel more naked. That, too. I don't know why, but you always feel ten times more exposed with nothing but shoes on. James texts explain why he hasn't gotten back to me

Sorry, babe, the office called me in so you'll have to give the house tour to Harriet without me. Don't think I'll be able to drop off what you were wearing, but I'm 99% sure we didn't pack everything up in the bedroom closet, so check in there. Text me when you get this. Love

Of course, I never got back to him because I was fast asleep and basically incoherent. I was lucky just getting up on time before the buyer mocked. Realizing this, James called me a couple times, but since I always leave my phone on vibrate, it didn't do him or me that much good.

Babe! Wake up already! another one of his text reads. My cheeks blaze with embarrassment. I've never been this much of a heavy sleeper before. How did I not wake up to this? I'll drop by as soon as I can when my boss isn't breathing down my neck. Text me and tell me how the house tour goes!

I bite my lip. Okay. Time to stop wasting more time

I shut the bathroom door closed and head into the bedroom walk-in closet, but all I find are the remnants of spiderwebs and a dust bunny hanging out in the corner. That, and a single plastic hanger. No clothes.

Suddenly, it hits me just how naked I really am. James and I spent the past two weeks clearing out the entire condominium so we could put it on the market, and I'm confident that we were thorough. No furniture. No decorations. Nothing except for the blanket on the floor and the pillow accompanying. Therefore, if there's none of my clothes in our closet... then there's probably not a stitch of clothes anywhere.

I breathe in deeply, feeling my nerves fry up as the situation dawns on me. Oh, boy.

The first thing I do is call James impatiently as I tap my naked foot in the middle of our completely barren bedroom. No dice. I know what his work schedule is like, and more than that, I know just how much of a controlling ass his boss is there's no way he'll be able to pick up the phone. And even if he could, his office is miles away, definitely more than fifteen minutes away (Well, more like ten minutes now, but who's keeping track, right?) so it's not like James is in a position to help me.

Which means I have to reschedule the house tour. Have to. I'm naked I'm not exactly dressed for any kind of tour! I call Harriet straight away, feeling waves of anxiousness wash over me as I wait for her to pick up. She picks up on the fourth ring, just before it goes to voicemail. Which shouldn't be a surprise to me. She's probably on her way here, if not in her car then out in the parking lot before heading up to the condo. And sure enough...

"Hey Stephanie, was it again? We're still on for today, right? I'm just finding parking now. I'll be up there in a bit." "Oh, good, good!" I say, my cheeks fiery with embarrassment, sweat beading all over my naked skin. "That's wonderful. I'm.... already at the condo I'll be right there with you when you get up. Uhm..."

"Perfect! I'll see you in a bit" Harriet says, excited as ever. We've only ever spoken over the phone, but I can tell that she's been excited about this condo ever since she reached out to me. In this housing market and this economy, people like her are a blessing. Which is why the last thing I want to do is send her back home empty-handed.

But before I can get another word in, I hear the dreaded click on the other end. No more phone call. Harriet is officially on her way.

Crap, crap, crap.

I run around the house, searching everywhere, every nook and cranny, to see if James and I left something behind that I can use. My breasts slap against my chest as I dash down the hall. Obviously, everything in the condo isn't particularly useful to me. Oh, the blanket, the curtains, welcome mat I could use to cover myself, and those would do rather nicely, but I can't just cover myself if I'm going to give a house tour of all things. I need clothing. Actual clothes! Something! Anything! Harriet is expecting me to be there at the door dressed sharply, or at least modestly, but unless I can find something I'll be at the door dressed in nothing at all. Except a smile, if that counts

(Of course it doesn't count)

Nothing in the bedroom. Nothing in the kitchen. Definitely nothing in the hallway cabinets. Ugh, why did we have to clear everything out? Why couldn't we have just left this place furnished!? Oh, the sentimental value, James said! The sentimental value was just so important

It's clear after the third sweep around the condo that the only 'clothing' available to me is the blanket James and I brought with us. So it'll have to make do. I won't be able to give a house tour with a blanket wrapped around me the entire time... I'll have to somehow get Harriet to leave before she comes inside. God, it's going to be so awkward and embarrassing. Absolutely humiliating. But what other choice do I have?

I roll my eyes, mostly at myself, but also at my stupid boyfriend, as I wrap the blanket securely around my slim, petite body. It immediately falls off and collapses on the ground the second I try to move with it on. Of course, it's too big and too heavy to be worn like this. On top of that, it's too long, too-11) basically be dragging it along on the floor the whole time. Not exactly practical, even if I could somehow play it off to Harriet as a unconventional dress of some kind.

What about the pillow? I'm pretty slim and short. Maybe...

...God, how did my life come to this that I just uttered the question what about the pillow.

The pillow has the opposite problem that the blanket has. Even if I could cut a hole through it so I could use it as a tube top, I'd still be bottomless and barefoot. There's no way I can greet Harriet 'dressed' like that. But it's also better than absolutely nothing, so may as well try it. If only I can just find a pair of scissors-

"Stephanie I'm here"

I freeze up, and my heart stops. My nipples harden like glass, and my thighs shiver ever so slightly. With the windows open, a cool, autumn breeze comes in that sends a chill up my naked spine, tickling every bare inch of skin it can reach. I realize I'm getting wet. I've always liked being naked, especially in front of James where I can show off. But now is not the best time for it!

Ugh. I can't believe I'm going to have to answer the door like this.

"Uhrn... I'll be there in just a second!" I say hectically as I rush into the living room close to the front door. I pace back and forth,

ass shaking, breasts swaying. I feel so naked. No, feel isn't the right word. Am. I'm absolutely butt fucking naked and the buyer is right at the door! I can't greet her like this! I can't greet anyone like this!

Olca. My only option now is to get her to leave somehow, But she already knows I'm at the condo. So what possible explanation could I come up with? A rat infestation? Black mold? Noisy next door neighbors? No-those are all bad ideas. I still want to be able to sell this damn place afterward once I get clothes on, and risking a negative review won't do me any favors. No, I need to think of a better excuse than that. But what?

I'm wasting too much time. Breathing in deeply to settle my nerves to the best of my ability, I unlock and slowly open the door. Not too much. Just an inch so I can poke my head through the door frame, squishing my breasts against the other side as closely as

possible. Immediately I spot Harriet on the other side, waiting patiently. We lock eyes straightaway. Crap. "Oh, hello!" Harriet says with a pleasant smile across her face, holding her purse close to her shoulder. "It's so nice to see you! May I come in?"

"Uhm, hello, Harriet!" I say. My face is so hot with embarrassment that I can hardly think straight, much less string a coherent sentence together. I have to lean forward at such an awkward angle that I'm at eye-level with Harriet's chest, and it's so, so obvious that something is wrong. A gracious host would be opening the door wide first thing and letting her guest in. Not holding the door so close

to her as if her life depended on it like at the end of Titanic. God, I'm such a mess. I should've just canceled! Why didn't I just cancel? "May I come in?" Harriet asks, seemingly oblivious as she rummages through her purse for her smartphone. "Oh, gosh, you wouldn't believe the traffic I took to get here. I left thirty minutes early and I still couldn't beat the traffic. Can you believe it? Hopefully it's not as bad as here!"

I'm pretty sure that if Harriet did arrive at the condo thirty minutes ago, I would be dead by now from humiliation shock. Then again, the situation isn't much different, is it? In both cases, it's not like I had time to get clothes. "Uhm, yeah! The traffic is usually not that bad here. The public transportation is really high-quality... The roads are well-maintained... Uhm..."

Honestly, even under normal circumstances, this would be a terrible way of selling this condo. Public transportation? Is that really the best thing you can come up with on the spot, Stephanie? I know you're distracted, but still! Ugh!

Not that Harriet is paying any attention. Not that she's paying any attention at all.

I blink as Harriet scrolls through her phone and marches forward, seemingly unaware that I never actually opened the door for her. I throw out my hand to stop her advance, but it's too late. She bumps into the door, pushing it and me back and causing me to stumble backward a couple of steps more than enough for me to lose the 'coverage' the door offered me. With the door wide open,

bright sunlight streams into the room, shining down on me as if the sun rays were a searchlight.. Harriet sees everything. Absolutely everything. She blinks once, then twice, before blushing just as heavily. "Oh!

I bite my lip, immediately throwing my hands over my body, doing my best to cover myself in a handbra and handpanties. Neither do they do much for my modesty except make me look like

I'm groping myself. If I could, I would part my hair over my breasts. like a bad version of Lady Godiva, but I just got my haircut this week to shoulder level. No dice. I freeze up into a statue, not moving a single muscle. I'm inside after all, and there's no furniture in the condo, so it's not like I can cover myself behind anything. Although the island in the kitchen would've worked... Ugh. You really didn't think this through, Stephanie. Not. One. Bit.

"You're naked," Harriet says, stating the obvious. As if I had simply forgotten to get dressed this morning. Transported my entire wardrobe to the new house and accidentally left my clothes, ton. Actually, that's exactly what happened, isn't it? "...I'm naked," I say, blushing so hotly I think my face must be beet red. "It's a very, very long story."

"I can imagine" Harriet says as she steps across the threshold and starts pacing around the room, inspecting the walls, coming into the kitchen and trailing her fingertips over the island. I blink as Harriet takes all of her attention off of me. I don't know what's stranger this situation, or her. "Gosh, I love the look of this place already. Over the phone, you said that this neighborhood is pretty safe?"

I blink, my brain in the process of rebooting itself. "I-yes!"

"Oh, that's good. I know that every area in this city isn't too bad, crime-wise, but it's always good to check" She turns back to me. "Mind giving me a tour of the rest of the place? That was the plan, wasn't it?"

I bite my lip. "That was the idea, yes," I say my heart thumping so loudly in my chest I don't even hear myself speak. My nipples harden, so hard they're poking through the spaces between my fingers. "I'm sorry, I just thought you would run away screaming the moment I open the door. Uhm, yes, I would love to still give the tour! If you don't mind my temporary lack of... you know. Clothes."

Harriet giggles sweetly, holding the pump of her hand close to her mouth. How compassionate and easy-going this woman must be to barely care at all. It's almost unreal. "It was definitely a shock, for sure!" she says setting her purse down on the island. "But I did get the sense that something was off when you called me a few months ago, so I was already somewhat prepared for it. I really don't mind that you're naked. But yeah, maybe the story explaining why you're like this would be good!"

Where do I even begin with that one? I think as I start zambing on. Well, I start with the obvious. I explain that I slept here with my boyfriend last night, as the condo has sentimental meaning to us. I explain that we got hot and heavy together, and I explain that things got... well, messy, enough that my boyfriend offered to take my clothes and wash them while I slept overnight. I explain that he was called into work suddenly and couldn't make it back on time. And I explain that I overslept, leading us to the absurd situation we're in right now

Harriet listens carefully, holding back her laughter for my sake until the very end. "Oh my. That sounds absolutely humiliating.

I would die if that happened to me. Oh, dear."

You're not wrong there, I think, still blushing

"But, it sounds like it was just a plain old accident, right?" Harriet asks. "Sometimes that just happens. How about we proceed with the tour, and afterward I can rush up to the store and get you something to wear in case your boyfriend can't drop by soon?"

My eyes open wide, and I let go of my arms, letting my breasts hang free again. This person is an angel. One that I don't deserve.

"You're still considering the condo after all that?"

Harriet smiles innocently: "Why not? Nothing you said makes me any less interested in the place. Doesn't suggest that any part of it is poorly maintained. Is it a little silly? Of course... but no reason that I should consider looking elsewhere for now! So yes, I'm still considering"

I breathe a sigh of relief. "That would be lovely," I say. "Okay. Let's finally do the house tour I was planning to give you all along." Naked, I think, because Harriet could've easily offered to grab some clothes for me first. Butt naked.

The tour goes well, more or less, even though I'm so distracted by the situation that I can't list off the bullet points I had drilled in the mirror just a few days ago. The juxtaposition of my own naked body and Harriet's semiformal pencil skirt and blazer as we walk down the hallway is absurd, to say the least of it. I'm intimately aware of how my body moves with every step of the tour. How my breasts sway incessantly when I move. How my thighs rub together. How the soles of my bare feet brush against the floorboards. I've walked around naked in the space dozens, if not hundreds of times over the years, of course, but for the first time, I really feel it. Every sensation. Every draft, every breeze. Of course, I could've put on my stockings and high heels to cover up my skin somewhat, but that would've only heightened the contrast of my exposure. Bringing more attention to my chest, my crotch, my ass.

"No noisy neighbors, I take it? No evidence of any break-ins recently?" Harriet asks as we inspect the two bedrooms. Something about standing in these empty spaces makes me feel even more exposed. No couches or potted plants to act as cover. No decorations or paintings on the walls to attract attention away from me. Just me. As if I were standing on a stage in front of a massive audience. Although this audience just has one member. Harriet

Somehow, Harriet and I have a genuine conversation about the condo and all its pros and cons. At first I suspect the reason she was okay with me being nude was that so she could use it as a bargaining chip to get me to lower my price but to my surprise, she makes no effort to do so, even though the opportunity is there. Maybe she has nudist friends or something and is just that accepting. Or maybe she's a nudist herself. Or maybe she just sees the humor in a total accident. Does it matter?

In the end, I'm naked, and she's clothed, and all I can think about is that simple fact, and it makes my heart weak and my knees all wobbly, and it makes my pussy so fucking wet that I just can't stand it. I'm just glad I have some pubic hair just enough so Harriet can't see how wet I am with my legs closed. I'm just barely able to hold it together enough for her to see every room in the place and ask every question of hers that comes to mind. And ah, boy, are there a lot of questions. Obvious ones. Easily searchable ones. Ones about me and James just to stretch out the tour even further. I can tell from the smirk on Harriet's face that she likes seeing me all flustered. I wouldn't be surprised if this is a story she tells for the rest of her life. To friends, coworkers, random strangers-anyone who'd listen. Because wouldn't you, if you dropped by to a house one day to check it out only to discover the house owner is naked, and that's how the tour is going to go?

So, so embarrassing.

After about thirty minutes, once we've talked about virtually everything under and over the sun, Harriet seems satisfied that the condo is to our liking. She smiles pleasantly at me as we walk back to the front door. "Well, Stephanie, I think I love the place, I do," she says. I can tell from her tone that she genuinely means it. James and I weren't dishonest when we put the condo up for listing. The pictures we put up were very representative, if not outright candid. "I still want some time to think about it, if you don't mind, as it is a big purchase and all."

I nod understandably. Probably a good thing for my sake. I would prefer greatly prefer if I were dressed for the occasion. "Please, take your time," I say as I open the door for her. "You can always reach me by text or by call. Uhm. Thank you for being so..."

I trail off. God, drawing any attention to my nudity has a way of making me freeze up. This is the kind of thing you never have the words for. Because what was I supposed to say? Thank you, Harriet, for dealing with my naked butt. You could've ran away screaming

but you're secretly the most understanding person in the world. You're a saint. Then again, somehow about Harriet's expression tells me that she knows all that without me even saying it. "Oh, it's fine,"

she says as she steps across the threshold. "Like I always say, accidents happen! Life wouldn't be very interesting everything went according to plan, now would it? It's a bit embarrassing for now, I'm sure, but in a few weeks I'm sure you'll be laughing about this with your friends. Laughs always help!"

I bite my lip. Yeah, except for James, this story is going with me to the grave. I don't think my adventure giving a naked house

tour is what I exactly imagine as party talk.

"Thank you, Harriet, for everything." I say as I breathe a sigh of relief.

"Do you still want me to run up to the store to grab you some clothes? I don't mind at all," Harriet offers. I blush, considering it. She really is a saint, this woman. "Oh, no, no. It's okay. My boyfriend should be dropping by very soon. I

don't want to delay you from the rest of your day. It's totally okay. But thank you for offering really." Harriet giggles, and after we exchange goodbyes, she leaves for the stairwell on the far end of the complex. I watch as she rummages for her phone in her purse and calls somebody as she walks away. "Hey, Zoe?" she says in a low, faint whisper. "Yeah, I just finished checking out the condo I was talking to you about. Listen, girl, you have to listen to this. Do I have a story to tell you! Where do I even begin... Oh my God..."

I bite my lip, my thighs tingling.

I shut the door behind her, turn around, and slowly slump down against the door as I land on my bare butt. My heartbeat is still racing. My entire body is tingling with adrenaline. And I feel naked. You'd think I'd have gotten used to it by now... but nope. If anything, I'm more aware of my body's sensations than ever before. My hand sneaks its way between my legs, and finds wetness sticking my thighs together. I'm so unbearably horny that I just can't take it. It's hard to pinpoint why. Was it the embarrassment? The total humiliation? The fact that I didn't have any clothes to wear at all? Stuck completely fucking naked in a front of a woman giggling and smiling at nudity... Oh, she was so kind and considerate about it all... but still...

"Fuck," I whisper softly in the quiet, vacant space, my voice echoing down the hall. It feels so good to touch myself like this, to rub my thighs up and down, sending a cool shiver up my spine. I've been naked for how long? Hours at this point, definitely more if you consider that I slept naked, too. So much time spent like this..

I grope my breasts, feeling pleasure all throughout my body as I flick my nipples over and over. At this point, I just need to cum. I stand up and walk across the condo just long enough to grab my blanket and pillow before returning to self-pleasure. I spread my legs as far as they can go, then enter myself.

I gasp, my voice echoing and echoing. With Harriet gone, I don't hold back. I finger myself until I'm so close to orgasm that my thighs quake with pleasure. My heart nearly gives out on me, and my skin--no, my whole body tingles.

It takes a tremendous amount of effort to keep my voice down as my orgasm sends shockwaves of pleasure throughout my entire naked body. I close my eyes and rest there for what feels like hours afterwards. I didn't sleep too well to begin with today--for obvious reason, that's why I woke up late but now, I'm really feeling tired.

There's a dumb smile on my face when James drops by with the clothes he was supposed to give me hours ago. "Just what in the world happened with you?" he asks, stunned once I tell him that the tour was actually a complete success. His confusion doesn't help when I kiss him on the cheek passionately, as if we just want a million bucks. "You're going to have to call me about all this, you know. Like, once we get to the new place."

I blush, biting my lip as I throw my clothes on, covering myself for the first time in hours. In the very end of it, Harriet said it best when she was talking to her friend over the phone where I even begin....

THE END