**Exploring the New Me**

by GeorgieH

After discovering new desires, it's time to explore them.

After the twins' birthday dinner, and more to the point after the effect Wendy and a bottle or three of wine had on me, I was in a state of shock for a week or so. From a shy, demure (honest!) young woman who had never so much as accidentally flashed a guy, I was suddenly thinking all sorts of strange things.

Whenever I looked into Dave's eyes and saw that he was thinking about that wild night, I would start to tremble with excitement. Whenever I thought about his brother's eyes on me as Wendy and I got more and more daring, the trembling was worse.

I spent those days trying so very hard to make sense of what I was feeling, what had changed within me. And even when I did finally work out what was going on, I then had to get myself to believe it...

Quite simply, it was the daring of the act itself -- doing something so wild and liberating... and best of all, it was the thought of me doing it. When my husband's brother had seen me like that, and when my own husband had got so turned on by his brother's eyes all over me... it kinda blew my mind. It set a wild part of me free that had been chained up my entire lifetime. And the pleasure I got out of it was like nothing I'd ever experienced before.

But after managing to be that honest with myself, what on earth was I supposed to do next? Part of me just knew I had to experience something like that again -- but the old, shy part of me just didn't have a clue what I was going to do about it.

I was so confused that I thought I was going slightly mad -- until Dave finally had enough of my sudden silences and little spells when I lost myself in thought. One night he sat me down and talked and talked and talked until I finally admitted what was on my mind.

When I'd finished explaining, all shame-faced and embarrassed beyond belief, to my shock, he laughed, pushed me back onto the bed, ripped off my panties and without a second of foreplay began to make love to me. Okay, he fucked me.

And it was heavenly.

For the next couple of days we talked about ways I could start to explore this whole new side of me. The trouble was, the shy part of me, the sweet, demure me, just couldn't face actually carrying out some of the lovely ideas Dave came up with. Plus, I was adamant that I wouldn't replay the whole birthday night thing because that had nearly gone further than I would have been comfortable with afterwards.

I couldn't imagine that I could ever deliberately show off to another guy and we couldn't come up with a plan that would let me try it out and make it seem like an accident -- which was what we had pretty much agreed was the only way forward.

Then Dave had a great idea for a compromise. He suggested that we find a way for me to be almost naked or to be doing something very normal and yet doing it in a daring way that no one else would know for sure I was doing...

It was last summer when he finally gave me a suggestion I thought I could actually go through with. It was simple, it should leave me unembarrassed, and it would make me feel so very daring. Quite simply, we would take a long ride on the tube trains here in London, but with me wearing just a raincoat -- absolutely nothing underneath.

The thought of being so exposed under the coat with so many people, so many guys, so close to me, had my pulse racing. No one would -- or should -- get to find out, but it could be a very, very close thing...

It sounded simple and foolproof, and with Dave promising to stay right by my side though it all (and having promised a totally serious oath not to interfere), I just knew that I could do it.

Even then, it took me a fortnight to pluck up the courage to go through with it, and another week to find a coat that was light enough that it didn't look to weird to be worn in summer, and which covered well enough for me to be sure that I wouldn't be accidentally flashing someone if I moved in a certain way.

We chose a weekday late morning for the real deal run, and the circle line which should be busy enough to make things hot, but not so busy at that time of day that I risked being crushed when dressed like that.

When it was time to walk down to the station, Dave made me stand naked with the coat wide open in our hallway for five minutes before we stepped out into the street -- making me feel totally and absolutely exposed under the thin material of the coat. It also made me feel so incredibly daring that when we did actually step outside, I began to worry that I might just have an orgasm before we reached the end of the street.

The breeze was light but it reached under that coat and caressed my naked flesh. And positively intimated itself in my private places.

The hem of the coat was a couple of inches above my knee -- and would be a little higher than mid-thigh when I sat on the train -- and the top button was fastened at the same level as the very top of the upper slope of my small breasts. The way the wind felt, I could have been just as easily naked.

If I thought just walking along the street was fantastic, when we finally boarded a train and I could see four guys within a few feet of me, I thought I might whimper out loud. Dave was obviously becoming aroused as well, which certainly wasn't helping me!

I had thought that as our journey progressed I'd get more relaxed, but I was in for a shock. The hem of the coat was, as I said, mid-thigh when I was sitting there on the train but it sure felt a whole lot higher and I had only been on there twenty minutes when I just stopped myself from crossing my legs. About five minutes later a guy got on and sat directly opposite me and quite openly eyed up my legs which almost had me wriggling in my seat. But the best was yet to come.

The Circle Line passes through the Embankment station just by Charing Cross and when we stopped there it was like a whole trainload of people clambered on. A guy ended up standing right in front of me, strap-hanging and reading a paperback. With him in the way I couldn't see if the guy opposite was still eyeing up my legs, and I took the chance to lean forward, hold onto the hem of my coat and shift my legs to one side. But when I sat back and looked up, the guy standing in front of me was staring openly at the top of my coat.

I just knew that it must have gapped a little as I leant forward and a thrill run through my whole body. My hand tightened on Dave's and I glanced at him to see him smiling broadly -- he'd seen the guy looking and loved it.

My strap-hanger stayed where he was long after there was room to move down the carriage and the longer he stood there, the hotter I was getting. Finally, just as we're slowing down into Liverpool Street, the guy folds up the paperback he's read like one word of and reluctantly lets go of the strap. My mind was whirling and I acted without even thinking.

I leant forward, pretending to be getting ready to stretch my legs into the space he was leaving, smoothing down the bottom of the coat. I glanced up as the guy's eyes bulged and then quickly looked down at the front of my coat. I hadn't realised just how much was on view, and the sheer shock at the sight of my own nipples made my heart jump into my throat.

I sat back, looking anywhere but at the guy, and squeezed Dave's hand so tight that I felt him wince.

The guy was hesitating and I couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted him to stay or go. I was a little bit scared but a whole lot excited. When the guy finally let out a low whistle and then dashed for the doors, I almost had a spontaneous orgasm (and that was exciting beyond words, as well).

It was a real case of 'thank you, lord' when we were able to dive off the train ourselves two stops later and run back to our flat near the Barbican. Even then, I didn't think I was going to make it inside without losing control -- a situation totally not helped when Dave flicked open the top button of the coat on our doorstep.

It had gone further than we had planned -- but my excitement was way beyond anything I could have imagined. Dave fucked me in the hallway -- up against the wall, with me still in the coat -- and my shouts when I come were the loudest and most meaningful of my life.

Right from the second we got off that train, I just knew that something fundamental had changed in me -- no matter that it all still petrified me -- and I also just knew that it wouldn't be long before I was trying something else.

And of course, Dave was right behind me. And on top, upside down, in the shower... you get the picture. It was mostly his reaction that gave me the strength to carry on... or maybe, it was his reaction that made me quite so desperate to carry on.

The very next weekend, we booked a hotel room in Brighton and headed off for the coast with a whole new plan.

Saturday night (after an afternoon of non-top sex which did nothing to quench my desire) found us in the bar of this hotel, sitting a few stools apart at the bar, near the dance-floor. I was wearing a little number that we'd chosen together at a nice shop back in London, and I was feeling as daring as ever before. The back-less, silky dress had a halter top with a tiny tie at the back of my neck. The front was in two panels, fitting loosely across my boobs, and the skirt came just above my knees with a long split up to my left hip that could only be seen when I took a long stride or when I crossed my legs on the barstool. Which I did.

It wasn't long before I was being offered drinks from 'the gentleman down the bar' -- three different gentlemen during the first hour. Finally one of the gentlemen, a cute young guy in an expensive suit, plucked up the courage to actually come up to me, and as he approached I could see his eyes getting wider. He was almost stammering when he got there and asked if I could care for a dance.

I guess he couldn't believe his luck when I said 'sure'. He certainly couldn't when I slipped off the barstool and bent down to straighten the skirt of my dress. I could feel the front panels hanging forward, the warm air of the bar feeling cool as it stroked my already rigid nipples which were now in plain view of my would-be dance partner.

I straightened up and ignored his bug-eyed look, leading the way to the dance-floor where a slow number was playing.

The guy didn't immediately hold me close -- he was too eager to catch another view down my top I think -- but my mind was so feverish, I didn't care. He took one of my hands in his and placed his other hand just above my left hip. Somehow he managed to make small-talk -- asked me my name, where I lived and so on -- and somehow I managed to answer.

When the track changed to another slow one, I made no move to go back to my stool and the guy -- Julian -- grinned like the proverbial cat. Well, I was getting kinda creamy... Anyway, a few seconds into the track, his hand slipped from my hip and travelled a little lower.

Now like I said, I was wearing this sexy dress. And nothing else. And after a few seconds, Julian worked this out.

Dave and I had a signal worked out for when I needed rescuing and when Julian's hand roamed right onto my butt, I almost waved to Dave -- but as Julian did this we moved closer -- close enough for me to feel the erection in his suit trousers. Even though I knew that this should be the reaction to the way I was dressed and the way I was behaving, it somehow still surprised me -- and sent my pulse rate soaring.

When Julian then asked me whether I was with anyone, I knew exactly what was on his mind and just couldn't help myself but press against him. Somehow I managed to say that I was, but that my husband wasn't here yet, and that Julian wasn't to worry anyway.

He asked me four times whether I was sure, absolutely sure, totally sure and completely sure. When I nodded, my head now on his shoulder, he let out a whistle and said "then I just gotta tell you, you are one sexy woman".

I could barely draw enough breath to say thanks, and wouldn't have managed it at all if Julian's hand had moved from my hip and up my side before I'd said it. When his fingers hovered on my ribs, the tips on the bare flesh of my side, I just held my breath and danced on.

Scarcely believing I was letting him do this, I didn't so much as flinch when his hand slid higher, a few millimetres at time. When he paused and asked me yet again whether I was sure, I just shushed him.

The pause seemed endless until finally his thumb moved upwards, it pad brushing across my nipple. I groaned softly -- I didn't have a choice -- and louder when he slipped his palm over my breast, cupping it fully for a few seconds.

It might have gone further but I felt the first flutterings in my belly that heralded an imminent need. I told Julian very quickly that I'd just seen my husband, that it was all ok, that I really enjoyed everything, and then spun on my heel and dashed over to Dave.

He took one look into my eyes, and I into his -- and we almost ran for the lift.

As soon as we were inside we started to kiss -- those desperate, needy kisses of the truly horny -- and Dave's hands were all over me. When he yanked the top of my dress aside, baring my breasts, I just groaned with pleasure. When he whispered 'don't you care if someone gets in?' I just kissed him deeper. Dave's hand slid into the split at my hip and his fingers quickly found another, hotter, wetter split. As they entered me I started to spasm, almost out of control.

The lift stopped, the doors opened, and Dave moved me so that I was up against the edge of the open door, stopping it from shutting. I needed to get back to the room, needed to come so bad, and I tried to tell him this.

Then I saw the look in his eyes. The smile. He wasn't going to give me the time... The shock of this took every last vestige of control away. I looked down at my bare breasts and started to orgasm right there in the lift doorway.

I'm loud at the best of times, but now I was beyond caring about anything and let out a series of yells as I climaxed so very, very hard. And just when I thought it couldn't get any better than this, the door at the end of the corridor clattered open.

The realisation that it wasn't just me that was coming had me gasping as I orgasmed again. We were going to be caught and I was loving it.

As the footsteps grew louder, my orgasm reached new peaks. And when Julian stepped into my line of sight, I screamed with pure unadulterated delight.

I could barely hear for the rushing in my ears, but the words 'fucking awesome' from Julian kept the waves of pleasure coming, and the words 'feel them if you want' from Dave made it though the white noise.

I stared in disbelief and delight as Julian's hands appeared and started to caress my naked breasts, Dave's fingers working a magic like never before in my pussy. One final massive wave of ecstasy crashed through me and the next thing I knew, I was being held upright by my husband and this stranger I had met just a few minutes before.

Somehow I managed to say a silly-sounding 'thank you' and then started to laugh with pleasure.

Dave and I thanked Julian again after I had pulled my dress back into place, and Dave offered to have Julian's suit cleaned -- since it was stained rather a lot at the front of the trousers.

Finally, though, I lost my nerve (don't laugh) and we dashed back to the room.

That was last summer. I've been exploring my new-found inner naughty girl a lot more since then. I'll tell you all about it very soon...