**I Became an Exhibitionist**

by**[topcattopone](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=600608&page=submissions)**©

**I Became an Exhibitionist Ch. 01**

I have become an exhibitionist. My name is Paula and I have been married to Dave for three years, we are both 28. We don't yet have any children but we are hoping to start a family soon. This is the story of how I started to enjoy exhibiting my body.

It all started when we went to Corfu for a fortnight a few years ago. It was right at the start of the season but it was pleasantly warm even in the evenings. We had gone with another couple, Cass and Stuart. They have been friends of ours since before were married. Our holiday apartments were next door to each other in the village of Dassia between Ipsos and Corfu town. Naturally enough Cass and I went topless on the beach as did most of the women there. Seeing some of the sights on the beach, I did not feel too bad about my size 12-ish body. We had a great deal of fun frolicking in the shallows wearing only our bikini bottoms.

In the evening we would walk down a track about 800m to the main road and choose one of the tavernas in which to eat. The lads would wear open necked shirts sometimes with shorts and we girls would wear sun dresses. It was too hot to wear bras which pleased the lads no end. Often the dresses were the sort that buttoned all the way down to mid calf with some of the lower buttons left undone to help us cool down a little. When sitting in the bar or at the table, the skirts would either be pulled up over our knees or would slide apart to reveal our legs a little.

One night we decided to go to a disco and as the evening wore on we noticed a lot of men were watching a particular girl dancing. She was wearing a wrap around skirt which came to just above her knees and a tee shirt, which although it had a scooped neck, it was more revealing from the side as it was cut very low under her arms. This, allowed a fine view of the sides of her breasts. She was obviously having a good time and a very good and active dancer, at one point, momentarily she gave a quick flash of nipple. It seemed strange that the lads who had spent all day on the beach surrounded by hundreds of topless women and mostly ignoring them, stood transfixed by the opportunity to see a quick flash in what are not the best lighting conditions in the disco. The movement of her skirt with it's scalloped wrap over gave a flash of thigh and the men, more in hope than anticipation thought they saw a glimpse of panties.

All the way back up the lane to our apartments Dave and Stuart were jabbering on about this girl and how turned on they were by the prospect of her clothes revealing a little more of her body than was the intention. Cass and I told them as far as intent went, we thought that she knew exactly what she was doing.

When we got back to the apartment block, the pool looked super with the underwater lighting on, we were larking about when suddenly Dave and Stuart grabbed me and threatened to throw me in. They held me over the corner of the pool with Dave holding my legs and Stuart holding me under the arms. My dress which was unbuttoned up to mid thigh fell away and the skirt dropped into the water, they soon realised this and lifted me up and down wetting my dress a little more each time. I shouted as my bum dropped into the water, "You've just wet my knickers".

Dave remarked, "It's your own fault, you shouldn't be wearing any." Inevitably we all ended up in the pool clothes and all.

The next day, Dave's remark kept coming back to me, so I hatched a plan wondering all the time if I would have the nerve to go through with it. At dinner that night with my dress having a few more buttons than usual done up, I announced that they wouldn't be able to wet my knickers tonight as I didn't have any on! The lads immediately took more interest when they realised I was naked under my dress. Stuart then asked Cass if she was wearing knickers and she slapped his hand and said, "of course," and she added that she didn't know whether I was kidding or not. Dave suggested there was a very easy way to find out. I was beginning to regret my action at the first hurdle.

We were sitting on the terrace of the Taverna eating our meal, so I though at least I was safe for the duration of that. However, Dave told me to move my chair back a little and undo a strategically placed button just long enough for him to check. So with my napkin placed on my lap I undid two buttons and moved the napkin away whilst Dave parted the dress and patted my pubes. He confirmed to the others that what I had said was true whilst I quickly did the buttons up again. Stuart then said that we couldn't have one lady at the table wearing knickers and the other not doing so and asked Cass what she was going to do about it.

Nothing! that's what she was going to do! but I saw her mouth twitch a little and the merest hint of a smile. Any way the lads persisted and finally she agreed to take her knickers off too. So she disappeared to the loo, the thing was, on that particular night she was wearing a slightly shorter skirt than mine, that was fairly full and it swished about as she walked.

As she returned to the table, she was being very careful in the way she walked and her face was as red as a beetroot. The Stuart told her not to worry as he asked her, "When was the last time someone has seen your knickers without you meaning them to see them?" She felt better after that. The lads were all for going to the disco again, but Cass and I could foresee a particularly vigorous form of dancing suddenly becoming the vogue! So we settled for a walk through the gardens of the two big hotels on the seafront. It was a lovely feeling with a slight breeze coming off the sea to feel the wind getting into very intimate places. Of course the lads could not keep their hands off us and as we turned up the quiet lane to go home I found more and more of the buttons on my dress were getting undone, Stuart had one of his hands over Cass's shoulder and down inside her tee-shirt and the other up the front her skirt. How we made it to the top of the lane without making love, I do not know. From that moment on knickers were banned in the evening for the rest of the holiday.

As the holiday went on, our skirts got a little shorter, or the extra button was left undone, we even persuaded the lads to go out one night with just the shirts and shorts on, with no underpants but it was a hilarious disaster, they both got erections and were in danger of their pricks showing. Towards the end of the second week we went for a night out in Ipsos, I was wearing a white cotton dress which came about mid thigh and had a strappy top, one of the straps kept slipping (why is there always one?) but it bothered me less and less as the night went on. Cass had on a silky dress which clung and swung in all the right places. We ended up in the Foam Disco in which at the end of the night they fill the dance floor with suds. We decided to wait and watch the fun, enjoying our dancing.

When the announcement came that the next dance was to be the foam dance, I was dancing with Stuart, he persuaded me to stay on the dance floor with him and get covered in foam! Dave and Cass were watching from the bar. When the foam started it was so thick and deep that I almost lost contact with Stuart, them I found him clutching me and having a quick feel in the confusion and under the cover of the foam. It was the first time that he had touched me like that and although he was very naughty, I didn't really mind, but I didn't want it to go any further, Just then the other two arrived and we all danced in the foam together.

When we came to leave, I realised that my white cotton dress was almost transparent, you could see the areola around my nipples and the distinct shadow of my bush. Cass's turquoise dress was also soaked through and sticking to her hips and the tops of her legs. We tried to get a taxi back to Dassia but none of the drivers would take us as we were too wet, So we had to walk the two miles back to the apartments. I was apprehensive but slightly thrilled to know that people could see I was naked under my dress and the troublesome shoulder strap kept slipping and in the end I just let it slip.

When we got back, as our next night was to be our last but one, the lads said we should do something special. We planned to go shopping in Corfu town the next day and they said if we promised to wear them, they would buy us a new dress each for the evening. Cass and I agreed that we would, then the lads told us that they would choose the dresses!

We had a super day sightseeing and browsing in the hundreds of little shops in the narrow streets and having lunch in a delightful little Taverna. We then went shopping for our new dresses. Stuart chose a really nice print wrap-over dress for Cass which was fastened by two buttons, one inside and the other outside, it was a nice length too, being about three inches above the knee. It had a matching tie sash belt. Dave chose for me a really fine pleated dress in a very pale green-almost white, which had a boat shaped neck, which meant that it went in an almost straight line from shoulder to shoulder, the sexy part was that in tended to slip off the shoulder a little. The length of it was just below mid thigh and it had a slit up one side almost to my hip. It hung beautifully when I was standing and the material was very light and comfortable.

We booked a table in a posh restaurant in Corfu Town and went back to Dassia for a siesta and to get ready for the evening. It was a lovely warm evening as we rode into Corfu in the taxi Dave sat in the back with Cass and me whilst Stuart rode in the front. Dave held both our hands and gave each of them a squeeze and said that he hoped we would have a great night. We walked round the town for a while before taking our place in the restaurant.

Our table was in a little booth in which we could all sit on a semicircular seat round the table. As on previous nights we girls had had to leave off any underwear. Dave kept "accidentally" brushing the top of my dress off my shoulder, it was cut so wide that it only stopped slipping when the other side came into contact with my neck! Whilst sitting still and eating it came down to halfway between my shoulder and elbow but there was no real danger of my nipple popping out although the top of my breast came into view. The waiter gave us a great deal of attention throughout our time there. I found that I liked the attention particularly as Dave was so evidently proud of me. Stuart has slipped his hand under the table and parted Cass's dress so it draped down either side of her legs showing her thighs and belly. She was sat quite close to the table so only we could see what he had done. It was a great meal and we drank quite a lot of wine and became a bit merry and noisy.

After we left, we were walking down the street when we came to a disco and decided to go in. The DJ was really good, he was an English guy and played some great records including some old style Rock'n'roll. I was jiving with Dave and were really getting into the swing of things, my dress had slipped down to its apparent maximum of half way to my elbow but I was jigging about so much that it actually went past my elbow and my breast popped out. I moved to adjust my dress but Dave put his hand on mine and stopped me from doing so, I thought "what the hell" and carried on dancing. Later during a smoochy number Dave and I were dancing up close when we saw the other two dancing even closer, then I saw why, Stuart had undone both buttons on Cass's dress and only the sash was keeping it closed. It seems that they had been turned on by my dancing display and hence they wanted in on the act. We were all up for sex when we got back to the apartments that night I can tell you.

Our last day was spent lazing on the beach, then a siesta then packing (yawn) The only clothes we kept out were our travelling gear and tee-shirts and skirts for us girls and Shirts and shorts for the lads for our last night. We planned an early night as we had to leave at 7.00am in the morning to catch our flight home. So after a quick meal and a last few drinks and we started the walk up the lane. As we turned the corner, Cass spotted a thread hanging from my skirt. It was a floral print miniskirt and she pulled the thread and the seam started to unravel, I tried to stop her pulling but she laughed and pulled even more. Soon the seam had opened almost to the waist band and she began to look for a similar thread the other side. Luckily for me the sewing was good that side. In the struggle I grabbed one of the shoulder straps of her sleeveless tee shirt and pulled it down her arm, there was a ripping sound the shirt tore all the way down her back. The lads then joined in and pulled the other side, soon her tee shirt was in two pieces either side of the lane and she was left topless. The lads then started on me, Dave took the good side of my mini and ripped it up the seam, so now I was left with just two flaps of material front and back. We were still only 20 yards or so into the lane and we still had to go past the brightly lit supermarket which was still open!

The lads took one flap each of my skirt and then it was gone. My tee shirt was just long enough to reach the top of my bush, so I slipped my arms out of the shirt and let it go a little lower. Cass's skirt was knee length with an elasticated waist so she pulled it up over her boobs and it was just long enough to cover her bum.

We were all falling about laughing as we made our way up the lane, which was dark with only the occassional light, when we met someone coming the other way, it was our neighbours on their way for a last night drink. We said goodnight as best we could as we passed, then I noticed the lads walking either side of me suddenly, one of them grabbed me and held me when I saw the other, Dave I think it was, reach for my tee shirt and pulled it down to my hips. There was that tearing sound again, it was still in one piece but didn't resemble a shirt at all, I was reduced to holding it up to my front, with a bit going round my bum. I was giggling with nerves but I found it also very exciting to be almost naked in public (well as public as a quiet lane is at night).

The big moment came when we got back to the apartments, as we had to go past the swimming pool and horrors, the under water lights were still on, worse, there were some people in the pool! They had a grandstand view of our party as we arrived, then Dave made a big thing about having lost the key, (he hadn't of course) and kept me waiting in the reflected light of the pool while he went through an elaborate search of his (two) pockets. I was exhilarated when we got in and as we made love that night, Dave asked me if I had enjoyed the evening, I told him I had enjoyed the whole holiday and found this night particularly exciting.

The next day on the flight home, Dave said he looked forward to more of the same when we got home, but I said it was a very different thing in a hot place where no-one knows you to flashing in the local high street. A smile came over his face and he said "I am sure we will think of something."

About a week after we got back, I had washed and ironed all the clothes we brought back from the holiday, and they were stacked on the bed before I put them away. Dave came in picked up one of my dresses and said "I shall always remember the holiday of no knickers."

I turned and kissed him and said "yes it was exciting wasn't it"? "would you like me to do it again?"

You can imagine his reaction. "OH! Yes my darling." However the practicalities of the sort of thing we got up to in Corfu, also happening in the UK, were not the same at all. It was not yet full summer (when is it ever?). You could not go out with bare legs and I have never been a fan of stockings and suspenders, whilst tights (my normal wear) would ruin the effect. I decided to try a pair of hold-up stockings, these would be saved for an appropriate occasion.

Well that was the fairly tame start of it and the next chapter will tell how things began to escalate back home.

**I Became an Exhibitionist Ch. 02**

An opportunity arose a few days later when Dave came home to say that we had been invited to dinner at Stewart and Cas's house on Saturday evening. What to wear? as it wasn't a formal dinner just the four of us. I decided to wear the dress that Dave bought for me in Corfu. As I got ready on the night I put on the stockings I saw that the deep welt at the top showed through the dress, not only at the side where the slit was, but actually through the material. Not to worry, we were to be with friends both of whom had seen a lot more of me than stocking tops! On the way over there I wore my white Coney fur coat, as It was only about half a mile (and dusk was falling) we decided to walk. It was considerably cooler in England than in Corfu! But that made me feel even more exposed (and excited). When we got there, Cas met us at the door wearing a caftan (very sixties) took our coats and showed us into the lounge, saying "come and meet the others"....others? what others? to my horror there were two other couples there and there was only the low sofa left to sit on.

Stewart came bustling in "sit down, sit down, you make the place look untidy" I said I had to have a quick word with Cas, but Stewart would have nothing of it, "plenty of time to talk later, sit down and have a drink, dinner is almost ready". Dave realised my predicament and was grinning from ear to ear, "yes come on dear, sit down". So I sat down on the edge of the sofa, bolt upright with my thighs pressed firmly together and my high heels planted firmly on the floor. Stewart handed me a large gin and tonic and told me to relax, Dave meantime had leant back on the sofa and put his hand on my shoulder to pull me back with him, I was unbalanced by this and was trying to resist, when in walked Cas who announced that dinner was served. She had changed and was now wearing a little black number, the caftan it appeared, was merely to keep her dress clean whilst preparing the meal.

We all sat round the large dining table and were introduced to Trudy and Joe and Sarah and Bill. Every one was dressed conventionally except me. We had a very good meal and plenty of wine and that helped me to relax a little, all the time however I was aware that my pussy was not covered with anything other than my short skirt. Stewart and Cas started tell the others about our holiday. At one point the fact that we went out at night without knickers came out and Stewart said "Don't I recognise that dress, Paula?" I said that he "might" and he gave me knowing look. I honestly don't think until that moment any of the others guessed what he was getting at. Anyway, the wine flowed and the company sat round the dining table for quite a while and got quite sloshed. Confessions began to emerge, Sarah had one night stripped off in the car whilst Bill was driving home from a party and Trudy had let Joe take some pictures of her in the bath. Dave then told the others about our clothes ripping session on the last night of the holiday; it seemed to break the ice.

When we got up from the table, Trudy and Cas cleared away the things and loaded the dishwasher, whilst the rest of us went into the lounge and put on some music. Stewart asked me to dance with him and he made sure that my skirt twirled and the shoulder of my dress slipped. After that, I was in demand as a dancing partner, although we all danced and had a good time, the ladies were getting felt up by each of their dancing partners all the time. Trudy came into the room and it was clear that she had taken off her bra, as her breasts moved beneath her dress, which clung beautifully, her nipples were quite prominent. Cas came back into the room and she had changed again, she was wearing her wrap over Corfu dress and said that she thought she would join me. Stewart saw this and disappeared coming back with a pair of scissors, I was horrified at what I thought he was going to do, when he went over the Cas and cut the buttons off her dress! She momentarily looked shocked, then gave me a cheeky grin and shrugged her shoulders; after all it's not a big job to sew buttons back on. This left only her tie belt to hold the dress closed. Stewart lifted her skirt and found she was still wearing her panties, so he snipped them off as well. Bill asked if he could borrow the scissors and threatened to cut Sarah's dress off. This was getting out of hand. Sarah said she would rather take her dress off than have it cut, as it was too expensive to waste. So the lads all said "OK, go ahead," and waited. Joe said why not do it to music? and put on a CD.

Sarah had on a short green silk dress which had a vee neckline and high back so with a little help from Dave, who undid the zip for her, she danced around swinging her long brown hair and slowly at first slipped the dress forwards off her shoulders, then suddenly stepped out of it twirled it round her head and threw it across the room. She had on a camisole which matched the colour of her dress, French knickers with stockings and suspenders. She raised her arms high and did a little curtsey. We girls then said the one of the lads should do a strip, but before anyone could say anything, Sarah and Trudy pounced on Bill, stripped him down to his underpants and handled his tackle through the material. It was all getting very silly, then Cas challenged Bill to a race to the end of the road and back,-as they were. It was now well past midnight, Bill accepted the challenge and they stood just inside the front door with the rest of us in the hall.

Three, two, one, Go! Sarah was off like a scalded cat and caught Bill on the hop. He got up behind her by the time they were three doors down he made a grab at her belt which she had only tied with one half hitch. It came off in his hand, and her dress flew out behind her like a cloak, her naked body looking quite white in the light of the street lights. Bill won the race with ease and we all stood on the front lawn and cheered them both home. I am sure that some of the neighbours must have heard or seen what was going on. Not long after that the party began to break up, and we all said what a great party it had been and we must do it again etc. etc.

On the walk home, Dave slipped my dress off my top and put my fur coat round my shoulders. His arm was round my waist and he kept pulling the coat open and exposing my breasts to the night. I found it exciting to be walking along our local roads with virtually nothing on, Dave even held my coat open when a couple of cars came along and I was caught in their headlights. There was no reaction from the first one, but the second driver tooted his horn and the passengers all shouted and waved to us. I was dripping with excitement when I got home, and Dave made love to me in the hall.

The next day we had a talk about what had been happening recently. We both felt it had put a bit more than the usual vigour into our lovemaking and seemed to make us closer to each other. We then decided that we would plan other events to enable us to do it again.

About a fortnight later, Dave came in with a copy of Forum in which there was a letter from a woman who said she and her husband played a little game of chance on which dress she would wear on particular occasions. This seemed to be a very good idea and we decided to adapt it for our circumstances. Whenever they were going to a "do" be it Rotary or rugby club, she would always be naked under her dress except for sussies, how they decided which dress she wore was that, her husband rearranged the dresses on the rail in the wardrobe, and closed the door, she would pick a number and count from one end and that was the dress she would wear that night. The thing was, there was a see-through dress in the collection, and others had been altered to make them more revealing, including taking the lining out of one of the dresses on the rail. So far it seems, the see-through dress had not been chosen, but as she said, when it did, they both knew she would wear it! It seemed a very exciting idea for us to try.

First of all a substantial increase in the size of my evening wardrobe would be required and invitations to events and other outings would be needed. Now it happened that Stewart and Dave were members of the same cricket club, and their mid season dinner would be an obvious opportunity. That was about a month away so a shopping spree was called for! Dave and I did our shopping separately, we were each to buy two dresses, without the other knowing what we were buying. Dave went to Birmingham, and I went to Coventry, the only stipulation was the dresses should be the correct size (14). We both took a couple of weeks to get exactly what we wanted. One dress I bought was "little black dress" with shoelace straps and a low back, it had a vee neckline to show a little cleavage but not too much and the material had a satin feel to it. The straight skirt was three inches above my knee. The other was a green (my favourite colour) silk number with in an off the shoulder neckline scooped at the front and back, this has a semi-swing skirt about the same length as the black dress.

Dave eventually produced his two dresses -- Well! One was completely see-through with only a diamante appliqué scrolling at the breasts and crutch; it was full length with a front slit in the skirt up almost to the diamante. The other was a black dress not dissimilar to the one I bought except it had a tie halter neck and the skirt was very short, so short in fact that the material finished at no more than an inch and a half below pubes level, the saving(?) grace was that it had a six inch deep fringe which brought it to mid thigh. I thought I am going to need an armed guard when I wear either of those two dresses!

The cricket club mid season dinner is not an over formal affair although lounge suit for the men and cocktail or evening dress for the ladies is normal. Prior to the day, Dave and I sorted out the dresses, there were the four new ones plus my "Corfu" dress and a couple of the better sundresses, (it looked as though it was going to be warm). That made seven possibilities for the choice which I was to make for the dinner. On the afternoon of the dinner, Dave went upstairs and put the dresses in an order that I did not see. When it was time to get ready, I stood in front of the closed wardrobe door and said "two", this meant I was going to wear the second dress from the left on the rail-no matter which one it was and the only other thing I would be wearing apart from jewellery, was a pair of hold-ups. I shuddered to think what the committee ladies would say to the net and diamante. The door was opened and with some relief, I saw it was to be the black dress that I bought myself, the one with the straight skirt and shoe lace shoulder straps. We got ready, the dress covered my stocking tops, the taxi called for us and off we went.

At the dinner there was a dance quartet playing background music, everything was fine. During dinner Dave, sitting next to me slid his hand up my thigh pulling up my skirt and scratched my bare pubes with his finger nail, I had a job not to squirm with delight, The man sitting the other side must have seen, because he dropped his serviette on the floor and bent down to pick it up, then gave me a smile and a wink. The whole thing was great success, as the last few waltzes were called, Dave took me on to the dance floor held me close and looked at me deeply as he asked me if I trusted him, as he was saying this he was pulling one of the straps of my dress off my shoulder, I looked back with bright clear eyes and smiled that no I didn't, but I did love him very much. With that he pulled the other strap down, now this dress really need those straps especially with it's low back, he held me close and asked me to slip my arms out of the straps completely. This was easily achieved as they were both below my elbows any way.

The only thing still holding up my dress was the pressure of our two bodies. Cas and Stewart were dancing near to us; she was wearing a bright pink halter neck dress, with a short twirly skirt and looked a picture. Dave said to Stewart he thought we should change partners for this dance, immediately I realised that the moment Dave let go of me, my dress was going to fall down. Stewart agreed, so I quickly put my arm up to hold the dress and turned to face my new partner - Cas! for a joke the two lads grasped each other and waltzed off. Cas grabbed me and held me close and so stopped my dress from falling. I then put my arms around her and held on tight. She looked at me with a wicked sparkle in her eye and said she could twirl away from me on the now near empty dance floor and leave my "tits" showing. I though for a second and undid the halter of her dress so she was a vulnerable as I was and said "you wouldn't do that would you?...now?" Suddenly the band stuck up a lively tune and I started to twirl her round knowing that her skirt would fly up but mine wouldn't. However I reckoned without the drinks that we had had during the dinner, we lost our footing and fell over! We ended in a heap on the floor with our breasts completely on show to everyone; Cas's skirt was above her waist in rumpled heap, showing her brief lace panties. We recovered, got up and refastened our dresses to loud cheers from the club members. I said she was wimp for wearing knickers. I was secretly thrilled at having given an "accidental" display in public and I could not wait to get Dave home, in fact we didn't wait, he pulled me down an alley behind the hall and hoisted my dress up to my waist and made love to me against the wall. There were people walking past the end of the alley on their way home from the dinner but I didn't care, I would have done anything Dave asked me at that point.

That night would take some topping, but having now got the taste for it, I wanted to flash a bit more. A weekend trip to the seaside was planned for a couple of weeks ahead. I booked a two night stay at The Grand Hotel, Weston-Super-Mare we would arrive after work on Friday night and stay until Sunday afternoon. As we were going away for the weekend we had to do the dress choosing game on the Thursday night. This was to be the dress I would wear when we dined in the hotel restaurant on Saturday night; I was able to make my own choices for the rest of the weekend. I chose "two" again but as Dave had re-arranged the order I still didn't know which dress it would be. I turned and opened the wardrobe door and there it was the "net and diamante" number. I tried it on, My nipples were hidden when I stood still, but you could just see the darker area of my pubes through the diamante at crutch level, however when I walked, my nipples appeared from behind the appliqué, it hardly mattered anyway as the full profile of my breast could be seen from the side. At the back, another appliqué came up the crack of my behind and looped round on one side only, to link up with that at the front. From the other side there was no doubt that I was naked except for the dress. This was going to be an exciting weekend!

**I Became an Exhibitionist Ch. 03**

We made good time on the journey and arrived at the seafront Grand Hotel just after six on Friday evening. It was a warm August evening; we were to eat in a pub that night, so I put on the "Foam Disco" dress that I had worn in Corfu. This was a white cotton dress, with a short skirt, it still had that troublesome shoulder strap, but who cares. I decided to do without the hold ups as it was a pub night, Dave insisted that I also did without knickers, but that was OK as I wasn't going to wear them anyway.

We walked along the front and found a nice quiet pub for a few drinks and a meal. We then turned off the front and found a livelier pub for the rest of the evening. This pub had a disco and we danced a great deal shaking and twirling round which caused my skirt to flare out somewhat, we were getting very hot, Dave was sweating and I, like a lady was "glowing". The DJ then announced there was to be a wet tee shirt competition, so we sat down glad of the rest to watch. The girls, all younger than me, paraded about on the stage in knickers and tee shirts. Some of them had "modified" their shirts, that is, cut slits in them, made them into tie fronts, all sorts of things. They then went off stage to come back one at a time. They danced about dry for a few seconds then got into the shower and invariably took or tore their shirts off before they finished. There were about ten girls who each had a turn, some were wearing very skimpy panties, indeed some untied the sides or pulled one side down their thighs, but the rule was no stripping completely, but many of the pants were almost pure lace so it made little difference. Two of the girls crawled and rolled about the stage very suggestively in nothing but their g-strings.

As the winner was announced, one of the two who rolled on the wet stage unsurprisingly and she collected her £50 prize money, Dave went up on the stage and said to the DJ that "my wife would like to have a go dressed as she is".

The DJ said "no" that wouldn't be possible, however he had forgotten the mike was still open and everyone had heard the whole thing. I shrunk into the crowd a little as they chanted "yes, yes, yes!" Many of them of course, had no idea who they were chanting for; they just wanted to see another woman get wet!

I had no inkling that Dave was going to "volunteer" me in this way. In the end, the pressure from the crowd persuaded the DJ to change his mind and he invited me up on to the stage. As I went up I was greeted with a roar of cheers and whistles. The DJ asked me my name and where did I come from and all that, I really can't remember the questions and answers as I was in a sort of daze with the stage lights in my eyes. He asked me what music I wanted and Dave chipped in, "her favourite is Tina Turner, Simply the best" OK so that it was going to be.

The DJ said I should "dance around about before getting wet then come out of the shower and dance again and by the way, no complete stripping".

The music started and I moved to centre stage, and started to dance cheered on by those watching. Dave was right, it was my favourite number and I often danced to it at home when I was on my own. I could really let myself go to this song. I got going and all those moves I had practised at home after doing the ironing seemed to flow out of me. I was feeling great! They turned on the water and in I went.

The force of the water took me by surprised as it flattened my hair to my head in an instant. I was soaked through in seconds, if I had thought that I had been wet in Ipsos, this was something else. That shoulder strap had been slipping all night and was now being washed down my arm by the water. I turned a couple of times and then got out of the shower, my skirt had ridden up and was sticking to my pubes, the music was still going, so I carried on dancing, the boys at the front were shouting "show us your tits" even though they could see them perfectly well already for my dress was so transparent as almost not to exist! I undid the zip at the back and leant forward, the dress did not drop as I expected, as it was stuck to my body, so I gave it a pull, caught it and held it round my hips. I could not resist flicking it at the front row and splashing them with water as I worked up the hem of my skirt to give a little flash of pubes, at which point the DJ, fearing for his licence perhaps, intervened and thanked me very much and called for a round of applause. He whisked me backstage and gave me a towel and said could I come back tomorrow! Sorry, Maybe another time. He offered to lend me a towel in which to walk back to the hotel, but it was hardly big enough, so Dave told him it wouldn't be necessary.

The temperature had dropped so we ran back along the sea front and into the hotel lobby. Dave collected the room key whilst I made my way to the lift; it wasn't there of course, so I had to call it. I stepped in when it arrived, followed by Dave and the doors were just shutting when a middle aged couple stepped in. I stood there still in a soaking wet dress, wet hair and everything, dripping water on the carpet, while they tried to look the other way. They got out at our floor and followed us down the corridor; they must have seen my nakedness then, even when they were not trying to.

The next day we set off to the northern end of the beach where there are some rocky ledges to swim off or sunbathe on. We had taken a packed lunch from the hotel so we could spend the day there. Dave had an ordinary shirt and slacks, whilst I had on my bikini under a cream mini skirt and short sleeved blouse. We found a nice flat rock angled toward the sea, and sat and soaked up the sun for a while, I undid my blouse and took off my skirt, we went for a short swim but it was too cold to stay in for very long. So we went back to our rock, there were other folks around us, also enjoying the day.

Dave asked me to sit up and take off my bikini top; I had put my blouse back on so thought it would be OK. In fact he reached up inside my blouse and undid the back of the top. As I sat there, the blouse settled on the rock around my bum and Dave suggested I should get out of my wet bikini bottoms or else I would get sore. I said "on your bike" but he said that I would be covered by my blouse and any way I wouldn't get any lunch if I didn't. So I carefully edged the pants down and took them off. I sat there with my knees up to my chest, showing my pubes to the ocean, but as there was nobody in front of us there was no-one to see. He then proceeded to undo my blouse! I giggled and slapped his hand, but didn't stop him.

In the lunchbox were a couple of long filled rolls, he took one of these and placed against my now wet clitoris then put it to his mouth and took a bite! I was very turned on by that and then he did it again. He fed me with the other one, a bit at a time. There were also a couple of custard tarts, one of which, he rubbed gently into my nipple, just breaking the skin on the custard, some of which dripped off my breast onto my belly. Dave then did something extraordinary, he mashed the remains of the tart into my pussy, with a gentle slow motion, it was amazingly sexy. He had never done anything like it before, he then told me he wanted to lick it out, I almost wet myself with excitement, he couldn't of course there were too many folks about.

The rest of lunch was very conventional after that, except that he took a mouthful of lemonade and squirted it through his teeth at my breast through the blouse. We spent a lazy afternoon there; of course I had to go in the sea again to get rid of the custard tart.

Later in the afternoon he rubbed a choc ice into my blouse making a right mess. I said that he would have to lend me his shirt now to get back to the hotel He said that would be OK, but that was all I was to wear! Luckily it was a shirt with tails front and back, for although I was getting to like showing off my body, I had no intention of walking along a crowded sea front in broad daylight with lots of kids around with chocolate all over myself. The shirt buttoned all the way down the front with the bottom button a little higher than I would have liked, however, when I stood up it seemed OK.

We set off to get to the promenade, at least Dave had the decency to carry the bags, leaving me on almost all fours clambering over the rocks I hadn't done the shirt right up to the top and it wasn't until I saw a photograph that Dave took of me that I realised how much I was showing. It was possible to see right down the shirt, my breasts dangling in full view and under closer scrutiny, my bush as well.

Having got to the prom, we walked slowly back to the hotel, the slight breeze was licking at the tails of the shirt in the front and the back and I am sure that a couple of the old gents sitting on the benches as we passed got their money's worth. Now I had the evening to look forward to wearing THAT dress.

We planned to eat late and then go on to a night club that was in the basement of another hotel in the town. It was about nine o'clock when I started to get ready, after a nice long soak in the bath. I thought ahead with some trepidation but also some excitement and the thought of appearing in the well lit dining room of the hotel in such a revealing dress. As I put it out on the bed, it looked almost non existent, So as I pulled on my hold-ups, I looked down at the dress and thought phew!, things have certainly come along way since getting dropped in the pool in Corfu. I pulled the dress over my head and fastened the Velcro strip that held it together down one side from armpit to hip. This strip was the same side as the appliqué that curled round from the bum to the front. I examined myself in the mirror and said to Dave "I can't go into a crowded restaurant in just this, look!" with that I turned and presented the side that did not have any appliqué and there was nothing but the sheer fabric from top to bottom (literally), the whole of my body was exposed on one side, you could see the profile of my bust, the whole of one side of the cheeks of my bum and all the way down my legs. The tops of the stockings stood out like tyre marks on a road, it was perfectly clear that I was totally naked except for the bit of very fine material that was my dress.

Dave said "Well, you know what we agreed, you would wear the dress that was chosen to the event that came along, I know people will see every part of your body, are you prepared to do it or not?" I considered myself in the mirror again and saw that in the bright light of the room, my breasts were totally bare except for the diamante covering the nipples, they appeared from behind their cover immediately I moved, my bush could be seen through the diamante even when I stood still. The slit up the front swept from my pubes, which came into view the moment I took a step, down to a wide gap of about a foot at the hem. The dress parted to the very top of the slit when I took a stride.

I looked at Dave and said "if you want me to, I will".

"OK he said lets go, I think we'll go for a drink in the pub next door first". Now the pub next door was a pub very popular with motorcyclists including some very rough looking types. "OK?" he said,

I gulped and said "OK - let's go!" and walked towards the door.

"Hang on" said Dave "I just wanted to see if you would go out like that especially for me" "Why don't you wear this as well?" "This", appeared to be another dress of the same material, in fact it turned out to be a matching tunic length jacket in exactly the same style with just a little more diamante appliqué on it. He had been holding out on me!

The front of the jacket did not meet, but hung straight down and left a gap of about four inches, I slipped it on, It had long sleeves, and the extra layer of material made it just possible to see through, but you wouldn't have to try too hard, to see everything. "By the way, "he said "if you're going to wear that you must wear this as well", a very fine gold chain bracelet, except it wasn't a bracelet, it was an ankle chain. He went and switch off the main bedroom light leaving a low coffee table light on in the room and went to leave. I caught sight of myself in the mirror, with the light behind me and the dress and jacket just seemed to disappear, I was nude again.

Our arrival in the restaurant did not cause too much of a stir, as most people were already eating. Our table was quite a small one in the middle of the room, the cloth did not fall very far over the edge of the table, and as I sat down I felt the dress ride up and expose my bush, at least to me. As the table was small, neither of us could sit too close as our knees met in the middle. This meant that the waiter had as good a view of my pubes as I did. I leant across Dave and said that I would have put some hair sparkle on them if I had known that they were going to be on such prominent display.

He replied that it would be a good idea for another time. For some reason, a number of different waiters served us during the meal. I was excited at my daring and at the same time apprehensive that one of them would spill something over me as they did not seem to be watching what they were doing. However I survived the meal, the restaurant had almost emptied as we left the room and headed to the front door of the hotel.

We had a taxi to the other hotel and found the night-club in the basement. Business was slow; there were only about four other couples plus the staff. It was obvious to the DJ that slow dances were going to be the most popular and in order to get the clients upon the floor; they were in the majority of the tunes that he played. We sat on one of the low sofas that lined the walls of the place. My skirt parted and my legs were exposed all the way to the top of my thighs. It was very dark in the club and I felt very relaxed, even when Dave began to fondle my breasts.

The dance area was lit by coloured lights sunk into the floor. When one couple got up to dance, being lit from underneath, it made the girl's otherwise quite modest white dress light up like a lampshade, you could see the shape of her legs totally. Dave looked at me nodded at the dance floor and pulled me up. I felt both absolutely exhilarated and vulnerable knowing I was going to be on show to the whole club. The dance tune changed to a slightly quicker pace and our bodies moved in time with the music.

Twice my jacket got caught in Dave's watch strap, so he said "take it off! Not the watch, the jacket!" So I returned to our seat and removed the jacket. Returning to Dave I saw him having a word with the DJ and low! The next tune was Tina and "Simply the best" I was in the mood now and danced away with vigour, I could feel my breasts moving against the material, and my nipples became very hard and big, it was lovely! The dress had short sleeves which meant that as I raised my arms above my head so the dress came up, the appliqué was then in all the wrong places. Indeed the slit in the dress came almost up to my belly button; I felt great and was enjoying it. The club photographer started taking pictures of me some with flash and others not, I didn't know why. The number finished and all hot, I took my seat. Slow numbers started again and two of the couples in the club took the floor. The men were all over the women, in fact I am sure that one couple were having it away before our eyes, The girl had a very full skirt on which was all rucked up at the front and their dance didn't seem to fit the music at all!

We left the club about 2.00am and as the taxi arrived back at our hotel, there seemed to be an awful lot of people in the bar, Dave said it was some sort of association having a reunion or something. Most of the drinkers seemed to be men in their forties and fifties; I stopped by the entrance and said I needed to go to the ladies which was at the other end of the bar. I told Dave to wait for me there, and off I trotted to the ladies, the looks on some of the men's faces as I passed were a treat to behold, but they were nothing to that on Dave's face when he saw me wending my way back through the crowded bar, - carrying my jacket!

A look of amazement turned to absolute delight as I neared him. At one point my skirt caught on a chair and dragged over it pulling the slit round to the side and almost up to my waist, letting all those sitting down get a very good view. As we entered the lift, Dave put his arms round me, kissed me and undid the Velcro strip, he said "take it off" and slipped the dress over my head. I stood there completely naked as the lift neared our floor; he slipped the jacket round my shoulders as said "I DO love you Paula", as we walked to our room.

Strangely we didn't sleep late the next morning and as we checked out the female clerk said "I hope you enjoyed your stay with us Madam" She just hasn't any idea how much enjoyment the pair of us had at that hotel in fact "it were grand". We decided to explore the southern end of the beach. You can drive your car quite a long way down the beach at Weston. Again we had a packed lunch but planned to leave for home about 4.00pm. We had beach clothing on; Dave had some incredibly baggy shorts on with coloured vest tucked into them. I also had on shorts but they were denim and a tie front blouse. Just for once I had a lacy pair of knickers on as well. At the end of the beach (before it becomes Brean Sands) there is a creek in which boats moor. When the tide goes out at leaves a deep muddy area with just a little water in. We tried to cross but it was too muddy so we retraced our steps to a nice sandy bit for some sunbathing. I lay there dozing as the events of the last couple of days went through my mind and the late hours caught up with me....SPLAT! Something cold and wet landed on my belly button. I sat up quickly to see Dave running away laughing. The beast! He had tossed a handful of mud on to my belly!

I went after him running like mad, He was twisting and turning, I was running a straighter course so eventually, I got close enough to rugby tackle him. We rolled over and I saw that we were very close to the creek, so with one good push I rolled him over the edge. He managed to stop himself before he hit the water, but he was incredibly muddy. I saw the state of him and ran away instantly but he soon caught me, scooped me up and walked towards the muddiest part of the creek. Now you don't have to be Einstein to work out what was about to happen, I said to him "if you drop me in that mud you will live to regret it sunshine" Well I landed in the soft and surprisingly, pleasantly warm mud on my back.

My shoulder length hair was plastered I could feel the wet soaking into the back of my blouse and shorts. He stood over me laughing with his hands on his hips. I sat up and took a handful of mud and stuffed it up the leg of his shorts, he leapt back and said "Right, this is war" He pushed me back into the mud and two enormous hands full were rubbed vigorously all over my breasts, soaking my blouse he then undid my shorts and proceeded to fill them with the mud. I struggled but he was too powerful so resigned to my fate, I lay there and let him do whatever he wanted to me. He lifted the top of my panties and pushed a handful right down and then rubbed it in. I saw my chance and threw a handful in his face. He then took a double handful and plonked it right on the top of my head rubbing it into my hair and down my face. By rolling down the bank I managed to get away from him and stood at the semi crouch saying "OK you've done it now."

I took a dive at him, but my feet stuck in the soft mud and as I fell, I grabbed the top of his shorts and pulled them down. He fell over and suddenly I was on top. I sat on his chest facing his feet, and quickly filled his underpants. His hands appeared from behind me and massaged my muddy breasts, I lay back on top of him enjoying the sensation and we rolled over together, each time getting nearer the water and into wetter mud. The next thing, my shorts were round my knees my panties torn off and discarded and he was trying to enter me from behind. It was incredibly sexy and felt great with the smooth mud tending to make a slurping noise. He was shagging me doggie style on the beach in broad daylight! I came very quickly so did he, thrusting urgently into me, exhausted he rolled off me, I lay there fingering my own clitoris and came again. I loved it!

When we came to, we both rolled down into the water to try to wash off. Luckily there was about four feet of water so we were able to submerge completely and bathe in the creek to get the worst off. Our clothes however were ruined. My blouse had a rip in it and was but a limp rag, my shorts had survived but were very muddy and I couldn't wash it out in the water even when I took them of. His clothes were not much better as we went back to where we had left the beach bag. By the time we had got there the mud was drying and making out clothes stiff and uncomfortable and we still had about half a mile to get to the car. We did have a couple of bath towels in the bag so we stripped off and wrapped ourselves in the towels for the walk back to the car. We sat in the car still in our towels and ate our lunch. Dave thought he knew of some public toilets where there were showers, so off we went.

Duly showered we decided to make an early start for home. I had put on the first thing I got out the case; it was a button through summer dress with small sleeves, very pretty. As we set off up the motorway, the sun was coming through the glass sunroof and shining onto my legs, I though last chance to top up my tan so pulled my skirt up to the top of my thighs and went to sleep. I sensed the car had stopped and woke up with a start. We were in a petrol station and Dave was just coming back to the car after having paid for the petrol. I then realised that my dress was fully open all the way down and had been pulled apart to expose everything! Dave the horror! Then I noticed a small boy looking in through driver's window. I drew my dress together and shooed him away. Dave said "don't shout at him, I asked him to keep an eye on the car whilst I was away". Dave was carrying a magazine and some milk and bread; I said "how long have we been here, He said about fifteen minutes!" But your dress has been undone since Bristol". It was quite a fitting end to the weekend, - on reflection!

At home, the day after we got back, I rang Cas said I had a lot to tell her and we arranged to meet for coffee in the town later in the week. The following Friday when I walked in to the coffee shop I found Cas already with Sarah, they had just bumped into each other. I told them about the weekend away, they were amazed. Sarah asked me if I would ever do it again, I said yes, as I had now got the taste for the risk of it. Cas said that if I really wanted to take a risk, she knew the ideal occasion and looked at Sarah. Sarah looked puzzled for a moment and then brightened and said "You're right!" It seems that the party at Bill's rugby club after the first game of the season, was what they had in mind. Apparently it is not unknown for one of the wives waiting in the bar whilst the team were bathing after the game, to get scooped up and taken into the dressing room and dumped in the bath with fifteen blokes! I said I would consider going to the party if they went naked under their dresses as well. After all, it was Cas who had run down the road with her dress flaring out behind her like pair of wings. Cas looked at Sarah and "it might be fun." Sarah said we were on our own this time, but she would be there any way. I also told them about our game for choosing dresses at random from the wardrobe. Cas said it would be different this time as she would choose my dress herself. In that case, I said, I would choose hers. The first game was in about three weeks.

**I Became an Exhibitionist Ch. 04**

I then left them to do my shopping. I was full of anticipation as I walked in the late August sun down the street to the shops, as it was such a nice day I had on one of my sundresses which had wide shoulder straps a, square neckline and buttons all down the front. I had not bothered with a bra but did have panties under my dress. With this dress I usually left the top button undone but that was all.

As I went into the supermarket it suddenly struck me that I was feeling slightly randy, which Dave would get the benefit of when he got home. In the meantime I had to get on with the shopping. I bent over one of the freezer cabinets and my dress gaped a little, giving me an idea. There was a young trainee floor manager in his teens standing by some doors into the warehouse watching the customers. I undid two more buttons at the top of my dress and leant semi-sideways deep into the freezer in the pretence of reaching something right at the bottom. I caught the eye of the young man, gave a slight shrug and "Bingo" the shoulder strap slid down my arm exposing my right breast fully, I looked up at the young man and said "can you help me please? I am trying to get that packet of peas". I kept leaning over and pointed to the packet in the back corner of the icebox, still with my dress hanging loose. He went bright red, handed me the peas and disappeared with some speed into the warehouse. I was very pleased with myself, but then had to get on with the shopping. That night I told Dave all about it and he said I was rotten to the poor lad. I also told him about the rugby club party and he said we couldn't miss that!

The next time I flashed was genuinely an accident. It was Sunday afternoon; we had gone for a walk along the canal. We had walked for about a mile and a half, had a beer in the canal side pub and decided to walk back to the car. The canal went round a big hill which had a wood on it; Dave suggested we walked back over the hill rather than back round the canal.

So off we set, neither of us was dressed for serious walking, as we were just out for a Sunday afternoon stroll. Because Dave had asked me, all I wore apart from trainers, was a knee length cotton dress with small sleeves and a round neck, Dave was in his jeans and a tee shirt. As we went up through the wood, the path seemed to get narrower, but it was still OK and you could see where many people had walked before.

The path almost petered out but we were so close to where we had left the car that there was no way we were going to turn round and go all the way back. Dave was leading the way pushing the twigs and branches out of the way, when a bramble sprung back and caught my dress; I jumped, and turned to unhitch fabric from the thorn. As I did that I realised that I had backed into another one and had got caught the other side as well. I called to Dave to tell him that I was stuck and he started working his way back towards me. Every time I tried to move, I seemed to get more tangled. Dave said, "At last I have you at my mercy." I told him not to be a prat and to help me get out.

He did suggest that I slipped out of my dress and left it in the brambles; I somewhat forcibly expressed myself of the view that that was not a realistic option. Slowly he started to untangle me, holding some of the thorns to one side, I was trying to do the same, he told me to take a step forward, but an unseen thorn had still got me in it's grip and as I moved, a ripping sound was heard, I swore that my dress was ruined, turned and ended up back at square one again. Then Dave said he an idea, if I lifted my arms above my head, I was less likely to get caught, so we untangled me again and I put my arms right above my head and moved slowly forward. I just wanted to get out there now as quickly as I could. It went well, then a thorn got my dress just below my left breast, I couldn't bring my arms down as there wasn't room, so I gritted my teeth and kept going. By the time I had got through the bramble patch, I was nearly in tears and thoroughly fed up. My dress was torn, I was seemingly covered in small scratches and to make matters worse, Dave was laughing at the state of me. I examined myself, the scratches to my skin were not too bad actually, but my dress, well, it was covered in small rips.

There were three really bad ones on the front, two of which combined to reveal my left nipple, Dave said, "hang on let me kiss it better" and took my nipple in his mouth, it was lovely, and made me feel a bit better.

It was clear that the dress was completely scrap, so to make sure, Dave went round each tear making it just a little bigger, I said he was a bugger and he told me that if I called him any more names it would make matters worse. I said, "Sod, beast, bastard and sex-fiend." With that, the rips got bigger until the dress, whilst still in one piece, looked like a colander. Both my breasts showing to a certain degree, although only my left nipple was actually on display, from the hem of the dress to the neck, my skin could be seen in almost hundreds of places.

We still of course had to get back to car, after getting through a gap in the hedge, we had about 40yds to go down a country road with a small footpath down one side. Dave asked, "May I escort madam to her car?" He used a pompous voice and held out his arm, I put my arm through his and we walked back to the car park with other Sunday afternoon strollers giving us some funny looks. However nobody said anything. When we got home I told Dave that he would have to buy me a new dress, he rubbed his hands together and said "Yee..ees I will, won't I?"

As the day got nearer to the rugby club do, Cas and I discussed the arrangements. Dave, Stewart and Bill would go to the game, Sarah would also be at the match as she helped in the clubhouse, Cas and I would turn up in the early evening. Sarah would also see if Trudy and Joe would be there as Joe sometimes played for the third team.

As Cas and I are much the same size we could wear any of the dresses in either of our wardrobes. We were of course going to choose each other's dresses for the party. On the day of the match the lads went off the game, no doubt to spend some time in the bar before hand. Cas came round and looked through my wardrobe and selected the black fringe dress that Dave had bought for me after we had got back from holiday. This was the one with the tie halter neck and the crotch skimming hem finished in a six inch deep fringe. For a joke I took the dress I had worn on our Sunday afternoon walk out of the rag bag and said to Cas, "OK this is what you're wearing tonight".

"How on earth did it get into this state?" she asked, so I told her the story. "You are a pair of crazy buggers," she said, "But you do have fun don't you?"

"Put it on," I said, she gave me a funny look but took it from me. Although we are much the same dress size, I am a little taller than she is, so some of the holes came in different places on her, her nipples could not be seen but her bush was completely in the open! "This will make the boys take notice" I said. She looked horrified. Then I laughed and told her that I hadn't made up my mind which dress she should wear, but I couldn't resist having a little game with her.

I told her to wear her bright pink halter neck dress with the short twirly skirt. She went to get it and came back to our house to get ready to go to the club. I lent her a pair of my hold-up as we had both agreed, totally naked under the dresses. I put on my own pair, then slipped the dress on. It was the first time I had had it on since trying it on when Dave first bought it. The skirt was fairly tight round my hips and as far down my thighs as it went, as I think I have mentioned before, it gave less then two inches of cover below my pubes, then just the fringe was there. The dark tops of my stockings were hidden by the fringe until I moved, then glimpses of them appeared through it. Cas looked great in her pink dress, I said her skirt could do with being a bit shorter but would have to do -for now.

When we arrived at the club, the teams had just about all appeared in the clubhouse, we saw Sarah and we went over and asked if she knew where Dave and Stewart were. She said that they were in the upstairs bar and games room. Her hair seemed to be wet, Cas asked her if she just had a shower, "No", she said, "A bath" and laughed. Apparently, she had been grabbed by some of the squad who had not been playing that day and unceremoniously dump fully clothed into the bath containing the visiting team! Luckily she had not at the time changed into her "nice" dress for the evening. As it was, her blouse did not survive the encounter, but nobody had had the temerity to remove her bra (shame).

We met up with the lads, who were playing snooker, whilst waiting for a few others to arrive. Drinks were ordered and Cas and I sat on the bench at the side of the room watching and waiting for them to finish the frame. Stewart asked me if I would like to have a go, I had never played before, Stewart said he would help me take a couple of shots, and Dave said he would help Cas. "Get right down on the cue" "keep your legs straight" "bend from the waist" were all instructions given to us. Now it doesn't take a genius to work out what was happening to our skirts while all this was going on, our stocking tops came into view. Dave and Stewart felt it necessary to stand behind us and "help with positioning". After a while it sounded as though things were livening up downstairs, so we joined the others.

Rugby songs were the opening entertainment, with the opposing team giving their share. The occasional pint of beer was spilt or thrown and every one seemed to be getting into a happy mood. It seemed there had been withdrawal symptoms for some of the younger boys over the summer break and they entered into the activities with gusto. Six boys in their late teens or early twenties were drawn out in front of the crowd for a game that required a female partner. They were told to select one each. We were standing on the edge of the dance floor, suddenly a push from behind made me step one pace forward. It was Cas who had pushed me, so I turned and pulled her arm. We were instantly grabbed by two of the guys. When each of the boys had partners, we were given instructions by the man with the mike. The floor had to be cleared to the other end of the hall and we stood with the boys. Cas had been chosen by one of the burly forwards, whereas "mine" was altogether slimmer and younger. "OK ladies," said Mike the mike "Take off your partner's shirts, gentlemen, get down on your hands and knees. Now ladies, sit astride your partner's back and using the shirts as reins, when I say Go, -Wait... for.... it!, race to the other end of the room and back." As I lifted my leg to sit astride my young man, my skirt rode up a bit, but I don't think too many people noticed as the fringe did it's job - just.

As I sat down my partner whose name was Gary looked at me and said "you feel hot" He was damn right I felt hot, sitting on his bare back with no panties. Cas's man was less sensitive and did not noticed, or at least say anything. "GO!" suddenly the race was on, Cas's "mount" blundered away from the start so very quickly that she went backwards off him and landed on the floor on her back, It seems, from talking to Dave and company later, that her skirt went up in the air and landed showing a bit of pubic hair, although she was up and after her partner like a shot. I managed to stay on, but I was aware of my skirt riding up with every jerk. I daren't let go to pull it down as I needed to hold on tight.

As we made the turn, the hem of my skirt was just below my hips, with the fringe swinging about. Half way down the hall, I lost grip with one hand of the shirt and in order to prevent falling off, I fell forward and gripped my man around his chest. This apparently gave the spectators a fine view of my bare bum (and possibly more).

We neither won nor came last which was a good thing as the losers had to pay a forfeit. The man had to stand with his legs about a foot apart, and the girl lay on the floor facing upwards with her head between his ankles. Then someone poured a pint of beer down his trousers! The girl a pretty blonde of about twenty just got her hair a bit wet and few splashes on her blouse. But the unfortunate man had his trousers wet from top to bottom. There were other games after that but we went over to the bar and tried to get a drink. It was a terrible crush and I felt a hand touch my backside and then, as it was bare under my dress, began to fondle it. I said "Dave, stop it!" then I noticed he was in front of me. I turned round and saw nothing but a number of very innocent looking faces. No harm done.

After the games had finished, the disco started although it wasn't particularly good. Dave, Stewart, and Bill, came over with drinks and we were joined by Sarah, Joe and Trudy. Dave and Stewart said they wanted to see Cas and me dancing together again like we did at the Cricket Club. Trudy and Joe asked what they were talking about, so Dave told them about us falling over with our dresses undone etc.,etc. Joe said at least we both had halter necks on this time so it would be honours even. I felt Dave undoing my halter, and said "do that back up at once!"

He said "OK my dear" and did so, but he had let a couple of inches of the tie out and then re-tied it with a very tight knot. This caused my bodice to gape a bit if I was not careful, but by then I was past being careful. We danced for a while and as the dress was loose, Dave was able to slip his hands into the back of the dress towards my bum until the material got too tight to let him go any further. The others got up when a livelier number came on and soon we were dancing in a group of eight.

It was great to be back again all together since Cas's Dinner party back in the summer. We all danced around together without a specific partner, Trudy had on a full skirt and nice blouse through which you see her bra. Joe said she ought to take off her bra as she was the only one of our group wearing one. Bill agreed and told her she ought to take it off right now, right here! "What?" She asked, "In the middle of the dance floor?"

"Yes" said Joe, "There's plenty of us to crowd round like we do on the rugger field if anyone has trouble with their shorts or anything." We all encouraged her so she finally said she would try. She moved to the centre of the group, we were all still dancing and surrounded her. She pulled her blouse out of her skirt and reached up her back to undo the clasp of her bra. She had to undo a couple of buttons on the front of blouse in order to get enough movement in the fabric to catch hold of her shoulder strap and pull it down her arm and over her hand, she then pulled it down the other sleeve of her blouse. Joe grabbed it and threw it over his head and into air. It landed on a table where some of the visiting players sat and we never saw it again.

I moved into the centre of the group to join Trudy and was soon joined by Sarah and Cas the lads danced round us and started chanting, "we want their panties, we want their panties, we want their panties." Of course Cas and I didn't have any on anyway, but we didn't know about the other two. Suddenly they grabbed Sarah and tipped her upside down her skirts fell open to reveal tights and panties. they were soon off with the combined efforts of the four men, Trudy tried to make her escape, but too late, her full skirt afforded a fine view of legs and her lace panties which were quickly removed.

Order restored, some fast music came of from the disco and we danced quite vigorously, Trudy was very good moving very sexily to the music, she had not done up the buttons on her blouse that she had undone when taking off her bra and her breasts moved extensively within it. You could see her nipples hardening up with friction against the material. I danced up to her and to give the lads a bit of a thrill we rubbed our breasts together, this dislodged my loosed halter top on one side and a breast appeared. Dave said "OK girls, tits out altogether" But all he got was a quick flash from each of us. We had all been drinking too much to consider driving home, so we decided to walk up to the taxi rank just up the road. At we got our coats, Cas said she wanted to ride up the road on Stewart's shoulders. The rest of the lads put her up and she pulled her skirt over Stewart's head and pressed her bare pubes into the back of his neck. He jokingly said asked her if she preferred to ride the other way round! Sarah was put up on Bill's shoulders, I climbed piggy back style up onto Dave's back and Joe picked up Trudy under her arms and knees. It's a good job it wasn't far to the taxi rank! by the time we got there the lads were knackered! However on balance I think it was worth it to them. For Sarah and Cas were literally wetting (and we're not talking pee here) themselves with the excitement of pushing their pubes into the backs of their partners necks. My skirt had ridden up to above my waist, leaving my bare bum exposed to the night, and Trudy's full skirt had blown up to her chin and Joe was deliberately dribbling onto her bare belly. As we said good night at the taxi rank we said it was getting better each time we met as a group and we must set a date for a third time.

The next morning the lads went down to the club to collect the cars and the social secretary told them the at the opposing team wanted to play four fixtures against them instead of the more usual two, if the previous night was an example of the entertainment.

One Monday, Dave had got the day off and we planned to do some Christmas shopping in the town. It was also wheelie bin day when we have to put out the bin for the dustmen. I reminded Dave of this as we had breakfast, he said, "You usually put it out when I'm not here; you should do it today, - In your new lace dress." I refused, telling him that I wasn't going to put on a new dress for just one trip down the driveway. "OK", he said then in your bath robe." I could hardly object to that, as I was wearing it already.

Dave said "Hang on a minute" and re tied the belt in such a way as it way really loose on the robe. So it hardly held the thing closed at all. The weather was not good, it wasn't raining but there was quite a wind and of course it was broad daylight. I struggled with the heavy bin, having first to get past the car, pulling with two hands, as I got out into the open, the wind picked up the hem of the robe and blew it up to my waist, then the belt came undone and the top came open. There was a man walking his dog and the postmen was also out there, I heard a bit of yelp and saw that the postman had tripped over the other man's dog. I guess they were both looking at me.

To give a little bit of spice to our trip I wore a blouse and mini skirt under my new winter coat and I put on my calf length boots. I was wearing no underwear. I found myself working towards the situation whenever I went any where with Dave I wore no bra or panties. This all started from one night in Corfu, I still remember that holiday with affection.

We went into Coventry and into the (then) new West Orchards shopping mall. It is a multi storey shopping centre which has a lot of the big name stores plus some local shops. It was quite warm in the centre as they like to keep their customers comfortable, so I undid my coat. Dave insisted that we went between floors in the glass lift instead of the escalator. I was looking in the window of one shop which was crammed with goods, when Dave got hold of the waist band of my skirt and rolled it over a couple of times at the front. I could see my reflection in the window of the shop and was certain that my bush was on show. "Wait here," said Dave and he went into the shop. I could see him talking to an assistant and the next thing they were walking towards the window! Dave was pointing out something that he was allegedly interested in and it seemed to be level with my knees. After a few minutes Dave came back out of the shop - empty handed of course and said "I should have undone your blouse as well!" Later we went for a coffee in the cafeteria and I had to keep crossing and uncrossing my legs to satisfy him as I sat there on a high stool.

No more flashing opportunities presented themselves then until the spring, unless you count an attendance at a rather more formal (and boring) Cricket Club Dinner at which the annual awards were handed out, I wore my black strappy dress with the low back and managed a slipped shoulder strap whilst dancing with the club President, who said "My dear, you seem to be having trouble with your dress". I told him it was no trouble at all! We were invited to a Christmas party by a colleague of Dave's and I selected my "Corfu" dress, I was a great success, especially when after a dance, I sat down on the floor and my skirt rode up.

The spring bank holiday was particularly good weather that year, so we went to Lechlade and parked by the river, in that big park. There were people in boats and having picnics. We had a super day, sightseeing and browsing in the local shops. We decided to hire a rowing boat for an hour and off we went upstream. I was wearing a white blouse and a new white wrap over mini skirt. (Dave does like easy access at all times). My husband is not the best rower in the world and I was laughing at his efforts. He suggested that as I was so critical, I should have a go, so we began to swap places. The boat rocked terribly as we did so, I just knew that we were going to end up in the water. But no, we managed to change over without mishap. I sat down to row and Dave, of all people started to give me advice! "Brace your feet against the ribs of the boat, pull the oars together with a smooth action." Such things as this. Then he said "spread your knees a little." I complained that it wasn't comfortable that way, but he said it improved the view as my skirt parted a bit.

We went down to the lock and found a quiet spot for a kiss and cuddle, then we noticed the time and had to get back or we would be overdue. Dave started to row back in bit of hurry and it was hilarious, the more he rushed the more he made a mess of it. He was "catching crabs" i.e. missing his stroke every now and then and causing a splash. Once he accidentally splashed another boat with some lads in it. They objected and splashed back, soon a full scale splashing contest was on the go. When the lads realised that I was not wearing a bra, I became prime target, although they still had the occasional go at Dave to keep him at bay. When we got back to the boatyard, we looked as though we had been in the river instead of on it. We still had to walk round the road and over the bridge to get back to the car. My hair was streaming (Dave never had much anyway) and our clothes were sticking to us. On the way home I stripped off in the car to dry off, and Dave took off his shirt. I think we must have looked like a couple of nudists on a day out!

We had a lot more adventures during that summer, we booked a caravan for a long weekend at a place called Abersoch on the Lleyn peninsular in North Wales, it belonged to a friend of a friend etc. We travelled up on Friday morning from our home in Warwickshire, arriving just after lunch. The caravan was huge, a mobile home really, it was on the main road into the camp and only about the third van after the entrance. We quickly made ourselves at home and unpacked. There was everything you could need and I couldn't get over how big the lounge/diner was. We spent the afternoon walking in the dunes which separated the camp from the sea. I hadn't brought any of my posh dresses as we weren't likely to have the opportunity to use any of them; it was after all a camping weekend. We walked into the village in the evening for a pub meal. I wore a new denim button through mini skirt and a blue short sleeved blouse. I put on a small pair of lace panties, little more than a G string really. Dave suggested that I might be "more comfortable" without them, I said I would see how I felt later - and kept them on. In the pub there was a good crowd of holidaymakers enjoying their last night of a week away. They were mostly from the Liverpool area and were very friendly and (later) noisy, singing to the Karaoke machine.

Those with children left to get them to bed and we moved over to join a group from Bootle. One girl spoke with the strongest scouse accent you have ever heard, her name was Dinah, she was very attractive and vivacious, she had long black curly hair and the most beautiful black complexion. Their party were all couples, so it felt quite natural for us to join them, in fact they insisted. Everyone had to take their turn with the singing and Dave whispered to me "are you going to do your "Tina" number"? I had often danced to it and sang it at home but never tried singing it in public.

I said "I suppose so, it is my favourite number". He then said "you'll have to show a bit of tit and leg to do Tina Turner justice" So whilst the others were each taking their turn, I thought about how I was going to manage. It did help when one of the lads made a complete cock up of his song; everybody laughed and enjoyed it but did not ridicule him. Dave got up and sang "Wonderwall" the Oasis song he was surprisingly good, I had never heard him sing anything properly before.

Then it was Dinah's turn she gave a lively rendition of "River Deep Mountain high" and she moved very sexily too. She had on a button through strappy summer dress the lower few buttons of the skirt were undone. As she moved and danced to the number she also undid the top two buttons of the bodice, she was braless and this allowed her ample cleavage to come into view. We all loved it and applauded loudly when she finished by sinking to the floor and leaning forward as a treat for the lads. Then it was my turn, I had to follow that! I asked for "Simply the best," and whilst the operator was sorting out the correct backing track, I stood with my back to the audience. I pulled my blouse out of my skirt and undid all the buttons except the one level with my nipples. I then undid two of the five buttons on my skirt.

As the intro started, I put my arms above my head, mike in one hand and wiggled my bum in what I hoped was a sexy way. I then turned and faced them; a roar of approval met me when they saw what I had done. One difficulty I had not thought about was holding the mike to my lips and dancing at the same time. Part of my "routine" with this song was to raise both arms above my head at one point. Singing into the mike, meant that I could only do this with one arm, this meant that the gap in the blouse moved sideways revealing a flash of breast. Of course I expected to give a glimpse of my panties as I moved my hips from side to side. I decided to go for it in a big way and jumped high in the air and spread my legs briefly, as I came back down my blouse came up and for a split second my breasts were fully on view. Having seen the reception given to Dinah when she finished on the floor, I decided to do the same, finishing in as near the splits as I could manage, with one leg outstretched and the other tucked under my bum. As I did so, a button popped from my skirt, then they could all see exactly how brief were my panties. The white lace was darkened by my pubes showing through. The applause was great and I loved it!

Someone suggested a duet with Dinah and me taking the stage. This was passed almost unanimously, (two votes against) so Dinah and I had to decide what to sing. Someone suggested a slow song, "The power of love" the Jennifer Rush song. We started the song straight, then we put an arm round each other and when the lyrics came to "I'm your lady". Dinah the turned her back and looking over her shoulder sang to the crowd those very words and put her hand up inside my blouse and cupped my breast. The watchers went wild, whistling and calling for more. She laughed and we turned around, so my back was to the audience, with my free hand I reached down and undid a couple of the buttons of her skirt, she looked at me and nodded so I undid a couple more until only three or four were left fastened right up to the top of her dress. Dinah had done up the top buttons that she had undone during her own song. We then turned again so I was facing the audience she lowered her hand and undid both the buttons left on my denim skirt so it dropped to the floor. I was left with just my blouse and tiny panties on. Dinah let go of me and undid all but the very top button of her own dress and we finished the number side by side an arm around each other's waist. I pulled one side of her dress to her hip and showed all who cared to look, her black panties. We finished the song to a wall of noise from the Bootle mob. I picked up my skirt and put it back on but there didn't seem a lot of point in trying to button past the button that had come off so I sat down back in my seat with two buttons done up and my panties on show.

We found that Dinah and her partner, Jim were staying another night so as we got up to leave to go back to the caravan site, we arranged to meet again the next day. Dave stopped me in the door of the pub and asked me to give him my panties, so the devil being in me, I stood in the lighted door way of the pub lifted one leg slipped them down and stuffed them in his top pocket and wished everyone good night. On the way back along the road, as soon as we were away from the street lights he reached and undid the lower of the two buttons of the skirt, leaving only the one at the waistband holding the skirt up. As we walked there was a bit of breeze blowing, enough to waft the edges of my blouse, my nipples had been hard all evening and now I could feel the breeze on them it was very exciting. The footpath disappeared as we got near the caravan park and we had to walk on the road facing the occasional car coming along. I felt very vulnerable but excited with only two buttons fastened on my whole outfit. Naturally enough there were a couple of times when a gust of wind lifting my blouse coincided with the passing of traffic. A couple of them tooted and waved. The skirt also fluttered a bit in the wind but being of a heavier material, not as much. We made love as soon as we got into the caravan.

It was about 5.00am when Dave woke me up and said "Come on, time for a morning skinny dip" the sun was just coming over the headland as we found a spot with and old wreck of a boat lying on the sand. It was the most beautiful sandy beach that seemed to go on for miles. We had taken our costumes in case there were a lot of people about, but there were none. I wrapped a towel round myself and headed for the water, I dropped the towel at the water's edge and ran straight into the water, I am normally very slow going in, but this time there was no messing about - straight in. If you have never swum in the nude, then you must, it is the most sensational feeling. Complete freedom and some how I felt more athletic,

I have always been a reasonably good swimmer any way, but naked and with Dave also naked, - I find it very difficult to describe the urge to fully exploit my diving and swimming skills. Dave had in mind exploiting another skill at which he is quite good, and approached me with an erection (that he managed that in the cold water serves as an illustration of how "hot" he was). It was a quite successful coupling, but not one of the best. After a bit more swimming, we made our way back the caravan for a hearty breakfast. We then did a bit of sight seeing and visited Caernarfon, had lunch and looked around the shops. I spotted a lacy dress with a collar and long sleeves, it was button through and on me it was quite short. It wasn't completely see through although in the shop lighting, which wasn't very good I could see the outline of my panties and my nipples stood out and the material darkened a little around them. I bought it. Dave was having a look through a "bargain box" and made a purchase, but I didn't see what it was.

We went back to the car, and I showed Dave my new dress, he insisted that I try it on for him. I had to get changed in the back of the car. I stood outside the car and twirled for him; he was very impressed and told me he hoped that I would keep it on until we got back to the camp. We then wandered along the high street and I caught site of my reflection in a shop window, when the sun was behind me you could see the outline of my body through the dress and my panties were VERY visible. My breasts also were to a lesser degree. The cut of the dress was loose, and hung in folds, which preserved a little modesty, (but not much).

It came to the time that we had to make a move back to the caravan site, and as we got in the car Dave said "let's have those panties off then, you won't be needing them until we get back". I sighed but indulged him after all I do love him and he is the best bloke I have ever met. As we turned in to the gate we went by the shop and I said we needed some milk. Dave stopped the car and said "off you go then."

"But, Dave--" I said "I don't have any panties on",

"Go-on, the shop's almost empty you can be very quick" he replied. I felt very vulnerable I can tell you, stepping into that self service shop with only the dress clothing me. But I do have to say that the vulnerability does excite me. The girl behind the till was having an argument with another customer about her bill, I just put the correct money on the table and ran out of the shop - the car had gone! I looked up and saw Dave letting himself in to the caravan, fifty yards away. I ran all the way, Dave came out of the door with his camera and took a picture of me, running clutching a litre of milk to my chest. I hit him over the head with it and the very thin plastic split and covered him in milk. Jolly well served him right.

We had arranged to meet Jim and Dinah and drive into the country to find a place for a meal. What could we wear, we didn't have any really good stuff with us, I settled on the best sundress I had with me and Dave luckily had a reasonable shirt and slacks. We felt a little under dressed when we saw the others, Jim had on a lightweight suit, whilst Dinah was wearing a black slip type dress and a little bolero jacket with a sparkly decoration. They were great about it, saying that we weren't to know that we would meet and have a dinner date. My dress was slim fitting with a slightly flared skirt which was about mid thigh in length. It had thin shoulder straps and was laced up the back. We went in their car, a nice BMW with leather seats; they obviously were not short of a few bob.

We drove to another village about fifteen miles away and found a little Italian restaurant; we were shown to a table which was in the window. Dinah slipped off her jacket and revealed the true nature of her dress, it was an underslip! She laughed when she saw me looking and said "we like to play games and live a little dangerously - and you do to - don't you?" I had to admit that we did. The meal was a great success, as Jim was driving; he restricted himself to a couple of glasses of wine, not so Dinah or the rest of us. The three of us had three bottles of wine almost to ourselves. As tongues were loosened, we told them of some of our escapades and they told us of some of theirs.

The one that sticks in my mind was one day, they walked to the top of a local hill and found one of those survey pedestal things on the top, and it apparently was the highest hill for miles. Dinah climbed on top of it whilst Jim filmed her with the video camera, Jim asked to show a bit of leg and she lifted her skirt, he said, "a bit more," so she pulled the dress right up and over her head and stood there in just her panties, waving the dress above her. The wind snatched the dress from her grasp and it blew away! There was no way they could catch it, so she had to borrow Jim's tee shirt for the two mile walk back to the car.

As the meal went on, it became clear that we shared a liking for the spice of exhibitionism. "Are you wearing anything under the dress?" Dave asked Dinah very directly, he must have been emboldened by the wine.

"Why don't you find out" she said "or perhaps after last night, you might like Paula to find out for you?" As we were sitting next to each other, all I had to do was to feel through the material. I found what I thought to be the bow of tie side panties, and asked her if this was the case. "Yes" she said "would you be kind enough to undo them for me?" I was a little shocked, but was sozzled enough to say I would try. However the hem of the slip was too tight around her legs and I couldn't reach. "I have a solution" she said and with both hands gripped the material and ripped it up as far as her hip! The sound of the slip tearing was very erotic. "There, I am sure you can reach now" she said. And I could, one pull at the tie and the side of her panties fell away. "Don't worry about the other side, they will drop off when I stand up" Dinah whispered to me. With that, she stood up took a pace from the table shook her hips and her panties fell to her ankles. Nobody bothered to pick them up and they lay there on the floor.

"Paula often goes without pants" offered Dave, "and tonight is no exception" I said in a low voice. Dinah regained her seat next to me put one arm round my shoulders and rubbed my breast through my dress and said "now then what can we do to make you a little more comfortable?" It felt very strange but not unpleasant to have another woman feeling my breast. Her hand slipped off my shoulders and began to unlace my dress down the back. Not only did she undo the lace she actually took the lace out of the dress completely. Wrapped it round a few times and made it into a "necklace" and popped it over my head. Dave said "I think we are being watched" I supposed he meant the Head Waiter would come over any minute and throw us out. But I had forgotten that our table was in the window. Dinah and I had our backs to it and it seemed that someone was taking an interest in our activities from outside. Whilst I was sitting still my shoulder straps stayed in place, but I had the feeling that if I moved there was a distinct possibility of the straps leaving my shoulders very quickly.

We had a brandy each (except Jim) to finish off and Jim paid the bill. As I stood up to leave the table my dress nearly parted company with me, I had to bend forward to stand up and one strap fell off my shoulder directly, but I caught it and pushed it back. "Spoilsport" said Jim "I was looking forward to that"

"Perhaps later" I found myself saying.

Dave, Dinah and I all sat in the back while Jim drove us back to Abersoch. Dinah sat in the middle and wiggled her hips against both of us. She took our hands and drew them together in her lap and the three of us held hands together. I felt a movement and felt, rather than saw, her finger scraping her pubes through the material of her slip, her breathing quickened and she said to Dave "you do it, now, quickly" He looked at me, she still had a firm hold on my hand, I gave a small nod although I wasn't entirely sure what I wanted him to do. So he began to massage her pubic area with the flat of his hand, she writhed about and then moved her hand and put it on my thigh and moved towards the top of my leg, she quickly found my clitoris at it was a feeling I had never had before, I wasn't sure that I was enjoying it, but sure as hell I did not want it to stop! "Use your fingers, use your fingers" she gasped. Now if Dave has a speciality, it is the use of his fingers. It was almost surreal watching my husband bring off another woman whilst she did the same to me! I caught sight of Jim in the driver's mirror and he was grinning from ear to ear, his white teeth shining against his black face.

We got back to the caravan having recovered our composure, Dave and I invited them in, Jim said "Right I haven't had a drink all night so I've some catching up to do". He was great, he broke any awkwardness there might have been by telling us some really brilliant jokes (I can never remember them the next day). Dave suggested a game of strip poker, we had rapidly to make sure that we had we had the same number of items to discard I had my dress and my shoes, Dave handed me a cardigan - A cardigan of all things! making four, Dinah had her dress and jacket plus her shoes - four. The lads stripped off their shoes and shirts leaving their trousers, jockey and socks. This was going to be a short game. The loser would have to pay a forfeit decided by the others. Jim lost the first hand and Dave lost the second, I don't think they were trying too hard. I lost the next two, which took care of my cardigan and one shoe. My dress was still unfastened and it kept slipping off my shoulder. Dinah lost a couple of hands. Soon, I only had on my dress, both the men were in their underpants and Dinah had just her slip left.

From the bulge in Jim's jocks it seems that what they say about black men could well be true, we were all just one hand from finding out. Dave wasn't so bad in that department either. I looked at Dinah and shrugged, she gave an infectious giggle and Dave dealt the cards. I have an Ace and a nine, it could hardly have been better, Jim had seventeen, Dave, eighteen. It all hinged on Dinah's hand whether Jim stripped or she did. Eleven! She had stuck at eleven! "OK off with the dress!" called Dave,

"Come here woman, let me help you with that", said Jim. She swayed over to him, "let's do this in style" he said, she thrust her hip in his face, he gripped the satin either side of the tear she had made in it herself and tore it all the way up to her armpit. He then grabbed her bodice and ripped it from neckline to hem, she turned and he ripped up the other side and then down the back, it just fell to the floor.

Dinah laughed at our astonished faces as we stared at her beautiful body. "Whenever I wear a slip like this it invariably ends up with it getting ripped off." she said, "Now what about that forfeit?" Dave said "run round the outside of the caravan, in the nude" (We had told them about the party when Cas had raced down the road with Bill).

Jim said, "we can do better than that" let's all of us race round the site. So we stripped off what was left of our clothing, I had a quick check and decided Dave compared well in a certain area. A route was decided upon, we were to stay within the bounds of the site and certain points had to be visited. Off we went, the men having their own private race. We girls were competing against each other. It was just about midnight and a few cars were still coming on to the site, occasionally we had to dodge quickly behind a caravan when a car when past. I don't know who had the biggest disadvantage Dinah with her black body against the light coloured vans or me with my white body in the moonlight.

Dinah and I arrived back at our caravan at the same time only to find the door locked and two grinning faces in the window. As I had said, our van was just inside the main gate and every car that came into the site had to come past us. we were out there for what seemed an age but it was only about 10 minutes. They finally let us back in and hugged each of us in turn, their erections pushing at our bellies. It was obvious they had to stay the night, so we made up a big bed on the floor with all the mattresses and bed clothing and all got in together. Dinah kissed me goodnight and turned to face Jim and we each made love to our own partner.

In the middle of the night I got up to got to the loo, when I got back I found that Dinah had rolled over and was now cuddling Dave, I got into the gap and snuggled up to Jim. When it was light, we woke and grinned at each other, I had a quick feel of Jim's tackle and he mine, I didn't feel guilty about it as Dave was doing exactly the same with Dinah.

We all had a cup of tea and breakfast, and discussed what we had planned to do. Jim said he would go back to their digs as they had to be out this morning and bring their stuff and some clothes for Dinah, (although she had come prepared with a coat in the car). While he was gone, Dinah told us that Jim was in the clothing business with a small factory making clothes for chain stores. "Do you have to go back today then?" said Dave,

"I suppose if we got back by about 10 o'clock on Monday it would be OK" said Dinah.

"If Jim agrees would you like to stay another night?" I asked.

"Would I?" she said, "I have looked for another couple like you for ages". Jim agreed instantly when we got back, and we started to plan our day.

I had heard of a place called "Whistling Sands" near Morfa Nefyn on the north coast of the peninsular, where as you walk on the sands they give a whistling sound. We decided to go there first and take a picnic and then head into the hills for the afternoon. Dave said to me "I would like you to wear these today" and handed me his "bargain buy" from Caernarfon. They turned out to be a pair of soft denim shorts already frayed round the edges. the edges were quite fluffy and stood out like an afro haircut. But they were far too small; the waistband didn't come within three inches of meeting at the top.

Dinah said "I have an idea", and took the necklace she had made from the leather lace up of my dress the night before, with a sharp kitchen knife, made holes down each side of the zip fly and started to lace up the shorts from the bottom. The effect was not bad, I have to admit, but my lower belly could be seen through the gaps. She also considered the crotch was too wide and made it narrower, fluffing out the material as she went to "give it a bit of body". It was a good job she did, as I felt my labia lips were in danger of popping out either side of the crotch. She then cut another two inches off the legs, which meant that the crotch was now lower than the legs.

"And this is your top." said Dave and handed me a short sleeved cropped top to show off my midriff.

"If I am going out like this, then what are you wearing" I said to Dinah, She showed me a little halter top which was more or less a triangle of white cotton with ties attached. It hung very loose and low down her back but came almost up to her neck at the front. Her skirt was a black and white check wrap over which was ankle length. the actual amount of wrap over was very small, no more than four or five inches at one side. as she took a step the whole of her leg emerged from the slit almost to panty line level. I said "I trust you are wearing nothing else....?" and pointed to her crotch, "I won't if you don't want me to" she said, and I nodded. Jim had on a tee shirt and a pair of Lycra shorts like a 100metre sprinter, which showed off his equipment to good effect. Dave wore a short sleeved shirt and shorts.

We set off in their BMW and I lay back in the sumptuous leather. Dinah was in the front with Jim and as we drove through the village she decided we needed some tomatoes for the picnic and went into a small shop. As she came out she parted her skirt for our benefit and gave us a fine view of her legs.

The beach at Morfa lived up to its reputation and whistled as we walked. It was incredible, it was lovely to walk on with bare feet and feel the sand between your toes. We swam and sunbathed for a while and then set off into the hills, as we went through Portmadoc, Dave said he would like to take some photographs of the small trains that run from there along the causeway. So we parked for a while and walked a little way along the causeway for Dave to get his picture. We had a few minutes to wait so he asked Dinah and me to stand together for a photo on the wall. When some time later I saw the picture, he had hardly got our faces in the shot, because at the moment he took the picture, a gust of wind blew Dinah's skirt right up and over our heads. This left her deeply black pubes as the main feature of the shot. It was with a struggle that we controlled the skirt back into its normal position.

Then we went into the hills. We found a super spot off the road a little way by a small stream and decided to picnic there. The tomatoes that Dinah had bought were the huge continental variety and were a lovely addition to the salad. Dave got one that was a bit soft, and complained. However, he was shown no sympathy by Dinah, so he said "you can have it back". He pulled out the bottom of her halter and stuffed it up the inside. Then he squashed it, and the juice ran down between her breasts and onto her belly. Dinah retaliated with another straight on his nose. The dampness of the juice soaked into her white top and her very prominent nipples almost poked their way through the material. Dave got a small bottle of water and emptied it over her head. I laughed, so she threw some mayonnaise at me and it went into my hair and face, we then lay on the ground grappling with each other, rolling over on the grass, she ended up on top of me and suddenly she kissed me direct on the lips, it wasn't a passionate kiss, but there was a message in it that I read loud and clear. I liked it, but was confused and I think to some extent so was Dinah. It was a spontaneous thing I think she was a surprised as I was.

Jim said, "Well now ladies are you going to break it up, or give Dave and me a bit of a show?" We sat up and both looked flushed, my shorts had ridden to one side and glistening labia was protruding from them. Dinah's nipples were enormous and sticking through the thin cotton of her top. In the struggle, my cropped top had become dislodged and a breast appeared from below. In rolling around we had lain in some sheep muck and our clothes were marked with the stains of the crushed pellets. "You can't get back in the car in that state" said Dave. "Why not swill off in the stream?" The water was cold and fresh off the mountain, we washed off our bodies but the clothing needed a proper wash. The mayonnaise only came out of my hair after a thorough soaking. Jim found a blanket in the car to protect the seats and Dinah and I rode back to the site in the rear of the car with only an occasional contribution to the boys' conversation. About half way home Dinah reached across and gave my hand a squeeze, when I looked up there were tears in her eyes and she smiled at me. It was too much; we hugged each other and sat holding hands until we arrived back at the caravan.

We knew we would have to try to forget what had happened and it came as a relief when Dave came back from the camp shop saying that he had heard there was to be an evening barbecue on the beach tonight. It was "a bring your own" type of thing so he had picked up some pork pieces and some bread and a couple of big bottles of cheap wine. It was a warm evening as we walked down to the beach, the party was in full swing by the time we got there and it was getting dark. Dinah had insisted on borrowing my lace dress, her black body looked sensational through the white lace. I was given a choice of any of her clothes in return. She had some fabulous stuff, but I settled on a white slip dress which was very thin and soft, my nipples stood out and pushed into the material so much that you could actually see the shape of my areola as well. Jim and Dinah exchanged a smile when they saw what I had chosen, "I think you need a belt with that" said Dinah, and pulled the skirt up and fastened it with a black belt. This made the outfit quite the shortest I had ever worn, as it was possible to feel my pubic hair almost without touching the slip. The effect of blousing the top meant that the deeply undercut armholes gaped a great deal and the profile of my breasts could be seen from the side, it also made the shoulder straps a good deal looser than they would normally have been.

Jim looked great bare chested with a sarong slung round his hips, in fact he lent one to Dave and it was really good to see him in something other than shorts.

Some of the others were in swimsuits and one girl was topless wearing only bikini bottoms. We put our food on the barbecue and set about opening the wine, We had forgotten a corkscrew and anything to drink out of, so Jim ran back to the van to get what we needed and Dave took charge of the cooking. There was some music playing so Dinah and I started dancing.

We danced together but did not touch each other. I was fascinated to see that her large nipples had pushed through the lace and were now outside the dress. I had constantly to pull the straps of the slip. It seemed no time at all when Jim reappeared with the bottle opener and some plastic cups. We'd had about three measures each when Dave announced that "Dinner is served" we set to with gusto. After we had eaten, we drank and danced, We danced both lively numbers and smoochy ones with our own and each other's partner. It became clear to Dinah and me that the boys had on only their sarongs and they pushed their groins into ours. Dave did the trick of slipping the shoulder straps off my shoulders and held me close after the top had slipped, but nobody took any notice now as several girls had been deprived of their tops.

Jim danced with me and rolled over the top of my slip until it was like a circular sausage around my waist. He then started to edge up the skirt at the back and my bum was immediately exposed to the night and anyone who cared to look. Dave took the hint and hoisted Dinah's dress up to her waist, back and front. We were a little way from the light of the bonfire and barbecue when Dave's prick escaped from the sarong and it pushed into Dinah's pubic hair. I went up behind her and reached between her legs to take Dave's tool in my hand, I had to bend a little to do this and the next thing Jim was behind me with his prick in his own hand. It rubbed back and forth along my labia lips and became soaked in my juices. Large warm drops of rain started to fall, but we did not stop, Dave ejaculated into my hand and I rubbed it all over Dinah's backside, Jim came soon after and shot between my legs and hit Dinah in the behind. Her bum was covered in both men's sperm, and she backed into me and spread it all over my pubes and belly.

The rains then got heavier and the temperature dropped so we decided to get back to the van. We each walked with our own partner in a cuddle. When we got back to the caravan we had to strip off our wet things and settled down on the floor drinking coffee in the heat of the gas fire. The big communal bed was set up again and we clambered in Dave made gentle love to me whilst the others lay there watching us. Dinah rolled over to me when we had finished and kissed my nipples gently then kissed me deeply on the mouth before moving over to cuddle Dave. Jim took me in his arms and I nestled my head on his chest, nibbling at his nipples. He gently ran his hands through my hair whilst putting barely discernible pressure on my head pushing me towards his belly. I looked over at Dave and saw him burying his face in Dinah's bush. I took Jim in my mouth and sucked.

The next morning, Jim and Dinah had to leave quite early in order to get back to Bootle for 10.00am. As we said goodbye to them it was an emotional time, after all we had only met them the previous Friday night yet we seemed to have so much in common. We exchanged addresses and numbers and promised to phone each other later in the week. We kissed goodbye and Dave put his arm round me as we watched their car disappear through the main gate.

"We'll have to try to see them again." Dave said as we gave a last wave at the disappearing car. "I'm pretty sure that Jim wants to fuck you."

"That would be nothing to do with you wanting to fuck Dinah I suppose!" I remarked, dug him in the ribs and laughed.