**Rachel**

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**Chapter 1: Unexpected Visitors**  
It all started innocently enough. I'd just back home from the gym after an early morning workout. My Christmas excesses had been punished with a gruelling cardio-vascular session; the treadmill, stepper and rowing machine all contributing to my exhausted state. The hot pounding water from the power shower started to revive my aching muscles, caressing my long, toned body. I ran my fingers through my shoulder-length brown hair, pushing my face towards the cascading stream of water. Next, working the shower gel into a lather on the rough yellow sponge, I began soaping my large, firm breasts. The sensation of the rough material on my soft skin felt good, and I began paying extra attention to my erect, sensitive nipples. Drifting off into an almost dream-like state I was abruptly snapped awake by the sound of the doorbell, barely audible above the noise of the shower. I thought it must be my friend Sarah, who was calling round before we went out for lunch. Quickly, I turned off the shower, grabbed a towel and, still dripping, went downstairs to let her in.  
  
I'd only just wrapped the white towel around myself as I snapped the lock and opened the door. Instead of Sarah, there were two men on my doorstep. Before I could say anything or retreat behind the cover of the door, one of them spoke. "Good morning miss, I was just wondering if you would be interested in hearing the voice of God." He offered a magazine for my attention, 'The Word of Our Lord', as he spoke, seemingly oblivious to my state of undress.   
  
I was a little freaked out by the situation, blurting out my reply, "Erm, not just now I'm afraid - I'm getting ready to go out."  
  
He continued insistently, "It won't take long miss; surely you can spare a few minutes to hear the word of our Lord?"  
  
His polite tone, combined with the fact that I was standing on my doorstep in full view of the neighbours made me give in to his request, "OK, as long as you're quick. Come in. By the way, you can call me Rachel." I showed them through to my living room and asked them to sit down. It was my first chance to really look them over - I'd been too nervous standing in the doorway. The man who had originally spoken to me was in his early fifties; smartly dressed in a suit with short, brown hair. The other was much younger, probably only in his late teens, but still very smartly dressed in a similar, dark blue suit.  
  
I stood opposite the two of them as the older man continued with his 'sales patter'. I was conscious of the skimpiness of my attire - naked under the towel. It was tied in a knot under my right arm and hung down just a couple of inches below my bottom, like a very short mini-dress. I would have sat down, but was worried that the knot would slip or the towel would ride up too high on my thighs and reveal too much. Both of them seemed unfazed by the spectacle, their professional approach contrary to the lascivious stares I expected.   
  
As the older man continued to talk about redemption, the younger one opened one of their magazines, pointing out some quotes to add credence to his partner's words. Out of politeness I felt obliged to show an interest, and bent over to take a look. I felt a rush of air as the front of the towel fell forward, leaving a gaping V-shaped gap on my right side. The older man hesitated with his speech for a second as he obviously became aware of my partial nakedness from his seated position. I panicked, using both hands to clutch the towel to myself as I stood up. At the same time I could feel the knot under my arm come loose, and tried to nonchalantly tie it while they were still talking. It was tricky, but I managed to get it tight again.  
  
Feeling unsettled and embarrassed by this brief flash I made my excuses, "Would you like something to drink, a tea or coffee?" They both nodded, asking for just water, and I managed to retreat to the relative privacy of the kitchen. I managed to compose myself a little, tied the towel a little tighter and then poured their drinks. They both stood up briefly as I returned to the living room, an old-fashioned gesture that emphasised their politeness.  
  
The younger man, pointing towards one of the framed prints on my wall spoke, "I hope you don't mind, but I was just admiring these pictures while you were out, who are they by?"   
  
"I'm not sure; I'll just take a look. I think they're signed in pencil at the bottom." I stepped up to one of the prints and, bending over, squinted to make out the faint signature of the artist. The towel rode up my behind, exposing most of my bottom. I'm sure heard both of them gasp as they saw my naked behind. In my rush to cover myself I stood up too quickly and the knot in the towel burst loose. I clumsily tried to catch the towel as it started to fall, but I failed dramatically. The white material fell to the floor, leaving me exposed and completely naked in front of these two strangers. I blushed and stole a quick glance to see the reaction on their faces. They were both transfixed my hard, toned body. Open-mouthed they gaped at my large, firm breasts and neatly shaved pussy. For a brief second I enjoyed the attention, feeling my pussy become moist and my nipples harden. Then I snapped back to reality, realising the embarrassment of exposing myself to these two devout Christians.   
  
The older man broke the brief, tense silence as he stood up, "Allow me, Rachel." He reached down for the towel and held it open for me to wrap myself in. I turned with my back to him and allowed him to reach round to cover me. His hands brushed me lightly as he knotted the towel between my breasts. I wasn't sure, but I was sure I could feel his erection against my bottom as he stood behind me. As I turned back to face them, he said, "We've imposed on you enough now miss, I'll leave you one of our magazines and let you read it in your own time. Come on David, we'd better be going."  
  
As the younger man stood up I suddenly became aware that although my breasts and bottom were now out of sight, the front-knotted towel had left my pussy still exposed. David was staring at this oversight as he got up, his eyes never leaving the gap in the front of my towel. I pulled the material together when I realised and he glanced away, obviously embarrassed by the fact that I'd caught him looking. I tried to ease the tense atmosphere by joking, "I'm sorry about my recreation of the Garden of Eden story - I'm no Eve I'm afraid."   
  
The older man replied, "On the contrary my dear, you are indeed a vision of loveliness that would tempt any man from the path of true righteousness."  
  
Blushing, I replied, "I guess I'm lucky that you two are on that path then - I'd hate to seem like a temptress." His quasi-religious tone was starting to make me a little nervous now and I tried to lighten the tone, "Thanks for the compliments, but I won't keep you any longer. Good luck with the rest of your day."  
  
After they'd gone I stood in the hallway, reflecting on what had happened. Although my accidental flashing had been acutely embarrassing, I had definitely become very aroused by letting the two men see me naked. As you'll see in the stories to follow, I've grown to love letting strangers catch glimpses of my nakedness...

**Chapter 2: The Garage**  
After exposing myself to the two Christians and finding that I enjoyed letting men see me ‘accidentally’ naked, I began planning my next escapade. My car was due to have its annual maintenance service and I thought I’d use the opportunity to see if I could flash again.  
  
I carefully selected my outfit for the occasion. A short denim skirt, white g-string panties and a tight yellow, lycra boob-tube that left little to the imagination. It was a hot summer’s day, so I hoped my outfit wouldn’t look too out of place. After pulling up outside the garage I took a deep breath, trying to settle my nerves and beating heart, and stepped out onto the hot tarmac. The assistant at the service counter, an older man in his forties couldn’t take his eyes away from my chest as he checked his records. “Hi, my name’s Steve. Miss Lethem, you’re booked in for a routine service from ten o’clock. Is there anything special you’d like us to check over?”   
  
“Well there is a sort of knocking sound coming from the engine while it ticks over. Nothing too loud, but it is a bit irritating.”  
  
“I’ll just take a look now; see if we can work out what it is.”  
  
We walked back outside and Steve asked me to turn the ignition key. Sitting in my seat, the short denim skirt rode up high on my long, toned thighs. A flash of my white g-string was clearly visible below the hem of the skirt. Steve fumbled with the bonnet release latch in the foot well, his face only inches away from my naked legs as he crouched down. I spread my legs slightly, hoping he’d catch more of a glimpse of my panties as he stood up. His gaze lingered for a second as he turned to ask, “Keep the car in neutral, and gently press down on the accelerator for me please.”  
  
He stood at the front of the car, listening while I revved the engine. The regular knocking noise soon started up. Over the noise of the engine he shouted, “That’ll do now, come round and I’ll show you the problem.” I got out and walked round to stand next to him. Pointing towards a black plastic cylinder with six black leads coming out of it, he said, “The distributor seems to be a bit cock-eyed. It shouldn’t be sitting like that. Just look under there and you’ll see it’s not been screwed in properly.” I bent over to look under the cylinder to where he was pointing. My chest pressed against the dirty, oily engine and I knew that my next flashing episode could begin!  
  
As I stood up, I looked down at my once-clean yellow boob-tube and gasped, “Oh no - this top’s ruined – look at me!” Steve obliged and stared at my breasts. The material was filthy with thick black smudges all over it. I was surprised to see how erect my nipples were, clearly straining outwards against the tight confines of the top. I tried rubbing at the stains, but they only smudged more. I blurted out, “I’m going out for lunch in an hour – I’ve got to get this top clean somehow.”  
  
Steve thought for a second and offered, “We’ve got a washroom out in the back. You could use some of the cleaner we use – that usually gets the oil out.”  
  
“I’ll give it a go, where is it?”  
  
He led me through the workshop, past two other mechanics working under an old Volvo car. I pretended not to notice as their gazes followed me. Steve pointed to the washbasin on the back wall and took down a jar of thick-looking cleaning jelly and a nail brush from a shelf above. “This should do the trick Miss Lethem, but I’m afraid it does smell rather a lot. If you rub the jelly into the stains and then use the brush to take it off, then the oil should vanish.”   
  
With Steve standing next to me I took a small handful of the jelly and tried rubbing it into the stains. He stared at my jiggling breasts as I rubbed the top roughly to try and clean it. The jelly was working slowly, but I decided to take things further. “This is no good. Excuse me for a second Steve.” I gripped the elasticised hem of my top, took a deep breath, and pulled it over my head. My large breasts burst free, accompanied by a gasp from Steve and the two other mechanics. I bent over the basin and poured more of the jelly into the bowl. As I rubbed at the material my breasts swung freely from side to side, giving Steve a clear view. The other mechanics, still behind me in the workshop, both let out a wolf whistle.   
  
I turned to face them and joked, “Can’t you help a lady in distress? I need this top cleaned quickly.” Without a second’s thought they both dropped their tools and ran over to help. As the three men stood over me, offering advice I could feel the wetness between my legs as I quickly became aroused. My juices were dripping down my thighs.  
  
One of the mechanics, Tom, offered, “Let me have a go miss, maybe you’re not rubbing hard enough.” I stood up, letting him take over. Despite the fact I was topless I made no effort to cover my breasts, pretending to be too intent on what Tom was doing to notice. Steve and my other helper, Ged, both kept their eyes firmly on my nakedness. Their gaze seemed to burn through me, and I teased them, absent-mindedly rubbing my breasts as they stared.  
  
Within minutes of Tom’s exertions my top was clean, but it stank to high heaven of the cleaning jelly. Ged offered to give it wash with some ‘lemon-fresh’ detergent to see if that would help. It was obvious they wanted me to stay longer so that they could keep up with their lustful gazes. Ged’s efforts did help with the smell, but now the top was soaked and needed to be dried. Even though they put it on the grilles of an industrial-strength blow heater it would still take a while to dry.  
  
As we waited, the three men offered to show me round the workshop, although they never once offered me something to cover myself up! I felt amazingly turned on, strutting around the garage in my short skirt, tiny panties and with my 36D breasts exposed in all their glory. My lack of embarrassment seemed to spur them on, and Tom even playfully pinched my bottom as I bent over to examine the engine block that Steve was showing me. Later I returned the favour, briefly rubbing against Tom’s stiff cock through the thin material of his overalls while we chatted.   
  
My exhibitionist display came to an end ten minutes later - my top dried out and I had to head off into town for lunch.   
  
Hope you’ll look out for my next exhibitionist escapade…

**Chapter 3: The Letter**  
A couple of weeks after my adventures down at the garage I plucked up the courage to have another go at doing an ‘accidental’ flash. I’d become so aroused by my previous flashes that I’d become addicted to the feelings exhibitionism gave me. This time, I decided to treat my postman to a sight of my naked body.   
  
I had to plan the flash quite carefully, and decided to post myself a recorded delivery letter that would need signing for. I reckoned that the letter would arrive on Saturday morning and Steve, the postman, would have to knock on my door to get my signature. He usually delivered the post at about nine in the morning, so I got up a little earlier than usual to decide on my outfit. After showering I put on my very short black silk kimono. It’s a bit too small for me; my large breasts are barely contained by the material even if the belt is wrapped tightly around. I adjusted the lapels to make sure that most of my soft white breasts were on display, leaving my nipples just hidden behind the silky material. I’m quite tall, so the hem of the kimono only just managed to cover my pussy. At the back the bottom of my ass cheeks were on display.  
  
Waiting nervously in my hallway, I kept checking the time, hoping that Steve would call soon. I felt pretty silly standing there waiting like that, like some kind of black spider waiting for their prey. Luckily the bell rang just before nine, and my adventure could begin.   
  
I checked my outfit, making sure that it was revealing enough, but not too obvious. While pretending to yawn as if I’d just been woken, I opened the door. Steve looked up at me and gasped. Smiling, I joked, “Morning Steve thanks for getting me out of bed so early! What is it?”  
  
“I’ve got a recorded delivery letter for you Miss Lethem. Would you mind signing for it please?” As Steve spoke, his eyes gave me a good look over, starting at my breasts and moving down to my long, bare legs.   
  
I replied, “Sure, have you got a pen?”  
  
“I did have, but it must have fallen out of my bag. I couldn’t borrow one of yours could I?”   
  
Sensing my chance to take things a bit further I nodded and turned back into the hallway. As I went off to get a pen, I made sure that I gave my bottom a casual rub, hopefully pulling up the material to let Steve have a better look at my bottom. I found a biro in the kitchen and made my next move, loosening the belt of the kimono so that it would fall open with the slightest movement. There was only an inch or two of overlap separating my nakedness from full exposure!  
  
I gingerly walked back out to Steve, hoping that the kimono would stay decent until I could get closer. He offered the pad to sign and I leant over to print my name. As I expected, this forward movement was enough to make the kimono finally gape open, the belt untying itself almost straight away. I could sense Steve’s hot breath on my neck as I scribbled my signature. I decided to pretend that I hadn’t realised what had happened, standing up straight with the silky material merely framing my large soft white breasts, erect nipples and pussy.  
  
“Have you got the letter for me then?” I asked.  
  
Steve fumbled around in his bag while I waited, at the same time not taking his eyes off my nakedness. I appeared intent on looking at him while he searched, keeping up the pretence that I didn’t know that my body was on display. Eventually he found the letter and almost regretfully passed it to me - I’m sure he was disappointed that my show was about to be cut short. I sensed his disappointment and decided to prolong things a bit more. As I made small talk, barely listening to his answers, I could feel the wetness between my legs. I wanted to reach down and rub myself, but had to restrain my feelings. My small pink nipples felt as if they were about to explode as I became more aroused. I realised I’d have to stop things before they went too far.  
  
“Well, thanks for the letter Steve – I’d better go and get dressed now.” I looked down casually and gasped in mock horror as I realised I was exposed. As I pulled the kimono together I blurted out, “Oh my god, what am I doing? I’m sorry about this.” Steve’s face blushed bright red, and he mumbled that it was OK.   
  
Clutching the kimono tightly around myself, I waved as he went off down my path. After I had closed the door I immediately ripped off the gown and set about pleasuring myself with a long, hard orgasm. I was beginning to really like this exhibitionist life…

**Rachel Ch. 4 - Getting Changed**  
It was Friday night and I’d arranged to go out for a drink with some friends in Brighton. Rather than going out for a night on the town with my work clothes on, I’d decided to get changed at work. It was just after five by the time we’d balanced all the cashier drawers. I was meeting my friends at half six, so there was plenty of time for me to get ready.  
  
The toilets of the bank are very basic and pretty small – it’s only a small branch with little or no amenities for staff. The ladies’ just has a washbasin, mirror, some lockers and one toilet cubicle. I pulled my bag of clothes out of my locker and started to get changed. Just after I’d hung my jacket onto a peg I heard the sound of male voices outside in the narrow corridor. I didn’t recognise them, so went out to investigate. “Hi, I’m Rachel, the assistant manager. Can I help you?”  
  
There were two men, dressed in overalls examining the back door of the bank. The older of the two spoke up, “We’re here to measure up for the new steel shutters on the back door. Your boss has just let us through so that we can take a look.” I’d forgotten that my manager, Mark, had arranged for the visit. We needed to improve the security of the bank after a bad report from head office’s internal auditors.  
  
“That’s fine; I’ll just let you carry on then.”  
  
“Cheers, we won’t be too long,” replied the younger of the two men.  
  
I went back into the ladies’, but mischievously made sure that I left the door open about six inches. If the men turned round they would be able to clearly see into the area where I was about to get changed. My heart was pounding at the chance to indulge my exhibitionist tendencies! I knew that I wouldn’t be able to look towards the door – if I did, then it would be obvious that I would know they were looking at me. I thought my whole plan could be futile, what if they didn’t notice the little show I was about to give?  
  
Standing with my back to the door I unbuttoned my white blouse and took it off, folding it neatly and placing it inside my locker. My skirt came next; I unzipped it at the back and let it fall to the floor. I was now standing in just my white, lacy bra and matching, skimpy panties. If they were looking they would have been able to see my semi-naked form from behind. I desperately wanted to turn round to see if they were watching, but knew I couldn’t.   
  
With a deep breath, I unhooked my bra and let it rest on the back of my locker door. My nipples sprang to attention with the feeling of the cold air on my bare skin. Taking a chance, I turned round to face the mirror, side-on to the door. The voices of the workmen faltered for a second, and I sensed their eyes upon me. There was a blur of movement in the corner of my vision and then silence. I guessed they’d ducked out of the way and pretended to have gone. With a captive audience I could now begin exploring my exhibitionism to a greater extent, knowing I was being watched, but making sure that my watchers weren’t aware that I knew of their presence.   
  
I gripped the thin material of my panties between my fingers and pulled them down. I was now fully naked. Casually, I rubbed between my legs for a second; a subtle gesture that I hoped would turn the workmen on. For the next minute or so I walked around the small changing area to give the men a better view of my nakedness. I made sure I bent over towards the door a couple of times so that they’d be able to see my large breasts dangling down, swaying from side to side.   
  
After putting on my make-up, I knew I’d better get dressed. Otherwise it might seem too obvious that I was putting on a show. I pulled the black g-string out of my bag and pulled it on. It barely covered me, showing off all my pale, white bottom. Next came the skirt – a short black number that was only just decent. Suddenly there was the noise of a door opening in the corridor outside and I heard Mark’s voice, “Are you finished yet Garry? We’re almost about to lock up.”  
  
The reply came out as a stuttered mumble, “Er, yes almost, we were just checking the strength of the wall over here.”  
  
Mark asked, “Why, is there a problem?” I could hear his steps approaching the door, and knew I had to act quickly. It was OK showing my body off to two strangers, but I didn’t want one of my colleagues to see me like this. My hand dived into my bag and I pulled out the top I was going to wear that night – a tight, red lycra vest top that really exaggerated my ‘curves’. A couple of seconds later I’d managed to pull it over my head, just in time to see Mark glancing in the door. “Sorry Rachel, I didn’t know you were back here. Are you almost ready? I need to set the alarm.”  
  
With a slight tremble in my voice, I replied “Yeah, just give me a second and I’ll be out.” I couldn’t believe how close I’d been to letting my boss catch a sight of my naked breasts. It’s not the sort of thing you do working in a banking environment!  
  
After stashing my work clothes in my locker I was finally ready to go out. As I passed the two workmen in the corridor they hardly looked up from the tape measure they were using. I guess they were too embarrassed by what they’d seen to actually look me in the face!   
  
As I stepped down the steps of the bank outside, I knew I was ready and very horny for a night on the town…

**Rachel Ch.5 - A Morning At Home**  
I’d decided to take a much needed day off from work. I’d been busy for what seemed like months now, and I was ready to have some time to myself. It was nice waking up naturally that morning, rather than being awoken by the harsh tones of my alarm clock. The late morning sunlight poured into my bedroom through the thin curtains, putting me in an even better mood. It was going to be a nice day, but I also wondered what else would happen? Would I have the chance to indulge in my exhibitionist fantasies again…  
  
  
Still naked after getting out of bed, I went downstairs to make myself some breakfast. After checking my front porch for any post I went through to the kitchen. I’ve got quite a long, thin kitchen with lots of windows that overlook my small garden. (Un)fortunately I’m not overlooked from behind, so I can wander around with no clothes on without worrying about whether anyone can see me. That morning I went about making my breakfast as usual, fixing a cup of coffee, pouring some muesli into a bowl and squeezing some oranges to make some juice. It was such a beautiful morning that I decided to eat it outside on my patio table.   
  
As I stepped into the garden I suddenly heard talking coming from my neighbour’s side of the fence. I was surprised – they were normally both at work at this time of the morning. The talking suddenly became accompanied by a metallic clang, and I could see some ladders being propped up against my neighbour’s back wall. I remembered that they were having their old wooden windows replaced with some new, double-glazed PVC ones. I quickly stepped back into my kitchen to see what was happening.  
  
From my vantage point about fifteen feet away I could see a young workman on the ladder, trying to prise the old windows out of their frame. He looked quite handsome, stripped to the waist and wearing just a pair of faded denim shorts. His muscles bulged as he tried to take out the window. I could feel myself getting wet between my legs as subconsciously I realised that I’d decided to show myself to him. I knew that from his position he could see virtually my entire garden. I now had to manufacture a situation where I could show myself ‘accidentally’ to him.  
  
After thinking of a couple of ideas I decided to hang some washing out on my line. My washing machine had been on overnight, and there were some ‘whites’ that needed to dry. I toyed with the idea of just going out naked, but decided to build up the suspense a little more! I had to choose an outfit that would give me the chance to show myself inadvertently. As I pulled my washing out of the machine I suddenly gained inspiration – I’d wear just a wet towel that I would take off to dry with the other clothes when I got to the line.  
  
I stepped back out into the garden wrapped in a large, white bath towel, clutching the other wet clothes to my chest. I made sure that I didn’t glance towards the workman – I didn’t want him to know that I knew he was able to see me. I could sense his eyes following me as I walked to the washing line. He had stopped his banging, and I’m sure I could hear him whispering something to his colleague. Pegging the clothes out onto the line took a while, and I made sure to prolong the act as much as possible, hopefully increasing the tension for my watcher.   
  
As I pegged the last of my t-shirts out I knew that the time had come to reveal myself. With my back towards the workman I undid the knot at the front of the towel and started to peg it onto the line. I loved the feeling that my watcher would be able to see my bare white bottom. I desperately wanted to check out my audience, but didn’t want to spoil the game! Instead I began walking around the garden under the pretext of looking at my flowers. As I bent down to sniff some orange blossom I had a quick glance towards the ladder. As I guessed there were two viewers in my audience – the original workman and now another, standing on the ladder just below him.  
  
I had my audience, but how could I give them more of a show? I took my time wandering around the garden, loving the sensation of the hot sun burning down on my large breasts, feeling beads of sweat starting to form on my upper lip. I stretched upwards, feeling my breasts rise up my ribcage, my erect nipples pointing towards my watchers. I let my hands casually rub my breasts for a few seconds, before letting my right hand stray down between my legs. Should I pleasure myself right here in the middle of the garden, or would that be too much?   
  
My cravings overcame my common sense and I began a hard, fast, circular motion with my index finger, rubbing my swollen clitoris. I could feel my legs buckling with the strength of my feelings, and knew that I would climax in seconds if I didn’t stop. I wanted to go on, wanted to orgasm right in front of the workmen, but some deep-down latent guilt told me to stop.  
  
Shaking my head to pull me out of my reverie I walked back down the garden towards my kitchen door. The moistness between my legs was dripping down my inner thighs as I approached my patio. Suddenly I heard a loud noise and reflexively looked towards its origin. One of the workmen must have dropped a hammer or something. My glance towards the men made it clear that I now knew they were watching me, and I knew I must make an effort to cover myself. I adopted the classic ‘one hand across the breasts, one hand down to the pussy’ position.   
  
I offered in my defence, “Oh my god, I didn’t realise anyone could see me!”   
  
The workmen were shocked to see they’d been spotted. The original one spoke up, “I’m sorry love, we couldn’t help it.”  
  
“I guess it’s my fault – I shouldn’t be wandering round like this outside. It’s just that it’s such a lovely day.”  
  
“We don’t mind – it’s certainly made our morning more interesting. If you want, you can carry on if you want!”  
  
I laughed back, “You’re pretty cheeky aren’t you? What on earth would make you think I’d want to let you see me like this?”  
  
He waited a second before responding, “Look at it this way – you’ll get a great suntan for free, and Andy and me will have something nice to look at while we work hard on these windows.”  
  
“No chance – I bet you wouldn’t do any work and just ogle me.”  
  
He laughed, “I guess you’re right, but thanks anyway!”  
  
As we’d been talking I’d deliberately let my arm slip a little, making sure that he’d be able to see my nipples. When we finished our chat I turned back towards the door, letting my hands fall to my side, and giving him one last view of my naked rear.   
  
As soon as I stepped inside I collapsed onto my kitchen rug. I could still hear their voices outside as I continued to pleasure myself. I imagined that they could see me rubbing myself, could see me bringing myself to a long, delicious orgasm. I could almost feel their rough hands on me as I came to my climax, my body convulsing with a deep, rhythmic pleasure.

**Chapter 6: An Old Friend**  
The loud knock on my front door gave me a rude awakening from my lie-in. Blearily, I looked over towards my alarm clock. I guess nine forty six wasn't that early, I must have been drifting in and out of sleep for a couple of hours. The loud knock was repeated and I forced myself up, pushing back the bedclothes and stretching to get myself moving. I didn't have time to get dressed, so I pulled on the first clothes I could get my hands on - a pair of dark blue boxer shorts and a tight yellow cotton vest top.   
  
Just as the fourth knock came I managed to reach the front door, still rubbing the sleep from my eyes with my hands. I opened the door to see a familiar face, but a face I'd not seen in years. It was Pete, an old friend from college. The two of us and a bunch of others had shared a house in our second year. I'd never been out with Pete – he'd been dating Dawn for all of our time at college. The two of them had got married a couple of years ago and were living near Southampton now.  
  
'Hi Rachel – long time no see!'   
  
'Jesus, Pete, how are you? Come in!'  
  
We hugged on the step, and I became aware of my nipples pushing through the thin material of my top against Pete's chest. The cold air had made them stand to full attention! I grabbed his hand and pulled him through to the kitchen.  
  
I asked, 'What are you doing here? Where's Dawn today?'  
  
'I've got a meeting with a new client in Brighton at lunchtime, so I thought I'd call in and see you on the off-chance. I know I should have rung ahead, but I wanted to surprise you!'  
  
'It's great to see you – can I get you a coffee?'  
  
As I went about the kitchen starting to make the drinks I was very conscious of my lack of clothing. The boxer shorts were very baggy, leaving plenty of leg room. I sometimes wore them in bed, but would normally never dream of wearing them in public. My top, although close-fitting, barely contained me. It was cut off just below my breasts, and I knew that if I reached up for something, the bottom half of my boobs would be revealed. My exhibitionist side started to kick in, and I decided to maybe tease Pete a little with my body. I'd always figured that he liked me, and maybe we would have gone together if it hadn't been for Dawn.  
  
I could have got some coffee cups out of the dishwasher but decided to get two from a top cupboard. Pete was sitting at my kitchen table, and had a good side-on view of where I'd be standing. I stood on tip-toes, reaching up with my arms to the top shelf. I could feel the material of my top rising up, slowly revealing more and more of my boobs. I knew my nipples weren't exposed, but Pete had a clear view of the pale semi-circles of the bottom half of my boobs. I held the position as long as I could without being too obvious, hoping that he was taking in the show I was giving him.   
  
As we continued chatting about old times I was frantically thinking of my next flash. How could I show him more without coming on too strong? I'd tried bending over a couple of times - to get the sugar out of a cupboard and the milk out of the fridge, but the shorts were too large, they covered too much. I tried sitting opposite him on one of the kitchen chairs with my legs open a little, but again the dark blue cotton was covering what I wanted to show.  
  
As we finished our coffees, Pete mentioned that he'd better head off soon – he had to get to the station by half eleven to pick up his client. I asked if he'd give me a lift - I pretended I wanted to go into Brighton to do some shopping. He agreed and I knew that I could try a different flashing opportunity!  
  
'Pete, it'd be a shame to miss out on 'catch up' time – come upstairs while I throw some clothes on – it'll be quicker that way and we can carry on chatting.'  
  
'OK Rach, if you're sure you don't mind.'  
  
Pete followed me up the stairs to my bedroom and I motioned for him to sit on the corner of my bed. I've got an en-suite bathroom that's separated from the bedroom by a wall of glass bricks. I knew that if I put the light on in the bathroom Pete would have a good (if distorted) view of what I was doing.  
  
While Pete carried on chatting about his new job and his plans to maybe work for himself in the future, I went into the bathroom and pulled off my shorts and top. I walked around for about a minute or so, and could tell by the hesitations and pauses in his speech that he was able to see my nakedness through the distorted glass. After a very quick shower I wrapped a short towel around myself. Still wet I stepped back into the bedroom. Pete looked away, his face blushing as I came back in. To put him at ease I laughed, "Don't be silly – we've known each other for years. I won't take a second to get ready." He turned back towards me as I started to ask him about his future plans.  
  
I felt very comfortable with the situation, chatting with an old friend like this, and made the bold move to take things a little further. My hands were trembling as I undid the towel and started to use it to dry myself. I was now fully naked, only a few feet away from him. I made sure that I carried on talking, letting him know that I was OK with the situation. Pete picked up on the message and carried on as well, it was as if we'd been doing this for years!  
  
I made sure to take my time getting dry, letting my boobs dangle and sway in front of Pete as I leant over to dry my legs, bending over with my bottom towards him as I dried my toes. Eventually he changed conversation towards our present situation,  
  
'Rach, I hope you don't mind me saying this, but you've got the most amazing breasts.'  
  
I blushed, 'Thanks, but personally I wish they were a bit smaller.'  
  
'What size are they?'  
  
'About 34 or 36D, depending where I get my bras from.'  
  
I stood in front of him, cupping my breasts in my hands, my nipples partially erect, pointing towards him. He stood up to face me. We were now only inches apart.  
  
'They're very firm - can I touch them?' he asked.  
  
I nodded, and almost came to orgasm immediately as he gently held them in his hands. His fingers started to tweak at my nipples, making them fully erect. As he bent forward to kiss them I manoeuvred the two of us onto the bed. I lay flat on my back as his hands and mouth began to explore my nakedness. His movements were slow and deliberate, as if he wanted to visit every square inch of my body. I whispered to him as he kissed my neck, 'Take off your clothes.'  
  
I watched as he hurriedly stood to strip off his business suit. His body was trim and firm, with a hairy chest and very erect cock! I rolled off the bed and knelt in front of him, my lips quickly encircling his stiff member. I licked at the tip while gently massaging his balls. He arched his back with pleasure and stroked at my hair. Sensing that he was very close to orgasm, I jumped back onto the bed. He followed and knelt between my legs. He gently parted my pussy lips and guided his erection inside me. I was so wet that he slipped in easily. He kissed my nipples while we made love. His long, hard thrusts deep inside me felt fantastic – I gripped his buttocks to add more impetus to his love-making.   
  
Pete arched his back as we began to reach climax. I bit gently at his nipples as he groaned on top of me. Within seconds we collapsed into each other's arms, a quivering wreck of nakedness! We held each other tenderly, stroking each other and kissing for a while before getting up. As I got dressed he couldn't keep his hands off me, constantly grabbing me and kissing my breasts as I tried to put my clothes on. His semi-erect cock gave further proof of his intentions. I knew I had to tease him some more!  
  
'Pete, what time will you be finished with your client this afternoon?'  
  
'About five I guess, why?'  
  
'Just wondering. Which hotel are you staying at?'  
  
'The Excelsior, near the Churchill shopping centre.'  
  
'Can I come round and see you tonight then?'  
  
He hesitated for a second before nodding his head in affirmation. As he jumped at me and began to squeeze my breasts again and tickle me, I knew I had him hooked! I'd have to start planning tonight's adventure.

**Rachel Ch.7 - At The Hotel**  
I’d arranged to meet Pete in his hotel room at around seven. He said that he’d make a reservation for us in the hotel restaurant for eight o’clock. All afternoon I planned what I was to wear, and imagined how I could continue with my exhibitionist exploits. I hoped that he wouldn’t have had second thoughts about what had happened.  
  
I managed to find the hotel easily. Despite its grand name ‘The Excelsior’ was just a Georgian town house that had been converted into a hotel. From the outside it was small, but very smart looking. I made my way up the steps to the entrance and went inside to the small lobby area. On my way to the stairs to Pete’s room I paused for a second to check out my reflection in a long, gilt-framed mirror near the entrance to the restaurant. The ‘classy’ black dress I was wearing was quite short, but still respectable. The dress moulded my curves, accentuating my breasts and rounded hips. The neckline of the dress plunged into a sharp V shape that showed off my pale, deep cleavage. There was no need to worry about a VPL – I was only wearing a bra underneath the thin, silky material.  
  
I stood outside the door to Pete’s room on the second floor. The corridor was fairly short and narrow, with only two or three other rooms off from it. I decided to give Paul a surprise and slipped out of my dress and took off my bra. Standing naked in the narrow corridor I knocked on his door. I hoped he would answer quickly, I felt vulnerable dressed in my high heels with the dress just draped over my shoulder. As I knocked again, louder this time, I prayed that he would be there. Seconds passed and I began to feel more nervous, contemplating whether to put my dress back on. If someone else were to come out of their room I wouldn’t have time to cover myself. The mild panic I was experiencing had an exciting, sexual edge to it. Finally Pete opened the door, his expression was priceless, and he almost pulled my arm off getting me through the door.  
  
Pete joked, ‘You little tease – come here to be spanked!’  
  
I feigned mock horror and tried to run away towards the window. He quickly grabbed me and pulled me on to the bed. His kisses were hot and fervent, his hands massaging my breasts as I held him. I knew he’d fuck me there and then, but I wanted to prolong the experience, ‘That’s enough for now Pete. I want you to order some room service – any chance of a bottle of Champagne?’  
  
He almost sulked as I gently pushed him away, but replied, ‘Sure I’ll ring down for some now.’  
  
As he got dressed for dinner I watched him, sitting on the bed with my legs crossed. He talked about how well his meeting had gone that afternoon, although he did admit that he had found it hard to concentrate when he started to think about our love-making in the morning. As he started to knot his tie, there was a knock on the door. As I dashed to the bathroom I winked at Pete and told him to answer it.  
  
‘Room service, Mr. Middleton. May I come in?’  
  
From my vantage point in the bathroom I could see Pete nod his head, and the young waiter carried the drinks into the room. As he placed the ice bucket on the table and arranged the glasses, I took a deep breath and casually wandered into the room from my hiding place. I’d knotted a towel around my waist, but remained topless. The waiter turned and gasped as he caught sight of my breasts. I made no attempt to cover myself, but just asked, ‘Pete, could you give this boy a tip please.’ Pete smiled and rooted around in his pockets. The boy remained open-mouthed as I nonchalantly stood next to him and began to pour the drinks. Pete almost had to shake him to give him the tip, and then had to guide him back outside into the corridor. The boy took one last look over his shoulder before the door was closed and then Pete and I collapsed on to the bed laughing.  
  
‘You really are a massive tease Rach. That poor boy will have to go and jerk off in the toilets now to get some relief. I hope he doesn’t get the sack!’  
  
Giving Pete my best ‘little girl lost’ expression I fluttered my eyelashes, ‘I’m sorry – I forgot I wasn’t wearing a bra.’  
  
While we drank the Champagne, I talked openly to Pete about my new-found exhibitionist streak. I could tell he was turned on by the brief descriptions of the experiences that I’d had. He kept kissing me as we chatted, and I could feel his erection through his trousers, straining to be released. Just before it was time for me to get dressed Pete offered, ‘Would you like to try something tonight then?’  
  
I asked, ‘What like?’  
  
Pete thought for a second, ‘Put your dress on with no underwear and accidentally spill some water on it while we’re eating. You can do a little show while you’re trying to dry it.’ I was immediately aroused by the fact that I now had a co-conspirator and quickly agreed to his plan.  
  
During the meal I kept teasing Pete by dropping my napkin and asking him to pick it up. Each time he bent down I would angle my legs towards him and lift up the hem of my dress under the table so that he would catch a glimpse of my bare pussy. We’d just ordered our desserts when Pete winked and whispered, ‘Time for your show Rachel – give it all you’ve got!’ Without a second word he knocked over the pitcher of water in the middle of our table, sending its contents splashing across all over me. Reflexively I jumped up and shouted, ‘Shit, look what you’ve done!’ Pete mumbled an apology and offered me the only dry napkin on the table. I made a pathetic attempt to pat myself dry when one of the waiters came over.  
  
‘May I help miss? Would you like a towel?’ I nodded, and he returned quickly with a large hand towel. I faced away from our table towards a neighbouring one where two businessmen were sitting. They were both captivated by my little cabaret and had their gazes transfixed on me.  
  
I bent down slightly and started to try and wipe the hem of my dress dry. With each wipe I made sure that I lifted the hem a little higher each time. Soon it was lifted almost to my waist, giving the two seated men a very clear view of my pussy. They didn’t seem at all embarrassed to be staring so much and I made sure that I didn’t let on that I knew what was happening. Feeling bold I even dabbed between my legs with the towel – it was so wet down there, but I wasn’t sure how much was just water!  
  
Next came the waiter’s turn. He was still standing attentively by our table. I turned towards him and carefully slipped out of the shoulder straps of my dress, letting them fall down the side of my arms. The neckline dropped a little and my breasts almost burst free. I started to wipe my neck and shoulders, trying to knock my dress a little each time. Soon my left breast was revealed, falling out of the thin material into plain view. I pretended not to notice and continued with my act. The waiter spoke up, ‘Excuse me miss. But your dress seems to have come undone a little’.   
  
I looked down and gasped, ‘Oops sorry – I’ll do it up now!’   
  
The rest of the meal continued fairly uneventfully, but I’m sure Pete was rushing me so that we could get upstairs quickly. He signed the tab, tipped the waiter and then led me by the hand upstairs. When we reached his corridor I wriggled out of the dress and stood naked in front of him. I twirled round in mock-ballerina style, showing off my swinging breasts, bare pussy and naked bottom. He grabbed me by the waist and told me to bend over. I did as he asked, bending over with my hands on my knees. As I looked over my shoulder I could see his erect cock spring to attention as it burst free of his zip. He gripped it with his right hand and guided it towards my moist, throbbing pussy. At the second attempt he pushed inside me and began to fuck me with quick, hard thrusts. I pushed back with my buttocks, moaning loudly as I did so. He held me by the waist, almost picking me up off the floor as he pummelled into me. I couldn’t believe that we were in the corridor of the hotel, fucking doggy style where anyone could see us. We were both so aroused that we climaxed quickly; our cries of ecstasy would have woken the dead!  
  
After a more tender, gentle bout of love-making in Pete’s hotel room I rang for a taxi. I didn’t want the potential embarrassment of us waking up together in the morning. Before our final hug of friendship we both agreed that our day’s adventures were just a one-off, maybe a chance to let of some latent steam that had built up since our time at college. Pete would return home to Dawn, his wife, and I would go back to my life. We did agree though that if he was ever in Brighton on business that we would meet up again…