**Rachel's Life as an Exhibitionist**

by[Rachel6](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1364489&page=submissions)©

*Hi I am Rachel and this is my second story and I hope you enjoy it. This is a true story about my life and what it has been like being burdened with the urge of being an exhibitionist. It is intended to be an insight into the thoughts and actions of a real girl / woman who is a closet and sometimes not so closet exhibitionist.   
  
This I fear will be a fairly tame story for some of you and there is not a terrific amount of incredible sex in this story. It is not about me gang banged by a rugby team and if you like such fast moving stories where the action starts in the first paragraph before you know anything about the characters then this story will not be for you and you should move on.   
  
This is an unusual story on Literotica in that it will give you a very rare insight into the mind of a real live woman exhibitionist. No real woman will normally be available or willing to share these real life emotions, confessions and insights and I am only doing it because it is helpful to me, and I enjoy it. In addition, it is a turn on to tell you exhibitionist and voyeur aficionados what it is REALLY like being a real life long exhibitionist. I have a husband, a reputation, and a career and I cannot just do the things that people make up in unbridled fiction but in this story, I will tell you what I have done in real life. None of my friends or family knows these things about me but such is the bizarre nature of the internet that you, whom I have never met, will.   
  
My story is erotic but you need to get into the rhythm of it. What makes it erotic is that these are real events that have all happened to me. It is not an unbridled fantasy like most erotic fiction where anything and everything can happen but probably did not. if you do not like subtle stories about the urge to exhibit ones' body and be naked in front of others then please do not read it and please do not leave nasty feedback saying that my story is dull or boring just because it does not contain huge amounts of fucking. I have been very careful to place it in the Exhibitionist and Voyeur category.*  
  
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Let me tell you a little about myself. I'm in my early forties and have been married for twenty years to my husband Andy. We have two children and we live in the south west of England. I have shoulder length blonde hair and am pretty in a girl next-door sort of way. People say I have a nice smile and that my eyes and face light up when I laugh which is as often as possible. I have always had to watch what I eat but have kept the weight off and remained slim and I am 5'5"" tall. I have always liked to dress in such a way as to make the most of what I have and look as attractive and feminine as I can. I work full time in a high street office in a professional job (don't want to give too much away) and so get the chance to wear smart two piece suits with above the knee skirts. I always wear nice lingerie and just the thought that it is there turns me on.   
  
Back when I was twenty I was very slim, probably too skinny really and my breasts were smaller too before I had had children. I am only about 34 inches now but back then I was sporting no more than 32 inches but they were very firm and pert. Rachel is not my real name of course although I do like it and it does suit me but I need to protect my anonymity if I am going to share all this intimate stuff about me.  
  
I met my future husband Andy at the beginning of my second year at Bristol University. We were not on the same course and we just got talking at the bar in the students union. We clicked right from the word go and it was one of those situations where within half an hour you just knew that as a minimum we were going to be great friends and there was sexual chemistry between us from the outset. We became a couple pretty much immediately.   
  
If I am honest I have always been an exhibitionist-I was born like it although of course I did not know that it was a recognised disorder with a name until I was grown up. What I do know is that it is a very strong compulsion that is very hard to overcome. I have always had a thing about enjoying taking my clothes off. I adore swimming in the nude in the sea although the opportunities for this in the UK are obviously very rare. But increasingly I discovered that I found brazenly exhibiting my body thrilling and I wanted more and more of this thrill of teasing blokes and even girls to be honest. Anyone will do! I just love being naked in public although sadly due to all the obvious reasons I have not actually done it that many times. They say there is a stripper inside very woman-well there definitely is inside this one.  
  
I have always loved the feel of being naked and always loved running my hands over the cheeks of my bum and over my thighs and breasts. From a young age I have loved squeezing my thighs together when i am naked and feeling the sensation that I get of squeezing my pussy between them. I love the feeling of cool air around my fanny when I take off my knickers and the greatest delight is jumping into a cold swimming pool or a warm Jacuzzi stark naked. I love the freedom of nakedness and the complete lack of restriction through not wearing clothes. At home I prefer to parade around naked or semi naked as often as possible although I do not do this when the kids are about.  
  
I have always wanted to take my clothes off in front of people and find it a real turn on. I just do not understand why most people are so worried and embarrassed about even a glimpse of their bodies being seen. If I am in a changing room at the gym the other women usually go to such lengths to keep covered up and not be seen even by other women whereas I love the excuse to parade around naked legitimately and dry myself without any shyness at all-quite the opposite actually. I would actually prefer if changing rooms were mixed but I suspect not many women would agree with that.  
  
One of my earliest memories of exhibitionism was when I was only about only 8 years old. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I had gone to my auntie's who lived nearby to play with my male cousin who was the same age. My mother was at work and I remember it was a hot summer afternoon and my auntie was keen to sunbathe herself and had set us up with a paddling pool and hosepipe in the garden. I ,of course, knew nothing about sex at that age and did not understand what was driving me but I remember even at that young age wanting to get out of the stupid bikini I had been put in. I also remember wanting my cousin to take it off me but I suspect he was and remains 'normal' and you have to be pretty weird to want to be stripped off by someone else at age 8 but I am just being honest with you.   
  
Anyway, I remember we were squirting each other with the hose and completely soaked and I decided that I would strip off and instead dry off with a large towel around me. Can you believe that I actually laid down on the grass giggling and dared my cousin to pull my briefs down? After a bit of persuading and a lot of giggling he did too. I learnt then for the first time how unbelievably wonderful it felt to be undressed by another person. When I felt those briefs travelling down my legs I was hooked for life. To this day I love the feeling of someone else pulling my panties down. I took my top off myself and that was the first amazing pleasurable experience I had being naked with an audience. My cousin thought it very funny . My cousin was very impressionable and in awe of me and followed suit.   
  
I rolled around on the grass showing myself off giggling for a few minutes not understanding why it felt so interesting and not knowing that this was early sexual arousal. I then wrapped myself in a bath towel. I have always loved being naked in company with a massive towel around me and I can trace it back to this young age. This then led to me dancing wildly with this towel flying around and lifting up and falling off and my cousin was doing the same and we were laughing in hysterics. This inevitably led to us both abandoning the towels and dancing around completely starkers and laughing at the top of our voices. This disturbed my auntie who came to investigate and was shocked at what she found and I was immediately ordered sternly to get dressed, as was my cousin. I didn't think we were doing anything wrong and clearly there was nothing sexual but she seemed to think it was a big deal and told my mother and I never got invited back to play with my cousin which I thought was an over reaction. My cousin has not forgotten this episode and loves reminding me to this day about the time he stripped me and we danced naked together at my request.  
  
Something else that sticks in my mind from my school days was when I took all my clothes off on a train. In my sixth form I used to commute by train for about 30 minutes and for the early part of the journey I was with a group of friends but they all got off before me and I was always left to do the last 15 minutes on my own. I do not know why but I became obsessed with the challenge and the dare to myself of taking all my clothes off between two stations. It used to be that there was a 10 minute run between the third and second to last stations and every day I used to dream about whipping all my clothes off as the train pulled out of the station and getting them on again before it arrived at the penultimate station. I knew there was enough time; the issue was whether I could be sure I would not be caught in the act. This obsession went on for weeks until I had worked out my plan and was then inexorably drawn to execute it.  
  
I can remember my school uniform so well. In the summer, it used to be a thin cotton dress with feint narrow pink and white stripes. It used to fully button up from top to bottom at the front. In truth I had grown two inches since I got this dress two years before but it was only worn in the summer term which was coming to an end and I was off to Uni after that so there was no point in buying a longer one. When I sat down the hem used to rise up obscenely above my mid thigh. I was always trying to tug it down in vain but as you can imagine I loved that dress.  
  
In those days, some trains had lots of small individual compartments with a corridor down one side of the coach. At the rear of the train, they used to have the First Class compartments, which were always lightly used anyway and I decided I would do it in one of those.   
  
However, there still remained some risk but it was a risk I felt so drawn to take. The final piece of my plan was to make a hand written sign that the compartment was out of order and not in use. As I say, there were about 16 compartments in each coach so they would not miss one and I chose the very last one at the rear of the train anyway. Each compartment had a sliding door to the corridor in the middle and a glass window each side. There were plastic roller blinds that could be pulled down on the two windows and the door to give privacy from the corridor . On the day in question as soon as the train pulled out of the station I pulled the three blinds down in my first class compartment and stuck my notice on the glass with sellotape such that it would be visible from the corridor. I was so excited that I was finally going to do this thing and hoped that it would stop preying on my mind in the future when I had got it out of my system.   
  
I was dressed as usual in the thin cotton dress and no tights so I was able to get that and my bra off in an instant. I could have got my panties off just as quick but I wanted to enjoy taking them down slowly. The seats were bench type so I laid myself out down the length of one side. The whole situation was so scary with the prospect that another passenger or the train guard could have opened the door at any moment that my arousal was immediate. I thrust my fingers into my pussy, which was sopping wet and pulled my panties down with my other hand. I drew my knees up and when my panties were just left over one foot and ankle I ceremoniously kicked them off and went for gold in triumph. My free hand was now available to run over my nipples and stroke the side of my thighs and generally help arouse me. I spread my legs as wide as I could and put my hand between them and went to work on my firm and very reliable clitty. I was always good at bringing myself off but the circumstances this time were so erotic that a speedy conclusion was guaranteed and so there I was moaning away coming and stark naked in my very own railway carriage.  
  
After I came I looked at my watch and knew I still had about 3 minutes left and I stood up and started cavorting and dancing around the small compartment. As luck would have it another train came in the opposite direction and I was able to dance around stark naked in full view of anyone looking out of the window on the other train; it was delicious. That left me about a minute and a half and the train was already slowing down. In a panic I just put the cotton dress on again and buttoned it up but there was no time for underwear. I whipped the notice down from the glass and released the three roller blinds back to open.   
  
Unbelievably at the next station a businessman did board the train into my coach and walked along the corridor .It was no accident that he chose my compartment as I am sure he wanted to ogle at a pretty and nubile young school girl-the dirty old man. I chuckled though as I thought if only he knew I was not wearing any underwear and what he would have seen if he had been in the carriage a few minutes before!  
  
The old man sat opposite me in the carriage and was staring at my cleavage and legs. I had left open the top and bottom buttons so I was showing lots of cleavage and acres and acres of thigh. I had my legs crossed but because the bottom button was undone and the dress was very short anyway the dress separated for about 12 inches at the bottom and fell each side of my leg such that the two halves only just came together at the edge of my naked pussy and did little more than cover my crotch.. Having an old man voyeur fixated on me was the icing on the cake for me after my daring strip moments before. I think he had been hoping to intimidate me but he had met his match with me and my overt Lolita display was actually embarrassing him.  
  
I went to uni at Bristol in England and when I was there it always seemed that the rugby club had a special elite status. The guys that played rugby for the uni seemed to act and behave as if they were some sort of super race and swaggered around accordingly and of course could have any girl they chose or that is how I imagined it anyway. It seemed as if they could behave as outrageously as they wished without any fear of sanction by the university administrators. There always used to be a big gig every Saturday night at the students union where there would be a major pop group performing. After that, the heavy drinking in the union bar would continue until late and the rugby club always had some enormous table with all their egotistical super stars gathered together with their groupies making lots of noise.   
  
It was a custom that at some stage, one of the blokes would be selected to do a striptease and the accompanying song was always for some reason about a Zulu warrior and sung very loudly by everyone present. I can still hear, "Get 'em down you Zulu warrior," ringing in my ears today. The performer of the week standing on one of the tables in the middle of the rugby club group would be some strapping hulk who would have no embarrassment or reticence whatsoever like he was so confident of his prowess and physique like he was God's gift. Now the reason I am telling you this is that I used to sit in the audience every week and be so envious, so jealous that these blokes could do this and everyone accepted it as OK. I would have given anything to change places with one of them and stood on a table and been the centre of attention like that. I would have so loved that to have been me. I just thought they did not know how lucky they were to be able to outrageously display their nudity in front of everybody. I would have given anything to do that but I knew it would never be acceptable for a female to do that especially in the students union.  
  
I had become so obsessed and preoccupied with the idea after watching the bloody rugby club prima donnas so often. I became more and more obsessed with the notion of performing a live striptease when the circumstances did make it vaguely acceptable and appropriate. I used to imagine taking my clothes off so much and used to even think about it when I chose my underwear when I went out in the evening should the opportunity ever arise. Athough during the day in those days I did not usually wear a bra, when I went out in the evenings to a party where I thought my chance to a strip might finally come bizarrely I actually used to put a bra on so I would have more to take off at the crucial point!  
  
Well it finally did come my way towards the end of my first year when I was at a wild party that I had been invited to and would know hardly any people there. It was in a large shared student's house and I went with a girl friend. It was a different department and it felt anonymous. It was late and my friend had decided to go home without me so I was there on my own and had been drinking heavily so was well relaxed. There had been a lot of weed being smoked and the atmosphere was pretty anarchic. The truth is that I was waiting for such an opportunity and had stayed behind without my friend on the off chance that I thought finally I could do it.   
  
I got my chance about an hour after midnight when I was in a packed room, which was dimly lit and very hot where everyone was dancing or smooching and there were more guys than girls. Perfect I thought-has my time finally come? As if it was meant to be, another girl set the tone when she lifted her skirt up to reveal her thong to the noisy approval of the others in the room. That was then I thought," Fuck me I can do a shit load better than that". If underwear is what they want just watch me. I checked again and there was absolutely no one there that I knew and I had another swig of my vodka to get some Dutch courage. My heart began racing as I contemplated my do or die run for home. So I looked around and smiled at a few boys to get their attention and then I copied her exactly to see what happened and I got exactly the same reaction. I thought it's now or never so very promiscuously put my thumbs in the top of my lacy panties and wiggled them down an inch. Of course this put me on the radar big time and although nobody knew me at least four blokes gathered around me and started chanting , "Strip, strip, Strip".  
  
So I thought it was now or never and unzipped my skirt. After I dropped my skirt to the floor and stepped out of it I had a burst of cold feet and felt scared and thought what the hell am I doing but the group smelled blood and suddenly everyone had gathered around me in a big circle clapping . Once you have started there is no way they will let you stop. It is wonderfully exciting knowing that everybody there at that moment wants one thing and one thing only and that is to see you naked. I needed a little more encouragement and one of the blokes came over and put his arms around me while we smooched laughing and he then started unbuttoning my blouse. Of course, I was beyond the point of no return and had to let him do it else people would have thought I was a real time waster. He took it off me and actually got loads of applause. Because they all knew him and not me, it started to seem like he was getting the applause rather than me! Spurred on by the appreciation of his mates and my apparent lack of resistance, and alacrity he then reached behind my back and unhooked my bra and took it off me one arm at a time and threw it to the enraptured audience. This got an even louder cheer. He was about to remove my panties so I pushed him away.

I did not want them to think that I was just drunk and being stripped off by one of their friends. I was dancing around on my own now. I wanted them to know I was doing it of my own volition. I started to take control. This was my show! I had wanted this for a very long time. The excited crowd were shouting for more. I felt my exposed breasts and then rubbed my pussy mound over my panties. I could feel the oozing wetness in my panties. I put my fingers in the tops each side myself and started to wiggle them down very slowly but when I had begun to uncover my pussy I pulled them up again quickly. This attracted much whistling and booing. The next time I took them down to the same place and them down over my thighs and knees and then I was stepping out of them and threw them triumphantly to the crowd, I was pleased with myself. I had done it at last.  
  
This was before the days of camera phones or Facebook ,thank goodness, of course. Nowadays you would have to be very wary of doing such a thing. Now I was completely naked I danced and staggered around a bit but I was a bit unsteady on my feet and fell into the welcoming arms of three or four of them who proceeded to avail themselves of my charms and assets. I was being so thoroughly mauled that further dancing was impossible. I was feeling weary and pulled myself away from their licentious clutches and collapsed down onto a sofa between two other guys. One of the two guys next to me took my hand and said , "Great show. I really enjoyed it. How about a dance with me?"  
  
I replied that I think I had better put some clothes on again first and predictably, he said there was no need for that. However, I did persuade him to grab my skirt and blouse for me and search around for my underwear. He never did find my bra or panties-I think they were taken as trophies or souvenirs so I just put the skirt and blouse back on. When we started smooching it was obvious my partner had only one thing in mind and that started with him putting both hands under my skirt and squeezing my bare bum cheeks. It felt very nice but I was not interested in having sex with him; as you know I was still a virgin, and exhibitionists love doing just that-exhibiting themselves. It does not make you promiscuous or want to have sex with everybody afterwards.   
  
Anyway, there I am; everybody knows I have nothing on beneath my dress and they can all see this guy with his hands on my bare bum. He is even lifting the skirt up to remind everyone what my bare bum looks like in case they have forgotten in the last five minutes. They can see I am enjoying it and aroused and they all think I am going to have live sex with him there and then in front of everybody. But I was not; I had had what I wanted and it was delicious, and I had loved the experience. Now I just wanted to go to bed-on my own frankly. The guy who was groping me was desperately trying to get as intimate as possible as quickly as possible thinking that I must be an easy lay. He was getting very frisky and had one hand on my bum and one on a bare breast under my blouse and I struggled free and said that it was time to call it a night. I decided to walk home and dashed to the front door leaving a very disappointed and frustrated suitor.   
  
When I got out in the cold night air I realised how much I needed a pee and wished I had gone but it was too late to go back now. I must have been mad walking home alone with no coat and no underwear in the city of Bristol in the early hours and I was lucky not to have been raped and murdered.  
  
After I met Andy at the start of the second year soon afterwards I began sharing his flat with him and his flat mate Steve . So began the most brilliant period for me when I could waft around the flat with the two guys and really develop my exhibitionist sexual persona. I had always been a high achiever academically but I wanted to also be seen as a sexual nubile creature instead of some languid geek. I used to wear a white clingy cotton nightshirt as my sleepwear and would sometimes change into that ready for bed about 10 o'clock in the evening and then come back and sit with the boys in the sitting room. Usually I would have some panties on underneath but not always. Don't get me wrong I was not sitting there with my legs apart exposing myself but it did used to reveal my bare legs and thighs and the thin material used to cling to my nipples.   
  
I knew what I was doing and was enjoying being a sexual being at last and exploring my sexual side; remember that I had only been having sex for about six months. But I was now finding that I was feeling permanently horny and to be honest I still do. On one occasion Andy made a comment about my casual attire and wondered if I was being a bit informal with Steve. I told him not to be silly as Steve had seen me hundreds of times already wearing not very much, that he was our mate, and I was sure he was not interested in looking at me anyway. Steve did chime in that he thought I was gorgeous and was pleased that I felt relaxed enough and confident of our friendship to wear whatever I felt comfortable in around him. A sort of double-edged complement I suppose but it was said in such a way that I knew he fancied me. After that Andy got used to me flaunting myself and accepted it and never mentioned it again. However, one night when the three of us had been drinking and smoking some good weed it was late and we were in high spirits and I suddenly decided to do a striptease for my two boys. You can read more about my antics in Bristol at uni especially how I eventually had a threesome with Andy and Steve in my first story, 'Rachel is shared'.  
  
After I left Uni I Andy and I got married soon after and he has been a great partner for me because he does understand my love of being naked and being an exhibitionist although sometimes perhaps he wishes I was not like this . However, he goes along with it and laughs about it sometimes. One of the games I used to like when we got married was that I loved it when we were out in the car and he would suddenly park up in a quiet place and order me to strip off. If I were reticent he would take command and just haul my clothes off me, which was always just what I like. As I've said I have always loved having my jeans pulled off me and better still my panties. Then he would drive off and there I would be in the passenger seat stark naked. Sometimes I would gather up my coat and hold it over my chest but other times Andy would not allow this. There is nothing nicer for an exhibitionist than being dominated and commanded like this so we are a good couple.   
  
Now that I am a mother and have a career, it can be difficult to find the time to keep fit and I am very determined to find opportunities to get out for a run or go to the gym. One of the things I do is to go for an early run before I get ready for work sometimes even at 0530 in the morning. Now in the winter at that time it is dark and can often be raining. I wear a ¾ length waterproof jacket to go out in these conditions. But what I realised is that as this comes down to my knees no one could tell what I was wearing underneath. At first I used to go out in just panties under this long waterproof but nowadays one of my little treats I have discovered which actually makes going out in the rain and dark fun is going out with absolutely nothing underneath. I actually look forward to those mornings now where it is dark and chucking it down. I cannot tell you how sexy it is to go running around my village early in the day feeling the cold breeze ventilating my private regions. The faster I run ,and the bigger strides I take, the higher the waterproof rises up my legs and the more cool draught my body enjoys. The street are usually deserted when I am out running but occasionally a car passes me and throws up a lot of spray over my legs and feet. I told you I am weird but I just feel so sexy when I am out running like that.  
  
Before we had the children, we had a few holidays in Turkey and one of the great things to do down there is to have a Turkish bath; what they call the hamam. For those that have never been they usually involve a session in a marble steam room, followed by a scrub down by one of the staff, and then after drying off an oil full body massage. Now the first time I went to one I was given a large bath wrap and told to change in the women's locker room. What did they mean by change I wondered? Should I keep my bra on? Should I keep my panties on under the wrap? I thought how could you get properly scrubbed and clean if you are not naked? So I excitedly stripped off completely and wrapped myself in this bath wrap. Then I went into the mixed marble steam room and relaxed for a while feeling very sexy.   
  
I was able to eagerly watch what became of the customers who were ahead of me in the process. The treatment seemed to be quite rough and the victims before us seemed to be wriggling a bit as they were attacked. Andy and I were laughing at each other with the contemplation of what was to come. I observed that some women submit themselves to the experience topless but all women wear some panties or the bottom half of a bikini. After a while, the attendant instructed me to lie out on the marble slab . He then gathered up my towel to expose all of my legs ready to cover me in foam for the scrub. At this point he exposed all of my upper half and did not think it that unusual that I was topless. But when my attendant gathered up and arranged the wrap to cover my lower half it was at that point that he discovered I was naked underneath.  
  
That was a delightful moment and one that I have repeated many times .So the attendant then takes great care to just cover your private areas with some precise tucking in of the towel between your thighs next to your fanny in order preserve your modesty from other customers. If I am lucky, I will get to lie with my legs apart facing some customers in the steam room who are behind me in the process. The hamam is just the perfect experience for an exhibitionist. My Nirvana! When it comes to the oil massage, the same thing happens. Because you get a different masseur again you lie face down on their table and when they start arranging the towel, they realise that I am naked underneath, which can come as a bit of a shock. If I am lucky it will be a male masseur, which is even better, as the Turkish men are not used to overtly sexual western women and especially blonde fair-skinned women so it is a treat for them too. I love it when they get to massaging my inner thighs to see just how high they dare go knowing there is no barrier to stop them accidentally touching my pubes-if I had any!   
  
Nowadays when I go to a hamam I always smile because I see British women making such a meal of it, fussing about what to wear, Should I wear a swimming costume they ask? Usually they do. Why are they so worried about a bit of nudity I puzzle? And what can be more ridiculous that going for a body scrub or a full body massage in a one piece swimming costume? .In my opinion there is only one way to have a full body massage and that is butt naked.   
  
I always look forward to the point where they ask you to turn over and lie on your back. That is a moment when I can legitimately expose all to the masseur as I clumsily allow the towel to fall away. Of course, the masseur will quickly rearrange it to cover you again but you know and he knows he has had an eye full of your assets. And of course, when you are lying on your back he will for the large part leave your breasts uncovered as he arranges the towel over your pussy. At some point, he will get to massage your upper thighs and of course that is the best part as he has to decide how far he wants to go up under the towel, and what he thinks he will get away with. By now, though he will have judged correctly with me that I am not the typical uptight modest English woman and hopefully will be making some ambitious forays to the very edge of the Promised Land. Of course, it never happens but if I had a choice, there would be no towel involved at all and I would be lying out in all my glory and fully at his mercy.  
  
Andy knows what I am like and encourages me in what at the end of the day is a safe environment. No masseur is going to suddenly jump on you with a full erection like they do in the porn films. But on one occasion, I had a male masseur in Turkey who was only in his mid twenties and had a cheeky look in his eyes. He looked pretty pleased with life when he first discovered I was wearing nothing under the wrap and he could tell he had a fruity one with me and whilst I was lying on my front he graduated up my legs and massaged my entire bum cheeks allowing his fingers to slide down my bum crack. After I had turned over to lie on my back he massaged my tummy going lower and lower under the towel until he actually did eventually work his hands right over my pubic mound. Deliciously risqué! I asked him to put a towel over my face and eyes so I could relax better and that gave him a big hint to actually completely remove the towel that was supposed to be covering my modesty but I pretended not to be aware he had done that. He made some big pronounced sweeps with his hands over my thighs and tummy and most importantly over the pubic area in between, such that it still seemed intended, normal and professional.   
  
I refused to look shocked or affronted by pretending I had not noticed. I pushed it a little further by removing the cover over my face and we were both playing this game of double bluff and not engaging eye contact with each other. In the end, his hands were indeed all over my breasts and tummy, and pubic mound, and inner thighs . I had to concentrate so hard to avoid pushing my pussy up at him and I felt my pussy lubricate a little hoping for some attention. Of course he could not actually masturbate me but that was the most erotic massage I have ever had.  
  
My most extreme and shameless piece of exhibitionism happened on the last night of a four-day residential training course that I went on to do with my estate agency (realty) work. There were eight of us on this course and I was the only female. There was no one on it from my own company, or anyone else that I knew so I knew it had prospects of providing an opportunity for me to indulge my predilections. I was about thirty at the time and in fact, all the participants were in their late 20s / early 30s. We all got on really well and had such a laugh. I had been flirting with them all week and I thought by the end of the week I might be a bit naughty with them and literally reveal my exhibitionist bent to them if the opportunity arose.  
  
As I say, it had got to the last evening and time was running out and I had been a good girl all week and it looked like the week would pass uneventfully. That all changed dramatically after dinner on the last night. At this time in my life I had my hair auburn and shoulder length which was a radical change from my usual blonde but did suit me I think.  
  
It was a warm barmy summer late summer evening and it was getting dark and we all went out to the hotel garden with our drinks to sit around one of those large wooden tables which has bench seats each side. For a woman they are always awkward to get your leg over the bench seat and I was holding my drink and handbag and was struggling to get over the side to sit at the table. I was wearing a ridiculously short skirt and during this manoeuvre, I knew that I had given them all a wonderful view of my red panties. There was no pretending that it had not happened so I sat down, put my legs together, and tried to pull my skirt at least half way down my thighs without much success, and said, "Sorry guys. I think I might have just exposed myself."  
  
But the guys all looked at each other and burst out laughing. I did not get the joke. So I asked, "What is so funny, guys?"  
  
One of smirked and said, "Well Rach, it was nothing we haven't been seeing all week!"  
  
I was not expecting that but if I am honest I had been wearing very short skirts and dresses all week and it turned out that behind my back this had been a subject of great amusement and discussion and provided the guys with much entertainment.  
  
I was a little embarrassed, it is true, but at the same time, it was very stimulating that I had had their attention all week like this. I just love to be the centre of attention and especially where showing off my body is involved.  
  
Then one of them raised the stakes by saying, "We have been having a bet about something." And with that they all burst out laughing again at my expense. I had to laugh along with them though and asked, "I can't imagine what that might be then. Spit it out."  
  
There was a coy silence with them all looking at each other and then one of them said, "We Rach-it is whether your bra matches your panties!"  
  
I smiled. They were clearly getting very familiar with me. I asked, "What was the consensus then?"  
  
I had them all eating out of my hand. They had not met anyone like me before. There was a lot of sexual tension in the air now.  
  
"We think that it will. Are we right?"  
  
I was feeling outrageously flirty and gave a big sigh like I was saying,"What a bunch of sex starved saddos."  
  
I slowly and seductively unbuttoned the top button on my blouse, to reveal the top of my bra.  
  
Now they knew they had definitely not met a girl like me before!  
  
They were getting more confident. One of them said, "We still can't see. We cannot be sure. Need to see more –sorry."  
  
I began work on the second button. This was just the sort of situation I dream about. They were all watching me intently wondering how far I would go with their game. I started to pull my blouse apart slowly and my red lacy bra came into view. I was smiling from ear to ear. To be honest you could see my entire breasts by now let alone whether they matched my panties. I was out in the chilly evening air and I was finding the situation arousing so I was pleased to find my nipples nicely erect and pert and visible through the thin material.  
  
They turned to each other and, did some high fives, and in high spirits congratulated themselves on being right.  
  
I raised my eyebrows at their juvenile behaviour and said, "Right for that little show, and your general inappropriate remarks you can all buy me a drink. They were more than happy with this request no doubt wondering what I might do with even more drink inside me. They did too and I did drink them all. I think they all got me either a double or a cocktail when it was their round.  
  
By the end of the evening, I was hammered and when I came to stand up to leave I was very unsteady on my feet and nearly fell over. A couple of them grabbed me to support me and predictably, they put their hands everywhere as they pretended to just be holding me up. I was laughing throughout. When we got going one stood each side of me with his arm under mine and we staggered back to one of their rooms. We went back to the room occupied by a guy called Richard because it was thought to be the largest.  
  
The walk sobered me up a little, and when we got into the room, I laid down in the middle of the bed with my hands behind my head. Actually, one of the guys had gone to bed so only six of them came back to this bedroom with me. The guys all sat around on the edge of the bed and on a small sofa. There was the usual last night demob happy atmosphere that you always get on these work events and nobody knew how to finish the evening off. We had all had more than enough to drink that was for sure. Then they were whispering amongst themselves until one of them acting as their spokesman smiled at me and said, "Rach darling you seem to be the only girl here so we just wanted to ask....well the thing is... Well you see..We enjoyed seeing your bra so much we wanted to tell you it was the highlight of the evening and to be honest we wanted to see it again! "

I laughed at them and said ,"Christ you guys are sad. You've only been away for 4 days and you are all sex starved! I don't know. I am a respectable married woman."  
  
Of course, I wanted to do it but I could not appear too easy.  
  
"Oh go on. Just for us. No one will remember in the morning. Some of us missed it the first time. We'll help you."  
  
And with that two or three of them pulled me up so I was sitting on the bed and started unbuttoning my blouse. I know I should have stopped them there and then and they were testing the water to see what I would do. But you will know by now that this situation was right up my street so I feigned resistance but not too strongly. The best I came up with was, "This is very naughty. You should not be doing this to a defenceless girl!"  
  
By now, they knew they could get away with it and they were lifting my arms up one at a time and carefully removing it. My blouse was placed over on the desk well away from where I could retrieve it should I wish to put it on again.  
  
"Happy now?" I asked.  
  
They all went over to have a little huddle and then came back to the bed and one of them said, "The thing is we have all now forgotten what your panties looked like and we only saw them briefly so we was wondering........"  
  
I was course loving being the centre of attention and the focus of their fantasies but this is a subtle game of cat and mouse and as a woman you cannot appear too easy.   
  
I said, "In your dreams guys. I need a wee and when I come back I expect an apology for such an inappropriate suggestion." But I had a glint in my eye that was a give away.   
  
I tried to get up off the bed but was still unsteady and laughing and they helped me to my feet and led me to the en suite bathroom. I took my skimpy skirt off to have a pee and while I was sitting there, I thought why not really? I would love to parade around in front of them in just my undies really. I shouted out through the door ,"OK them turn the lights out and I'll give you saddos a little thrill."   
  
I had my handbag with me, took out the perfume, and gave myself a generous spray. Even I thought I smelt sexy. I was excited but very nervous and my heart was pounding. Was I biting off more than I could chew? I knew I should stop now and have some sense, and go to bed. But the situation was just so entrancing: I could not fight it.  
  
I heard a cheer and some whispering and then I opened the door an inch and yes, the room was dark although not pitch black. I came out and said, "What about a fan fare then?"  
  
I said, "There you go. Will this keep you warm tonight?" I staggered around in just my underwear ,as best I could, doing a little dance.  
  
Of course, this is never enough for guys and never enough for me really. But the request to go any further would have to come from them. However, I was giving them all the signals that I might be up for more fun with them. I did not have to wait long. There was another little huddle and then their elected spokesman says to me," Look Rach, the thing is we all think you are just the sexiest gorgeous woman and as it is our last night, we have a special request. "  
  
I was now standing still with my hands on my hips looking around at them in turn. One of them turned on one of the bedside lamps to give a low light in the room so they could all see me much better. I did not object.  
  
I said, "Well I bet I can guess what that might be!"  
  
"Well the thing is you are just so gorgeous and have such a lovely body we would so love you to take everything off for us. We want to see you completely naked."   
  
I was obviously not that shocked because I was encouraging them ,and leading them on, I suppose. I have to be honest that the idea of being naked with these boys was very arousing and exciting, but I did not want to just do another strip because , I was too tired, there was not enough room in the bedroom, and finally there was no music. I decided to take things in a different direction and attempt to fulfil another delicious fantasy of mine. I was going to see if they would undress me but without me actually saying that I wanted them to do that. In other words another game of bluff .In my fantasy I would be stripped completely naked by a group of guys against my will and I would be the centre of their attention. Although of course, it would not be against my will really.  
  
I said, "I told you I am a married woman with a reputation to think of. I am not going to go taking my clothes off in front of you guys you pervs." But I was smiling at them with a gleam in my eyes and sort of willing them to take control of me in a fun way.  
  
I added, "In any case I am not going to do anything anyway until you make me feel a bit more loved and appreciated. Is someone going to give me a cuddle? I need a nice cuddle." I did actually feel I wanted one at that point. I am quite needy I suppose and I was drunk.  
  
I put my arms out towards the guy I fancied the most, Gavin, who was probably the oldest and seemed a really nice bloke. He reciprocated with a lovely embrace that did feel warm and loving and I sort of nestled up to him in his arms and then he started kissing me. I put my arms around his back and reciprocated with a long and passionate kiss. I know I was ridiculously drunk but it did feel cosy and nice to be kissing him dressed only in my underwear.  
  
I was making it pretty clear that if they had the nerve to take off my remaining clothes they would probably get away with it. I did not have to wait long before another one of the guys and I did not know who started cuddling me from behind so I was sandwiched between them. He put his arms around my waist and his hands felt cold on my bare skin.   
  
I said," I am going to close my eyes now and I need to be able to rely on you guys to be well-behaved and not naughty boys!" I was smiling when I said it.  
  
I was positively willing them to undress me.  
  
I did close my eyes tightly and carried on kissing Gavin and sure enough-heaven –the guy behind me moved his hands up to cover my breasts over my bra. I could tell the guys were gathering around me in a cluster and I was the epicentre of their attentions. I started to feel the sublime pleasure of more and more hands caressing and massaging me all over.  
  
And then at last one of them was fiddling with the clasp of my bra behind my back. I pretended I did not know. My bra became loose and started to fall away from my breasts between me and Gavin. Gavin wiggled a bit and held me away from his chest just long enough for the bra to twist to one side and both my breasts became uncovered. He pulled me back in close and carried on embracing me.   
  
It was exciting feeling that my breasts were at last free.  
  
It was difficult because Gavin was snogging me so full on but I tried to say something like, "Who has done that? That was very naughty!"  
  
The guy who was cuddling me from behind moved his hands up to cover my bare breasts. I thought this is getting pretty wild. There were someone, or maybe two of them, down on their hands and knees attending to stroking and caressing my legs and thighs.  
  
At last, I felt some hands squeezing the cheeks of my bum and then even better they were inside my panties and squeezing my cheeks flesh to flesh. Then inevitably another hand from above was down inside the front of my panties gorgeously cupping the mound of my pussy. I clung on to Gavin tighter so they would not see me blushing. One of the hands that was on my bum felt like it was working its way between my legs and starting to probe the lips of my soaking wet pussy from below .I moved my feet slightly further apart to assist him gaining access into my pussy. My body responded to his touch and I heard myself moan with pleasure. My whole body shivered with excitement.  
  
By now the six guys were packed so closely around me that I had no idea who was doing what. It was unbelievably nice and erotic.  
  
I started to feel the very slow almost imperceptible descent of my panties down over my hips. I think they were trying to be so gentle that I would not realise! What a fabulous game and boy was I so enjoying it. When I felt my panties go below my pussy I feebly put my hand down to try to hold them up but they tugged them so they slipped through my fingers. Then they were completely down to my thighs and I was fully exposed.   
  
I tried to protest with an even feebler, "No! Please don't." But my plea for mercy was lost and muffled as my mouth was still being passionately kissed by Gavin. His tongue was so far down my throat that speech was impossible.  
  
I could feel my panties travelling down past my knees and knew that my complete nakedness at the centre of these six guys was now a certainty. I felt them lift up one foot at a time to fully relieve me of them.  
  
I broke away from Gavin's embrace and said, "Now that is not being good is it guys? Taking a girl's clothes off is no way to treat a lady."   
  
Before I could say anymore another guy called James changed places with Gavin and pulled me towards him and commenced a passionate full tongues snog.   
  
The guys were now all able to freely explore my naked body. I was being thoroughly groped and manhandled all over and it was gorgeous. One of the guys was sliding his hand between my upper thighs backwards and forwards massaging the lips of my cunt. And then two fingers were thrust easily into my warm wetness. Can you imagine what a turn on this whole situation was? One of the guys was sucking a nipple. There were hands all over me and I was getting so aroused by the two fingers that were now thrusting rapidly into the wet delights of my cunt that I was finding it harder and harder to stand up. My legs were feeling weak and i was in danger of slithering down to the floor.  
  
I said, "Right I have a better idea. Turn that light out and I am going to lie on the bed and if anyone wants to join me that would be lovely . But there is just one rule I am afraid. You all have got to keep your clothes on..."  
  
They would have agreed to anything. With that, I broke away from them and staggered towards the bed. My arms had still been through my bra straps but that fell away to the floor before I reached the bed. The only things I was wearing now was a watch and an Indian silver necklace and they were not covering very much at all! I lay down in the middle of the bed with my legs splayed out shamelessly flaunting myself and tapped the blankets beckoning them to join me. I then put my hands behind my head and the guys were all staring at me with their tongues hanging out in disbelief and it gave me such a warm feeling of total appreciation.   
  
They gathered around me sitting on the sides of the bed. I waited for another one of the boys to kiss me and I closed my eyes again to let them do their worst. They carried on where they had left off. There were hands groping my breasts, hands stroking my upper thighs, hands massaging my feet, hands holding my hands, hands stroking my hair, someone massaging my shoulders, and most importantly magic fingers massaging my clitty and in my pussy. The guy playing with my clitty was fantastic. He was flicking my firm clitty from side to side, and backwards and forwards very fast and giving me the most intense sensations. It was completely overwhelming. I had waited all my life for an experience like this. To be so the centre of attention of a group of guys. It was wonderful to feel all those hands groping and exploring my body, in between my thighs, and feeling the wetness of my pussy. I let them avail themselves fully for a few minutes getting more and more aroused, rolling around, and thrusting my pussy up off the bed desperate for more and more attention. I was absolutely loving it but then I saw one of the guys taking his trousers off and I could see there was a serious risk of getting gang banged and that was definitely not what I wanted. I just wanted to exhibit myself to them as sexually provocatively and wantonly as I could and for them to desire me.  
  
Even though so drunk I knew there was a danger of my teasing getting out of hand so I called a halt and told them straight that there was going to be no gangbang. I was just giving them a bit of a treat. But then I said, "Look, if you want me to I do have a bit of a party piece that I think would round off the evening nicely." They looked puzzled and desperate to know what I was going to say next.  
  
In my life I had only ever masturbated to orgasm in front of a group of girls, apart from my husband of course. I was having a heart attack with the excitement that I might be about to do it in front of a group of guys. I said to the guys, "Pass me my handbag. It's next to the television."  
  
They still could not guess what was coming. How could they?  
  
I opened my handbag and took out the little silk bag that contains my vibrator that I take everywhere especially when I away from my husband.  
  
I took it out of its little bag and then the boys got it. I heard a few of them exclaim, "Oh blimey, Oh My God! Fucking hell!" That sort of thing. I switched it on and went to work at the activity in which I would win a Gold medal -bringing myself off. God knows I have had enough practice. The boys carried on caressing and stroking me. I was being outrageous and wanted to shock them and I had succeeded. At my request they held my legs and feet up high in the air and wide apart as I plunged my vibrator into my wide open pussy with both hands. It was pure unadulterated decadence. I was near to orgasm before I even started with my best friend and so it was no surprise that I started coming in no time. I was bucking and thrusting my wide open cunt right up at them as I alternately plunged my vibrator deep into my wet streaming desperate pussy and then held it against my clitty. I was moaning like a crazy woman. I knew I was in for a climax that was going to be something special and I was not disappointed. The guys had never seen such an explicit depraved display and probably never will again. My orgasm was absolutely mind blowing .I cried out loudly , "Oh! Oh! Oh!," over and over again. It just seemed to go on for ever. At the end the guys looked stunned but clapped my performance. I suddenly felt drained and exhausted and curled up in a ball, as the tiredness hit me, and must have passed out.   
  
When I woke up in the morning, I felt like someone had hit me over the head with a hammer. It took me a few seconds to work out where I was. I was curled up in a ball stark naked in bed under sheets and blankets. The curtains were open and then it hit me what I had done. I saw my vibrator on the bedside table. I must have passed out. OMG! What had happened? Had they all fucked me?   
  
Then Richard appeared from the ensuite looking fresh, washed and dressed for the morning session. I had apparently slept in his room and in his bed. Had he fucked me I wondered? I felt mortally embarrassed. I hesitantly asked him, "Oh My God Richard. I am so sorry for my behaviour. What happened? Did I pass out? What did I do? You know what I am asking."  
  
He was very polite to me. He sat on the side of the bed and said, "You have nothing to feel embarrassed about. You were a great sport. We all thought you were amazing. Such a gorgeous sexy woman. We all want to be married to you!"  
  
"But did I? Did you? You know."  
  
"No your honour is still intact. One of the guys was going to take advantage of you but we all stopped him and I said No! You are asleep unconscious and that would not be fair or right. Actually, everybody left soon after you fell asleep. It was late."  
  
"Thank God! But what about us? Did we? Did you? Did we sleep together?"  
  
"Yes but I kept my pants on all night. Actually, you were the problem –not me! You kept rolling over and cuddling me and asking me to cuddle you. You were quite insistent! You kept trying to pull me on top of you. But you kept calling me Andy. That is your husband I presume. No! I behaved a complete gentleman and did not take advantage of you and neither did anyone else. I have to be honest though I did cuddle up to you and it was very cosy. I might have fondled your breasts and thighs once or twice, and maybe even your gorgeous bum! A guy wouldn't be human if ......"  
  
I laughed ,"No! Don't worry. That's fine. Thank you, thank you, and thank you! Please ask the others to keep this a secret. I could not bear it if it gets back to my office. I would have to resign. Oh God! I feel so ill. I have such a hangover. I will have to go home. Please tell the instructors that I was not well and had to leave."  
  
I did not want to face any of the other guys anyway. I would have been too embarrassed. Richard kissed me and said, "Of course. I will do that. Anyway Rachel you are a very gorgeous sexy woman and your secret is safe with me and I'll make sure that the others are discrete about it."  
  
I know some of you readers will be disappointed that this did not end in a gangbang but this is real life and a real story. I am not going to embellish it just to make it popular. I was only thirty at the time and not ready for sex with anyone other than my husband although I have since succumbed. I thought that what happened that night was wild enough and looking back a step I needed to go through.   
  
Some of the things I have done since have been even worse and I have had some very honest and candid discussions with my husband about how and what I am and my obsessions. He does now understand me a lot better and my need to do it. I don't have any secrets from him nowadays although at the time I did this with the guys on the course I was living a secret life and it was years before I confessed all this to him. He wishes I was not like this but he loves me and accepts it.