**Rachel's Exhibitionism Nemesis**

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Hi-I'm Rachel. This is my third story and I hope you enjoy it. In my second story I related several exploits from my exhibitionist life and in this third story I will continue these revelations and how eventually things spiralled out of control. 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 is an unusual story on Literotica in that it will give you a rare insight into the mind of a real live mature woman exhibitionist.

No real woman will normally be willing to share these real life emotions, confessions and insights and I am only doing it because 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. None of my friends or family (except my husband) knows these things about me but such is the bizarre nature of the internet that you, whom I have never met, will.

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 are obviously very rare. 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 every woman-well there definitely is in 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. 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. I have always wanted to take my clothes off in front of people and find it a real turn on.

I'm in my early forties and happily married to my husband, Andy and have two children. We live in the south west of England. I have shoulder length blond hair courtesy of regular trips to the hairdressers 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 my 5'5" body looks nice in my short summer dresses and skirts.

I would like to begin with a highly significant event for me from my teenage years. It happened when I was 15 at a huge summer Guide / Scout camp down in Polzeath in Cornwall, and looking back it was the first time I really acted upon my exhibitionist urges. It was the week when I first gave free reign to my strange yearnings. About 20 of us guys and girls were hanging out one afternoon unsupervised in a farm barn. Some of the kids were smoking. I don't think we were supposed to be in there. There were some quite high beams and ropes up in the roof over a lot of straw bales on the ground. Some of us girls were doing some gymnastics up on the beams.

That day up there on the beams was a watershed for me .When my turn came I had not gone up there with any notion in my head of taking my clothes off. But suddenly while I was up there looking down at the assembled audience all watching me, my exhibitionist streak came to the surface and I felt this massive urge to take them off if I got the chance. Out of nowhere I felt this overwhelming obsessive urge that has since become so familiar.

Of course I could not just take them off; that would not be cool and make me look weird. I needed to make it look less random than that. I nudged the situation along a bit by saying that I could do a somersault on the beam but not with a skirt on. I just left that there hanging like I did not care either way. Sure enough after a few seconds, one of the guys took the bait and shouted, "Well take it off then, we don't mind. Go for it."

So I unzipped the side of my skirt and let it drop to the bales below. I had got to first base. The justification was perfectly credible; I had only taken it off so I could do some more gymnastics. Nobody looked too shocked. So I was dressed in just normal teenage girl white panties and a dark blue T shirt. I duly executed a couple of impressive rollovers, and then laughed with relief.

I got a lot of wolf whistles from the guys below.

One of the guys shouted, "Wow that was pretty hot!"

I so wanted them to want more from me; to say something that would give me some feeble legitimacy, some vague excuse, to go further.

I got it in the form of one of them saying, "Well that was impressive. Very sexy actually. I bet you wouldn't do it without your T shirt?"

He immediately got lots of support from the other guys.

I said what is mandatory in such a situation, "That is a very rude suggestion. I am up here innocently trying to show you some gymnastics. I am not up here to do a striptease for you jerks."

To that they all started shouting stuff like, "Yeh a striptease. What a great idea. Go on. Show us your boobies. Please."

One of them then made a stupid joke shouting , "Promise we won't look!"

The girls, some of whom were my friends from school who I had gone with, then joined in. They knew that I was a bit free and easy in this department and a bit odd but had never done anything quite as extreme and in front of guys before. They had however seen me many times in the school changing rooms apparently flaunting myself and wandering around unnecessarily stark naked when they were all changing modestly beneath towels. They sensed I might be up for literally making an exhibition of myself.

I felt that all pervading sense of excitement at the prospect. I knew then that I just had to do it. I wanted to do it like I had never wanted anything before. Only another exhibitionist can understand what this feels like and I was feeling it for real for the first time.

I smiled from ear to ear and said, "Well what a bunch of pervs you all are. I suppose if I have to........" I felt this had sort of put the responsibility onto them. It was their idea-not mine!

I knew I was going to enjoy this like nothing before. I positioned myself so that my lower legs were hanging over a rope that was slung across the roof just below the beams. I was now hanging upside down on the rope above them and my T shirt was falling down around my neck and exposing my bra already. God I felt hot and sexy. I did not have to wait any longer for the chants of, "Off! Off! Off!" to begin. The girls were chanting too. Everyone looked like they were going to enjoy this as much as I was.

My arms were free so I could easily pull my T shirt down over my head and let it fall to the bales below; there was rapturous applause. God this was feeling as good as I knew it wood.

The chants of, "Off!" became even more enthusiastic, There was no way I could stop now even if I had wanted to.

I started to reach behind my back and fiddle with the clasp of my bra. When it came apart it fell away easily ,with me in this position hanging upside down, and seemed to descend like a parachute in slow motion. Even I thought my small pert boobies looked great. My nipples were both hard like acorns.

I soaked up the noises of approval from below, and swung topless backwards and forwards upside down on the rope.

This was going to be a first for me big time.

I inserted my thumbs into the waist of my panties. I started to very very slowly work them down while swinging from side to side upside down on the rope. It was absolutely delicious. It was actually quite difficult to pull them down in that position but with some determination I had them gathered up just below my bum around my upper thighs. They all loved it. I was the absolute centre of attention. I then had to sort of lift one thigh away from the rope at a time to get my panties past the rope and over my knees. And then they were down to my ankles and off. I let them float down to the crowd below and one of the guys caught them. They all cheered me and showed their appreciation.

I remember at the finish hanging there above them all stark naked, thin and pale skinned with them all cheering. It was just so wanton and marvellous. At the end I asked them to make a space in the bales and dropped down from the beam into the middle of them and rolled around in the hay laughing with my legs flailing. Nothing else happened but you can imagine I was very popular amongst the boys who were present and the girls thought it was a right laugh as well .I had just felt so compelled to do that strip and enjoyed it so much but part of me was worried by the power of my feelings and where it might lead in the future. I asked who was going to go next but nobody else did and I thought then why do I enjoy showing myself off so much when other girls apparently do not?

Predictably the immature boys gathered up my clothes and ran off with them. So I had to chase them around pretending to protest pleading for them to return them. But really that was absolutely fine with me. It gave me an excuse to prolong my fun exposing everything to them. Christ I never wanted to get dressed ever again! I had been shocked by how much I had enjoyed it and how exciting I had found it. I had had a taste of honey.

Anyway this was a very significant week for me because just a few days later at the same camp on the last night ,spurred on by my antics in the barn, something else happened. We had smuggled some lagers into our tent. The tents were not mixed of course so there were only girls / guides in our tent; probably about eight I remember. Anyway after lights out we were drinking all this lager and it did not take much to get us pissed at that age as you can imagine. Before long in the intoxicating atmosphere lit just by small torches we inevitably got onto discussing sex and who had done what. None of us had had full sex, it turned out, but about half of us had engaged in heavy petting.

Anyway talking about this just got me so aroused and we were not wearing much anyway that it seemed so natural for me to strip off the pyjamas that I was wearing and curl up into a ball naked with my soft sleeping bag around my shoulders. After what I had done in the barn nobody particularly thought this too surprising or random at this stage and it was fairly dark anyway. One of the girls however did notice and shouted something like , " Oh Christ! Rachel's got her titties out again!"

Anyway, the talk became more explicit as it does when you have the camaraderie of being away together in unfamiliar surroundings and of course bonded by being inebriated. Inevitably it got onto who masturbated and whether they came. Well I was an expert in bringing myself off by that age and I could not wait to show them. That just seemed liked the greatest opportunity that had ever come my way and I just asked them straight whether they wanted to see me come. You can tell I was getting bolder and more brazen with my sexuality. Of course they did so, cool as you like, I spread my legs and lifted my knees up and went to work frigging myself like my life depended on it.

I would have loved it if one of them had come and cuddled me or stroked my breasts to make me feel even slightly less exposed and the centre of attention but they just sat there mesmerized and open mouthed. I started rolling and thrashing around as those sublime electric sensations started to build in my pussy and then thankfully one of the other girls whipped her top off over her head and shuffled over on her bottom to join me.

I remember her to this day; her name was Ruth and she was skinny and fair like me but had the most gorgeous red hair. She immediately put her arms around my neck and we cuddled a bit rubbing our tiny pert breasts together. We then had a pretend snog or two and put on a bit of a show for the other girls in the tent who were loving it and cheering us on. I lay down on my soft sleeping bag and Ruth sort of lay across me kissing me and exploring my mouth with her tongue. We were only pretending really to entertain the others.

But I was absolutely not pretending bringing myself off. I wanted to cum in front of them so much; it just seemed the most overt public sexual display of my life and I could not believe how exciting I was finding it. My legs were as far apart as I could get them and I was rubbing my swollen clitty like a mad thing and I have to tell you that I just found this so fucking arousing displaying myself like this that I came like a goodun and made a lot of noise. I was repeating uncontrollably, " Oh! Oh! Oh!" When I cum it has always been something to behold and I am the same today. I seem to lift my bottom up into the air, my legs clamp together and I convulse wildly for about twenty seconds!

We were all laughing about it when the zip of our tent went up and one of the guide leaders shone her light in to see what all the noise was about. Thankfully I was able to quickly get under my sleeping bag and she had no reason to guess or would not remotely have imagined what had been going on and just asked us nicely to settle down But the memory of doing that in front of those girls has stayed with me for life and I think about it almost everyday.

I have always felt driven and compelled to strip off even in places where there would be no one to see me. Sometimes when I go out running in the countryside I get an overwhelming urge to find a remote location like a farmer's field and I will go through the gate, look around, and then strip off everything. I am so obsessive that I cannot even leave my trainers and socks on. I cannot explain why, but I do always love the feel of the air on my skin, and it is always a delight to lie down in the grass and spread out and just be at one with the universe. Unbelievably I even do this sometimes when I am walking the dog. It is a good job our dog cannot talk!

Actually once, I did get caught but it did not turn out too badly-just a bit embarrassing. I was about thirty five at the time. I used to go past this remote farm barn and had been going into it for some time and never seen anyone before. On this occasion, I went into it with my dog and immediately went into my routine of getting naked. The dog was used to a hold up at this point and did not look surprised or thought anything was unusual! He was used to me cavorting in the buff in the straw and bales.

However, on this occasion I was surprised to see another dog arrive no doubt attracted by my dog. They did not start attacking each other as dogs can do; instead, they just started barking and running around together excited. The next thing is an elderly man comes in looking for his dog , shouting the dog's name and can you imagine his face when he sees me stark naked rolling around in the bales. I could not cover myself except with my hands because my clothes were in a pile about 20 yards away. Such is my obsessive behaviour that it is not enough to merely take my clothes of on such occasions; I have to be physically separated from them otherwise it would be cheating! I quickly sat up on the bales, pulled my knees up close together and crossed my arms , with my hands covering my breasts.

I looked at him in shock but he looked as embarrassed as I was and said, "Sorry my girl to disturb you. I did not realise anyone was in here."

I replied, "No, it is not your fault. I am sorry to surprise you like this. It's just a silly game of mine. I have no excuse. I know I shouldn't. I don't know why I do really. Please don't tell anyone."

He assured me that he wouldn't but he did walk right over next to where I was sitting and said, "Look it is none of my business but you should be more careful playing around like this. You have nothing to fear from me but you do not know who else you could meet. Are you sure you are feeling alright?" I think he thought I must be an escaped mad woman or having a breakdown.

I replied, "I'm fine. Really I am. I know it is strange but I just so enjoy being naked in the open air."

"Well, don't mind me. I have enjoyed seeing your beautiful body and you have made an old man very happy. If you don't mind I will always come this way from now onwards to see if you are here again."

I was feeling a bit more relaxed by now and laughed , "Well you never know your luck!" With that, I grabbed my clothes and got dressed as quickly as possible and while I was dressing, he caught his dog and led him away by the lead. I never did undress there again but I do smile whenever I pass that way again.

I do all the usual tricks of an exhibitionist like turning the lights on in my bedroom for a few seconds and undressing before pulling the curtains. I have done this often enough that I figure the neighbours who live opposite will know to watch out for when my light first goes on in our bedroom. They would know they were in for a treat because I undress first pretending to be oblivious that I can be seen perfectly from the outside. Only when I am completely naked do I walk over to the window, pretend to innocently look out, giving a full frontal display before pulling the curtains.

Other times I prefer to keep the lights on but stand in front of the window in my underwear brushing my hair. Alternatively, I will stand at the window with the curtains open in the moonlight and street light and touch myself and caress my breasts and imagine people secretly watching me. As the result of my nocturnal exhibitions the men across the road always love to stop me in the street and chat. They have a gleam in their eye believing that they have a secret that they had seen me naked and I do not know.

Another one of my tricks is in hotel rooms when the boy comes to clean and I am lying out on the sun bed on the balcony and I pretend to be asleep but am naked under a dressing gown. I then adjust it to expose my goodies a little such as most of one breast or acres of one leg and thigh so it still looks convincingly accidental. I think most exhibitionists do that one.

Christ I have even taken all my clothes off in the toilet on an aeroplane. Not many people can say they have done that. I did warn you I am weird! It was on an Easyjet flight to Turkey actually and my husband and children were also on the plane. I cannot explain why I felt so drawn to do this because clearly no one is even going to see you do it in there. But it was something I felt I had to do once. For no explicable reason I seem to get obsessed with these challenges. I would love to hear from someone else who experiences this. I chose a plane where there was more than one loo at the back of the plane so that the people queuing would not notice that I had been a long time in there, When I was completely starkers I sat on the loo and tried to bring myself off but there was nothing doing, The circumstances were not the slightest bit erotic and even I was too nervous about one of the cabin crew opening the door,

This brings me to what happened to me one crazy night on a sailing holiday in the Greek Ionian islands when my exhibitionism got me into a lot of trouble. At the time when this happened we had been married for about twenty years and up to this point I had never had sex with anyone else since I had got married. In fact despite all my exhibitionism I had only had sex with two men in my life before this night and one of them was my husband!

We still loved each other but inevitably time has taken the edge off the sex and it had become less frequent, unexciting and routine. For example it had been a very long time since we had any oral either way around and in truth I had become less interested and most of the time was going through the motions to keep Andy happy. Andy often says that long term married women are more worried about the prospect of their husbands having sex with someone else than they are about whether they ever have sex with their husbands themselves. There is probably some truth in this. And being a working mother of two I never get enough me time and always seem to come last in the queue, and when this happened I can remember feeling that the time had come for me to have some fun for a change.

Most stories about gang bangs seem to feature two dimensional sex mad women who cannot get enough, and it is all completely marvellous and never seem to involve real women who have mixed feelings about what has happened to them or regrets. Having sex with other men was completely out of character, unplanned and unexpected, and throughout the whole experience I knew I should not be doing it, but I was so drunk and it was so much fun that I was just unable to stop.

I crossed the Rubicon that night. It changed my life and I have never been the same person again. I do not think about myself the same way anymore and, without getting too heavy, I struggle to understand how other woman can apparently behave promiscuously and seemingly not experience these dramatic changes in how they see themselves. I am not proud of what I did and picture myself on that beach behaving like a complete slut every day. At the same time another part of me craves for other similar experiences and you cannot go back. Anyway this is what happened. As I said we had been on a sailing flotilla holiday in the Greek Ionian Islands. Every night we stopped somewhere new, each time more idyllic and beautiful than the last. We had got to know the other crews over the two weeks and had a lot of fun. The different crews had gelled well. There had been a succession of balmy boozy evenings with a lot of banter and yes some innocent flirting. All the other crews were couples or families except one, which had three fit boys on board who seemed pretty dishy. I call them boys as they were about ten years younger than me but they were men really in their late twenties. Their names were Steve, Mike and Tony. You could not help noticing them as they were fit, and tanned, and more often than not had no shirts on. As I got to know them better in the evenings I also found out they were intelligent and well educated professionals and very funny.

Every day we went sailing to the next destination and every evening we met up as a group at a Greek taverna and got noisily drunk. It had got to the very last night of the holiday and we had gone to a dinner at a beach taverna arranged by the holiday company and had the usual prizes, awards, funny anecdotes from the holiday and votes of thanks. There had been unlimited wine provided and I had been completely stupid and in the party atmosphere got completely drunk. The evening had been a riot.

After the meal we staggered outside onto the beach where there was a private party disco. It was a hot beautiful evening and there were pretty coloured lights scattered around and you could hear the sound of the waves lapping on the shore. I should have said that our two children were being looked after with all the other younger kids in the flotilla at a nearby separate location where they keep them amused with films and pizza etc.

This night I felt like I was so far from home but had that demob happy feeling that you get when you are going home tomorrow. The setting was just perfect and so pretty and everyone was just having fun, playing the fool and laughing. I just seem to be in the mood to let my hair down and I had had far too much to drink . Apart from the wine I had been drinking mainly vodkas and Manhattans, which my husband kept getting for me. He also seemed to be enjoying himself although I think he had stuck to beer but seemed to be chatting and laughing with all the women. It was just one of those parties which was going really well and everyone was up for enjoying themselves.

The music was good too and I was doing a lot of dancing. The dancing area was some decking really close to the water's edge. It was still very warm and the dancing and alcohol made me even hotter. I was wearing a silky white sleeveless blouse and a short red cotton skirt. I was really getting into it and enjoying a good bop when Steve (one of the boys from the all male crew) came over and started dancing with me just as wildly as I was. I think it was some old 70s rock group but the beat was as hot as ever. My skirt was swirling up and exposing a lot of my panties and I was getting distinctly sweaty causing the fabric of my blouse to cling. I felt so sexy and so drunk. I had not realised how much attention I was attracting until a crowd of the other crews started to form around me and start clapping in time to the music. I was just loving this attention and laughing uncontrollably.

Suddenly someone started chanting ,"Off Off Off." I had had no intention of doing anything like that that night but my husband was also laughing and whispered in my ear something like, "Just unbutton your blouse and show your bra a little to keep them happy." He knew ,of course, that I enjoy showing off my body from time to time and has seen me removing clothing before a few times. It all seemed innocent enough. I suddenly felt excited and sexy at this prospect and asked him if he was sure. He smiled again so I slowly undid the top three buttons and pulled the blouse down off my shoulders to show my cream lacy bra. Of course the audience went wild and pretty soon everyone at the party was surrounding me and chanting ,"More More".

I said ,"No way -that's it. That's your lot!"

But they started mock booing and I felt stupid and churlish so I looked at Andy and he was encouraging me, so I decided to undo some more buttons. The more I exposed the wilder everybody got. It's was hot and I was wearing a bra anyway so I figured I'll give them what they want and took my blouse off completely and threw it to the crowd.

There was lots of cheering and shouting and laughing and Andy came up behind me and pulled the bra strap from behind and twanged it and then danced off laughing. This was seen as encouragement to Steve who did the same thing but this time the clasp broke and I was left trying to hold my bra on in front of me without a bra strap. You can imagine the commotion and Steve was then trying to pull the bra away from me. I was hanging on to it as best I could but he was too strong and he took it off me and threw it into the group to much riotous celebration. At first I put my hands over my breasts but then I thought,' What the hell! ',and continued dancing topless to great approval.

Needless to say this only made the crowd more excited and demanding and the chanting became more frantic. By this time the Greek waiters had joined the group hoping for more. I looked at Andy and he winked back smiling. What did that mean? Would he think me a party pooper if I did not carry on? I thought it's the last night of the holiday, I'll probably never see any of these people again-I'll give them something to cheer about. So I slowly started lowering my skirt. They are all going mad but Steve comes over to me and puts his arms around me and starts cuddling me whilst still dancing .I realised he was fiddling with the skirt button, and then quick as a flash he pulls the zip down and my skirt is now free and falls around my feet much to everyone's delight. I am still trying to dance so I stepped out of the skirt. I had long ago lost my shoes so there I was dancing just in my cream skimpy lacy panties, which are already revealing too much.

I am absolutely loving the attention but Andy starts to look like it's gone far enough and is signalling me to stop and get dressed. I was, of course, in Heaven; it had been a very long time since I had taken my clothes off in front of such a large group. Life in the old dog yet , I thought. I was very drunk and someone brought me another large glass of I don't know what which I gulped down and everybody cheered me on. I was just enjoying this too much although by now I see that Andy is not. But I think I won't see these people again after the holiday so I will give them a thrill by parading in my panties. And then one of the waiters, I think, brought me yet another large drink that I also gulped that down and this time it tasted like Ouzo.

It's hard being a female some times when you just know that you should not be doing something. I know that I am going to regret this big time tomorrow and that Andy is going to be fed up with me. Suddenly the drink hit me and I felt absolutely exhausted. I felt so drunk I had to sit down on a plastic chair by the decking and said that was definitely their lot. But then came the inevitable chants of," More, More, More!", and Steve and Mike (another one on the boys from the all male crew ) came and lifted me up to my feet again and everyone was laughing.

Then Steve starts dancing closely with me again holding both my hands. Before long he then uses one of his hands to start trying to lower my panties whilst looking for and getting the approval of the crowd. I used my free hand to try to hold them up, and of course the crowd were all cheering Steve on. Suddenly I realise that someone else has his thumbs in the waistband of my panties from behind and I look round to find Mike is pulling my panties down.

I shouted, "No! That's not fair," but in truth I adore being undressed by someone else, and to be undressed in front of a crowd is just the best for me. Before long he is on his hands and knees with my knickers around my knees and I am stepping out of them before I fall over. I just felt amazing with the wickedness of the situation being butt naked and the centre of attention of the party. You will know me well enough by now to know that actually I was loving this situation.

I was not sure what to do next , so I took a bow, and was about to walk off to get dressed as my show seemed to fizzle out . But then Steve took control and did some sort of improvised jive dance with me so I did lots of twirling and bending thus ensuring everyone got a good and full view of all my assets. You can imagine that I have never been more popular. I realised that there were camera phones flashing all over the place. Everyone was taking pictures of me. I had not reckoned on that happening. There was even a couple of boys ,who could not have been more than twelve, lying on the floor taking pictures up at me from below no doubt so they got the best view of my pussy. How bloody cheeky I thought and where were their parents allowing them to do this for God's sake?

I danced a little more and then ran down the sandy beach and into the shallow water through the waves much to everyone's amusement. Predictably I stumbled in the water and fell over and just sat in the shallow water laughing.

I soon emerged from the sea but I was exhausted again and saw a large outdoor sofa away from the decking in a darker corner of the beach garden that just looked really inviting and I staggered over to it and collapsed down into the middle of it. Almost immediately Steve and Mike came over and sat on each side of me on the sofa laughing. I said I wanted my clothes and would they get them for me but they just made fun of me by mimicking my request in my west country accent. They said that I didn't need my clothes as they would keep me warm and I laughed and said that was what I was afraid of! I also asked them where Andy was and they said he was getting my clothes for me which they of course had made up. The last thing on their minds was where Andy was.

After about a minute I started to feel a little chilly as I had cooled down from the dancing and there was a bit of a breeze now and I could see a really huge blanket or duvet on the ground next to the sofa so I asked Steve to reach over and get it. He willingly laid it over all three of us and I felt much less conspicuous and exposed. I pulled it up to cover my chest. In fact it felt very cosy and I started to feel very sleepy.

At this point I did not feel that badly about what had happened because as far as I was concerned that was the end now-the show was over and I just wanted to get dressed and go to bed. But the alcohol was making me very confused and I leaned right back in the sofa and closed my eyes. Before long Steve took my hand and gently squeezed it, and then intertwined his fingers with mine, and finally kissed the back of my hand and then kissed me on my forearm several times.

I could not help enjoying the tenderness and gentleness of his touches. He put his arm around my waist and his hand squeezed my bottom. Steve was encouraged by the apparent welcome of his advances and placed his hand on my knee under the duvet and started to stroke my upper leg and then my soft fleshy inner thigh. I took hold of his hand and said," No!" and reminded him that I was a respectable married woman but I suppose I did not sound that convincing as I was still giggling. I felt that tingling sensation at the back of your neck. He did not stop ,of course, and the stroking became more and more daring just brushing the edge of my mound. I cannot tell you how sexy I felt and of course I was feeling very wet down there. Before long Mike started giving my other leg and thigh the same treatment. I have to say that it did feel very very nice and so I said to the boys no further than that and then closed my eyes again and relaxed.

I felt so tired that I decided to lay down sideways with my head in Steve's lap and my legs across Mike's legs completely under the duvet. Hardly any of my face was showing. Looking back being naked like this was clearly a very stupid thing to have done. At the time though all I wanted to do was lie down and close my eyes and sleep. More or less straight away Steve began stroking my hair and cheeks and forehead. It was lovely. At the same time Mike resumed stroking my legs which were conveniently strewn across his lap under the blanket. I knew I should not let things progress any further than this but being under the blanket was like an unreal world, like being in a bubble where the real world rules did not apply. I was more or less completely hidden and felt like I was hiding and nobody could see me or would know I was there.

Steve then proceeded to massage my shoulders under the duvet which was equally heavenly and before long he had his hands further under the duvet stroking around my breasts and my tummy which again was just too nice to stop. Predictably he then graduated to stroking my breasts and nipples which were already erect. At this stage I became nervous and held his hand to prevent him doing that but it was a token gesture really. Steve twisted around a little, bent over towards my head, lowered the duvet down from my face and put his lips to mine. It's a funny thing that when you are really drunk the reflex response just kicks in and you could be kissing anybody really. I could not do anything but respond and before long he had his tongue down my throat and we were in a deep passionate snog. Whilst we are doing this he established his territory under the duvet and now had the run of my entire front above the waist and indeed as far below the waist as he could reach.

Between my legs I felt warm and moist. Whilst I was still kissing Steve, Mike upped his assault on my legs and thighs and reached the promised land and placed a finger at the entrance to my hot and very wet desperate pussy. I could not believe that I was helpless to resist and all I can do was lift my bottom up towards him to encourage him to penetrate me. When his finger began to enter me it sent a shiver through my whole body and a sigh escaped my mouth. I could feel I was blushing but most of my face was hidden and they would not have seen. My kiss with Steve came to an end mainly because I needed to breathe and then I snuggled back down completely under the duvet in my unreal world where nobody could see me. I closed my eyes and my heart was racing with the excitement and outrageousness of the situation.

I completely submitted and let them do their worst under the duvet where no one could see me. It was my private little world where four hands were all over me. It was probably the most sublime and exquisite moment of my life so far. Mike had command of my body below the waist as I continued to lay with my legs across his lap. My legs were apart to give him full access and by now he had two fingers in my cunt and it was gorgeous. I was writhing around under the duvet and moaning in ecstasy louder and louder and pushing my bottom up to meet him. Mike was so talented with his fingers. I was panting , as my hips gyrated shamelessly onto his thrusting fingers. As I did so he slid his other hand under my butt and began probing my crack from underneath and sliding a finger into my arse. I don't think I have ever been so wet and turned on in my life. Every so often Steve lowered the duvet down my face just enough to give me another passionate kiss .

On one occasion I briefly opened my eyes and noticed that the music had changed to slow smoochy stuff and there were far fewer people left and those that were, were couples having slow cuddly smooches. No one seemed to be interested in us now and in any case it was dark in our corner. I felt shameless and let these boys completely squeeze, stroke, and caress my entire body without any restrictions or limits.

I started to feel that sensation where the sky could fall in but you don't care and my legs were all over the place under the duvet. Mike was working his magic until I had the most amazing orgasm of my life. As I climaxed I was gripping the duvet with my hands as hard as I could as my hips pumped onto Mike's hand. I think it was the outrageousness of my situation being in a semi public place naked under a duvet with two fully clothed relative strangers and not my husband which combined to give me such an intense trembling shuddering orgasm .By now I felt no shyness but I was making too much noise and from under the duvet I could hear the boys chuckling quietly with satisfaction at my helpless display. I still had my head on Steve's lap (although I had turned to face his chest) and he put his hand over my mouth to reduce the sound of my moaning.

I closed my eyes and said that that was fantastic to the boys and that they were very sweet but very naughty but it was now definitely time for me go to sleep. The alcohol swept over me again and I just felt so much I needed to close my eyes.

Steve then said, "Why don't we lie down over there , where it will be quiet? You can sleep there," pointing along the sandy beach well away from the taverna. I said I was too tired to walk anywhere but Steve and Mike said, "No problem. We will escort you." By now nearly all the other people in our flotilla had gone back to their boats. I was not keen on moving anywhere but they stood up, and lifted me up, each holding me under one of my arms and wrapped the duvet around me. I could hardly walk and it was an effort for them to support me and stop me just sitting down on the beach.

I was giggling a lot and saying, "Please take me home." I suppose by giggling I was giving them mixed signals. I could hear the gentle waves of the sea as they walked me away from the taverna along the shore . Looking back I can see that I was being led quietly and with docility to my execution. I was just too drunk and naive to see it.

We came to a halt at a piece of sand and scrubland grass well away from where anyone would ever have seen us. I said that I really need and should be going home now back to my boat. To this Steve responded by putting his arms around me and kissing me passionately allowing the duvet to drop to the ground. My tongue was in his mouth and down his throat, and his hands moved down to squeeze my bum and then down into my wet crack and his fingers slipped easily into my soppng wet pussy. I could not resist and pleaded with him to stop as I writhed around with his fingers in my wet cunt. Then Mike put his arms around me from behind and was fondling my breasts. My legs melted to jelly and I slowly slithered down to the ground onto the duvet.

I laid on my back and looked up at the stars and said, "Please just let me sleep now." I was not giggling anymore.

I know it will sound unbelievable but even at this stage, being so drunk I suppose, I was not consciously planning or expecting to have sex with them or be unfaithful and was not expecting them to take advantage of me; nobody ever had before when I had flaunted myself. On this particular night up until that point I'd seen it all as a bit of fun-a bit of a laugh really. They both lay down each side of me and carried on caressing me and then I realised that their other crew member, Tony, had been following and he was also there and gently caressing my feet.

Steve said something like I was completely safe with them and nothing bad would happen and I should just relax. I closed my eyes again and tried to sleep. I also remember Steve stroking my face and whispering in my ear that I was a very beautiful women and should be proud of my body .I think looking back that was my moment of total surrender. My seduction was complete and absolute. It had just been so long since I was flattered like that and made to feel so completely desirable.

With my eyes closed I felt them stroking and groping my body , until it reached a fever pitch with 6 hands going anywhere they wanted. I offered no resistance. I was past that now. Tony began to kiss his way up my legs until he was running his tongue up and down my pussy. I let out a little scream as his tongue went deep into me. My husband had not done this for me for so long and it was too much to bear. I held Tony's head to my desperate pussy as he ate me. The other boys were each holding a breast and kissing my nipples. I never saw when the boys stripped off. That just seemed to happen in an instant.

I did notice though when a hard erect cock started to push easily into me and I instinctively let out a loud ,"Mmmmmhhhm," moan . I opened my eyes and saw Steve smiling down at me and screamed ,"Oh God, Oh My God, Oh Fucking Hell!"

I shouted at him, "No! You can't fuck me. I can't! I'm married. You musn't. Get off!"

But I automatically put my arms around Steve's naked body . I held his arse to pull him deeper into me. I became an animal and was completely out of control. I thrashed around as he slowly and deliberately built me up to a second fantastic mind blowing climax. My orgasm exploded in my pussy and radiated violently outwards until I was shaking and trembling all over. Mike and Tony were chuckling at the sight of me falling apart having an uncontrollable fit on the duvet restrained only by Steve's bulk on top of me. This time I was allowed to moan as loudly as I liked as there was no one around to hear me. Looking back the other boys were also no doubt enjoying the anticipation with the absolute certainty that they were also very soon going to get their goes with me.

Even then I stupidly said something like ,"We should not have done that and I was going back," but Mike and Tony gently took hold of each of my arms and legs. I did not really offer any resistance. I just became passive to be used, as they wanted. I laid there and reflected that a lifetime of exhibitionism and the occasional striptease had finally led me to get what I deserved. I thought that I could not really complain; this had been an accident waiting to happen for a very long time. I so had this coming. I had got away with getting ridiculously drunk and shamelessly exposing myself for a very long time .

The second of the boys, Mike, took his place between my wide-open legs and thrust his hard cock into my hot juicy pussy up to the hilt. As he slid into me he said, "Christ --You're fantastic ". He lifted his muscular body up onto his forearms and really gave it to me hard with each of the other boys holding one of my hands to gently restrain me. The boys also continued to fondle and squeeze my breasts and feel and invade my body everywhere else.

I had a sudden panic that Andy might come looking for me and find me like this. I was terrified at this possibility but knew that I was in too deep that there would now be no stopping these guys. While Mike was pounding me all I could think about was Andy seeing us .I asked the boys to watch out for Andy coming along the beach looking me .Mike paused from fucking me ,with his cock deep inside me, and they said they would and if they saw him coming we would have time to hide behind the rocks which lined the edge of the sand. I felt a bit less worried because I thought he was unlikely to come this far anyway and if he did he would never see us in the dark behind the rocks. I made them promise me again that they would watch for him and then relaxed about it. Normal service was resumed. Mike began fucking me again , and I closed my eyes and settled back into enjoying it.

Mike turned me over and entered my cunt from behind whilst pulling my cheeks apart which I loved. I remember thinking this was the most robust pounding I had ever had, but the boys were never too rough with me. For those of you who are interested in such details, and I know many of you are, Mike was the largest of the three. I could tell from the tectonic sensations down below that he was a big boy.

This second fucking session seemed to go on forever . Mike laid me back in the missionary position and I had my eyes closed for most of the onslaught and just lay in submission moaning and sighing . From time to time when I had the energy I put my arms around Mike, and occasionally wrapped my legs around his back but mostly I was just passively available to him for his use. Of course, in the back of my mind I was frightened that this could be the end of my marriage, but the thrill and the ecstasy of lying out on the sand under the stars and being ravaged like this was just too much to resist; I couldn't fight it.

I saw that Tony was stroking his dick it to get it nice and hard. He was obviously going to fuck me as well , I thought. Nothing was going to prevent that. I thought, 'My God, what have I unleashed?'

I was so drunk and so tired that I started to float away and drift in and out of sleep. I missed Mark cumming or Tony taking his place. At some point Tony obviously swopped with Mike but I was out of it by then. At one point I surfaced from my drunken oblivion and looked at the boys feeling me up all over with big smiles on their faces , and looked up at the face of whoever was plundering me with abandon and having the time of his life and I thought they were going to fuck me to death. I thought that this can't be happening-what the hell am I doing?

But then I just drifted back into my stupor. From time to time I would surface to find they were still fucking me. Once when I surfaced enough they turned me over so I was kneeling, lifted my butt up to take me from behind, stuck their fingers into my cunt and arse, and fucked me at will like I was a piece of meat. It was just absolutely gorgeous and I doubt I will ever have another night to compare. I remember thinking that I did not want it to end. Each time I was vaguely aware of one of them withdrawing from me I could not wait to feel another of their cocks filling my pussy again. They all had me at least twice --probably more, I don't know.

My regret about that night is that I had this fantastic experience but do not really remember lots of the detail due to being so paralytic. I suppose if I had not been drunk I would not have done it at all and that is the paradox of getting drunk that many will recognise. I would love to have been able to remember exactly how many times I was fucked and savour each one but I cannot. I was not really conscious for long periods of that night and that is a shame.

Much later when I came to again I found myself on the duvet and the boys were still there chatting and lying with their heads resting on me smoking. They had apparently put their shorts on again whilst I had been comatosed. What a sight I was naked and covered in cum and sweat with my legs wide apart. It was just starting to get light; I had been out on the beach all night. The tavern along the beach was in complete darkness with all its lights out.

Christ, I am in so much trouble I thought. I felt tired, ravaged and conquered. It was chilly and I felt cold and apprehensive and asked them to cuddle me. I quickly became more scared and upset and laid on the blanket just cuddling up with the boys. They were lovely and I enjoyed cuddling up to them and being close to them and kissing them afterwards as much as any of the sex really. It was just lovely to be so appreciated and wanted. To be honest I was flattered that these young fit guys had found me so sexy and desirable at nearly forty. I wanted to prolong this wonderful sublime moment a little longer before I had to return to my real world and face the music; that would come soon enough I thought.

I did not blame the boys or feel angry; they had only behaved as any boys would have with sex offered on a plate by a drunk available woman. They were sweet and nice to me and pulled me up and wrapped the duvet around me. We walked slowly and silently back along the sand to the tavern. Nobody knew what to say as we prepared to re-enter the real world. In the tavern the waiters had neatly folded my skirt, and top and left it by the till. (I never found my bra and panties). The boys helped me get them on, and walked me back slowly and silently to the harbour.

It was early dawn and I was just hoping and praying that Andy and the kids would be asleep and not sitting up waiting for me , or worse out looking for me. I was obviously so nervous when I climbed quietly back on board our boat terrified of waking Andy or one of the kids. I was so relieved when I found the boat all quiet and I peeped through the hatch and could hear Andy snoring down in our cabin.

I laid down in the cockpit in the open with some deck cushions and contemplated what I had done. By not getting into our bed in our cabin I thought there was some hope that Andy would not know just how late I got in. I had slept out on deck several times during this holiday ,as it was cooler up there at night, and so Andy would not have thought this unusual. I got up again as soon as I began to see movement on other boats , before Andy awoke, and went and had a thorough shower to wash away all the bodily fluids and sand that were all over me and in my hair and make myself as decent as I could. When I returned Andy was stirring and thankfully did not seem aware that I had been out all night. For now I told him that I had come back later after having a couple of night caps with those boys and slept in the cockpit.

As you can imagine I had a hell of a hangover the next morning and Andy was pretty cross with me but not particularly because I had taken my clothes off; he already knew what I was like and I had done that before. No, he was cross because he thought I had been flirting with, and making up to Steve . And I would have to concede that he had a valid point; dancing stark naked with someone does count as flirting, I suppose, although I really didn't see it that way but I was in no position to argue. I found out that he had had to go soon afterwards to collect the kids and take them back to the boat, and could not find me (when I was under the duvet on the sofa I suppose).

He of course at that stage had no idea what I had done after my strip and neither would he suspect or expect for a moment that I might have done such things. He did not know about me hiding under the duvet lying across the guys. He was not aware that I had stayed so late, so for the time being I left it that way. I knew that eventually I would have to tell him what had happened and what I had done , and face the consequences but that would need to wait until we were back home. I thought that if he was so annoyed at me for just flirting with Steve, how was he going to take it when I told him the full extent of what I had done?

We were flying home the next day and so I faced a very tricky situation to navigate at the airport queuing up for the check in with the same people who had witnessed my strip the previous evening. They gave me lots of condescending smiles, but I knew there was lots of sniggering going on behind my back. It was so embarrassing in the cold light of day. Thank God that only the three boys knew what I had done later with them. None of the rest of the group ever saw me under that duvet so would have had no idea how my evening progressed! And the three boys were totally discreet about it and gave no clue to Andy or anyone else that anything else had gone on.

It was about a week after we had got back to the UK that I sat Andy down , when the kids were out, burst into tears and told him what had happened. I was ,of course very upset, and contrite and tried to get him to understand that I had done similar strip teases before and guys had not taken advantage of me. I had to try to excuse it that way; that I had been drunk, and had not expected this to happen or wanted it to happen.

Andy loves me very much and was as understanding about it as any husband could possibly be expected to be. I was so full of regret and remorse at that time that we actually reached a point where we could actually laugh at my naivety that I had thought I could behave like that and not end up getting fucked. When you really love someone it is my view that when they stray you do not just immediately chuck your relationship away. I often hear people say that if their partner was ever unfaithful then that would be it. But if you really love someone would you not try to work out why they strayed and what was missing in your relationship? If the roles had been reversed I would certainly have afforded Andy that leeway and thankfully he felt the same.

In the following weeks Andy had to work very hard to get over it, and I often felt ashamed about my behaviour that night in Greece. I did however feel a whole lot better about it after I had got it out into the open. At that time sometimes I felt full of regret and worried that things will never be the same again with Andy. But other times privately I was glad that it happened-and thought, ' You're only here once.' Before that night, at nearly forty, I had only had full sex with two men, and in one night I had increased my tally to five and I felt some private satisfaction about that.

I had some very honest and candid discussions and arguments with Andy about how and what I am and my obsessions. He began to understand me a lot better and my need to do it. I did not want to have secrets from him anymore. He wanted me to himself but I knew that I was no longer able to promise that. I had to have the freedom to have sex with other guys now and again when my exhibitionist desires surfaced. He wishes I was not like this but he loves me and accepts it. I told him that he was also welcome to have sex with other women and once he got used to the idea he could see that could be fun for him. I said that life was too bloody short to only ever have sex with each other and that it was only sex for God's sake. The important thing was that we should not do anything behind each other's back or have secrets from each other.

He has obviously even accepted my exhibitionist desire to tell the world my intimate secrets about my exploits on Literotica. To be honest I would have liked nothing more sometime than to have sex with Andy in front of others-even strangers if he preferred. He did fuck me once in front of his flatmate at university. I also would have loved to watch him fuck another woman . At that time he was not up for such high jinks and I did not want to risk putting pressure on him. For my part I needed to change too and try to behave less outrageously.

But over the last four or five years since then, gradually, he has progressively indulged my exhibitionist streak and we have together progressed to some of these fantasies of mine. It has been a case of 'if you can't beat them, join them!' We have now had some fun experiences together and I will write about some of these one day.