**Rachel Reveals More**

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

There are a great many ordinary people out there living ordinary lives who harbour secret desires and fantasies. It gives such people an outlet and a release to have the chance to read about the actual experiences of a few who are prepared to actually share their experiences with others. For some it is enough just to read about others and live their lives vicariously through them. For others they go through their lives feeling unfulfilled and frustrated. Only you can judge who is right. Many readers email me to say they feel the same urges as I do but are frightened to act on them. They would love to have the courage to do some of the things I have done. All I can say is that with everything in life it is choices. What you gain on the swings you lose on the roundabouts. Everything has a cost. If it does not feel right to you to risk your marriage or relationship just to seek sexual thrills then don't. My personality is such that I do not seem to have any choice as I am so driven to do risqué things.   
  
**A little About Me**  
Let me tell you a little about myself. I'm now in my mid forties and have been married for twenty- odd years to my husband Andy. We have two now grown up children and we live in the south west of England. I have shoulder length hair, which is now in a sort of medium red- brown shade courtesy of regular trips to the hairdresser. However, over the years, I have had it various shades of blond, and auburn and even black for a while but that did not suit me and I hated it. If I had all the money that I have spent at the hairdressers, I would be a rich woman. I 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 weigh about 135 lbs and 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. When the sun comes out, I look nice in my short summer dresses and skirts. I love to look and feel sexy (which is most of the time) and have always enjoyed sex in all its forms but at the same time, I am quite a needy person who needs to be liked. That is why I really do care what readers think about me, and I love it when I get flattering and admiring email but equally hate it when I get critical and hurtful feedback. So if you do write to me please be nice! I am a sensitive soul.   
  
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 recognise that about myself until I was grown up. What I do know now 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. 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 every 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 my knickers off 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 it if changing rooms were mixed but I suspect not many women would agree with that.   
  
When you read my story some of you may be shocked or appalled at some of the things I have done but I want you to know that I do not consider myself to be promiscuous or loose; I have not had that many sexual partners compared to what you hear is the norm for young people today. I have stayed married to my husband and been married only once and not so many people can say that nowadays can they? My condition, if you want to call it that, is that I am a compulsive exhibitionist-not a slut.   
  
I need to have feelings for a man I have sex with. I do not believe in pure physical animal sex and get no pleasure from it. Ok I have broken this rule on a couple of occasions through being drunk or exhausted and tired but these experiences have only affirmed my beliefs. I do not like to simply have sex. I need to 'make love' to a guy with all the kissing, foreplay, emotions, and cuddling that goes with it.   
  
**A Period Of Adjustment**  
My story picks up after my life changing experience on the beach in Greece when I submitted to the attentions of three guys I had met on holiday. You can read all about it in 'Rachel's Exhibitionism Nemesis'. 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. He even comforted me that it was extremely unlikely that I would have caught anything from them and not to worry about that.  
  
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, 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. My biggest regret is that I wished I had been fully conscious for the whole experience and not passed out. Although at the time, when I accused the boys of having me when I was asleep, they told me that I had been responding and enjoying it from start to finish but that is not my memory so I don't know. Often I felt concerned that that could be the only time I ever had sex with multiple partners and it might never happen again. I became increasingly obsessed with the notion that I had to change Andy and our relationship to give me more freedom to indulge my wild urges.   
  
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 erotic literature web sites and in forums and chat groups. I have to tell you that I get a lot of email and messages from guys who wish that their wives or girlfriends were more like me so maybe Andy should think he is lucky! I get messages all the time from guys who would like to see their partners have sex with other guys. Equally I get messages from females who have the same urges as me but wish they had the nerve to act on them.   
  
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 as you know. 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 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 some of which I am going to tell you about. One of the more innocent places we started driving to during the summer was Studland Bay which is a beautiful sandy beach near to Poole in Dorset but which is not too far from Bristol for a day trip. There is a popular naturist beach there where you can legally sun bathe and swim naked and that kept me going for a while and gave me an outlet for being naked in public until I discovered even better places.   
  
I obviously thought a lot about when I was had by those three guys on the beach on holiday in the Greek Islands it had a big effect on me. Don't get me wrong-I know full well that I deserved it, and attracted it so I do not blame the boys. When I think about it in perspective I had it coming. It was an accident waiting to happen. In fact it is a surprising it had not happened before.   
  
I get a lot of messages from readers and have accumulated quite a following of people interested in me and my life. Many people admit to me that they too have similar exhibitionist desires but are afraid to act on them. People seem to envy the fact that I have actually had so much fun actually doing some of the antics I have told you about. But I don't think anyone should envy me being gang banged on that beach. I wish very much that I had not allowed that to happen and had perhaps called it a night at the point when I was being fondled under the blanket. It was not so much doing it that I regretted but doing it behind Andy's back. Some readers are extremely judgemental and cruel to me about my behaviour and I do wonder why they read such stories if they disapprove so much.   
  
Anyway four or five years have now gone by and things have settled down again but with new rules in our marriage. Andy and me are still together and he has come more to terms with who I am and my needs. I have had many requests from readers to keep telling them about my experiences that I feel I cannot deny them and also as I have said before I do find it a turn on writing about them. I had not intended to reveal anymore about myself after that experience in Greece but I have been persuaded by the number of requests that I have received. Nothing has happened to me quite so extreme as being fucked by those three guys on the beach and I do not plan to do anything like that again; well certainly not without Andy anyway. So you may find that my more recent experiences a bit tame but this is not a story; this is real life and in real life there are limits and constraints. The big difference now is that I never do anything wild without Andy knowing about it first and usually being present and that is a cardinal rule for us.   
  
**My Encounter With One Of My Readers**  
I do enjoy chatting with readers on email and sometimes I have experimented with some fantasy stories with readers in which we imagine what we would do if we met up and how it would be and stuff like that. I encourage them to describe in detail what they would do to get me out of my clothes and what would follow and all I have to do is chip in from time to time with a bit of imaginary reciprocation and they love it. It is great fun actually on the lap top on a cold wet evening. However unfortunately for many guys this is never enough and I get many requests from guys in the UK who want photos and to meet up for real. Obviously I cannot do that not just from the safety point of view but also because I have vowed not to cheat on my husband and do anything that he does not know about. It has been difficult enough preserving my marriage after the Greece thing that I am not going to do anything that he does not condone even if he does not particularly like it. This is the difference between real life and fiction. I have a reputation and a husband to think about and I have children and I am not going to behave as an unfettered slut having sex with all and sundry.   
  
Having said that I do not actually meet my readers I did make an exception in an alcoholic soaked moment and it is this event that I will tell you about next. It was actually a bit of a disaster and put me off doing it again. This was before I cut right down on drinking and was one of the reasons I did actually as it was obviously clouding my judgement. Bear in my I am an ordinary English middle aged woman going about her nine till five thirty work routine selling houses. This guy had originally contacted me as the result of one of my earlier stories I had posted about my exhibitionism.   
  
You would be amazed how many blokes contact you on email. My revelations have always been popular and I have many fans, but the truth is when the majority of them show their hand they want to meet up, and get inside my knickers. I, on the other hand, only want to have some fun exchanging emails with people who want to play and fantasise. But that is not enough for many, and I cannot go further with casual readers-my life is complicated enough! I would be meeting new men every week!   
  
With this particular guy we had emailed each other many times and become sort of friends. We played that game where we imagine what it would be like if we met up and what he would like to do to me. But in this case as he seemed so unsure of himself I told him he would have to sit on his sofa like a good boy and watch me strip very slowly and seductively for him. He was without doubt infatuated by me and it would not be an exaggeration to say that he worshipped me. He told me so many times how much he would love to see me naked. I was all his fantasies and wet dreams rolled into one! He was a lot younger than me-late twenties ,and single. I suspect he had not had many girlfriends and was very inexperienced as he was fond of telling me. It was almost like I was his mother or his agony aunt advising him about how to have more success with girls. I had always known that he happened to also live In Bristol.

Anyway, one afternoon after I had been to the pub with my work colleagues, we were given the afternoon off and I suddenly had this very bad idea of at last contacting this guy called Kevin and seeing if he was in. Clearly looking back this was both a very stupid and dangerous thing to do. I contacted him on email from my phone and he immediately came back and said he was in and it would be amazing to actually meet me in person. When I got to his flat and he answered the door I knew straight away that this was a big mistake and I should never have gone. He was scruffily dressed in jeans and a T-shirt and there was washing up around the place. To be fair he had not had much notice and did not know I was coming. Can you believe he actually had my story up on the screen of his laptop? Maybe he opened it up after I had called him to remind him who I was. Straight away, he started telling me that he loved me for God's sake. Obviously, he did not really know me so that was clearly ridiculous. He told me he thought I was the sexiest woman he had ever seen or known. I do not know how I thought this was going to turn out before I went. I told him straight away that I could not stay long and he had to be on his best behaviour. He said over again how much he had dreamed of me stripping off in front of him. Part of me wanted to bolt for the door but he looked so sad and pathetic I thought I could not disappoint him. I told him to sit on his sofa and not move. I told him if he moved off his sofa, I would leave. I enjoyed having all this power over him. I told him he had to keep all his clothes on and not touch or the deal was off. He would have agreed to anything.   
  
I admit I had gone there that afternoon with the crazy idea in my mind that I might take my kit off for him. He wanted to open a bottle of wine with me but I told him I could not stay. He must have been wondering why I had come at all, and I was wondering the same thing. So I did a little dance, wriggled out of my blouse, and danced around a bit in front of him in my bra but I just felt so strongly that I should not be there for all sorts of reasons and could not get into it. He looked nervous and uncomfortable but expectant with his staring eyes. I felt increasingly awkward, got cold feet and said that I was sorry but I had to go. He then sort of fell apart really telling me I was just another woman rejecting him, that no girls ever fancy him, and that he was lonely and never had a girlfriend. He looked so sad, crest fallen and pathetic that I found it impossible to just walk out at that point. I dug as deep as I could and took my bra off and he told me I was the sexiest most gorgeous woman he had ever seen. I suspect that was true but not because I am that special but because I have no competition! Anyway, he could not control himself any longer, got up, came over, and put his hands on my breasts. This was just the least erotic experience of my life and I hated it. I told him he had broken the rules and I was leaving now. He just disappeared into his kitchen or somewhere and I grabbed my clothes, slung them on and left as quickly as possible. I learnt that day that you could not always trust your lustful feelings and fantasies. Sometime things that you think are going to be hot and sexy can be just the opposite.   
  
  
  
**Fulfilling My Fantasies At The Spa.**  
Before I tell you about my latest exploits I want to update you on some other stuff. First of all I have changed my hair colour back to a sort of medium red brown colour. It's still shoulder length. I have been dieting and have got back down to the weight I was at uni. Andy says I am too skinny again but I like it, and it gives me some margin to put weight on holidays. You will be surprised to hear that I have cut right down on my drinking. I was clearly drinking far too much and often the worse for drink but now I probably only drink 1 or 2 nights a week and when I do it is in moderation. So I know what I am doing now all the time and when I do behave badly it is not the result of being drunk. At least I get to enjoy it to the full! I really don't need alcohol to enjoy myself or lose my inhibitions any more.   
  
I needed Andy to be involved in the action for me to be able to play so we needed to explore new outlets together. We discovered a health spa near where we live in Bristol which is naturist and that has been a life changer for me giving me an outlet for my fantasies and meeting like minded people. In fact since discovering the Bristol one we have also been to similar places in London , Kent , and Sussex and we have had some great times at these places. I look forward to my visits to these places and they enable me to explore my fantasies when I am there but to get them out of my system and live a normal life in between.   
  
With the one in Bristol during the week they have some ladies only days and some mixed days but on Sundays they have a couples only day although up until about 5 o'clock single men or women are admitted but they have to leave at 5 o'clock. It has a small swimming pool, and an assortment of Jacuzzis and hot tubs and steam rooms and private rooms of different sizes equipped with soft plastic mattresses for relaxing and whatever you fancy. There is a small garden which has a large outdoor hot tub in which you can squeeze up to 10 although that really is a squeeze! But great fun especially when it is cold and everyone has to snuggle down under the piping hot water with just their noses above water.   
  
It is in a large former mansion and the wet areas are all in the basement floor, and above that is a floor that contains a refreshment area, a TV room, and massage rooms. On this floor they burn incense sticks all around and play relaxing Eastern meditation style music. It all adds up to a very pleasant and relaxing atmosphere. On the floor above is where it really gets interesting. There are these private rooms of different sizes down a corridor and the staff who run the place do not enter this floor. It is just left to the customers to use as they wish in private for sexual encounters. The rooms are fitted out with a platform covered in plastic covered red mattresses and many mirrors on the walls. The lighting is low level in blue LED. Some of the rooms are designed for just two people and they have a door that can be locked for privacy. The larger rooms are of increasing sizes and will take a group of between 4 and about 10! There are no doors on any of the larger rooms so part of the fun is that single people who have come on their own, or sometimes couples can wander up and down and stand in the doorways watching the sport, or even enter and make themselves comfortable with a ring size seat. It is one of the strict rules of the club that no one can actually touch anyone else or join in unless clearly invited.   
  
During our first visits Andy and I were obviously fascinated by all this and mesmerized by standing in the doorways and seeing what went on. What sheltered lives we had led we thought. We couldn't believe how uninhibited some people were and just went there without any apparent reservation to do what they pleased. I had spent my life thinking that I was an oddball, a weirdo who liked taking her clothes off in public. But this place really opened my eyes. I was clearly amongst friends here! I no longer felt the oddball. It was apparent that there were lots of people like me and they seemed to be a lot more confident and accepting of themselves than I was. They had taken exhibitionism to a whole new level. I just looked on with envy and admiration when a girl or woman was the centre of attention of two or three blokes. I cannot tell you how arousing and hot it made me watching another girl who was lucky enough to be the centre of attention of a group of blokes writhing around having an orgasm in one of those rooms. I had never seen anything like that in my life. In addition, I resolved that one day that will be me and I just needed to get Andy used to the idea. I used to get hot just day dreaming about how one day I just knew it would be me being attended to by some guys in one of those rooms with an audience. I could not think about my date with destiny for long without putting my hands into my panties. I thought that to have an orgasm with an enthusiastic audience and a guy on top of me just taking his pleasure would be the ultimate experience for me; to be so totally used sexually with an audience and humiliated like that would just be fantastic.   
  
I have been to the ladies only days a few times during the week but mostly I have been with Andy on a Sunday. This place has been brilliant for us, as it has given Andy the time and opportunity to get used very slowly to accommodating my fantasies and desires in an environment that he has been able to progressively enjoy and get something out of himself.   
  
I am an obsessive personality and I became more and more obsessed with the notion of having sex with Andy in public. I just could not get this idea out of my head. In my imagination he would be on top of me and my legs would be wide apart and he would fuck me hard with a group of blokes sitting or kneeling around us all stroking their dicks. In my fantasy one of the guys would then take Andy's place and then another and then well as you can tell I could daydream about it for ages. I knew that I would have to find the right moment and way to share this with Andy and hope he would one day be up for it. I also became obsessed with seeing Andy fuck another woman but as I say, my greatest obsession was to be had by two or three blokes with an audience whilst others were watching. That was my Holy Grail, my Nirvana. They say in life that if you really want something, and really wish for something then you can usually get it, and I am delighted to say that I have fulfilled some of these big fantasies of mine eventually and the answer to my prayers has been these naturist spas. Of course, they have not been fulfilled in exactly the way I have imagined them; life is not like that.   
  
The fun starts from the moment you enter the place. The first thing that happens is that they hand you a large towel, which will become your only clothes for the duration that you are there. That always gets my pulse racing because this is an environment where it is absolutely normal and acceptable to live and walk around completely naked except for this towel wrapped around you. I always feel that I am home, or that I have died and gone to Heaven! You step into the communal changing room, which is obviously mixed. There would be no point in having single sex changing rooms when you are going to be naked amongst the rest of the customers for the rest of the time that you are there. Why do they call them changing rooms when they are just for undressing? You do not change into anything except your birthday suit and a towel. So right from the beginning I can legitimately strip off.   
  
I always hope that there will already be other people in the changing rooms when I am changing. I have to decide what order to take my clothes off. What would be normal? What will be most fun? Personally, I like to take my skirt or jeans and pants off first so I can maximise the time that my pussy is exposed before I don the towel. Then I like to lift my jumper up over my head with my arms in the air wiggling as I go. Then I slowly unbutton my blouse. Then I will be standing there in just my bra, and I will start to store my stuff in a locker all delaying the moment when I have to don the towel. When I have reached the stage of undressing to just my bra or if I am completely naked, it gets even better if someone talks to me. I can then legitimately delay wearing the towel and engage them in some idle chatter whilst remaining in a state of nudity and feeling relaxed and brazen. I can then watch the eyes of a bloke I am chatting too trying to look at my face rather than at my naughty bits. Sometimes when I go, I do not wear any underwear. Normally, as you know, I love wearing attractive sexy underwear. However, when I go to the spa there is something extra arousing at peeling my tracksuit bottoms off and already being naked underneath. I love to see the expression on other people's faces when I haul my jumper up over my head to release my trapped and constrained breasts for them to enjoy. Somehow, the suddenness of this way of undressing makes me feel extra naked and exposed. This of course is just a taste of the fun that will follow most of the day. Even when we are relaxing in the refreshment area with a drink chatting to others there is still opportunity for some flashing as I carelessly allow the towel to drift apart as I swing my legs around in the chairs. Yes, I adore this place.   
  
Andy and I started by enjoying the Jacuzzi in the garden. It was very private and a great place to meet others and get to know a few people. I particularly like it when it is cold or even raining and everybody snuggles down deep in the water. We have even been in it when it is snowing and that is brilliant! It great when it is dark of course and just lit by a few low level lights. There is some misbehaviour under the water I have to say and a lot of wandering hands but that is all part of the fun. When the bubbles are going and the water is being whipped up and all froth and foam then it is open season for wandering hands beneath the deep! When you notice a hand stroking your thigh then it is up you to gently move it away if you prefer because if you do not that is taken as a green light to progress further.   
  
It was in this Jacuzzi that we first met Andrea and Tony who have since become our best and close friends and with whom we have been able to explore our fantasies. (This is, of course, not the same Tony that I came in contact with, indeed very close contact with, in Greece that night). What is it with me and blokes named 'Tony'? We often chuckle at the fact that the first time we met each other we were all stark naked. It feels like we have stayed that way because when we visit or stay at each other's houses we frequently seem to end up in a state of undress. Tony and Andrea have become our 'partners in crime' and our main wife swapping friends. We have been on a few holidays with them and had some brilliant fun but now our relationships have evolved into what I think are called polyamorist and I love it. Let me tell you how it began and developed that way.   
  
We had been going to the spa for a few months and, as I said, had become good friends with Andrea and Tony. It was obvious right from the beginning that we got on well with them. We had much in common. We were similar ages and they had both met at University like us but not at Bristol but Durham. However, they were both originally from the South West, and now lived, and worked in and around Bristol. Andrea was a little shorter than I was, and slim like me, and had her shoulder length brunette hair in gorgeous curls although obviously it used to flatten down in the spa when it was wet. Tony is more classically handsome than Andy with more rugged features and slightly taller and works as a financial broker in something or other. He is very confident and sure of himself. However, of course, what we shared the most was a love of flirting and it was clear from the outset that we fancied each other's partners. Tony made no secret of the fact he had the hots for me and from the word go Andy and Andrea hit it off and seemed to be kindred spirits. They were always chatting away on their own and giggling. I had seen them sitting in the hot tub on their own and saw that Andy often had his arm around Andrea, and when we used to greet each other, or leave each other, Andy always seemed to linger a bit too long with his arms around Andrea hugging her. I knew they were getting very close and becoming more than just good friends. However, I could hardly complain could I? I knew that I had encouraged him to flirt with other woman and although at one level, I naturally felt pangs of concern that I might lose him I was also excited by the prospect that she could be the one to fulfil my fantasy of watching Andy fucking another woman. At the same time, Andy knew that Tony had designs on me and I was encouraging him every step of the way to think that I might be available to him. We used to talk about it a lot and how we believed we could handle this without jeopardising our marriage. Andy use to remind me that this was all my doing anyway and that he had originally gone along with it to please me. But did he like Andrea a lot? Yes he freely admitted that he did and wondered where all this was going to lead.   
  
So one day after we had been out with them, for a meal actually and not the spa, Andy told me something that Andrea had said to him, out of the blue, although clearly she had been thinking about it. We had finished our dinner and a bottle of wine and were waiting for coffees and Tony and me had gone to the loo. They were occupied so we were away waiting for a few minutes thus leaving Andy alone with Andrea for a bit. Andy told me that they had been giggling and chatting away as normal when Andrea took his hand in hers and looked into his eyes all-serious and said, "You do know you can have me if you want to don't you? I would really like that to happen sometime."  
  
Andy was taken aback and did not know how to respond but did manage to lean towards her and give her a kiss and squeeze her had in return.   
  
The daft bugger could not think of any verbal response at the time, and was so taken aback he just could not wait to tell me later. Apparently Tony had come back to the table soon afterwards so Andrea changed the subject. I was shocked to hear this myself but also observed that other people / women again seem to be a lot less reticent than I am about going out and getting what they want without any compunction. When I woke the next day I knew everything was in place, the seeds were sown. The die was cast. My fantasies were going to be fulfilled soon.   
  
So let me tell you about the day when I finally reached my Nirvana. It is funny but I had a strong sense that something amazingly fun was going to happen that day. Travelling to the spa, I felt that intuitive sense of excitement and pleasant anticipation that something exciting and naughty was going to happen. Things were just ripe and coming to a head. We had been out in the hot tub and been laughing and joking and playing with some other couples, Tony and Andrea as usual. On this particular day I think we, and in particular Andy, were feeling randy and ready to go up a gear. We were up in one of the medium size playrooms and I was lying down with my legs apart enjoying myself with Andy playing with my pussy. We had an expectant audience of four guys who were all playing with themselves and this was in addition to Andrea and Tony who were lying next to us on the plastic bed.   
  
We had graduated to this level of public exhibitionism but I think we both knew that very soon we would be going the whole hog. We both knew that we were building up to making love with an audience and Andy knew how much I wanted to do this. On this day, Andy was being unusually attentive and skilful and had my motor running big time. I was running with vaginal juices and lifting my arse up to greet his probing caressing hands.   
  
He kissed me and I whispered in his ear, "Come on-you know you want to. Today is the big day. It is time. Give it to me. Do your worst."  
  
He knew that there was no getting out of this today. When Andy sat up, he said something like, "OK give me some room then. My wife needs a good seeing to."  
  
I thought, "That's my boy."  
  
I was trying to act all cool and matter of fact as if I had seen the other girls do who had blazed the trail before me. I did not want anyone to know we had never done this before although, of course, Tony and Andrea knew. Andrea knew how much I wanted to do this and break my duck. She put her hand on my forehead in a reassuring way and gave me a supportive smile. She had told me she had performed with Tony a few times but this was before our time and I had never seen her. However, in this night of firsts all that was about to change.

Andy was rock hard so no problems on that score. He knew that and manoeuvred himself into position between my splayed legs looking unusually confident. Andrea moved away to sit next to Tony. I was absolutely soaking and could wait no longer to put my arms on his bum and pull him in as deep as I could. I looked around and saw that the guys were all masturbating with greater urgency. We were giving the audience what they had been waiting for. I closed my eyes in quiet satisfied contemplation of finally achieveing this long awaited goal of being fucked in front of an audience and being sober enough at the time to enjoy it. I then started worrying about whether it would be a good orgasm so I could give the guys a real show they would not forget. I was pushing my hips up at Andy and holding my arms around his neck and crying out lots of, "Ooohs" and "arrghs".   
  
**Then something unexpected happened.**  
I was concentrating on the growing irresistible waves that were flowing through my pussy and expecting that we were coming to a finale very soon. But unexpectedly Andrea started joining in with us and kissing Andy. I thought, "Blimey this could be my first public threesome with a woman. It is all happening today!"  
  
However, Andrea had other ideas. She whispered in Andy's ear, "I'm feeling very left out over there. You can have Rach anytime. I've told you before you can have me you know. I'm sure Tony would be delighted to finish off here for you. Don't you fancy me Andy?"  
  
Andy almost snapped back, "You know I think you are gorgeous Andrea. That is not the issue." He was being made to feel uncomfortable especially with this audience. Andy was apparently still not ready to fuck another woman in public; that was a step too far. We had to whisper because we did not want the four guys who were watching to hear all our intimate exchanges.   
  
I said to Andy, "That sounds like a lovely invitation darling from Andrea. How could you refuse her?"  
  
I was going for broke. Playing my cards. I wanted to shake things up a bit. See what would happen. I did not know what would happen but I just wanted to roll the dice.   
  
I'd pushed Andy into a bit of a corner and thought that he would love to have sex with Andrea.   
  
Andy looked resigned to his fate and said, "OK then. You've asked for it."   
  
He climbed off me and wriggled over to Andrea. Andrea was already getting herself comfortable ready to receive him. The four guys were goggle eyed. I felt that at last I was part of a depraved sex show. I had partly fulfilled my ambitions but I thought that very soon some more badges were on their way. Andy sat down next to Andrea and she welcomed him with a smile and offered her arms to wrap around him and pull him in close. Andy leaned over to kiss her lips. I watched as my best friend shared a long wet kiss with my husband. I could see their tongues sliding into each other's mouths. I watched them kiss for what seemed forever. I knew straight away that I had unleashed something that I would not be able to control and that Andy and me would never be the same again. A bit of a shiver of regret went down my spine. The genie was well and truly out of the bottle.   
  
Andrea looked towards me and smiled and said, "Mmmmmmm! I think I'm going to enjoy your husband."  
  
I don't why she said that. I have often thought about it. She had noticed the shocked look on my face. I wonder if it was to rub it in. How my dangerous games and urges had resulted in me giving away to her something as precious as my husband . I think it was born of a little resentment that she went along with all these shenanigans to keep her own husband happy.   
  
Then Andy did not do what I thought he was going to do. I had assumed that he would make love to Andrea in the room that we were all in together but he had other ideas. Probably because he still felt that, I had pressured him into all this and that he did not fancy being watched by the four guys he got up, and put his towel around him, and put his hand out to pull Andrea up. She responded by also getting up and putting her towel around her and they disappeared off together hand in hand with Andrea saying nonchalantly, "Looks like we are off. Bye! Have fun!" and with that, they were gone. I knew then she was making a point. It was like, "Don't you guys worry about us,- we'll be fine! "  
  
Actually Andy had to put his towel around him because he was still, of course, sporting a full erection, and it is frowned upon and against the rules to walk around anywhere in the spa with an erection. There are some standards you know!   
  
Andy told me much later they had gone along the corridor to one of the small rooms meant just for two on their own and shut the door for some privacy. I guessed they had at the time and I can't say I wasn't disappointed because I was. The law of unintended consequences I thought. I was surprised that I felt so much regret at encouraging my husband to go off with another woman, my best friend, with the absolute certainty that they would be having sex. I thought, 'Be careful what you wish for'. That was a watershed moment for us. We are still together but since that moment, our relationship has been different.   
  
So this was how it happened- the first time that I ever had sex with Tony. It had been nearly five years since I had had a new partner and I thought, "Was I going to enjoy this!" The guys could not believe their eyes at what was going on. At first, I felt a bit silly lying there abandoned even though I had instigated it. Thankfully, Tony quickly came to my rescue without being asked and rolled over to my side of the platform. There was no suggestion that he was ever going to ask me if I minded if he fucked me. It never occurred to him to ask, or that I might refuse. His outrageous presumptiveness brought a wry smile to my face as I watched him intently. He ran his fingers down the lips of my pussy to check how wet I was and then for the first time touched me in the special place. I gasped at the sensation of my clitoris being touched by my best friend's husband.   
  
Then, bold as you like, he made a big play of spreading my legs again in preparation for taking his pleasure. Tony had done this sex in public thing before many times and was well used to putting on a good show. He was quite the performer. His obvious confidence and self-assuredness gave me the confidence to just relax and enjoy myself. I was in very good hands! Literally! I had wanted to have sex with Tony since the day I first met him so I was pretty excited about what was about to happen especially with the added bonus of an audience. All my wishes were being granted at once it seemed. Christmas had come early!   
  
Very quickly, I saw that actually it was better that Andy had left me alone with Tony and the guys. I no longer needed to worry about him; whether he was OK with everything, whether he thought I was going too far. I could just be myself and surrender myself to the whole experience with gay abandon.   
  
I really prefer to have sex lying on my back. I like to be made love to by a man on my back with my arms around his back and holding him close to my breasts. That has always been my favourite position. I prefer that because it feels like I am least in control in that position, like I am most availing myself to my lover's passion to be used and consumed as he wishes . Therefore, I was relieved that Tony was not expecting me to do anything like turnover or pleasure him, or any other acrobatics. I could just lay there on my back and be taken which as I say is always my preference.   
  
Tony got into position between my legs. He was not going to rush. There was no need. He knew I was not going anywhere. Neither were the four guys who were watching intently. Tony was very clever in the way that he got me completely desperate for him to screw me. At first he just very slightly, almost imperceptibly, slid the tip of his prick up and down the slit of my pussy. This had the instinctive reaction that I could not help pushing my hips up at him. Instead of rushing into me, or forcing himself, the more I pushed my hips up at him desperate for him to enter me, the more he lifted his prick slightly out of reach. He would only allow the tip of his prick to present itself to my vaginal lips. He just bided his time; he knew exactly how to play me from the start. After a little while I was just so hot and ready, so aroused, and became impatient that he was teasing me like this. I had gone from being slightly reticent about having sex with another guy, and in public to boot, to being rampant for him. I was by now fully primed, fully his, ready to completely surrender myself to him.   
  
In the end, it was me who reached down, clamped my hands on his arse, and pulled him into me. Tony even had the confidence to look around at them at the very moment he was just beginning to enter me and check he had their full attention.   
  
Despite all my previous antics, and what a lot of you will consider to be my promiscuousness, I still felt it was a highly significant moment when Tony's prick was entering me for the first time. I briefly moved my hands to my cunt to hold my eager lips apart to ease his entry. I closed my eyes tightly and cried out with relief as his hard stiff penis entered me. I certainly felt that being fucked by him was going to be a regular occurrence. This was going to be the first of many. It had been a long time coming. I felt not just the physical pleasure but an overwhelming feeling of emotion and affection washed over me, as I really did like him very much. I do not know whether he felt the same at that moment. I doubt it. Blokes don't do they? But I have to feel something for a guy to want to have sex with him. There has to be an emotional connection. Yes, I know what I did in Greece but my excuse was that I was drunk then and had not planned it and I did at least know the guys by the end of that week.   
  
Anyway, I digress. As I say, as Tony slowly pushed his way into me it felt absolutely exquisite. I could tell he was a confident and masterful lover from the outset. Making love to someone new and Tony in particular at that moment reminded me just how much I love sex.   
  
With Tony fully in up to the hilt, he smiled at me and said," How's that? Ready then?"  
  
His final check that we were clear for take-off before he commenced was typical of how confident he was of himself. Confident enough to give what would follow a bit of a build-up as if he was heralding something out of the ordinary. I felt sure this was going to be justified. I smiled back and said, "Yep spose so. Ready as I'll ever be. Do your worst! "  
  
So Tony started slowly to lift himself up and down and slowly push in and out of my soaking wet pussy. I emitted a couple of genuine sighs.   
  
As Tony began to take his pleasure and enjoy himself he said, "God I've wanted to fuck you since the moment I first set eyes on you. "  
  
Our audience just looked mesmerized. I thought they are too far away sitting around the edge of the room. I decided to pat the mattress each side of us to beckon them to come over and sit right around us next to us to get the best possible grandstand view. Tony and I carefully shuffled across to the centre of the mattress, making sure his cock stayed safely in my pussy, to provide an equal amount of space each side. I could and would only have done that knowing that Andy was not there and I did not have to feel inhibited by him.   
  
The four guys were all masturbating enthusiastically. Now and then, I removed my arms from around Tony's neck, took hold of a hard prick in each hand, and squeezed. One of the guys tried to put his prick in my mouth but I did not really want that, and I did not know him anyway. But he was fine about me declining and went back to the job in hand. It seemed perfectly natural that the four guys were all also completely naked.   
  
I could hardly contain my excitement and exhilaration at the outrageousness of the situation. I was grinning from ear to ear and alternately laughing and moaning. I started to pant with the excitement and anticipation. This was all just too much. The first time that Tony had fucked me and the first time that I had sex (sober and conscious) with an audience. Almost immediately, I started to feel that magical burning building in my pussy. With each deliberate thrust by Tony, I emitted an "Oooh! " I wanted this moment to go on for a long time and I knew that was going to be a problem. I did not want to come too quickly.   
  
I felt even more aroused by the situation when I heard the muffled moans from another girl in one of the adjacent rooms. Someone else was obviously having a nice time. I wondered if it was Andrea.   
  
Tony then whispered into my ear, "Christ, Rach, I always knew you would be fantastic. You are just so fucking hot and sexy. So fucking gorgeous." Although he was whispering the four guys would have all heard him easily, but none of them said anything. They were just glad to be there witnessing the show. Tony's appreciation of me spurred me on.   
  
I said, "You're not so bad yourself, Mr Lewis (his surname). But you could have asked first you know. It is considered polite and customary to ask a lady before you just stick your cock into them!"  
  
Tony chuckled and replied, "Do you want me to stop then?"  
  
I said, "Well no, now you are in you might as well carry on."  
  
Tony then stopped briefly and put his lips to mine. I gasped as he pushed his tongue into my mouth to meet mine. This was actually the very first time that Tony and I had had a proper kiss. He lay on me crushing my breasts against his chest. My head was spinning as our tongues met and I tried to devour him. I felt desperate and out of control.   
  
That was the last moment when I was capable of speaking coherently. After that, he took me into sweet oblivion. He just played with me to keep revving me up and then holding me just short of exploding. I shouted at him, "Oh God, you are just so fucking good, you bastard. What are you doing to me? It's not fair! This is torture!"  
  
I was thrusting my pussy up at him in synch with his thrusts hoping to bring him and me to a climax. Although I had wanted to make it last I had lost all willpower and could only focus on reaching that heavenly orgasm that I knew awaited. Tony quickened his pace and slammed into me harder and more determinedly. I screamed at him to fuck me harder. My breasts were heaving with desire and my nipples hard and erect. My pussy was now on fire and I was writhing around on the red mattress. The four people could not believe their luck or their eyes. I started to emit involuntary, "Arrghs!" Tony was and is a masterful lover and knew right from the beginning how to play me. He was grunting too as he maintained a rhythm of deep thrusts into me. The four guys continued to massage my inner thighs and breasts. There were hands roaming all over me. I was quickly soaking with sweat. I could see that one of the great features of these private rooms was the floor to ceiling mirrors around the walls. Wherever I looked, I could see a reflection of me completely naked from head to toe lying out with my legs spread wide and that was very arousing. I could see in the mirror that Tony was glancing down with some satisfaction at the sight of his penis going right into me, and then withdrawing most of the way out, and pushing right back in again.   
  
By now, I was moaning uncontrollably and at last, thank God, my orgasm kicked in and I was crying out helplessly over and over again. The guys could not help but laugh at my helpless state. I was overwhelmed by lust and depravity just wanting to totally submit myself to the orgasm, and to performing as a total slut and sex object. As a lifelong exhibitionist, this first time was just the greatest unforgettable moment and experience for me. I heaved and tossed around so much that Tony slipped out a couple of times but he just thought it was funny. My cunt erupted, and waves of sublime pleasure washed through me. I was convulsing wildly with possibly the most intense orgasm I have ever experienced. My cunt was in spasms clamped around Tony's prick; how he did not cum there and then, I have no idea. I can remember just seeing occasional flashes of the mesmerized faces of the guys. I think I blacked out for a few seconds and the next thing I saw was Tony with a concerned look on his face. I shook my head slightly to let him know I was fine.   
  
When the fire in my pussy finally started to subside my legs went completely weak and numb. When I started to return to planet Earth, I could not help but laugh at my behaviour, the situation, and maybe out of some embarrassment. Tony then began just concentrating on taking his own pleasure. He was theatrically pounding me with strong deliberate thrusts that were pushing me gradually up the mattress and with each thrust, I moaned in submission. Finally, he rose up on his arms, subjected me to one final massive thrust, and let out his own groan of ecstasy as he gushed into me. He was not anything liked as vocal as I had been. Probably a good thing I thought. He seemed to cum for ages though and I could feel him filling my pussy with his hot sperm. He then went limp and collapsed down onto me with his prick still firmly embedded in my soaking throbbing vagina panting hard. When he had recovered a little we had a long intense cuddle of real feeling and affection.   
  
When he got his breath back he said, "Rach you are amazing. I think I'm falling in love."  
  
I did not want him to say such things even though we both knew we felt the same. I said, "Tony don't say that please. Shhhhhhh! " I put my finger over my lips to tell him not to say anything else as I became conscious of our audience again.   
  
Obviously, the guys were all hoping they were going to be next and that it was going to turn into a gang bang but somehow we managed to signal that that was not going to happen without having to actually stop their advances. Instead, when it became apparent that the show was over they gave a little clap!   
  
The guys were all still lazily stroking their pricks and I was not aware that any of them had actually cum yet. Meanwhile Tony and I were still cuddling and stroking each other intimately. It was not long before his fingers started gently stroking the lips of my pussy, and unbelievably to me I was already feeling aroused again and ready for some more pleasure. I was soaking between my legs and leaking Tony's cum. I decided that as compensation for the guys, I would do something that I was well practiced at and I knew everyone would enjoy. As you know, I had masturbated before to an audience and had the confidence to know that I would be good at it and it would be a lot of fun. I was having far too much fun to want to stop already.   
  
So I gently moved Tony's hand away and started frigging myself. With the precision and skill acquired from a lifetime of practice, I let my fingers explore my pussy, sliding up and down my extremely well lubricated slit, parting my lips, and finding my swollen clitoris. My clitty was obviously still hard and swollen and raw from the pounding it had just received. I drew my knees up again and spread my legs and feet as far apart as I could physically manage. Two of the guys moved down to where my feet were and each held one foot in their lap and started caressing it. It is funny how much guys like feet isn't it? Guys have often told me how sexy they find women's bare feet. By holding my feet, they were able to hold my legs even further apart. One of the guys then started licking my ankle and sucking my toes. Then he was working his way up the inside of my thigh licking and kissing me. The other guys were massaging my heaving breasts and pert nipples. One of the guys started sucking on one of my nipples like there was no tomorrow. No one could have missed the powerful aroma of my over stimulated cunt now in this small space.

I was so aroused that I just could not resist carrying on as a complete slut but another part of me was still worrying that Andy might return whilst I was in the middle of disporting myself. I decided that this was very unlikely and in any case, I could stop if he reappeared. I was so turned on I just wanted to be consumed by their desire. I wanted to behave as wantonly sluttish as I could without them actually fucking me. One of them started to slide a finger into my arse and pressed it against my fingers in my pussy which sent me even more delirious. I lifted my bum up to give him better access and squeezed the offending hand to encourage him in his initiative. The feeling of being filled in both holes took my breath away and the sensations were overwhelming. The guys were all wanking more and more enthusiastically until at last one of them started to ejaculate. He held his throbbing prick over my chest and projected the cum over my breasts and then spread it around. One down, three to go I thought.   
  
My thumb was pressed as hard as I could against my clitty. I began to squeeze it hard and slid my fingers each side of it up and down my well-oiled pussy holding the lips wide apart. I was getting very rough and vigorous with my body and the guy with his finger in my arse now had two up there and was getting equally vigorous. I was at the boundary between pleasure and pain. My eyes were firmly shut whilst all this was going on. Tony was just stroking my head and face leaving everything else to the four guys. I knew I was brewing up another orgasm that was going to be as earth shattering as the first had been. I started to hear the unmistakable sounds of another one of the guys losing control and beginning an orgasm. I opened my eyes and smiled at him as he started to cum over my stomach and pussy. Two down I thought. Half way-but could I last long enough to bring the other two guys home?   
  
I suddenly felt a bit weary and tired, stopped masturbating, and let my arms flop down at my sides. I just lay there flat on my back, and Tony gave me a big kiss, took hold of my hands at my sides, and squeezed them affectionately. I closed my eyes again but was well aware that there were still four guys all kneeling or sitting around me and I was fully available to them to continue to pay homage to my body. So they duly continued to stroke my breasts and soft inner thighs and run their fingers up and down the lips of my pussy. In addition, there were still two fingers in my arse wiggling around. I loved it lying there so vulnerable and wantonly exposed. However, I was still resolved that I was not going to be fucked by these other guys. I did not want it to go too far. It had taken me years to get over what happened in Greece. I really did not want it to end up as another gangbang. It was enough for me after having been fucked by Tony, to just be adored and appreciated by the four of these guys worshipping at the altar of my body!   
  
Inevitably, though I felt a finger entering my pussy and rubbing my clitty taking over from where I had left off. He was pretty good with his fingers and I rather told him so with an appreciative encouraging moan of pleasure. It was nice now to have someone doing the work for me. Soon one finger became two in my pussy. He alternately massaged my clitty with his thumb, and thrust his fingers deep into my vagina. I remember trying to open myself up to him, thrusting at him, to maximise my pleasure as he found my clitoris and stimulated me more and more. It was not long before the waves starting flowing through me and I knew a big O was not far away. I was gasping for air. My breathing became more rapid and louder and they all knew too from my moans that I was cooking. The guy with his fingers in my pussy suddenly switched to sucking me. The first I knew was when I felt him sucking hard on my clitty causing me to open my eyes to see what was going on. This was a bit more intimate than I wanted but I was too far gone to do anything about it. I thought that our supposed voyeurs were getting a bit participative for my liking.   
  
As my moans became louder Tony was saying, "Let it come! Don't fight it. Just let it come Rachel. "  
  
And so it was that I started convulsing wildly and twisting around as he tipped me over the edge into another momentous orgasm with his wonderful mouth and tongue. He had me shivering from head to toe in waves of ecstasy. This was all too much for the third of the guys to hold off any longer and there was another helping of cum landing all over my tits and stomach. I really was exhausted then and collapsed back onto the mattress needing some rest. I was completely spent, empty, and had no energy left for any more antics. I closed my eyes and could have quite happily gone to sleep. Then it all went a bit awry as I felt one of the guys laying down on top of me. I opened my eyes to find that the guy who had been administering the amazing cunnilingus was feeding his prick into me.   
  
I opened my eyes again and said straight away, "No! You're not supposed to be doing this. I did not want this guys." But the guy pushed all the way in to me and then looked at me and Tony a bit puzzled.   
  
Tony chimed in and said, "It's OK Rach-it's only Chris. He is harmless. In addition, he is usually quick! He didn't realise that you did not want them to fuck you. Cannot really turf him off now after he did such a good job on you. Would not be fair."  
  
Tony apparently knew him from previous encounters at this place and did not think I would mind I suppose. I know I am very contradictory and it's hard for guys to know what I want and what I don't. I hardly know myself sometimes. Anyway, I was just too exhausted and spent to fight it. The guy-Chris asked me whether I wanted him to come out. I had become resolved to it by then and just said, "No. It is OK. Go for it. Don't stop until you are finished. But I am just going to lie here if you don't mind. I'm fucked-literally! "  
  
To be fair he was not rough. Quite gentle actually so there was not a lot to object to, and I could hardly complain. I know I do give off awfully mixed signals. Very soon, he was pumping his seed into me and then I knew it really was time to call it a day. I felt it was a bit much that this complete stranger just came inside me with no attempt to withdraw but could do nothing about it. I felt disgusting covered in bodily fluids and sweat. I asked Tony to pull me up and we put our towels around us and went off to get a much-needed shower. Me in particular.   
  
I know that I broke my resolution not to have sex with guys I did not know but to be fair it was only one of them, and I did not beat myself up about it as much as I had done over Greece. Tony never thought anything of it anyway. He thought it was just normal in this place! I think he was probably right.   
  
Before we showered together I took a moment to say to Tony that I had loved being fucked by him and that I hoped it was the first of many. He said that he felt exactly the same. I told him that, for his ears only, going forward I was available to him when he wanted. I just wanted him to be clear on that, and I did not feel too guilty about saying it when I knew that Andrea had already said something similar to Andy. Tony said, "I guess we are a bit of an Us now. You have two husbands now."  
  
I felt very guilty him saying that but I did not deny it, or argue. I knew was right.   
  
We had fun washing each other in the shower and then before we went in search of Andy and Andrea, for the avoidance of doubt, I took Tony's hands in mine, looked into his eyes, and said, "I meant what I said you know. I am yours now and you can have me whenever you want. I do not want to play games about this."  
  
Tony nodded with a broad grin like he'd just taken delivery of a new Ferrari. He knew I was on his wavelength. We were going to have such fun.   
  
We did not see Andy and Andrea again for about 3 hours! That was how long they stayed in that private room. Andy told me later that they had only made love once but I did not believe him. I also knew that this was going to be the start of a very close physical relationship for him that was here to stay. I did not tell Andy the bit about the guy called Chris having me as well. That wasn't real sex. It didn't count! He was just using me as an uncomplicated receptacle for his prick! That's my story anyway. Andy told me that Andrea had confided in him then that it had not been her choice for her and Tony to get involved in having sex with other people; and particularly not in front of other people; she had originally done it to please Tony. The opposite to Andy and me then I thought. That was going to make Tony and me an 'up for anything' couple indeed I thought. We had met our match in each other.   
  
For the whole of the next day, I could still feel those magic fingers and pricks inside of me. I could still see the lust in Tony's eyes to devour me, and the lust in the eyes of our four voyeurs. I will never forget that day. My body felt so relaxed and free of sexual tension from the orgasms that had rocked my world. I enjoyed being free from sexual urges for a change. For a week or two, I felt that I had now done most of the things I had fantasised about for so long and that would satisfy me. But then, as happens in life, the old longings started to re-emerge and I could see all the possibilities and scope that the spa offered for me to play and be very naughty.   
  
I also began lusting almost continuously for Tony's cock. I found it hard to think about much else than when the opportunity would present itself for me to make love with Tony again. It was there in my mind all the time. I imagined Tony's cock inside me and had to keep touching myself with the anticipation of him filling me with his hot cum. I particularly desired him making love to me in normal circumstances, on our own, and cuddling up together afterwards. My feelings were so strong that I had to be honest with Andy about them. It turned out that he was in much the same position about Andrea and about two weeks later we went out for a meal with them and then they came back to our place. I think we all knew that we would be swapping partners that night when it came to bedtime. That first night in bed, together Tony made love to me four times and I came every time! We managed to cum together at least twice and it is always brilliant when that happens. We cuddled, kissed, and caressed each other the whole night and it was just lovely.   
  
At my suggestion, Andy and I changed our rules slightly and agreed that occasionally we could visit the spa on our own; I mean just Tony and me sometimes, and equally he was free to go with Andrea on their own if they wanted. I could see that that would be more fun in some ways, a lot more relaxed, and less inhibiting, instead of having to worry about our partners all day and how they were reacting. Tony and I have even driven over to other naturist spas out of Bristol to be even more anonymous when we have both had a day off work during the week.   
  
Both our kids are away at university now so we have more freedom at home to engage in naughty frolicking when the mood takes us. Gradually as we have become very close to our friends Andrea and Tony, we stay with them, and they stay with us quite often especially at weekends. Our domestic arrangements have become quite interesting and unusual but great fun. We have swapped partners so many times now that when we retire to bed I am never sure who I am going to be sleeping with i.e. Andy or Tony. Sometimes very matter of fact at the end of the evening Tony will just take my hand and pull me up and say something like, "Come on then Rach- time for us to snuggle up!" There would be some brief, "Goodnights", and we would be off upstairs. There would have been no prior discussion, planning, or negotiation, and none of us would think it strange. I would just follow him to his bedroom if we were at his place or to our guest bedroom at ours. Sometimes during the evening, Andy and Andrea will get comfy together on the sofa, cuddling up, and kissing, and it is apparent that they will end up sleeping together that night. Sometimes we just go to bed with our spouses. There is no plan or pattern. It is as if the boys decide what hot drink they want at bedtime and which girl they are going to sleep with! On occasions, when we are all together, I have even noticed Andrea getting a little jealous when I sleep with Andy!  
  
On other occasions, I might retire to bed before the others if I am tired and maybe drift off to asleep. I always sleep naked and I never know who will eventually join me! Sometimes it might be Andy, but other times Tony creeps in. Whenever I sleep with Tony though he always makes love to me at least once so I like that. In fact, nowadays Tony makes love to me a lot more often that Andy does to be honest. This would not suit everybody I know but I love it and hope our friendship lasts a long time. I love the variety of having two regular lovers.   
  
There have been some nights when Andrea has been away working and Tony has come over to us for the evening and needless to say they both sleep with me either side and I love that; that is always a treat. On every occasion that this has happened, so far, they have both made love to me. It is like a matter of honour between blokes I suppose. I think the record is Tony screwing me three times and Andy twice. I am very lucky girl. I adore being used and dominated like that. When I am away, Andy does not tend to go and stay with them because he quite likes some time alone to chill and do his own thing.   
  
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*I do not know where this will all lead. What more naughty experiences await for me? At the moment, I imagine that further hi jinx at the spa will form a big part of it. Or maybe I will just start to grow old gracefully and my libio and desires will subside. Maybe I will take up flower arranging. Hopefully Andy and me will stay together. I love life and going into the future which is unknown is all part of its fascination to me. There may be or may not be another installment. I love to hear from my readers and you can contact me through my profile.  
  
Have fun!   
  
Love  
  
Rachel*