**Rachel Reveals All**

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*My life story as an exhibitionist.   
  
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**Preface**  
Hi, I'm Rachel and this is my story about my life and what it has been like being burdened with the urge of being an exhibitionist. It is intended to be an insight into the thoughts and actions of a real girl / woman who is a closet and sometimes not so closet exhibitionist. This I fear will be a fairly tame story for some readers as this is about a real person and you need to get to know a bit about me and my feelings along the way in order to get the most out of it. If you like fast moving stories where the sexual gymnastics start in the first paragraph before you know anything about the characters then this story will not be for you and you should move on. My story is erotic but it is a slow burn and you need to get into the rhythm of it. What makes it erotic is that these are real events that have all happened to me. It is not an unbridled fantasy like most erotic fiction where anything and everything can happen but probably did not.   
  
This is an unusual story 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 available or willing to share these real life emotions, confessions and insights and I am only doing it because I enjoy it and it is a turn on to tell you exhibitionist and voyeur aficionados what it is really like being a lifelong exhibitionist. I have a husband, a reputation, and a career and I cannot just do the things that people make up in unbridled fiction but in this story, I will tell you what I have done in real life. No one in my family and very few of my friends know these things about me but such is the bizarre nature of the internet that you, whom I have never met, will.   
  
If you do not like subtle stories about the urge to exhibit one's body and be naked in front of others, then please do not read it. Similarly, if stories about threesomes and having sex in public offend you then please do not read it. Finally, if you disapprove of me I appeal to you to keep it to yourself and not leave spiteful feedback criticising me as a person.   
  
How can I be so candid and indiscreet about telling you about my life? Well obviously for one thing Rachel is not my real name and but apart from my husband's and my names everything else in this story is real. As I say, I feel driven to write about my experiences because I find it such a turn on. In addition, I have been writing about my life on internet sites for quite a few years now and my revelations have always been very popular. Readers often ask me for a new story but they forget that I actually have to have some more experiences to have some more to write about! Most of the content of this book has previously been published on Literotica in four short stories but this is the first time that I have brought all of my experiences together into a single book for the benefit of readers who enjoy a full length e-book. This has also enabled me to reorder my experiences into the order that they actually occurred.  
  
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.   
  
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**Chapter 1. Rude Awakening**  
Much later, when I came to again, I found myself on a blanket on a beach and I could hear the sound of gentle waves rolling up the sand nearby. It was just starting to get light; dawn was breaking behind the mountains; I had apparently been out on the beach all night. There were three guys dressed just in shorts , probably in their late twenties, softly chatting and lying with their heads resting on my thighs and chest smoking.   
  
I saw to my horror that I was wearing nothing at all. Then it hit me. I remembered walking along the beach with the three boys. I had the most almighty hangover. My head hurt and I had a raging thirst; I was so thirsty.   
  
I saw what a disaster I was. I thought, "What the hell have I done?" I was covered in sticky bodily fluids and running in sweat with my legs wide apart. Some more recollections came flooding back into my thumping head. The three boys had apparently put their shorts on again whilst I had been comatose. My first reaction was to cover myself up too. I looked and reached around for my panties or skirt but there was no sign of any of my clothes anywhere around me.   
  
The tavern along the beach where earlier I had been dancing and partying now seemed to be in complete darkness with all its lights out. Christ I am in so much trouble I thought. I had to get back to the boat where I was staying with my husband and family and I was supposed to be. I felt tired, ravaged, and conquered. It was chilly and I felt cold and frightened. I became even more scared and upset and curled up in a ball on the blanket whimpering and appealed to the boys to give me a cuddle. The boys put their arms around me, consoled me, and reassured me that I had loved every minute of it, and had a great time, and so had they. I knew they were right. I could not pretend I had not encouraged them every step of the way. They made me start to feel a bit better. They were lovely and I enjoyed cuddling up to them and being close to them. 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 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.   
  
How had I got into this situation? How did I get here? What has happened to me? It is a long story. My life story. Let me go back to the beginning. Right back to my childhood.   
  
  
**Chapter 2. Let Me Introduce Myself**  
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 know that it was a recognised disorder with a name 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.

**Chapter 3. Strange Yearnings**  
One of my earliest memories of exhibitionism was when I was only about only eight years old. I hope the moderators do not panic at this point. Don't worry it is all perfectly young and innocent really. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I had gone to my auntie's who lived nearby to play with my male cousin who was the same age. My mother was at work and I remember it was a hot summer afternoon and my auntie was keen to sunbathe herself and had set us up with a paddling pool and hosepipe in the garden. I, of course, knew nothing about sexual urges at that age and did not understand what was driving me but I remember even at that young age wanting to get out of the stupid bikini I had been put in. I also remember wanting my cousin to take it off me but I suspect he was and remains 'normal' and you have to be pretty weird to want to be stripped off by someone else at age 8 but I am just being honest with you.  
  
Anyway, I remember we were squirting each other with the hose and completely soaked and I decided that I would strip off and instead dry off with a large towel around me. Can you believe that I actually laid down on the grass giggling and dared my cousin to pull my bikini bottoms down? After a bit of persuading and a lot of giggling, he did too. I learnt then for the first time how unbelievably wonderful it felt to be undressed by another person. When I felt those briefs travelling down my legs I was hooked for life. To this day, I love the feeling of someone else pulling my panties down. I took my top off myself and that was the first amazing pleasurable experience I had being naked with an audience. My cousin thought it very funny. My cousin was very impressionable and in awe of me and followed suit.   
  
I rolled around on the grass showing myself off giggling for a few minutes not understanding why it felt so interesting and not knowing that this was early sexual arousal. I then wrapped myself in a bath towel. I have always loved being naked in company with a massive towel around me and I can trace it back to this young age. This then led to me dancing wildly with this towel flying around and lifting up and falling off, and my cousin was doing the same, and we were laughing in hysterics. This inevitably led to us both abandoning the towels and dancing around completely starkers and laughing at the top of our voices. This disturbed my auntie who came to investigate and was shocked at what she found and I was immediately ordered sternly to get dressed, as was my cousin. I didn't think we were doing anything wrong and clearly there was nothing sexual but she seemed to think it was a big deal and told my mother and I never got invited back to play with my cousin which I thought was an overreaction. My cousin, of course remembers the incident perfectly well and often brings it up when we see each other.   
  
  
**Chapter 4. You Should Have been Riding The Same Trains As Me**  
Something else that sticks in my mind from my school days was when I took all my clothes off on a train. I am fast-forwarding to my fifth form and so I was aged about fifteen I suppose. I used to commute by train for about thirty minutes and for the early part of the journey I was with a group of friends but they all got off before me and I was always left to do the last fifteen minutes on my own. I do not know why but I became obsessed with the challenge and the dare to myself of taking all my clothes off between two stations. It used to be that there was a ten minute run between the third and second to last stations and every day I used to dream about whipping all my clothes off as the train pulled out of the station and getting them on again before it arrived at the penultimate station. I knew there was enough time; the issue was whether I could be sure I would not be caught in the act. This obsession went on for weeks until I had worked out my plan and was then inexorably drawn to execute it.   
  
I can remember my school uniform so well. In the summer, it used to be a thin pink cotton dress with feint narrow white stripes. It used to fully button up from top to bottom at the front. In truth, I had grown two inches since I got this dress two years before but it was only worn in the summer term which was coming to an end so there was no point in buying a longer one. When I sat down the hem used to rise up obscenely above my mid thigh. I was always trying to tug it down in vain but as you can imagine I loved that dress.   
  
In those days, some trains had lots of small individual compartments with a corridor down one side of the coach. At the rear of the train, they used to have the First Class compartments, which were always lightly used anyway and I decided I would do it in one of those. However, there still remained some risk but it was a risk I felt so drawn to take. The final piece of my plan was to make a hand written sign that the compartment was out of order and not in use. As I say, there were about sixteen compartments in each coach so they would not miss one and I chose almost the very last one at the rear of the train anyway. Each compartment had a sliding door to the corridor in the middle and a glass window each side. There were plastic roller blinds that could be pulled down on the two windows and the door to give privacy from the corridor. It is many years since such coaches were retired off but older readers in the UK may remember them. On the day in question as soon as the train pulled out of the station I pulled the three blinds down in my first class compartment and stuck my notice on the glass with sellotape such that it would be visible from the corridor. I was well prepared as you can see. I was so excited that I was finally going to do this thing and hoped that it would stop preying on my mind in the future when I had got it out of my system.   
  
I was dressed, as usual, in the thin cotton dress and no tights so I was able to get that and my bra off in an instant. I could have got my panties off just as quick but I wanted to enjoy taking them down slowly. The seats were bench type so I laid myself out down the length of one side. I gathered up my dress and bra and put them up in the overhead luggage rack. It was important that I could not see them in order to be properly stripped off. The whole situation was so scary with the prospect that another passenger or the train guard could have opened the door at any moment that my arousal was immediate. I thrust my fingers into my pussy, which was sopping wet and pulled my panties down with my other hand. I drew my knees up and when my panties were just left over one foot and ankle I ceremoniously kicked them off onto the floor and went for gold in triumph. I reached down to sweep them under the seat out of sight. And so I was now naked as the day I was born with no clothes visible around me. God it felt so sexy. My free hand was now available to run over my nipples and stroke the side of my thighs and generally help arouse me. I spread my legs as wide as I could and put my hand between them and went to work on my firm and very reliable clitty. I was always good at bringing myself off but the circumstances this time were so erotic that a speedy conclusion was guaranteed and so there I was moaning away coming and stark naked in my very own railway carriage.

After I came I looked at my watch, and looked out of the window to check where we were and knew I still had about 3 minutes left and I stood up and started cavorting and dancing around the small compartment. As luck would have it another train came in the opposite direction and I was able to dance around stark naked in full view of anyone looking out of the window on the other train; it was delicious. That left me about a minute and a half and the train was already slowing down. In a panic, I just put the cotton dress on again and buttoned it up but there was no time for underwear. I whipped the notice down from the glass and released the three roller blinds back to open. Unbelievably at the next station a businessman did board the train into my coach and walked along the corridor. It was no accident that he chose my compartment, as I am sure he wanted to ogle at a pretty and nubile young school girl- the dirty old man. I chuckled though as I thought if only he knew I was not wearing any underwear and what he would have seen if he had been in the carriage a couple of minutes earlier!   
  
The old man sat opposite me in the carriage and was staring at my cleavage and legs. I had left open the top and bottom buttons so I was showing lots of cleavage and acres and acres of thigh. I had my legs crossed but because the bottom button was undone and the dress was very short anyway the dress separated for about 12 inches at the bottom and fell each side of my leg such that the two halves only just came together at the edge of my naked pussy and did little more than cover my crotch. Having an old man voyeur fixated on me was the icing on the cake for me after my daring strip moments before. I think he had been hoping to intimidate me but he had met his match with me and my overt Lolita display was actually embarrassing him. 

**Chapter 5. Memories Of A Good Girl Guide**  
My next experience happened during the summer holidays soon after my strip on the train. It happened 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 with an audience. It was the week when I first gave free reign to my strange yearnings. It was a sort of coming of age moment.   
  
About 20 of girls and us guys were hanging out one hot 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. However, 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 hanging as if 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 saying nothing but with a broad grin on my face 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 somersaults, 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 pervs."  
  
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 head down 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. I even chased them out of the barn and into some long grass pretending to protest. Eventually the fun fizzled out and they threw them at me outside in the long grass one by one, although I never got my panties back I recall. 

**Chapter 6. My Second Girl Guide Badge**  
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. Occasionally I would stop briefly and take a swig of lager from the can to keep me in the mood.   
  
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 often.  
  
  
**Chapter 7. My Life As A Fresher Stripped Bare**  
Do they still have that term Fresher? I am not sure but it used to mean a first year university student. Presumable because you were fresh faced , young, and naive so I certainly conformed to all those criteria. So I am fast forwarding again to the age of 18. I was still gangly, too thin, and flat chested but looked what you would describe as young and nubile I suppose.   
  
I went to university at Bristol in England and read English Literature. I adored uni life right from the outset. Anyway when I was there it always seemed that the rugby club had a special elite status. The guys that played rugby for the uni seemed to act and behave as if they were some sort of super race or demi- gods and swaggered around accordingly and of course could have any girl they chose or that is how I imagined it anyway. It seemed as if they could behave as outrageously as they wished without any fear of sanction by the university administrators.   
  
There always used to be a big gig every Saturday night at the students union where there would be a major pop group performing. They used to call them 'hops' in those days. After that, the heavy drinking in the union bar would continue until late and the rugby club always had some enormous table with all their egotistical super stars gathered together with their groupies making lots of noise. It was a custom that at some stage, one of the blokes would be selected to do a striptease and the accompanying song was always for some reason about a Zulu warrior and sung very loudly by everyone present. I can still hear, "Get 'em down you Zulu warrior," ringing in my ears today. The performer of the week standing on one of the tables in the middle of the rugby club group would be some strapping hulk who would have no embarrassment or reticence whatsoever like he was so confident of his prowess and physique like he was God's gift. Now the reason I am telling you this is that I used to sit in the audience every week and be so envious, so jealous that these blokes could do this and everyone accepted it as OK. I used to just giggle at what was going on with my girl friends , and could never let on to them how underneath I would really like to be up there doing a strip myself. I would have given anything to change places with one of them and stood on a table and been the centre of attention like that. I would have so loved that to have been me. I just thought they did not know how lucky they were to be able to outrageously display their nudity in front of everybody. I would have given anything to do that but I knew it would never be acceptable for a female to do that especially in the students union.   
  
I had become so obsessed and preoccupied with the idea after watching the bloody rugby club prima donnas so often. I became more and more obsessed with the notion of performing a live striptease when the circumstances did make it vaguely acceptable and appropriate. I used to imagine taking my clothes off so much and used to even think about it when I chose my underwear when I went out in the evening should the opportunity ever arise. Athough during the day in those days I did not usually wear a bra, when I went out in the evenings to a party where I thought my chance to a strip might finally come bizarrely I actually used to put a bra on so I would have more to take off at the crucial point!   
  
Well the opportunity finally did come my way towards the end of my first year when I was at a wild party that I had been invited to and would know hardly any people there. It was in a large shared student's house and I went with a girl friend. It was a different department and it felt anonymous. It was late and my friend had decided to go home without me so I was there on my own and had been drinking heavily so was well relaxed. There had been a lot of weed being smoked and the atmosphere was pretty anarchic. The truth is that I was waiting for such an opportunity and had stayed behind without my friend on the off chance that I thought finally I could do it. I got my chance about an hour after midnight when I was in a packed room, which was dimly lit and very hot where everyone was dancing or smooching and there were more guys than girls. I could see no one that I knew. This was as good an opportunity as any.   
  
Perfect I thought-has my time finally come? As if it was meant to be, another girl set the tone when she lifted her skirt up to reveal her thong to the noisy approval of the others in the room. That was then I thought," Fuck me I can do a shit load better than that". If underwear is what they want just watch me. I checked again and there was absolutely no one there that I knew and I had another swig of my vodka to get some Dutch courage. My heart began racing as I contemplated my do or die run for home. So I looked around and smiled at a few boys to get their attention and then I copied her exactly to see what happened and I got exactly the same reaction. I thought it's now or never so very promiscuously put my thumbs in the top of my lacy panties and wiggled them down an inch. Of course this put me on the radar big time and although nobody knew me at least four blokes gathered around me and started chanting, "Strip, strip, Strip".   
  
I felt so nervous and my heart was pounding. Was I really going to do it at last? I unzipped my skirt and looked at their faces to see what reaction I was getting. After I dropped my skirt to the floor and stepped out of it I had a burst of cold feet and felt scared and thought what the hell am I doing but the group smelled blood and suddenly everyone had gathered around me in a big circle clapping . Once you have started there is no way they will let you stop. It is wonderfully exciting knowing that everybody there at that moment wants one thing and one thing only and that is to see you naked. The crowd started to lift me but I needed a little more encouragement. One of the blokes came over and put his arms around me and we smooched laughing and then he started unbuttoning my blouse. Of course, I was beyond the point of no return and had to let him do it else people would have thought I was a real time waster. He took it off me and actually got loads of applause. Because they all knew him and not me, it started to seem like he was getting the applause rather than me! Spurred on by the appreciation of his mates and my apparent lack of resistance, and alacrity he then reached behind my back and unhooked my bra and took it off me one arm at a time and threw it to the enraptured audience. This got an even louder cheer. He was about to remove my panties so I pushed him away. I did not want them to think that I was just drunk and being stripped off by one of their friends.

So I was dancing around on my own now. I wanted them to know I was doing it of my own volition. I started to take control. This was my show! I had wanted this for a very long time. The excited crowd were shouting for more. I felt my exposed breasts and then rubbed my pussy mound over my panties. I could feel the oozing wetness in my panties. I put my fingers in the tops each side myself and started to wiggle them down very slowly but when I had begun to uncover my pussy I pulled them up again quickly. This attracted much whistling and booing. The next time I took them down to the same place and them down over my thighs and knees and then I was stepping out of them and threw them triumphantly to the crowd, I was pleased with myself. I had done it at last. Well alright I know I had stripped off at the Guide/ Scout camp when I was younger but somehow this was different. I was older, and at University and it just felt more sexual and decadent. This was a real proper strip. I had graduated to the ranks of a proper exhibitionist!   
  
This was before the days of camera phones or Facebook, thank goodness, of course. Nowadays you would have to be very wary of doing such a thing. Now I was completely naked I danced and staggered around a bit but I was a bit unsteady on my feet and fell into the welcoming arms of three or four of them who proceeded to avail themselves of my charms and assets. I was being so thoroughly mauled that further dancing was impossible. I was feeling weary and pulled myself away from their licentious clutches and collapsed down onto a sofa between two other guys. One of the two guys next to me took my hand and said, "Great show. I really enjoyed it. How about a dance with me?"  
  
I replied that I think I had better put some clothes on again first and predictably, he said there was no need for that. However, I did persuade him to grab my skirt and blouse for me and search around for my underwear. He never did find my bra or panties-I think they were taken as trophies or souvenirs so I just put the skirt and blouse back on. When we started smooching it was obvious my partner had only one thing in mind and that started with him putting both hands under my skirt and squeezing my bare bum cheeks. It felt very nice but I was not interested in having sex with him; as you know I was still a virgin, and exhibitionists love doing just that-exhibiting themselves. It does not make you promiscuous or want to have sex with everybody afterwards.   
  
Anyway, there I am; everybody knows I have nothing on beneath my dress and they can all see this guy with his hands on my bare bum. He is even lifting the skirt up to remind everyone what my bare bum looks like in case they have forgotten in the last five minutes. They can see I am enjoying it and aroused and they are all hoping, no doubt, that I am going to have live sex with him there and then in front of everybody. But I was not; I had had what I wanted and it was delicious, and I had loved the experience. Now I just wanted to go to bed-on my own frankly. The guy who was groping me was desperately trying to get as intimate as possible as quickly as possible thinking that I must be an easy lay. He was getting very frisky and had one hand on my bum and one on a bare breast under my blouse and I struggled free and said that it was time to call it a night. I decided to walk home and dashed to the front door leaving a very disappointed and frustrated suitor. When I got out in the cold night air I realised how much I needed a pee and wished I had gone but it was too late to go back now. The cold night air quickly sobered me up and I thought, "What the hell was I doing?" I must have been mad walking home alone with no coat and no underwear in the city of Bristol in the early hours and I was lucky not to have been raped and murdered. 

**Chapter 8. My Cumming Of Age At University**  
So I would like to leap forward to my second year at university. These events happened in the early 1990s when I was only twenty. I met my future husband Andy at the start of the second year when I was still a virgin. He was not much more experienced but did have one notch on his bed post from his first year at Uni. 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. Although I was a virgin I would have gone to bed with Andy on the first night we met given half a chance and sometimes I wish it had happened that way. That would be a terrific memory for a married couple to have; that we found each other so irresistible. It is a shame that over the years with the best will in the world that electricity diminishes.   
  
We became a couple pretty much immediately and spent a lot of time together. We first had full sex after about a month having built up through the preliminary stages that you are all familiar with. The best thing about sex for me then was that I got to lay out on a bed without a stitch on with my legs apart and my hands behind my head for Andy to feast his eyes on. I just could not get enough of parading myself, flaunting myself in front of him. It really was a 'coming home' for me. I went on the pill because I hated Andy using condoms. Before long, I began staying over at Andy's apartment one or two nights a week. He was living in a house shared with two other blokes so there were three bedrooms. The other two blokes were all on the same engineering course as Andy and were called Pete and Steve. They were both in relationships so it was not unknown on some Saturday nights for there to be three of us girls staying over and you might have called the apartment a bit of a (literally) hot bed of iniquity. We use to have such a laugh in those days it was unreal. We were always getting drunk and teasing each other and we got on so well it was just lovely.   
  
Anyway, all good things come to an end and after Christmas at the start of the second term sadly Pete unexpectedly dropped out. I was not aware that he had been struggling and suspect he was just not working hard enough but apparently he fluffed some important exams and got the boot. I gather he was finding it all so tough to keep up that he was relieved to get away from the stress and find something else that he felt he would be more suited to. So all of a sudden there was a spare room in Andy's house and they needed the rent covering. The two boys really wanted to replace Pete with another bloke but because of the awkward timing halfway through the academic year they could not find anybody.   
  
I was not happy where I was sharing. I was not getting on with the other girls in my apartment and I sounded them out and they had a friend that wanted to move in. So it suited everybody that I took the spare room in Andy's apartment. It was sort of meant to be really.   
  
Obviously I knew them both well already so I knew it would work and be fun, and so I began sharing the flat with Andy and Steve . So began the most brilliant period for me. I knew we already got on well but I did not predict how gradually the intimacy of us living together in close quarters and sharing one bathroom, and one kitchen etc would gradually translate into the three of us becoming closer and closer friends. Steve was Andy's best friend anyway whom he had known from school and from the beginning. Steve and I were good friends with similar outgoing flirty personalities. I used to do most of the cooking for all three of us, as they were both rubbish.   
  
We were a very touchy feeling threesome with lots of hugging and I would regularly receive an affectionate peck on the cheek from Steve. Gradually as we became more and more used to each other, and as the comfort level increased, I would worry less and less about how well I was covered up and would emerge from the bathroom wrapped in just a bath towel. Some days I would bum around wearing just a pair of tiny knickers and one of Andy's football shirts that was just about long enough to cover most of my bum until I sat down of course. So they were very used to seeing me scantily clad and likewise the boys would often just mooch around the flat in just their under pants. I almost never wore a bra in those days. I am not sure many girls at Uni did in those days but I did not need one with my small firm titties anyway. Often there would be just the three of us and we shared many boozy evenings solving the world's problems over a couple of bottles of wine. In the evenings, we used to love to sit around in just candle light and burning lots of incense. I remember we used to play Pink Floyd's 'Dark Side of The Moon' album a lot as we thought it was cool and chic and atmospheric. I was just so happy at that time. I thought I had turned from an ugly duckling into a swan.   
  
Some nights when we had finished work we would go down to the pub and meet up with other students we knew. When we left to walk home we were normally well oiled and in high spirits. I would often be holding hands with both of them with me in the middle. Other times we staggered back to the apartment and both of them would have an arm around my waist holding me up. One night Andy put his hand down the back of my jeans inside my panties and was squeezing my bum cheeks. Steve knew what was going on but he had a girlfriend at the time and did not follow suit.   
  
I had always been a high achiever academically but I wanted to also be seen as a sexual nubile creature instead of some languid geek. I used to wear a white clingy cotton nightshirt as my sleepwear and would sometimes change into that ready for bed about 10 o'clock in the evening and waft around the flat like that and then come back and sit with the boys in the sitting room. Living with the two boys really gave me the opportunity to develop my exhibitionist sexual persona.   
  
Usually I would have some panties on underneath but not always. Don't get me wrong, I was not sitting there with my legs apart exposing myself but it did used to reveal my bare legs and thighs and the thin material used to cling to my nipples. I knew what I was doing and was enjoying being a sexual being at last and exploring my sexual side; remember that I had been a late developer and had only been having sex for about six months. On one occasion, Andy made a comment about by casual attire and wondered if I was being a bit informal with Steve. I told him not to be silly as Steve had seen me hundreds of times already wearing not very much and that he was our mate and I was sure he was not interested in looking at me anyway. Steve did chime in that he thought I was gorgeous and was pleased that I felt relaxed enough and confident of our friendship to wear whatever I felt comfortable in around him. A sort of double- edged complement I suppose but it was said in such a way that I knew he fancied me. After that Andy got used to me flaunting myself and accepted it and never mentioned it again. So gradually, the intimacy between Steve and me grew and my eventual seduction by Steve took place very slowly over a few months.   
  
The sexual tension was eventually ramped up further one night when the three of us had been drinking and smoking some good weed; it was late and we were in high spirits and I suddenly decided to do a striptease for them. Neither Andy nor Steve had been at the party at the end of my first year when I had done that strip but they had heard about it and other blokes were always asking when I was going to do another. I used to tell them it had been a one-off and they should not have missed it!   
  
I just thought it would be fun and it just seemed like the thing to do at the time. Out of the blue I stood up and said in my best Chinese accent, "How you wan see pretty girl no clothes? How you like see sexy striptease? It make very nice end to evening you think?"  
  
What do you think their answer was?  
  
Andy jumped up and put on the perfect music: 'Angel' performed by Jimi Hendrix. Very sexy and perfect tempo for stripping to. So I did, and I had great fun entertaining them and dancing around stark naked in the candle light like you see those stoned girls at the Woodstock or Glastonbury Festivals! I was staggering about a bit unsteady on my feet from the alcohol and weed. So, Steve got to see me naked that night for the first time and this took our physical intimacy up a notch. I was not shaved in those days; I don't think many girls were. I was sporting an only slightly trimmed full bush of fair curly hair. Nothing else happened that night and it never occurred to me that it might but I suppose it did heighten the sexual tension. I just said after I'd finished, "So sorry-That is end of show. I now go bed. Hope you both very enjoy my sexy tease. "   
  
Andy and Steve both leapt to their feet and applauded and I collapsed onto the sofa. Usually when a girls strips off she immediately grabs her clothes at the end, but I didn't. I did not put anything back on. I really enjoyed sitting there between the two boys on the sofa naked having a night cap. It was not a massive sofa so we were always squeezed together and being naked between them just felt cosy and natural.   
  
I used to like it when Steve's girlfriend Alison stayed over as well. When I was flirting with Steve, Andy was flirting with Alison and it was all good fun. Actually, Alison was totally stunning-I hated her! No not really, but she could have been a model. When she stayed over I particularly liked it because it meant Andy and me did not have to worry so much about how much noise we made in bed. In fact, it was quite comical some nights with the moaning and creaking bed springs coming from two bedrooms.   
  
Some nights when Andy was fucking me, and Alison was not around, I used to imagine Steve listening in the next bedroom. When I was purring or moaning I got turned on by the thought of him hearing me being given a good seeing to and imagined him perhaps masturbating while I was being fucked. If I am honest, I think sometimes I made even more noises and moaned louder because the thought of Steve hearing made me feel hornier and more wanton.   
  
It was about early May when, out of the blue, Alison dumped Steve. No one was expecting it especially Steve. It was one of those, "I just want to be friends", explanations. She did not seem to have another boyfriend so it was puzzling and Steve had really loved her and took it very hard. He pleaded with her to give it another chance but she would not and, in the end, he actually thought she had been quite unfair and cruel. As I say, Andy and I could not understand it and there had been no hint that this was going to happen. So, for a week or two, Steve was devastated and Andy and me were taking particular care of him, and going out to the pub together to cheer him up.  
  
That brings me to the night you want to hear about. When I look back, I think I just drifted into a threesome, sleepwalked into it, it was inevitable really. It was always going to happen during this period when I was spreading my wings and exploring my sexuality. It just seemed a natural and beautiful experience between three very close friends; I never regarded it as anything sordid or depraved. It happened, I think, in the May on an evening that had begun like so many others. Steve had begun to get over Alison a bit and was feeling a little more cheerful. We had had a couple of bottles of wine, and perhaps a couple of joints. When it got dark we were lit only by candle light and had been burning incense sticks. All very typical Uni life really.   
  
We had been watching a film together -'Body Heat' I think-where there had been a lot of explicit erotic action and sexual tension and I think some of that tension had rubbed off on us. You could just feel that the atmosphere between us was a bit more highly charged than normal. After the film I decided to change for bed into my night shirt and yes I did leave my panties on but that was all. I gave myself a couple of squirts of perfume to freshen up; why did I do that? I came back and plonked down on the sofa between the two boys as usual. The sofa was only just wide enough for three so, as I have said, it was always very cosy squeezing in between them. I was, as usual, exposing vast areas of bare leg and thighs and loving how they both could not keep their eyes off me but were trying so hard not to stare. The night took a new turn when Steve said, "I've got a great idea. I have a couple of porno videos in my room. Do you fancy watching one?"  
  
Well the number of porno films I had ever watched could be numbered on one hand and the idea seem delightfully risqué and exciting to me so I looked at Andy for his approval and replied, "Sure. Why not? Great idea. Go and get them. "  
  
Andy gave me an approving look as if he thought I was a good sport. As soon as Steve left the sitting room, Andy leaned over towards me and gave me a huge cuddle and a full on snog. He was obviously feeling as aroused as I was. He slipped his hand inside my nightshirt and groped my naked breast and kissed me again. We were caught out when Steve walked back in with the video cassettes.   
  
He was about to say what they were about but instead was taken aback by Andy and me and said," Wow! It looks like you have already got started with your own porno action. Maybe I'll just sit and watch you guys. Carry on! "   
  
We broke up quickly embarrassed but laughing. Steve crawled around on the floor in front of the ancient TV and video player and got the film started. Unbelievably he had chosen a film about two blokes and a girl which was deliberate I imagine. I am not a great fan of porn because I hate the way there is usually no build up, no story, and no seduction. It is always straight into the action whereas, in my opinion, it is the seduction of a girl or woman that is the erotic part. Sure enough, true to form, on the screen almost immediately were two naked blokes with full erections and a naked girl who apparently could not get enough of their attention. Whenever Andy and I watch internet porn nowadays I am only ever interested in amateur submissions and it is the early part that I find the most arousing. I love to watch the faces of the women during the period when they are caressed and undressed and seduced into submitting themselves to the guy or guys. I see no point whatsoever in porn videos that start with all the participants already naked and just go straight into extreme sexual gymnastics.   
  
But the film had its desired effect and very soon it was feeling very hot in the room and we were all wriggling and squirming a bit and looking a bit embarrassed. I could tell the boys both had hard-ons.   
  
Andy, who was sitting on the right side of me, eventually broke the ice and started stroking my bare leg and thigh. It felt so relaxing and nice that I turned around to him and kissed him again full on. Our tongues were darting in and out of each other's mouths. This encouraged him and I settled back into the sofa and Andy put his left arm around my shoulders and rested his left hand on my left breast but on top of my night shirt. Andy continued massaging my right leg with his other hand. After a while Steve thought he would try his luck and tentatively stretched his right arm around my shoulders from the other side. This all felt so right and I thought I was in control of the situation anyway so I leant forward to allow his arm around my back as well. His right hand was not actually touching the material of my nightshirt but sort of hovering over my right breast.   
  
Meanwhile on the film the girl was in full swing receiving her first fuck and starting to moan in ecstasy as they always do after virtually no fore play. The second guy in the film had his erect penis in her mouth as seems mandatory. It is complicated being a female sometimes because I can remember feeling a little jealous of the two boys ogling the slut on the screen who was completely false with dyed blonde hair, a ridiculous boob job, and false eye lashes etc and probably thick. In my own, girl next door, natural way I looked much nicer and it was me the boys should be appreciating; not some common porn star! But, all this action on the screen was without doubt starting to be reflected into sexual tension between the three of us that night. I had no idea what I expected or wanted to happen.

I heard myself saying to my horror, "I'm just as attractive as that slut, I think."  
  
I knew immediately this had been an extremely naive and promiscuous thing to say with all the undesirable signals that it would send out into the room.   
  
Both boys immediately turned to me and enthusiastically reassured me that, of course, I was much more attractive but I was not really listening and just grinned all the way through their protestations knowing that was something that I absolutely should not have uttered. Was I putting, myself up in competition with the slut on the screen? Was I being a prick tease? I did not know what I was doing. I only knew I was getting myself into hot water.   
  
Andy then retrieved his left arm from behind my back and turned to face towards me and moved things up a gear by sliding his right hand down under my nightshirt to cup my left breast. My left nipple immediately stood to attention hard and erect so grateful to have been touched. His left hand was by now stroking the succulent smooth flesh of my inner thighs under my nightshirt towards my panties. I purred a little and Andy put his face to mine and kissed me passionately again. He tasted of the red wine we had been drinking. I closed my eyes and melted into the attention I was getting from my boyfriend who I loved very much.   
  
Then I heard Steve chuckle a little and complain, "Christ guys! This isn't fair! You can't do this in front of me. Jesus! It's just too much watching Andy ravishing your breast! "  
  
I was feeling so sexy and daring that I opened my eyes and laughed and said, "Well there are two of them you know. There is another one on the other side if you haven't noticed! I give you permission to have a stroke."  
  
It all just seemed so harmless and natural at the time. Steve's hand, which had been speculatively dangling over my breast for ages, disappeared under my nightshirt at the speed of a snake and was making the most of groping and caressing my other breast. I closed my eyes again and slid down in the sofa a bit more to enjoy the attentions of the two boys. Unfortunately as hard as I tried to be passive and stabilise the situation my hips had other ideas and started pushing up and down rhythmically to almost will Andy to touch me between my legs. In truth, I was just so desperate now for Andy to touch my pussy that I just ached for his fingers.   
  
Thankfully, I did not have to wait long and his next foray under my nightshirt ended with his placing his hand over and cupping my mound on top of my panties. When he touched my hot pussy over my panties, it was like an electric shock. It was such a relief that I jumped and involuntarily and let out an, "Aarrrgh," in submission.   
  
I then realised that Steve was now stroking my other leg with his free hand and also making more and more adventurous forays under my nightshirt towards my panties. I kept my eyes closed and sighed in submission. It all felt so heavenly and impossible to resist.   
  
Very soon, Andy wormed his finger into my panties from the bottom under the elastic and found his way into my sopping wet pussy. There was no way I could resist it and started to wriggle and squirm and make purring noises. I knew I was getting into a situation that might become difficult to control. I started pushing up at him and meanwhile Andy was still kissing me and both boys were still massaging my breasts. It was gorgeous and I knew I was rapidly reaching a point of no return. Andy graduated to two fingers which he used to alternately gently stroke my clitoris and then insert into my love tunnel and rotate. I was so turned on by the situation and so wet that Andy's hand in my pussy was making squelching sounds.   
  
It was then that Steve kissed me for the first time and I responded passionately. With just his first kiss he had his tongue deep inside my mouth. After that both boys were kissing me in turn. My legs were drifting apart encouraging Andy to plunder my pussy more vigorously with his fingers. Andy told me afterwards that he was more jealous of seeing me kiss Steve passionately than he was seeing Steve screwing me.   
  
When I felt Steve fumbling inside my panties as well I suddenly came to my senses and saw the distinct possibility that I was going to suffer the same fate as the girl in the film who by now was being well fucked by the second guy. I needed to cool things down a bit. I was laughing at the outrageousness of the situation and out of nervousness but said, "Hey Guys. Steady on. You are getting me a bit too turned on. You're not both having me if that is what you're hoping. We're not having a gang bang! What kind of girl do you think I am?"   
  
Then Steve said, "Can I at least give you a nice sexy lick and a suck in your special place? Make you feel nice and relaxed and then Andy can take you to bed. Is that OK with you Andy?"  
  
I smiled and said, "Why on earth are you asking him? Why does he have to give permission? It's my pussy for God's sake! "  
  
To reinforce that I was an independent woman in my own right and to make a token stand for feminism I added, "Are you any good at it then?" I made this outrageous reply as a reaction to the effrontery of him having asked Andy for his permission to make this intimate advance on me.   
  
Steve replied, "Well I've never had any complaints. Only one way to find out though! "  
  
I replied, "Well my servant Serf, in that case you can provide that service for me as your Queen. But that is as far as it goes. When you've had your thrill I am going to bed with Andy."   
  
I know you will think I must have been very naive but remember I was only a twenty year old girl who was fairly new to sex and was adoring being the centre of attention of these two boys. Andy was a little shocked by my invitation to Steve and withdrew his fingers from my pussy. He was not annoyed though and was as turned on as I was by the situation.   
  
Steve took his place between my legs kneeling on the floor. He was still dressed in his jeans and a T shirt. Steve put his thumbs in each side of my panties and started to very slowly pull them down. He was grinning at me with anticipation. My heart was beating so fast and loudly that I thought I might faint. I remember at the time I could not wait to have my clothes taken off me and to be naked and display myself to the two boys. I eagerly lifted up my bum off the sofa to assist him pulling my panties down submitting to his advances. I watched intently as my panties travelled slowly over my thighs, and then my knees, and then my lower legs and it was the most electric sexually charged moment of my life by a mile. When he got them to my feet he slowly massaged each foot in turn as he slid them off. He passed my soaking panties to Andy like they were performing an operation. He and Andy gathered up my nightshirt up to my waist so I was completely exposed and prepared for the procedure. So there I was with no panties on about to receive cunninlingus from Andy's best mate. The anticipation was just too much to bear.   
  
Steve stood up and stripped down to his underpants. He looked fit, slim and toned and had a grin from ear to ear with excitement and anticipation. He got back down on his knees between my legs and carefully studied my aching pussy like a gynaecologist as he prepared to start work.   
  
He began by kissing and licking my thighs all around my vagina. It was lovely and I could not wait for what was about to happen. He then rubbed the outside of my mound with the palm of his left hand and then slid his fingers very gently up and down my crack. He then expertly used both hands to fiddle with my lips and carefully separate them. This was all so delightful and impossible to resist that I was involuntarily pushing my abdomen up towards him. Andy by this time was stroking my forehead and hair affectionately.   
  
Steve started licking my thighs again in turn gradually getting closer to the Promised Land. I was writhing and thrusting my hips up towards him desperate for him to make faster progress but he was teasing me. I said to him, "Come on then my man! Get on with it! I haven't got all night. Suck my pussy now or I will have you executed!"  
  
When Steve finally put his tongue to my clitty it was pure heaven. He was going round and round with his tongue making small circles. I let out a long, "Urrrrrrrgh, Christ! Oh fucking hell!"  
  
He was right. He was good! I was pushing and thrusting my hips up towards him and cradling his head holding him close to my crotch. I stroked his hair and clenched it between my fingers. Andy started to gather up my nightshirt even further and pull it up over my head. I feebly uttered a token "No! "   
  
But, I was concentrating on Steve's magical attention and just meekly held my arms up in the air so he could slide it up over my head. I did not want to be distracted. I wanted to just concentrate on the Heavenly sensations in my pussy. In truth I felt absolutely bloody marvellous being completely naked before my two boys wantonly displaying myself to them; it felt so dissolute and lewd. I relaxed back down and continued thrusting my hips rhythmically towards Steve's magical tongue. Then Andy also quickly stripped down to his underpants and sat down beside me. In those days he was also very slim and also looked fit and toned. He put his lips to mine again and began a reassuring deep long loving kiss.   
  
I lifted my legs up in the air off the floor and put my hands behind my thighs to hold them up. I started to feel the first rumblings of an orgasm building. But, it was a bit uncomfortable holding my legs up and I asked if I could lie on the floor. Of course, I could have anything I wanted. The boys would have agreed to anything! So I quickly laid down on the carpet in front of the sofa with my head on a pillow and Steve got back in position again at the altar of my holy vagina and Andy lay down next to me again and resumed his kisses.   
  
I laid down flat on the floor with my legs splayed as wide open as I could get them but with my knees up a little so I could bring my feet back in to make a V shape. Steve put his hands under my thighs and spread his hands out flat on my groin. In this way he held my legs apart and knees up a bit to fully expose my pussy to his attentions. His tongue was working my clitty so hard I could not help lifting my arse up to meet him. I alternated between cradling his head holding it to my desperate cunt and frantically rubbing and cupping my own breasts.   
  
I was pleading with Steve, "Oh God! Oh God! Please. Please. Oh please, arrrgh! What are you doing to me? You're torturing me. Please stop! Please stop, I beg you! " I honestly did not think I could stand it any longer.   
  
I lifted my feet and placed them on his bare back. Steve responded by inserting a finger in my love tunnel, and pushing it in and out faster and faster while he continued to frantically lick my clitty to destruction. I took my right hand from the back of Steve's head and stroked it over Andy's chest down to his waist. By now I was completely out of control and I grabbed at Andy's underpants, put my hand down the front and grasped his erect throbbing rock hard prick tightly and liberated it from his pants. Andy let out a sigh like he was ready to explode. My pussy was more hot and wet and aroused than it had ever been. My orgasm was building stronger and more overwhelming. I wanted to cum so badly. I wanted release from this torture. I was panting wildly trying to breathe.  
  
I screamed at Steve, "Yes! Yes! Don't stop what you're doing you bastard. Don't stop! "  
  
I briefly opened my eyes and saw my pale white thin naked body stretched out with Steve between by wide open thighs sucking my desperate pussy and both boys in only their underpants giving me all this attention and thought , "If my mother could see me now! "   
  
I was writhing around and thrashing and thrusting my arse up at Steve pleading, "Don't stop. Just don't change. Whatever you are doing it's fucking wonderful."  
  
I was right at the very brink of my orgasm exploding but I began to panic that I was never going to cum. I heard myself shouting, "Oh Steve, Oh Steve my love. Please Fuck me. Please fuck me! "  
  
I knew then I had lost control of my senses. I certainly should not have called Steve 'my love' and I absolutely should not have asked him to fuck me. Thankfully, Andy seemed to be retaining his sense of humour and was more laughing at my intense state of arousal than anything.   
  
Steve thankfully did not immediately fuck me and instead mumbled, whilst keeping his mouth firmly on the job in hand, "No, Can't do that. Andy's my mate. He'll have to finish you off."  
  
I screamed, "Well alright then but don't you fucking dare stop sucking my clitty like that. Oooh! Yes! Like that! Just like that. Yes! "  
  
I knew then that I was going to let Andy fuck me in front of Steve and the very thought of that seemed so outrageously decadent and made me feel hornier than ever and tipped me over the edge into my orgasm anyway. It was such a violent orgasm I was convulsing as the spasms of ecstasy rolled through me. I could feel the wetness of my vagina seeping out onto the carpet. I continued to grind my cunt into Steve's face. Steve loved the power he had over me and showed no mercy as he kept sliding my pulsating little bud in and out between his lips. Every time I thought that it was subsiding he made me shudder again with another wave of sublime pleasure. I thought I was going to die in ecstasy and collapsed back flat on the carpet completely exhausted and weak as all my energy seemed to drain away. Steve was still kneeling between my legs looking very smug and satisfied at the fine job he had done. He had beads of sweat on his forehead and was looking hot and grinned at me with his eyes full of desire and lust like he wanted to devour me. Andy was still lying by my side with his pants half down sporting a fine erection and looking completely desperate for some relief.   
  
I had had an earth shattering orgasm but I had two very aroused boys on my hands both looking at me with expressions of total lust. They were both nice boys and at that moment I loved them both dearly. But, they both looked a bit sad and pathetic really as they were being so polite about it! My mothering instincts kicked in and I knew one way or another I would need to put them out of their misery.   
  
I thought things are about to get even more interesting. I had never wanted to be fucked more than at that moment when the prospect of actually having sex in front of another human being just seemed the most exciting and deliciously naughty thing I had ever done.   
  
With glee and a level of anticipation I could hardly bear I turned to Andy and confidently ordered, "Right get your kit off! It's time for you to give your Queen some pleasure as well now."  
  
Andy looked a combination of relieved it was his turn, but at the same time a bit hunted and under pressure. Steve crawled away from between my legs and Andy replaced him at the speed of light. He was far too aroused to engage in any foreplay and I did not need any. He just lay right on top of me, grabbed my breasts with his hands, and plunged his rock hard shaft right into me up to the hilt.   
  
I was still highly aroused and obviously felt guilty about how I had been behaving with Steve. Andy withdrew and thrust in again really roughly and screamed, "Oh God. Rachel. You are so fucking sexy. So fucking gorgeous. "   
  
I shouted back, "Oh God. I Love your cock my darling. Faster, faster. Give it to me! "  
  
I was panting uncontrollably again. I started to thrust my pelvis up at him and put my hands on his bum to pull him in deeper. However, it was all too much for Andy and with probably only his fourth or fifth thrust he just exploded inside my cunt and shot all his sperm deep into my body. He was both disappointed for me and embarrassed for him to have muffed liked this in front of Steve. He let go of my breasts and just collapsed on top of me annoyed at himself saying, "Oh shit! I've fucking cum already! "  
  
I actually thought it was funny. I put it down as a compliment that I was just so hot and desirable! I laughed at him but absolutely not to mock him; it was more that I could not believe how much fun we were having and how over aroused and stimulated he must have been to cum straight away.   
  
However, I was still desperate to cum again. I had got used to the idea that I was going to be fucked by Andy and that had not happened. I felt so frustrated I did not know what to do. I started to rub my clitty myself gently at first but then I became more urgent and desperate. I was writhing around masturbating like a mad woman in front of the boys. My breasts were heaving. I then noticed that at some stage Steve had also removed his pants and was frantically wanking himself off as well. He had I assumed taken his pants off to settle down and enjoy watching me being laid by Andy. I could not blame him for that.   
  
So there it was a bit of a train wreck really. There was both Steve and me desperately frustrated and dying to cum and both of us feverishly trying to bring ourselves off. Andy's cum was leaking from my cunt. I knew then that despite good intentions I was a victim of circumstance. I had to have Steve finish me. Steve was lying next to me and rubbing my breasts with his free hand. I reached out and grasped his raging rock hard prick. I started stroking it loosely with my fingers. Steve looked grateful for anything.   
  
I looked pleadingly at Andy and said, "Andy, please I am so sorry. You know how much I love you but you guys started this and got me in this state. Look what you have done to me. Please would you be Ok if?"  
  
But Andy knew what was coming and cut me off and said, "Yes all right. I know I have let you down. Go on Steve. Give it to her. Do your worst mate. You'll owe me a pint. " He seemed reconciled to the inevitable. I saw that his cock was shrinking, his erection now gone. I felt deflated that I was only worth a pint of beer but I knew what he meant. I thought I was worth at least two!   
  
Steve looked at me and made eye contact and asked one more time very earnestly, "Are you sure this is what you want?"  
  
I said in my serious voice, "Yes Steve. I am completely sure. Fuck me now. Do it! Just promise me you'll never tell anyone about this."  
  
The die was well and truly cast. There was no turning back now. Andy got up and went to pour himself another drink. I wished he had stayed really. Steve started by lying right on top of me and tenderly kissing me and grinding his groin into me. It felt so nice and sexy feeling our naked skin come together. He took my right breast in his hand and groped it. What I liked about Steve's lovemaking was that he seemed confident enough to take his time to control the pace of it and add to the anticipation by not rushing it just as he had done when he was sucking my pussy. He gently pushed my legs apart and arranged a pillow under my head carefully preparing me until he was happy that I was ready for him to take his pleasure.   
  
I found the anticipation of feeling Steve's rock hard shaft sliding into me imagining what it will be like too much to bear. However, Steve was going to take his time and tease me. He wanted to make me beg. He tantalised me by rubbing the head of his cock along my slippery wet lips. I almost passed out. Then he pushed it in very gently but only about an inch. It was pure heaven feeling him push between the lips of my poor deprived pussy but it only served to make me even more desperate. Then the bastard completely withdrew again. He repeated this routine about four times by which time I was ready to strangle him. I screamed, "For Christ's sake Steve. Stop teasing me. Put the bugger in now or the deal is off! "  
  
But, he knew what he was doing and was going to make me beg. He said, "Say please. You've got to say please! Say Please Master please fuck me. Say I want your prick in me kind sir. Please fuck me kind sir! "

I screamed, "Yeh alright shut up! Oh God please fuck me kind sir. I want your fucking prick etc etc. Now just fucking get on with it! "  
  
With that, he did push all the way in. I felt him push my lips apart again and slide with no resistance deep into my warm, wet, submissive, and welcoming body. Steve colonised me for his pleasure and he was going to make it last as long as he wanted. His swollen prick was, I noticed, slightly longer than Andy's and I could feel it throbbing and thrusting deep inside my temple. Steve kissed me again and it went on and on into a very passionate snog. I was really enjoying the sensation of kissing another boy.   
  
Steve began grunting as he began to build up a rhythm as he thrust deep into my cum filled pussy. I was conscious of emitting my own, "Arrghs, "and "Ooohs" in response to each thrust. Steve had always fancied me and had waited a long time to have me and he was surely going to enjoy it. He loved having my body completely at his disposal for his pleasure. I was stroking his back, feeling his muscular body as he fucked me. I wrapped my legs around his waist.   
  
He asked, "How's that Rachel? Is it good?"  
  
I replied," It is fucking wonderful Steve. Absolutely fucking wonderful. Don't stop what you're doing. Oh Jesus Christ Steve it's so good."  
  
He said, "Rachel you're bloody lovely. You are bloody fantastic."  
  
I knew this was not going to make pleasant listening for Andy. I said, "Well that's nice of you but just remember I am spoken for. This won't be happening again."  
  
Steve replied, "More's the pity. I had better make the most of it then."  
  
I was thrusting back up at him, lifting my hips and pelvis up in time with his thrusts. Steve lifted himself up high on his forearms so he could survey his prey in full. He carefully studied my wobbling pert boobs, my thin pale white body, and watched his erect penis going in and out of my cunt in triumph. He then looked down my spread legs and studied my splayed out feet. He knew he had me completely conquered. I would definitely be another conquest on his sexual CV. He looked well satisfied. He looked like he was well pleased with his achievement of having me and with the job he was doing.   
  
I started to approach a climax again thank God. It would not be long now I thought before I got some relief. I did not know how far away Steve was but I wanted to go for it. I was making more and more oohs and arrghs and shouting, "Yes! " over and over again. " Oh Yes! That's it Steve. I'm going to cum."  
  
And then I came at last. My vaginal muscles contracted around his pumping rod. It was a fantastic mind blowing orgasm and Steve laid back down on me as I helplessly quivered and shuddered below him. Having his full weight on me helped to anchor me down so that my convulsions were more restrained. I put my hands on his arse again to hold him in deep whilst the convulsions of my orgasm washed through me. My head was thrashing from side to side. I cried out loudly and Steve covered my mouth with his attempting to quieten me so the people in the next flat did not hear us. I got the feeling that Steve had been biding his time waiting for me to cum because he was soon groaning himself with relief as his throbbing penis squirted his warm sperm into me to mix with my vaginal juices. When it was over, he lay on top of me for a minute while we were panting and trying to get our breath back. Then we had one last passionate kiss and he said, "That was lovely Rachel. Thank you."  
  
I replied. "Don't thank me. I loved it too."  
  
I looked at Andy wanting to see his reassuring smile that everything was OK. However, he was fine about it actually and knew that I had not set out for it to happen and that he had contributed.   
  
I felt so satisfied; my body drained as it had never been before, feeling as if I was floating on a cloud of post-orgasmic bliss. It was very late and we were all exhausted. Andy went and got two duvets and we laid one down to lie on and spread the second one over our three naked bodies. It felt so natural for us to all cuddle up as spoons. I put my arms around Steve who was in front of me and Andy snuggled in behind me and put his hands on my breasts. I turned around briefly to kiss him and told him I loved him. I have never done it again since but let me tell you it is an amazing delightful experience to be in the middle of a sandwich of two naked guys.   
  
After an hour, or so, I felt Andy getting a little frisky again and thrusting his penis into the crack of my bum. When he was stiff I helped guide him into my very sloppy pussy from behind. In that position with my legs close together my vagina was squeezed tight around his prick but Andy still managed to redeem himself and last about four or five minutes. For the whole time I held onto Steve tightly with my arms around his chest from behind as he continued to face away from us. It was lovely and honour was restored. Steve knew what was going on but was sensitive enough to let us put things right between Andy and me again without attempting to get involved. After Andy had cum, Steve did briefly turn around and kiss me again as if to say you are all right girl!   
  
Andy was never angry with me about what happened that night. He knew we were all as guilty as each other. But, we knew as a couple we should not do it again because of the risk of it ruining our relationship. The three of us shared that apartment all the way throughout our third year at Bristol and had a great time but we knew that night had to be a one-off and not repeated,  
  
I have to be honest that I did have sex with Steve once more (well twice actually) and I did regret that. Andy knows about it and was very upset at the time and it caused a lot of problems between us. Andy went home for a weekend to see his family and I was behaving selfishly and did not want him to go. I resented him leaving me for the weekend and ended up having a weekend in the flat alone with Steve. On the Saturday evening I had had a long bath and a soak and emerged from the bathroom with just a bath towel around me. I had been playing with myself in the bath so far without success. I started flirting shamelessly with Steve asking him to dry my back and massage my shoulders. Stuff like that really. I was letting the towel drop down very low so he had a good view of my breasts. I laid face down on my front and pulled the towel down to my waist and asked Steve to massage body lotion all over my back. I should not have done it and was leading him on something rotten. I then lay on my back and loosely laid the towel over my front and lifted my knees up. I had Steve massaging body lotion into my feet and legs and I was taking less and less care to cover myself up. I kept asking him to apply it higher and higher up my legs playing with him really and he would have clearly seen my bare pussy under the towel. This was temptation beyond endurance and Steve suddenly announced, "Oh Christ Rachel. I've got to fuck you."  
  
I smiled and said, "I was rather hoping you would say that. I thought you would never ask! "  
  
Steve undressed as if his clothes were all five sizes too large and we were soon rolling around naked on the carpet with our hands all over each other. Without Andy there Steve completely ravished me with no holds barred and proved again that he was a superb amazing lover. After a while he turned me over and I knelt up so that he could fuck me from behind. It was a great fuck-even better than the first time with Steve. We got a bit drunk afterwards and did actually sleep together that night for the one and only time. We started Sunday off with a bang with another steamy session in bed but when we got up, we both felt very guilty and knew that it had been wrong to do it behind Andy's back. When Andy got back he could tell straight away from the look on our faces what had gone on but I think the fact that he knew how close we all were sort of helped him understand how it had come about. In any case Steve and me both readily accepted that it had been wrong and a mistake and were very sorry.   
  
Actually we did manage to control ourselves after that and Steve and I never had sex again. I knew it was Andy that I loved and Andy and I went on to get married at the end of uni.   
  
  
**Chapter 9. Confessions Of A Young Married Woman**  
After we left Uni Andy and I got married soon after and he has always been a great partner for me because he loves me as I am. He understands my love of being naked and being an exhibitionist although sometimes perhaps I suspect he wishes I was not like this . However, he goes along with it and laughs about it sometimes.   
  
One of the games I used to like when we were newly married was when we were out in the car he would suddenly park up in a quiet place in the country and order me to strip off. If I were reticent he would take command and just haul my clothes off me, which was always just what I loved and of course he knew it. As I've said I have always loved having my jeans pulled off me and better still my panties. Then he would drive off and there I would be in the passenger seat stark naked. Sometimes I would gather up my coat and hold it over my chest but other times Andy would not allow this. There is nothing nicer for an exhibitionist than being dominated and commanded like this so we are a good couple. I used to love travelling back into the City Of Bristol at night stark naked but with just enough cover around my shoulders to avoid attracting too much attention. Other times we would park up in a remote spot in the country and make love in the car. I always loved that especially at night lying on my back in our estate car with the seats folded flat and if it was warm enough with the tail gate open.   
  
On one occasion, he was wicked and actually threw my clothes out of the window and forbade me from recovering them. They were only old ones. Of course I could have insisted but it appealed to me to go along with the game and travel back into the city with no cover at all trying to curl up in the back giggling and keeping my head down . When we got back to our flat I had to run the gauntlet of meeting someone as I crossed the pavement naked, opened the front door to our block and ran upstairs to our flat. I told Andy I was going to kill him but as you can imagine I loved it really. But it is inevitable in any marriage that after a while the novelty of such games wears off and it is a long time since we did anything like that.   
  
Before we had the children, we had a few holidays in Turkey and one of the great things to do down there is to have a Turkish bath; what they call the hamam. For those that have never been they usually involve a session in a marble steam room, followed by a scrub down and then ,after drying off, an oil full body massage. Now the first time I went to one I was given a large bath wrap and told to change in the women's locker room. What did they mean by change I wondered? Should I keep my bra on? Should I keep my panties on under the wrap? I thought how could you get properly scrubbed and clean if you are not naked? So I excitedly stripped off completely and wrapped myself in this bath wrap. Then I went into the mixed marble steam room and relaxed for a while feeling very sexy. I was able to eagerly watch what became of the customers who were ahead of me in the process. The treatment seemed to be quite rough and the victims before us seemed to be wriggling a bit as they were attacked. Andy and I were laughing at each other with the contemplation of what was to come. I observed that some women were submitting themselves to the experience topless but all women were wearing some panties or the bottom half of a bikini.   
  
After a while, when it was my turn the young Turkish male attendant instructed me to lie out on the marble slab . At this point he exposed all of my upper half and did not think it that unusual that I was topless. He then gathered up my towel to expose all of my legs ready to cover me in foam for the scrub. But when my attendant gathered up and arranged the wrap to cover my lower half it was at that point that he discovered I was naked underneath. That was a delightful moment and one that I have repeated many times. So in these situations the attendant then takes great care to just cover your private areas with some precise tucking in of the towel between your thighs next to your fanny in order preserve your modesty from other customers. If I am lucky, I will get to lie with my legs apart facing some customers in the steam room who are behind me in the process.   
  
The hamam is just the perfect experience for an exhibitionist. My Nirvana! When it comes to the oil massage, the same thing happens. Because you get a different masseur again you lie face down on their table and when they start arranging the towel, they realise that I am naked underneath, which can come as a bit of a shock. If I am lucky it will be a male masseur, which is even better, as the Turkish men are not used to overtly sexual western women and especially blonde fair-skinned women so it is a treat for them too.  
  
I always look forward to the point where they ask you to turn over and lie on your back. That is a moment when I can legitimately expose all to the masseur as I clumsily allow the towel to fall away. Of course, the masseur will quickly rearrange it to cover you again but you know and he knows he has had an eye full of your assets. And of course, when you are lying on your back he will for the large part leave your breasts uncovered as he arranges the towel over your pussy. At some point, he will get to massage your upper thighs and of course that is the best part as he has to decide how far he dare goes under the towel, and what he thinks he will get away with, knowing there is no barrier to stop him accidentally touching my pubes-if I had any! By now, though he will have judged correctly with me that I am not the typical uptight modest English woman and hopefully will be making some ambitious forays to the very edge of the Promised Land.   
  
Nowadays when I go to a hamam I always smile because I see British women making such a meal of it, fussing about what to wear, "Should I wear a swimming costume", they ask? Usually they do. Why are they so worried about a bit of nudity I puzzle? And what can be more ridiculous that going for a body scrub or a full body massage in a one piece swimming costume? In my opinion there is only one way to have a full body massage and that is butt naked. Of course, it never happens but if I had a choice, there would be no towel involved at all and I would be lying out in all my glory and fully at his mercy.   
  
Andy knows what I am like and encourages me in what at the end of the day is a safe environment. No masseur is going to suddenly jump on you with a full erection like they do in the porn films. But on one occasion, I had a male masseur in Turkey who was only in his mid twenties and had a cheeky look in his eyes. He looked pretty pleased with life when he first discovered I was wearing nothing under the wrap and he could tell he had a fruity one with me and whilst I was lying on my front he graduated up my legs and massaged my entire bum cheeks allowing his fingers to slide down my bum crack. After I had turned over to lie on my back he massaged my tummy going lower and lower under the towel until he actually did work his hands right over my pubic mound. Deliciously risqué!   
  
I asked him to put a towel over my face and eyes so I could relax better and that gave him a big hint to actually completely remove the towel that was supposed to be covering my modesty but I pretended not to be aware he had done that. He made some big pronounced sweeps with his hands over my thighs and tummy and most importantly over the pubic area in between, such that it still seemed intended, normal and professional. I refused to look shocked or affronted by pretending I had not noticed. I pushed it a little further by removing the cover over my face and we were both playing this game of double bluff and not engaging eye contact with each other. In the end, his hands were indeed all over my breasts and tummy, and pubic mound, and inner thighs . I had to concentrate so hard to avoid pushing my pussy up at him and I felt my pussy lubricate a little hoping for some attention. Of course he could not actually masturbate me but that was the most erotic massage I have ever had.   
  
However, once we had babies and were exhausted and preoccupied with bringing up our children then for many years my exhibitionist tendencies took a back seat and there is very little to tell you about until about 10 years later when I was in my mid thirties.   
  
Things started to liven up again when the children were old enough to look after themselves before and after school and I was able to return to work. Although I was back in full time work I actually felt I had my freedom back in that I was no longer tied to the home and looking after them.   
  
Now one of the problems I used to find when I started working full time again was that it was difficult to find the time to keep fit and I have always been very determined to find opportunities to get out for a run or go to the gym. So one of the things I used to do was to go for an early run before I got ready for work sometimes even at 0530 in the morning. In fact, I still do this today. Now in the winter at that time it is dark and can often be raining. I wear a ¾ length waterproof jacket to go out in these conditions. But what I realised is that as this comes down to my knees no one could tell what I was wearing underneath. Obviously I have trainers and socks on so would appear to be dressed normally for running. At first, I stopped wearing shorts, and used to go out in just panties under this long waterproof but nowadays one of my little treats I have discovered which actually makes going out in the rain and dark fun is going out with absolutely nothing underneath. I actually look forward to those mornings now when it is dark and chucking it down. I cannot tell you how sexy it is to go running around my village early in the day feeling the cold breeze ventilating my private regions. The faster I run, and the bigger strides I take, the higher the waterproof rises up my legs and the more cool draught my body enjoys. The street are usually deserted when I am out running but occasionally a car passes me and throws up a lot of spray over my legs and feet. I told you I am weird but I just feel so sexy when I am out running like that.   
  
When we had our family we moved to a house on a housing estate. I did 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.   
  
  
**Chapter 10. Walking The Dog, Hotels & Flying**  
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 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. This had become a habit of mine and I always looked forward to walking the dog on this route in anticipation of getting naked in the open. As it became more of a routine of mine, as I approached the barn I would start removing my clothes as I was walking. Usually my jumper and blouse or vest would be the first to go , and maybe even my bra so that by the time I entered the barn I was already naked to the waist down. When I got inside I could not wait to slip my hands down the side of my pants and start sliding my track suit bottoms and panties off together. Of course, to get them off completely I had to pull off my trainers too. Such is my obsession is that my socks had to come off too. It was always cool in the barn whatever the outside temperature and I loved the chill in there on my bare skin. It was always a delight to rub my hands over my whole body whilst still feeling the cold chill of the air on my skin. They say that your skin is your greatest erogenous zone and it is certainly true for me. My skin can make me feel aroused all over with lust for more pleasure.  
  
Such is my obsessive behaviour though 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! Somehow I am not naked enough-not really exposed enough -if my clothes are at hand. I know underneath, if someone was to come, I could just grab them and cover myself quickly enough and that was not good enough for me. I had to be completely exposed and vulnerable to a casual observer should that happen. Of course, I hoped it did not happen and up until that day it hadn't. So my clothes had to be left in a pile some distance from the pile of bales where I loved to frolic. That was a strict rule.   
  
So 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. This had never happened to me before. My heart started pounding and my pulse racing. Like a rabbit caught in the head lights I quickly sat up on the bales, pulled my knees up close together and crossed my arms, with my hands covering my breasts. I could not cover myself except with my hands because my clothes were in a pile about 20 yards away where the man was standing.   
  
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'm looking for my dog. "  
  
I struggled to speak at first from my fear but then started to calm down a bit as he seemed harmless. I squeeked , "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 anybody. "  
  
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. I'm a bit of a naturist."   
  
"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.   
  
Another one of my tricks is in hotel rooms when the boy or girl 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.  
  
  
**Chapter 11. A Night On A Training Course**  
One of my most extreme and shameless piece of exhibitionism happened on the last night of a four-day residential training course that I went on to do with my estate agency (realty) work. There were eight of us on this course and I was the only female. There was no one on it from my own company, or anyone else that I knew so I knew it had prospects of providing an opportunity for me to indulge my predilections. I was about 40 by then and in fact, all the participants were in their late 20s / or 30s so I was one of the oldest and should have known better. I should have set them an example. Well I did I suppose but not a good one. We all got on really well and had such a laugh. The course was dead boring any way; something about changes to relevant legislation that all estate agents have to do but even the presenters looked bored. I had been flirting with them all week and we had done a lot of drinking and late nights. I thought by the end of the week I might be a bit naughty with them and literally reveal my exhibitionist bent to them if the opportunity arose.   
  
As I say, it had got to the last evening and time was running out and I had been a good girl all week and it looked like the week would pass uneventfully. That all changed dramatically after dinner on the last night. At this time in my life I had my hair auburn and shoulder length which was a radical change from my usual blonde but did suit me I think. It was a warm barmy late summer evening and it was getting dark and we all went out to the hotel garden with our drinks to sit around one of those large wooden tables which has bench seats each side. For a woman they are always awkward to get your leg over the bench seat and I was holding my drink and handbag and was struggling to get over the side to sit at the table. I was wearing a ridiculously short skirt and during this manoeuvre, I knew that I had given them all a wonderful view of my red panties. There was no pretending that it had not happened so I sat down, put my legs together, and tried to pull my skirt at least half way down my thighs without much success, and said, "Sorry guys. I think I might have just exposed myself."  
  
But the guys all looked at each other and burst out laughing. I did not get the joke. So I asked, "What is so funny, guys?"  
  
One of them smirked and said, "Well Rach, it was nothing we haven't been seeing all week! "  
  
I was not expecting that but if I am honest I had been wearing very short skirts and dresses all week and it turned out that behind my back this had been a subject of great amusement and discussion and provided the guys with much entertainment.   
  
I was a little embarrassed, it is true, but at the same time, it was very stimulating that I had had their attention all week like this. I just love to be the centre of attention and especially where showing off my body is involved.   
  
Then one of them raised the stakes by saying, "We have been having a bet about something." And with that they all burst out laughing again at my expense. I had to laugh along with them though and asked, "I can't imagine what that might be then. Spit it out. "  
  
There was a coy silence with them all looking at each other and then one of them said, "Well Rach-it is whether your bra matches your panties! "  
  
I smiled. They were clearly getting very familiar with me. They knew by now that they had a girl who would be game for some flirting and sexual banter on their hands. I asked, "What was the consensus then?"  
  
I had them all eating out of my hand. They had not met anyone like me before. There was a lot of sexual tension in the air now.   
  
"We think that it will. Are we right?"  
  
I was feeling outrageously flirty and let out a big sigh of resignation. I gave them a condescending frown and said , "What a bunch of sex starved saddos you lot are."  
  
I slowly and seductively unbuttoned the top button on my blouse, to reveal the top of my bra.   
  
Now they knew they had definitely not met a girl like me before!   
  
They were getting more confident. One of them said, "We still can't see. We cannot be sure. Need to see more -sorry."  
  
I looked around and saw that there was no one else out in the garden. We had it to ourselves. I began work on the second button. This was just the sort of situation I dream about. They were all watching me intently wondering how far I would go with their game. I started to pull my blouse apart slowly and my red lacy bra came into view. I was smiling from ear to ear. To be honest you could see my entire breasts by now let alone whether they matched my panties. I was out in the chilly evening air and I was finding the situation arousing so I was pleased to find my nipples nicely erect and pert and visible through the thin material.   
  
They turned to each other and, did some high fives, and in high spirits congratulated themselves on being right.   
  
I raised my eyebrows at their juvenile behaviour and said, "Right for that little show, and your general inappropriate remarks you can all buy me a drink. They were more than happy with this request no doubt wondering what I might do with even more drink inside me. They did too and I did drink them all. I think they all got me either a double or a cocktail when it was their round.   
  
By the end of the evening, I was hammered and when I came to stand up to leave I was very unsteady on my feet and nearly fell over. I was giggling helplessly. A couple of them grabbed me to support me and predictably, they put their hands everywhere as they pretended to just be holding me up. I was laughing throughout. When we got going one stood each side of me with his arm under mine and we staggered back to one of their rooms. We went back to the room occupied by a guy called Richard because it was thought to be the largest. The walk sobered me up a little, and when we got into the room, I laid down in the middle of the bed with my hands behind my head. Actually, one of the guys had gone to bed so only six of them came back to this bedroom with me. The guys all sat around on the edge of the bed and on a small sofa. There was the usual last night demob happy atmosphere that you always get on these work events and nobody knew quite how to finish the evening off. We had all had more than enough to drink that was for sure.  
  
Then they were whispering amongst themselves until one of them acting as their spokesman smiled at me and said, "Rach darling you seem to be the only girl here so we just wanted to ask. . . . well the thing is. . . Well you see. . We enjoyed seeing your bra so much we wanted to tell you it was the highlight of the evening and to be honest we wanted to see it again!"   
  
I laughed at them and said ,"Christ you guys are sad. You've only been away for 4 days and you are all sex starved! I don't know. I am a respectable married woman."  
  
Of course, I wanted to do it but I could not appear too easy.   
  
"Oh go on. Just for us. No one will remember in the morning. Some of us missed it the first time. We'll help you."  
  
And with that two or three of them pulled me up so I was sitting on the bed and started unbuttoning my blouse. I know I should have stopped them there and then and they were testing the water to see what I would do. But you will know by now that this situation was right up my street so I feigned resistance but not too strongly. The best I came up with was, "This is very naughty. You should not be doing this to a defenceless girl! "  
  
By now, they knew they could get away with it and they were lifting my arms up one at a time and carefully removing it. My blouse was placed over on the desk well away from where I could retrieve it should I wish to put it on again.   
  
"Happy now?" I asked.   
  
They all went over to have a little huddle and then came back to the bed and one of them said, "The thing is we have all now forgotten what your panties looked like and we only saw them briefly so we was wondering. . . . . . . . "  
  
I was course loving being the centre of attention and the focus of their fantasies but this is a subtle game of cat and mouse and as a woman you cannot appear too easy.   
  
I said, "In your dreams guys. I need a wee and when I come back I expect an apology for such an inappropriate suggestion. " But I had a glint in my eye that was a give away.   
  
I tried to get up off the bed but was still unsteady and laughing and they helped me to my feet and led me to the en suite bathroom. I took my skimpy skirt off to have a pee and while I was sitting there, I thought why not really? I would love to parade around in front of them in just my undies really. I shouted out through the door ,"OK then turn the lights out and I'll give you saddos a little thrill. "   
  
I had my handbag with me, took out the perfume, and gave myself a generous spray. Even I thought I smelt sexy. I was excited but very nervous and my heart was pounding. Was I biting off more than I could chew? I knew I should stop now and have some sense, and go to bed. But the situation was just so entrancing: I could not fight it.   
  
I heard a cheer and some whispering and then I opened the door an inch and yes, the room was dark although not pitch black. I came out and said, "What about a fan fare then?"  
  
I said, "There you go. Will this keep you warm tonight?" I staggered around in just my underwear ,as best I could, doing a little dance.   
  
Of course, this is never enough for guys and never enough for me really. But the request to go any further would have to come from them. However, I was giving them all the signals that I might be up for more fun with them. I did not have to wait long. There was another little huddle and then their elected spokesman says to me, " Look Rach, the thing is we all think you are just the sexiest most gorgeous woman and as it is our last night, we have a special request."  
  
I was now standing still with my hands on my hips looking around at them in turn. One of them turned on one of the bedside lamps to give a low light in the room so they could all see me much better. I did not object.   
  
I said, "Well I bet I can guess what that might be!"  
  
"Well the thing is you are just so gorgeous and have such a lovely body we would so love you to take everything off for us. We want to see you completely naked."   
  
I was obviously not shocked because I was encouraging them ,and leading them on, I suppose. I have to be honest that the idea of being naked with these boys was very arousing and exciting, but I did not want to just do another strip because , I was too tired, there was not enough room in the bedroom, and finally there was no music. I decided to take things in a different direction and attempt to fulfil another delicious fantasy of mine. I was going to see if they would undress me but without me actually saying that I wanted them to do that. In other words another game of bluff. In my fantasy I would be stripped completely naked by a group of guys against my will and I would be the centre of attention. Although of course, it would not be against my will really.   
  
I said, "I told you I am a married woman with a reputation to think of. I am not going to go taking my clothes off in front of you guys you pervs." But I was smiling at them with a gleam in my eyes and sort of willing them to take control of me in a fun way.   
  
I added, "In any case I am not going to do anything anyway until you make me feel a bit more loved and appreciated. Is someone going to give me a cuddle? I need a nice cuddle." I did actually feel I wanted one at that point. I am quite needy I suppose and I was drunk.   
  
I put my arms out towards the guy I fancied the most, Gavin, who was probably the oldest and seemed a really nice bloke. He reciprocated with a lovely embrace that did feel warm and loving and I sort of nestled up to him in his arms and then he started kissing me. I put my arms around his back and reciprocated with a long and passionate kiss. I know I was ridiculously drunk but it did feel cosy and nice to be kissing him dressed only in my underwear.   
  
I was making it pretty clear that if they had the nerve to take off my remaining clothes they would probably get away with it. I did not have to wait long before another one of the guys started cuddling me from behind so I was sandwiched between them. He put his arms around my waist and his hands felt cold on my bare skin.   
  
I said," I am going to close my eyes now and I need to be able to rely on you guys to be well-behaved and not naughty boys! " I was smiling when I said it. I thought how many signals do they need! I was positively willing them to undress me.   
  
I did close my eyes tightly and carried on kissing Gavin and sure enough-heaven -the guy behind me moved his hands up to cover my breasts over my bra. I could tell the guys were gathering around me in a cluster and I was the epicentre of their attention. I started to feel the sublime pleasure of more and more hands caressing and massaging me all over.   
  
And then at last one of them was fiddling with the clasp of my bra behind my back. I pretended I did not know. My bra became loose and started to fall away from my breasts between me and Gavin. Gavin wiggled a bit and held me away from his chest just long enough for the bra to twist to one side and both my breasts became uncovered. He pulled me back in close and carried on embracing me.   
  
It was exciting feeling that my breasts were at last free.   
  
It was difficult because Gavin was snogging me so full on but I try to say something like, "Who has done that? That was very naughty! I specifically told you. . . "  
  
The guy who was cuddling me from behind moved his hands up to cover my bare breasts. I thought this is getting pretty wild. There was also someone, or maybe two of them, down on their hands and knees attending to stroking and caressing my legs and thighs.   
  
At last, I felt some hands squeezing the cheeks of my bum and then even better they were inside my panties and squeezing my cheeks flesh to flesh. Then inevitably another hand from above was down inside the front of my panties gorgeously cupping the mound of my pussy. I clung on to Gavin tighter so they would not see me blushing. One of the hands that was on my bum felt like it was working its way between my legs and starting to probe the lips of my soaking wet pussy from below . I moved my feet slightly further apart to assist him gaining access into my pussy. My body responded to his touch and I heard myself moan with pleasure. My whole body shivered with excitement.

By now the six guys were packed so closely around me that I had no idea who was doing what. It was unbelievably nice and erotic. I did not want to communicate with them anymore. I just wanted to close my eyes and shamelessly enjoy their attentions.   
  
I started to feel the very slow almost imperceptible descent of my panties down over my hips. I think they were trying to be so gentle that I would not realise! What a fabulous game and boy was I so enjoying it. When I felt my panties go below my pussy I feebly put my hand down to try to hold them up but they tugged them so they slipped through my fingers. Then they were completely down to my thighs and I was fully exposed.   
  
I tried to protest with an even feebler, "No! Please don't." But my plea for mercy was lost and muffled as my mouth was still being passionately kissed by Gavin. His tongue was so far down my throat that speech was impossible.   
  
I could feel my panties travelling down past my knees and knew that my complete nakedness at the centre of these six guys was now a certainty. I felt them lift up one foot at a time to fully relieve me of them.   
  
I broke away from Gavin's embrace and said, "Now that is not being good is it guys? Taking a girl's clothes off is no way to treat a lady." Before I could say anymore another guy called James changed places with Gavin and pulled me towards him and commenced a passionate full tongues snog.   
  
The guys were now all able to freely explore my naked body. I was being thoroughly groped and manhandled all over and it was gorgeous. One of the guys was sliding his hand between my upper thighs backwards and forwards massaging the lips of my cunt. And then two fingers were thrust easily into my warm wetness. Can you imagine what a turn on this whole situation was? One of the guys was sucking a nipple. There were hands all over me and I was getting so aroused by the two fingers that were now thrusting rapidly into the wet delights of my cunt that I was finding it harder and harder to stand up. My legs were feeling weak and I was in danger of slithering down to the floor.   
  
I said, "Right I have a better idea. Turn that light out and I am going to lie on the bed and if anyone wants to join me that would be lovely . But there is just one rule I am afraid. You all have got to keep your clothes on. . . "  
  
They would have agreed to anything. With that, I broke away from them and staggered towards the bed. My arms had still been through my bra straps but that fell away to the floor before I reached the bed. The only things I was wearing now was a watch and a silver necklace and they were not covering very much at all! I lay down in the middle of the bed with my legs splayed out shamelessly flaunting myself and tapped the blankets beckoning them to join me. I then put my hands behind my head and the guys were all staring at me with their tongues hanging out in disbelief and it gave me such a warm feeling of total appreciation. They gathered around me sitting on the sides of the bed. I waited for another one of the boys to kiss me and I closed my eyes again to let them do their worst. They carried on where they had left off. Their hands roamed freely all over my body. There were hands groping my breasts, hands stroking my upper thighs, hands massaging my feet, hands holding my hands, hands stroking my hair, someone massaging my shoulders, and most importantly magic fingers massaging my clitty and in my pussy. The guy playing with my clitty was fantastic. He was flicking my firm clitty from side to side, and backwards and forwards very fast and giving me the most intense sensations. It was completely overwhelming. I had waited all my life for an experience like this. To be so the centre of attention of a group of guys. It was wonderful to feel all those hands groping and exploring my body, in between my thighs, and feeling the wetness of my pussy. I let them avail themselves fully for a few minutes getting more and more aroused, rolling around, and thrusting my pussy up off the bed desperate for more and more attention. I was absolutely loving it but then I saw one of the guys taking his trousers off and I could see there was a serious risk of getting gang banged and that was definitely not what I wanted. I just wanted to exhibit myself to them as sexually provocatively and wantonly as I could and for them to desire me.   
  
Even though so drunk I knew there was a danger of my teasing getting out of hand so I called a halt and told them straight that there was going to be no gangbang. I was just giving them a bit of a treat. But then I said, "Look, if you want me to I do have a bit of a party piece that I think would round off the evening nicely." They looked puzzled and desperate to know what I was going to say next.   
  
In my life I had only ever masturbated to orgasm in front of a group of girls, apart from my husband of course. I was beside myself with the excitement that I might be about to do it in front of a group of guys. I said to the guys, "Pass me my handbag. It's next to the television."  
  
They still could not guess what was coming. How could they?  
  
I opened my handbag and took out the little silk bag that contains my vibrator that I take everywhere especially when I away from my husband.   
  
I took it out of its little bag and then the boys got it. I heard a few of them exclaim, "Oh blimey, Oh My God! Fucking hell! " That sort of thing.  
  
I switched it on and went to work at the activity in which I would win an Olympic Gold medal -bringing myself off. God knows I have had enough practice. The boys carried on caressing and stroking me. I asked them to lift up my bottom and hold me up higher so they would get the best possible view. I was being outrageous and wanted to shock them and I succeeded. They held my legs and bottom up off the bed so my pussy was up at their shoulder level as they were all sitting down around me. My lower legs were hanging down and my feet were supporting me on the bed. It's amazing what gymnastics are possible when you have the services of six strong blokes! It was pure unadulterated decadence. I was near to orgasm before I even started with my best friend and so it was no surprise that it started making me come in no time. I was bucking and thrusting my wide open cunt right up at them as I alternately plunged my vibrator deep into my wet streaming desperate pussy and then held it against my clitty. I was moaning like a crazy woman. I knew I was in for a climax that was going to be something special. The guys had never seen such an explicit depraved display and probably never will again. My orgasm was absolutely mind blowing.   
  
I cried out loudly , "Oh! Oh! Oh! ," over and over again. It just seemed to go on forever. At the end the guys looked stunned but clapped my performance. I suddenly felt drained and exhausted and I collapsed back down flat on the bed and curled up in a ball as the tiredness hit me.   
  
When I woke up in the morning, I felt like someone had hit me over the head with a hammer. It took me a few seconds to work out where I was. I was curled up in a ball stark naked in bed under sheets and blankets. The curtains were open and then it hit me what I had done. I saw my vibrator on the bedside table. I must have passed out. OMG! What had happened? Had they all fucked me?   
  
Then Richard appeared from the ensuite looking fresh, washed and dressed for the morning session. I had apparently slept in his room and in his bed. Had he fucked me I wondered? I felt mortally embarrassed.   
  
I hesitantly asked him, "Oh My God Richard. I am so sorry for my behaviour. What happened? Did I pass out? What did I do? You know what I am asking."  
  
He was very polite to me. He sat on the side of the bed and said, "You have nothing to feel embarrassed about. You were a great sport. We all thought you were amazing. Such a gorgeous sexy woman. We all want to be married to you! "  
  
"But did I? Did you? You know. "  
  
"No your honour is still intact. One of the guys was going to take advantage of you but we all stopped him and I said No! You are asleep unconscious and that would not be fair or right. Actually, everybody left soon after you fell asleep. It was late."  
  
"Thank God! But what about us? Did we? Did you? Did we sleep together?"  
  
"Yes but I kept my pants on all night. Actually, you were the problem -not me! You kept rolling over and cuddling me and asking me to cuddle you. You were quite insistent! You kept trying to pull me on top of you and groping me. But you kept calling me Andy. That is your husband I presume. No! I behaved a complete gentleman and did not take advantage of you and neither did anyone else. I have to be honest though I did cuddle up to you and it was very cosy. I might have fondled your breasts and thighs once or twice, and maybe even your gorgeous bum! A guy wouldn't be human if . . . . . . "   
  
I laughed ,"No! Don't worry. That's fine. Thank you, thank you, and thank you! Please ask the others to keep this a secret. I could not bear it if it gets back to my office. I would have to resign. Oh God! I feel so ill. I have such a hangover. I will have to go home. Please tell the instructors that I was not well and had to leave."  
  
I did not want to face any of the other guys anyway. I would have been too embarrassed. Richard kissed me and said, "Of course. I will do that. Anyway Rachel you are a very gorgeous sexy woman and your secret is safe with me and I'll make sure that the others are discrete about it."  
  
I know some readers will be disappointed that this did not end in a gangbang but this is real life and a real story. I am not going to embellish it just to make it popular. I was still not ready for sex with anyone other than my husband (other than Steve at Uni) although I have since succumbed. I thought that what happened that night was wild enough and, looking back, a step I needed to go through.   
  
Some of the things I have done since have been even worse and I have had some very honest and candid discussions with my husband about how and what I am and my obsessions. He does now understand me a lot better and my need to do it. I don't have any secrets from him nowadays although at the time this episode on the course took place I was living a secret life and it was a while before I confessed all this to him. He wishes I was not like this but he loves me and accepts it. 

**Chapter 12. My Exhibitionism Gets Out of Control**  
This brings me to what happened one crazy night on a sailing holiday in the Greek Ionian islands when eventually my exhibitionism spiralled out of control 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!   
  
Andy and me still loved each other but inevitably time has taken the edge off the sex and it had become less frequent, 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 got enough me time and always seem to come last in the queue, and when this episode happened I can remember feeling that the time had come for me to have some fun for a change.   
  
Most fictional erotic stories that feature sex with other partners, or multiple partners and the like portray 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 fifteen years younger than me but they were men really in their late twenties. Their names were Barry, 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 sensibly stuck to beer, and 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 which I always love. 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 Barry (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 ,"Strip, Strip, Strip. " I had not realised that I was dancing so provocatively that they thought this might be a prospect! I had had no intention of doing anything like that that night especially with Andy there but he 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.  
  
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! "  
  
My thoughts went back to that night in my first year at uni and that strip that I had done at the party. Is this going to happen again I wondered? 'Life in the old dog' I thought.  
  
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 Barry 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 Barry 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 were all going mad but Barry came over to me and put his arms around me and started cuddling me whilst still dancing . I then 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 was 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 were already revealing too much.   
  
I was absolutely loving the attention but Andy started to look like it had gone far enough and was 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. 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. The music was very loud and he came over to me and shouted in my ear that it was time to collect the kids anyway. He was being all serious now and told me he was going to take them back to the boat and would see me when I got back. Looking back, not to excuse me and what happened, but in the state I was in he should never have left me there alone. He does admit that now. I watched him leave and then thought that I would just stay another 20 minutes or so and enjoy this evening a little bit longer.

I thought to Hell with it; 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 Barry and Mike (another one on the boys from the all male crew ) came and lifted me back to my feet again and everyone was laughing.   
  
Then Barry started 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 Barry 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. At that moment I thought back again to the first strip that I had done in the first year of uni and how exciting that had been.   
  
I shouted, "No! That's not fair," but in truth as you know 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 broke free from the boys and danced around a bit with everybody clapping and cheering but then 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 Barry 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 had 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? There were not supposed to be any kids there. I had not noticed them earlier. I decided that there were already too many explicit pictures of me already so I 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.   
  
When I emerged from the sea I was felt 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 Barry 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 asked them if they had seen Andy and they said they hadn't. 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 on the ground next to the sofa so I asked Barry 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. I pulled the blanket up even further to cover my face. Before long Barry 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.   
  
Barry was encouraged by the apparent welcome of his advances and placed his hand on my knee under the blanket 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 really just wanted to go to sleep.   
  
I felt so tired and the worse for wear that I decided to lay down sideways with my head in Barry's lap and my legs across Mike's legs completely under the blanket. None 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. 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.   
  
More or less straight away Barry began stroking my hair and cheeks and forehead under the blanket. It was lovely. At the same time Mike resumed stroking my legs which were conveniently strewn across his lap under the blanket. Barry then proceeded to massage my shoulders under the blanket which was equally heavenly and before long he had his hands further under the blanket stroking around my breasts and my tummy which again was just too nice for me to stop him. 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. Barry twisted around a little, bent over towards my head, lowered the blanket 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 were doing this he established his territory under the blanket and now had the run of my entire chest 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 Barry, 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 could 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 my face was hidden and it was dark and they would not have seen. My kiss with Barry came to an end mainly because I needed to breathe and then I snuggled back down completely under the blanket 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 blanket 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 blanket 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 Barry lowered the blanket 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 blanket. Mike was working his magic until I had the most amazing orgasm of my life. As I climaxed I was gripping the blanket with my hands as hard as I could as my hips pumped onto Mike's hand. Barry put a hand over my mouth to stop anybody hearing my cries of ecstasy. I think it was the outrageousness of my situation being in a semi public place naked under a blanket 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 blanket I could hear the boys chuckling quietly with satisfaction at my helpless display. I still had my head on Barry's lap (although I had turned to face his chest) and he continued to hold 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.   
  
We stayed quiet and still for a few minutes and I think I dropped off to sleep. Barry then said, "Why don't we lie down over there , where it will be quiet? You can sleep there and it will be more comfortable," pointing along the sandy beach well away from the taverna.   
  
I said I was too tired to walk anywhere but Barry 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 blanket 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 docilely to my fate. I was just too drunk and naive to see it.   
  
We came to a halt at a piece of sand and scrubland grass along the beach 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 Barry responded by putting his arms around me and kissing me passionately allowing the blanket to drop to the ground. I was helpless in his arms and put my arms around his neck to hold myself up. 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 sopping 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 blanket.   
  
I laid on my back exhausted and looked up at the stars and pleaded, "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. Barry 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 Barry 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 fever pitch with 6 hands going anywhere they wanted. I offered no resistance. I was past that now. Barry whispered in my ear that nothing was going to happen that I did not want to happen. I just sort of squeaked pathetically in submission. He whispered some more that nothing bad was going to happen and again I sort of meekly and feebly thanked him for his reassurance. Looking back I wonder at my naivety at that moment. I wonder what I thought was going to happen. 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 devoured 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 Barry grinning 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 instinctively put my arms around Barry'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 blanket restrained only by Barry'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. It had not occurred to me that Barry was not even finished with me anyway, and continued taking his own pleasure. He seemed to go on forever. 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 for now 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 a blanket on that beach and I could hear the sound of gentle waves rolling up the sand nearby. It was just starting to get light; dawn was breaking behind the mountains; I had apparently been out on the beach all night. There were three guys dressed just in shorts , probably in their late twenties, softly chatting and lying with their heads resting on my thighs and chest smoking.   
  
I saw to my horror that I was wearing nothing at all. And then it hit me. I remembered walking along the beach with the three boys. I had the most almighty hangover. My head hurt and I had a raging thirst; I was so so thirsty.   
  
I saw what a disaster I was. I thought , "What the hell have I done?". I was covered in sticky bodily fluids and running in sweat with my legs wide apart. Some more recollections came flooding back into my thumping head. The three boys had apparently put their shorts on again whilst I had been comatose. My first reaction was to cover myself up too. I looked and reached around for my panties or skirt but there was no sign of any of my clothes anywhere around me.   
  
The tavern along the beach where earlier I had been dancing and partying now seemed to be in complete darkness with all its lights out. Christ I am in so much trouble I thought. I had to get back to the boat where I was staying with my husband and family and I was supposed to be. I felt tired, ravaged and conquered. It was chilly and I felt cold and frightened. I became even more scared and upset and curled up in a ball on the blanket whimpering and appealed to the boys to give me a cuddle .The boys put their arms around me and consoled me and reassured me that I had loved every minute of it and had a great time, and so had they. I knew they were right. I could not pretend I had not encouraged them every step of the way. They made me start to feel a bit better. They were lovely and I enjoyed cuddling up to them and being close to them. 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 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 blanket 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 air 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 Barry . 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. And he had encouraged me at the beginning to take my clothes off.   
  
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 blanket lying across the guys. He was not aware that I had stayed so late, so for the time being I left it that way.  
  
In the cold light of day the enormity of what I had done began to sink in. It occurred to me that the likelihood was that all three blokes had come inside me on multiple occasions without any protection. I knew that I was going to have to endure several weeks of worry that I might have caught something horrible from one of them. I knew that eventually I would have to tell Andy 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 Barry, how was he going to take it when I told him the full extent of what I had done? For now I told him that after the disco I had gone with the boys for a skinny dip and then fallen asleep on the beach and lost track of time, some of which was true of course. I thought telling him I had gone skinny dipping with them might make it easier to eventually tell him the full extent of what I had done later. I guessed right for now; he was not particularly surprised that I had gone skinny dipping with the boys as that was completely in character.   
  
We were flying home that day 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, and 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 blanket 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.   
  
  
**Chapter 13. A period Of Adjustment**  
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 enjoy and complement me on my writing and I thank them for their kind remarks. 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.   
  
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 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.   
  
  
**Chapter 14. 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.   
  
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 libido 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 instalment. I love to hear from my readers and you can contact me at rachelsixy@gmail.com  
  
Have fun!   
  
Love  
  
Rachel