Nuts to Newton - Stephie

Ch. 01

by JohnBous©

Newton's Third Law of Motion states that "Every action has and equal and

opposite reaction". With what I know now, I can categorically state that this is

total rubbish.

As my story will show, every action can have a reaction that goes in exactly the

same direction – and one that just prompts even more action...

It started one evening last summer, an otherwise normal, unremarkable evening in

July. Paul and I had spent the day up to our knees in mud in the garden,

digging, raking, sowing, pruning – enjoying the sun and enjoying our efforts at

making our new home even lovelier than we already thought it was. By eight

o'clock we were both exhausted and headed inside, where I prepared a light meal

and Paul uncorked a bottle.

After we ate we tossed a coin to see if we would wash up straight away or leave

it until the morning – and lost. Paul and I had been married three years the

previous month, and together for two years before that – since university, in

fact – but we still fooled around all the time. That night was no different, and

what started as me accidentally splashing him ended up in an all-out water

fight. Well, Paul's a lot bigger than me and it wasn't long before I was soaked,

my t-shirt sticking to my body and my bra beneath it totally drenched.

Paul stood back and grinned at me, "Stephs, you'd win any wet t-shirt contest,

anywhere."

"In your dreams, buddy!"

Even the thought of such a thing had me blushing. As Paul knew all too well, I

was far too demure for anything like that. It wasn't anything to do with my

looks because I considered myself quite attractive in a small sort of way, but

rather it was just that I was excruciatingly shy and had been even since I was a

kid. Even a bikini in my own garden was too daring for me. Paul, bless him, was

very understanding about it and had never once pressured me to loosen up save

for the very occasional tease – like now.

"Well you would win easily, whatever the competition looked like."

"Let's just hope your life never depends on me winning one."

Paul dragged me into his arms, "I guess I'm the privileged one and only then."

"Too right you are."

He kissed me deeply, a flash of tongue sending tingles up my spine, "Then I

suggest we have an early night and you show me just how privileged I am."

As normal with Paul, my interest was suddenly aroused – among other things – and

I just nodded against his shoulder, "Good idea, husband."

Even though I'd only had one sexual partner before him, I knew from

conversation, from magazines – and from my own body's reaction to him – that

Paul was an attentive lover, passionate and not at all self-interested. Making

love with him was a luxurious experience and we never rushed, never settled for

anything other than mutual pleasure.

That night was no different and I was already close to orgasm by the time Paul

had finished teasing with his tongue and teeth, and finally, thankfully, entered

me. He was stroking gently but deeply, moving to a rhythm that brought soft

waves of pleasure with every easy thrust. After a while he slowed, teasing me I

thought at first, and then raised himself up on his hands, smiling down at me.

"I was serious about that contest." His eyes travelled down to my boobs.

"And so was I about it being in your dreams."

"I know," he nodded, "but how about I invoke the f-fantasy?"

The f-fantasy was a new game to us. If either of us wanted to play and the other

one agreed, then they would relate a fantasy while we made love – no comebacks

afterwards, no pressure or promises. What played in the fantasy, stayed in the

fantasy. It was fun, and Paul had always been very gentle with his mind-games.

That night, with him teasing me so, it sounded like the perfect way to bring

matters to a mutually satisfactory conclusion, so to speak.

"Ok then," I told him, "What's on your mind?"

"You of course." His eyes left mine and moved down to my boobs, "You really have

the most gorgeous figure."

"Thank you. Are you going to tease all night, or are you going to tell me what

little scene we're going to play?"

For a second, he hesitated and for some strange reason that got my heart

fluttering. When he spoke, it was in urgent tones, "Earlier, when you were all

wet, you looked so stunning. I'm so lucky and so proud to know that you're

mind..."

"Likewise, and thanks. Now come on!"

"I'd love to show you off, let some other guy see just how lucky I am."

Somehow I must have known, at least subconsciously, what was on his mind and

part of me was prepared for his admission, "Let them see me all wet you mean?"

"Yeah, or like this, your naked form."

The very thought had my pulse racing with nervousness, my mind conjuring an

image of what that would feel like. But this was fantasy, and I was safe here

with Paul stroking slowly and surely within me, "You'd like that a lot would

you?"

"I'd do anything for you if you'd do that for me."

The seriousness in his voice sent a thrill through me, "Well... maybe if it was

a total stranger that I'd never see again, and if it could be arranged so that

it looked accidental..."

"Oh yeah! No problem. Maybe when we go and stay at Fran and Jimmy's place next

week. There'd be bound to be a chance then..."

"And you promise you'll do anything I want to repay me?"

"Anything!"

"Ok, then. I guess we could invite some insurance salesman over of something

like that. And when he arrives I could be upstairs in the shower and won't hear

him arrive."

When I started telling Paul how I could play out his fantasy I could feel his

excitement mounting. As big as he already was inside me, I could feel him

hardening further and his strokes become firmer. His reaction surprised me, but

my reaction surprised me even more. I was getting more excited by the second, by

the word.

I let out a moan and continued, "I could come downstairs in just my flimsy

little bra and panties, walk straight in to where you two are talking..."

Paul was thrusting hard now, "Oh yeah, Stephs, perfect. Or... maybe if you

didn't want to wear such flimsy panties you could maybe have a towel around your

waist and... well..."

"Compensate? You'd like that wouldn't you, Paul? No bra? Completely topless?" As

Paul's excitement reached new heights – as his reaction to my words became

apparent in every thrust – mine own excitement grew. This was no opposite

reaction to him, it was feeding on his. "I think I'd like to do that. Like to

see your reaction when I walked into the room."

"Oh god, Stephs. I'd love it."

I could tell as his balls slapped against me with every hard, fast stroke. I was

gasping for breath now, scarcely able to believe how big – how massive – he felt

inside me. "If I knew you were going to be this enthusiastic, it would be easy.

I'd even make sure my hair was wet and walk in the room with a towel over my

head, drying it. Make sure the guy got a good, long look."

Paul was pounding so hard the bed was banging against the wall, his pelvic bones

grinding against mine. With a guttural cry he thrust deeper than ever, filling

me – and then filling me as he came hard. The sheer intensity of his passion

tipped me over the edge into an orgasm like none I'd had before. Wave after wave

crashed through me, each peaking higher than the last. My ears sang and my

vision clouded and all I really remember clearly was pulling Paul hard against

me as I convulsed beneath him, my fingernails digging into his back.

Afterwards, after all of the aftershocks had subsided and we lay panting,

tangled in the sheets and in each other's arms, I kissed the top of his head.

"Some fantasy, husband."

"The best," he said, kissing the upper slope of my left breast.

"Yeah," I nodded. "The very best."

Exhausted and sated, we slept.

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As I said before, the f-fantasy rule was that whatever played in the fantasy,

stayed in the fantasy. But all the next day I kept having flashback memories of

our latest session. Despite my best efforts at suppression, each time I had a

recollection of Paul's passion, or a sudden memory of the feel of him inside me,

so hard and massive, shivers would run up my spine. If that was his reaction to

my fantasy play, what would happen if I really played it out?

I tried my damnedest to suppress those thoughts because I knew that I could

never actually do such a thing. The trouble was, every time I had another

flashback, my certainty slipped a little more. The central fact that I could no

longer ignore was that Paul's reaction to my proposed, fantasy action just made

me react even more – which in turn increased the level of his reaction...

By nightfall I was thoroughly confused. My so-called logical brain was faced

with an impossible dilemma. I was far too shy to go through with something like

the fantasy – but equally, I now knew that I just had to play it out if that was

how Paul was going to react. It was Paul who offered me a solution.

By the time we got to bed that night, I had become increasingly distracted and

self-absorbed, and Paul was concerned for me.

"Stephs? What's up?"

I sat up in the bed and offered him a wry smile, "I keep thinking about last

night."

"I thought you enjoyed it. I mean, I'm sorry if it got a bit too-"

"No, I did enjoy it. That's the trouble, I think." With a sigh I told him all

about how I felt.

Concerned for me or not, by the time I'd finished Paul was flushed and

tremulous, and the reaction to my words was visibly tenting the sheet. "You

mean... you'd really consider doing it?"

The hope in his voice made me smile, "Isn't that what I've just been saying?"

"For real?"

I groaned, "I wouldn't be this bothered by a fantasy, would I?"

"Wow... Maybe..."

"Maybe?"

Paul looked into my eyes, "My offer really does stand – I'd do anything if you

tried it – and I think maybe I know a way..."

My mutinous body was suddenly very awake and growing more excited by the second.

I had to clear my throat before I could encourage him to go on.

"Well," he said, sliding on top of me, "How about we try it just the once and

I'll never, ever mention it again?" He positioned himself and gently slid the

tip of his engorged cock into my welcoming pussy.

I moaned loud and long as I realised that he was once again massively erect,

"Just the once?"

"Yeah, I swear on my life if you don't like it I'll never even say a word about

it again. And... and if you like, if it makes it easier, you can wear a bra to

do it. How about it, Stephs?"

As he waited for my answer, he barely moved, but every little twitch of hic cock

had my heart racing. I thought about the fantasy, about baring myself to a

complete stranger and how hard that would be. And then I thought about Paul's

reaction, about his cock and how hard that would be. As my blood pounded in my

ears I slowly nodded. "Ok."

"You mean..."

"I mean yes, I'll do it. Once."

"Oh Stephs..." The look of shock mixed with delight that was pasted across his

face was wonderful to behold. "You are incredible!"

"Just make sure that you never, ever again ask me whether I love you!"

"Don't worry, I know there's no need now." He began to move hard and fast inside

me.

"And Paul?" I heard myself say as my excitement reached a dizzying height,

"Since it's a one-off I might as well do it properly. No bra."

Paul groaned with delight, "Oh boy. I'm in heaven."

"You know it."

Neither of us could walk comfortably the next day.

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The next week, the week before we were due to house-sit for Fran and Jimmy, I

had to reassure Paul a hundred times that I hadn't changed my mind. The sheer

desperation of the poor guy could have grated, but for some reason it only

served to reassure me that I was doing the right thing. Even so, I managed to

get guarantees from him that there would be no physical contact, that the show

would only last for a few seconds, and that if I changed my mind at the last

moment, there would be no sulks or repercussions. By the time we actually got to

the house, I think I was as excited as Paul.

I still couldn't quite believe I was going to be doing this, and even after a

rehearsal on our first morning there it didn't seem real. Sure, I felt as naked

and exposed as I ever had in my life, but all the time it was just Paul's eyes

on me the whole exercise was too close to fantasy.

Paul went into the local town the next day and came home in a fever of

excitement. As he pounded away at my grateful pussy five minutes after walking

in through the front door, he explained that he'd organised an appointment with

a double-glazing firm for the next morning. He'd insisted on an experienced

representative, and the stage was now set.

With the stage set in such a way, so came the stage-fright. The next morning I

awoke and the nerves set in straight away. Paul was little better, but his

shivers were pure excitement – and that was enough to get me ready for the

little show. Well, his excitement and a frantic bout of love-making...

Ten minutes before the guy was due to arrive I was in the bathroom, the shower

already running, and naked but for the towel that was securely wrapped around my

waist. Paul was with me, making sure I was sure about the performance, and being

so sweet that I couldn't have backed out for anything.

He left me and went downstairs to set the scene while I listened out for the

salesman's car, ready to switch on the radio to add to the general racket from

the shower. My hands were shaking so badly and my stomach felt as if it had been

invaded by a swarm of butterflies. Or eagles.

Every time the doubts assailed me, I told myself that it was a one-off, that I'd

never see the guy again, that it would look accidental in any case... and when

those reasons failed me, I just thought of Paul and his reaction.

All of which didn't stop me from letting out a small scream when I heard the

crunch of tyres on the driveway.

I flicked on the radio at the third attempt and tried to swallow my heart which

had become lodged in my throat. Dunking my head under the shower seemed to help a bit, but my heart rate must have topped three hundred beats per minute when I heard the distant ringing of the doorbell.

I began to count, panting like a racehorse, and then took a dozen deep breaths.

I steeled every nerve in my body and then stepped from the bathroom, heading for

the stairs as if on auto-pilot. I knew that I could still back out, and I came

very close at least three times on that downward journey. Only Paul's face and

the memory of his passion kept my feet moving.

I had planned to pause for a couple of seconds outside the living room door but

something in my subconscious propelled me onwards – and probably saved me from running back to the bathroom like the petrified chicken I really was. I stepped

through the doorway, my breasts completely bare and the towel draped over my

head, hands rubbing at my damp tresses.

"Paul!" I called, my voice more tremulous than I would have liked, "What time

did you say the guy is coming about the windows?" I stopped moving, unaware of

where the guy was or even if he was able to see me, feeling so totally exposed,

so totally naked.

"Stephs!" Paul laughed, close by, "He was due five minutes ago. And he was on

time..."

I dragged the towel off my head and looked towards where Paul stood, a look of

mock-confusion on my face. I did a double-take that must have looked silly and

then turned to my left where the salesman stood, his eyes on stalks. "Oh shit!"

I felt a surge of excitement the like of which I'd never even come close to

feeling before, and I swear I could almost feel the guy's eyes crawling across

my naked breasts. In that sudden swell of heat I froze for a few seconds – I

mean totally froze. I never heard Paul say to the guy "This is my gorgeous

wife", and similarly didn't hear the guy reply "She sure is" – I only have

Paul's word on that. My ears were ringing and my heartbeat deafening.

After the freeze came the panic and I yanked the towel I had been drying my hair

with over my bare boobs, blushing and stammering apologies. I paused long enough to shoot Paul a you-should-have-said-he-was-here (faking all the while, of

course) and spun on my heels, heading for the door.

As soon as I was outside, euphoria took over. I stumbled up the stairs and into

the bedroom, slamming the door behind me. One look at myself in the mirror and I

was trembling all over – partly adrenaline and partly excitement of an

altogether different kind. I'd actually done it!

Oh, and that look on the guy's face... it was (and is) something that will live

with me forever!

I tried to calm myself and get back to the plan. We had agreed that I would come

back downstairs (dressed, of course) and mumble my apologies to emphasise that

it was all a terrible accident, and beg him not to go telling all his mates. The

only trouble was, my hands were shaking so bad I couldn't get my bra fastened!

I gave up trying in the end and chose a different dress from the one I had

planned, the new one being thick enough to mask the fact that my nipples were

rock-hard (not that it helped the tingling). I clattered down the stairs on

shaky legs and swallowed hard before striding into the living room, full of

apologies. My cheeks were flaming, but I guessed the guy would read that as

embarrassment rather than the excitement I truly felt.

He was very kind and apologised himself for staring (not that his eyes didn't

wander to my mercifully covered boobs every now and again). He also readily

agreed not to tell anyone about my little 'accident' – although I guess that

promise lasted as long as it took him to send his first email back at the office!

Paul played the concerned, doting husband, his arm protectively around me all

the while. I felt on top of the world. My only problem was that I was trying not

to whimper with excitement – a situation made worse (better?) by the fact that

it was very difficult not to stare at two very conspicuous bulges – one by my

side and the other across the room...

I guess I had always been... well, scared in a sense, of my own sexuality. It

wasn't just simple shyness. Now I was itching for the salesman to be gone – not

out of embarrassment (although there was more than just a trace of that), but

rather because I wanted to see what Paul would do when the door was closed. I

wanted to see just how big a reaction I had managed to bring forth through my

boldness.

It seemed like forever before the guy finally got the message and headed out to

his car. I left Paul to see him out and stood waiting in the living room,

desperate and panting with excitement. Paul didn't disappoint.

He rushed back into the house and into the living room, grabbing my head and

pulling me into a jaw-wrenching kiss, his tongue probing deep into my mouth.

There was no foreplay – unless you count him tearing my dress off – and I was on

my back on the sofa in seconds, my legs spread and my arms open, desperate for

him. His jeans disappeared over his shoulder, briefs and socks tangled together

with them, and he pretty much leapt on top of me, his cock harder and bigger

than I'd ever seen it before.

His very first thrust buried that gorgeous cock deep inside me, but I was too

wet to feel any discomfort and too desperate for it to care in any case. We were

thrusting together in seconds, hard, hungry and desperate, and when he

punctuated a couple of particularly savage thrusts with 'thank-yous' I shook my

head.

"No – thank you!"

"You really enjoyed it?"

"I really enjoy this."

Paul's pace quickened, "Better hope he doesn't come back though. I left the

front door open."

"Perhaps I should hope he does then..." Even as I said it I realised that, right

then, I meant it. This was sex in another dimension – pure unadulterated lust

and passion. And if what it took to experience it was me being seen by another

man – then hell, it was worth it. In spades.

"Oh fuck, Stephs! You are so fucking gorgeous!"

"Then you'd better fill me right up, right now!" The 'now' escalated into a cry

of pure delight as my orgasm crashed through me, a tsunami that washed away

every ounce of anything other than pure love and lust and desire. Paul's juices

exploded deep inside me, sending my mind whirling away in a kaleidoscope of

passion.

I'd hoped deep down inside that the post-performance sex would be great, but

this exceeded even my wildest wish. Afterwards we lay exhausted on the sofa,

naked and exhilarated, the sweat cooling slowly in a gentle breeze.

Paul nuzzled my neck, "I love you, Stephs."

"You'd damned well better."

"And did you really... you know, enjoy it?"

I nodded, "God yes. I can't quite believe I did, but yeah, it was... wild and

wonderful."

"I'll have no problem keeping my end of the bargain now."

"Your end?"

"I swore I'd do anything you wanted me to, remember?"

"Oh yeah." I grinned at him, "I think I know what I want, but give me a few

hours to think about it, okay?"

"After this morning, your wish is my command."

"Good," I said, "This is not part of the deal, but there is something I could

use right now."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," I said, reaching down and grasping his semi-tumescent cock. "And don't

bother getting up to close the front door first."

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In the days that followed I did a lot of soul searching (in between bouts of the

most exhausting, passionate, wild sex with Paul). I asked myself a thousand

questions, trying to come to terms with the fact that I had got such a kick out

of showing my body off to a complete stranger. I concluded that my reaction was

a direct result of Paul's reaction to my action (so yah-boo Newton) – but that

it had unlocked something new within me. No matter how many ways I interrogated myself, I couldn't deny that I had got an incredible thrill out of exhibiting my body.

What made it even better was that my conscience was clear. The guy went away

with the belief that I was the victim of an unfortunate accident, a smile on his

face, and a gentle throbbing in his groin. Paul was grateful beyond words and

seemed to be not a little in awe of me. And me? I felt empowered and constantly

excited. I also discovered that I wanted to try the whole thing again...

Another thing that occupied my mind was what I was going to demand of Paul by

way of payment for my audacity. The day before we left our friends' house, the

solution presented itself to me, thanks to Paul.

We were, yet again, luxuriating in another bout of sex. Mutual soreness dictated

that our love-making was a gentler affair than it had been of late, but was no

less passionate for that. I was moving surely towards climax when Paul paused,

raising himself on his hands.

"I love this bit," he said, grinning down at me.

I wriggled against him, urging him to continue, "I'm too close for games!

C'mon!"

"Yeah, that's the bit," he teased, "The bit where you're so close that nothing's

gonna stop you. And then I get to watch as you come, see you all helpless as you

lose control."

I was whimpering by now, little shivers coursing through me as I began to lose

the control that he spoke of. "Please!"

"You're totally helpless when you come, you know. And totally beautiful."

What he said next gave me the solution to my choice for Paul's payment.

"Stephs, my wonderful wife, I'd love someone else to see how beautiful you are

when you come."

The image flashed into my mind. Me beneath Paul, my orgasm starting. Me

helpless, exposed... I let out a wail and felt the first true spasm run through

my belly. The intensity of that first wave had me gasping – but I had enough

breath to say "Okay, I'll do it."

The look of shock on Paul's face as understanding dawned brought another wave

shuddering through me. Paul forgot the soreness and began to pump me hard and

fast, muttering nonsense words of love and lust, his pace quickening through my

shudders and yelps of delight until he roared, his body becoming rigid as he

ejaculated deep within me.

It was ages before we had enough breath to talk, but when we did I lost no time

in telling him exactly, apparently, what he wanted to hear.

"That's how you're going to repay me then. Organise things so that someone walks

in on us while we're... well, fucking. Three rules: it has to be a stranger and

someone we won't see again, it can't be something that will end up with us in

jail or something, and the no touching rule applies as well. Okay?"

He had to pick his jaw up off the floor before he answered – and even then it

was with a question. "Are you serious?"

"Yep. And you did say anything."

"Well, yeah, sure. But somehow it doesn't seem like a payment – more like a

reward."

"First off, you've got to organise things and that won't be easy. Plus you've

got to make sure that I don't chicken out at the last minute."

His cock was still inside me and it stiffened in a matter of seconds, "Oh baby!

Consider it done."

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For the next few days I had to keep pinching myself to make sure I hadn't dreamt

that I said those things to Paul. Or that I wasn't dreaming about genuinely

wanting to go through with it. It was of course, all true, and it was equally

true that I was coming to terms with the fact that there had been a change in me

– my reflection in the mirror even looked different. I felt powerful and I felt

sexy and I felt adored. But for all that, I began to get very nervous. What I'd

asked Paul to organise was a big step up from the 'accidental' flash of my boobs

– but the nervousness was nine parts excitement to one part fear, and it had me

in a constant state of arousal.

Paul called me on the Thursday afternoon and even before he spoke a word, I knew

that he'd come up with a plan. Okay, it could well have been wishful thinking,

but I was right in any case. He told me that he was taking the next day off, and

that I should do the same – which was never a problem for me, and which I would

have done even if it had been, under the circumstances. Other than that, he

wouldn't tell me anything.

Paul was similarly reticent that night and even the threat – empty threat, of

course – of withholding my sexual favours failed to get him to tell me what the

plan was. All he told me was that we would be setting off early to a town about

forty miles away, and that we had an appointment there at midday. Oh, and that I

was going to have the time of my life.

His secrecy only served to heighten my nervousness – and my anticipation.

Judging by the sex that night, I wasn't the only one in a state of nervous

excitement...

Friday morning dawned bright and clear and, at a loss for anything else to do or

say, I followed Paul's instructions and dressed in a smart business suit – grey

cotton skirt and jacket over a silky white blouse, with skimpy lacy bra and

panties and a pair of shiny, grey hold-up stockings. Paul wore one of his best

suits, a charcoal grey number with a dark grey shirt, pale grey tie and black

briefs. Together we looked like a smart, successful young couple – which, Paul

told me, was just the effect that we needed.

I was a bundle of nerves as we approached our destination but looking back, I'm

rather glad that I didn't know what I was going to be facing. To have known

before we set out would probably have given me enough time to lose my nerve, but

this way it all happened too fast for me to turn chicken.

Shortly before we arrived in the town centre Paul turned to me and told me that

we had an appointment with an up-market estate agent.

"An estate agent?"

"Yeah. We are looking to buy a very expensive property just outside of the town,

and the company handling the sale are expecting us to be a couple of big-shot

City types."

"Hence the fancy dress," I nodded. "But how does that fit in with the... um,

plan?"

"Simple," Paul grinned at me, pulling up outside the agency, "We're going to be

taken to the house by the salesman who has promised to leave us to view the

property for an hour before collecting us and bringing us back here."

"Leave us on our own in a strange house? No one living there?"

"Exactly."

"I still don't see-"

"Also simple. He's going to leave us there for an hour. I wonder what we might

get up to while he's gone, huh?" He unbuckled his seat belt and flashed me

another, dirtier, smile. "And I wonder whether either of us will notice how fast

time passes?"

I sat frozen for a few seconds, my mind a whirl. It was a good plan – but could

I really play my part? Could I really-

"C'mon Stephs. Mr Jenkinson is expecting us."

Sensibly, Paul wasn't giving me time to demur, or time to get cold feet. I

climbed out of the car, straightened my skirt, and followed him into the

offices, my heart hammering in my chest.

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Mr Jenkinson was clearly impressed with the look of his prospective clients

(even if the young woman didn't seem to be able to speak!), and for my part, he

was old enough to be no particular threat and young enough that he should be

impressed with whatever he might end up seeing. Always assuming there would be

something to see.

On the short ride out to the house I did some serious soul-searching and came to

the conclusion that Paul's plan was pretty much perfect. And there was always

the thought that I would have enough time to play with if I decided I couldn't

go through with it. I also came to the conclusion that I wanted to go through

with it. So much so that my knees were quite literally knocking by the time we

walked into the house.

The place was massive and beautiful. A rabbit-warren of light, airy rooms whose

details were totally lost on me. Jenkinson gave us a brief tour of the property,

checked his watch and promised to return in exactly one hour.

The second the sound of tyres on gravel dwindled to silence, Paul took my hand

and led me upstairs. The master bedroom was directly in front of us, and he

marched me inside, spun me around to face him, and kissed me deeply and

urgently.

After a few seconds he broke away and looked into my eyes. "Front door is open,

we're all alone for another fifty-six minutes, and I love you so very much. What

do you think of the plan now?"

I had to swallow before I could reply, "I think it's a definite ten out of ten."

"So if I start to undress you, you won't object?"

"I might even insist. I've never been undressed in a strange house before."

"And certainly not when you know someone will be back in just under an hour,

right?"

I giggled, nervous and excited, "I can't quite believe we're going to do this."

"You mean we definitely are then?"

"Ninety-nine percent sure. It's just too good a plan to waste. Besides, I said

I'd pay you back and I can't let my wonderful husband down, can I?"

Paul ran his hands down the front of my jacket, squeezing my breasts gently, "I

love you, Stephs."

"And I, you. Now how exactly is this going to work?"

"I figure we relax a bit first, get comfortable. Start to have some real fun in

say... forty minutes?"

"You... you mean make sure he catches us while we're actually... doing it? I

mean... I want him to get to see me... but... I'm worried I'll chicken out."

Paul kissed me again, gentler, "We'll see what happens then, won't we? As long

as he gets to see what a gorgeous wife I have."

"Yeah, I guarantee that much." I meant it. I wanted it – badly.

Paul pushed my jacket off my shoulders and slipped it down my arms. With a grin,

he walked with it to the door and threw it down the stairs. "Well," he said,

turning back to me, "I wouldn't don't you to be able to get dressed too easily

when Jenkinson gets back, do I?"

"Suits me," I unbuttoned my blouse, slipped it off and joined Paul on the

landing. With a grin I threw it after the jacket. "Just so you know I'm

serious." And just so I know I'm serious, I thought.

He let out a whistle, "Christ, Stephs, I can't believe how lucky I am!" He moved

his hands to my hips and pulled me close, his lips finding mine as he unzipped

my skirt.

Within another minute I was standing naked on the landing, my skirt, bra and

panties strewn down the stairs. It took me less than thirty seconds to rid Paul

of his clothes, and were soon giggling with excitement, naked and aroused – in

Paul's case, massively so.

When Paul took my hand and tugged me towards the stairs, I didn't resist. We

went back down and then toured each room, my nakedness making me feel exposed, vulnerable and very, very wet. It didn't exactly help that every time we stopped to kiss, Paul's erection prodded me firmly in the belly. After a while I was

sure I wasn't going to able to wait much longer and told my husband.

Paul laughed and pointed at the clock. Somehow, thirty minutes has passed and

the sudden realisation that we were halfway through the wait had my pulse racing

again.

I pointed to the stairs, "Should we go up now?"

Instead of answering, Paul took my hand and led me to the rear of the house.

Without a word, he slid open the patio windows, letting a breeze wash over our

naked flesh. He positioned me right in the window, placing my hands on the frame

at shoulder height. Still silent, he knelt in front of me and nudged my thighs

apart with his face.

The first contact of his lips on my already swollen pussy had me shuddering. The

breeze was divine, his tongue a perfect complement, and his gentle probing had

my knees trembling. He teased and satisfied by turn, his movements oh-so slow

and gentle one moment, hard and urgent the next. I lost myself in the moment,

all other thoughts flying away, intent only on the pleasure my husband was

bringing me.

I had my eyes closed when I felt his mouth move away, and I murmured a protest.

I opened them when I heard his soft yet shaky laugh.

"Stephs? We've only got ten minutes now."

From heavenly delirium to heart-hammering excitement took only as long as my

brain needed to understand Paul's words. My mouth went dry and my whole body

felt as if a wild, gently electric current was being passed through it. I

swallowed to free my tongue and then nodded, "Good!"

Paul rolled his eyes in delight, "You're ready then? You're going to go through

with it?"

"Put it this way," I managed, "I very much need to come and I don't think I

could stop you making me even if I wanted to."

"Oh fuck, Stephs! You are so hot."

I looked down at Paul's erection, shocked at just how big he looked, "And you're

not?"

"You know it."

On the way to the bedroom I glanced down at my scattered clothing, realising –

truly realising – for the first time that there was no turning back once we got

to the bed. If I still had any lingering doubts, they evaporated in the heat of

my need and passion. I let out a giggle and kicked my discarded bra down another

couple of stairs.

Our movements were now urgent as we both realised that this was going to happen

– and that we had very little time left before Jenkinson returned. If he was

early we would barely be started and I was torn between wanting a lot of

pleasure before he arrived, and wanting him to get here straight away to see me

so naked and aroused.

Paul virtually threw me onto the bed, pausing long enough only to look down at

me spread-eagled and totally exposed before he climbed after me. In a matter of

a couple of seconds, his throbbing cock was nudging at my pussy, my labia

welcoming him with warmth and wetness like never before. When he slid that

length inside me I let out a cry of ecstasy.

He held himself there for a few seconds, his shoulders trembling as he took his

weight on his arms and smiled down at me, "This is how he's going to find us,

Stephs, unless you say different right now. Last chance."

Even at the moment he was giving me a chance to back out and I felt love surge

through me to match the intensity of my lust. Every last lingering shadow of

doubt dissipated before it and I returned the smile. "Just do it, husband."

He punctuated his reply with hard, easy thrusts. "I... love... you... wife."

I still don't know to this day if Jenkinson was early, on time or late, but when

we heard the sound of the car, my heart-rate soared. "Oh god, Paul, I don't

believe we're dong this!"

"Oh, this is real all right."

My excitement was spiralling out of control and I tried hard to block out the

image of what Jenkinson was going to be seeing – and even harder to block out

any thoughts of how he would react. A flash of panic surged through me when the

car's engine shut off, but it arrived at the same time as the realisation I was

rapidly approaching climax. I started to whimper and moan, "Paul, I don't think

I can wait!"

"Easy there, babe," he was trembling, "Just a few seconds more."

I fought the shudders, my mind whirling, but when Jenkinson's voice floated up

the stairs – "Hey, what's going on?" – I began to panic for real. What if he was

mad at us? What if he called the police? I pulled Paul down tight to me.

My mind – my newly dirty mind – came to the rescue... or damned me. What if he

comes in his pants?

My orgasm began to rise in my belly, a surge as insistent as a tidal wave. I

couldn't turn it back no matter what.

As I began to lose control, my eyes turned to the doorway and Jenkinson appeared

there, his face angry.

"What on earth do you think you're-" He broke off, his jaw dropping.

"Sorry, man," Paul gasped, "Couldn't help it. She's too fucking hot."

With that, Paul pushed with his hands, his upper body rising away from me,

leaving my naked breasts totally exposed.

Jenkinson started to protest again but spluttered to a halt, his eyes locked on

my shuddering body. "Oh fuck!"

That did it for me. I yelled out as the first drowning wave of my orgasm crashed

over me. I was totally helpless, totally out of control. As I realised that,

another, stronger wave coursed through me and I was really crying out.

Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, I felt Paul stiffen and his cock

spurting inside me. In the midst of it all I looked over at Jenkinson and saw

his hands at his groin as he started to rub his cock, visibly hard in his suit

pants. Stars exploded in my mind as I came again and again. Paul pulled even

further away and I dimly realised that he was inviting Jenkinson to look at the

length of my nakedness, the air feeling cold as our bellies parted and Jenkinson

was afforded an uninterrupted view of Paul's cock in my exposed pussy.

White light filled me and my whole body shook with the intensity of more

orgasmic spasms. I was lost, uncontrolled, helpless and in a state of true

ecstasy. My back arched and I just about had the presence of mind to look again

at Jenkinson, to see his eyes drinking in my bare breasts, my exposed pussy, my

orgasmic reaction.

I think that view unhinged my mind for a few seconds and I was almost crying

with pleasure as my body responded yet again, another wave of climax shuddering

through me. When Jenkinson let out his own cry, his eyes screwing shut, I knew

he'd come and that set off another chain of fireworks in my brain and in my

belly.

By the time I had subsided back onto the bed-cover, little aftershocks making me

whimper, the two men were panting and gasping for air, and a weird calm settles

over us all. When Paul slid his still half-hard cock out of me and rolled to one

side, I couldn't even begin to cover myself, and the look of joy on Jenkinson's

face sent a final burst of orgasm through me, a single intense pulse that left

me gasping.

After a while – seconds, minutes, I don't know – I heard Jenkinson say "By

rights, I should call the police or something. This is really... well..."

"Sorry, man." Paul said beside me, "I just couldn't help myself. She's too

fucking cute as 'm sure you've noticed."

"Yes... well..." Unbelievably, Jenkinson was embarrassed, "I, um, that is, she

is very..."

"Fucking gorgeous? Say it, man, she won't be offended."

My heart did a little back-flip when Jenkinson swallowed hard and said, "Well,

yes. Very beautiful, very, um sexy."

When I realised that the guy was still staring at my naked body, at Paul's

juices running down from my swollen pussy, I had a sense of reality returning. I

pulled the bed-cover over my legs and pussy, but a tiny rebel part of my brain

made me leave my breasts exposed.

"I... well, thank you," I stammered, blushing under the flush that was already

burning my cheeks, "And I'm sorry if we... well, offended." Speaking to the guy

as he stared at my bare breasts gave me a feeling of power and excitement that I

can't even begin to describe.

Jenkinson managed to look into my eyes, "It's, um, okay. Better than okay, in

fact. I was just shocked at first, but well, you are.. what your husband said."

Paul laughed, "Fucking gorgeous?"

"Yes, that." After a pause, Jenkinson gave a sheepish grin, "Fucking gorgeous."

That sent another aftershock trembling through me, but I didn't dare keep the

game going any longer. I was getting worried about how turned on I still was –

and what that could lead to. I pulled the cover up higher, covering my

nakedness. "Thanks. But I guess we'd better go now."

Beside me, Paul whispered "Sure?"

"Yeah."

"I'd better get your things then."

I put a hand on his arm, "It's a bit late for modesty, isn't it?" I was almost

as shocked as the two men when the words came out of my mouth. It took me a few seconds to work out what I was saying and then the reason became clear. I turned to face Paul, "It's a thank you to you." I glanced across at Jenkinson, "And to you, I guess."

Before I could change my mind – or more accurately, come to my senses – I pushed the bedcover away and stood up, my legs trembling. Jenkinson was well inside the room now, and I took a circuitous route so I didn't get too close to him – but I moved slowly enough that he got a damned good look.

I could scarcely believe what I was doing – or how damned good it felt. I was

feeling powerful, alive, celebratory, sated and yet still tingling with

excitement. A part of me knew that some of these feelings were going to stay

with me now, but another part knew that in a few minutes I was going to feel the

shadows and echoes of my former shyness. It was weird, but those two strands of

self-knowledge freed me up to enjoy the moment all the more.

As I collected my underwear, blouse and skirt, I took my time, turning my body

in all directions, deliberately displaying myself in a manner that would have

been beyond impossible just a few days before. I relished the reactions of the

guys – Jenkinson who would always be a first for me, but who I would never see

again, and my beloved Paul now knew just how sexually provocative I could be,

and who would join with me in celebrating my liberation.

I felt so in control, even when the guys descended the stairs and stood close by

as I dressed much more slowly than I needed to. Every time I focused on the

situation I experienced the strangest sensation of erotic fulfilment and that

glorious power and self-confidence. The touch of my silky underwear against my

sensitive labia and my still-erect nipples sent the gentlest of tingles through

me. The best I can describe that sensation was that it was like the softest,

gentlest and yet most intense orgasm.

When it was all over and we left the house, climbed into Jenkinson's car and set

off back to the town, I had the briefest pang of loss, of a moment over too

soon, but with every turn of the car's wheels I felt more alive and in control

of myself than I ever had before.

At the estate agency, Jenkinson stood with is for a couple of minutes, his

cheeks still aflame, and he thanked both of us in hushed tones. He shook Paul's

hand, a gesture that had my husband smiling at me, and then Jenkinson turned to

me.

"I'm not sure what else I can say, but thank you. Your husband is beyond lucky,

he's blessed. You're the most incredible woman I've had the pleasure to meet."

Even though he stammered the words – or perhaps because of his nervousness –

they thrilled me to the very heart of my soul.

I thought at first he was going to shake my hand as well, but instead he lurched

forward and gave me a hug. It lasted just a couple of seconds before he turned

on his heel and pretty much ran into his office – but it was long enough for me

to feel the hardness at his groin and the trembling that run through his

muscles.

I don't think Paul and I spent more than three or four hours that weekend

without making love.

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It probably goes without saying that I spent a lot of time over the next couple

of weeks trying to come to terms with what had happened – what I had done. It

took a while before I was totally comfortable with myself and my actions, but

all the time I knew deep down that I had done the right thing. It was as if a

switch – my shyness switch, if you like – had been flicked from 'on' to 'off',

and I was a new person in so many ways.

Paul was gently disbelieving at first, but he knew me well enough even then to

see that I was happy with myself. Even so, he was clearly reluctant to ask me

whether I would do anything like that again and it was me who raised the subject

when I couldn't bear to see him torture himself any longer. Perhaps it was the

calm, even way I brought the subject up that had Paul's jaw dropping so

comically.

"Okay," I told him, "Here's the rules: no one we know or will meet again, no

touching, no one too young or too old, no cameras of any sort, no places where

we'd get arrested, and no restraints. Anything else is fine. Got that?"

"Are you... do you mean... are you talking about...?"

I laughed, "Want me to pick your jaw up for you? And, yes, that's exactly what

I'm talking about."

"Wow!"

"Thank you."

Paul shook his head like a cartoon-character trying to re-arrange his addled

brain, "And you're sure about it?"

"I am, husband. You have only got yourself to blame, but your wife has

discovered that she is – or has become – an exhibitionist."

"Now that's blame I'm quite happy to take."

I smiled at his dog-with-two-tails expression. "Good, because I've worked it our

and you really are to blame. It was Newton that got it all wrong."

"Meaning?"

"Well, Newton said that for every action there's an equal and opposite reaction.

The trouble is, you performed an action and my reaction was anything but

opposite. And then you reacted the same way, and I reacted the same way again...

get my drift?"

"I think so. As long as you're totally happy."

"Oh, I'm way more than happy. From now on, it's fun and games all the way. And

nuts to Newton."

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That all happened nearly a year ago, and Paul and I are happier now than we were

even on that day. We still play the fantasy game – played it last night in fact.

It involved a game of cards and... well, I don't have time to tell you right now

because I'm busy learning how to read a marked deck. Tell you what? I'll bring

you up to date in a few days, okay?

# Praise to Pavlov - Stephie Ch. 02

## by [JohnBous](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=956777&page=submissions)©

Well, here I am, as promised, to let you know what's been happening to me since I discovered that Newton's Third Law of Motion isn't quite so accurate after all (if you have no idea what I'm talking about you really need to read my first instalment!). One thing I have discovered since then is that Pavlov was totally right about conditioning. Let me explain...

My husband, Paul, and I had discovered that I like to be caught, preferably exposed and having fun, and when I say 'like' I mean 'adore' and 'love' and 'come like a stream train' -- I'm sure you get the picture. After the episode in the show house, I just had to admit the I love my inner exhibitionist, and the reaction I got from the unsuspecting guy was almost giving me orgasms every time I remembered the incident.

Afterwards, Paul asked me whether I wanted to continue 'showing off'. This wasn't because he didn't think I wanted to, but rather because he couldn't quite believe his luck! My response was immediate and extremely positive -- just so long as we stuck to the rules.

For those of you who didn't read the first instalment (or who haven't got a great memory), the rules are basically that I won't expose myself to anyone we know or are likely to meet again, that the situation always seems to be entirely accidental, that there will be no touching me (other than Paul of course!), and that I have a special phrase I can use to end things straight away if I want to.

With those rules in place, the normally shy me (I am not joking!) can indulge with a clear conscience. It's just a matter of Paul coming up with the scenarios -- and believe me, his ability to conjure up an opportunity for fun has increased a thousand times over of late.

Since the discovery we have spent an awful lot more time having little weekend breaks in distant corners of the country, and never fail to have some fun wherever we go. There are now three waiters from three different restaurants who have memories of me sitting at a table with a blouse button next to my wine glass, apparently un-noticed by me as my blouse gapes very wide... There is an elderly guest house owner on the east coast who has fond memories of the young woman who got locked out of her room in just a tiny hand towel (it may not be original but it was fun!). And there's a couple of young guys who will never forget the time they saw far more than they expected when that girl's dress-straps broke on the dance floor of a club in West London.

All of those incidents were great fun -- they still left me breathless and on the verge of orgasm -- but it soon became clear to Paul and I that we wanted things to get a little more... personal, a little riskier. And let me tell you right now that it's not nearly as easy as you might think to make everything seem accidental -- and I wasn't going to risk changing the rules for anything.

A month ago, though, an opportunity presented itself. Or at least, Paul spotted an opportunity and things happened real quick after that.

We were staying in a proper hotel, a rather nice one in fact, down on the south coast. The limit of the fun we'd been having since we had arrived was me dressing rather provocatively and enjoying the attention in the bar on the first evening. I wasn't in anything too sleazy, just a loose top which promised more than it actually revealed, and a short skirt that showed off more leg than I'm used to.

All the attention was fun, and I did have a couple of dances on the little dance floor with two guys who were obviously happy with my appearance, but nothing more had happened. It was on the second night that Paul came up with his bright idea.

A guy in his early thirties (we guessed) had been enjoying the view of me from his bar stool further down the bar, and periodically went off to make phone calls on his mobile (it was quite noisy in there), leaving his jacket draped over the stool. When this happened for the fourth time Paul's eyes suddenly lit up and a big grin spread over his face. This was a look I knew, and like Pavlov's dogs at the sound of a bell, I began to salivate. Well, ok, I began to produce fluids...

"Ok, tell me! What's going on in that dirty mind of yours?"

"I've got a fantastic idea, Stephs."

"And?"

Paul nodded to the lonely-looking jacket, "I bet his room key-card is in the pocket."

"Well, yeah..."

"And the receptionists changed shifts about an hour back, right?"

"Yes. Now stop teasing!"

In a breathless rush he outlined his plan, "I'm going to grab his card next time he makes a call and go to reception. I'll tell them I need a copy for you because you left yours in the room and I'm going out for a while."

"I don't see-"

"They're all electronically coded and the receptionist has seen me around before. She'll make a copy of the card without checking my actual room number and we can go in there and have some fun."

My heart started to race -- it's an odd feeling, like a boost button has been pressed -- but I still couldn't see exactly how this was going to work. "I don't get it. Why don't we just take his card?"

Paul grinned, "How would he walk in on us if we had his only card?"

My eyes widened until I thought they would fall out of my skull, "Oh my god, yes! But what if he sees you take the card? What if the receptionist won't-"

"Stephs! The receptionist will, I'm sure -- and if she doesn't then it's a case of hard luck, but as far as him noticing goes, that's easily taken care of."

"How?"

"He's had his eyes on you all evening, right? We'll be dancing when he comes back in and I'll have to go answer a phone call myself, right? I'll ask him straight out to take over for a couple of minutes -- easy."

I stared, juices flowing, and nodded. "Oh my god, that really could work. It's going to be a bit... well, close when he comes into the room though..."

"No pressure, my angel, if it's too intimate then we can just be kissing or something."

I thought about it, trying my hardest not to listen to my libido which was yelling 'just do it' like some sort of perverted Nike ad. It would be pretty close in the room but -- damn it -- I was just so desperate to try something so daring again... "Let's go for it!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really! Oh my god... we really can do this, can't we?"

"You'd better believe it, angel."

The next twenty minutes seemed to drag like you wouldn't believe. Paul and I went onto the dance floor and I was pretty much quivering all over as we danced close, waiting for the soon-to-be-lucky guy. Annoyingly, as the minutes ticked past, we both realised that Paul could have taken the card at any time and got the copy. But of course, the longer we left it the more chance there was that the guy would come back just as Paul was dipping. And besides, as we both agreed, it would add just that little extra spice if the guy actually got to dance with me before finding me and Paul in his room! As far as the guy was concerned it would be the biggest coincidence of his life -- and the luckiest.

Finally -- finally -- the guy reappeared and after a final check that I was still okay with everything, Paul broke away from me and intercepted him. A few seconds late the guy was placing his hands on my shoulders and we were off and dancing while in the background I watched as Paul nonchalantly slipped the guy's key-card out of his jacket.

My mind was so full of the white noise of excitement that I barely registered a word that the guy said to me and I realised that he was getting the idea that I was a little bit drunk. A quick calculation on my part had me thinking that this was a perfect thought to place in the guy's head and I giggled stupidly at everything else he said.

By the time Paul reappeared I was almost feverish with anticipation, but still believed that he wouldn't have managed to get the card copied. So you can imagine my reaction when he held up two cards before slipping one of them back into the guy's jacket.

I was in serious danger of whimpering before Paul strode up and rescued me. He thanked the guy and when we were offered a thank you drink, declined on the grounds that we had to be up early in the morning and that I had 'probably had enough' already. The guy was disappointed but understanding and actually shook Paul's hand (and had a last lingering look at me) before we headed for the lifts.

"Still up for it?" Paul asked as soon as we were in the lift.

By way of reply I grabbed his head and kissed him deeply, my body thrust up against him, my bra-less breasts crushed against his chest.

"I'll take that as a 'yes' then," he gasped when I finally released him.

The lift pinged and the doors slid open on the third floor. A thought struck me.

"How do we know which room is his?" It doesn't say on the cards."

"Easy. The receptionist asked but I acted like a moron and said I couldn't remember the actual number, just how to get there. When she copied the card she told me -- it's 312."

"Oh wow! This is really gonna happen, right?"

"If you want it to, yeah."

"I want." I could feel the first flutterings in my belly, the promise of a monster orgasm. "I need."

We ran the few yard to the room (I kid you not) and let out muffled whoops of joy when the door clicked open. Inside, the room was just like our real one -- tiny but neat and clean.

"How far do you want to take it?" Paul asked breathlessly as we closed the door and looked around, "It's really close in here."

"As long as you promise to stick to the rules let's take a chance and go all the way." I could hardly believe what I was saying.

"You mean..."

"Paul, I seriously don't think I could make it back to my room without jumping you now, so yeah, I mean all the way, only..."

"Only?"

"I don't think I can be coming when he gets here -- it's a bit too close for comfort, I think."

Paul nodded. There was only six or seven feet between the door and the edge of the bed, "Reckon you can hold off then?"

"Not a hope, but he's bound to be ages before he comes up here. He was one of the last out of the bar last night, remember?"

He laughed, "Yeah. Plenty of time before he gets here."

"Trust me," I panted, looking around at this stranger's room, "I'm not going to be able to hold on for long."

Even though it was all agreed and even though I wanted it so bad, when Paul slipped my blouse off and eased my skirt and panties down in one feverish movement, I still felt suddenly exposed and way beyond just 'daring'. The sight of Paul's erection as he slid off his jeans had the flutterings in my belly intensifying until I was visibly shaking.

Leaving our clothes scattered, we dived onto the bed and I spread wide, desperate for Paul to be inside me. Within a second he obliged, thrusting his rigid member into my welcoming heat.

He had barely started thrusting when we heard the lift ping along the corridor. We both froze.

"Oh my god!" I stared up at Paul.

He made to slide out of me, but I grabbed him tightly.

"Paul..." My eyes widened as I felt the flutterings become more insistent.

"Stephs..." He pushed deeper, tentatively, "You can't stop, right?"

"No!"

As footsteps approached I began to groan. Nothing I could think of was going to stop me now and no matter how close that door was to the bed, I was going to climax.

"Oh Stephs," Paul thrust harder.

I let out a grunt, the first shockwave sending spasms through my belly.

The footsteps passed by.

We both laughed out loud as more spasms kicked through me and my confused body struggled to know whether to let go to the insistent pressure of the orgasm, or relax back into that state of near-orgasm that was driving me nuts.

We eventually settled back into the rhythm, my breathing eased, and I could exercise just a tiny little bit of control once more. I had to block the memory of the sound of the lift pinging and those footsteps, but I wasn't fooling Paul even if I was conning myself.

"You're waiting, aren't you?"

"I said I think it's too small in here," I managed.

"Yeah you did. So why haven't you come yet?"

"Shut up!" I giggled.

"Oh Stephs. I love you."

"You'd better."

Just as I said that the lift pinged again. Without any warning, I went from barely controlled excitement to pre-orgasmic shuddering. This time Paul thrust harder as footsteps approached once more and I let out a series of grunts and moans as I felt the first waves of orgasm coursing through my veins.

The footsteps passed by once more.

To my shock, I felt the orgasm recede, a few shudders rippling through my belly muscles, a few pulses lighting up my over-excited pussy. I stared up at Paul.

"Oops."

A broad grin had spread over his face, "Looks like your body is telling me what your mind really wants."

"I didn't plan this..."

"I know, angel. But I love you for it anyway."

I let out a groan of pure ecstasy as he thrust hard and deep. "Just... just make sure the rules.."

"They won't be broken, I promise."

With that pledge fixed in my mind, I let my body control itself, matching every thrust from Paul with a buck of my hips, relishing every millimetre of his hardness inside me, his hands on my bare flesh. All the while my body was on the verge of orgasm, swooping close and the drawing back from the very edge, each upswing reaching new heights of pleasure.

Time ceased to have a meaning and my entire focus was inwards as I luxuriated in every movement, every touch and thrust and kiss and bite.

I wasn't even consciously aware of the lift letting out another ping until I felt my orgasm, chained for so long now, suddenly pressing for release. Now though, I came to my sense a little and heard the footsteps in the corridor. I realised too, that Paul had already come inside me once and was now rigid again, thrusting faster and harder as the footsteps approached.

The last vestiges of my consciousness took in the room, the door seemingly within arms reach and a faint fluttering of panic rose in my chest. When the footsteps stopped directly outside, the panic struggled to surface and for a fraction of a second I tried to tell Paul that I had changed my mind.

The orgasm, though, had other ideas. At the very second I fully realised the closeness of the door, became fully aware of my rising panic, it surged higher.

As the door clicked, the first wave of true orgasm shuddered through my belly, my pussy tightening around Paul's thrusting hardness. As the door swung open and Paul raised his upper body, exposing my naked breasts, I yelled out in pure and unadulterated ecstasy as the orgasm took hold.

When the guy, standing just three feet from me looked down and said "Fucking hell!" I lost control completely, shuddering, bucking and yelling as wave after wave after wave of orgasm coursed through me.

This time I felt Paul explode inside me and that just sent me ever higher -- as did the look on the guy's face as he took in my nakedness and my climax.

I tried -- I swear -- to say sorry or something like that, but the guy just shook his head and told us not to stop ('don't you dare fucking stop' in fact).

I couldn't do anything but stare at his face, the lust there bringing me new waves of pleasure. My eyes only slipped away when I heard the distinct sound of a zipper and I found the source just as the guy's rock hard cock slipped into view in the plam of his hand.

I'm told by Paul that my next wave of orgasm had me screaming with pleasure but all I can remember is my mind swimming in pure delight as the guy whimpered twice before coming, his juices splattering over the carpet between us. When I realised that one tiny drop of his juice had landed on the back of my hand, I came again, one final, shuddering, orgasmic burst that almost made me pass out.

Afterwards, unbelievably from my exhausted point of view, it was the guy who apologised. He said sorry for bursting in on us, sorry for 'enjoying it so much' and finally he said sorry for staring at me.

It took me a few seconds to realise that he meant that he was sorry he was still staring at me. I was just too weak, too shaky to do any more than pull Paul down on top of me again at first, and I was grateful beyond words when Paul asked the guy to pass me my clothes.

When he had done that, placing my things at the end of the bed, Paul peeled away from me, leaving me exposed once more and it was all I could do to stop yet another pulse of orgasm before I scrambled to my feet and pulled on my top and skirt. Paul was right beside me through all of that, and yet I knew the guy could have reached out and touched me anytime he wanted to -- or dared to. I blocked out the tiny little voice that wondered what that would feel like.

Finally dressed, all three of us decent, we swapped some more apologies, my heart soaring when the guy asked us whether we could not mention the incident to anyone and how we shouldn't blame the hotel for the card mix up.

After five minutes, during which time my innate shyness showed absolutely no sign of making an appearance, Paul and I left the guy's room and headed up to our own bed on the fifth floor.

When the lift pinged to announce our arrival I let out a giggle.

"What's up, Stephs?"

I grabbed Paul's hand, checked that there was no one in the corridor, and then pushed it under my skirt, brazenly inviting his touch. "I think I'm developing a Pavlovian response to the lift bell."

As Paul grinned and his fingers began to probe, I let out a shudder.

We barely made it back to the room before I was naked and guiding him into my welcoming, desperate depths.

Now this next bit is a sort of taster of what happened just yesterday, but don't get too carried away okay? I need a breather before I set that stuff down on paper (ok, on disk). You'll get to read it soon enough, I promise.

For the next couple of weeks, Paul took to announcing his arrival back at our house by ringing a small, cheap bell that he'd bought at a local store. And I reckon you can guess the effect that it had on me!

Eventually I told him about that little rogue thought that had popped into my head when I was getting dressed in the guy's hotel room. It had been bugging away at me every day and I just had to tell my husband the truth about what had flickered through my mind -- that was only fair after all he'd done for me. Half of me was worried that he'd think I was getting too... weird, but the other half was wondering whether he might actually like the idea. Me? I had no clue what to make of the thought because I was split between thinking that it was either a step too far or a natural curiosity that was the obvious consequence of our fun and games.

Paul gave me one of those reassuring smiles of his, "If the guy had tried it while we were still playing, I would have had to have stopped him because of the rules. But I tell you, Stephs, I really wouldn't have wanted him to."

"You don't think it's too much then? Too weird? And it's only a thought anyway."

"I'd never pressure you, angel, and you know that, right? But... oh Stephs, I get such a kick out of your reactions to these guys and if a little touch made it even better for you... angel, that would blow my mind completely."

"I... I'm not sure I could actually, honestly let it happen, but when I was in the room, if he'd tried and you had been told by me not to stop him... well, I really don't think I would have stopped him either."

After we had spent another hour testing our bedsprings to their limit, Paul held me close. "Were you serious about the touching thing earlier?"

"Yep." There was no hesitation in the satisfied afterglow of our love-making.

"Well, if we adjust the rules a little bit, I think I've got a great idea."

"Really?" My heart rate stepped up a gear.

"Yeah, really."

As I listened eagerly, Paul outlined his idea. Two days ago we tried it out and as soon as I've recovered my wits, I'll write it all down and let you see...

# Bared for Baird - Stephie Ch. 03

## by [JohnBous](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=956777&page=submissions)©

*Yes, it's me again, and as promised here's the latest instalment of my adventures. For those of you who haven't been following my confessions already (shame on you!), I'll set the scene.*

After discovering that I have a latent (ok, not so latent anymore) exhibitionist streak, my husband, Paul, and I have been exploring some new and wildly exciting territories. I won't spend ages going through the details here because I'm eager to tell you all about my latest escapade, but it's safe to say that I've discovered the joys of being caught completely naked and having the best sort of fun.

Paul and I have rules, though, for these games, and we've stuck to them throughout: I won't expose myself to anyone we know or are likely to meet again, the situation we're found in must always seem to be entirely accidental, there will be no touching me (other than for Paul of course!), and I have a special phrase I can use to end things straight away if I want to. Thanks to these, I can fully enjoy our little adventures – and boy do I mean fully!

Anyway, to cut a long story short, after the latest incident in a tiny hotel room, I started to wonder what it would have felt like if the lucky guy had reached out and laid his hands on my bare flesh. I confessed this to Paul and was delighted when he didn't think this was in any way weird. I was even more delighted when he told me that he had an idea for testing out the scenario.

I have to tell you at this point that I feel totally safe with Paul, that I trust him implicitly. If it were any other way, believe me, none of our adventures would have been anything more than a passing fantasy.

So, when he said that his idea would require a slight modification to more than the 'no touching' rule, I kept a perfectly open mind and even listened eagerly to his putative plan.

"How about," he said, "we play out the hotel scene again, but we actually invite a guy back to our room?"

"I don't think-"

"Hang on, let me finish." Paul swallowed hard before continuing, "We invite the guy back because there's nothing to do, nothing on TV, and we feel like a game of cards?"

"And we just happen to pick on a guy? And I guess-"

He laughed, "Trust me, right? Remember when we were playing cards at that hotel in Hastings?"

"Well, yeah, but that was just at the bar and we really were just killing time because there was nothing else to do."

"I know. But that guy in the suit was watching every game."

"And my legs."

"Yeah," Paul laughed, "That's my point. If we'd invited him to join us he would have done, even for an innocent hand or two of cards at the bar."

Something about the look in Paul's eyes was having a strange effect on me, "That's not nearly the same as going back to the room for a game. That would be a bit too obvious."

"Not if it started out innocently enough. And before you say it, if we go to a place where the bar shuts early and leave it until just before closing time, we really could pull it off."

My heart rate began to speed up, "Okay... so what exactly have you got in mind?"

By the time he'd finished outlining his plan I was in a state of extreme arousal – and absolutely petrified at the same time. When he finally asked me what I thought, it took me a minute before I could even trust myself to answer. "There's a lot of things that could go wrong..."

"Not with me there to protect you, angel. The only thing that could go wrong is that he won't play. And you will be able to stop at any time you wanted."

"True..." I said after about five minutes, my mind whirling. I looked deep into Paul's lustful eyes and melted, "I guess it could work... and I think it's a great plan even if I will have to take off things deliberately..."

"But he won't think that. He'll think you're being more or less forced."

I thought over the plan once more. We would lure the guy to the room on the pretext of an innocent game of cards to pass the TV-free time. I would win (using a marked deck, of course) and then start bragging about how good I was. Drink would flow. Paul would challenge me to put my skills where my mouth is and after I'd agreed and set a limit to the number of hands, we would start to play. For clothing.

I would then have the worst losing streak in the history of cards, be forced to strip down to bra and panties and then play one more game... When I lost that one I would refuse to pay up (my bra) and then reluctantly agree to make amends by giving the guys a quick kiss and cuddle. Paul would go first and feel me up as he did so, setting the example for the stranger who would no doubt follow suit. End of game and I would know what it felt like to be... well, felt. Also, with the right underwear (I had just the right skimpy set in mind already), I would feel next to naked.

If I needed any further encouragement, my body provided it, a shiver running the length of my belly and settling warmly in my groin. Even though there was plenty that could go wrong, it was a safe plan and it would follow the spirit of the rules... And I would be able to spend ages being looked at by a total stranger and whoever it was would no doubt be very excited and... I snapped back to the present and looked Paul in the eye. "I guess we could try it out."

There was something about the plan that, even though I would remain clothed (at least partially), left me feeling as if I was going to be more exposed than ever before. If I needed any further proof that the shy version of me was all but dead and buried, my reaction to this thought soon provided it. By the time we checked into the hotel I was almost as eager as Paul to try out his plan.

My pleasure was heightened – almost led – by Paul's delight in our games, and this one had him in a constant state of arousal. Which, of course, meant that I was as well. Just being in a hotel has a very profound effect on me these days, but with the knowledge of what we had planned, it was all I could do to stop myself jumping on Paul right there in the lobby.

We had already checked out the place (or rather, Paul had), and we knew that the bar closed at nine. That left us three hours to put our plan into operation and we spent the first half of that time up in our room torturing the bedsprings. Finally though, it was time to get dressed and head downstairs.

I put on a plain white set of underwear – although by 'plain' I mean un-patterned and translucent, the dark circles of my nipples and the neat line of hair at my groin showing through faintly – and topped these off with hold-ups, a smart skirt, blouse and jacket. I needed Paul's steady (well, steadier) hands to help with the buttons.

A couple of quick shots of vodka from the mini-bar helped steady my nerves before we eventually headed down to the bar with our pack of cards.

The place was almost deserted (this was last Thursday evening) save for an old guy over by the fireplace and a younger business type who was clattering away at his laptop (computer – don't make up your own stories!) at a table close to the door. Paul shrugged as if to say 'que sera, sera' and we ordered large vodkas from the surly-looking barman, trying hard to hide our disappointment.

Paul plucked the deck from his pocket and we settled down to a few hands which, if nothing else, gave me a chance of some more practice at reading the mocker deck. Even with Paul trying his hardest, I was soon winning every hand and we were totally engrossed in the game.

When a voice at our side said "Looks like she's got you beat, mate." I almost fell off my barstool.

From being thoroughly disappointed and resigned to a quiet evening, one look at the guy who had interrupted us was enough to re-fire all of the excitement that I'd been feeling earlier. It was the guy who had been engrossed with his computer when we had arrived in the bar and now that I could see him close up, it was clear that he was no older than either Paul or I, and was, I have to admit, quite cute. With the sudden rush of blood to my ears, I hadn't followed whatever he and Paul had said but quickly realised that Paul was already priming the guy.

"... nothing on the television so I thought I'd try to take her down a notch or two."

"Not very successfully from what I've seen." The guy nodded to our glasses, "Drinks?"

"Thanks," Paul nodded back, "And Stephs just on a lucky streak."

"I am not," I managed, finally playing my part, "I'm just way too good for you."

After some light-hearted bantering, we explained the convoluted rules of the game to the guy and played another couple of hands, with me winning easily, of course.

"I must have married a witch," Paul sighed, grinning from ear to ear. He turned to the guy, "Fancy your chances against her?"

The slight pause before he replied was enough to get my heart pumping even faster as I guessed he'd almost misheard the question. "What? Oh, er, right, I'll give it a go as long as you help."

With Paul guiding him, I let the guy win the third of the three games we played, and put on a brave face while the guys crowed.

The barman appeared in the middle of the celebrations and, with consummate timing, informed us that the bar would be closing in a few minutes. As my belly become home for a few thousand butterflies, Paul ordered a last round for the three of us and made the crucial suggestion.

"That's a pain. Maybe we should continue this upstairs?"

My knees started to shake when the guy responded with enthusiasm, "Sure, why not. Like you say there's bugger-all on the telly and I think I'm getting the hang of this. If you're sure I'm not being a pain...?"

"Not at all," Paul assured him, "Stephs?"

"Fine..." I cleared my throat, "Fine by me. I need my revenge anyway."

I could barely breathe such was my excitement on the way up to our room, and I had to concentrate harder than I've ever done before to keep up my winning streak when we restarted the game, three-handed now, up there. Despite the nerves, I still managed to keep up the bragging with Paul's help, and when he finally made the suggestion about playing for clothes I was so far into the character I was playing that I found answering him easy.

"You wish."

"Scared all of a sudden?"

"No way!" I protested, "I just don't want to embarrass a complete stranger."

"It won't," he assured us.

"See?" Paul pressed, "Tell you what..." He made a show of counting my items of clothing, "We'll just play five games so even when you lose the lot, you'll still be in your underwear." Given that I wasn't wearing my jacket any more, this was a deliberate, pre-planned miscalculation that I feigned missing.

"It's not me I'm thinking about," I managed, hiding my nervousness with a gulp of vodka.

Paul said "Sure" and handed our guest – who we now knew to be called Matt – a tie. "There you go. With that on no one will get too embarrassed whatever the results."

"I still don't think-"

Paul flapped his arms and clucked.

"I am not chicken!"

"Sure looks like it..."

"Ok, you win. C'mon then, we'll play."

Our eyes locked and I saw the promise there (I'll protect you) and the lust (hell, I want to fuck you) and my excitement levels went through the roof. I had to hand the cards to Paul to deal because I really didn't think I could do it myself.

The guys were clearly excited themselves, but that didn't stop them from concentrating like mad on their cards. Even if I hadn't switched from deliberately trying to win to deliberately trying to lose, I don't think I could have won the first game.

"Lucky cards," I sighed, feigning insouciance and sliding off the first of my stockings.

I was a little less nonchalant when the second stocking followed at the end of the next game.

The third game was a nightmare. My cards were so good it took every ounce of ingenuity I had to lose a spectacularly as I eventually did. I guess I'd been concentrating so hard that when it came to losing my blouse and showing off the tiny, almost see-through bra underneath it, I didn't find it nearly as difficult as I would have imagined. The low whistle from Matt brought me right back into the room, though, and I was suddenly sitting in a puddle (if you get my drift).

The look on Paul's adoring face hardly helped matters and when the next game went against me as well I couldn't take my eyes off of his as I reluctantly slipped off the skirt.

Panting, but trying to pass off my excitement as embarrassment, I did a twirl before hastily sitting down again, "Ok, guys, you win. Can I get dressed now you've proved your point?"

Paul shook his head slowly, "We said five games."

"Yep, definitely five," Matt added, his eyes locked onto my boobs.

"But... I'm only in these... we can't-"

"Hey, you were the one that said you were unbeatable."

"Yes, but-"

"And we did say five. Agree on five."

"But..."

"Yes?"

"Well..." my heart was in my mouth, but the look of hunger on the guys' faces was enough to get me sighing and the words spilled out of my mouth before I could stop myself. "Last game then. I don't welch on my bets."

There was a chorus of cheers before Paul dealt again, and I tried to calm myself down. I kept glancing at Matt's eyes, focused on my near-naked body, and this was having a terribly exciting effect on me. I thought of the plan, and of how close we were to seeing it through, wondering what it would feel like when I felt this stranger's hands touch me, my body quivering in anticipation, and yet feeling sure that I just wouldn't be able to go through with-

"Stephs?"

"What? Oh, er, right!" I picked up the cards Paul had dealt while my mind had strayed. They were, beyond any shadow of doubt, the worst cards I'd ever been dealt.

"Problem?" Paul grinned at me.

"What? No!"

"She's worried," he told Matt.

"Am not!"

"Yep, looks like our lucky night."

Matt's 'oh, wow' had my belly fluttering. But not nearly as much as when I lost that final, fifth hand.

Amidst the guys' whoops and cheers, I sat there not having to feign shock. I just hadn't realised how big this moment would be, and having sat there for almost ten minutes in my tiny, almost see-through underwear, I was feeling a weird sort of excitement that threatened to bring me to spontaneous orgasm. I hardly dared speak, but finally summoned up enough voice to say "I don't think I can" – the line that Paul and I had rehearsed.

"I thought you said you didn't welch on a bet? C'mon, fair's fair, let's see you!"

"Yeah," Matt joined in, "It's only fair."

I came within a second of saying the magic words that would have had Paul saying that the game was over, but then I looked at Matt's eager gaze and, way more importantly, I looked into Paul's lust-laden eyes. The sheer intensity of his look was enough to bring that orgasm oh-so close to the surface. My decision was made for me – but even so, an inner panic had me saying completely the wrong words.

"Look... how about this guys? We'll play one more game and if I win, then I'll just give you both a quick kiss but if I lose I'll take it off like I promised?"

"That's what you owe now!"

"Ok, ok, I'll take it off and serve you both drinks before I get dressed again?"

Paul shook his head, "How about you play for your panties?"

"No way!"

"And if you win," he went on, unperturbed, "you can keep everything on."

It was a way out – if I won. My inner panic would be satisfied and this Matt guy would have got even longer to look at my near-nakedness. But what if I lost? No, of course I wouldn't lose – I could read the cards...

"If you can't make up your mind," Paul laughed, "We'll just take our due payment right now..."

"Ok! You win. One more hand." I'd said it without moving my brain, and suddenly the prospect of the excitement of the outcome - whichever way it went – almost overwhelmed me.

The butterflies in my belly were hammering at me and my mind was a fog of lust as the cards were dealt. I dared not look into the guys' faces for fear of starting to climax right there and then, and it was a full minute (maybe more) before I came to my sense sufficiently to understand that the hand was almost over. And that I was going to lose.

"Oh yes!" Paul's triumphant howl was matched by another from Matt.

I just stared down at my hand. My losing hand. One glance up into Paul's eyes and I knew there was no turning back. With shaking legs I stood up and stepped away from the table.

I faced the two guys and shook my head, "I guess you won't give a girl a break?"

"Pay up, my angel."

We were in unknown territory now and I shot Paul a look, trying to say to him that I was close to losing control and that I was counting on him to keep me safe. When he mouthed the words 'just a touch, no more' I almost collapsed with relief.

My only problem quickly became the level of excitement I was reaching. My hands were shaking so badly when I reached behind my back that it took me several attempts before I got a grip on the clasp of the bra. Blocking out all my doubts and fears, I snapped it open and paused. If I'd felt naked before – sitting there in my skimpy underwear, or even being caught in another hotel room a few weeks before – it was as nothing to how I felt now, on the verge of removing that flimsy cover from my tingling breasts.

My hands wouldn't move for the longest time, and only the looks on the guys' faces broke through the freeze in my muscles. Not believing it was actually happening, unable to comprehend that it was me doing this thing, I shrugged my shoulders and straightened my arms. The bra fell to the floor, my breasts bared to the eager gaze of my husband and... a complete stranger.

Through the white noise of my excitement, their whoops of delight barely registered. It was only when I heard the concerted chant of 'the rest, the rest' that I came even close to my senses.

I realised that I was in a hotel room with a stranger. That I had bared my breasts to him and was now going to bare the rest of me. I was going to be totally naked, totally exposed to his eager gaze. I felt helpless. I felt hornier than ever before. I felt an orgasm pulsing on the verge of freedom. I felt a wave of trust for my wonderful husband.

I put my fingers under the waistband of my panties and pushed them down my legs without another thought, and stood upright, completely and utterly bare to their gazes.

Nothing like this had been discussed in the plan, and now my immediate future was in Paul's hands. The release was almost overwhelming and I could feel my control slipping away, could feel the orgasm threatening to wash over me as I stood there. My pelvic muscles contracted without volition and I shuddered as the pressure of the orgasm took my breath away.

My immediate future was in Paul's hands... the word 'hands' penetrated the haze and I remembered what had started all of this – my desire to find out what it was like to be touched by a stranger... I just about managed to gasp, 'oh, Paul' before the shuddering took complete control.

The only words I recall clearly from the next minute or so were when Paul pushed me gently down onto the bed and he whispered 'fuck I love you so much'. That shredded the last vestiges of my control and the orgasm began to course fully through my body, each wave peaking higher and higher. I felt Paul's hands fumbling at his waist and then the heat of his rock hard erection pressing at me, entering me and bringing forth another cry of delight from my throat.

My mind reminded me I was being fucked right there in front of Matt and I looked around wildly to see him just a couple of feet away, his suit trousers sliding down his thighs as his hand fumbled his erection out of his boxers.

That sent me riding on another wave of ecstasy and I was yelling for all I was worth now, letting every ounce of control free. It just couldn't get more intense, my frantic mind told me between waves of intense delight. And then I heard Paul say 'help me here, man, I haven't got enough hands'.

My eyes shot open and zeroed straight in on Matt's free hand as it reached out, slowly at first, towards my bare breasts. Paul lifted his shoulders and his chest rose up, exposing me completely.

From somewhere I heard a voice saying 'yes' over and over. And realised it was me.

Matt's hand shot forward now and landed squarely on my left breast, cupping it completely, the lust evident in the trembling of his fingers as they closed over it. I pressed against it, scarcely believing what it was doing to me, the next wave of orgasm sending my brain fizzing into the ether, its rockets powered by Paul's explosive orgasm deep within me.

I blacked out for something like a minute as my body convulsed repeatedly, and when I regained some semblance of consciousness, I felt the heat from Matt's juices as they sprayed over my arm and my belly and my breasts. A final, earth-moving tremor pulsed through me and I wailed my delight to the heavens.

It was a real case of mission (or rather emission) accomplished, and for the first time, Paul and I had strayed from the plan and yet arrived at exactly the right place. In the aftermath of my pyrotechnical climax, I found myself naked on a bed with Paul panting and gasping on my shoulder, and Matt – a stranger until an hour or two beforehand – equally exhausted on his knees beside the bed.

There was a lot of 'wows' and 'oh, mans' and barely intelligible gruntings, and through it all I just lay there with my mind simmering in the afterglow, somewhere far, far beyond happy.

Eventually Paul whispered 'ok?' into my ear and I nodded a 'yeah'. I looked over at Matt to find him staring at my still naked body and felt a wave of my old shyness wash through me.

"Enough, I think," I told him with a smile, and pulled the sheet over me.

"Sorry."

"Don't be silly. I think I just got a little bit carried away, but it's okay, honest."

Paul nodded, "I'd say okay was an understatement, but yeah."

Matt gave a sheepish grin, "I agree. Way better than okay. You're..." He glanced at Paul for some sort of permission before carrying on, "you're just so... well... hot. No... I mean yes, hot, but... really... gorgeous."

A fluttering sent a tiny echo of my climax thrilling through my veins, "Thank you. Really."

"My pleasure, I promise."

Paul sat up slowly, taking care to make sure the cover stayed over my body, "I guess I'd better say that we'd be real grateful if you didn't go around-"

"I won't say a word, I swear!" Matt interrupted, "I'm... well... let's just say I'm supposed to be somewhere else tonight and I'm kinda laying low. Besides... I don't want to share this with anyone."

"Thanks, man."

"Yeah," I said, "I really appreciate that."

"The thanks are all mine," Matt said. He stood and adjusted his clothing, his back turned to us. "I don't think I've ever been so pleased that there was nothing on TV."

That little act of modesty almost had me laughing out loud until I realised how hypocritical that would be with me smothered in the bed-covers after all I'd done!

Paul rolled away from me and grabbed the two robes hanging on the bathroom door. He pulled on his own and threw the other onto the bed beside me. I looked at Matt's back as he tucked his shirt. For just a tiny little while longer, some trace of the wild version of me was still in control, and satisfied as I'd never felt before, I was happy to leave the reins in her hands. I sat up and swung my legs off of the bed, standing naked for a few seconds before picking up the robe and slipping my arms into it. As I pulled it closed, I looked up to see Matt staring at my nakedness once more.

Those butterflies gave a final fly-past and I held the sides of the robe open for just a couple of seconds before muttering, "A bit late for modesty, I guess" and finally covering up.

I couldn't believe how relaxed I felt about everything. Or how happy I was.

We said our goodnights and waved Matt off to his room before shutting the door and staring at each other for a few seconds before letting out delighted yells and diving back onto the bed.

That was a couple of nights ago. I've been through the usual mental post-mortem, both alone and with Paul and the result is – I'm just so happy with absolutely everything.

I've had to tell Paul a hundred times already that I think the whole thing was fantastic – even the off-script stuff. And I've had to admit to myself that the feel of Matt's hand on my naked breasts gives me the most incredible thrill whenever I remember it. Paul's asked about that as well and he's admitted that it had a powerful effect on, seeing me touched like that.

Earlier on this evening he asked me – ever so hesitantly – whether I'd maybe consider doing something like that again. If the thought of it hadn't brought a rush of colour to my cheeks, I might have been able to prevaricate. But there again why bother?

I said 'yes'. Paul said 'great, only I've had a brilliant idea...'

And boy is this a brilliant idea.

After telling you all about getting Bared thanks to Baird (John Logie Baird, that is), I rather think there's going to be another chapter to my adventures. And don't worry – I'll be back very soon to share it with you.