**The Twins' Birthday**

by GeorgieH

Wendy and I prepare their special birthday treat.

It all started with my dopey sister-in-law, Wendy. She's always been a little 'showy' - short skirts, tight little T-shirts and all that sort of thing - whereas I've always been too embarrassed to expose too much flesh (I don't even sunbathe topless when no-one can see me). My husband, Dave, always tries to encourage me and reckons that I've got an even better figure than the gorgeous little Wendy, but I guess I'm just too shy. Or at least ways I was.

Dave and his brother Tim (Wendy's husband) are twins and Wendy and I normally prepare them a special meal for their birthday and we were going to do the same this year until Wendy pointed out that it was their 30th and that she thought we should do something really special for them. She suggested we should dress up in really sexy gear to serve them their food and my first reaction was to run a mile. As I said, Wendy's quite daring and I'm not (or wasn't). I tried to dissuade her but we were sitting in her living room sipping wine, and by the time Tim came home and I left all I had managed to do was to persuade her that I was too embarrassed for anything really sexy but that I'd settle for short skirts and a skimpy top of some sort. That's the trouble with me mixing wine and Wendy - I end up in all sorts of trouble.

When the day arrived we went the boys to the pub while we prepared and then opened a bottle of wine to sip at while we were getting the meal ready. By the time we could leave the kitchen to get ourselves ready I was already a little tipsy and Wendy had spent the past hour and a half persuading me to go through with her little plan. I wasn't tipsy enough to let her get away with much but, despite my natural reticence, I was starting to feel a little bit excited (Dave, I knew, would enjoy this and I tried not to think of Tim's reaction).

We took another bottle of wine up to Wendy's bedroom and I found that she'd already spread out loads of skimpy clothes for us to try on. She had already said that she would find something for me to wear (I don't even own stuff like that let alone wear it!) and as we are similar sizes she reckoned that she'd be able to find something. I had been petrified before the wine, but now, as I say, I was getting a little excited and by the time I'd finished another glass of wine, I was giggling and staring at myself in the mirror wearing a tiny silk bra and panties. The bra barely covered my nipples and if they hadn't been so hard I doubt whether it would stay up!

Wendy was wearing a tiny g-string and nothing else and had somehow persuaded me to complete the outfit with a loose fitting mini-skirt and a low-cut blouse which was almost transparent. Oh well, I said - 'It is their birthday'. I was just about to step into the skirt, shivering a little with the thought of the boys eyes when they saw us (especially me!) when the front door opened.

'Perhaps we should just go down like this?' Wendy suggested making for the door.

I grabbed her, giggling, 'No way! It's bad enough as it is.'

'Well, it is their birthday,' Wendy mimicked me and we cracked up again.

I pulled her back to the bed and we finished dressing, Wendy calling out to the boys that we'd be down in a minute. I looked at the finished article in the mirror and a little, treacherous, thrill went through me. Even with the blouse on Tim and Dave had a clear view of the tiny bra which in itself was see-through enough to show a shadowy outline of my still-rigid nipples. The skirt barely covered my bum and when I turned sideways and bent over a little it rode up to show my tiny panties. I wondered if there was still time to back out of this but the wine and Wendy mixture had left me a little too excited. I glanced over at Wendy who was dressed almost the same as me but whereas my blouse was simply low-cut, hers gaped as she bent to admire her own view, and the tiny bra underneath was almost completely see-through. Not only would Dave get a kick out of seeing me like this, but also Wendy! Funnily enough, instead of that upsetting me a little it only served to excite me even more.

Nevertheless, Wendy still had to drag me forcibly out of the bedroom and downstairs. Outside the living room door Wendy stopped me and smiled at me, her face a little flushed. 'Well, it is their birthday,' she whispered, giggling quietly. I giggled back, even when she quickly undid the topmost button of her already revealing blouse and then followed it by doing the same to mine. I was about to protest but a firm hand in my back propelled both of us into the room.

'Hi, guys,' Wendy trilled.

Dave and Tim turned round a stared, their jaws dropping open. 'Wow!' Dave gasped and crossed over to me (giving an appreciate glance to Wendy as he came!).

'Happy birthday,' I told him, kissing his still gaping mouth.

'Definitely,' he hugged me hard and I could feel a distinct hard-on pressing into my groin. The feel of it excited me even more and all of a sudden this dressing up seemed like a great idea.

Wendy and I disentangled ourselves from our respective spouses and headed for the safety of the kitchen where we closed the door behind us and giggled together. 'I think we've pleased them,' Wendy commented, 'Did you see the fronts of their Chinos?'

'How could I miss,' I giggled (although I hadn't dared to look at Tim at all at that point).

Wendy, gasping a little quickly grabbed one of the prepared starters and headed for the dining room where the boys had been told to sit down. I followed quickly with the other before my nerve failed me. Not quickly enough though! Typical Wendy, instead of serving Tim she made straight for Dave and made a great show of bending over as she laid the dish on the table in front of him. His eyes, naturally enough gaped down the blouse at the tiny bra and Wendy's shapely breasts. Surprisingly (for me) this display - and Dave's reaction - gave me another thrill of excitement and I found myself at Tim's side before I realised it. 'Oh well, it is their birthday' I thought before copying Wendy and leaning down in front of Tim. It wasn't until I saw his napkin move on his lap, and noticed where his eyes were fixed before I realised that I was showing him more than I'd shown any other man apart from Dave. I glanced down my own blouse (along with Tim) and saw that the top halves of both nipples were visible - only their hardness keeping the bra in place at all. I straightened up quickly and looked over at Dave. He was staring backwards and forwards between me and Wendy and looked like the happiest husband in the World.

I shivered again and headed quickly back to the kitchen as Wendy wished them both 'bon appetite' with what I though was a little too much emphasis on the 'tit'.

I was gasping a little bit when we were both back in the steamy kitchen and had shut the door on four wide eyes and two gaping mouths.

'Think they're enjoying it so far?' Wendy asked.

'So far? How much further is there to go?' I giggled.

By way of answer Wendy undid the remaining buttons on her blouse and dropped it to the floor.

'We can't-' I began to protest, but she stopped me by saying that the boys had seen everything underneath already and then by unbuttoning my blouse. She pulled it off my shoulders and I stood there trying to make up my mind. Wendy's nipples were dark, hard and plainly visible through her bra and I realised that Dave must have seen exactly what I was seeing now. Again, perversely, it excited me more - especially when I remembered that Tim had seen a little of my own nipples. I looked down at the tiny bra I wore and made to adjust it so that they were completely covered, but Wendy stopped me.

'Tim's always said he'd like to see more of you, so don't disappoint him,' she laughed.

The wine had obviously done more than I thought because I just gaped at her and began to really enjoy this for the first time. 'Well,' I thought to myself, 'Dave and Tim seem to be enjoying this and Wendy obviously doesn't seem to mind And, of course, it was their birthday....' I giggled and shrugged, and Wendy laughed too, her flush deepening.

'You do realise,' she added, 'we've been shedding one layer of clothes per course. Pity there's not a pudding!'

'Wendy!' I admonished, momentarily imagining myself without the skirt. But the trouble was that I could. The look on Dave's face had suggested that I would be repaid a hundred-fold for what I'd done so far and all I could seem to think about was the massive erections our performance had induced. I looked down at my near-exposed boobs and then at Wendy. My panties, under the skirt, were brief, but Wendy's were almost non-existent. God knows why but Wendy's naughty ideas seemed to have taken hold.

'Well, if you're so disappointed...' I began and then lunged for her skirt. It was fastened by a single button which popped open as soon as I touched it. The skirt fell to the floor revealing her see-through g-string.

Wendy squealed and looked at me open-mouthed. I guessed that Dave would love this view and knew, as I thought it, that I'd have to do the same. I couldn't begin to imagine what Dave would think if I wandered out like that, but I knew he'd enjoy it. And for the first time, I also knew that Tim would - and wanted him too. The thought made me blush and I couldn't believe how excited I was beginning to feel.

Wendy shook her head, smirking. 'Come on then!' She nodded at my skirt.

I giggled and fumbled with the tiny zip. Some tiny element of doubt re-asserted itself and I began to protest but Wendy stopped that by tugging at the recalcitrant zipper and the skirt joined hers on the kitchen floor. I looked down at my near naked body and shook my head again, ready to protest that we might be taking things too far. Boy, I couldn't make up my mind. One second all I could think about was how much Dave (and Tim!) was enjoying it and how excited I was, the next my old embarrassment was taking over. Wendy ended my internal debate by shoving an oven-cloth over my hand and pointing to a plate (smiling evilly).

Not really believing I was doing it, I picked up the plate and followed Wendy to the kitchen door, my acres of bare flesh feeling more exposed than I could ever remember. Before I had a last chance to protest Wendy opened the door and all I could see was those four wide open eyes and two wide open mouths. I had expected somehow to be able to avoid going to the table, but when I saw Dave's appreciative gaze I just followed Wendy into the room.

I felt totally naked - especially when Tim's gaze seemed to follow me every inch of the way to the table. I glanced at Dave and he was shaking his head in pure delight - his eyes skittering between the two near-naked females presenting their dinners. Wendy glanced back at me and I was amazed to see her blushing furiously before opting to set her plate in front of her husband rather than mine as she had done with the starter. The sight of her being so 'coy' forced the last few dregs of embarrassment from me, and the look on Dave's face as he gazed at Wendy's butt before looking me up and down seemed to soak my skimpy pants - I had never felt so excited, daring, naked! in my life.

I set the plate down on the table with shaking hands and whispered a breathless 'Happy birthday' to Dave. He reached out to grab me, but by now I was able to tease a little and stepped backwards quickly. My butt bumped into Wendy's and we grabbed each others hands before dashing for the kitchen.

We were giggling like crazy when we managed to close the door and Wendy was shaking her head at me in disbelief. 'Did you see the looks on their faces?' she giggled.

'Well,' I began, giggling myself.

'It is their birthday!' Wendy finished, laughing.

We sipped some more wine while we quietened down and I stared at the view Dave had got of Wendy. Tiny g-string, her blonde pubes showing through, tinier bra, her dark nipples plain to see - and then I looked down at myself. The panties were translucent and my much darker hair was clearly visible - and, although the tiny bra wasn't exactly see-through, my left nipple was now in plain sight. I gasped a little, wondering whether it had been that way in the dining room. And whether that was one of the reasons why my brother-in-law was sporting the most incredible hard-on inside his smart Chinos. I just couldn't imagine that this was me! And not could I imagine just how happy Dave was. Tim getting an eyeful of me and him getting an eyeful of the wonderful Wendy.

I looked down at my exposed nipple again and giggled. 'Glad there's no more courses!'

Wendy reached out a twitched my bra-strap. 'What about the whiskey?'

I stared at her aghast. She couldn't be serious, could she?

Laughing again, she stretched out and slipped one strap off my shoulder, my right boob popping out of the flimsy cup. I stared down at myself again and tried to put thoughts of how Dave - and more importantly Tim - would like to see that, and shook my head. 'I couldn't,' I suggested, not covering my naked breast.

'I will if you will,' Wendy teased, her face flushed and her breathing fast. She reached behind her back and paused, a lascivious grin on her face.

I couldn't think what to say, let alone what to do. I was trembling with excitement, fear and something else that I couldn't describe.

'It is a special birthday, after all,' Wendy went on, giggling a little. 'Go on, they'd both love it!'

My mouth just kept opening and closing like a goldfish. Dave would love it - especially knowing that Tim would see me - and suddenly I realised that I was quite keen too - although, surely, I couldn't be. As I said, I don't even sunbathe topless when no-one can see me. 'I... I-' I began.

Wendy undid her bra, hanging on to the straps behind her back. 'Look,' she said breathlessly, 'I've always wanted to do something like this for Tim - and he's always going on about you - and Dave's really nice, and, and, and... it is their birthday.'

Just the knowledge that sexy Wendy was as nervous as me seemed to have some effect. I didn't manage to actually sat anything, but when I smiled and shook my head, Wendy let go of the bra straps and shook it off.

Her breasts are gorgeous, small and firm with dark nipples, and she looked down at herself as if she couldn't believe what she was doing. Dave, I knew would just about come in his pants when he saw this and the sight of Wendy and the thought of Dave sent something close to an orgasmic wave through my body. Still not quite believing it, I reached behind my back and unclipped the bra. Like Wendy, I took a while to actually let go of the flimsy garment, now knowing that Tim was going to be seeing me topless.

Not even giggling now, Wendy grabbed two glasses and handed them to me before picking up the bottle of Bells. 'Let's go!' she gulped, shrugging but not moving to the door.

I looked down at my naked breasts and across to hers, biting my bottom lip. Dave, I guessed, wouldn't be able to keep his hands off me. Maybe not even off Wendy! Tim I supposed would be the same way. By now I wanted Dave to see me like this - and Tim - but a thought nagged at my mind. 'What if they want to... you know, touch us?'

'Don't you want them to?' Wendy grinned, a little sheepishly.

Once again, her embarrassment seemed to free up something in me. 'I guess I wouldn't stop them,' I giggled.

She grinned back, more her old cocky self. 'Either of them?'

I feigned a look of horror but then shrugged - feeling as daring as I'd ever done in my life.

Wendy stared down at herself and then at my half-naked bod. She took a deep breath and asked 'This is a very special birthday, isn't it?'

I nodded, suddenly wondering where this was leading.

She set the whisky bottle down and came across to me, placing her hands on my ribs, just under my naked breasts. 'I really appreciate you going along with this,' she whispered and indicated what she meant by delicately stroking the underside of my left breast, 'but...' she tailed off looking embarrassed again.

'What?'

'Well,' she stammered a little and then went on hurriedly, 'Tim's wanted me to do something like this for the longest time, and.....'

'And?'

She sighed and seemed to reach a decision. 'And... I want to do it right.' With that she let go of me and put her hands on her hips. 'If you really don't want me to.....' she began before sliding her tiny g-string down her thighs. It fell to the floor and she stared at me.

I stared at her totally naked body, her flush now down to her small breasts, the tuft of blonde pubic hair shining in the bright kitchen. I thought of Dave looking at the same view and felt the by-now familiar tingle of excitement again. And I thought of Tim seeing me the same way - and how Dave would enjoy it so much. Suddenly, after all the years, it was little embarrassed me that was raring to go. I set the glasses aside and hugged Wendy, feeling her firm breasts against mine, and her warm body in close contact. 'Well,' I whispered into her ear, 'it is a special birthday!' I stepped back and quickly slid my own panties to the floor.

The sudden feeling of air against my normally covered areas made me feel as exposed as I ever had and I began to doubt my resolve. Dave, Tim.....

Wendy giggled and grabbed my arm. 'Come on!'

Before I could protest she dragged me straight through into the dining room.

'Happy birthday, lucky fellas!' Wendy called, her voice a little constricted.

Dave and Tim turned round and stared, amazed and obviously happy. They were standing by the table, and I swear to you I could see their dicks shoot upright in their trousers.

Now that I'd done it, I couldn't believe I really had. I stared at Dave and Tim as they eyed both of us in turn and realised that for the first time in my life, I'd actually stripped off for a stranger. I was naked. Not just my breasts, but everything!

And I was enjoying it! Tim's eyes were definitely spending more time on me than Wendy and Dave, I saw, could barely take his eyes off Wendy's gorgeous little tits. I took a deep breath, swelling my boobs as much as possible, and trilled a nervous 'Happy birthday!'

Tim and Dave began to clap, shaking their heads and gazing in awe.

Dave took a step towards me, and I felt a little relief after being so bare and exposed but gasped when Tim grabbed his arm. They nodded to each other without a word (twins!) and then, grinning even broader, swapped sides and came towards us - Tim towards me and Dave towards Wendy. At the same time we both raised our hands, giggling, wondering what they were up to - but, deep-down, knowing it already.

I couldn't stop him as Tim took my outstretched hand and pulled me to him. 'Just a birthday kiss,' he muttered, 'And a thankyou.' He pulled me close and kissed me on the mouth. I could feel his huge erection and my naked skin against his clothes. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Dave hugging Wendy, one hand on her bare butt, the other alongside her breast and I realised he wanted to touch her naked tit.

Instead of jealousy because of what he wanted to do, I was shocked to find that I was a little jealous because I wanted Tim to do the same to me!

Then his hands moved to my shoulders, pushed me back a little and he gazed down at my bare breasts. 'Thank you,' he whispered, and his hands slid down, over my collar bones and onto the soft (heaving!) flesh. I could feel the roughness of his palms against my erect nipples and he squeezed my tits so gently that all I could do was moan. I glanced at Dave and saw him kissing Wendy's tits and I immediately pulled Tim's head down on to mine, thrusting them hard against his eager lips.

Wendy was groaning loudly and delightedly and she reached out to me, grabbing my hand. I squeezed back as Tim's teeth nibbled gently.

'I've wanted to say this for ages,' Wendy gasped, 'Tim, could you take me upstairs and fuck me? You two come too,' she finished to me and Dave.

Tim lifted his head, muttered 'Yes!' and sent his hands all over my body, even between my legs which had me gasping for air. He stepped away from me with a final look and a final caress of my bare breasts and the grabbed Wendy. Dave and I followed them upstairs, expecting to be shown the spare bedroom but we were dragged uncomplaining into the master bedroom where clothes still littered the bed.

Wendy threw them on the floor while Tim threw his clothes off. He and Dave finished undressing at the same moment and all I could see for a few seconds were these two massive, engorged cocks - engorged and massive because of how Wendy and me had behaved. Wendy threw herself onto her back on the bed and spread her legs open, no more shyness left. For just a second, I thought that Dave was going to throw himself on top of her (and for a moment, I almost hoped so!) but he just lent over her and kissed her left breast before pulling me down onto the bed beside Wendy and Tim who had already jumped on board.

Like Wendy I just lay down and spread them and Dave's massive cock was inside me in a second. I was so wet and excited and wound up, I felt the first tremors of orgasm almost straight away and with Dave's cock so hard and hot, and with Wendy and Tim grunting and groaning just a few inches away I finally let go. I came and came hard, and I don't really remember too many details of the next few minutes other than Dave pulling Tim's hand onto my bare boobs and Dave himself caressing the groaning Wendy. I loved every tiny second of it.

A while later the boys rolled off us and Wendy and I grinned at each other as we just lay back, exposed while they stared at us. 'Special birthday!' Wendy giggled and we reached out and hugged each other. Unbelievably, this seemed to set Dave and Tim off again.

Dave and I went to their spare bedroom and spent most of the next six hours humping away like crazy (and listening to Wendy and Tim doing the same) before dozing off, sore, happy and exhausted.

I woke up at around ten in the morning to find Dave caressing my breasts and grinning from ear to ear. 'Thanks,' he whispered to me. The full realisation of what we'd got up to the previous evening came rushing back - hand in hand with a delicious shiver of excitement. Not only had I granted Dave a really outrageous favour, I'd thoroughly enjoyed it. I remembered the look on Dave's face when we first went into the room totally naked - and the look on Tim's. I giggled and blushed. 'I still can't believe I did it.'

'Nor me, but thanks anyway,' Dave said. 'How did it feel when Tim did this?' he asked, stroking my naked breasts.

I was going to try an outraged look but spoilt it by groaning with pleasure. Dave laughed and slid on top of me, his dick hard and hot against my somewhat sore pussy. He slid easily into me, feeling bigger than I'd ever felt him before and we rolled over together so that I could straddle him - a position we both adore. I leaned forward so that he could kiss and suck on my rock hard nipples, riding him slowly.

Dave was almost purring as I sat back fully impaled on his massive erection. He grinned up at me and nodded towards the door. 'It's not quite shut, you know. What if Tim was to walk in now?'

I glanced at the door and then down at my bare tits. Dave had begged me to loosen up and be proud of my body - to show it off for him. I had never had the nerve before but Wendy and the wine had broken some sort of dam and, although I doubted whether I'd ever go quite as far as I had the previous evening again, just the memory of being exposed - and touched! - excited me like nothing had ever done before. 'What if he does,' I almost gasped, 'After all, he's seen it all before, hasn't he?'

Dave's mouth gaped a little and he began to thrust a little harder under me. 'Are you serious?' he panted.

I don't really think that I was, but before I could answer Dave, a dirty grin on his face, called out 'Tim! Wendy!'

I gasped and grabbed for the sheet, meaning to roll off Dave and cover myself but his legs locked around mine and he grabbed my arms. I was about to protest in the loudest terms but the feel of his massive dick inside me and the knowledge that it was my behavior last night that had ended up with both of us being hornier than we'd ever been before (alright, and the sight of Tim's face staring at me - and his hands touching me... and his nakedness just beside me) - all of that stopped me.

'If that's what you'd like,' I gasped at him. I leant back and puffed out my chest. Dave looked astonished and excited beyond belief, and he released my arms slowly as if he thought I'd go back on my word.

When I heard footsteps outside the door I almost did try to cover my bare boobs but the look on Dave's face, the feel of him inside me and a new found sense of daring stopped me. ...

The next hour taught me more about myself than I ever imagined there was to know – and it's changed me forever. I wanted to tell you all right here and now but Dave is a bit of a tease and he wants me to wait and write some more once you've all had a chance to tell me what you think of it all so far...

I'm waiting...

The End - The Twins' Birthday

**Exploring the New Me**

After discovering new desires, it's time to explore them.

After the twins' birthday dinner, and more to the point after the effect Wendy and a bottle or three of wine had on me, I was in a state of shock for a week or so. From a shy, demure (honest!) young woman who had never so much as accidentally flashed a guy, I was suddenly thinking all sorts of strange things.

Whenever I looked into Dave's eyes and saw that he was thinking about that wild night, I would start to tremble with excitement. Whenever I thought about his brother's eyes on me as Wendy and I got more and more daring, the trembling was worse.

I spent those days trying so very hard to make sense of what I was feeling, what had changed within me. And even when I did finally work out what was going on, I then had to get myself to believe it...

Quite simply, it was the daring of the act itself -- doing something so wild and liberating... and best of all, it was the thought of me doing it. When my husband's brother had seen me like that, and when my own husband had got so turned on by his brother's eyes all over me... it kinda blew my mind. It set a wild part of me free that had been chained up my entire lifetime. And the pleasure I got out of it was like nothing I'd ever experienced before.

But after managing to be that honest with myself, what on earth was I supposed to do next? Part of me just knew I had to experience something like that again -- but the old, shy part of me just didn't have a clue what I was going to do about it.

I was so confused that I thought I was going slightly mad -- until Dave finally had enough of my sudden silences and little spells when I lost myself in thought. One night he sat me down and talked and talked and talked until I finally admitted what was on my mind.

When I'd finished explaining, all shame-faced and embarrassed beyond belief, to my shock, he laughed, pushed me back onto the bed, ripped off my panties and without a second of foreplay began to make love to me. Okay, he fucked me.

And it was heavenly.

For the next couple of days we talked about ways I could start to explore this whole new side of me. The trouble was, the shy part of me, the sweet, demure me, just couldn't face actually carrying out some of the lovely ideas Dave came up with. Plus, I was adamant that I wouldn't replay the whole birthday night thing because that had nearly gone further than I would have been comfortable with afterwards.

I couldn't imagine that I could ever deliberately show off to another guy and we couldn't come up with a plan that would let me try it out and make it seem like an accident -- which was what we had pretty much agreed was the only way forward.

Then Dave had a great idea for a compromise. He suggested that we find a way for me to be almost naked or to be doing something very normal and yet doing it in a daring way that no one else would know for sure I was doing...

It was last summer when he finally gave me a suggestion I thought I could actually go through with. It was simple, it should leave me unembarrassed, and it would make me feel so very daring. Quite simply, we would take a long ride on the tube trains here in London, but with me wearing just a raincoat -- absolutely nothing underneath.

The thought of being so exposed under the coat with so many people, so many guys, so close to me, had my pulse racing. No one would -- or should -- get to find out, but it could be a very, very close thing...

It sounded simple and foolproof, and with Dave promising to stay right by my side though it all (and having promised a totally serious oath not to interfere), I just knew that I could do it.

Even then, it took me a fortnight to pluck up the courage to go through with it, and another week to find a coat that was light enough that it didn't look to weird to be worn in summer, and which covered well enough for me to be sure that I wouldn't be accidentally flashing someone if I moved in a certain way.

We chose a weekday late morning for the real deal run, and the circle line which should be busy enough to make things hot, but not so busy at that time of day that I risked being crushed when dressed like that.

When it was time to walk down to the station, Dave made me stand naked with the coat wide open in our hallway for five minutes before we stepped out into the street -- making me feel totally and absolutely exposed under the thin material of the coat. It also made me feel so incredibly daring that when we did actually step outside, I began to worry that I might just have an orgasm before we reached the end of the street.

The breeze was light but it reached under that coat and caressed my naked flesh. And positively intimated itself in my private places.

The hem of the coat was a couple of inches above my knee -- and would be a little higher than mid-thigh when I sat on the train -- and the top button was fastened at the same level as the very top of the upper slope of my small breasts. The way the wind felt, I could have been just as easily naked.

If I thought just walking along the street was fantastic, when we finally boarded a train and I could see four guys within a few feet of me, I thought I might whimper out loud. Dave was obviously becoming aroused as well, which certainly wasn't helping me!

I had thought that as our journey progressed I'd get more relaxed, but I was in for a shock. The hem of the coat was, as I said, mid-thigh when I was sitting there on the train but it sure felt a whole lot higher and I had only been on there twenty minutes when I just stopped myself from crossing my legs. About five minutes later a guy got on and sat directly opposite me and quite openly eyed up my legs which almost had me wriggling in my seat. But the best was yet to come.

The Circle Line passes through the Embankment station just by Charing Cross and when we stopped there it was like a whole trainload of people clambered on. A guy ended up standing right in front of me, strap-hanging and reading a paperback. With him in the way I couldn't see if the guy opposite was still eyeing up my legs, and I took the chance to lean forward, hold onto the hem of my coat and shift my legs to one side. But when I sat back and looked up, the guy standing in front of me was staring openly at the top of my coat.

I just knew that it must have gapped a little as I leant forward and a thrill run through my whole body. My hand tightened on Dave's and I glanced at him to see him smiling broadly -- he'd seen the guy looking and loved it.

My strap-hanger stayed where he was long after there was room to move down the carriage and the longer he stood there, the hotter I was getting. Finally, just as we're slowing down into Liverpool Street, the guy folds up the paperback he's read like one word of and reluctantly lets go of the strap. My mind was whirling and I acted without even thinking.

I leant forward, pretending to be getting ready to stretch my legs into the space he was leaving, smoothing down the bottom of the coat. I glanced up as the guy's eyes bulged and then quickly looked down at the front of my coat. I hadn't realised just how much was on view, and the sheer shock at the sight of my own nipples made my heart jump into my throat.

I sat back, looking anywhere but at the guy, and squeezed Dave's hand so tight that I felt him wince.

The guy was hesitating and I couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted him to stay or go. I was a little bit scared but a whole lot excited. When the guy finally let out a low whistle and then dashed for the doors, I almost had a spontaneous orgasm (and that was exciting beyond words, as well).

It was a real case of 'thank you, lord' when we were able to dive off the train ourselves two stops later and run back to our flat near the Barbican. Even then, I didn't think I was going to make it inside without losing control -- a situation totally not helped when Dave flicked open the top button of the coat on our doorstep.

It had gone further than we had planned -- but my excitement was way beyond anything I could have imagined. Dave fucked me in the hallway -- up against the wall, with me still in the coat -- and my shouts when I come were the loudest and most meaningful of my life.

Right from the second we got off that train, I just knew that something fundamental had changed in me -- no matter that it all still petrified me -- and I also just knew that it wouldn't be long before I was trying something else.

And of course, Dave was right behind me. And on top, upside down, in the shower... you get the picture. It was mostly his reaction that gave me the strength to carry on... or maybe, it was his reaction that made me quite so desperate to carry on.

The very next weekend, we booked a hotel room in Brighton and headed off for the coast with a whole new plan.

Saturday night (after an afternoon of non-top sex which did nothing to quench my desire) found us in the bar of this hotel, sitting a few stools apart at the bar, near the dance-floor. I was wearing a little number that we'd chosen together at a nice shop back in London, and I was feeling as daring as ever before. The back-less, silky dress had a halter top with a tiny tie at the back of my neck. The front was in two panels, fitting loosely across my boobs, and the skirt came just above my knees with a long split up to my left hip that could only be seen when I took a long stride or when I crossed my legs on the barstool. Which I did.

It wasn't long before I was being offered drinks from 'the gentleman down the bar' -- three different gentlemen during the first hour. Finally one of the gentlemen, a cute young guy in an expensive suit, plucked up the courage to actually come up to me, and as he approached I could see his eyes getting wider. He was almost stammering when he got there and asked if I could care for a dance.

I guess he couldn't believe his luck when I said 'sure'. He certainly couldn't when I slipped off the barstool and bent down to straighten the skirt of my dress. I could feel the front panels hanging forward, the warm air of the bar feeling cool as it stroked my already rigid nipples which were now in plain view of my would-be dance partner.

I straightened up and ignored his bug-eyed look, leading the way to the dance-floor where a slow number was playing.

The guy didn't immediately hold me close -- he was too eager to catch another view down my top I think -- but my mind was so feverish, I didn't care. He took one of my hands in his and placed his other hand just above my left hip. Somehow he managed to make small-talk -- asked me my name, where I lived and so on -- and somehow I managed to answer.

When the track changed to another slow one, I made no move to go back to my stool and the guy -- Julian -- grinned like the proverbial cat. Well, I was getting kinda creamy... Anyway, a few seconds into the track, his hand slipped from my hip and travelled a little lower.

Now like I said, I was wearing this sexy dress. And nothing else. And after a few seconds, Julian worked this out.

Dave and I had a signal worked out for when I needed rescuing and when Julian's hand roamed right onto my butt, I almost waved to Dave -- but as Julian did this we moved closer -- close enough for me to feel the erection in his suit trousers. Even though I knew that this should be the reaction to the way I was dressed and the way I was behaving, it somehow still surprised me -- and sent my pulse rate soaring.

When Julian then asked me whether I was with anyone, I knew exactly what was on his mind and just couldn't help myself but press against him. Somehow I managed to say that I was, but that my husband wasn't here yet, and that Julian wasn't to worry anyway.

He asked me four times whether I was sure, absolutely sure, totally sure and completely sure. When I nodded, my head now on his shoulder, he let out a whistle and said "then I just gotta tell you, you are one sexy woman".

I could barely draw enough breath to say thanks, and wouldn't have managed it at all if Julian's hand had moved from my hip and up my side before I'd said it. When his fingers hovered on my ribs, the tips on the bare flesh of my side, I just held my breath and danced on.

Scarcely believing I was letting him do this, I didn't so much as flinch when his hand slid higher, a few millimetres at time. When he paused and asked me yet again whether I was sure, I just shushed him.

The pause seemed endless until finally his thumb moved upwards, it pad brushing across my nipple. I groaned softly -- I didn't have a choice -- and louder when he slipped his palm over my breast, cupping it fully for a few seconds.

It might have gone further but I felt the first flutterings in my belly that heralded an imminent need. I told Julian very quickly that I'd just seen my husband, that it was all ok, that I really enjoyed everything, and then spun on my heel and dashed over to Dave.

He took one look into my eyes, and I into his -- and we almost ran for the lift.

As soon as we were inside we started to kiss -- those desperate, needy kisses of the truly horny -- and Dave's hands were all over me. When he yanked the top of my dress aside, baring my breasts, I just groaned with pleasure. When he whispered 'don't you care if someone gets in?' I just kissed him deeper. Dave's hand slid into the split at my hip and his fingers quickly found another, hotter, wetter split. As they entered me I started to spasm, almost out of control.

The lift stopped, the doors opened, and Dave moved me so that I was up against the edge of the open door, stopping it from shutting. I needed to get back to the room, needed to come so bad, and I tried to tell him this.

Then I saw the look in his eyes. The smile. He wasn't going to give me the time... The shock of this took every last vestige of control away. I looked down at my bare breasts and started to orgasm right there in the lift doorway.

I'm loud at the best of times, but now I was beyond caring about anything and let out a series of yells as I climaxed so very, very hard. And just when I thought it couldn't get any better than this, the door at the end of the corridor clattered open.

The realisation that it wasn't just me that was coming had me gasping as I orgasmed again. We were going to be caught and I was loving it.

As the footsteps grew louder, my orgasm reached new peaks. And when Julian stepped into my line of sight, I screamed with pure unadulterated delight.

I could barely hear for the rushing in my ears, but the words 'fucking awesome' from Julian kept the waves of pleasure coming, and the words 'feel them if you want' from Dave made it though the white noise.

I stared in disbelief and delight as Julian's hands appeared and started to caress my naked breasts, Dave's fingers working a magic like never before in my pussy. One final massive wave of ecstasy crashed through me and the next thing I knew, I was being held upright by my husband and this stranger I had met just a few minutes before.

Somehow I managed to say a silly-sounding 'thank you' and then started to laugh with pleasure.

Dave and I thanked Julian again after I had pulled my dress back into place, and Dave offered to have Julian's suit cleaned -- since it was stained rather a lot at the front of the trousers.

Finally, though, I lost my nerve (don't laugh) and we dashed back to the room.

That was last summer. I've been exploring my new-found inner naughty girl a lot more since then. I'll tell you all about it very soon...

The End - Exploring the New Me