

# **Rachel Reveals All**

**By Rachel Ellis**

*My life story as an exhibitionist.*

# RACHEL REVEALS ALL

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## Preface

Hi, I'm Rachel and this is my story about my life and what it has been like being burdened with the urge of being an exhibitionist. It is intended to be an insight into the thoughts and actions of a real girl / woman who is a closet and sometimes not so closet exhibitionist. This I fear will be a fairly tame story for some readers as this is about a real person and you need to get to know a bit about me and my feelings along the way in order to get the most out of it. If you like fast moving stories where the sexual gymnastics start in the first paragraph before you know anything about the characters then this story will not be for you and you should move on. My story is erotic but it is a slow burn and you need to get into the rhythm of it. What makes it erotic is that these are real events that have all happened to me. It is not an unbridled fantasy like most erotic fiction where anything and everything can happen but probably did not.

This is an unusual story in that it will give you a rare insight into the mind of a real live mature woman exhibitionist. No real woman will normally be available or willing to share these real life emotions, confessions and insights and I am only doing it because I enjoy it and it is a turn on to tell you exhibitionist and voyeur aficionados what it is really like being a lifelong exhibitionist. I have a husband, a reputation, and a career and I cannot just do the things that people make up in unbridled fiction but in this story, I will tell you what I have done in real life. No one in my family and very few of my friends know these things about me but such is the bizarre nature of the internet that you, whom I have never met, will.

If you do not like subtle stories about the urge to exhibit one's body and be naked in front of others, then please do not read it. Similarly, if stories about threesomes and having sex in public offend you then please do not read it. Finally, if you

disapprove of me I appeal to you to keep it to yourself and not leave spiteful feedback criticising me as a person.

How can I be so candid and indiscreet about telling you about my life? Well obviously for one thing Rachel is not my real name and but apart from my husband's and my names everything else in this story is real. As I say, I feel driven to write about my experiences because I find it such a turn on. In addition, I have been writing about my life on internet sites for quite a few years now and my revelations have always been very popular. Readers often ask me for a new story but they forget that I actually have to have some more experiences to have some more to write about! I have written several short stories about my different experiences but this is the first time that I have brought them all together into a single book.

There are a great many ordinary people out there living ordinary lives who harbour secret desires and fantasies. It gives such people an outlet and a release to have the chance to read about the actual experiences of a few who are prepared to actually share their experiences with others. For some it is enough just to read about others and live their lives vicariously through them. For others they go through their lives feeling unfulfilled and frustrated. Only you can judge who is right. Many readers email me to say they feel the same urges as I do but are frightened to act on them. They would love to have the courage to do some of the things I have done. All I can say is that with everything in life it is choices. What you gain on the swings you lose on the roundabouts. Everything has a cost. If it does not feel right to you to risk your marriage or relationship just to seek sexual thrills then don't. My personality is such that I do not seem to have any choice as I am so driven to do risqué things.

## Chapter 1. Rude Awakening

Much later, when I came to again, I found myself on a blanket on a beach and I could hear the sound of gentle waves rolling up the sand nearby. It was just starting to get light; dawn was breaking behind the mountains; I had apparently been out on the beach all night. There were three guys dressed just in shorts, probably in their late twenties, softly chatting and lying with their heads resting on my thighs and chest smoking.

I saw to my horror that I was wearing nothing at all. Then it hit me. I remembered walking along the beach with the three boys. I had the most almighty hangover. My head hurt and I had a raging thirst; I was so thirsty.

I saw what a disaster I was. I thought, "What the hell have I done?" I was covered in sticky bodily fluids and running in sweat with my legs wide apart. Some more recollections came flooding back into my thumping head. The three boys had apparently put their shorts on again whilst I had been comatose. My first reaction was to cover myself up too. I looked and reached around for my panties or skirt but there was no sign of any of my clothes anywhere around me.

The tavern along the beach where earlier I had been dancing and partying now seemed to be in complete darkness with all its lights out. Christ I am in so much trouble I thought. I had to get back to the boat where I was staying with my husband and family and I was supposed to be. I felt tired, ravaged, and conquered. It was chilly and I felt cold and frightened. I became even more scared and upset and curled up in a ball on the blanket whimpering and appealed to the boys to give me a cuddle. The boys put their arms around me, consoled me, and reassured me that I had loved every minute of it, and had a great time, and so had they. I knew they were right. I could not pretend I had not encouraged them every step of

the way. They made me start to feel a bit better. They were lovely and I enjoyed cuddling up to them and being close to them. It was just lovely to be so appreciated and wanted. To be honest I was flattered that these young fit guys had found me so sexy and desirable at forty. I wanted to prolong this wonderful sublime moment a little longer before I had to return to my real world and face the music; that would come soon enough I thought.

How had I got into this situation? How did I get here? What has happened to me? It is a long story. My life story. Let me go back to the beginning. Right back to my childhood.

## Chapter 2. Let Me Introduce Myself

Let me tell you a little about myself. I'm now in my mid forties and have been married for twenty- odd years to my husband Andy. We have two now grown up children and we live in the south west of England. I have shoulder length hair, which is now in a sort of medium red- brown shade courtesy of regular trips to the hairdresser. However, over the years, I have had it various shades of blond, and auburn and even black for a while but that did not suit me and I hated it. If I had all the money that I have spent at the hairdressers, I would be a rich woman. I am pretty in a girl next-door sort of way. People say I have a nice smile and that my eyes and face light up when I laugh which is as often as possible.

I have always had to watch what I eat but have kept the weight off and remained slim and weigh about 135 lbs and am 5'5" tall. I have always liked to dress in such a way as to make the most of what I have and look as attractive and feminine as I can. I work full time in a high street office in a professional job (don't want to give too much away) and so get the chance to wear smart two-piece suits with above the knee skirts. When the sun comes out, I look nice in my short summer dresses and skirts. I love to look and feel sexy (which is most of the time) and have always enjoyed sex in all its forms but at the same time, I am quite a needy person who needs to be liked. That is why I really do care what readers think about me, and I love it when I get flattering and admiring email but equally hate it when I get critical and hurtful feedback. So if you do write to me please be nice! I am a sensitive soul.

I always wear nice lingerie and just the thought that it is there turns me on. Back when I was twenty I was very slim, probably too skinny really and my breasts were smaller too before I had had children. I am only about 34 inches now but back then I was sporting no more than 32 inches but they

were very firm and pert. Rachel is not my real name of course although I do like it and it does suit me but I need to protect my anonymity if I am going to share all this intimate stuff about me.

I met my future husband Andy at the beginning of my second year at Bristol University. We were not on the same course and we just got talking at the bar in the students union. We clicked right from the word go and it was one of those situations where within half an hour you just knew that as a minimum we were going to be great friends and there was sexual chemistry between us from the outset. We became a couple pretty much immediately.

If I am honest, I have always been an exhibitionist-I was born like it although of course I did not know that it was a recognised disorder with a name until I was grown up. What I do know now is that it is a very strong compulsion that is very hard to overcome. I have always had a thing about enjoying taking my clothes off. I adore swimming in the nude in the sea although the opportunities for this in the UK are obviously very rare. Increasingly I discovered that I found brazenly exhibiting my body thrilling and I wanted more and more of this thrill of teasing blokes and even girls to be honest. Anyone will do! I just love being naked in public although sadly due to all the obvious reasons I have not actually done it that many times. They say there is a stripper inside every woman-well there definitely is inside this one.

I have always loved the feel of being naked and always loved running my hands over the cheeks of my bum and over my thighs and breasts. From a young age I have loved squeezing my thighs together when I am naked and feeling the sensation that I get of squeezing my pussy between them. I love the feeling of cool air around my fanny when I take my knickers off and the greatest delight is jumping into a cold swimming pool or a warm Jacuzzi stark naked. I love the

freedom of nakedness and the complete lack of restriction through not wearing clothes. At home I prefer to parade around naked or semi naked as often as possible although I do not do this when the kids are about.

I have always wanted to take my clothes off in front of people and find it a real turn on. I just do not understand why most people are so worried and embarrassed about even a glimpse of their bodies being seen. If I am in a changing room at the gym the other women usually go to such lengths to keep covered up and not be seen even by other women whereas I love the excuse to parade around naked legitimately and dry myself without any shyness at all-quite the opposite actually. I would actually prefer it if changing rooms were mixed but I suspect not many women would agree with that.

When you read my story some of you may be shocked or appalled at some of the things I have done but I want you to know that I do not consider myself to be promiscuous or loose; I have not had that many sexual partners compared to what you hear is the norm for young people today. I have stayed married to my husband and been married only once and not so many people can say that nowadays can they? My condition, if you want to call it that, is that I am a compulsive exhibitionist-not a slut.

I need to have feelings for a man I have sex with. I do not believe in pure physical animal sex and get no pleasure from it. Ok I have broken this rule on a couple of occasions through being drunk or exhausted and tired but these experiences have only affirmed my beliefs. I do not like to simply have sex. I need to 'make love' to a guy with all the kissing, foreplay, emotions, and cuddling that goes with it.

## Chapter 3. Strange Yearnings

One of my earliest memories of exhibitionism was when I was only about only eight years old. I hope the moderators do not panic at this point. Don't worry it is all perfectly young and innocent really. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I had gone to my auntie's who lived nearby to play with my male cousin who was the same age. My mother was at work and I remember it was a hot summer afternoon and my auntie was keen to sunbathe herself and had set us up with a paddling pool and hosepipe in the garden. I, of course, knew nothing about sexual urges at that age and did not understand what was driving me but I remember even at that young age wanting to get out of the stupid bikini I had been put in. I also remember wanting my cousin to take it off me but I suspect he was and remains 'normal' and you have to be pretty weird to want to be stripped off by someone else at age 8 but I am just being honest with you.

Anyway, I remember we were squirting each other with the hose and completely soaked and I decided that I would strip off and instead dry off with a large towel around me. Can you believe that I actually laid down on the grass giggling and dared my cousin to pull my bikini bottoms down? After a bit of persuading and a lot of giggling, he did too. I learnt then for the first time how unbelievably wonderful it felt to be undressed by another person. When I felt those briefs travelling down my legs I was hooked for life. To this day, I love the feeling of someone else pulling my panties down. I took my top off myself and that was the first amazing pleasurable experience I had being naked with an audience. My cousin thought it very funny. My cousin was very impressionable and in awe of me and followed suit.

I rolled around on the grass showing myself off giggling for a few minutes not understanding why it felt so interesting and

not knowing that this was early sexual arousal. I then wrapped myself in a bath towel. I have always loved being naked in company with a massive towel around me and I can trace it back to this young age. This then led to me dancing wildly with this towel flying around and lifting up and falling off, and my cousin was doing the same, and we were laughing in hysterics. This inevitably led to us both abandoning the towels and dancing around completely starkers and laughing at the top of our voices. This disturbed my auntie who came to investigate and was shocked at what she found and I was immediately ordered sternly to get dressed, as was my cousin. I didn't think we were doing anything wrong and clearly there was nothing sexual but she seemed to think it was a big deal and told my mother and I never got invited back to play with my cousin which I thought was an overreaction. My cousin, of course remembers the incident perfectly well and often brings it up when we see each other.

## **Chapter 4. You Should Have been Riding The Same Trains As Me**

Something else that sticks in my mind from my school days was when I took all my clothes off on a train. I am fast-forwarding to my fifth form and so I was aged about fifteen I suppose. I used to commute by train for about thirty minutes and for the early part of the journey I was with a group of friends but they all got off before me and I was always left to do the last fifteen minutes on my own. I do not know why but I became obsessed with the challenge and the dare to myself of taking all my clothes off between two stations. It used to be that there was a ten minute run between the third and second to last stations and every day I used to dream about whipping all my clothes off as the train pulled out of the station and getting them on again before it arrived at the penultimate station. I knew there was enough time; the issue was whether I could be sure I would not be caught in the act. This obsession went on for weeks until I had worked out my plan and was then inexorably drawn to execute it.

I can remember my school uniform so well. In the summer, it used to be a thin pink cotton dress with feint narrow white stripes. It used to fully button up from top to bottom at the front. In truth, I had grown two inches since I got this dress two years before but it was only worn in the summer term which was coming to an end so there was no point in buying a longer one. When I sat down the hem used to rise up obscenely above my mid thigh. I was always trying to tug it down in vain but as you can imagine I loved that dress.

In those days, some trains had lots of small individual compartments with a corridor down one side of the coach. At the rear of the train, they used to have the First Class compartments, which were always lightly used anyway and I

decided I would do it in one of those. However, there still remained some risk but it was a risk I felt so drawn to take. The final piece of my plan was to make a hand written sign that the compartment was out of order and not in use. As I say, there were about sixteen compartments in each coach so they would not miss one and I chose almost the very last one at the rear of the train anyway. Each compartment had a sliding door to the corridor in the middle and a glass window each side. There were plastic roller blinds that could be pulled down on the two windows and the door to give privacy from the corridor. It is many years since such coaches were retired off but older readers in the UK may remember them. On the day in question as soon as the train pulled out of the station I pulled the three blinds down in my first class compartment and stuck my notice on the glass with sellotape such that it would be visible from the corridor. I was well prepared as you can see. I was so excited that I was finally going to do this thing and hoped that it would stop preying on my mind in the future when I had got it out of my system.

I was dressed, as usual, in the thin cotton dress and no tights so I was able to get that and my bra off in an instant. I could have got my panties off just as quick but I wanted to enjoy taking them down slowly. The seats were bench type so I laid myself out down the length of one side. I gathered up my dress and bra and put them up in the overhead luggage rack. It was important that I could not see them in order to be properly stripped off. The whole situation was so scary with the prospect that another passenger or the train guard could have opened the door at any moment that my arousal was immediate. I thrust my fingers into my pussy, which was sopping wet and pulled my panties down with my other hand. I drew my knees up and when my panties were just left over one foot and ankle I ceremoniously kicked them off onto the floor and went for gold in triumph. I reached down to sweep them under the seat out of sight. And so I was now naked as

the day I was born with no clothes visible around me. God it felt so sexy. My free hand was now available to run over my nipples and stroke the side of my thighs and generally help arouse me. I spread my legs as wide as I could and put my hand between them and went to work on my firm and very reliable clitty. I was always good at bringing myself off but the circumstances this time were so erotic that a speedy conclusion was guaranteed and so there I was moaning away coming and stark naked in my very own railway carriage.

After I came I looked at my watch, and looked out of the window to check where we were and knew I still had about 3 minutes left and I stood up and started cavorting and dancing around the small compartment. As luck would have it another train came in the opposite direction and I was able to dance around stark naked in full view of anyone looking out of the window on the other train; it was delicious. That left me about a minute and a half and the train was already slowing down. In a panic, I just put the cotton dress on again and buttoned it up but there was no time for underwear. I whipped the notice down from the glass and released the three roller blinds back to open. Unbelievably at the next station a businessman did board the train into my coach and walked along the corridor. It was no accident that he chose my compartment, as I am sure he wanted to ogle at a pretty and nubile young school girl- the dirty old man. I chuckled though as I thought if only he knew I was not wearing any underwear and what he would have seen if he had been in the carriage a couple of minutes earlier!

The old man sat opposite me in the carriage and was staring at my cleavage and legs. I had left open the top and bottom buttons so I was showing lots of cleavage and acres and acres of thigh. I had my legs crossed but because the bottom button was undone and the dress was very short anyway the dress separated for about 12 inches at the bottom and fell

each side of my leg such that the two halves only just came together at the edge of my naked pussy and did little more than cover my crotch. Having an old man voyeur fixated on me was the icing on the cake for me after my daring strip moments before. I think he had been hoping to intimidate me but he had met his match with me and my overt Lolita display was actually embarrassing him.

## Chapter 5. Memories Of A Good Girl Guide

My next experience happened during the summer holidays soon after my strip on the train. It happened at a huge summer Guide / Scout camp down in Polzeath in Cornwall, and looking back it was the first time I really acted upon my exhibitionist urges with an audience. It was the week when I first gave free reign to my strange yearnings. It was a sort of coming of age moment.

About 20 of girls and us guys were hanging out one hot afternoon unsupervised in a farm barn. Some of the kids were smoking. I don't think we were supposed to be in there. There were some quite high beams and ropes up in the roof over a lot of straw bales on the ground. Some of us girls were doing some gymnastics up on the beams.

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

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

So saying nothing but with a broad grin on my face I unzipped the side of my skirt and let it drop to the bales below. I had got to first base. The justification was perfectly credible; I had only taken it off so I could do some more gymnastics. Nobody looked too shocked. So I was dressed in just normal teenage girl white panties and a dark blue T-shirt. I duly executed a couple of impressive somersaults, and then laughed with relief.

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

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

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

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

He immediately got lots of support from the other guys.

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

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

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

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