

The last six months have been exciting, sexy, frightening, arousing and expensive. Let me explain.

I have always been the adventurous type when it comes to sexual games although my husband is happy to join in for some things. About six months ago I saw a video of a crossdresser using an iPad app to determine the fate of his/her clothes. I quite fancied trying something like that. Not for clothes ripping as such but for taking me out of my comfort zone.

I did some research and found the app and installed it. It worked just like a roulette wheel. I could enter as many things as I wanted then spin the wheel with my finger and it would spin, then slow down and pick something to do. You could also save a number of different wheels. I couldn't wait to give it a try and wondered what to do first. I am somewhat of an exhibitionist and so decided to start with that.

I used one wheel to pick six different locations ranging from the park to the shopping centre. I spun the wheel and it picked a country lane. Reasonable for what I planned. I drove there and with my husband waiting in the car I spun the wheel again to determine how far to walk down the road. It picked 50 paces.

I got out and walked the 50 paces then spun the wheel again. This was the difficult bit because whatever came up only I would know but I was determined to see this through. I had on 5 items of clothing if you count my shoes as 1 so I spun to see how many would come off. It was 2 and so off came my shoes and my t-shirt leaving me in a bra and jeans.

I walked back to the car reasonably quickly but not before one car had passed. Once at the car I then drove to my abandoned clothes and redressed.

Straight away I wanted to do it again so I spun the wheel and got the High Street. Now my heart was racing. We drove there and parked at one end. I spun the second wheel and it was 50 paces again. I walked the distance and was passed by 3 people. With my heart racing I spun the wheel and got the number one. Chickening out I took off my shoes and placed them in a doorway before walking back to the car. A quick drive reunited me with my shoes and I risked one more go.

This time it was the car park and I parked on the top floor where it was quietest. Again I got 50 paces and I walked as far from the pedestrian exit as I could. This time the spin was 5.

Nervously I stripped all my clothes before walking back to the car. I was about half way back when I heard the door go. I looked round to see three young men come through. I ducked down behind one of the other cars and watched. They were walking directly to where my clothes lay. As the first one reached them he laughed and shouted. Picking up my knickers he held them up like a trophy. The second guy picked up my bra and swung it round his head. I wondered what to do. I certainly wasn't going to try and claim them back. After what seemed ages they dropped my undies back and I waited for them to leave. Then, to my horror, they picked my undies, t-shirt and jeans and dropped them over the edge before running to their car and leaving.

Returning to my car we drove over and retrieved my shoes and David gallantly lent me his sweatshirt to cover my embarrassment. When we got back down to the street there was no sign on my clothes and we drove home quickly!