**Fancy Dress Frolics**

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A true story told from the perspective of a female ex-work colleague of mine. This happened around twenty years ago and she has never told anyone else, including her husband (the boyfriend in the story). Names have been changed just in case...

Hi, I'm Katie and i'm in my early 20's. I'm quite small in size, just five feet 4 inches tall. I have 34C breasts which are above average for my frame, but the fact I have a very tiny waist makes my breasts and arse seem larger than they actually are.

I'd known Paul as friends since we were at school together, and then we both ended up going to the same university we became boyfriend and girlfriend when we were eighteen. After finishing at university, both of us getting firsts, Paul got a very well paid job with a law firm, but I, unfortunately, couldn't find a suitable job so after finding out about a receptionist post at a local factory from another old schoolfriend, decided to take the job to get some savings (and pay off my uni debts!) and to relieve a little boredom of being at home alone.

Paul's job was so good after just six months he had put a deposit down on a four-bedroom house right on the outskirts of town, and I moved in with him. Of course, he really didn't mind me walking around topless, in fact, I lost count of the number of times we had spontaneous sex because he'd got an erection just watching me walk about. I don't think the neighbours minded me walking around topless either, as Paul kept reminding me I needed to shut the curtains if I'd put on a light, as anyone looking in would see everything. It all seemed so natural to me I couldn't see what all the fuss was about.

Anyway, one day I went into work and took a load of holiday snaps for people to look through. A trip had been booked to Cancun in Mexico but Paul had to cancel due to a work commitment, so I had gone with my family. When I got my first break I found Steve, I'd known him since we were toddlers and we went to the same schools, our families knew each other but had never visited each other's houses. He was the friend who'd told me about the job. As he went through the photos he looked more and more shocked.

"Are you sure I should be looking at these?" he asked.

"Yes of course" I replied, "Why would you think you couldn't see them when I passed them to you?"

"I thought you'd given me the wrong ones, you're topless on most of these" he explained. Who are the other two topless girls?" he continued.

"They would be my elder sister Marie and my mum" I answered.

All three of us are a very similar build, so much so that mum always gets told she could pass as another sister. Paul found that out to his embarrassment when he walked into my parent's kitchen one evening and seeing my mum standing by the sink with her back to him, told her in no uncertain terms what he intended doing to her when he got her home, presuming it was me. Luckily my mum laughed it off and thanked him for the compliment. I think he was blushing for a week afterward.

Steve was bemused that not only had we spent virtually the whole two weeks topless, but it was also my dad that had taken most of the photos. I didn't see what the issue was. Things took another turn after work. We were walking towards the city centre to go for a quick drink before we all headed home, a few extra people had tagged along, mainly some of the warehouse guys who'd took a longer time looking at the photos than most other staff. We had to walk along a busy main road to get to the city, when one of the guys decided to be cheeky and loud enough so that I could hear, shouted "I don't believe Katie has any white bits, and if she has we won't get to see them"

They all started laughing loudly but soon stopped when I turned towards him, lifted my skirt at the side, and hooking a thumb into my knickers pulled them down my hip a bit, just enough to show a small white stripe where I hadn't tanned. It seemed like an eternity but then they all cheered and started high fiving him for asking, this also started a wave of beeping car horns from drivers who'd seen my little flashing session.

I innocently told Paul about it when I returned home, and he gave me a puzzled look.

"Why would you deliberately flash in public like that?" he asked. "Is it a turn on or something?"

I told him I didn't see any problem, they'd only seen my leg and hip, it wasn't like I didn't have knickers on and they'd seen everything. We agreed to disagree about this, Paul expressed his disappointment in me deliberately showing myself off but did accept that I hadn't shown off too much after all. This issue was highlighted however in an incident that following weekend.

Paul had told me that the football team that he supported had a big game against a rival, and he wanted to invite some friends around to watch the game on television while they all sunk a few beers. I agreed and added that to leave them in peace I was to treat myself to a pamper session. The guys came around and I retired upstairs. The house had been designed with an en-suite shower in the bedroom, but also had a separate bathroom and toilet rooms.

I filled the bath with hot water, washed my hair, and had myself a shave and wax all over (Paul really enjoyed what he referred to as my 'fresh look') then applied a face mask, put in some wireless sound-canceling earpods to listen to some music (and also drown out the sound of the guys downstairs shouting at the television), and settled into the bath. I'd treated myself to some scented candles, and a new bath bomb that had only recently started to be sold. The bath bomb made my skin tingle, and while listening to the music I lay back with my eyes closed.

I topped up the hot water twice when it started to cool, after a while I realized I'd been lying in the bath for just over one hour. I removed the face mask, got out of the bath, and dried myself off. I turned to go to sit by the mirrored dressing table we'd put in the bathroom, and realized I couldn't dry my hair as the hairdryer had been left downstairs. I'd walked into the bathroom in just a pair of white lacy boxer-type panties, so I slipped them back on and put on a silk dressing gown which was the only other item of clothing in there. It didn't even occur to me to go to the bedroom to find some clothes to wear.

I walked downstairs, the gown was quite short, halfway down my thighs, and I'd only loosely tied it using the belt, and I could feel the cool fabric rubbing across my nipples with each movement. I entered the living room where all the guys were watching the game, and they all fell silent as each pair of eyes turned to look at me.

"Don't mind me" I said. "I'll be out of your way in a second."

I had to walk in front of the television to get to where the hairdryer had been left and has I picked it up from off the floor I felt a draft of air around my arse where the gown had ridden up, and upon standing up the belt opened and so did the gown. Six sets of eyes were fixated on me, only one of those sets wasn't as impressed as the others. I glanced at Paul and looked disgusted at me.

"Fucking hell Paul, you didn't say you'd booked a stripper!" shouted one of his friends. Another grabbed his crotch as I caught his eye and shouted loudly "Here love, I've saved you a seat!"

I laughed out loud and went back to the bathroom to dry my hair.

I thought nothing of it until the guys had gone home. Paul had cleared up and then come to bed. We had sex, but it wasn't the same as normal. Usually, we'd bring each other close to climax and then stop on purpose, after doing a few times over we'd both then have explosive orgasms. This time Paul hopped on top missionary, and after about 20 minutes my orgasm ripped through me, Paul didn't stop like normal but instead pulled out and came all over my thighs and stomach. He then turned over and went to sleep.

We didn't talk about it all week, I knew Paul was in a mood about it because he was quieter than normal. However, he came back from work on Friday like an excited puppy.

"I've got a surprise for you" he explained. "We've been invited to a fancy dress party tomorrow night and I've said we're going. In fact I've been and bought us both costumes to wear"

"Bought them or hired them? I asked.

"Bought, I thought we may get some extra use out of them one night" he replied with a cheeky grin.

His costume was a sexy firefighter. The top had no buttons so was open down to the waist. Paul isn't a muscley guy, but he's six feet tall and no fat on him at all, the costume suited him. Paul had decided my costume was a St. Trinians outfit. White blouse, pretend school tie, short pleated skirt complete with black stockings and a black thong. It didn't take long to realise he'd been thinking of future uses rather than the implications of wearing this in public.

I went to the bedroom to try it on. Although it was a very good fit I turned to look at myself from behind in the mirror and gasped. The skirt only reached the top of my thighs so the stocking tops were showing, so any sort of movement exposed my arse. The thong didn't help at all. I told Paul I'd wear it, but would select some bigger knickers I had to wear instead. Reluctantly he agreed.

Saturday night arrived and we had both changed. As we were going to drink while we were out Paul arranged a taxi, the driver's eyes were on stalks as watched me get into the back seat. I saw him reposition his rearview mirror so he could get a better view of me. I innocently opened an extra button on my blouse pretending to be warm, to give him a better look at my cleavage. Paul didn't notice.

When we arrived at the house where the party was being held, Paul said to mingle a little and he was going to find us some drinks. I had a wander around, and few people waved and said hello, and a few girlfriends and wives didn't look too happy with their partners staring at me. Paul found me and handed me a very large glass of Bacardi and coke. He said he was going to talk shop with someone from another law firm who he'd seen, and as I'd be bored listening to them said he'd find me later.

I sipped my drink and went to the kitchen area. I looked around and saw a guy kept looking over. He waved me over to his group and introduced himself as Dave. He was wearing a costume as Richard Gere wears in Officer and a Gentleman. He looked around the same age as me, in his early 20s.

"Are you on your own?" he asked.

"No, I'm with my boyfriend but he's having a boring conversation with someone so I'm just floating around."

"Join in with us then?" he asked.

The group was two girls and four boys including Dave, and he moved around and made space next to him. He lightly grabbed my waist and moved me next to him. The conversation kept changing topic so I was interested enough to stay talking with them. I felt Dave move a couple of times to adjust his legs while he stood still, and each time he moved his leg brushed mine. The next time he moved it didn't just brush my leg, It was touching my leg. He didn't try to move it. He was about the same height as Paul, and when he moved again he twisted his body slightly so his groin was touching my hip. I also felt his hand go down my back and stroked my arse. I reached behind me and knocked his hand away. I glanced around the group but nobody seemed to have noticed. I glanced over my shoulder and realised he'd moved me into the space so my back was facing a wall, so nobody could see.

He again moved his right hand down onto the small of my back and left it there. I was a little uncomfortable and looked around for Paul, and saw Dave wink at me. He moved his hand down very slightly and pushed one of his fingers inside my knickers from the top, and paused when his finger was resting against my arsehole. I don't know why but I didn't try to stop him, and he took that as a sign to continue. He pushed slightly into my arse and twisted his finger. I wanted to stop him but it felt too nice. I was a little ashamed that I could feel my pussy getting damp.

After about a minute he took his hand out of my knickers, and then inserted it again but this time from the side. One of his fingers went straight to my clit, and I had to suppress a groan. One of the girls looked at me but my face relaxed and she carried on with the conversation. Dave moved his finger against me and my pussy got wetter and wetter. I could feel my legs start to tremble, and I knew an orgasm was on the way. I couldn't come in front of everyone, and certainly not from a stranger and not my boyfriend.

"PAUL". My brain shouted at me as though reminding me my boyfriend was somewhere in the same house. As quietly as possible I reached behind me, removed Dave's hand, and made my excuses to leave the group. As I went to walk off I could feel my juices had started to seep down my thighs.

I checked all of the rooms downstairs and couldn't find Paul anywhere. I asked a few people if they'd seen someone dressed as a fireman anywhere, someone said he'd seen him talking to two identical twins who'd come as slutty nuns.

I went upstairs to see if he was about, tried a couple of rooms to no avail. I knocked on the toilet door but he wasn't there either, then opened a door and entered another bedroom. The lights were off in this room but from the light from the landing, I could see a dark shape on the bed. Perhaps Paul had wandered upstairs and fallen asleep. As I walked across the room the door closed behind me, so I put out my arms and moved towards the bed. I got there and reached down, the dark shape was a pile of coats. I saw a glimmer of light from behind me, a quick couple of footsteps, and then someone was behind me.

A hand went between my shoulder blades, pinning me to the bed. The other hand reached down and pulled my knickers to the side, and three fingers were roughly inserted into my still very wet pussy. I gasped as the fingers started thrusting in and out of me.

"Oh god Paul that feels good" I cried out.

"Shhh," said Paul.

He removed his fingers and replaced them with his already stiff cock. He felt slightly bigger than normal, but assumed like me he was extra excited with being in a strange house and that the door wasn't locked so anyone could walk in and see us. This was heightened by him thrusting into me very hard, every thrust pushing me across the bed and forcing my thighs against the bed frame.

I yelped as my face was forced across a zip off one of the coats, so he altered position slightly by grabbing both of my wrists and pulled my arms behind my back, forcing me into a more standing position. He used his feet to move mine closer together, then started thrusting quickly again. My legs were almost closed now so the friction on my pussy was almost mind-blowing.

We stayed like this for a few minutes, then Paul pulled out. He quickly made space by moving coats, then lay me on my back on the bed, with my arse right on the edge. He grabbed both of my ankles and pushed my legs back until they could get no wider. He leaned forward and entered me again.

Again he started pounding into me but his time as deep as possible with each thrust, and I cried out again.

"Oh damn Paul I'm getting close"

"SHIT. WHAT AM I DOING?"

My eyes had now become used to the dark, I'd looked up see Paul now and it wasn't him. It was Dave that was fucking me! I had a moment of panic, not only was I having sex with another man, it dawned on me about the door not being locked.

I was too far gone to stop Dave now, my orgasm was approaching fast. Dave must have realised now that I knew it was him and started thrusting much quicker. Another 30 seconds and I told him was going to come. He didn't alter his pace and my body shook like mad as my orgasm ripped through me. Almost giving it chance to subside, Dave pulled out of me, put his left hand behind my neck pulling me into a sitting position, and put the head of his cock into my mouth. My tongue instinctively reached out and licked at it, and with his right hand, he started to wank furiously. It didn't take long before he groaned and filled my mouth with his hot semen. Splash after splash cascaded down my throat, and I hungrily gulped it all down.

Dave removed his cock from my mouth and picked up the nearest coat to wipe his cock, before doing up his trousers and leaving the room without saying a word. I sat still for a while, then peered through the door until the toilet was free. I quickly ran in and cleaned myself up as much as possible, checking for any potential stains. There weren't any but my skirt and blouse were very creased.

I eventually found Paul, they'd been making homebrew beers in a shed in the garden and he'd been in there all along drinking. He was very drunk by this point so I made our excuses and phoned a taxi to get us home. Paul was that drunk I struggled to get him in the house. the taxi driver had to help me get Paul out of the back seat and held him while I opened the door to our house. At least he was too far gone to want sex!

I undressed Paul and he staggered his way up to the bedroom. I put both of our costumes in the washing machine straight away, and after drying them the next day I hid them both at the back of the wardrobe hoping Paul would forget about them. It must have worked as Paul never asked me to wear it again.