**Katie and Paul**

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**Katie and Paul Pt. 04**

This time told from Paul's point of view.

I'd watched the recording of Katie masturbating for Geoff several times. We'd even watched it together while mutually masturbating. Katie hadn't taken long to come after seeing Geoff's cock on screen. She was almost too impressed with it. I even asked if she'd like to see it in person, but the fact he looked more like Danny DeVito than George Clooney, she soon told me the answer to that question.

Katie was a little more reserved when walking around the house now, she hadn't mind knowing Geoff had been watching and masturbating over her, but now she'd seen what he looked like she wasn't so keen. She still walked around our bedroom naked but had said she'd never do that kind of show for him again.

We'd been watching a movie on television, just relaxing while lounging on our sofa. Katie was lying away from me, she was wearing my favourite shorts of hers, the loose-fitting ones. I traced a finger up her thigh and into the shorts, pushing the fabric of her knickers into her pussy.

"How would you feel about showing off for someone else then?" I asked. "Here, in the house."

"You mean your friends again?" she asked.

"No, another stranger," I answered.

She looked a little apprehensive but asked what I had in mind.

"I'll think of something and let you know."

We continued to watch the movie, neither of us speaking. I'd left my hand where it was, Katie kept moving occasionally to try to get more friction, every time she did so I teased her by withdrawing my hand a little. After about ten minutes I broke the silence.

"How about we order a takeaway?" I asked.

"What, now?" she said, "It's been less than an hour since we ate, you can't be that hungry already?"

"No, I meant tomorrow night."

"Oh, ok then." She looked puzzled as to why I'd be talking about what we were eating the following evening. I saw the look on her face and knew I needed to explain.

"Seems like the perfect way to get a stranger here," I replied, with a big grin on my face. Katie quickly shot up into a sitting position. She looked quite excited.

"Ooh, right, so presumably you mean to show off too? I didn't think you meant so soon."

"Why not?" I said, "It should be more than enough time to sort out what we need to do. Don't worry, I'll be here, I'll just make sure I'm not in sight."

We continued to watch the movie and Katie soon got back to her lying position. I positioned my hand where it was before. Katie was very wet now, she was obviously very excited about what was to happen.

Our plan was for me to set up a hidden camera, facing the front door and our living room, and Katie was to try and get the delivery driver into the house somehow. I would be in my office room upstairs, where I would be able to watch, and record, all the action on my laptop. Katie asked if there were any rules, basically how far could she go. I told her she just couldn't fuck them, anything else was down to her and how comfortable she felt at the time.

The following day was a Sunday so neither of us was at work. I set up the camera, placing it between a vase and a picture frame. I asked Katie to come into the room and find it, and she couldn't. It was hidden enough not to give the game away. I then turned on the laptop and asked Katie to walk around the living room and by the front door talking as though she was having a conversation, so I could make sure I could hear everything. Katie also knew now not to go towards the kitchen, or she would be out of sight and sound of the camera.

All day Katie was on tenterhooks. She was excited about doing it but nervous enough about what could happen. I told her it was no good making plans, she'd need to improvise as she went along. For all she knew the driver might just run off!

We managed to get to around 6 pm before Katie moaned at me to phone them, the suspense was killing her. We'd decided to order pizza, mainly because a large size would be enough for both of us, and would be in one box only. Katie said this would be easier to put down on the floor somewhere instead of getting bags of food that she'd probably need to take to the kitchen.

I phoned through our order and was told the delivery would be around forty-five minutes. I said that would be fine, and Katie nodded in agreement. I put down my phone and Katie rushed upstairs. She'd showered and shaved already but had said she was going to get her hair wet again, for her plan when opening the door. I followed her upstairs and entered the office. The laptop was already on, and I took my seat and got comfortable.

Around thirty minutes later the doorbell rang. I instinctively got up to answer it and remembered that it was just my cue to start recording. Katie came into view at the bottom of the stairs. She was wearing her silk dressing gown, which was only thigh length. Just as she got to the door she turned towards the camera and opened it up. She was topless and had a lacy thong on. The plan was for her to be naked under the gown, but it was too late to argue. She also had a towel wrapped around her head, twisted and fastened on top. She opened the door, just enough so she could look around it.

"Pizza delivery," said the male voice at the door.

"Oh, I wasn't expecting you just yet, are you early?" Katie asked him.

"Yes, the order was placed thirty-four minutes ago so I'm just over ten minutes inside schedule," said the man.

"That's great," Katie told him. "But I thought I had time to take a shower and get dried but I've literally just got out when the doorbell rang."

She pulled the door open wide to take the pizza off him. He was a bald, middle-aged man, not much taller than Katie, and his eyes were on stalks at the sight in front of him. He looked her up and down while Katie had her hand outstretched towards him. He realised he was staring and handed the box to Katie.

"That will be £17 please," he said.

Katie took the box, took a few steps inside to by the stairs, and bent over to place the box on the floor. Her gown rode up over her arse, and I saw the driver bend down a little to get a better view. Katie kept the pose while she reached into her bag for her purse. As she turned back towards the door, the driver shot back upright.

Katie opened her purse, looked inside, then looked at the driver. She opened the purse as wide as she could, then starting looking through the separate compartments. She was looking for cash that she thought was in the purse. Katie's debit card, and £100 in £20 notes, were on the desk next to the laptop where I'd put them after phoning for the pizza, and after she'd run upstairs to prepare. I also knew she had no more than £8 in change left in her purse.

She looked towards the camera and pulled a face. Turning back to the driver, she said "Come inside and push the door shut please, I need to find my money."

I saw her on camera scurrying around the living room, and checking her bag again, looking where her money could be. The driver was following her every move, every time she bent over somewhere he was squeezing his cock through his jeans, he kept changing the angle so he could get the best view of her. At one point he even looked up the stairs to check nobody was there, I was being quiet as a mouse and was sitting in the dark, so he had no idea I was in the house too.

Katie came back to her bag and got down on all fours, her arse pointing towards the driver. He quickly got out his phone and started taking pictures of her. He was even crouching down to get the best angle possible. Katie was searching her bag thoroughly, she must have thought her money had fallen out of her purse. Holding his phone in his left hand, the driver got very brave. He unzipped his jeans, got out his cock, and starting stroking while still staring at Katie's arse.

Katie stood up and turned around, and caught him. Cock in one hand, phone in the other.

"Erm, sorry," she stuttered, "I can't find my money to pay you. I have coins but I don't think there'll be enough."

"Well I'm not leaving without payment, you'll have to pay some other way," he said, nodding down towards his cock.

"I'm not fucking you for a pizza!" Katie replied.

"You can't fucking prick tease me like this, then leave me hanging."

Katie looked at the phone in his hand.

"You can carry on taking photos of me then, but no touching," she told him, "And I suppose you can wank over me too, it looks like you need to get rid of that before leaving," looking at his now erect cock.

"Photos, and not only wanking but I want to come over you. Twice."

Katie threw her hands up in mock disgust.

"Come over me? I've literally just been in the shower, I'll need to go in again then, and I've got pizza to eat. And twice, you're being very optimistic, aren't you? You're not staying all night."

"I'm pretty sure I can manage more than twice wanking over you, don't worry about that love," he told her.

"Ok then," she said abruptly. She threw her purse back in her bag, slipped off her dressing gown, walked towards the sofa, and slipped off her knickers. The driver had followed her, cock still in hand. Katie lay sideways along the sofa, put one leg up on the back, and dangled the other on the floor. She took her hands and squeezed her tits together. Her pussy already looked wet, even looking through the camera. The driver asked her if he could take his jeans off, as the zip was catching him. Katie told him to do whatever he was comfortable with.

He threw off his jeans and pants, quickly got out his phone, and started taking pictures of her from various angles. Some full length, and few closeups of her tits, and a lot of closeups of her pussy. He reached up to grab an arm to move it, and Katie jumped.

"Don't fucking touch me!" Katie shouted at him. "Touch me and I'll scream the place down so people can hear."

I was so alarmed at her tone I started to get up to go down to them. Then she continued.

"I'll pose any way you want, just say what you want me to do. Any way at all." She smiled at him as she finished saying it to tell him she was calm.

The driver had backed away as she'd shouted, but then nodded in agreement and moved back towards her.

"Sorry," he said, "I just wanted to stretch your arms over your head."

Katie did as he asked, and he gasped.

"Oh man, your tits are so firm, they hardly moved. They are beautiful"

He continued to take photos, he'd asked Katie to tweak her nipples, took more shots of her pussy, then paused. Katie looked at him wondering what he was doing, he'd stopped taking photos.

"I was just wondering if you could lift your legs back at all?" he asked sheepishly.

"You want me to put my hands behind my knees?" she asked back.

He nodded, he looked like he was sure he was asking too much and she'd say no. Katie didn't just do so, she pulled her knees so far back they were resting on her tits. Her legs were spread so wide her pussy lips parted and her pussy gaped in front of him, her puckered arsehole on show too.

Rather than take pictures he started to wank his cock again, it only took a couple of strokes before he was fully erect again. His cock was around seven inches long and circumcised, Katie looked at it and licked her lips, and winked at him. He moved to the end of the sofa and took more pictures of her well-exposed pussy, then asking if she was still comfortable in that pose, went to the other end of the sofa where her head was, and started taking full-length shots again.

He was edging closer to her face as he was taking photos, Katie looked back at one point, and his still erect cock as just a couple of inches away from her face.

"No touching," she reminded him. He moved away and asked her if she could lie sideways facing him for a couple of shots, which she did, then he instructed her to kneel on the floor next.

She did so, and he stood over her. He asked her to look up at the camera and took pictures looking down at her, his cock roughly level with her face. He then re-positioned the camera from the side and tried to take more pictures. He'd put the phone on selfie mode now, but from his angle couldn't see how good a picture he was taking.

"What kind of pictures are you going for now?" she asked.

"I wanted to make it look like you were about to blow me," he told her. She took the camera from him and got his cock in shot.

"You'll have to come a little closer," she told him. He inched forward until he was no more than an inch away from her open mouth. Katie took a couple of snaps, then told him it needed to look a little more realistic. He looked down at her just as she flicked out her tongue. His cock twitched and briefly touched her tongue. He quickly jumped back.

"Shit, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to touch you!" he apologised.

"That was my fault, I should have warned you," she said. "Come back over."

She handed the phone back to him. He pressed on the screen a few times, then pointed the phone back at the action. He was holding the phone still now, and the flash wasn't going off, so I assumed he had swapped it onto video mode. He edged closer to her, and she put her tongue out again. His cock kept twitching while he filmed. He was almost crying out for some form of contact. Katie seemed to read his mind, laughed, and grabbed hold of his cock.

"I guess I'm going to have to keep him still myself," she giggled at him.

Instead of holding him still, she began to stroke his cock slowly. She flicked out her tongue again, this time while stroking him she was deliberately brushing his cock head against her tongue. He groaned and threw his head back. Katie knew instantly how turned on he was and sank her mouth onto his cock. The driver groaned so loud I thought the neighbours would hear.

All thoughts of videoing or photos had gone now, he was too absorbed in his cock getting blown. He did however try desperately to keep his phone pointed at them. Katie had started deepthroating him, and he reached out an arm to put it at the back of her head. At the last second, he decided not to in case she stopped because he was touching her.

Katie had been blowing him for about a minute when he pulled his cock from her mouth, wanked furiously for a few strokes, and proceeded to coat her face with his semen. Katie wasn't expected it and jumped, but kept in position on her knees.

She opened her eyes when she knew he'd finished, and looked up at him.

"Do you want some pictures of my face before I clean up?" she asked.

He didn't need another invitation, and he started snapping away. Katie waited until he had taken a few then started to use her fingers to wipe his semen from her face, taking long exaggerated licks off her fingers to drink it down.

When her face was clean, she looked at the driver, his cock was still erect.

"Wow, that didn't take long to come back," she marveled.

"It doesn't go soft after I come," said the driver. "My record is to come five times before it finally went soft on me. I doubt I'll need viagra when I get older anyway!"

Katie leaned forward and kissed the end of his cock.

"Where do you want me now then, or can I pose how I want for a bit?" she asked.

He agreed, and Katie went back to the sofa. She sat facing forwards, her arse on the edge of the cushion, and raised her legs. He knelt in front of her and took more photos of her pussy close up. I knew Katie was getting turned on herself when she reached a finger down and started to touch her clit. She rubbed it for a little while, then told the driver to stay where he was. She got up off the sofa, went over to her bag, and pulled out a lifelike dildo.

This wasn't the suction one modeled from my cock, this one was six inches long but very fat. She resumed her position on the sofa, and started to alternate between sucking on the dildo and coating it with her saliva, and rubbing it along her pussy to lube it up. The driver obviously got a lot of photos of this.

Katie leaned back so her head was on the back cushions of the sofa, hoisted her legs up and as wide as possible, and started to push the dildo into herself, slowly at first to get accustomed to the width. Her lips were almost clamped to the dildo, each thrust in and out made her squelch. Her eyes rolled as she started to work it in and out of herself until she was comfortable with it stretching her. The driver asked if she could push it right in and then move her hands out of the way. He'd gone back to videoing but with her stopped he switched back to camera mode and took a few snaps from different angles of this. She started to tweak her nipples to keep her hands busy.

"Can I?" he asked.

Katie looked to where he was pointing, he was looking at the dildo. She wasn't sure what exactly he wanted but said yes anyway. His hand went forward and he grabbed the dildo and started to withdraw it from her pussy. He put down his phone down so his other hand was free, and started to stroke his cock. He started to match his strokes exactly to how he was using the dildo on Katie. He must have been imagining that the dildo was his own cock.

He quickened his strokes and Katie was really enjoying it, thrusting her hips up towards the dildo while staring at his cock. He started to slow down his strokes and asked Katie if she could turn around. He repositioned her on all fours, she turned at an angle so she knew her arse would be facing right towards me. He left the dildo impaled in her pussy, and picked up his phone to take more photos. Katie put her hand back between her legs and proceeded to move the dildo in and out of herself again. He quickly switched the video option back on.

I saw her face drop down into the cushions as she arched her back and her other hand appeared from underneath her and she started to furiously rub her clit. I knew she was very close.

The driver was masturbating with one hand, trying to match the pace Katie was dildoing herself while trying to keep the phone still to not miss the action. Katie suddenly screamed out loud, and clamped her legs together with the dildo fully inside herself, while her orgasm ripped through her body. As it subsided she opened her legs wider and slowly removed the dildo. Her pussy stayed gaped open after the width of the dildo had stretched her so much, and she turned her head and looked over her shoulder.

The driver was really close behind her now, and she reached back and spread her arse cheeks apart as wide as she could manage. Now even her arsehole gaped a little at him. He changed his angle so he was pointing at both of her holes. I bet he desperately wanted to step forward and sink into either one of her oh so inviting holes.

"Drop your spunk onto my holes you dirty bastard!" Katie shouted.

He grunted and his hand became a blur. He cried out and started to come. The first spurt landed on the small of her back, the second directly onto her open arsehole. He continued to come, I was almost impressed with how much there was considering it was his second time in a short space of time.

Some of his semen formed a necklace effect, hanging down off one of her pussy lips and halfway between her legs. He changed his phone back to camera mode and asked her not to move. Katie gave him the chance to take some shots, then wiggled her arse until the sperm necklace clung to her thighs.

She turned around to sit on the sofa, leaned forward, and licked his cock until it was clean and spotless. She leaned back and licked any remaining spunk from around her mouth.

The driver had finally started to go soft, so he picked up his pants and jeans and got dressed. He asked Katie if he could have her phone number, but she declined. She told him he had enough video and photos he could go through if he thought about her again.

He laughed and said he was pretty certain he would be doing so. He then said he'd have to leave, he was going to tell them he'd had car trouble to explain not going back for any more deliveries. Katie asked if he could see himself out as she was a bit of a mess and her legs were still like jelly, and he said goodbye and left.

The door had barely shut before I raced downstairs. I'd left the camera recording on purpose, as I ran straight into Katie and sunk my erect cock straight into her soaking pussy.

Just ten minutes of frantic thrusting later we both came, this time Katie was filled up as I plugged her.

I rolled off her, just as Katie started laughing and said "Fuck me I've worked up an appetite, what shall we have to eat?"

**Katie and Paul Pt. 05**

I awoke. My head felt really fuzzy and heavy. I struggled to open my eyes. I could sense sunlight coming through the window.

I was lying facing the edge of the bed, so peered towards my bedside table to see what time it was showing on my alarm clock. I couldn't make out the recognisable red lights from the numbers. My head hurt, a lot.

I finally half-opened my eyes, my alarm clock wasn't there. I reached out a hand to try to find my watch. I normally put it on the bedside table when I get into bed, that also wasn't there. My head hurt. I had a recollection of drinking last night. A lot of drinking actually. Everything else seemed a blur.

I noticed the wall. My bedroom wall wasn't in that colour. What room had I slept in? I was lying on a bed, so I wasn't at my home. Mild panic came over me, who's bed was I in?

Someone behind me, spooning me, stirred a little. A hand was resting right on my hip, at the very top of my thigh. Hard nipples were digging into my shoulder. Oh god, what had I done? I lifted the duvet as slowly as possible and looked down. I was naked, I didn't even have knickers on. The hand was very feminine looking though, smallish in size but perfect pale skin and very well-manicured fingernails, and nail polish in a deep crimson colour. Those nails seemed so familiar, but my brain wouldn't go into gear. How many drinks had I had last night?

"Morning sleepyhead," I heard a female voice say, "I wasn't sure if you were awake yet so was trying to keep still."

I knew I recognised the voice, but my brain still wouldn't let me think clearly. I rolled over, and let out a sigh of relief. It was Claire, a longtime friend.

"Thank god it's you!" I exclaimed.

"Who did you think it was going to be, dirty girl?" she said with a big grin on her face.

"Paul actually," I answered. "I'm not that kind of girl."

"Well the way you were dancing around that stripper pole in the club last night like a professional I'd have to query that," she giggled.

Stripper pole. Club. Memories were starting to come back to me a little. We'd been out on a hen party and had been on a pub crawl. Ten girls in all, the girl getting married was someone Claire and I knew from school, she'd been in our school year. I couldn't remember everything yet but did now remember mixing my drinks. Lots of drinks.

I remember the club was in a seedier part of town. It was well known for having 'men's nights' and some of the rumours of what went on in there were legendary. Claire reminded me that we'd entered to a huge chorus of wolf whistles and shouts of the strippers arriving. The bride to be had got up and started dirty dancing with one of the guys in there, and I'd tried to outdo her by whisking off my skirt and top, and performing a very sexy dance on the pole, even turning upside down at one point and clinging onto the pole just by gripping with my thighs, and pushing my tits together at my baying audience.

"It was so sexy you turned me on too," said Claire, "But don't worry, we didn't get up to anything. I could barely undress myself let alone you."

I looked down the bed and realised that Claire was also fully naked. I was in awe of her body. I've been told that I look pretty damn good, but being only five foot four inches tall has its drawbacks. Claire was perfection.

I'd known Claire back to starting school, we started nursery school on the same day. We'd marvelled at her birthday being the day before mine, I'd always said her being one day older was why she was much taller.

Claire was a five-foot eleven-inch redhead. She has stunning pale skin, with no imperfections at all, apart from a few scatterings of very pale, almost non-noticeable, freckles across her face. She looked like a painting. Her hair was long and naturally wavy. She'd had a lot of stigma throughout school about her hair colouring. The usual 'ginger' comments and similar, I'd even overheard a group of boys mocking her freckles, calling her a human dot to dot. Claire never took any notice, if anything it made her a stronger person. We were very close throughout school, I think I really endeared to her strength. By the time we left school, all the girls wanted to be her, and all the boys fancied her. A few of the girls fancied her too, me included.

She now modelled part-time, it's how she's met her boyfriend Pete. Pete was good looking, the same age as us, but not my type. He was five feet eight inches tall, very muscly, and had a boyband haircut, all floppy fringe, and tossled. It almost always looked like he'd just got out of bed. We'd sometimes joked about having the wrong boyfriends as Paul is six feet tall. Pete did a lot of television work for adverts and such, so was away on photoshoots a lot. He was very attentive to Claire and always brought her back extravagant gifts from his travels. However much of his time when he was back home was spent either in the gym or in tanning salons.

Claire had told me early on in their relationship that they liked to perform oral on each other in risky public places. Dressing rooms, pub toilets, shopping centre car parks, that kind of thing. They'd nearly been caught a few times and she said that was more of a turn-on than the oral sex itself. However now Pete's face was becoming more publicly known, they'd had to cut down. They only needed one person to take a photo and leak it, and Pete's modelling career may well have been ended.

We'd gone downstairs and were sat either side of her breakfast bar, drinking coffee, after both taking paracetamols. Claire suddenly stood up and said "Oooh I've just remembered, I've something I need to show you. These will freak you out!"

She left the room and ran upstairs, and left me bewildered staring into my mug. She returned shortly after with a very excited grin on her face, and a laptop. She placed the laptop on the breakfast bar, turned it on, and started typing. She looked up at me staring at her, looked back at the screen, and smiled. She turned the laptop so the screen was facing my way.

I took the laptop and slid it closer to me. Six pictures were on screen, all of a naked girl. The girl was a brunette and small in size. In each picture, a black square was covering her face, apart from the last one. The final picture was an arse shot, hands pulling open her arse cheeks, and she was come splattered. A necklace of sperm hung down between her legs. I instantly recognised the pictures, although I'd never seen them before. It was from my pizza delivery. The profile was imaginatively called Pizza Girl.

"That's not me, don't be silly," I stammered, trying to act innocent.

"Both me and Pete thought it was," she replied. "Pete even admitted he'd wanked and come over them, imagining it was you. I told him he was very naughty and you'd be disgusted in his behaviour, but didn't tell him I had too."

There was a momentary pause. Seeing the pictures again set off a tingling in my pussy, as I remembered that night.

"Are you sure it's not you?" she asked again, "Or did Paul not take the photos which is why you're being coy?"

She turned the laptop around again. She looked at the pictures again, gasped, and walked around the breakfast bar so she was by my side. Before I had a chance to say anything she grabbed my top with both hands and yanked it up. She poked a finger between my shoulder blades.

"I knew it, It is you! you have the same birthmark!" she exclaimed.

I knew I couldn't argue. The birthmark was a giveaway. It was two small marks together, but they merged and it looked like a little butterfly, directly central to my shoulder blades. My face told the story.

"Oh my god, we were right. But why deny it?" she asked. A look came over her face, and she continued "Oh, Paul really didn't take the photos did he?"

"No, he didn't. But he was upstairs recording everything."

I had to come clean now. I told her all about the delivery, the hidden camera set up, and Paul watching upstairs. I told how I'd got that carried away I'd given a blowjob to a stranger while my boyfriend watched. I told her how I'd stuck a dildo in my pussy and masturbated while he wanked over me. I told her how after he'd left not only had Paul not minded, although it wasn't long we'd had the best, most frantic sex, we'd ever had.

Claire's mouth was gaped open in shock. "I'm amazed at you," she said, "Suddenly last night's stripper pole dancing seems very timid."

"How did you come across the pictures, no pun intended," I asked.

She turned the laptop back to herself, clicked a few times, and pushed it back towards me. Different pictures were on screen now, a tall redhead with very wavy hair. In one she was sitting on a cock that was buried deep in her shaven pussy, facing forwards, a pair of very muscly legs in between hers as she'd straddled him. A black square covered her face, but I knew it was her. I shook my head at her.

"I'm hoping that's Pete as you've just told me off about the driver?" I asked.

She nodded. She then started to tell me how they'd found the website. Pete had overheard one of his model friends talking about it. You created a profile, sent six pictures at a time, and with the first batch told them which you wanted as a profile picture. You could block out the faces yourself before submitting, or just send them in and they'd put black squares on to cover up people's identities. All pictures on the site were anonymous. You could use your real names or fake names, but all profiles were vetted to keep personal details to the bare minimum. You weren't even allowed to say which town you were from, just the area. Claire's profile simply said Midlands. The profile was named as Paul and Katie. Claire said they didn't want to use their own names, but chose names they'd remember.

The idea was to post pictures and for other profiles to leave messages and comments. Some were complimentary, most were asking if the people in the pictures were from a certain area. It was up to the profile if they answered publicly or not. Claire explained it was perfect for them as Pete would have his face hidden so as to protect himself.

"What kind of comments did you get then?!" I enquired.

"A few troll ones, but we ignored them. A lot of women wanted to fuck Pete, a few wanted to fuck me too. A lot of men wanted to fuck me, a few wanted to fuck Pete too. Some were actually interested in both of us, either for threesomes or swapping."

"Did anything come of it?" I asked.

"Well, seeing as we're playing confessions time, yes."

She scrolled down the page and clicked on one of the comments. It mentioned a local area we knew, it was about fifteen minutes drive away. There is a hilly area where a lot of people go to walk their dogs or go cross country running. There is a car park towards the top, with the only building by it. The building is a public toilet, with a difference. There aren't separate men and women, the building just contains five cubicles as you go through the entrance.

"I think I know that place, it's really weird walking in there, with men walking out who haven't yet zipped up properly," I recalled. "Paul and I had parked up there a few times when we'd gone running together. The first time I'd needed to wee before getting back in the car was a surreal experience."

Claire continued by telling me that this guy had said that the second cubicle from the left now had a Gloryhole on either side, meaning anyone in the cubicle on either side could push their cocks through, but the holes weren't wide enough to look up and see who was in the next cubicle. He'd asked if we'd be up for going there on the following Saturday.

Pete reluctantly agreed, knowing that the fun was going to be all mine, but I promised him lots of blowjobs in between, and he would get to fuck me whereas nobody else would. We had an understanding that neither of us would fuck anyone else. Pete warmed to the idea and said he'd take an old camcorder too.

We told the guy we'd be there, and he told us about 7 pm was normally a little quieter for joggers and dog walkers. We got there a little early and parked up away from the building. Pete had to make sure nobody saw us go in, so he went over and made sure the cubicle was unoccupied, then beckoned me over. I rushed in and Pete locked the door. I was fairly warm, but also didn't want to go home in sperm-soaked clothes, so stripped off my clothes, including my underwear. I was wearing trainers, and for some reason, I'd decided to wear stockings.

We waited for a little while until a cock was pushed through one of the holes. I looked at Pete to make sure he was still ok, and he was already pointing the camcorder at us. I crouched down and took the cock into my mouth, the guy didn't last long before coating my throat. Forty-five minutes and five cocks later, Pete had fucked me and made me come four times. I was splattered in semen, and we were deciding whether to call it a night.

Suddenly a massive cock poked me on my side. It was as black as my skin is pale, and it had massive veins on it too. The guy was about twelve or thirteen inches long. My pussy squelched just looking at it. I tried to grab it, but could barely get my fingers wrapped around it, I sank onto my knees on the semen covered floor, and tried to take him in my mouth. I stretched as wide as possible, but couldn't get past the head. I started wanking him as best as I could, looked up at Pete, and whispered "Can I fuck it?"

Pete looked at me disappointed, but then looked at the impressive cock in front of him. He smiled, nodded, and whispered back "You'd hate me forever if I told you no. You can't miss a chance to get that inside you."

"I've got big dildos, but none are anything close to that size. I wasn't even sure if I could fit in me." She explained.

Claire had stood up, turned her arse towards the cock, and backed up. She'd been wet enough already for the head to slip in easy, but it hurt her to take any more. He must have realised and kept still, Claire backing on and taking more and more each time. Pete was impressed that she was taking nearly all of that massive length inside her, and encouraged her while filming. The owner of the cock knew she was comfortable now and started moving with her. Claire eventually came again, flooding his cock with her juices. Pete had to stop filming and hold her steady, and the cock pulled out and came all over her back. She turned around just to see the cock disappearing.

They waited a few minutes, got dressed, and making sure the coast was clear, went home.

I couldn't believe her. I didn't think Paul would let me fuck anyone else, twelve inches or not.

"Well, if we're really confessing," I told her. I continued by telling her about Paul's friends, the train journey with the old man, Sarah from the shoe shop, Geoff and his massive cock and my dildo show, and finally about the fancy dress party.

"So you've fucked someone else too, and you're judging me?" Claire replied.

"Well technically yes, I suppose, but seeing as I thought it had been Paul it doesn't count. And hopefully, Paul never finds out."

Claire laughed and then frowned. "I thought you fancied me, and yet you fucked another woman behind my back?" she smiled as she finished saying it.

"I thought me and you were way past having sex," I told her, "and you've been wanking over my pictures anyway."

"You need to read the comments on your pictures," she told me. "I doubt very much I'm the only woman who has. A lot of men have too judging by the comments."

She turned the laptop back towards me and came around to my side of the breakfast bar. I scrolled through the comments, some of the suggestions almost made me blush. The more suggestive ones Claire read out loud, giggling as she did so.

One comment, in particular, caught my eye. It wasn't a suggestion as such, but a woman had just come back from a holiday abroad and said when she'd seen my pictures she'd done a double-take, as there had been a nudist beach there, she'd been there with her husband a couple of times, and the pictures looked like a woman that had been there on her own both times. She knew because her hubby couldn't take his eyes off her while his wife gave him a handjob. I felt my pussy become very wet, we needed to book a holiday away. I wouldn't tell Paul why though, it would be a surprise for when we got over there.

Not long later Paul arrived to pick me up, thanked Claire for looking after me, and we left. As we went out of the door Claire said "No problem, she's been good as gold," and winked at me, while pretending to zip her mouth shut.