**Katie and Paul**

by[WolfyLikes](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4980448&page=submissions)©

**Katie and Paul Pt. 06**

It was the day after the Hen Party, a Sunday. Paul had picked me up from Claire's earlier after I'd spent the night. I'd seen his eyes perk up when he saw Claire at her home.  
  
"So, how was last night then?" he asked inquisitively.  
  
"Pretty normal average night, from what I can remember," I replied.  
  
"Yeah, whatever!" he said, laughing. "None of you got up to anything?"  
  
Paul knew I'd tell him. We told each other everything, it's what made us a great couple. If something was bothering either of us, we'd talk calmly and work out a solution.  
  
"I know we drank lots, I lost count of how many places we went in, oh, and we ended up in that dirty men's club."  
  
Paul knew exactly where I was referring to.  
  
"So there were some filthy antics then after all?" he grinned as he said it.  
  
"Well Alison, the bride-to-be, was dirty dancing with a guy so raunchily that they looked like they were fucking without taking their clothes off, and I may well have stripped down to my undies and pole danced for most of the club. A normal average night like I said."  
  
"You left your undies on, that was quite conservative of you," Paul exclaimed.  
  
I continued, "And to top the night off, I slept in Claire's bed with both of us naked all night."  
  
"Way to make me jealous, you know I've fancied Claire for ages," he teased.  
  
"You and everyone else who's ever met her!"  
  
We arrived home and Paul couldn't wait to get his hands all over me. We had about two hours of full and oral sex our favourite way, bringing each other close to orgasm but then stopping. Paul had a signal for when he couldn't hold out much longer and was going to come, to either tap me on the shoulder or hip, depending on what position we were in.  
  
We'd ended up in the bedroom, which made a change for us. Paul lay on the bed with his feet dangling off the bottom edge, and I stood on the floor and lowered myself onto him. Paul always likes me in the reverse cowboy position, and this leaves me hands-free. I used them to alternate between pulling at my nipples or playing with my clit. Paul tapped my hip which was my cue to rub faster. Paul came just has my orgasm ripped through my body and I screamed out really loudly, my orgasm forcing me to clamp my pussy on his cock, until he had completely filled me with his load.  
  
As my body relaxed I thought I'd seen a flash of light. I hadn't noticed when we came into the bedroom, but Paul had opened both of our full-length windows. Surely our neighbours must have heard me coming. I saw another flash of light and realised where it was coming from. Geoff's house.  
  
I eased myself off Paul and sauntered onto our balcony. Paul lifted himself up onto his arms to watch. I looked down towards Geoff's house, just as he took another picture. He wasn't happy with just watching and masturbating now, he'd upgraded to photos too. I looked straight at him, dropped my gaze slightly, and saw his big fat cock staring at me. My pussy tingled looking at it. I casually waved at Geoff, he was dumbstruck but waved back. I could feel Paul's load about to drip out of me, so I turned so my arse was facing Geoff, and showed him my creampie.  
  
I went and wiped myself off, and went back to lying on the bed next to Paul.  
  
"Oh, I need to show you a website," I told Paul. "Claire showed it to me this morning."  
  
"You trying to make me jealous again?" asked Paul. He started laughing, "Or do you mean she showed you the website this morning?"  
  
He got up and wandered to his office, and returned with his laptop. He opened up the web browser and handed it over to me. I typed in the web address, found the Pizza Girl profile, and showed him the pictures. He instantly knew it was me, and when they were taken, even before seeing the profile name.  
  
"Everything is anonymous, so nobody can tell it is me," I told him.  
  
I explained in detail how Claire had told me how the website works, and how they'd found out about it.  
  
"Why do Claire and Pete go on there, to leave comments?" Paul said.  
  
"You'll like this bit," I told him, finding their profile. I clicked on the name and handed the laptop back to him.  
  
"Holy shit, she's fucking beautiful," he blurted out. He wasn't lying, as his cock twitching like mad had told me what he thought of seeing her naked.  
  
"I need to tell you something else, I know you won't tell anyone," I said.  
  
I clicked on the comment on their profile that Claire had shown me, then explained about the building. Paul knew where I meant. I told him, in great detail, about their Gloryhole experience, and their previous public escapades. When I got to the part about Claire taking that big black cock up her, and Pete allowing it, I stroked his cock for him. Paul's cock jerked in my hand, I really thought he was going to come again.  
  
He looked shocked. "I thought they had a no fucking others agreement like us?" He asked.  
  
"Well Pete basically told her the chances of her ever getting a chance to fuck a twelve-inch cock were very slim, and he was there recording, so he relented and agreed. I think that was very good of him, to be honest."  
  
"So are you saying that if you get the chance to fuck a big cock, you'd want me to be okay with it?" he asked.  
  
"Not really, I wouldn't go out of my way to find one especially. Put it this way, if you had the chance to fuck someone who made your cock erect in seconds, I'd allow it. Like Claire for instance."  
  
His cock twitched again just mentioning her name.  
  
"You'd let me fuck Claire?" he asked.  
  
"If I was there, yes. And of course, if Claire said yes too," I replied.  
  
He lay there thinking about it and then smiled.  
  
"Ok, as long as we don't go out of our way to find someone else, and we're there at the time, it's worth thinking about," he said.  
  
"I have an idea," I told him. "How about if I phone around the girls, and see if they want to come over for drinks tonight. Claire won't say no, as Pete is away anyway, she may even stay over."  
  
"Are you sure?" he asked.  
  
"Well I've shown off to your friends, maybe you could 'accidentally' show off to mine now," I giggled.  
  
Paul agreed, but wouldn't tell me what his plan for the evening was. He asked if Claire would definitely come over, and would I need to sweet-talk her. I then told him as she'd poured out her sexy secrets to me, I'd also told her about Paul's friends, the train journey and Sarah from the shoe shop, Geoff and his massive cock and my dildo show, and finally about the pizza delivery itself. I left out the part about the fancy dress party. We spoke about everything, but that taboo subject was out of bounds.  
  
"Have you tried logging into the profile?" Paul asked. He'd been reading the comments.  
  
"No," I said. "He must have set up the account, hence the name. Paul clicked on the login section, typed Pizza Girl for the username, and pizzagirl for the password. It worked. Paul smirked. He clicked to change the password and did so. Now the driver wouldn't be able to access it.  
  
"You go and phone the girls, I'm going to look through some pictures and video and see if I can find some more pictures to upload."  
  
I left him to it and went to phone around. Claire said she'd be up for it, and she couldn't wait to see Paul in the flesh again. Those exact words, I hadn't even told her what we'd planned and her answer seemed like she had read my mind. She also agreed to sleep over to save going home alone. Alison, the bride to be, agreed to come also, she didn't have work the next day. Her friend Beth who had also been at the hen party with us would join us, she'd phone her to tell her. A few of the others cried off due to still feeling drunk from the night before, but Becky also agreed to come. She was Alison's workmate. Five girls in all, I hoped Paul had a special treat for them. Alison, Beth, and Becky all lived close to each other, but on the opposite side of the city from Claire, so they'd make their way over separately.  
  
Paul turned the laptop towards me. He'd uploaded six new pictures, all from the train journey. It will put a new perspective to the profile, seeing you with an old man, he explained. My pussy tingled awaiting the comments to that set.  
  
"Are you sure you'd be ok with me sleeping with Claire?" Paul asked. He'd timed asking me on purpose seeing me squirm with excitement looking at the new uploads.  
  
"Sure, we've agreed," I told him. "Actually, I have an even better idea. You can fuck any of the girls tonight, as long as it's just tonight, on one condition."  
  
He looked shocked at my suggestion. His twitching cock said otherwise. "What condition?" he asked.  
  
"I'm booking our holiday abroad this year. Three weeks. find out from work when you can get the time off, and I'll book it."  
  
"You only want to book our holiday? What's the catch?" he asked.  
  
"Not telling, you'll have to wait and see!" I exclaimed.  
  
I needed to do my research on where the best nudist beaches would be and to keep it a surprise from Paul.  
  
The girls were to arrive around 6 pm. We didn't want to make it too late as Becky and Beth had work the next day. I laid on some nibbles and a few sandwiches and spread them out on a table in our kitchen. Claire arrived first, I hadn't seen Paul for around thirty minutes before she turned up. We started idle gossiping, Claire asked if Paul had asked about the night before. I told her about our conversation, including showing him the website and both profiles. I also told her he'd changed the password on 'our' profile and uploaded some more pictures. She looked equally pleased with waiting for them to be published, as she was knowing how excited Paul had been at seeing her.  
  
The other girls turned up, and we cracked open the wine. Beth was a very skinny blonde, about the same height as me, and by own admission barely B cup breasts. However, her arse was to die for, perfectly round. Becky was also blonde but taller, and although she described herself as fat or chubby, she had quite a flat stomach so I'd describe her as curvy. She had amazing 38D breasts. The V neck top she was wearing did them justice. Thirty minutes in and we'd almost finished bottle number three.  
  
We'd all be drunk by 9 pm at this rate. Lucky Paul, I thought. I raised my glass, asked for quiet, and told the girls "What happens in this house tonight, stays in this house tonight." Loud cheers and wolf whistles went out and got louder as I turned and stuck my tongue down Claire's throat.  
  
Claire had come dressed in a black cocktail dress that looked painted on. Alison told her she felt underdressed as she was wearing jeans and a T-Shirt, and Claire told her she looked good. Alison thanked her and said she was amazed that you couldn't see any signs of underwear at all under the dress. Claire responded by lifting her dress up around her neck, showing off her naked pussy and braless tits. Alison laughed and tweaked Claire's nipples. Claire left the dress up a little longer than was needed.  
  
A little later Claire approached me.  
  
"What do you have planned that needs to go no further than these walls then? It must be something dirty or you'd have worded it differently," she said.  
  
"I honestly don't know," I replied. "I haven't seen Paul since about 5 pm."  
  
"On my god, he's upstairs filming isn't he?" she gasped in as low a voice as possible so the others wouldn't hear.  
  
She looked around the room, looking for a camera. She went by the sofa, seemed to survey the room, then walked towards the vase. She turned back to me with disappointment. She walked over and grabbed my hand, leading me towards the stairs, and pulled me up with her.  
  
"Which one is the office room?" she whispered.  
  
I pointed it out, and she went in, with me close behind. I was as shocked as her when Paul wasn't in there. she looked around the room to see if he was hiding, but couldn't find him. I did notice however that the laptop didn't appear to be closed properly. the top was down but not fully.  
  
We went back down to the others to find Alison crying, Becky and Beth were trying to console her, but she could hardly get her words out between the sobbing. I took Alison's hand and told her we'd go and sit in the bedroom for a while until she regained her composure. Hopefully, I could get her to talk to me too.  
  
I told the others to carry on, went upstairs, and sat Alison on my side of the bed by my pillows. I sat next to her and put my arms around her, her head resting on my shoulder, telling her I was there if she needed to get something off her chest. She'd stopped crying, and I gave her a box of tissues to wipe her eyes.  
  
"I've got something you can have, this will cheer you up," I told her. I opened my underwear drawer, and her eyes lit up.  
  
"Oh boy, you have a lot of sexy undies. Paul is very lucky to see you in those," she said.  
  
"They're not just for Paul. They're actually quite comfortable, and they make me feel good about myself wearing them." I explained.  
  
I fished around in the drawer and found out an old blue garter belt. I handed it over to her, telling her it could either be her Something Borrowed, or Something Blue. She started crying again.  
  
She stopped long enough to tell me it was her hormones. I looked puzzled, and she admitted the reason she was getting married was that she was pregnant. She and Mark, her boyfriend, didn't want to, but Alison's parents were quite strict and had told Mark's parents it was the right thing to do. They'd agreed, and the two sets of parents had arranged a date without consulting Mark or Alison.  
  
"Getting married isn't so bad," I said, although Paul and I had never spoken about it at all.  
  
"It's ok for you and Claire," she answered, "Your boyfriends are great. Don't get me wrong, we have good sex, but a lot of the time Mark would rather get it over with so he can go back to what he was doing before, even if it means not making me come. He's good to me, but not the man I wanted to marry, and not by 22 years old either."  
  
Alison was a similar shape to me, slightly taller and more of a stomach, so her tits and ass weren't as pronounced as mine.  
  
"I wish I could feel good wearing sexy undies," she said. As she spoke she leaned forward and opened the drawer again, only this time she opened the drawer underneath. All of my toys were now on show, and her eyes nearly shot out of her head.  
  
"Oh my god, you're a dirty girl aren't you?" she giggled.  
  
She reached in and started looking through them. She reached in and pulled out the lifelike butt plug, and stroked it while almost purring. She admired the jewelled end. She replaced it and pulled out the suction dildo.  
  
"Oh my, does this really fit up you?" she asked, astonished.  
  
"Yeah, it's actually modelled from Paul's cock, it's an exact replica."  
  
"I'm really jealous, and very wet. I can only imagine having a cock that size up me every time I had sex!" She gripped the dildo tightly and pretended to rub her pussy with it through her jeans.  
  
"God it's turning me on just holding it and still being clothed, you're so lucky."  
  
She had tears coming from her eyes again, not quite crying but she looked very emotional. I put my arms around her again and hugged her. Her hands went to my breasts, squeezed them, and she leaned into me and put her tongue in my mouth. I reciprocated and our tongues entwined. I started to tweak her nipples, then put my hands on her shoulders and pushed her away.  
  
"I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me," she cried out.  
  
"It's not a problem, let's blame the hormones, but I think we'd better rejoin the others downstairs again," I replied.  
  
We went downstairs and mingled with the others. I saw Alison talking to Beth and Becky together, and they all looked over at me at the same time. Beth and Becky both stuck their thumbs up to me and smiled. I assume Alison had told them about my undies and toys collection. Probably talk of the conversation would have been about my eight-inch suction dildo modelled on Paul's cock.  
  
Shortly after they plucked up the courage to come over to me, and asked if they could see it, both very excited. I played dumb.  
  
"See what?" I asked.  
  
"Paul's cock dildo," they both said, simultaneously.  
  
I was about to try to change the subject when Paul walked into the room. The room went deadly silent, every one of us girls stopped talking and stared. Paul looked like he had been showering, he only had a towel wrapped around his waist, fastened at the side of his hip by it being tucked in. His cock was quite visible, the towel not doing much to hide the shape of it. Paul had another smaller towel in his hands, he was using this to dry his hair. The towel hung down in front of his face, so he was seemingly oblivious to his audience. The top half of his body hadn't been completely dried, beads of water still clung to him  
  
"Hey babe," he called out from under the towel, "Have you ironed my shirt and trousers for work tomorrow yet?"  
  
He stopped rubbing his hair dry and moved the towel, and noticed five open mouths, and five different women all staring at him, speechless. I knew what we had planned for the evening, but hadn't expected him to arrive almost naked from the get-go.  
  
"Oh, erm, hi girls," he stammered, "I'd forgot you guys were coming tonight."  
  
"We'll be coming soon enough if you spending the evening like that!" I shouted. The girls all started giggling after that, they probably didn't know how to react.  
  
Becky and Beth looked at each other, nodding towards his towel, and giggled to each other. Alison couldn't stop staring. Claire got up and walked over to him, turned her back on him, and brushed her arse across the front of the towel, and quickly stepped sideways. Paul's cock twitched and jerked upwards, and she laughed.  
  
"You ever fancied modelling Paul?" she asked, "You have a decent body."  
  
"Erm not really," he replied.  
  
She looked at me, and I read her mind. I smiled and nodded at her.  
  
"Well now's your audition. Ladies, get your phones on camera mode."  
  
She turned side on and put a hand across his chest. His cock twitched again. She looked at me and said, "I see what you mean, he can't keep his cock still while thinking about me."  
  
We all started taking pictures, Beth got a bit braver and started directing, telling them both how to pose. She kept looking at me to make sure I was ok with it, but as I kept agreeing with her shouts, she knew it was fine.  
  
"Put your hand down in front of his cock," she cried out.  
  
Claire didn't need encouragement, making sure she brushed his cock while doing so. We took a few pictures, then she crouched down so her head was level with his cock. She turned him to be facing her, and put her tongue out. She was touching his head now, just the towel between them. I heard a sound, turned, and saw Alison with her hand in her jeans. Paul wasn't the only one enjoying himself.  
  
Claire went to move Paul again, put her hand on his side, and knocked where the towel was tucked in. It came undone and slid to the floor. Paul's cock jumped upwards. Claire turned to face us and rested his semi-erect cock on her shoulder. Next, she turned her head and put the end of his cock in her mouth.  
  
Collective gasps went around the room. Despite what I had said, I don't think any of them expected anything to happen.  
  
Paul then said, "This isn't very fair, I'm the only one naked."  
  
Claire removed his cock from her mouth, stood up, and peeled off her dress, throwing it towards the kitchen. Paul's cock twitched again seeing her naked now, and he started stroking it. Claire moved his hand and started stroking him herself. she got him fully erect, slid his cock between her tits, and used them to wank him off. Paul threw his head back in delight.  
  
I turned to the girls. Alison had removed her jeans and knickers by now and slid to the floor, there was already a pool of her juices on our laminate flooring. Beth had her tongue down Becky's throat and was squeezing her massive tits, Becky had her hand up Beth's skirt, Beth's knickers were on the floor at the side of the sofa.

I stood up and peeled off all of my clothes, and once naked, coughed loudly so everyone stopped what they were doing.  
  
"This is tame," I said, looking at Claire and Paul. "The girls are ignoring you, they've stopped taking pictures. You need to up your game."  
  
Everyone started looking at each other, and I approached Claire and Paul. I grabbed a chair from the kitchen, and Paul nodded to put it in line with the sofa. I thought I knew why, but kept quiet. I made him sit on the chair, facing the sofa and wanked his cock to erection. It only took a couple of strokes. Keeping hold of his cock, I made Claire face the sofa too, backed her up, and sat her down, using my hand to guide Paul's cock into her pussy. I didn't even check, I knew her pussy would be more than soaked enough to accommodate him.  
  
Paul groaned as Claire took his entire length, and stopped with it fully embedded in her. I went in front of her, knelt down, and licked at her clit. She cried out with pleasure, and Paul jumped. She started to ride his cock slowly while pulling at her nipples.  
  
"This party seems to have started now, carry on girls," I said, standing up again.  
  
Becky and Beth sat on the sofa next to each other, mutually masturbating while watching Claire and Paul. They were both still clothed except for their discarded knickers, but both of their skirts were up around their waists. They seemed so comfortable together I wondered to myself if they had had previous encounters with each other. Neither of them had mentioned boyfriends either.  
  
Alison had removed all of her clothes now, her breasts swung as she moved around the room, trying to take in as much of the action around her. Suddenly she rushed for the stairs and ran upstairs. I thought she may have started crying so went to follow her. I reached the bottom of the stairs just as she started running back down, the suction dildo in her hands. She moved past me, trying to get as much of the dildo in her mouth. She was struggling.  
  
She placed the suction part onto the laminate floor right in front of Claire and Paul. She rubbed her pussy, getting her fingers as wet as possible, to lube the dildo up. She also used Claire's juices that were running down her legs, brushing both Claire's pussy and Paul's balls as she did so. When she thought both her and the dildo were wet enough, she knelt down and started to slide it into her pussy. She looked behind and saw me staring.  
  
"If Claire is getting the real Paul cock, I want the pretend one," she pleaded.  
  
I responded by walking over to her, kissed her fully on the mouth, and then grabbed her hips to help her accommodate it. It took a while but she eventually could manage the whole length, her pussy was soaked but still so tight. When she had got it all impaled in herself, she looked at me, smiled, and clapped herself. I've never seen anyone so happy with an achievement in my life.  
  
She started to ride the cock, while staring at Paul's cock sliding in and out of Claire. They were still in the same position, Claire still riding slowly like she wanted the experience to continue for as long as possible. Alison leaned forward and tongued Claire's clit. Claire cried out in pleasure and bit her lip. Paul's hands were tweaking at her nipples, and she was fully enjoying herself. I knelt behind Alison, and played with her large breast, massaging them like I was kneading bread.  
  
I turned to look over my shoulder. Beth was on all fours now, but with her face on the floor, right where Alison had been sitting. Her perfect arse pointed upwards. Her tongue was out, trying to lick the juices from the floor. I say trying because Becky was knelt behind her, her massive tits on Beth's back. She was holding an empty wine bottle steady between her thighs, rubbing it on her clit, while thrusting the neck end into Beth's arse. Her other hand was almost invisible, she had all of her fingers inside Beth's pussy. Beth thrust back at her with each stroke, Each time Becky pushed forward her face was pushed through Alison's juices on the floor. There had definitely been some strap on action in the past for that couple.  
  
I went over and fingered Becky from behind for a bit, then went back to Alison. I knelt behind her and whispered into her ear.  
  
"Don't flinch too much, just relax. I'll be really gentle."  
  
She nodded but had no idea what I was about to do. I rubbed my fingers along my pussy, took my middle finger, and started to lube up Alison's arsehole, just around the entrance. She jumped. I apologised for scaring her, and she told me she'd jumped because she liked it so much. I carried on lubing her up, inserting a little more finger each time. She'd stopped moving on the dildo now, concentrating on what I was doing while still trying to lick at Claire. Claire had also stopped riding Paul now, she was fully impaled on Paul's cock while they both watched me intensely.  
  
I was sliding one finger into Alison's arse with ease now, and she was groaning like mad. She'd sat right down on the dildo now, and she turned back and asked me to insert another finger. I withdrew and added another finger, just a few thrusts with both and she came big time. With my two fingers stuck up her arse, she lifted herself off the dildo and her juices flowed onto the floor as she squirted. It was like a river. She looked like she'd wet herself, the floor was that wet. Her body shook so much I thought she was going to faint. She collapsed on the floor at the side of us, a very happy contented smile on her face.  
  
Becky shouted over and asked if they could have a go with the suction dildo now.  
  
"I knew I should have bought our strap-on with us," she said to Beth. they both turned to look at us four, realising what she'd said.  
  
"Yes, we are a couple. We've only been seeing each other for a month though, so haven't told anyone yet," Beth said.  
  
Alison cheered from the floor where she still lay.  
  
"Yeah, about fucking time, I knew you two would be perfect together!"  
  
I picked up the dildo and took it over to them. Beth took it off me, but instead of sticking it to the floor, lay Becky on her back, got into a 69 position, and thrust the dildo straight up her pussy. She hooked her spare arm around Becky's leg, Becky put the other leg up onto the sofa. Her pussy squelched like mad. Beth looked at me, and asked if I was going to be a spare wheel all night, or could she get some of that anal action?  
  
I knelt behind her and used her juices to lube up her arse, Beth looked over her shoulder and told me to go straight in with all four fingers.  
  
"I can take it, Becky loves fucking me anally with the strap-on," she explained.  
  
I did as she asked and she was right, they slid in very easily. Becky reached her right hand out from beneath Beth and shoved four fingers into my pussy. Her left hand was doing the same to Beth. Beth took the dildo from Becky's pussy, inserted it into her arse, and licked her clit frantically. Beth came first, her juices flowing down her legs. Her arse clamped on my fingers. Becky quickly followed, her juices joining where the remains of Alison's were. They both tipped me over the edge, and my orgasm ripped through me too. We all lay there in a sweaty sticky mess.  
  
I recovered enough to look over at Claire and Paul. Paul was still sat on the chair but Claire had turned around so she was facing him. Paul was licking and biting her nipples, alternating between each one, his hands on both hips, raising her, and slamming her back down onto his cock. Alison had got up and was knelt behind Claire, three fingers of her left hand were thrusting into Claire's arse, her right hand had reached around and was furiously rubbing Claire's clit. Claire looked like she was riding a bucking bronco, her head rolling from side to side as she screamed loudly. Alison rubbed her big nipples across Claire's back, Claire screamed even louder as her orgasm arrived. She rocked a bit until she regained herself, looked at Paul, and kissed him passionately.  
  
"How have you not come yet?" she asked him.  
  
I realised that Paul was the only one that hadn't yet come. I was impressed.  
  
Claire raised herself off him, and Alison made him stand up. She stood herself, and backed onto him 'just so she could say the real thing had been up her'. That was her excuse anyway. She took the whole length in her pussy, thrust back a few times, then called Beth and Becky over. She reluctantly removed herself from Paul, and invited the two girls to 'try him for size'.  
  
They went one better, and both backed onto him, Beth first, both taking him into arses. Both thrust onto him for about a minute only, when Paul tapped my shoulder. He looked straight at Becky's massive tits, and I read his mind. I asked her to kneel directly in front of him, Beth and Claire knelt on either side of her. Alison started to lick his cock, tasting all of our various juices of him, and I told her to carry on blowing him, but he wanted to come on Becky's tits.  
  
She took as much of him in her mouth as possible, while I grabbed her hand and directed it to the base of his shaft. She started to wank him into her mouth, she found this easier than trying to deepthroat him, and soon she pulled away as he started to come. There was loads, I think he was trying to cover all of Becky's 38D tits with one load. Alison had carried on wanking him while he came, his cock was jerking and one lot splattered across Claire's face. Alison instantly leaned over and licked her face clean. Beth had started doing the same to Becky's tits, and Paul came in the back of her hair. I couldn't resist rubbing my clit at the sight in front of me, and I came again too.  
  
I went to sit on the sofa, the others lay sprawled on the floor. There were sticky messes everywhere, the floor would need a serious clean. Beth eventually asked if she could shower before leaving, and I told her where the bedroom was to use the ensuite. She stood up and grabbed Becky's hand, motioning her to join her, to save time apparently. She also grabbed Alison and told her to join them. She looked delighted.  
  
They went upstairs, and Claire looked over at me.  
  
"Can I shower next, and where am I sleeping?" she asked.  
  
Paul and I looked at each other, smiled, and I said "Our bed. You can't shower as we haven't finished with you yet!"

**Katie and Paul Pt. 07**

Paul had been out of the house most of yesterday and annoyingly wouldn't tell me where he'd been. He had a big grin on his face each time I quizzed him, so I suspected he'd been planning something.  
  
We'd woken this morning, and Paul had told me we were going out for the day. I'd asked if I needed to wear anything in particular, and Paul said just to wear flat shoes or trainers. Not even a skirt or stockings request. Maybe this was just to be a normal day out, rather than exhibiting ourselves. We hadn't done so for about a month now, since we uploaded the photos on the website Claire had made us aware of. Some of the comments had given us a few ideas, but we hadn't taken up any offers yet.  
  
I had booked a holiday to Greece, on one of the islands, where we would be going in a few weeks. I hadn't told Paul why I'd really chosen to go there, pointing out the amazing pools, including an infinity pool with surrounding views across the sea and bay area, and the luxury rooms with large balconies overlooking the same area. I'd booked a room on a high floor for a better view, but neglected to tell Paul the real reason was there were several nudist beaches within easy reach of the hotel itself. He'd read the comment on the website, not realising how intrigued I'd been to try it out.  
  
Lying on a beach naked, while being watched by other naked people, in public, made me very wet thinking about it.  
  
I'd decided to wear a black skirt with my flat black shoes, and a loose-fitting top that complimented the skirt. I asked Paul if this was okay, and he said I looked fine. He asked if I'd still got my leather slip-on trainers, and pulled a face when I said I'd thrown them out as they had a hole in. He looked out of the window and said "It's not cloudy and it hasn't been raining, they should be fine," while looking back at my shoes.  
  
His poker face was good, he was giving nothing away. Paul was wearing jeans and a T-shirt, and his favourite trainers. His look almost convinced me we were just going shopping or something. We got our phones and bags ready and went out to the car. Paul wasn't going to be drinking then.  
  
We'd been in the car for around ninety minutes when I saw a familiar sight.  
  
"Are we going to the shopping complex?" My thoughts turned to Sarah from the shoe shop.  
  
"No, but around by there," Paul replied.  
  
"Oooh, are we going to that park nearby then?" I asked a little too excitedly. My pussy started to tingle as I had even sexier thoughts about Sarah.  
  
"Close by there, yes." Paul was not going to let me know what he had in store. I playfully punched the top of his arm.  
  
We drove around the side of the park, through a small gate, and down a small country road. We turned off into an almost hidden gateway, just big enough for the car to fit through, and followed a small trail. This wasn't a road as such, just a set of muddy tyre tracks with a grass verge on either side. About thirty seconds later we reached a car park, or at least it passed as a car park. Loose gravel and stones had been placed onto the muddy area to make it less slippy for cars.  
  
Paul drove to the far end, where I could see a grassy pathway between two hedges, going off towards a woody area. He parked with the passenger side of the car as close to the pathway as possible. A middle-aged couple walked past the front of the car and waved to us.  
  
"Nice day for it," the woman said, her husband smiling in agreement.  
  
"Hopefully it is!" shot back Paul, trying to suppress his laughter.  
  
"So what do you have planned then?" I asked him when his laughter had subsided.  
  
Paul asked me for my phone, and from the side of his seat pulled out a selfie stick. He also passed me an A4 sheet of paper, it was a street map satellite view he had printed off the internet. I gazed at it, turning the paper until it made sense. There was a car park marked at the bottom of the page, and it had Start Point written by it. It was a heavily wooded area that had a pathway that seemed to zigzag through. At the top of the page was a second smaller car park, entitled Finish. Along the pathway on the printout were five yellow marks at various points.  
  
I guessed it was a map of where we were now but still didn't know what it all meant. Paul had fixed my phone to the selfie stick, but still not said anything.  
  
"Get out of the car, leave the door open, and get undressed," he said nonchalantly. "You can put your shoes back on though."  
  
I looked around but there was nobody about. "Are you serious?" I asked.  
  
"Trust me, I walked the route yesterday, it will be fun," he explained.  
  
I was confused but intrigued enough that I could feel myself getting excited.  
  
"Are you going to tell me what we're doing then?" I asked.  
  
"Undress first, answers second," he said.  
  
We were the only ones in the car park, so I opened the door and got out. The way we had parked the door blocked the entrance to the pathway, and the hedge was tall enough that no-one could see over it. My heart raced as I pulled off my top and undid my bra, looking around at all times. Paul beckoned me to throw my clothes into the car, which I did. I pushed my skirt down over my hips and let it fall to the floor, and turned my back to the car to remove it from my ankles. Staying bent over, I slipped my knickers down and removed them also. Paul couldn't resist running a finger along my slit and onto my clit. I was already getting wet.  
  
I turned back to him, and he handed me the selfie stick. The phone was on video mode and was already recording.  
  
"Right then, you're ready. Follow the map until you reach the other car park. The yellow marked points indicate a small clearing. Go in through the gap in the hedge or trees, and you'll see a tree stump and a pile of leaves. There is something in each pile, you'll have to dig in to find it. I'll be waiting for you at the other car park. Oh, and remember to keep filming yourself at all times."  
  
He gave me a cheeky wink and pointed towards the pathway.  
  
"You're leaving me here naked? What happens if I bump into anyone?" I asked.  
  
"Make sure you are filming!" he replied.  
  
I gulped at the thought of just casually walking around naked. I enjoyed showing myself off to people, but this seemed different. I was a little apprehensive, but at the same time very excited. I looked at the map, the first yellow mark didn't seem too far from the start. I closed the door a little nervously, Paul blew me a kiss and drove off. I held the phone out in front of me, pointing at me, and walked to the pathway.  
  
I peered down the path before starting to walk down it. I'm not sure what I'd intended to do if someone was coming, Paul had gone. Maybe I'd have tried to hide behind one of the other parked cars.  
  
It didn't take me long to notice a gap in the hedge, and I squeezed through it. it was quite blocked off still, but three trees had been cut down. I checked by one and found the leaves pile, and ran my hand through it, uncovering a small plastic bag. I unwrapped the bag, and inside was an envelope marked 1 with a folded piece of paper in, and a pair of black tights. I opened the paper, and on it was written:  
  
"Put these on, and wear them until the end. I've chosen these as from the side they will look like trousers. Hopefully."  
  
I placed the selfie stick on one of the tree stumps so it faced me, slipped off my shoes, and pulled on the tights. I had them to my knees and went to pull them to my waist, and realised they were crotchless. I got them on right and saw what Paul had meant. The side was quite full, so a side-on view of me you couldn't tell my ass and pussy were on show. Paul also knows I really like the feel of nylon on my legs. I slipped my shoes back on, and ran my hands up my legs, grazing my inner thigh where the fabric ended. I could already feel the heat from my damp pussy.  
  
I picked up the selfie stick and peered out through the gap onto the pathway. I could see no-one around. I quickly checked the map, the next yellow mark would be just before I had to turn a corner, where the path almost doubled back on itself. I walked out onto the pathway and continued to walk towards my next destination. The feel of the light breeze across my naked top half was quite refreshing and relaxing.  
  
I walked up the pathway for a further ten minutes. A few times I thought I'd heard a noise but could see no-one, I was looking at the hedges and trees at the sides of the path for hiding places, but there wouldn't be much disguising my nakedness. I could see that the path seemed to lead straight into some trees blocking the way, so it looked like I was nearing where the path turned.  
  
Just as I started looking for the next yellow mark, something startled me. A woman, who looked around the same age as me in her early 20s, came jogging around the corner, heading right towards me. I quickly looked on either side of the path, there was nowhere to hide. I had to front her out. There was a tree to my left, so I leaned against it, holding the selfie stick behind me, my left arm stretched across my breasts trying to hide them.  
  
She got closer to me and her expression didn't change. She ran up towards me, raised a hand, and said Hi. Instinctively I raised my free hand to wave back, but in doing so flashed my naked breasts at her. She smiled broadly as she ran past, and shouted over her shoulder "I hope you've put plenty of suncream on!"  
  
I'd been apprehensive since I undressed. I'm used to being in control while showing myself off, this was out of my comfort zone. However, her reaction to seeing me made me more relaxed. I walked a little further up the path and found the next marker. There were trees here, I could see through to the other side where the pathway led, but only just. I went through, found the piles of leaves, and moved them about until another plastic bag was in view.  
  
This had an envelope marked 2, which I opened, unfolded the note, and read from it:  
  
"Now keep this in until the end."  
  
I couldn't see anything. I looked to the floor, and something was lying there, it must not have been in the bag. I picked it up and saw that it was a butt plug. It was still in its original packaging but had been cut open at one side so that the butt plug could be removed. There was a small squeezy bottle with liquid in it, I squeezed a little onto one finger. It was lube.  
  
I put my hand down to my pussy, which was quite wet. I used one and then two fingers with the lube on my arsehole, and inserted the butt plug into my pussy to get that wet. I eventually had it inserted, and stood up and looked around. I thought I'd heard a noise again but could see no-one. I moved towards the pathway and walked out. The butt plug filling my arse was sending sensations of pleasure through my body. I'd thought about trying to wear my own realistic butt plug at work before, walking with this one in made me sure I was going to have to do so sooner rather than later.  
  
I'd checked the map, and the next yellow marker was about halfway towards the next turning point. I walked on, a more confident swagger about me. I positioned the camera behind me now, to get a good view of my arse and also where I was headed rather than where I'd come from.  
  
The warmth from the sun, and the pleasant quiet surroundings, had made me feel at ease, I was almost daydreaming. A sudden noise bought me back to my senses. A largeish dog was bounding towards me. I couldn't see anyone behind the dog, but it had a lead trailing and dragging behind it. As it got closer I saw it was a Chocolate Labrador.  
  
The dog had seen me now and bundled into me, almost knocking me over. He kept jumping up to me playfully, and I started stroking under his chin and rubbing his back. I think subconsciously I was trying to calm him down. I heard voices and looked down the path. A middle-aged couple were running towards me, shouting out for the dog.  
  
They both stopped dead in their tracks as they got up close. They must have been startled by the sight, not only had their dog found another human to play with, this one was half-naked. The man's eyes were on stalks, his wife eyeing me up and down whilst also trying to show her mild disproval at her husband staring at me.  
  
"He's a very nice dog," I blurted out.  
  
The woman looked at me and asked if I was okay as I was so undressed. She noticed the phone on the selfie stick behind me.  
  
"Are you filming yourself? Is this some kind of dare?" she asked. She smiled as she said it, obviously intrigued.  
  
"Yes I am, my boyfriend asked me to do it. He wanted me to see what people's reactions would be," I told her. A little white lie never hurt anyone I thought.  
  
"Aren't you scared that someone may do something you don't want?" she replied.  
  
"My boyfriend is watching out of sight, I'm safe enough," I told her. Another little white lie.  
  
Her husband was still staring. He couldn't decide whether to try to peek at my half-hidden pussy, or just stare at my blatantly exposed breasts.  
  
"To be fair, if I had a body like that I'd probably do something similar too," she giggled. She looked at her husband and playfully slapped the front of his trousers where his crotch was. He yelped a little and pulled a face at her.  
  
"Twenty years ago we'd have done things like this," he said, "But I doubt we'd have got a good reception back then if anyone had bumped into us."  
  
"Well you're obviously enjoying the view now, I could feel your semi-erect penis when I slapped you," she playfully scolded him.  
  
The dog had settled at my feet while we were talking. Suddenly he jumped up against me again, this time I wasn't expecting it. I started to fall while twisting, dropping the selfie stick on the floor. I landed on my knees and put out my hands to stop my fall. Almost ironically, I landed in a perfect doggy position, my arse facing the couple. They gasped in unison. I remembered the butt plug.  
  
"Now if you don't have an erection I'd wonder what the fuck was wrong with you!" I heard her say.  
  
I looked over my shoulder just as I heard the swish of her summer dress being raised. Her hand had grabbed his, and she placed it on her pussy to show him how wet she was getting.  
  
"You're enjoying the view more than me!" he exclaimed.  
  
I got to my feet as he grabbed the dog's lead, and wrapped it around his hand to keep the dog close to him. I brushed down my nyloned legs, they weren't really dirty, the knees were damp from the dewy grass and there were a few loose leaves stuck to me.  
  
"We've embarrassed her enough, let's leave her to carry on now," said the wife. "Pleasure to have met you," added her husband.  
  
They waved and carried on down the path the way I had come. I picked up the selfie stick and carried on also.  
  
I reached the next marker, checked the leaves pile, and pulled out an envelope marked 3. There had been a very large tree here, the tree stump was about three feet wide. It had been cut down so it was about two feet high, it almost made a perfect picnic table.  
  
"Stay on all fours on the tree stump, for ten minutes. Arse facing the entrance. Film towards the entrance as well," the note said.  
  
There was a blindfold with the envelope, and a stopwatch set to ten minutes. I recognised it as Paul's and knew it had an alarm sound when the timer finished. I got myself into position, made sure the phone was pointing the right way, pulled the blindfold over my eyes, and pressed the button to start the countdown.  
  
It seemed like the longest ten minutes of my life. I hadn't heard a sound at all until the timer went off, so didn't think anyone had seen me. However, the position I'd been in and the light breeze across my pussy and clit had set me on fire. I pulled at the butt plug, withdrawing it a little then pushing it back in. It was a nice enough feeling, my stomach and insides were churning with pleasure, but it wasn't my realistic butt plug with the veins. If I been wearing that one I'm sure I'd have come just by walking the trail itself.  
  
I packed the blindfold and stopwatch into the bag and checked the map. The next marker was just around the next turn, onto a final straight pathway which led towards the finishing point at the far car-park. I walked towards it without seeing anyone, but I had that slightly uneasy feeling you have when you're convinced someone is watching you. I kept looking over my shoulder but could see nobody around.  
  
The next marker was a bit clearer to see, it was marked on the path itself. There was a slightly bigger gap between two trees here. I walked in and found the next envelope, number 4. The pile of leaves it was in was at the base of a large tree directly in front of the entrance to the clearing.  
  
"Leaning against the tree, bring yourself close to orgasm without coming. Wait five minutes, and repeat," the note in this envelope said.  
  
I turned and faced where I'd entered between the trees. I was no more than twenty feet away from the pathway. Any noise from me would more than likely be heard. This excited me more than I expected. I spread my legs a little and started to rub at my clit. I was biting my lip to suppress my whimpers of pleasure, but each one sounded like fireworks going off in the quiet peaceful surroundings. The tree was starting to hurt my back, so I stopped and turned around. I leaned my arm with the selfie stick against the side of the trunk, leaning forwards, and put my other hand back to my clit.  
  
I was almost close to coming, my gasps getting louder and louder despite biting my lip, and I pulled my fingers away. I heard what sounded like twigs snapping. I quickly turned, expecting someone behind me. Nobody was there. I stood as still as possible, but the only noise I could hear was the wind rustling the leaves in the branches above me. I waited a few minutes, both for my body to relax and to listen out. I placed my fingers back to my clit, assumed the same position as just leaning against the tree, and stopped just as my orgasm was about to come over me. This time I cried out, I so desperately wanted to come.  
  
My juices were dribbling down my inner thighs, the nylon on my thighs was showing patches where they were acting as a dam. I rubbed at the juices, sliding my fingers into my mouth to taste myself. I'd cleaned myself up as much as possible, as headed out onto the path to continue to the final marker. I thought I'd heard a noise again, but could still see nobody.  
  
The final marker was showing on the map as very close to the end of the pathway. I got towards it and noticed a very big yellow arrow pointing to a gap in the trees. This seemed a little too obvious, so I wondered what was in store. I very slowly edged my way into the clearing, it seemed a lot bigger than the others. I could make out a shadow on the floor, and peering around the trees could see a foot. There was someone in the clearing already.  
  
I kept as quiet as possible, while trying to edge forwards and peek in. Perhaps someone had seen the arrow on the floor and had come to investigate. Was this part of Paul's plan? The arrow had seemed a little too noticeable.  
  
I finally managed to see a bit further into the clearing. I could see a naked leg, quite hairy so obviously, it was a male. My mind was telling me to be wary, this could be a stranger. If it was, did Paul know? And if so, what did he think I would do?  
  
I turned the selfie stick to behind me, so I'd be filming whoever was inside. I took another step forward and now noticed the man wasn't wearing anything below the waist, his erection in hand while he stroked it slowly. It was a very decent size, about as big as Paul's, a good eight inches. I stood looking at it for a few seconds, feeling the excitement flowing through me. I moved forward a little more, enough to notice he wasn't wearing a top either. He was very lean and seemed quite tall.

I bit the bullet and walked into the clearing. He was sitting on an old park bench.  
  
"Fuck me you took your time, I didn't think you were going to get here!" Paul exclaimed on seeing me.  
  
"How long have you been here?" I asked, still watching his cock.  
  
"I dropped you off, parked the car, and came straight over here," he answered.  
  
I took a quick look around him. "Where are your clothes?" I asked.  
  
"In the car with yours!" he replied. He pointed to the floor where he had placed his phone and car keys.  
  
I didn't say anything else. I was still watching him stroke his cock, and that coupled with the feel of the butt plug and me recently bringing myself close to orgasm twice, I needed to be filled. I walked over, straddled him, and sank straight onto him. His hands went straight to my tits, kneading them and pulling my nipples while lifting and pulling me back down onto his length. I was whimpering like mad, and it didn't take me long to come.  
  
My body started to relax when I heard a noise behind me. I looked over my shoulder and saw a chocolate labrador. It came right up behind me and started sniffing and licking my upper legs, getting really close to my arse. Paul reached around to rub the dog's head when the dog's owners walked in after him.  
  
"Oh, erm, hi again," said the husband, recognising me. Paul looked at me puzzled.  
  
"We've met already, further down the trail," his wife explained.  
  
"Have you been following me all this time?" I asked.  
  
"Not really, we could see you from a distance, and the dog kept running up towards you, but we weren't deliberately watching you. Not that hubby didn't want to keep seeing you," she said.  
  
"Has anyone else seen you in here?" her husband added.  
  
"We haven't seen anyone else at the entrance, no," said Paul.  
  
"We watch from the car sometimes," said the wife. By way of explanation, she pointed towards the car park. It was about fifty feet away, but although there were a lot of trees about you could still see the cars parked up.  
  
"Have you finished, did we get here too late?" the wife asked. Paul told her I'd come but he hadn't, so we had plenty in the tank yet. She moved closer to us, away from the entrance, and put down her handbag. It was open, and I noticed her bra sticking out of it. She very quickly in one movement pulled the summer dress over her head and stood there with just her knickers on. She turned to her hubby, who by now had fastened the dog's lead around a tree, undid his belt and trousers, and dropped them to the floor. His cock was already fully erect, not quite as big as Paul's but still a very nice size. She started to stroke him, slowly and gently.  
  
I gave Paul the selfie stick so he could hold it behind him, and asked if they minded us filming them. They both nodded eagerly. The husband asked Paul if he could give him his email address later, so he could send him a copy of the recording. Paul agreed. I got off Paul so that I could turn to face the couple. The wife gasped when she saw Paul's cock, it glistened as the sunlight shone on it coated in my juices.  
  
I sat back down onto Paul and leaned back against him. I sat still with him fully impaled in me, my legs spread as far as I could get them. The husband was staring intently between my legs and didn't notice his wife kneel in front of him and take his cock in her mouth. He groaned very loudly and threw his head back. It was the first time he'd lost sight of me since they walked into the clearing.  
  
She started to suck him deeply, changing her angle so she could look between my legs too. I assumed she was trying to see Paul's cock rather than my pussy, so I raised myself until almost all of Paul's cock was withdrawn, just the very tip still in me. She gasped, and her hand shot between her legs. She tried rubbing at her clit, but realised it would be easier if she removed her knickers. She took her mouth off her husband, stood up, removed the knickers, and threw them into her handbag.  
  
She knelt back down and resumed the same position. With them both now staring between my legs, I started to ride Paul, slowly at first and getting faster and faster. The wife's hand became a blur, and she came, crying out in pleasure. She slumped backward, her husband grabbed his cock and starting to wank while still watching me. She put a hand up to stop him, crawled in front of him on all fours, and beckoned him behind her. He entered her quickly and she cried out again.  
  
She was no more than two feet from Paul and me, so had a very closeup view of Paul's cock sliding in and out of me. Her hubby was leaning to either side to keep looking too. I reached down and started to finger my clit, when I felt her hand come out and touch mine. I moved my hand, as she started to rub my clit for me. Her hubby went berserk at that, thrusting into her so hard she was being thrown forwards uncontrollably. He didn't last much longer before he withdrew, moved to the side of her, and started wanking towards her face and my pussy. She moved her mouth up but had barely started blowing him again before he started spurting. His come went everywhere, on her face and hair, some on my front, and the rest all over both mine and Paul's legs.  
  
He pushed her forward a little more so she could lick my clit, looking at me to see if it was alright. I wasn't going to say no. She started to lick me while he bent behind her, one hand thrusting fingers into her very squelchy pussy and the other rubbing her clit. Her body starting shaking like mad, her breasts rubbing against Paul's balls. I could feel my orgasm starting too, and Paul tapped me on the hip.  
  
The wife came soon after, coming to rest on my thighs. I quickly rubbed my clit and my orgasm ripped through me, and shortly after Paul started to flood me with his come.  
  
Once we'd relaxed a little I raised myself off Paul. His cock was a gleaming mess. The wife's eyes perked up as she saw it, and I noticed.  
  
"Do you want to lick him clean?" I offered to her. I looked at Paul and he nodded. He looked at the hubby looking a little forlorn, and said "Perhaps we should clean them both up?"  
  
His eyes lit up. Paul stood up and sat the wife on the bench, and knelt in front of her. With careful slow licks, he cleaned her pussy, deliberately licking as close to her clit as possible without touching it. I sat next to her and called her husband over. He knelt also but instead licked at me as if his life depended on it, like a cat licking at milk. Not only was he not cleaning me up, but he was also making more mess with my pussy juices dribbling down my legs. His hands were rubbing up and down my nyloned legs, which was also turning me on more. I knew I was close to coming again. I looked over at Paul, and he had three fingers inserted into both the wife's pussy and arsehole.  
  
If anyone was at the car park they must have been able to hear her, especially when she came again. She clamped onto Paul's fingers and screamed in pleasure very very loudly. This tipped me over the edge and I squirted over her husband's face. He pulled back and used his fingers to wipe his face clean of my juices, licking and slurping them all down.  
  
We all stayed there for a few minutes until we'd relaxed and the guy's erections had gone. The couple got up and started to get dressed. The wife looked at us still sitting there, and asked why we weren't getting dressed. Paul told her about our clothes being in the car, and she laughed that we'd have to make our way to the car without being seen.  
  
"It's a bit late for that," said her hubby, pointing towards the car park. Through the trees, we could make out four people, and four sets of eyes, watching us.  
  
Paul picked up our stuff, grabbed my hand, and we started to walk towards the car park. He'd parked close to the trail again, we got onto the car park to a round of cheers and wolf whistles. We opened the car doors, and Paul threw my clothes into the passenger seat for me. We dressed, got into the car, and there was a tap on Paul's window. Paul wound the window down to the husband, a big broad smile on his face. He handed Paul a scrap of paper, thanked us, and walked back off to his own car.  
  
Paul read the paper, it had an email address, the names Carl and Emily, and to let them know if we were ever in the area again.