**Katie and Paul**

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**Katie and Paul Pt. 08**

We'd only been in the car for a couple of minutes after leaving Carl and Emily back at the woods car park. My head was still giddy with excitement. I'd asked Paul how he'd had the idea for me to walk the trail alone and naked. He said he'd seen it on the website on one of the comments but didn't think I would do it if he told me first. He was still quite surprised that I'd gone along with the idea anyway.

I asked if we could go to the shopping complex as we were close by anyway.

"Are you hoping to bump into Sarah?" he asked, smiling as he said it.

"Not really, I'm genuinely hungry and I didn't want to wait until we get home to eat." I looked at the clock on the dashboard, it was 12:45 in the afternoon.

"If we wait until we get home it will be close to 3 pm, then we won't want to eat this evening," I continued.

Paul agreed, saying if we went somewhere to get a burger or something, we could eat out later instead of cooking when we got back. I was more than happy with that idea, I really didn't want to cook after being out most of the day.

We drove to the complex and parked up, and took the short walk across the car park to an alley leading through to the shops. I took Paul's hand and led him to the right, where I thought I'd remembered seeing a burger joint on our last visit. I'd very quickly got dressed when we'd got back to the car after hearing the cheering, and unbeknown to Paul not only did I still have the butt plug in, I'd also not put my knickers or bra back on. Walking around the shops now was making my insides churn. Seeing a department store, I had a naughty thought.

"Let's go and have a browse around here?" I asked Paul.

He looked disappointed, I think he was hungrier than he had made out.

I looked at him, bit my lip, and said in my best teenage girl impression "I promise it will be worth it."

I finished saying it by tweaking my nipples at him. He grinned as he got the gist of what I was saying. As we entered the store I told him to get his phone out ready.

"As my phone has been recording lots already, you'd better get some video and pictures on yours. That website won't update itself!" I exclaimed.

I walked into an aisle with homeware items in, turned to Paul, and lifted my top, showing him my naked breasts.

"Hey! I haven't got the phone ready yet!" he gasped.

I giggled, dropped my top back down, and picked up a spatula. I made sure he had the phone pointed at me, and lifted my skirt. He gasped quite loudly. He could tell I was still wearing the crotchless tights, but he didn't know I hadn't put my knickers on. I took the handle of the spatula and ran it through my pussy lips. I dropped my skirt back down and licked the handle clean. Only then did I notice an elderly man standing close behind Paul. He wasn't looking at me, so I didn't think he'd seen anything.

I nodded to Paul to let him know. Paul looked over his shoulder and saw him. That got the man's attention. They both looked back towards me, just as I turned, lifted my skirt again, this time exposing the butt plug for their eyes.

Paul quickly took a couple of pictures, the old man open-mouthed as he couldn't believe his luck. I grinned at them both, dropped my skirt back into place, and walked off.

Paul caught up with me as I was going to a furniture department. He asked if I knew the old man was there, and I said yes, I'd flashed him on purpose. I told Paul I wanted to tease people and wanted him out of sight but close enough to get their reactions. Paul's semi-erect cock in his jeans told me he liked the idea.

We pretended to be looking around the sofas, me occasionally sitting on some and saying loudly to Paul "to see how comfortable they were." This attracted a bit of attention, two other couples were walking around the department, one couple probably in their forties, the other around the same age as Paul and myself, early twenties.

Both of the men seemed more interested in watching me than looking at the furniture with their partners, so I made a point of making sure my legs were spread a little more than necessary when sitting, right on the edge of the cushions, and at one point I lay lengthways along a sofa which made my skirt ride right up. I wasn't sure how far up my skirt they could see, but Paul standing behind them gave me a cheeky thumbs up. I assumed that meant they had a very good view.

I was wondering how long they'd keep trying to pretend they weren't watching me, and actually acknowledge they were enjoying the show. I reached a hand down and scratched at the top of my thigh just to the side of my pussy, making out that I had an itch but in doing so pushing my skirt higher still. That got the attention of the elder of the two women, who looked at me, noticed her partner staring, and slapped the top of his arm hard. She then grabbed his arm and led him off to another department.

The younger woman looked around at the noise, laughed at her hitting him, and turned to see what had caused it. She got the same view as her partner, and without looking at him, nudged him and pointed me out. He didn't need encouragement, he'd been looking for a while. Rather than get angry, she seemed intrigued. She noticed me look up at her and smiled back. She then started to walk in my direction.

I stood up from the sofa and pushed my skirt back properly, awaiting her reaction.

"Don't you mind people seeing?" she asked.

I pointed at Paul and said "It's to tease him, if anyone else sees then yes, it's a turn-on. I'll be honest, when we get home we have great sex afterward."

"You're so brave," she replied, "He's always asked me to flash in public, but I'd be too embarrassed for strangers to see me too."

I looked around, only one other couple was in view and they were looking at something on the other side of the department.

"Do it now," I dared her, "Me and Paul are strangers. Show us."

She looked at her boyfriend who nodded quickly, telling her she knew he'd be fine with it, but if she said no it would be ok. She was wearing jeans, so keeping a lookout around the store, undid her buttons. She held the top of the jeans, checked again, and pulled them down to her thighs. Her legs were still close together because her jeans were quite tight, so we couldn't see much, except she had a small landing strip of pubic hair. She pulled them up quickly.

"Oooh, that was quite a thrill," she said.

Her boyfriend leaned to her and whispered something, and she whispered back in response. She walked over to the sofa I'd been lying on, leaned both knees on the cushions, and pulled her jeans back down again. This time she didn't check to see if anyone else was watching, and this time we got a great view of her pussy and arse. She stood up, pulling her jeans back up, her face was flush.

"Oh boy that's such a rush!" she grinned as she spoke.

She looked at her boyfriend and they both giggled at each other. She thanked us and told us thanks for the show and they were off to practise. I'd love to have seen her reaction the first time she realised someone else had been watching.

They wandered off, but I'd seen something interesting. There were some metal-framed beds, the tops of the posts looked like metal butt plugs. I wondered if I could fit one in me. Here, in the shop.

I asked Paul if he had video mode on, and if not to switch it on, without telling him why. Seeing her flash her pussy and arse at us had made me wet, so I positioned myself facing Paul, straddled the post, and without lifting my skirt trying to position the top against my pussy. It was a little too high. I gained a bit more leverage by placing one foot up on the frame, this was a better angle. Looking at Paul with a wicked look on my face, I raised my skirt and sunk onto the post. It slipped in easily.

I slipped a finger onto my clit, and raised off the post and back down. My whole body shook. I got back up off the post, rearranged my skirt, and licked the post to taste my juices off it. Paul was filming with one hand, and stroking his cock through his jeans with the other. I took the phone off him, sat him on the bed frame, and he unzipped and sat there with his cock out while I filmed him.

We heard giggling behind us, and I turned and saw two women were walking towards us. They'd seen me filming Paul, I'm not sure how much they saw, but when Paul stood up to put his cock back in his jeans they both gasped.

We walked off, and Paul said although this was fun, he needed to find somewhere to eat now. We looked for a sign showing where the exits were and saw they were past the DIY department. We walked in that direction when I noticed a few men were browsing the items on the shelves.

"Keep filming me, but make sure you're behind the person I'm going to flash. I'll casually point out who it will be. I don't want them to know you're with me but that I'm alone," I asked him.

The department ran down both sides of one aisle. The shelving was about five foot tall, for some items to be hung up. Only the people in the aisle would be able to see me. I asked Paul to stay at one end and use the zoom if needed. I walked up the aisle a couple of times, there were a couple of men browsing, and a middle-aged couple. I had a quick check, they were wearing wedding rings. The husband was taking a very keen interest in my nyloned legs, so I made a small gesture to let Paul know, walked past them, and keeping my legs straight bent over to pick a hammer up from the bottom shelf.

I heard a low but audible gasp behind me and knew instantly my skirt had risen enough to give him an eyeful. I glanced around without looking directly at him, to see if he was still trying to see up my skirt. He turned his head quickly. His wife was facing towards Paul, so wouldn't have seen anything. I bent over again, this time pretending I couldn't pick up the hammer properly so that I could keep that position longer. I could tell from the draught that my skirt had risen right up this time.

I'd selected a club hammer, which was quite heavy and had a thick handle. I turned so that I was facing in his direction, and made a point of stroking the handle up and down like I was caressing a cock. Even without trying to look, I could already see his erection through his trousers. I crouched down to put the hammer back, angling my legs to make sure he would be able to see right up to my pussy, put down the hammer, looked directly at him, and winked. He almost fell backward at realising he'd been caught watching me.

I giggled and walked back towards Paul. Without talking to me or making it obvious, Paul pointed out a man on his own. He looked like he was about thirty-five years old, and was also wearing a wedding ring. He was very good looking and looked like he worked out, his broad shoulders threatening to burst out of his shirt.

He was looking at drill sets, and I saw a chance to flash him up close. I moved to the other side of him, turned back to face him and Paul, and crouched down. Assuming a similar position to just now, I spread my legs a little further than needed. I started to look at various drill sets, picking some up and pretending to read them, all the while shaking my head. I looked up at him, and he didn't bother hiding the fact he was staring straight at my exposed pussy. He was grinning, but upon seeing me look at him, quickly glanced around to see if anyone was by us or watching. He didn't notice Paul filming.

"I really don't know which one would be best, they all seem to have different items and settings?" I said to him, sounding fed up.

"What exactly do you need it for?" he asked.

It took all of his efforts to bring his eyes up to meet mine while he answered. He'd barely finished speaking before his gaze went back to up my skirt. In response, I adjusted my feet so my legs were spread a little further.

"Something just to keep around the house for when all the little jobs need doing," I replied.

He leaned forward and brushed his hand across my nylon-clad knee, and picked up a set that had a lot of different sorts of drill bits in, and the drill had lots of settings.

"That's a decent all-around set, that should do the job ok."

He placed the drill set on the floor directly in front of my open legs and rested his hand on my knee, his fingers stretching up my thighs. His touch made my body tremble. Something in the corner of my eye caught my attention. It was Paul in the distance, making a shushing motion with his finger over his lips. A blonde curvy lady with very big breasts was walking towards us. I recognised her.

Over his shoulder, Sarah shook her head to tell me 'no'. I stood up and he stood up too, just as Sarah put her arms around his waist.

"Hi John, have you been enjoying yourself while I finished work at the shoe shop?" she asked him.

"Well yes," said her husband, "My new friend here really likes showing off in public. I was about to ask her if she wanted to visit a park nearby for some more public fun."

She smiled at him and nodded her approval, just as Paul joined us. Paul told them who he was, and John shook his hand.

We wandered off to find the exit to the store. Paul and I didn't get to the burger joint after all...

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