**Katie and Paul**

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**Katie and Paul Pt. 09 - The Holiday**

The day of the holiday arrived, we'd taken a taxi cab to the airport, and had passed through security. We were sitting awaiting the noticeboard to tell us which boarding gate we needed to go to.  
  
Paul was getting a little restless, so we started playing a little game to relieve the boredom and pass some time. I was wearing a loose-fitting vest top and a pair of tight lycra shorts. Not only was it warm here, I knew it would be even warmer when we arrived in Greece, and this outfit would be comfortable for the flight itself.  
  
We selected men with their partners, it didn't matter whether they were about the same age as us, in their early 20s, or older men close to retirement age, every man couldn't resist staring. Some I would just bend over and pretend to be looking for something in my handbag, giving them a view of my tits as my vest top hung down. Others I would get up and walk around like I was stretching my legs, only to find a reason to bend over in their line of sight, giving them a perfect view of my ass.  
  
This never failed to make Paul smirk at their reactions, and he started taking pictures of them to look back at later. The boarding gate was announced and cut short our fun, and we got onto the plane.  
  
We'd selected seats when we'd checked in online, but there weren't two seats together unless we took an aisle and a middle seat, all the window seats were already taken. Paul was a little disappointed as he liked to take scenic pictures during the flight. We found our seats and there was no-one in the window seat yet. Paul said he'd take the aisle seat and we took our places. A few others got on, then a rather large man in a business suit came and told us he was by the window.  
  
We let him in, and he introduced himself to us. He also told us he was tired as he'd been in meetings since the early hours, so would probably fall asleep during the flight. I told him not to wake up startled if I was leaning over him to take pictures through the window. He looked me up and down, smiled, and said he'd probably think he was still dreaming.  
  
About thirty minutes into the flight he had fallen asleep. He had put earplugs in too. Paul nudged me and looked about the cabin. Three middle-aged women were sat opposite us, but they were all chatting away. Paul got out his phone.  
  
"Lift your top, I can take a picture with him in the background then," Paul asked.  
  
I frowned, checked the man, then smiled and lifted my top. Paul had made sure the flash was off and was on silent, and quickly took a picture. I put my top back down but rubbed my nipples through it. I lifted my top again.  
  
"It doesn't look so good with your bra still on," he said.  
  
I looked around, only the three women would see unless someone stood and looked over the seats. I reached behind me, keeping an eye on the man, and unclasped and slid off my bra. I leant forward and placed it in my handbag by my feet. I lifted my top again, Paul made me lean back slightly then took another one.  
  
"His mouth is open, that one looks like your nipple is coming out of it!" he whispered.  
  
I laughed a little too loudly and had to quickly adjust my vest top as the three women looked over at me. We decided to behave for the rest of the flight.  
  
We eventually landed, got off the plane and collected our luggage, then went to where our hotel transfer transport was, and made our way to our hotel. It was mid-afternoon when we arrived, and we were greeted by a very handsome man on reception who tried his very best not to keep looking at my breasts, even though I had now put my bra back on. He explained that breakfast would be between 8 am and 10 am each morning, and the cleaning team normally came around after 10.30 am.  
  
He explained how they would knock loudly on the door before entering, only not entering if the occupants specifically asked them to wait. This normally only happened if people were still getting changed for example. We took the luggage up to our room. We were on the fifth floor of six so got the lift up, found our room number, and entered.  
  
I went straight to the balcony and called Paul to me. The view was amazing, looking right over the sea and beach area, with the rest of the town spread out to the side of our hotel. The sun was right above us, it would be perfect for bathing if we'd returned to the room during the day. Down below us was the main pool, this was for all ages. We had been told there was also a rooftop infinity pool that was strictly for over 18s only.  
  
We used the rest of the day to walk around the hotel and the surrounding area, finding somewhere to eat and see what could be visited locally. There were also several bus services for getting around the island easily. We also checked out the nearest beach, the sand was golden and looked beautiful, but there were still a lot of people on it even though it was early evening now, with the sun starting to go down.  
  
We awoke the next morning and went down for breakfast, talking about where to go once we'd changed. We decided to relax by the garden pool for a while. We were back in the room when there was a knock at the door.  
  
"Room cleaning, hello," shouted a female voice.  
  
"Come in," I replied.  
  
She entered the room carrying fresh towels. She looked a little like me, just with a very deep golden tan. Her deep suntan set off her amazing hazel eyes perfectly, I found myself getting lost looking into them. She looked about the same age as Paul and I were.  
  
"I'm Rosa, I will change towels every day, you need anything else?" she asked in slightly broken English.  
  
I told her I would leave any dirty towels on the floor in the bathroom and she could just change those. She thanked us and turned and left. Her arse swished under her uniform like it was waving goodbye. Paul and I both gasped quietly as she moved.  
  
I changed into my bikini and slipped on my kimono dressing gown I'd bought with me. Paul said he was leaving his shorts on, if he went in the pool he'd just change again before we went out again. We went down to the pool, I managed to get a few admiring glances due to my bikini bottoms being rather small. The pool itself was very nice, there were two bars either end of its large circular shape and plenty of sun loungers around. We chose two and used the small table between them to put the towels and our phones and room keys underneath to keep them in the shade.  
  
We'd been down there for around an hour when I asked Paul if we could leave. There were a few too many children around for my liking, not that I don't like them but I wanted to take off my bikini top and didn't feel comfortable doing so. Looking around the pool most of the other woman were quite covered up too.  
  
We took a walk down to the beach and it was very busy, but at least most of the women were topless here, so I could feel more comfortable. We ended up spending most of the day down there, occasionally dipping into the sea to cool down, and then found a great little Greek restaurant to sample some local food, spending the rest of the evening in the hotel bar getting chatting to a few other guests.  
  
We had breakfast the next morning, and at around the same time, the door knocked. Rosa entered, and she went to the bathroom to see what towels needed changing before returning with fresh ones. She came in as I'd taken off my bra, and stood there topless in front of her. Her eyes went to my breasts and I swore she licked her lips. I must have been seeing things.  
  
"Are there any quieter beaches nearby?" I asked her. "The local one is very busy, and I need to get my suntan like yours."  
  
I pointed at my breasts as I asked, and pulled the side of my shorts down a little. Despite being on the beach the day before my breasts were still considerably whiter than my body.  
  
"You have nice tan already," she told me.  
  
"Yes, but it needs to be the same all over," I explained. I stressed the all over part as I tugged at my shorts again.  
  
"Ah I see, I understand now." She left the room and returned with a map of local attractions.  
  
"There is nudist resort here," she told me, pointing at a beach on the south of the island. We were on the north side.  
  
"We need somewhere a little closer than that if possible," I explained.  
  
She pointed her finger again. Fifteen minutes walk away along the coast was a beach that not many people went to. It was edged by a large rock formation jutting into the sea, so you could walk so far and then have to turn back. The only way off was to walk across all the dunes to the nearest road which was about five minutes away, or back along the beach back towards the town.  
  
"It's very much quieter and not so many people. You can walk around like the day you were born," she smiled broadly as she told us. "I go there myself sometimes, it's nice place to act free."  
  
It sounded perfect, and I thanked her. Paul and I both watched her swish out of the room. Paul suggested we should head down to that beach, just to walk along and see what it was like, even if we didn't stay there today. At least we'd see how busy it was, and we had plenty of holidays left to go back if it looked acceptable.  
  
We headed to the beach and we agreed it would be much better for us both to sunbath naked. Not everyone was fully nude, there were a few people on the beach that still had bottoms on, but everyone else there was at least topless. We counted around twenty people, all spread around at various points on the beach. Paul suggested we walk up to the road and go back that way, then we could see if any shops or restaurants might be worth visiting later.  
  
We started across the dunes and realised with the long grasses growing from the sand that navigating wasn't going to be easy. Paul saw a chimney in the distance and said we should head for that. At one point we walked around a tall mound of sand, right into a couple having sex in the doggy position. The women smiled broadly at us, the man didn't even stop while beckoning us over. We declined his invitation. As we turned another corner we saw two men peering through the bushes, masturbating over the couple having sex, trying to make sure they were out of sight. They both jumped when they saw us and weren't too impressed at me and Paul laughing out loud at them.  
  
We decided to give the beach a tryout the next day. We had breakfast as normal, then went back to our room. I'd got out my white thong bikini, I may as well show off on the way there too I thought to myself. I lay the bikini on the bed ready to put on, then had an idea. I rushed to the door and peered out. Rosa was about three rooms away. I quickly dived back into the room.  
  
"Take your shorts off and put them on the floor by you," I hurriedly told Paul.  
  
"Now lie on the bed and put the pillow over your head like you're trying to keep the sunlight out while dozing. Trust me, and try to pretend it's just me in the room with you."  
  
Paul looked intrigued but did as he was told. He lay on the bed on his back, and I pulled up the blanket just enough to cover his now exposed cock. He placed the pillow across his eyes, holding it with both hands. The door knocked.  
  
"Come in," I shouted out.  
  
As Rosa entered the room I made a point of removing my bra, leaving me topless in front of her. I told her that there was a towel by the bed also, I hadn't had a chance to put it with the dirty ones in the bathroom yet, and could she also empty the bins, please.  
  
She smiled at my breasts, then looked at me. She took the towels from the bathroom, then came for the one by the bed. I'd dropped it right by Paul's feet. As she moved over I sat on the bed and leaned forward, and then stood up. Doing so moved the blanket downwards, uncovering Paul's cock. She momentarily moved her gaze from my breasts to Paul's cock, and gasped quietly, although not quite enough for me not to notice.  
  
She took the towels out and replaced them with fresh ones. She'd bought in new bags to place in the bins, and had to walk up Paul's side of the bed to empty the bin that side. As she walked past Paul his cock twitched. I knew he'd done it on purpose, guessing where she was, but she didn't know. Her eyes didn't leave his cock, she was transfixed. As she came back to the bottom of the bed I'd turned my back to her, and keeping my legs straight pushed down my knickers. I knew she had a perfect view of my arse as she glided past me to empty the bin on my side of the bed.  
  
I stood up and looked at her. Her face looked flushed, alternating glances between my nakedness and Paul's cock. She saw me watching her.  
  
"I very sorry, I can't help myself," she apologised.  
  
"You like what you see?" I asked her.  
  
"You both very beautiful," she told me. "You haven't been beach yet?" she asked, pointing at my whiter breasts.  
  
"Not yet, we're going later today, when sleepy head decides he's not tired any more," I told her, trying to look fed up.  
  
"You keep him up all night?" she grinned, looking at his cock as she said it.  
  
"Yes, something like that. And he's not used to the heat either. You like it?" I asked, pointing at him.  
  
"I have girlfriend, but it looks very nice for you," she explained.  
  
"Have you had boyfriends before?" I asked.  
  
"Only two, but I prefer girls," she told me, looking me up and down. "But they weren't as big as him."  
  
"Do you want to touch it?" I replied. Paul's cock twitched again.  
  
"I can't, I will get in trouble," she explained.  
  
"Nobody will know, and we won't say anything. Paul will think it's me anyway, he's asleep."  
  
She looked at me again, if she needed more assurance I nodded to tell her it was fine. She sat on the bed gently by Paul, and he stirred slightly. She went to stand up, and I put a hand on her shoulder to stop her. I placed my hand on her wrist and guided it to Paul's cock. She gripped it and looked surprised.  
  
"It very hot, he needs to cool it not get it out in the sun," she whispered.  
  
She sat holding it, seemingly scared to move. I placed my hand over hers and started to make her stroke his cock. Paul groaned.  
  
"Oh Katie, you know I'm trying to sleep," he mumbled.  
  
I took my hand from hers, and she carried on wanking him. She was staring intently at his cock now he was fully erect, and she hadn't noticed Paul peeking from under the pillow. I took her other hand and placed it by my clit. She started to rub at it, biting her lip, then pushed two fingers into me. She wanked us both simultaneously until Paul started to come over her hand. She jumped a little but continued stroking until he'd fully finished. I wasn't close to coming and asked her quietly if she wanted me to see to her. She took her hand away and said sorry, but she was behind time now and needed to carry on working. I apologised and she went to the bathroom, washed herself off, then left. Paul removed the pillow as I climbed on top of him.  
  
We eventually got ready and made our way to the beach. The part by the town was quite busy, so we kept our clothes on for a while, and soon enough the number of people got less and less. We could see the rocks in the distance, with the sun directly above them, and picked a spot where we could lie. We put down a windbreak on the town side of us, so only people we could see were towards the rocks. Paul had also bought a small open-sided tent to put our belongings in, which he placed next to the windbreak.  
  
Paul took off his shorts and sat down, looking around to see if anyone was taking any notice of us. Nobody was. He asked if I was taking mine off, and I told him I was going for a dip in the sea first. Paul said he'd stay there and watch our stuff.  
  
The sea was surprisingly warmer than I was expecting, and I swam about a bit and lay as flat as possible on the surface. I had noticed a redhead a little taller than me was in the sea too and seemed to be taking a keen interest in me. I swam about a bit to change my position, and she was still looking. I decided to get out now, and as I got to the shallower parts realised why she had probably been watching me, my white bikini, now wet, was practically see-through. I thought the water had been warm, but my nipples were sticking out. I didn't feel cold, however.  
  
I got closer to the shore and then remembered my bottoms would be as see-through. I was really glad I was shaving regular. The thong part at the back didn't do much to disguise my almost naked arse, the wet front did nothing to disguise my now obvious cameltoe. I could feel numerous eyes on me, including Pauls, and walked back to him swaying and swishing like I was a catwalk model.  
  
I got back to Paul, who told me quite a few people had enjoyed the show. I purposely stayed standing while I removed both parts of my bikini, dropping it to the floor while I bent over to pick up a towel, and then started to dry myself off. I took more time than needed to dry off my pussy. I lay down next to Paul when I'd finished.  
  
We lay there for a while, both of us naked. Now and then I'd sit up and pretend to be knocking sand off my legs and tits, and also making sure Paul's cock didn't have any on. It didn't, but it was an excuse to play with him in front of our captive audience.  
  
"I wonder if any of them approach others?" I asked Paul. There were a few single men, but also four couples. One of the couples included the redhead who had been in the sea with me. Her bright red bikini bottoms were very noticeable, as were her very large breasts which seemed to be pointing right at me.  
  
"I have an idea," Paul said. "I'm not going far, close enough to be out view but still watching. I want to see if anyone will come up to you if you're on your own."  
  
He quickly picked up his phone before I could answer, and pretending to be taking a call.  
  
"What's that, there's a problem, ok I'll be there right away," he said loud enough for others to hear. "I need to go back to the hotel to sort something out, wait here for me I shouldn't be too long."  
  
He stood and pulled on his shorts, kissed me, and walked off towards the town. Numerous eyes watched him walk away, then returned to me. I put on my sunglasses, and lay on my front, my arse facing towards the sea, and also towards all my voyeur's eyes. I put my phone in selfie mode so I could see behind me. A couple of the men had moved their towels to get a better view, so I obliged them by opening them a little more. One must have been happier, has he pulled his cock out of the top of his shorts and started stroking.  
  
Now and again I kept leaning back and pretending to move sand off me, flicking at my arse. Paul had been gone for about ten minutes, and if he'd come back I couldn't see where he was. I noticed someone walking in my direction, her red hair billowing in the light breeze. Her tits barely moved as she walked, and as they were so big I assumed they were fake. They were still very nice to look at though.  
  
She got to where I lay and stood looking down at me. She said something in a foreign language that I didn't recognise. I looked over my shoulder and told her I was English.  
  
"Ah, English. I see. I am Elena, I am from Russia," she told me.  
  
"I saw you in the sea, you have more suncream on?" she asked. Very considerate of her to make sure I didn't burn, I thought to myself. I told her I hadn't thought about it.  
  
"Give to me, I do your back?" she asked, holding her hand out for the cream. Several sets of eyes eagerly awaited the answer.  
  
"Sure, why not?" I answered, giving her the tube.  
  
She put a big dollop into her hands, rubbed them around, then started rubbing suncream into my back, started at my shoulders. Her touch was amazing, I don't know if she did massages but her touch was just right, sending pleasurable sensations down my body. She made sure my back was covered, put some more cream on her hands, then started to do my arse cheeks. She stroked a little firmer now, doing circular motions which opened up my arsehole to her delighted view. She pushed some cream down into the crack of my arse, a couple of fingers only but making sure she brushed them against the entrance. My body trembled. She said she needed to do the inside of my thighs, and could I open my legs a little further? I couldn't wait too.

She started putting cream on from my ankles up, doing each leg in turn, making a point of making sure the cream went up to and around my pussy lips. Once or twice her fingers slipped into me, and she didn't bat an eyelid. She asked me to turn over so she could do my front. I turned and lay down, bending my legs at the knees while making sure my legs were parted. Again she started from my shoulders. She took an awful long time doing my breasts, tweaking my nipples while making sure they were covered in suncream. I was almost completely covered when she started to do my upper thighs. Before starting she looked up at a middle-aged man sitting down the beach. I saw him signal to her, giving her a thumbs up. He was masturbating while watching. She started to apply suncream, this time making a point of pushing her fingers into my pussy. Two, three, then four fingers slid into me. I didn't stop her, her touch had been so good I was more turned on than I'd thought.  
  
"My husband would like to fuck, he would give you €10,000 if you agree."  
  
I managed to look up and check who she meant. It was the middle-aged man. He wasn't particularly good looking and didn't even have a very big cock, so I politely told her no. As I said it I saw her husband come on the sand, his body shaking. She looked at him, and he waved his hand to call her back. She got up and walked back to with him without a word to me. Bitch, she hadn't even finished me off!  
  
I hadn't been taking notice of anyone else since she'd approached, but now saw that two of the other couples were mutually masturbating while they'd been watching, also there were at least six men all stripped off and stroking too. One got brave as Elena walked away, and came and knelt about ten foot away from me. He didn't stop stroking even as he approached. He didn't say anything, didn't look at my face, just concentrated on my pussy. I put my hands down and pulled my lips apart, gaping my pussy for him. He stroked quicker.  
  
A few others noticed I hadn't moved him, and they got closer too. One of the couples came right up to my side and stood facing me while the woman wanked the man in the general direction of my tits. I started to slowly rub at my clit, enjoying the sights around me. The first guy came, spurting over the and by my feet. He was quickly replaced by another man, who stroked as quick as he could.  
  
"Hey babe, you seem to have been keeping yourself busy while I've been gone," I heard Paul say. I looked up and there was a momentary pause where everyone seemed to wait for his reaction. He slipped off his shorts, sat by my head, and started stroking. A collective smile ran around my viewers. Paul turned me around so I was on all fours now, my arse facing my audience. Paul grabbed my head and pulled my mouth down onto his cock. He tasted so good, I licked him up and down like I was tasting a new flavour of a lollipop. I knew Paul's hands were still on the back of my head, so was slightly surprised when I felt fingers on my pussy. They were checking to see how wet I was, judging by my juices flowing down my legs they needn't have bothered. I tried to look behind me but Paul held my head still.  
  
Four fingers roughly slid into me and started to finger fuck me hard and fast. I felt splashes across my back and arse and realised someone had come over me. Either that or someone thought I needed more suncream on. This cream wasn't rubbed in, so I was right the first time. The fingers moved from my pussy, and were replaced by more. These felt a little smaller, a woman perhaps. Paul held me still, so I couldn't see who it was. They knew what they were doing though, has the fingers plugged me while my clit was being rubbed. I came and squirted, as someone else came all over my arse. I heard Paul tell someone yes.  
  
Fingers started to scoop up the come off my back and started to lube up my arsehole. This time three fingers went up my arse while my clit was rubbed, and I came again shortly after. My body shook like mad but Paul still held me tight. I felt someone's head pushing between my legs, and a tongue shot into my pussy, then started to lick my juices from around my lips and upper thighs. I guessed it was a woman, her touch was on point and so delicate. More fingers were shoved into me, two in both my arse and pussy. Only now did Paul took his hands off my head and removed his cock from my mouth.  
  
I tried to look down between my legs, but couldn't see them properly. There was long brown hair, so it was a woman anyway. I got up into a kneeling position and gasped loudly. It was Rosa. I could see her smile at me even though I was sitting on her face, her tongue buried in my pussy.  
  
I looked over my shoulder, another woman was kneeling over Rosa, with her fingers in my arse and pussy, and three men right behind us wanking furiously. They must have had a fantastic view of not only my pussy and arse but also Rosa and the other woman were naked too. The woman removed her fingers from me as I turned around, so I was on top of Rosa in a sixty-nine position. Rosa rolled me onto my side, and while we licked at each other's clits, the woman knelt behind Rosa and fingered our pussys simultaneously. Two of the men came soon after, moving close as their sperm rained over the three of us. The other guy got behind the woman fingering us and put his cock out towards her mouth. She took him in with ease, not pausing once with the pace of her fingers in our pussies.  
  
Rosa and I started to come at around the same time, Rosa's body shook violently as she came, me following suit as her orgasm tipped me over the edge again. The guy getting the blowjob came too, all over the woman's face. I rolled off Rosa and lay on the beach recovering, my sticky semen-stained body getting covered in sand as it stuck to me. Paul was still standing and stroking his cock. Rosa and the woman both knelt by him and took it in turns to feed his cock into the other's mouth.  
  
While one engulfed him, the other would wank him while licking at his balls. They continued to swap until it got too much for Paul. They both opened their mouths for him, and he obliged by splattering their faces. He came a huge amount, it surprised Rosa when he kept on spurting.  
  
We all lay spent in the sand and across our beach towel, our willing audience now dispersing seeing the show had finished. I looked over at Rosa, who was smiling and giggling at the other woman.  
  
"Do you two know each other?" I asked her.  
  
"Yes, she's my girlfriend Sofia, she works at the hotel too" she replied. "I told her you were naughty couple and you were coming here today, she couldn't wait to come and meet you," she giggled.  
  
"We're very glad you came too," said Paul with a big grin on his face. "Hopefully I won't have to hide my face with a pillow in the morning from now on!"

**Katie and Paul Pt. 10**