**Cherry**

by Vanessa Evans

*Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts. They will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.*

**Part 17 - My amazing first holiday abroad**

**-------------------------------------------------**

Sir John had told me that the only thing that I needed to take with me was my passport, but I talked to Ben about this as I wasn’t sure that he meant it literally.

Did he mean that I should walk out of the door totally naked with my passport in my hand, or did he mean that I should be clothed and take a few basics with me. I told Ben that I thought that he meant that I should be clothed with a few basic but Ben said that if he said nothing but your passport, then that was what I should do.

I used the argument that he couldn’t possibly mean for me to travel and go through airports and sit on an aeroplane totally naked. What would people think? I’d get locked-up and miss my holiday.

I wanted to believe Ben, but could I really risk being totally naked.

On the morning of the big day, I got up and showered then thought again about what to wear. In the end I settled for a little clutch bag containing just my passport, my birth control pills and a few tampons. I just hoped that Ben was right and that I wouldn’t end up in jail.

Then Ben heard a helicopter and wondered if the military were flying over us again.

The noise got so loud that we went outside to see what was going on. Ben joking that we were getting invaded by the Russians.

What happened next left us both dumbfounded. In the field over the road was a helicopter with a man getting out of it and walking towards us. He came right up to us, me still totally naked, and said,

“Are you Miss Cherry?”

“Yeeeees.” I questioningly replied, wondering if the man really was at the right house.

“I’ve come to take you to Sir John’s plane, are you ready?”

I just stood there staring at him, not believing what I was hearing.

Ben dashed into the cottage and came back with my clutch bag.

“She’s ready.” Ben said as he put my bag over my shoulder and gently pushed my back.

“Is it okay for her to travel like that?” Ben asked.

“It is how I expected to find her sir. Is her passport in the bag sir?” The pilot replied.

Ben nodded as I turned and kissed Ben goodbye then followed the pilot to the helicopter.

The pilot had to show me how to put the headphones and seat belt on. Normally I would have enjoyed a man touching my bare stomach but I was too numb in disbelief to register the contact.

Within seconds we were rising up off the ground.

Once we got flying forwards I heard the pilot’s voice in the headphones,

“Is this your first helicopter flight Miss Cherry?”

“Yes, yes it is. I never realised how noisy they are.”

“That’s why we wear the headphones. I can put some music on if you wish, but I suggest that you look outside and enjoy the experience, the flight will only last 15 minutes.”

All too quickly we started descending and landed besides one of those small private jet things at some airport somewhere. I hadn’t a clue where we were as there were no big buildings with an airport name on them.

The pilot switched off the engine; then when the blades stopped turning, he got out and came round to my side. Opening the door he said,

“If madam would care to walk over to the plane please.”

As I walked over to the little jet a young woman came out of the plane. She was wearing a nearly there skirt (like the one that I wear at the Country Club), very high heels and a silly little hat. She smiled at me and when I had got to the top of the steps she said,

“Welcome to Pussy Airways, flight SJ1. If madam would care to take a seat we will be taking off in a few minutes.”

I looked down the plane and saw only half a dozen seats, big comfy seats. One was occupied by another girl who looked about my age and she was as naked as I was.

I smiled at her as I took a seat opposite her.

“Hi.” I said; “have you any idea where we are going?”

“No idea, and I don’t care just as long it is somewhere hot.”

We then introduced ourselves. She is called Skye and is also 14 years old. She is skinny and has breasts that stick out about the same as mine, but a lot wider at the base, just like Piper’s, and a bald pussy. Skye told me that she had met Sir John at the Country Club where she works as a waitress during the day on Saturdays and Sundays. I asked her if she had to wear a uniform wondering if it was like mine. She had to wear a uniform but the skirt was quite a bit longer and she has to wear a blouse; then I remembered that it was women and kids as well during the day. That hadn’t stopped Sir John from taking her to a quiet place in the club and fucking her numerous times before talking her parents into a few weeks work experience on his yacht. She hadn’t arrived naked, the cabin crew hostess, or whatever her job title was, had got her to strip just as soon as she boarded the plane.

“So,” I said, “a few weeks on a big boat living it up, getting fucked and soaking up the sun; sounds good to me. I wonder how many men there will be there, and if we’ll have to wear clothes at any time.”

“Lots of men, lots of sun, and no clothes I hope.” Skye said.

“I’ve never been on an aeroplane before.”

“Don’t worry about it Cherry,” Skye replied, “You’re safer than when you cross the road. Just relax and enjoy the new experience.”

“It looks like we’re going to have a few of those Skye.”

Just then the hostess came along and told us that we could unfasten our seatbelts and walk about if we wished. Then she asked us if she could get us a drink or anything else. She then opened one of those ceiling lockers and got a small case out.

“Perhaps you would care to pass the time using one of these?” She asked.

We ordered some orange juices and as she went to get them I said,

“Walk around; ha, there’s more room in our kitchen.”

We laughed and Skye opened the case. We gasped a little as we saw a row of different vibrators, all in separate cut-outs of a big sponge.

“Blimey,” Skye said, “I wonder if the rest of the holiday is going to be like this?”

“Works for me.” I said as I picked-up one of the vibrators and switched it on.

I was just shuffling my butt to the front of my seat as our drinks arrived. The hostess smiled at me as she put my drink on the chair’s armrest.

“Good choice.” She said looking at the vibrator in my hand.

“I hope so, I need something to bring me back to earth” I replied, not realising how stupid my choice of words was.

Two girls enjoyed themselves and before long the captain told us that we were about to land and that we had to fasten our seatbelts. I looked out of the window for some clue as to where we were, but there was nothing. As we rolled down the runway all I could see was a heat haze rising up from the ground, hills, trees, not a lot of grass, and then a small building.

The heat hit us as the door opened and I looked around as I climbed down the steps. I saw a man in a uniform and another helicopter parked in front of the jet.

“If you ladies would care to follow me please?” The uniform said.

He opened the helicopter door and 2 naked young teen girls climbed in.

During the 10 minute flight, above all the excitement, I realised that I was horny. My nipples were rock hard and throbbing, and my pussy was throbbing too, and VERY wet. I quickly checked that I had correctly registered that the seats were leather.

I got a little scared as the helicopter slowly went down and landed on the back of what I assumed was Sir John’s boat, tied-up in a harbour with lots of other big boats sorry, yachts. When we first started going down I thought that we were going to land in the sea.

When the blades finally stopped turning I saw a young woman walk towards us. She looked to be in her early twenties and was only wearing an ultra-short skirt that matched the one on the girl on the aeroplane; nothing else.

She opened the door and said,

“Hi girls, I’m Harlee, I am the person who will look after whilst you are here, please follow me.”

We climbed out and followed her into this amazing room; everything was white, seats, carpet, table, everything.

“Have a seat girls.” Harlee said.

We looked at each other then sat on one of the big, white, leather sofas. As I sat down I worried about my pussy leaking and staining the leather. It was then that I realised that my pussy wasn’t that wet on the outside even though it felt like it was gushing. I guessed that the lovely warm breeze was drying my juices just as soon as they escaped from my hole.

I watched Harlee turn and walk to the bar and saw that, just like the hostess on the plane, the bottom half of her naked butt was showing all the time. She poured 2 glasses of orange juice. Before stirring them, I saw her put a teaspoon of a blue powder into each glass. As she brought them over to us I wondered about the powder. Had we been tricked into coming there? Were we about to be drugged then sold to some rich Arab prince for his harem?

I needn’t have worried. As Harlee handed us our glasses she said,

“The temperature here is such that everyone needs to drink a lot each day. If you are wondering about the blue powder, relax. You’ve already had some in the orange juice that you had on the plane. It’s an aphrodisiac; it relaxes you and makes you horny all the time. Please feel free to help yourself to juice or water from the bar, but don’t put more than one teaspoon of the blue powder in each glass. Too much can make you ill.”

I did relax and wondered if that was why my pussy had been wanting some attention when I had been on the plane. I wondered where I could get a ton of that powder.

Just then we heard the helicopter engine start-up and we all watched as it rose up into the air then disappeared behind some buildings.

When the noise allowed Harlee continued,

“As I said earlier, I will be your host while you are here, and when we go anywhere on land. I will organise everything for you and if you want anything, anything at all, come and see me. Please don’t go through any door that says ‘staff only’. Trust me, there is nothing exciting through those doors, only things that are required to run the yacht.

You may go on the Bridge but please don’t distract the Captain. He has a job to do and doesn’t need you trying to distract or seduce him. By the way, he’s probably older than your grandfather. Also, he is the only male member of staff, all the others are young girls like myself. Sir John will be joining us in a couple of days.”

“So the helicopter taking off wasn’t to go and collect him?” Skye asked.

“No, he’s off handling his business affairs somewhere but his schedule indicates that he’ll be joining us in a couple of days. It will give you the chance to get used to living on the yacht. Right, where was I, oh yes, one of the staff is a trained beautician and this afternoon she will start laser hair removal treatment for you to remove all your unwanted body hair.”

Skye interrupted,

“Pubic hair as well?”

“Especially pubic hair, Skye isn’t it?” Harlee said.

“Yes, sorry to interrupt, it’s just that I hate having hair down there.”

“So do I.” Harlee said; then continued,

“As I said, you are free to go anywhere on the yacht, except through doors labelled ‘staff only’, and Sir John’s suite. You may only go there by invitation. Also, you may not leave the yacht without specific permission, and then only while accompanied.

Meals will be served at a number of locations dependant on the weather and Sir John’s wishes.”

Giving each of us a necklace with a little gold heart on it, Harlee continued,

“Wear this all the time that you are on-board. Press the front of it and a member of staff will find you and attend to your requirements.

There will be guests on-board at times, sometimes without Sir John being here, part of your job here is to entertain these men and sometimes women. Don’t worry, none of them will have wrinkles.”

“Yuk!” Skye said.

“You may sunbathe anywhere on the yacht but please make sure that your bodies are adequately covered in suntan lotion all the time. No one, least of all Sir John, wants you to burn.”

Another one of the staff is also a hairdresser and she will take care of your hair for you.

When we get a suitable place one of the staff will teach you how to scuba dive and water ski.

Right, do you have any questions?”

I think that Skye was as amazed as I was and neither of us said anything.

“Okay, I’ll now take you on a quick tour of the yacht then you can explore on your own later. Please finish your drinks and follow me.”

We quickly downed the rest of our OJs then followed Harlee. Wow! That boat, sorry, yacht, is from a different world. When Harlee showed us our shared room the one bed was big enough to sleep 6. We had a big, walk-in shower that both of us could use without even touching the other. The wardrobes were big enough to hold the wardrobes of all the girls in my school class; not that we’d use them.

Back in the main lounge, Harlee pressed a button and a part of the wall opened up revealing a computer. Harlee told us that it was connected to the internet via a satellite link and that we could video link to our parents any time that we wanted. She showed us how to use the face tracking facility so that our parents (uncle) wouldn’t be able to see that we were naked.

Then Harlee told us that we were free to do whatever we liked for the rest of the day apart from our laser treatment. The beautician would find us when we were needed. Just before she left us she pointed out a button, telling us to press it if we needed anything.

Skye asked for some more orange juice. I watched Harlee put some more of the blue powder in our glasses.

Handing us our glasses Harlee asked,

“Have you thought of any questions girls?”

“Yes,” Skye said, “Where are we?”

“We are in Athens Marina. The big buildings that you can see over there are Athens City. We will be sailing when Sir John joins us in a couple of days - unless he changes his plans. When you’re as rich as he is he can change his mind whenever he wants.”

“When we go ashore will we be able to go like this?” I asked.

“Sir John will decide if clothing is deemed necessary and if so, what sort of clothing. It will then be provided for you. On that subject, please let me measure you.”

Harlee quickly disappeared then reappeared with a tape and a pen and piece of paper. When she bent down in front of me she said,

“I see that the aphrodisiac is working well.”

I smiled to myself and was proud that my body was going to be super horny for the next few weeks.

When Harlee left us alone I said,

“This place is out of this world. I’m going to love it here.

”Me too, I can’t wait to show-off my body on some nice beach or walking around some town.” Skye replied. “Shall we go for a wander? We might find some cute guys to tease.”

“Lead on girl.” I said.

Skye led the way and we soon were in our room. She started opening all the wardrobes and drawers. I didn’t see the point as we had nothing to put in them, but when she opened one big drawer she stopped and said,

“Whoa there. Come and look at these Cherry.”

I went and stood next to Skye.

“Fucking hell. I can see my pussy getting quite sore.”

This big drawer was full of vibrators and dildos. There must have been 25 or 30 of them there.

I picked up a big black dildo and ran the tip over my pussy.

“Hmmm, yes, this bad boy is going to be busy; but not right now, I want to go up onto the deck to see what I can see. Hey Skye, has your clit grown since we started drinking that blue powder stuff? I’m sure that mine has.”

Skye put her hand down between her legs then said,

“You might be right Cherry, mine does feel a bit bigger. Maybe it’s the blue powder or maybe it’s just because we’re feeling so horny all the time.”

“Yeah, maybe. I think that the blue powder is making us horny.”

We went out onto the deck and looked around. When we first arrived I was too amazed by our immediate surroundings to notice that the yacht was parked in a line of similar yachts. The yachts on either side of us looked deserted but I could see people on some of the other yachts further away. Some of the people looked like they were working, although they were wearing slightly more than Harlee had been wearing.

The rear of the yacht was tied to a sort of floating wooden walkway that had lots of other boats tied to it. I later found out that the yacht was ‘Moored’ in the Marina at the port of Athens.

There weren’t many people walking around which disappointed me a little because I wanted people to see my naked body.

We climbed up onto the upper deck and wandered around. Looking though the windows of what I assumed was the Bridge, we could see an old man looking at some big pieces of paper on a table. I assumed that the man was the Captain. He didn’t look up so we continued our exploration.

At the front of the yacht we found an area that Skye said would be great for sunbathing. The floor was slightly sloping down to the front which Skye said would be great for watching where we were going. It also meant that anyone who we could see would be able to see us.

“Do you fancy coming back here after we’ve finished exploring Cherry?” Skye asked.

“Yeah, sure. I think that I need to relax a bit, it’s been one hell of a day so far and I’m starting to feel a bit hungry.”

“Yeah, me too.”

Exploring a yacht doesn’t take that long, even one that big, and we were soon back in the main lounge.

“Shall I press the front of my gold heart and see what happens?” I asked.

“Yeah, go on then.”

Twenty seconds later, another young woman appeared. She too was wearing only an ultra-short skirt that leaves her bald slit and half her butt easily visible all the time.

“How may I help you ladies?”

“We were wondering about getting something to eat and some suntan lotion. We’re planning on doing some sunbathing later.”

“Certainly, we have some lunch already prepared if you would care to follow me.”

The girl led us to the dining room where some snacks and drinks were laid out on the end of the big table.

“We thought that it was best that you eat inside for the first day so that your bodies can adjust to the climate here. Tomorrow, all meals will be served out on the deck, unless Sir John directs us otherwise. After you have eaten just go to where you wish to sunbathe and press your heart. Someone will come to you with towels and sun cream.”

“Wow,” Skye said as she picked-up a little, crust free, sandwich. “I could get used to living like this.”

“I wonder if these jugs of water have got that blue powder in it?” I asked, not really expecting Skye to be able to answer me.

“I hope so. I like feeling horny all the time. You’re not against a little girl-on-girl action are you Cherry? You’ve got a cute little body and I would like to get my hands on it.”

I put my glass of water and sandwich down and looked at Skye. When I had swallowed the sandwich that was in my mouth I leant over to Skye. One hand went to her right tit, the other to her pussy, and I kissed her on her mouth whilst my hands got busy.

As I broke the kiss I backed off and said,

“Does that answer your question Skye?”

After eating we went on the deck at the front of the yacht and when we turned around we saw yet another girl wearing only a similar skirt, standing there with towels and suntan lotion in her hands.

The girl seemed to know where we wanted to lay and spread the towels.

“Can I help you with the suntan lotion ladies?” She asked.

Skye and I looked at each other then Skye said,

“Yes please.”

We just stood there as the girl covered first Skye’s body, then mine, with the lotion. Both Skye and myself moaned a little as the girl rubbed lotion on our pussies and brought us both off, right there on the deck. I decided that I was going to enjoy my time on the yacht.

Skye and I lay there for ages. We talked and talked, mainly about where we were, but a bit about our lives. It turns out that Skye lives in the town at the other side of the Country Club.

When another boat slowly sailed passed us we both stood up and waved at the people on it. We only saw an old man and a young woman wearing a bikini and they both waved back at us. I wondered what they though about there being 2 totally naked 14 year old girls on the deck of Sir John’s yacht.

I also wondered what any watchers were thinking when the horniness got too much for both of us and we both masturbated out there on the deck of the yacht in the marina. Wondered, but didn’t care. In fact if there was anyone watching us I hoped that they enjoyed the show.

Shortly after we’d made ourselves cum, one of the staff came out to us and said the beautician was ready for one of us to have our laser hair removal session. I wasn’t bothered if I went first or second so I told Skye to go first. I walked round the deck for another look to see what I could see, and who could see me, before laying down again. This time I lay on my stomach with my legs spread wide. My right hand was underneath me holding my pubes and my fingers were toying with my clit.

I’m totally sure that it was bigger that day than the previous day.

It must have been about an hour later when Skye and the staff girl returned and I was told that it was my turn. I looked at Skye’s pubes but they didn’t look any different. I don’t know what I was expecting because bald is bald.

In the treatment room, another girl staff member, similarly dressed (or undressed) said hello then invited me to climb onto the table. She then explained what she was going to do then disappointed me by telling me that the treatment wouldn’t totally stop all hair from growing around my pussy. She explained that because I was only 14, not all of my hair follicles had developed yet. She told me that she’d give me one more treatment before I went home and that she’d give me the name of a local beautician whom I could go to when more hairs started to grow.

What she said made sense so I accepted it and lay back to enjoy the new experience.

After having a close inspection of my whole pussy area she told me that I had done a good job of removing what had already grown. Then she spread some clear gel all over the area before holding this weird machine on different areas of me. I’d been expecting some pain but there was nothing other than a slight tingling. This enhanced my already excited state and in the end I just couldn’t stop myself from cumming.

The girl just stepped back, watched and smiled as my body jerked about. As I returned to normal she said,

“That looked good, don’t worry about it, quite a lot of girls have an orgasm at some point during the treatment. One girl that I treated had 3 before I could finish. Your friend had one earlier.”

She finished my front then got me to lift my legs and spread them as wide as I could while she held that machine all over the tops of my inner thighs.

Then she surprised my by asking me to get on my hands and knees with my knees as wide as the table would allow. I’d never seen any hairs grow around my butt hole and wondered it that was just because I was only 14.

Treatment over, and not feeling or looking any different, I got another surprise when she told me to sit on the side of the table and lift my arms as high as I could. She then proceeded to give my armpits the same treatment.

Again, when I thought that it was all over, she surprised me again by getting me to get back up on the table and treating my legs. That part took a lot longer than the rest and at the end I was thankful that the time that I usually spend each day plucking my pubes and shaving my pits and legs would be greatly reduced.

Back up on the deck I caught Skye playing with her pussy.

“Don’t stop just because I’m back. Keep going, I might learn something.” I said.

She did, and I didn’t. I guess that I’ve been doing it right all this time.

We spent the next couple of hours just getting our all-over tan started but I kept getting up and going for a wander around the deck.

“Can’t settle?” Skye asked.

“No, I guess that it’s the excitement of the place. It’s just so awesome. And of course, I’m so excited that I’m naked and horny all the time. I just want lots of men to see me and watch me make myself cum.”

“Yes, I know what you mean; I want the same. I’m sure that we’ll get the chance quite soon. I think that I should call my parents to let them know that I’m okay. Mum will be a bit worried, she said that she’d leave her laptop on all the time so that she wouldn’t miss me trying to call her.”

“Yes, I guess that I should call my uncle.”

Skye pressed the button on her necklace and a minute later Harlee walked up to us.

“Can you show us how we can call our parents please Harlee? I want to let my mum know that I’ve arrived okay.”

“Yes, sure, if you’d like to follow me.”

“Are you sure that my mum won’t be able to see that I’m naked?” Skye asked as Harlee pressed a few buttons and a phone ringing tone could be heard.

“As long as you stay sat on that chair the camera will stay focused on your face. I’ve used it to call my parents and they have no idea that I’m wearing only his skirt. If they did they’d throw a wobbler and try to demand that I go home immediately.”

Just then we all heard a woman’s voice so Harlee and I left so that Skye could have some privacy.

“So Harlee,” I asked, “how long have you worked for Sir John?”

“Four years now.”

“And you’ve been dressed like that all of the time?”

“No, the yacht goes back to England a couple of times a year and the weather isn’t really conducive to being nearly naked all too often. Also, the staff don’t spend 24 hours a day, 365 days a year on-board, we have to go ashore for all sorts of reasons and unfortunately, society is a bit backwards when it comes to people wearing clothes, or should I say NOT wearing clothes.

On the other side of the coin, Sir John prefers his female staff to be totally naked when were at sea and the weather is nice. So sorry, you and Skye won’t be the only naked girls all the time.”

“But we will be when we’re in ports like this, and maybe when we go onshore at times?” I asked.

“Probably, it all depends upon Sir John’s wishes. You and Skye are lucky, being so young you can get away with being naked in places that us older girls can’t. You like people seeing you naked don’t you Cherry?”

“Yes I do, it makes me feel good; it gives me a sort of confidence. Yes, I know that my boobs are only tiny but that doesn’t stop people looking at them and when they do my nipples ache and my pussy tingles.”

“Yes, I know that feeling.”

“And that blue powder stuff is keeping me horny all the time. Is it supposed to do that?”

“Yes Cherry it is. Sir John wants you to have a holiday that you will remember for the rest of your lives.”

“Well he’s certainly achieved that and it’s still the first day.”

“So Cherry, how big do you want your breasts to grow? I’m a ‘C’ cup, do you want yours to be bigger than mine?”

“Oh no, I don’t want them to grow at all. I’m happy with them the size that they are. I don’t want to have to wear a chest restrict-er. The only bra that I’ve ever worn is one of those ‘Strings Only’ ones and that’s the way that I always want it to be.”

“’Strings Only’ Cherry; I don’t think that I’ve seen any like that.”

“They sell them in the lingerie shop where I work as a mannequin.”

“You WORK as a mannequin?”

“Yeah, Allison, the owner, lets me stand around as an unclothed, and sometimes wearing just ‘Strings Only’ underwear or swimwear. Sometimes she lets me stand in the shop window like that. It’s such a turn-on watching people watching me.”

“I’m guessing that these ‘Strings Only’ clothes are just what the name implies so you’re naked in a shop window, with people walking by?”

“Yeah, it’s great. If you ever get to the town where I live look me up and I’ll get you a job as a mannequin as well.”

“Wow Cherry, you are something special, I’ve never met anyone like you, and Sir John has brought quite a few young girls onto this yacht.”

“I guess that it’s a result of my parents treating me so badly.”

“They treated you badly?”

“Yeah, they spanked me and beat me and raped me but it all turned out good in the end. I’m now living with my uncle and he’s just great. I’ve never been so happy, well, today has been out of this world. I never even dreamed about people living like this. I can’t wait to tell uncle Ben about it.”

“Looks like you can do that right now, here’s Skye. All done Skye, did you have a good chat with your parents?”

“Yes thank you Harlee; and that face tracking stuff worked great; they couldn’t tell that I was naked. It’s all yours Cherry.”

“Harlee, can you show me how to switch that face tracking off please? I want my uncle to see all of me.”

“I see; yes, come on Cherry. Maybe you could introduce me to your uncle.”

“Yeah, sure, do you want to meet him as well Skye, he won’t mind seeing you naked. In fact I’m sure that he’d love to.”

Five minutes later Ben was looking at 2 totally naked young teenage girls and one almost naked girl only a few years older.

“I was going to ask you to wank for me Ben, but I’d better not with these 2 here.” I said to Ben after I’d introduced the others and I’d given him a quick description of my journey and the yacht.”

“Maybe next time Cherry.” Ben replied, “I’m not as much of an exhibitionist as you are.”

After the call ended Harlee took us up a deck to where some food had been laid-out for us. We sat out in the open eating and talking, and drinking more OJ, presumably with some more blue powder in it.

From where we were sat we could see most of the activity in the marina; unfortunately, people passing by couldn’t see much more than our heads.

It was amazing sitting there in the open watching the sun go down and it still being hotter than the hottest day that I’ve ever known in England.

Skye reminded me that it had been a amazing day and that she needed some rest. We decided to go to our room, have a shower then get some sleep; but not before we’d used some of the toys that we found in the drawer, on ourselves and on each other.

I fell asleep cuddled up to Skye on top of the bed.

That afternoon and evening had sort of set the tone for the times that Sir John, or any of his guests, were not on board. They were the only times that we got enough sleep.