**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 21 - The Cruise continues**

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Then one morning the helicopter arrived again and Sir John told Skye and me to get on it along with him. After about a 30 minute flight we arrived at what Sir John called a Country Club. Sir John told us that he’d got a job for us. We were going to be ‘Ball Girls’ for 3 important tennis matches.

“Won’t we need some clothes Sir John?” Skye asked.

“No SK, this is a private members club and the member are all very open-minded. They like the ancient Greek’s way of doing sport.”

Neither Skye nor I asked what that was, but we found out when the tennis started; the players, all men, were as naked as we were. I suddenly decided that I liked tennis.

Having said that, the tennis matches weren’t as exciting as I expected when we were told that we’d be naked in front of a big audience. Sure, it was great looking at those cocks but they weren’t hard, and Skye and I weren’t the centre of attention.

Things improved later when we were taken to the restaurant and told to take a shower. Afterwards Skye and I were put on 2 trolleys, flat on our backs. The chefs then proceeded to cover us with all sorts of food.

Obviously, I couldn’t see the display that they’d produced, but they seemed to be happy, they even went and got a camera and took loads of photos of us.

After a short wait we were wheeled out and taken on the rounds of the diners who helped themselves to the food, and the odd little grope of our tits or pussies.

I don’t suppose the chefs were too pleased when I had the 2 orgasms as my jerking dislodged some of the food and it fell off me and onto the floor.

At the end of the meal Skye and I had to walk round all the diners and say hello to them. It was a bit of a silly idea because most of them didn’t speak English, but at least it gave some of them the chance play with our tits and pussies again.

After another shower we got on the helicopter and flew back to the yacht which was a bit scary because I hadn’t a clue how the pilot could see where we were going in the dark, or how he managed to land on the back of the yacht.

Another night, when we were anchored in a marina, Sir John took us to a nightclub. Again, Skye asked about clothes, and again Sir John told us that none were needed.

In a way I was disappointed that we didn’t get to go into the main part of the nightclub; but there again, where Skye and I were taken and told what to do was amazing.

We were led to a room that turned out to be next to the main dance floor. The thing was, the wall between the room and the dance floor has one big, white, glass panel that nearly filled the whole wall.

The room had no furniture except for 3 sets of what I assumed was some sort of sex toys. Sir John watched as a young woman wearing some weird, black leather outfit; came into the room and started telling Skye and me what to do.

She told us to go to the first item in each set of ‘toys’ which was a metal pole that was bolted to the floor at one end. On the top of each of them was a shiny metal dildo and hanging from the ceiling over each one was a pair of handcuffs.

I smiled as Skye and I were told to lower ourselves onto the dildos and then put our arms up in the air.

I watched as the woman cuffed Skye’s wrists way above her head. Then the woman bent down in front of Skye and used something on the pole that I hadn’t seen before, a height adjuster and the woman raised the height of the dildo until Skye had to raise her heels off the floor.

Satisfied, the woman came over to me and did the same to me.

When she was done, I thought,

“Well this isn’t too bad.”

My time standing still as a mannequin meant that I would be able to stand like that for ages. Even standing on my toes wouldn’t be a problem for ages.

What happened next did surprise me; the woman and Sir John left the room, but the woman pressed a button next to the light switch as she went out.

At first I didn’t realise what the button did, but as I turned to look in front of me, at the big glass panel, I realised that I could see through the glass and see the people dancing.

“Hmm, that should make standing here a bit easier.” I thought as my eyes scanned all the people.

Then I saw a man looking my way, then another, then a woman, then another man. Then a woman pointed at me.

It was then that I realised that as well as Skye and me being able to see all the people on the dance floor, they could see us too. We had been put on display for them. I felt a sudden wet rush in my pussy, my nipples started to hurt and that nice tingling that I’d had ever since Harlee first gave me some of that blue powder in some OJ, suddenly got more intense.

I was just starting to think about what I could do to make myself cum when I got one hell of a shock, a bolt of electricity came out of the dildo and shot all over my body.

“FUUUCCKKK.” I shouted, and realised that Skye was screaming too.

It only lasted a second but OMG. I looked out to the dance floor and saw people smiling and laughing. I guessed that they realised what had happened and wondered how many other girls had been put in the same position as us.

I was just getting over the shock and wondering if / when I would get another shock when I did.

“Arrrrrrrgh.” I shouted as my body tensed.

The third shock was too much for my little body and I started to cum.

Whoever was controlling the electric shocks must have been able to see us because the shocks kept coming and kept me up on my high for ages. My heels started to weaken and the dildo pressed further into my pussy. Where it was going I didn’t know, but the combination or my orgasms and the electric shocks seemed to start to dull the pain of wherever it was pressing inside me.

Just as I thought that I was going to pass out the shocks stopped, closely followed by my orgasms then the pain from the dildo. I pushed up, further onto my toes and took stock of my situation.

I had just had multiple orgasms, I was naked, I was impaled on a dildo and when I looked forward I could see lots of people watching me, and Skye. Talking of Skye, I looked over to her and saw her slumped, hanging by her wrists. Her dildo must have really being hurting her.

After a couple of minutes, Skye moaned and started to come round.

“Oooooooooow, fucking hell that hurts.” She said and she pushed herself up onto her toes.

“I’m guessing that you’ve just had the same treatment as me.” I said.

“Probably.” Skye replied. “Can all those people see us?”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

“Oh good, I’d hate it for them to have missed that.”

“Bloody hell Skye, you’re worse than me.”

“I doubt that.”

Just then we both got another shock, then another and another. Both of us were soon cumming again.

Somehow, I managed to take in the sight of a girl’s back pressed against the glass. Her skirt was up around her waist and she was going up and down a bit as the man pressed against her body was fucking and kissing her.

Then I passed out.

When I came round I quickly raised my heels. That dildo felt like it was about to come up my throat.

We had another round of electric shocks, and passing out, before the leather clad woman returned and lowered the dildos then unfastened our wrists.

“Sybian.” The woman said as she pointed to what I assumed the dildo sticking up from the half, small barrel on the floor was.

I didn’t know how I was supposed to impale myself on the sybian as I’d never seen one before, and I squat down over it.

“No, no, knees.”

Then I understood. Looking through the window I saw the people watching. One girl had her tits out and they were pressed against the glass as she was getting fucked from behind.

As soon as I was fully impaled, the woman got hold of my wrists and pulled them behind me. Then she cuffed my wrists to something behind me. My hands found the floor and I was resting on my hands with my arms straight. The woman tightened whatever, my hands slid back a little and I felt the little dildo inside me press against the front of my hole. Next she put some velcro stiff round my knees and attached it to some metal rings that were in the floor.

I was well and truly fixed to that sybian. I could only move my butt back and forwards a little bit and rotate my hips a little bit.

I watched as she did the same to Skye then she left the room.

I was just starting to think that it was a bit boring when the little dildo inside me turned into a vibrator.

“Oh, that’s nice.” I said to no one in particular as I relaxed and enjoyed the attention my pussy was getting.

I wanted to lean forwards and press my clit onto the base of the vibrator but I couldn’t move enough to do that. I moved my hips as much as the restraints would allow and found the I could push at the right angle for the vibrator to find my G-spot. That was wonderful and I soon made myself cum again.

What I hadn’t realised was that the sybian was only set on ‘low’. Just as I was starting to think about the rest of the world, someone turned it up to full throttle.

OMG, Ben and Lewis and Mick have driven me crazy with vibrators before, but that was nothing compared to the sybian. As well as the vibrations the insides of the vibrator were going round and stretching my hole as it went.

It was only about a minute before I orgasmed again, and again, and again. My poor pussy was so sensitive that I desperately needed a break but I couldn’t move. I was at the mercy of whoever was controlling it. I hoped that it was Sir John because I trusted him not to kill me with that machine. Death by orgasm wasn’t what I wanted at that time, I was too young.

But there was no mercy; orgasms just about turned into one LONG orgasm, until finally, I passed out.

When I came round the sybian was still torturing my pussy. I soon started orgasming again and just as I thought that I was going to die - again, it stopped.

When I was able, I looked up and saw 2 or 3 people clapping at me. I turned my head and looked at Skye, she was still out cold.

After a few minutes of nothing, I was starting to come back to life.

Another couple of minutes and Skye came round. Apart from lifting her head she didn’t move. I guessed that her sybian was switched off as well.

Whoever was controlling things let us rest for a couple of minutes, then the woman came back in carrying 2 of those magic wand things and a small set of steps. Skye and I both watched her as she hooked the cables for the wands onto ceiling hooks that were directly above our pussies. As she was doing that I remembered her moving the sybians and looking up. Now I knew why.

With the magic wands dangling and just touching our pussies, the woman plugged the power leads into wall sockets and switched them on. I gasped as the vibrations gave me a jolt of pleasure through my clit.

Unfortunately, it didn’t last long. The woman left the room then the magic wands stopped vibrating.

“Not fair.” I said to no one in particular.

We stayed like that for another couple of minutes then the door opened again. This time, instead of it being the woman returning, I saw 2 young men and 2 young women and I could swear that I’d seen one of the women through the big glass window.

A man and a woman came over to me and the other 2 went to Skye. They were looking down at me when both the sybian and the magic wand burst into life. I gasped then moaned. I just knew that I was going to cum quite soon, whilst the man and woman watched me.

I did cum. I stared into the eyes of the young man as my body shuddered and I shouted,

“Yes, yes, yes.”

No sooner than I’d cum, the couple standing over me left and the power was switched off.

The couple were soon replaced by 2 girls. One of them squatting down and feeling the bulge below my waist that the sybian’s vibrator was making. Whilst her hand was on me, the power came on again and the girl jumped and fell onto her butt. I was looking at her and as I gasped at the power coming back on, I couldn’t help noticing that as she fell backwards, her skirt revealed the fact that she had a bald pussy and no knickers.

She got back into the squatting position and the girl on the other side of me did the same. They both played with my little tits as the sybian and the wand brought me to yet another orgasm.

The sequence of 2 new people coming in and watching me cum, and sometimes playing with my tits, was repeated over and over goodness knows how many times. I was knackered before it started and when it finally stopped I don’t know how I managed to stay awake.

I vaguely remember someone releasing me, and someone, a man, I think, carrying me to the car. The next thing I remember is 2 of the yacht’s staff girls in the shower with Skye and I. They showered us, dried us the let us collapse on the bed.

It was a very late breakfast the next day. Skye and I woke to the sound of the yacht’s engines quietly humming away. We were obviously out at sea heading to who knows where.

The next few days were spent anchored off beautiful beaches and we jet-skied, water skied, swam, dived and sunbathed on the yacht and on the beaches. Sir John was there some of the time but most of the time Skye and I had to satisfy our blue powder induced desires with the array of dildos and vibrators.

Then one day we awoke to find the yacht docking in yet another marina. Skye and I rushed up onto the deck to see where we were and were surprised to see that we were tied-up right next to a reasonably busy walkway. There were lots of people walking both ways right next to the yacht.

Both Skye and I flaunted our naked bodies to all the passers-by. There was a constant stream of them and neither Skye nor I wanted to go and shower of have breakfast.

Having at least 50 people look over to us, Harlee, who was wearing her micro skirt, came and told us to hurry-up and get showered. She told us that we had a busy day ahead of us.

After a quick shower and breakfast, the busy day got started with Skye and I being told to walk down to the big car that had pulled-up next to the yacht.

Skye asked if Sir John or one of the staff were coming with us or if we had to put some clothes on. I was a little disappointed when Harlee told us that Sir John had left before we had woken-up and that we were going alone, but happy that we were going naked.

Naked, in a strange car, in an unknown place, and not knowing where we were going, has a sort of sexual excitement for me. Okay, a different time and a different place and I would have been scared, but I wasn’t, my pussy was oozing. I took one last, long drink of Harlee’s magic OJ and we set-off down the ramp.

A handful of passers-by stopped and watched as we walked to the car and the chauffeur opened the door for us to get in. Either he was expecting 2 naked young girls to be his passengers or he was gay because he hardly gave us a second glance.

The car was a big Mercedes with tinted back windows which Skye and I quickly lowered.

The journey took about an hour and we seemed to be going along the coast road because I kept seeing the sea. Then we came to somewhere that initially looked like a farm. I suppose that it was, but it was also a horse riding stables, not a very busy horse riding stables. I could see a couple of horses being led by young men.

When the chauffeur opened the car door and we got out we were met by a middle-aged man.

In pretty good English, he welcomed us then told us to follow him. I kept looking down at the ground because I didn’t want to stand in some horse poo.

The man led us to a small door in a big barn. Just inside were about half a dozen little rooms, some with a horse in it. A young man looked at us as we walked in, then got on with whatever he was doing.

“Have either of you ridden before?” The man asked.

Neither of us had and when we told him he told us that we’d start in the barn so that we could get used to it. Then he called out the name ‘Andre’.

The same young man hurriedly walked over and the older man said something to him in Greek. Then the older man left.

Andre looked both us naked girls up and down slowly, then said,

“Ladies, you have come to the right place, and the right man. I will show you how it’s done. I will teach you how to ride a stallion.”

Skye giggled and when I looked at her I could see that she was looking at the young man’s trousers; he had a hard-on.

“You ride males bareback?” Andre asked.

“Preferably.” I replied.

“Okay, come with me and I will get your legs spread over the horse.”

Andre led us into the main part of the barn which was empty apart for some bales of hay and 2 horses with their reins tied to some hooks. Both already had saddles on them.

“First we show you how to get on, then walk around in here. Come.” Andre said.

“I help you get your leg over.” Andre continued as he led us to the left side of one of the horses.

Skye was the nearest and Andre showed her where to hold onto with her hands. Then he pointed to the stirrup and then Skye’s left foot.

“Lift your leg and put your foot in there, then push up.” Andre said.

Skye managed to get her left leg up high enough and put her foot in the stirrup but when it came to pulling herself up she just couldn’t manage the height.

“Can you help me please Andre?”

Andre went behind her and grabbed both cheeks of her butt.

“Oow, that’s nice.” Skye said as her whole body went up.”

“Leg over.” Andre said.

“Spread-em girl.” I added.

As Skye sat on the saddle she said,

“This is high up Cherry, it’s a long way to fall off.”

“Then don’t fall off Skye.” I replied.

Andre led me round to the left side of the other horse and we repeated the actions with Skye except that when I could put my weight on my left leg I spread my legs and put my right leg over the horse. Instead if sitting on the saddle I stayed stood on the left stirrup. Andre was still behind me and when I looked round he was staring up at my spread pussy.

“Yes, it is nice up here.” I said, letting Andre look for a few seconds before sitting down.

The smooth leather felt nice against my pussy and I leant back and forwards trying the different positions to see which was nicest against my clit. Within seconds I could feel my pussy getting all squishy.

“Harlee’s OJ.” I thought and wondered what the saddle would be like by the time I got off.

Andre led both horses in a big circle around the barn a few times then stopped and turned to face us.

“How is that ladies? Want to go a bit faster? Want to trot?”

He didn’t wait for an answer and he started jogging with the reins for our horses in each hand.

“I guess that we’re supposed to get into a rhythm lifting our butts up and down.” Skye said.

“Imaging that you’re riding Sir John’s cock.” I replied as I did the same myself.

By the time we’d gone in the circle a couple of times I was starting to get a rhythm that seemed to fit in with the horse that seemed to be going slightly from side to side. Whether or not I was doing it right I still don’t know but it didn’t feel too bad.

When Andre stopped and turned to face us I looked down to him, he was out of breath.

“Do it yourself.” he said to us. “Dig your heels in to get started and to go faster.”

We set off and managed a couple of before Andre shouted,

“Pull on the reins. Stop.”

I remembered what he had told us about stopping and managed to get the horse to slow down and stop near Andre.

As we approached him I saw that he had 2 teenage girls stood next to him, both wearing T shirts and short shorts.

“Get off.” Andre said, and we both managed to slide ourselves round and drop to the floor.

As I slid down my face went close to the saddle. What was light brown was now a shiny, wet dark brown. I smiled and thanked Harlee under my breath.

“You go with these girls.” Andre said.

We did and were led to a smallish room. On the table was a pitcher of orange juice, 2 glasses and 2 big bottles of suntan lotion. On girl pointed to the OJ, obviously inviting us to have a drink.

As we poured and drank, each girl picked up a bottle of suntan lotion and started putting some all over us. Both Skye and I obliged and spread our arms and legs to let them get everywhere.

With our legs spread, the girls concentrated on our pussies and made sure that we got a good layer, outside and inside our slits and butts. Both Skye and I had an orgasm as they made sure there was a lot of lotion on our clits.

We both took one more mouthful of OJ before the girls led us back to the horses.

“Fucking hell; look at that.” I said when I saw the 3 horses.

Two of them had dildos sticking up from the saddles.

“You like?” Andre said.

“Fuck yes.” Skye said as we both went to the sides of our horses.

“Help me up please Andre.” I said.

As I went up I saw that the leather saddle was dry, it was a different saddle. That explained why I didn’t remember seeing a hole in the first saddle.

I put all my weight on my left leg then found the right stirrup and put my weight on both legs.

“Here goes.” I said to no one in particular; and started to lower my butt down.

As my pussy found the dildo I slid back and forwards to lubricate the dildo; then slowly eased myself down on to it. I sighed and had a big grin on my face as I bottomed out.

“Aaaaargh, that’s nice.” I again said to no one in particular.

After a few seconds I stated to think about my surroundings and the other people there. Skye was first; she was enjoying the experience as well. Then I looked down to Andre; he was grinning and his trousers looked tight.

Then I looked at the 2 teenage girls who were still there. They too had grins on their faces and there were 4 nipples pointing at us.

I turned and looked back to Andre. He was climbing onto his horse which had bulky bags attached to the back of the saddle.

“Come, come ladies. We go for a ride.”

I smiled to myself and thought,

“I’m sure that I will.”

Andre led the way at a walking pace. There were lots of “ooows” and “arrghs” as both Skye and I got used to the dildos moving around inside us as the horses walked along. A couple of times I saw Andre turn to look at us. Both times he was grinning.

“I’m gonna cum soon.” I heard Skye say.

“Me too.” I replied.

And we did. Andre looking back at us as we moaned and shook.

Andre led us away from the farm / stables and along a few tracks in the middle of nowhere. We came to a long, flat, relatively smooth stretch and Andre shouted.

“Come, we trot.”

He was off and our horses instinctively followed.

“Oh, oh, ooooh.” I said as my butt started going up and down on the dildo.

I was cumming hard as the horse finally slowed down and stopped next to Andre.

“That was good yes?” Andre asked.

I couldn’t speak so I just nodded my head.

“We go to the beach yes?” Andre said when both Skye and I had got our breath back.

“Won’t there be people there?” Skye asked.

“Yes, so what?”

“But we’re naked.”

“And?”

“Well okay then, if you say it’s okay then let’s go.” I said.

About 10 minutes later the 3 horses plodded round the side of a hill and there was the sea and a beach, a long beach.

“Can the horses trot along the beach?” I asked, thinking about how good the last trotting session had been.

“Of course. They are used to running along just in the water.”

“What about the people?” Skye asked.

“They are good horses, they will avoid hitting the people.”

“Err right,” I said, not sure that that was what Skye meant.

The horses must have sensed, or seen, the sea because their heads went higher and they started to walk a little faster. Just as soon as we got to the water’s edge they started trotting along causing Skye’s and my butts to start bouncing up and down.

No one heard my moans and ‘oohhs’ and ‘aarrgghhs’ as I soon started cumming. I vaguely remember flashing passed some people looking at us. I wondered if they could see the dildo each time that my butt went up and I remember being thankful that my tits are only small and weren’t painful as I bounced up and down.

My hands gripped the reins so much that when we finally stopped they were all white.

“You enjoy?” Andre again asked.

Neither Skye nor I answered him.

A couple of minutes later Andre said,

“Drink or ice cream ladies?”

“Both.” I replied, not believing that he could provide either.

It was only when Andre got off his horse that I looked around. We had stopped just outside a little beach café and a few of the patrons were looking at us.

“You get off horse.” Andre said.

It was then that I realised that those people would see the dildos sticking up from the saddles. With a smile on my face I slowly stood up in the stirrups and slowly came up off the dildo. As I did so I felt a little after shock orgasm.

As I swung my right leg back over the horse I looked at the saddle. It looked like I’d emptied a bucket full of cum all over it.

By the time our feet were on the sand, and our legs had got used to supporting our bodies, Andre was stood in front of us holding a plastic beaker of OJ in each hand.

“Where did this come from?” I asked after I’d drunk half a glass.

“Your driver brought it and I put it in the saddlebags.”

“That explains why it isn’t cold.” Skye said.

“Ice cream is cold.” Andre said; “Come.” And he started walking over to the beach bar.

“What about the horses?” I shouted after him.

“They stay there.” I heard him reply.

Not even remembering that I was naked, I started following Andre. Skye followed me.

As we got to the edge of the bar I saw that everyone was looking at us. If it was possible, my pussy got a bit wetter and I got that tingling feeling that I always get when people look at me when I’m naked.

“Sit.” Andre said, pointing to a table and chairs.

As I walked to the table I looked around the place. There was one table nearby with a young man and woman sat at it. The woman had her back to us but the man was facing us, and he was watching. I made sure that I got a seat facing him and I perched my butt on the front edge of the chair and lay back with my knees wide open.

My pussy was throbbing, mostly caused by the dildo on the horse’s saddle. But partially because of me being watched in the bar and partially because of Harlee’s blue powder.

I looked at the man looking at me, then to Skye. She had sat like I had but facing me. Her pussy was red, swollen and shiny.

Skye looked at me then said,

“I don’t know about you but I’m going to be sore by the time we get back in the car.”

“Me too; I can’t decide if the throbbing is pain or excitement.”

Just then Andre returned holding 2 ice creams. Giving them to us, he looked down at our pussies then said,

“I go and see to horses.”

He turned and walked away. I saw him a few minutes later with a bucket of water in his hand, walking towards the horses.

We slowly ate the ice creams with the man watching us and the occasional stare from the other people in the bar.

Ten minutes later, Andre was back, and asking us if we were ready to go.

As Andre pushed my bare butt up to help me get on my horse I looked over to the bar. There must have been a dozen people watching Skye and me mount our horses and the dildo. I felt good.

We walked the horses to the end of the beach then turned around when Andre said,

“Trot now.”

“Oh fuck!” Skye said as her horse set off following Andre’s horse at a trot.

I repeated Skye’s sentiments as my horse started trotting and my butt bounced up and down on the dildo.

This time, the horses went a little further into the sea and they splashed the water up over us but I wasn’t thinking about that, my mind was concentrating on my pussy and the orgasms that were hitting me.

It was a good job that the horses knew when to stop because I couldn’t have stopped mine. Not that we stopped for any length of time; Andre was soon on his way back with our horses following.

Andre didn’t stop when we got back to the other end, he turned and was on his way along the beach for the third time.

I was just starting to think that I couldn’t take any more when Andre slowed to a walk about half way along the beach. He stopped just short of the beach bar and walk us to the dunes side of the beach where a group of young men were. They got to their feet and came to meet us. If I hadn’t been so knackered I would have enjoyed the attention.

Three of the young men grabbed a horse’s reins and there was lots of talking in Greek.

The young man who took my horse’s reins looked up at me. I was covered in sweat and sea spray and my hair was a mess. My nipples were rock hard as was my clit, but he couldn’t see that. I was so out of breath that I couldn’t even move.

He said something to me in Greek, then when I didn’t respond he waved at me. He obviously wanted me to get off the horse. I slowly managed to stand in the stirrups, the dildo slowly appearing in front of his face.

I just stood there for a few seconds, making sure that I was okay standing, whilst hoping that the horse wasn’t going to move.

The young man’s hands waved again.

Transferring all my weight to my left leg, I managed to swing my right leg back and round.

I felt the young man’s hands on my thighs as he started to support me so that I could free my left foot. Foot free, the man slowly lowered me, letting his hands slide up my sides. Even when my feet found the sand his hands kept moving up and then around to my tits.

I leaned back onto him, not objecting as his hands started playing with my little tits.

Just as I started moaning Andre said something in Greek and another young man came over to me. Between them they picked me up and carried me over to the big towels that they had previously been on. They put me down, on my back, my legs falling open and I didn’t bother closing them.

I watched as Skye was carried over, her legs spread wide as they carried her and plonked her down next to me.

Skye turned her head to look at me. We smiled at each other then our hands met.

“i’m on fire.” Skye whispered.

“Yeah, my pussy feels like that as well.” I whispered back.

“Drink.” I heard Andre say.

We got up on our elbows and Andre passed us the beakers of OJ.

“Where did the ice come from?” I asked.

Andre pointed to a cool box that one of them had obviously brought.

The next 10 minutes was spent with Skye and I slowly getting our strength back, the young men staring at our tits and pussies, and talking to each other in Greek.

As we started to get feel a bit stronger I turned to Skye and said,

“My pussy is still on fire, do you fancy a swim?”

“Yeah, good idea.”

We got to our feet and told Andre that we were going into the sea. The other young men must have been able to understand us because we were quickly followed by all of them. Those who had been wearing T shirts had taken them off and we saw half a dozen bronzed, slim chests following us.

In the water we splashed around and generally came back to life. It didn’t take long for the young men to get close to us and start putting their hands on us. By that time our pussies had cooled off and the hands that groped them didn’t hurt.

I was expecting (hoping) that at least one of them would try to fuck me but none of them did. When I thought about it later I guessed that Sir John had warned them off trying that via the farm owner and Andre.

When we got out we went and sat on the towels and again got surrounded by our followers. It didn’t take long for Andre to say that we should put some suntan lotion on and before long hands were all over us again. It’s just wonderful having lots of young men’s hands sliding all over my body and playing with my tits and pussy. Needless to say it didn’t take long for me to cum for the thousandth time that day.

After all of them had been inside my pussy Andre asked if we’d like a drink. When both of us said that we did, he went to the saddlebags and got the OJ out. One of the others opened the cool box and got our some ice to put in the OJ.

After the drinks 2 of those tubular ice lollies appeared and as I licked and sucked mine I had a naught thought and started acting like the lolly was a cock. Skye and I played a game of ‘who could get the ice lolly furthest down our throat.’

That got the desired reaction from the young men and any cocks that weren’t already hard, got hard.

When those ice lollies disappeared, 2 more appeared. This time I decided to stick mine in my pussy. I gasped when it touched my clit and I almost orgasmed. After it had been inside me a couple of times I held it up and offered it to the nearest young man to lick.

Of course he did, and I had to work fast to give all of them a go before it all melted away.

Andre must have thought that we’d had enough fun with his mates because he told us that it was time to get back on the horses. There were more than enough hands to help us get up and enough eyes to watch the dildos slowly disappear.

Andre took us for 2 more trots along the beach before we followed him back along the way that we had come.

It didn’t take us that long to get back to the stables and I wondered if he’d taken us on 2 sides of a triangle when we’d gone out.

In a way I was glad to get back to the stables and off my horse because my poor pussy had taken quite a hammering. I was glad to just sit in the back of the car, relaxing and drinking more of Harlee’s OJ on the journey back to the yacht.

When we did get back to the yacht we discovered that Sir John had left to go back to England and that the helicopter was coming for Skye and me the next morning. Our luxury, amazing holiday was about to end. I told Harlee that I wanted to thank Sir John and she reminded me that I would see him soon enough.

We spent the rest of the day and the evening sunbathing and giving our pussies a well earned rest. I say a rest, but Harlee had arranged for our second session of our laser hair removal. Both Skye and I spent about an hour having the few hairs that had sprouted around our pussies removed. There wasn’t many and as I hadn’t had to shave myself since that first session I was quite pleased with the laser removal.

The staff girl made me cum at the end of the treatment. It only took seconds.

The first helicopter ride and the plane journey were over all too soon and Skye put on a dress just before she got off the plane. She didn’t want to get off the next helicopter ride naked just in case her parents were on the sports field waiting for her. They were and I watched her run to them as the helicopter rose up for the 5 minute ride to the cottage and Ben who came outside, presumably, when he heard the noise.