**Emily’s First Solo Holiday**

by Vanessa Evans

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

**Part 02**

**DAY 03**

**\*\*\*\*\*\***

I woke as dawn was breaking, the air was warm, but fresh, the balcony doors being wide open. I looked beside me and saw Luke next to me still fast asleep. I smiled as I vaguely remember us fucking. I decided to wake him by giving him a blowjob and was pleased to see his morning woody when I lifted the sheet.

Instead of the blowjob I decided to mount him and wake him a different, but nice way to give me a sober (almost) memory of us fucking. I got a condom and rolled it down his cock then mounted him.

After we’d both cum I looked at the time on my phone and saw that the restaurant would be open for breakfast. I reminded Luke I was going to be a practice body for the masseur that day and that I wanted some breakfast before I got picked up. He said that he’d better go back to his room and he jumped over the balcony divider and disappeared. I couldn’t remember if it was Dani or Wren that had ended up in the guys room, or if it was Will or Harry that they were with.

The shower felt nice and I was refreshed by the time that I’d completed my daily bathroom routine.

To breakfast I just slipped on another of my see-through dresses, one of the shortest ones and I almost felt naked as I walked into the restaurant. Again, I was too early for most of the hotel guests and I didn’t get to show my pussy to anyone, but it did feel nice knowing what was on display.

There was silence when I went back to my room to get ready to have hands all over my body all day and I was down by the roundabout at 5 minutes to 9 wearing just the same dress and sandals, and not a lot in my bag.

An old citroen jeep pulled up with loads of stuff in the back and Manuel in the driving seat.

“Ola.” I said as I climbed in, not caring that my short dress rode up even higher as I climbed in. The men on the footpath would have had a great view, if they’d bothered to look.

We tried to talk as we drove along, and even though Manuel was driving slow and lots of cars were over-taking us, the wind noise was just too great. It wasn’t until we arrived at a huge, dirt car park that he managed to tell me that we were meeting the students in the car park, Manuel drove around until we saw them, 2 girls and 3 men, all in their twenties or thirties.

After introductions, the students carried all the equipment through the trees towards the beach which looked amazing, much longer than Cala Conta. I followed the group passed the cafe onto the beach then left for about 10 or 15 metres.

Manuel announced that where we were would do and the students, all wearing white shorts and white T shirts, got to work erecting the gazebo. I looked around, behind me were quite a few people in front of the first cafe, all of them wearing something, but in front of me, as far as I could see, most of the people were naked. I decided that I was going to get naked as well and my dress was off in seconds.

I watched as the gazebo took shape and the table was erected in the middle of it although some of the time I was looking at the yacht that was on its side quite close to the beach. When Manuel was happy he told everyone that the day’s lesson would be in the format of him explaining something to them, then him demonstrating it. Then each student would get the opportunity to copy what he had done, all on my naked body.

That sounded great to me and I couldn’t wait to get all those hands on me.

From my point of view, things went very slowly. Manuel’s massaging was nice and smooth, whereas the students were a bit rough. I hoped that that would change. The other thing that made it go slow was the fact that it was my neck, arms and legs that were the subject of Manuel’s lesson.

Whenever Manuel was talking and all hands were idle, I got up on my elbows and looked out to see if people were looking over to me. Quite a few were, probably just to see what was going on.

After a couple of hours or so Manuel announced a break and everyone went to the cafe for a drink, That included me, and no one said that I should put some clothes on so I didn’t and I was the only totally naked person in the cafe. Okay, there were about a dozen topless women but I was the only 1 bottomless as well.

Whilst we were sat drinking, the students were talking and they asked me why I was being a practice body. I told them that I found having other people’s hands all over my naked body to be a very sensual thing.

One of the male students apologised for them being so clumsy and he added that he hoped that they didn’t hurt me.

I laughed and said,

“Bring it on.”

One of the girls said that she’d heard that Manuel gave a very nice ‘special’, and she asked him if he’d teach it to them.

“Maybe tomorrow, it depends on how well you do today. But I will be demonstrating it later today, we can’t let Emily’s frustrations go unrequited.”

That brought a few smiles to the faces, not least mine because he was right, I was getting a little frustrated. I hadn’t had a hand on my tits or pussy all morning.

The afternoon went better as the students relaxed more and let their actions started to ‘flow’, as Manuel called it.

After about an hour Manuel started on my back, and that included my butt. For some reason that started to attract a few more spectators. Maybe because his hands were opening my butt and pussy on my already spread legs. Things were starting to look up. He also managed to get a couple of moans out of me as he ‘accidentally’ touched my pussy.

When the students took over, it felt like they were concentrating on my butt all the time, and of course they too ‘accidentally’ touched my pussy although it sometimes felt very non accidental, not that I was complaining. Although it was making me frustrated and I started wanting them to start massaging my pussy, which they didn’t.

After all 5 students had massaged my back and butt, Manuel announced that that was all for the day and that in the morning they would be starting on the chest and abdomen.

When he said that my pussy would probably be tingling with anticipation.

Thankfully, Manuel then said that they could stay and watch his ‘special’ or leave right then. They all stayed.

Manuel then started on me. It was a full body massage and was really relaxing, although my pussy needed something else to relax it.

When he started on my breasts I found out why it was his ‘special’. There was no way that I could imagine him doing that to an over-weight, melon sized titted woman. My nipples have never had it so good, what’s more, they were sending messages down to my pussy and it was flooding with anticipation.

When Manuel moved down my body he bent my knees and flattened the outside of my knees to the table, I managed to get a glimpse outside the gazebo and saw that the numbers of spectators had doubled. I didn’t know if that was because they had heard of Manuel’s ‘special’ or if it was because of my moaning.

Anyway, Manuel started on my pussy and the area around it. I was soo happy that all those people were seeing how much I was loving what Manuel was doing to me.

OMG! My pussy had never been subjected to such pleasurable treatment in all my 22 years, and I was I heaven. He knows all places that a woman longs for people to touch and it wasn’t long before my first orgasm hit me.

Then my second, then I realised that my hips were being lifted up as Manuel’s fingers thrust in and out of me, hitting my G spot and every other spot that increased my arousal.

As my fourth orgasm hit me I realised that I was giggling. I tried to stop but I couldn’t. Then I realised that my arms were thrashing about. Again I couldn’t stop them.

After my fifth orgasm started to recede, Manuel’s finger thrusting and lifting slowed down and eventually stopped.

He may have stopped but my body had other ideas. As well as my arms jerking and thrashing about, my legs started doing it as well. And I couldn’t stop giggling.

Two of the male students must have thought that I was in danger of falling off the table because they came and lifted me back to the middle of the table; and still my body continued.

I have no idea how long it went on, but when I got a moment of sanity back I realised that the students had dismantled the gazebo, and the table with me still on it was out in the open.

I guess that I should have been embarrassed, but I wasn’t.

Even when I managed to get off the table and we started walking back to the cars, my body would jerk every couple of minutes and I’d have a mini, after-shock orgasm.

As we walked back to the car I asked one of the male students if he would take photographs and a video me when Manuel did that to me the next day. I really did want photos and a video of me in that state. He said that he would.

It was only as we drove out of the car park that I remembered that I was still totally naked. I quickly looked around for my bag and was grateful that someone had put it in the jeep for me.

I had my last mini orgasm as we drove into San Antonio and when Manuel stopped on the roundabout to let me out I reached over and gave him a big kiss on his cheek.

As I got out he said,

“Same time tomorrow Emily, and you may want to put your dress and shoes on.”

I looked down and realised that I still hadn’t put my dress on. I told Manuel that I’d be there in the morning then marched into the hotel as naked as the day I was born, I was soo happy, and I just didn’t care.

I didn’t really give anyone the chance to complain about my state of dress, not that anyone looked like they were going to complain, as I marched straight to the stairs and almost skipped up to my floor.

I flopped down onto my bed, as usual, with my feet near the open doors to the balcony, and tried to re-live the best parts of my day. Inevitably, I suppose, my right hand went to my pussy and when my index finger found my clit my body jerked and I had another mini orgasm.

“Are you alright Emily?” I heard Harry say.

I looked up and saw his head leaning over the balcony divider and turned to look at me.

“Hell yes,” I replied, “you wouldn’t believe the day that I’ve had.”

“We can go out again tonight and you can tell us if you like.” It will only be you and the 3 of us, Wren and Dani are out on a trip and won’t be back till late.”

“Fine, that works for me. Come round when you’re ready but you may have to wake me, I’m knackered and I need some sleep.”

“Okay, seeya.” Harry said.

I lay there, and did go to sleep.

“Wake up naked sleeping beauty.”

Were the next words that I heard. When I opened my eyes I saw 3 sets of male eyes looking down on me.

“Sorry guys, it won’t take me long to get ready.”

I got up and went to the bathroom. The first thing that I had to do was have a pee. When I turned and sat down I saw all 3 of them watching me. I smiled at them and said,

“Have you never seen a girl have a pee before?”

“No.” all 3 replied.

“Okay, watch this.” I said.

I clenched my muscles to stop the flow then stood up before moving my feet to the sides of the bowl before letting rip again so that the guys were able to see the piss coming out of my urethra. I smiled as they were transfixed at the sight.

I finished my pee, didn’t bother to wipe, then cleaned my teeth. As I climbed into the shower I shouted,

“Get out something out for me to wear please guys.”

Three minutes later I was rubbing myself dry with a towel and walking out to the guys.

“Seriously guys, do you really want me to go out wearing just those?” I asked.

On my bed was a ‘strings only’ G-string, a matching ‘strings only’ bralette and my red heels. Both ‘strings only’ items were tie fastening. I’d bought the bralette hoping to not wear it but I was about to be proved wrong.

“You’ll have to protect me from anyone who tries to grope or rape me.” I said as I started brushing my hair. I was quite confident that three 6 foot plus guys could protect the 5 foot nothing, skinny me.

“Does that include us Em?”

“Nope, you 3 can grope me anytime that you like but you can’t rape me, rape is non-consensual.”

Three hands moved in on me and both my tits and my pussy were quickly groped.

“Come on guys, let me let dressed first.”

“Don’t bother with a bag Emily.” Luke said as I put the G-string and bra on, tonight is on us and you won’t need any money.

“Thanks guys, you’ll get your rewards later, but before we go out, can one of you take a photo of me in this outfit, I need to send it to someone.”

I put the outfit on and went and stood on the balcony. Luke and Harry came and put an arm round me while Will took a photo.

‘my outfit for a pub crawl’ was the text that I sent with it.

I then gave my phone to Harry and asked him to keep it in one of the pockets of his cargo shorts.

No one seemed to care, or notice that my tits and my slit were on display, but that was harder to tell, as we left the hotel and walked to where all the cafes are, and as we sat outside a cafe in the ‘square’, waiting for and eating a nice meal, I told the guys all about my day as a practise body. And I didn’t hold back when it came to what Manuel had done to my insides. As I was talking I looked at 3 pairs of short and each 1 had a bigger than normal bulge in the front. It was soo nice having 3 young men lusting after me. I really felt in control of the 3 guys.

I also talked about how I woke Luke that morning and I said that I wished that someone would wake me that way every morning. Unsurprisingly, Luke offered to help me out. I thanked him for the offer but warned him that there might just be another man in my bed with me, and apart from that I didn’t want him climbing over the balcony divider. I had an idea and told him to look for my room key card on the table on the balcony. If it wasn’t there then someone else had beaten him to it, but if it was, he could use the key to come right in and wake me by fucking me.

Luke was happy with that but the other 2 weren’t, they were missing out.

“Okay guys, how about you take it in turns to come and see if I’m asleep?”

They were happy with that, even after I’d reminded them to use a condom.

After the meal it was the bars, but we walked around the ‘square’ a bit first. Luke said that it was to see if anything was going on, but I thought, hoped, that it was to show me off a bit.

When we were beside the fountain I suddenly had the idea of having a spreadie taken with the fountain in the background. I had to explain what a spreadie was to Will, then I had to have 3 spreadies as each of them wanted to take a photo with both their phones, and mine.

As we walked away I send one of the spreadie photos to John with the text,

‘having a great night with 3 fuck buddies’

Instead of heading straight to the bars, the guys took me over the road to the edge of the harbour then all along the path to a Burger King and back, it must have taken well over half an hour and lots of people saw me, and not one said anything about what was on display.

I decided that I was going to do that walk again.

The bars were great again, the only real problem for me was that it isn’t very bright in them and not many people realised what I was, or wasn’t, wearing.

That was until Luke lifted me up and sat me on one of the serving bars. It was all wet, probably with spilt beer, but I didn’t care. Luke pushed my legs apart and I leant back on my arms. The barmen didn’t say anything for about 5 minutes then he told me to get off the bar. In those 5 minutes quite a few people had gathered around to have a look at me, well my tits and pussy, take some photos, and I felt good, and aroused.

We didn’t have any problems with my state of dress, even when we turned a corner and were confronted by 2 policemen. We were still quite sober and quiet at the time and the 2 coppers looked me up and down, smiled and walked on.

“Good job that we are sober.” I said, “I’ve heard stories of what the coppers here do to drunk people.”

“Do they rape them?” Will asked.

“Only the girls; unless it’s a gay cop.” Luke added.

I had a quick flash of a cop with his cock out and ramming it into Will’s ass.

“Yuk.” I said, “I’m glad that I’m a girl.”

“So are we” Harry said as he reached over and tweaked my right nipple.

We had a great night and, thankfully, none of us got drunk. Happy but not drunk, and we headed back to the hotel when I said that I was getting picked up at 9 o’clock in the morning.

As we walked up the stairs, Luke started pulling at the strings on my G-string and bra and even before we stopped climbing I had both items in my hand. We walked along the corridor with me wearing only my heels and all 3 of the guys said that my butt looked great.

As soon as we got into my room I went to the bathroom and the guys all watched me having a pee but they didn’t bother watching me clean my teeth.

When I went back into the bedroom they pounced on me and in the next 30 or 40 minutes I was fucked in all 3 holes, usually 2 at once.

It was me that fell asleep first.

**DAY 04**

\*\*\*\*\*\*

I woke to the sound of my door knob rattling. I quickly looked around, I was alone and dawn was breaking. I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep.

A few seconds later I felt hands turning me on my side then a cock probing my pussy and a hand on one of my tits. I stayed quiet with my eyes shut and tried to work out who it was that was about fuck me, believing that I was still asleep.

I recognised Will’s cock and grunts, and got that confirmed when I opened my eyes and said,

“Good morning whoever is fucking me,” just before I orgasmed.

“We used rock, paper, scissors to see who was the lucky one.” Will said after he’d filled his condom and collapsed on the bed beside me.

“Thank you for waking me Will,” I said as I leant over and kissed him on his cheek; “You know how to please a girl but I have to get up now, Ive got an appointment with a masseur on the beach.”

As I was showering I decided that I was going to go to the beach wearing just a ‘strings only’ G-string, but before that I’d wear just a half sarong and a see-through top to breakfast.

With the sarong knot near my belly button, I left my room to go to the restaurant. Again, there weren’t many people there and they were probably too bleary eyed to realise what they could see.

As I walked through reception to go to meet Manuel, wearing just a ‘strings only’ G-string and carrying my bag, one of the male receptionists called me over. My instant reaction was that he was going to tell me off for walking around the hotel wearing virtually nothing, but I was wrong. He motioned me to go to the end of the desk then he said,

“Sorry to interrupt your journey madam, but I might just have something that will interest you.”

My heart slowed down and I wondered what on earth was he on about?

“I can’t help noticing that you appear to be very happy with your body and aren’t worried about who sees it.”

Still intrigued, I said,

“And?”

“And I thought that you might like to go to a special event at a club here in San Antonio.”

“Tell me about this ‘special event’?”

“Well it gives girls the chance to exhibit their charms to a group of men who appreciate such things.”

My pussy started tingling and getting wet.

“You’re not talking about an orgy are you?”

“Not in the conventional meaning of the word, it’s more of a cunnilingus fest.”

“Oh, so the guys eat out the girls?”

“Precisely. Are you interested?”

“Maybe.”

The man handed me a card and told me to be there at 8 pm on Thursday and tell anyone who asked that Pedro had sent you and that you are there for the ‘special’.

I put the card in my bag and continued to leave the hotel with a smile on my face.

Manuel was waiting at the side of the road just up from the roundabout and I quickly jumped in and off we went as I kissed Manuel on the cheek and said,

“Buenos dias Manuel.“

“Buenos dias Emily, practicing your Spanish?”

“Si.” I said and laughed.

The old jeep was no quieter and there was no more conversation until we pulled in to the car park and parked next to the waiting students.

“Buenos días a todos.” I said continuing my Spanish but then added, “Sorry, that’s about the limit of my Spanish.”

A couple of the students laughed and replied,

“Good morning Emily.”

One of the girls looked at my G-string and asked me where I got it. The other commented on me arriving ready for action.

“Not quite.” I replied and pulled on the strings of my G-string then put it in my bag along with my sandals.

“Now I am ready.” I replied.

Totally naked with my bag over my shoulder, I walked out of the car park and to the beach with the others following me. As they were setting up the gazebo I remembered the photos and videos that I hoped to get. I was glad that I’d managed to put my phone on charge before the guys had pounced on me the previous night.

Passing it to the guy that had said that he’d take the photos and videos, I thanked him and told him that he could take as many as he liked as I’d put a large capacity memory card in before I’d come on holiday.

Within 5 minutes of me getting on that table, Manuel’s hands were on my little breasts and my arousal was rising rapidly. He stopped a couple of times to explain something to the students, and each time he had a nipple in his fingers and was pulling and twisting it.

I don’t know if Manuel did that on purpose or not, but he kept massaging my tits until I had my first orgasm of the day, sorry, the second orgasm of the day, I nearly forgot the one that Will gave me.

Manuel’s hands moved down my body and I was starting to return to normal as his hands worked on my stomach area, but as soon as his hands touched my pubes and the insides of my upper thighs, my arousal started to increase again. And when he touched my clit another orgasm exploded out of me.

As I started to get my wits about me I heard him talking about the sensitivity of the clitoris and I chuckled as I thought,

“I don’t think that they need that explaining.”

I also heard him saying that women were luckier than men in that they can sometimes experience multiple orgasms consecutively whereas men need time to recover and get erect again.

I’d worked that one out years ago when I first spent a few hours alone with my then boyfriend out in a field under a warm sun and I guessed that the students had had similar experiences.

Anyway, talking over, Manuel gave me one more roll of my clit causing my body to shudder and me to moan, then stepped back and invited the first student to do what he had done.

It was one on the men and he looked nervous. He started to emulate what Manuel had done to me but it wasn’t as ‘flowing’ or firm as Manuel’s administrations. But it was still nice.

I managed to look around and saw a handful of spectators. I think that it was that knowledge that triggered my next orgasm not the student finger fucking me and failing to find my G spot.

One of the girl students, and another man, used my body to practice on before the lunch break, and both managed to make me cum. The girl was more relaxed so her actions felt better and got rewarded with a better orgasm.

Then it was the lunch break. When I swung my legs off the table and dropped to the floor, I had to just stand still for a few seconds for my body to adjust to standing again, so Manuel and the students were well on their way to the cafe when I started to chase them.

Again I was the only totally naked person in the beach cafe and I got a few people looking at me. If I hadn’t of been still on a bit of a sexual high from all the orgasms I may just have got excited by their staring.

As we sat eating and drinking Manuel asked me how I was doing.

“A little tired, I feel like I’ve done an hour’s workout in the gym.”

“You have Emily, a good massage with a happy ending is the equivalent of a good gym session.”

“So what’s your ‘special’ the equivalent of, running a marathon?”

That got a few little laughs from the students, then I continued,

“I think that I’ll need to have an early night tonight, but it will have been worth it, thank you everyone.”

When we returned for the last part of the training course, I eagerly jumped up onto the table and lay with my legs open waiting for the next student to start on me. As I waited I wondered how many spectators has seen me cumming. I smiled and relaxed.

It was the last male students turn next, the one who had volunteered to take some photos and videos of me reacting to Manuel’s ‘special’. I reminded him of that as he poured some of the massage oil onto his hands.

The lunch break seems to make the students relax more and this one’s hands ‘flowed’ more and his massaging was more firm, but not painful, and he had obviously got some previous experience of getting a girl worked up using her nipples because I was getting close to cumming when his hands moved down my body.

As my arousal diminished a little it crossed my mind that maybe he had recognised my approaching orgasm and deliberately moved away from my breasts.

Whichever it was I certainly wasn’t complaining.

This male student was better at manipulating my clit as well and I quite quickly rewarded him with an orgasm. Thankfully, he didn’t stop and he used his other hand to finger fuck me and lift my hips off the table. Unfortunately, he will still need a lot of practice to be as good as Manuel.

The other girl student was the last one to use me for practice. She too was good and she too made me cum twice. But again, not as good as Manuel who asked me if I’d like a short break before his final session.

I accepted his offer and drank a full one of those small bottles of water. As I climbed back onto the table, I realised that my pussy was feeling a little sore, but I wasn’t going to stop the next session from continuing. I also noticed a few more spectators, and the male student holding my phone.

I relaxed, smiled to myself and just let it happen.

And happen it did. I think that Manuel must have been holding back the previous day because I quickly lost it and my orgasm took me to a level that I have never been to before, one where I was totally oblivious to my surroundings and what Manuel was doing to me. I couldn’t even finish any of my thoughts, hell, I couldn’t even think.

When I first started to get some reality back I saw my phone being pointed at me but didn’t know why. I started to wonder who would be phoning me at that time.

Then I giggled again and had another mini orgasm.

I was still ‘not really there’ when the gazebo came down and everyone was waiting for me to get off the table. In the end one of the male students scooped me up and carried me to Manuel’s jeep. We were half way back to San Antonio before I managed to turn to Manuel to thank him, but he couldn’t hear me because of the traffic noise.

Manuel pulled into a side road just up from my hotel and turned to me. After checking that I was okay he gave me my money and thanked me for my services.

“No, no, I should be paying you. Are you running any more classes before the end of next week?”

Manuel laughed and said not.

My bag was at my feet and I got out my sandals and put them on and checked that my phone was there. Then I leaned over and kissed Manuel on the cheek again then climbed out. I stood there in the middle of the street, naked apart from my sandals and bag over my shoulder and waved as Manuel drove off.

When he turned onto the main road I looked around to check that I knew where I was. I did, and I also saw a group of young men staring at me. I waved at them then started walking.

It wasn’t far to my hotel and it was the first time that I’d been out in the street, in daylight for any length of time, totally naked. I was still feeling great and thinking about my day just made me feel even better.

I had a big grin on my face as I left the street and walked into the hotel.

The male receptionist who had stopped me that morning was there and he smiled and nodded to me as I waved to him and thought that I must check that I’ve still got that card that he gave me.

A middle-aged couple were coming down the stairs as I went up. I said ‘good afternoon’ to them and they returned the greeting. In my room I opened the doors to the balcony then flopped down on my bed. I needed a rest, and, so did my pussy, it was sore.

Sometime later I was woken to the sound of Dani shouting my name. I got up and went and sat on a chair on the balcony and briefly told her about my day. Her and Wren had been to another beach, Cala Tarida and discovered a little bay where there were naked people and they got naked themselves.

Wren came out saying that she was just going to have a shower then her and Dani headed for the shower. Wren invited me to join them for a night on the town but I was too tired. I did agree to go for something to eat with them telling her that I’d just earned a very easy and pleasurable 600 euros.

In the shower I realised that all the massage oil had left me like a greasy chip. The other thing that amazed me was that when I just touched my clit I had yet another after-shock mini orgasm, so long after Manuel had finished with me.

After I dried myself I was torn between wearing something that would expose my body - a lot, and reflect my amazing day; or something that would slightly protect my still sore pussy. There was no way that my pussy was going to be covered so a G-string, with or without any material, was out of the question. In the end I settled for a denim micro skirt that I’d bought. It feels substantial on me and it has splits to half way up one side and a quarter of the way up the other side of the 10 inch length. I chose to wear it with the long split in front of my pussy. To go with it I chose a blue see-through, elasticated tube top.

Both Dani and Wren were wearing micro skirts and tops, the skirts so short that if they bend over even the slightest bit they would reveal what they were or weren’t wearing under them. In the cafe later when they sat down I discovered that it was nothing underneath for both of them.

We had yet another great meal during which I got out my phone and played the video that the massage student had taken of me, and I had to turn the volume down because the people on the next table were giving us filthy looks, Dani laughing saying that they must have thought that I was playing a porno movie with all the moans and other pleasure noises that I was making.

Neither Dani nor Wren could believe what Manuel was doing to me and were not at all surprised that my pussy was sore. One of the waiters that came to see if everything was alright for us must also have thought that we were watching a porno movie as well because I saw his eyes open wide when he saw what was on my phone’s screen.

I paid for the meal then we split up, Wren and Dani heading towards the bars, and me back to the hotel. As I got close to the hotel I decided that I wasn’t feeling that knackered any more, the food and wine had perked me up a bit so I turned and walked back along the ‘square’ then along the edge of the harbour. I stopped and looked at some of the little stalls that were selling things from jewellery to portraits, some of the stall holders trying to sell me all sorts of things that I never would buy.

On the other side of the road was a small funfair, it didn’t look open but there were men there working on something. I wondered if it would open while I was there.

I crossed the road and had a look at a couple of clubs, neither looked up to much, but it was before midnight. Round the corner and up the road I saw a couple of car hire places and got the idea of hiring a car for a few days. It was something that John had wanted to do and my driving license was on my checklist of things to bring so that sounded like a good idea.

On the way back to my hotel I saw a place selling tickets for trips and saw 1 for a Hippy Market and remembered someone telling me about the hippies that lived in Ibiza years ago, and their attitude to sex and nudity that had shaped the islands history. I wondered if there were any hippie communes left and if they still were naked all of the time. I wondered if I should go on the trip to the market and see if there were naked hippies there. Maybe I could get a hire car and drive there, it couldn’t be that far, after all, Ibiza is only a small island.

Another thing that that place was selling was tickets to a Boat Party. The photo’s made it look fun and I decided that I’d go back when they were open and find out some more details.

Anyway, what energy I had got from the meal was starting to fade so I went back to the hotel, and went to bed, on top of the bed because it was so hot.