**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

*Georgia is an 18 year old girl who spent the last 6 years in an all-girls boarding school. She decides to take a gap year to have some fun.*

**Part 01**

Hi, my name is Georgia and I am about to tell you about the fun that I had on my gap year. But before that it would make sense for me to tell you a bit about myself.

You see, I’m stinking rich, well daddy is, and it will all be mine when he pops his clogs. Mummy died when I was 12 and I have no brothers or sisters. Her death hit us both hard and I don’t think that I’ve properly recovered. My doctor says that the traumatic experience must have upset my growth hormones or something because I haven’t grown even 1 centimeter since then.

I was a skinny little girl then, only 150 cm tall with little AA cup breasts and light brown hair; and here I am 6 years later and still the same measurements.

As I got older I used to get annoyed with myself for not growing but I’ve come to like the way I am. I’ve found some real advantages for being the size I am.

A few months after the funeral daddy shipped me off to a girl’s only boarding school where I’ve been for most of the time since then. I’m taking a ‘gap’ year before deciding if I want to go to university or go straight into daddy’s business.

That thought frightens me a bit because daddy’s runs some sort of business empire that rakes in a fortune, but sadly, takes up a lot of daddy’s time.

Every summer daddy takes me to his boat, sorry yacht, somewhere in the Mediterranean for a few days and this summer is going to be the same. I said a ‘few’ days because that is what it has always turned out to be. We always had to fly back early because of a ‘crisis’ at daddy’s work.

This year was going to be different in more ways than one.

You see, daddy has agreed to let me stay on the yacht after he has to go back to England; and I’ve discovered that I am an exhibitionist, and I love it.

About 6 months ago I was in town one Saturday with some of my school friends and we were in a shop trying on some clothes. Charlotte, one of my BFFs, is a bit of a joker and she pushed me out of the changing cubicle when I had nothing on.

When I managed to get my wits about me I saw 2 men who were obviously waiting for their partners, and they were staring at the naked me.

I froze for a few seconds then moved my hands to cover my little tits and nearly bald pussy. Turning back to the cubicle I called Charlotte a few choice names as I tried to get back in.

Unfortunately, Charlotte was holding the door closed and I stood there trying to push my way it with my little bare butt on display for the men.

The verbal abuse continued when I finally got into the cubicle and when I’d calmed down and we were both laughing about it, Charlotte said,

“I don’t know what you were worried about; those men probably thought that you were just a little pre-teen girl.’

For a couple of seconds that comment hurt me, but I quickly realised that she was right. As I reached for my bra Charlotte continued,

“Besides, by the look of your nipples you enjoyed it.”

I looked down, saw, then felt that they were both rock hard and bigger than I’d ever seen them; and they were tingling.

I must have been stood there, looking at my nipples, for ages before Charlotte said,

“You did enjoy that didn’t you?”

“Yeah, kinda, it was cool.”

“Wow; I’ll have to push you out there every time that we come here.”

“Yeah.” I quietly said as I thought about what had happened.

I thought about that experience many, many times over the next week; and discussed it with Charlotte. We came to the conclusion that I was some sort of exhibitionist and she promised to help me have some fun.

We went back to that shop, and quite a few others, and I got pushed out of the changing cubicles without any clothes on many occasions.

When daddy told me that we were going to the yacht again that summer I started planning my wardrobe and by the time school had finished for good and I got home, there were a couple of dozen packages of skimpy clothes waiting for me. I was determined to explore my discovery and have lots of fun.

Some of that fun was to explore one thing that Charlotte had said to me,

“With a body like yours Georgia, you’ll be able to manipulate any man that you want; unless he’s gay that is.”

I’d already thought about that a bit, and noticed the way men look at young girls and usually are very helpful towards them; and what Charlotte had said made more sense the more I thought about it.

I’d thought about it a few times when I was alone at school, but on the journey home I got really excited when I decided that that day was the first day of my new life. Gone was the boring uniformed school girl and as soon as I got out of that uniform I was going to be a liberated girl.

I got my new life of to a gentle start by going to the toilet on the train and taking my bra and knickers off. The knickers looked like I’d blown my nose in them and my pussy was tingling something rotten. I left the underwear in the trash bin.

F.Y.I. I was on the train because I managed to escape from school a couple of days early and I wanted to surprise daddy. Okay, it was a 3 hour journey but I was just glad to have escaped.

During the rest of the journey I made a few resolutions of things that I was going to change. Loose or tight tops, very short skirts, no underwear and never crossing my legs were just some of the ones that I came up with during the journey but I was sure that I’d think of more in the next few days.

As I thought about those, I rubbed my thighs together hoping to make myself cum but I wasn’t successful. I thought back to one night a few weeks back when 6 of us girls had sat in a circle on the floor in or dorm room, all totally naked and each with their right hand on the next girl in the circles pussy. We’d had this crazy competition to see who could go the longest without the girl on our left making us cum. I guess that I liked the situation too much because I orgasmed first.

In the taxi from the train station I felt naughty, but nice, and I wondered if the taxi driver could tell that I had no underwear on.

Some of the packages that were waiting for me contained micro skirts and dresses. I was determined that I would never again wear skirts like we had to at school; from then on I would never wear a skirt that was longer than mid-thigh.

Daddy wasn’t home when I arrived and I quickly opened the packages and decided what I was going to wear that evening; just a skater type summer dress with nothing underneath. I was also determined that the new me would never wear a harness and knickers again.

Stripping naked, I tried all my new clothes on, looking in the mirrors with a big smile on my face. I liked everything that I saw.

Then I made a list of all the other things that I wanted to buy then went online and got looking.

I was still naked and busy online shopping when I heard daddy’s car crunching down the gravel drive. I slipped the dress on and ran downstairs.

I must admit that I felt a little strange running downstairs to greet daddy just wearing that dress; strange, but excited.

“Georgia! I thought that you weren’t finished until the day after tomorrow.”

Daddy said as I ran and jumped up onto him, wrapping my legs around his waist.

After a big hug, during which I discovered just how much my tits can feel when they are just covered with such a thin cotton dress. Daddy lowered me down, my dress fell back into its intended place, and daddy took a step back to look at me. For a split second I was embarrassed until I thought,

“No Georgia, this is the new me; if he doesn’t like it that’s just too bad.”

“You look fabulous Georgia; so grown up.”

“I am 18 now daddy.”

“Yes I know; and you’re a beautiful young woman. It’s a big shame that your mother can’t see you right now.”

“Yes, I know daddy.”

“How did you get here Georgia?”

“The train, I’m a big girl now daddy, I can arrange things for myself.”

“So I see; I must remember to cancel the driver that was going to pick you up Georgia.”

“He can still go daddy; I left my luggage there so he can bring that back.”

“Fair enough, I wondered how you’d have managed to bring all those suitcases with you on the train.”

I helped daddy get the evening meal ready whilst we talked about all sorts of things. It was only when we sat at the dinner table, and my bare butt came into contact with the leather seat, that I remembered that I had no underwear on. I looked down at my chest and could see 2 little bulges made by my nipples, both surrounded by dark circles made by my darker areolas. I felt a little excited and wondered if daddy had noticed them.

After clearing up daddy poured us glasses of wine and we went and sat and continued talking. In keeping with my new life’s resolutions I sat without crossing my legs and I’m sure that daddy would have been able to look up my short skirt and see my pussy, if he’d looked, which I don’t think that he did.

When I went to bed I started to get a nightie out of a drawer but as soon as my hand touched it I pulled back and made another resolution, sleep naked every night.

It was light and the sun was streaming through my window when I woke up. I knew that daddy would have gone to work hours ago so I didn’t bother to put any clothes on when I went downstairs. It felt strange, but nice as I walked around downstairs. I opened the back door and walked outside. It felt wonderful feeling the sun on my totally naked body. I was so happy that I nearly skipped around the garden.

Suddenly I heard a voice, a woman’s voice. I froze for a second then slowly turned around to see who it was, moving my arms to cover my pussy and tits as I did so.

“I’m guessing that this is your first time outside without any clothes on Georgia?” the woman asked.

“Mrs. Jones, I, I, I.”

“Don’t worry Georgia, I used to do that sort of thing when I was your age, it’s a wonderful feeling isn’t it?”

“I err, yes, it is. I forgot that you come round on a morning.”

“That’s okay Georgia, you keep doing whatever you like, the cleaning will only take about an hour then I’ll be gone. Can I get you some breakfast?”

“No, err no thank you, I can manage. Sorry if I surprised you.”

“That’s okay Georgia; it’s a good job that I didn’t bring my son with me this morning, he’d have been really happy to see you.”

“Oh yes, Tommy isn’t it, I was in year 6 with him. How is he?”

As I said that I thought about Tommy seeing me like that; a tingle started in my pussy.

Then I remembered something,

“Sorry Mrs. Jones, I’ve got to go, I’ve just remembered that I have to make a phone call.”

“Okay sweetie.” I heard her say as I quickly walked inside and up to my room.

I phoned the doctors and managed to get an appointment for later that afternoon.

As I walked back downstairs I decided that I liked this walking around without any clothes on; it’s nice and natural, and it makes my pussy feel nice.

“Hi Mrs. Jones.” I said as I walked into the kitchen as if I walked around totally naked every day.

“Oh hi Georgia, I’m just finishing up, can I get anything for you before I go?”

“No, thank you, I’m fine.”

“Is it okay if Tommy comes over and uses your pool this afternoon, he’s been coming over for a swim some afternoons for a couple of weeks now; your father said that it was okay and he’s always gone before your father gets home?”

“Yes, sure, I may not be here though.”

“That’s okay; you haven’t been here the other times.”

“Okay, see you tomorrow Mrs. Jones.”

“Sorry, I only come every other day sweetie; but I could come tomorrow if you want me to.”

“No, you stick to whatever arrangements you made with my father.”

I got myself some OJ and an apple and went outside to have my breakfast in the sunshine. After I’d finished them I sat there relaxing and thinking that I’m a lucky girl and I’m really starting to like my new life.

After making myself cum twice I went back up to my room and went online and ordered some more clothes and some toys. I’d never bought, or even used girly toys before and I was fascinated by what I saw.

I also bought 7 pairs of shoes, heels actually, I thought that I’d look good walking around wearing only a pair of heels.

I spent a fortune but who cares, daddy can afford it.

About an hour later I was disturbed by the doorbell ringing. Without even thinking about it I ran downstairs and opened the door. It was only when the postman looked me up and down, then smiled, that I remembered that I was naked.

My jaw dropped and I said,

“Oops, sorry, I forgot to put something on.”

“That’s okay, is your mummy or daddy at home?”

“No, I’m on my own.”

“You shouldn’t go telling that to strangers love, stranger danger and all that.”

“I can look after myself.” I replied; “they taught me self-defense at school.”

“I’m glad to hear that, but even so…..”

“Yes, you’re right, thank you. What have you got for me then?”

The postman gave me 4 packages then left. As I watched him drive off I remembered that I hadn’t even tried to hide my tits or pussy. I felt proud of myself and I would have touched my pussy but my hands were full.

Ripping open the packages I discovered some see-through bikini thongs and wraps from Australia and some more very short skirts from America. One of the skirts is like a net, full of one centimeter diameter holes all about one centimeter from the next hole. Putting it on I saw my slit, front and back in the mirror. I gulped then thought,

“Courage girl, you want this, you want to be seen.”

My little pep-talk to myself worked and I smiled then took the skirt off and put my new clothes in a drawer with the others. As I did so I looked at my old clothes and decided that I needed a clear-out, but it would have to wait.

Remembering the swimming pool I looked at the clock and decided that I had time for a few lengths before I had to get ready to go out.

Walking into the pool room I thought about Tommy swimming there and I wondered if he swam naked like I was about to do.

Wow! Swimming naked is nice, really nice, so natural and the feeling of the water rushing over parts that it never had before was soo, so exciting, so exhilarating. As I swam I made another resolution.

As I was getting ready to go to the doctors I tried to remember when I had last been there. I felt a little sad when I remembered that it was a few months after my mother died and I stopped growing. I wondered if the birth control pill would start me growing again.

I slipped on just another skater type summer dress and looked at myself in a mirror. My nipples were prominent – again, and I tweaked them through the thin cotton material to make sure that they were sticking out as much as they could.

As I walked out to the taxi I felt almost naked. I could feel my dress around my waist but nothing below. I even smoothed my hand down the front to make sure that I was covered.

I was glad that I’d taken my phone with me because I was kept waiting to see the doctor for over half an hour. I held a text conversation with Charlotte telling her what I’d been doing that day and what I was, and wasn’t wearing. Just before I got called in she told me that she was jealous.

The doctor was a nice man, late 20’s at a guess. I’d been expecting to explain what I wanted and to walk out 2 minutes later with a prescription. Imagine what I was thinking when he told me that he needed to examine me. OMG, I was wearing nothing but a thin dress and he’d just told me to get undressed and get up on the examination table.

My heart was pounding and my pussy was getting wet; and OMG, he was going to see it.

He never said anything as I unfastened my dress and it dropped to the floor leaving me totally naked. I looked over to him but his face was emotionless and looking at me.

“You’re 18 aren’t you Georgia?”

“Yes doctor.”

“Hmm. Hang on a minute.”

He turned to his computer and was obviously reading. I was just stood there, still totally naked with my hands by my sides.

After a few minutes he said,

“I see that you stopped growing when you were about 12 Georgia; is that a problem for you? There may be something that we can do to kick-start your growth if you are interested?”

“Oh no, I came to terms with my size a long time ago, I’m quite happy as I am thank you.”

“Okay; can you get up on the examination table please Georgia?”

I did, and just lay there. I nearly put my hands over my tits and pussy but I told myself to ‘not be so stupid’.

He was really nice and explained everything that he was doing, before he did it. I should have guessed that he was going to check my breasts for any abnormalities but I have to admit that I was a bit surprised when he told me what he was going to do; and I was a little embarrassed when he pulled and tweaked my nipples.

Someone else doing that is different from me doing that and I heard myself letting out a little moan. Then I got a bit embarrassed.

I got even more embarrassed when he told me that he had to examine my whole vulva and vagina, outside and inside. OMG, he was going to see my arousal.

My face went read then I watched him setup those metal ankle support things. OMG, I was about to have my first gyno examination. I’d heard stories from girls at school and never really believed them, but this was it; I was about to find out that they were all true.

I watched the doctor put on a pair of latex gloves then he touched my pussy.

I gasped.

“Sorry, are my hands cold?” the doctor asked.

“No, it was just the surprise.”

“It won’t take long and it won’t hurt Georgia; I promise.”

No, it didn’t hurt, in fact it was nice, so nice that I moaned a few times, and blushed.

Then I felt my hole stretch open, much more than my fingers, or the fingers of the other girls at school had stretched it. It was nice.

Something, that plastic thing, was stretching my hole wider and wider.

I moaned and sighed.

“Okay, nearly done Georgia.” I heard the doctor say as he bent forwards; his head only inches from my pussy.

I moaned again.

Slowly, I felt that plastic thing being removed then the doctor said,

“There’s one more test that I like to do but some women are not happy having it done. It’s preferred that doctors check the patient’s clitoral stimulation to ensure that they respond in the normal way. It can identify any potential problems further down the line. Is it okay that I check you? If you’d prefer not I can skip the test.”

I looked at him blankly. Was he really asking me if he could rub my clit and make me cum?

“Yes,” I quietly answered, “if that is what is needed then go ahead.”

“Thank you.” I heard then felt his fingers on my pussy again.

I blushed – again; as I realised that he wasn’t joking. This man was going to make me cum; this man that I had never even met 10 minutes ago. Okay, he’s a doctor, but he’s still a man. All of a sudden I was glad that he was a man and not a woman.

I moaned again, this time a long very pleasurable moan.

Wow, does that man know how to please a girl. My moaning changed to ‘Oooohhhs’ and ‘arrgghhs’ and ‘yess’ and gasps. Then I had the most intense orgasm that I have ever had; so much better than when I use my fingers. My hips lifted up and were jerking about as my hands went white as they gripped the sides of the examination table.

“More; more.” I heard myself say, but the doctor ignored me and turned and got some paper towel. He watched my body jerking about until it stopped and I was able to think straight.

Handing me the paper towel he said,

“You may like to wipe yourself.”

As I took the paper towel from him he turned and walked back to his desk saying,

“You can get dressed now Georgia.”

It was at least a minute before I could lift my ankles out of the metal supports and get off the examination table. By that time I didn’t care that I was naked and that I was wiping my pussy in full view of the man.

I picked up my dress and slipped it on then sat down, totally exhausted.

“Okay Georgia, everything is quite normal and I’m quite happy to prescribe the contraceptive pill for you. Read and follow the instructions on the box and phone me if you have any questions.”

I took the prescription off him, slowly got to my feet and walked out.

The gentle breeze blowing up my dress made my pussy tingle and I came back to life. As I walked to the nearest pharmacy I got my phone out and text Charlotte: -

‘Hi Char, jst Bin 2 d doctors 2 git put on d pill, You'll nevr gueS wot he did 2 me.’

‘hi G, wot? r u ok?’

‘he fingered me & mAd me cum.’

‘wt? R U k.’

‘no, I wnt more’

‘Was it gd?’

‘totally orsm.’

‘I’m gna mAk an appointment. I wnt som of dat.’

I smiled to myself as I put my phone back into my bag and continued walking.

I had to walk passed a building site and heard someone wolf-whistle.

“Wow, that’s the first time that I’ve had that; I guess that they like what they see.” I thought as the smile came back to my face.

I didn’t dare sit on the plastic seat in the pharmacy whilst I waited because I was sure that I would leave a wet patch if I did.

I got back home before daddy did and was a little disappointed when the doorbell rang shortly afterwards. I’d kept my dress on and it was only as I opened the door that I wished that I’d taken it off and greeted the caller the same way as I had the postman.

The young man stared at me for a second before handing the bags to me and saying,

“Food delivery; charge it to your account as usual?”

“Err yes I guess, thank you.” I replied wondering who on earth had ordered whatever it was.

Then my brain kicked-in. Daddy must have ordered it to save cooking and judging by the comment daddy must use that company quite a bit.

I’d just put the foil containers in the oven when I heard the gravel crunching as daddy’s car arrived.

My nipples got rock hard as I hugged daddy and felt his suit through the thin material of my dress again.

We talked a lot that evening, the relevant key points being: -

1. Daddy wanted to take me to his company’s summer ball that Saturday. He admitted that he wanted to show me off. He didn’t mean my body but as he talked I decided that I wanted people to see a lot of my body at that do.

When I told daddy that I’d have to go and buy a new dress he told me 2 things; firstly that it had to be a full length dress (another resolution broken already), and secondly that I should go to a seamstress that mummy used to go to. I promised to go and see her but I said that I didn’t want some old fashioned dress.

Daddy surprised me by telling me that mummy used to wear some quite daring clothes at times.

1. That he had to go to America for a week before we go on holiday together. He asked me if I would be okay on my own. I got up and went over, hugged him again and again felt my nipples harden.
2. That he had organised a ‘Transporter’ for me whilst I was at home. I had to ask him what a ‘Transporter’ was.

He gave me a phone number to call whenever I needed a lift telling me that I could call anytime day or night.

I again got up and went to give him another hug. It was only when I stood up after hugging him that I noticed the big mirror that was behind me. I wondered if daddy had seen my image in the mirror when I’d bent over to hug him. If he had he’d have got a right eyeful of my bare butt and pussy. I felt my pussy get a little wet.

1. He told me that he had an early start the next day but we’d still be able to have breakfast together.

He didn’t get another hug but I did tell him that I’d be fine.

That night I went to bed totally naked again. The weather was so warm that I slept on top of the covers.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 02**

I must have slept through my alarm because I woke up to the sight of daddy looking down at my naked body. I smiled and said,

“Good morning daddy; sorry, I set my alarm but it didn’t go off. I’ll be down in 2 minutes; okay.”

Daddy was just stood there staring at my naked body and I wasn’t sure that he’d heard me.

“DADDY.”

“Oh yes, sorry Georgia; right, down in 2, okay?”

He turned and walked out.

I smiled, closed my legs, swung them to the side of my bed and decided that I wasn’t going to shut my bedroom door ever again.

“Well, at least he didn’t scold me for sleeping naked; maybe he liked what he saw.” I though as I went and had a quick shower before putting a skirt and top on and running downstairs.

As soon as daddy had left I ran back upstairs and shed my clothes, I wanted to spend the day totally naked. Then I remembered that I had to go and sort out a dress.

“How could the woman make a dress in 2 days?” I thought.

I put my Driver’s number in my Contacts and phoned him. One hour later a big Mercedes pulled-up outside the house and I walked out to greet him wearing just a pair of heels and a thin, skater type micro dress.

James is quite cute so I told him that I’d be travelling in the front passenger seat. When he rushed round to open the door for me I got in in a very un-ladylike way and lingered with my legs spread wide, one floor in the car and the other still on the gravel, hoping that he was looking.

He was, I saw him when I looked up to his face to thank him. He smiled and shut the door as I lifted my leg in.

James is quite a nice person and easy to talk to; quite witty as well. As we talked I relaxed and looked down at my legs. They were bare right up the top. I didn’t think that he could see my pussy, even when I let my legs drift open.

“Relax Georgia; I haven’t got a camera under the dash.” James said.

Feeling comfortable and brave I replied,

“You don’t want to see my pussy then James.”

“Already have Georgia; you gave me a great view when you got in the car, remember? Are you normally such an exhibitionist or was it just for me?”

“No, err yes, it was for you; I’ve just left an all girls boarding school and I’m experimenting.”

“Well, you can experiment with me anytime that you want and I’m sure that your cute little body will please just about every guy on the planet.”

“Why thank you James, maybe we should climb in the back sometime.”

“Wow, direct as well as gorgeous; you’ll go far Georgia.”

“I hope so, daddy wants me to go into his business but I’m not sure.”

“Well I’m sure that whatever you get into you’ll do well. With that cute little body and your attitude the world is yours.”

Just then we arrived at the address of the seamstress. It’s a double-fronted, upmarket shop and as I waited for James to open the door I looked at the displayed dresses.

“Hmm, maybe this won’t be too bad.” I thought.

The car door opened and I swung just one leg out giving James another great view of my now damp pussy.

“Phone me when you want me Georgia; I won’t be far away.”

“Thank you James.” I said as I walked to the shop door.

I was greeted by a middle-aged woman who introduced herself as Celeste.

“I used to make clothes for your mother, such a shame. Has anyone told you that you’re the spitting image of her Georgia? I hear that you are going to a ball on Saturday and want something to wear.”

“Yes, that’s right what can you do for me?”

“I can do you any which way that you want Georgia; you have a beautiful little body. As for a gown, that all depend on what message you are looking to give out. Judging by your current attire I’m guessing that you are not afraid to show lots of flesh, and maybe even like the attention that you get; am I right?”

“Yes, I’ve just finished at an all-girls boarding school and I …”

“You want to break free, enjoy yourself, tease some men and have lots of fun.”

“Yes, lots of men and lots of fun.”

“Good for you girl. Right, the first thing that I need to do is get lots of measurements. I take most women into the back room to measure and fit them but I’m guessing that you will be okay with doing it right here in the shop. Am I right?”

“I err; yes, why not.”

“Good, I like brave girls. Take your clothes off; everything, shoes as well. It’s part of my job to help you get used to displaying your body and what better way that starting nude in the middle of the shop.”

“But people will be able to see in and see me.”

“Exactly my dear; now come on, everything off.”

I looked around, saw no one then reached for the hem of my dress. It was off on seconds and I was left wearing just my heels.

“Good girl; and good girl for no underwear. Now get those shoes off and keep those hands by your sides.”

“Gawd,” I thought, “this is like being back as school.” as I stood there hoping, and not hoping that someone was looking into the shop.

“What’s this?” Celeste asked as she tugged on my sparse, blonde pubic hair. “You have got to get rid of this. No self-respecting girl has any of this these days. Hang on a minute.”

I just stood there, in the middle of the shop, stark naked for a few minutes before Celeste returned and I wondered if she was going to come back with some scissors and a razor.

“Right, I’ve made an appointment for you to go and get that lot permanently removed later this morning. I’ll give you the details later. Now, stand up straight and let me get my job done.”

I stood there as I was commanded to lift my arms in all directions and spread my legs as she poked the end of a tape into my pussy. I gasped when she did that and then she ran a finger along my little slit.

“Enjoying this are you Georgia? You mother used to love it too.”

Unfortunately she stopped and her hands moved down my thighs and measured them.

“What are you doing with your hair for the ball?” Celeste asked.

“I haven’t really thought about that yet.” I replied.

“I know a good hairdresser and I’m sure that I can get her to fit you in on Saturday if you like.”

“Thank you Celeste; that would be nice.”

Celeste wet away and came back a few minutes later.

“Sorted, I’ve left the appointment details on a card with your phone.”

“Thank you Celeste, I would have been panicking on Saturday.”

All the time that she was measuring me, and while she left me to go and do things, I was stood looking out of the shop front, hoping and not hoping that someone would look in and see me. If they did they never let on.

Finally finished Celeste said,

“Okay Georgia, I was thinking about something long and black with splits up the side. For the top I was thinking a backless halter, not too tight fitting so that when you bend forwards anyone who cares to look can see those cute little tits.”

“Hmm, sounds good Celeste; but can you get it made before Saturday?”

“Sure, no problem; come back tomorrow afternoon for a fitting then send your Driver to pick it up on Saturday morning.”

“Oh, how high will the splits be?”

“Waist high so you won’t be able to wear anything underneath it.”

I smiled then Celeste turned and walked over to the sales counter. She picked a card up then turned to come back over to me.

“You can get dressed now Georgia. That’s if you want to. I’m sure that no one would complain if you walked around like that all day.”

I blushed a little then picked up my dress and slipped it on. Celeste handed me the card and said,

“Get your Driver to take you to this address, they’re expecting you.”

I walked out of the shop then remembered that I had to phone James to get him to pick me up. It only took a couple of minutes for him to arrive and as I waited I felt the gentle breeze on my wet pussy and wondered if any of the people around had seen me naked.

James jumped out of the car and ran around to open the door for me. I again rewarded him by stepping in one leg at a time and giving him a good, long look at my pussy.

We started talking almost as soon as the car was moving.

“That Celeste told me to get all my pubic hair shaved off. What do you think James?” I said as I pulled the front of my dress up so that we could both see my pubes.

“I agree; there’s nothing worse than getting a girl’s pubic hair stuck between your teeth or in the back of your throat.”

“Speaking from experience are you James?” I asked, letting my dress drop down again.

“Yes.”

“Are you good at it James?”

“Good at what Georgia?”

“Eating pussy.”

“Yes.”

“You’ll have to show me James.”

“I’m ready when you are girl.”

“Later, I’d hate for you to get something stuck in your throat.”

“I can get something stuck in your throat Georgia, but it will be a lot bigger than a hair.”

“Later James, later,”

“Promise?”

“I promise. There are lots of things that I want to try for the first time and I’m hoping that you can help me.”

“I will be extremely happy to help you madam.”

The address that we were going to wasn’t that far away and we quickly got there. James was a ‘gentleman’ again and I again rewarded him with a long look at my pussy when he opened the door for me.

The beautician was really nice and explained what she was going to do and how long it would take. When I got undressed she told me that it would take a little longer as she would have to shave me first, but then told me that it made the second part easier because she would know exactly where hair was growing.

Wow, I thought that a shave would be just around my pubis and vulva but she shaved me everywhere, including between my butt cheeks. The positions that she got me to hold while she worked were unbelievable.

As she worked on my whole pussy area, armpits and legs she kept telling me that I was lucky because there was very little hair to start off with.

That laser gun thing was funny, lots of little sharp pains but it didn’t really hurt. As she did around my clit and lips I found that I got quite excited and was a little embarrassed about how wet I became. She told me not to worry because a lot of het patients actually orgasmed during the procedure. I didn’t, but I got soo close.

When it was all over I stood up and felt around my pussy and was amazed at how smooth it all felt.

It was only then that I realised that all this would cost money. When I asked how much I owed them she just shrugged and told me that it was all taken care of. I made a mental note to ask Celeste about money when I went back the next day.

The gentle breeze outside really made my pussy tingle. I may not have had much pubic hair before but being bald really made me sensitive to that breeze. As I waited for James I opened my legs and let the breeze pleasure me.

James really smiled when I treated him to a look when he opened the door for me.

“That’s so much better Georgia.” He said when he got back into the driver’s seat.

“So does that mean that you’ll eat me out James?”

“Not whilst I’m driving.”

“No silly, when we get back home.”

“It will be my pleasure madam.”

When the car stopped outside daddy’s house, James came round and opened the door again. This time though, I had taken my dress off as he walked around the car. He opened the door to a naked me.

As soon as I was on my feet on the gravel I was lifted up in the air and carried onto the grass and put down on my back. I spread my legs as wide as I could as a grinning James stood and looked down at me.

He didn’t stay standing for long and I quickly learnt how nice it is for a man to eat my pussy. Gawd that man is good with his tongue. He made me cum twice within 5 minutes.

“Time for you to return the compliment.” James said as he got to his feet and started un-fastening his trousers.

“I’ve never done that before.” I finally said.

“I’ll teach you Georgia.”

And he did. Even to the extent of looking up at him with my mouth open waiting to accept his gift to me as he finished himself off. I’d heard about the taste of men’s cum and wasn’t surprised to find that what those girls at school had said was right; it wasn’t at all bad, in fact I quite like it.

James then taught me to scoop-up what had missed my mouth with my tongue and fingers and then to show it to him before swallowing it.

“Can I have some more please?” I asked.

“Not right now, you need to suck me to get me hard again then I’m going to take your virginity.”

“No, no you can’t, I only started taking the pill yesterday.”

“Don’t worry Georgia, I used to be a boy scout; always prepared.”

He reached down into his trouser pocket and pulled out a condom. Then he told me to suck him hard again. That didn’t take long then he showed me how to put a condom onto his cock.

When he was ready he asked me how I wanted it. I told him that I didn’t know so he told me to get on my hands and knees and he rammed his cock into me doggy style.

I screamed at the initial pain but as he kept thrusting into me the pain disappeared and pleasure took over.

I came twice before he filled the condom and slowly went soft.

When we were both able to talk I said,

“Thank you James, I’ve dreamt about that moment for years but I never imagined that it would be on the grass outside daddy’s house. Wow, I wonder what he would say if he knew.”

“No Georgia, thank you. Taking a young girl’s virginity is always a wonderful thing.”

“So you’ve taken other girl’s virginities have you?”

“One or two.”

“Well you’re good at it. I will remember this day for the rest of my life.”

“A fond memory I hope.”

“Most definitely, and it’s one that I intend to repeat at least a dozen times before the end of next week. Oh, and can you teach me how to deep-throat please? I’ve heard about it and it sounds like fun.”

“Gladly young lady. When would you like your first lesson?”

“I’ll call you. Right now I’m going for a swim; want to join me?”

“No, thank you, maybe another time. You go and enjoy yourself before your father comes home.”

I walked into the house totally naked and with my dress over my shoulder.

As soon as I got to my room I got my phone out and text Charlotte: -

‘Hi Char, jst got fucked 4 d 1st tym. Got eaten out t% & gave a blowjob. Also my puC iz nw az (:-) az bald as it wz 10 years ago.’

‘Wow 3:o) you’ve Bin BY. Do U fEl NE different?’

‘A bit sore & a lot happy.’

‘I bet.’

I was just thinking about going for a swim when I heard daddy arrive. I put a dress on as I ran downstairs and jumped up and hugged him.

“I love you daddy.”

“And I love you too Georgia.” Daddy said and un-wrapped my arms and legs from round him. I giggled and wondered if he could tell that I was now a true woman.

“Do you want to go out for dinner tonight sweet-pea?”

“Not really daddy, I’ve had a busy day and I’m a bit tired.”

“Okay, I’ll order something, Chinese okay for you? Oh, did you go and see that seamstress?”

“Yes daddy and I’ve ordered a dress for Saturday. I hope that you’ll like it. If I like it I think that I’ll order some more clothes, she seems to know what I like, she says that I’m like mommy.”

“You are dear, you are.”

We ate and then I cuddled up to him to watch a movie. He put his arm round me and his hand rested just below my tit. I tried moving around a bit to see if his hand would move to my tit but it didn’t.

When I went to bed I left my door wide open and lay on my back on top of the covers. I didn’t hear daddy coming upstairs because I fell asleep quit quickly.

I woke early, still on my back. Thinking about daddy, I spread my legs wide and pretended to be asleep. I lay there thinking about my pussy and sex.

My heart started pounding as I heard daddy walking about. His steps got closer and then stopped. I was sure that he was in my room and looking at my naked body and I was sure that I could hear him breathing. After what seemed like a lifetime I heard a knocking on my open door.

“Georgia, it’s time to get up.”

I slowly stirred and without looking over to my door I said,

“What, oh, okay daddy. Give me a couple of minutes and I’ll be down.”

Jumping up and out of bed I turned and saw daddy, still at my door and staring at my naked body.

“Sleeping in the buff now are you Georgia?”

“Oh, yes, not a problem is it?”

“No, no. You’re an adult now so it’s your decision.”

Daddy was still staring at me so I stood in front of him and said,

“Daddy, you need to get yourself a girlfriend. You must be lonely.”

“Well yes, but it’s not as easy as you think; besides, you’re here now, you bring the place to life.”

“Not the same daddy; not the same.”

I stepped aside and went to the bathroom.

As I showered I thought about not getting dressed and going down to breakfast naked but I decided against it and put a skirt and top on. The skirt was a little stretch one that only just covers my little butt.

I also had a good look at my pussy before I went downstairs. The soreness had gone and I looked to see if it was any different now that I was a proper woman. It wasn’t.

When daddy drove off I took the skirt and top off and went outside and wandered around. I decided that I like being naked outside, without, and with people looking at me.

I wandered all around the gardens, front and back. There’s no houses overlooking daddy’s property but I could get quite close to the main road and all the cars whizzing passed. None of them stopped or honked their horns so I guessed that no one saw me.

When I heard Mrs. Jones arriving I put the skirt and top back on and went to greet her. I wanted to know if daddy had ever brought a woman back there since mummy. Mrs. Jones told me that she’d never seen one, nor seen any evidence of one.

Leaving her to get on with her job I went to my room and checked-out some clothes websites. I wanted some more skimpy clothes, some lingerie to try to tempt daddy into taking me. I ordered a silk teddy, special delivery so that it would arrive the next day.

Then I phoned James and told him to collect me an hour after Mrs. Jones was due to leave. I didn’t want her to see me leave. I had a plan but I wasn’t sure that I was brave enough to go through with it. I needed something to build my courage.

Alcohol was out of the question so I opened one of my new vibrators and teased my pussy until just before the point of no return; then I stopped.

I did that 3 times before Mrs. Jones left and James arrived. Then I walked out to the car totally naked and carrying nothing other than my phone.

James smiled, said nothing and opened the door for me. When I paused with one leg in and the other out of the car, James said,

“Wow girl, it looks like you’ve just been fucked.”

“Nope, that comes later. You’ve got some more teaching to do James. I hope that you’ve got lots of condoms with you, you’re going to need them.”

“Looking forward to it madam.”

I lifted my outside foot into the car and James shut the door.

“Are you really going into town dressed like that Georgia?”

“We’re only going to one place and you can drop me off right outside the door, so yes; I am.”

James had a grin on his face for all of the journey and I could see the bulge in his trousers as we talked about what he was going to do to me later.

The car pulled up outside the shop and I took a deep breath before telling James that I was ready. He came round to my side of the car and opened the door. Forgetting to give him a flash of my pussy, I quickly got out and standing between him and the car I looked up at his face.

“Remember Georgia, walk and act as if it’s perfectly normal to be naked. Most people see what they are expecting to see and a naked girl will register in their brain as a clothed girl. Now go and get ‘em girl.” James said.

I took another deep breath and with nothing but my phone in my hand, I stepped away, turned to face the shop and started walking. It was only a few metres but it felt much longer. My brain was racing thinking about getting caught, getting arrested, people seeing me, the shop door being locked, how much my pussy and nipples were throbbing and how wet my pussy was.

I reached the door and thankfully, it opened when I turned the knob.

Then I got a shock and seriously considered turning and running back to the car. I did look back, but the car was moving off. You see, I’d never even considered the possibility of there being other people in the shop, and there they were, 2 couples, all looking to be in their mid-twenties; and all were looking at me.

I wanted to die but at the same time my pussy was telling me that I was loving being seen by these strangers.

Thankfully, Celeste broke the silence,

“Good morning Georgia, come on in. Don’t be shy; we’ve all seen a naked girl before. I’m just finishing making the final adjustments to this lady’s dress then I will be with you.”

“Naked girl.” I thought, “I’m not just naked, I’m bald as well. Oh gawd, what am I going to do?”

“Have a look around and see if there’s anything that you like.” Celeste said.

My brain got over the shock of the situation and took in more details of the other people. One of the girls was stood on a little pedestal in the middle of the room. She was wearing an un-finished dress that Celeste was obviously pinning a few adjustments to. The other 3 people were nearby and had obviously been watching Celeste work.

Resisting the urge to put my hands over my pussy and little tits, ‘that’s a childish thing to do’ I told myself, I looked around the shop, then back to the 2 couples who were still staring at me. Realising that my options were very limited, I forced a smile then, looking directly into the face of one of the men, I said,

“Hi, okay Celeste, no problem, take your time, I’ll just look around.”

Not that I had any choice, but I was feeling proud of myself; I could have run, I could have apologised, I could have dashed behind one of the racks; but no, even managing to keep my hands by my sides I found the courage to just stand there letting those people take in all the details of my nudity; not only those people but anyone who was passing outside the shop.

I felt good; and aroused.

I turned and started browsing the racks, not really looking in any detail. Getting close to where Celeste was working, and opposite the 3 people watching both Celeste and me, I just stood there and watched.

I caught the eye of one of the men watching and he said,

“Have you come for a fitting as well?”

“Yes.” I replied.

“Well you’ve certainly come prepared for it.” The watching girl said.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to offend anyone.” I replied.

“Hell girl,” the other man said, “we’re not offended, but do your parents know that you’re here like that?”

I closed my eyes for a second and thought,

“Not again. Mind you, by bald pussy does make me look even younger.”

“No need.” I said, “I’m 18, I can do whatever I like.”

“Wow, you don’t look 18.” Man 1 said.

Celeste interjected and said,

“I’m glad to see that you got all that ugly hair removed Georgia.”

“I’m glad that you told me to Celeste; I feel so much more naked, it’s nice, sensual and arousing.”

“My gawd, had I just said that in front of those strangers?” I thought.

“Yes,” man 2 said, “you do look very young, very naked and like you’re about to cum.”

“Ben, stop it, you can’t say that to a girl.” The waiting girl said.

My courage was holding and I replied,

“No, no, it’s all right, it is very arousing being like this. I mean, I’m stood in front of 4 strangers and close to the shop windows. Anyone could see me. What girl wouldn’t be aroused?”

Just then Celeste said,

“Right Eleanor, all done, I need to carefully get the dress off you; don’t move.”

We all watched as Celeste went behind Eleanor and unzipped the dress. Then she slowly lowered it to the floor revealing a very naked Eleanor.

“You’re right Georgia,” Eleanor said, “it is quite arousing being naked in a situation like this, even though these 3 have seen me naked many times.”

Celeste must have been in a naughty mood because she reached over to Eleanor’s pussy and ran a finger along it. Eleanor shuddered and moaned.

“Want more?” Celeste asked.

“Not this time Celeste, you’ve got another client waiting.”

“It’s okay,” I said, “I’m in no rush.”

“No, it’s okay, maybe when I come to pick up the dress.”

“Can I come with you Eleanor?” the man in the other couple said and got a thump from his partner.

Eleanor stepped off the little pedestal and her partner passed her what I guessed was the dress that she arrived in. We all watched as she stepped in to it without putting any underwear on.

Then the 2 men turned back to me.

“I guess that it’s your turn to be the centre of attraction Georgia.” One of them said. “You may as well get up there and be the star.”

By that time Celeste had picked up the dress and was carrying it to a back room so I smiled and stepped over to the pedestal. Putting one foot on the edge I transferred my weight to that foot and promptly sent both the pedestal and me flying.

I ended up flat on my face, legs and arms spread wide.

My clumsiness made me more embarrassed than my nudity and I lay there for a second as I heard gasps from behind me. After a few seconds I started to get up and pushed myself onto my hands and knees and then shook my head from side to side, clearing my head. It was only then that I thought about me being on my hands and knees with my butt to the 4 people. They must have had a great view of my butt and pussy. I quickly got up onto my feet. Turning to face them I said,

“I can be such a klutz at times.”

“I should have told you about that thing.” Eleanor said.

“That’s okay,” I replied, “no harm done.”

Just then Celeste returned and looked around.

“What happened? Is everyone okay?”

“Relax Celeste;” I replied, “everyone is okay, I was just being a klutz.”

“Oh good, I was getting worried for a second, I don’t want to get sued or anything.”

“Some brakes on that thing might help.” One of the men said pointing to the pedestal.

“I’ll look into that idea, thank you.” Celeste said; then to Eleanor,

“Okay, everything is good; it will be ready by the morning.”

With that the 2 girls turned and walked to the door, both men took one more look at me before following the 2 girls.

“Sorry about the delay Georgia, now, oh yes, please can you step onto the pedestal while I go and get your dress.”

Celeste went off and I carefully got onto the pedestal and shuffled round so that I was facing the shop front. While I waited I watched people walk by and willed them to look inside. None did.

When Celeste came back she carefully spread my new dress and held it open for me to step into it. By that time she was down on her knees in front of me and, with me being stood on the pedestal, her face was directly in front of my pussy.

As I lifted one foot up she said,

“My my; you are excited Georgia.”

“I’m sorry, I can’t help it.”

“No no; don’t be sorry, it’s nice to see a young girl enjoying herself. You know, your mother used to get excited when she came here.”

“She came here naked?”

“No, but she used to love standing there like you are now. The street was busier then and she used to get a little audience while I fitted her dresses.”

“So that’s where I get it from.” I said.

“Probably Georgia. Sometimes she’d have an orgasm just standing there naked. You can stay standing there after I’ve finished this if you like. I have no more fittings this morning and I could do with someone to watch the shop while I get on with finishing these dresses.”

“Oh, I don’t know that I could do that, someone might see me.”

“Isn’t that why you came here naked Georgia?”

“I guess so. Maybe.”

The dress is amazing, even in its unfinished state I loved it. It’s so light that I could hardly feel it. It’s just like Celeste described it before she made it; a backless halter top with not a lot at the front; not that I have a lot to cover.

I gently leant forwards and yes, the material hung low and I could see my nipples. If I could then everyone else could.

Moving down to the skirt part, the waist is just a 2 cm band going around my waist with the 2, narrow halter parts attached to the top of it and the lengths of material to the bottom of it. There are 2 lengths of material below the waist, the first, and biggest one goes from one hip bone, round the back and to my other hip bone. The front length is much narrower and goes from about 2 cm from my hip bone to about 2 cm from my other hip bone. The only way that I could wear anything under it is if the waist band of the knickers was covered by the 2 cm band round my waist. Not that I intended to wear any knickers.

“When you walk my dear, this front panel will gape open if you are not careful. You may, or may not wish to hold it in place.”

“I won’t.” I heard myself say.

As Celeste made numerous minor adjustments I imagined myself walking into the ballroom, dress gaping open and flowing behind me; and all eyes staring at me. My pussy started tingling.

When Celeste was done, she stood back then walked right around me.

“Two things that you might want me to change Georgia, firstly this waist band, it goes all the way round and is fastened with this little piece of velcro. I could put 2 big gold rings in it, one on each hip bone. And secondly, I could split this front panel right up the middle. That would mean more exposure but maybe this is enough for you.”

“No, no, those are great ideas, can you do them? Will it still be ready for Saturday?”

“Of course dear, now let’s get it off you and you can just stand there for a while. Oh, just one more thing that I want to check Georgia.” Celeste said then she walked behind me.

Lifting my hair up I felt the 2 ends of the bow of the halter being slowly pulled then the next thing that I knew was that the dress was puddled on the floor around my feet. I giggled and Celeste said,

“Excellent, the boys will love that.”

“So will I.” I thought.

I lifted first one foot then the other and Celeste retrieved the dress. Celeste walked out of the room leaving me stood there on the pedestal totally naked.

“Let me know when you are leaving Georgia.” I heard Celeste say before a door shut.

I looked around then out the front of the shop. No one was looking in at me. I felt awkward for a few seconds, then a bit naughty. My hands moved up to my tits, squeezed them then pulled, twisted and tweaked my nipples. If I was on display I wanted my nipples to look at their best, even if no one was looking.

After a minute or so I felt even naughtier and my right hand slid down my front to my pussy. As I slid a finger between my lips I slid my feet as far apart as the pedestal would allow and found my clit. I slowly started rubbing.

I was just getting soo close when I heard the doorbell ring. Apart from moving my hand to my side, I froze. OMG, I’d been caught masturbating while naked in the middle of a shop in the middle of town. My heart started pounding.

“This is a cute little shop; hang on a minute dear while I have a look around.”

My heart slowed a little as I realised that they couldn’t have seen me masturbating, but what could I do, how could I get out of there. My phone was on the sales counter but even if I could call James it would take a while for him to get there.

I decided to just stay frozen and hope for the best.

My eyes turned to see the middle-aged couple splitting up. The woman went to some racks and the man looked around. Seeing me he walked over to me and stared.

“Geeze dear, these mannequins look so life-like these days. This one’s even got moisture between her legs.”

“Don’t be stupid Henry; it’s a mannequin of a kid. I don’t know why they’ve got that, all these clothes are for adult women.”

Henry gently pressed on my right nipple.

“Bloody hell, it’s warm and soft.” I heard him say.

Well he got it half right, it was warm but it was rock hard; so hard that it was hurting. I guess that he meant that my tit was soft.

Then Henry put his hand on my pussy and his fingers slid between my lips. I just felt a finger start to go inside me when I heard the woman say,

“Leave it alone Henry, you’ll get arrested for being a paedophile.”

“You’re the one that said it was a mannequin dear; I don’t think that molesting child mannequins would get me locked-up.”

With that Henry moved away and I breathed a sigh of relief.

I clenched my pussy as hard as I could until the couple left the shop then I let out let out a long, loud moan and started cumming.

Celeste was stood in front of me when I started to come down from my high.

“Enjoy that did you Georgia? I can arrange for more of that if you like. I go to these parties where girls give themselves to people to pleasure them.”

“Oh yes please;” I heard myself say, “but I’m going away on holiday at the end of next week. Can it wait until I get back?”

“There’s a party happening next Tuesday if you’re interested, I’m sure that I can get you in.”

I thought for a while then said,

“Can I let you know on tomorrow when I collect the dress?”

“Sure; no problem. Now, do you want to stay standing there or is there somewhere else where you want to go and exhibit that cute little body of yours.”

“I don’t know about that but maybe it would be a good idea for me to leave; I think that I’ve had enough of being molested by strangers for one day.”

“Are you sure about that Georgia? You do appear to like it. Your mother did too.”

“My Mother got molested by strangers in this shop?”

“And she orgasmed just like you did.”

“Wow, did daddy know?”

“I can’t answer that one, she never mentioned him; maybe you should ask him.”

“Then I’d have to tell him what I just did.”

“And would that be a bad thing?”

“I don’t know, I’m not sure how he’d take it.”

“Only one way to find out girl. But I’m sure that he’ll still love you after you’ve told him. How can anyone not love a little bundle of happiness like you?”

“Thank you Celeste, I think that I’ll phone my driver now.”

“Are you going to wait outside for him or on that pedestal?”

“Decision, decisions; inside I think then I’ll run out when I see the car.”

“Coward.”

“Maybe next time.”

I phoned James and then went and stood on the pedestal again. Hoping and not hoping that some more people would come in.

They didn’t and when I saw the car I shouted ‘bye’ and ran for it. I was a bit too quick for James and I had to stand in the road for a few seconds whilst he came round and opened the door. One car tooted at me.

As we drove off I turned to James and said,

“That was fun, now take me somewhere and fuck my brains out. Oh, and I want my first lesson in deep throating, I think that I’m going to need it.”

He did and he did and he did. The place he took me to was out in the country in a quiet little carpark at the side of a road going through some woods. He took me just into a wooded area and fucked me in a little grassy clearing. At first it was glorious as he ate my pussy and then fucked me. The lesson in throat fucking wasn’t so nice to start off with. The gagging and learning to control it was hard and tiring but James helped me and taught me when to relax and when to breathe.

It was when his cock was deep in my throat that he told me that we had a little audience, and had had one ever since we got there. When I was able, I looked around but couldn’t see anyone. Then I looked up at James and said,

“I want to go; I don’t like people watching me.”

“Who are you trying to kid. You love every seconds of it; you get off on being watched.”

He was right of course. I’d quickly realised over the last couple of days that I DO like being watched when I’m naked, and having some form of sex. It really does make me horny.

I looked up at him again then devoured his cock again. James responded by pulling my head onto him so that I’d got all of his cock was inside my mouth and throat.

He did that 3 or 4 more times then lifted my head off him.

“Stand up Georgia.” James commanded.

I did.

“Now go and stand in front of that log and bend over it.”

I did.

“Spread your legs.”

I did, and was expecting him to fuck me again. Instead he came round in front of me and got me to suck his cock again. As I was doing that I felt hands on my butt.

At first I thought that James had bent over and it was his hands, but when I looked up James was stood up straight. I had a little panic but James was watching and as he held my head on his cock I heard him tell me to relax.

As my head bobbed up and down a hand started finger-fucking me with another hand rubbed my clit. I was in heaven and before long I was cumming hard.

James had let go of my head when I had calmed down and I stood up to see who the hands belonged to but there was no one there.

“Who just finger-fucked me?” I asked.

“No one.” James replied.

“Come on, who was it?”

“No one.”

I asked him again 2 more times but he kept telling me that there was no one else there. Even when I said that he had said that we had a little audience he still said that we were alone.

I was starting to maybe believe him and believe that I had imagined it all when a middle-aged man came along a path and gave James the thumbs-up sign.

I turned to James and called him a bastard but he still denied that there had been anyone else touching me. He said that the other man had just been watching us.

I still wasn’t 100% sure that I’d been finger-fucked by someone else when we went back to the car. We got some funny looks from an old couple sat in their car eating something. I just smiled at them.

Just as we got back to daddy’s house James admitted that the man that I’d seen had been finger-fucking me. I called him a bastard, then thanked him and told him to pick me up at 10 o’clock in the morning.

It was still the middle of the afternoon so I went and had a swim. Just as I was getting out, Tommy, Mrs. Jones son arrived.

“Oh sorry,” he said, “I didn’t know that there was anyone here.”

“That’s okay.” I replied, “I was just leaving. You’re Tommy aren’t you?” I asked, standing there with my hands by my sides.

“You’re naked.”

“Yes.” I replied and realised that I was getting comfortable being naked around clothed people.

“Do you remember me from year 6 Tommy.”

“Oh yes, I remember you, you left and went to some boarding school. You’re a lot prettier now Georgia.”

“Thank you Tommy.” I said and saw Tommy’s eyes go up and down my body.

“Well I’ve got to go now Tommy, you enjoy yourself in the pool. Maybe I’ll see you again before I go on holiday.”

I walked off leaving poor Tommy just stood there watching me go.

I’d just finished drying my hair when I heard daddy arrive home to I put one of my new tank tops, a tight fitting one. I looked at myself in the mirror then tweaked and pulled my nipples so that they got hard. I was just about to get a skirt out to put on when I decided not to bother. Being so small a lot of my tops are long enough to cover my butt and pussy anyway. I decided to wear the top as a dress.

As I walked down the stairs the tight top / dress worked its way up and exposed my slit and half of my butt.

“Sod it.” I thought and went to find daddy. He was in the kitchen putting some takeaway in the oven so I went and hugged him. As I stretched up to put my arms around his neck I felt the top / dress ride up even further.

After the hug daddy stepped back and looked at me.

“Forget to put a skirt on did you Georgia?”

I pulled the top down so that my pussy was covered and said,

“No, I’m wearing this as a dress, it’s long enough.”

“Not when you’re moving your arms up and down.”

“Sorry daddy, I didn’t mean to embarrass you; you’re not upset with me are you?”

“I could never be upset with you Georgia, and no, you didn’t embarrass me, I’ve seen you naked hundreds of times when you were little, you used to run around without any clothes on right up until you started school; and your ‘new look’ down there reminds me of when you were little.”

“I’m glad that you’re not upset.” I replied then reached up to kiss him on his cheek. This time I didn’t pull my top down when I backed away. For the rest of the evening I was bottomless with daddy. I caught him looking at me a couple of time but neither of us said anything.

Daddy told me what the itinerary was for the time up until we flew out to the yacht: -

Tomorrow (Saturday) – The Ball.

Sunday – Daddy leaving to go to America.

Next Friday – Daddy gets back.

Next Saturday – Fly off to Ibiza (where the boat has been for the last 3 summers).

I made a mental note then added my own things to it.

We spent the rest of the evening watching a couple of movies and I cuddled up to daddy on the sofa. His arm was round me but it never went onto my tits or my butt. I made up for that a bit when I put the DVDs into the machine. I bent at the waist presenting my bare butt and pussy to him. He must have seen me but he didn’t say anything.

When I went to bed I again slept on the top of the bed, naked, and I left the door wide open. I knew that daddy would see me at least once because I’d asked him to wake me early because I had a lot of things to do before the ball.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 03**

I woke to the sound of Daddy shouting my name. I was still on my back and I discovered that my right hand was cupping my pussy. I wondered if I’d been playing with myself in my sleep. What I did know was that my pussy was wet.

When I opened my eyes daddy was above me looking down at the naked me.

“Come on Georgia; you need to get up.”

I moved my right hand up to my eyes and rubbed them.

“Thank you daddy.”

Daddy remained there for a few seconds then said,

“You are beautiful Georgia; you really do remind me of your mother.”

I sat up then stood and hugged him. Feeling his shirt covered chest pressing against my tits.

“Thank you daddy; I love you too.”

Then I walked to the bathroom leaving him stood there. As I walked I wondered if he was watching my butt. I exaggerated my walk so that my butt cheeks moved up and down as much as I could make them.

This time when James picked me up, I was wearing a dress, another of my new collection of thin, cotton, very short, skater type summer dresses. James looked disappointed when he saw me but I put the smile back on his face when I got into the car.

As we drove off I told James that it was the dress shop first, then that I had an appointment at the hairdressers at 3 o’clock.

“So what will you do between those 2 appointments Georgia?” James asked.

“I’m sure that you can find something or someone to do, maybe even with a little audience James.”

“It’s the weekend so there will probably be more people in the woods, and you need another lesson don’t you Georgia?”

“Yes I do.”

When we arrived at the dress shop I was a little disappointed that no one else was there. I hoped that Celeste would tell me to stand on the pedestal for a long time.

Celeste greeted me and told me that the dress was ready and that she just had to put it in a box for me.

“Oh, don’t I need to try it on?”

“It will be fine, trust me.”

Then after a pause during which she looked at the disappointment on my face, she continued,

“Well maybe it would be a good idea for you to try it on. Get undressed and up on the pedestal. Keep the heels on Georgia.”

I did, and faced the shop front. It was ages before Celeste came back, so long that I wondered if she was deliberately leaving me standing there, on display to the world.

Just as Celeste came back I had a little panic attack as the doorbell rang and a thirty something woman walked in.

“Good morning Miranda.” Celeste said.

“Good morning Celeste, and who is this gorgeous little thing?”

“Miranda Georgia; Georgia Miranda. Georgia is thinking about coming to your party on Tuesday.”

Miranda came over to me and looked me up and down.

“Exquisite Celeste, you’ve found a goddess for us.”

Turning back to me she reached forwards and ran a finger along my slit. I shuddered and let out a little moan.

“You ARE coming aren’t you Georgia?”

I felt like I was back at school and a teacher was telling me what to do.

“Yes Miss.” I replied.

“Right decision Georgia, you won’t regret it. Celeste will give you the details. Bring and old school uniform with you; school underwear as well.”

She ran a finger along my slit again and got the same uncontrollable response from me. Then she turned to Celeste and asked her something that I didn’t understand. Celeste went off and Miranda turned back to me.

She ran a finger round each of my tits then back down to my pussy. As her finger invaded my hole she said,

“Are you still a virgin Georgia?”

“No.” I said as I struggled to keep calm.

“Have you given a blowjob?”

“Yes.”

“Did you take all of it Georgia?” She asked as her finger came out of me then went to my mouth.

I automatically opened my mouth, tasted my own juices and mumbled,

“Yes.”

“Tuesday will be an evening of pleasure that you will remember for the rest of your life.”

That thought made my pussy get even wetter and my body shudder.

Celeste returned and gave Miranda a box.

“You’ve done well Celeste.” Miranda said as she turned and walked out with both Celeste and me watching her.

When Miranda was gone Celeste turned to me and said,

“You are coming aren’t you?”

“I’m not far off cumming, but yes, I wouldn’t miss that party for the world.”

“Do you want me to finish you off before you try on the dress?”

“Thank you for the offer, but my next appointment is in the woods with my driver.”

“I see. I’m sure that that will be a lot better than my fingers.”

“Sorry Celeste, I didn’t mean to upset you. Can I take a rain check until Monday; I want you to make a couple of skirts for me.”

“Skirts that you can’t tell that you’re wearing and easily let people know that you’re naked underneath I’m guessing.”

“Exactly; and ones that are see-through and fly up with the slightest breeze.”

“Just like your mother Georgia.”

“My mother wore see-through skirts?”

“And ultra-short miniskirts. She told me that your father loved them.”

I thought back to the previous evening when I was bottomless with daddy.

By then Celeste had got my dress ready for me to put on so I lifted first one foot then the other then Celeste pulled the dress up.

With a little pulling one way or the other, my hip bones were circled by the big gold rings.

“Good, good; just what I expected.” Celeste said.

Then she looked at the new split that she put in the front panel of the skirt part. Gently pulling it from one side to the other she said,

“I didn’t take the split right up to the waist, just to just above your pubic bone. That way it doesn’t look too obvious but it does show everything whenever you move.”

I smiled as I imagined myself walking into the ball with the dress flowing behind me and the front of my slit on full display.

Celeste did a couple more adjustments to the way the dress hung then told me to climb down and walk about. I did, and my first reaction was to look down to make sure that I actually had the dress on. It’s so thin and light that I could hardly tell that I was wearing it.

I walked up to one of the mirrors and I could see my slit. Then I walked away and back again, but faster. My bare pubes were showing.

Standing there I looked higher up. Wow, I could just see my areolas and nipples. I smiled in satisfaction.

Turning around I shook my head to get my hair out of the way and looked back. My back was bare right down to my waist.

“Perfect.” I said to Celeste; “just perfect.”

I walked over to Celeste and kissed her on her cheek.

“Thank you.”

“Turn around.” Celeste said.

I did so and I felt my hair being moved. Then I was naked again. Celeste had undone the bow of the halter and the whole dress had slid down to the floor.

“Perfect.” I said as I stepped out of the circle of material.

As Celeste put the dress in a box she told me that she had some ideas for the skirts and tops that she’d show ne on the Monday. When I agreed she told me that she’d give me the details of the party then.

I phoned James, put my ‘old’ dress on, picked up the box and went outside to wait.

The slight breeze was nice and I was feeling good as James arrived, took the box off me then opened the door for me. I gave him a good look at my pussy again, even though he’d shortly be fucking my brains out in the woods.

On the way there I told James that some of the girls at school had said that there were over 200 different ways to have sex in the Kamasutra. I then told him that I wanted to try as many as I could before I went on holiday.

When he jokingly replied that I’d need to find a couple of dozen guys to get through all 200 in a week I asked him if he could arrange that.

James laughed and replied,

“You fancy a gangbang then Georgia?”

“No, I meant, I couldn’t take them all at once, I’d get way too sore, I meant spread over the week. But yes, a gangbang does sound fun.”

We arrived at the woods and parked. When James opened the door for me I gave him another good flash. His response was to tell me to take my dress off but leave the heels on. He then walked me into the wood with me wearing nothing but heels.

We’d been at it for about 30 minutes and tried 4 different positions, had my second deep throat lesson and I was bouncing up and down on top of James’s cock when I saw him wave at something. I kept bouncing up and down and turned my head to see 2 young men holding dirt bikes. They’d stopped and were watching us.

I turned to look at James and bounced down even harder onto James’ cock.

“You like them looking don’t you Georgia?” He asked.

“Yes.” I replied in between the grunts when I bottomed out.

James waved at the young men again but this time is was a ‘come here’ wave. Of course the men did and when they moved in to my line of vision I saw them, both rubbing the front of their leather trousers.

I orgasmed right then.

When I got my brain working again I watched the 2 men take their leather trousers off. As their hard cocks came into sight I thought,

“Oh my gawd! I’m going to get gangbanged.” And promptly orgasmed again while still bouncing up and down on James.

I did get gangbanged. Thankfully James had a pocket full of condoms. The wonderful deed was done over that same log that my pussy had been finger fucked by a stranger.

When it was over I lay spread-eagled on the grass and watched the guys get dressed. James was talking to the men about something or other, just letting me rest for a while; and boy, did I need that rest.

As I lay there I thought that I saw a face looking at me from some bushes but I didn’t care, I was way too happy.

When James and I went back to the car there were 4 more cars there. One man who was just getting out of his car just stopped; half in and half out, and just stared. I waved at him.

On the way to the hairdressers I told James that I want to get gangbanged by 100 men. He laughed and told me that he could arrange that if I really wanted it. I told him to wait until I got back from my holiday.

During the journey I made myself presentable in my micro summer dress and as I walked in I was feeling really good.

The hairdressers was, well, a hairdressers and when I left I was happy that I was going to do daddy proud at the ball.

When I got back into the car James gave me a couple of steel balls about the size of snooker balls.

“What are these for?” I asked.

“They’re Ben Wa balls.”

“Yes I know, I’ve got some; but I haven’t used them yet, I only got them a couple of days ago.”

“I was thinking that you could wear them tonight. They’ll give you something to think about if it’s boring.”

“I don’t think that it will be boring but I’ll wear then just in case.”

“Good, don’t forget to push them right in, you don’t want them falling out in the middle of all your father’s friends.”

“Work colleagues actually, but you are right. It would be funny though.”

I took them off James and pushed them up my pussy as we drove home.

When I got home Daddy and I had a snack then I went to get ready. Shower, shave (I wanted to be super smooth and couldn’t wait until I never have to shave again), nails, makeup (just a little) and then my new dress.

Daddy was at the bottom of the stairs and when he saw me walking down he wolf-whistled then said,

“Wow Georgia, I see that Celeste hasn’t lost her touch, you look truly amazing. You’ll have all the men drooling over you all night.”

“It’s not too much is it daddy? I mean you can see my pussy when I walk.”

“No, no, it’s perfect. If only I was 30 years younger and not your father I’d be chasing you myself.”

“Since when did you let technicalities get in the way of something that you want daddy?”

“Good point, you’re a chip off the old block my girl.”

“That’s just about what Celeste said as well daddy.”

Just then the doorbell rang. When I opened the door James just stared for a second then said,

“Is Georgia at home? You must be her older sister.”

Then after a slight pause,

“No seriously Georgia you look truly awesome.”

By then daddy had joined us and he said,

“I forgot to tell you Georgia; James is driving the Bentley tonight, I’m going to have a drink or five.”

Daddy went round to the other side of the car while James opened the door for me. He got his usual good look at my pussy before going to open the door for my father. Daddy and I rode in the back and talked. I caught James looking at me in the mirror a few times.

Getting out of the car was similar to getting in, but in reverse, though it wasn’t James that opened the doors. The venue had their own people to open car doors. As I treated the young man who opened my door to the same sight that I give James I wondered just how many pussies he’d already seen that night.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 04**

Arm in arm, daddy and I walked into the main hall with the steel balls clunking in my pussy. The ball was in a big room with a big dance floor surrounded by lots of big tables, all set out ready for a meal.

A man greeted us then directed is to our assigned table. I couldn’t help noticing a few people staring at us, well me probably, you see my dress was doing what it is supposed to do when I walk; showing my slit.

At our table we were greeted by 6 other people, all who stood to say hello. I felt a bit like royalty. Most of them commented on how nice my dress was. Daddy seemed to know just about all of them and I assumed that they were his employees and their partners.

Daddy and I were sat on the outside of the table giving us a view of the whole room. I didn’t really get the chance to look around at first, everyone wanted to know all about me. After about 15 minutes daddy was talking to someone who had come over to see him and the young woman next to me said,

“Georgia, are you aware that your dress is totally see-through?”

“I looked down at my chest and managed to blush as I brought one arm to cover my tits then said,

“Oh gosh; I didn’t realise. It wasn’t like this when I tried it on in the shop or at home. Can you really see straight through it? The woman in the shop told me that I shouldn’t wear anything underneath it but oh my, what will everyone think?”

“Don’t worry about it Georgia, these things happen. No one here is going to complain, you’re here with the boss. Just hold your head up high and ignore it, and enjoy yourself.” She replied.

“I think that I need another drink.” I said.

Then the woman’s partner joined in,

“Don’t worry Georgia, it’s not that obvious. If a gorgeous girl your age can’t get away with it them there’s something radically wrong with this country.”

“Are you sure, I could easily go home and get changed.”

“Don’t even think about that Georgia. You don’t want to miss the rest of the evening. Head up and ignore it. Have fun; this must be a lot better than being at a boarding school.”

“Yes, I have been having a lot of fun since I got home. Okay, I’ll try.”

“You just let me know if anyone says anything, I’ll shut them up.”

The food started to be served and the subject was dropped. Not by me, well inside my head, I was looking forward to getting on the dance floor and letting people see my body. I wondered if Celeste knew about the bright lights.

I had a couple of glasses of wine and I started to feel a little happy.

Food finished, a band started playing. It wasn’t a modern band; it was one of those old time dance hall bands. Judging by the music I was glad that they taught us ballroom dancing at school.

No one was getting up to dance, and when I mentioned it to the woman next to me she said,

“That’s because everyone is waiting for the CEO to dance. He usually picks someone from his table but I guess that it will be you tonight. You can do ballroom dancing can’t you?”

“Oh yes, those lessons were compulsory in all years at school. They were good fun as well, I really enjoyed them.”

After another couple of minutes daddy stopped talking to the man that was stood next to him, and turned to me,

“Would you do me the pleasure of having the first dance with me young lady?”

“Certainly sir.” I replied and stood up, ignoring my totally see-through dress.

Daddy got up and led me to the centre of the dance floor holding my hand out in front of us. As I walked I saw a couple of women with shocked expressions on their faces; I smiled and my pussy tingled.

“Sod it. I’m going to enjoy myself.” I said to myself.

And enjoy myself I did; in more ways than one. The dancing was fun and both daddy and I really threw ourselves into it. We are both quite good at the waltz. Although we’d both danced it together before we’d never put as much effort into it as we were doing that time. It was like we were both trying to prove something.

I didn’t think about my dress and how it was floating behind me. If people saw my pussy then they saw my pussy.

The other way that I enjoyed that dance was because of what was in my pussy. By the time that the dance ended I was REALLY horny.

When it was over daddy bowed to me so I did a curtsey; both while everyone in the room was clapping us.

Daddy led me back to our chairs and I slumped down on to it. I heard some of the people on our table saying how good we were. When things settled down daddy turned to me and quietly said,

“I didn’t realise that your dress was so see-through, did you know?”

“Not until we got here and someone told me.”

“Are you okay staying like that or do you want to leave?”

“No, thank you, I’m enjoying myself too much to worry about showing a bit of skin.”

“A bit, you’re showing every bit of your skin Georgia.”

“I don’t care daddy.”

Just then a middle-aged man came up to me and asked me to dance. I looked at daddy, he nodded, and I accepted the offer.

He wasn’t as good as daddy but he kept throwing me about (dance wise) and putting his hands on my bare back and butt (over my thin dress), I could feel the warmth of his hands.

No sooner than I had sat down than another man came and asked me.

That dance was a salsa, my favourite, and the man had me spinning round over and over again and holding my leg whilst I leant back. My pussy really was on display during that dance.

The other thing was those steel balls. They were driving me crazy and just as soon as I got back to daddy I excused myself and went to the rest room. I just had to relieve some tension in me.

I went into a cubicle and one very good, but quiet orgasm later I was drying my pussy when I heard 2 women come in, both talking.

“And have you seen that little slut girl that the boss has brought? She can’t be more than 12 or 13. You’d think he’d have brought someone a bit more his age.”

“Well at least she can dance, even if she does show her little fanny to the world whist she doing it; she may as well have come here totally naked. I’m starting to think that we work for a paedophile.”

That was it for me, I let my dress fall back into place and slammed the door open.

“Who the hell do you think you 2 are? Just for the record I’m 18 years old and I’m your boss’ daughter. His wife, my mother, died 6 years ago and he’s been single-handedly looking after me ever since. As for my designer dress it isn’t see-through in normal light, just in the bright lights in here. My wardrobe malfunction was totally accidental. What was I supposed to do when I found out, run home crying? No, the people at our table suggested that I just ignore it and enjoy the evening, that everyone here was mature enough to realise that it was accidental and not stare at me. I guess that they were wrong. Just who the hell are you anyway? What are your names? I think that my father would like to know what you have been saying.”

I didn’t hang around to hear if they answered me; the shocked look on their faces told it all.

As I walked back to our table I was really proud of myself and I totally forgot that the faster I walked the more the dress floated behind me and the more of my lower abdomen was on display.

Daddy must have sensed that I wasn’t happy because he asked me what was wrong. At first I said ‘nothing’ but he insisted and eventually I told him.

“Who were they? I’ll make them suffer. Either them or their partners will be out of a job by the end of next week.”

“No daddy, they were just being bitchy, they were probably just jealous. Lots of women get like that at times. It’s just part of our DNA.”

“I’d still like to know who they were.”

“Can we go and dance please? It will help me get over it.”

Daddy and I did the foxtrot then I had 3 more dances with 3 different men and got soo close to cumming again.

Then the music changed to the 80s and 90s. I got a rest and some more wine before a younger man came and asked me to dance. As I walked to the dance floor with him I thought that maybe I should have gone and got some more relief before dancing again. Those damn balls were driving me crazy.

The tempo was a lot slower and I soon got my breath back. We were dancing close to the stage and more and more of the young people there came to join us. Before long there were so many people dancing that I couldn’t see daddy anymore.

When one young man came up behind me and put his hands around me onto my bare stomach through the slits in the dress, I just exploded. I don’t know if he knew that I was having an orgasm but he was happy for me to lean on him for support.

As I got my senses back I did see some people in front of me staring at me and smiling, I didn’t know if it was because they knew that I’d just cum or if the man’s hands on my bare stomach where holding my dress open for them to see my pussy.

A bit later one slightly drunk young man came up to me and put his arms over my shoulders. He was looking down at my chest and mumbling something about my dress being see-through. I gently pushed him away.

A couple of minutes later I realised that my feet were standing on something. I looked down to see what it was, expecting to just kick it away, when I saw that my chest was uncovered. Bending slightly forwards I saw that the ‘thing’ on the floor was my dress. That bastard of a drunk man must have pulled on the bow of my halter and it had slowly un-ravelled.

I quickly squat down and pulled my dress back on then reached round my neck to tie the bow again. When I stood up I saw a few people just standing there staring at me as I arrange the material into its rightful place.

I danced some more then decided that I had to go and get some more relief. This time I didn’t have any problems with bitchy women, but as I was checking myself in the mirror afterwards one young woman told me that I was very brave and that she wished that she could get away with wearing a dress like that.

As I thanked her and explained that it was a wardrobe malfunction, I looked at her in the mirror and thought,

“Bloody hell, I don’t think that many men would like to see your rolls of fat wobbling about.”

I went back to daddy for another drink. As I walked up to him I could see him looking up and down me.

“Christ you’re beautiful Georgia.” He said as I sat down next to him.

“You’re drunk daddy.”

“No I’m not. Well maybe a little happy, but definitely not drunk.”

I looked around and saw that the numbers had thinned out.

“I think that we should leave now daddy, we don’t want to be the last ones here, and you have to be up early in the morning. You don’t want to miss your plane.”

“It won’t leave until I’m ready Georgia but your right, we should go.”

Daddy stood up then held his hand out for me to hold as I got up. Arm in arm we slowly walked out. I say slowly because quite a few people came up to us to thank daddy; and, possibly, to have another look at my virtually naked body.

As soon as we were out of the room and walking to the door, daddy said,

“I meant what I said Georgia, you are beautiful, and I’m glad that you didn’t want to go home and change that dress. You got a lot of compliments tonight, all of them well deserved.”

A young man came up to us and asked what daddy’s name was. He wasn’t looking at daddy as he asked and I wondered just how much of my lower body that he could see. I didn’t look to see where the dress was.

It only took a couple of minutes for James to arrive in the Bentley and the young man opened the door for me. I gave him a long look at my pussy as daddy was walking round to the other side of the car.

Daddy and I had both sat close to our respective doors leaving the middle seat empty, but after saying hello to James I unfastened the seatbelt and slid over to daddy. I put my head on his shoulder and he put his arm round me, his hand accidentally, probably, sliding under the halter of my dress. His hand wasn’t on my bare tit but it was just touching the bottom of it.

As the car moved off I shuffled about a bit and my tit ended up in daddy’s hand. Either he didn’t realise, or he didn’t care because he didn’t move his hand.

We travelled all the way home with his hand cupping my tit. He only moved his hand when James opened the door for him, and I had to sit up to let him get out.

When he was out I shuffled over to the open door, the bottom half of my dress not moving as fast as my body. When I swung my legs out of the car my legs, right up to my waist were on display for James to see.

“Thank you for those steel balls,” I whispered to James, “they were amazing.”

He just smiled at me as I caught up with daddy and put my arm around him

In my room I kicked my shoes off, unfastened the bow behind my neck, stepped out of the dress then went downstairs to get a drink of water. Daddy was in the kitchen getting a drink as well. He turned to look at the naked me and said,

“Bloody hell Georgia, I wish that I wasn’t your father.”

“What’s that got to do with anything?” I asked as I got a glass out and filled it with cold water.

Daddy stood there in silence watching me.

Drink finished, I turned to daddy, kissed his cheek, gave him a hug, thanked him for a wonderful evening and went off to bed with him watching my little butt as it gently wobbled as I walked out.

I ran upstairs to make those steel balls clunk inside me a lot, cleaned my teeth then collapsed on my bed.

After a minute or so I rolled onto my back, spread my legs and my right hand got busy.

While I was frigging away I heard daddy come up the stairs. The landing lights were on and my door was wide open. I partially closed my eyes and kept frigging, even when I saw daddy standing in the doorway watching me.

It was a good, loud orgasm and my body jerked about as I almost shouted,

“Yes, yes, more, harder daddy, ooooooh that’s sooo nice.

As the waves subsided I just lay there watching daddy watching me. After what seemed like hours, daddy turned and walked away.

As I drifted off to sleep I wondered if daddy was ever going to touch me, properly touch me, and hopefully fuck me.

The next thing that I knew was that I felt the bed bounce as daddy sat beside me. It was morning and the daylight was streaming in. I realised that my legs were still wide open and my right hand was cupping my pussy.

“Morning daddy.” I said as I brought both hands to my face to rub my eyes.

Daddy was sat beside my knee and he was looking down at my naked body.

“Thank you for last night daddy, I had a wonderful evening. In fact I’ve really enjoyed every minute since I came home from school. I’m really looking forward to being on the yacht, just you and me, the sunshine and the peace and quiet.”

“Yes Georgia, I’m looking forward to it as well, but now I have to go, I have to be in New York by lunch time.”

“But it’s that in 2 hours and it’s Sunday.”

“And big businesses never stop darling.”

He leaned forwards and kissed my forehead then got up and walked out. After a minute or so I jumped up and ran after him. I caught up with him just as he was about to get into the Bentley, James holding the door open.

I put my arms around him and squeezed as I said,

“I love you daddy.”

Then I stepped back.

“I love you too Georgia; now I think that you should go back inside and put some clothes on; you don’t want to embarrass poor James do you?”

I giggled, looked at James, then turned and walked back to the house. At the door I turned and waved to daddy as the car moved away. As it disappeared I thought,

“The whole house to myself for a full week. I’m going to stay naked all the time.”

Then I thought about my pussy. Those steel balls were still inside me and running downstairs had got them doing their job. I went back upstairs and opened the drawer where I keep my toys. The next couple of hour or so was taken up with me trying out a number of the toys that I had bought.

My 3 favourites at the moment are: -

1. My Ben Wa balls for when I want to be constantly reminded that I have a pussy.
2. My Remote Controlled Egg for when I want to get myself really horny when I’m out and about, and don’t want people to know what is driving me crazy and making me cum for no apparent reason. I’ve yet to try this but I’m sure that it will work.
3. My Magic Wand. Because it’s mains driven I’ll only be able to use it indoors, but maybe daddy’s got a long extension lead in the garage; I’ll have to go and have a look.

The other thing that I’m going to love is a gigantic dildo. It is 30 centimetres long with a diameter of nearly 10 centimetres. I’ve tried to get it in my pussy but so far I’ve only managed to get the purple bell-end in. I’m going to have to practice that to get my muscles to stretch to take it without it killing me.

Getting the steel balls that James gave me out of my pussy was a bit of a challenge at first but after a lot of squeezing I discovered how to do it and they dropped to the kitchen floor with quite a thud.

The sun came out in the afternoon and I decided to get a bit adventurous. There’s a wood at the bottom of the garden and I climbed over the fence and went for a walk, not even putting any shoes on. The only thing that I was wearing, if you can call it wearing, was my remote controlled egg.

I’d put it in and switched it up to full and left the control on the kitchen table.

It was so natural being in those woods. Nothing was man-made, no clothes, no buildings and no noise except for the birds. I could have wandered around in there for hours; only stopping then the egg got the better of me and I orgasmed.

I found a path and followed it, only to discover that it was used for dog walking. I turned a corner and was confronted by an old man walking towards me. My heart skipped a beat then I thought ‘fuck it’ and kept walking. As we got closer I smiled at him.

“Good day young lady; nice out today.” He said.

I smiled and replied,

“Yes, it is.”

I was really glad that Celeste and James had both told me to act naturally and pretend that I was fully clothed.

Round another corner, and after another orgasm, I saw 2 teenage boys riding their bikes towards me. They both stopped and stared at me. As I walked passed them I said,

“Hi guys;” and kept walking towards another orgasm. After about 20 metres I turned and saw then still looking at me.

After a while I realised that I’d gone in a big circle and I was back near daddy’s house so I headed back home. I thought about phoning James and getting him to take me to the other woods but 2 things stopped me. Firstly I didn’t know if he’d be back from the airport, and secondly I’d already decided that it was going to be a ‘me’ day.

I went inside, had a swim then tried on all the new clothes that I’d bought. As I did that I thought about what I was going to ask Celeste to make for me.

It was really strange swimming with a vibrator humming away inside me. I did cum whilst I was in the water but luckily I was in the shallow end and could put my feet down. I wondered if I’d drown if I had a strong orgasm and couldn’t put my feet down or grab on to something.

Eventually, the batteries went flat and I squeezed the egg out then realised that I was hungry. I decided to order a pizza and gave the delivery guy a pleasant surprise when I opened the door still naked. He was a cute guy so I decided to order a pizza again that week.

As I was eating the pizza I text Charlotte: -

‘Hi Char, lst nyt wz awesome, dress wz TOTALLY see-through. nErly had a fite w 2 women. Orgasmed 3 tImz. Stripped naked on dance flOr’

‘Bloody hell G. You’re such an exhibitionist. I wnt som.’

After a pause and a bit of thinking, I replied,

‘How bout comin hEr. Daddy awA untl fri. evNg. hows Mt apart frm me.’

There was a long pause before Charlotte replied,

‘jst re-arranged a cupL of things & booked a train ticket. ariV @ statN @ 12:23.’

‘I’ll b ther w my driver, you’ll lIk him.’

‘Don’t bother bringing NE clothes.’

‘Wow! c U n d morn.’

After that I watched a movie that I had to pause twice to have orgasms. Then I took the egg out and went to bed when the movie finished.

I woke up to the sun shining through the window and the birds singing. It was 10 o’clock and I had to go and see Celeste. I phoned James and told him to come and collect me in an hour then I raided the fridge for a leftover slice of pizza before hitting the bathroom. I ran my fingers all over where hair used to grow and found that I didn’t have any stubble so that was one less job.

I was still feeling horn and naughty so I changed the batteries on my egg and pushed it up my hole, set the control to ‘random bursts’ and went back downstairs. Then I wrote a note for Mrs. Jones telling her that she could have the rest of the week off as paid holiday before going out the front door to wait for James.

“Morning Georgia, going to the dress shop without any clothes on again are you?”

“Yes, and afterwards I’ve got a nice surprise for you.”

“I’ll look forward to that.”

As we drove I told James all about what happened at the Ball. He had a good laugh and told me that I was right little exhibitionist.

“Right on both counts.” I said as the car pulled up outside Celeste’s shop.

Looking around to make sure that there were no policemen or kids around, James came round to my side of the car and opened the door for me. I spread my legs for him the same way as always before getting completely out and walking to the shop door. I’m not sure if anyone saw me or not.

I opened the door to see one of the couples who I had seen the previous week; Eleanor and her partner. Eleanor was the one getting fitted in a dress. Eleanor was up on the pedestal getting a different dress fitted and her partner was watching.

Both Eleanor and Celeste said hello and Celeste seemed please that I was naked. So was the man, his eyes seemed to be glued to my tits and pussy.

“Won’t be long Georgia.” Celeste said, “Look around or stand in the window if you want.”

“Stand in the window?” I replied, “No chance. Kids or a policeman could walk by.”

“You don’t see many policemen walking these days.” Eleanor said.

Never-the-less, I wasn’t going to just stand there and take the risk, if someone could guarantee that no kids or policemen would see me then I would have been happy to do it. Anyway, I wandered around and was followed by the man’s eyes.

Celeste wasn’t wrong, she wasn’t long and Eleanor was soon as naked as I was. Her partner didn’t seem in much of a rush to give her the skirt and top that she arrived in so she went over to him and took them, then turned his face away from me.

“Hey, these are yours.” She said looking down at her own tits.

“Right Georgia; just let me move the pedestal and you can get on it.” Celeste said as she slid it over towards the door.

“But I haven’t told you what I’m looking for yet, or what material I want.”

“No need, I’m sure that you’ll be happy with what I’ve selected. Get up there and I’ll be with you in a minute.”

By then the pedestal was dangerously close to the door.

“But I might be seen.”

“Isn’t that what you want?”

“Maybe; but what about kids and policemen?”

“You’re a mannequin; remember.”

“Oh; I see.”

I climbed up onto the pedestal and waited. As I stood there, the egg reminded me that it was switched on. I gasped and gave a little shudder.

“Are you okay?” Eleanor asked from behind me.

“Err yes, thank you, something just startled me.”

“Right, well we’re off, have fun.”

Eleanor said and they left me on my own.

I didn’t have to wait long for Celeste to return. She was carrying a pile of half made clothes.

“I took the liberty of making up a few ideas for you to try on. I’m sure that you’ll like them.”

I wasn’t so sure, how could this middle-aged woman know that I wanted? But there again, she got my black dress spot on.

Celeste took the top item off the pile, a skirt, and held it for me to step into. As I lifted me leg she said,

“Wow, someone’s horny this morning.”

I blushed.

Well, I called it a skirt but it was more like an elastic belt or a boob tube. I had to stretch it to get it to cover my butt.

“Hmm, I like this.”

“Go to that mirror and check yourself out.” Celeste said.

I did, and as I was looking at myself Celeste said.

“Turn your back to the mirror and bend over. Keep your knees straight.”

I did, and saw that the ‘skirt’ had ridden up. My whole butt and pussy was visible.

“Stand up and walk back here and don’t touch the skirt.”

By the time I was back on the pedestal the skirt was up round my waist.

“Good for wardrobe malfunctions? Celeste asked.

“Yes, I’ll take it.”

The next 3 skirts were all flared from the waist and just long enough to cover my butt and pussy IF I pushed the waist band down to my hips. They were, are, all made of very light material but of slightly different designs and colours I felt like I had a belt on and nothing below it.

The next 3 skirts ware more like beach cover-ups but all are totally see-through. Each one comes with a matching top, see through as well. Celeste told me that I can wear those for out and about during the day.

Finally, there was a sort of ballet Tutu skirt, the stiff net going straight out. When I looked at myself in the mirror from a distance I could see my butt and pussy; but from an angel where someone has to look down, all they would be able to see is the net flaring out.

As I looked at myself in the mirror Celeste said,

“All the skirts like that that you can find on the internet come with knickers built in; I assumed that you wouldn’t want that.”

“Where the hell am I supposed to wear this?” I asked, “A party?”

“Well it would be good for that but I was thinking more of the nightclubs that Ibiza is famous for; assuming that you’ll be going to some of them.”

Just then the egg got the better of me and I shuddered as the orgasm hit me.

Celeste had backed away from me and was standing there with a grin on her face.

When the waves had settled Celeste touched my pussy and said,

“What have you got in there girl? There must be something; you’ve had that ‘glow’ ever since you arrived.

I confessed all and she just said,

“Good for you girl; good for you.”

Under the pile of skirts were half a dozen tops, all see-through to one degree or another. Wearing the least see-through one I could still see my areolas and nipples. After I’d tried them all on I took the last one off and for some strange reason, got back on the pedestal.

“I’ll take the lot Celeste; they’re amazing; how do you manage to know what I will like?”

“For starters, I knew your mother. Then you have to remember that I was your age once; and finally, I watch a lot of fashion TV and news bulletins and programs showing the holiday hotspots and nightclubs. I have to; my livelihood depends on it.”

“Well it’s certainly paid off for you; these are all really cool. I’ll take the lot. Can I pick them up on Friday morning please?”

“Sure, they’ll be ready. Will you have the time to try them on, stand there on this pedestal and show your cute little body to the world? Friday is usually a busy day so there’s a better chance of you having an audience.”

“I didn’t see anyone looking.”

“I did.” Celeste replied.

“Oh well, at least they got a look even if I didn’t get the pleasure of seeing them looking.”

I got off the pedestal and went to my phone on the sales counter and called James.

As I ended the call Celeste gave me a piece of paper and said,

“That’s the address for tomorrow night Georgia. You will be there won’t you?”

“Definitely; Oh, is it alright if I bring one of my friends and my driver with me?”

“A girl friend? Would she like to join in the fun? I’m pretty sure that I can arrange it.”

“I’m not sure, she’s not quite as free thinking as I am, but I might be able to persuade her.”

“And your driver, will it be that cute guy that brings you here?”

“Yes.”

“I’m sure that he will be welcome to join in the fun with us.”

“I was thinking that he might just sit in a corner with Charlotte, my friend, and keep her company watching me have lots of fun. I will be getting that won’t I?”

“If you like cumming dozens of times and don’t mind a little bit of pain, then yes, you’ll have lots of fun.”

“Good.”

A couple of minutes later I was walking out of the shop to the car and James was standing, holding the passenger door open and smiling. As I approached the car I said to James,

“In the back this time please.”

James shut the front passenger door and opened the back door and I climbed in.

As I did so I saw a cyclist staring at me; I giggled and hoped that he didn’t lose control and crash.

As we drove off James asked me where we were going.

“To the train station, we have to meet someone.”

“Okay.”

“Aren’t you going to ask who or why?

“Well, as you are naked I can only assume that you are not going to catch a train. The fact that you are sat in the back with the tinted windows means that I can only assume that we are going to pick someone up. Am I right?”

“Okay clever clogs, but I bet that you can’t guess who.”

“Let’s see; with you being as you are I guess that it’s someone who won’t throw a wobbler when they see you like that; someone who’s seen you naked before. That probably only leaves one of your girl school friends. Am I right?”

“Damn you James. You’re getting to know me too well.”

“Repeated fucking tends to do that Georgia.”

“I guess. Okay it’s Charlotte. She’s arriving on the 12:23. Can you go in and meet her?”

“Of course I can Georgia.”

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 05**

James parked in the station car park then went to the back of the car.

“What are you doing James?”

“I take it that you are staying in the car Georgia.”

“Correct – unfortunately, I’m not that brave.”

“Nor are you stupid Georgia, there’s bound to be at least one policeman in there. This Charlotte doesn’t know what I look like and I don’t know what she looks like so I’m getting a bit of card to write her name on.”

“Now I know why daddy hired you.”

Ten minutes later I saw James and Charlotte walking towards the car, James carrying a little case. As James opened the door I shuffled over to the other side so that Charlotte wouldn’t see me until she was inside the car.

“Oh my gawd, Georgia, what fuck is going on? Why are you naked? Has he kidnapped you? Has he raped you?”

“And hello to you too Charlotte. Relax; everything is just fine; in fact it’s better than fine. It’s all your fault that I’m like this anyway Charlotte.”

“What? How’s that possible, I’ve only just got here.”

“If you hadn’t pushed me out of that shop changing cubicle with nothing on I wouldn’t have discovered that I’m an exhibitionist and I would have just been my old, boring self.”

“So it’s all my fault? Don’t you think that you would have found out anyway?”

“Probably; but maybe not soon enough.”

“So you’re living like a naturist now are you?

“As much as I can; well this week anyway. You can join me if you like.”

“Whoa there girl, I’ve never agreed to that.”

“No, but you want to don’t you?”

“I like the idea of you flashing YOUR bod to every Tom, Dick or Harry, but me! I don’t think so.”

“Well you can at the house; we’re the only ones there until daddy gets back on Friday evening. Go on; say that you’ll do it. It isn’t like I haven’t seen you naked before; remember the showers?”

“Of course, but we HAD to shower together; we’d never have got to our first lessons if we hadn’t. But that was different.”

“Why? It isn’t like we’re lesbos or anything, just 2 friends having fun.”

“Maybe.”

“Okay; your ‘maybe’s’ usually end up as ‘okay’s’ so we’ll see how it goes. James; to the woods please. We’re going to give Charlotte another shock and you’re going to give me another lesson and I’ve got a surprise for you.”

“Yes ma’am. Another surprise ma’am, is it Christmas?”

“It might be; we’ll see how it goes; and cut the ma’am and madam crap please James; you know what our names are.”

Just then the egg decided to give my pussy a quick burst of pleasure. I gasped, then moaned then pulled my stomach in and clenched my pussy muscles.

“Are you okay Georgia? You look like you’ve just had something rammed up your hole.”

“Yes, I’m okay.” I said when the burst stopped. “It this egg, it keeps attacking my pussy.”

“What! You’ve got an egg in your pussy? I hope that it’s hard-boiled.”

“I wonder if a pussy can boil an egg if you leave it in there long enough. No, it’s plastic and it’s a vibrator. Hang on a sec, I’ll squeeze it out. It needs to be out anyway.”

“Bloody hell.”

I shuffled forwards in the seat then lay back and squeezed.

“Fucking hell G.” Charlotte said as the egg appeared the plopped onto the floor. “My BFF has turned into a sex maniac.”

“Your fault Char.”

By then the car was getting close to the car park and I was looking to see if there were any other people there. Unfortunately, by the time James parked the car I hadn’t seen anyone.

When James opened the door for me and I got out Charlotte said,

“Georgia, you can’t walk around like that, you’ll get arrested.”

James went round to the other side of the car and let Charlotte out then went to the back of the car.

“Georgia, at least try and hide.” Charlotte said.

“No chance, are you going to get naked as well Charlotte?”

“No I am not, we’re out in public.”

“There’s no one else here Char.”

“But, but there could be.”

“Char. Stop being such a prude; strip off and have some fun, stop being a slave to society.”

Charlotte just stood there as James walked round to me and without saying anything he reached down to me, lifted my hair out of the way and put a pink dog collar round my neck.

“What are you doing James, is that a dog collar?”

“Yes, and this is a leash. Now you can’t run away from me.”

“When have I ever done that?”

“Never.”

“You can add that collar and leash to your collection of toys Georgia. You’ll find that some men like you wearing a collar. You might like wearing it as well.”

“Thank you James; I think.”

With that James gently pulled on the leash and I started following him to ‘our’ clearing; Charlotte following.

When we got there I said,

“Remember me telling you that I had a surprise for you James?”

“Yes.”

“Well I’ve been taking the pill for nearly a week now so we don’t need to use condoms now.”

“Oh good, I much prefer bareback.”

“And I’m looking forward to feeling your cum inside me.”

With that James dropped his trousers and Charlotte gasped.

“Nice isn’t he Charlotte. Now James, which one of the 200 plus Kamasutra positions are you going to teach me now?”

“I’ve no idea what it’s called but come here; I’m going to lift you up.”

As I went up I automatically wrapped my legs around his waist.

“Don’t grip me so hard, I’m going to lower your dripping pussy down onto my cock”

That was the first of 5 different positions that we tried before James shot his load inside me. It was also the first time that anyone had ever done that to me and I really like the feeling.

All the time Charlotte was just standing there, mouth and eyes wide open, but getting more fidgety on her feet. I was sure that she was trying to grind the sides of her pussy together.

As James and my body untangled I looked at Charlotte and said,

“Your turn, James has some condoms so you have nothing to worry about.”

“You’ve forgotten that I’m on the pill Georgia, have been for 5 years; remember? Anyway, I’m alright as I am thank you Georgia.”

“Next lesson Georgia,” James said, “down on your knees and get me hard again girl.”

I proceeded to suck James’ cock until it was hard then devoured all of it in my mouth and throat; James holding my head so that I couldn’t back off him until he let me. Each time that he pulled my head back I gasped for air then went for more. Then James fucked my mouth until he was close to cumming.

I looked up at his face as he finished himself off then coated my face with his cum. Our sex session finished with me filling my mouth with what was on my face then letting him look at it before swallowing it.

I got to my feet and looked at Charlotte.

“Your turn Char.”

“I don’t think so, but I must admit that it was awesome watching you two.”

“Go on Char, I’m sure that James will be happy to take your virginity; he’s good at it. You’re only here until Friday you may as well make the most of it.”

“I’m okay thanks. Maybe tomorrow.”

“Come on Char, it’s about time you stopped being responsible for your own orgasms, let a man take over. It’s good, I promise.”

“No; maybe tomorrow.”

“Your loss girl. James, take us home please.”

James led me back to the car with Charlotte walking behind me.

During the journey I asked Charlotte if she had at least been turned on a bit. She blushed but didn’t say anything so I pounced on her and spread her legs so that I could see her pussy.

“Bloody hell Char; you’ve got some knickers on, very wet knickers by the looks of it. I thought that I told you to leave your clothes at home?”

“I couldn’t very well have come here dressed like you are; you’re the exhibitionist not me. Besides, what would my mother have said?”

“Sounds like you want to get naked Char.”

“Maybe.”

“At least get those knickers off.”

Charlotte put her hands up her skirt and slowly pulled her knickers down. I helped her with the last bit and held them for her to lift her feet out. Then I threw them over to the front of the car. They landing on the dash and James turned and looked back at us. Charlotte’s legs were still open and when she saw him turning she quickly slammed them shut.

“Hey, you nearly crushed my hand.” I said quickly pulling it away.

“Sorry G but he’s looking.”

“So what, he’s going to see you naked sooner or later, and it’s only James, he’s seen thousands of naked girls; one more isn’t going to make any difference.”

“He hasn’t seen me naked.”

“Yet.” I replied.

We quickly got home and James got out and came to my door. I lifted my outside leg and put the foot on the gravel giving James his usual treat, then I turned to Charlotte.

“This is the right way for a girl to get out of a car Char.”

“You’re joking?”

“Nope, you do it when James lets you out.”

I stepped out then watched as James went round to the other side of the car. I was a little surprised, and happy, when Charlotte did as I had done. The skirt that she had on was to mid-thigh so she must have given him a bit of a show.

James retrieved Charlotte’s case and followed us to the door.

“Shall I take it upstairs for you?” James asked.

I declined his offer then told him that I’d phone him in the morning.

As the front door shut I said,

“Right Char, the house is empty apart from us until daddy gets back on Friday evening. I’ve even given the cleaner the week off. So you don’t have any excuse now, it’s just you and me, so get them damn clothes off.”

“But I’m not a lesbo.”

“Neither am I, we’re just 2 friends enjoying some freedom; a bit like naturists, they’re not all lesbians or gays, they just like being naked.”

“But I might not like it.”

“You won’t know until you’ve tried it.”

“Well. …… okay then, I’ll give it a shot.”

“Good girl; now get ‘em off.”

Charlotte started taking her clothes off and when her skirt came off I saw her light brown bush.

“Oh yes, I saw that in the car; we’ll get rid of that tomorrow.”

“What?”

“Your mini forest.”

“I’ve thought about that but I never had a reason to do it.”

“You have now. We don’t want people to see you with that lot there.”

“Who’s going to see me G?”

“Well me for starters; I don’t know who else yet.”

“I guess that James will if you make me get in and out of the car like that again.”

“Was he the first man to see your pussy?”

“Apart from my doctor; yes.”

“I’d forgotten that you are on the pill Char; did you get examined like I did when you went on it?”

“No, I guess that he thought that I was too young, and I was only going on it to regulate my periods.”

“Maybe you should go to a different doctor and pretend to want to start again?”

“Maybe.”

“Anyway, about that bush of yours, I can get that problem sorted for you, I know someone who can fix it for you. She fixed it for me and it’s been done permanently.”

“You mean you’ve had laser treatment?”

“Yes, it didn’t take long and it didn’t hurt. I’ll fix it for you too, hang on.”

I got my phone and rang Celeste and asked her to arrange it, telling her that she’d meet the lucky girl the next evening.

As we waited for Celeste to phone back Charlotte asked me what was happening the next evening.

“You’re coming to watch me get pleasured by lots of people.”

“You mean a gangbang?”

“I don’t know yet; I don’t think so, there’s going to be women there as well. We’ll have to wait and see. Maybe you can join in as well.”

“I don’t know about that; it sounds a bit scary.”

We took Charlottes case and clothes upstairs. As we went I asked her if she wanted her own room or if she wanted to share with me.

“How many beds have you got in your room?

“Only 1, but it’s a big one, twice as big as those at school.”

“Okay then, I suppose that we can put a pillow between us.”

“If you must.”

“Bloody hell G; your room is massive, we could hold a party in here.”

“We could, but I’d rather have a party down by the pool then we can see all the men in their speedos or swimming shorts or naked even.”

“Do men still wear speedos?”

“Some do, I like them because you can see the shape of their cocks.”

Just then my phone rang and Celeste asked if 10 o’clock tomorrow morning was good. I said that it was.

“Let’s go for a swim.” I said.

“Okay, I brought a bikini.”

“You won’t need it; we’re the only ones here, remember?”

“Yes, but ….”

“We’re going skinny dipping; you’ll like it, I promise.”

Charlotte finally agreed and we set off downstairs.

“It feels weird walking about the house without ant clothes on.”

“Yeah, I thought that at first but you soon get used to it and even like it. And wait until you go for a walk outside; it’s awesome.”

Just as we walked into the pool room Charlotte screamed.

“There’s a man in there, and he’s naked.” She said.

“Oh that’s only Tommy, I used to go to school with him; he’s harmless.”

“But …” Charlotte started to say but I interrupted and spoke to Tommy who was just getting out of the water.

“I see that you decided to skinny dip as well Tommy.”

“Yeah, after seeing you do it I thought, ‘why not?’”

Tommy was just standing there facing us. I didn’t look at Charlotte but I guessed that her eyes were focused on the same thing that mine were.

“It’s a nice feeling isn’t it?”

“It sure is; well I guess that I should be getting gone; leave you two to it. I don’t want to get in your way.”

“You won’t be doing that Tommy. Stay, maybe we could mess about a bit.”

“Well I guess that I could if you want me to; I don’t want to get in your way. I guess that I should put my swimmers on.”

“No you don’t. We’re naked so you can be too.”

By then Tommy’s cock was starting to get hard. Charlotte’s face was still bright red and her hands were still covering her tits and pussy.

“Tell you what; let’s get in the pool and throw a ball about for a bit.”

Charlotte quickly jumped in, closely followed by Tommy, while I went and got a ball.

Maybe I should describe Charlotte a bit more here. I guess that she’s a scaled-up version of me. A whole head taller, skinny with ‘B’ cup breasts and light brown hair.

I threw the ball to Charlotte and jumped in.

The next 10 minutes were spent throwing the ball to each other with both Charlotte and me having to jump up to get it most of the time causing our tits to come out of the water. I don’t know if Charlotte realised that she was getting exposed or not.

For the next half hour or so we played a couple of other games, tag being the one that took most of the time. I know that I got groped by both of them and that I groped both Charlotte and Tommy, grabbing Charlotte’s tits and pussy and Tommy’s cock. By the end Tommy’s cock was hard and I wanked him a bit the last time that I tagged him.

All 3 of us had smiles on our faces.

I started to get out of breath and I announced that I was getting out of the water.

Tag with just 2 players isn’t as much fun so both Charlotte and Tommy got out and came to sit on the loungers near me. Neither of them appearing to be embarrassed by their nudity, although Tommy was obviously aroused.

“So Charlotte; was that fun or was that fun.” I asked.

“Okay, you were right, this no clothes lark is err, shall we say ‘interesting’ and not as embarrassing as I thought it would be.”

“And I see that Tommy is enjoying it.” I said and nodded towards Tommy.

Charlotte giggled and Tommy said,

“Sorry about that, I just can’t control it, but what do you expect when there are 2 gorgeous, naked girls in front of me?”

“I think that we can do something about that Tommy, come on Char.”

I stood up and went over to Tommy. At first Charlotte just sat there looking at Tommy until I said,

“Come on Char, I think that Tommy would like both of us to help him with his ‘problem’.”

“Lay back and enjoy it.” I said to Tommy.

I knelt down and put my hand on his cock. Charlotte looked at me’ when I nodded my head she did the same as me. With Charlotte’s hand flat on one side of his cock, and me doing the same on the other, we synchronised our ups and downs and Tommy soon started to enjoy himself even more.

I could see that Tommy wouldn’t last much longer so I said to Charlotte,

“Take it in your mouth Char.”

Charlotte hesitated.

“Go on Char, before it’s too late.”

Charlotte slowly lowered her head and opened her mouth. No sooner than she’d closed her lips around Tommy’s cock than it erupted, Charlotte gagging a little.

“Swallow it Char.” I said.

She did; then gasped for some air.

“That was nice wasn’t it?” I asked Charlotte.

“Yes it was.” Both of them replied.

Tommy’s cock was starting to wilt so I took over from Charlotte and sucked it back hard.

“Do you want to ride him?” I asked Charlotte.

“It’s okay G, you do it.”

I straddled the lounger and held his cock as I impaled myself on it with a long sigh.

I bounced up and down half a dozen times before standing up then turning to Charlotte.

“Your turn Char.”

“I’ve never done it before.” She replied.

“Have you done it before today Tommy?”

“No.”

“Right, 2 virgins losing it on the same day, come on Char get on him, I’ll hold it for you.”

“No you won’t, if I’m doing this then I’m holding it.”

“That’s my girl.” I said as I watched Charlotte slowly make Tommy’s cock disappear.

The ‘OUCH’ as she broke her hymen soon got replaced by sighs and expressions of pleasure and before long she was obviously having fun.

Not to be left out I straddled Tommy’s face and lowered my pussy to his mouth. Okay, Tommy isn’t anywhere near as good as James at it but that wasn’t going to stop me cumming. He came first (he stopped licking my clit for a few seconds), and I think that both Charlotte and I came at about the same time.

Both of us collapsed down onto Tommy and he had to push me up and off him so that he could breathe again.

Charlotte was obviously knackered so I helped pull her up and we both sat on a lounger to reflect on what had just happened.

Finally, Charlotte said,

“That was; that was awesome, why weren’t there any boys at our school.”

“Probably for just that reason.” I replied.

“So there weren’t any boys at your school?”

“Not a one, even the teachers were all women.”

“You poor things; at least you can make up for it now.”

“And how.” I replied.

“I think that I should be going now.” Tommy said.

He got up and got dressed with both Charlotte and me watching. As he started to leave I said,

“If you come back tomorrow you might just get some more Tommy.”

“I’ll be here.”

Charlotte turned to me and said,

“Bloody hell G. This morning I got on a train, a naïve little virgin, and look at me now. Just a few hours later and I’ve lost my virginity, given a blowjob, watched my best friend have sex in positions that I never even imagined, swum naked and she’s got me walking around her house total naked. You’ve got a lot to answer for G.”

“Are you complaining Char?”

“No.”

“Good, because there’s more to come.”

“What else can you possibly get me doing?”

“Let’s see; have you had your pussy eaten yet? Have you been gangbanged? Have you been out naked in public?”

“Bloody hell G; you’re going to turn me into a sex maniac.”

“I doubt that; but now that you’re starting to see what you’ve been missing maybe you’ll let yourself have some fun.”

“Maybe.”

“So Charlotte, are you hungry yet?”

“Now that you mention, yes, I am.”

“What do you fancy; Chinese, Indian, Pizza, English? We’ve got some menus in the kitchen.”

“Okay, let’s have a shower then go to the kitchen and decide. There’s a shower through that door over there, come on.”

We showered, together, then went and looked at the menus. We decided on an Indian and I phoned and ordered it then jumped up onto the worktop and sat talking about the day’s events and a few other things. When the doorbell rang I got up to go and answer it.

“Aren’t you going to put something on G?” Charlotte asked.

“No, I’ll give the guy a pleasant surprise. I don’t suppose that he’ll complain and if he looks good I might get a bit of a thrill. You can come and watch or you can stay there, it’s up to you.”

“I’ll stay here if you don’t mind.”

Jumping down off the worktop I left the kitchen and went to the front door. Opening it I saw a young man that I hadn’t seen before; and he was shell-shocked.

I let him look at me for a few seconds then said,

“Is that for me?”

“Err yes, that will be £24.50 please.”

I put my arm out to take the bag and said,

“Just charge it to our account please.”

“Sorry madam but you don’t have an account with us.”

“Oh, I’d better go and get you some cash then. Come on in and put it in the kitchen while I go upstairs and get some. The kitchen is that door.”

I pointed to the kitchen door and then set off to get some money. I didn’t hear him moving so I guessed that he was watching my little butt as I walked away.

I was in my room getting the money when I heard Charlotte scream. Guessing what had happened I smiled then went downstairs to the kitchen to find the man and Charlotte stood staring at each other. Charlotte having got off the worktop and she was just stood there, arms at her sides.

I smiled again the said,

“Take the bag off the man Charlotte.”

That meant her snapping out of her shock and moving forwards.

“CHARLOTTE.”

“Oh yes; sorry.”

The man turned his head towards me, then back to Charlotte as she took the bag out of his hand.

“The money.” I said but he didn’t turn towards me, still staring at Charlotte’s naked body.

“MONEY.” I repeated.

“Oh yes; £24.50 “ He finally said as he turned back to face me.

I gave him £30 and told him to keep the change.

“Thank you madam.”

“Charlotte, show the man to the door please.”

Charlotte glared at me then walked towards the door and the man followed her.

Two minutes later she was back and her first words were,

“You bitch; you did that on purpose didn’t you?”

“Yes I did, and you enjoyed it.”

“No I didn’t.”

“Charlotte, I know when you’re lying.”

“Okay then, just a bit.”

“Did it make you wet?”

“Yes.”

“See, I told you that being naked was fun.”

“Let’s eat before it gets cold.”

“There’s hope for you yet girl.”

I got a bottle of wine out of the fridge and we sat and ate the food and drank the bottle of wine, and then another one.

After that I dragged Charlotte outside, and, promising her that no one would see her, we walked around the garden. She finally relaxed and admitted that it was a nice experience.

Charlotte needed a pee so we went up to my room and I put on the dress that I went to the Ball in.

As I walked about in it Charlotte said,

“Bloody hell G; no wonder everyone was looking at you, I can see your pubes and slit.”

“That’s nothing; if the light in here were brighter, like they were in the ballroom the dress becomes totally see-through.”

“Wow, I’m surprised that you didn’t get either raped or locked up.”

“Yes, I know; it was great; do you want me to get you one just like it?”

“What, no, I couldn’t go out in a dress like that.”

“Why not?”

“Because I WOULD get locked up or raped.”

“You should be so lucky.”

I took the dress off and we lay on the bed talking about old times.

“Do you remember when we used to lay on your or my bed in our nighties and talk and play with our pussies?” Charlotte asked.

“Yeah, fun wasn’t it? And when we played with the other’s pussy and made each other cum?”

“That was when we were little, we’ve grown up now and we didn’t have any wine then.”

“The last time was last September, that’s only 9 months ago. Why, do you want to do it again, now?”

“With all the sex that you’ve forced me to do today I was thinking about it.”

“Hey, I didn’t force you to do anything.”

“You didn’t but if you hadn’t invited me here I’d still be a virgin.”

“So have you got any regrets?”

“Fuck no. It’s just that I’m still horny and I thought that maybe we could repeat that night.”

“Right now I couldn’t want for anything more.”

“Hang on a minute.” I said as I jumped up and went to the drawer with my toys in.

“Bloody Hell G that’s big. I don’t think that it will fit in my hole.”

“And I don’t think that the other end will fit in my hole either but I’m happy to give it a try if you are.”

We frigged our own pussy, then the others, then scissored our legs with the double-ended dildo pushing on both of our pussies. It took a while and a lot of clit teasing but we managed to get at least 15 centimetres in each of our pussies.

We gave up when we’d got that far and pulled it out. We were both exhausted and were soon asleep.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 06**

“That was fun last night.” Charlotte said to me as soon as I woke up. “Have you got lots of other toys in that drawer?”

“Yes I have, I haven’t had the chance to try a lot of them yet but you’re welcome to have a look and experiment. Hey, what time is it?”

“9:15 why?”

“Shit, you have an appointment to get rid of this lot at 10 o’clock.” I said giving a gentle tug on her pubic hair. You get in the shower while I phone James then I’ll join you. We can grab an apple or a banana on the way out.”

“What shall I wear G.”

“Just a dress or a skirt and top, skip the underwear.”

Twenty minutes later 2 x 18 year-old girls were walking out to the car. As we walked I told Charlotte to watch me getting into the car then to do what I had done. James had a big grin on his face when he got into the driver’s seat.

“Where to girls?”

I told him and we were waking into the place exactly at 10 o’clock.

As we were waiting Charlotte whispered,

“What’s it like G? What do I have to do?”

“Just relax and bend your legs whichever way the woman tell you to.”

“Will you be with me?”

“I’m sure that I can be. Tell you what, how about I ask if James can come and watch.”

“What! No. That would be so humiliating. Please don’t invite him.”

But I did; when we were driving there I’d told him to go straight to the car park and then to come in with us. When I asked and the receptionist said that both James and I could go in with Charlotte, James got a big smile on his face and Charlotte’s face went red. The woman who was to do the procedure gave us all a funny look but I guess that the customer always gets what they want; especially when it’s me paying – well daddy.

Poor Charlotte was shaking as we walked into that room but she didn’t object when the woman told her that she’d have to take all her clothes off.

Soon she was up on the table and getting shaved.

James and I watched Charlotte go from a nervous wreck to a relaxed girl and then an aroused girl. Judging by the juices that were leaking out of her pussy and her breathing, I was surprised that we didn’t see her cum.

Finally over, we left and walked back to the car.

“I’ve never felt so naked, and the fresh air is tickling me.” Charlotte said.

“Nice isn’t it?”

“Yes; yes it is.”

“So you’re going to stop wearing knickers then?”

“Maybe, it is nice like this.”

Back in the car James asked where he was to take us. I told him that I was due another lesson and that the woods would be good.

This time though, I got Charlotte to get naked in the car and 2 naked girls followed James into the woods and poor James had to satisfy 2 horny teenage girls. Luckily, my lessons in deep throating; and Charlotte’s starter lesson managed to keep him hard until we were both satisfied.

James was a little disappointed when Charlotte told him that he wasn’t taking her virginity, that someone else had done that the day before.

Back in the car, Charlotte started to get dressed but I told her not to, reminding her that the tinted windows meant that no one could see us.

Either she was starting to like being naked or she believed that the tinted windows really would stop people from seeing in. Whichever it was neither James nor I were complaining.

When James dropped us off I told him that we’d need him again at 7 o’clock. He promised to be there.

“Where are we going this evening?” Charlotte asked.

“It’s a surprise. I’m going to have a lot of fun and you might be able to join in. I don’t know exactly what is going to happen, just that I’ll be a very satisfied girl at the end of it. Whatever it is, if you can’t join in, or don’t want to, you will at least be able to watch.”

“Mysterious.” Charlotte said. “So what now? I fancy a swim; see if my lack of hair feels any different.”

“It will do, well mine did, but let’s raid the fridge first I’m starving.”

We did, and we did. As we entered the pool area I was a little disappointed that Tommy wasn’t there.

We both dived in and swam to the other end of the pool where we stopped and just stood there.

“So?” I asked.

“Yes, the water tickles my pussy.”

“I’ve got something else for you to try, something that I discovered last summer but I’d forgotten about it until just now. Follow me.”

I swam over to one side to where the jet of water that fills and circulates the water is located. It’s just below the surface and when you put your hand in the jet it pushes your hand right back.

“Hold the side with your hands; lay back and work your legs up between your arms. Try to get them out of the water and onto the side.”

Charlotte managed to do that then I continued,

“Right, now shuffle yourself along to your right. You’ll know when to stop.”

Charlotte gave me a puzzled look but did as I said. About a minute later she stopped and said,

“Oh my gawd, that’s awesome. Can I stay here for the rest of the day? Oh, that’s so nice. Will it fill my pussy?”

“Doubt it; unless your hole is already open. Then it might. I haven’t opened my hole when I’m like that. But tell you what, I’ve just thought of something that will.”

I got out of the water and went to where the pool cleaner keeps the hosepipe and pulled some of it off the reel. Then I turned the tap on. Squeezing the end of the hose so that a little jet came out, I squirted the water at Charlotte then turned the jet of water on my pussy.

“Oh that’s nice” I said then held the end of the hose to my vagina and pushed a couple of centimetres inside.

“Oh my, that’s different.” I continued as the water filled me up.

When the pain got too much for me I pulled the hose out and the water that was inside me came rushing out.

“Wow, you’ve got to try this Char.” I said as I looked over to her. She was still in the same place and still obviously getting her pussy pounded with the big jet of water.

“Not going to get any sense out of her for a while.” I thought; then pushed the end of the hose back into my hole. I let it rush out again then had another idea. I sat down facing Charlotte and spread my legs very wide and filled my insides again.

This time when I pulled the hose out I tried to hold the water inside me and then let it out in short bursts. The water flew out and went right over to near Charlotte.

Not wanting to spoil her pleasure, I waited until her orgasm came and go then tried again. This time really trying to squeeze it out. It worked and some of it landed on Charlotte.

“What the f….” Charlotte said then looked up and over to me. The water was limply coming out of the end of the hose so she continued,

“How did you do that?”

I put the end of the hose back inside my hole, waited a few seconds, pulled the hose out, clenched my vaginal muscles then squeezed. I got Charlotte right in the face.

“You’ve got to try this Char.”

“Wow, okay, give me a sec to get my breath back.”

I continued to have fun and pleasure my pussy until Charlotte arrived next to me.

“You have a go Char.”

Charlotte took the hose off me and stuck the end in her vagina,

“Oooh; see what you mean G.”

“Do it again.” Not that she needed to be told.

“Let’s see who can squirt it the furthest, sit next to me Char.”

She did and we took it in turns to fill our pussies and squirt as far as we could.

We were just about to stop and declare Charlotte as the winner when charlotte screamed. I looked over to the door and saw Tommy walking in.

“Oh sorry ladies, I didn’t mean to startle you; what are you doing?”

Charlotte had the hosepipe in her hand so I said,

“Show him Char.”

“No, you show him G.”

“Pussy.” I replied and grabbed the hosepipe and stuck the end up my hole.

Ten seconds later I removed the hosepipe, clamped my pussy muscles then let rip.

“Bloody hell!” Tommy said.

I gave the hosepipe to Charlotte and said.

“Your turn.”

Charlotte took the hosepipe and did it the same as I watched Tommy.

“Your turn Tommy.” I jokingly said.

“Yeah right.”

“No, I mean stick that pole of yours up Charlotte’s pussy.”

“I think that I can manage that.”

“Not with your clothes on you can’t. Get ‘em off.”

What followed was a repeat of the previous day except that Charlotte got her pussy eaten by Tommy as well.

We decided to eat early that evening and chose a Pizza. Charlotte was happy to answer the door on her own. When we were done I phoned James and told him to pick us up in an hour.

I hadn’t really told Charlotte where we were going, or why, and she was a little puzzled when I got out one of my old school uniforms to put on, and a white bra and a pair of those horrible, industrial school knickers that we had to wear.

“What shall I wear?” She asked.

“I think that it’s some sort of fancy dress do, the organiser wanted me to go in this school uniform; I’ve got another school skirt that you can borrow, I know that it will be short on you but who cares, we’re not going to get detention.”

“I’ve brought a white blouse and some knickers and a bra that will do, have you got another school tie G”

“Sure; it feels funny going back to these school clothes.”

“Yeah; so it’s a fancy dress party then.”

“Yes, and I’ve been promised that it will be a very ‘entertaining’ evening.”

I must admit that I wasn’t too happy having to put knickers or a harness on but Celeste had promised me a pleasurable time and I have no reason to NOT believe her.

James was a bit puzzled when he arrived to collect us as well. I gave him the piece of paper with the address on it and he studied it for a few seconds then said,

“I think that this is a pub, is that right?”

“I have no idea.” I replied. “I guess that we’ll find out when we get there.”

“And what’s with the school uniform? It’s not a school reunion is it?”

“Not that I know of.”

On the way there I asked James if he knew anywhere that we could go and get naked in front of strangers.

“Aren’t your jaunts in the woods dogging and your trips to the dress shop enough for you?”

“No not really.”

“You’re going to Ibiza this weekend Georgia, a place where girls your age go around wearing virtually nothing all the time.”

“I hope that’s right but daddy will be there.”

“Good point; let me make a few phone calls and I’ll get back to you.”

We soon arrived at the address and James was right, it is a pub, a big one.

“Can you come in with us please James?” I asked.

“Sure, stay in the car whilst I park it.”

Fortunately the pub has a big car park and we were soon walking through the pub door. Miranda was at the bar getting some drinks and when she saw us she offered to get us a drink.

As she was waiting to get served she turned to Charlotte and said,

“So your Charlotte, Georgia didn’t tell me that you were so beautiful. Did she tell you what she’s going to do tonight?”

“I couldn’t because I don’t exactly know Miranda.” I interjected.

“Well, all you need to know is that you will get LOTS of pleasure. Isn’t that enough?”

“I guess so.” I replied.

“So if it’s enough for Georgia, is it enough for you? Would you like to have some of that pleasure Charlotte?”

“Go on Char, James is here, he’ll make sure that no harm comes to use; won’t you James?”

“Of course, that’s what your father is paying me for.”

There was a few seconds silence then Charlotte replied,

“Will I have to take my clothes off?”

“No, but you will have to be tied to a table.”

“Oh,” Charlotte replied. “But will anyone hurt me?”

“Definitely not.”

Miranda managed to give her order then so Charlotte had a while to decide.

“Yes.” Charlotte said just as Miranda got her change.

“Good, you won’t regret it. Come on ladies, let’s go upstairs.”

Miranda led us upstairs and passed a large man guarding a door.

It’s a big room that’s obviously used for functions. At the end opposite the door is a long bar that has beer pumps at one end. I guessed that the other end was used for a buffet but there was no food there.

There were tables around the other sides of the room and about 40 or 50 people (mixed ages and sex) sat at them, all talking and drinking. I saw Celeste and she waved at me.

“I’ll just sit at a table in the corner Georgia.” James said.

“Okay girls, you are the stars tonight but we’re not quite ready for you yet. Have a seat and enjoy your drink. I’ll come for you when we’re ready.”

Charlotte and I went to a vacant table, sat down and drank half our wine. Looking around, neither of us could work out what was going to happen.

“Don’t worry Char, Celeste says that we’ll enjoy it and I trust her.”

Five minutes later Miranda came over to us.

“Are you ready girls? If you need to go to the toilet now would be a good time, you won’t get the chance for a while.”

We finished our wine, stood up and followed her to the bar.

“Okay girls, we only want you to do one thing tonight, except have fun that is, and that’s to climb up onto the bar. When you lie down someone will put some rope on you to stop you moving about. It’s nothing to worry about. Remember, no one will hurt you.”

Charlotte and I looked at each other and I shrugged my shoulders then jumped up onto the bar.

“Can you lay head to head please girls?”

We did.

“Can you slide down a bit so that there’s a gap between you both please Georgia?”

I did.

The next thing that happened was that a man and a woman came and tied our ankles and wrists to something on the sides of the bar and tied a rope over our waists and just above and below our tits. Our legs were pulled apart as our ankles were tied. Finally, a blindfold was put over our eyes and a gag was tied around our heads.

Then Miranda made an announcement to the whole room,

“Ladies and gentlemen, our volunteers are now ready. As usual, there’s no need to rush, they are not going anywhere for the next 3 hours.”

I don’t know what Charlotte was thinking, but I was both nervous and excited. I just knew that I was going to get sexually turned on but I hadn’t a clue how.

Nothing happened for what seemed like hours, but was probably only a couple of minutes, then someone came to me and gently touched my face; like they were blind and were trying to work out what I looked like.

The hand moved down my body, checking out both my clothed breasts as they went. A finger lightly drew a circle over my covered pubes then went down my right leg, lightly touching me as it went. Then the hand disappeared.

Over the next, no idea how long, numerous hands did the same sort of thing. The touch of the different hands on my skin told me that they were from different people, some were rough, some were gentle, some pressed on me and some very lightly touched.

Slowly, I was getting turned on by the touching, especially those on my covered tits and pubes and my bare calves.

The hands started touching my lips (mouth) and I automatically opened my mouth to accept the fingers that went inside.

My thick school skirt had filled the gap between my legs and the hands started touching my inner thighs, albeit over the skirt.

Then there was a pause during which I heard a few gasps from the audience, and from Charlotte.

Then I found out why, my school blouse and school skirt were cut off me and removed from under the ropes. I heard more gasps.

For the next goodness know how long, the hands started caressing my body again, now over my exposed flesh, bra and industrial school knickers.

I was getting seriously turned on by then.

One after another, more hands caressed my body and I was getting seriously turned on.

Then there was another hands free pause, then more gasps and applause. Again I soon found out why as my bra and knickers were cut away and removed. I was naked (except for the blindfold), and longing for more hands to caress me.

When they did, they went straight to my tits and teased my nipples. I realised that there were 2 people teasing my nipples, one hand was rough and the other smooth and gentle.

My pussy and clit craved attention but the hands just caressed all around my pussy without touching it. These people really know how drive a girl crazy.

This went on for what seemed like years until I heard Charlotte orgasm. Well I just heard her because that triggered applause from our audience. They were soon at it again as I reached the point of no return and my body jerked about as much as the ropes would let it.

Those orgasms triggered a change of actions from the hands. They started getting more positive, more aggressive even. My tits got squeezed and my nipples got pulled and twisted, and my pussy got invaded.

I was being finger fucked, fast and furiously.

Another orgasm built, erupted and passed, then another, then another. Hands changed and styles changed but the assault on my tits and pussy was never ending.

The orgasms came faster and faster until it seemed like I was permanently up there.

Finally it stopped and I was allowed to rest. I should have realised that it wasn’t over because the ropes and gag and blindfold were left in place but I didn’t. I was just starting to think that I could go home to my bed and rest when it started again.

My tits and pussy were attacked again as the next round of the ‘battle’ started.

I was quickly taken to my peak and kept there until finally my body gave up and I blacked-out.

When I came round the ropes and gag and blindfold were gone. So were nearly all the people. Celeste was stood there looking down at me with a smile on her face.

“Charlotte.” I said, “Is she?”

“She’s fine, sit up and look.”

I did and saw her sat further along the bar. She looked exhausted but she managed to smile at me.

Miranda came over and gave me a drink which I downed in one, then coughed. It was a very strong G&T.

Well done Georgia, you lasted longer than a lot of girls do. Did you enjoy yourself?

I laughed the replied,

“What do you think?”

“Good, perhaps you would like to come again sometime?”

“Tomorrow?” I replied.

“I like you.” Miranda said, “Celeste will let you know when.”

With that she turned and left.

“Are you ready to get to your feet Georgia?” Celeste asked.

I slid forwards then jumped down. My legs started to buckle but recovered and I stood un-aided the walked over to Charlotte. James was in front of her holding a drink for her.

“You okay Char?” I asked.

“Better than okay; just knackered.”

“Me too. Ready to leave?”

“I need some clothes, mine got cut off me.”

“Mine too. I guess that we’ll be going home like this.”

“Fuck it, I don’t care.” Charlotte replied. “Can you lift me down please James?”

James did then held her waist for a few seconds as her legs got used to taking her weight.

We started, slowly walking out or the room, both Charlotte and I holding onto one of James’ arms. Celeste was still there watching us and as we passed her I said,

“Can we come and see you tomorrow; I have to replace some of Charlotte’s clothes.”

“Of course; sleep well girls.”

Amazingly, neither Charlotte nor I went to sleep in the car and James offered to help us to my room. We declined the offer and started walking to the house. As we slowly climbed up the stairs I said,

“Shower then bed.”

We both walked straight into the shower which refreshed us but we went straight to the bed and I was asleep in seconds.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 07**

When I woke up, I was on my back and Charlotte was asleep on her side facing me, one arm across me holding my tit. I gently lifted her arm off me and went and had another shower during which I had a good look at my pussy to make sure that the aching wasn’t from any injury. It wasn’t and a refreshed me almost skipped back to the bed.

I bent over, kissed Charlotte on the cheek and shook one of her tits. She didn’t respond, and as she was on her side her pussy was visible between her legs. I ran a finger along her slit then pressed between them into her hole.

“Hey get off me; that’s rape.”

“No it isn’t; come on it’s a beautiful day and we have to be somewhere.”

“Where?”

“To get you some new clothes.”

“No we don’t, all I lost was a blouse, a bra and a pair of horrible knickers. They don’t need to be replaced.”

“But I want you to have some sexy new clothes.”

“When am I going to wear sexy clothes? My mother would kill me.”

“Not when you’re at university. You’ll be able to wear whatever you want.”

“True; but.”

“But nothing; we’re going to get you measured and Celeste is going to make you some new skirts and tops.”

“Nothing as short as yours G; yours are positively indecent.”

“We’ll see; you’re starting to get into exposing your bits now aren’t you?”

“Not like you are; you’re a total exhibitionist.”

“So what does that make you? A part-time or partial exhibitionist?”

“Yeah, maybe I am.”

I phoned James and told him to be here in an hour then went and put the coffee on. While we were sat outside eating Charlotte again told me that we didn’t have to go and get her any replacement clothes. I replied saying that we were going, James was booked and I had an idea for a dress that I wanted.

“So what shall I wear to go there?”

“Just a pair of heels, that’s all that I’ve worn the last couple of times that I’ve been there.”

“Bloody hell G, you get worse.”

“Or better.”

During the drive there I asked James if he’s managed to find anywhere where we could go and get naked in public.

“Not exactly public, but I found a school that does adult education during the school summer holidays and they’re looking for nude art models; would that interest you?”

I thought for a minute then said,

“It probably sounds a bit tame but yes, why not? I’m happy to try anything once. How about you Char? Do you just fancy standing there like that while some people draw you?”

“When is it?”

“This evening.” James replied.

“Oh go on then, you’ve twisted my arm - again. You’re determined to turn me into a sex maniac. Talking about sex maniacs, can we go to the woods after this again please?”

“I thought that you were never going to ask.” James replied.

James had to go around the block a couple of times because there was a police car parked just down the street from the dress shop. When it had gone James stopped outside the shop and came and opened the door for me to get out. Charlotte shuffled over and quickly followed me out then pushed me towards the shop.

“Hurry up G, we might be seen.”

“I hope so.” I replied.

There were 2 other girls in the shop and they both stared at the 2 naked girls that had just entered. One was standing on the pedestal in the middle of the room with Celeste pinning some adjustments to a dress that she was fitting; the other just watching.

Celeste said hello then the watching girl said,

“Hi, I see that you two have come prepared for your fitting. I thought that Jenny was bad enough stripping off out here in the shop and standing on that thing for everyone to see but you two are amazing. I just don’t know where you find the courage.”

“I don’t think about it that much; anyway there’s hardly ever anyone looking in. Those people passing by just don’t know what they’re missing.”

“So you like showing-off?”

“Yes, it’s such a turn on knowing that men like seeing me.”

“I err, we work just round the corner; if you like I could send some of the guys to watch you. I’m sure that they would appreciate what they see.”

“That’s okay; I’d hate to get anyone into any trouble.”

“With what I’m looking at right now I don’t think that they’d mind one little bit.”

I was just trying to think of what to say when I was rescued by Celeste.

“There, all done. You can take it off now Jenny, but slowly please.”

Before long there were 3 naked, bald pussy’d girls in the shop. The clothed one smiled at Charlotte and I as Jenny stepped into the dress that she’d arrived in and then they left.

“Right Georgia, what can I do for you? Your skirts and tops are just about ready.”

“That’s okay, we’re not here to collect those; as I mentioned last night, well I think that I did, I owe Charlotte here some new clothes, a skirt and a top at least, and can they be ready for Friday? She has to go home then?

“You don’t owe me a skirt G. That was your skirt that they cut off me last night.”

“Well you’re getting some, and ones that are shorter than the ones that you brought with you.”

“No problem Georgia. Charlotte would you please come and stand on the pedestal; I need to measure you?” Celeste said.

Before Charlotte could do as asked I moved the pedestal nearer to the front door.

“Georgia, what are doing? Can’t a girl get some privacy?”

“You didn’t want any last night and you arrived here naked, so no. Get up there and get those shoes off.”

“Talking about last night girls,” Celeste said, “did you enjoy yourselves? Would you like to go there again sometime?”

“I’d love to, the sooner the better, but you know that I’m going on holiday on Saturday and I don’t know when Charlotte will be down here again.”

“Well, let me know when you are available and I’ll fix something up. Charlotte, are you ready?”

Celeste went through the same measuring routine that she did with me. All the time I was stood nearby looking, and hoping that someone would look in.

They didn’t and I think that even Charlotte looked a bit disappointed.

Just as Celeste was finishing, 2 men in suits walked in and took a long look at us. After a while one said,

“Our colleague left her handbag here and she asked us to come and collect it. Have you found it, it’s a black one?”

“Hang on a minute, I’ll have a look.” Celeste said.

The men stared at Charlotte and me and within a few seconds Celeste was back, bag in hand.

“There you go gents.”

One of them took the bag and they slowly turned and walked out.

“Well done Charlotte.” I said; “you did well to keep your hands at your sides.”

“I get that your conversion of me if going well then G”

“Okay ladies, what sort of design and length were you thinking of?”

“Not as short as the ones that Georgia here has described; I have to wear then in front of my parents and my mom would throw a real fit if my puss or bum were on show.”

“Okay Charlotte, I understand the problem. Come and look at some photographs that I have and pick whatever you want. If you don’t like parts of the designs just let me know and I’ll change it.”

All 3 of us went to the back office / workshop and we selected 2 skirts and 3 tops.

Before we left I described a dress that had popped into my head; tight T shirt dress, spaghetti straps, skirt part very short, and with lots of cuts across the front, top to bottom.

“I assume that you want the cuts to be big enough to put your breasts and pussy on display?” Celeste asked.

“Of course, and I was thinking of bright yellow.”

“I’m sure that I have a roll of material that will be just right. May I also suggest a similar one but with lots of different shapes cut out, circles, squares, triangles etc.?”

“That could work; just so long as the cut-outs show my best assets.”

“Of course,” Celeste replied, “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Excellent; thank you for your business. A little delicate matter please Georgia, but who will be paying for the items for Charlotte?”

“Daddy of course; just bill him in the usual way.”

I phoned James and we waited for the car.

Giving James his usual 2 flashes, we went out and got in. As we did so, I saw the same 2 men that had been in the shop; both were watching us.

“Where to ladies?” James asked.

I looked at Charlotte and she looked at me, then together we both said,

“To the woods James.” Then we giggled.

We had another satisfying mini orgy out in the open. Both Charlotte and I are getting better at deep throating and Charlotte gets a bit (a lot actually) noisy when she cums when she’s being eaten out.

James and I tried another 5 new positions, all rather strange and not what I could call satisfying ones. I’m starting to wonder if James spends most of his time when he’s not with us, going online and googling ‘different sex positions.”

James picked us up at 6 pm to take us to the school for the art modelling. Imagine my shock when I realised that it was the school that I used to go to before I left to go to boarding school. I wondered if any of the teachers that I had were still there, then I remembered that I took Spanish instead of art.

I remembered the way to the art room and as we walked I had to give Charlotte a little encouragement by telling her that she should be happy to try something different. I don’t think that it worked but she kept walking with me.

When I opened the door we were confronted by about 20 adults of all ages and both sexes. A man that looked vaguely familiar came up to us and said,

“Georgia, you look amazing, you’ve hardly changed at all. Do you remember me; Mr. Johnstone?”

“Sorry, I took Spanish instead of art.”

“Oh yes, I remember, but I used to supervise detention and if I remember rightly you were a frequent visitor for a while just before you disappeared. But look at you now, all grown up. Well you don’t look it but you must be, it’s been what 7, 8 years?”

“Only 6 sir.”

“Wow; but you are 18 now aren’t you aren’t you? If you’re not we’ve got a problem because all models must be over 18. Especially with the poses that I have in mind for you and this delightful young lady.”

“Hi, I’m Charlotte and I’m not exactly sure why I’m here.”

“Well Charlotte, it’s no big deal, all you have to do is take your clothes off and sit around for a couple of hours.”

“If that’s all it is then I think that I can manage that.”

“Okay ladies, if you’d like to go behind that screen to take your clothes off then join me at the front of the class.”

As we stripped off Charlotte said,

“So you were a naughty girl at school G. Did they ever spank your bottom?”

“No Charlotte, they don’t spank little girls at state school anymore, it’s only private girl’s boarding schools that they still do that.”

“Yes, do you remember that Watson girl? Wow, did her butt go red or what?”

“Yes, I’m not sure if it was a good thing or a bad thing that we never got our butts tanned.”

“Do you fancy being spanked then G?”

“Come on Char, they’re waiting for us.”

We both cupped both of our tits and pulled then twisted our nipples then stepped from behind the screen. I have to say that I was a little disappointed that no one was looking at us.

At the front of the room were 2 chairs and 2 tables, 1 chair was on one of the tables. Then Mr. Johnstone introduced us to the class then continued,

“As we have 2 very keen models tonight we are going to concentrate on the vulva. Try to capture every little detail on your canvas. Ladies, half of the room will draw you Charlotte while you perch your posterior on the front edge of the chair on the table with your legs wide open; and the other half will draw you Georgia while you lay on your side on the table and hold one leg as high as you can. We’ll stop for a 5 minute after 20 minutes, and on the hour and ten you will swap over and our artists will start again on a different canvas. Is every one clear?”

Both Charlotte and I nodded and got into the required position.

I must admit that I wasn’t expecting the poses to be as explicit as they were so to relive what I suspected would be a boring time, I’d decided to have my egg vibrator purring away inside my pussy all evening. I’d pushed it up my hole and set it on low when I was in the bathroom at home having a pee just before we left.

Everything went just fine for the first half hour although the egg was starting to have an effect on me and I was wondering if my lips were swelling and getting wet. During the break I confessed to Charlotte what I had inside me. She giggled then said that she hoped that it made me cum and embarrass me in front of everyone.

I laughed and said that I doubted that it would do either of them.

How wrong could I be? About half way through the second half hour I realised that the egg was getting the better of me. The more that I tried to ignore it, the more I thought about it and the more the effect that it was having on me.

About 5 minutes from the end of me lying there, with my leg up in the air, it hit me. I tried to be quiet and still but I just couldn’t hold it and a loud moan escaped from my mouth. Then my body started shaking.

Fortunately, I managed to still hold my leg up in the air but I could feel my pussy muscles convulsing. As the waves receded my embarrassment grew and I could feel my face getting warm.

At the next break Charlotte told me that she was looking at the artists when she heard me moan and saw quite a few eyes go wide-open.

“Okay, you were right Char, I did cum.”

“I thought so.”

“And now that I’ve cum once it’s going to be difficult not to cum again during the next sessions. I wish that I hadn’t put it in, and I wish that I’d brought the control with me.”

“Isn’t that what you exhibitionists get off on, embarrassment and humiliation?”

“You tell me Char, you’re one as well.”

“But I’m not in the same league as you G.”

Mr. Johnstone called the end of the break and Charlotte whispered,

“Good luck whichever way you want it to go.”

I wasn’t sure which way I wanted it to go but I knew which way that it would go. There was no way that I could stop it and I just knew that my audience were about to see me cum, at least one more time.

It was twice actually, once during each 30 minute session. Mr. Johnstone caused one of the orgasms. One of the students obviously wasn’t drawing enough detail and he got the students to come to the front with him and they stood right in front of my pussy.

“Tell me what you see Nigel.”

An embarrassed Nigel started describing my pussy but wasn’t doing too well.

“Can’t you see the clitoris peeking out from behind its hood? Can’t you see the semi-white fluid seeping out of the vagina?”

“Yes.”

“Well describe it and then draw what you’ve described man.”

Wow, the man knew the names of all the parts of me and he even added their colour, shape and moisture level as he described them. Mr. Johnstone was impressed.

“Now store those details in your memory then go and put them on the canvas Nigel.” Mr. Johnstone said.

Me; on the other hand, had found that the description and the thought of the details that had just gone into Nigel’s head was enough to take me over the top again and I orgasmed; just as Mr. Johnstone turned his back to me.

I saw 2 students grinning at me as I fought to keep still and quiet.

At the break Charlotte told me that she’d seen me cum then added that she wasn’t surprised. She said that she’d have done the same if 2 men were stood right in front of her pussy and were describing every little detail.

The last 20 minutes started peacefully and I thought that I was going to make it to the end without cumming again, but that wasn’t to be. Half way though the session Mr. Johnstone announced that, one at a time, everyone was to take their drawings up to the model, hold it as closes as they could to the real thing and then compare the two. They then had the rest of the session to add the details that they’d missed.

The succession of faces right in front of my pussy was enough for the egg to push me over the top again. I orgasmed with an unknown man’s face right in front of my pussy.

At the end of the session Mr. Johnstone thanked us and added,

“Especially you Georgia.”

I assumed that he was referring to my orgasms and I blushed.

Charlotte and I got dressed and I phoned James, and as we were leaving Mr. Johnstone again thanked us and asked if he could call on us again. I said that if I was available I would be happy to help them out.

As we walked out Charlotte said,

“You’d be happy to help G? You and that egg you mean.”

“Yeah, and I might set it to full blast the next time.” I replied.

I stripped before I got into the car and wouldn’t let Charlotte get in until she got naked. James just watched us and smiled.

Back at home we went for a swim, showered and went to bed.

As we lay there I looked at Charlotte and said,

“You don’t look too happy Char; has my poor BFF been missing out on all the fun? Would she like me to try to compensate for that?”

My hand went over to her pussy and I rubbed her clit until she orgasmed. Afterwards I said,

“It’s been a long time since one of us did that to the other.”

“Hang on,” Charlotte said, “we did each other the other night.”

“Oh yes;” I replied, “so much has happened this week that I forgot.”

“Yes, and I’ve only been here for two and a half days. Look what you’ve turned me in to G.”

“Not complaining are you Char?”

“I guess not G.”

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 08**

Thursday started with me realising that Charlotte was holding my right tit as we slept. I smiled to myself and gently lifted her hand off me. I got up and went downstairs to put some coffee on. While I was down there I looked at clock and discovered that it was 11:30.

“Wow,” I thought, “the weeks fun must have caught up with us.”

I went and had a shower then woke Charlotte. She too was surprised at the time. After Charlotte had a shower we went outside to have some breakfast.

“Can we have a quiet day please G? I’m still exhausted.”

“I’m glad that you said that Char. I am too. How about some gentle tennis for starters and then s bit of a splash about in the pool? I don’t want to miss our lessons in the woods with James. If we go later we may get an audience.”

“A splash about! You mean with the hosepipe and that big jet of water. That’s at least 4 orgasms. “I thought that you wanted to take it easy today.”

“If it’s only 4 then it’s taking it easy.”

“Bloody hell G; I’m glad that I’m only here for a few days.”

“I’ll be able to rest as much as I like next week. Shame that you can’t come with us.”

“Yeah; come on, where do you keep the rackets and balls?”

Two naked girls played terrible tennis for about an hour and were just walking back to the house when a little red van drove up the drive. A cheerful postman got out, said hello and got me to sign for a package as he absorbed the sight of 2 naked girls.

We went and fell into the pool and did very little for a while ending up at the big jet of water. It was like we subconsciously zeroed-in on the jet that we wanted to enjoy the feeling; which of course we did.

I’d supported Charlotte while the water made her cum; and she was now supporting me when something made me look up. Two men in overalls were walking along the side of the pool towards us.

“Just ignore us ladies.” One of the men said, “We’re only here to clean the pool.”

The way that we were they could tell that we were topless but they wouldn’t have been able to tell that we were bottomless as well. At first my arousal diminished and Charlotte asked if I wanted to stop.

“No, just hold on to me; I’m not going to let these 2 stop me.”

I pulled my pussy nearer to the jet and continued pleasuring myself until I orgasmed. There were a few ‘Aaah’s and ‘yes’s as I reached my peak that attracted the attention of the men who stopped and stared at us.

I swung my feet back into the water and looked at Charlotte.

“That’s better, I think that I’m ready for James and the woods now; how about you Char?”

“Yeah, I’m wide awake now.”

We swam to the shallow end and climbed out. The 2 men still watching us as our 2 bare butts disappeared into the rest of the house.

After a quick phone call to James and about 20 minutes, the same 2 bare butts walked out to the car and a smiling James.

There were 4 cars in the car park when we got there, the occupants presumably somewhere in the woods. As our lessons and different sex positions got going well Charlotte suddenly shrieked and said,

“There are 2 men watching us; over there.”

“That’s okay Charlotte, that’s one of the reasons why we’re here. Play with yourself and give them a good show.” James said; I was a little busy at the time.

When I was able I asked Charlotte if she wanted one of the watchers to fuck her.”

“I think that I’ll just settle for them watch.”

“Okay. Now get down here and swallow James’s cock.”

The mini orgy with a mini audience went on for at least 30 more minutes before we’d all had enough, James not sure if he could get it up again.

Back at home we did nothing for a while then phoned an order for some Chinese food. We both answered the door to the guy that had delivered to daddy and I before. He didn’t seem to want to leave and asked us some questions about the service that his company had provided.

We finally got rid of him then sat on the sofas eating, drinking wine and talking.

At around 9 o’clock we got a pleasant surprise when I heard daddy say,

“Hello Georgia; and who is your gorgeous friend?”

I turned round, confirmed that I wasn’t dreaming, shouted “daddy” then jumped up and ran to him then jumped up onto him wrapping my legs around his waist.

As I was hugging him I felt his hands go round me, then under my bare butt to stop me from sliding down.

After a few seconds daddy removed his hands and I slowly slid down to the floor. Then daddy said,

“My meetings finished early so I decided to surprise you Georgia.”

“I’m glad that you did daddy, now you are able to meet my best friend Charlotte from school. Char, come and meet my daddy.”

Charlotte was still sat on a sofa with an arm over her tits.

“Come on Charlotte, don’t be shy, it’s only my daddy.” I instructed.

Charlotte stood up and walked over, hands by her side.

After I’d formally introduced them I said,

“I got a bid bored earlier in the week and invited her here; I hope that you don’t mind.”

“Of course not, but what happened to your clothes? I never expected to be welcomed by 2 beautiful, naked 18 year old girls.”

“Oh that; we were here alone and just couldn’t be bothered to get dressed; we’ve had a very lazy few days.”

“Okay not a problem; you didn’t upset Mrs. Jones did you?”

“No, I gave her a few days off.”

“Okay.

“Shall we go and put some clothes on daddy?”

“That’s up to you; you’re 18 now so it’s your choice.”

“Thank you daddy. Have you eaten? We had a Chinese but I can soon order you some if you want.”

“Yes, that would be nice, just ask for my usual, they know what it is. Right, I’ll go and freshen up then Charlotte here can tell me all about herself and what you 2 have been up to. I know what it’s like when 2 x 18 year olds get together.”

Daddy went off and I phoned his order in.

“We’d better go and get dressed G.” Charlotte said.

“No, it’s not worth it. Daddy didn’t seem at all surprised or upset to see us when he got back so why should we bother. Don’t worry Charlotte, if daddy was upset we’d know about it.”

“Saying it like that G makes me wonder if he used to spank you when you were little; did he?”

“He did a couple of times when I was little but after mummy died I could never do anything wrong.”

“On the bare like they do at school?”

“On the bare Char. I’ll go and get some more wine and put it in the refrigerator.”

Daddy was returning to the main room at the same time as I was and I asked him if he minded Charlotte and I staying naked.

“Good grief no; it’s just what I need to cheer me up.”

“Good.” I replied and reached up and kissed his cheek.

We all talked about all sorts with daddy looking at Charlotte or me all of the time. I wasn’t sure if he was being polite or that he enjoyed looking at our bodies.

The conversation was broken by the doorbell and I rushed to get the takeaway for daddy. When I got back daddy said,

“You didn’t open the front door like that did you Georgia?”

“Yes; why?”

“Oh nothing.”

The 3 of us talked some more and drank some more, and I noticed that Charlotte was getting more relaxed about being naked in front of daddy. She was even letting her knees drift apart a little bit. Not that he could see her pussy, she was sat down.

Me, on the other hand, I was getting very lazy in the way that I was sitting, and, at times, laying back in the chair. I actually caught daddy looking at my pussy a couple of times which made me feel happy.

One thing that we did talk about was all of our itineraries for the next 2 days. Luckily, we were still flying to Ibiza on the Saturday so Charlotte could still catch the Friday afternoon train home. Daddy had to go into the office on the Friday so my plans to go to the dress shop in the morning and for a final 3 some in the woods with James weren’t going to be affected.

I think that all 3 of us were ‘happy’ when we went to bed.

Charlotte and I still slept naked on top on my bed and I still left the door wide open.

I woke up to see daddy sat at the foot of my bed gently shaking my ankle. When he saw my eyes open he told me that he was leaving for work and that he’d see me that evening. I closed my eyes to go back to sleep and I felt him get off the bed but it was ages before I heard him leave the room. I guess that he’d been looking at the naked Charlotte and me.

The sun was shining when I next woke up. Charlotte was walking back from the bathroom quietly singing.

“Morning G.” she said, “nice day for a drive to the woods.”

“Nymphomaniac.” I replied.

“Come on sleepy head, we have to be at the dress shop.”

“Oh yes, pass me my phone please.”

“What did your last slave die of?” Charlotte replied as she threw my phone to me.

“Over-work.” I said as I phoned James and booked him for an hour from then.

“Your father is a nice man Georgia.” Charlotte said as we sipped our coffee. “He really made me feel comfortable, especially as I was naked all the time.”

“Yes, he is nice, but that didn’t stop him staring at your goodies Char; even this morning when you were still asleep.”

“You mean that he came into your bedroom and stared at us?”

“I didn’t have my hand on my pussy and I wasn’t rubbing my clit in my sleep was I?”

“I don’t know; I didn’t look.”

But I did look at Charlotte’s face right then, and it was red. I wondered if she played with herself a lot while she was asleep.

“Are we going to the dress shop naked G; or are we going to put some clothes on?”

“Daddy will be at his office all day so it’s business as usual Char.”

And 2 naked girls walked out to the car when James arrived.

There was no one in the shop when we arrived and Celeste responded to the doorbell and came and said hello. As she came over to us she kicked the pedestal nearer to the door then added,

“Glad to see that you’ve arrived ready for business ladies. Who wants to be first?”

Charlotte stepped up and went through trying on the clothes that Celeste had made for her. At first she kept saying that she couldn’t wear this or that at home because her mother would kill her. It was Celeste that told her that she should go out in clothes approved by her mother then change on the way to wherever she was going.

The clothes that Celeste had made for me were perfect. I really like the dresses that have horizontal cuts in them. With minor adjustments I can show or hide my nipples and when I stand up straight the big cut a few centimetres below my hips lets everyone see my slit. The dress with lots of different shapes cut out of the front leaves me looking like the front is just an odd shaped net.

I was hoping that some people would come into the shop whilst we were there but we weren’t there that long, and by lunchtime we were on our way to the woods for another lesson and mini orgy out in the open air.

I think that James was going to be glad that Charlotte was going home and that I was going to Ibiza. He looked very tired by the end of that week.

Back at home Charlotte packed her suitcase and we both put some clothes on. We stopped at a pub and had lunch, James having to be told to join us, before dropping Charlotte off at the train station.

Having seen Charlotte get on her train I went back to the car and took my dress off before getting into the front passenger seat next to James.

When I got home I started filling 2 large suitcases with clothes and toys and other things that I’d need. I had no idea how long I was going to stay on the boat after daddy left me to go back to work.

I was still naked when daddy got home and he didn’t seem at all unhappy with my lack of clothes.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 09**

I wore a thin tank top and very short skater skirt to travel in. I’d thought about wearing less but decided that it might not really be appropriate and I didn’t want to embarrass daddy.

James arrived and loaded all our cases into the Bentley then we set off with me being quite excited. Remembering how little I’d seen the girls wear in Ibiza the previous years I was determined to have some fun and wear at least as little as those girls and even less when I could get away with it.

At the airport we sailed straight through the V.I.P. entrance and James stopped the car right next to daddy’s plane. I giggled to myself as I walked to the steps because it was quite breezy and my little skirt was blown up around my waist. The woman cabin crew person smiled at me and welcomed me aboard; not mentioning my exposure.

At Ibiza airport we were met by another car and quickly whisked off to the yacht. The breeze at the airport in England was nothing compared to the one at Ibiza airport and I have no idea how many people must have seen my butt and pussy, but I didn’t care.

In less than an hour the car was pulling into the car park at the Yachting Marina Botafoch. Daddy’s yacht is moored at the end near the car park so it was a quick walk onto the boat.

We were greeted by 2 people; the Captain, an elderly man, and a young woman not much older than me, whilst the driver took our luggage to our suites.

The Captain told daddy that the yacht was sea-worth and that we could go anywhere at any time.

The young woman (Martina) informed daddy (reasonable English) that everything was ready for our visit and that the refrigerator and bar were stocked as requested. Whenever I have been to the boat in the past we have always eaten at one of the many cafés and restaurants that are close by, but daddy likes to have the basics available just in case.

Daddy asked Martina to confirm that she would be there every day to clean-up and stock up. I smiled when she replied,

“In the tarde.”

I’d met the Captain before but Martina was new.

“Right Georgia, I’m going to freshen up then we’ll go and see if Manuel is still at the café.”

The café is the one just across the road from the entrance to the marina car park.

I went to my cabin and took my clothes off, opened one of my cases and found one of my new summer dresses. Like all of them it is an ultra-short skater skirt, this one has a halter top that I can wear either tight to my chest of loose so that it hangs when I bend over. All my new summer dresses are made of light-weight, thin cotton and are very comfortable, mainly because I hardly notice that they are there.

Putting the dress to one side I had a quick shower before going back to the dress. Feeling a little naughty, I opened the case with all my toys in them and found those Ben Wa ball things. I wanted to get my holiday off to a ‘pleasant’ start.

Two minutes later, I joined daddy on the rear deck.

“Beautiful here isn’t it Georgia?” daddy said.

“Yes it is daddy, I always love that it’s so warm and dry and fresh and often with a slight breeze.”

“Let’s eat then go for a wander, see what’s changed since we were last here.” Daddy replied.

“I thought that you were here a month ago daddy?”

“I was, but things change so fast, and besides, it’s a year since you were here.”

I took daddy’s arm for the short walk to the café where Manuel greeted us with his usual charm. When he looked at me he said,

“Is that Georgia? mujer joven, you look so grown-up, so beautiful.”

“¿por qué gracias amable señor.” I replied.

“Okay Georgia, stop showing off.” Daddy said.

“You must learn some Spanish daddy.”

“I’ll get around to it one day.”

I was glad that they had some little cushions for the chairs, if they hadn’t I would have had red marks across my butt and the back of my legs from the wicker chairs.

Afterwards we went for a walk all around the marina, me holding on to daddy’s arm like and old couple still madly in love. The skirt part of my dress was at the mercy of the Balearic breeze and those steel balls were slowly making me horny. The more we walked the closer to having an orgasm I became.

When daddy said that he wanted to look around the next marina as well I just knew that I was going to cum with daddy right next to me.

We were outside the Blue Marlin when it hit me. I stopped and daddy turned to look at me.

“Are you alright Georgia, you look terrible?”

“I just stood there shaking and managing to not scream out.”

When I was able, I lied to daddy and replied,

“I’ll be fine, I don’t know what came over me but it’s going away now.”

Daddy took me into the Blue Marlin for a drink of water. After the water I asked daddy for something stronger and we both had a gin and tonic.

As we sat and slowly drank and watched the world go by, I noticed that daddy was looking at me a lot. I know that the skirt part of my dress was up around my waist and he could probably see my bare pubes but that was all; and I wasn’t leaning forward so he couldn’t see my tits so I wondered what he was thinking.

A few minutes later he said,

“Georgia, before when came in here and you had your funny turn, did you have an orgasm? You had that same look that your mother did when she had one when we were out in public.”

I actually blushed as I replied,

“Yes daddy.”

“So what brought that on? Was it just you walking around wearing only that almost nothing dress? I know that that’s all that you’ve got on because you and the breeze keep showing me, or should I say not showing me your underwear. Or have you got a medical condition that you haven’t told me about; one that gives you spontaneous orgasms?”

“I’ve never heard of such a condition. Actually daddy, I’ve got these little steel balls that when I put them in my vagina they bounce together as I walk and the shock waves slowly arouse me.”

“And the more you walk the more the closer you get to an orgasm. Yes Georgia, I know, they’re called Ben Wa balls; your mother had some. I think that I’ve still got them somewhere.”

“You’re not mad at me are you daddy?”

“Heavens no Georgia, you’re an adult woman, you can do whatever you want. The only thing that I ask is that you don’t embarrass yourself, or me, around my business colleagues or guests.”

“I would never do that daddy.”

“I know, but I just had to mention it.”

“That’s okay, I understand daddy.”

“Mind you, if you dress like that around my business guests I’ll be able to sell them anything.”

“Was that a compliment daddy?”

“Yes Georgia, you are a very beautiful young woman and men like looking at scantily dressed beautiful young women. Are you sure that you don’t want to ditch this university lark and become my sales director?”

“Err no daddy. I want to get a degree then I’ll decide what I want to do with my life.”

“Well whatever you decide you’ll go far Georgia. You’re beautiful and you’re obviously not ashamed of your body so the world is yours. It would be nice for my daughter to become the PM.”

“There’s no way that I’m going into politics daddy; I’m way too honest for that game. And did you really mean that I should sleep with people to get to the top?”

“You don’t need to have sex with men to get what you want from them; it’s all in the tease factor. Men love the chase and the good ones know that the chase doesn’t always result in them getting what they dream about.”

“What about the bad men daddy?”

“Oh you’ll soon learn to identify them; and then you crush them. Metaphorically of course, although you need to learn how to do that physically as well, just in case all else fails.”

“We learnt self-defence at school daddy.”

“All due respect to whoever taught you at school but that was schoolgirl lessons; when you get back to England we’ll get you some serious self-defence lessons Georgia. Now, are you up to a slow walk back or do you want to go to the rest room and remove the cause of your pleasure?”

“I think that I’ll be alright daddy but can we stay here for a while, it’s nice here and it’s nice talking to you like this. We’ve never really talked much about mummy and I’d like to know more. I remember a lot but that was little girl memories. I want to know about the woman. And I want to know about this medical condition that makes women have spontaneous orgasms. I want to know how to get it.”

We did stay there and we talked a lot had a serious father / daughter bonding session. Unfortunately daddy didn’t know much about that medical condition. Later on we ate and then slowly walked back to the yacht.

During the walk back daddy said that he guessed that I would be going to nightclubs and the likes while I was here. When I said that I probably would he told me about the driver that had brought us from the airport.

“Pau is more than a driver; he is a Mr. Fixit and a bodyguard as well. I’ll give you his mobile number, and a few other numbers that you might need. Don’t hesitate to call any of them at any time of the day or night. I know that you speak Spanish but Pau’s English is good. Whatever it is that you need, tickets to a nightclub, taking anywhere on the island, or anything else that you need; he’s your man. If you want him with you when you go anywhere, even if it’s just to linger in the background keeping an eye on things, then call him.”

I stopped walking, turned to face daddy then gave him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. As I hugged him I felt the warmth of his chest on my nipples. They went hard.

“Thank you daddy, thank you for looking after me.”

“Hey, you’re my daughter, my only child; of course I’m going to look after you. That’s what fathers do.”

As we finished the walk back I thought about Pau. I hadn’t taken that much notice of him before but thinking about him I remembered that he’s a good 2 metres tall and both his chest and his waist must be about half of his height. If I were to run into him (literally) he wouldn’t even notice the collision; but I would end up in hospital.

“Yes,” I thought, “he could be a good man to have around at times.”

We got back to the yacht and I told daddy that I was going for a walk on my own. Okay, I’d walked around that place on my own when I’d been there before, but this was the first time that I would be doing it as a woman with a different outlook on life. I went and got my shoulder bag and some Euros, and set off; daddy telling me to be careful.

As I walked along the side of the marina I decided that I wanted my top to be a bit looser so that when I leant forwards the top would hang below my tits. Still walking, I reached behind my neck and unfastened the bow then re-tied it quite a bit looser then reached under the halter and pulled my nipples.

Then I thought about the skirt part of the dress. Smoothing my hand down the back, I just felt the skin on the bottom of my butt. Then I did the same at the front and confirmed that my slit was only just covered.

I thought about the girls that I’d seen while walking around with daddy. A lot had been wearing only skimpy bikinis, about half of them with thong bottoms. I’d seen about a dozen topless girls and some of those that had been wearing a skirt, about half of them had been as short as mine; and that was just in Ibiza town.

I decided that I needed to wear less, or at least expose more so that I’d get noticed.

Thinking about getting noticed, I wondered if there are and sex clubs in Ibiza, a bit like Miranda’s party but where I could get fucked properly. I imagined me standing on one leg in the middle of a pub with my wrists and the other ankle tied to the ceiling and me being used my every man in the pub.

Then I wondered what it would be like on the beaches and which beaches were the best to get naked. I’d read that nudism isn’t illegal in Spain so maybe I could get naked on any beach.

I had another thought, when daddy had gone home, how would I get around? Daddy obviously wants me to get this Pau man to drive me everywhere but that didn’t seem like much fun. Maybe I should use public transport? That would certainly get me seen more.

Yes, I was going to do some research and then decide on where to go and how to get there.

Then I thought about daddy; he needed a woman, or at least a good fuck. Maybe this holiday was the opportunity for me to get him to take me to some of these clubs for older, rich people; yachting clubs and the likes. There must be some single middle-aged women at those sort of places. I could look out for them then when they go to the rest room I could follow them then get talking to them. If I like them I could find some way for them to meet daddy then maybe he’d invite them to the yacht and end up in bed with them.

That’s it, the boat, maybe I could get daddy to have a party there and invite people from the neighbouring boats. I’d have to look for some single women on those boats and invite them.

I was daydreaming, but maybe I could turn some of it into reality I decided to spend the next couple of days sunbathing on the decks of the boat and finding out who our neighbours were. And I can start my all-over tan. I hope that daddy doesn’t complain.

It didn’t take long to find a bar; there are dozens of them in that area. I sat at a table where I could watch the world go by and ordered a drink when a waiter came over. I hadn’t crossed my legs and I was sure that my bare pubes were on display but the waiter didn’t appear to notice. I guessed that he must have seen hundreds of bare pussies in that bar.

I stayed in that bar for a couple of hours, had another couple of drinks and got hit on twice. Both times I caught the guy staring at my bald pubes as they talked to me. Both times I leaned back in my chair and let them stare at my pussy as I told them that I wasn’t interested.

“Yes,” I thought, “this teasing men is fun.”

After a while 2 girls about my age came and sat at the next table to me. Listening to them talk I knew that they were English and out for a good night.

They too got hit on by a few guys and they too refused all offers. Two Spanish young men were really trying hard to get off with them, and as well as talking to the girls in semi-reasonable English, they spoke to each other in Spanish. I listened to their Spanish talk and this is a rough translation: -

“I like the blonde best her nipples stick out the most.”

“You can fuck her because I like the one with the big tits.”

“We can swap over after the first fuck. You did bring the knockout drug with you didn’t you?”

“Of course, I never go out without it. These English girls make it so easy.”

After hearing that I concentrated on what all of them were saying. The 2 girls kept rejecting the Spaniards then after a few minutes I heard: -

“These 2 are getting boring; maybe we should hit on the little girl next to them. She’s not bad looking for a kid and she isn’t wearing anything under that dress.”

“She’s a kid.”

“Yes but I bet that she’s a good fuck; she’ll make a good spit roast.”

“Probably; maybe; she is kind of cute. Have you seen any parents around?”

“No; and her pussy does look inviting.”

“My grandmother’s pussy would look inviting to you.”

“True. The kid must be out to get fucked; why else would she be here on her own?”

“Maybe she’s waiting for her parents.”

“Well if we get her away from here quick we can have a good night with her then pass her on to our mates.”

That was it for me. Okay, the idea of what they were saying appealed to me but it had to be on my terms; not those of a couple of unpleasant yobs who were trawling the bars looking for a fuck.

I stood up and almost shouted,

“Malditos pervertidos. Vete a la mierda y vuelve a gatear en la cuneta de donde vienes. Déjanos en paz antes de telefonear a la policía.”

Then I said it again in English,

“You fucking perverts. Fuck off and crawl back into the gutter where you came from. Leave us alone before I phone the police.”

The 2 yobs stared at me for a second then turned and walked away. Meanwhile the 2 girls were both staring, open mouthed, at me. As I sat down one of the girls said,

“Fucking hell girl, I just never expected that from someone so small. What brought that on?”

I told them what the 2 yobs had said and one of them waved for a waiter then ordered 3 drinks. They thanked me and said that they had no idea what the yobs had been saying.

Then one of them asked if I was waiting for my parents.

I laughed and said,

“No, I may not look it but I’m actually 18. You’re not the first ones to make that mistake. The way I look is a long story that I won’t bore you with.”

The drinks arrived and one was put in front of me. I downed it in one and said,

“Thank you, I needed that. My heart is still pounding.”

We talked for a bit then I said that I had to go, but before I left I asked them which club they thought was the best.

“Pacha.” They both said.

“Maybe I’ll see you there.” I said as I left.

After the bar I went for another walk; this time I wanted to see what some the nightlife was like. By the time that I’d got to the most famous club in Ibiza those metal balls had made me cum again and I propped up a palm tree for a couple of minutes whilst the waves receded.

I sat on a bench and watched some of the early clubbers arrive; all of the girls wearing as little as I was, except that some of them may have been wearing a thong or maybe even knickers. Some of the girls that had large breasts were wearing harnesses to support them.

I decided that I was going to that place in the not too distance future.

Walking on I soon discovered just how Ibiza town changes and really comes to life after dark; the place was buzzing and I liked it.

Those steel balls got the better of me again before I decided to get a taxi back to the boat. There was plenty of time for the nightlife after daddy left.

Daddy was in bed when I got there so I took the dress off, squeezed the balls out, cleaned my teeth then went to bed leaving my door wide open. Unlike at home, daddy would see into my room and me on my bed spread eagled, when he opened the door to his room.

I woke up to see daddy sat in the middle of the end of my bed, my feet reaching for the bottom corners of it.

“Good morning daddy, what time is it? I said as the bright sun shone through the windows.”

“It’s only 9 o’clock but I wondered what you wanted to do today?”

“I haven’t any plans daddy; whatever you like.”

“Okay; I was thinking that we might go for a walk around the old part of the town this afternoon; we haven’t been there for a few years.”

“Okay daddy; in that case I’ll get something out of the fridge for breakfast then start on my suntan.”

“Right, I’ll be around somewhere. Don’t forget the sunblock Georgia.”

I had to pull one leg up and then over in front of him to get off the bed, then I kissed his cheek before going to the shower.

Daddy wasn’t on the boat when I emerged. With an apple in my hand; I grabbed a towel and the sunblock and went up onto sunbathing area on the front of the boat, still totally naked.

As I spread the sunblock on my body I looked around at the other boats. Apart from the people on one boat that was slowly leaving the marina there wasn’t anyone else visible. That disappointed me a little because I wanted to be seen. I decided that next time I’d sunbathe at the back of the boat where everyone walking by, or going to and from their cars in the car park, would see me.

I spent the next couple of hours enjoying the sun. I was lying on my stomach when daddy returned and waved to me from inside the boat. I would have been obvious to him that I hadn’t bothered to put a bikini on; especially as I got to my feet and went to join him.

“Not bothering with a swimsuit then Georgia?” daddy asked.

“No, I hate the idea of getting tan lines. Have you been anywhere nice daddy?”

“No, just to the yacht club to organise a couple of things. If you put something on we can get off to the old town now; Pau is waiting with the car.

I showered then put on one of my micro summer dresses on then daddy and I went down to the car. Ten minutes later we were getting out of the car at the entrance up to the old town.

To be honest I wasn’t bothered about going there but it pleased daddy, and we’d be together which doesn’t happen too often.

I didn’t really think about people looking up the skirt part of my dress, that is not until we were about to go up some steps when daddy said,

“Hang on a minute Georgia; I’ll get us an ice cream.”

Off he went and I sat on one of the steps to wait. I thought that I was being a good girl by keeping my knees together but I kept noticing people looking at me. It was only when daddy came back and said,

“Georgia, you may wish to put your feet on lower steps so that people can’t see everything that you’ve got.”

That’s when I realised that with my knees up and my feet apart on the step below, daddy was right; my pussy was on display to everyone below me.

“So that was why everyone was looking at me.” I thought as daddy passed me my ice cream and I moved my feet down a couple of steps.

That was it, I hadn’t really thinking about being exposed up until then but from then on I thought about the Balearic Islands breeze and how it was lifting the skater type micro skirt part of the dress and how I could position myself for maximum exposure.

Daddy had brought a camera with him and he was taking lots of photos of his darling daughter. Up until then they had all been innocent photos but I started looking for places to pose for him.

One place that I posed for him was sitting on the wall where there’s a great view over the harbour and marinas. I could pick out daddy’s boat in the Marina Botafoch as I sat there not caring what was on show. Apart from that time on the steps, daddy never told me that I was exposed so either he didn’t see my pussy, or he didn’t care, or he liked what he saw.

Another time was at those canons. I climbed on to one and sat astride it as daddy clicked away. So did some other people that were there.

After a while we stopped at a café for a drink and snack and I sat at the side of the table with my knees apart, not caring that people would be able to see all of my legs, right up to my stomach.

We looked around some more before heading back to where Pau could get the car.

On the way back daddy told me that there was a formal dinner at the yacht club that night and that I was going with him. I had a quick panic about what to wear before daddy asked me if I’d brought the dress that I wore at his summer ball. When I said that I had he asked me to wear that.

“But it’s see-through under really bright lights daddy.”

“We’ll just have to hope that the lights in the club aren’t too bright.” He replied.

“Okay, if you can live with it daddy, then so can I. What time does it start?”

“9 o’clock.”

“Oh good, I can get another hour working on my tan then. Can you let me know when it’s 7 o’clock please?”

I went and took my dress off then grabbed the sunblock and a towel and went to the back of the boat.

As I spread myself out on my back I looked around and saw a few people wandering around looking at the boats and smiled to myself realising that they’d be looking at the naked me as well.

After about 30 minutes I heard a woman say hello. I raised myself up onto my elbows and looked over to where the voice was coming from. It was a middle-aged woman and there was a young man, somewhere around my age, stood next to her. He was looking my way too.

“Hi, we’re your neighbours. We’ve just got back from a day out and I thought that it would be a good idea to introduce ourselves. I’m Isabelle and this is my son Toby.”

“Hi, I’m Georgia and I’m here with my father. Hang on a minute while I go and get him.”

I jumped up and went to find daddy. It didn’t take long; he was in his room getting his suit out.

“Come aboard.” Daddy said as soon as he saw them.

After he’d introduced himself he offered them a drink then asked me to get them; which I did. As I returned with them daddy said,

“Please excuse my daughter she’s going through a phase of not wanting to wear any clothes.”

“That’s okay; I know how young people like to experiment, the things that I could tell you about Toby here.”

I think that I actually blushed a little as I sat opposite Isabelle and Toby without crossing my legs. As Isabelle and daddy talked I watched Toby and he watched me. I smiled and opened my knees a bit. Toby smiled so I opened them a bit more.

I hadn’t really been listening to daddy and Isabelle talk but what I did pick up on was the fact that Isabelle wasn’t married and that the yacht belonged to her brother.

“A single woman that doesn’t look bad.” I thought. “Get in there father.”

I was a bit disappointed when Isabelle stood up and said that they were leaving. Daddy and Toby stood up too, so I did, and we all went out to the back of the boat and said our good-byes, daddy saying that we hoped to see them again soon.

I followed daddy back inside and he sat on the big sofa.

“They seem nice daddy, maybe you should ask Isabelle to go to the dinner with you instead of me. I wouldn’t mind.”

“No Georgia, I hardly know the woman; besides, she’s got Toby to think of.”

I went over to daddy and sat on his knees, facing him with my knees either side of his thighs.

“Daddy,” I said, “how are you going to get yourself laid if you keep missing all the opportunities? Or perhaps you’d like to fuck me; I’ve seen you looking at me.”

As I said that last bit I shuffled forward, rubbing my pussy on his shorts over his cock and putting my little tits right in front of his face. I felt his cock start to get hard.

“No Georgia I can’t; it’s not right, you’re my daughter.”

“But you would fuck me if I wasn’t your daughter?”

“I would love to.”

“Daddy, this is the 21st century. The contraceptive pill was invented to help situations like this and I’m on the pill. A lot of girls at school used to talk about how their daddies fucked them. Even Charlotte tells me that she’s had sex with her father.”

“When did you go on the pill Georgia?”

“As soon as I got home from school.”

“Oh, right. And I bet that those girls at school were telling lies just to make them look good.”

“Some of them probably were but they can’t ALL have been telling lies; and Charlotte doesn’t tell lies.”

I rubbed my pussy along daddy’s bulge.

“Please daddy; we both know that you want to; and I’d like you to be my first.”

Daddy said nothing, so after a few seconds I slid back and got on my knees in front of him. He didn’t stop me as I unfastened his belt then his shorts.

“Oh Sophia (mummy’s name).”

I wasn’t upset.

I continued and soon had his hard cock in my hand. I rubbed it up and down a couple of times then leant forward and took it in my mouth.

“Oh Sophia, you’re so good at that.”

I bobbed my head up and down a few times but I really wanted daddy inside my vagina so I lifted off and stood in front of him with my legs wide apart.

“Take me daddy, take my virginity.”

Daddy looked at my face then reached for my hands. Then he pulled me to him. My knees bent and I knelt either side of his thighs again.

Staring each other in the eyes I lowered myself down then slowly moved around until the tip of his cock was at my entrance.

“Now.” I said.

“Now.” Daddy said; and I slowly lowered myself down.

I remembered to pull a face and say, ‘Oooow’ as he entered me.

“Oh Sophia, that’s so good.”

Daddy said as I bottomed out on his hairy pubes.

I just stayed there for a few seconds then slowly started to fuck him.

It wasn’t long before he pulled me hard down and I felt his warm cum squirt deep inside me.

My arms were round his neck and I pulled myself to him and whispered,

“I love you daddy.”

We stayed, joined at the groin until daddy went soft then I stood up.

“I’m so sorry Georgia; that should never have happened.” Daddy said.

“Daddy; did you enjoy it?”

“Yes, of course.”

“And so did I; so as far as I’m concerned it was a good thing. I’m glad that it happened.”

“But.”

“But nothing daddy; we both needed that and as far as I’m concerned we need to keep doing it until you find a woman to take over from me. Now don’t we need to get ready for this dinner thing?”

“Yes, you’re right Georgia, and thank you.”

“There’s nothing to thank me for daddy. We needed each other and we took each other; end off.”

Daddy stood up and kissed my forehead. Then we both went and got ready.

The yacht club dinner was a rather posh do, and yes, the lights in the main room were very bright. I think that my dress and exposure shocked a few people even though we were in Ibiza where nearly-naked girls are the norm. I’m sure that my orgasms shocked a few people as well; you see just before I left the boat I pushed my remote control egg into my vagina and set the control to ‘rapid random’ before returning the control to my drawer.

My first orgasm arrived just as we were arriving at the club. I had been walking there with my arm linked to daddies and I just stopped walking. After the waves receded daddy just said,

“Are you wearing that egg again Georgia?”

I nodded then started walking again.

The dress, or me, or both got quite a few stares but no one actually said anything. We got put on a table with people all daddies’ age so the conversation was boring. As was the dancing; all old style but I managed to hold my own; apart from when I orgasmed that is.

After each one I apologised to my then current dance partner, and to one who couldn’t speak English I said,

“Sorry about that; this vibrator has just made me cum again. Can’t you see my juices running down my legs?”

He just smiled and we continued the dance as if I had never opened my mouth.

I wasn’t really counting but I think that I orgasmed 5 times while we were there.

I think that daddy was feeling a little guilty when we got back to the yacht because he went straight to his room.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 10**

Daddy must have come to terms with what had happened as he slept, and realised that I was right, because I woke next morning to the feeling of daddy licking my clit.

“Your mother used to like me waking her like that.” Daddy said when he realised that I was awake.

“Did she like being woken by you fucking her as well?” I asked

“Yes she did.”

“I’d like to find out if I like it as well.” I said as daddies tongue got busy again.

After he’d made me cum I got onto my hands and knees and said,

“Fuck me please daddy.”

He did.

Shortly after we’d both cum I heard the noise of the yacht’s engines starting.

“Oh yes Georgia, I forgot to tell you, I thought that we’d go for a tour up the coast today.”

“Okay daddy; whatever you want. It’ll be a great opportunity to work on my tan.”

Daddy went to his room to get dressed while I took a leisurely shower then went up onto the deck to see what was going on. Just as I got there Martina was arriving with a hamper of what I assumed to be a picnic lunch. She didn’t react to me being naked, nor did the captain who was sat in the driver’s seat, presumably waiting for instructions from daddy.

As soon as Martina left daddy un-tied the boat and came and sat beside the captain. I went to the front sun deck and got ready for a day of sun bathing. When I got there I looked around and saw Toby, on the next boat, staring at me.

I put my hand on my pussy, did a circling motion with my middle finger and waved at Toby with my other hand. Then I lay down and the boat started moving forwards.

We were soon out of the marina and harbour and heading west. That was when it all got boring. What’s a girl to do when she’s alone on a boat with 2 men who are more interested in the boat than they are in her? I settled down with my music player and soaked-up the sun.

After about an hour I got up and went to see daddy and asked him to put some more sunblock on my back. It was then that he told me that we were going to stop in a bay that has a nice beach. The only problem, his words, was that it would probably full with people enjoying the sun and the sea.

“That’s not a problem,” I said, “I’m sure that there will be enough room for one little girl.”

About 15 minutes later the boat stopped moving and I heard the anchor dropping.

Daddy turned to me and said,

“How do you want to get ashore Georgia? Swim or I can take you on the jet-ski.”

“How about I take the jet-ski daddy on my own?”

“Well okay, but go slowly, you haven’t driven it on your own before.”

“It’s easy daddy; besides, if I fall off the kill switch activates and I just swim to it and get back on.”

“Okay, but remember to take the key out if you leave it on its own. It’s on a wrist band so you don’t have to put it in your bikini top or bottom.”

“Who says that I’m going to put a bikini on daddy?”

“I just assumed; okay then, whatever; but be careful.”

“Daddy, I look like a little girl, I can get away with just about anything.”

Five minutes later the captain had got the jet-ski out of the locker and was holding it ready for me to get on.

And I did get away with walking around on the beach totally naked. The only other people that I saw that were naked were little kids. Amazingly, no one said anything to me but a few, mainly men, stared at me.

It was awesome being the only one naked; the feeling of freedom was wonderful. My only regret was not wearing either a vibrator or those steel balls; and / or the diamond butt plug that I hadn’t tried yet. I couldn’t wait until daddy had to go back to England, or whatever country he had to sort a problem out in. I had plans to shock a few holiday makers that I didn’t want to act upon whilst daddy was still there.

I have no idea how long I walked around that beach and the surrounding area. I even walked passed a couple of shops and cafés before I eventually went back to the jet-ski and back to the yacht. As I’d walked passed the cafés and shops I had the urge to go inside and buy a drink or an ice cream but I didn’t have any money with me.

Daddy was sat out in the open wearing only his shorts and drinking champagne when I got back.

“This is the life Georgia.” He said.

“It certainly is.” I replied before raiding Martina’s hamper and opening another bottle of champagne.

As we sat watching people enjoy themselves daddy said,

“You haven’t got any regrets about what we did last night or this morning have you Georgia?”

“Good grief no daddy, I told you, lots of other girls do what we did and we both needed it. I needed to become a proper woman and you hadn’t had sex for 6 years. No man should have to survive that long; it’s not natural. Besides; it’s got you thinking about that Isabelle woman hasn’t it? You need a regular woman daddy.”

“You’re right Georgia; but.”

“But nothing daddy; don’t even think about it. And remember how you’re going to wake me up in the morning.”

I got off my chair and kissed his cheek. Then I filled our glasses again.

Daddy never catches anything when he tries his hand at fishing, but he had another go at it while I worked on my all-over tan before we headed back to the marina.

I waved at Toby again as the captain parked the boat, and then again when I did some more sun bathing, again at the back of the boat. Toby was watching me and I knew it. Deciding to have a bit of fun I got up then lay back down again, this time with my feet facing Toby. He must have been less than 5 metres from my feet.

Ignoring the occasional people walking passed all the moored yachts less than 4 metres from the naked me; I spread my feet a bit and put my right hand on my pussy. Then I slowly started rubbing my clit.

The inevitable happened and I orgasmed, lifting my butt up in the air and shaking all over, as Toby watched. As my climax receded I looked to my side and saw that a middle-aged couple had stopped walking and were looking at me. So was daddy; he was on the deck above me looking down and smiling. I guessed that he approved of what I did.

Toby obviously did as well. When I looked over to him he was rubbing the front of his shorts.

“Get it out and do a proper job.” I thought.

But he didn’t; instead he turned and disappeared,

“Probably going for a private wank.” I thought.

I lay back and relaxed, my legs still apart. The next thing that I knew was daddy shaking my shoulder,

“Georgia, wake up. You need to get ready to go out.” I heard him say.

“Oh daddy, I must have fallen asleep.”

“Yes you did. Did you know that you play with yourself when you’re asleep?”

“No daddy, I didn’t; how could I, I was asleep.”

“Good point. Well you do, your mother did it too. It’s a really nice sight.”

“Thank you daddy, I hope that I didn’t embarrass you.”

“Hell no; but you did put on quite a show for the people walking by.”

“Good, I hope that they enjoyed it.”

“I’m sure that they did. That Toby boy looked like he enjoyed it as well.”

“Oh, was his mother watching as well? I don’t want to spoil your chances with her.”

“Georgia, you’ve got to stop this match-making. It will either happen or it won’t.”

“Yes but there’s nothing to stop me trying to help things move in the right direction.”

“Stop it Georgia.”

“Or what daddy, will you spank my little, bare bottom?”

“Do you want me to spank your bare bottom Georgia?”

“You can spank me if you want to daddy, I might like it.”

“You didn’t like it the last time that I spanked you Georgia.”

“That was over 10 years ago, I was a little girl then and I probably deserved it.”

“So you don’t think you don’t deserve it now?”

“No, but you can still spank me if you want to. Did you ever spank mummy?”

“Yes I did, but that was for fun and we always ended up making love afterwards.”

“You can spank me and make love to me afterwards if you want to daddy.”

“If you keep up this match making game I might just do that. Now go and get ready.”

“Yes daddy. Where are you taking me?”

Daddy took me to the Lío where we had a great time watching the shows and eating. I wore my shortest skirt and a slightly see-through crop top, and I had to keep pulling the skirt down every time (well nearly every time) that I felt it ride up over the cheeks of my butt. No one inside the Lío really noticed my clothes because of the low level of light in there, even though every time that I sat down the skirt rode up and turned into a belt.

The Lío has a large dance area that was crowded with young people having fun and I decided that I was going back there when daddy had gone home.

The shows were good but they got me wondering what it would be like to put on a sex show with an audience that size. My pussy obviously thought that to be a good idea because it was gushing.

Daddy did wake me by fucking me. I’d purposely gone to sleep on my side and hoped that I didn’t roll onto my back and play with myself in my sleep. I don’t think that I did because the first thing that I knew was his cock going in and out of my hole. What a wonderful way to wake up.

After we’d both cum I asked daddy to wake me like that every day.

Daddy wanted to go fishing again so I asked him if we could go somewhere where I could take the jet-ski to a nice beach again. Thankfully, he agreed. I didn’t want to spend the day just sunbathing in the middle of nowhere.

Things started to go wrong that day. The phone calls started as we were cruising along the coast. Just before we got to the bay where the captain was going to park the boat I managed to get daddy to cover me in sunblock. It made him think about something other than his ‘work’ problem.

He was starting to not feel as guilty about having sex with me and when he was rubbing the sunblock on my front he concentrated on my little tits and pussy. He caused me to moan when he teased my nipples and when he got to my pussy he rubbed my clit and finger fucked me. He seemed to know when I was about to cum and he stopped.

“Daddy, please finish me off.”

“No Georgia, you can spend the day being aroused. A bit of sexual frustration is always good for a girl.”

“But daddy, I want to cum.”

“No Georgia, go, now.”

Daddy gave me his usual ‘be careful’ speech then I was off.

When I set off on the jet-ski I thought about daddy’s phone calls and hoped that they’d stop. I went more prepared this time, with some money in a water-proof pouch hanging round me neck and my egg inside me set to random blasts. I wanted to cum while people were looking at me.

This time the beach was a lot longer and had a lot more people on it. I could see 4 beach bars and what looked like a wooded area. As I approached the beach I decided to park the jet-ski near a place that was hiring them out.

As I grounded the jet-ski on the sand there was a young man just setting 2 youths off on one. The young man looked at me as I got off and stood in all my naked glory in front of him. After I watched his eyes go up and down a few times he said,

“¿Es ese uno de nuestros jet-skis?”

"No, le pertenece a mi papá. ¿Lo cuidarías durante una hora más o menos mientras voy al bar de la playa?”

With him still staring at my body, I got 100 Euros out of the money pouch and held it out for him. He had to take his eyes off my body to look at my outstretched hand. When he saw the money his eyes lit up and he replied,

"Sí, claro, tómate tu tiempo señorita".

Happy knowing that the jet-ski was safe I decided to give him a little bonus. I turned to the jet-ski and bent over to pretend to look at something near to the bottom of it. Of course I kept my knees straight and spread my feet so that he could get a good look at my butt and pussy.

I heard him say,

“Mama Mia.” Just before I stood up and retrieved the key.

Then I set off to walk the length of the beach at the water’s edge.

Wow, so many people. At the end of the beach that I had come ashore on, everyone except the young kids appeared to have swimming costumes on. Okay, a large percentage of the women were topless but I was the only woman there who was bottomless as well.

I say that I was the only woman, and technically speaking I was, but I was sure that the vast majority, if not all, of the people there thought that I was a young girl, pre-teen or maybe just an early teen. Regardless of what they believed I was getting away with being naked; which was a good job because my clothes were a few hundred metres out to sea.

Anyway, I wandered along the water’s edge looking all around me as I went. I would say that 95% of the people there didn’t even see me. The other 5% looked at me but said nothing.

After about 50 metres the egg decided to come to life. I managed to control myself for a few seconds then I lost it. Just at that moment I got a flash of flesh coming straight at me; then I was on my back on the sand, still jerking about and moaning.

As I started to come to my senses I looked up to see 3 women and 1 man standing over me.

“Are you alright dear?” One of the women said.

“She was having some sort of fit Mable; of course she’d not alright.”

“Where does it hurt honey? That man hit you so hard that something may be broken.”

I just lay there trying to think of what to do or say. Deciding that I didn’t really want to talk to them I said,

"Sí, sí, estoy bien; fue un accidente. Necesito ir."

“What is she saying Mable?”

“I don’t know, that sounded like Spanish to me.”

“Maybe we should check her over to see if anything is broken.

“Lift her ankles Charles; gently though. Her right leg looks awfully bent.”

It was then that I realised that my left leg was out straight but my right leg was bent at the knee with my knee on the sand. My pussy was open and on full display to the increasing number of people that were stood above me.

Charles lifted my left ankle then put it down again.

“Left one seems okay, she didn’t scream.”

Then Charles lifted my right ankle. I was going to scream but the egg decided to hit me again. I shuddered then started shaking.

“Right one seems okay Mable. That really does look like some sort of fit she’s having?”

“I think so too. Is there any first aid on this beach Charles?”

“I’ve no idea Mable; I didn’t see any when we arrived.”

I started to get back to normal and repeated that I was okay and that it was an accident – in Spanish again. Then I sat up.

"Estoy bien; gracias."

I said then started to get to my feet.

“Hold on there little girl.” Charles said as he grabbed my arm.

“Let’s make sure that you’re okay before you go running off. Mable, get the girl some water.”

"Estoy bien; gracias." I repeated and pulled myself away from Charles.

“Gracias.” I repeated then started walking away, the small crowd parting to let me through.

“I guess that she’s okay Mable.” I heard Charles say as I walked.

I know that I wanted to be seen, but that wasn’t what I had in mind. Thankfully, the egg left me alone and I managed to put some distance between the ‘incident’ and me.

At one point I wished that I’d brought a towel with me, I fancied lying down for a while.

As I got about two thirds of the way along the beach I saw a naked man, and then another. At first I was excited then I started to realise that I wasn’t going to be out of place. The excitement may have gone but the egg batteries were still very much alive and they kept reminding me of that fact. After the ‘incident’ the egg had made me cum twice more before I got to the ‘clothing optional’ area as I later found that it was called.

The more I walked the more naked people I saw; dozens of them of all ages and sexes.

When I got to the rocks I had a decision to make, either I could walk back along the water’s edge or I could go into the sand dunes at the back of the beach and look for a path going in the right direction.

I decided on the dunes and headed off.

As I turned a corner of the path that I found, something to my left made me stop and stare. OMG, I’d heard the girls at school talking about gay men but there, no more than 5 metres from me were 2 men having sex.

When I closed my mouth and put me eyeballs back in their sockets I moved off quickly. To be honest, I felt a bit sick; I just couldn’t (still can’t) understand why a man would want to have sex with another man when there are so many willing women around. Still, it’s their life, their choice; just so long as I don’t have to watch them.

The path did lead back toward where I came ashore and it passed the back of one of the beach bars that I’d passed. By then I was thirsty and a bit tired so I decided to see if a naked girl could go in and order a drink.

The staff looked busy but there were a few empty tables so I went over to one and sat down. As I looked around I saw a few people looking at me but no one said anything. After a couple of minutes I saw a waiter walking towards me.

“Moment of truth.” I thought; “Either I will get served or I’ll get asked to leave.”

"Hola pequeña niña desnuda, ¿qué puedo conseguir para ti?"

“Good,” I thought then replied,

"¿Puedo tomar una cola y un helado, por favor?"

My accent must have told him that I was English because he switched to English and said,

“Can you come and select the ice cream that you want.”

I should have expected that but I hadn’t and I slowly got up and walked over to the bar and the ice cream freezers. I stood there looking down to see what they’d got then decided on one. I slid the Perspex cover back and reached in and down.

Then I heard a man say,

“Look at that Ben.”

I quickly realised that my bare butt was facing the voice so I decided that maybe I didn’t want that ice cream, maybe I wanted the one next to it, no; the original one, no. I changed my mind over and over for a good 15 seconds before picking up the original one and standing up straight.

I turned, looked at the 2 men, smiled at them then walked back to my table. Just as I was getting there the egg burst into life. I collapsed onto the chair knowing what was going to happen quite soon.

The waiter had just put my cola on the table, taking a good look at my reclined body and turned to walk away when the orgasm hit me.

I managed to keep quiet but my body jerks were involuntary.

My brain did manage to register the 2 men, and some more people, looking at me; and they were still looking when I regained control.

I concentrated on my ice cream and cola.

After I was finished I looked around, the 2 men were still looking at me but that was about it. I caught the attention of the waiter and paid him before getting up.

As I walked out I looked at the 2 men and smiled. One smiled back, I don’t think that the other saw my smile, his eyes were looking further down by body.

As I walked up to my jet-ski the young man came running up to me, so did one of his mates. I guessed that they both wanted a good look at me so as they approached I bent over again but with my feet further apart this time, pretending to check something on the jet-ski.

The young men would have to go round me to be able to see my bare butt and pussy, and that is what they did. I fiddled with a bit of rubber on the trim, where it had scuffed against something, for a few seconds then got up and turned to them and said,

"Gracias por andar tras ella por mí; ¿Serías tan amable de empujarlo al agua por mí?”

The 2 men pushed the jet-ski into the water then stood, one either side of the front, waiting to watch me climb on. I did, and made an exaggerated move to lift one leg over it, making sure that they got a good view of my spread pussy.

Thanking them again, I put the key in, pressed the start button then sped out to sea.

The captain came down to stow the jet-ski while I went up to where daddy was. He was sat with his fishing rod in one hand and his satellite phone in the other, talking away. It was clear that he was in an agitated mood so I kissed him on the cheek and left him to it.

In my cabin I squeezed the egg out the replaced the batteries ready for the next time that I would use it, then went up onto the deck to sunbathe.

As I lay there I decided that the next time that I go to a beach I would definitely take a towel. I wanted to sunbathe on the beach or on a lounger; right in the middle of a group of men. I had daydreams of them offering to put sunblock on my back and then me telling them that I hadn’t done my front yet and waiting to see if they offered to do it for me.

After a while daddy came over to me and gave me the news that I had been expecting; he was going to have to leave and fly to somewhere or other. This had happened every time that we’d gone to the yacht since we lost mummy. I guessed that she had insisted that he leave his phone at home.

The only saving grace this time was that daddy was taking me home first, he was going to leave me there and I was going to have lots of fun.

Even our meal that evening was disturbed by a phone call and we went to bed early because he would have to get up early to fly to somewhere.

The next morning was the last time that daddy was going to wake me in the best possible way for some time.

After he had fucked me we had an early breakfast then he gave me the talk about what I could and couldn’t do. Some of the things were: -

Only take the yacht out with the captain there and follow his guidance.

Don’t forget to phone Martina if the yacht won’t be in the marina on an afternoon.

Take Pau with me where ever I go.

He reminded me about what Pau would do to help me if needed; then he gave me a Black Amex card telling me that it would be accepted everywhere but telling me not to buy any villas or yachts with it.

He gave me a big hug then he left. I just sat there for a while, thinking that I was sad that he had gone then about the freedom that I now had. I expanded on the plans that I already made.

One decision that I made was that I wasn’t going to use Pau very much. I decided that travelling on public transport would be more fun, more opportunities for me to expose my little body to strangers. It was the height of the summer and I guessed that the busses would be crowded leading to more chances of me getting seen and maybe even groped by strangers. I had a vision of me standing on a crowded bus with an unknown man finger fucking me.

Another thing that I was going to do was to go round the many little clothes shops looking for 2 things, revealing clothes and opportunities to get naked in the middle of the shops. I missed Charlotte ‘pushing’ me out of the changing rooms and being naked while people looked at me.

I wanted to go to clubs virtually naked; more naked than all the other nearly naked girls, and to get groped on the dance floor.

Then I thought about the smaller clubs, the lap-dancing clubs; the strip clubs. I was definitely going to them and maybe try to get a job there for a few days, not that I’d tell them that it was only for a few days.

My brain went from stripping to live sex shows. Were there any clubs in Ibiza that put on live sex shows? How could there not be? I decided to ask Pau where they were and how to get into them. After watching one or two I’d ask one of the staff how I could get a job there. If that meant getting fucked by the manager then so much the better. Then getting deep throated and fucked in front of a large audience would be totally awesome.

My mind went back to the night in the pub where Charlotte and I got tied down on the bar and got pleasured by lots of people. Where were the bars in Ibiza that do that sort of thing?

Where are the places in Ibiza where a girl can get tied down and fucked by machines?

I had lots of questions and very few answers. I decided that I’d have to phone Pau and have a long conversation.

I wanted to climb onto the top of the boat, spread my arms and legs and shout,

“I’m here, look at me I’m naked.”

Obviously I didn’t but I decided that I was going to spend as much time as possible visible to the nearby people and in particular that Toby boy on the next boat. I would keep a lookout for him and spread my legs every time that I saw him.

But first, the tough decision about how I would start my adventure. After a bit of thought I decided that a trip to another beach was the start. I wanted to lay in amongst clothed people, naked and spread-eagled; I wanted to walk around a crowded beach whilst naked with a vibrator inside me; but which beach? I realised that I hadn’t a clue where the good beaches were or how to get to them. I guessed that there would be buses going to the good ones and I could get a taxi to the bus station to catch a bus from there; but which beaches?

I needed information and decided that the marina office would be a good place to start. Unfortunately that meant putting some clothes on. I opened my wardrobe and looked through what I’d got.

I decided on a white, net dress; one that anyone close by would be able to see through it. Before I put it on I opened my toys drawer to decide which one I was going to put inside me. As it was only a short distance to the office I decided to try-out one of the butt plugs. Taking it out of the package I looked at it and then reached for the large tube of lubrication that I’d bought. My pussy may be permanently dripping these days but my butt hole wasn’t.

I put a big blob of lube on my middle finger and started rubbing it around my sphincter. As my finger slowly started to go in I decided that the feeling was quite nice. Definitely not as nice and in my vagina but not as bad as some of the girls at school had told me.

I picked up the silver, metal plug and coated the business end of it with lube and presented it to my sphincter. Gently pushing and turning, it slowly opened up to accept the plug. I had to move it around to find the right angle but finally I felt my muscles close after the bulb part disappeared.

I stood up straight and decided that it felt okay. Turning around I looked at my butt and was pleased to see that the big artificial diamond was clearly visible in the mirror. I gingerly sat on my bed wondering if it would hurt me; it didn’t.

Then I walked out of my room and up onto the deck; then around the upper deck. I wanted to shout,

“Look at what I’ve got a butt plug up my ass.”

But I didn’t. Instead I decided that I could easily walk around with it in so I went and slipping the dress and a pair of heels on then set off on the short walk.

In the marina office I was welcomed by a young man, sat at a desk, who didn’t appear to be looking below my neck.

“Hi, do you have a map of the island that shows all the popular beaches?” I asked as I stood in front of the desk, my pussy just visible above the desk.

He got one out and opened it up. As he started pointing out the beaches I said,

“And which ones are nude beaches?”

“Well, as you probably know, nudity isn’t illegal anywhere in Spain but the people who go to about half of the beaches frown on full nudity.”

“So which beaches do people get totally naked on?”

The man put an ‘X’ on quite a few places on the map.

“And which of these beaches have buses going to them?”

The man gave me a funny look, probably wondering why someone with a boat wouldn’t be using their boat to get there; but he put some numbers on the map near the beaches that he’d already marked.

I thanked him and turned to walk out. As I walked I wondered if anyone in there could see my butt plug.

Back on the boat I quickly got naked again, took a deep breath and said to myself,

“Let the games begin.”

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 11**

It was still only mid-morning so I had to decide what to do for the day. As I’d spent quite a lot of time sunbathing the previous day I decided to skip the beaches and go into town to have a look in some of the shops. I also wanted to see how long I could wear the butt plug for without it getting uncomfortable.

I thought about putting my other butt plug in my pussy but decided to keep that pleasure for another day.

Instead I decided on a dress. If I was going to try clothes on I wanted to have to get naked, not just topless or bottomless. I decided on a thin, cotton summer dress with spaghetti straps and 4 buttons down to the hem that finished millimetres below my pussy.

With my shoulder bag in my hand I headed off to get a taxi into town. There was a slight, warm breeze that was blowing my skater type skirt part of the dress out and I felt like I was naked from the waist down.

The taxi dropped me off at the opposite corner of the bay and I started wandering around, having a leisurely look at the shops and Ibiza life. Judging by the number of shops that were closed I came to the conclusion that not a lot happens in the mornings so I stopped at a café and sat outside having a coffee and watching the world go by. I was also letting the world see my pussy, if the world cared to look, as I had one foot up on the bar under another chair.

When I started proper shopping instead of just windows shopping, I went in to lots of the little clothes shops that I found. There wasn’t much there that I liked but I did find one little shop that reminded me of Celeste’s shop except that I didn’t see a pedestal or anyone fitting clothes.

What I did find in that shop was some lace tops that were long enough for me to wear as dresses. I wanted to try them on so I looked round for somewhere to change but couldn’t see anywhere. The young sales girl wasn’t talking any notice of me so I thought,

“Sod it; I’ll try them on right here in the shop.”

And I did, I took my dress off right there in the middle of the shop in full view of anyone who passed by and cared to look. I don’t think that anyone saw me but there again, I wasn’t looking.

The sales girl did look up and at me one time that I was naked but she just turned back to whatever she was reading. I wondered if getting naked to try things on in that shop, or maybe even all of Ibiza, was normal.

I decided to leave the tops but remember where the shop was, just in case.

At another shop I liked a pair of shoes that they had on display and the young woman got an eyeful of my pussy as she helped me try them on. She may even have managed to see part of my butt plug, I’m not sure. She didn’t say anything but her eyes did seem to linger on my pussy for quite a bit of time.

I bought the shoes.

My meandering took me away from the centre and as I wandered down one street I saw a little gym; that made me think about my fitness. Okay, I’m anything but over-weight but I know that fitness is important and that I should really take some regular exercise, so I stopped and looked through the window.

As I was looking a youngish man came out and said,

“Are you thinking of taking some exercise? Would you like to have a look around?”

I was a little surprised but agreed and I followed him in. First he showed me the main exercise room that had about a dozen machines in there. There was one cute looking man using one machine. Next he walked straight in to the changing room to show me the lockers and showers.

The place didn’t look too bad so I asked him for some details and told him that I might be back. Just as I was leaving I asked him if there would be anyone who could show me how the machines worked because I’d never been to a gym before.

Assuring me that there would, I put the leaflets in my purse and continued wandering. Daddy’s Black Amex card came in handy again when I realised that I’d need some trainers if I was going back to that gym.

I got the trainers in a big shoe shop where customers select and try on the shoe unaided. I was a little disappointed that there was no one to help me but I spent plenty of time bending over and reaching up to get different boxes and, judging by the odd gasp or two, some other customers got a good look at my butt plug and pussy.

That was enough shopping for one day and I headed back to the port area to get a drink then a taxi back to the boat.

The café that I chose was on a busy street and the table that I sat at, and the position of the chair, after I’d moved it, and the way that I sat, gave pedestrians and people in cars and unobstructed view of my legs right up to my stomach. I only sat up straight when a waiter came my way.

I had a very pleasant hour sat there.

When I got back to the boat I changed to an ultra, short skirt and a tube top and went looking for the nearest beach. That was only a 10 minute walk and it isn’t what I would call a ‘nice’ beach but it is a beach and I could lie out in front of the people who were walking along it.

I chose to tan my back and struggled to cover it with sunblock and was disappointed that no one offered to help the naked girl.

I lay on my stomach for well over an hour with my legs open and (I guess) the fake diamond sparkling in the sun. After a while I moved my right hand underneath me and the fingers slowly played with my pussy; only visible to anyone who looked directly at my pussy.

When I got back to the boat I showered then phoned Pau. I was a little apprehensive because I wasn’t sure how he would react to his boss’s 18 year old daughter, whom he’d been charged with keeping safe, asking him the questions that I was about to ask; namely: -

1. Where are the lap-dancing and strip clubs in Ibiza?
2. Are there any places where I can go to get sexually humiliated?
3. Are there any places where they put on live sex shows?
4. Are there any places where girls can get fucked by machines?
5. Can you get me an I.D. card that would be accepted in all the clubs? I explained that I didn’t want to have to carry my passport around with me.

I wanted to know the answers and locations of any such places, and how I could get into them.

I decided to be bold and just ask these questions as if it were quite normal for an 18 year old girl to want to know the answers. After saying ‘buenas tardes’ I just asked all the questions in my normal, calm voice.

There was a few seconds silence before Pau told me that there are place like I had described and that he could take me to them but did I really want to go to places like that?

I replied saying that I just wanted the names and addresses of those places, not that I wanted him to take me to them. He agreed to give me the details but urged me not to go to any of them without him.

I thanked him for his concern then reminded him about the I.D. card. He told me that I’d have one within 24 hours. Then I asked him not to tell my father about this conversation and wondered if it would have been the same if daddy hadn’t been paying him. I wondered if he went to these places and if he took part in humiliating and fucking young women.

Pushing that thought to one side I asked him to drop a list and a map with them marked on it, at the yacht the next day. I told him that I probably wouldn’t be there and to just leave it where I would find it.

He said that he would but asked me to let him take me to any place that I decided to go to.

When I’d terminated the call I wondered if he wanted me to take him with me to protect me or if he wanted to fuck me. That last thought worried me because of the size of the man. If he were to lie on top of me I’d probably be crushed to death.

Feeling happy, I decided to go and have a lay down for a while; I didn’t know where yet but I expected it to be a long night.

When I awoke it was dark.

I thought about where I was going to go to eat, and to spend the evening. I decided to go to the Lio again. Okay, not very adventurous but there was plenty of time to be adventurous and going to somewhere that I’d been to before, albeit with daddy, would give me a bit of confidence.

Then the decision of what to wear. After a trawl through all the clothes that I had with me I decided on a little see-through top that’s barely long enough to cover my tits, and an ultra-short, silky, skater skirt that just about covers my butt; another skirt that I can easily forget that I’ve got it on. I decided against any vibrator or butt plug but pushed my steel balls up my hole.

I looked in the mirror and could easily see my nipples and areolas I couldn’t see my slit, but I could just see the bottom of my butt cheeks. Happy with my appearance, I set off.

One of the doormen the Lio asked me if my father was joining me and I told him that I was on my own. He spoke to one of the hostess’ and I was led to a small table near the stage where I ate and enjoyed the show again, forgetting what was in my vagina.

Then I went to the dance floor. It wasn’t long before men tried to dance with me and talk to me. I just ignored them all; it was fun watching and listening to them and the steel balls soon reminded me where they were.

As my arousal slowly grew I decided to reveal a little more and slowly turned the waist band of the skirt over. It was only a couple of centimetres but that was enough for my slit to be visible all the time and for anyone who looked to know that I didn’t have any knickers covering my butt.

I was feeling good about myself when I saw a raised area where people had moved to and were dancing. I worked my way over to it and climbed on. As I danced near the edge I watched a few men, and a couple of girls, looking at my legs and up to my pussy.

I started dancing with my feet further apart.

At one point I saw a man walking around the dance floor taking photographs and handing cards out. When he came over to where I was he looked up at me and started taking photographs. I spread my legs a bit more and smiled at him.

His response was to take photos looking up my skirt. After a few up the front I turned and let him take some of my bare butt. When I turned back to face him the camera was right in front of my pussy. I wished that I’d put one of my butt plugs in my pussy before coming out.

He smiled at me and gave me a red card. I didn’t know the significance of the red card but I did note the other people were getting white cards.

Whilst I was dancing a few men came up to me and tried to talk to me and dance with me. I wasn’t really interested and either fobbed them off, or just ignored them.

All the movement was keeping my Ben Wa balls busy, I didn’t actually cum whilst I was dancing but I got real close. So close that at one point I had to take a break and go to the rest room where I locked myself in a cubicle and made myself cum.

When I went out of the cubicle a drunken girl leaning against a sink asked me if I’d just cum. I just said that I had as I checked my hair and confirmed that my slit was still visible. The girl just replied,

“Good for you girl.”

When I decided to leave I didn’t bother unrolling the top of my skirt and just walked out. No one said a word so as I walked so I rolled it over one more time. Except for a couple of drunks on a bench, no one saw me and I got back to the boat not that long before dawn. I got in the shower, rubbed my clit until I orgasmed, then squeezed the steel balls out before going to bed.

It was nearly mid-day when I woke up, and after a shower I raided the fridge then went and sat on the deck to eat. After that I was still a little tired so I put some sunblock on and went and lay out at the back of the boat not caring if anyone saw the naked me.

I must have dozed off because I got startled by Pau,

“Excuse me Miss Georgia.”

Was the first thing that I heard; I opened my eyes and saw Pau towering above me.

“I’ve brought the details that you wanted.”

I got up and invited him onto the deck. Not even considering covering-up, I followed him up and to the table where he unrolled a couple of maps.

There were about a dozen ‘X’ marks on the maps with the name of the place written next to the ‘X’. He pointed to each one in turn and described what the place was about. Just about all of them sounded good and my pussy was already anticipating the visits.

Then Pau pulled a credit card sized object out of his pocket. When he gave it to me I saw that it was headed: -

“Dancer’s I.D. Tarjeta.” And appeared to have been issued by the Ibiza Town Council.

It also had details of my name, date of birth, nationality, an address that I didn’t recognise, and Pau’s phone number. It also had a passport style photograph of me on it.

“That’s my address,” Pau said, “I thought that it was best that I was the contact if it became necessary.”

“Fair enough.” I replied then turned the I.D. card over.

I was a little surprised to see a full frontal, naked photograph of me. Okay, it was a small photo but I could clearly make out my nipples and slit.

“Where did you get the photographs Pau, and do all these cards have naked photos of the holder?”

“No Georgia. They all have photos of the holder but they are usually dressed. I only had a full photo of you whist you were like you are now.”

“How did you get it?”

“A drone yesterday Georgia.”

“Oh yes, I seem to remember a buzzing overhead at one point. Okay, no problem.”

Pau then gave me the same talk about me not going to those places, and that if I really wanted to go then to only go with him. I told him not to worry then went and got a couple of 500 Euro notes for him. Giving it to him I said,

“Gracias, muchas gracias Pau, eso es justo lo que quería.”

He left, reminding me to phone him before I went anywhere.

I took the I.D. and put it in my little cross body bag. When I opened it I found the red card that the photographer had given me at the Lio. At first I thought that it was just a business card asking the recipient to contact the photographer to get prints of the photos that he’d taken.

When I turned it over I saw that the photographer was looking for models that needed a portfolio. This got me thinking,

“Could I go and get him to take lots of mainly naked photos on me?”

The more that I thought about it the more I liked the idea. I put the card in my ‘toys’ drawer intending to phone the man sometime.

I was wide awake by then so I thought about what to do for the rest of the day. I got out the map that the man in the marina office had given me. I scribbled some beach names and bus numbers on a piece of paper and packed a backpack with the things that I’d need for a trip to a beach.

My next problem was what to wear. I chose a see-through, string bikini top and a beach wrap skirt that is just a rectangle of material that isn’t long enough to go all the way around me. It’s held together by strings that I tie in a bow. The short side of the rectangle is just about long enough to cover my butt and pussy. I guess that the manufacturer intended the gap to be over a hip, which is where I put it, but I could easily wear it with the gap at the front leaving my pussy exposed. It’s obvious to anyone who looks that I have nothing under it.

The only other material that I took with me was a towel. I also took my egg, inside my vagina, and I put the control in my backpack.

When I got out of the taxi at the bus station I looked at the piece of paper with bus numbers on it and discovered that the next bus leaving to go to a beach was the number 11 to Salines. What’s more there was a big queue of people waiting to get on it. I bought a ticket and joined the queue. The woman selling the tickets didn’t seem to notice that my nipples and areolas were visible through my top and neither did the people in the queue.

Being near the back of the queue I had to stand in the aisle on the bus sandwiched between 2 men that were a lot taller than me. On one side of me, and on the seats, was a young couple, the man next to the aisle. On the other side were 2 men.

As soon as I thought that I wouldn’t have to move, I opened the backpack, switched the remote control to slow vibrate then put the backpack down on the floor between my feet.

As the bus started to move I looked for somewhere to hold on to, the grab straps hanging from the ceiling were way out of my reach so that left the backs of the seats or a pole that was going up from the back of one of the seats just in front of me.

I turned sideways and shuffled my feet around the backpack so that I could look out of the side windows. This meant that my front was right beside one of the 2 men, my pussy, albeit covered, centimetres from his head.

As the bus trundled along the slow vibrations of the egg combined with the movements of the bus started to make me feel good. I looked down to the man in front of me and so wanted to lift the front of the cover-up skirt when I saw him turn and look at me; but I didn’t.

What I did do when the bus stopped to let someone off, was to gently slide the skirt round so that the gap was just to the side of my slit. There was virtually no chance that anyone would be able to see my slit but the remote possibility made me feel a bit daring and added to the nice feeling that the egg was giving me.

I also thought about loosening the bow that was holding the skirt up in the hope that I’d have a wardrobe malfunction, but I didn’t. After all, I’d be taking it off as soon as I got to the beach.

The other thing that added to my arousal was the bikini top. It’s see-through and not only did I catch the sitting men staring at my tits a few times. I caught one of the standing men looking down at them. Of course, ever since I’d left the boat my nipples had been rock hard.

Just before the bus got to its destination the egg and the vibrations from the bus finally got the better of me and I orgasmed surrounded by men that I didn’t know. I’m sure that I moaned a little but the noise of the engine drowned that out. I have no idea if any of them saw me shaking and the odd involuntary jerk.

I was just getting control back when the bus pulled off the road near the bar and shop.

I followed the other bus travellers down onto the beach and stopped to take my shoes off. I also took the bikini top off and stuffed them all into my backpack.

I looked along the long beach and could see lots of people, all of the adults looked to be wearing swimsuits or parts of them. The only naked people that I could see were a couple of young kids.

Still feeling ‘happy’ from my recent orgasm I thought,

“Sod it.” and pulled on one of the strings of my skirt.

It immediately hit the sand leaving me totally naked. Scooping it up and stuffing it in my backpack, I set off walking along the water’s edge. No one took any notice of me, that I could see, and I kept walking until the sunbathers thinned right out. I saw a naked man stood with a topless woman and could see quite a few fully naked people ahead of me. I decided to stop a bit further along where there was a big, unoccupied space.

I got my towel out and spread it out then sat down and leant back on my elbows, I looked out to sea and felt good. The sun felt good, the air smelt good, I was naked, and I didn’t have a care in the world.

I’d only been there a couple of minutes when some people walked passed me, the man taking a quick look at me.

Looking around I realised that there was a gap in the bushes just near me with a path that, presumably, led to a car park.

Not caring about that I lay back to enjoy the sun and tranquillity.

About 15 minutes later, 2 things happened. Firstly I realised that I should really have some sunblock on me, and secondly, a couple of noisy young men appeared from the path.

“Fucking hell mate, look at that.” I heard one say.

“Cute.” The other said.

I was spread out about half way between the bushes and the water’s edge and the 2 young men went and spread their towels directly between me and the sea. It was obvious that they intended to keep looking up at me hoping to see more of my pussy. My feet were about shoulder width apart and as they got themselves organised they kept looking up my legs to my pussy. I could tell that because I was up on my elbows watching them.

When they lay down both were of their fronts on their elbows. I smiled at them then lay back myself.

After a couple of minutes I remembered that I was going to put some sunblock on so I got to my feet and got it out of my backpack. Then I started putting it on my back. Obviously I wasn’t finding this easy and before I knew it one of the young men was stood beside me and saying,

“Would you like some help with that, I know how difficult it can be to reach everywhere.”

I turned to look at him, me totally naked and him just wearing a pair of swimming short; and he had a growing bulge in the front of them.

“Oh yes please; thank you.”

“My pleasure; it will be much easier if you lay down.”

“Yes, of course it will.” I replied.

I got down onto my towel and lay on my stomach, my feet about a 25 centimetres apart.

He started at my shoulders and I have to say that he was gentle. As he got to just above my butt his hands moved to the backs of my arms.

Then he moved to the backs of my legs.

As he got close to my pussy I couldn’t help but let out a moan. When he had done both legs he stood up and said,

“There you go, all done.”

“No you’re not, you missed one bit; well two actually, will you do my butt for me please?”

He didn’t say anything but got back onto his knees and did as requested. As his hands slid down near my pussy I let out another moan then said,

“That’s nice.”

Then he stood up again. I turned over and looked up at him then said,

“Would you like to do my front as well?”

The young man just stared at me for a couple of seconds while I looked at the large bulge in his shorts. Then he said,

“Are you sure? I mean …..”

“It needs doing and if you’re volunteering then go ahead and do it. And don’t miss anywhere please.”

The young man put some sunblock on his hands and started with my right arm.

“Are you a professional masseur by any chance?” I asked.

“What? No, I’m a mechanic actually. My name’s Jake by the way, and that ugly sod over there is Lenny. We’re just holiday makers.”

“Well hi there Jake, I’m Georgia and I’m unemployed and I too are here on holiday. And thank you for helping me with this; I’d hate to get some delicate places burnt. Perhaps Lenny would like to help you? He’s been staring at you all the time that you’ve been here.”

Jake waved to Lenny and Lenny looked like he couldn’t get to me fast enough. Looking up at him I said,

“Hi Lenny, I’m Georgia and I was wondering if you’d like to help Jake put sunblock on me.”

“Hi Georgia, I’d love to.”

Lenny knelt to my other side and before long both my arms were getting covered in sunblock. Jake was the first to finish and he moved to my shoulder then my chest below my tits.

“Everywhere please Jake.” I said, giving him permission to put some on my tits.

And he did, a bit hesitantly and first, but when I moaned as his fingers lightly touched the tip of my nipple, his confidence grew and started properly massaging the sunblock onto me.

Soon Lenny was working on my other tit; it was heaven.

That and the egg soon got the better of me and I orgasmed. I was a little less quiet than the previous time and more physical as my body twitched and jerked and my butt rose up off my towel. I vaguely remember seeing both Take and Lenny looking down at me.

They were still staring at me as the waves receded and I got control of myself back.

“Sorry about that guys, I just couldn’t help myself.”

“That’s okay,” Lenny sad, “Are you okay?”

“Did you just cum Georgia?” Jake asked.

“Yes, sorry.”

“Hell, don’t be sorry Georgia;” Jake replied, “you go for it girl.”

“I didn’t think that girls could cum just by having their tits rubbed.” Lenny added.

“Oh they can Lenny.” I said, “Well most girls can if the attention that their tits are getting is right.”

“I guess that we must have that magic touch then.” Jake replied, “Do you want us to finish your front or will you be doing it?”

“Go ahead please guys, let’s see if your magic works again.”

The guys started to move down to start at my feet but I stopped them.

“This may help you guys.”

I said and I lifted my legs up until my feet were pointing to the sky.

“Wow.” Lenny said. “You’re so flexible Georgia.”

“That’s nothing.” I replied, “Watch this.”

I brought my legs right back until I had to twist my shoulders so that I could get my legs behind them. Then I said,

“How about that then?”

“That’s awesome Georgia.” Jake said. “Can you keep them like that while we do the backs of your legs?”

“Sure can.” I replied; even though I knew that Jake had already done the backs of my legs.

They took their time and I watched them as they lingered around my very exposed pussy. They seemed a little reluctant to put some sunblock on my pussy so I said,

“Everywhere please guys.”

That must have been what they were waiting for because I watched one hand from each of them taking it in turns to rub my pussy. After a minute or so they progressed to rubbing my clit and finger fucking me.

I had to tell them to stop at one point because some people were walking by. Jake and Lenny’s response was to shuffle round so that their bodies blocked their view of me; and they kept their hands busy.

“Okay, that works.” I said as I felt another orgasm building.

It wasn’t long before it hit me and as soon as I started shaking both guys stopped to just watch me.

“Keeeeep gooooiiinnng” I managed to say; and the guys did, managing to keep me up there for goodness knows how long.

When I finally managed to tell them to stop I twisted my shoulders and let my legs fall back to my towel.

The guys watched me slowly get back to normal then Jake said,

“Do you know that your pussy convulses and looks like it’s trying to pull something in to it when you cum Georgia?”

“Of course she does, she must have watched herself cum. All girls do don’t they?” Lenny said.

“Yes, I know; it’s awesome isn’t it?”

I lay there a little longer before saying,

“Are you going to finish my front guys? I don’t want to burn.”

Within seconds 4 hands were rubbing sunblock all down my front. This time they didn’t hesitate when they got to my pussy.

“Finish with the sunblock before you go there again please guys.”

They did, then soon had me moaning again as they attacked my pussy from a different angle. I came again quite quickly but it wasn’t as intense as the last one.

Shortly after that I said,

“Are you bringing your towels up here or am I moving mine down there?”

Neither of them said anything, but they both got up and moved their belongings either side of me then lie next to me. Three sets of feet facing the sea.

We talked for a while with them asking me lots of questions. I lied to them and told them that I was staying in a hotel in Ibiza town but the rest of what I told them was true. They told me that they were staying in a hotel in Playa de en Bossa.

Then the talk got round to the subject of my orgasms.

Did I cum that easily all the time?

Do I normally cum that often?

Have I cum whilst on the beach or even outside before?

I told the truth but didn’t elaborate. What I did tell them was that I was currently having a little help, apart from their fingers.

“What do mean? Have you had an orgasm shot or something?”

“What orgasm shot?” I asked.

“The O-Shot is an injection that’s supposed to increase the size of a woman’s G-spot, clitoris and labia and gives you multiple, prolonged orgasms.”

“Well that sounds interesting but no, what I’m talking about is an egg.”

“An egg?”

“Yes, a vibrating plastic egg and I’ve got one inside my pussy right now.”

“Fucking hell Georgia, I never would have guessed. I can’t see any egg.”

“You’re not supposed to see it, just control it with a little black box.”

“Let’s have a look at it; the control that is.” Jake said.

I sat up and got it out of my backpack. Giving it to Jake I said,

“Be careful with that or you’ll be giving me those multiple, prolonged orgasms.”

“That sounds good to me; what do you think Lenny?”

“Sounds good to me Jake.”

“No please Jake, don’t; it’s bad enough with it set as it is, on low vibrate.”

“So it’s been vibrating inside you all along?” Lenny asked.

“Yes.”

“So what happens if I turn it to ‘high’?” Jake asked; and did it.

“Oooooh, oooooh.” I said and gave a little shudder.

“This looks like fun Jake, leave it on.” Lenny said.

By then, both Jake and Lenny were up on one elbow watching me. They kept watching me as the orgasm built and then hit me. I was shaking, jerking about and lifting my butt up in the air.

On and on it went. Just as I started to think that the waves were going down, up I went again.

Finally, Jake switched the egg off and my body relaxed. Well I say relaxed but for the next few minutes I kept getting sort of after-shocks and my body reacted by my pussy muscles clenching and my butt lifting a little bit.

“Wow Georgia; that was totally awesome.” Lenny said, “Can we do it again?”

“No. Well not now, I’m knackered; maybe later.”

“So just how big is this egg thing?” Jake asked.

“I’ll show you.”

Both guys guessed what I was about to do and the both sat up and looked at my pussy. After a couple of deep breaths I squeezed and the egg started to see the sunlight.

“Awesome.” Lenny said.

I picked-up the egg, took the control from Jake and put both of them in my backpack. Then I turned onto my stomach and told them that I needed to rest for a while.

Sometime later, no idea how much later, I started to feel refreshed, turned over and said,

“Who’s coming for a swim?”

We all went and before long the 3 of us were swimming about. A game of tag turned into a game of grab and grope and both guys were grabbing my tits, butt and pussy. In turn, I was grabbing at their cocks and managed to get my hands inside their shorts to their cocks. At one point I was stood between them with a hand on each of their cocks, all under the water.

When it got a bit crowded we got out of the water and went back to our towels; only to find that were now surrounded by groups of other people who wanted to enjoy the sun, sand and sea. Most of the men were naked and about 75 percent of the women were as well. Of the 25 percent of women who weren’t naked, most were topless, leaving only a few that had both parts of their bikinis on or were wearing a one-piece.

The 3 of us dried off then sat down. After a while Jake said that he fancied a drink and asked if Lenny or I were going with him.

The 3 of us went to a beach bar and managed to find a table. I saw other topless women there but I was the only bottomless woman. No one complained and I enjoyed being the only one totally naked.

We enjoyed a long drink and an ice cream, that Jake paid for, with me sitting very lazily and letting the 2 guys, and anyone else who cared to look, and some did, look at ALL of my body. I felt good and was very happy.

Back at our towels Lenny asked,

“Is that egg of your waterproof Georgia?”

“Of course it is,” Jake replied. “Have you ever seen a dry pussy?”

“Good point.” Lenny replied.

I smiled.

“So can we put it back inside you please Georgia?” Lenny said.

“Yes, I guess so.”

“I’d like to do it here but I guess that that would be a bit out of order, even for a nude beach.”

“I think that you’re right mate.” Jake replied. “Let’s take it into the water.”

I got it out of my backpack and held it in both hands until we were up to our waists in the sea.

“So who’s doing this?” I asked.

“Me please?” Lenny announced.

I handed the egg to Lenny as Jake went round behind me. Putting his arms around me he grabbed my tits and pulled me back. My legs went up to the surface and Lenny moved in between them.

“Pointed end first mate, and take it slow, you don’t want to hurt her.”

I didn’t think that the blunt end first would hurt me but I didn’t know how rough Lenny would be so I kept my mouth shut; other than to moan as the egg started to open me up.

As the egg disappeared and Lenny’s fingers pushed it deep inside me, I moaned again and said that it felt good; which it did; the egg and the fingers.

After that we messed about for a while, grab and grope being the game; then we got out and went back to our towels. After I’d dried off I lay down and asked if one of them was going to put some sunblock on me again. I also told them that they should put some on each other.

“No way;” they both said and Jake continued, “I can manage by myself thank you.”

I smiled and thought,

“Men, but maybe I can understand why.”

They both applied sunblock to first my back, then my front and I was disappointed that they didn’t linger when they did my tits and pussy. I could understand them do doing that because it’s one thing them making me cum when there’s hardly anyone around but doing it when there’s lots of people all close by. Someone was bound to object and call the police.

But there was nothing to stop them making me cum using the remote controlled egg. As we all settled to enjoy the sun I reached into my backpack and got the control out. Giving it to Lenny I said,

“Take it easy Lenny we don’t want people to know what you’re doing.”

I was on my back with my knees about shoulder width apart and I was going to enjoy what they were going to do to me. Both guys got on their sides to watch me as Lenny switched the egg to low.

A smile appeared on my face and I let out a little moan.

“So what are all the settings on this thing?” Lenny asked.

“Play with them and see what happens.” Jake replied.

I started to worry a little. The idea of cumming whilst in amongst all those people really appealed to me but writhing about in pleasure and screaming ‘yes, yes’ or whatever; was bound to cause problems.

For the next 30 minutes or so, Lenny teased my body something rotten. He’d take me to the edge then switch it off for a while then start again. If he didn’t think that I was getting there fast enough he’d put it on full throttle until I did look like I was about to explode.

In the end I just got to my feet and ran into the sea screaming,

“I’m cuuuummmmmiiinggggggg.”

I was still up there, struggling to stay on my feet in the waist deep water when both Lenny and Jake appeared beside me.

“Turn it off.” I slowly managed to say.

“I can’t,” Lenny replied, “The control is under your backpack.”

I leant over to Jake and he put his arm around me to stop me from drowning.

“Go and switch it off mate, we don’t want her to pass out here.” I think I heard Jake say.

I was still violently shaking when I realised that the egg had stopped vibrating. A couple of minutes later I managed to support my own weight with my legs, but Jakes arm was still around me holding my right tit firmly.

Lenny arrived back and I managed to say,

“You bastard; I loved every second of that; thank you.”

Jake helped me back to my towel and I lay on my back to recover.

When I woke up Jake asked,

“Do you know that you play with your pussy in your sleep?”

“OMG; I don’t do I? Did I cum while I was asleep as well?”

“No, no such luck.” Lenny added.

I looked around and saw that about half of the people around us had disappeared.

“What time is it?” I asked.

“About 5.” Jake replied; “We were thinking that we should be going. Do you fancy coming with us to get something to eat and them maybe a bit of fun? We could spit roast you if you like Georgia.”

“Cool; that sounds nice.” I replied. “How did you guys get here?”

“We’ve hired scooters. It’s okay, they’re both 2 seaters.”

“What about a helmet?”

“They both came with 2; I guess that the hire shop woman was expecting us to pick up some girls.”

“I’ve never been on a scooter before.”

“No prob, just hold on tight and lean the same way as I do.”

“Okay then.”

All 3 of us got up and packed our things. As we walked off Jake said,

“Are you going to ride there undressed like that Georgia?”

“Do you think that I can?”

“Probably, well at least to the outskirts of Playa de en Bossa; we’ve seen quite a few cop cars cruising around there.”

“Okay, let’s do it.”

We walked off the beach, along the path through the trees and to the car park. A couple of people who were also leaving on 2 wheels stared at me as Jake got his machine out and started it. I put my backpack on and climbed on behind Jake. As he pulled away Lenny followed us, I didn’t know if following us was so that he could watch my butt or if he was trying to hide me from passing cars.

I say passing cars because Jake went quite slowly. After a mile or so I started to relax and enjoy the feeling of the wind hitting me. I wondered what it would be like driving the thing and having the wind hit my bare pussy.

A couple of cars did honk their horns at us, probably when they saw that I was naked.

It was more fun, and probably more risky, when we had to ride along a main road for a short distance but we soon pulled off and Jake stopped just as we got near a lot of buildings.

I opened my backpack and got my skirt and bikini top out. As I put them on Jake said,

“Is that all you came out in? Nothing that covers you tits or some knickers.”

“No, the bikini top covers my tits and this skirt covers my butt and pussy.”

“But the top is see-through and the skirt, the slightest movement and I’m sure that your pussy will be on display.”

“And?” I asked.

“And good for you girl,” Lenny replied; “the world needs a lot more girls like you Georgia.”

“Right, let’s go.” I said.

Daddy had never taken me to Playa de en Bossa before and I could see why; definitely not a place that daddy would like, but me, it looked lively and full of people my age.

The guys parked the scooters at a hotel and Lenny said,

“Food or fuck, which do you want first Georgia.”

“Food I think. I’m not trying to put you off guys; it’s just that I’m hungry.”

“Okay, I believe you. Where do you want to eat Georgia?”

“I saw a Burger King as we rode in. I’ve never been to a Burger King before.”

“You’ve never been to a Burger King Georgia. Wow, you have had a sheltered upbringing. Okay BK it is. You okay with that Lenny?”

“Sure, just as long as I can look at Georgia’s pussy while I eat.”

“I’m sure that I can manage that for you Lenny.” I replied. “I might even flex my muscles as I eat just to make you even hornier.”

“I don’t think that that’s possible, I’m sure that he’ll have had a hard on all day like I have.”

I giggled and put my hands on their crotches.

“Keep them warm for me guys.” I said.

When we’d got our food we found some table along one wall. Just as I got there I used my empty hand to slide my skirt round so that the gap was right in the middle at the front.

I found that I could sit on the long bench between 2 tables and the guys could sit one on each table. That gave them both an unobstructed view of my pussy when I perched on the edge of the bench and leaned back. It also meant that anyone looking between the guys could see me as well.

A young couple walking by did look but they didn’t say anything to me. My eyes followed them and they started talking to each other; then the guy looked back at me.

I smiled to myself.

“So do you do a lot of this flashing your goods to people?” Lenny asked.

“I only left school a couple of weeks ago and the teachers only let us out at weekends. There was the odd time at clothes shops but that was it.”

“So you’re making up for it now then.” Jake said.

“I guess so; you’re not complaining are you?”

“Fuck no.” They both replied. Jake added,

“What normal man wouldn’t like looking at that?”

I looked at his eyes and saw that they were still staring at my pussy. I decided to have a bit of fun and started to squeeze the egg out of my vagina. I waited until it was just visible then I sucked it back in.

“Bloody hell Lenny; did you see that?” Jake said.

“Yeah, can you do that again Georgia?”

“Probably, I’ve never done it before, it was fun.”

I did do it again and twice more before I decided that I was risking trying too hard and that it might end up on the floor.

“Really cool trick that Georgia; and a great party piece.” Jake said.

We finished eating and left. As we walked down the street I saw a few people coming the other way looking at my skirt. After about the fourth one I looked down and remembered that I’d slid it round at the BK.

“Sod it.” I thought, “Let them look;” and kept walking.

We walked straight through the reception at the guy’s hotel and got into the lift. As soon as the doors shut Lenny pulled on the strings of my skirt and top. By the time the doors opened I was total naked, apart from my shoes.

We weren’t the only ones on the corridor and we all got a few comments from the others. There was only one derogatory comment and that was from a slightly over-weight girl. When I asked Jake what her problem was he told me that he’d got off with her a week ago and that it was like fucking a sack of potatoes.

I laughed and asked him how many sacks of potatoes he’d fucked.

In the guy’s room were 2 single beds separated by a bedside cabinet. I pointed to it and said,

“That needs to go.” As I walked to the glass doors, opened them and stepped out onto the balcony.

“Great view guys.” I said.

It wasn’t Jake of Lenny that replied,

“Certainly is.” An unknown voice said.

I turned to see another young man wearing just a pair of boxers.

“Oh hi,” I replied.

“So which of the lucky bastards has just had you?”

“Neither yet but they’re both about to.”

“Cool, good for you. If they can’t satisfy you just knock on the next door along when they give up. I’ll take good care of you little lady.”

“Sure, I’ll see how it goes. Stay there and watch if you like.”

“I might just do that.”

With the guy still watching me I squat down and squeezed the egg out of my vagina into my hand.

“Cool.” The guy said as I turned and walked back into the room. I put the egg into my backpack then got onto the nearest bed on my hands and knees and said,

“Right guys, who’s fucking which end first.”

For the next 30 minutes or so I was taken at both ends and I drained Luke and Lenny. Neither of them could believe how far down my throat I could take their cocks.

The guy next door was right, they didn’t really satisfy me, but I was knackered. What’s more, they were too and they both fell asleep when we took a break. I had a shower, collected my backpack, shoes, skirt and bikini top then left.

It was only when I got into the lift that I thought that I should put the bikini top and skirt on.

I took a taxi back to the boat and decided to have an early night.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 12**

The next morning I woke up feeling refreshed and happy. I thought back to the previous day and wondered if I’d have another day as good as that one. I showered then put a dress on and went to the café for some breakfast.

Manuel welcomed me and held the chair out for me as I sat at a table. I didn’t deliberately flash my pussy at him but there was a good chance that he saw it; and my tits because the dress that I had on is so short and the top part is quite low and baggy.

I wasn’t worried because I’m sure that lots of girls show their pussies when sitting in cafés.

As I sat there watching the world go by I remembered the O-Shot thing that Jake and Lenny had gone on about. I phoned Pau.

“Pau, I’m having real problems with my sex life, I just can’t orgasm. I’ve read something on the internet about something called the O-Shot. Can you check around and find out if there’s a doctor here in Ibiza where I can get it?”

“Sure Georgia. Leave it with me and I’ll get back to you just as soon as I’ve got some news for you.”

When I got back to the boat I decided to phone Celeste and ask her to make me 5 more summer dresses, a couple of see-through, thong leotards, a couple of see-through thong bikinis and a 4 very thin mesh tops, also see-through; and to courier them out to me at the marina office.

Celeste was her usual cheerful self and seemed to know exactly what I wanted – again, and promised that I’d have them within a week. As I talked to her I unfastened the dress and let it fall to the floor.

Then I decided to have a lazy day then go somewhere that evening, I didn’t know where then but I’d think about it during the day. I quickly covered myself in sunblock then went to the tanning deck at the back of the boat.

If I’d wanted a quiet morning I was out of luck. First the Captain arrived and ran up the engines to make sure that they were okay. Then he disturbed me to get to the jet-ski to check that out and top up the fuel. I hadn’t bothered to put any clothes on because he’d seen me naked before, and I didn’t care if he did see me naked.

He didn’t seem at all phased by me being naked and just went about his business.

No sooner than I’d got back to my sunbathing than Isabelle from the next boat shouted over to me. She told me that she was having a little get together with a few of the occupants of the other boats there and she wanted to invite my father and me. When I told her that daddy had had to leave and that I didn’t know when, or if he’s be back, she said,

“Oh, that’s a shame; I was looking forward to talking to him.”

Maybe there was hope for daddy there. I decided to phone daddy later and ask when he was coming back.

“Would you like to come on your own then?” Isabelle asked. “Toby will be there and it’s got to be better than staying there on your own. I’m sure that Toby will be able to entertain you and I’m sure that he will appreciate someone young to talk to.”

I told her that I probably would go but not to worry if I didn’t make it. Then Isabelle surprised, and annoyed me by saying,

“Oh, just one thing sweetie, could you put some clothes on when you come, one or two of the guests may not understand the phase that you’re going through.”

At first I just wanted to tell her to fuck off but after a little thought I was glad that I didn’t. I didn’t want to ruin daddy’s chances with her and I was sure that I could find a dress that would reveal everything that I’ve got. Besides, it would be a good opportunity to tease Toby. I could wear a vibrator and cum in front of him, and maybe some of the other guests.

Yes, I was going to go. Clubbing of one form or another could wait. It wasn’t as if I was short of time.

Next it was the cleaner, Martina. She had the cleaning to do and to stock-up the fridge. She too had seen me naked before so I again didn’t bother to cover up. She also wanted to arrange for a place for me to leave any clothes that I wanted cleaning.

I hadn’t really thought about getting my clothes cleaned before, and was happy that she was thinking about it.

By mid-afternoon I was getting restless; I had to get off the boat. Also, I’d eaten too much at the café and I was feeling bloated. I decided that I needed some exercise. Should I just go for a walk? Should I even go for a jog? No, it was too hot for that. It was then that I remembered the gym that I’d had a look in a couple of days ago. I went and found the leaflet that that man had given me.

Then I had a sudden thought that I had no gym clothes. Okay, I’d bought myself some trainers but I hadn’t thought about clothes. What do girls normally wear in a gym? I remembered the sports bras, long PE skirts and horrible thick knickers that we wore at school. Even if I’d brought them with me there was no way that I was going to wear them.

Then I remembered seeing some photographs and scenes in movies where girls wore sports bras and leggings or shorts. I’d even seen some girls wearing leotards. I wasn’t going to wait until the ones that Celeste was making for me to arrive and I didn’t own a bra any more, never mind a sports bra nor any leggings or shorts. I would just have to wear a tank top and a skirt. It was as simple as that.

I rummaged through my wardrobe and got out a thin, cotton, spaghetti strapped, white, slightly see-through crop tank top and the only white skirt that I have. Okay, it’s ultra-short and the skater style but so what? There was no way that I was going to buy a sports bra, leggings or shorts so that was that, decision made.

Then I had a naughty, but nice, idea. I decided to wear one of my vibrators. Instead of the egg I decided to go with a little bullet vibrator. It isn’t remote controlled nor is it variable speed. It just gently vibrates when you twist the 2 halves. I slid it in and gave a satisfied sigh.

I put what I needed into my backpack, slipped on one of my summer dresses and left to find a taxi.

Thirty minutes later I was stood outside the gym again. I looked in and decided that I was going to do it.

There was no one in the reception area when I went in but the same young man that I’d seen before appeared and I told him that I wanted to get some exercise and that I’d need someone to show me how the machines worked. He introduced himself as Pedro and said that all I asked for was possible so I paid the fee and he pointed me to the changing room.

When I’d been there before and had been shown the changing room I’d assumed that it was the ladies changing room but as we walked to the door I couldn’t see a Señoras or a Caballeros sign, and when I went in there was a man, a naked man, walking out of the showers.

I didn’t know if the place had always been mixed or if it was being ultra-modern and PC and was now gender neutral, or what; but I didn’t care. I went to a locker near where the naked man was starting to get dressed and took my dress off, then my shoes. I was now as naked as the man had been a few seconds earlier.

I looked over to the man and saw that he was looking at me. I smiled at him then got my trainers out of my backpack and put them on. I looked over to him and he was still looking at me. Next I got my top out and slipped that on. The man was still looking at me. Unfortunately, he was stood sideways to me so I couldn’t see what the bulge in his boxers was like.

Finally, I got my white skirt out and stepped into it. I fastened it then pulled on the hem so that my butt and pussy were covered. Turning my back to the man I bent over, straight legged, and picked up my shoes; deliberately taking my time so that he could get a good look at my pussy.

My pussy that had had my bullet purring away inside it for over 30 minutes so it was swollen and wet.

Standing back up with my shoes in my hand, I put everything in a locker and put the big rubber band with the key attached, onto my wrist.

When I walked out of the changing room Pedro was there waiting for me. I quickly noticed that he had a bit of a puzzled look on his face and his eyes were looking way below my face. I wondered if my skirt had ridden up so I checked the position of the waist band. It was still where I had left it so I knew that my slit wasn’t visible.

Then I realised that he must be wondering why I was wearing a skirt. Ignoring that I said,

“Right, I’m ready when you are Pedro.”

Pedro had a clipboard in his hand and he proceeded to ask a lot of questions about my health and which muscles that I particularly wanted to tone up. I put my hand on my bare stomach and said that I wanted a 6-pack. Then I put my weight on one leg and stretched the other as wide as I could saying that I wanted to keep my flexibility. Finally I said that I wanted to increase my general fitness.

Pedro then asked me how long I was staying in Ibiza. That surprised me but after a short pause I said that it would be 2 or 3 months. Then he surprised me again by asking me if I’d like him to be my personal trainer whilst I was there.

I said that I’d think about it and let him know.

Then he led me into the main exercise room where I saw 5 young men and 1 young woman on the various machines round the sides of the room, and 1 young woman doing stretching exercises on the mats in the middle.

The woman on the machine had a very large chest and needed the sports bra that she was wearing along with leggings that maybe were giving her a camel toe; I wasn’t sure from that distance and angle.

The woman on the mats wasn’t wearing a bra and clearly didn’t need one; her tits were smaller than mine. She was wearing leotard, but the material was quite thick and the gusset quite wide. She was sat on the mats spreading her legs as wide as she could and touching first one calf, then the other.

Pedro led me to the first available machine, going clockwise round the room, and did a quick demonstration of how to use it before asking me to sit on it. I had to straddle the seat the reach up to a bar and pull it down. When I’d got hold of the bar I just couldn’t move it. I strained a little then Pedro apologised and pulled a pin out of the weights and pushed it back in higher up.

“General fitness.” Pedro said before we moved on to the next machine. It was one of 3 exercise cycles; a man was already pedalling away on one of them.

I told him that I could work that one out quite easily and that I was sure that it was for leg exercise. The same applied to the 3 treadmills that were next going round the room.

The next machine had me a bit puzzled at first but as Pedro got on it he explained that it exercised the leg muscles that you use when you spread your legs. That really got my attention, and that of my pussy. It had been tingling for quite a while by then and I just knew that an orgasm wasn’t that far away.

Pedro sat on the machine with his legs straight out in front of him. There were pads both between his legs and outside them. Then he spread his legs wide held them open.

“Hold them as long as you can then slowly let them come together” he said.

Then he moved a lever and spread his legs easily.

“With the lever set like this,” he said, “the exercise is in closing the legs.”

I could see him straining a little as his legs closed.

“Remember to change the lever otherwise when you relax your legs will fly apart.”

I giggled as he relaxed and his legs did fly open.

“Can I try that?” I asked.

“Sure, just hang on a second while I reduce the pressure.”

As I waited I just knew what was going to happen and I was ready for it. I sat on the machine and put my legs straight out with the pads either side of both legs.

“Okay Georgia, when you’re ready push those legs out.”

I took a deep breath and did as he told me. It was then that Pedro discovered that I didn’t have any knickers on. My spread pussy was there for the world to see. No only had Pedro seen me but 2 of the men opposite me had stopped what they were doing and were staring at my pussy.

Oh, that felt good as I held my breath for as long as I could then relaxed. I heard Pedro mutter something but I couldn’t tell what. When I relaxed my legs rapidly closed.

I pushed out again and held my breath again. I looked around and saw that another man was looking at me, as was the skinny girl who has also stopped what she was doing.

I ran out of breath, relaxed and my legs shot together. After those 2 moves my skirt had given up and the hem was resting on my bare stomach.

“Hang on a minute.” Pedro said and he went to adjust something behind me.

When he got back in front of me he told me to be ready to squeeze my legs together then move the lever.

I did, but as soon as the lever was in the other position 2 things happened. Firstly my legs flew open, and secondly, I orgasmed. I was cumming with 4 men and one woman staring at my spread pussy. That thought alone made it a strong one and a long one.

When I eventually started to come down from my high I looked around. Everyone in the room was now staring at me. I got pangs of embarrassment, humiliation and intense pleasure. I was really proud of myself.

When I was able I said,

“Sorry about that;” and I tried to squeeze my legs together.

As I tried and got nowhere, Pedro finally said,

“Move the lever.”

I did and the pressure from my legs suddenly closed them.

“Hmm,” I said, “that was interesting.”

“Maybe too much weight for you.” Pedro said, let me adjust it then you can try again.”

As Pedro went to the back of the machine I looked around and saw that only the large woman had returned to what she was doing, the rest of them were still staring at me.

“Okay Georgia, try it now.” Pedro said.

I moved the lever and again my legs flew apart. This time though, I didn’t cum but I could feel my very wet pussy’s muscles quivering as I tried to close my legs.

It was easier this time, and with a lot of effort I managed to close my legs then quickly moved the lever. I relaxed.

“Okay Georgia, you’ve done well so far, I think that we’ll move on to some floor exercises that will be good got your stomach muscles.”

I stood up and my skirt fell back into place. Also, I saw the other people on the room had resumed what they were doing.

Pedro told me to sit on the mat then lay back. As I did so I was sure that he could see my slit up my skirt. For a second I thought about pulling the hem down but I remembered that he and everyone else in the room had just stared at my open pussy for what seemed like hours. It was pointless trying to pretend that I had any modesty.

Pedro then told me to put my hands behind my head and to lock my fingers. As I did that I felt my crop top slide up, I was sure that the bottom half of my tits, and maybe my areolas were exposed.

When I had done that he told me to spread my feet to shoulder width.

“Right Georgia, now sit up.”

It was a lot harder than I thought it would be and I watched as my feet involuntarily rose up.

“Keep your heels on the floor Georgia.”

“I can’t.”

Pedro moved from beside me to kneeling just below my feet. He put his hands on my ankles and pressed them to the mat.

“Try again Georgia.”

I did, and as my head came up I saw that Pedro was looking at my pussy, my very wet and swollen pussy. If I hadn’t of had an orgasm so recently I would have cum just then.

“Well done Georgia. It will really help your stomach if you can slowly build up to doing that 50 times a day. It will get easier as you do more and more each day.

Okay Georgia, that’s enough instruction for today, on that wall are a lot of pictures of floor exercises that you can do. In your own time I’d like you to try as many as you can. If you need any help I will be somewhere around. If you can’t see me I’m sure that anyone else in here will be able to help you. We’ll talk again when you’ve had enough for today.”

I sat there for a few seconds while I looked at the pictures on the wall, and at the other people in the room. Some of the exercises involved spreading my legs and I thought that those could be fun. Deciding to try each one I got up and went to the left of the pictures, my plan to go from left to right on each row of exercises.

Before long my body was twisting and spreading in all directions and more ways that I could ever have thought of. Quite a lot of them caused my skirt to go up and even totally invert. All thought of modesty had long gone and I just got on with it, ignoring any spectators that I had.

I was on my back pushing up with my arms and legs when my next orgasm hit me. I collapsed and started shaking. As the waves passed over me I heard a man say,

“¿Estás bien?”

“Sí, gracias, estoy bien, bien.” I replied.

After that I decided that I’d had enough of those exercises for one day and that I’d try the rest the next time that I was there; but there was one more thing that I wanted to have another go at before I left. Three of the men and the fat woman had left and been replaced by 4 men and 2 young women.

I noted that both women were wearing sports bras over their average sized tits and both were wearing leggings. I was happy with my skirt but I’d try a few different tops.

The leg spreader machine was free so I quickly went and sat on it. This time I knew what to expect, well maybe not the orgasm, so when I pushed my legs apart I was ready for my skirt exposing my pussy. In fact I ‘accidentally’ helped it on its way up.

As I held my legs open I looked around and decided that the men who used that gym had some sort of built-in radar that told them when a girl was using that machine; and I wasn’t about to disappoint them.

I held it for as long as I could then slowly relaxed. I did it again before moving the lever and watching my legs fly apart and hearing myself gasp.

That attracted the attention of all 3 girls and they too watched me, 2 with smiles on their faces.

After a pause I slowly managed to squeeze my legs together before relaxing and watching them fly apart again. I took my time taking quite a few deep breathes before squeezing again.

I just managed to get my legs together then I moved the lever and relaxed. After a few seconds I lifted my legs off and just stood there for a couple of seconds while my legs decided that they could support the weight of my body.

I went straight to the changing room, stripped and went to the shower only to find a naked man there showering and wanking.

“Did I cause that?” I wondered then turned another shower on. That noise was heard by the man and he suddenly turned round. Seeing me he stopped wanking and just held his hand there.

“Continúa, termina lo que has comenzado; no me molestes” I said, telling him to finish what he had started.

He did, but facing me.

My left hand moved to my right tit and my right hand slid down to my pussy. The little bullet was getting the better of me again and I was going to help it with its task.

Before long we were both cumming and I watched as he shot his load nearly over to me.

Tension alleviated, we both got on with our showers.

As I got out and started drying myself, another man walked in. He looked at me then got on with getting changed. I guessed that the place really had gone gender neutral.

Back in reception I waited for Pedro to appear then told him that he’s got the job as my personal trainer until I left Ibiza. He offered to give the lessons at my home but I declined saying that I preferred the gym. Pedro wanted the lessons to be 3 times a week but I insisted on twice, what’s more I didn’t want the same days each week, I wanted to just turn up. We had a little discussion about his availability then he was happy. What man wouldn’t be?

I left with a smile on my face and the thought that maybe I’d wear a butt plug the next time as well as a vibrator.

When I got back to the boat I could hear music coming from Isabelle’s boat. I was in no rush to go there so I stripped, raided the fridge then had another shower and squeezed the bullet out. I had never had so many showers each day as I was doing then.

After I got dry I went to my favourite drawer and got out another butt plug; this one with a big red fake ruby. Then I got the egg out and put new batteries in it then pushed them both where they belong. I switched it on to random blasts and went up onto the deck to see if the party had any life in it and to think about what I was going to wear to it. If Isabelle didn’t want me to go naked then it had to be something very revealing.

As I watched I saw a man, a woman and 2 girls about my age go onto Isabelle’s boat. I hadn’t seen any of them before but that meant nothing.

The egg hit me then and I let out a load moan.

That quick burst of pleasure seemed to make me make up my mind about what to wear, my yellow dress with lots of cuts across the front. I could arrange it so that my nipples and slit were covered when I arrived then just gently push the material up or down so that my goodies were visible. I just hoped that there would be some miserable, prudish people there that I could upset.

I watched people standing around talking on the different decks of Isabelle’s boat for a while before going to put on my dress and some sandals.

Feeling very over-dressed I went round to Isabelle’s boat. She was stood talking on the middle deck and saw me arriving.

“Oh good, you made it sweetie, come on in and I’ll introduce you to everyone. We’ve got some other girls here and there’s Toby of course, and one of his friends, I’m sure that they’ll be able to entertain you.”

As she said that last bit I thought,

The only way that they’ll entertain me is if they get naked and start fucking each other in front of everyone.”

Then Isabelle whispered to me,

“I’m so glad that you decided to put some clothes on sweetie.”

I felt like thumping her but that would ruin daddy’s chances with her. Then I thought,

“Do I really want this woman for a step mother?”

I didn’t get the chance to think about that because she started the introductions. Just as soon as the first one was over I discreetly moved bits of material on the front of my dress. I felt my nipples escape and react to the gentle breeze.

“That’s nice.” I thought as Isabelle turned me to face another middle-aged man. I watched his eyes lock onto my tits and hard nipples, and I smiled as I shook his hand. Just about every other man that I got introduced to spotted my nipple straight away. Amazingly, I never saw one of the women looking at them although one did say that I was wearing a cute little dress.

When we got to the stairs down to the lower deck Isabelle said that the kids were down in one of the suites.

“Don’t bother coming down to introduce us, I’m sure that we’ll work it out.”

“Okay Georgia, thank you; you’re such a sweet little girl. You father must be proud of you.”

I again resisted the temptation to shut her up and I headed down the stairs. The movement of my legs up and down caused my dress to ride up above my pussy but I didn’t care and I left it where it settled.

I found them, Toby and another boy, Ben and the 2 girls that I’d seen, Kate and Zoe (sisters); through the second door that I opened. All had a glass in their hands that they tried to hide when the door opened.

“Relax guys.” I said, we’re all over 18 aren’t we so a bit of booze isn’t illegal. I’m Georgia by the way, and who are all of you and what are you doing?”

Just then the egg hit me and I moaned and shook for a few seconds.

“Are you okay Georgia?” Kate asked.

“Yeah, I’m fine.”

“Nice dress Georgia.” Ben said; do you know that your tits are sticking out of it and that we can see your pussy?”

“I hope so; I thought that it might be a way to liven-up a boring oldies party.”

“Wow, you’re brave Georgia.” Kate said, “I could never wear anything like that.”

“You mean that our mother wouldn’t let you?” Zoe added.

“Of course you could; you’re both old enough to make up your own mind what you wear.” I said.

“Well yes, but we don’t want to upset our mother or father.”

“I doubt that your father would complain if you wore a dress like this. You need to escape their clutches for a while and have some fun.”

“You’re right there Georgia.”

“Maybe the 3 of us girls should go clubbing one night.”

“Or two or three.” Zoe added.

“So, watchyadoin?”

“Nothing really.” Toby said.

“We were thinking about a game of cards.” Zoe said.

“Boring.” I said, “unless we play poker, strip poker. That would be fun.”

“Not for you Georgia.” Toby said; it looks like you’ve only got that dress on.”

“That’s right but that doesn’t matter, it still would be fun.”

Both Toby and Ben were game; I guessed that they figured that I would be naked quite soon. Kate and Zoe were a bit reluctant but after a bit of persuasion they agreed.

Toby went and got some cards and we positioned ourselves around the bed.

Before we started playing Toby told us the rules and how to play. It didn’t sound like the rules were genuine poker rules but hey, who cares, they were good enough for us and each game was over quicker than proper poker.

Ben lost his shirt first then Katie lost her top. She wore a red lacy bra under it.

Then Toby lost his shirt then I lost. I stood up, reached for the hem of my dress then peeled it up over my head. I pulled then twisted my nipples making them even harder.

“Have a good look Ben; Toby’s seen it all before.” I said

“What, when.” Kate asked.

“She sunbathes naked on the back of her boat.” Toby said.

“You don’t do you Georgia?” Zoe asked.

“Yes; why not?”

“But that’s right next to the path. People passing by will see you.” Kate said.

“Yes, I suppose that they do. It’s no big deal; it’s not as if I’ve got a lot for them to see.”

“That’s a matter of opinion.” Ben said.

“Aw thank you Ben, you’re so sweet.”

“So you 2 girls have never sunbathed naked before?”

“No.”

“You really should try it; it’s so nice, so free, so empowering. You do realise that a naked girl can get most men to do just about anything for them don’t you?”

“I’ve never thought of it like that.” Kate said, “maybe we should try it Zoe?”

“I guess that I’m game if you are Kate.” Zoe replied.

“Well Ibiza is the right place for that. Maybe we could go to a nude beach together?” I said.

“Hmm, maybe.” Zoe replied.

I went to sit on the edge of the bed but suddenly stopped when the egg decided to hit me.

“Arrrrgh.” I said and fell to my knees as the egg kept going at full throttle. For a good 30 seconds.

Then the orgasm hit me. My head went back and my body started jerking about.

The 4 of them had just stared at me as I hit my high then came down. When I got to my feet Toby said,

“Are you okay Georgia?”

“Of course she is.” Kate replied, “She just cum haven’t you Georgia? How did you manage that? Was it because you are naked in front of us?”

“No, I’m okay; let’s get on with the game.”

Ben lost his shorts next then Zoe her top revealing a black bra. Next it was Kate that lost and she had to take her skirt off. She wore a matching thong.

“Cute.” Ben said.

Then Zoe lost her skirt next revealing a matching thong.

Then Toby lost his shorts. Everyone was down to their underwear except me.

“Getting interesting now.” I said.

“Can we stop playing now? Toby asked.

All 4 of us said ‘no’ all at the same time.

Kate’s bra was next to go. She held an arm over her tits for a few seconds then let us all look. Her tits are slightly bigger than mine and her nipples were as hard as mine were.

Then Kate lost again.

“Oh fuck.” She said as she stood up and slowly pulled her thong down. She’s as bald as I am and I wondered if she’d had laser removal treatment like I have.

She sat down and dealt the cards.

It was Ben’s turn to get naked. He stood up and with one hand pulled his boxers down.

“Come on Ben, move the hand; you’ve seen Kate’s and my pussies.”

Ben moved his hand and Zoe gasped at the sight of his hard on.

“Nice one Ben.” I said.

Zoe lost he bra next. She looked proud as her tits came into view. They are slightly bigger than Kate’s, possibly a ‘B’ cup. She pulled on her hard nipples to make them stand out more.

“Wow, not a hint of sagging.” I said as she sat down.

Zoe lost again and showed everyone that she too shaved herself bald.

We had to play 3 more games before Toby lost his boxers and he took more convincing to move his hand so that we could see his hard on.

“I’ve got an idea.” I said, “Let’s play 3 more rounds. The loser in each round has to lay spread eagled on the bed for 5 minutes while the others play with them.”

“What! No.” Toby said.

Both Kate and Zoe shrugged their shoulders. They were in.

Ben was thinking. Toby looked scared.

“Come on guys, so you lose and one of us girls wanks you. Surely that’s what you dream about.”

After a long pause Ben said that he was in then Toby did.

Ben grabbed the cards and dealt. Two minutes later Kate said,

“Oh shit.” And stood up.

Ben quickly cleared the cards and Kate slowly lay on the bed and spread her legs. Both Ben and Toby quickly moved in on her tits and pussy and it wasn’t long before she started to cum.

After she’d returned to normal she sat up and said,

“Thanks guys, I needed that.”

Zoe lost next and she was grinning as she got on the bed.

“Come and get it guys.” She said as she spread her legs.

Two minutes later she was cumming like a steam train. We all watched her pussy as the spams continued until she was able to sit up.

“Sod the cards guys,” I said, “move over Zoe, it’s my turn.” She did and I took her place and Ben and Toby got busy with their hands.

I was just coming down from my high when the egg decided to kick in. I went straight back up there and stayed there for ages before the egg switched its self off.

“Wow Georgia that was a good one. Haven’t you played with yourself for months?” Kate said.

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you Kate.”

As I sat up I turned to Kate and Zoe and said,

“I think that it’s only fair that we give the guys a blowjob girls. We don’t want them to die of blue balls do we? What do you think ladies?”

I thought that I was going to miss out as both Zoe and Kate pounced on Toby and Ben.

It wasn’t until Kate started gagging that I got my chance and I went right down on Toby’s cock. His load of cum soon went down my throat.

Ben had filled Zoe’s mouth and she showed it to us before swallowing it in one go.

“So are all your orgasms like those 2 Georgia?” Kate asked.

“I wish; no, I’m getting a little help from an egg vibrator. It keeps bursting into life and making me cum.” I replied.

“Bloody hell Georgia, how big is it?”

“Hang on, I’ll show you.”

I lay down on the bed and the 4 of them watched as I squeezed the egg out.

Both Ben’s and Toby’s mouth dropped as soon as it started to appear. Just to confuse them a bit I sucked it back in before finally squeezing it right out.

Kate picked it up and said,

“I’ve got to get one of these.”

“Me too. Zoe added.

“Give it to one of the guys Kate; let them put it back in.”

Toby took it and slowly brought it to my waiting pussy. As it started to go in I flexed my pussy muscles and it quickly disappeared.

“I guess that we should get dressed.” Toby said. Someone is bound to come looking for us soon.

We did and started playing cards again, this time with no forfeits when we lost.

Someone did come looking for us, Isabelle to ask us if we wanted anything to eat. We all trapesed out and up to the main deck and over to the buffet table. As I ate a couple of sausage rolls I looked around at the other quests. One loud mouth man was talking in a condescending way to the couple that he was with.

I turned to Kate and Zoe and said,

“Watch this.”

I walked over to the man and stood in front of him.

“Well hello little girl, what can I do you for. That’s a pretty dress that you’ve nearly got on.”

“Well sir, I was wondering what your thought are on FGM? Should it be banned everywhere in the world?”

The man looked at me for a few seconds then replied,

“FGM?”

Before he could finish what he was maybe going to say I said,

“Female Genital Mutilation. That’s what it is. Is it right? Would you like it if your parents had cut your balls off when you were just reaching puberty?”

“What? You shouldn’t be asking questions like that. Where are your parents?”

“And what do you think about the Tampon Tax that the EU is insisting should be raised?”

“What?”

“And what about the call for immigrant women to be put into prostitution so that they can’t claim benefits?”

“What? I’m not standing for this; not from a little girl who should be at home tucked up in bed. Where are your parents? I’m leaving, and don’t any of you expect to get invited to my next do.”

As he walked off the boat everyone started clapping. Isabelle came over to me and said,

“Wow Georgia, where did that come from?”

“I was the head of our debating team at school and the way that he was talking just got me so annoyed.”

“Well thank you Georgia; I should never have invited him. It was just that he invited us to his party so I felt obliged to invite him. Now I know why he isn’t married.”

“Not all unmarried men are like that Isabelle; I know one who’s a wonderful man.”

“Let me get you a drink Georgia.”

Bugger me; she came back with an orange juice. I went and found the vodka and filled my glass. Then I went looking for Kate and Zoe.

“You were awesome Georgia.” Kate said as I walked up to them.

“No not really, it’s just that some people really piss me off and, luckily, I can keep calm and think quickly in situations like that.”

Over the next hour or so various people came over to talk to me. They all told me that I was a gutsy little girl, or equivalent, but I suspect that some of the men just wanted to look at my little tits and slit.

I did manage to get to talk to Kate and Zoe and I invited them to come and visit me at the boat, maybe go on a trip to a beach and maybe go clubbing with me. Both liked the idea and Zoe told me that their parents would probably be happy get rid of them for a while.

The egg kept zapping me and a few people asked me if I was okay when I gasped or winced or screwed-up my face when it started up. One time that I was talking to Isabelle the egg took me over the top and I orgasmed right in front of her. I had to hold onto a side rail to stop me from collapsing on the deck but I managed to keep quiet. Isabelle wanted to send me back to my boat and to bed to recover from ‘some bug’ that I’d caught.

When I repeated that I was okay, Isabelle looked down at my front and said,

“That’s quite a dress that you’ve got on young lady. Well I suppose that it’s better than what you usually wear on your yacht.”

“Yes Isabelle, it is nice, you should get one like it.”

“I don’t think so; I’m too old for flaunting my body. Besides I’ve got Toby to think about.”

“I don’t think that Toby would complain.”

“Well that’s nice of you to say but ….. Oh there you are Tom, have you met Georgia? She’s my neighbour.”

“Yes I have, we met earlier; and I must say that you look wonderful my dear; and the way that you shut up that moron was amazing. You could give some of us oldies a lesson or two.”

“Why thank you kind sir.” I replied and wondered what sort of lesson he was talking about. Judging by where his eyes were looking the lessons would be more about what he could put in my mouth rather than what comes out of it.

When things started to wind down I made my excuses and left, but not before Zoe told me that their mother and father had agreed to them spending some time with me. Apparently he’d said that they’d be good company for me. Zoe said that they’d come to my boat later that morning.

It was a shame that the party was at night, if it had been during the day people would have been able to see a lot more of me.

I woke late that morning and after a shower and slipping just a dress on, not even shoes, I went over to the café for some breakfast. I didn’t eat as much that time and when I saw Kate and Zoe walking towards my boat I shouted for them to join me. We all had some juice and talked.

Apparently they are staying on a boat at the other end of the marina and would be there for another 3 weeks. I again asked if their parents minded them coming to visit me.

“Hell, they were glad to see the back of us. Daddy wants to go fishing and we’d told him that there was no way that we were going fishing.”

“I laughed and told them that I’d gone fishing with my daddy but I’d managed to escape on the jet-ski and gone to a beach.”

“I thought that you said that you were naked all the time on your boat Georgia?”

“Yes I am.”

“So did you ride the jet-ski naked and go to the beach naked? Was it a nude beach?”

“Yes, yes and no; with me only being 150 cm tall and only have these little things, (I put my hands on my tits and pulled my nipples), maybe they thought that I was a little kid. Either that or they just didn’t care. Besides, who would object to me being naked? It’s not as if I’m a man.”

“So you rode a jet-ski naked and were the only adult there that was naked, wandering around a non-nude beach?”

“Yep; you do know that nudity isn’t illegal in Spain.”

“Wow; you have got some balls girl.”

We all giggled and I replied,

“No I haven’t.”

As I said that I lifted my dress and showed them that were no balls between my legs. As I did that I glanced over to where Manuel was standing. He was watching and I saw a grin appear on his face.

“Hola Manuel.” I loudly said.

He walked over and said,

“Si.”

"¿Te importaría si estuviéramos desnudos?" I asked.

"No supongo que no." Manuel replied.

I stood up and lifted my dress right off leaving me totally naked. Then I sat down again.

“Georgia; what the hell are you doing? You’ll get us thrown out.” Zoe said.

“No I won’t. I just asked him if it was okay and he said yes.”

“You’re one crazy girl. You know that don’t you?” Kate asked.

“Yep; I’m only young once and I’ve got a nice body so why not? So ladies, what do you fancy doing today? Shopping? A beach? Sunbathing on my daddy’s boat? Or what?”

Zoe replied,

“Well I for one am fed-up with walking around historic places and tiny little shops.” Zoe said. “I fancy a beach – without our parents there.”

“Me too; and I can’t believe that we’re having this conversation with you like that.” Kate replied.

“That’s 3 of us then.” I said. “I went to a cool one the other day, we could go there.”

“Sound good to me.” Zoe said, “We brought our towels and bikinis.”

“You won’t be needing your bikinis ladies; were going to get rid of those tan lines of yours. And you’re going there commando.”

“No, I can’t; I just can’t.” Kate said.

“Why not?”

“I’ve never sunbathed without any clothes on before. In fact I’ve never been naked anywhere other than our bedroom or the bathroom.”

“Me neither.” Zoe added.

“Well it looks like you 2 are going to experience some really nice feeling today ladies. Tell you what; we can do a bit of nude sunbathing on my boat before we go. That will get you used to being naked. You said that your boat is at the other end of the marina so there’s little chance of you parents coming down here.”

“There’s no chance, they’ve gone out for the day.”

“Good, so there’s definitely no chance of your parents seeing you then. Why don’t you get naked now then?”

“WHAT? No; absolutely not. I just couldn’t.” Kate replied

“Me neither. Not here.” Zoe said.

“Where then? Over there?” I said pointing out to the footpath.

“No.”

“Over there?“ I asked pointing to the car park.

“No.”

“Okay, come on, let’s go to the boat then you can get naked.”

As I said that I stood up and collected my things.

“Ponlo en la cuenta por favor Manuel.” I shouted as the 3 of us left; one naked girl followed 2 bemused girls.

“What did you say to him Georgia; we haven’t paid for the drinks.”

“That’s okay, it’s sorted.” I replied.

When we got to the boat I stopped on the footpath.

“Okay ladies; get ‘em off. No clothes allowed on this boat.”

Both Kate’s and Zoe’s jaws dropped then they looked at each other then they looked around. Seeing no one they started getting undressed.

“Hurry up ladies; you don’t want those boys to see you do you?”

They both froze then looked around.

“Just joking.” I said and walked up the plank quickly followed by 2 naked girls holding their clothes and their bags in front of them.

“Okay, you can relax now; but that rule about not wearing clothes on this boat still applies; okay?”

“Okay I guess; we are all girls.” Kate said.

“Unless we invite some guys back here?”

“I err, I don’t know about that.” Zoe said.

“Okay, let’s take your things down to my cabin then we can get you 2 used to being like that.”

We did that then I grabbed some towels and led them up onto the front tanning deck.

“Don’t be nervous girls you can be up here for hours and not see anyone.”

We lay down and Kate and Zoe started to relax.

“Hey, it’s quite nice this nude sunbathing lark.” Zoe said.

“I like the feeling of the sun on my pussy.” I replied.

“Yeah, it is quite nice but my nipples are starting to hurt.”

“Here, let me put some sunblock on them.” I said and started to do just that.

But I didn’t stop there. I continued all down her front then went back up to her pussy.

“Missed a bit, sorry, I’ll fix that now.” I said.

“It’s okay, I ca … Oh, that’s nice Georgia, don’t stop; please don’t stop.”

I rubbed her clit for a while then got between her legs and my mouth took over. Soon Kate was cumming and I heard Zoe say,

“It’s okay Kate, no one can hear you.

I finished Kate off then turned to Zoe.

“Your turn Zoe, we can’t have you burning.”

“The whole works?”

“The whole works girl, spread ‘em.”

Fifteen minutes later there was a glowing naked girl either side of me.

I was just starting to relax when I felt fingers on me. Bloody hell, those girls are good with their fingers and mouths. I’m sure that Manuel in the café would have heard me when I orgasmed.

I really did need to relax for a while.

A short while later I got up and asked the girls to follow me. Their orgasms must have numbed their inhibitions because they happily followed me to the sundeck at the back of the boat. We lay there, on our backs, legs slightly open, up on our elbows, watching the people in the car park and on the path; and planning our trip to the beach.

I told them which beach that I’d been to last and how I’d got there. Both seemed happy to repeat that so we went inside to decide what to wear.

Zoe said that she and Kate could go in what they came to meet me in.

“No, no; at least you have to leave the underwear here. You agreed to go commando.”

“No we didn’t.”

“But you are going to leave the underwear here aren’t you?”

Kate looked at Zoe then they both smiled.

“Okay, as you said, we only live once.” Zoe said.

“Good. Those skirts, I like denim skirts and they look good on you but they are a bit long; this is Ibiza, you need to look like you are going to have some fun.”

“They’re miniskirts, short miniskirts. They go down to mid-thigh.”

“You’ll have much more fun if they were shorter. Tell you what; maybe you could borrow one of mine.”

“I doubt that we’d get into any of yours Georgia; you are a bit smaller than us.”

I went to my wardrobe and got out a couple of elastic waist skirts and offered them to them. They put them on and then both complained about how short they were.

“Hey, do you want to have some fun or do you want to have some fun?

“I suppose that I can pull it down so that it covers my pussy.” Kate said as she did just that.

Zoe did the same then said,

“It’s terribly short, and without any knickers on I’d have to be REALLY careful.”

“Or not. You do want to have fun don’t you? Remember, the length of a girl’s skirt dictates the amount of fun they have.”

“Well you must be permanently having fun the Georgia. Your skirts are more like belts.”

“Yeah, and look how happy I am.”

“Hmm, good point I guess.”

“Think of the attention that you’ll get.”

“Okay, another good point. I guess that you win Georgia; what do you say Kate?”

“I will if you will Zoe.”

“Sorted, now, those tops are nice but they’re not very revealing are they?”

“They’re not supposed to be.”

“So how do people see your tits then?

“They don’t; people aren’t supposed to see our tits.”

“Why not? We see men’s tits.”

“But girl’s tits are different.”

“Men’s tits are nipples, areolas and smooth skin; and they come in different sizes just like ours.”

“Well yes but.”

“But nothing sister; flash the flesh; men will love it.”

I managed to get them to wear 2 of my tops. They looked great but with Zoe’s tits being the size they are, the top that she put on was a bit tight. I managed to find a sleeveless, short blouse that could tie at the bottom and she agreed to wear it.

“Right, me now; let me see what I can find.”

I decided on a white matching mesh top and skirt. The holes in the mesh are about 1 centimetre in diameter so when anyone close to me looks for more than a couple of seconds they will realise that they can see everything underneath. What’s more, the skirt only just covers my butt and pussy; and it’s of the skater variety.

“Wow Georgia; you look amazing, so cute, but don’t you think that it’s a bit too revealing? Okay the skirt is about the same length as ours but those holes, I can see your tits and your slit. Your nipples are sticking out through 2 of the holes.” Zoe said.

“You could see my slit last night and I didn’t hear anyone complain.”

“It was dark last night, remember?”

“So it was; oh well, I guess that I’ll just have to chance it.”

I got one of my butt plugs out and held it up.

“What about one of these?” I asked. There were no takes so I put it back and picked up 3 of my little vibrators.

“How about one of these then? You want to stay up there all day don’t you?”

“Well yes,” Kate said, “but it would be soo humiliating cumming in public; I just couldn’t.”

“You’re right but embarrassment and humiliation part of the turn-on? Didn’t you cumming in front of those 2 boys last night make you feel good?”

“Really good actually; at that moment I felt like I could ask them to do anything and they would.”

“It’s called ‘girl power’; think what you can do if you can get over the stupid taboos? What do you think Zoe?”

“Okay, I’m game. So when do we put them in and switch them on?”

“I’ve only got one remote controlled one and whoever gets that one can put it in now. The other 2 have to be switched on and then put in. Who wants the egg?”

Neither of them said anything so I put my hands behind my back and said,

“Which hand is it in?”

“Left one.” Kate said.

I brought my left hand round to the front and gave Kate the egg.

“Put it in now sis.” Zoe said.

Kate squat down and the egg slowly disappeared. Giving Zoe the control I asked her to test it.

“Fucking hell!” Kate exclaimed. “I wasn’t quite expecting that.”

“Good isn’t it?”

“Hell yes; can you switch it off for now please sis?”

Zoe did then put the control in her bag.

“Right girls,” I said, “have we got everything? Towels, sunblock, money, sunglasses, condoms, water?”

“I think so.” Zoe replied.

“Okay, let’s go.”

As we walked to get a taxi both Kate and Zoe were continually pulling at the hems of their skirts.

“I feel so exposed.”

“Everyone can see my pussy.”

“Oh shit, I’m going to have to be so careful.”

Were just some of the remarks that they came out with. Just before we got to a parked taxi I said,

“Remember girls, walk and act like your skirts are knee length and your tops are industrial strength and people will treat you like they are. Confidence is the name of the game.”

“Easy for you to say, you’ve done this before, we haven’t, and this egg feels so weird.” Kate said.

“And in an hour after you’ve been naked on a beach full of people you’ll be wondering what you were making such a fuss about. Come on girls, confidence, get into the spirit, relax and enjoy the attention that you’re starting to get.”

The 3 of us got in the back of the taxi with me sat in the middle with one foot either side of the transmission tunnel. I didn’t catch the driver trying to look up my skirt; he’d probably seen hundreds, if not thousands, of pussies where mine was right then.

At the bus station Kate again complained saying that people were looking at us.

“Relax sis, Georgia’s right; enjoy the attention; I am.”

After we got the tickets we had a 10 minute wait for the bus. There appeared to be hundreds of people waiting for the same bus as us and we had to stand in the queue. There were a couple of men in the queue in front of us who didn’t even look at us. Zoe whispered that they looked gay. Behind us were a boy and a girl about our age. Whenever I turned and looked at them both of them were looking at us. I wondered if they were going to the nude part of the beach like us.

When the driver opened the door everyone moved forwards at once. Queueing was suddenly history as everyone got squashed against the person in front of them.

I felt a hand on my butt under my skirt and turned my head to look to see who it belonged to. A young man was right behind me and he was grinning. I smiled back and said,

“Naughty, naughty.”

He didn’t move his hand until we got separated by the crowd.

The 3 of us managed to keep together, albeit standing in the aisle near the back of the bus. I looked around and saw a selection of adults sitting and standing near us. The man sitting immediately in front of me was staring at my skirt; or should I say through my skirt.

“Enjoy the view old man; that’s all you’re getting.” I thought.

That bus was quite noisy and we didn’t get much chance to talk and be understood. I was a bit disappointed with that journey and was happy when the bus pulled off the road at the end of the line.

As we walked down the little path to the beach I said,

“Nearly there girls, are you ready to get naked?”

Nether replied and both looked nervous.

“Come on girls; it’s the most natural thing in the world. Trust me, in 5 or 10 minutes you’ll be wondering why you were being so stupid.”

When we got close to the water’s edge I put my backpack down and got naked. I stretched my arms up in the air and said,

“That’s better; freedom, power. Feel that fresh air.”

Both girls looked at me then put their bags down then looked at each other. Without saying a word the 2 tops started to come off and disappear into their bags. Looking at each other again there was a slight pause then fingers went to skirts and both skirts hit the sand.

“There, I told you so, doesn’t that feel good?”

“Yes, I guess that it does.” Kate said; “do I have to open my eyes?”

“Come on little baby; it’s quite nice actually. If you’re that scared don’t look at anyone.”

“Right,” I said, “pick up your stuff and let’s find somewhere to spread out.”

I led the way through all the people who weren’t brave enough to try being naked, or had been so indoctrinated by religion or some other miss-guided so called do-gooders, and we soon got to where there were fewer bodies on the sand.

As we’d walked through the ‘textiles’, as I heard someone call them; part of the beach, not one of them said anything to us. As both Kate and Zoe are taller than me, and both have bigger tits, I decided that maybe my previous naked walks hadn’t been interrupted because I look like a little girl; it must be that people don’t care or maybe they are scared of saying anything. Whichever it is it didn’t bother me; I (and now Kate and Zoe) were the winners.

About half way along that part of the beach I had to stop to wait for some people to get out of the way and Kate said,

“This is weird.”

“Yeah, but it’s nice isn’t it? And I bet that your pussy is tingling something rotten like mine is sis.”

I smiled because my pussy was tingling something rotten as well.

As we emerged from the busy area of the beach I looked for a space near where I had been when Jake and Lenny had appeared, probably, subconsciously hoping that they’d re-appear and fuck all 3 of us.

Finding a space that I was happy with, I put my backpack down and said,

“This will do.”

“Can we go further away from the water please?” Kate asked.

“Nope.” I replied; “about half way between the sea and the bushes is just fine.” I replied.

“Why?”

“Hopefully you’ll find out quite soon.” I replied.

We spread our towels then the sunblock. Kate and Zoe were both starting to relax. As Zoe was putting the sunblock back into het bag Kate suddenly screamed. Then she turned to Zoe, called her a bitch then said that it wasn’t fair.

It was then that I realised that Zoe must have used the remote control in her bag to turn-on the egg in Kate’s pussy. I smiled to myself then said,

“Okay Kate, we’ll even things up. Zoe; get that vibrator out, switch it on and push it up your hole; or shall I do it?”

By then, all 3 of us were on our backs and it wasn’t difficult, with the help of Zoe’s skirt for coverage, for Zoe and I to discreetly insert out purring vibrators into their new homes for the next few hours.

All 3 of us lay back and enjoyed the sun.

“This is quite cool.” Kate said after about 10 minutes; “but I don’t know what I’m going to do when this egg makes me cum.”

“When you get to that point Kate, I don’t think that you’ll care.”

“Yes this is nice.” Zoe added.

We’d been laid out for going on for an hour when I heard the unmistakable noise of a group of English young men approaching us and it wasn’t a surprise to hear them decide to stop between us and the sea.

“Keep calm and think of England.” I whispered.

“Easier said than done;” Kate replied, “I’m gonna cum soon.”

“Just let it happen Kate;” I whispered, “These guys will love it.”

“But. …….. Oh shit. “Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, aaaaaarrrrrrgn; that’s nice.”

By that time both Zoe and I were up on our elbows watching Kate and the young men who were, unsurprisingly, watching Kate’s every jerk.

“Well that was cool.” One of the guys said as Kate started to get control back.

“I know where I’m staying for the next few hours guys.” Another said.

The 6 young men spread their towels at our feet and I’ve never seen people sunbathe so close together. I think that the 6 of them were taking up the same space as us 3 girls. Imagine 6 men, lying on their stomachs, up on their elbows with shoulders touching, looking up at 3 naked girls, on their backs, up on their elbows looking down at the 6 guys. Also, by that time the 3 of us were so aroused that our knees were a long way from being clamped together.

The guys started talking to us, asking the usual questions about where we were from, how long were we in Ibiza, had we been to so-and-so club etc. Both Kate and Zoe quickly caught on when my replies were a load of rubbish; we weren’t staying for 2 weeks in a hotel in San Antonio as I told one of them.

I suppose that there was a fair bit of banter going on between us and we were getting on quite well. Nothing was said about Kate’s orgasm, nor about Zoe’s when she too couldn’t hold it any longer.

That changed when I orgasmed because I decided not to suppress anything and let myself get quite vocal as well as physical. I think it was me saying quite loudly,

“Yes, yes, I’m cumming.”

That finally prompted one of the guys to ask if it was a fake cum, just for their benefit, or if it was actually real. I decided to show them what was the cause of me cumming and squeezed the little bullet vibrator out onto my towel. You should have seen the surprise / shock on their faces as out it popped. Kate’s and Zoe’s faces weren’t much better; I guess that they too were surprised that I’d do such a thing. But I did; and I enjoyed it.

Before anyone could say anything, or maybe one of the guys could reach for it, I picked it up and pushed it back inside me.

I’m sure that you can imagine some of the comments that came from the guys; most of them made me giggle and feel proud of myself. I was really enjoying showing-off to those guys.

As the talking went on I decided to have a bit of fun with my pussy muscles and I started clenching then relaxing them. I knew that the guys could see what I was doing and I’d planned to tell them that it was involuntary if any of them said anything; but they didn’t, just watched as we talked.

After while Kate decided to go for a swim and she asked Zoe and I if we were going with her. Three naked girls were followed into the sea by 6 guys with tented shorts. When we looked back at them we all had a little giggle.

The splashing turned into ducking then groping, encouraged by the 3 of us not objecting to any of it. The groping started to be 2-way and I soon had a bare cock in my hand under the water. I wanked it until streams of jism could be seen floating away.

Judging by the lack of noise coming from Kate and Zoe I assumed that they were doing the same.

I had another orgasm as I was wanking another guy and I guess that my partial loss of muscle control caused me to squeeze his cock too hard because he told me to be gentle with him. I still managed to watch his cum float away.

After a bit more splashing and groping we all went back to our towels to dry and sunbathe. The guys decided to get an ice cream and offered to buy us one. Two of the guys got up to go and get them and they asked who was going to go with them saying that they’d need 3 people to hold the 6 ice creams. I got to my feet and said,

“Come on then.”

“Aren’t you going to put something on?” One of them asked.

“Nawh, I can’t be bothered.” I replied and the 3 of us set off down the beach; me between the 2 of them.

We, I, got a few strange looks when we were in the beach bar but no one said anything and we were soon back with the others.

The vibrators gave each of us girls another orgasm before I suggested that the 3 of us leave. Unsurprisingly, the guys wanted to see us again and we arranged to meet that night in a particular bar in San Antonio that they told us about.

The guys were surprised when the 3 of us packed our bags, waved goodbye and started walking back along the beach still totally naked.

As we walked through the non-naked people again Kate asked if we were really going to meet up with the guys,

“Absolutely – NOT.” Zoe replied, “Come on sis, we can do better than those yobs. They were okay for a grope and watching them cum but that’s it.”

We put our clothes on, what little of them there was, before leaving the beach and when we got to the bus stop we discovered that we had 35 minutes to wait. We went to the little shop and bought a bottle of cola and went and sat on the curb stone to wait.

I knew just how much was on show as we sat with our knees up but I wasn’t sure that Kate or Zoe did. I watched the people passing by to see how many of them looked at us and got an eyeful of our pussies. It was mainly the middle-aged men that noticed us.

The bus was again crowded and I think that there was only one old man that noticed just how much of us he could actually see. The vibrator gave me one more orgasm as the bus bounced along.

Back at the marina, the taxi dropped us off in the car park near daddy’s boat and we were soon sharing the shower after squeezing the vibes out.

As we were getting dried we arranged to meet up later and go to a club. I offered to lend them some revealing clothes but they both declined the offer.

“Well at least leave your underwear at home.” I said.

“Talking about bras and knickers,” Kate said, “I can’t see ours. I’m sure that we left them on your bed Georgia.”

I thought got a minute and remembered seeing them when he left.

“There must be a phantom knicker pincher in the marina.” Zoe joked.

Then I remembered Martina.

“I know where they are.” I said, “they’ll be out in the suburbs somewhere.”

“What?”

“Martina the housekeeper will have taken them to wash them; they’ll be back here sometime tomorrow afternoon.”

“Oh gawd, I’ll have to go back to our boat without any underwear on.” Kate said.

“You mean like you’ve been all day. You’ve flashed your pussy to hundreds of people so what’s the big deal?” I asked.

“But it’s mummy and daddy.”

“Stop worrying Kate.” Zoe said; “just remember to keep your knees together when daddy’s around.”

“Why bother.” I replied. “I’m sure that your father will appreciate the sight.”

“Maybe.”

Kate and Zoe got dressed and left. I went out to the rear sunning deck and must have fallen asleep because the next thing that I knew was that it was dark. Going inside I discovered that I had 2 hours before I was due to meet Kate and Zoe to go clubbing.

I raided the fridge and the bar first then decided that I was going to wear just 2 matching boob tubes that Celeste had made for me. The boob, boob tube is black with a strip of totally see-through black mesh right across the middle of the front. The whole thing is about 10 cm deep with the middle, mesh strip being about a third of it. Just about all of my tits are easily visible.

The bottom part is identical except that it’s a deeper version, about 25 cm. When I adjust it so that my pussy is covered my pubic hair (if I had any) would be visible through the mesh strip. I knew that the whole bottoms would ride-up and show my butt and pussy, but that was what I wanted.

Putting my steel balls up my vagina and a pair of heels on, I grabbed my little shoulder bag and set off.

I met Kate and Zoe at the Lio bar. When they walked in I was a little disappointed and both were dressed very modestly compared to me, but then I remembered their parents. As soon as I’d got them a drink I asked them if they’d been brave enough to come out without knickers (I could see that they were both braless). Both looked around then lifted the front of their skirts to reveal their hairless pussies.

We had a few drinks during which we got hit on by 2 groups of young men, then left to walk to a club.

There’s a few clubs within easy walking distance from where we and as we walked we decided to go to biggest and most famous one. As we approached it Kate said,

“I think that you and me sis are going to be a bit over-dressed.”

She was probably right; just about all the girls waiting to get in were dressed in a little as me; a few even less. I counted 7 girls that wore only body paint, although I could see the outline of a thong on 2 of them. I made a mental note to seek out a couple of those girls and ask where they got their paint job.

Over-dressed or not, we had a great time in there. The whole place was amazing and there seemed to be thousands of people there.

My steel balls kept me feeling sexy all evening but it wasn’t until we’d been dancing for over an hour that they got the better of me and I orgasmed on the dance floor.

There was no shortage of guys trying to hit on us, either by talking (virtually impossible in most areas because of the loud music), or by trying to dance with us. I must admit that I did let a few guys dance close and get their hands on me. A couple of them managed to slide my top up over my tits and fondle them as we danced. One even got his hand between my legs and fingered me for a while; all while we were still dancing.

I felt a few hard cocks pressing against my lower back and the top of my butt.

Dawn was breaking when we finally left and as we walked back to the marina we exchanged experiences. I wasn’t the only one who got finger fucked.

Back at the boat I showered then collapsed on my bed.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 13**

I woke up when Martina came down the stairs. She was full of apologies when she saw me but I told her not to worry, that I shouldn’t still be in bed at that time. I got a bottle of water from the fridge and went onto the front deck to wake up properly whilst sunbathing. I waved at Toby and made sure that my feet were closest to him when I lay down.

It was late afternoon when I started to think about what I was going to do. By that time I was hungry so I slipped a dress on and walked over to the café. As I was eating I saw Kate, Zoe walking towards that part of the marina. When they got close enough I shouted over to them and invited them to have a drink with me.

Zoe told me that they had ‘escaped’ for a while before they were all going out for dinner. I told them that they were welcome to hang out with me but said that they’d have one drink then they had better go back.

After chatting for ages they got up to leave and I told them that their knickers and bras were back; all nice and clean. They came back to the boat to collect them and I asked them if they had any on right then. It was obvious that they didn’t have bras on but they hadn’t accidentally flashed their pussies to me.

“No,” Zoe said, “we thought that we’d try to see how long we can go before mum or dad says anything.”

“Good luck with that;” I replied, “remember to act normal and they might never know.”

As they left I decided that I was going to the gym again. It was time to flash my pussy and tits to Pedro, and anyone else who may be there, again; but I had a little problem; well 3 actually, left, right and pussy. What to wear, inside and out.

The skirt part was easy; I’d already decided that I was going to wear my ultra-short, white, skater type skirt. On top I finally decided to wear one of daddy’s white vests that I found in his wardrobe. It’s way too big for me and I knew that whenever I bent forwards it would hang low letting anyone who cared to look, see my tits. The only problem was that it was way too long for me, it just covered my butt.

I was just about to cut most of it off when I had another idea. I put it on again and looked at myself in the mirror.

“Yes,” I thought, “this will do as a dress, a baggy dress; not the smartest dress, but for going to the gym it would do just fine.”

An image came into my head of me doing a handstand and the dress puddling around my hands.

I felt pleased with my idea.

Then there was the third problem; what to put in my pussy. Did I want a constant vibration or did I want random blasts. After much deliberation I chose my egg. I put new batteries in it and easily slid it into my wet pussy.

As I did that I wondered if it was normal for a horny 18 year old girl to have a permanently wet pussy, especially in a warm climate like it is in Ibiza. Not getting an answer, I took the vest off, put a dress on and put everything that I’d need in my backpack.

One taxi ride later and I was walking into the gym and being greeted by Pedro who seemed really pleased to see me. After a bit of chit chat I went to the changing room. As I walked I heard Pedro making a phone call. It was in Spanish but easily understood. He was telling someone that the flasher girl was back and get round there quick.

I smiled to myself and thought,

“Bring it on guys. I’ve got it and it makes me happy to show it to you.”

I was a little disappointed that I was the only one in the uni-sex, or gender neutral, changing room. I changed into daddy’s vest and my trainers, tweaked my nipples through the vest to make the little tents even bigger; then turned the egg to ‘frequent random’.

The egg hit me with a quick blast almost immediately and I decided that I was happy that I’d chosen the top of the range remote controlled vibrating egg.

As I walked into the gym I looked around and saw 2 men and 2 girls. All glanced over to me then got on with their workouts. Pedro followed me in then told me that we would start with some warm-up exercises.

Thankfully he told me that he would demonstrate each one then tell me to do 10 of each of the exercises. We went through the following and by the time that I was finished I needed a rest: -

Squats

Lunge and knee lifts

Leg swings

Star jumps

Press-up’s

Squat thrusts

The first 3 weren’t very revealing but as soon as I started the star jumps I could feel daddy’s vest going up and down on me. The right shoulder ‘straps’ slipped off my shoulder and down my arm and I could my right tit in the mirror in front of me. It was only for a split second but I could swear that I could see my slit in the mirror.

Then the press-ups. Not only did the vest rise up over my butt, but the front was hanging low and I could see both of my tits in the mirror. Also in the mirror I could see the 2 guys and 1 of the girls watching me.

Half way through the 10 press-up’s the egg zapped me and I collapsed flat on floor for a couple of seconds which provoked Pedro to tell me to stop resting and get on with it.

The squat thrusts were the most revealing as my vest slid right up to my shoulders as my feet jumped forwards. By the time that I was doing those I noticed that 2 more men had appeared in the gym and were staring at my bare backside.

Those warm-up exercises over Pedro told me to spend 10 minutes on one of the exercise cycles. When I got to it I noticed that the saddle was set a bit high for me. I looked at Pedro hoping that he’d come over and lower it. He just motioned for me to get on it and start pedalling, which I did.

And that was a nice surprise. My pussy slid from side to side on the saddle that rubbed my clit. With the help of the egg zapping me, it wasn’t long before I was cumming in front of the increasing number of young men, and the 2 girls that were watching me. As I calmed down I looked over to my little audience and saw that 2 of the men had their phones out and they were both videoing me. I smiled.

Pedro came to collect me and took me to another machine, one that I hadn’t used before. After he demonstrated it he told me to have a go. It was hard work and not very revealing.

I smiled to myself when Pedro took me to the next machine; it was the leg spreader. I’d been looking forward to going on that one again and I wasn’t disappointed; neither were my audience or the cameras. Pedro set the weights and he seemed to set them so that it was easy for me to spread my legs but nearly impossible for me to pull them together again. I wondered if he was doing that on purpose.

There were 7 men and the 2 girls watching me when Pedro said I was done on the leg spreader. I was starting to think that my workout was over when Pedro rubbed his stomach and asked me if it was my abs that I wanted to work on.

I rubbed my stomach, over the vest, and nodded my head. He then led me over to the mats and told me to get down on my back. He then demonstrated: -

Crunches

Reverse crunches

Sit ups

Leg raises

Bicycle

Then one at a time he got me to do them, 20 of each. Of course, that meant that my vest was often up around my waist, much to the delight of the audience and cameras.

I asked Pedro to hold my feet down when I did the sit ups and the egg got the better of me after the 8th rep. I had to have a little break before continuing.

At the end of them I was feeling the effect of all my hard work but Pedro wasn’t finished.

“You need to keep your legs flexible Georgia. You need to do the splits.”

I looked at him, using my expression to tell him that I was knackered; but he just took my hand and pulled me over to one corner of the big room.

“Okay Georgia, let’s see you try.”

I’d taken gymnastics in PE at school so I knew that I could do the splits, so I slowly slid my feet apart and looked at him as I went down into my best version of the splits.

“Good, Georgia; very good, but can you do that standing up?”

“What; I don’t understand.” I replied.

“Watch;” I can start it but I can’t get my leg all the way up. I’m a man, girls find it easier.”

I wasn’t sure about that part but I was willing to have a go; especially as it would mean my vest going up around my waist. I had a go and surprised myself by being able to do it. I was pleased and so was my audience who had followed me across the room and were now applauding me.

If I hadn’t of been balanced on one foot I may have just given them a little curtsey.

“Your flexibility and balance is good Georgia but you need to keep using it or you will lose it. You can bring your leg down now Georgia.”

I smiled and did so, my vest falling back down to cover my pussy and butt.

“That’s why I am here Pedro. Are there any other balancing things that I can practice?”

“I guess that handstands and walking on your hands is good balance practice.”

“I can do those.” I replied with a grin on my face. I just knew what would happen if I turned myself upside down.

Pedro turned his hand over indicating that I should do it; so I did. Just as soon as my legs were up I felt gravity getting to work with the vest. It puddled around my hands and I walked out of it and towards the audience. As I moved forwards I let my legs spread wide to help me balance.

I saw feet move out of my way as I walked right through them, turned and walked back. When I dropped my legs and got onto my feet I got a little round of applause. This time I did do a little curtsey.

Then I thought,

“Oops, I’m naked in a public gym with people watching me.”

I picked up the vest and put it on before turning to Pedro.

“Very good Georgia that was a really good workout. I would like you to do all those exercises every time that you come here, just increasing the number of reps each time. Can you do that for me?”

“Even the walking out of my clothes?” I asked.

“Look Georgia, do you see any unhappy people? No, so yes, if you end up naked you will make a lot of people happy.”

“Well I think that I can manage that Pedro.”

“So when will you come again Georgia?”

“In about 2 minutes.” I thought, but actually said,

“I don’t know but it won’t be long. I promise.”

I left the room and went to get a shower. I was followed into the changing room by a man still holding his phone. In there I saw a man and one of the girls that I’d seen in the gym. They were at opposite ends of the room and both were naked, the girl drying herself.

“Cute.” I thought as I looked at the man’s cock as I lifted daddy’s vest up and over my head then turned to look at the man who had followed me in; he was holding his phones like he was videoing me.

I got my shampoo out of my backpack and walked to the shower where I saw another naked man showering.

As I showered, watching the man showering, the naked man who I first saw came into the shower; followed by the man with the phone who had now got naked as well.

The man who’d been videoing me came up to me and asked if I would mind having my photograph taken with the men.

“Hmm,” I thought, “naked me with 3 naked men!”

“Yes, okay; how would you like me?” I replied.

For the next 15 minutes or so, I posed in quite a few innocent and sexy poses with them. The 2 who didn’t have their phones with them went and got them and I have no idea how many photos they took.

The innocent photos soon turned to sexy ones. Two of the men squat either side of me then lifted me up between them. My arms instinctively went round their shoulders. One of each of their arms was supporting my butt whilst their other arms held my legs wide apart.

The third man clicked away with his phone camera.

This was repeated twice more with a different man taking the photographs. Whilst I was up there that third time the egg kicked into life with a long blast that took me over the top and I hung on to the 2 men holding me. They, of course, realised that I was cumming and were grinning and talking to each other in Spanish.

The gist of what they were saying was they thought that I was a slut.

As I retreated from the edge I thought about what I’d heard and I had to agree with them. What’s more, I felt proud of that.

When the 2 men let me slide down to the floor my hands slid down and found 2 hard cocks. I looked up at the men and smiled. Then I started wanking them.

“This is what sluts do isn’t it?” I thought as my hands went up and down.

I looked up to the 2 men and saw that neither of them was unhappy about what I was doing so I got down onto my knees and licked the tip of first one, then the other cock. I felt both cocks twitch and maybe get a little harder.

Getting no objections, my mouth alternated between sucking the 2 cocks, taking them deep into my throat.

I was just getting really into doing that when I felt the third man lifting my hips so that I was on my legs but bent forwards to be able to suck the cocks.

Then I felt the third man’s cock pressing against my pussy. I shuffled my feet apart and felt the cock penetrate my hole.

Then I felt some pain and I heard the man behind me swear and withdraw.

I quickly realised what the source of the problem was and I put my right hand under me and to my pussy. Then I squeezed the egg out and into my hand.

Putting the egg onto the floor I was able to concentrate on the 2 cocks in front of me. I waggled my butt a little and soon felt the cock behind me ram hard into me.

It didn’t take long for all 3 cocks to erupt, one inside my vagina and the other 2 onto my face. As I felt them start to cum I’d backed off the one that I was sucking and looked up to both their faces. With my mouth open I was quickly rewarded with 2 lots of man cum shooting at my face.

When the cock inside my hole withdrew I stood up and licked up the man cum that my tongue could reach and swallowed it whilst still looking into the men’s faces.

I was just finishing that when I heard someone clapping. I turned my head to see the girl that had been in the changing room when I went in. She was still naked and grinning as she clapped her hands. In Spanish she said,

“That was quite some performance Georgia. I like the egg touch. How would you like to get paid for doing that?”

In Spanish, I asked her what she meant.

Changing to English, she told me that she worked at a club that put on live sex shows, and since I had done just that with 3 men that she doubted that I knew, she wondered if I would consider doing that professionally.

“Oh, I don’t know. It’s one thing having sex with strangers in a quiet place like this but in front of an audience is something completely different. I don’t think that I could.”

“Oh I think that you could Georgia, it’s not just in here, I watched you in the workout room and you were really enjoying being naked and cumming in front of all those men.”

“Well yes, I can’t deny that but …… I don’t know.”

I was verbally being a bit shy but my pussy was gushing and my brain was saying,

“Yes, yes, yes; when do I start?”

“Tell you what Georgia, have that shower that you haven’t finished yet then we’ll talk some more. Mind you don’t stand on your little toy; you definitely don’t want to damage that.”

I smiled, picked up my shampoo and turned the nearest shower on.

I looked round and saw the 3 men finishing their showers and I watched their cute butts as they walked out. The girl was still stood there watching me, and the 3 men.

When I’d finished showering and cleaning my egg I went to my locker and got dried. The girl was at the other side of the room getting dressed. I noted that she didn’t put any underwear on under her micro skirt and tank top. I was just slipping on my dress on when the girl turned and walked over to me.

“So Georgia, have you been thinking about it?”

“What sort of sex shows are they?”

“All sorts, we change them just about every night.”

“I mean, is it just fucking in front of an audience?”

“Tell you what Georgia, come and have a drink with me and I’ll tell you more. I’m Daniella by the way.”

I put my hand out to shake Daniella’s hand then said,

“Okay then, why not. This sounds interesting.

We walked out into reception where Pedro said goodbye and again said,

“Same routine next time Georgia; but more reps.”

“Okay.” I replied; then whispered to Daniella,

“I wonder if he means getting naked as well?”

“Probably.” Daniella replied.

As we walked down the street Daniella said,

“You are 18 aren’t you Georgia? It’s just that you don’t look it.”

“Yes, of course. Here, I’ve got my I.D. card in my purse.”

Daniella said that she was happy to take my word for it but by the time she’d finished talking I had the card in my hand.

“So you’re a dancer then?”

“No, but I applied for the card to save carrying my passport around with me.”

“I like the photos, not many girls are lucky enough to have nude photos on their I.D. cards.”

I smiled and thought a quick ‘thank you’ to Pau. Daniella took me to a quiet little bar that looked to be only used by the locals. As we walked in a couple of old men watched us. Daniella took me to a table where the 2 old men could watch us. As we sat down she said,

“I like to let the old men look at me so that they can dream about what they can’t have.”

“You big tease.” I replied as a young girl came over and asked us what we wanted.

“Cuatro tequila por favor.” Daniella replied.

“Right Georgia; the club has about 10 different themed sex show ranging from medieval torture to naughty school girls to fucking machines to outright humiliation to just dancing and fucking. How does that sound?”

“Do any of the girls actually get hurt?”

“No, not really, a few red marks but nothing that’s still visible the next night. If it were the girl wouldn’t be able to perform until she was healed. It’s all for show.”

“You included fucking machines; I’ve never been fucked by a machine before.”

Daniella smiled and said,

“Girl, you’ve never been fucked until you’ve been fucked by a good machine.”

“Sounds fun; there’s no drugs involved in any of this is there?”

“Absolutely not. Maybe the odd puff of a cigarette if you’re playing a naughty schoolgirl or the odd tequila or two. Oh, and getting fucked by the odd beer or wine bottle. Did I mention that all the men that work there are chosen because of the size of their cocks? All are bigger than those you took back at the gym.”

“Wow; so how many nights a week would I have to work?”

“That’s up to you; some girls only work one per week, others work 4 or even 5. I only work 2. Oh, the boss likes the girls to work at least a Friday or a Saturday each week. There’s a rota that you write your name on. It usually has the name of the theme on it so that you know what you’re going to be doing.”

“That sounds quite good; so how much does it pay then?”

I wasn’t really interested in the money but I didn’t want Daniella or the club management to know that.

“A thousand per performance; for the girls that is. The men only get half that. The boss says that it’s something to do with supply and demand.”

“I laughed and replied,

“Poor men.”

“Don’t feel sorry for them girl; they get their rocks off every time.”

“Are you saying that you don’t orgasm during performances Daniella?”

“Not always. I do fake it a few times. One of the girls says that she never cums and that she fakes it all the time.”

“Wow; I don’t think that I’d have that problem.”

We downed our second tequila then Daniella got some money out. I offered to pay but she insisted. It was only 4 Euros anyway.

“So Georgia; are you still interested?”

“Yes.”

“Right, we’ll go and see the boss and see what he thinks of you. I can’t see it being a problem; he likes girls that look very young. He’ll want to see you without the dress and probably want to fuck you; will that be a problem?”

“Not unless he’s big, fat and ugly.”

“No, he’s definitely not any of those; and he’s got a big cock.”

“None of the men performers have cocks that hang below their knees have they? Because if they have I don’t think that I could take one that long.”

“Don’t worry Georgia, you may only be small but you’ll be able to take every one of the guys.”

“Not all at the same time I hope.”

We both laughed then got into a taxi for the short ride to the club. As the taxi pulled up I made a note of the name of the club and the street. Both sounded vaguely familiar from the list that Pau had given me. I was feeling good; things were going the way that I wanted.

There were a couple of bouncers on the door and as they saw Daniella approaching one of them opened the door for us.

“Trajo a un amigo Daniella.” One said.

“Sí, tal vez una chica nueva para el espectáculo.” Daniella replied.

“Gracias.” I said to the man holding the door open as I followed Daniella in.

I was expecting the club to be dark and maybe a little dingy but I was surprised to see it well-lit and very clean looking. I looked around and saw tables and chairs, some of which were occupied by both men and women. The floor with the tables and chairs on it is stepped down to the stage; a bit like an indoor amphitheatre.

There was no one on the stage so I looked round and saw the bar. There were a couple of men sat at it and a couple of what I assumed was waitresses stood at one end. Both wore only heels and a thong.

“Come on Georgia.” Daniella said as she grabbed my hand and pulled me towards a door near the stage.

She led me through the door and along a corridor that had several doors on it. At the end she knocked on a door then opened it. Stepping in I saw a desk, some filing cabinets and a couch. The man looked up, smiled and said,

“You know the rules about bringing kids to work Daniella. You need to take her home right now.”

“No boss, she’s not a kid; she wants to work here, on stage like me.”

By that time I’d got my I.D. card out and held it for him to look at. Taking it from me he looked at it and smiled.

“Nice photos but I need to see the real thing. Strip!”

His outright bluntness caught me off-guard for a second then I put my backpack down and started unbuttoning my dress. I watched his eyes as I worked on the buttons. When I’d undone the last one I shrugged the dress off my shoulders and caught it before it hit the floor.

I put it on his desk then tweaked, pulled and twisted my nipples, not that they could have got any harder, they were already hurting a little.

Then, still looking into his eyes, I smiled then slowly turned round. When I was facing away from him I spread my feet, bent at the waist and put my right hand over my pussy from my front.

Dipping 2 fingers into my dripping pussy I went in and out a couple of times then stood up and turned to face him. Looking him in the eyes again I held my right hand up and offered it to him.

He smiled again then got up off his chair.

“Bend over the desk.” He commanded.

I did then watched him unzip his jeans as he walked round behind me. There was a short pause then he trust into me in one hard, fast move. I grunted at the force of the invasion then got into the same rhythm as his thrusts.

I thought of the times that James had done that to me out in the woods and in the lawn in front of daddy’s house. Turning my head I saw Daniella watching us with a smile on her face.

It didn’t take long for either of us to cum. First me, quickly followed by the man.

When we stopped fucking there was a silence until I felt his cock soften. He pulled out and said,

“Clean it.”

I got up then down onto my knees and took his cock into my mouth. As I sucked it I wondered if it was just his cum that I was tasting or if there was any of the man’s from the gym still inside me.

Satisfied that his cock no longer had his cum or my juices on it, he backed off and pulled his jeans up. As he walked back to his chair he said,

“You’d be happy doing that in front of an audience would you girl?”

“One, ten, a hundred, even a thousand; the more the better.” I replied.

“Okay, a thousand per performance; but if you run off stage and don’t make it to the end you don’t get paid.”

“Okay.”

“Take her to Diego Daniella and see what he’s got planned for tonight’s show. He may or may not be able to fit her into the show. What’s your name girl?”

“Georgia. I’m called Georgia.”

“Right Georgia. Diego may want to change that for the shows. Maybe you should use the stage name of ‘Lolita’. It suits you.”

Daniella picked up my dress and backpack and motioned for me to follow her. I did, and in the corridor she gave me my dress and told me to put it on.

I followed her to another door in that corridor which she opened. Inside I saw a man writing in a notebook.

“Lolita, this is Diego, our choreographer. All these shows are the product of his over-active dirty mind.”

“It’s not dirty Daniella; it’s artistic.” Diego replied. “So you’re joining our cast then Lolita?”

“Yes.”

“Good, take that dress off and let me see what I’ve got to work with.”

As I unbuttoned my dress, again, I wished that I’d worn one without buttons. When I was naked Diego continued,

“Good, no underwear marks and no tan lines. You won’t need any makeup. Right, tonight’s performance is ‘A night at the gym.’”

“I laughed and Daniella said,”

“I was there doing some warm-up exercises ready for tonight.”

Diego continued,

“We’ve got 2 girls on the rota for tonight; one more will be just fine. Lolita, Daniella will show you the wardrobe room. We don’t start for a couple of hours so relax, get a drink, work the bar or do whatever you like. Daniella will look after you.”

Daniella let me out and to another room that acted as a clothes store and changing room. There were some lockers at one end and Daniella led me to them.

“So Daniella, what do you normally do when you get here early?”

“I find that working the bar relaxes me and gets me into the right mood.”

“So can we do that then? Just what is ‘working the bar’?”

“Just getting drinks for the clients.”

“Oh, is that all. So do we have to wear a thong like those girls that I saw when we arrived?”

“Yes, but don’t worry, there’s box full of them over there. The boss gets them by the hundred.”

“Right, I was starting to think that I’d have to do it naked.”

“Hell no, that’s illegal.”

“So getting fucked on stage is legal but serving drinks naked is illegal?”

“Yep, crazy isn’t it; but that’s the law.”

“Well at least I don’t have to fasten these buttons again.”

Daniella got naked and took me over to the thongs. They were all tiny with just a little triangle of thin material and strings.

Daniella led me out to the main room and I was surprised to see quite a lot more people.

“Filling up nicely.” Daniella said as we walked to the bar.

It was only when I stood at the bar and looked passed the people to the stage that I started to feel a bit nervous. Okay, I’d been in school plays having a lead role; and I’d been naked in front of hundreds of people, but for some strange reason I felt nervous.

Daniella looked at me then turned to the barman.

“Cuatro tequila por favor.” Daniella said loudly.

When they arrived she introduced me to the barman, and another girl who walked over.

“Relax hon; the girl said; I was nearly chucking up on my first night. Get those down you and you’ll be all good.”

I downed 3 of the tequilas and yes, I did start to relax. So much so that Daniella gave me a tray and told me to go and collect some empty glasses. I felt good as I walked in amongst the tables and people. Even when a man put his hand on my bare butt as I bent forwards to get to some empties. When I got back to the bar I told Daniella what had happened. She laughed and said,

“They’re not supposed to do that, that’s another thing that’s illegal but it happens a lot. Management don’t care just so long as no one gets hurt and it stops if the cops come in. If someone upsets you go and tell one of the bouncers. The guy will be out of here before you can blink.”

I went to another table to get more empty glasses and it happened again. This time though, the hand started on my thigh and slid up to my thong covered pussy.

“Hmm, that’s nice.” I thought but said,

“Hey, stop that; you’re not supposed to touch.”

The man ignored me and started rubbing his fingers along my slit. I let it happen for a few seconds then stepped back.

“Naughty, naughty.” I said as I returned to the bar with the tray.

Getting my pussy rubbed over the, by then, very wet thong happened 3 more times before I saw the curtains on the stage close.

“What’s going on?” I asked Daniella.

“They’ll be putting the gym equipment out. That means that we’ve got about 10 minutes before we’re on. We need to be going to get changed, come on.”

Daniella led me to the changing room where I met the rest of the ‘cast’; another girl, Rose, who has big tits, and 2 young men. All were in various states of undress. Daniella gave me a pair of shorts, a tank top and a pair of trainers.

“Throw the thong in that bin over there and use that paper towel to dry yourself then put those on.” Daniella said.

As I did so I watched the others dress in a similar way.

“So what do I do?” I asked Daniella.

“Okay, dead easy, we 3 girls will be using the machines then the guys will come in. They’ll watch us for a bit then they’ll come over to us and start ‘helping’ us. They guys will tell us what to do from then on. Just smile at them and do whatever they say. You’ll soon get stripped and they’ll be fucking you or eating you out. Don’t hold back; if you want to cum then cum. That’s what the audience want to see. Oh, if you’re told to lie down then make sure that your feet are to the audience. They want to see your pussy not your head.”

“That sounds easy, a bit like at the gym earlier.”

“Yeah, I guess Georgia, sorry Lolita, just relax and enjoy yourself; think of England, or the money.”

“I think that I’ll be thinking about my pussy.”

Diego came in and told us girls to get out on the stage. The curtains were still closed when we got there and Diego pointed me to a machine. It was one that you sit on and pull a bar down. Thankfully, it was set so that it was easy for me to use. That was what I was doing when the curtains opened.

It wasn’t long before the 2 guys came onto the stage. They looked around then waved for us girls to go over to them. When we got to them they literally ripped our tops off us. I hadn’t noticed before but there must have been little cuts around the top and bottom because mine came off very easily.

Daniella’s top was ripped off first and her hands immediately went to cover her tits. Rose was next and she too went to cover her melons. When my top was ripped off I too covered my tits and gasped.

We were then told to drop our hands and go back to our machines.

I’d only pulled the bar down once when we were called over to the guys and they came and pulled our shorts down leaving us naked apart from the trainers.

We were then put through a routine of floor exercises at the front of the stage. I had to feel sorry Rose with her melons; it looked painful.

Neither Rose nor Daniella seemed to be putting much effort into the exercises and it wasn’t long before the 2 guys were shouting at them and slapping their butts and tits.

I decided to try to find out what that was like so I greatly reduced my efforts. It soon had the desired effect and I felt a slap on my butt then another on my left tit. Okay they stung but they didn’t really hurt, except maybe my left nipple; but that was already hurting due to its swollen state and my excitement.

Daniella and Rose both stopped the exercises and just stood there looking at the audience so I did the same. The 2 men had an annoyed look on their faces then they went over to Daniella and Rose and pushed down on their shoulders so that they were on their knees in front of the guys. After a few seconds pause both girls looked at each other then pulled the guys shorts down.

Wow, now I knew that what Daniella had said about the size of the men’s cocks was true; they were enormous. My already wet pussy got even wetter.

Daniella and Rose looked up at the guys then they both started giving the guys blowjobs.

I was feeling a little left out so I went over to the man stood in front of Daniella. He looked at me then the next thing that I knew was that I was sat on the man’s shoulders but the wrong way round. My pussy was at his mouth and I was hanging on to his head to stop me falling off.

I tried to work out how the hell he had lifted me and managed to get my legs over his shoulders but I just couldn’t remember how he had done it. Not that I cared because his tongue came out and he started playing with my clit and entrance. He was so much better than James had been; not that I thought James was bad; quite the reverse, James’ tongue could make me cum in seconds.

And this guy was doing just that to me. I orgasmed on his mouth with hundreds of people watching me. As the waves subsided I thought that the only thing that could have made it better was if the audience could have seen my pussy whist I came.

Something made me look down and I saw that Daniella had changed positions; instead of being on her knees giving him a blowjob she was now stood with her back to him, bent over and he was fucking her at the same time that he was tonguing my clit and hole.

Rose had moved as well, she was stood up, leaning forwards and holding on to one of the machines whilst the man was stood behind her fucking her. Rose certainly looked like she was enjoying it.

I heard Daniella cumming then she moved forwards and off the man’s cock. I felt the man’s hands grab my hips and he pulled me off his face. I was expecting him to somehow lower me to the floor but he didn’t; he slid me down his front causing my legs to lie against my chest.

As I slid down I felt his cock against my butt. With a bit of moving me around (I was glad that I’m only little and don’t weigh much) he lined my pussy up with his cock and lowered me onto it.

Wow, Daniella was right about the size of the cocks; I gasped and pulled faces as my hole stretched to accommodate it. I don’t suppose that it was bigger than the huge dildo that I have but it certainly felt like it. I have control over the dildo going inside me but there was nothing that I could do about controlling my descent onto that cock.

He kept letting me slide further and further down; all the time his cock going deeper and deeper inside me. I was starting to wonder if it would appear if I opened my mouth.

Eventually I felt the man’s hands that were under my butt stop me going down any further. I looked up at his face but his head was turned and he was looking out at the audience.

His hand slowly lifted me up a little then lowered me again. He repeated this raising and lowering me again and again, and before long the pain stopped and the pleasure started.

I don’t know if he was, but as my pleasure got more intense, it felt like he was lowering me a little further each time that he let me go down.

It wasn’t long before the pleasure increased so much that I orgasmed, and because my face was turned towards the audience; they saw the expressions on my face as well as hearing my moans and expletives. They may just have seen my body jerking but the man was holding my doubled-up body against his.

When my orgasm was over he lifted me up and off of him leaving my pussy feeling soo empty.

The show wasn’t over yet. When the man lowered me down he placed me on my back on a bench. He went over to Rose and the other man came over to me. He moved my body so that my head was hanging over the end of the bench.

He then got on his knees near my head and lowered his, also huge, cock to my face. I opened my mouth to accept it and I soon became very pleased that James had taught me how not to gag; although this man’s cock was a lot bigger than James’ and I really did think that I was going to choke a couple of times.

Before long I was struggling to breathe but the man seemed to know just how long he could leave his long, fat cock in my throat before he had to remove it enough for me to breathe. Having said that, copious amounts of my saliva came out with his cock and dribbled down to my eyes and mixed in with my tears.

I was glad that I wasn’t wearing any mascara.

Finally, I felt the cock swell a little more and then what seemed like buckets full of his cum shot down my throat before he withdrew his cock.

When I got my breath back I sat up and looked around. Daniella and Rose were in a 69 with the other man fucking Rose, who was on top.

I watched until they all orgasmed, or faked it; then they all got up onto their feet. The show was over and I have to say that I was quite knackered.

We all went off the stage and to the changing room where we took it in turns to use the shower. As we waited, Daniella and I looked at the calendar of what sex shows were coming up. Three really interested me and I put my name down for them. The first was the ‘Fucked by Machines’ night, the second was ‘Public Humiliation’ and the third was ‘Orgasm Denial’. Daniella told me that the machine fucking was good but that she’d never volunteered for the public humiliation or the orgasm denial.

I made a note of the dates of all 3 evenings.

While we were waiting the boss came in and gave each of us an envelope with our ‘pay’. When he got to me he asked me if my orgasms were real.

“Of course, I’ve never faked one in my whole life.” I replied.

“Good,” he replied; “I hope that you’ll be back for more; and you’re welcome to come and just work the bar anytime that you want Lolita; and I may have some extracurricular jobs that you may be interested in. Come and see me the next time that you come here.”

“Yes boss, I’ve enjoyed myself tonight and I will be coming back.”

“When you’re ready to go home have a word with one of the bouncers on the door; he’ll get you a taxi.”

“Thank you boss.”

After we’d showered, Daniella and I left and we got separate taxis.

Back at daddy’s boat I went straight to bed and hoped that my slightly sore pussy would be better by the morning.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 14**

It was lunchtime when I woke-up to the sound of the boat’s engines starting-up. I guessed that it was the captain making sure that everything was okay, but to make sure that I wasn’t being kidnapped, I wandered up onto the deck without putting anything on. I was right and the captain and I exchanged a few pleasantries before I went to make some coffee.

After the coffee and a shower, I went over to the café for some breakfast, I fancied more than what was in the fridge. I forgot that Manuel had said that I could go there naked and I’d put a dress on; not that it covered much, my pussy and my nipples were clearly visible through the holes in the dress.

Manuel was his usual cheerful self and even stopped to chat for a while. He asked me what I’d been doing but I didn’t tell him the truth; I just told him that I’d been to the beach.

When I left there I decided to go to the Marina office to see if anything had arrived from Celeste. The young man seemed pleased to see me and wanted to chat. I guess that he’d seen what he could see through the holes in the dress and wanted to keep looking at me.

When he finally told me that a package had arrived for me I went over to where he said it was and looked down at it. It was a lot bigger than I’d expected and I told the young man that it only had a few dresses in it so I didn’t know why it was so big.

The young man (Sebastian) said that he would bring it over to daddy’s boat for me when it was his break in about an hour. Happy with that, I left and went back to the boat where I decided to have a lazy day. My pussy was back to normal but I was still a bit tired.

I decided to sunbathe on the back of the boat and went and got a towel and suntan lotion. Leaving my dress in my cabin I went to the back of the boat and spread my towel. As I covered myself with the suntan lotion Toby and his mother walked by. They stopped briefly for a chat and poor Toby just stared at the naked me.

I must have dozed off because all of a sudden I heard Sebastian calling my name. I got up onto my elbows and saw him stood at my feet, pretending not to look down at my uncovered pussy. I don’t know why, but these days I always wake-up with my legs spread wide and often with my right hand on my pussy. This time my legs were spread but neither hand was on my pussy.

I got up and invited Sebastian in for a drink. He put the package on a table while I went for the drinks.

When I got back to him I again said that I didn’t know why the package was so big. I started to tear it open and quickly realised that Celeste had made me a lot more clothes than I had asked for.

“I can’t wait to try these on and go out in them.” I said as I looked at the top of the pile.

“You could always try them on now if you like;” Sebastian said. “Then I could tell you what I think of them.”

“Okay,” I replied, “How long is your break?”

“Long enough; besides, I’m looking after a customer’s needs and the customer always comes first.”

I quickly split the pile into the different types of garments.

There were 10 summer dresses, all ultra-short and made of very thin cotton; 5 matching skirts and tops, all made out of that material that has 1 centimetre circular holes everywhere, each one only 1 centimetre from the next hole; all in 5 different colours. Each top is of a slightly different design but all have the holes that let my nipples and areolas stick through the holes.

There were 5 leotards, all different colours and all made of very fine mesh. They are all of the thong variety and the string of the thong looked quite long.

Then I found 3 different coloured tube dresses made of thin T shirt material. All are strapless and the tops are slightly elasticated.

Then 3 more dresses make of very thin T shirt material; all different colours and all with different patterns of holes in them. All have spaghetti straps with the backs covering different amounts of my back.

Next was a large envelope with 5 bikinis in it; all thong type and made of the same very fine mesh.

Finally, there was another large envelope full of thongs. As I looked into the envelope I saw some of the same very fine mesh. The one at the top of the pile looked a bit strange and I couldn’t see the typical ‘V’ of material. I’d have to see when I put one on.

“Right, where shall I start?” I asked Sebastian.

“Why not start at one end of the piles and try on one of each.”

“Okay.” I replied as I reached for the summer dresses. “It may take a while.”

As I stepped into it and pulled it up I thought that it was much like my other summer dresses, but slightly different. What wasn’t different was that the skirt part was of the ‘skater’ variety and so short that it barely covers my pussy.

I looked at Sebastian; he was smiling and nodding his head.

I looked down at my chest and saw both nipples and areolas sticking out through 2 of the holes. Instinctively pulling and twisting my nipples. I said,

“I like this design.”

“Me too.”

I smiled and took the dress off.

Next it was the leotards. As I gently pulled one up my body I found out why they looked a bit strange. Instead of a wide strip to cover my pussy the narrow rear string comes right up to the top of my slit, then spreads a little as it goes up the front. I smiled as I felt the string part my almost non-existent pussy lips and settle to the right of my clit.

“You’ll be able to go to the gym now.” Sebastian said.

“Yes, I need to get some exercise.” I replied but thought about the leg spreader at the gym.

Looking down at my chest I could clearly see my nipples and areolas,

“These will do for if I go anywhere where I have to wear something.” I thought.

The tube dress that I tried on was ‘interesting’. It’s VERY short, so short that if I pull it down to cover my pussy, my nipples pop out. If I pull it up to cover my nipples then my slit is on display. I smiled to myself and though about the fun that I can have in it when I’m with boring people.

Sebastian was still smiling.

As I slipped into the T shirt material dress with holes in it I thought that it would do for formal occasions. Then I looked down and saw my right nipple poking through one of the holes. I smiled and agreed with my first decision.

Next was one of the bikinis. My first reaction was to wonder where on earth I would wear a bikini, but when I put one on I realised that they would again be good for formal occasions. The thin mesh is just right for giving the appearance of being covered but from a couple of metres you would easily be able to see my nipples, areolas and the front of my slit. What’s more, the bottoms are of the thong variety and if I pull the bottoms up they disappear between my lips making them visible as well.

Finally, the thongs; I picked up the envelope full of them and tipped them out. There seemed to be a lot of strings and not a lot of material. I picked up one of the top ones and discovered why they looked a bit strange. The bottom half of the ‘V’ of material is missing. I eagerly stepped into one and pulled it up. Wow; the back string goes down my butt crack then at my butt hole it splits into 2 and goes either side of my pussy and meets the top half of the ‘V’ at the front of my slit leaving my pussy totally exposed.

My thoughts immediately went to the club; I could work the bar and be able to give the naughty customers full access to my pussy. Then I thought about walking around in public. People would think that I had a thong on until I opened my legs a bit then they’d see everything that I’ve got.

I felt my pussy juice up.

Taking the thong off, I said,

“So Sebastian, do you like my new clothes, or do you prefer me like this (I was still naked)?”

He was grinning as I walked right up to him and looked up into his eyes.

“You can touch me if you like.”

And he did, slowly and gently at first, but as I responded with moans of pleasure, he got bolder and before long he was pushing me backwards over the table out on the rear deck. And that is where he fucked me in full view of anyone walking by or parking in the car park.

“So much for a lazy day.” I thought as our lust for each other died down.

Sebastian left me, still laying on the table, to go back to work.

When I got off the table I looked at the rest of the pile of thongs. Something still looked a bit odd. Spreading them out, I saw that quite a few of them didn’t have any material at all; just strings. One at a time I picked them up and worked-out how they fitted.

Apart from the ones that had the bottom half of the ‘V’ of material missing, some were normal thongs except that no material had been sown in; and some were just 2 circles of elasticated string joined by a 5 cm strip of the elasticated string.

It took me a couple of minutes of experimenting to work out that when I stepped into the 2 circles I have to pull the circles up with the joining part at the front so that it ends-up resting on my pubic bone. I then have to pull the rear parts of the circles so that they disappear between my butt crack. I then adjust things so that I look like I’ve got a thong on.

Just as I took the ‘thong’ off, Martina arrived. We greeted each other and she got on with her work. She’s seen me naked before and she just acted as if I were fully clothed.

I took my new clothes down to my cabin and started putting them in the wardrobes. I put the thongs in the drawer that I keep my toys in and I couldn’t resist switching the magic wand on for a few seconds and getting my pussy all juiced-up and excited.

After I’d finished putting away all my new clothes I went back onto the rear sunning deck and lay down again. As I relaxed I thought about Celeste; how she seems to know what I want in clothes before I do. I have no idea how much daddy is paying her but it isn’t enough. Then I thought about my mother. Celeste made clothes for her and wondered if she wore clothes that are as revealing as the ones that Celeste makes for me.

I lay there, improving my tan for about another hour or so then I got a bit restless. Okay I’d decided to have a couple of lazy days but maybe I could go to the gym to get some exercise, and have a little bit of fun. I could not push myself too much and not get into a fucking session in the showers afterwards. That would count as a lazy day wouldn’t it?

I managed to convince myself that it would count so I got my gym things ready then had a shower.

Martina was gone when I emerged from the shower and I decided to wear one of my ‘holy’ dresses for the evening. In the shower I’d decided that after the gym I’d go for a walk around the lively area at the opposite side of the harbour and stop somewhere for a drink and something to eat. I’d been for a walk around that area in the daytime with daddy before but I suspected that it would be different at night.

I felt naked and good as I walked to where I get a taxi; the driver either not noticing how much he could see of me, or not caring.

Pedro was behind the reception desk when I got there and as soon as he saw me he jumped up and came over to me. I could see that his eyes were looking well below my neck as he approached me.

“Buena noche Georgia.” He said, still looking down and through the hundreds of 1 cm holes in my dress. Not that he needed to look through the dress to see my nipples, they were sticking through 2 of the holes.

“Buenas noches Pedro; ¿estoy bien para tener un entrenamiento? "

“Si, si. “Will you be doing the same exercises as last time, like I said you should?”

“Yes Pedro; and I’ve even brought the same vest to wear. Is it busy in there?”

“Not at the moment Señora but more people usually arrive around this time Señora, can I ask you to do the mat exercises first and the warm-up exercises at the end? I think that you will benefit more if you do them that way round.”

“Okay Pedro, you’re the expert.”

I smiled at him and wondered how many seconds it would take for him to phone around his mates and get them to come to see if they were going to get a free show. I also remembered when the vest fell off me the last time that I was there. Doing things the other way round would mean that I got naked a lot sooner. I smiled to myself.

There was no one else in the changing room and as soon as I’d stripped and put my trainers and the vest on, I went into my backpack and got out my little bullet vibrator. I turned it on and easily slid it up my already gushing pussy.

By that time, all thoughts about having a lazy workout had gone and I’d decided to see just how many times I could cum during my workout. I hoped that lots of men would be there to watch me.

I was a little disappointed when I walked into the workout room as there were only 2 young men and 1 young woman there. One of the men stopped what he was doing and stared at me.

I went straight to the mats and did the splits. I felt my lips open and the cool air-conditioned air on my hot, wet insides. I started to pull myself up then slid my feet apart again. I did it 5 times to make sure that I was stretched as far as I could. On the fourth time I felt my lips and clit touch the floor. That touch sent a bolt of electricity up my nerves to my already rock hard nipples. It happened again on the fifth time.

Getting back to my feet I thought,

“Okay guys, first real look at my pussy coming up.”

I got balanced on my left foot then bent my right knee and grabbed my right ankle before pulling my leg up pushing my foot as high as I could. I felt the cool air on my spread pussy again, and the vest pulled up on my right hip. My pussy now fully exposed to everyone who cared to look.

As I stood there I looked at my audience. There was now 5 of them and 3 had their phones pointed at me. I smiled and savoured the experience for a few seconds before lowering my leg.

When I was back on 2 feet I felt a trickle of my juices start to run down my left inner thigh. The cool air not drying it before it escaped.

Then I lifted my left leg and pushed my left toes as high as I could get them.

Whilst I was balanced on my right leg Pedro came in and walked round the others. When he got close to me he said,

“Nice Georgia; I mean nice splits. You need to keep stretching your legs like that. As the saying goes, ‘use it or lose it’, and you don’t want to lose the ability to stretch your legs that far apart.”

I smiled then replied,

“So how many times should I do this each time that I come here Pedro?”

“Five should be enough; 5 of everything 2 or 3 times a week should be enough to keep you supple.”

“Okay, I think that I can do that; are you going to count them for me?”

“I can do that Georgia. So is this your first time on that leg?”

I replied that it was and started to lower the leg.

I repeated the standing splits 4 more times on each leg. Each time that either sets of toes got up there I looked around the room. More and more people were arriving. When my left foot was up there for the fifth time I saw a man holding a very professional looking camera and it was pointed at me. What’s more I could see a little flashing red light.

When I lowered my leg I turned to Pedro and said,

“That camera is going a bit over the top isn’t it? I mean I’m only a little girl.”

My hands went to my tits and I pulled and twisted my already rock hard nipples.

“Ah Señora; I was going to ask you about that.” Pedro said whist looking at my tits; “I’ve commissioned Alejandro to make a promotional video for the gym and I was hoping that you’d agree to feature in it.”

“Well I guess so, but there’s just 2 things Pedro. Firstly I want a copy of everything that he records; and secondly, you do realise that my next exercise is handstands, and you do remember what happened the last time that I did one of those don’t you?”

“Si Señora; no one will object to you being naked and the video will be so much better with you like that.”

“Well okay Pedro; just so long as you are okay with it. Oh, I’m happy that you got the air-con working, I got quite hot the last time that I was here.”

Pedro smiled and looked down at my chest.

“Si Señora; I am happy.”

I smiled back and thought,

“Yes Pedro; I bet that you are.”

“Okay Georgia, isn’t it handstands next?”

“Yes Pedro, it is, and I guess that you should get your cameraman to record me losing my dress.”

I watched Pedro nod to the cameraman then I stepped back before putting my hands in the air and going forwards onto my hands. As I spread my legs for balance 2 things happened. Firstly, gravity took control of my vest, and secondly, I saw the legs of the cameraman move close to me, presumably to zoom in on my pussy. I was again stark naked in that gym with about a dozen strangers watching my every move.

By that time, the vibe inside me had got me very excited and wet. I just knew that the video would be showing a VERY wet and swollen pussy.

I managed just 4 steps with my hands before I lost balance and had to drop my legs and get to my feet.

“Four more to go.” I said as I got up and then back down onto my hands. This time when I had to return to my feet, I let my legs go completely over and I ended up in the crab position. With my feet nearest to my little audience, and them being about shoulder width apart, I was giving them a great view of my pussy. After a couple of seconds I let my feet slide out and I dropped onto my butt.

My third and fourth attempt went in a similar way but each time I managed to walk a little further on my hands before going over.

My fifth attempt was my worst, or best, dependent upon how you look at it. Just as soon as I’d got onto my hands and spread my legs, the vibrator got the better of me and I started to cum.

“Oh fuck!” I shouted as my elbows gave way and I collapsed onto the floor.

Luckily, I went over and landed on my back with my hands still on the floor over my head and my legs still spread wide. I had my orgasm lying there like that with everyone, including the cameraman, watching me.

As my body jerked about I could feel my pussy muscles doing the same.

When the waves of pleasure receded I could feel my juices trickling down between my butt cheeks.

Then I heard Pedro asking,

“Are you alright Georgia?”

After he’d asked a second time I looked at him and said,

“Err yes; I’m okay; sorry about that.”

“No need to apologise Georgia; it’s only natural. The important this is that you are okay.”

“Oh yes, I’m definitely okay.”

I wondered if he’d realised that there were 2 meanings to my reply, and if he got both of them. I lifted my right arm up, closed my legs and Pedro pulled me up to my feet.

As I stood there getting my breath back I realised that now that I’d just orgasmed the next one(s) would come a lot easier.

The exercise cycle was the next on my mental list so I walked over to them. Another girl was pedalling one of the bikes and she watched me as I raised the saddle way passed where someone my height would have it.

Her eyes opened wide as I got on the bike and she saw my butt sliding from side to side as I started to pedal. I guess that she realised the effect that it was having on my clit.

I was already very aroused and the vibrator inside me was purring away. Add to that the sliding of my clit on the saddle and it wasn’t long before I was cumming for the second time in that room.

Of course the voyeurs couldn’t see my pussy as I orgasmed but my moans and ‘ohhhhhhhhhs’ and ‘aaarrrggggss’ certainly gave the game away.

My pedalling had slowed but not stopped, and when I was able I sped up. I also looked in the big mirror in front of me and saw the girl on the bike beside me. She was trying to slide from side to side on her saddle but it wasn’t high enough and she was wearing some shorts. I wondered if I should say anything to her later.

My third orgasm wasn’t long in coming, neither was the fourth. By that time, and in spite of the air-con, I was sweating.

As I came down from my fourth orgasm Pedro appeared beside me and told me that I’d been on that bike for over 30 minutes.

“It only seems like 5 minutes.” I replied.

“I guess that you were enjoying yourself too much Georgia.”

I got off the bike and had to just stand there for a few seconds because my legs were weak and I was a little dizzy.

As I walked over to the machine that I’d used next, the last time, the little audience parted for me to walk through them; the cameraman walking backwards in front of me. I stood and looked at the machine then turned to Pedro,

“I think that I’ll skip this one this time Pedro; I don’t think that it did anything for me.”

Pedro was silent as I moved on to the next one; the leg spreader.

“Something looks different Pedro; is this the same machine as the last time I was here?”

“No Señora, it is the next model up the range. We ordered it months ago and it finally arrived yesterday.”

“Right, how is it different to the last one?”

“I think that it’s best if you just get on it and discover the differences as you go.”

“Okay, it’s not going to kill me is it?”

“Oh no Señora, this one will help you more.”

The leg holders were together so I stood beside them and lifted a leg over them then sat back. The plastic of the chair was a bit cold but I soon got over that. The other thing about this model was that the chair part was semi reclined.

As I lifted my legs into the ‘U’ shaped supports I saw the next difference. Those supports have straps just above my ankles and Pedro stepped forwards and fastened them.

As I watched him work I realised that I was stuck there until someone released me because I wouldn’t be able to reach the fasteners.

Then I saw the controls near my arm. The box was very different; it has lots of buttons. Instead of having words to indicate what they did, they had symbols. Some were obvious, some not. I wondered if I should ask Pedro what they did, or just try them.

I decided that it could be more fun if I just pressed the buttons and waited to see what happened.

I pressed the button with 2 arrows on it and my legs flew wide apart.

“Okay,” I thought, “I guess that I’m supposed to pull my legs together now.”

I squeezed and my legs started to close. As I strained my muscles I looked up at all the people watching me. Camera flashes were going off and the man with the big camera was recording me. From the angle that he was holding the camera it was obvious that he was pointing it at my pussy.

After about 30 seconds I managed to close my legs and I relaxed. Then I pressed the same button and repeated what I’d just done.

“This is okay.” I thought as I relaxed again.

Pressing another button with arrows on it, nothing happened. I pressed it again and again nothing happened so I pressed the button that opened my legs again. They flew open so I pressed the button that had done nothing again. My legs slowly closed.

“I see.” I thought; “it’s for closing them after I’ve opened them using my muscles.”

I strained my muscles and opened my legs; then relaxed.

“Okay,” I thought, “that’s the basics sorted, I wonder what the other buttons do.”

There were 2 buttons together, one with one circle against it and the other with 2 circles. I pressed a button that had 1 circle against it. Nothing happened so I tried to open my legs. That was easy so I pressed the button to slowly close my legs.

Then I pressed the button with 2 circles against it and tried to open my legs again. I could, but it was a lot harder.

“Okay,” I thought, “those 2 increase and decrease the effort needed. Now what do the buttons with seat symbols do?”

I pressed one and the back of the seat came up so that my back was at 90 degrees to the floor. As I pressed the other seat button my back went back until I was flat in my back.

I pressed the button to raise my back then looked at the control panel again. Just 2 buttons that I hadn’t tried. One had an up arrow and the other a down arrow. I pressed the up button and my legs started to rise. They kept going up and then the back of the seat started to go down without me pressing the button.

I soon realised why; my feet were as high as they could go so I would have been bent double if the seat hadn’t gone down.

I pressed the down arrow button and my legs went down and the seat came up.

“Right, that wasn’t difficult, now I can exercise my legs.” I thought.

I pressed the appropriate buttons and started working my leg muscles. As I did I started looking at the faces of the people watching me. All had slight grins on their faces and some of the men’s expressions told me that they wanted to get closer to my pussy.

That wasn’t a problem for Alejandro making the promotional video, he was almost on top of me and at one point I wondered if my legs would hit him as I closed them.

Thinking about those people, the images that they were recording and what the vibrator was doing to me pushed my arousal so high that I started to cum again.

At that point my legs were wide apart and I could feel my pussy oozing and the muscles trying to pull in a cock that wasn’t there.

My body shuddered and jerked and I accidentally hit the control paled with my fist.

OMG! That damn machine went crazy. My legs were opening and closing and going up and down; and the back of the seat went flat. I was stuck there, flat on my back with my legs going everywhere that the machine was programmed to take them.

As my orgasm subsided I tried to press buttons to stop the machine but it had gone crazy. I tried to look for Pedro but he was like all the others; just staring at me; probably thinking that I was pressing the buttons to make the machine do that.

The thing was, as soon as I realised that I wasn’t going to get hurt I relaxed and let it happen. In a way my legs were getting some exercise and my pussy was certainly getting a lot of exposure.

My button pressing got less frantic but I still pressed them to try to stop the machine’s madness. I guess that I must have accidentally pressed the right combination of buttons because the machine suddenly stopped leaving me flat on my back, legs spread wide with my feet as high as they could go.

I just lay there thinking,

“OMG, that was crazy. Look at me now; those people watching are getting the best possible view of my spread pussy; my very wet and swollen pussy. What’s more, the vibrator is starting to get the better of me again. If I don’t get off this machine I’m going to cum again.”

No one moved or said anything, not even me. The position that I was in, the vibrator, the people, the cameras and the fact that I was still high from my previous orgasm was just too much for me and I orgasmed again; but his time I managed to keep my hand away from the controls.

As my body started to return to normal I started to hear Pedro speaking.

“What?” I quietly asked.

“Are you okay Georgia?

“Never been better.” I replied in a slightly sarcastic tone.

In a way it was true; I had enjoyed the experience; especially my sixth orgasm. There’s something special about orgasming in front of strangers.

“Can you lower your legs so that I can release you ankles?”

“I’ll try but this machine does some strange things.” I replied.

As I pressed the buttons to lower and close my legs, and it did, I decided not to tell Pedro that the machine had gone crazy all on its own. I smiled and wondered if I could get it to do that again the next time that I went there; or maybe it would do it with some other unsuspecting girl on it.

Pedro put his hand out to steady me as I got off the machine and I held on to it for a couple of seconds to make sure that I was okay. Then I said,

“Right, what’s next. ….. Oh yes, crunches and sit-ups. Could you help me keep my legs down please Pedro?”

“Of course Señora.”

When I was about to start the crunches Pedro said,

“You may like to spread your legs a bit Georgia; it will help your muscles.”

I did, and both Pedro and the cameraman got a great view of my pussy.

I was about to start the sit-ups when Pedro pointed me to a bench that I hadn’t noticed before.

“It’s a special sit-ups bench that we’ve just got. I got the one with wide feet bars and back of your thighs supports so that you can do it with your legs spread.”

“Oh thank you Pedro, you are so considerate.”

I stepped over the bench and lifted one leg over the thigh supports. As I sat down I realised that with my head going so low and my legs slightly spread, my pubes and pussy would be my highest part. I wondered if my audience would appreciate that.

Grief, doing sit-ups from that angle sure is hard work; but as the saying goes,

“No pain; no gain.”

I reckoned that when I’d done lots of those my stomach would be really flat.

I kept going until I could do no more then I un-hooked my feet and rolled off the bench onto the floor. I just sat there for a few seconds to have a short break.

The leg lifts and the bicycle exercises went quit easily although I nearly orgasmed again when I saw the cameraman zooming in on my upturned pussy.

Then it was the last batch of exercises and I have to say that I was getting tired.

The camera man was behind me for most of them but when I started the star jumps he came round to the front of me. I wondered if he was expecting to see my tits bounce up and down. If he was, he was disappointed. The best that my little tits can do (thankfully) is a very slightly wobble.

When it was all over I just sat on the floor for a good minute. That was the hardest workout that I’d ever done. Even the ones at school were never that hard. I wondered if the 6 orgasms had anything to do with it.

As I walked towards the door my audience seemed to disappear, some to the exercise machines and other to goodness knows where. Instead of going to the changing room I went to the reception. Daddy’s vest had disappeared and I wanted to know if it had been handed in.

Pedro was sat at the desk talking to a young couple, giving them details of membership. When the young man saw me a big grin appeared on his face. The girl looked a little surprised to see a naked girl and she asked Pedro if being naked to workout was compulsory.

"No Señora, es solo opcional". Pedro replied.

I wondered if other girls worked out naked.

The couple appeared to get all the information that they required and as they left they both turned and looked at me again.

“Pedro,” I asked, “have you seen my dress? I couldn’t see it in the workout room.”

“Ah yes, I rescued it before it got kicked about or got stolen.”

“Gracias Pedro.” I replied, taking it from his hand.

As I walked to the changing room I turned and looked back to him. He was watching my little round butt. I smiled.

In a way I was disappointed that there were no men in the changing room; only one girl who I’d seen watching me earlier, and she was just pulling her skirt up. I didn’t see any sign of any knickers or a thong. She put a top on without a bra as well.

Just as I was opening my locker the cameraman walked in, still holding his big camera. I ignored him as I got out my shampoo and towel. I smiled at him then went to the shower.

He came and recorded me showering and as I was shampooing my hair I guess that the vibe and my previous orgasms got the better of me because as I rinsed my hair my right hand went to my pussy and I easily made myself cum again.

After that the cameraman lost interest and disappeared.

I decided that I was getting a bit tired and wanted a bit of a rest so I squat down and squeezed the vibrator out. I rinsed it and put it next to my shampoo whilst I dried myself.

Getting dressed when you’re only wearing a dress and shoes doesn’t take long and I was soon back in reception with my nipples and areolas sticking out through 2 of the holes in the dress.

I paid Pedro then left telling him that I’d be back but I didn’t know when.

The sun had gone down and it was starting to get dark as I slowly wandered down towards the harbour. I was satisfied, but a bit tired; but at the same time enjoying walking about in a dress that left nothing to the imagination of anyone who cared to have more than a quick glance at me. Again I thought about how just unobservant most people are; only seeing what they expect to see.

Ibiza at night is different to Ibiza in the daytime and as I walked I started to notice the changes. Less older tourists and more young people; some very strange looking. I quickly came to the conclusion that there were quite a few people who take the dark as the signal to live out their fantasies. I quickly lost count of the number of men wearing dresses with full face make-up and stuffed bras.

As I got to the area directly opposite the marina where daddy’s boat is tied-up, the place was quite lively; lots of people, loud music and busy restaurants. I selected a nice looking restaurant and went in.

When a waiter came up to me I told him that I wanted an outside table. I wanted people walking passed to be able to see me and for me to see them. The waiter didn’t seem too pleased to be seating 1 young girl at a table for 4 in their prime area, but hey, I was a customer and I wasn’t just going to order a coffee and sit there for hours.

I got a table right next to the barrier between the tables and the pedestrians walking by, perfect for me and I ordered a bottle of expensive champagne. The waiter gave me a questioning look as if he thought that I would be doing a runner later so I went into my backpack and pulled out my Black Amex card. The expression on his face instantly changed and he scurried off to get the bottle.

As I waited for him to return I decided what I wanted to eat then looked around. The place was just about full; no wonder that it was taking a while to get my champagne.

I looked down at my chest to confirm that my nipples were still sticking through 2 of the holes. They were, so I pulled and twisted each of them.

Just as I was doing that 2 young men appeared on the other side of the barrier to my side; they must have seen what I was doing. One said, “Nice.” The other said,

“Excuse me young lady, we’ve been trying to get a table here but we’ve just been told that it will be over an hour before one is free. We can’t help but notice that you appear to be alone at that big table and were wondering if you’d mind sharing it with us?”

Whilst he was talking I looked at his face, his eyes were on my chest all the time and my nipples responded by getting even harder. My pussy also responded by getting wet.

I looked at his mate, then back to him and smiled.

“Yes, why not, it will be good to have someone to talk to while I eat.”

“Thank you, thank you so much.”

Thirty seconds later 2 waiters and 2 young men arrived at my table. One waiter had my champagne in an ice bucket. As soon as the 2 young men were seated the waiter poured me a glass. He was about to pour some for the young men when I stopped him and told him that it was just for me. He smiled and put the bottle in the ice bucket in front of me.

“Are you ready to order madam, or shall I return when the gentlemen are ready to order?”

Man 1 spoke,

“That’s okay, we can order now as well; we know what we want.”

We all ordered and when the waiter was gone, man 1 introduced himself as Mick and his mate as Andy. I said that my name was Lolita. We shook hands and Andy had to stand to be able to reach me.

“Lolita! Isn’t that the name for a young slut?” Andy asked?

“Yes,” I replied, “but I am neither of those things; it’s just a name that I decided to use while I’m here.”

“Fair enough Lolita.” Mick said

“That’s a nice dress that you’re nearly wearing Lolita. I like to top part especially; very nice.”

“Thank you Andy, I like it too. The whole dress is like the top you know.”

“I can see that.” Mick said, “I can’t wait for you to stand up.”

“Wow, you guys get straight to the point don’t you?”

“I’d like to get to both those points Lolita.” Andy said.

“Down boys.”

“We’re only here for 2 weeks so what’s the point of wasting time?”

“Hmm, I see your point.”

“It’s not sticking out is it?” Mick said.

I looked down to his shorts. His cock wasn’t out but there was a nice bulge.

“No Mick, you won’t get arrested for indecent exposure.”

“You might.” Andy said.

“I doubt it.” Mick said, “There aren’t many coppers about but who would want to arrest such a gorgeous young girl like this?”

“Why thank you kind sir.”

“He’s not a ‘kind sir’;” Andy said; “give him half a chance and he’ll be inside your knickers.”

I smiled and Mick replied,

“That’s not possible mate, she isn’t wearing any.”

Andy’s eyes opened wide for a second then he said,

“I like you Lolita.”

Just then a waiter appeared with 2 large beers for the guys.

When the waiter had gone Andy said,

“I don’t believe you mate.”

“It’s right, she isn’t.”

“Prove it.”

“How can I; only Lolita can do that?”

They both looked at me. I waited for a few seconds while I worked out if there was enough space for me to stand up and do a 360.

I decided that there was so I stood up, pushing my chair back as I did so. My dress had been bunched up a little so Andy should have had a glimpse of my slit before I pulled the dress down; not that it totally covered my slit.

I did a 360 shuffle then pulled up the front of my dress before sitting down. Andy’s face was a picture of shock and surprise.

“Bloody hell girl, I could see your cunt.” He said.

“And now you’ve told the whole world; well done mate. Sorry about that Lolita.”

“That’s okay; they’d have seen me when I get up to leave anyway.”

“And that doesn’t bother you?”

“Hell no; this is Ibiza, I’m young and I’m not ashamed of my body so why not?”

“Why not indeed; and you make a lot of men happy by dressing like that.” Mick said.

The rest of the waiting for the meal and eating it was spent with small talk and not really interesting. When we’d finished eating the main course the waiter came and took our plates away and asked us if we’d like anything else. I ordered a big ice cream and when the waiter left I got up and told the guys that I had to go to the little girl’s room.

I didn’t even think about anyone looking at me as I went; or when I came back; but both Mick and Andy’s eyes watched my every move.

“Bloody hell, I can see the shape of your cunt through that dress Lolita.” Andy said as I shuffled passed Mick to get to my seat.

“Sorry about my friend Lolita,” Mick said, “No one has EVER called him a gentleman.”

I smiled and said that it was my fault for wearing that dress.

“Hey Lolita; Mick replied, “don’t ever apologise for looking beautiful.”

My ice cream arrived, along with 2 more beers for the guys.

“I bet that it’s easy going for a piss dressed like that.”

“Yes, it is, I can just stand there with my feet either side of the bowl but I still have to make sure that my lips are open so that I don’t piss down my leg.”

“I hadn’t thought about that.”

“Are you going to show us then Lolita?” Andy asked.

“Bloody hell mate, give it a rest.”

“That’s okay, but I can’t let you follow me into the little girl’s room.”

“We could find somewhere else. I’ve never seen a girl piss.”

“And I’ve never seen a guy piss.”

“So are you saying that you’ll let us watch you piss Lolita?” Andy asked.

I thought for a second then replied,

“Okay, you only live once; but it has to be somewhere nice and clean.”

“How about our hotel room?”

Again I thought for a second but I just knew that I’d go with them. Andy is a bit rough but Mick is nice, and I was feeling horny. I suppose the bottle of champagne in my stomach may have had something to do with it as well.

“Okay then but I want to have a look around here first. I’ve never been here at night.”

“It can get a bit, shall we say boisterous, but I’ve never heard of there being any real trouble.” Mick said.

“If you want to get yourself groped you should go to that Groper’s Bar.” Andy added.

“Where is it?” I asked; thinking that it would be nice to go there.

“You don’t want to go there Lolita; girls only go there to get groped.” Mick said.

“Maybe I want to get groped.”

“It would be easy in that dress.” Andy added.

I smiled and agreed with him.

I finished my ice cream and the guys finished their beers; then we paid and left. The guys wanted to pay for me but I refused, especially as my bill was more than both theirs combined.

The guys took me to the liveliest places where everyone seemed to be drinking outside the bars. The sort of ‘square’ was really busy and Mick warned me that I might get groped if I tried to go through the middle of the crowd.

“I’ve heard of girls who end up naked going through that crowd.” Andy said.

“Nice!” I said and wondered if it would happen to me.

As we walked down one brightly lit street Andy was waking behind us. After a while he said,

“I really like that dress Lolita.”

“You meant that you like what you can see under it?” replied.

“Yeah; that as well.”

“Relax Andy, if you’re good and we do go back to your room you’ll get a good look at what’s under my dress. There no way that I’m going let you piss on me with it still on.”

“Who said anything about us pissing on you?”

“I, I, I just assumed that you’d want to piss on me so that I could watch you.”

“Has our little exhibitionist got a secret desire to have a golden shower then?” Andy asked.

I said nothing.

“You have haven’t you?”

“Maybe.” I quietly replied.

Mick put his arm around my shoulder and said,

“It’s okay to have these feelings and want to explore things; all young adults think about them.”

“Yes but I’ve just agreed to let you and Andy piss on me.”

“And I’m sure that Andy would let you piss on him but you can stop whenever you like. Neither of us will force you to do anything that you don’t want to do.”

“Thank you Mick.”

We stood around watching all the people although some of them looked more like aliens in the outfits that they were wearing. After a while I said,

“Can one of you guys get me a drink please? If I’m going to piss on you I’ll need to put some more liquid in my stomach.”

Andy said that he’d get one, and 5 minutes later he came back with 3 large beers.

“Bloody hell Andy, I wasn’t expecting that much liquid.”

Anyway, I was thirsty and I managed to keep up with the guys quite easily. When we were finished we left and walked along a couple of streets until Mick and Andy stopped.

“There,” Andy said, “there’s Groper’s Bar.”

“Where? I can’t see a bar.”

“Down that alley.” Andy replied and pointed to a little sign above the alley entrance.

Just then 2 giggling young wearing next to nothing, walked passed us and down the alley.

Andy looked at them then back to me. I smiled and thought that he couldn’t decide; me, or his chances with those girls.

He chose me and we continued walking; but not before I took a note of exactly where we were. I was going to go back there another night.

“How far is it to your hotel guys?” I asked.

“About a 15 minute walk.” Andy replied.

“Sod that.” I said and went into the street to flag a taxi down.

A couple of minutes later we were sat in the back of a taxi, and another couple of minutes later I was paying the driver as we got out.

The guy’s hotel wasn’t the nicest of hotels but it certainly wasn’t a dump. We easily got through reception and up to their room.

“Typical guys.” I thought as I saw clothes strewn all over the place.

“Right guys, I guess that this is what you’ve been waiting for.” I said as I reached for the hem of my dress and pulled it up and over my head.

The guys just stared at me as I kicked my shoes off then said,

“I’m going to get into the bath and have a pee; anyone want to watch?”

The bathroom was small, but clean and when I’d got in I turned to see both Mick and Andy staring at me.

“So how do you want me to do this guys; standing up or sitting down? Oh, I guess that you’ll get a better look if I just lean back against the wall at the end of the bath and let rip.”

Andy just nodded but Mick said,

“Can you spread your legs just a bit first; then when you get in mid flow spread them some more.”

I did as requested but my pussy was wet before I started to pee and my lips had opened so the guys didn’t get the full effect of peeing with closed lips. That didn’t stop the guys looking with amazed looks on their faces.

When I got into full flow I slid my feet apart as far as the bath would let me and pushed my hips forwards. The stream of pee went the full length of the bath with 2 sets of eyes following it. My eyes were watching the guys with amusement.

As the flow ebbed it came in short burst until it stopped.

“Right guys, your turn; get those cocks out. I’ll lay down in the bath to make it easy for you but please guys don’t piss on my face, I want to watch you.”

“I’m not pissing with him next to me.” Andy said.

“Bloody hell Andy;” I said, “I didn’t take you for the shy type. Okay you can piss on me first. Would you mind waiting in the bedroom Mick?”

Mick was nearest the door so he agreed and left. As I lay down in the bath I felt the remains of my piss on my back. I wasn’t exactly ecstatic about it but I was game to try anything once. Besides, there was a shower and I intended to use it just as soon as they had finished.

“Come on Andy, get it out. Let me see you pissing.”

Andy did, and pointed his semi at my chest and let rip. Warm pee hit my body and I have to say that I wasn’t impressed. As I watched Andy’s cock it started to get harder. By the time that it was pointing to the ceiling his flow had stopped.

“Is that it Andy?”

“I can’t pee when it’s hard.”

“Okay, I think that I can understand that. Maybe you should put it away and go and tell Mick that it’s his turn. And while you’re out there you may want to go out onto the balcony and have a wank.”

Andy sulked off and a few seconds later Mick walked in.

“Are you sure that you want me to do this Lolita?” Mick asked.

“No not really; it does nothing for me.”

“Me neither.”

“Tell you what, lock the door and get your clothes off while I have a shower.”

I was still showering when Mick pulled the curtain back and climbed in. I immediately felt his hard cock against my ribs and I moved my hands to it.

Within seconds I was up on his front with my legs around his waist. With a little help from Mick’s hand his cock found my hole and I was soon going up and down.

In spite of the turn-off of Andy peeing on me I was soon cumming and I was shortly followed by Mick shooting his load deep inside me.

We both stayed like that until his cock started to go soft and plopped out of me. Then I slid down him and turned to get into the jet of the shower that was still running.

Suitably clean and refreshed, I climbed out and reached for a towel.

“You can have that pee now Mick, I won’t watch.”

I dried myself to the sound of Mick peeing in the shower. He was still in there when I finished drying myself so I walked out into the bedroom to get my dress. Andy was out on the balcony and I could see his hand going up and down.

I decided to give him a hand and went out to him. His hand stopped moving so I put my hand on his cock and said,

“Here, let me help you.”

The difference of my hand to his hand, and what was attached to my hand made all the difference and Andy was soon shooting his load over the railings of the balcony. I didn’t look over to see if anyone was below.

When his cock stopped pumping I bent over and licked the last drop of his cum off the end. I grinned at him then went back inside.

Mick came out of the bathroom just as my dress started to slide over my head and down onto my body. I put my shoes on then picked up my backpack before reaching up and kissing Mick’s cheek.

“Seeya around Mick.” I said and left the room.

Going down in the lift I thought about what I’d said to myself earlier in the day; that I was going to have a lazy day.

“Tomorrow.” I said to myself as I walked outside and straight into a taxi that had just dropped someone off.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 15**

It was late morning when I woke-up and as I lay on top of my bed with the fingers of my right hand waking-up my pussy. I swore to myself that I really would have a lazy day. The problem was that there is just so much fun to have out there. Anyway, I swore that I wouldn’t go any further than the café that day.

After my first orgasm of the day I got up and did my thing in the bathroom. Then my stomach told me that it was empty. I couldn’t really understand why after I’d gorged myself in the restaurant the previous night.

Then I had the decision of what to wear. I knew that Manuel had said that it was okay to go to his café naked but I was eager to try on of my new thongs; my crotchless thongs. Besides, a girl can look good wearing just a little something; also, no one could accuse me of being naked.

I opened the drawer with the thongs in and decided on one that had only the elasticated strings. I’d be wearing a thong but at the same time everything would be on display.

I stepped into it and I have to say that I liked what I saw in the mirror. That Celeste woman is a gem.

And that thong and a pair of heels is all that I wore to the café for breakfast.

Manuel was his usual cheerful self and he seemed oblivious to my near nudity.

Back at the boat I quickly got totally naked and decided to improve my all-over tan on the rear sunning deck.

It wasn’t long before I got bored and I decided to liven things up by putting my egg inside me and play with the remote control to see how long I could play with the different settings and NOT cum.

I think that I managed about 20 minutes before my second orgasm of the day hit me like a train. It had been building but I thought that I had it under control then all of a sudden it exploded. As usual, I got a bit vocal and my body jerked about.

As I calmed down I saw that an old man carrying a fishing rod had stopped and was staring at me. I smiled at him and said hola but he just turned and walked on.

One thing that I had discovered whilst playing with the remote control is that there is a setting where I can have it on gentle vibrate all the time, and have it give me random quick bursts of full throttle.

I think that it was one of those full throttle bursts that took me over the edge.

By that time all thought of a lazy day were gone – again. And I needed to do something, go somewhere. After a bit of thought I decided on a bit of retail therapy. I remembered seeing some nice cover-ups when I was in Playa de en Bossa going back to Jake’s and Lenny’s hotel.

Right, what to wear and how to get there. Neither problem took long to resolve. I chose a see-through tube top that was easy to get off, and a ultra-short skater skirt. I’d noticed that there was a slight breeze that day and I hoped that I’d have a few wardrobe malfunctions. I still had the egg inside me so I put the control into my backpack. But that wasn’t enough; I was feeling horny so I got one of my butt plugs out, the one with the clear glass ‘diamond’, and I squat down to insert it. My pussy was dripping so that provided the lubrication to get the butt plug pressed home.

As I was pushing it in I felt the egg move and I wondered if the vibrations from the egg would travel to the butt plug and that would excite me as well. I decided to experiment on the bus on the way.

Yes, the bus was the way that I decided to get there; well, a taxi to the bus station, then the bus.

Collecting what I needed, I set off to get a taxi. As I walked, I could feel the egg moving around and hitting the butt plug. Well not actually hitting it, but getting some resistance because of it.

There was a breeze as I walked into the bus station but I just ignored my skirt flying up. After all, gravity would bring it down again when the wind would let it.

I bought a ticket then went outside to wait for the bus. Again, I did nothing to stop my skirt from blowing up, much to the delight of the people who were sitting on a bench in front of me. I wondered if those on the bench behind me got a good look at my butt plug.

There were only 3 steps up onto the bus but the man following me got a good look up my skirt. I know that because I heard him quietly say,

“Fucking hell, look at that.” To the man behind him.

There were not enough people to fill the seats so I had to sit on one. There was no one for me to flash so I started playing with the remote control for my egg. I didn’t make myself cum; just to the edge then I switched it off, waited for a minute or so then turned it back on.

I got off the bus at the next stop after I saw some shops and by that time I was feeling VERY horny.

The first thing that I did was sit outside a café and order a drink. I needed one and it gave me the opportunity to flash the people walking by. Most didn’t even look my way but those who did were rewarded with a great view of my pussy.

Two teenage boys stopped when the saw me and stared for about a minute before walking on. A couple of minutes later they were back staring at my pussy again. When 1 of them looked up to my face I smiled at him. He got embarrassed and the both walked away.

There must have been half a dozen shops selling the cover-ups that I was looking for but they weren’t all the same so I had to look in each shop to find the ones that I liked best. I also decided that I needed a couple of big shoulder bags to use instead of my backpack. I thought that the shoulder bags would be more girly.

As I walked from shop to shop the gentle breeze was giving me lots of wardrobe malfunctions, and that was only the ones that I saw. The skirt is so light that half the time I don’t even know that it has blown up.

Anyway, I finally decided on the cover-ups that I wanted and went back to those shops. One of the cover-ups is made of some sort of white lace with swirly patterns and lots of holes, some small and a lot quite big. I had to go through every one on the rack to find one with the big holes in the right position, I didn’t want my nipples or slit covered.

Finding the best one I had to try it on. Of course they don’t have changing rooms in shops like that so I just slipped it on over the top of my clothes then pulled to tube top down to check that my nipples were in line with big holes. They were, so I reached under the cover-up and pulled my skirt down so that I could check that my slit was visible.

Satisfied that I had the right cover-up I pulled it up and off then pulled my tube top back into position and pulled my skirt up. As I started to get organised I saw a man staring at me. I guessed that he’s seen my whole performance and I wanted to give him a bit more so I turned my back to him and bent over with straight knees.

I heard a sharp intake of breath and assumed that he’d seen my butt plug.

I ignored him and went and paid the young girl at the till. If she’d seen me changing she didn’t let on.

I then went to another shop to get the multi-coloured, net cover-up that I’d seen; the one like that with the biggest holes. The holes were big enough for me to get my thumb through. There was no point in trying it on so I didn’t.

After paying for it I started looking for a shoulder bag. It didn’t take long to find ones that would do the job. They are only cheap ones that could well drop to bits before I leave Ibiza but that didn’t matter; they did the job for now.

By that time I was at the end of the rows of shops and near a Burger King. I was thirsty again, and hungry so I went in and ordered a Flamer.

When I’d got it I went and sat outside, right next to the way in. I twisted my chair round and perched my butt on the front edge so that I could lay back and that all of my pussy would be visible to anyone coming in.

It was late afternoon by then and people must have been getting hungry because lots of people came in. Of course I closed my knees whenever any kids came in but that was all. It was mainly the late teens and early twenties that realised what they could see.

I got a few nice comments and one, probably partially drunk, young man came back and sat opposite me.

“Do you know that I can see your bald pussy?” He asked.

“Yes.” I replied, “Do you like it?”

“Fuck yeah.”

“Do you want to fuck it?”

“Yeah.”

“Well you can’t so fuck off and let other people enjoy the view.”

That sort of stunned him a bit and after a few seconds silence he got up and went inside.

I managed to flash a few more people before I finished my burger and left to find a bus stop. I stood at the bus stop waiting with my backpack between my feet and not noticing my skirt flying up most of the time.

The bus back was boring except for me using the remote control to get my pussy all worked up again. If the taxi driver had bothered to look in his mirror he’d have had a great view of my pussy.

Back at the boat I stripped and removed the 2 objects inside me then had a shower before looking at what I’d purchased. I tried the cover-ups on and was satisfied that I’d be showing everything that I wanted to.

The sun was going down so I decided to have a nap before deciding what I was going to do that evening.

I was out like a light and woke up around 10 pm. Splashing some water on my face I decided that I was going to try-out one of my new half thongs at the club; I’d go and ‘work the bar’ as the boss calls it.

Slipping one of my summer dresses and some heels on; and putting the thong and my essentials into one of my new shoulder bags, I left to get a taxi.

The door men greeted me with,

"Buenas tardes Lolita" and I walked straight to the boss’s office to ask if I could work the bar that night.

“Can you pole dance?” was the reply.

“No, I’ve never even tried.”

“Can you cum on command?”

“No, I didn’t even know that was possible.”

“Yeah it is but you have to be hypnotised. Right, I guess that you’ll have to work the bar then. You know where the thongs are don’t you?”

“Yes boss.”

He turned back to whatever he was doing and I went to the changing room.

Daniella was there and she was just getting undressed.

“Come for the pole dancing Lolita?”

“No, I don’t know how to do it. I’m just going to work the bar.”

“It’s quite easy, you should try it.”

“Yes, I will, one day.”

We talked some more and she watched me strip then put my thong on.

“That’s not one of the clubs thongs is it?”

“No, I brought my own.”

“Let me have a look at it.”

I spread my legs, leaned back and pushed my hips forwards. Daniella grinned and said,

“You do know the rules about touching the girls don’t you?”

“Yes but I also know that no one enforces them.”

“Right; just had to check. One girl who came here for a few months used to get her boyfriend to paint a thong on her so that the punters had very easy access to her pussy but I guess that that thong is just as good.”

“Nice; why didn’t I think of that.” I replied.

That set my brain working, yes I could get a thong painted on but I could also get other clothes painted on me; that way I could walk around all day and night totally naked and only the people who really looked at me close up would know that I was naked. I had to find a body paint artist; I made a mental note to phone Pau in the morning.

“Daniella, the boss just asked me if I could cum on command. Have you ever heard of a girl being able to do that?” I asked.

“Yes I have; something to do with being hypnotised and having a trigger word, but I never fancied it. My boyfriend would want to know the word and life would be impossible once he knew.”

“Yes, I can imagine.”

“Why Lolita, do you fancy getting hypnotised? Judging by what I’ve seen of you so far you seem to cum dead easy as it is.”

“Yes, I do find it easy; I was just wondering about what the boss said.”

“Fair enough, I gotta go, I’ve got some poles waiting, and they’re not all metal. Oh, have you seen the new calendar?”

“No.”

Daniella left and I looked at the calendar. The ‘Fucked by Machines’ night, the ‘Public Humiliation’ and the ‘Orgasm denial’ were still there but there were 3 new entries: -

Promotional trip to Beaches.

Private Humiliation.

Sybian night.

I checked the dates that I’d put into my phone for the first 3 then added the second 3. I didn’t know what a Sybian was so I googled it. As soon as I saw and read about them I went back to my phone’s calendar and added \*\* after the Sybian night. Then I went back online and researched companies that sell Sybians. It took me about 30 minutes but I managed to order one for delivery to me at the marina.

Before I left the changing room I checked that dates of all the events. The Orgasm denial night was the next night. I smiled and got wet in anticipation of what I assumed was going to happen to me the next night.

Then I went out to the bar wearing just my half thong and heels.

I really do enjoy walking around fully clothed people when I’m naked. Okay I had the half thong on but it only covered the very top of my slit and even that was exposed when I pulled the thong up after about an hour. If the boss or any of the other staff noticed they didn’t say anything.

Some of the customers certainly noticed; I guess that it’s hard not to when I’m stood only millimetres from their faces.

Realising that my pussy wasn’t covered is always a good indication to the men that I’m open to a bit of groping and I soon lost count of the fingers that had played with my pussy.

Some of the men asked me what my name was and I always told then that it was Lolita. You can imagine what some of them were thinking and some even said a few things. If only they’d put their brains in gear they would have quickly realised that the club would never employ underage girls.

Another thing that I started doing that night was giving lap dances. One of the more experienced girls explained everything to me, what I can and can’t do, what the punters can and can’t do, and what the bouncers will do. She even let me watch her giving one. I’m pretty sure that she didn’t realise that my thong didn’t cover my pussy because if she did I’m sure that she wouldn’t let me do it; but she did, and little old me soon had a customer.

For the first couple of dances that I gave I stuck to the rules but when the bouncer didn’t stick his head round the curtain I let the guy finger me and play with my tits. It’s a good job that there is a time restriction on those dances because if they had been any longer the bouncer would have heard me cumming.

In between everything that I was getting up to, I managed to watch a bit of the show. I saw Daniella and another girl performing on the metal poles, then making use of the men’s poles. They were the same 2 men that I’d been fucked by the last time that I was at the club.

Before I knew it the time was 3 a.m. and everything started to wind down.

The boss came out of his office, gave us our pay and reminded those of us who were taking part in the show the following evening of what time we had to be there.

I went to the changing room and saw Daniella and one of the men having round 2 of the earlier fucking sessions. I got changed and left.

It was again near lunchtime when I woke up and the first thing that I did was to phone Pau and asked him about body painting artists and hypnotists. He told me that he knew one guy who often painted girls before they went clubbing so he must be reasonably good. Pau told me that he’d phone me back in about an hour with phone numbers and addresses.

I went and had a shower then put a strings only thong on and went over to the café. This time though, there were other customers there and one of the women looked as though she was about to explode when she saw how little I was wearing.

First she had a go at me, calling me a slut and other names then she had a go at Manuel for letting me go there.

Manuel went on at her in Spanish then told her that I was only a kid and that it didn’t matter what I wore. That made me wonder just how old Manuel thought that I was. When he brought my breakfast out we had a little chat in Spanish. He called the woman an interfering old cow who should keep her nose out of other people’s business. I laughed and said that she probably had nothing better to do.

Manuel said that he’d told her that kids should be able to wear whatever they wanted so I asked him how old he thought that I was. He said that judging by my height I must be 12 or 13. I laughed and told him that I was 18.

He genuinely looked shocked; and I have to say that after that morning he started looking at me in a different way. I think that he’s started getting the hots for me.

Pau phoned me shortly after I got back to the boat and gave me the details that I wanted. I thanked him and promised that I’d phone him if I needed him. Then I phoned both numbers and made 2 appointments, one for the following day, and the other for the day after.

That afternoon and evening I really did take things easy. I strongly suspected that my night at the club would be very tiring. Most of the time was spent sunbathing and thinking about me walking around Ibiza wearing only paint; and being able to cum just by saying a certain word.

I thought about what was going to happen to me that night. I’d never really tried to hold back with my orgasms and I was worried that I’d cum just as soon as someone, or something touched my clit. I didn’t know if I should make myself have hundreds of orgasms before I went so that I’d be orgasmed out, if there is such a thing, before I went; or just abstain and hope for the best.

I chose the lazy option and didn’t make myself cum all day.

I must admit that I was nervous as the taxi drove me to the club; nervous and apprehensive. When I walked into the changing room Daniella and another girl whom I had never met before were there. Daniella introduced the girl as Mariana. She’s about Daniella’s build but with tits half way between Daniella’s size and mine.

Both Daniella and Mariana were totally naked and ready for the action.

I stripped and put my stuff in a locker then Mariana gave both of us a pill.

“Take that Lolita; it will dull the nerves in your clit.”

“It’s not a drug is it?” I asked.

“No, it’s a herbal thing. You can get all the ingredients at any Carrefour supermarket.”

“We all swallowed our pills then Daniella got out a bottle of vodka.”

“Take a few swigs of this, it helps as well.”

I wasn’t so sure about that but it would settle my nerves. So I did.

A few minutes later Diego walked in and told us to get out on the stage. As I walked behind the curtains I saw 3 big beds lined up along the front of the stage. Each one had the end furthest away from the audience raised up about 20 cm so that it was easier for the audience to see the girl’s face, and for her to see the audience. Also at each corner of each bed I could see a length of what looked like cotton rope with one end tied to the bet leg.

I hadn’t realised that I would be tied down, but hey, it limits the amount of jerking that my body can do when do I cum. Wait, I’m not supposed to cum. Oh shit; I’m going to lose this one.

Diego led us each to a bed,

“Little one in the middle I think.”

He said as he pushed me back onto the bed. Two bouncers appeared and it wasn’t long before all 3 of us were tied spread-eagled to a bed.

Diego said something over the sound system and the curtains opened.

OMG there were hundreds of people there, all looking at the 3 of us.

Diego then went on to say that the winner would be the girl who came the least number of times over the next 60 minutes. He then went on to explain that only 3 members of the audience would be allowed on the stage at one time and each set of 3 would change every 5 minutes.

That was another surprise to me; I’d been expecting 3 well endowed, naked men to be torturing our clits. I’d visualised lying on something like a bed and looking at a big, hard cock whilst the owner’s fingers were working on my clit.

Then he added another surprise; the winner would then have the pleasure of 5 audience volunteers trying to make her cum as many times as they could for a whole 30 minutes.

“No chance in that being me.” I thought.

Diego then went on to explain the sequence of tables that would define the order of people coming onto the stage.

I wasn’t particularly interested in that part so I sort of switched off and tried to psych myself up to resist the clit and tit torture that I was about to endure.

The next thing that I knew was 6 hands were tickling me or mauling my tits and pussy. Normally I would love that but I tried my best to put my head in a different world and to ignore what was happening to me. I thought back to my days in school, the bad times and the bad teachers. When I got punished and when the PE teacher made us go for cross-country runs in the rain and snow.

I started to think about the other girls and in our dorm room; then I had to stop myself because I started to remember the times when we experimented with our bodies. No; thinking about that was not on. I changed to thinking more about the nasty PE teacher who made us do gymnastics and yoga; then hockey in the rain in winter.

All the time I could feel the hands on me and in me. I really wanted to enjoy what they were doing to me but I knew that I couldn’t. My mind went back to more bad times at school; the detentions, the canings (fortunately I only had one of those), the having to go to church on a Sunday morning regardless of the weather.

Hey readers, don’t get me wrong, school wasn’t that bad; in fact I had lots of good times, really good times.

Anyway, I have no idea how many sets of hands had tried to make me cum, nor how long I was surviving without cumming.

Then someone got a magic wand and held it against my clit.

“Oh fuck, I can’t resist that.” I said and started cumming; and it was a very intense one. So intense that the people around me backed off and just watched me.

The next thing that I knew was that Diego was telling everyone to back away. I wasn’t sure if I’d nearly survived the hour or if I’d blacked out and they couldn’t make me cum whilst I was out. Whichever, I’d only orgasmed once within the hour.

Both Rose and Mariana had orgasmed 4 times and I was declared the winner. I wasn’t sure if I was happy or not. I’d just had the most intense orgasms of my life, so intense that I’d blacked out (I think); and now I was going to have to try to survive another 30 minutes of people probably trying harder than before to make me cum; and I couldn’t do a damn thing about it.

I was glad that I was flat on my back on something soft because it wasn’t long before my body was jerking as wildly as it could within the restraints of the ropes that were securing my wrists and ankles to the 4 corners of the bed.

The 3 magic wands were driving my nipples and clit crazy and I have no idea how many times that I orgasmed.

Finally, it was all over. I got a huge round of applause but all I could do was raise my right arm a little to thank them.

The curtains closed and Rose and Mariana came and untied me then almost carried me to the shower in the changing room.

I was still sat on the floor in the shower with it still turned on, when the boss came in and congratulated me. He told me that I was the first girl to win by blacking out.

I just about managed to smile.

Rose and Mariana and just about all the customers had left by the time that I walked out of the changing room and one of the bouncers helped me to a taxi.

It was about 1 p.m. when I woke up to the sounds of Martina singing as she worked. I looked at the clock, swore then dashed to the shower. Fifteen minutes later I had put on a skirt, mesh cut-off tank top, shoes; grabbed my purse and was quickly walking to get a taxi. I had an appointment with the hypnotist.

I showed the address to the driver and he knew where it was. It turned out that it was just around the corner from the gym.

I was walking up the stairs with 3 minutes to spare.

“So Georgia, what is it that I can do you for?”

The 30 something rather cute man who had introduced himself as Chuck, asked me as he indicated for me to sit on the big sofa. It is a low down one so I’d perched my butt on the front edge, spread my feet about shoulder width apart and kept my knees together. With my ultra-short skirt on he would have been able to see my bare pubes but that’s all.

“I’m guessing that this is a rather unusual request but I want to be able to orgasm when anyone says a particular word.”

“You are right Georgia that is an unusual request but not an impossible one, in fact only last year another young lady came to me with the exact same request.”

“Were you able to help her?”

“Oh yes, it only took 4 sessions and she phoned me 2 weeks later to thank me.”

“You make it sound easy.”

“That all depends on the subject; some people are more susceptible to hypnotism than others.”

“So what’s involved, how does it work?”

“Well, for starters we have to find out if you are susceptible to hypnosis.”

“And how do we do that?”

“I try to hypnotise you.”

“Well, people in my job used to do it with a watch on a chain but technology helps us now; all you have to do is watch the screen of my tablet and we’ll see what happens.”

“Okay, when do we start?”

“Right now if you like Georgia.”

“Okay Chuck; let’s do it.”

Chuck got up and went over to his desk and came back with his tablet. He tapped a few places then turned it to face me.

“Just concentrate on watching the screen Georgia; try to relax and let your mind go blank.”

I did and the next thing that I knew was Chuck standing over me and clicking his fingers. I’d gone from perched on the front of the sofa to lying along it with my feet up and spread apart. My tiny skirt was bunched up around my stomach, my pussy on full display to him.

“Good Georgia. That was a very good start; I don’t see any reason why we can’t grant you your wish, but it will mean a lot of work by you.”

“What sort of work?”

“Masturbation.”

“Excuse me.”

“Masturbation. Part of the solution is for you to say your chosen word every time that you orgasm and you need to orgasm as often as you can. Have you thought of a trigger word?”

“Err no, not yet.”

“Well pick a word that is not in everyday use. You don’t want to orgasm in the middle of an everyday conversation.”

“Hmm, good point I said as I swung my feet round and off the sofa then pulled myself up to sit like I originally was.”

“How about ‘hypnosis’? “ I said.

“I think that you should choose something else. If you have to explain what caused the orgasm someone may use that word again.”

“Good point Chuck.”

I thought for a few seconds then suggested ‘Priapus’.

“I suppose that would work.”

“Good, so when do I start?”

“Start what?”

“The masturbation.”

“As soon as possible.”

“Right now?”

“Well I suppose that we do have 15 minutes of your appointment left.”

“Fifteen minutes; I can do it twice in that time. Shall I do it here?”

“If you wish.”

I stood up, dropped my skirt and pulled my top off. I looked at Chuck and saw a bemused expression on his face.

“I work better like this.” I said then sat back down and swung myself into the position that I’d been in when Chick brought me out of the trance.

I moved one leg so that the foot was on the floor then my right hand got busy.

“Priapus”. I shouted as I went over the edge.

As my heart beat slowed down I looked at Chuck then said,

“Have I got time to go again?”

“Yes, sure, why not.”

So I did; again shouting ‘Priapus’ as the waves of pleasure peaked.

Again, when my heart beat slowed I said to Chuck,

“So did I do it right? Is that what you want me to do over and over? How many times a day Chuck?”

“Whatever you are comfortable with Georgia.”

“Ten times, twenty times, thirty times; which?”

“If I had to put a figure on it I’d say that 10 was good enough to start getting your brain to associate ‘Priapus’ with an orgasm.”

“But 20 or 30 would be better?” I asked.

“I guess so, but that would take a lot of time Georgia. Can you really spare that time?”

“I can do it on the bus or on the beach; I’ve plenty of time then.”

“I’ll leave it up to you.”

“So is that it? I just have to keep bringing myself off and shouting ‘Priapus’?”

“No, you need to be hypnotised and to have the thoughts and desires planted in your brain.”

“And you’d do that like you hypnotised me earlier?”

“Yes Georgia.”

“And you wouldn’t take advantage of me being naked and hypnotised?”

“Of course not, I’m a professional. I would never do that; and it’s not really necessary for you to be naked Georgia.”

“But it helps.”

“I guess so.”

“Right, so when’s my next session? Tomorrow?”

“No, they should be about a week apart to give your brain the chance to get used to the association and orgasming without stimulation.”

“Okay then, next week, same time same place right?”

“Okay Georgia, I’ll put you in my diary. Oh, you can get dressed now.”

“Oh yes, I forgot.”

“I could maybe help you with that forgetting if you like?”

“No, I’ll just stick to the cumming.”

I put my clothes on and left, wondering if it would really work or was it just an excuse for him to watch me getting myself off. And would he really not fuck me if he could do it and I wouldn’t remember. I guess that I’ll never get an answer to that last bit.

As I walked down the street I realised that I was getting to the gym. I decided to go in and say ‘hi’ to Pedro.

As I entered Pedro saw me and jumped up.

“Have you come for a workout Georgia? It’s just that that we close the workout room on a Thursday afternoon so that we can run a gymnastics exercise class out the back.”

“Well I didn’t intend having a workout I was just passing and decided to call in and say hello. Besides, I haven’t got my kit with me. So what’s these gymnastics exercises?”

“One of my female co-workers runs the class for women. She takes them through a routine of exercises that are designed for gymnasts. They would be good for you.”

“But I haven’t got my kit with me.”

“Georgia, you did 90 percent of your last workout totally naked and I’m sure that the instructor and the other ladies wouldn’t mind a naked newcomer.”

“Are you sure?”

“Tell you what; just let me go and check. You stay there.”

As I waited, 3 twenty something girls walked in and went to the changing room. While I was watching them go in I saw 2 girls come out and head passed the workout room. Both were wearing leotards; one a thong type.

Pedro returned and confirmed that it wouldn’t be a problem; after all, the whole class was female. He told me to hurry because the class was about to start.

It doesn’t take a girl long to pull a tank top over her head, to drop her skirt and kick her shoes off; and I was walking to the door that I’d seen the others go through.

Through the door I stopped dead. I was expecting to be in a big room but instead I was outside in a big rectangle that is surrounded by blocks of flats above the back of shops on the ground floor.

There is a big grassy area and that was where about 15 young women were congregating. I went over to them and one slightly older woman stepped over to me.

“Hi, you must be Georgia; welcome to the class, just follow everyone else and I’m sure that you’ll be fine.”

Then she turned to one of the other girls and said in Spanish,

“This is the little slut that causes chaos in the workout room; my husband can’t stop talking about her.”

Continuing in Spanish, the other woman said, again in Spanish,

“She looks like a kid, hardly got any tits, I can’t see what the men get excited about.”

“Me neither.”

The instructor turned and clapped her hands to get some silence as I thought,

“Yeah, I bet that you’re jealous that your men are talking about me and not you.”

To be fair to the instructor, she was good at her job. She had us doing all sorts of exercises that I’d never even seen before. Quite a lot of them involved spreading our legs and at one point were on our hands and feet but with our fronts on the top and we were thrusting our pelvis’s up into the air.

It was then that I saw some people looking out of the windows of their flats and down to us. Some of the people were men and I wondered if the liked the look of the new classmate. Especially when our butts were up in the air with our legs spread wide. I wondered if any of our voyeurs had any binoculars.

I liked the exercise where we were on our backs with our legs at 90 degrees to our bodies and we had to press down on our knees that wanted to rise up.

As we did some of the more pussy revealing exercises I wondered about including some of them in my workout routine.

The lesson was over all too soon and whilst all of the women stood around talking I went back to reception and borrowed a towel from Pedro. I was showered and just pulling my top over my head when the first of the women walked in.

I smiled and left, deciding that I wouldn’t go there on a Thursday afternoon again.

The evening was approaching as I left and I got a taxi back to the boat. I stripped and went out onto the rear deck to catch the last of the sun. As I lay there my right hand drifted to my pussy and I thought about Priapus and I reached a climax.

That evening I decided to eat at the Lio then go for a walk to the big nightclub and see if I could see any girls wearing just paint. I put on one of my new dresses; one that is too short and when I pull it down my nipples pop out and when I pull it up my pussy gets visible.

I got in to Lio easily, I think that the doorman remembered me, and I got a table easily. I watched the cabaret and thought how different it was to the show at the club.

As Thursday rolled into Friday I left and walked to the main Pacha club and wandered around all the young people arriving for a night clubbing. It took a while but I did see some girls wearing just body paint, although one was wearing a thong under her paint. I could clearly see the slits and protruding clits and clit hoods of 2 of the girls, albeit covered in paint.

“Yes,” I thought; “if the guy that I was going to see later that day was as good as the guy who did those girls then I would be able to walk around just wearing the body paint.”

The only difference was that it was dark now; I wasn’t going to get painted to walk around at night; I intended to walk around like that in the middle of the day.

Satisfied that I would be able to walk around wearing just paint, if the paint job was good enough, I set off walking back to the marina.

Just to have a bit of fun during my walk, I pulled my dress up so that my slit was exposed then I rolled the top of my dress down so that my tits were exposed as well. I walked a slightly different route and saw a few people walking the other way. Most of them ignored me but one young couple had a good look and smiled at me.

I made it back to the boat and went to bed.

I woke early the next morning and felt surprisingly perky. Before getting out of bed I gave myself my first orgasm of the day, and I remembered to say ‘Priapus’ as I was cumming. I wondered if this hypnotism would really work and I could cum every time that someone says ’Priapus’.

My appointment with the body paint artist wasn’t until early evening so I had about 8 hours to kill. I raided the fridge and sat out on the deck eating and deciding what to do.

As I finished my coffee I decided to go to the beach. I wanted to go to other beaches but as I was time limited I decided to go to Salines again. It’s a really nice beach anyway.

I packed my new bag, put new batteries in my egg and easily slid it into its place for the day. I didn’t switch it on knowing that it would be driving me crazy for most of the day later.

I put on another one of my too short, skater skirts and a see-through tube top and left the boat. I waved at Sebastian as I passed the marina office and went and got a taxi. This time though, I’d decided to get a taxi all the way to the beach. It would give me more time to masturbate and say ‘Priapus’.

Just as we were approaching the place where taxis drop off, I reached into my bag and switched the egg on to gentle vibrate. I wanted to get a head start so that I could start cumming soon after I found my spot for the day.

The taxi dropped me off and I walked over to the shop to get some water and an ice cream. I put the water in my bag and sat on the curb stone to eat the ice cream. I sat with my knees bent and together, but with my feet about shoulder width apart. I knew that anyone who looked would be able to see my pussy but there was hardly anyone around.

That was until a bus pulled in and about a 50 people piled off and walked passed me. I didn’t move my legs and I watched all the people go by. I spotted 4 men looking at me, or should I say my, by then, wet pussy. A satisfied smile appeared on my face.

As with the previous times, I stripped off as soon as I got to the water’s edge and walked through the clothed area totally naked. No one said anything although I did notice a few people staring at me.

Out the other end of the clothed area I selected my spot, about 4 metres from the water’s edge, and spread my towel. After I’d covered myself with sunblock I lay down on my back with my legs wide open then reached into my bag, turned the egg up to full blast and waited.

It didn’t take long for me to go over the edge and I said ‘Priapus’, ‘Priapus’.

On the way to the beach I’d decided that I was going to try to be a lot less vocal and a lot less physical – If I could; and apart from a couple of involuntary jerks and one butt lift, I was pleased with my performance. That’s not including my pussy muscles contracting and relaxing. I didn’t think that I needed to do anything about those. If anyone was watching maybe they’d think that I was exercising those muscles – which I was.

I did notice a few people looking at my pussy as they walked by but I didn’t care; my pussy was enjoying the attention and it was helping to arouse me enough for me to keep cumming.

And that’s what I did for the next few hours. Of course I got restless and kept changing positions, sometimes lying on my stomach with my legs spread wide, and sometimes on my hands and knees pretending to look for something in my bag.

I didn’t stay on my hands and knees for very long each time because I couldn’t resist swaying my butt from side to side and reaching my hand underneath me and rubbing my clit.

And I did have a couple of breaks, one time I switched the egg off and walked over to the café to get an ice cream, still naked of course; and the other time when I went into the sea to cool down. I left the egg on and orgasmed while floating on my back right next to a group of young men.

Talking about young men; 4 groups of them came and sat near me for a while at different times, usually between me and the sea so that they could get a good look at my pussy. I ignored them and I was very cold towards 2 of them who tried to talk to me.

Eventually, the alarm on my phone went off to tell me that it was time to pack up and leave. I turned the egg down to slow simmer and collected my things together. As I walked back along through the clothes area I tried to count how many times that I’d cum but I just couldn’t remember. What I did know was that it was a lot more than I usually manage during a day.

I left putting my clothes on right until I got to the side of the road opposite the café and bus stop. A car that went by tooted its horn just as I was about to put my top and skirt on and a couple of young men who were parking their scooters watched me get dressed; probably wishing that they’d arrived earlier.

I went and got an ice cream and again sat on the same curb stone to eat it. Judging by the number of people hanging around there I guessed that a bus was due. I looked at my phone and decided that I had the time to go back by bus; so I stayed sat there until it arrived. A group of 3 young men walked by and one of them noticed what was on display. About 30 seconds later they came back and all 3 stood a couple of metres in front of me, and facing me.

I decided to tease them some more and kept opening and closing my knees after I’d slid my feet further back. I also lay back on my elbows to let them see my butt hole as well. I wished that I’d worn one of my butt plugs.

When the bus arrived the young men followed me on and I just knew that they were looking up my skirt to my bare butt and pussy. They followed me down the aisle. I sat just behind the rear exit door. There’s usually a modesty board on the railing to stop people standing from being able to look at the crotches of the people sitting where I had sat but half of it was missing; coincidently in front of the seat that I sat on.

Instead of them taking some of the vacant seats, all 3 of them stood in front of me. I, of course, perched on the front of the seat and lay back with my legs open enough for them to have a good view.

Just before the bus pulled out I reached into my bag and turned the egg up to full.

I watched them staring at my pussy, even when the muscles went mad as I orgasmed. A couple of times their eyes lifted from my pussy to my chest and even my face.

Whenever our eyes met I smiled at them but each time they just turned their heads away.

“Poor shy men.” I thought. I would have liked to have a conversation about what they could see and why they could see it; but never mind.

I orgasmed twice during that journey; all the time I watched their eyes watching my pussy muscles trying to suck in a cock that wasn’t there.

I wondered if they knew that I was cumming.

When the bus got back to Ibiza town I looked at a clock and decided that I had time to go back to the boat and have a shower so I went for a taxi.

The egg was still driving crazy and I orgasmed again in the back of the taxi. When I said the word ‘Priapus’ the driver looked me in the mirror then asked me if I said anything. I replied not and a minute later we arrived at the marina.

I turned the egg off as I walked to the boat where I showered then put another too short dress on and left to go to see the body painting artist. I’d left the egg inside me and had transferred the control (egg still turned off) to my small clutch bag that I took with me.

The taxi dropped me off right outside the building and as I approached the door I pulled the top of my dress down to expose my tits, then pulled and twisted my nipples. I wanted them to look at their best for the man. I pulled my dress back up then back down slightly so that just my nipples were showing.

I laughed at myself because if this man was as good as Pau had told me he would be he would be getting to see every square centimetre of me quite soon. Besides, he’d probably painted more naked girls than I’d had hot dinners so my little body would be nothing special to him.

As I rang the doorbell I flicked each nipple.

The door was opened by a man who wasn’t much older than me. He obviously hadn’t shaved for years but he has a nice, soft voice. He introduced himself as Henry and he told me that he was from London. He led me to a big room with big windows. One window was a pair of doors that were open to a big balcony.

Henry pointed me to a sofa and I perched my butt on the front edge.

“So Georgia, you’re interested in getting your body painted?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Full body or just parts?”

“Guess that you’d call it parts because I was just thinking about having clothes painted on; shorts or a bikini bottom and some sort of top.”

“I could certainly do that for you.”

“Before we go any further can you answer a few questions for me Henry?”

“Sure, hit me.”

“Firstly, how do you do it?”

“The first layer that goes on is called a ‘base layer’. It’s white and forms a sort of adhesive layer between your skin and the top coats, a bit like primer and undercoat when you’re painting new wood.”

“I wouldn’t know anything about that, I’ve never painted wood.”

“Okay, I guess that you’ll have to take my word for it then; the next layers are the main colours. The number of these depends on the pattern that you want.”

“And how are these layers put on?”

“The base layer is always by hand with brushes. For the top layers and pattern I use brushes and an air-brush; a bit like a very fine spray gun.

“How long does it take to dry?”

“The base layer only a couple of minutes. The girl’s body heat dries it.”

“Are there any toxic chemicals in it?”

“Heavens no. All the paints that I use are water based and at a push you could drink them and not be harmed. I don’t suppose they’d taste nice, I’ve never tried.”

“So if they’re water based are they easy to get off?”

“With water yes, a good shower and it all goes. Don’t go swimming because you may be quite embarrassed when you get out of the water.”

“How durable is a paint job and how long does it last?”

“It’s quite durable and it’s flexible so it will take every day knocks but it won’t survive being dragged along rough surfaces. Concrete seats are a no, no but car and bus seats are okay just so long as you don’t shuffle about.”

“How long does it last?”

“Of course that depends upon the treatment that they get but I’d expect at least 24 hours and if they are treated gently they should last at least 48 hours; that’s assuming that the wearer doesn’t take a shower or a bath, or go for a swim.”

“What patterns can you do?”

“Just about anything that you want. I’ve got lots of picture of the girls that I’ve already painted.”

“Can I have a look at them?

“Yes, of course you can but before you do I need to check your skin to make sure that you’re no allergic to the paint.”

“How do you do that?”

“I just dab a little on in a not too easily visible place and wait for about half an hour.”

“I guess that the test is best done without me having any clothes on.”

As I said that I stood up and pushed my dress down to where gravity took over.

“Well I was going to suggest the inside of your upper arm but I guess that anywhere will do. If you come over with me I’ll open a bottle and dab some on.”

I followed Henry and watched him unscrew a bottle of blue paint and dip a cotton bud into it.

“Where would you like it Georgia?”

“I think that your idea was probably the best one Henry.”

I held my right arm up and Henry dabbed the paint on.

“There, that wasn’t painless wasn’t it Georgia.”

“No.”

“Shall we start looking at the photographs now; they’re all on my computer but you can look at them on my tablet. Go back to the sofa and I’ll get my tablet.

I did, and he did. When he got back to me he sat beside me then gave me the tablet.

“Do you know how to use one of these things?”

“I’ve never used a tablet but I guess that it’s just like using my phone.”

“Yes it is.”

Henry had arranged his photo into folders – Full Body, Tops and Bottoms. I tapped on the Full Body folder and was greeted by hundreds of sub folders all named after the girl. I started at the top one – Annabelle.

Henry had 2 nude photos of her, front and back, with no paint on. Then with the base layer, front and back then 3 of her with the full paint job – front, back and the last one of her sat down with her legs spread wide and taken from very close to her painted pussy.

“Wow Henry, have you got close-ups like that of all the girls?”

“Yes, I like to record the details of the work around all the folds of flesh.”

“You won’t have that problem with me; you might have already noticed that I don’t have any flaps down there.”

Just to let him check again, which he did, I spread my legs wide and lay back on the sofa.

“Yes Georgia I can see. Your vulva will be easy to paint and your lack of labia minora will mean that I can paint your labia majora to look like the seams that denim jeans have.”

I flicked through hundreds of photos and made a mental note of the names of the girls who had paint clothes that I liked. There was about half a dozen that I really liked, some of them with lots of details painted on.

Going back to the name of the girl that I liked the most I tapped on the pussy shot and zoomed in. She was ‘wearing daisy duke’ shorts and Henry had even managed to paint the denim seam right down her slit.

“That’s the one that I’d like first please Henry.” I said going back to full frontal photo that showed the shorts and a skimpy bikini top.

I passed the tablet to Henry.

“Okay Georgia, you will look good with that paint job.”

“Do you think that I’d be able to walk all around Ibiza town like that?”

“I’m sure that you could. That girl came back for just a top job and she told me that she had spent the full day in Ibiza like that photo.”

“Good, that’s what I want to do.”

“Well I’m sure that I can make that possible. Now, when would you like to have it done?”

I got my phone out and looked at the calendar. I was happy to see that I had a couple of days free before my next club event, the promotional trip to the beaches.

“How about in the morning?” I asked; “how long will it take?”

“With that amount of detail it will take going on for 2 hours.”

“Can we have an early start please Henry? Maybe start at 9 o’clock?”

“Sure, 9 o’clock isn’t early for me so just turn up whenever you like. Oh, business is good, maybe too good and the moment and I’m training a sort of apprentice. He’s at art school when he’s not learning here with me; would you mind if he came and helped me?”

“Sure, why not, just as long as you are supervising him.”

“Don’t worry Georgia; you’ll leave here with a top quality job.”

“Right Henry, I’ll leave you to it; until tomorrow then.”

I said as I got up and started walking to the door.

“Georgia; your dress.”

“Oops; I must have been imagining that you’d just finished painting me.”

I went and picked up my dress and slipped it on, pulling it down just a little bit so that my nipples were exposed.

“Georgia, if you like you can leave your dress and other things here before you go on your walkabout tomorrow.”

“Thank you Henry, my planning hadn’t got that far yet.”

It was starting to get dark when I got out to the street, I was feeling a bit daring so I pulled my dress up a bit so that my slit and half my butt were exposed, then I rolled the top of the dress down so that my nipples and areolas were also exposed. Then I went into my bag and switched the egg on to full blast before walking off towards the main part of town.

I had to stop twice and lean against a wall on the way as 2 nice orgasms hit me. Each time I remembered to say ‘Priapus’.

As I got to the busier part of the town I turned the egg down to low and re-arranged my dress so that just my nipples were exposed.

I wandered around for a while then sat outside a café in what I guess is the main square of the town; there were people everywhere. A couple of minutes later a waiter came out and I ordered some food and a drink, not caring if he’s noticed my exposed nipples. After he’s left I shuffled the chair around so that people passing would be able to look up my dress.

It was night time but there were lots of street lights. I didn’t know if people would be able to see my pussy or not but just having it exposed with the egg gently purring away is a nice feeling.

After the meal I paid then continued wandering around the streets. In between 2 parked cars I pulled my dress up a little so that my slit was easily visible, and rolled the top so that the whole of my nipples and areolas were visible. Then I turned the egg up to full blast before continuing my walk.

After about 10 minutes and 1 lean on a wall whilst I orgasmed, I came across an alley. I looked up and there was the little Groper’s Bar sign. Of course I couldn’t miss an opportunity like that and I turned and walked down the alley and through the door.

In Ibiza terms it was still early and that showed by the fact that there weren’t many people in there. I walked up to the bar, climbed onto one of the high stools and ordered a drink. As I was doing so the barman looked down at my chest and smiled. I was sure that he’d seen thousands of tits before but he was looking at mine; and my nipples knew that.

My drink arrived after a couple of sips I spun round on the stool to face the main part of the room. My little legs were dangling down, uncrossed and slightly apart. I knew that anyone who looked would be able to see my bald pubes but I didn’t care; I was there to get groped.

I stayed like that as the place filled up mainly with men. There were a few scantily clad girls there and I noted that all of them wore micro skirts and there was no sign of a bra anywhere in the room. Before long the egg got the better of me again and I nearly fell off the stool as I hung on to it to stop myself jerking about.

Before long a man came up to the bar next to me. As he waited to get served I felt a hand on my bare thigh. A bolt of electricity shot from my thigh to my pussy then up to my nipples. Wow, my first real anonymous grope in a bar in Ibiza; not counting the club of course.

I turned to the man and said,

“Keep my stool for me will you, I just have to go and do something.”

Grabbing my bag, I jumped off the stool and went to the toilet where I peed and then squeezed the egg out of my hole. I rinsed it and put it into my bag before wiping my pussy dry then returning to the bar, fighting my way through the crowd.

Fortunately, the man was still there waiting to be served and he had a hand on the stool. I thanked him then jumped up onto the stool. I sat with my back to the bar but with my butt perched on the edge of the stool. I leaned back and put my elbows on the bar. My pussy was right out there for everyone to see, and grope.

When I’d leaned back the man turned his head and looked down at my bare thighs. I saw him smile and his hand went back to my thigh. Getting no objections from me, the hand slid up to my rapidly getting wet pussy.

Fingers slid up and down my slit then one found my hole and went in. The man must have heard my moan. In and out went the finger and the pleasure must have shown on my face.

Just then another man came and stood at my other side. I looked up at him and smiled. He must have seen what the other man was doing to me but my pussy was busy so his hand went to my tits. My dress is made of very thin material and my nipples were still exposed but that wasn’t enough for him and he pulled my top down to expose the whole of my little tits.

The hand then started massaging my tits and pulling on my nipples.

I looked around to see the reaction of the people around me. Some were watching me, some were smiling. One girl looked jealous; and I felt good.

This went on until the first man got served and moved away, but it wasn’t long before another man took his place at the bar. When he put his hand on my thigh he found that there already was a hand on my pussy so his hand moved up to my vacant tits.

I think that it was the fourth man’s fingers that finally made me cum - again, and I was glad that both men were close enough to me to keep me on the stool.

I survived another 3 men attacking my pussy before I came again. After that I needed a rest so I lifted the hands off me and thanked the men before sliding off the stool. I grabbed my bag and drink and went and leant against a pillar.

As I stood there I remembered that both my tits and slit were still exposed. I looked around and no one seemed to care. Okay, a couple of men were looking at me but they certainly didn’t seem to object, so I just stayed like that and finished my drink.

A couple of minutes later a man came up to me, put his hand on my left tit and asked me if I wanted a drink. My glass was about empty and I could see that his bottle of beer was still nearly full so I reached for it and took it off him.

“This will do just fine.” I replied and took a swig out of the bottle.

“Okay.” He said and renewed his groping of my tit.

I smiled and said,

“Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” He replied.

I smiled and said,

“So am I.”

I wondered if he thought I was referring to the beer or the groping. It was both actually.

As he was looking down at what he was doing to my tits I felt a hand on my thigh. I turned my head and saw that a man sitting just the other side of the pillar had shuffled his chair to get closer to me.

The hand slid up and I shuffled my feet apart.

I was now getting finger fucked and my tits massaged – again. It was something that I had often dreamt about but never expected to happen.

I looked around and saw 2 other girls getting groped, the skirt on one of them was up around her waist and here was no sign of any knickers as she bobbed up and down in time to the fingers thrusting up her hole.

“Wow!” I thought, “I’m coming here every night that I can.”

The groping went on and on and I must have had fingers from 20 different men up my hole, and my nipples were getting a bit sore. Also, I orgasmed 2 more times before I decided that I couldn’t take any more that night and manged to get out of there. More hands grabbed my tits and butt as I made my way to the door. As I made my way along the alley 2 more girls were going in. One said to me,

“You look knackered girl; it was that good was it?”

“And more.” I replied.

Out on the main street I adjusted my dress so that only my nipples were exposed then went looking for a taxi.

After a quick shower sleep came quickly. I didn’t even have time to try to estimate the number of orgasms that I’d had that day.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 16**

I awoke to the sound of my alarm. I sat upright and smiled as I remembered my early appointment.

As I showered I realised that my next shower wouldn’t be for at least 2 days, maybe more. I soaped myself all over again.

I hadn’t been bothering with deodorant or perfume up until then but I found the bottles and left them where I would see them that night. Up until then I had preferred the being as natural as I could; and I’d been having lots of showers; but that was going to change’ for a couple of days anyway.

I decided on a few basics and put them in my little clutch bag. Then I added one of my little vibrators. I didn’t want to put it inside me because I didn’t know if my juices would ruin my painted shorts. Having said that I knew that my pussy would be leaking all the time and I just hoped that my juices wouldn’t spoil my fun.

I wanted to look really good so I selected a pair of my highest heels then got out the first dress that I came to. Which one it was didn’t matter as it wouldn’t be on for long.

I raided the fridge then set off to get a taxi.

Even though my nipples were rock hard, I still pulled and twisted them as I waited for Henry to open the door.

As I walked in Henry welcomed me then introduced Nicolás as his assistant. Nicolás looked to be no older than me, maybe even younger.

Henry briefly reminded me what the procedure was then told Nicolás to mix the base coat.

“Shall I get ready Henry?” I asked.

“It will take Nicolás a couple of minutes to mix the base but okay.”

“Where can I leave my dress Henry?” I asked as I pulled my dress up and off.

“You mean your top; well that’s what something that length looks like; not that I mind, you look beautiful Georgia. Give it to me; I’ll put it on a hanger in my wardrobe.”

“Why thank you kind sir.”

When Henry got back he asked me if I minded being painted out on the balcony. He said that he always preferred painting a girl in natural light.

“Sure, wherever you want to have me.”

I walked out onto the balcony and looked around. There was a long bench in the middle at one end and some of his paints and equipment out there. There was also a shower head sticking out of the wall at the opposite end to the bench. I wondered if Henry showered out there.

Next I looked up and around. There were lots of windows overlooking the balcony but I figured that Henry must have painted dozens of girls out there.

“Before we start Georgia I need to take some photographs of you, is that okay?”

“Oh yes, I remember seeing them on your tablet. Yes, of course you can.”

“I’ll see if I can remember the poses that I saw. The first was full frontal wasn’t it?”

“Yes, good memory Georgia.”

“Where do you want me Henry?”

“I think that the morning sun is quit bright here.”

I stepped back then spread my feet slightly wider than shoulder width then pushed my chest out. I heard a few clicks of Henry’s expensive looking camera and wondered if my clit would be visible on the photos.

“Good Georgia, turn round please.”

I did, keeping my feet wide apart and pushing my butt out. I heard a few more clicks. Before Henry could say anything I said,

“You want some of my butt and pussy don’t you? I seem to remember some girls on your tablet bending over like this.”

I shuffled my feet further apart then bent forwards keeping my knees straight, and grabbed my ankles. I heard a few more clicks.

“Weren’t some of the photos in this pose?” I said as I got on the bench then pushed my legs up and out. I felt my lips open. More camera clicks then Henry said,

“Okay, that’s enough for now, but there will be more as we go along.”

”I know.”

As I got up I saw Nicolás watching with a little pot of white paint and 2 brushes in his hand, and I wondered if he had been there all along.

“Can you stand on the bench with your legs spread please Georgia?” Henry asked.

I did and Henry knelt in front of me, his face no more than 20 centimetres from my pussy. He then started painting a line where the edge of the shorts would be. He put 2 lines either side of my pussy and while he was doing that and I said,

“Ooow Henry; that tickles me and is turning me on.”

“Think of something boring Georgia, I don’t want your pussy getting all wet.”

“Okay, I’ll try.”

Then Henry went behind me and I felt more thin lines being painted on me.

“Can you bend forwards please Georgia?”

I bent forwards as much as I could without losing my balance and Henry said that it was okay. I felt more lines being painted at the sides of my pussy.

“Good Georgia, now the top. Please stand on the floor.”

As I got off the bench I said,

“Please can you make it a string top that ties behind my neck, I want to be able to put my bag over my shoulder without it rubbing the paint off.”

“Already thought of that Georgia, I saw your bag when you arrived and assumed that you’d be taking it with you.”

“Wow, you are good.”

“I try.”

I stood there as more lines were drawn on my chest and back.

“I’m assuming that you only want small triangles on your breasts Georgia. Is that right?”

“Yes, I like having a bit sticking out at the sides and bottom, although I haven’t worn a bra or a bikini top since I left school.”

“The tan tells me that you haven’t worn one since you got here. English summers don’t give a tan like that.”

“Ain’t that the truth?” I replied.

Henry finished the outline of my new bikini top then turned to Nicolás and told him that I was now ready to have the base coat put on.

Nicolás came and stood in front of me and a brush with white paint was soon being rubbed all over my tits. It didn’t take long because the triangles were only small.

Next, Nicolás knelt in front of me and filled-in the front of the shorts. He covered the front of my slit but didn’t go and further down. Next he asked me to turn around and he painted my butt.

When he was done he asked me to back up a bit and lean over and put my hands on the bench. I did as requested and was then told to shuffle my feet back and to spread them wide.

I smiled, knowing that all of my open pussy and butt hole were about to be exposed to him. I tried to think about anything but my pussy especially when I felt the paint brush on it. Actually, when the brush first touched my clit I gave a little shudder then apologised, telling Nicolás that it was the first time that I’d had my pussy painted.

Nicolás replied telling me that it was the first pussy that he’d painted.

“Both paint virgins then.” I said then immediately regretted it. Maybe Nicolás was still a virgin and I’d embarrassed him but I couldn’t see his face.

“Okay, all done Georgia.” Henry said, “But don’t move, it needs a minute to dry and I need some more photographs.”

I stayed like that, knowing that both of them had a great view of my butt and pussy. I didn’t think that it would be a big deal to Henry but I didn’t know about Nicolás. Then I heard a few clicks from the camera.

After a couple of minutes Henry told me that I could stand up. When I did I looked at Nicolás; he had a big bulge in the front of his shorts. I smiled at him.

“Photos front and back again please Georgia.”

I posed as I had done before and heard lots of clicks.

“Okay Georgia, now the main event. I need you to stand perfectly still. It will take about an hour and a half but we’ll have plenty of breaks where you can move about.”

“Bring it on.” I replied.

Just over an hour later Henry told me to assume the position with my hands on the bench, knees straight as legs spread wide.

That position was easy to keep but the paint brushes kept tickling me and turning me on.

“Don’t you go and get wet Georgia, think of the British weather or some other unpleasant thing.” Henry said.

“Sorry Henry, but it’s difficult.”

“I know. You wouldn’t be the first girl to orgasm at this stage of the procedure.”

“Oh goo, because I’m getting close.”

“Are you okay to continue or do you want me to finish you off so that I can dab you dry and we can continue.”

“Would you please, I don’t know how much longer I can hold it.”

Henry put the brush down and I felt his finger rubbing my clit. I looked through my legs and saw Henry, and Nicolás watching us.

The orgasm was a good one and Henry stepped back to let it come to its natural end. Then he got on his knees and looked at my pussy.

“Okay, that’s not too bad, Nicolás can you get the box of tissues?”

I saw him go off and the return. Then I felt my pussy being dabbed.”

“Sorry about that Henry, It’s just that ….. “

“That’s okay Georgia.” Henry interrupted, “it’s to be expected and as I said, you’re a long way from being the first girl that’s orgasmed at this stage of the procedure. Don’t think another thing about it.”

I turned my head and looked at the floor then I felt the paint brush on my still very sensitive clit again. I shuddered then apologised again.

Ten minutes later Henry announced that he was finished and asked me to pose again. I assumed all 3 poses and heard lots of clicks. When the clicks stopped I stood and said,

“Can I have a look at them please?”

“Of course you can. Have a look at yourself in the mirror while I load them onto my PC.”

The mirror is a big one in the main room and as I walked up to it my eyes focused on my slit. At first glance I couldn’t make out my slit but when I was right in front of the mirror I could make it out, and the little bulge of my clit.

I spent quite a few minutes looking at my new shorts from every angle that I could get. I even turned my back to the mirror and bent right over so that I could see my putt and pussy through my legs.

I liked what I saw.

Then my eyes went up to my chest. I could see 2 white triangles and bulges where my hard nipples were, just like they were covered by very thin material.

I turned my back to the mirror and looked back over my shoulder. I couldn’t see the paint neck fastening because of my hair but I could see 2 lengths of paint string hanging down like a loose fitting string bikini top. Henry had even managed to paint a realistic bow for the tie.

“Happy?” Henry asked.

“I sure am; it’s awesome. I’m going to love walking around town like this.”

“Have a look at the photos before you go running off to expose yourself to the world Georgia.”

“Yes, of course.”

I stood beside Henry while he slowly scrolled through all the photographs.

“Wow, that’s really me, you haven’t just done a quick paint-shop on them have you Henry?”

“Definitely NOT Georgia, I haven’t even got a copy of paint-shop. I told you that you are beautiful and these prove it.”

I think that I actually blushed at that point but I soon recovered and said,

“I love the photos, you said that you could paint my slit to look like the seam in the denim and it really does look like that. Thank you Henry, can I have a copy of all the photos that you’ve taken of me on a memory stick please, I’ll pay you extra for it.”

“Of course you can, I’ll have it ready for you when you come back for your dress. Talking about paying, if you’re satisfied can you pay me please?”

“Sure can, and yes, I am satisfied; so satisfied that I’ll probably be back for another paint job sometime. Do you take plastic?” I asked as I got my purse and got my Black Amex card out.

“Sorry, cash only; the tax man and I don’t get on too well.”

“That’s okay,” I replied, I’ve got the cash here.”

I paid Henry and still had enough to easily last the day. When I get back to the boat I can raid daddy’s safe again.

Transaction complete and everything else sorted, I reached up to Henry and kissed his beard covered cheek. Then I looked over to Nicolás.

“Come here.” I said.

Nicolás walked over to me and I reached up and kissed his cheek as well. Then I picked up my bag and headed for the door. I was outside on the street when it hit me that I was out on a public street in the middle of the day, and all I had on was a few grams of paint. I felt good; and aroused.

“Cool it girl.” I said to myself; “you don’t want to lose any paint from on your pussy.”

I took a deep breath and started walking.

I felt nervous and excited when I saw the first people walking towards me; and in a small way I was disappointed that they only glanced on me. It was the same with the others as I got closer to the centre of town.

People were ignoring me. That was good and bad. Good that Henry’s paint job was that realistic and bad in that people didn’t know that I was naked. It was also good in that I WAS naked in the middle of town on a busy morning and I was getting aroused being like that.

I walked around for ages with only a handful of people, all men, taking a second look at me. Even then I wasn’t sure if it was because I was a girl wearing a small bikini top over small tits and some small daisy dukes; or if they realised that the clothes were only paint and they could see my slit and little clit sticking out. I guess that the problem is that there are thousands of girls in Ibiza that wander around in next to nothing.

I did get a bit nervous when I saw a police car parked and pointing my way, but the men in it didn’t even look at me; well not that I could tell.

By the time that I was getting thirsty, I was down by the harbour. I saw a café and walked over to it. I looked at the chairs and was happy to see that they had cushions on them. I sat at a table and a young girl soon came to take my order. She gave me a bit of a strange look then acted as if I was wearing more than she was.

I stood up, twisted my chair and sat back down with my butt if the front edge of the char so that people walking by would be able to see my pussy when I opened my legs. I bend forwards and looked at my pussy, the paint was still good. Opening my legs I saw a pink line appear along the blue ‘seam’. I opened them some more and the pink line got wider. I figured that if anyone saw my painted pussy with my legs closed and didn’t realise that it was only paint then I could go just about anywhere and get away with it.

A couple of men looked, but not for long, and the girl who took my order didn’t react at all, although only my slit was visible to her at the time. I guess that Henry had done a really good job of making my slit look like the seam in the ‘denim’.

So far I had only been out and about and most of the people only glanced at me. I needed to go somewhere where I could get close-up to people, where they’d look at me for more than a split second. I thought for a second then smiled having thought of shops. There are often old men or young girls serving in them and I wondered if me standing in front of them paying for something would make them take a closer look and realise what they could actually see.

I was disappointed. No one had realised that I only had paint on so I decided to walk back to the boat. It was a pretty uneventful walk until when I was close to the marina and I heard someone shouting my name. I stopped and turned and walking up behind me were Kate and Zoe and their parents.

We all said hello and their mother added,

“That outfit looks a bit old and thin Georgia.”

Zoe jumped in and told her mother that what I was wearing was all the fashion these days and to leave me alone.

Their father only took a quick look at me as he said hello.

As we walked we had a polite conversation about absolutely nothing of any importance. When we got to the marine I invited Kate and Zoe to come to daddy’s boat with me. After asking their parents the oldies went one way and us girls went towards daddy’s boat. As soon as we got out of hearing range Zoe said,

“So what are you wearing Georgia? Those shorts looks like some sort of latex and that bikini top looks like you painted it on.”

“I didn’t paint it on, but yes, it’s all paint. I got this man to paint me.”

Zoe grinned and just said, “Wow.” But Kate said,

“You let a man paint your naked body, even between your legs?”

“Yep, the paint brushes felt nice on my pussy.”

“I bet they did.” Zoe added.

“They look real don’t they?” I asked. “Look, I’ll prove how real they look.”

Kate and Zoe stood and watched me go into the marina office and they saw me go up to Sebastian and ask if they had any mail for me. When I went back out Kate said,

“He watched you walk out.”

“That just proves that he’s a man.” Zoe said.

“Anyone fancy a drink or an ice cream?” I asked.

We went to the café and saw Manuel who joked with me saying,

“Ah, you found some clothes today mujer joven?”

“Si Manuel.” I replied.

“Err, that implies that you’ve been here without and clothes on Georgia.” Kate said.

“That’s right.” I replied, “Manuel doesn’t mind.”

“I bet he doesn’t.” Kate said.

“So what have you 2 been up to? Anything exciting? I see that you’ve ditched the bras, what about the knickers?”

“Them too.” Zoe replied and lifted the front of her skirt so that I could see her bald pubes and slit.

“So has mummy and daddy found out yet?

“I don’t think so; neither has said anything about the knickers but mummy asked about our bras. We just said that it was too hot.”

“So what have you been doing? Been anywhere nice?”

Just then Manuel re-appeared and took our order.

“No; just boring touristy stuff.” Zoe said.

“How about us 3 go somewhere tonight?” I asked.

“Won’t proper clothes rub that paint off?” Kate asked.

“Probably; but I’m going out like this.”

“Bloody hell.” Kate said.

“You can come out in normal clothes and come to my boat then you can change into to some of my proper Ibiza night out clothes. Oh sorry, I didn’t mean to imply that your clothes aren’t nice, they are, it’s just that you’ll enjoy yourself more if you’re showing lots of skin.”

“That’s okay Georgia, we both know that our clothes are boring; we’ll be glad when we go to university and we can upgrade our wardrobe to decent clothes.”

“You mean indecent clothes Zoe.” Kate said.

“Stop being a boring old bitch Kate; “Zoe said; “You’re getting too much like our parents. You’ll be wanting to start going to church again if you’re not careful.”

“Fuck no. I’ve had way too much of that brainwashing already.”

“So let yourself go Kate and enjoy yourself. Yes Georgia, we’d love to borrow some of your clothes; thank you.”

Our ice creams and colas arrived and we were quiet whilst we ate.

We talked some more but I avoided telling them about the club and Groper’s Bar. They were fascinated about the hypnotist and me wanting to orgasm just my hearing a certain word. They had a good laugh when I told them what word I’d chosen.

“That’s the Greek god with a humongous cock isn’t it?” Zoe asked.

“Might have guessed that you’d choose a word like that.” Kate said.

We talked until it started getting dark then they left to tell their parents that they were going out, and to get ‘ready’. Apparently their mother has told them to look after me. That stupid woman must think that I’m as young as I look.

Meanwhile, I’d gone back to daddy’s boat and squirted some perfume on my parts that weren’t covered in paint.

When the sisters arrived, wearing what was their parents version of clubbing clothes, they soon stripped off and for once, I felt over-dressed.

“It’s good to be free.” Zoe shouted and threw her arms up in the air.

I raided daddy’s bar and poured us all a large tequila.

“Here’s to a revealing night.” Zoe said.

After another couple of tequilas we went down to my cabin to choose some clothes for the sisters. It took a while for them to be happy, and to convince Kate that we couldn’t see her pussy; but we finally got there.

Zoe chose one of my skirts with hundreds of 1 centimetre holes and a matching crop top that leaves her nipples poking out all the time whilst Kate chose a tube skirt and a crop top that leaves her with some of her boobs hanging out of the bottom of it. The skirt that Kate chose is one that I have trouble keeping my pussy covered. Zoe and I convinced her that her pussy wouldn’t be showing but we both knew that as soon as she starts moving her slit will be on show and so will half of her butt.

After another tequila we set off walking towards the clubs. We decided on a smaller club that has a bar next door. We went straight to the bar and got a drink. The lighting wasn’t that good so no one could see that much of our ‘clothes’.

After watching quite a few people go in, including a couple of girls that had some really colourful paint jobs, and by the looks of them, nothing else on; we joined the queue to get in.

Good old daddy’s Black Amex card got us in and we headed to the bar for another drink. By that time all 3 of us were ‘happy’ and we were soon dancing away with Kate’s skirt up above her slit.

Of course we got hit on a few times but we were on a girl’s night out so cocks were out of the question.

I just happened to go to the toilets when one of the colourful painted girls was there and we compared notes. She too had got painted by Henry and she too was completely naked under the thin paint. I asked her if Henry had taken before and after photos.

“Yeah, and the cheeky sod wanted close-ups of my pussy as well.”

“Did you let him take them?”

“Hell yes, and I let that kid that was with him have a good look as well. I even held my flaps open so that they could get a look inside me as well”

“Me too I said.”

“Are you worried that peeing will remove some of the paint on your pussy?” I asked.

“Not worried, more hoping.” She replied.

We both laughed and I went for a pee. After all day without cumming, I couldn’t resist a quickie and I risked losing the paint on my clit for a couple of minutes while I got myself off.

I walked out of there feeling more relaxed and not caring if some of the paint had come off.

We danced a lot more, drank some more and got hit on some more before we decided to call it a day. Three happy girls staggered back to daddy’s boat and collapsed on the comfy seats on the deck.

I was woken by Kate who was almost frantic to get changed and back to their boat. She was stripping off as she woke Zoe and me. I blinked my eyes and saw that dawn was just breaking; way too early for me although I did go down to my cabin to help them get back into their own skirts and tops before they said goodbye.

I flopped down onto my bed as was back asleep before they had left the boat.

I had originally planned to get up early and go to San Antonio or Playa de en Bossa and wander around the crowds to see if anyone would realise that I only had paint on, but it was noon when I woke up.

When I woke I discovered that my legs were spread wide and my hand was on my pussy. I moved my hand around and discovered that my pussy was very wet. I smiled and guessed that I had been making myself cum while I slept.

Then I remembered the paint. I shuffled down to the end of the bed and looked at my pussy in the mirror and discovered that from my butt hole to my clit, there was no paint.

“Jeez,” I thought, “I must have had a good time while I slept.”

I got to my feet and looked at myself in the mirror. If I kept my legs together I was still covered. I turned around and looked at my butt; I’d be okay just so long as I don’t bend over.

I looked up my back and saw that the cords for the bikini top were intact. Turning around I looked at my chest. Apart from one small bit on the end of my left nipple the paint was intact. I guessed that I must have rubbed up against something rough.

I can’t leave it like that; it’s way too obvious. I thought about looking for something to replace the paint but could think of nothing so I did the only thing that I could think of. I got out a nail file and rubbed it against my right nipple

Success, I now had 2 nipples poking through the paint.

I then went to the bathroom and did what I normally do, except have a shower; then went up onto the deck. Something was different. At first I couldn’t pinpoint what it was then I realised that my view across the harbour had been replaced by a very large grey object.

I went up onto the top deck and saw this monster American aircraft carrier. I knew that it was American because it was flying the Stars and Stripes.

“Bloody hell,” I thought; “that thing crept in quietly.”

Then I realised that there would be hundreds of American sailors around the island; more men to tease and expose myself to.

I drank a whole small bottle of water then went over to the café to have some coffee and maybe something to eat.

I’d been sat in the café for about 10 minutes when I saw Zoe walking towards daddy’s boat so I shouted for her to come over. She did and she told me that she’d left her watch in my cabin and that she’d come for it. I asked her to join me for another coffee. She agreed and as she sat down she winced in pain.

“What’s up girl, did you fall over on the way back to your boat this morning?”

“No, it’s my butt; we had promised daddy that we’d be back before 1 a.m. and as you know we left your boat at dawn. Daddy was already up and waiting for us. He wasn’t a happy man and he spanked both of us.”

“He what?”

“He spanked us.”

“How?”

“Like he always does. We have to take our clothes off and one at a time he puts us over his lap and he gives us 20 or 30 swats with his hand. If we’ve been really bad he uses his belt.”

“Bloody hell, this is the 21st century and you’re both leaving for university next month, you shouldn’t have to put up with that. What does your mother say?”

“Nothing; if we try to talk to her about it she just says just says that daddy knows best.”

“How bad is your butt? Let’s see it.”

Zoe looked around, and seeing no one, she stood up, turned around and pulled her skirt up. There were lots of red marks but I couldn’t see any breaks in the skin.

“That looks painful.” I said, “So how often does he do it to you both?”

“I guess that it will average out at about once a month.”

“And you always have to strip naked?”

“Yes.”

“What did he say last night, sorry, this morning when he saw that neither of you had knickers on?”

“Kate apologised but he said that he already knew that we’d stopped wearing them. He’d looked up our skirts one day.”

“Doesn’t his doing that scare you?”

“Kate is still petrified and always cries herself to sleep if he spanks us on an evening.”

“What about you?”

“Well I used to be like that but I’ve started to like them. They’ve started to turn me on and I’ve started pressing my pubes down onto his leg.”

“Have you cum while he’s been spanking you?”

“No, but I’ve been real close.”

“Maybe you’ll get lucky next time.”

“Maybe.”

“And all he does is spank you?”

“Or use his belt.”

“It was my fault that you were late back last night so I’m sorry. Maybe you should tell your father that it was my fault and that he should spank me as well.”

“I couldn’t do that, he’d hurt you.”

“I think that I could take it, besides, I might cum then it will have been worth it. My daddy has never spanked me.”

“Lucky you.”

“So, are you going to tell him or do I come and confess?”

“I can’t, it’s not right.”

“Does your mother ever go out on her own?”

“Occasionally; she’s promised to take Kate shopping tomorrow morning and daddy and me will be on the boat on our own; why?”

“Because I’m coming over there tomorrow morning and I’m going to confess that it was all my fault and tell him that he should spank me as well.”

“Why?”

“I reckon that he will either spank me of he will feel guilty and stop hurting you and Kate. I’m sure that you can find another way to get yourself off Zoe.”

“But you might get spanked.”

“I hope so.”

“Georgia, you are a naughty little girl.”

“I know; it’s great.”

By then our coffee had arrived and was now in our stomach.

“Come on Zoe, let’s go and find your watch.”

On the short walk to daddy’s boat Zoe asked me if I knew that all the paint on my pussy had come off. I replied that I did.

“Aren’t you going to wash the rest off?”

“Not until this evening; I want to have some more fun first.”

“You really are a naught girl Georgia.”

“Yes I am.”

Zoe’s watch was where she left it and she was soon leaving.

“See you in the morning.” I shouted after her.

My head was clear by then and I thought about what to do for a few hours. I planned to go and get my dress back from Henry that evening. I looked at myself in the mirror again and decided that I still had enough paint on me to get away with walking in public.

The other thing was that I hadn’t been practicing cumming and saying ‘Priapus’ as I go over the edge so I wanted to get a lot more in that afternoon to make up for it. I put new batteries in my egg and pushed it home.

Switching the control on to slow purr I put it in my small shoulder bag, checked that everything else that I would need was there then set off to walk into town.

I walked passed the marina office and again waved to Sebastian then I turned and walked along the popular pedestrian route. There were a few people walking the other way but none of them gave me a second glance.

The egg started to its job but I wanted to speed things up a bit so I went into my bag and turned it up to full.

I think that I got another 100 metres before I had to sit on a bench and just let it happen. It was a gym type bench but made of concrete and I’d sat at one end of it instead of sitting the normal way. As the waves subsided I lay back along the bench thinking that I’d just have a short rest then continue.

The thing was, my knees weren’t together and I’d forgotten that I had no paint on my pussy. All of a sudden I heard wolf-whistles and all sorts of comments in American accents.

At first I didn’t realise that the comments were directed at me; I’m not used to that sort of thing; and I just lay there wondering what was going on. It was only when I heard the word ‘pussy’ that I realised that they were directed at me.

I sat up and closed my knees then looked at the sailors, all very smart in their white uniforms.

The 5 guys had changed direction and were walking straight towards me.

“OMG;” I thought, “What do I do?”

I didn’t get the chance to do anything because all 5 of them were stood in front and beside me.

“Well what have we got here guys?” One of them said.

“A little whore.” Another said

“I’m not a whore.” I said.

“Maybe not but you’ve got a nice little cunt; let’s have another look.”

“No.”

“Go on, you’ll never see us again.”

“And you’ll never see me again.”

“Go on, just for us sex starved sailors. We’ve been at sea for months and we haven’t seen a real cunt since we left the states.”

“We haven’t touched one either.” A second man said.

“How can you touch one if you haven’t seen one idiot.” A third man said.

“It could have been dark.” The second man said.

“Okay, you got me there mate.” The third man said.

I slowly leaned back until my back was on the bench.

“Open your legs for us.”

I did, and got another load of comments, this time quite nice ones. I was starting to like these guys. I quickly figured that I was safe because there were 5 of them. Okay they might gang bang me but that wouldn’t be too bad. I would probably enjoy it.

“You’re enjoying this aren’t you darling?”

“Yes.”

“What’s you name darling?”

“Lolita.”

“Woah there; that tells us a lot about you.”

“It’s not true.”

“What’s not true Lolita.”

“That I’m a whore.”

“Okay, sorry about my big mouthed mate. You are a nice little girl who likes to show her cunt.”

“Yes.”

“Well then Lolita we’d better give you some help with that.”

Just then the egg got the better of me again and I orgasmed right in front of these 5 American sailors.

“Wow Lolita what brought that on, it wasn’t us, we didn’t touch you?”

“It, it, it was my egg.”

“Your what?”

“My vibrating egg.”

“Jeez, you British girls. I hope that there are lot more like you here on this little island.”

“Probably.”

“So what’s with the paint then Lolita?”

“I just wanted to walk around town without any clothes on.”

“And have you?”

“Yes.”

“Is that where you were going before you sat on this bench?”

“Yes.”

“How about you come with us, we’ve been told that there’s a nice little beach up this road.”

“There is but I’ve never been to it (I lied).”

“There’s a first time for everything.”

“It isn’t the nicest beach on Ibiza.”

“Which one is then?”

“It’s at a place called Salines. There will be lots of naked girls there.”

“But we are here, you are here and there’s a beach just up the road. Will you come there with us and we will let you show us all of your cunt and those cute little titties. That paint washes off right?”

“Yes.”

“Yes to which question Lolita?”

“Both.”

“Good girl Lolita; I like you.”

One of the guys put a hand out to help me get up and I took it. When he’d got me to my feet he lifted me right up and put me over his shoulder.

“Hey, let me down.”

“Cute little butt Lolita and that’s a cute little wet cunt that you’ve got there.”

He did let me down but him and another guy scooped me up and sat me on an arm from each of them; their other arms supporting my back. They started walking with me sat there.

Not feeling too secure, I put my arms around their necks.

“Good girl Lolita.” One said and they moved their arms that had been supporting my back down under my butt and linked them. That left their arms that had been under my butt free.

“That’s better Lolita, stay like that.”

“What choice do I have?”

“Ha, none.” One said.

“We could just put you down and leave you here.”

“No.”

“That’s my girl.”

About 100 metres down the road one of them moved their spare arm to my knee and pulled it away from the other knee.

“Hey, people can see my pussy.”

“That’s the idea Lolita; that’s what you want isn’t it?”

The other guy that was carrying me saw what was happening and he grabbed my other knee and pulled.

“Hey, don’t do that.”

“Come on Lolita, you like it don’t you?”

“Yes.”

We walked a good half mile like that, passed the marina and round to the left. Before long I saw the beach. On the way we’d seen quite a few people who all stared at me slung between 2 American sailors in their dress white uniforms, complete with funny white hats; and with my legs held wide apart.

On the way my egg got the better of me and I have to say that cumming whilst I’m being held by 2 hunky American sailors with my legs wide apart, helped to make that a really intense orgasm.

They walked down onto the beach and to a quiet part where they put me down onto the sand. I was surprised to see all of them strip naked and carefully fold their uniforms. One man looked at me and said,

“Rule number 4; keep your dress uniform in pristine condition all the time.”

“Oh right.”

“We’ve heard that it’s not illegal to get naked in Ibiza; that’s right isn’t it Lolita?”

“I’ve heard that as well.” I replied

“Good job since you’ve been walking around town naked girl.”

I smiled as I watched the cocks of the 5 men as they all sat around me in a circle.

“So Lolita, judging by your cunt I’m guessing that water will dissolve that paint, how about you go for a swim and come back without it.”

I took a last look at the soft cocks then walked into the water. I had a nice, quick swim before rubbing at the paint. Henry was right, lots of water does remove the paint and it wasn’t long before I couldn’t see any trace of it. But I kept rubbing, my clit, and I orgasmed again while in the water.

After I’d calmed down I walked out of the water and straight up to the guys.

“That’s better Lolita; we can see you titties better now. Turn around and let us get a good look at that cute ass of yours.”

I said nothing as I turned around, spread my feet and bent forwards with my knees straight, After a few seconds I shook my butt at them the put my hand on my pussy and pushed a finger inside my hole.

When I brought my finger out I stood up straight, turned back to face them then held my finer up in the air.

“Bring that finger here girl.” One of them said.

I walked over to him and held my finger in front of his face. Unsurprisingly, he opened his mouth and lent forwards to suck it. When he was done he said,

“I’m going to fuck you soon Lolita.”

I smiled.

“Okay Lolita,” another man said, “tell us what’s with this ‘Priapus’ word that you keep saying every time that you cum?”

I sat down in the middle of them and explained it all. When I was done 2 of them said,

“Priapus.”

I laughed and told them that it doesn’t work yet.

“Right Lolita,” the man who I remembered had 3 chevrons on the left arm of his uniform said, “It’s time for you and me to go for a swim. But first, take that egg thing out of you.”

I got up into the squat position and they all watched me squeeze the egg out. After putting it in my bag I got to my feet and followed the man into the sea.

What soon happened is what I had expected and I had my first sea fuck. It was wonderful being fucked whilst floating on my back. That fuck was followed by 4 more; each as wonderful as the first.

When it was over I followed the last man out of the water and to the others then I listened to them telling each other what they were going to do whilst in Ibiza. One of the things was go to a live sex show and I wondered if they’d go to the same club as I do.

When the last of the guys had been dried by the sun they got up and got dressed.

“What am I going to do guys; I can’t walk to town like this.”

“You were going to do just that this morning.”

“No I wasn’t I had a paint bikini top and some paint shorts on.”

“But you were naked.”

“No, please guys, find me something to wear, please.”

“We haven’t got anything so you’ll have to come with us like that.”

“Please guys.”

“No; don’t worry Lolita, we’ll look after you. Come on, let’s go.”

I had to walk back the way that we came with those guys and not even a drop of paint on my body. I really did get a lot of strange looks but at the same time I was loving every second of it. My pussy was as well. I didn’t have my egg inside me but I didn’t need it. I could feel the start of an orgasm building and that was before we got to where the marina is.

Just near where I usually go to get a taxi, the guys stopped.

“Who fancies a beer?” One of the guys asked. They all agreed and the turned to go into a little café that I usually walk passed.

“I can’t go in there guys, not like this, can one of you go and get me something to wear; I’ll pay you.”

“Come on Lolita, I thought that you wanted people to see your cunt?”

“I do.”

“Well come on then; or do you want us to carry you like we did earlier?”

“Yes please.”

“Okay, but we’re having a beer first and you’re coming in with us.”

I reluctantly followed them over and we all sat around one table outside the front. There were only a couple of customers there and they stared at us. Well who wouldn’t stare at 5 US Navy guys in dress whites who had a totally naked little girl with them?

When a waiter came over to take our order I could hear him quietly muttering something in Spanish. One of the guys ordered 6 beers and when the waiter had gone one of the guys said,

“I wonder what he was moaning about?”

“Bloody foreigners.” I replied.

“Oh, so you speak Spanish as well Lolita”

“A little.”

When we left one of the guys hadn’t finished his beer so he left carrying his bottle. As soon as we got a few metres down the road 2 of the guys picked me up and carried me like they had on the way to the beach; complete with legs spread wide. OMG, I was getting my dream but it was so humiliating, and exciting.

Those guys carried me like that right round the harbour to where the ferries leave and arrive. For some of the time the guy who was slow drinking his beer and had brought the bottle with him, walked backwards between my legs and fucked me with the bottle. There was still some beer in it and I could feel it come out of the bottle into my hole.

We must have passed dozens of people and a lot of them looked at the spectacle. I loved every second of it. The guys were giving me what I wanted and, if we got caught, I could easily say that I wasn’t a willing participant.

They put me down when they saw a large taxi, one that could take 6 people. One of the guys flagged it down and asked me where I wanted to go. I’d remembered the name of the street that Henry’s place was so I told the driver. He seemed totally oblivious to the fact that he had a naked girl in his cab with 5 burly US Navy guys.

When I saw Henry’s place I called for the driver to stop but the guy in the front passenger seat told him to keep driving. It wasn’t until about 200 metres after Henry’s place that the cab stopped and the guys told me to get out.

“I can’t get out here, not like this; ask the driver to round the block please.”

“No Lolita you’re getting out here. You want to do this, I know that you do.”

I did, but I was too scared. It’s one thing walking down a crowded street in see-through clothes with nothing on underneath, or covered in paint, but totally naked scared me. When I didn’t move another guy said,

“Go on Lolita you know that you want to do this so just man-up and pretend that you have a burka or something on.”

I knew that he was right, hell, I’d told Kate and Zoe almost the same thing; so I took a deep breath and opened the door.

I was stood outside the door and just about to close it when 1 of the guys grabbed my arm and wrote something on it with a pen.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“My phone number; if you want any more fun like that while we’re still here, call me and I’ll fix something up; okay. Write your number on this piece of paper Lolita and I’ll phone you if we organise something that we think that you may be interested in.”

I wrote my phone number then said,

“Thank you guys.” and shut the door.

Then I looked around. There were quite a few people walking up and down that street and those near me were looking at me. I took another deep breath, pushed my head high and started walking.

That was the longest and shortest 200 metre walk of my life. I was terrified and highly aroused. I tried not to look at anyone as I boldly walked down that street but I loved every second of it.

All too soon I saw the door to Henry’s place. I opened the door and stepped in then immediately had an orgasm. Fortunately Henry lives in a block of apartments and there was no one else in the corridors. As soon as I was able I got the egg out of my bag and pushed it up my hole. Then I switched it on to a low setting.

Then I remembered the phone number and got my phone out and added it to my contacts.

I took another deep breath and walked up the stairs.

The door was answered by Nicolás and he looked surprised to see me naked.

When Nicolás let me in I saw Henry working on another totally naked girl. This one was having big swirls all over her legs and body. I smiled at her and asked Nicolás for my dress. I put it over my arm and Henry stopped what he was doing and came over to me.

“Hi Georgia, that’s not how our customer usually arrive but hey whatever rocks your boat. How far have you come like that?

“Oh only a couple of hundred metres; the guys were supposed to drop me off at your door but they decided to have a bit of fun at my expense.”

“I bet that you loved it Georgia. Was everything okay for you?”

“Yes, and yes I did enjoy the last little walk.”

“I see that you’ve got your dress, there was something else wasn’t there?”

“Yes, a memory stick with my photos on it.”

“Oh yes; Nicolás, can you get that memory stick for Georgia please. As you can see I’m a bit busy at the moment.”

I looked at the girl again and saw her bald pubes.

“Good girl,” I thought .

“Henry,” I said, “would it be possible to have a quick shower please?”

“Sure, help yourself. Nicolás will get you a towel.”

“Thank you.”

I went out onto the balcony and turned the shower on. A few seconds later Nicolás appeared with a towel and some shampoo and put them on the bench.

As I finished my shower I looked around at all the windows that overlooked the balcony. I couldn’t see anyone watching me.

I put my too short dress on and went to thank Henry and Nicolás before I left. When I got to the bottom of the stairs I put my hand into my bag and turned the egg up a notch.

I wandered down to the harbour and the nearby square and looked for a café to get something to eat. It was still relatively early so I easily found one that had empty tables.

I went in one and was shown to a table out by the street. I ordered a bottle of champagne and a main course. When the waiter left I opened my bag and turned the vibe up to full throttle. I wanted to try something; having multiple orgasms whilst trying to eat in a public restaurant or café.

The first orgasm came just after my plate of food had been delivered to me.

If there are any girls out there reading this you will know how hard it is to keep still whilst you are cumming; and I’m no exception to that. My body shook, my face pulled some amazing shapes and my hands gripped the sides of the table; and I managed to slowly chew that first mouth full of food.

That meal must have taken me an hour to eat as the egg brought me to orgasm after orgasm and I was really glad that my dress wasn’t long enough to be under my butt and that the chair had holes in it because the little pool of my juices that I saw on the concrete when I got up would have soaked my dress.

When I finally finished eating my, by then, cold meal, I was quite knackered. I’d finished the champagne by drinking it in gulps rather than sipping it as I was thirsty. I switch my egg off and ordered a cola. The champagne had gone to my head and I didn’t want to be drunk for what I had planned for later.

When I was finally finished I looked at my phone to see what time it was, and waved for the waiter to pay him. I just didn’t care that he could, and did, look down at my lap and see the front of my slit. If I hadn’t been so knackered I would have probably opened my legs and let him have a good look at my, literally, dripping pussy.

I left the café knowing that my butt and pussy were very wet but I wasn’t worried, the warm, gentle breeze would soon dry them.

As I was sat there I had tried to count the number of orgasms that I’d had while I was eating. I’d lost count when I got to 8, but I was pleased with myself for quietly saying the word ‘Priapus’ every time that I came. I really hoped that this hypnotism stuff worked.

I wandered the few metres down to the harbour and saw a whole bunch of young people getting off a little boat. They weren’t in uniform but I could tell that they were sailors by the boat that they got off; it was driven by a sailor in uniform. I was pleased to see that about a third of the young people were girls; all of them wearing mini or micro skirts. One flashed her kickers as she stepped over from the boat to the land.

As they walked passed me one of the guys looked at me and wolf-whistled. I smiled.

I went and climbed up onto the harbour wall and sat on one of the benches, with a back, between the rocks and railings to stop people falling onto the road that goes along the side of the harbour.

When I sat on the front edge of the bench I could reach the railing with my feet. I spread my legs, lay back on the bench and relaxed. I could watch part of the harbour, all the people walking passed the bars and those who were walking along the little road below. It was dark but there were lots of street light so I didn’t think that anyone would be able to look up and see my pussy that was enjoying the gentle breeze; not that I cared.

I stayed there for about an hour until I felt that I had recovered enough energy for the rest of the evening. I climbed down and wandered into the crowds of people walking about. I wound my way to the place that I was looking for, the alley to Groper’s Bar. I followed 2 giggling young girls in, both wearing skirts as short as mine (I could see the bottom of their butt cheeks) and there was no sign of bras under their baggy tops.

I made my way to the bar and waited to get served. As I stood there I felt a man press on my back, I knew it was a man because I could feel his hard cock pressing against my back. I could also feel his 2 hands as they wrapped around me and grabbed my tits outside the top of my dress.

I thought about the 2 girls that I’d just seen wearing skirts and baggy tops and made a mental note to wear a similar outfit every time that I went there so that the hands could have slipped up the inside of my top.

That was the start of the groping that I endured, no, loved, for the nest 4 hours. About half was through I went into my purse and switch the egg on. I felt that I had enough energy for a few more orgasms.

And have them I did. There’s nothing better than cumming when an unknown man is groping my tits and another is finger fucking me and hitting my egg each time that his finger thrusts in.

With me being so short I tried to stand near sitting men or on one of the bar stools. I think that I prefer the bar stools because I can perch on the edge, put my feet on the bars at the side, which means that my knees are well apart, and lay back to the bar. That way the men can see what they are about to finger fuck.

I say men, and it caught me a bit by surprise, but a woman came and stood beside me at the bar and her hand went to my pussy and fingered me. She was good at it and she triggered on of my many orgasms.

I also got fucked by a beer bottle, another surprise; I can’t understand why a man would want to push a bottle into a pussy when he can fuck that pussy with his hand.

I think that I managed to say ‘Priapus’ every time that I orgasmed and I know that one man looked at me with a strange expression when he heard the word.

When the number of people there started to dwindle I straightened my dress and left. I walked back through the square where all the strangely dressed people were and got a bit bemused at some of them before finding a taxi to go back to the boat.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 17**

After I’d got some breakfast the next morning I went to find Zoe’s boat. It was easy to find because she was out on the deck. I waved at her and she welcomed me aboard.

“Hi Georgia; dad, this is Georgia, you may remember her from the boat party the other week. Georgia, this is my father, Mr. Billingham.”

“Oh yes, you’re that ballsy little girl who put old Johnson in his place. I’m pleased to meet you.”

“You might not be pleased to meet me when I say what I have to say Mr. Billingham. You see it was my fault that Zoe and Kate were late back here the other morning and I hear that you spanked both of them for being late. Because it was my fault and not theirs I think that you were wrong, you shouldn’t have spanked them. If anyone should have been spanked it should have been me so I’m here to let you punish me.”

“Georgia,” Zoe said, “you’re wrong, don’t let my father punish you, leave now while you still can. Daddy, please don’t spank her. If you’re mad and you want to spank someone please spank me again not Georgia.”

Mr Billingham looked at Zoe, then at me and I could see anger on his face.

“Young lady, I will punish whoever I want and whenever I want. Both of you have made me mad with these outbursts so yes Georgia, I will spank you, and yes Zoe I will spank you too. Now get your clothes off both of you.

I was naked in seconds but Zoe took a little longer, she had a pair of knickers on.

“Oh I see that you’ve started wearing knickers again Zoe.” Mr. Billingham said.

“I, I err, how did you know that I haven’t been wearing any knickers daddy?”

“You and your sister can be very careless when you sit down and bend over. Your mother didn’t do a very good job of teaching you how to be a lady.”

Poor Zoe looked shocked, and she was blushing. Her right hand was covering her bald pubes and her left hand was over her tits.

“No point in going all shy now Zoe; put those hands by your side. I think that you both need a lesson in what real humiliation means. After your spankings both of you will get off this boat and walk to the marina office and back. Then you can stand with your hands on your head on the walkway for 30 minutes before coming back on-board.”

“Daddy no, please don’t make me do that?”

“Make that the café at the end of the marina.”

“No please daddy, it’s not fair and people will see me. I’ll be so embarrassed.”

“That’s the whole point of the exercise Zoe. If you get embarrassed and humiliated you may think twice the next time you sit down and flaunt your genitals to the whole world.”

I nearly burst out laughing when he said that bit.

“And you can do that walk twice; and do it one more time with your sister when she gets back.”

Zoe groaned but didn’t complain any more.

“Right, which one of you wants to go first? I know, you can go first Zoe then little Georgia can see what she’s volunteered for. Over my lap NOW girl.”

Mr. Billingham sat on the outside bench seat and Zoe moved into place. I don’t know if it was coincidence or not but the way that he had positioned himself meant that I, and anyone passing by, would be able to see Zoe’s butt as she got spanked. I also noted that she spread her feet as she positioned herself. I could easily see her wet and swollen pussy and assumed that she was already quite aroused.

Zoe screamed as the first swat landed on her butt. By the fourth one she was crying. The sobbing stopped at number 9 and then I heard her breathing change. I looked at her pussy and it was a lot wetter than it had been.

When number 15 landed I could hear her moaning. Number 17 and 18 landed to the sound of the ‘Oooohs’ and ‘Aaaaaghs’. Number 19 landed to silence and Zoe looked like she was holding her breath.

When number 20 landed Zoe’s orgasm exploded out of her. He feet rose up, her body went rigid and she screamed like there was no tomorrow.

Mr. Billingham watched her for a couple of seconds then stood up sending Zoe to the deck. She jerked about for a few seconds as Mr. Billingham said,

“Don’t be so stupid girl, you’ve had 20 swats quite a few times before and you’ve never acted all stupid like this before. Get to your feet and stand with your hands on your head girl.”

I knew what had happened but I wasn’t sure if Mr. Billingham had realised that his daughter had just had an orgasm; or maybe he was just pretending that she hadn’t cum because it would mean that he was the one who had given her it.

Anyway, Zoe slowly got to her feet and went to the side of the deck and put her hands on her head.

“Right Georgia, you know the position so assume it. Your parents should have brought you up with a lot more discipline. A few good spanking would have taught you that you must respect your elders and do what they tell you.”

“Yes Mr. Billingham.”

I assumed the position and immediately felt something hard pressing on my stomach.

“Was the dirty, two-faced pervert getting off on this?” I thought.

I too lay there with my legs open and wondered what it would be like to have my pussy spanked.

Just then the swats started and I too started crying. Jeez, did those swats hurt? I think that my butt must be a bit more sensitive than Zoe’s because I orgasmed after the 10th swat but I don’t think that Mr. Billingham noticed my orgasms hit me.

I say orgasms and not orgasm because I had 2. The first at swat 10, and the second at swat 19 or 20. When both of them hit me I too went rigid with my feet rising up. With me being so small and light I guessed that Mr. Billingham didn’t realise what was happening to me.

As I said, my second orgasm hit me on the 20th swat, the last swat, and instead of standing up and letting me roll to the deck he just sat there with his hand still where it had last landed on my right butt cheek. I find it hard to believe that he didn’t realise that I was cumming, after going rigid then relaxing, the jerking started, and I was still moaning, not crying.

Intentionally or not, he waited until my breathing slowed to near normal before telling me to get up. As I did so I saw a small wet spot on his short. I guessed that it was just pre-cum because the spot wasn’t that big but he’d definitely had had a hard-on all the time.

To this day I don’t know if he realised that both of us had had orgasms while lying over his lap.

Anyway, I automatically went and stood next to Zoe and put my hands on my head. Mr. Billingham was still sat on the seat and he stared at us for ages before finally saying,

“Well, you both survived that part but the real part of your punishment starts right now. Get off this yacht and get walking to the café; and walk, don’t run. You can go in your bare feet to slow you down and I don’t want to hear from anyone that you’ve been covering your breasts or genitals. If anyone stops you and asks for a better look at the red marks you are to sit on the ground, lay back, put your legs up in the air, spread them wide and pull them back to your heads. And you are to stay like that until they walk away. Do you understand me you naughty little girls?”

“Yes daddy.”

“Yes Mr. Billingham.”

“Go.”

We both got off the boat and started walking. When we got round the corner I stopped and asked Zoe what my butt was like.

“Red, but not dark red; I think that it will be back to normal by tomorrow.”

“Speaking from experience are you?”

“Yes, Kate and I always inspect our butts afterwards; what does my butt look like?”

“Cute.”

“No silly, how red is it?”

“What you just said.”

“Good.”

“Good! You’ve just been spanked by your father; how can that be good?”

“Because I orgasmed.”

“I see; your first spanking orgasm.”

“You can’t talk; you just had your first 2.”

“Yes I did; and I liked it.”

“So did I.”

“So you’ll be looking forwards to the next time?”

“Maybe.”

“Well at least you won’t fear them now.”

“No, but I worry about Kate. She hasn’t found the bridge from pain to pleasure yet.”

“Give her time. Maybe you should spank her a few times when your parents are out and see if you can help her?”

“Maybe, I’ll talk to her later.”

We walked some more then I said,

“If he wasn’t your father Zoe, I would have called him a dirty old pervert.”

“You’re right Georgia; after our spankings he always just stares at us for ages and both Kate and I have wondered what he’s thinking about, and yes, he always has a big bulge in his trousers or shorts.”

“But he’s your father and you love him.”

“I guess so.”

"And you’d like him to fuck you.”

“Hey Georgia, you may or may not fuck your father but there’s no way that I’m going to fuck mine.”

“Okay Zoe, just planting an idea in your head.”

Just then Sebastian came walking towards us.

“Well hello there girls, what’s all this?”

“Daddy is punishing us.” Zoe said. “This is part 2 and we’re supposed to be embarrassed and humiliated by having to walk around like this.”

“Which you obviously aren’t.” Sebastian said. “So what was part 1?”

Both Zoe and I turned around and bent over a little.

“Ouch, I bet that hurt.”

“Well yes, but it did have its good points.”

“Do you mean that you orgasmed? I’ve heard about girls who get off being punished.”

“Yes we did.” Zoe said. “Georgia came twice.”

“Interesting, but I guess that I’m not really surprised.”

“Very funny. Daddy said that if anyone wanted a better look at our red marks we have to lie on our backs and put our legs up so that they can get a better look.”

Sebastian smiled then replied,

“Well I guess that you’d both better get on your backs.”

Zoe and I looked at each other then we giggled; then we did as Mr. Billingham had ordered.

We must have looked a right spectacle as Sebastian got his phone out and started taking photos of us.

Finally satisfied that he’d got enough photos he told us that we could get up.

“We can’t, not until you leave; that’s what daddy said.”

“Oh, okay; I guess that I’d better go but anytime that you want to lie down like that just let me know.”

“So you don’t mind girls walking around the marina without any clothes on Sebastian?” I asked.

“No not at all. We quite like seeing naked, pretty girls; it adds a sort of ‘natural’ look to the place.”

“So we could come in to the marina office like this then?” I asked.

“Yes, you wouldn’t be the first naked girls to be in there.

“What about the café and the restaurant?”

“The café’s okay, Manuel is a bit of a dirty old man; but I doubt that the restaurant would be too happy; they have some crazy ideas about hygiene.”

“Okay, what about the Nueva marina Sebastian?”

“The road can get a little busy and I’m not sure about the blue Marlin or the Lio; so I think that it’s best to stay around here girls. Maybe you could come and see me in the office the next time that you get punished?”

“Maybe we will.” Zoe replied.

“Okay girls, I’ll go now and let you get up off that warm concrete. Bye”

Sebastian walked off and we got up and continued our walk. We saw a few other people, some who stopped and stared at us, but none of them came up to us. When we got to the café Manuel was outside taking a break. He waved at us and we waved back before turning and walking back.

Mr. Billingham was sat out on the deck waiting for us and as soon as we got there he said,

“And again.”

We turned and repeated the walk only this time without Sebastian stopping us.

Mr. Billingham was still there when we got back and he said,

“Good, you know what you have to do now.”

For the next 30 minutes we stood there, still totally naked and with our hands on our heads. One fisherman walked passed us but he didn’t even look at us.

Finally, Mr. Billingham told us to get back on the boat then he said,

“I hope that you 2 have learnt something from your experience this morning.”

“Yes I did daddy.”

I smiled to myself and said,

“Yes sir.”

“Good, you can get dressed now.”

We did, then went down to Zoe’s cabin to talk some more.

I asked her if she was going to start wearing knickers again.

“Hell no; in fact I’m going to make sure that daddy sees up my skirt some more. It will be well worth the pain of the first few swats to get all that pleasure. You may just see Kate and I walking around the marina stark naked quite a lot, and that Sebastian guy may just get a visit from us. I wonder if he can cope with both Kate and me.”

“Are you going to tell Kate what has just happened?”

“Yes, I’m sure that it won’t be long before her body starts to discover the pleasure that a good spanking can give. She told me that her pussy started tingling the last time that she got spanked so it won’t be long. She may say that she doesn’t enjoy walking around naked but she does. I’m her sister, I can tell.”

I smiled and tried to think of a way that I could get some more of today’s ‘punishment’ but I couldn’t. I’ll just have to hope that things change.

Shortly after that I told Zoe that I had to go, that I had to see someone about something to do with daddy. I hated lying to her but I didn’t think that she was ready to know what I do at the club. I considered taking them to Groper’s Bar, but not right now.

As I was walking back to daddy’s boat my phone rang, it was Pau to tell me that he’d found a clinic where I could get the O-Shot. He told me that I’d have to be examined and answer a lot of questions, and that I should take my Black Amex card with me; it would be expensive. That part didn’t bother me as daddy would be paying. He gave me the phone number and I rang it and made an appointment for next day.

I had a shower and put a couple of my half thongs into my bag. I wanted to take a vibrator but I knew that I would be working with a few others and I didn’t want to have to get them to stop every time that I orgasmed. Instead I got out my Ben Wa balls and eased them up my hole. At least they would keep me ‘happy’ all the time.

Then I slipped a loose, mesh half top and one of my ultra-short skater skirts on, one that has some random holes all over it.

Twenty minutes later I was walking into the club. It seemed a bit strange being there in the daylight.

Diego was there and he introduced me to the rest of the promotional team for that day. There were 3 men and 3 more girls. Two of the men had fucked me before so I knew that they had huge cocks but the other one I didn’t know and I wondered if his was as big. The girls were all new to me. All 3 are skinny with a good tan. None of them has big tits.

Diego told us to go and get changed and then go back to the big van that was parked outside. Just thongs was the uniform of the day for us girls while the men wore something that looked interesting. Basically it’s a loincloth that is long enough to cover those huge cocks.

The other 3 girls wore one of the thongs out of the club’s supply box but I put one of my own half ‘V’ thongs on. No one would know unless I bent over and I didn’t think that I’d be doing any of that. Besides, I wanted to get air to tickle my pussy.

We all piled into the back of the van and set off. There are seats in the back of the van but it wasn’t very comfortable.

As I’d climbed in one of the girls saw my still red butt and asked if I’d got it sunburnt.

“No, I’ve been a naughty girl.” I replied.

“You didn’t get it at last night’s naughty girl show then?”

“No; I didn’t even know about that.”

I made a mental note to ask about that. I’d discovered that I like being spanked and that show could be a chance to get spanked and fucked.

As the van started moving I asked one of the girls where we were going and what we’d have to do. She told me that we were going to 3 beaches, all not far apart and all us girls had to do is hand out flyers to people that we thought looked like they might visit the club.

“What do the guys do?” I asked.

“It’s a bit easier for them; 2 of them carry those big poles (she pointed to the poles going down the middle of the van floor), with a banner in between them. The other guy carries a boom box to attract people’s attention”

“So which beaches are we going to?”

“Playa de en Bossa, Es Cavallet and Platja de ses Salines.”

“I’ve been to that last one; it’s nice.”

“Yes it is. They’re all nice in their own way.”

The van soon stopped in Playa de en Bossa on a little road that went to the beach and we all got out. As the new guy got out I got a look at his cock and saw that it was as big as the other two’s.

The guys got the poles out and attached the banner to it. I was then able to read it. In big red letters it said,

“LIVE SEX SHOWS.”

It also had the clubs name and address and a drawing of a naked girl on her hands and knees and a naked man behind her with the implication that he was fucking her doggy style.

The flyers that I was given to hand out had similar wording but instead of the drawing there was a photograph of a man and a woman in the same doggy position. Both were naked.

“Right boys and girls,” Diego said, “you know what to do, off you go and I’ll meet you at the other end of the beach. Girls, remember to only give the flyers to people who look like they may be interested.”

The guy carrying the boom box turned it on and the other 2 guys parted, stretching the banner out. The guys walked to the water’s edge and us 3 girls started walking in amongst the sunbathing people.

I quickly realised that I would have to bend over to hand the flyers to the people who were flat on their backs. I also realised that me bending over gave a great view to the people on their backs behind me.

From that point on I looked for opportunities to either make people smile and maybe get their hands on what they could see, or get annoyed that a girl was exposing her pussy to them. Either way I was happy.

After a couple of hundred metres the steel balls in my pussy were starting to have an effect on me and I had to slow down a bit.

By the time that we got to the end of the long beach I must have flashed my pussy to 50+ people. I liked these promotional jobs.

I also like the feeling in my pussy as well.

Diego was true to his word and there he was with the van. We all piled in and set off to the next beach. It was difficult to get the van to Es Cavallet beach and we had to get out before all the parked cars and walk the last bit down the road.

As soon as we got onto the beach I knew that things were different to Playa de en Bossa; there were naked people on this beach. As we walked along it became clear that most of the people there were men. I asked one of the other girls who was walking with me if this was a gays beach.

“Yeah, we won’t get much business from here but the boss still wants us to do this beach, probably because it’s so close to the next one. Oh, I know what I was going to ask you; how did you get your thong like that? I saw you bending over back at Bossa and I saw your pussy.”

“Ha, you caught me. No, it’s one of my own thongs; a friend makes them for me. Good isn’t it?”

“Yeah, I’ve pulled them up into my slit before but I never would have thought of making them like that. Good for you.”

“It’s good for working the bar as well.”

“I bet it is. You lucky girl.”

Cavallet beach is another long one, not as long as Bossa, but still long, and by the time that I’d got half way down the steel balls got the better of me. I had to stop and wait for the waves to go down. Then I had to run to catch up with the others. Then we had to turn around and walk all the way back. The trip along that beach seemed a bit pointless to me.

Salines was much better. Diego parked the van just over the road from where the bus stops and we all got out and the guys got themselves organised.

The walk through the clothes area as fun; I spent lots of time bent over trying to give flyers to people who didn’t really want them just because there was a man behind me.

I have no idea how many men that I pleased, I couldn’t count them. I wasn’t even sure how many of them actually looked. I didn’t care.

The clothing optional area was more fun, a lot more men were there to see the naked girls and when one in a thong bent over in front of them they, of course, looked. I wonder how many hard-ons I caused.

When we got to the beach bar just before the rocks Diego was there and he bought us all a drink. We sat on the sand to drink and it was then that the others discovered the design of my thong. When the other girl made a remark about it everyone looked.

I lay back and let them look but it was no big deal, after all, 2 of the guys had already put their big cocks inside me.

A bit later we got up and made the return walk along the beach. I handed flyers to guys that I was sure that I had already given one to but hey, they wanted another look and I wanted to show them.

We got back to the van and drove back to the club.

While I was there I looked at the calendar of events and saw 4 new ones that interested me: -

Slave Training

Naughty Girl

Bukkaki

Private Event

I put my name down for all of them even though I didn’t know what the ‘Private Event’ was. How bad could it be?

I had been thinking about staying and working the bar that night but the promo event had finished a lot earlier than I expected so I took the thong off and put my skirt and top on and left.

I wandered around for a while before deciding to go back to the boat to increase my orgasms count for the day. In the taxi I tried to think of a way that I could do it without too much effort from me and I came up with a great idea.

But before I could implement it I had to get something to eat. Out of curiosity I got the taxi driver to stop near the café that the sailors had taken me to see if I got recognised.

There was a couple of old guys that I remembered and of course the waiter. The old guys didn’t even look at me but the waiter gave me a funny look when he took my order. Just to tease him a bit I shuffled down in the chair and opened my knees a bit. When he brought my food he’d be able to see my pussy.

I watched his eyes and he put the food on the table and he did look down to my pussy but he didn’t say anything.

When I finished I paid then went straight to the boat. It was getting dark by then and I was going to have an early night with a difference.

For starters I went into daddy’s cabin and searched for a belt that I could fasten round my thighs. There was one more thing that I wanted and I was sure that I had seen daddy use it a couple of times. It’s an electric timer that can be used to turn a light on and off at pre-determined times. I had a satisfied grin on my face when I found it and worked out how to programme it. I set it for 4 x 1 hour periods of on, with a 30 minute break between them and 1 more on at the time that I wanted to get up in the morning. Then I got a bottle of water out of the fridge and put it beside by bed and put a towel under where my butt would be. Then I showered and got ready for bed.

Next came the best part, I plugged the timer in near my bed and watched the ‘on’ light come on. Then I went to my toys drawer and got my magic wand out. I plugged it into the timer and it came on. I had just 2 more things to do; I got on the bed, put the belt under my thighs and nestled the wand between them so that the ball part was against my clit. I moaned as I did the last little thing because it was already vibrating; I fastening the belt round my thighs locking the wand in place.

Then I switched the light off and waited.

I didn’t have to wait long to start to feel an orgasm building. It arrived and I shouted ‘Priapus’.

The vibrations continued, my heart slowed down for a while then it started to increase as the second orgasm started to build. This went on and on and on and I started to loose count of the number of times that I orgasmed before the timer turned the wand off.

I relaxed and had a drink of water then lay back and waited.

I jumped when the wand burst into life and the process started again.

By the time that the second hour was over I was starting to feel tired. After the third hour I actually managed to get some sleep before the wand burst into life and I woke up with a warm feeling in my pussy. The orgasm quickly built and I was soon cumming and jerking about.

In a strange way, I was glad when that fourth hour was over. I had no idea how many orgasms I had, or if I had managed to say ‘Priapus’ as each one arrived. At that moment, all I wanted was sleep. I was really grateful that the warm climate was drying the sweat quite quickly.

That sleep came quickly and the next thing that I knew was the wand bursting into life. I felt refreshed and thought that it was a really nice way to wake up. As the orgasm built I wondered what it would be like to wake up to the feeling of a cock thrusting in and out of my pussy.

I definitely remembered to shout ‘Priapus’ when the orgasm hit me and as it subsided I reached to my thighs, unfastened the belt and switched the wand off.

In a strange way it was a relief but I just knew that I would be doing that again.

The reason why I had set the unusual alarm was that I had the appointment at the clinic to see about getting the O-Shot. Pau had warned me that I’d need to be examined and get a lot of questions. The questions didn’t bother me but the examination did a little. If it was anything like the one when I went to my doctor to get put on the pill I definitely would have a problem. You see that doctor tested my reaction to clitoral stimulation and I’d cum on his gloved hand. If that happened at the clinic I was sure that they wouldn’t give me the injections.

I had a long shower to remove all the dried sweat off me then put some coffee on and raided the fridge. I was nervous and didn’t want a proper breakfast.

Then I had the problem of what to wear. I wanted to appear to be a demure young woman who was really concerned about her problem and my image of a girl like that has a knee length skirt, and industrial strength blouse and industrial strength underwear; none of which I own.

Before I went through my wardrobe I had a good look at my butt and pussy in the mirror. I was pleased to not see any red marks on my butt. My pussy lips were a bit red and definitely swollen. I hoped that the red would go in the next hour or so and decided that I could argue that my lips weren’t swollen, that they were always like that.

I opened my wardrobe and looked for my longest dress or skirt; it was a dress. Putting it on and looking in the mirror I saw that it was only about 5 centimetres below my pussy. Even though it was of the skater variety and very thin, it would have to do. I looked at the top and could see the little bumps that were caused by my nipples but that was all, it wasn’t see-through.

It wasn’t ideal but it would have to do. As for the lack of underwear, I decided that if I was asked I would say that I was experimenting to see if it gave me more confidence and therefore help with my ‘problem’.

I did my hair differently as well; just about every time that I’d left the boat before I’d put my hair up into either a ponytail or pigtails but this time I just brushed it and let it flow.

Satisfied, but nervous, I left the boat and got a taxi.

The clinic was a surprisingly modern building and when I went in it looked very clean. There was a reception desk that I went up to.

"Buenos días." I said to the young woman in a white nurse’s uniform.

My accent must have given me away because she replied in English asking me what she could do for me. I told her that I had an appointment and she looked at a monitor and then smiled.

“Ah yes; I need you to complete a questionnaire please.”

She put a sheet of paper on a clipboard and handed it to me.

“You can sit over there and complete it.”

I turned and saw a little waiting area. I walked over there and looked for a seat where she wouldn’t be able to see up my dress, then sat down, remembering to cross my legs.

Wow, that was an intimate questionnaire; I’ll list the more ‘interesting’ questions and the answers that I gave.

How often do you masturbate? - Daily.

How often do you orgasm? - Maybe 3 or 4 times a year.

What is your average number of orgasms per month? - .25

Do you use sex toys? - Yes, a vibrator but it doesn’t help much.

How often does your partner stimulate your genitals? - Weekly.

How often does your partner perform cunnilingus on you? - Weekly.

How often do you have intercourse? - Every 3 or 4 days.

Are your periods regular? - Yes.

Does breast stimulation increase your arousal? - Very little.

Do you perform fellatio? - Yes.

Do you participate in any bondage? - Occasionally but it doesn’t help me orgasm.

When did you last visit your Gynaecologist? - About 6 months ago.

When I’d finished the questionnaire I just sat there for a good 5 minutes before a middle-aged man in a white coat came over to me. He introduced himself as Doctor Rodríguez then asked me to follow him.

He led me to a typical doctors consulting room then pointed me to a chair. I remembered to cross my legs. He was watching me so I made a big deal of pulling the skirt part of my dress down as far as it would go. He turned back to the clipboard and studied my answers for a minute then said,

“Okay Georgia, tell me what the problem is.”

“Well doctor, basically I find it nearly impossible to have an orgasm. I’ve tried everything that I can think of, and so has the different partners that I have had but I just never seem to get there.”

“So what have you tried?”

“Well there are those things on that questionnaire, and things like dressing differently. That’s why I’m dressed like this, I feel sexier like this but it’s not really helping. My latest partner is very patient and spends hours doing cunnilingus on me but I just can’t get there. I feel so inadequate. I can’t see the relationship lasting.

“I see; you do realise that all women are different, some have orgasms daily, some only about once per month and some never actually have one.”

“Well yes, but I feel so inadequate. There’s times when I can’t sleep worrying about it. I can spend hours masturbating to try to get there but it just about never helps.”

“Did you tell your Gynaecologist about your problem?”

“Yes, a couple of times but all he says is.

“Give it time.”

“Okay, I can see that this is a big issue for you and we may well be able to help you. But before I say that we can I need to examine you to see if there’s any physical problem, and to take some blood from you to check for a few things. Let me take the blood first then we can get it off to the Lab quickly.”

He got out what he needed and then asked for my arm. It was quite painless but he did seem to take a lot of my blood, a lot more than any doctor ever has before. Then he picked up the phone and asked whoever to come and get the sample.

“Right Georgia, I need to ask you to undress and lie on the examination couch please.”

“Okay, where shall I undress?”

“Over by the couch and you can leave your clothes on the chair.”

“Oh, right, okay then.”

I stood up and walked over to the couch, put my bag on the chair and unfastened my dress. I’d just got it off when there was knock on the door and a young man in a while coat walked in and looked at me. My pussy immediately started to tingle.

“No, stop it Georgia.” I said to myself and turned and folded my dress before putting it in the char.

I heard the doctor say something to the young man then I heard the door close. I climbed up onto the couch and lay flat on my back with my knees tightly clamped together.

The doctor came over to me and said,

“Okay Georgia, I need to give you a full gynaecological exam just to make sure that you have nothing that could be causing the problem; it will probably be the same as your Gynaecologist gave you the last time that you saw him.”

The doctor was stood beside me, holding a clipboard and looking down at me. Then he started writing and slowly saying what, presumably, he was writing. He was talking in Spanish but I understood.

He said,

“Small breasts,

Puffy areolas,

Larger than average nipples,

Ribs visible,

Flat stomach,

Pubis protruding.”

Then there was silence for a few seconds before the doctor asked me to open my legs.

I tried to say, “Okay doctor” as I opened my legs but for some reason my mouth was all dry and I sounded like a frog croaking.

“Would you like a drink of water Georgia?”

“Yes please.”

I’d expected him to get me some from the tap at the sink in the corner but he didn’t. Instead he went to his telephone and asked someone to bring some in. Then he came and stood between my legs, looked at my pussy and continued his verbal and written notes.

“Labia Majora looks a little puffy,

No visible Labia Minora,

Vagina entrance closed.”

Just then there was another knock on the door and another young man came in holding a paper cup of water. He tried to give it to the doctor but he said,

“It’s for the patient.”

The young man turned to me and came and stood by my spread thighs. He held the cup out and I had to get up onto my elbows to be able to accept it.

“No, don’t let me see you looking at my pussy.” I thought; but that is where his eyes were pointing.

I just knew that my pussy was very wet and I worried what the doctor would think. I quickly drank the water and handed the paper cup back to the young man who turned and left.

“Georgia, I’m going to setup the stirrups now then I’m going to give you and internal examination; try to relax.”

I lay back and remembered the night in the club when I tried not to cum. I started thinking about the same unpleasant things.

“Lift your feet up please Georgia and put them in the stirrups.” I heard, and complied.

“This is it,” I thought, “if he touches my clit I’m busted.”

“I’m just going to look inside your vagina Georgia; I see that you are liberally lubricated.”

“Err yes doctor,” I replied, “I go like that occasionally; ninety nine percent of the times that I touch myself down there I’m bone dry. I’ve never managed to work out what triggers me getting wet.”

“I see.”

I was quite pleased with my reply, it just came from nowhere.

I felt a speculum being inserted in my vagina and being opened; then the breath of the doctor as he obviously got close to me and looked inside me. Then I felt the speculum being removed.

“You say that clitoral stimulation rarely has any effect on you.”

“That’s right doctor.”

“Well then I won’t embarrass you by trying.”

“No doctor, my gynaecologist couldn’t get me to orgasm.”

“Thank you, thank you.” I thought because I just knew that if he’d rubbed my clit I would have gone off like a rocket.

The doctor stepped back, looked at my face and said,

“Well Georgia, you don’t have any labia minora worth talking about and you do have a rather immature looking body, almost early puberty; but those 2 things shouldn’t be a problem. Subject to favourable lab results I am sure that we can help you.

It will take another couple of hours for the laboratory to get back to me with the results and then we can discuss how to proceed. You may get dressed now then go and have a word with the nurse on reception. She will discuss the costs and options and tell you where you can wait until I’m ready to talk to you again.”

“Right, thank you.” I said as I put my shoes and dress on. The doctor was busily typing into his computer as I left.

The receptionist explained the costs, what I had already incurred and what the procedure would cost. Pau had warned me that it would be expensive, and he was right; but I didn’t care. I got out my Black Amex card and her eyes lit up. She then told me that I could wait where I previously had or I could leave and come back in 2 hours. I decided on the latter.

As I walked down the steps of the clinic a gust of wind caught my dress and blew it up above my waist. Normally I would have left it and waited for gravity to return it to where it had been, but this time I quickly squat down and pulled the dress down before standing up again. Just in case anyone from the clinic was watching.

“Two hours to kill.” I thought, “what shall I do?”

I looked around and saw a small shopping mall.

“That will do.” I thought and started walking that way.

I found a couple of clothes shops and went into one but I couldn’t find anything that I liked. In the other shop there were a couple of things, a skirt and a pair of shoes in the window.

When I went in I saw a rather cute young sales girl looking rather bored. I went over to the shoes and picked up the one that I liked and had a close look at it.

“Would you like to try it on?” the girl asked in Spanish.

I replied in Spanish (the rest of the interaction was in Spanish as well),

“Yes, but I’ve seen a skirt in the window that I would like to try on as well.”

I pointed out the skirt and the girl went and got one for me.

I looked for somewhere to try it on and the girl led me to a curtained cubicle.

“Not exactly very private.” I thought; then didn’t close the curtain after I went in. I turned to face the sales girl who was stood watching me and took my dress off. I smiled at the girl.

Standing there naked with the girl still watching me I pulled the skirt up. It was too big so I took it off and asked the girl if she could get me a smaller size.

She did, and held it out for me but she was too far back. I had to go out of the cubicle to get it. I stayed out of the cubicle, still naked, and tried the skirt on.

It was a better fit, short but still a lot longer that those that I’ve worn since I left school.

“Can I try the shoes on please?” I asked.

She went and got a pair and held them out for me to take.

“Can you help me please?

She indicated that I should sit on the ottoman that was near the middle of the shop. The topless me went over and perched on the edge of the ottoman.

The girl came over and knelt in front of me, but slightly to the side. She lifted my nearest foot and moved it over to her. My other leg stayed where it was which meant that the girl could see up my skirt to my pussy.

“How does that feel?” The girl asked.

“Okay, but I need to try the other one on.”

For some strange reason the girl put my foot down on the other side of her then shuffled passed my other foot. Lifting it up she eased my leg over to her to take my shoe off and try the new one on.

By that time my legs were spread wide and she was staring at my pussy. I let her just stare for a while then I said,

“You can touch it if you like.”

The girl looked up to my face, I smiled then her eyes went back to my pussy. Slowly, her hand reached over, found my pussy and I moaned. She must have taken the moan as permission to go further because her fingers started exploring. They soon found my clit and I moaned again.

Then she started rubbing.

I, of course, got aroused and before I knew it I was lying back and she was eating my pussy, right there in the middle of the shop. I still had the skirt on but by that time she had pushed it up to my waist.

She brought me to a long overdue orgasm during which I shouted various indications of pleasure and jerked about a bit. As I returned to normal the girl backed off a bit, but still gently caressed my whole pussy.

“Thank you.” The girl said when I looked at her.

“You’re so welcome.” I replied.

Shortly after that she finished putting the second shoe on and I stood up to look at them. I liked them and walked around the shop to check that they were comfortable. As I did so the skirt fell back to its designated position but I was still topless as I walked around.

“You like them?” she asked when I walked back to her. I smiled and put my hand to my tits.

“Yes I like them.” I said and pulled and twisted my nipples. “Oh, the shoes; yes, I like them.”

“What about the skirt?”

“I like it but it’s too long for me. I’ll take just the shoes.”

The girl watched me as I kicked the shoes off and let the skirt drop to the floor. Then I walked over to my dress and put it on. As I walked over to the sales counter I smoothed my hand down the front of my dress and said,

“I like them this long.” Which is just a couple of centimetres below my pussy.

I paid the girl and left giving her a big smile.

Back in the mall I saw the only café and headed for there. I ordered a cola and a big slice of strawberry gateaux and settled to wait out the 2 hours.

When I returned to the clinic I had to wait another 10 minutes to be seen by Doctor Rodríguez. I’d gone over to where I waited before and again sat very lady-like, pulling my dress down as much as I could.

When I was called in to Doctor Rodríguez’s consulting room he indicated that I should sit down. I did, very lady-like again.

“I’ve reviewed your results and can see no reason why we should not go ahead with the procedure.”

I smiled and felt a great sense of relief. Now all I had to do was keep as dry as I could and NOT cum while he was sticking needles in my pussy. He then went on to explain what the procedure involved and he assured me that it wouldn’t hurt.

I wasn’t so sure about that part but, as the saying goes, ‘no pain, no gain’.

After telling me a couple of other things that I didn’t really listen to, he asked me to undress and get on the examination couch.

At that point I asked if there was a ladies room that I could use before he started. He told me where there was one and off I went. I seriously needed to dry my pussy before he started. I even rolled some of the toilet paper up and pushed it into the entrance to my hole to dry as much as I could.

When I got back Doctor Rodríguez pointed to the couch and I went and took my dress and shoes off again, and climbed up. The stirrups were still there so I lifted my ankles into them and waited.

The doctor came over and started dabbing something around my clit and around the entrance to my hole.

“This will numb the area ready for the injections.” He said.

And he was right. I watched as he injected something on both sides of my clit and around my vagina entrance and even, I think, just inside my vagina.

Five minutes later and I was getting dressed and listening to the doctor telling me what I could expect and what side effects there might be. He also told me that I may feel like urinating for the next hour or so, but that would pass.

Before I knew it I was walking to the nurse at reception and handing her my Black Amex card.

I left the clinic feeling a lot happier than when I went in. What’s more, I could get back to making myself cum and shouting ‘Priapus’.

It was still early afternoon when I got back to the boat so I decided that I would go to the beach again. Salines had quickly become my favourite beach and that was where I decided to go. I quickly packed one of my big shoulder bags then decided what to wear.

After having a great morning I was feeling happy and daring so I put on one of my see-through bikini tops and one of my half ‘V’ thongs. I was going to go with my whole butt openly on display and the serious risk (I hoped) of someone seeing my newly injected pussy. The doctor had told me that it would take a few hours to take effect and not to expect intense orgasms straight away.

I just knew that I was going to have intense orgasms in the not too distant future.

Just to help me a little with that, I pressed my egg home and put the control in my bag.

I quickly walked to the taxi stand and was soon at the bus station. As I waited for the bus I looked around and saw 2 other girls wearing thongs and skimpy tops. I chuckled to myself and thought,

“I bet that your thongs cover you pussies; mine doesn’t. Ha ha.”

Surprisingly, there weren’t too many people on the bus and I managed to get a seat on my own. I took the opportunity to explore my pussy with my fingers to see if anything felt any different. It didn’t; and I took another opportunity and toyed with my clit for most of the journey and making myself cum.

At the bus stop at the beach I went into the shop and bought a bottle of cola the walked to the place where some of the scooters park where I had previously got naked or got dressed.

This time I quickly got naked, switched my egg onto low, and started the walk through the clothed part of the beach to where some other people were already naked. As previously, I got a few stared going through the clothed bit but no one said anything.

I found a spot between a group of young men and the fence at the start of the trees. I heard the crickets over the noise of the sea and decided that I was going to explore the woods one day that I was there.

I spread my towel then got on my hands and knees, butt facing the young men, to make un-necessary adjustment to the towel hoping that at least 1 of the young men would be looking over to me.

Then I made a big deal of covering myself in sunblock, my tits and pussy getting a liberal coating that took a lot of doing. As I was doing that I watched the young men watching me.

I’d just lay down with my legs wide apart when the first orgasm hit me and my body quivered and jerked about. I just had to give my pussy a quick rub.

I stayed sunbathing like that for a while, looking around to see who was watching me. Then I got up on my elbows for a better look and I watched a single, middle-aged man come and spread his towel close to the group of young men. After he had got settled, laying on his front looking straight up my legs; I decided to turn over and lay on my stomach.

I got onto my hands and knees and waggled my butt at my voyeurs while I straightened my towel again. Then I lay down, on my stomach, legs spread very wide, and with my right hand underneath my pussy. I immediately start playing with myself, knowing that my audience could see what I was doing but anyone passing by and just getting a quick glimpse would probably not realise what I was doing.

It didn’t take long for me to cum with the usual effect on my body; and I remembered to say ‘Priapus’. After the orgasm had gone I still toyed with my clit but I also wondered if I had cum so quickly because of the egg or because of the O-Shot; had it started to take effect I wondered.

I stayed like that for quite a while and just as I was about to cum again, I got back onto my hands and knees. A quick couple of flicks of my clit and I was cumming again. In between the jerks I managed to twerk my butt a bit and continued doing that for a few seconds after the orgasm had subsided.

After a while I decided that I was thirsty, but instead of drinking from the bottle in my bag I turned the egg off, got my purse and walked back the way that I had come. All the previous times I / we had gone further along the beach to the beach bar near the naked people. This time I was going to the beach bar behind the clothed area.

I walked just into the clothed area then turned to the bar. As I approached the bar I saw a wide path and wondered if it went to the carpark as I suspected. As I got passed the bar I saw a shop, some toilets and a shower. I decided to have a look in the shop but not before I walked along the path and confirmed my suspicions.

On the way back I went into the shop and saw lots of brightly coloured sarongs and dresses and some of the usual junk that gets sold at shops at beach resorts. The youngish woman in the shop just smiled at me, totally unconcerned at my nudity.

It was the same in the beach bar; okay a few people, men actually, stared at me for a short while but that was it. I was the only one naked in a beach bar surrounded by dozens of people in swimsuits and they didn’t care. Well maybe that isn’t the right word, some of the men cared enough to stare at me.

I decided to buy a bottle of cola and an ice cream, the man behind the bar ignoring my nudity, but my bottom half was hidden behind the counter so maybe he thought that I was just topless, and there were quite a few topless women there; some with what must be uncomfortably big breasts. I decided that I must talk to a woman with big breasts sometime and find out if they actually are uncomfortable as they look if they are not supported in a harness.

I was still eating the ice cream when I got back to my towel. I sat facing the sea with my knees spread and bent. My feet were even further apart. After all of the ice cream was inside me I reached into my bag and switched the egg back on. I lay back on my elbows, spread my knees wide and pulled my feet up. Because my knees were so far apart my pussy was open and I stayed like that for another orgasm and got a lot of sun on my pussy and inner thighs.

Some of the time I was up on my elbows watching my watchers and the people walking up and down the beach; and other times my head was flat on the towel, not caring who could see a very wet version of everything that I’ve got.

Later I went for a swim to cool down and the egg got me whilst I was swimming. I was glad that the water was only waist deep.

Back at my towel I switched the egg off so that my pussy could have a rest then decided that I would do some exercises, mainly the gymnastic exercises because most of them involved my legs being wide apart. I looked around for a suitable space. The logical place to do them was between me and the fence where there was lots of space but I decided to do them in the lot smaller space between me and the young men.

I spent the next 30 minutes or so doing most of the exercises that I’d done at the gym, even doing the standing splits. It felt funny doing the ordinary splits when I got right down and my pussy rested on the sand. I realised that I’d have to go for another swim afterwards to get the sand that had stuck to my wet pussy off.

I did go for that swim then teased the men some more before deciding that it was time to leave.

Instead of going back the way that I’d come I decided to do a little exploring. I walked passed through the large group of naked people to where the beach ended and the rocks started. I quickly discovered quite a few little beaches where a small number of people could sunbathe away from the crowds. I wondered how many people used those secluded little beaches as a fucking place.

I saw a little van drive out of the trees and go to the beach bar and decided that if a van had driven there then there must be a track back to the only proper road around there. I set off walking and soon couldn’t hear the sea. What I could hear must have been millions of crickets. It was quite loud and I now knew why I could hear them on the beach.

I walked along the track, still naked with my bag over my shoulder. It wasn’t long before the van came back and I moved to the side but kept walking. I wondered what the van driver thought of my little butt.

As I turned a corner I saw 2 clothed men walking towards me. They were talking and looking at me. They smiled when we got close and I smiled back.

Then there were more clothed people coming my way and I wondered if a bus had recently arrived. I walked right through them, some turning their heads to look at me. When I was through them I thought that it was nice being the only one naked.

After a while I came to a big fenced-off carpark. I kept walking down the side of it between it and the sea. I came to the place where I had walked out passed the beach bar and the clothes shop. About another 200 metres later I found myself walking through a little café, and I was still naked. When I emerged I was on the road opposite where the bus stopped.

Everyone around me was wearing something, even if it was only a thong bikini bottom. I went behind a parked car and put on my half ‘V’ thong then walked over the road to the shop. I went into the shop topless and bought another small bottle of cola and then went outside to wait for the bus.

Unfortunately, there were some people sitting on the curb stone where I had sat before but I saw a short length of wall, about waist height, so I went over to it. I turned my back to it and jumped up and back to sit on it but that left my feet dangling. Then I decided to turn and sit with my legs along the top of the wall. I bent my knees, drank the cola and waited.

Quite a few people walked towards me and if they looked they would easily have seen my pussy. Maybe some did, maybe some saw the strings of the thong and assumed that my pussy was covered; I have no idea, I didn’t bother looking at them.

When the bus arrived everyone tried to get on it at once and I was caught in the middle of the crowd. When I managed to climb up the steps onto the bus I wondered if the man behind me looked at my pussy.

When the driver saw me, still topless, he started to say something but gave up and just took my money off me. I walked down the aisle as was surprised to see that the seat behind the rear exit had the same part of the modesty panel missing; either vandals removed them from more than 1 bus or it was the same bus. What’s more the seat was free. The seat next to the window was occupied by a middle-aged man but the seat with no modest board was free. I quickly walked to it and perched my butt near the front of the seat.

I put my bag between my feet and lay back into the seat.

I looked down at my thong and couldn’t see my slit but I knew that anyone standing down near the door would have a great view. I put my hands on my lap and relaxed.

When the bus arrived at Ibiza bus station a lot of people rushed to get off but the next to me wasn’t in a hurry so I wasn’t. I sat there looking at the people getting off in front of me; only 1 man looked at my legs, then he did a double take realising that he’d seen my pussy.

I was still topless as I got off the bus and walked out of the bus station. I wondered if I could get away with wearing just the half thong all the way back to daddy’s boat. I may only have been wearing a thong, and only a half thong at that, but those bits of string and that tiny piece of mesh material gave me a sense of security. I decided to try.

I knew a place where taxis parked about half way to the harbour so I decided to walk that way just in case I chickened out. Head high and walking confidently, I set off and was happy that I made it without incident. I decided to push my luck and kept walking.

Thirty minutes or so later I was walking into the marina, still wearing only the half thong. I was a happy little girl.

As I walked through the marina I was a little surprised to see Kate and Zoe walking towards me; both stark naked. I smiled as I got closed to them then said,

“Caught not wearing knickers again?”

“Yes, and Kate is starting to like the punishments.” Zoe said.

“You orgasmed when you were spanked then Kate?” I asked.

“Yes, it was so embarrassing.”

“But it was nice.”

“Yes.”

“And you orgasmed again Zoe.”

“Yes.”

“Good for you girl, keep up the good work. With a bit of luck he’ll never realise what’s going on.”

“I hope not.” Zoe said.

“So let’s have a look at your red marks.”

The both turned around.

“No, not like that, like your father said and Zoe and I did in front of that man from the marina office.”

“Do I have to?” Kate asked.

“Yes you do.”

They both got down on their backs, raised their legs and spread them wide. I put my bag down and got my phone out.

“You don’t have to do that Georgia, you’ve seen us before.” Kate said.

“Yes but I haven’t got any photographs and Sebastian photographed Zoe’s and my pussy.”

Both girls stayed put and I took a good dozen or so photographs of their pussies.

“Okay girls you can get up now.” I said.

We continued the walk up to the café and Kate asked me where I’d been. When I told her she said,

“Like that; and you didn’t get arrested?”

“That’s not all, look at this thong.”

I stopped and thrust my hips forward.

“Bloody hell, where’s the rest of it? Dis you cut it out?” Kate asked.

“No, I get them made like this, and I’ve got some with no material at all.”

“Wow; are you going to wear just one of those to the beach then?”

“I’m working up the courage to do that.”

“Wow.”

We’d arrived at the café and were just stood there talking. When the conversation ended we said our goodbyes and I watched their cute butts walk away for a few seconds then went to daddy’s boat wondering if I dare go to the beach just wearing a strings only thong. I remembered the bus driver and wondered what he nearly said.

It was machine fucking night at the club and I had volunteered for it but before then I needed something to eat then a good shower; I felt like I still had a bit of sand in my pussy.

The café was obviously nearest so I dumped my bag and went there. Manuel was his usual welcoming self and I had a bottle of champagne with my meal. There were a few other people there but none of them said anything about my attire. I just looked topless and Ibiza is full of topless girls, a lot only wearing thongs.

Back at the boat I showered then put a couple of thongs (one strings only and the other a half ‘V’ one) in my bag, put a dress and some heels on and left for the club for a good fucking.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 18**

It was ‘Fucking Machines’ night at the club. I was excited as I’d never been on a fucking machine before. When I got there I had a quick look behind the closed curtains and saw some things that were obvious and some that I hadn’t a clue about. I looked forward to finding out what they were.

I went into the changing room and looked at the calendar to see who else had volunteered that night. There was only Daniella and I smiled hoping that it meant more for me.

It was still relatively early with only about 30 customers there but there was still the chance of getting groped and maybe a lap dance so I took off my dress and put just the half ‘V’ thong on. I had considered the strings only thong but I wanted to keep that for when there were a lot more people there. I figured that there was less chance of the boss seeing it and telling me to go and put one of the club’s boring thongs on.

Walking out to the main room I wandered around where the customers were hoping that I’d get called over to talk to them. After about 10 uneventful minutes I saw Daniella walking in so I followed her to the changing room.

After saying hello I asked Daniella what happened on a fucking machine night and what I had to do to get prepared.

“Simple; take that thong and those shoes off, go out there and do as you’re told. The guys will do all the rope work and help you onto the machines. Then you just stay put and get fucked; couldn’t be easier.

“Rope work.” I asked.

“Yes, some of the machines out there need the girl to be tied to them so that she can’t wriggle away when she gets very sensitive. One of the machines requires you to be hanging upside down and the business end comes down into you.”

“Wow; that sounds like fun.”

“Yes it is but it leaves you totally knackered by the end of the night.”

“Not a problem, I can sleep all tomorrow.”

Just then one of the big cock guys walked in. I joked with him asking him if he was going to get fucked up the butt by the machines.

He smiled and Daniella said,

“No, they’re here to fuck our mouths on one of the machines and to help set us up.”

“You mean tie us down.”

“That as well.”

There was still about an hour before the show started so I went out to work the bar. I was soon getting my pussy groped and word soon got around about the girl with a crotchless thong. I was in big demand.

My super sensitive pussy was slowing me down as well; it’s difficult to walk with a tray of glasses when you’re cumming.

I managed to get one lap dance early on and I gave the guy a big stain on the front of his trousers. He seemed to think that it was some sort of a trophy.

I was a little nervous when I was called to get ready for the show. I took my half thong off and put it in my locker then went out to the stage, behind the closed curtains. One of the guys called me over and started ‘restraining’ me to one of the machines. It’s a big square of scaffold poles that I could easily lie spread-eagled in. I got down on my back and put my wrists where I was told then I watched the guy use ropes to secure my wrists.

Next the guy went to my feet and pulled my legs so that I was stretched as far as I could before my ankles were secured leaving my legs spread nearly to the point of the splits.

I was expecting that to be it, but 2 or should I say 3 things were added. Firstly another scaffolding pole was added across my neck. It wasn’t resting on my neck but it certainly stopped me from moving my head. The other 2 things were 2 plastic tubes about 1 centimetre in diameter and about 15 centimetres long. They are open at one end and the other ends have a little plastic, flexible pipe attached. These flexible pipes join at a ‘T’ piece and then a long flexible pipe goes to a pump where all the electrics are.

The pump must have already been switched on because as soon as the tubes were put over my nipples I felt them rise up and start to swell to about four times their normal size. It was a little painful, but a nice pain.

I wondered if my nipples would stay that big when the tubes came off. I also wondered if you can get bigger tubes so that my whole tits are sucked in. Not that I’m unhappy with the size of my tits; I wouldn’t want them to be big enough to start bouncing about.

Then the guy lined up the dildo on the long bar with my hole and eased it in a little. Then he went and fixed the motor in place. He switched it on and I gasped as the dildo went deep inside me then withdrew before the power was turned off.

I thought that I was ready for action but there was one more thing. He clamped some bars on the side of the frame then adjusted them so that the wand on the end of one bar was resting on my clit.

I decided that the 15 minutes that it was going to be switched on was going to be heaven and hell.

I tried to look over to where Daniella was but I couldn’t turn my head. I heard Diego talking then the curtains went back and the power was turned on.

The heaven came first, the suction on my tits increased, the dildo started fucking me and the wand did its thing on my clit.

I didn’t last long before my first orgasm hit me. I was just returning to nearly normal when I opened my eyes and saw people moving around over me. I later found out that Diego was inviting groups of the audience to come down to the stage and inspect the torment that Daniella and I were experiencing.

I had 4 orgasms before the power was turned off and I started to relax. The suction tubes fell off after a couple of minutes as the guys got me out of the rack. I was a bit unsteady on my feet for a second before I was led to the second machine.

This one was weird; I looked at it and thought,

“What the hell; how the hell does this work?” It was like some weird piece of gym workout equipment.

One of the guys put wrist and ankle cuffs on me. He then led me to big metal plate, a bit like a coffin lid stood on end. He told me to stick my head through a big hole that was at about waist high. That done, he clipped the wrist cuffs to something so that I couldn’t move. He went behind me, spread my feet wide and clipped what I later found out to be a long wooden bar, to my ankles. Then the bizarre thing; him and the other guy lifted me up in the air so that I was parallel to the ground, face down.

“Bend your knees.” I was told. While one man easily held me there, the other man clipped some ropes to each ankle cuff. These ropes went over the top of the coffin lid and were attached to a motor that was above my head. When the motor started my feet were pulled up and over to my shoulders. I was bent over backwards, face down and my body was about a metre up in the air.

“How the hell am I going to get fucked while I’m up here?” I thought.

I needn’t have worried; I later found out that a dildo on a bar was mounted on some sort of pole that has a motor attached. The height and angle of the dildo was adjusted so that it lined up with my pussy and the machine was switched on.

In and out went the dildo slowly and I thought,

“This is going to take a while to make me cum.”

What I hadn’t bargained on was the speed of the thrusts dramatically increasing and I soon realised that I was going to cum soon.

Then one of the men came round to my face. He was naked now and his cock was hard. He rubbed the end of it all around my face then pushed it into my open mouth. He was at the perfect angle to push his cock into my throat and I was glad that James had taught me how to throat a cock without gagging.

That didn’t stop him from holding it in my throat for a long time and when he did let me breath I gasped for air then back in the cock went.

I opened my eyes and saw the feet of quite a few people; presumably Diego had invited some more people up onto the stage and that some were also behind me getting a close-up of the dildo going in and out of my hole.

The thrusting at both ends soon got me cumming and it’s a strange feeling choking and thinking that you are going to die, and having an orgasm at the same time.

Obviously I survived but the last thing I was thinking about when I was cumming was saying the word ‘Priapus’.

That was the most bizarre way that I have ever been fucked; but there again I have only been fucking for a couple of months.

The third fucking machine wasn’t really a machine compared to the others. The ankle cuffs were left on me and they were attached to 2 ropes hanging down from the roof, about 2 metres apart. As I was hauled up my legs got further and further apart I stopped going up when my hands couldn’t touch the floor. Then a magic wand was lowered down until it just touched my clit. Someone had obviously done a lot of experimenting to get it in just the right place.

The wand was switched on and the magic part of its name soon started to work. I have no idea if the extra blood in my head had anything to do with the intensity of the orgasms but they were good ones, all 6 of them. In between my orgasms I watched the legs of the people walking all around me and listened to the comments about my ‘cute little pussy’.

When I was lowered to the ground I had to just sit there for a couple of minutes for my brain to get control of my body.

The fourth machine was a lot more basic and comfortable for me. It was a Gynaecologists chair complete with stirrups. I was told to climb on and then velcro strip were put around my calves, stomach, and 2 on my chest, above and below my tits trying to squash them into a much narrower base. Not that they had much luck with my tiny tits.

Between my legs a dildo on a pole threatened to stab into my pussy. After a couple of minor adjustment I was getting fucked again. My sensitive pussy gave me 5 orgasms that time and I had no problem standing when I was released.

That was it for the evening. Daniella was right about being knackers, but I wasn’t as bad as I expected. After a shower the club got me a taxi back to the boat.

I was awoken the next morning by my phone ringing. When I answered it I heard a vaguely familiar voice.

“Hi, this is Randy from on the carrier; is that Lolita?”

“Yes.”

“We met the other afternoon and we all had some good fun; do you remember us?”

“My first 5 sea fucks, how could I forget you.”

“Well the carrier is leaving Ibiza tomorrow and we’re having a party tonight. I, we; were wondering if you’d like to come along.”

“Randy, I told you, I’m not a whore.”

“Whores get paid Lolita and we’re not offering to pay you.”

“Good point Randy.”

“How many guys will be there?”

“About a hundred.”

“Bloody hell Randy, you’re not expecting me to fuck a hundred sex starved sailors are you?”

“Hell no; about 20 girls are being invited.”

“Phew, I was getting worried for a minute.”

“There’s just one problem.”

“And what is that Randy?”

“There’s a rule about the clothes that the girls can wear.”

“And what is that?”

“The only thing that they can wear is a suit, their birthday suit.”

“Bloody hell Randy, how am I supposed to get there naked?”

“We thought about telling you all to leave wherever you live naked and find your own way there and back but we thought that it might be a bit of a problem for some so we’re sending cars out to pick the girls up and then return them in the morning.”

“That’s better.”

“So where do you want picking up Lolita?”

I thought for a second then said,

“Do you remember that café that you took me to?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll be waiting outside that, hiding behind a parked car.”

“Okay, it will be at 21 hundred hours. Please be there Lolita.”

“I will, I like US Navy cocks.”

When I terminated the call I thought,

“What the hell have I let myself in for?”

I looked at the time; I had 2 hours to get to the hypnotist. I decided to spend the first 30 minutes of those 2 hours giving myself a reason(s) to say the word ‘Priapus’.

After a shower I brushed my hair and put it in pigtails; possibly being something to do with the name that the Navy guys would be calling me that night.

I put on a strings only thong and walked over to the café for a good breakfast. Manuel complimented me on my looks but I didn’t know what aspect of my looks he was talking about. My recently brushed hair, my all-over tan, my thong, what he could see between the strings or just the overall image. Whatever he meant I took the compliment.

A young couple came in and smiled at me as they went passed. I guessed that I just looked like a young topless girl eating her breakfast. Nothing special about that in Ibiza.

They may not have been thinking that when I left; I had to walk passed them and the woman’s eyes went wide open when she realised that she could see that would normally have been hidden by a triangle of material. I smiled at her and I guessed that her man’s eyes followed my butt out.

I debated with myself, if I should wear a vibrator or a butt plug to my hypnosis session but in the end I decided just to go au naturel – apart from a dress. I chose one of my strapless, elasticated top dresses which I can get off in less than 2 seconds. If I decided to get naked I wanted to do it so quick that the man didn’t have time to tell me to stop.

I got to the hypnotist’s office with 5 minutes to spare and I went and knocked on the door.

Chuck opened it and invited me in. Then he pointed to the sofa indicating that I should sit there. Again, I perched on the front edge.

“So Georgia; how are you?”

“Fine thank you.”

“Have you been practicing what we discussed?”

“You mean the getting myself off and saying ‘Priapus’?”

“Yes Georgia.”

“Yes I have.”

“Since you were last here, how many times have you done it?”

“Difficult to say, I haven’t kept a count but it’s probably somewhere in the region of 100 times.”

“ONE HUNDRED. Wow Georgia something like 8 or 10 was the answer that I was expecting; and that’s probably more than the average for a young woman like yourself.”

“But I like doing it.; it seems to be quite easy to do it these days; look, I’ll show you.”

With me being perched on the front of the sofa, and the fact that my dress is so short that I can’t sit on any of it, it was dead easy to just grab the hem and pull it up over my head and off.

Within 2 seconds my dress was on the floor, I was leant back on the sofa, my legs were spread wide and my right hand was rubbing my clit.

I heard Chuck say something about it not being necessary but it was too late, I had already started.

It wasn’t long before,

“Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, aaaaaarrrrrrgn; ‘Priapus’.” Came out of my mouth then my body jerked a few time then finally relaxed, my hands by my side and my legs still wide open.

“Good Georgia; that’s just what’s needed. That didn’t take long; I seem to remember it taking longer the last time that you were here.”

“Yes Chuck, it did, but these last few days I’ve been cumming a lot quicker. Do you think that it’s starting to work?”

“No Georgia, the real work to get you to where you want to be will only really start in a few minutes. This session will start to plant the association of the word ‘Priapus’ with an orgasm, deep in your brain.”

“Okay, so when do we start?”

“Right now if you’re happy.”

“Okay, where do you want me?”

“Anywhere that you are comfortable Georgia.”

“I’m good here.”

“I’ll get my tablet.”

Chuck got his table and came over to me. He sat beside me then held his tablet in front of my face.

“Just concentrate on watching the screen Georgia; try to relax and let your mind go blank.”

I did and the next thing that I knew was Chuck standing over me and clicking his fingers.

“What time is it?” I asked. Trying to remember if I had been naked with my legs had been wide apart when I got hypnotised.

“You were in a hypnotic trance for about 15 minutes if that is what you were trying to work out Georgia.”

“Okay. ‘Priapus’.” I replied; then when I didn’t orgasm I added,

“It’s not working.”

“No Georgia; it won’t work. Firstly it’s not you saying ‘Priapus’, it has to be other people; and secondly, if you remember I did tell you that it would take around 4 sessions to become effective.”

“Oh yes; you did didn’t you? So when’s the next session? Can we do it now?”

“Sorry; your brain needs time to assimilate the thoughts and ideas that I’ve just put there. I can book you in for the same time next week if that’s okay with you?”

“I guess so.”

“I think that it would be a good idea if you were to get dressed now Georgia.”

“Oh yes.”

I got off the sofa, put my dress back on and said,

“I presume that I still need to practice masturbating and saying the word ‘Priapus’.”

“Yes please, but you don’t need to spend as much time on it as you have been doing; around 10% of last week’s effort will suffice.”

“But I like doing it.”

“Georgia, you do whatever you are comfortable with.”

“I think that I’ll try and top last week’s guestimate then.”

Cuck smiled and said,

“Okay Georgia. Until next week then.”

Back at the boat I decided to try to get some rest as I suspected that the US Navy would keep me up for most of the night. I decided to have that rest sunbathing on the rear sunbathing deck of the boat.

At 8:30 pm I left the boat naked as the day I was born; not even shoes to protect my feet. It’s one thing being naked around the marina, that’s like being naked in your back garden; and walking around town in just a thong, even a strings only thong, that gives me some security and the feeling of being clothed; but I was about to go out on to a main road and walk to a café and wait outside it with absolutely nothing on me, no feeling of security at all.

Okay, I’d been totally naked on that road, and in that café before but that was different; I had 5 hunky US sailors to protect me that time. I was nervous and a little bit scared.

I was outside the marina, alongside the main road before anyone saw me and I was relieved when they just looked at me then kept walking. It was still about an hour before sunset so there was no help for me there. A couple of cars went passed with no indication that they’d even seen me.

I made it to the café, still scared and nervous; I mean a police car could have driven along that road at any minute.

For some weird reason, instead of looking for somewhere to hide, I stood right on the side of the road where the people in the café and anyone else for that matter, could easily see me.

I waited for what seemed like hours, but was only a few minutes when a big white limo pulled up alongside me. With the darkened windows I had no idea who was in it so I stepped back a little and prepared myself to run. A window at the front wound down and a man said,

“Lolita.”

I emptied my lungs and relaxed.

“Get in.”

I walked to the door further down the side and opened it. As I opened the door I saw about 9 or 10 other girls; all as naked as I was. I climbed in and found a seat.

The girls were all talking in Spanish, and a rather fast Spanish and I was having trouble understanding what they were saying.

The girl next to me turned to me and said in Spanish,

“Hi, I assume that you are going to the American Navy party.”

“Yes, I’m Lolita.”

The girl giggled and then said,

“You look like a Lolita. I’m Lucia.”

“Do you know how far it is to the party?” I asked.

“About 10 kilometres; it’s on a farm near San Jose.”

I’d heard of San Jose. Daddy took me there once. It was all very nice but way too quiet for me.

It didn’t take long to get there and when I got out of the Limo I saw that 2 more Limos had followed us in. There were quite a few guys waiting for us and they all cheered when they saw us.

I looked around and saw 3 big Navy (presumably) trucks and 1 smaller one. It had what I presumed to be a big walk-in fridge or freeze and men were unloading boxes of beer.

All the girls (all naked) were led into the barn and after a couple of minutes a man came and talk to us. While we were waiting I looked at the other girls. All looked to be no older that I am and all (that I could see) had shaved pussies. I was the smallest both in height and tit size, and 2 of the girls were unfortunate to have melons on their chests. Spanish was the only language I heard.

I didn’t count them but I was sure that there were more than 20 naked girls there. I wondered where they had all come from.

The man told us that we were there to have fun and to help ourselves to the beer. There were a number of side shows being setup and we were expected to visit every one and participate in all the activities. As for a powder room, there weren’t any but outside there were plenty of places to have a piss and there was a hosepipe if we got dirty.

After that he said that he hoped we enjoyed the party and then told the, what looked like more than 100 guys, to have fun.

The guys just moved in and I lost sight of most of the girls. One man came up to me, said hello then got his hard cock out then lifted me up by my butt. Then he slid me down his body until I felt his cock on my pussy. He waggled my butt about until the tip of his cock found my hole then he lowered me down.

He only managed to lift me up and lower me down 4 times before I felt him shooting his load into me. When I felt him start to go soft he lifted me up and off him then apologised to me,

“Sorry about that; it’s just that I haven’t cum for months and I just had to empty my balls. Oh sorry, do you speak English?”

“Yes; that’s okay; I couldn’t survive for a day without cumming.”

“Wow; would you like a beer?”

“Okay, yes please.”

The man turned and left to go (presumably) and get me a beer, but I never saw him again.

I think that there were a lot of guys there with full balls because everyone around me seemed to be fucking and it wasn’t long before another man bent me over and fucked me from behind without even saying hello.

I was fucked a third time before I actually managed to cum. I think that most of the guys must have had a short fuse caused by their long trip at sea.

Anyway, things started to quieten down a bit and things got a bit more organised. There were guys trying (and succeeding) to get girls to take part in the games (not sure that that is the right name for them) that they were organising.

The first game that I took part in was a bottle race. When the guy asked me I didn’t know what was involved. Mind you, once he explained it I was happy to have a go.

He explained that each girl had to carry a bottle from one side of the barn, to the other, and back. Times taken would be recorded and a winner would be announced at the end of the night. He didn’t say if there was a prize. Then came the ‘interesting’ part, we couldn’t use our hands or our mouths.

I instantly guessed how we were supposed to do it, but the guy had to explain it to one girl who’s English wasn’t that good. I translated for her.

I wasn’t expecting to do well as I’d just had 3 guys shoot their loads up my hole and it was still dripping out; but there again, the other 2 girls were in the same position.

I lowered myself onto the bottle and on the whistle; I stood up and set off walking and squeezing my pussy muscles. I got about 3 metres before the bottle slid out and I had to stand it on the floor and start again.

I surprised myself and got back first.

When the guy recorded my name and time he asked me for my name. When I told him Lolita, he stepped back, looked me up and down and said,

“You’re not THAT Lolita are you? The one that Randy’s team have been bragging about.”

“Maybe.” I replied.

“They carried you, dressed like that, through half of the town?”

“I wouldn’t say half of the town, but yes.”

“And they all fucked you on the beach?”

“Not on the beach, in the sea, no one could see what we were doing.”

“Bloody hell, I wish we were staying longer; I would have carried you round the whole town and I’d have fucked you in the town square in the middle of the day.”

“That would have been nice.”

I wandered off and saw some guys standing around cheering at something. When I pushed my way to the front I saw 2 girls fighting on a tarpaulin that looked to be covered in some sort of oil.

When I say fighting, it wasn’t the viscous fighting like I’d seen a couple of times at school; it was more friendly; less fists. What’s more, when one girl got her face near the other girl’s pussy she started licking it. I guessed that it was wresting.

For a couple of seconds I thought about having a go but then decided against it With me being so small I would get easily beaten and maybe hurt. Okay, I fancied the pussy eating but not the rest.

Next I came to a big sheet hanging from the roof. It was a sort of curtain for what was going on behind it. There were 2 men pushing their crotches right up to little holes in the sheet. When I got closer I saw a sight saying ‘Which Hole Will You Get?”

“’Which Hole’ for what?” I thought.

When I looked behind the sheet I saw 2 girls, one sucking the cock of one of the guys; and the other girl getting fucked doggy style. One of the sailors told me that it was a Glory Hole and asked me if I wanted a go.

“Why not?” I asked.

“Okay, come with me and decide which hole you want it in.”

“Want what in?”

“The cock that will appear through that hole just as soon as I’ve found an eager sailor.”

“Now I understand.”

I backed my butt up to the hole and waited.

Within a minute a cock was poking at my pussy and I waggled my butt to get it lined –up with my hole then pushed back.

A couple of minutes later I got another load of man cum deep in my pussy. When he pulled out I stuck my head around the curtain to try to see who the cock belonged to but I was too late. There were men stood there but nothing to indicate who the cock had belonged to.

By that time I’d quite a few loads of man cum deposited in my pussy. Okay, most of it had run out but I fancied getting cleaned up, inside and out so I went looking for that hosepipe that was mentioned when we arrived.

When I got outside I saw 1 girl squatting down and peeing and another standing peeing with her legs spread wide and her hips thrust forwards.

I fancied a go at that and found that it’s quite easy - when you’re not wearing anything. After that I joined the short queue for the hosepipe and watched 2 girls wash their pussies and legs. Both had 2 quick blasts of the hosepipe up their pussies and squirted the water out.

I did the same.

I re-entered the barn at the other end and saw quite a few bales of hay and there were guys sitting on them, drinking and watching what was going on. I thought about the club and Lapdancing and decided to go and practice my skills.

Only with these guys there was no thong in the way and no rules saying that the girl couldn’t ride a guy’s cock. I took advantage of the lack of rules and fucked 3 guys while there mates were sat next to them. When I was fucking them I asked them to rub my clit. They obliged and I orgasmed on each of them. What’s more I remembered to shout ‘Priapus’.

Another ‘interesting’ game that they had was to get a girl to lie on her back on a table with her legs up in the air and spread wide. The challenge to the guys was to make the girl orgasm as quickly as they could using any method that they wanted. There was a Navy Medic guy stood next to the girl and it was his job to declare when the girl reached her climax; and if it was a fake orgasm or not.

The times that it took for the girl to cum were being recorded.

The next game was similar to the above one but the girl had to NOT cum for as long as she could. Again there was a Medic standing there to decide when the girl orgasmed.

I had a go on both but didn’t hang around to see how well I did.

Shortly after that I found a sailor sitting on a chair by a table. On the table was a sign saying, ‘Get your Shave here.’

I smiled at the man and said,

“Business not too good tonight then?”

“Oh thank God; a girl that speaks English. No, all you girls shave yourselves these days. I can’t even find any female sailors who want a shave.”

“So you’re the ships Barber then?”

“Yes.”

“Tell you what; I haven’t had a shave for over a month but you can shave me if you want.”

“Good, thank you; I was starting to think that I might lose my touch. Up on the table girl. So what’s your name?”

“Lolita.”

“THE Lolita; Randy’s Lolita, you’re famous on the carrier you know.”

“It was nothing, just a bit of harmless fun.”

“That’s not how Randy tells it. Spread those legs for me Lolita.”

I did and the Barber had a good look at my pussy.

“Not that I’m complaining, but there’s nothing to shave off. You say you haven’t shaved for a month; you lucky girl.”

There was a short pause then he continued,

“Called Lolita, tiny waif of a girl and no sign of any pubic hair and you say that you haven’t shaved for a month; I’m starting to think that maybe you shouldn’t be here.”

“No; it’s a long story but I swear to you that I am 18 years old.”

“Okay, I’ll take your word for it Lolita.”

“You can still shave me can’t you?”

“I can and I will”.

“I want a proper all over shave and don’t hold back?”

And he did. What’s more he made me cum twice. Once when he was shaving me from the front and the other time when he got me to raise and spread my legs as far as they would go.

After he’d made me cum the second time, and whilst my legs were still up in the air, he dropped his trousers and fucked me to a third orgasm.

When I had returned to normal he told me that he had seen one girl with a big bush earlier but he’d walked around a couple of times and not found her again. I promised to bring her over to him if I saw her.

Not far from the barber was another guy sat with a wooden plank in front of him. Along the plank were 6 wooden cocks ranging in size from what I imaging a young teen boy’s cock would look like to one that looked about the size on the drawing of Priapus.

I smiled and said ‘Priapus’ a couple of times but all my body did was make my pussy tingle a little.

I went up to the man and asked him what was going on and he asked me if I’d like to see how many of the cocks I could get inside me starting with the smallest one.

I straddled the plank and impaled myself on the first cock; then on the second one, then the third one. The fourth one was bigger than the cocks on the guys that the club uses but I managed to get all the way down

The fifth one was a struggle, a real struggle. It hurt like hell and I gave up with it only about half way in me.

The guy took my name and thanked me for trying.

A bit further around the barn I saw a group of men standing around a girl who was flat in her back. I wondered what was going on so I walked over. As I got closer I saw that all of the men were wanking; then I saw some of them shoot their load all over the girl.

“What’s going on here?” I asked the nearest sailor.

“A Bukkaki.”

“I’ve heard of those.”

“Want to have a go; there’s no shortage of men here.”

“Yeah, why not. A girl’s got to experience everything that she can as soon as she can right?”

“Too right little lady. You just stay there while I go and round up a few volunteers.”

It didn’t take him long to return with about 9 or 10 guys. I was told to lie on my back and spread my legs. Before long man cum was dropping down onto me from my head to my pussy. That which landed on my face I tried to lick off and I used my finger to scoop other blobs of it.

I hadn’t realised before, but all men’s cum taste slightly different. I wondered if it was something to do with that they ate.

It was time to find the hosepipe again and I noticed that there were signs in the sky that dawn was going to break soon.

Back inside I bumped into Randy. He welcomed me like a long lost friend, picking me up and giving me a big hug.

“So how are you doing Lolita? Fucked every man in here yet?”

“Working on it; when are you available?”

“Right now darling; how do you want it?”

“It was good in the sea last time.”

“A little difficult at the moment; how about me carrying you around with my cock inside you?”

“You’re going to have to explain that to me.”

Randy went and got a chair then lifted me up onto it. Then he came up behind me and poked his cock around my butt and pussy until his cock found its target. Once inside me he put his arms around me and lifted me up off the chair.

Then he walked around with me mostly supported by his cock.

“This is different.” I thought as sailors looked at us and smiled.

At the other end of the barn Randy stood me on a bale of hay and withdrew his cock.

“That was fun.” I said as I turned to face him, “but can you fuck me properly please?”

“My pleasure Lolita.” Randy replied then sat beside me and pulled me down onto his cock.

Shortly after Randy had cum inside me I asked him where he’d got all the girls from.

“Easy, we just phoned round all the sex clubs, strip joints and lap-dancing bars. We could have easily had twice the number of girls. I guess that they all wanted a sample of US Navy cocks.”

I reached for Randy’s cock and gave it a little squeeze.

“They are quite nice.” I said.

We heard a very loud whistle and then someone shouting that the party was coming to an end but before that, there were a few prizes to give out.

The man read out each game / challenge winner and the winning girl went and got her prize.

“What are they getting Randy?” I asked.

“It’s only a hundred bucks; just a small token of our appreciation, but I’m sure that they came here for the cocks and not the chance to win some money.”

“I did.”

Prize giving over, me not winning anything (didn’t bother me in the least), the man thanked everyone for cumming (and he spelt the word); he told the sailors that they had 30 minutes to get everything packed up and be on the road; and the girls that their cars awaited them.

Sailors started packing things up and taking them out to the trucks and all us girls headed over to the waiting Limos. I kissed Randy goodbye and squeezed his cock again.

The journey to Ibiza town was much quieter than the outward journey had been with no one talking. When we got to the outskirts of the town I watched a couple of girls get out and walk away, still totally naked, as if they often walked home at dawn like that. I wondered if they did.

Then it was my turn to get out and I have to admit that I too thought nothing of being totally naked on a main road in the day light. Maybe the night’s adventure had destroyed some of my nervousness about being naked in public.

I smiled at a couple of elderly Spanish gentlemen who I saw as I walked back to the boat where I had a shower then crashed on my bed.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 19**

It was the middle of the afternoon when I woke up and after some time in the bathroom I put some coffee on then went up onto the deck. I looked over to where the enormous grey monster had parked but it was gone. I wondered if all the sailors got back on board before it left.

I had my first day since I’d arrived in Ibiza with going no further than the café. Most of the afternoon and early evening was spent sunbathing on the rear deck. That evening I had a meal and few drinks in the café then went to bed around midnight. I only managed to use the word ‘Priapus’ twice that day.

I was feeling much more alive when I got up the next day. It was sybian evening at the club but I was going to the beach first. I thought about going to one of the other beaches but Salines is very nice and will take a lot of beating.

I was even feeling confident enough to go to the beach wearing only shoes and a strings only thong; albeit with a net, half sarong cover-up over the thong; one that I’d got when I was in Ibiza last year with daddy. He’d said that I looked good wearing it over my bikini.

Oh, I also wore one of my butt plugs; the one with the blue ‘diamond’.

The half sarong is made of white net with all the holes being about 4 centimetres across, rather like a fisherman’s net. It’s for decoration only because it is obviously totally see-through; but it did give me a slight sense of security knowing that I was wearing something over the thong even if it was just as revealing as the thong.

Well I say confident, and I was, right until I got to the bus station. As I walked into the building to get a ticket I saw all the people and had a quick attack of feeling exposed and under-dressed; but what could I do? I hadn’t brought a dress or a skirt or a top with me. I was wearing the only clothes I had with me.

I started holding my shoulder bag in front of my stomach, especially when I was near the bus driver.

Once I was actually on the bus I started to relax and got some confidence back.

Again I had to stand for the journey and I stood between 2 tall men. On the seats either side of the aisle were a young man and a young woman. I stood sideways so that I could hold on to one of the seat backs.

I chose to stand with my back to the young woman and wondered what she thought of my butt, covered in just the net, and I wondered if she could see my butt plug.

I could tell what the young man in front of me was thinking; the front of his shorts gave it away; and the fact that his head was turned my way for most of the journey.

To be more stable as the bus bounced along I was standing with my feet slightly more than shoulder width apart and I wondered if the man could see my clit peeking out between my lips.

When I got off the bus I went to the shop for a bottle of cola and an ice cream then sat on the curb to eat the ice cream before going to the beach.

I stripped totally naked, apart from the butt plug, in what had become my usual place then set off walking through the clothed part of the beach.

I again got through without incident, not counting the few people staring at me; then found a spot to spread my towel.

I spent the next 5 hours sunbathing and teasing the people around me and walking along the water’s edge. I particularly enjoyed being on my hands and knees and waggling my butt at the guys. It got better when my egg took me over the edge when I was like that and I wondered if any of the men could see my juices bubbling out of my hole.

I think that I orgasmed 7 times when I was on the beach that day, and I remembered to say ‘Priapus’.

A couple of younger mem tried to hit on me while I was there but I just brushed them off. My egg and my fingers were giving me all that I needed.

It eventually became time to leave so I switched my egg off, packed my bag and started the walk back to the bus stop; again not getting dressed, if you could call the material-less thong and a net half sarong dressed, and went and waited for the bus. I manged to get some space to sit on the curb and wondered if any of the people going in and out of the shop saw my pussy.

Unfortunately, I managed to get a seat on the bus so it was an uneventful journey back.

My confidence level about being dressed like I was; was reasonably high so I walked from the bus station to the busier part of town. I wanted to get something to eat before I went to the club.

I saw my reflection in a shop window and stopped to look at myself. I confirmed what I was hoping, that my slit was easily visible through the net half sarong.

I kept walking with hardly anyone noticing the topless girl whose slit was easily visible as well.

After a while I realised that my hunger was getting the better of me so I looked for a café where I could sit outside and watch the world go by. It wasn’t difficult to find one and I selected a suitable table. After a few minutes a waiter came over and I ordered.

My tits were still on display but the waiter wouldn’t have been able to see below my waist. He didn’t seem to care about my display.

While I was in the middle of my meal, 2 young men came in and sat at the table in front of me, both sat so that they could see me. Coincidence? Maybe.

Anyway, I heard them talking and my ears tuned into their conversation when one of them said,

“Bloody hell, that kid’s topless.”

“Is it a girl?”

“I haven’t seen many boys with pigtails and judging by what I can see under the table it’s definitely a girl mate.”

“Move over and let me see.”

“Bloody hell, you’re right; it is a girl. What the hell is she wearing? I wonder how old she is.”

“Good question but she’s out on her own and she’s drinking beer so she can’t be that young. Why don’t you go and ask her?”

“Okay then; I will.”

One of the young men came over and sat on one of the chairs at my table.

“Excuse me luv, but my mate was wondering how old you are.”

“Don’t you know that it’s rude to ask a lady her age?”

“Yeah but ladies don’t usually go around topless and flash their pussies at people who are trying to eat.”

“You haven’t even ordered yet.”

“Yeah but we’ve both seen your goods.”

“Did you like them?”

“Yeah but my mate prefers bigger tits.”

“Good things come in small bundles.”

“You don’t have to tell me that. I prefer tits the size of yours; just a handful with no waste hanging out the side.”

“And what about pussies?” I asked.

“What about them?”

“Do you like mine?”

“Sure do. Small, wet, bald and without loads of flaps to get in the way.”

“And what about your mate?”

“I’m pretty sure that he’s the same.”

“Why don’t you tell him to come over and ask him?”

He turned to his mate and waved him over. When he was sat down his mate said,

“DC, the lady wants to know how you like your pussies.”

“Just like what I saw a minute ago.”

“You mean mine?”

“Yeah.

Just them a waiter arrived and took their order and I was finishing my meal. I asked the waiter to get me one of those fancy ice creams and another beer.

“So, what’s your name, I know what your mate’s called and I’m Lolita.”

Both guys looked at each other then back to me and the first guy said,

“I’m Chas; pleased to meet you Lolita. You never did tell me how old you are.”

“I’m 18.”

“You don’t look it Lolita.”

“Well I am, and I can prove it.”

I went into my bag, got my I.D. card out and passed it to Chas. After studying it for a few seconds he said,

“This says that your name is Georgia.”

“It is; Lolita is my stage name. My boss said that the punters would prefer me to be called Lolita.”

“I can see why.” TC said; “hey mate, turn that card over.”

Chas turned it over, smiled then said,

“Yep, that’s you.”

“Let’s have a look.” TC said.

TC studied both sides of my I.D. card then said,

“So you’re a dancer Lolita; or should we call you Georgia?”

“You can call me whatever you like guys; it’s only a name.”

“So why are you here dressed like that Lolita?” TC asked.

“I’ve been at the beach all day and I’m on my way to work.”

“You’ve been to the beach like that?”

“Only on the bus, I took these off when we got there.”

“Which beach Lolita; I think that maybe we should go there.”

The conversation slowed down then because their burgers and chips, and my ice-cream arrived.

They were still eating when I’d finished my ice cream and I waved for the waiter to pay him while I finished my beer.

Beer in my stomach I got to my feet and looked at both of them looking at my slit before I said,

“Well Chas, TC; I’ve got to go; and it was nice talking to you.”

“It was nice talking to you too Lolita.” TC replied.

“And looking at you Lolita.” Chas added as I walked away.

I wandered around some more, feeling less exposed as the sun went down and it got dark. It was still too early to go to the club so I went down to the harbour to see what was going on there. Not a lot as it turned out but there were a few people walking about and a couple of them looked at the topless girl.

Moving on to the town square I discovered that there was some sort of entertainment going on; a show or something. It didn’t look very interesting but there were quite a few people there. I wandered around in amongst the people and I saw a couple of old women give me disgusted looks. One old woman called me a filthy slut, in Spanish, but I just ignored her.

I found a place on a stone seat and sat between 2 old men. I didn’t cross my legs but the seat was only a bench so I couldn’t lean back. One of the men turned to look at me then smiled. I wondered if I had made his day.

Deciding that it was too long since I’d had an orgasm I reached into my bag and switched my egg on to full and just sat there watching all the people while waiting for the inevitable.

It didn’t take that long and I remember jerking a bit as I said the word ‘Priapus’.

When I started to get bored I moved on, away from the harbour area and towards the club. I came across a bar with tables outside so I decided to stop and have a drink.

I sat, or should I say lounged back, in the chair with one foot up on the bar under another chair, pussy spread wide, and enjoyed a couple of drinks and watching the world go by. A couple of young men walking by did a double take when they realised what they could see.

As I sat there I started thinking about how unequal life for women is compared to that of men. I’m sure that if I set my mind to it I could think of lots of things but I was specifically thinking about how women can get away with showing all their sex organs yet if a man were to put his genitalia on display he would get marched off to the police station and fined a lot of money. What can be fair about that? Especially as a hell of a lot of women would love to see men’s cocks more often.

It was still early when I got to the club.

“I like the thong.” One of the bouncers said as he opened the door for me.

The boss was behind the bar when I came out of the changing room wearing just the material-less thong. I thought that he might berate me for not wearing one of the club’s boring thongs but instead he said,

“I saw you arrive Lolita; did you come by taxi or did you walk?”

“I walked around town and got something to eat then walked here; why?”

“I was just thinking that maybe the town has got a little more liberated. Hey Lolita, a private job has just come in that I think you might be interested in.”

“What’s that boss?”

“The President’s Club.”

“What’s that?”

“A load of top business men from all over the world meet up every so often and they’re in Ibiza tomorrow night. They talk a lot but we’re not interested in that part; it’s the dinner afterwards. They like to have naked girls serve them and then to play with them afterwards; would you be interested?”

“Sure, sound like fun. I’ve never served at a dinner before but it can’t be that difficult. Put my name down please boss. What time and where?”

“Here at 8 pm.”

“It’s not here is it?”

“No, you’ll be taxied to the venue then they will get you a taxi home at the end. That’s if you haven’t left with a millionaire or something.”

“I should be so lucky.”

“Don’t be late Lolita.”

“I won’t.”

“Are you on tonight or are you just working the bar?”

“I’m going for my first sybian ride.”

“You’ll like that but it’s not quite the ride that you’d have if you had a sybian in your lounge at home.”

“What do you mean boss.”

“At home you’d have a lot more control.”

“I don’t follow.”

“Don’t worry Lolita; I can guarantee that you’ll enjoy it. You know I don’t know why we pay you girls; you all appear to love every second of it.”

“I’m saying nothing.”

“Okay, have fun Lolita and keep those punters buying our over-priced drinks.”

“I will.”

While I was stood at the bar I thought about what the boss had said about the President’s Club and wondered if daddy was a member. Then I wondered if he’d be at the dinner. I reasoned that he wouldn’t be there because if he was going to the dinner he’d have stayed on the boat and I hadn’t heard from him.

Not that I was worried if he had been going; he’s a man and he needs some satisfaction and he knows that I’m staying in Ibiza to have some fun and I was sure that he realised that meant sexual fun.

Anyway, the place started to fill up and I got my butt slapped a few times and my pussy invaded a few times; and I gave a couple of lap dances. I’m starting to enjoy those, and leaving my pussy juices on the front of the punter’s trousers. Some of the men definitely are married and I have a laugh when I think about their wives asking about the white stains.

The time for the show soon came around and the curtains closed. I went to the changing room and took the thong and my shoes off and then went onto the stage to where 2 other naked girls were.

I saw 3 sybians lined up and couldn’t wait to get one of those vibrating dildos inside me.

Then I got a bit of a surprise; from the ceiling down came 3 long, thick wooden poles. The end of each pole was tied to ropes going up to the ceiling and the poles, parallel to the stage, were directly above each sybian.

Two men called each of us in turn, over to a sybian and told us to mount it. The poles were then lowered a little more until they touched our shoulders. Then one of the men tied our wrists to the pole and continued wrapping the rope round our arms and the pole until I felt well and truly tied-up.

At that stage I imagined us being hauled up and down a bit so that the dildo on the sybian fucked us as it vibrated.

Then came the last, and very unexpected part. I was already on my knees but a man came to both my ankles in turn and tied a rope to it and tied the other end to the end of the pole. As he tightened the rope my legs went into the splits position.

I was left suspended with the dido part of the sybian just inside my hole.

I was starting to think that it wasn’t going to be as much fun as I thought when the man came behind me and put a ball gag on me.

That was how the 3 of us were left until Diego announced the start of the show and the curtains were opened.

Three sybians burst into life and my body twitched at the surprise.

As I suspected, something lowered and raised the pole and me with it. Sometimes I went right down onto the dildo and sometimes I was lowered a little further so that my body leant forwards and my clit pressed on the vibrating, up-turned scrubbing brush.

When that happened my arousal lever jumped in leaps and bounds.

I’m pretty sure that I was the first to orgasm but whoever; or whatever was controlling the height of the pole was oblivious to what I was doing.

The speed that I went up and down those 9 or 10 centimetres seemed to vary and I couldn’t work out a pattern as to when it went lower and I leant onto my clit.

My second orgasm arrived quite soon after the first; then the third; then the fourth. After that I wasn’t really able to count; they just kept cumming and cumming.

Just as I thought that I was about to pass out I was lowered down and left there for ages. If there had been a microphone in front of my mouth instead of a ball gag in it, the audience would have heard a loud grunt coming out of my mouth.

I was just starting to breath normally when up I went again and the whole cycle started again.

I think, but I’m not sure, that I went through that cycle 6 times before I was finally lowered to bottom out, the last time.

When I was able, I looked at the other 2 girls; both were still going up and down. And they kept going up and down for quite a while as well.

Fortunately for me, the sybian’s dildo was left vibrating at a slow speed and I was kept ‘simmering’ until the other 2 stopped moving.

Finally, the curtains closed and the men came and untied us.

Diego came onto the stage to check that we were okay and I asked him why I had stopped much sooner than the other 2 girls. I was told that it was because I was cumming so quickly and that I had reached the maximum number of orgasms allowed sooner than the other girls. I didn’t understand that and I forgot to ask him who was counting and how many the maximum was.

In a way I wasn’t that impressed with the show, but I was impressed with the sybian; I couldn’t wait until mine arrived.

I was the last to shower then I put just my strings only thong on and left the club. The bouncer that got me a taxi seemed a little surprised that I was wearing so little but I was getting used to wearing next to nothing and being out in public like that. Besides, it was the middle of the night.

The next morning, as I lay on my bed giving myself my first orgasm of the day, and remembering to shout ‘Priapus’, I decided that I was going to go to another beach that day.

For some strange reason I’d woken up early and felt quite lively. As I lay there with a busy right hand, I remembered hearing someone on a bus talking about a beach called Cala Conta. When I got up I got out the map that Pau had given me and found the beach, and how to get there.

I’d have to get the bus to San Antonio the either another bus or walk down to the harbour and get a boat there. After a quick breakfast in the café I packed my bag and set off to get a taxi to the bus station.

I’d decided to wear exactly the same as the previous day, a material-less thong under my net, half sarong and shoes. I’d got away with it the previous day and I was eager to try again. After all, I had my shoulder bag with me that I could hold in front of me and if things really got bad I could always wrap my towel around me.

As I got on the bus to San Antonio I chickened out and held my bag in front of my stomach and the bus driver took my ticket without even looking up at me. The bus was a completely different design to the ones that I’d been going to Salines on, it was more like a coach, and there was a big modesty board near the rear exit, so I couldn’t have fun flashing people as they got off.

Instead I sat on my own near a window and had to resort to turning the egg on. Fortunately the journey was only about half an hour and I was soon walking out of the San Antonio bus station.

By that time my confidence was back and I happily walked along the busy streets, passed the end of the town square and to where the boats leave from.

I bought a ticket and looked for the boat to Cala Conta. When I found it I saw an old man collecting tickets as people got on. He looked a right miserable old sod so I decided to wrap my towel around me to get on the boat.

I did that then went to the front of the boat and sat on a seat right at the front where I could put my feet up on the front rail. I took the towel off before I sat down and spread my feet on the rail. The gentle breeze tickled my pussy and I felt good.

When I noticed that the boat was moving I looked around and saw that there were less people on it than I expected.

I shuffled down on the seat then lifted my butt to take the half sarong off. Putting it in my bag I then put my head back and closed my eyes. The sun felt so good on my near naked body.

A short while later I heard some youths talking and opened my eyes. 3 youths had come up to the front of the boat and were stood next to me.

They weren’t looking at my eyes so I quickly closed them again.

“Hey bro, check this out.” I heard one say.

“Fucking hell, I can see everything, right into her hole.” Another said

“Do you think that she knows that we’re here?”

“She must be asleep. If she wasn’t she’d have covered-up or at least closed her legs.”

“Let’s keep quiet and have a good look.”

“And take some photos.”

I just lay there listening to them whisper about my tits and pussy and listening to the clicking of their phones.

I wished that I’d left the egg turned on but I hadn’t so I settled for squeezing then relaxing my pussy muscles. Apart from it being for their benefit it would also be good exercise for my muscles.

After what seemed like forever, I heard the tone of the boat’s engine change and felt a change of direction so I moved my hands then opened my eyes. The 3 of them were still stood there looking at me. I smiled at them and that must have disturbed their confidence or something because the suddenly walked away.

I looked up and saw that the boat was going into a bay. I had a decision to make; do I get off the boat dressed as I was, in only the material-less thong; or do I put something else on.

I opted to put on the half sarong. Okay it didn’t cover anymore of me but it was clothes.

I waited for most of the other passengers to dis-embark but I was followed off the boat by the 3 youths. I was expecting the old man to see everyone off the boat but instead it was a young man who was helping people. When he saw me, and what he could see, he smiled at me. I smiled back.

The 3 youths followed me to the first, and biggest, beach that I came to. As I walked along the water’s edge I couldn’t see anyone naked so I went up to the café where I saw a large area cordoned off by large rocks with a road to a little roundabout at one side There were a lot of scooters and motorbikes parked there and people walking along the road towards the café.

Walking along the edge of the cordoned off area I saw another, smaller beach also with no naked people. I decided to walk further and came to some steps down to another little beach. This one had lots of naked people on it and not a lot of space.

I decided to go back to the biggest beach. Things weren’t looking good for naked sunbathing but I’d seen other girls wearing just thongs so at least I could sunbathe in my thong even if it only had the strings. I could just close my legs if anyone started to say anything.

I spread my towel at the end of the beach furthest away from the café and lay down to see what was going on around me. I was up on my elbows, knees together but raised. The people around me were ignoring me so I put my knees down and opened my legs a bit; then a bit more.

People around me were still ignoring me. I put me elbows down and lay there for a while before getting to my feet and covering myself with sunblock. As lay down again I looked at the people around me again; nothing. They seemed more interested in watching the kids run around and what was going on out at sea.

What’s more, I was getting more courageous. Maybe because of the lack of attention I was getting, and maybe because my egg was getting me more and more aroused.

I slid my thong down and off then lay there, on my elbows with my knees slightly bent so that my slit wasn’t visible. I stayed like that for a while, occasionally looking around to see if there was any reaction from anyone.

Not seeing any, I straightened my arms but kept my knees slightly bent, and just lay there for quite a while before straightening my legs. The front of my slit again became visible to anyone who looked, but not now framed by the strings of my thong.

If anyone did look they didn’t say anything so after a while I relaxed my legs a little so that people would be able to see all of my slit and my clit poking through it.

Shortly after that the egg got the better of me and I managed a ‘quiet’ orgasm, whispering ‘Priapus’.

After my heart rate returned to normal I decided that it was time to go for a swim. I stood up and slowly walked in to the water. After about 10 minutes of enjoying the tepid warm sea I was still feeling brave so I walked out of the water then along the water’s edge.

Again, no one said anything but I did see a few, mainly men, people looking in my direction.

I walked right to the end of the beach then back; and was feeling a lot happier. I went back to my towel and lay down, with my legs slightly apart, and relaxed.

About an hour later I decided that I needed an ice cream. Another decision time.

“Sod it,” I thought; “what’s the worst that can happen to me? A load of verbal abuse? Get kicked out of the café? There’s no way that they’d call the police; they’d be miles away and what were they going to do about one little girl?”

I grabbed my purse and started walking to the café.

As it turned out, nothing happened; not even any verbal abuse from locals or tourists. Okay, as I stood in the queue to get served a few people were looking at me, but that was it. I guessed that people either didn’t care or they didn’t want to get involved. I wondered if it would have been the same if I was a man.

Having had a little confidence booster I went outside and sat at one of the tables and watched a bus arrive and what seemed like 100 people dis-embark. About half of them walking over towards and passed me.

I was glad that I’d picked a table and chair where I could spread my legs so that anyone who cared to look would be able to see my pussy.

After that I went back to my towel then went for another swim. It’s such a lovely feeling floating on your back, naked in a warm sea with people all around you, and your vibrator talking you over the edge.

Orgasm over, I went back to my towel got dried, packed my bag and headed to the bus stop. When I got there I decided that maybe I should put some clothes on so I got the net, half sarong out of my bag and tied it round my waist. My butt and pussy were covered; if you can call a net sarong coverage.

I held my bag in front of my stomach as I paid the bus driver. Unfortunately, it was too early for most people to leave so there were only about a dozen people on the bus to San Antonio.

I sat on the back row with no one else in the back half of the bus. I took that as an opportunity to get naked and I mooned a few people that were just arriving as we left the car park.

I did the same when we stopped at traffic lights a couple of times during the journey.

Just as the bus was pulling into the bus station I tied the half sarong around my waist then followed the other passengers off the bus.

I walked along some narrow streets down to the main square, and apart from a few young men turning to look at me, I was invisible to just about everyone.

I wondered how many other girls had walked around that square in the middle of the afternoon wearing as little as I was.

Near the end of the square I saw a Burger King and was suddenly quite hungry. The young girl serving seemed to be oblivious to my state of dress although an older young man behind the counter did stare at me as I collected my order. I don’t know if he stared at my butt as I walked outside , and I sat at one of the tables so that I could watch people passing by so that I knew when to spread my legs hoping that they’d look at me and realise what they could see.

A couple of older men did realise what they could see; one of them even stopped walking and stared for a few seconds before moving on.

After that I headed back to the bus station; I didn’t want to be late for my evening outing.

I again held my bag over my stomach as I walked towards the bus but then I saw that the driver was a young man so I put my bag handles over my shoulder. He looked me in the face as I walked up to him and gave him my ticket. He looked down to tear the ticket and when he looked back up to my face to give me the ticket back he had a big grin on his face.

I guess that he approved of what I was wearing.

It was a quiet and lonely 30 minute journey so I turned the egg up to full blast and gave myself 2 orgasms during the journey.

I marched out of Ibiza’s bus station and straight into a taxi.

Back at daddy’s boat I spent about 30 minutes in the bathroom before squeezing my egg out then putting just heels and a dress on and going over to the café to have a couple of drinks before heading to the club.

I got to the club in time to have a tequila with Daniella and another girl before Diego came and told us that there was nowhere for us to leave our clothes at the location so it was best that we travel there wearing only our heels. All 3 of us girls just shrugged our shoulders then went to the changing room to get naked.

Diego ushered us into a taxi and we were taken to a posh hotel. We were met by a man in a black suit and taken to a bedroom where we were told to get ready.

I smiled to myself wondering how a naked girl is supposed to get naked, but I did take the opportunity to go to the toilet.

The man came back led us to just outside a big conference room where there were about 8 other naked girls waiting. After a few minutes the hotel staff wheeled trolleys up to us and then left.

“Anyone here NOT served dinner at a function before?” The black suit asked.

One other girl and I put our hands up.

“Right the girl nearest to those 2 show them what to do. The main reason why you are here girls is to meet the sexual requirements of the gentlemen in there. This will probably mean a lot of groping and possibly some fucking. If that’s not what you were expecting then it’s time for you to leave.”

No one moved.

“Good, do a good job with the meal then have some fun. If any of you get offered any financial incentives over and above what you will get paid for tonight then it’s up to you what you do for that incentive. Remember girls, everyone in that room is at the top of big companies that have a lot of money, so do not sell yourselves short. Right, get that dinner served and then have fun.”

The black suit opened the doors and some of us pushed the trolleys in.

It was ‘interesting’ serving dinner; nothing like what it was back at school. We didn’t get hands on our butts and sliding up our inner thighs at school either.

At one point I was putting a plate in front of a man and I thought that I recognised the voice that thanked me.

As I walked away I turned and looked at his face.

OMG! It was Mr. Billingham, Kate’s and Zoe’s father.

I decided to stay away from him while I worked out how I could use his presence to my, and Kate’s and Zoe’s, advantage.

The dinner was over and drinks were being served when I put my plan into action.

I went and stood next to Mr. Billingham and, as expected, his hand went between my legs and slid up and down before going right up to my pussy.

I walked away from his hand and without looking down at him, I stepped forwards, the sideways so that my butt was right in front of him.

Then I sat on his lap and started grinding my butt against his crotch. Satisfied that he was hard, I put my hands behind me and unzipped his trousers. Getting his cock out I held it then lowered myself on to him.

When I thought that he was about to cum I stood up, turned around and lowered myself onto him again.

All the time his eyes had never left my butt or my tits.

I bounced up and down a few times until I thought that he was ready to cum; then I leaned back and said,

“Hello Mr. Billingham, fancy seeing you here.”

Well, the poor man went bright red.

“I, I, I err.”

“Does your wife know that you’re here? And what about Zoe and Kate? What would they think if they knew that you were here with lots of naked girls and that you were fucking one of their friends?”

“Oh Mr. Billingham what are we going to do.”

I let him stew for a minute or so as I felt his cock soften. I rubbed my pussy on his cock and trousers and thought about the stain that I was leaving.

“Right Mr. Billingham this is what is going to happen. From tomorrow until you and your family leave Ibiza, you are going to punish Zoe and Kate each morning. You will spank them with 20 swats then you will rub their clits and finger fuck them until they orgasm again.

I say again because there is a good chance that they will have orgasmed while you were spanking them.

After the spankings tomorrow morning you will tell them that they are to remain naked all the time that they are on the marina, only getting dressed when going off the marina. Also, that they are to go for regular walks around the marina.

If you go on any sightseeing trips you are to ask your daughters if they want to go with you. If they don’t then you will go without them.”

“I thought that you and my daughters were friends.”

“We are.”

“Then why would you do such a thing to them?”

“I’ll let you work that out Mr. Billingham. Oh, and when you go back to England you will tell Kate and Zoe to remain naked whilst in your house. Understand.”

“Yes, yes, please don’t tell my wife or daughters about tonight.”

“If you do as I say then they will not hear a word about it from me.”

“Thank you Georgia isn’t it?”

“Yes, enjoy the rest of your evening Mr. Billingham.”

I stood up and looked down and Mr. Billingham’s shrivelled cock then turned and walked away feeling satisfied.

I went and got a tray of champagne and went looking for another man to grope me.

All in all, I had a good evening; although not the most fulfilling, with 3 orgasms and at least a dozen fingers in my pussy. I did get to meet quite a few CEOs although I doubted that I would ever meet any of them again.

At the end of the evening the man in the black suit organised taxis to take us to wherever we wanted. I opted to go back to the club to collect my purse and my dress.

The bouncer on the door smiled at me as the naked me and the naked Daniella walked in.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 20**

The next morning, well lunchtime, I was woken up by an excited and naked Kate and Zoe coming aboard and telling me that they had some news for me.

“You’re going to be permanudes?” I joked.

“No; well not quite.” Zoe replied.

“So what’s all the fuss about and why are you both naked? Has your father been punishing you again?”

“Sort of.” Kate replied.

“Just hang on a minute while I put the coffee on then we can go onto the deck and you can tell me everything.”

Two minutes later I was sat on the deck opposite the still excited Kate and Zoe.

“I see that your butts are red so this has to be something to do with you getting spanked right? One of you start at the beginning and explain.”

Kate started.

“This morning started as usual, Zoe and I showered then got dressed and went up for breakfast. After we’d all finished and while mother was clearing up daddy asked Zoe and I if we were wearing knickers. You know that daddy thinks that we are sluts if we don’t wear underwear and that Zoe and I don’t like wearing knickers in this heat; well daddy told us to stand in front of him and lift our skirts.

It was at that moment that mummy decided that she had to go to the shop to buy some French sticks or something. We’ve already told you that mummy just disappears when daddy spanks us.

Well, daddy saw our bald pubes and our slits when we lifted our skirts. No big deal, he’d seen a lot more than that before and he’d inspected us lots of times before. But it was what happened next that surprised us.

We were both expecting him to sit on the bench seat and to tell us to get naked then get over his lap. Well, the getting naked was the same but then he told me to lie back on the table; the table that we’d just eaten breakfast off.

Then he told me to put my legs straight up in the air, to spread them then bring them back and hold my legs by my head. That was the first time that daddy has ever seen my butt and pussy so exposed; I mean, when we were over his lap he couldn’t really see that much.

Then he started spanking me. By the time he got to swat 10 the pain had gone and the pleasure was starting; and it was showing; I could feel my juices coming out of my hole, and if I could feel them then he could see them.”

“I could see them too; and her lips were all swollen.” Zoe injected.

“Well, by swat 13 I was cumming. The tears were long gone and it was ‘oows’ and ‘arghs’ and ‘yes’ by then. That seemed to spur daddy on and he moved round and gave me the last few swats directly onto my pussy.

Of course that made me cum even harder.

Then we got our second big surprise of the day. Daddy started finger fucking me with one hand and rubbing my clit with the other. I didn’t last long before I was cumming again; but harder.

Daddy went on and on like the devil possessed and didn’t stop until I’d cum 2 more times. I was starting to think that I’d black-out.

When he finally stopped and we’d both got our breath back he told me to swap places with Zoe and he did the same to her.”

Zoe took over narrating the story,

“Yes, I swear that I could see steam coming out of his ears as his hand came raining down on my butt cheeks then my pussy. I’m really glad that it was just his hand. Think of the marks and maybe blood if he’s used his belt.

Anyway he fingered me and rubbed my clit until I’d cum 2 more times as well. Then he sat down and just looked at my red butt and red and oozing pussy. I think that I could see a hint of lust and regret on his face. I could certainly see the bulge in his shorts. I imagined his balls being royal blue.

We got another big surprise when I was back on my feet standing next to Kate. He told us that we were going to get the same punishment each morning until we go back to England.”

“That’s 3 weeks.” Kate said. “And he wasn’t done yet either. He told us that while we are on the marina we couldn’t wear any clothes at all; hence we’re here like this.

And there was more good news; he told us that he’d had enough of our moping around when we go on those boring sight-seeing trips and that he and mum would be going on their own from now on.”

“That’s where they’ve gone now.” Zoe interjected.

“And he still wasn’t done.” Kate continued, “We have to go on at least 3 walks around the marina each day; and finally, a really good bit, we have to be naked in our house back in England as well. I hope that he keeps the heating up.”

“Wow!” I said, “I wonder what brought all that on? Have you been really bad?”

“Don’t know; don’t care.” Zoe said, “Is my butt still red?”

“A little;” I replied, “but it’s still as cute as ever.”

“Gee thanks Georgia; yours is cute as well.”

“So what have you been doing Georgia?” Kate asked.

I told them about my trip to Cala Conta and San Antonio; and what I had and hadn’t worn.

“So you walked around San Antonio and Ibiza town wearing only that net half sarong Georgia?” Zoe said, “I wish that I was as brave as you. What else have you been doing Georgia?”

“Well, I’ve found this really nice little bar that I think that you two will like. We can go there tonight if you like.”

“Okay Georgia,” Zoe said, “how do you fancy doing something today as well?”

“What did you have in mind?” I asked.

“Well, I was wondering if you’d like to go to that salt mines beach?” Zoe replied.

“They’re not salt mines; it’s sea water.” Kate explained.

“Whatever.” Zoe said; “How about it Georgia?”

“Are we going like this then?” I asked.

“I don’t think so.” Kate said, “I don’t think we’d even be let in a taxi completely naked.”

“I’ve been naked in a taxi.” I said then realised that to explain that I’d have to tell them about the club and I didn’t think that they were ready for that.

“When?”

“Long story, I’ll tell you all about it sometime; but you’re right Kate, we’ll have to wear something. How about you go and get towels and whatever else you need and come back here then we’ll sort out some clothes for you.”

“We can get clothes from our boat.” Kate said.

“Yeah, but ours aren’t as revealing as the ones that Georgia can lend us.”

The pair of them left and were back within 15 minutes, still totally naked and carrying a shoulder bags.

Then we had the problem of what to wear to get to and from the beach. I knew what I was going to wear, just my net half sarong. Both Kate and Zoe decided to borrow one of my ultra-short skater skirts; Zoe chose 1 that has hundreds of holes in it. Kate was a little more conservative and chose at slightly see-through one.

Both girls chose tube tops, both see-through. When Kate asked me what I would be wearing I got out my net half sarong and tied it round my waist.

“Is that it?” Kate asked. “You may as well go totally naked.”

“I’d like that but wearing this no one can say that I am naked.”

“Wow; I know where all the men’s eyes will be looking.” Kate replied.

“Not if there’s a slight breeze.” I said as I lifted the front of Kate’s skirt up.

“Hmm, okay.” Kate said, “I guess that I’ll have to be careful.”

“Or not.” Zoe added.

“Right, 3 more problems then we can get gone.”

I opened my toys drawer and said,

“Choose your weapon ladies.”

Both Kate and Zoe chose small bullet type vibrators and put them in their bags. I chose 2, both of which I inserted in the appropriate holes right there and then. The first was my egg, and I gave the control to Zoe; and the second was one of my butt plugs, one with a big fake Ruby in the end.

“Won’t that be showing as you walk Georgia?” Kate asked.

“I don’t know; you guys will have to answer that question later.”

Checking that we had everything that we’d needed, I collected 3 bottle of water out of the fridge and we left.

“Aren’t we breaking daddy’s rules by wearing clothes at the marina?” Kate asked.

“There’s no way that he’d expect us to get dressed once we’d left the marina’s property Kate.” Zoe replied.

The taxi ride was uneventful but Kate was a little nervous when we walked into the bus station to buy our tickets. She was still nervous when we were queuing for the bus but I asked her to look at herself then look at me.

“Good point Georgia, you’re hiding absolutely nothing. Aren’t you nervous?”

“Yes, but it’s exciting; I’m quite wet and that’s before Zoe turns the egg on.”

“Oops, I forgot about that.” Zoe said and reached into her bag and turned the egg onto full blast.

“Zoe, please turn it down.” I pleaded as I moved my hips around as I tightened my pussy muscles to get used to the change inside me.

Thankfully Zoe did turn it down but she told me that it was only a temporary reprieve.

The bus driver was the same young man that had smiled at me on my return from San Antonio so I kept my bag over my shoulder when I gave him my ticket. I watched his eyes look me up and down as I handed him my ticket with a smile and a slightly wetter pussy knowing that he was looking at my little tits and slit.

We had to stand on the bus. I stood sideways to help me balance and I was facing a young woman who didn’t really look at me but her partner was looking at me all the time. I guessed that if the woman said anything to him he would have said that he was looking at her.

Zoe later told me that the man behind me stared at my virtually naked butt for most of the journey.

When we got to Salines we walked over to where the 2 wheelers park for free then down the path to the beach. As soon as my feet were on the sand I said,

“Right ladies; time to get naked.”

“Can’t we wait until we get to where we’re going to sunbathe?” Kate asked.

“Come on wimp get ‘em off; or do want us to take them off you?”

“Okay, okay.” Kate said as she stepped out of the skirt.

As with the previous times that I’d done that walk totally naked, we emerged from the clothed part without incident. I walked until I saw the first naked man in the distance and dropped my bag.

“This will do.” I announced.

“Shouldn’t we go a little further?” Kate asked.

“Nope, this will do.” I said as I spread my towel equidistant between the sea and the fence.

As Zoe was getting her things out of her bag she smiled at me then turned my egg up a little. I’d seen her hand in her bag and guessed what she was going to do so I didn’t jump when the egg vibrations changed.

What I did do was to tell Kate and Zoe to get their vibrators out and ready for me to insert when I rubbed sunblock on them.

I’d volunteered to cover them with sunblock and that was what I did. I played special attention to their ‘delicate’ parts and while I was between their legs I twisted the vibrators to start them and slowly eased them in. Both girls moaned as I pushed them in as far as my middle finger would let me.

“Right ladies; who’s doing me?” I asked.

It was joint effort but Zoe turned up the egg before she started and I had my first beach orgasm of the day with then knelt either side of me.

“‘Priapus’.” I said as I reached my peak.

When I was done (sunblock and orgasm), and both girls were laying either side of me, Zoe said,

“This ‘Priapus’ word that you said when you were cumming, what’s that all about? What’s a Greek God got to do with you having and orgasm? Or were you just thinking of a giant cock?”

“That as well, but I’ve started going to a hypnotist.”

“What the hell for?” Kate asked.

“I heard that it’s possible for a girl to sort of orgasm on command; when someone says a particular word.”

“What, that’s, that’s awesome.” Zoe said. “How the hell does that work and how do I sign-up for it?”

I spent a while explaining and telling them about my sessions with Chuck.

“Didn’t this Chuck guy rape you when you were under?”

“I don’t know, but it wouldn’t have been rape. If he’s asked to fuck me I would have asked him how many times.”

“Yeah, I believe that you would Georgia, you’re such a slut.”

“I know and I love the life. It’s working for me for now. I’m taking life one day at a time at the moment and I don’t have a care in the world.”

Shortly after that; 2 young men, about our age, came and spread out their towels between us and the sea. I was up on my elbows and I watched them glancing over to us.

“Spread ‘em girls, we’ve got an audience.” I whispered to Kate and Zoe.

Both got up on their elbows to look.

“They look like a couple of geeks to me.” Kate said,

“Virgin geeks.” Zoe added.

“But they’re still men and worth teasing for a while.” I said.

“Can’t argue with that.” Zoe replied.

We watched the 2 geeks getting themselves organised whilst looking at us but pretending not to be. They were so obvious that it was laughable.

“I’m gonna make you cum for them Georgia.” Zoe said and she turned the egg up to full blast.

And I did, it took all of 2 minutes before my body started jerking about and me to start moaning. The geeks must have had a great view of my pussy convulsing and leaking my juices.

When I was back to normal Zoe said,

“Why, or how, do you cum so quickly Georgia? It can’t just be that egg.”

I laughed then asked them if they’d heard of an O-Shot. Neither had so I explained it to them.

“And you’ve had one of those? Didn’t it hurt; I mean injections around your clit and inside your vag. It must have hurt like hell.” Kate said.

“No; he gave me a local anesthetic.”

“So how did you con the doctor in to giving you it?” Zoe asked.

“A whole load of lies and pretending to be a frustrated girlfriend who couldn’t please her boyfriend.”

“You can be a devious little bitch when you want to be Georgia.” Kate said.

“Only when I want something; and men are so gullible.”

I was about to tell them about the Presidents Club and how I’d manipulated their father but I managed to stop myself. Then I thought,

“Why not, maybe they could use that knowledge to manipulate their father.”

So I told them everything.

“The bastard.” Kate said.

“Poor mummy.” Zoe said.

“Hang on a minute,” I replied, “Your mother knew that both of you were getting abused, and that’s what it was, and she did nothing. What’s more, she seems happy with him so what’s the problem? If she’s unhappy she’ll leave him when you two go off to university.”

“I guess that you’re right Georgia.”

“Anyway, you two are a lot happier than when I saw you the other day so it hasn’t turned out too bad for you. Oh, and don’t tell your father what I’ve just told you.”

“Okay; enough serious talking, what are we going to do about these 2 geeks? Zoe said, “We could just go on teasing them or we could fuck them, take their virginity and give them something to remember for the rest of their boring lives.”

“There’s 3 of us and only 2 of them.” Kate added.

“That’s okay, you two can have them; this egg is good enough for me at the moment. You can have your first sea fucks if they don’t cum from the anticipation.”

“Are you sure Georgia?”

“Of course I’m sure, but you’ll have to take those vibes out first. You don’t want the geeks thinking that all girls have a metal object in their pussies.”

As Kate and Zoe squeezed their vibrators out, and giggled as they watched the geeks watching them, Zoe said,

“So when did you have your first sea fuck Georgia?”

“A few days ago; you remember that aircraft carrier that filled the harbour the other day, well I met some of the sailors and they took me to Talamanca beach and they fucked me in the sea.”

“How many is ‘some of the sailors’ Georgia?”

“Five.”

“Five!” Exclaimed Kate, “You got gangbanged by 5 sailors; in the sea?”

“Yeah; some of those Yanks have big cocks. It was fun.”

“I bet it was;” Zoe said, “and we’re just going to have a couple of weedy geeks. I think that we’ve got some catching up to do.”

“Those weedy geeks may not be capable of fucking you.” I said.

“Only one way to find out; come on sis.”

Zoe got to her feet then pulled Kate up. The she marched over to the geeks and said,

“You 2 coming for a swim? We may just let you touch us if you do.”

I’ve never seen 2 young men get to their feet as fast as they did and they’d caught Kate and Zoe up even before they got their feet wet.

I watched 2 awkward young men lose their virginity (probably) to 2 randy young ladies. Well I assumed that was what was happening. It was all under water but the positions that they were in and the movements implied that they were fucking.

Kate and Zoe confirmed that the geeks were no longer virgins when they returned to their towels and we watched 2 more confident and happy geeks return to their towels.

A short while later I asked the geeks if they’d watch our towels for us. Of course they happily agreed and 3 naked girls went to the beach bar for an ice cream.

No one seemed to care that we were naked and we’d finished the ice creams before we’d got back to our towels.

There was still quite a bit of space behind us and I was feeling a little restless so I asked Kate and Zoe if they’d join me in doing some exercises.

They agreed and I told them to do whatever I did. Zoe laughed and said,

“Just so long as you don’t start rubbing your clit for the whole world to see.”

“I won’t, but I might rub yours.” I joked.

I then put the 3 of us through a whole load of stretching exercise that I’d done at the gym and in that gymnastics class. Shortly after we’d started I saw 1 of the geeks sneakily taking photographs of us.

I smiled and walked over to them and said,

“You can take photographs us if you like, we don’t mind. Come on guys get those phones out and take some close-ups of us.”

The geeks looked at each other, not believing how well their day was going; then they jumped up and followed me back to Kate and Zoe.

I continued putting the 3 of us through the very revealing exercises whilst the 2 geeks got lots of close-ups of our pussies. There was a short break when my egg got the better of me, me being pleased that Zoe had left the egg on gentle purr after she’s used it to make me cum earlier. The geeks closely watched my body jerking about.

The other thing about the geeks was that they seemed fascinated by my butt plug. The number of photos that they took of it was unbelievable. I just hoped that Kate and Zoe weren’t jealous of the fact that they didn’t get as many photographs of their pussies taken.

At one point I noticed that a handful of other men had gathered to watch us, and that a couple of them had their phones out.

When we were finished and were back on our towels, I asked Kate and Zoe if they’d like to do those exercises in a proper gym.

“I haven’t been to a gym since we were at school.” Kate said.

“Yeah, why not, it could be fun.” Zoe said; “but where, I haven’t seen any gyms here and don’t you have to join a gym?”

“There are gyms here,” I replied, “I’ve been going to one and I’m sure that I could get you in as my guests.”

“But we didn’t bring our gym clothes with us.” Kate said.

“Yes you did Kate, you’re wearing them.”

“But I’m naked.” Kate replied.

“Exactly.”

“You mean that we could workout naked? Won’t there be men there?”

“Probably, but so what, there were men watching you just now.”

“Yeah, okay, you got me there I suppose that you’re right Georgia.”

“Okay Georgia,” Zoe said, “so how do we do this?”

“Leave it with me, I’ll make a phone call later and try to fix it up for tomorrow evening. Would that be okay with you 2? Will you be able escape from your mother and father?”

“I don’t see why not.” Zoe said, “Our ‘new’ daddy shouldn’t object, we’ll just tell him that we’re going out for a drink with you.”

“I hope that the red marks on our butts will have gone by then.” Kate said.

“They should have, yours have just about gone and it’s only the middle of the afternoon.”

“Good,” I said, “can you escape tonight as well? I’ve got another surprise for you.”

“What is it?”

“It won’t be a surprise if I tell you.”

“Hmm, okay;” Kate said, “will we have to get naked?”

“No.”

“Will we enjoy it?”

“Well I certainly do.”

“So you’ve done it before?”

“Yep; a couple of times.”

“Intriguing.”

“So are you in?”

“Yes, of course we’re in.”

“Good; come on round to daddy’s boat whenever you are ready and you can pick some appropriate clothes then maybe we could go for something to eat; my treat.”

“Are you 2 going to put the vibes back in then?” I asked.

“Yeah sure.” Kate said.

They waited until it was just the 2 geeks watching us then they switched the vibes on then leant back on 1 elbow and slowly pushed the vibes home. I was watching the geeks while they did it and the expression on their faces was priceless.

I was sure that we’d made their day, week, even life.

Kate noticed that the number of people walking towards the road was increasing and she checked her phone. She told us what time it was and we decided to head back to the marina.

The geeks looked disappointed as the 3 naked girls started our naked journey through the clothed part of the beach.

Again, no one said anything to us and I again wondered if anyone would have said anything if we’d been men.

We had to stop for a minute or so when the egg pushed me over the edge. I gripped Zoe’s arm as my body trembled. I remembered to say ‘Priapus’.

We dressed, if you call me wearing just a net half sarong dressed, where the scooters park then crossed the road to where the bus stops. We didn’t have to wait long before the bus arrived. I saw that it was an old, miserable faced man driving it so I held my bag over my stomach as I got on.

Kate was the last of us 3 to get on and when we got to where we had to stand she whispered that she was sure that the man following her up the steps had got a good look at her pussy.

“Not complaining are you sis?” Zoe replied.

“Grief no way.”

I again had to stand sideways and my pussy was centimetres from a middle-aged man’s face. I watched him look at me a few times and I was sure that he was more embarrassed than I was; but he kept turning his head for another look.

Back at the bus station Zoe said that she wanted to walk back to the marina.

“You just want to show everyone your pussy and tits don’t you sis.” Kate said, “I saw you pull that skirt up.”

“And you don’t want to flash your goodies Kate?” I asked.

“Okay, we’ll walk.”

And walk we did. As we walked down one street with me looking in all the shops as we went; I saw a top on a mannequin that took my fancy. It is sheer, TOTALLY see-through, but has swirls of colour. It has a halter neck and a very low cut back.

“Stop.” I shouted; then went into the shop.

There was a woman, who looked slightly older than me, stood at one side and her eyes opened with as we walked in.

“I’d like to try that top on.” I said pointing to the top in the window.

The woman went and got one and I held it up. Yes, it was totally see-through so I put my bag down, put the top on and tied the belt that was just piping made of the same material. On me the belt went round my hips instead of my waist making the material flat over my slit.

“Suits you.” Zoe said.

“It will look good over almost anything.” The shop assistant said.

“I don’t intend to wear anything underneath it.” I replied.

The woman’s eyes opened a little wider.

“In fact,” I continued, “It’s long enough for me to wear as a dress; what do you think girls?”

“You look good Georgia.” Kate said.

“That sarong spoils the look a bit.” Zoe said.

“I think that you’re right Zoe.” I said and reached under the top and untied the sarong.

I pulled it off and out from under the top and let the top fall to its natural length.

“It doesn’t show any more,” Zoe said, “but it sort of attracts the eyes more than the net sarong does.”

I was still looking at myself in the mirror and I could see what she meant. My slit was so much more obvious than when I had the sarong on. I slowly did a 360, looking at myself all the time.

“I’ll take it.” I said; “and I’ll wear it to go.”

The woman didn’t look too impressed but she rang up the sale and we left.

As we continued our walk Kate said to me,

“Jeez Georgia, you looked very underdressed when you were wearing just that net sarong but now you look totally naked; at least the sarong gave the impression that you were wearing something to cover your butt and pussy, but with that top, sorry dress, I can see everything and so will everyone else.”

“I think that’s what she wants.” Zoe replied.

“That’s right girls; you’re not embarrassed being out with me like this are you?”

“No, no; I didn’t mean that;” Kate said, “it’s just that you may as well be naked.”

“And you’re not Kate; right?”

“Well sort of.”

“We can soon get you naked Kate. It only takes a couple of pulls in the right direction and you’ll be naked. Besides, I can see the bottom of your butt cheeks and if you turn around I bet that I can see your slit.”

“Yeah okay, maybe I am jealous.”

“Don’t worry Kate, we’ll soon be back at the marina and you can conform to daddy’s punishment rules.” Zoe said.

And we were soon back at the marina. We all stripped just as soon as we turned the corner and walked the last little bit totally naked.

On daddy’s boat I got us all a drink and Kate and Zoe planned what they were going to say to their parents.

After they had left I got my phone and called Pedro at the gym. I asked him if it was okay to bring a couple of guests with me the next day. He didn’t sound too keen at first but when I told him that it was 2 girls, he soon agreed. I then told him that he may wish to get the man that was taking the promotional video back.

I could almost hear his brain working, wondering if there were going to be 3 naked girls in his gym.

I told him that we’d be there late afternoon.

It had already got dark when Kate and Zoe returned (still naked), telling me that they had to wait for their parents to return from wherever. They were both carrying small bags that they told me contained their clothes for the evening. Their father had reminded them to not put them on until they were about to leave the marina.

I got out a bottle of tequila and 3 glasses and we sat and talked. Zoe started by saying,

“When we asked mummy and daddy if we could hang with you tonight daddy said the strangest thing; he told us to be careful where you take us. We looked at each other and wondered what he was on about.” Kate said.

“I can’t imagine.” I lied.

The talk got around to what we’d be wearing to go out and they both showed me what they’d brought.

“Sorry girls, both those outfits look great for England but they’re not what you need for tonight. You need a loose fitting, short top and a skirt similar to what you were wearing this afternoon. You can borrow whatever you find in my wardrobe, and remember, it’s dark out so don’t worry about anything showing.”

“So you won’t be wearing that new top that you bought today then Georgia?”

“No, I think that I’ll wear that as a cover-up over my swimwear.”

“But you swim naked Georgia.”

“So I do. Then I guess that I was right, I’ll be wearing it over what I wear for swimming.”

“You’re such a slut Georgia.”

“I know.”

Three girls, and a bottle of tequila, can talk forever but we eventually we went downstairs to sort out something to wear. Actually, it didn’t take long and 2 girls, all wearing ultra-short, skater type skirts and baggy, crop tops emerged from the boat and walked to get a taxi round to the other side of the harbour.

I took them to one of the nice restaurants there and we had a lovely meal sitting outside watching all the people, normal and strange, walking by.

We’d gone through 2 bottles of champagne before we left; all 3 of us slightly ‘happy’.

“So what’s this place that we’re going to Georgia?” Kate asked.

My response was to stop and turn to her then slide my finger along her visible slit.

“Like that did you Kate?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“So you’ll like where we’re going; come on.” I said.

“Are we going to some sort of live sex show or something?” Zoe asked.

“No, that’s another night. The performers tonight are people who don’t even know that they are performers.”

“What?”

“You’ll see, nearly there.”

“Where the hell are we going?” Zoe asked as we turned into the alleyway.”

“A very pleasurable little bar.” I replied, “Didn’t you see the name over the entrance to the alleyway?”

“No.”

“Never mind, you’ll soo find out.”

I opened the door and led us in.

“This looks very much like one of those old world bars in town back in England.” Kate said.

I led them to the bar to get us some drinks and when Zoe got there she said,

“A man just grabbed my bare butt under my skirt.”

“Did you enjoy it?” I replied.

“Sort of, but it only lasted for a couple of seconds.

After we’d been stood there waiting for a couple of minutes I felt 2 hands go up the front of my top and massage my little tits before the fingers pulled on my nipples. Then the hands disappeared.

“Did I just see what I thought that I saw?” Kate asked.

“Yep;” I replied, “I got my tits groped in a public bar.”

“What the hell is this place?” Zoe asked, “Oh, oh, that’s nice.”

“This place is called ‘Groper’s Bar’; and it’s where girls come to get; well, groped. Do you want to stay or leave?” I asked.

“Stay, definitely stay.” Zoe said.

“I’m not so sure.” Kate replied.

Just then the barman came to me and I ordered us some drinks. When I turned back to Kate I saw a smile on her face and 2 hands up her top.

“No Kate, don’t look for the face that belongs to the hands; it’s more fun if it’s totally anonymous.”

I continued,

“Relax ladies; you’re not going to get raped here; although I doubt that it would be rape; just have you goodies groped; all just a bit of harmless fun but at the same time it can be quite pleasurable. You might get 1 or 2 guys, or girls, that make you cum. That would be nice wouldn’t it?”

“Ouch; yes.” Kate replied.

“Let’s move over by that pillar so that the guys sitting down have got good access to our pussies.”

We did, and it wasn’t long before all 3 of us had smiles on our faces. When a bar stool became vacant we took it in turns to sit on it and Zoe and Kate soon discovered the pleasure of getting finger fucked to an orgasm whilst sat at a bar.

As the place filled-up and space to breath got at a premium, our tits and butts became more of a target for the guys who seemed to be constantly moving around.

One time when Kate was sat on the stool and I was stood next to her trying to get us some more drinks, I used my right hand to grope her pussy and rub her clit. I think that that was the 3rd orgasm that she had that evening.

When Kate decided that she couldn’t take any more we left. As we got to the end of the alleyway Zoe stopped walking and looked around. When Kate asked her what she was doing she replied,

Getting my bearings; getting familiar with the surroundings so that I can find this place again. That little sign up there needs to be way, way bigger.”

As we walked down the street I asked Kate what she thought about the place.

“I never knew places like that existed. Do you think that there’s one where we live Zoe?”

“I doubt it. Word about how good it was would soon get out and all these so called feminists, who don’t know the meaning of the word, would be demanding that it was closed. Then the weak politicians would get it shut just so that they can have a quiet life living on their ridiculous salaries and expenses.” Zoe replied.

“Yes,” I added, “Those stupid women, who haven’t got a proper life, should stop trying to control what other women can and can’t do. Live and let live is what I say. Supply and demand will take care of the rest.”

“Too right.” Kate added. “How about another drink girls?”

We walked back to the square full of people drinking and showing-off their strange outfits, and got the drinks and watched the world go by. We all agreed that Ibiza is 2 different towns with 2 different sets of people; the day people and the night people.

Zoe wanted to go on to a club but Kate was feeling tired, probably because of a little too much alcohol, so we got a taxi back to the marina where the girls stripped and gave me my clothes back before they went back to their boat and I went to daddy’s.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 21**

It was later morning when Zoe and Kate woke me up as they boarded daddy’s boat. They came straight down to my cabin and I was still flat out on my bed when they came in.

“Been playing with yourself in your sleep Georgia?” Kate said.

“I don’t know; I was asleep.” I replied.

“Zoe plays with her pussy when she’s asleep; I’ve watched her.”

“So do you Kate; I’ve watched you.”

“Well, if you 2 do it then I guess that I do it as well. I wish that I remembered my dreams.”

“Turn around girls.” I ordered.

They did and I saw their red butts.

“Did you both cum then?” I asked.

“Yes.” Zoe said.

“Yes.” Kate said.

“So you have to be like that all day then?”

“Only while we’re on the marina.” Kate said.

“Or on a beach; I thought that we could go to there before going to that gym that you told us about.” Zoe said when I saw the bags.

“Yeah; why not?” I said, “Maybe those geeks will be there again.”

“I was hoping that you’d say that Georgia.” Zoe replied, “We’ve brought our beach things with us.”

“So I see; I guess that we’d better go to the beach then. But not before I’ve had some breakfast. Help yourselves to some clothes but don’t put them on yet. I’m just going to have a quick shower.” I said.

Ten minutes later I was done in the bathroom and when I went up onto the main deck there were Kate and Zoe patiently waiting for me.

“Right, let’s go and have some breakfast.” I announced.

“Where are we going Georgia? Do I need to put some clothes on?” Kate asked.

“Nope; your daddy says that you can’t and if you aren’t then I’m not. We’ll go to the café.”

“Naked!” Kate exclaimed.

“Yes, Manuel has already said that I can so I assume that it will apply to you 2 as well. Let’s go.”

Manuel’s face was beaming when we walked in; so were the faces of 2 male customers who watched our every move. He walked up to us as we entered, probably to get a better look at Zoe and Kate.

“So Georgia, are these the 2 girls that I have heard are being punished?”

“Err yes; their father is punishing them; where did you hear about that?”

“Everyone around here knows. I am surprised that you haven’t seen lots of men coming to have a look.”

“Well Manuel, they are here now so have a good look. Girls, do a 360 for our host.”

They both did and when Manuel saw their red butts he said,

“Oh, I didn’t know that he was doing that as well; do you want me to send some friends round to beat him up?

“NO, no, thank you Manuel but it’s alright. We wanted it.”

“Ah I see; you like being spanked. I have heard of girls like that. Would you like me to get you another cushion?”

“No, we’ll be fine, and I guess that we do like being spanked.”

“And you are like Georgia and like being naked. So it’s not really a punishment at all.”

“No Manuel.” I added, “They enjoy every minute of it. So have a good look at us.”

Manuel took our order and was staring at Zoe’s tits all the time that he was stood there.

“I guess that he prefers big tits.” Kate said when he was gone.

“Grief, they’re only ‘B’s; what would he do if I was a ‘D’ cup?”

“Cream his pants while he was taking our order.” Kate replied.

“Bloody hell; they’re only tits; we’ve all got them.” Zoe said.

“And men like looking at women’s tits and women like men looking at their tits; don’t we girls?” I said.

“Yep.”

“Sure do.”

“So stick your chest out when he brings our coffee’s and food.”

“Yes Georgia.” Zoe mocked, but she did just that when he came back.

Zoe was getting a little braver when she chose what to borrow, the top she chose is one with hundreds of 1 centimetre holes and her nipples were poking through 2 of the holes. Kate was slightly more conservative, the top she chose was see-through enough for us to make out her nipples and areolas.

I decided to wear my new top / dress although I did fasten the belt at the side so that the dangling cords didn’t cover my slit.

Both Kate and Zoe chose bullet vibrators and put them in their bags until we got to the beach but I wore my egg again and gave Kate the control.

Satisfied with our looks we set off to the Salines beach. I offered to go to another beach but they too prefer Salines. Two reasons, firstly it was one that their father hadn’t taken them to, and secondly, they both agree that is better than any of the beaches that their parents had taken them to.

We had another excellent day flaunting our naked bodies and teasing the men that cared to look at us, mainly because we did our best to tan the insides of our thighs. Unfortunately, no one decided to setup near to us so we missed out on any fucking in the sea, but the vibrators were busy and we had numerous orgasms on the beach again.

At the end of the afternoon we decided to walk back to the bus the long way, walking through the woods and amazing both Kate and Zoe with the noise of the crickets. At one point as we were walking along the track both Kate and Zoe decided that they wanted to take the vibes out so they squat down and squeezed them out, catching them in their hands to stop them from getting covered in the dust.

There were a few men walking the other way along the track and they all stared at the 3 naked girls walking towards them but I was disappointed that they didn’t see the girls taking the vibes out.

We didn’t put any clothes on until we got to the café and we were watched by a handful of the cafés patrons. Then we went over the road to the shop and got an ice cream before waiting for the bus while sat on the curb.

The bus journey was uneventful except for Kate tormenting me with my egg’s control. She made me cum twice during that journey.

From the bus station we walked towards the gym but stopped at a café where we could sit outside to have a drink and a snack to kill a bit of time. The English young waiter had a good look at our chests but that was it. Oh, apart from Kate torturing me with the remote control, she made me cum twice whilst we were there.

At the gym Pedro jumped up when he saw us. I introduced Kate and Zoe then asked if they could workout with me.

Unsurprisingly he said that they could and he was on his phone even before we went in to the changing room.

“Are you sure this is okay?” Kate asked, “I mean being naked in a gym must be against the law. And what if there are some men in there?”

“Relax Kate, I’ve done naked workouts here loads of times; and yes, there were men in there and I didn’t get raped so it’s not a problem.”

Just then a naked man walked out of the shower and Kate gasped and stepped back.

“Relax Kate; the place has gone gender neutral or co-ed or whatever you want to call it. It’s not a problem and if you’re lucky you might get fucked.”

“Nice.” Zoe said.

“Right, get naked and follow me.” I said as I put my bag, dress and shoes into a locker.

Before we left the changing room I talked both girls into sliding the vibes back in to their pussies, telling them that it would help negate any embarrassment.

“I’m still not sure about this.” Kate said as we crossed the corridor.

“Stop being a wimp sis.” Zoe said. “You know that you want to do this and I bet that your pussy is wet.”

“Of course it’s wet; I’m naked and about to go into a room with men in it and I’ve got a vibrator purring away in my pussy; what do you expect?”

In the workout room 2 men and 2 young women were busy on machiles. All 4 stopped what they were doing when we walked in. Both young women grinned then went back to what they were doing whereas the 2 men continued to watch us.

Pedro came in and, after having a good look at each of our naked bodies, asked me what exercises we were going to do. I told him that I’d tell the girls to do exactly what I usually do.

“Okay Georgia,” Pedro replied; “I’ll hang around in case any of you need any help with anything.”

“Okay.” I replied; knowing that he just wanted to see all our pussies.

I took Kate and Zoe over to the mats and told them that to start off with we’d be doing the same things that we’d done on the beach. I then got started and both girls did the same.

As we got on with our exercises I noticed 2 things; firstly, the girls started to relax, and secondly, more men started to arrive including Alejandro (I managed to remember his name) the one with the big professional looking camera. He wasn’t backwards in coming forwards to video us from the most revealing angles and close-ups - again.

Zoe giggled when the camera got so close to her pussy that she had to back away to be able to lower one leg. At first Kate tried to ignore Alejandro but eventually she relaxed and positioned herself so that it was easier for him to get close to her pussy.

During one little break Kate asked what the man with the big camera was doing, apart from the obvious. When I told her that he was making a promotional video for the gym she said,

“So I’m going to be famous, oh goody.”

What I forgot to mention earlier was that when we were in the changing room Kate had turned my egg up to full blast and it got the better of me when I was up in the crab position. I went down with my knees wide and bent under me. My arms easily managed to straighten themselves as I jerked about but my lower legs were trapped and Alejandro zoomed in on me as I was up there and almost oblivious to the world around me.

Meanwhile, Kate and Zoe were just sat on the floor watching me just the same as the rest of the people in there; including the 2 girls.

After we’d finished the mat exercises it was the exercise cycle. Fortunately the girl who had been on one had got off and all 3 were free. When we got to them I stopped Kate and Zoe from getting on and started raising the height of the saddles.

“What are you doing Georgia; that’s way too high for me; I’ll be lucky if I can reach the pedals.” Kate said.

“That’s the idea Kate;” I replied, “trust me, just get on and pedal.”

Zoe was looking at me in a strange way as well, but when she saw Kate’s pussy sliding from side to side, and a smile appearing on her sister’s face, she eagerly got on her bike and started pedalling.

I quickly adjusted my seat and soon. 3 smiling girls were pedalling away and getting VERY aroused.

The inevitable happened with Kate reaching her peak before me, then Zoe.

Kate and Zoe both had 2 orgasms and I had 3 before I stopped pedalling and told the girls that it was time to stop. I hadn’t seen much of Alejandro whilst I was pedalling, but there again; there wasn’t much for him to video.

That couldn’t be said for the next machine, the leg spreader. I demonstrated it first and I saw Kate’s eyes open wide as the machine thrust my legs as wide apart as they would go. I also saw Alejandro squat right in front of me and zoom in on my dripping pussy.

I’d pressed the buttons to give me little resistance and I slowly brought my legs together. That done; I pressed another button and slowly pushed my legs wide apart.

“That’s all there is to it.” I said to Kate and Zoe. “You have a go Zoe.”

She did and found it easy so I adjusted the weight and told her to try again. When her legs were wide apart I increased the weight so that it was nearly impossible for her to close her legs.

As she strained to try to close her legs I leant over to her and whispered,

“See how the cameraman is zooming in on your wet pussy; doesn’t it make you want to cum? Do it Zoe.”

“Yes; yes; Ooooooooooooh.” She replied and orgasmed with her legs wide apart and lots of people watching.

I decreased the weights and let her close her legs.

Then it was Kate’s turn. As I was strapping her legs in she whispered,

“It’s not going to make me cum in front of all these people is it?”

“I don’t know; are you close?”

“Yes.” Kate replied.

I pressed a button and Kate’s legs flew apart.

“Probably.” I replied.

“OMG. I hope not.” Kate said.

I pressed the buttons to open and close her legs a few times and said,

“Closer are you Kate.”

“Yes, please stop Georgia.”

“Not yet; everyone wants to see you cum for them Kate.”

“No.”

But I kept pressing different buttons. Her legs opened and closed, the back of the seat went down then her legs went up in the air and I finally started to think that I had mastered the controls of the machine.

Then the vibe helped Kate go just that little bit further and she orgasmed. As soon as I realised that she was cumming I pressed the button to spread her legs wide and everyone, including the cameras were rewarded with Kate squirting a little bit white fluid from her hole. I saw Alejandro zoom in on the blob on the floor then lift the camera back to her pussy.

“Stop, please stop Georgia.” Kate said when she was able.

Not being a cruel person, I pressed the button to close her legs then unfastened the velcro restraints.

“You should be made to do that Georgia, it was soo embarrassing.”

“So you think that I should get on it again do you Kate.”

“Yes I do.”

“Okay then Kate, I’ll even let you press the buttons like I did with the egg control.”

I sat on the machine whilst Kate strapped my legs in, then I let her press the buttons to move my legs. She managed to spread my legs and then close them but she was struggling to do any more.

“Press different buttons Kate.” I said.

Nothing happened.

“Press all of them Kate. Hit the damn thing.” I said; hoping that she’s get the thing to go crazy like it had the last time that I’d been there.

She must have got the right combination because the machine started going crazy. My legs were going wide then closed then up in tha air then spread wide. The back of the seat went flat and I started cumming.

“What’s it doing?” Kate almost shouted. “I didn’t tell it to do that. Oh my gawd. How do I stop it?”

But by then my hand was over the buttons and gripping the arm rest so even if she knew what to do she couldn’t.

When my orgasm left me able to do something I looked around. People were staring at me and Alejandro looked like he had recorded all of it. I was happy and the machine was still moving my legs all over the place.

I moved my hand off the control buttons and pressed the combination to stop the machine but ended the sequence with the buttons to leave me on my back with my legs spread wide.

Then I relaxed and enjoyed post orgasm euphoria and the feeling of people looking at my aroused naked body.

“Are you alright Georgia?” Pedro asked me. “I don’t know what went wrong with that machine again; I’ll get the engineer back and see if he can find something wrong this time.”

“Thank you Pedro but I’m fine; maybe it just doesn’t like people who don’t weigh much.”

“Maybe, let me release your legs and help you up.”

Pedro did help me up and I stood there for a few seconds looking at Kate and Zoe and the group of people who were still watching me (us 3 naked girls).

“So is that it Georgia?” Kate asked.

“No Kate, just a few more exercises then you can do whatever you like.”

“I’m having another go on that leg spreader.” Zoe said.

I smiled and thought that Zoe’s idea was a good one.

We did the exercises with the audience getting bigger and bigger and Alejandro getting lots of close-up. So much so that when Kate and I went and had another go on the exercise cycles and Alejandro was concentrating on Zoe on the leg spreader, Kate said,

“That cameraman guy isn’t making a promotional video is he? He’s making a soft porn video isn’t he?”

“Both probably,” I replied; “does it bother you Kate?”

“No, I guess not. If I put it out there then I’ve got to expect people to look at it and video it; and these days that means that it ends up on the internet.”

“Yes, I guess so.” I replied; “I rather like the idea of men wanking at videos of me cumming; it sort of turns me on.”

“I know what you mean, I’ve got mixed feelings; yes, I like the idea of men all over the world wanking when they look at images of me; but part of me says that it’s wrong.”

“Were you and Zoe brought up as Catholics?”

“Yes, why?”

“And the priests and nun were always telling you that the human body is a disgusting thing that should be hidden from the world?”

“Sort of.”

“That explains it. Catholic guilt; but they’ve got it all wrong. The human body, especially the female body is something to celebrate; a thing of beauty that everyone should view with admiration. Everyone wants to see beautiful things and who are we to deny them from looking at us?”

“Wow Georgia, that was some little speech but I guess that you’re right. Besides, it does turn me on a bit. Talking about being turned on, I’m about to cum again.”

“Me too.”

We both had that orgasm then we got off the bikes and went over to Zoe. She’d been playing with the buttons on the leg spreader and was flat on her back with her legs up in the air and spread wide. Alejandro was stood over her pointing the camera down on her face.

“Have you just cum again sis?” Kate asked.

Zoe just nodded and smiled.

“Come on Zoe, get your little butt off that seat and come and have a shower. You look like you need something to cool something.”

“Will there be any naked men in the changing room?” Kate asked.

“Do you want there to be some?”

“I want to see some cocks.” Zoe said.

Unfortunately there weren’t any men in the changing rooms. I offered to go and find a couple but Zoe told me that they’d make do with making me cum in the shower, as a sort of ‘thank you’ for taking them there.

We stopped at reception on the way out and Pedro told us that we all looked like we needed to relax for a while. Zoe replied,

“Yes, a nice long massage would go down quite well right now.”

“You’ve never had a massage Zoe so how would you know?” Kate said.

“It just sounded nice and I fancied trying one.”

Pedro piped-up saying that he knew a place that we could go; one where we could all get a massage at the same time, from either a man or a woman, whichever we fancied. Then he added,

“And with the massages can have a happy ending if you like.”

“What sort of ‘happy ending’?” I asked.

“I think that I know Georgia;” Zoe said, “and it’s an ending that you’ll like. Take my word for it Georgia.”

“Okay; I guess, so where is this place Pedro, and do we want to go now girls?”

“I’m game if you are?” Kate said.

“I’m in.” Zoe added.

“Okay, I guess that we’re going. Where is it Pedro?”

Pedro gave me a business card along with a memory stick. I smiled then told him that I wanted one of today’s recordings.

“It’s just down the road actually;” Pedro replied, “turn right and it’s about 100 metres on your right. Before you leave ladies, I just want to say that you are welcome back here anytime that you like; with or without Georgia. Just pop-in if you are in the area, we’ll provide a towel and any toiletries that you need.”

“Thank you Pedro;” Zoe said, “we might just do that.”

As we walked down the road I asked Zoe if she thought the ‘happy ending’ was what I was starting to think that it was.

“So what is a ‘happy ending’ to a massage then?” Kate asked.

“It’s an orgasm isn’t it Zoe?” I replied.

“I think so, I’m sure that I read it somewhere.”

“Well I think that we are about to find out.” I said; “with or without a ‘happy ending’ brought on by a masseur I’m sure that I’ll cum at least once.”

“Me too.” Kate said.

“That Pedro guy said that we could have either a man or a girl masseur; I fancy a man.” Zoe said.

“A woman for me.” Kate said, “I think that a woman will know what a woman wants better than a man will.”

“You might be right there Kate, but I fancy a man.” I said. “But we’ll have to take these vibrators out before we get on the tables. I hope that we can all get massaged at the same time and in the same room, I want to hear you 2 cumming. I’m sure that they’ll have a toilet that we can use.”

I looked at the card that Pedro gave me and saw the same logo on a shop front just ahead. When we got there we all stood outside and looked inside.

“It looks clean.” Kate said.

“Yeah, and that receptionist looks smart. Is that a Spanish nurse’s uniform that she’s wearing?” Zoe said.

“Maybe; it looks a bit like the one the receptionist was wearing at the clinic that I went to; but quite a bit shorter.”

“So are we going in then?”

I answered by moving to the door and opening it.

"Buenas noches señoras, ¿cómo puedo ayudarlo?" the receptionist said.

"¿Habla usted Inglés?"

“Si, how can I help you ladies?”

“We were thinking about having a massage.” Zoe said, “Pedro from the gym down the road said that you had a big room where all 3 of us could have one at the same time and that we could have massages with a ‘happy ending’. Is that right?”

“Of course; we prefer to satisfy our customers with a ‘happy ending’; and yes, we do have a room that we can setup 3 tables in, and a number of masseurs that you can choose from, male and female. You can also choose to have the masseur clothed or naked and ‘happy endings’ can be followed by full coitus if desired.”

“Plenty of options then.” Kate said.

“We like to please our clients.”

“Is there a rest room that I can use please?” Zoe asked.

“Of course, we have a waiting room where clients choose their masseuse and it has all the facilities that you may need.”

I looked at Zoe then Kate then said,

“I’m game.”

Both girls smiled confirming that they were also game for it. I got my Black Amex out of my bag and the receptionist’s eyes lit up.

“Three with the full works please.”

Payment sorted, she led us to a nice, comfortable room then handed us a pile of about 20 large photographs of young men and young women.

“I will leave you to choose which masseur each of you would like. I will return in about 10 minutes. Please help yourself to drinks.”

As soon as she turned to leave Kate headed to the toilet. Both Zoe and I squat down and squeezed our vibes out where we were stood and we put them in our bags. Then I went to the mini-bar and poured 3 tequilas.

We sat drinking and looking through the photographs; telling the others what we thought each masseur would be like.

After 3 more tequilas and about 20 minutes, the receptionist returned and asked how we were getting on.

“Is there any time limit on the sessions?” I asked.

“One hour.”

“And if we reach the ‘happy ending’ long before the hour is up does the masseur keep going or is the session over?”

“That is up to you. If you wish to continue the massage you can.”

“Good; because I’m sure that I’ll reach my first ‘happy ending’ quite quickly.”

“Not a problem, just tell your masseur to keep going. Now, have you chosen yet?”

We each held up the photograph of our choice.

“Good choice ladies; clothed or unclothed; the masseurs that is?”

“Naked of course.” I replied.

“Okay, have a shower then wrap one of the towels round you. You can leave your clothes and belonging in one of those lockers, the combination is written on the inside of the doors. We will be along to collect you in a few minutes.”

The shower was a large single one but all 3 of us managed to squeeze in and we helped each other soap our bodies; paying special attention to the other’s pussy.

“Don’t make me cum, I want to be half way there when it starts.” Kate said.

When we got out of the shower and dried ourselves, none of us bothered to wrap the towels around our bodies; we just sat and waited.

A couple of minutes later our choice of masseurs walked in; all only wore a small towel round their waist. We went to our choice then they introduced themselves and asked us to follow them.

We were led into a largish room with 3 massage tables and smaller tables next to them, all having a selection of bottles on them. Each table had wedge shaped pillow on it, sloped down to where our heads would go, and a folded towel for us to put our heads on. We were invited to lie on the tables, face down.

It was obvious that laying over the wedge our butts would be stuck up in the air. When I was in position I looked over to Kate and Zoe. Both had done what I had done and lay with our leg open as far as the table would allow.

What followed can only be described a truly awesome experience; one that I want to repeat as often as I can.

With my head on one side I saw Felipe, my masseur, take his towel off and I got my first look at his cock. It certainly wasn’t in the same league as the guys at the club but it was quite acceptable to me, even though it was still soft.

Then Felipe started. He was so gentle, so firm as he massaged my arms with his oily hands. When he started on the backs of my legs I was so relaxed that I was starting to wonder if I would fall asleep. Sex was the last thing on my mind. And oh, when he worked on my back it was totally awesome.

Even though my slightly open pussy was right in front of him, when he massaged my butt he didn’t even touch it.

It wasn’t until he asked me to turn over that I started thinking about my pussy. Felipe had moved the wedge to below my head so that my shoulders and head were raised. I could easily see my prominent pubis and the front of my slit. I guess that he wanted me to watch what he was doing to me.

As I was getting comfortable I looked over to Kate and Zoe. Both were on their backs watching what their naked masseur was doing to them. I also saw Zoe’s masseur’s cock. It too wasn’t as big as the guys in the club but I was sure that Zoe wouldn’t complain when she got it inside her.

It started when he dripped some warm oil onto my tits and started massaging them and rolling and twisting and pulling my already rock hard nipples.

I’ve never had so much pleasure from my tits being touched. So much so that I had my first orgasm of the evening; and he hadn’t even got to my pussy.

As my body reacted and started jerking and rising up off the white table, Felipe just kept massaging my tits as if I wasn’t cumming. As I started to come down from my high I heard Zoe say,

“First one to Georgia.”

I smiled, just as Felipe dripped some warm oil onto my stomach. I was expecting, hoping, that he’d start working on my pussy but he didn’t, his hands slid all over my torso, even teasing the ends of my nipples. That caused me to gasp a little because by then they were super sensitive.

After working on my torso for a few minutes, his hands moved to all around my pussy. He tormented me for ages without actually touching my pussy. I could see my stomach going up and down as the tension inside me built up.

Finally, he just lightly ran a finger along my slit. My clit was rock hard and sticking out between my lips so much that by then that I could see it. As his finger lightly touched my clit another orgasm exploded out of me.

He continued to slide his hands all around my pussy the best that he could considering that my hips kept going up and down as the spasms hit me.

When the waves subsided, Felipe’s hand went back to my pussy, the first touch of my clit causing me to moan quite loudly and caused my vaginal muscles to contract for a second.

Then what I had waited so long for started; his gentle assault on my pussy. He was gentle, but relentless. My ‘oohhhs’ and ‘arrghs’ started and I watched my stomach start going up and down quickly. Felipe gently moved my knees further apart then lifted them one at a time so that my foot moved close to my butt. My knees just automatically moved as far apart as they would go, opening my lips to their full extent.

It wasn’t long before another orgasm hit me, and that was even before his fingers had gone inside me.

The torment of my clit whilst his other hand gently touched me all around my upper thighs and stomach went on and on. It wasn’t long before yet another orgasm hit me.

As I calmed down I felt his middle finger go inside me and I let out a long sigh of relief. Then I said,

“Fuck me.”

But he didn’t, instead he inserted his other middle finger inside me so that his index and little fingers were pointing down to the table. Then he started quickly pulling his hand up and down like he was frantically finger fucking me but his finger weren’t going in and out of me. All his energy was going in to quickly lifting my butt off the table then pushing me down again.

No one had ever done that to me before and it was driving me crazy. My head was rolling from side to side. My arms were going all over the place and my legs were doing the same. Okay, I’ve done that part before but this time I was giggling and smiling as well.

I later wondered if that phase of the massage was the part they called the ‘happy ending’ because I was certainly happy.”

One time that my head was facing the side of the table that Felipe was stood, I saw his cock. It was hard and pointing up over the side of the table. I managed to control my arm enough to reach out and grab it.

I tried to wank him but I didn’t have enough control of my arms and hand to do it properly and eventually I gave up because I was too busy jerking about and giggling.

I continued doing that as Felipe stopped lifting me up and pushing me down and I felt more of his fingers go inside me. When I managed to look down I saw that his whole hand was inside me.

That sight alone was enough to start yet another orgasm; or should I say take me right back up there because the previous one still hadn’t gone away.

Felipe continued fist fucking me for a few minutes as my orgasm went from peak to peak, then he slowly pulled his hand out and started quickly pulling my pubis up with just his middle 2 fingers inside me - again.

Then he stopped and withdrew his fingers but my body still kept jerking all over the place and I was still grinning and giggling.

The next thing that I knew was that Felipe was pulling my legs down the table so that my pussy was right at the end. Then he thrust his cock deep inside me. If I had stopped giggling by then I might have wondered how I could feel his cock going in and out of me.

His cock should have been able to rattle around in my hole after just having had his fist inside me, but I could feel it. I guess that my hole shrank back to its normal size pretty quick.

Then I felt him shoot his load inside me.

The thing was, I was still mid orgasm. That man had somehow managed to give me an orgasm that was rolling on and on; a never ending orgasm.

I vaguely remember seeing Felipe and the other 2 masseurs leave the room and I guessed that the hour was up but my orgasm was still going strong and I was still giggling like a little school girl. I just couldn’t keep still.

I remember Kate and Zoe standing over me and looking down at me. I think that Kate asked me if I was okay and when I just giggled they helped me to my feet and half carried me back to the waiting room. They put me down on a chair and waited, and waited.

Zoe later told me that it took over 10 minutes for me to start returning to normal. They’d taken it in turns to go and have a shower and when I was able the stand they put me in the shower and turned it on set to cold.

That brought me back to reality.

Ten minutes later we were all dressed and slowly walking out of the place and down the street. As we walked we talked; both Kate and Zoe were over the moon with their massages but both said that I had got the most out of it. Neither of them could believe that number of orgasms that I had and that my masseur had turned me into giggling little wreck that couldn’t even control her own body.

I had to agree with them but added that it was the sort of wreck that I wanted to be in zillions of times again. I still couldn’t believe that a woman can have orgasms like that. It was certainly a first for me.

Anyway, we found a bar and had a few drinks to help us recover. At that point in time I just didn’t care that my dress was totally see-through and that men kept looking at us. And I certainly didn’t care about the way that all 3 of us sat at our table with our knees open.

When we finally left that bar it was getting towards midnight. It was only then that Kate remembered that they were supposed to be back at their boat in time for them to go out to dinner with their parents.

“I guess that you’ll be getting a double spanking in the morning then. I think that I should come round and confess that it was my fault.” I said.

“You only want our daddy to spank you as well don’t you Georgia?”

“So what if I do. He made me cum the last time that he spanked me; what’s wrong with that?”

“Nothing, I just hope that he makes me cum as well.” Kate replied.

Zoe just smiled.

Anyway, we got a taxi back to the marina and both Zoe and Kate stripped naked as soon as they were out of the taxi then gave me the clothes.

“May as well get ready for it; besides, we’re supposed to be naked on the marina. That’s what daddy said.” Zoe said.

I was about to say something about them being able to put some clothes on to go out; but I didn’t bother. Instead I wished them a good night and headed towards daddy’s boat. I needed some sleep.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 22**

It was late morning when I woke up to the sound of the boat’s engines running. A quick look out of a porthole confirmed that we hadn’t left the marina. After waiting until I was fully awake, I looked at my phone to see if anything was happening that day. Yes it was, I had to go to the club that night to get another hole of mine stretched.

I thought about my pussy and explored it to make sure that I was still in one piece and that there was no pain. Satisfied that I was in one piece my right hand got busy and a few minutes later I had my first orgasm of the day.

“‘Priapus’ ‘Priapus’.” I shouted when the orgasm arrived. Stupidly, I was disappointed that it wasn’t as good one as the ones that I’d had the previous night.

I finally got off my bed and went to the shower. Fifteen minutes later a refreshed Georgia went up onto the deck and said hello to the captain. We exchanged a few pleasantries then I went back downstairs to put some coffee on.

Sitting out on the deck, slowly sipping my coffee and watching the captain do what he had to do, I remembered what I had told myself that I was going to do with the hosepipe that the captain was using to wash the outside of the boat.

I decided to go and get some breakfast at the café, then spend the day sunbathing on the boat and trying to rig-up something that I wanted to try with the hose-pipe.

Manuel was his usual cheerful self when I walked in, and seemed oblivious to the fact that I was naked.

As I was leaving I saw Kate and Zoe, out for one of their ‘punishment’ walks. As I walked up to them I remembered about them missing the dinner appointment with their parents.

“Hi ladies, turn around please?” I said.

“I see that your father has been spanking you again.”

“Yes, and he blames you Georgia.” Zoe said.

“Well, I guess that I’d better go back with you and face the music. Did you both cum while he was spanking you and then when he’d finished spanking you did he finger you until you’d cum again?”

“Yes he did.”

“Well then, I guess that I’d better come and face the music.”

“You don’t have to Georgia, he’s not your father; he has no authority over you.”

“You’re right Zoe, but I sort of feel obliged to; after all it was my idea to go to the gym.”

“If I remember rightly both of us wanted to go to the gym to see that it was right that we could be naked there.” Kate said.

“Whatever; it’s only fair that we all share the punishment. Come on, my pussy’s getting wet just thinking about it. Is your mother there?”

“Yeah, but as soon as she realises what daddy is going to do she’ll go shopping or something.” Zoe said.

“Well, look who’s here.” Mr. Billingham said; “I want to talk to you Georgia, and I see that you’ve come ready for what is going to happen to you.”

Mrs. Billingham did as Zoe had said and Mr. Billingham continued talking.

“So Georgia, do you deny that it was partially your fault that Zoe and Kate failed to turn up for the family dinner?”

“No sir.”

“You must have realised that by coming here you would get punished.”

“Yes sir.”

“Well I have to say that it’s admirable that you are prepared to support your friends even though you will suffer the same punishment as them.”

“Thank you sir, I think that it’s only fair.”

“Too right girl; and I hope that all 3 of you will have learnt a lesson by the time that I’ve finished with you. Kate, Zoe, both of you will watch me spank Georgia. Now girl, come over here.”

Mr. Billingham told me to lie back on the table that I was near to, it’s the one that outside at the back. In full view of everyone nearby who cared to look.

“That’s it girl; now lift your legs up and bent your knees so that they are near your ears. That’s it; now spread your knees a bit more. Zoe, Kate, stand near her backside so that you can see her backside getting red.”

And spank me he did. Twenty swats, I think, I wasn’t counting them. The first few made me cry but that soon stopped and my pussy started getting warm and tingly.

Then I felt my first orgasm building. When it arrived I was still getting spanked.

My second orgasm was just subsiding when the spanking stopped. I felt Mr. Billingham put his right hand on my pussy and I gasped as a finger touched my clit then I moaned as his fingers got to work making me cum again.

“Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, aaaaaarrrrrrgn; ‘Priapus’.” Came out of my mouth as he took me over the edge.

Zoe later told me that their father just stood there watching me as my body jerked about.

When I started to get my breath back Mr. Billingham looked at my face and said,

“Perhaps you have learnt a lesson young lady. If you encourage my daughters to disobey me again you will get another painful backside. Now get off my boat and do the walk. I’m sure that you remember what you have to do. And you 2 can do the walk with her.”

“Yes daddy.”

“Yes daddy.”

As we started walking Kate said,

“Are you alright Georgia? Why do you come here and allow him to do that to you?”

“Why do you think sis? You saw her cumming.”

“Well yes but …….”

“Kate, I like being spanked, even by your father. It’s nice having a man spank me. You like it as well don’t you?”

“I guess so.”

“Of course you do sis. You should see your pussy when you start to cum.”

“Do you think that your father knows what he’s doing to us when he spanks us and brings us off?” I asked.

“He knows enough to make me cum.” Kate said.

“Yes, I know that and he’s quite good at it; what I mean is, do you think that he thinks that he’s punishing us or do you thing that he knows that we love it and that it’s anything but a punishment?” I replied.

“You mean; is he stupid or is he very clever in the way he gets us naked and makes us cum. Does he get his rocks off by doing this to us?” Zoe asked.

“I think that that your father is very cleaver. I think that he created this punishment lark just so that he can see his daughters naked and then finger you to orgasm. I think that if you pushed him a bit further he might just fuck you on the pretext of teaching you a lesson.”

“Wow Georgia;” Kate said; “do you really think that he’d fuck us?”

“Given half a chance I’m sure that he would; I mean what man wouldn’t want to fuck 2 gorgeous daughters like you two?”

“A gay?” Zoe joked.

“Yeah, okay;” I replied, “but think about it; two gorgeous little naked bodies in front of him all the time. He’d be mad not to want to fuck you. Maybe you should try being very naughty and see what happens.”

“Like how?” Zoe asked.

“Maybe have a few sleepovers at my boat but tell him that you’re going clubbing then when you get back the next day tell him that you went on to a party and spent the night with some men.”

“That sounds good;” Zoe said, “I mean the getting picked-up and spending the night with men. What are doing tonight Georgia?”

“Sorry girls, but I have to meet one of daddy’s business acquaintances tonight (I lied); some deal that daddy’s working on.”

“Will you end up fucking him Georgia?” Kate asked.

“I don’t know yet; it depends on what he’s like.”

“But we could go clubbing on our own and get picked up Kate.” Zoe said; “Can we borrow some of your clothes Georgia? Just think what daddy would think if he saw us with our nipps and pussy on display?”

“That alone might drive him to punish you more; and maybe fuck you. If I’m not on the boat when you come to borrow the clothes just help yourself, I don’t mind.”

“Thank you Georgia, you’re the best.”

“You’re welcome.”

We continued walking and as we got near the café Manuel was walking towards us. As he got close to us we all said hello then he said,

“Been punished again girls?”

“Yes,” Kate said, “and Daddy said that if anyone wants a better look at our red marks we have to lie on our backs and put our legs up so that they can get a better look. Do you want to look at our red marks?”

“You’re not supposed to ask other people Kate, you’re supposed to wait until they ask you.”

“Sorry sis, but I’ve already asked him now. So do you want to look at us?”

Manuel already had a grin on his face and he just couldn’t NOT take Kate up on her offer.

“Yes please girls, and do you mind if I take some photographs, I’ve heard that you let other people take photographs of your red backsides?”

“Sure; as many as you like, and of all 3 of us. That’s okay isn’t it Georgia?”

By that time both Zoe and I were getting down on our backs and we were quickly followed by Kate.

Ten minutes later and with Manuel’s camera now containing something like 50 or 60 images of our bare butts and pussies; a still beaming Manuel thanked us and told us that he had to get going.

When we’d finished the compulsory naked walk and standing with our hands on our heads on the walkway, I went up onto the boat and hugged Mr. Billingham As I hugged him I said aloud,

“Thank you Mr. Billingham, I’ll try to get your daughters back on time the next time that we go out.”

“Then I whispered,

“It’s about time you started stepping up the punishments and fucking your daughters Mr. Billingham; or do you want your wife to know what you got up to at that dinner?”

“I, I, I hope that you will young lady,” he replied out loud, “or I may have to punish you in the same way.”

“I hope so.” I whispered back; then I turned and walked off the boat, back to Kate and Zoe.

“You didn’t have to do that Georgia. I keep telling you that he has no authority over you. You don’t have to let him do anything to you.” Zoe said.

“Have you considered the possibility that I want him to spank me Zoe? And if he finds another way to ‘punish’ you then I might want him to ‘punish me’ in the same way?”

“Georgia, you never cease to amaze me. Have you found a way to manipulate my father into doing these things to us?” Zoe replied.

“How on earth could I have done that? You 2 have always been close by when I’ve seen him (I lied). Anyway, are you complaining?”

“No.”

“No.”

“Then don’t even think about it. Right ladies, I’m off to spend the day sunbathing on the boat. You’re welcome to join me or are you planning on teasing your father today?”

“Thanks for the invite Georgia, we may come round later, it depend on what our mother says when she gets back.”

“Okay, no prob. I’m sure that I’ll see you around, and don’t forget that offer to borrow some of my clothes.”

Back at daddy’s boat I checked my butt to make sure that the red marks weren’t anything to worry about then I got my sunblock and went looking for the hosepipe.

I decided that I’d better setup on the front of the boat rather than the back; I thought that it may end up being a problem for daddy if his daughter was seen squirting water out of her pussy at the back of the boat.

I found the hosepipe and the different end pieces that the captain had for it, and pulled the hose until it reached the front of the boat. Then I thought about how I could get it to squirt where I wanted it without it without it running away on its own. Back in the captains tool cupboard I found some heavy things and a couple of small pieces of rope.

Okay, I was never in the scouts but I managed to tie the hosepipe to the railings on the side of the boat and with the heavy things I experimented and got it squirting at an angle that I thought would do.

I’d set all this up on the side of the boat that has Isabelle’s and Toby’s boat next to it. I was hoping that Toby would be there and look out and see me.

Then I covered myself with sunblock and lay down in such a position that the jet of water was hitting my pussy.

Oh, that was good. Not as good as the swimming pool back at home in England, but still good. I reckoned that I wouldn’t get quick orgasms but they would slowly build then explode out of me.

I was right, about an hour later my second orgasm hit me, and I was just lying there doing nothing. What a nice way to spend some time in the sun.

After that second orgasm I decided to take a break and went and got a drink and brought it out onto the sundeck. I sat there with my drink and with the jet of water pounding my clit.

Of course the jet got the better of me and I had to put my drink down for a while. After that orgasm I decided on a change of pussy attack method.

Untying the hosepipe and removing the nozzle, I lay there and held the end of the hosepipe to my hole. I gasped as I felt the water start to fill me up.

When I couldn’t take anymore, I pulled the hosepipe out of my hole and held it for a couple of seconds then squeezed as hard as I could. Wow, I was quite impressed with myself as how far I could squirt it.

Then I did it again, but that time I directed my squirt to the next boat; and I hit it. I did it again then I saw Toby coming onto the deck of their boat to see what the noise was.

“Hi Toby,” I said; “watch this.”

I filled my pussy again and directed my squirt towards him, just missing his feet.

“Very impressive Georgia.” Toby said.

“Do you want to come over and hold the hosepipe for me?” I asked.

“I can’t, I’m going out with my mum in a few minutes.”

“That’s a shame; we could have had some fun.”

I filled my pussy and did it again.

“I bet that you can’t piss that far Toby.”

“You’re probably right Georgia. Sorry, gotta go. Mum’s ready to leave.”

With that he was gone.

“Stupid boy; how could he miss an opportunity like that.” I thought.

Then I had another idea. I went to the railing at the side of the boat and turned and sat on it so that my butt was hanging over the side. Then I put the hosepipe between my legs and to my butt hole.

Pressing the end of the hosepipe to my butt hole I felt the water go up my rectum.

“Hmm, that’s a slightly different feeling.” I thought as my butt filled up.

When it started to hurt I pulled the hosepipe away and the water came shooting out of me like I had diarrhoea; fortunately, all of it straight down into the sea. I giggled a bit when I saw a couple of little lumps of my shit floating on the surface.

I did it again and wondered if I should empty my bowels this way every day. More little turds flew out and floated in the sea. I looked for any little fish to see if they’d eat my turds but I didn’t see any.

“Maybe human turds don’t make good fish food.” I thought as I did it again.

I kept doing it again until I didn’t get any more turds out then I went back to filling my pussy instead. That was more pleasurable.

When I got bored with doing that I tied the hosepipe how I’d done it originally and lay down with the jet pummelling my clit.

As I waited for it to make me cum again I wondered if rinsing out my pussy like that straight after a man had cum inside me would stop me getting pregnant – if I wasn’t on the pill. I decided that I’d google it sometime.

I eventually had enough sun and water, with no one else around, for one day and put the hosepipe away. I thought about what I was going to be doing at the club that night and decided to get something to eat right then, rather than going to the club with a full stomach. I didn’t want to risk throwing-up in the middle of the show.

I didn’t fancy putting any clothes on so I wandered over to the café. There were a few people there but, apart from a few glances, no one said anything to me.

Manuel did though. He was his usual cheerful self and after asking to see if my butt was still red, he thanked me for letting him take the photographs of my friends and me.

“Anytime Manuel, all you have to do is ask.” I replied in Spanish.

“I may well do that some time Señora; now what can I get for you?”

I had a nice meal and a few tequilas before heading back to the boat for a nap.

When I woke up it was dark so I got myself ready to go to the club. I decided to wear one of my strapless dresses with the elasticated top that isn’t long enough to cover both my nipples and my slit. I slid my egg into place, put a couple of thongs, one ‘strings only’ and the other with only half the material, and the remote for the egg, into my bag and left the boat.

As I had plenty of time I decided to walk there and it wasn’t long before I went in to my bag and turned the egg on. I started to feel good and a bit braver so I adjusted my dress so that both my slit and my nipples were showing.

I still find it amazing just how unobservant people are.

I stopped at a bar and sat outside to have a drink to kill a bit of time. Even the waiter didn’t seem to notice my nipples sticking out over the top of my dress; of if he did he gave no indication that he had.

I had to laugh at one girl, well 2 actually, that walked by. One girl was about 3 metres in front of the second girl. The front girl was shouting at the second girl to ‘encourage’ her to keep walking. Both girls were dressed as if they were on a night out.

It was only about 10 pm but the second girl was totally out of it. I don’t know if it was drink or drugs but she was gone, and having real trouble walking. The other thing was that the second girl was wearing a red one-piece swimsuit under a white cover-up that was like a big unfastened blouse. The amusing thing about the swimsuit was that it was a thong bottom and the material that was supposed to cover her pussy was gathered up between her lips; like someone had given her a front wedgie.

For whatever reason, the stupid girl was ignoring the fact that her pussy was exposed (probably didn’t realise). She fell down a couple of times when I was watching her and she lay there letting all the passers-by see her pussy before her friend came back and pulled her to her feet for her to start staggering some more.

Quite funny I thought, and tried to think of a way that I could pretend to be out of it and display my goodies to the world. I couldn’t think of a way.

Eventually, I left the bar and went to the club. The place was about half full, mainly with men wanting to see the sex show, but there were quite a few women there as well.

I went straight to the changing room, changed into just my half ‘V’ thong and went out to the bar to start taking drinks to tables and collecting empties so that I could get groped by the customers.

As one table the gentle hand of a woman slid up my inner thigh and teased my clit for a while.

“Naughty girl.” She whispered to me when she discovered that my pussy wasn’t covered.

I looked at her, smiled, and just stood there for about a minute while she got me close to cumming.

I got my pussy groped 3 more times before the curtains went down to indicate that it was time to go and get ready.

Ready being TOTALLY naked.

There were 3 girls and 3 guys that night. I didn’t know either of the other girls but I’d seen all 3 cocks before and I was a little apprehensive about what was going to happen to me. I was a little worried that those big cocks would damage me.

Anyway, us 3 girls went out onto the stage and saw 3 padded top tables. Each table was lower at one end but the lower end was still at about standing man’s cock height. They were positioned at different angles so that the audience would be able to see what was going on.

Diego told us girls to get on a table with our feet at the high end. We then had to lie back so that our heads were hanging over the low end of the table and we’d be able to see the upside-down audience when the curtains opened.

Then our wrists and ankles were tied to the table legs.

Finally, Diego gave each of us a tennis ball and told us to squeeze it as much as we liked, and to drop it if we panicked or couldn’t take any more and wanted everything to stop.

Then the curtains opened and the 3 donkey-hung men walked onto the stage. The one that came to me rubbed his soft cock all around my face until it got hard then slowly eased it into my mouth.

It tasted good but that was only the starter. Slowly, and I was glad it was slowly because of its size; the cock entered my throat. I had a vision of my neck bulging out like a snake that had swallowed a whole animal.

Thankfully, the man kept withdrawing to let me breath and to allow my throat to get used to what it was slowly taking. I felt like I was trying to swallow the tennis ball that I had in my hand.

After about the fifth entry, I felt the guy’s balls hit me in the eyes. He was in; I’d managed to take all of that huge cock. I felt proud of myself.

Then he started properly fucking my throat.

Fucking hell; it never felt like that when James was fucking my throat back in England. This guy seemed to know just how long he could keep his cock blocking my throat before I started to panic.

But that didn’t stop all sorts of bodily fluid coming out of my mouth and nose as he went in and out.

Just when he seemed to be getting into a rhythm fucking my throat, something touched my clit. Try gasping when your throat is stuffed full.

It took a couple of seconds for me to realise that it was a magic wand that was being used on my pussy. How the hell did Diego expect me to cope with that?

I tried lifting my butt up to get the wand to slide down, away from my clit but that didn’t work; the wand came up with my clit.

I could feel an orgasm building and I was on the verge of panicking.

“Get a grip girl.” I thought. “They aren’t going let me die. Suck it up girl (no pun intended). You can do this.”

Now I don’t know if any of the girl readers of this story have any experience of having a cock down your throat whilst you are having an orgasm, but I certainly found it to be both a wonderful and a terrifying experience. Talk about multi-tasking.

Somehow I managed to overcome my fear and that orgasm was wonderful. Just after I reached my peak I felt the man cum in my throat and that sort of enhanced the pleasure.

Just as I thought things were coming to an end, the soft cock withdrew and a hard one took its place.

“Where did that come from?” I thought; “I only saw 3 men earlier.”

My watering eyes were closed because of my bodily fluid that were coming out of my nose and my mouth each time that the cock went in and out so I couldn’t try to identify the cock.

The wand was still driving me crazy as the second cock got into a rhythm.

My orgasm arrived before the cock; in fact my third was on its way when I felt the warm seed go down the last bit of my throat.

Not happy with just 2 men fucking our throats, Diego had organised a third one for each of us. All the time the wand was giving me orgasm after orgasm.

I hate to admit it but I was glad when the third guy had shot his load into my stomach; I was totally knackered and my face and hair were a terrible mess. I was so pleased when I heard the curtains close.

Some men came and untied us and started clearing things away. My table was the last to go because I’d just been lying there trying to find the energy to get up. Two men were stood over me waiting for me to get up. One asked me if I was okay. I took the hint and got up and off the table.

The other girls and the guys had all gone by the time that I got to the changing room and I had a peaceful shower, washing my hair 3 times.

When I went out to the bar, the barman gave me a whiskey telling me that my throat would need it. When I tried to thank him I just made a croaking noise. He smiled at me and told me that it would get better soon.

Telling the taxi driver where to take me was a challenge but I finally made it back to the marina.

When I went down to my cabin I was surprised to see Kate and Zoe on top of my bed. Both were naked and both were asleep. I guessed that they were trying to piss-off their father.

I quietly got ready for bed then gently lifted both of their right hands and put them on their pussies; then lay beside Zoe, cupped my own pussy and went to sleep.

It was the middle of the morning when I woke up to the sound of Kate shouting,

“Georgia, Georgia, you’ll never guess what just happened?”

“Go on.” I replied as I wiped the sleep out of my eyes.

Kate then went on to tell me that they had got back to their boat about an hour ago and told their father that we’d just got back from a night at a club then they’d gone on to a party and were just getting back. They’d been and borrowed some of my clothes and had put them back on before they woke up that morning so they were wearing them when they got back to their boat.

Both their mother and father had been really annoyed and their father told them that he was going to punish them right there and then. Of course their mother had suddenly decided that she had to go to the shops.

After giving them a lecture about going out wearing clothes that didn’t even cover their genitals, and displaying their breasts for all the world to see; he’d told them to take their clothes off ready for their punishment.

He spanked and fingered Kate the same as he had before then he did the same to Zoe. But, instead of telling her to get up and go on the walks, he’d pulled her down the table then got his cock out and fucked her.

Zoe interrupted Kate’s account of the event saying that he had fucked her really hard, like a man who hadn’t had sex for years.

Kate took over again and told me that after her father had cum in Zoe he’d put his cock away and turned to Kate and told her that she’d get the same the next day.

“Wow.” I said, “So he finally did it. You’re out on the walk of shame again are you?”

“Yes.” Kate replied.

“You were right Georgia; he only needed pushing that little bit further. Thank you.”

“So you told him that I was with you did you?”

“Yes.” Kate replied. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be; so you’re going to get fucked tomorrow morning Kate. I guess that I’d better come over the day after and apologise to him.”

“But he might fuck you.” Kate said with a worried tone.

“I certainly hope so.”

“Slut.” Zoe jokingly said.

“Yep.” I replied.

“So what are you doing today girls?”

“When we finish our walks daddy is taking us out on the boat; to some beach just up the coast.”

“That will be nice. I presume that you 2 will stay naked as long as he’ll let you.”

“I presume that he’ll want us to put our bikinis on if we go ashore.” Kate said.

“Maybe we can convince him that sending us ashore naked will be a very humiliating punishment for us.” Zoe said.

“Hmm, we’ve got plenty of time to work out exactly what to say to him haven’t we sis?” Kate said, and they both giggled.

“Sorry Georgia, we’ve got to go.” Zoe said, “We’ll drop your clothes off when we get a chance.”

“That’s okay, no hurry, I’ve got a wardrobe full of just as revealing clothes.”

The girls left and I thought about how well my little blackmailing had gone.

By then I was wide awake and whilst I was in the shower I realised that I had been talking to Kate and Zoe normally; my throat had gone back to normal after its punishment the night before.

I saw Sebastian on the way to the café (me still naked) and he told me that a box had arrived for me. I told him that I’d come along to the office after I’d had some breakfast.

Sebastian was on his own when I got to the office, still as naked as the day I was born.

“So how come you are naked all the time Georgia? Your father isn’t punishing you is he?”

“No he isn’t even here. I have no idea what part of the world he is in at the moment. No, it’s my fault that Kate and Zoe are being punished so I think that it’s only fair that I get punished as well.”

“I was going to say that it was very nice of you to support them but I know that you like being like you are.”

“Yes I do, it’s so much nicer that having to bother with clothes. So Sebastian, did you like the photographs that you took of me and my friends?”

“Oh yes, you all are very beautiful.”

“Have you shown them to your friends?”

“Si, they like them too.”

“I bet that your friends would like to see the real thing Sebastian.”

“Si, I am sure that they would.”

“Maybe you could arrange for me to meet some of them sometime, maybe go somewhere, maybe a nice beach where tourists don’t go.”

“Si, they would like that. Would your friends be coming?”

“I don’t know, you would have to ask them but maybe just you and 2 of your friends could go somewhere with me first? Do you think that you could arrange that, as a service for a marina customer?”

“Si, I’m sure that I can arrange that; it may take a day or two, this is the busy season and everyone works.”

“I’ll leave that with you Sebastian; now, you said that you had a box for me.”

“Si, but it is a little heavy, maybe I could bring it over to you?”

“Sure, when were you thinking of bringing it? I want to make sure that I’m there.”

“I could lock up and bring it right now.”

“That works for me.”

As soon as I saw the box I just knew what it was and I did my best to hurry Sebastian to get it to the boat. As soon as he put it on the deck I ripped it open.

Yes, my sybian had arrived, complete with a few optional extras that I had ordered.

As I dragged it over to the middle of the deck I looked up at Sebastian and saw him grinning and shaking his head sideways.

“What? Can’t a girl have some fun?”

“Of course you can but I wouldn’t have thought you would need one of those; not with all these willing young men in Ibiza.”

“Men aren’t always available when you need them, and with this you don’t have to tell them to go away when you’ve finished with them.”

“True, harsh but true.”

“Can you help me set it up please Sebastian; I’ll make it worth your while.”

He did and I did; but before he fucked me he helped me go through all the bits and did what was necessary to get it working.

“Do you want the extension on the dildo Georgia?”

I looked at it, it was huge.

“Not at the moment, I’ll get used to it as it is first.”

Sebastian had plugged it into the power socket and I grabbed the control. I switched it on, smiled and said,

“Nice.” I said and got down onto my knees and hovered my pussy over the vibrating dildo.

I switched it off then impaled myself on it with a sigh of satisfaction. Passing the control to Sebastian I said,

“Do you want to control my first ride?”

And he did. I rode it through one orgasm and into the next one with Sebastian adjusting the speed of the machine.

Second orgasm subsiding I put my hand out for the control and when I had it I switched it off and just stayed there for a few seconds.

Getting to my feet I said,

“Okay Sebastian, time for the real thing; where do you want me.”

“On your hands and knees; I fancy taking you [el](http://www.spanishdict.com/translate/el) [perrito](http://www.spanishdict.com/translate/perrito) style.”

It didn’t take long for me to cum again but it took Sebastian a bit longer, I guess that he’s getting used to seeing me naked and fucking me.

After he’d cum inside me he said that he had to get back to the office. I got back to my new toy and experimented with all the settings and attachments. I could see that it was going to be my second favourite toy after my egg. The only thing that I wasn’t happy about it was that it wasn’t very portable so there was little chance of people watching me use it.

By that time it was early afternoon but not too late to go to the beach so I quickly packed my shoulder bag, put new batteries into my egg, pushed it up my hole, put my totally see-through dress on and went for a taxi.

I rushed into the bus station to get a ticket not even looking to see if anyone was looking at me.

I was lucky in that a bus to Salines was on the stand and people were getting on it. I joined the queue and held my bag to my stomach because the driver was an old man.

I had to stand again, but this time I was between an old lady and a girl who looked to be 3 or 4 years younger than me. I chose to stand with my butt to the old lady. It wasn’t long before the girl realised that my dress was totally see-through and I watched her jaw drop and her eyes open wide when she saw my slit. Because I was standing with my feet apart to help me balance, I wondered if she could see my clit sticking out as well.

She stared for a while then I saw her head lift so I turned mine a little, but kept her head in my peripheral vision. I saw her smile as she saw my tits, probably because hers were bigger than mine.

After a few seconds her head lowered and turned to the girl she was sat next to. She was of a similar age and the girl who had already seen my slit and tits whispered something to her.

Her eyes instantly went to my slit then after a few seconds, up to my tits.

Then they whispered some more before 4 eyes returned to my slit and stayed there.

I wanted to put on a little show for them so I reached into my bag and turned the egg up to full blast. My pussy twitched and I saw both heads go back in surprise.

To help my orgasm come a little quicker I clenched then released my pussy muscles over and over again, knowing that the girls would be able to see some of the movement. I confirmed that when I saw one of the girl’s jaw drop.

I was happy and getting happier by the second.

When the orgasm arrived I clenched and released every muscle in my lower abdomen that I could, and pushed my pubic bone as far forwards as I could.

The girl’s faces were amazing. Anyone would think that they’d never had an orgasm before.

For about 90 percent of that journey those 4 eyes were on my body as I managed to cum 3 times before the bus pulled off the road at the end of its journey.

I was off the bus before those girls and I went to get a bottle of cola. When I came out and crossed the road to go down onto the beach I saw the 2 girls standing with what, presumably, were their parents.

They saw me and they watched as I stopped at the top of the slope down to the beach, took my dress and shoes off and turned the egg off. I turned and looked at them one last time before continuing down onto the beach. The girls were still looking at me so I waved at them.

This time when I got through the clothed area I didn’t wait long before stopping and spreading my towel. I couldn’t have been more that 20 metres from the end of the clothed area and the café. I was getting braver.

I spread my towel close to the water’s edge and got on my hands and knees to arrange my belongings, I didn’t look but if anyone was behind me they would have had a great view.

Satisfied, I got to my feet and covered myself with sunblock then lay on my back, up on my elbows and feet wide apart. My excuse for the last bit was that I’d noticed that my inner thighs and pussy weren’t getting as tanned as the rest of my body.

For a while I watched the people walking along the water’s edge to see which of them looked my way and stared at my pussy. Surprisingly, I counted just as many women as men.

Then I straightened my elbows and closed my eyes.

I did doze off, but not for long; then I got back onto my hands and knees and went into my bag and turned my egg back on; to full blast.

After finishing the last of the cola I lay on my stomach, again with my legs spread wide; and waited.

I’m guessing that it was 5 minutes before the orgasm arrived. I said, “Priapus” but there was no one to hear me. My body jerked about but was limited in how far it could go because I was flat on my stomach.

Then I relaxed again.

Five Minutes later, another orgasm arrived and I again said, “Priapus”.

After that I got back onto my hands and knees and turned my egg right down. I turned and sat on my butt for a while, looking out to sea and the yachts that were moored in the bay; and watching the walkers.

I was starting to feel a little restless and decided to do some exercises so I did a lot of the very pussy exposing exercises that I do in the gym and did with Kate and Zoe on that same beach. I say the same beach but the last time we were at the back of the beach, this time I was doing it on the wet sand at the water’s edge.

As you can imagine a little naked girl doing handstands and doing the standing splits caused most of the people walking by to either go around me, or stop and watch me.

I preferred the latter group, and by the time I finished I must have had over half a dozen people, including the 2 girls from the bus, watching me.

When I stopped I just stood there as the people resumed their journeys. When the 2 girls got to where I was stood I said,

“Hi, remember me from the bus?”

“Yes.” One of them said. “How could I forget you when your pussy was so close to my face that I could see the spasms as you orgasmed. You were cumming weren’t you?

“Going for a wander are you? I’m Georgia by the way; and yes, I was cumming.”

“Err yes, I’m Lucy and this is Harper.”

“Hi Georgia.”

“Mind if I walk with you.”

“No, I guess not.”

I looked over to my towel and remembered that I had remembered to bury my purse in the sand under my towel so I turned and we started walking towards the nude end of the beach.

After the regular boring sort of questions I said,

“So you were going to wander up here to have a look at the naked men were you?”

“Yeah, why not?

“You want to see what you’ve got to look forwards to.”

“Something like that.”

“Your parents won’t mind you coming up here then?”

“Didn’t tell them; we just told them that we were going for a walk.”

“So you’re a nudist then Georgia?”

“Never really thought about it but I guess that I am.”

“You don’t mind people seeing you down there?” Lucy asked.

“Lucy, after seeing that display there’s no way that Georgia can mind people seeing her naked.” Harper said.

“No, I don’t mind, in fact it turns me on knowing that men are looking at something they can’t have.” I replied.

“So are you a lesbian then Georgia?” Lucy asked.

“Definitely not, but I guess that I’m bi, I like girls as well.”

“So girls, now that we’re in amongst the naked people are you going to take those bikinis off? Not that they cover much anyway.”

“I don’t think so.” Lucy replied.

“A few too many people for you are there?”

“Yes.” Harper replied.

“So you’d take them off if we were somewhere more private?”

“Probably.” Lucy said.

“How about a walk in the woods with no one around; or a little beach with no one else there?”

“I think that I could do that.” Lucy said,

“Yeah.” Harper said.

“How about we keep walking up and along that path?” I asked as we got through the crowd of people?”

“Okay, but we can’t be too long; out parents will be worried.” Lucy said.

“No they won’t; they’ll only worry if we’re not there to get the bus back to Ibiza.” Harper said.

After a while we got to a place where we could look down on a nice little beach, and by the looks of it, the couple that were there were just packing up to leave.

“Hang on a minute girls.” I said; “let’s go down there.”

They agreed and by the time we got down there the couple were climbing up to the path. Standing on the sand with my feet in the sea, I said,

Look all around; not a soul in sight and all we can hear is the sea. Isn’t that wonderful?”

“Yes, I wish that daddy would bring us to a place like this instead of those crowded beaches.” Harper said. “It’s beautiful.”

“How about a swim?” I asked.

“Yeah, why not?”

“How about a naked swim?” I asked.

“I don’t know.” Lucy said, as Harper was already freeing her, what looked like B cup tits.

“Oh go on.” Lucy said after looking around and seeing no one.

Two bald pussy’s followed me into the sea and out to where we couldn’t touch the bottom.

“Feel that water rushing passed you nipples and pussy.” I said; “Isn’t that nice?”

“Yes, it is.” Harper said.

Just then the egg got the better of me and I rolled onto my back and floated my way through the orgasm.

“Are you okay Georgia? Your face looked like Lucy’s when she’s cumming.”

“Harper!”

“Yes I was cumming. Want to swim towards those people?” I asked.

“No, I’m getting out now.” Lucy said.

Harper and I followed Lucy back to the little beach where she quickly put her bikini back on. Harper did the same when she landed.

“I think that we should be going back now Harper.” Lucy said.

“You’re probably right; mum will be getting worried.”

As we climbed up onto the path Harper said,

“That was nice; we’ve got to find a way to do that again Lucy.”

“Yeah, I guess that it was.” Lucy added.

“There are quite a few beaches on Ibiza where you can sunbathe and swim naked but this one’s the best.” I said.

“I like it here.” Lucy said.

After a pause Harper said,

“So how come you were cumming whilst you were just standing on the bus Georgia? Was it because you were virtually naked and we were watching you?”

“Partially that, but I had a little help from my pleasurable friend. You see I’ve got a vibrating egg inside my vagina.”

“Is that what caused you to cum while you were swimming as well?” Lucy asked.

“Yes, it was.”

“Awesome.” Harper said, “I wish that we could get something like that.”

We walked back through the naked area with both Lucy and Harper looking at just about every cock that was on display.

It wasn’t long before we got to my towel and I told them that I was going to get an ice cream.

“Like that?” Lucy asked.

“Yes, I’ve been in there like this a few times. No one seems to care.”

“Wow,” Harper said, “I wish that I had your courage Georgia.”

“Think about doing it and get to wanting to do it and eventually you will do it Harper.”

“Maybe Georgia; gotta go, maybe see you here again. Bye”

Lucy and Harper headed off into the crowd of clothed people whilst I dug my purse out of the sand and went to the beach bar. I was right about no one caring about my nudity. I got the ice cream and went and sat on edge of the raised wooden floor of the shop round the back of the beach bar.

I sat with my knees up and a couple of teenage boys that were arriving at the beach had a good look at my pussy as they walked by.

When I was finished eating I went into the shop and had a look around but nothing looked interesting.

Back at my towel I sunbathed, with my legs spread wide, both on my back and on my front. It was so relaxing that I turned the egg off and dozed off a couple of times.

When I decided to leave I packed up and walked along the clothed area and looked for Lucy and Harper. I saw them quite close to the water’s edge and I waved to them. Their father just stared at me.

I had the usual fun sitting on the curb stone before getting the bus back to Ibiza town. It was the same miserable looking driver so I again held my bag in front of my dress.

There were quite a few people on the bus and I had to stand again, and it was a boring journey.

Back at the marina I showered then relaxed with a couple of tequilas before selecting which ultra-short skater skirt and which baggy cropped, crop top I was going to wear for my evening out.

I’d already taken my egg out when I got back to the boat and I debated with myself whether or not to put it back inside me. In the end I decided not to; I wanted full access to any fingers that went up my hole.

Shortly after it got dark I got ready and walked round the bay. It was slightly breezy and I wanted to have 2 things; firstly the nice breeze across my pussy, and secondly, a few wardrobe malfunction that, hopefully, I wouldn’t know about because the material of my skirt was so light.

I had both; I was the skirt fly up a couple of times but I have no idea how many other times the wind blew it up.

The night people were starting to wake up when I got round the bay but first, I wanted to get something to eat. I wandered around until I found a café that I could sit outside and I had a nice meal and a bottle of champagne. I don’t think that I flashed anyone, but who knows, in that skirt anything could have happened. I certainly wasn’t trying to not flash anyone.

Meal over, it was time for me to go and get groped.

There were only a handful of men customers when I got there so I was able to get one of the bar stools. I sat on it with the back of my skirt hanging over the stool letting the men know that I wasn’t sitting on it. I opened my knees and put my feet on the side bars of the stool and looked at the list of cocktails that they had.

I laughed at a few of the names then ordered one called ‘Climax Explosion’. The barman smiled and made it for me. The yellow drink came with a thin stirrer in the shape of a penis, complete with 2 little balls.

“Bloody hell,” I thought, “that thing is smaller than the tampons that I use.”

I sat sipping my drink and waiting for the first groper.

I lost count of the number of different hands that I had on my tits and pussy that night; and the number of fingers that went into my hole; but I do remember the number of orgasms that I had; only 3.

Well, you can’t have everything but I really did enjoy being groped.

I had a relatively early night.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 23**

As I was walking back from the café the next morning, Sebastian called me over and asked me if I was free the next day. I said that I was from late morning on so he told me that he and a couple of his mates would pick me up at noon the next day.

“What should I bring?” I asked.

“Nothing; just come as you are.”

I was totally naked so that’s what I’d be like when he and his mates arrived.

I had another appointment with my hypnotist in a couple of hours and I wanted to get some more saying ‘Priapus’ practice in before I went. I set an alarm on my phone for an hour and dragged my sybian out to the rear of the deck. If I couldn’t put it somewhere where people could see me on it then at least I could put it somewhere where I could see people.

I lowered myself on to it and switched it on. With my super sensitive pussy it wasn’t long before an orgasm was on its way; then another, then another. I managed to cum 6 times before my alarm went off.

I had another shower, put an easy to get off dress on then went to get a taxi.

As I walked through the marina I saw Zoe and Kate walking towards me. As always these days they were naked and Kate had a smile on her face.

“Hi ladies; out for your punishment walk?”

“Yes;” Kate said, “and you’ll never guess what’s just happened to me?”

“You’ve won the lottery.”

“No silly, daddy has just fucked me.”

“Good; I’m pleased for you Kate. I’m assuming that he spanked you and fingered you before he fucked you?”

“Yes, 2 orgasms and it isn’t even lunchtime.”

“So how come you’ve got some clothes on Georgia?” Zoe asked.

“I’ve got an appointment with my hypnotist.”

“I see; Priapus.” Zoe said.

Other than a slight tingle in my pussy, nothing else happened.

“Still not working then.” Kate asked.

“No, this will be my third visit; Chuck said that it would probably take 4 visits.”

“So does he fuck you when you’re there Georgia?” Kate asked.

“I don’t think so, but he puts me in a hypnotic trance and I never remember what happens or is said when I’m under.”

“So he might have fucked you?”

“Well if he did he was wearing a condom because I don’t get his cum running out of me and down the inside of my legs.”

“In this heat it would probably dry as soon as it left your pussy; and you’ve always had a wet pussy when I’ve looked.” Zoe added.

“You’ve been looking at my pussy have you Zoe? People might start to think that you’re a lesbian.”

“No, it’s just that it’s rare for me to see you with any clothes on and you’re always spreading your legs so it’s difficult not to see it.”

“Relax Zoe, I know that you’re not gay; you’re just like Kate and me, appreciate a beautiful, young female body. Anyway, I’ve got to go, got to give Chuck the chance to fuck me without me knowing. If I don’t see you later today I’ll be round to yours in the morning to confess my sins to your father.”

“I nearly said that you don’t have to do that Georgia.” Zoe said; “but you want my father to spank and fuck you don’t you?”

“Seeya girls; have fun, and try to piss-off your father some more.”

I walked off to get a taxi.

Chuck opened the door, I went in and perched my butt on the front of his low sofa.

“So Chuck, what’s going to happen today? Will I be able to orgasm each time that someone says ‘Priapus’? I’ve been practicing making myself cum and saying ‘Priapus’; look.”

I stood up, pulled my dress off, lay back on the sofa with my legs open and my right hand got busy.

“Well good afternoon to you too Georgia.” Chuck finally managed to say. “I told you the last 2 times that you came to see me that getting naked and masturbating in front of me is not required for your desired hypnotic outcome to be achieved.”

“But it will help won’t it?”

“Perhaps, there has never been a study to prove it one way or another.”

“But it might help.”

“Possibly.”

By that time I was getting close and there was no way that I would have stopped even if he’d told me to. Chuck sat at his desk and watched me orgasm with all the bodily actions that I normally have.

“Are you finished Georgia?”

“For now.”

“So can we start today’s session?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Right Georgia, today I’m going to put you under then build on the association of the word ‘Priapus’ with an orgasm deep in your brain. As I told you before, today’s session may, or may not be enough for it to work. If it does I believe that it would be best for you to come back for at least one more session just to reinforce that association.”

“Are you going to fuck me whilst I’m ‘under’?”

“Georgia, I’ve told you before, I’m a professional hypnotist and taking advantage of a patient would not be ethical or professional.”

“But you can fuck me if you want Chuck.”

“Georgia; I think that we should get on with the session.”

Chuck got his tablet out and let me stare at the screen.

The next thing that I knew, I was lying lengthways on the sofa, still naked, and with one foot on the floor. My pussy felt warm.

“Welcome back Georgia. You may sit up now.”

I didn’t move and said,

“So did it work Chuck? Did you fuck me? Priapus.”

Nothing happened.

“Georgia; it’s when other people say Priapus.”

And it hit me. Wow, I’ve never had an orgasm before without any sort of build-up to it and it sort of caught me off-guard; but it was nice.

“Oh fuck!” I said as my body jerked about. “Yes, yes, thank you Chuck.”

As the waves of pleasure started to recede I looked over to Chuck; he was smiling.

“I guess that it works Chuck; thank you. Say it again please; just to prove that it wasn’t a fluke.”

“‘Priapus’.” Chuck said.

It wasn’t a fluke. As my heart rate got back to something like normal, I again thanked Chuck.

“As I said earlier Georgia, I believe that you should come back for 1 more session to cement the association in your mind. If you don’t it may wear off with time.”

“Okay Chuck; same time next week is it?”

“Yes please; and will you settle your bill next week as well please?”

“We can do that now if you like Chuck.”

“Okay, if that’s what you wish.”

As he was using the card reader I asked him,

“So next week Chuck, will you tell me if you’ve been fucking me and taking lots of photographs of my pussy and tiny tits?”

“Georgia; I’ve answered that question many times already. Thank you for paying me; have you any different questions?”

The session was over so I stood up and started walking to the door.

“Georgia.” Chuck said and pointed to my dress.

I giggled and went and put it on; then left.

As I walked out I though back to the times when I’d asked Chuck if he’d fucked me; and each time he’s not actually said ‘yes’ or ‘no’. Maybe I’ll get a proper answer out of him next week.

I also decided that I’d have to think of ways that I can get men, well mainly men, to say ‘Priapus’.

I’d planned on going to the gym next but it was a bit early, maybe there’s be no one there, no one to look at my pussy and watch me cum. I headed towards the harbour to get something to eat and to see if I could find any shops that looked interesting.

I looked in a few clothes and shoe shops but nothing took my fancy, then I saw an illuminated sign that said SEX SHOP. My eyes lit up and my pussy juiced up.

I walked up to the door and saw the sign stating the opening times. I looked at my phone and saw that I had 10 minutes to wait.

I turned and looked for the nearest café and went and had an ice cream and a cola. I sat there watching the sex shop to see if I could see it open. I knew that the way I was sat my pussy was on display but I wasn’t interested in that, I was eager to get into that sex shop and see what they’d got.

After what seemed like hours, I saw a 30 something man open the door and go in. I waved at the waiter and paid my bill then went to the shop.

I was half expecting it to be a dingy place with dirty old men in raincoats waiting to flash any girl that went in but the place was quite clean and bright. The only man there when I went in was the man that I’d seen open up.

I smiled at him then started to browse. Wow; I was amazed by the number of DVDs and the range of things there. Hundreds of things that I never would have imagined and never would have considered buying. I zeroed in on the displays and shelves with the vibrators on them. One time when I’d been on the beach I realised that I only had one egg and that if it went faulty it would be days, even weeks before I could get another one so I was looking to get another one.

Besides, I hadn’t brought the one that I had and I was going to the gym, I needed to get one. The problem was, some of the eggs that they had were high up and some were low down. Looking at the packaged low down ones was easy; I just bent over and picked them up.

It was after I’d bent over the second time that I thought about the display that I was giving when I bent over. I looked round, and yes, the man was watching me. So was another man that had come in.

When I bent over the third time I made sure that I was displaying everything; and for quite a few seconds. As I stood up I looked round and smiled at the 2 men.

Not being too impressed with the bottom of the range eggs that I’d looked at I reached up to get the most expensive one that they had. But before I did that turned sideways a bit so that when my dress went up as I reached up, my pussy would be on display.

I reached up and pretended to have a bit of trouble unhooking the package. After a few seconds I managed to get the package off the hook and lowered it; allowing my dress to fall back into place; not that it covered much when it was in its normal place.

I studied that package and the writing on it and decided that it was as good, if not better, than the one that I already had. I decided to get it. Then I had an idea, get one for Kate and one for Zoe as well. Then we could swap controls and have some fun.

I reached up and put on another display for the now 3 men, to get a second egg. Then I did it again for a third egg. Taking all 3 to the sales counter, in Spanish I said,

“I’ll take all 3, but I want some other things, can you hold those for me?”

My accent must have given me away again because the man replied in English saying that he would.

I smiled at him then went and started browsing again.

I got amazed at some of the things that they had; I mean, who would want to put a ring on a penis to stop the man peeing?

“Oh well; each to their own.” I thought and moved on.

I came to some handcuff and decided to get some. I wanted proper ones, not the play things with pink feathers on. I found them and got a package off the racks. Then I saw the ankle and wrist cuffs like they had at the club. Like the handcuffs, I didn’t have an immediate use for them but I thought that I might have a use for them sometime so I got them off the racks as well.

I took them to the counter and put them with the eggs.

Going back to where I left off, I moved on and decided that it would be nice to have a ball-gag so I reached up and unhooked one. I forgot about the 3 voyeurs and they only got a quick flash of my butt.

Then I saw some collars and leashes and remembered the pink collar that James had given me. I remembered that the collar was in my toys drawer so I un-hooked a pink leash to go with it.

As I took them to the counter I passed some naught nurse and similar outfits. When I got to the sales counter and put the ball-gag, handcuffs and leash on it I asked the man if I could try-on some of the clothes.

“Sorry, we don’t have a changing room.”

“Can I try them on here in the shop?”

“I guess so.”

I turned and walked back to where the clothes were hanging and selected a naughty nurse outfit. Then I looked at the voyeurs and pushed off the shoulder straps of my dress. It fell to the floor and I stepped out of it leaving me totally naked from the ankles up.

I smiled at the men then stepped into the nurse’s outfit. Pulling it up I looked down at myself and smoothed it down front and back. It didn’t feel right and it certainly didn’t look as good as the receptionist at the massage place.

I took it off, hung it back up then browsed through the rest of the outfits.

Not finding anything that I liked I put my own dress back on then went to the sales counter to pay for the items that I’d selected.

“Have you got any batteries for the eggs and controllers please?” I asked.

“Si Señora.”

“Can you put some in one of the eggs and give me a box of them please?”

I watched as he put batteries in one egg and its controller. When he was done he started to put it back in its packaging.

“No, I don’t want it back in that package,” I said; “can you pass it to me please?”

He did and I took the egg and squat down. I looked around to see if the men were still watching me. Satisfied that they were all watching, I slowly pushed my new egg into my hole as far as I could.

Standing up, I straightened my dress and smiled at the men.

The man ringing up the sale smiled back then continued ringing up the sale.

I got out my Black Amex card and paid the man before leaving with a bag containing the additions to my toys collection.

I had a bit of a smug grin on my face as I walked to the gym.

Just before I got there, I got the new remote control out of the bag and stood on the pavement and experimented. If anyone had passed close to me they would have heard my gasps, oows and aargh and seen me squeezing my legs together as I reacted to the different settings.

I liked the fact that there was a switch to go from constant to random.

I was a little apprehensive when it came to trying the setting that the symbol implied gave an electric shock. After an initial thought that it might kill me I reasoned that even China wouldn’t manufacture a vibrator that kills.

I turned the knob 1click clockwise and instantly jumped. When I landed I was still alive but my pussy was certainly tingling a lot more, my body was shaking like hell and I was gasping for more air whilst saying lots of ‘ooooh’ and ‘aarrgggs’. The other strange thing was that I heard a bell ringing; not loud but loud enough to know that I’d heard it. I decided that I’d have to experiment later.

My spare hand went to one of my tits and squeezed what little there was. It was like the electric shock had gone from inside my hole right up to my nipples that were suddenly throbbing like hell.

I decided that I was going to like these electric shocks.

I opened one of the other packages and saw a small metal circle on the egg.

I set the egg inside me to vibrate at slow speed but to give me random fast burst and random electric shocks.

“That should give the people at the gym something to look at.” I thought; then finished my journey.

Pedro was sat at reception when I walked in. After the pleasantries he told me that he had the second memory stick for me. He got it out and I put it in my bag.

He commented on me being a little earlier than usual then added that it wasn’t a problem as there were a few men in the workout room.

“Pedro,” I said, “I come here to get some exercise not flaunt my naked body in front of men. How many?”

“Six I think; and 1 girl about your age.”

“Good, can you keep this shopping bag for me please? I think that it’s a bit big for the lockers.”

“Sure, no problem.”

I handed him the bag and wondered if he’d look inside and see what I’ve been buying. I smiled as I walked to the changing room.

There was no one else in there as I got naked then walked to the workout room.

I was surprised to see that the girl that Pedro mentioned was also stark naked with shaved bald pubes as well.

The 6 men in there were doing very little exercise, just watching the girl. When they saw me they had the problem of who to watch.

I decided to help them my going to the mats where the girl was and doing some exercises there. Then the men’s eyes wouldn’t be going from one end of the room to the other all the time.

I smiled at the girl and said “Hi.”

In Spanish she said,

“I hope that you don’t mind but I saw you here the other day and wanted to try exercising like you. I asked Pedro and he said that I could exercise dressed anyway that I liked.”

“Sure, it’s not a problem with me, the more the merrier. I’m Georgia.”

“I’m Natalia; I quite like this, I’ve never had so much attention from men. I saw that you were completely shaved so I saved the rest of mine off as well.”

“Okay then; have you been here long?”

“No, only a few minutes; it took me a while to find the courage to do it but now that I’m here I’m really enjoying it.”

“Yes, the ancient Greeks knew what they were doing when they exercised naked.” I replied hoping that she’d start talking about Greek Gods.

She didn’t, instead she got on with her exercises, exposing her pussy and thrusting her ‘bigger than mine’ tits out in front of her. She also appears to like to shake them about when she’s bent over.

I was in the crab position when my first orgasm from my new egg arrived. I managed to lower myself down onto the floor and just lay there with my legs open as I rode the waves of pleasure, my body jerking about as the orgasm saw fit to make me. Even Natalia stopped and watched me.

When / as I started my next exercise Natalia said,

“How do you make yourself cum like that? Or is it just because you’re being watched? I can cum just by being watched.”

I didn’t want to tell her about my egg so I just told her that it was because so many men were watching me. She smiled and said that it was good being like that.

I’d never really thought about orgasming just by being naked and being watched by men before, but she was right, I had. Not as many times as she had by the sound of it.

When the first electric shock hit me I again collapsed to the floor but this time my right hand went to my pussy and my left hand went to my tits. Both were throbbing and my body was shaking and my breathing was rapid. Just like when I’d first tried the egg electric shock knob, just turning the knob 1 click, and I heard a bell ringing again.

I rode the waves of the orgasm that the electric shock had given me until they subsided. Then I finished my floor exercises as if nothing had happened.

Then I went to the cycles. After adjusting the seat I got on and started pedalling. Natalia came over and did the same with the cycle beside mine.

After a minute or so of her pedalling and sliding from side to side on the seat, she said,

“This is so much more fun than when I tried it last week. I guess that it wasn’t as good because I was wearing shorts and a thong.”

“Yeah,” I relied, “you have to be naked.” I replied as my next orgasm approached.

I rode that bike to 2 more orgasms before getting off and moving to the leg spreader where I ‘accidentally’ managed to get it to go crazy for a while and really put my wet pussy on display for all to see.

As I let the machine have its way with me I wondered if Pedro could get an attachment for it that would rise up and fuck me when it put me in a certain position. I thought that it would be a good project for me when I go and work for daddy.

After a few minutes I pressed the appropriate key sequence then released myself from the leg restraints.

I just had a few more exercises to do and as I was about to start them Natalia asked me how I got the leg spreader to go crazy.

“Keep thumping the control panel until it happens.” I said as I clenched a fist and banged it down onto an imaginary control panel.

I watched Natalia do some proper leg stretches as I finished my routine then I stood with the guys who were watching Natalia. Then she started thumping the control panel. After her fourth thump it went crazy and her legs went all over the place.

I decided that it was time to leave and went and got a shower. It was as I was washing my hair that I remembered that I hadn’t shown Natalia how to stop the leg spreader machine.

“Oh well, she’ll enjoy being exposed like that.”

Just then a random blast of full power from my egg pushed me over the top and I had to wash my pussy again.

In a way I was glad that the egg hadn’t given me any more shocks. I switched it off, deciding that I’d really have to experiment with the setting sometime; and what was that bell that I’d heard; surely it wasn’t in the egg? Why would anyone put a bell inside a vibrator?

On my way out I stuck my head into the workout room and saw Natalie just sitting on the leg spreader. She looked knackered but happy and I wondered who and how someone got the machine to stop.

I stopped at reception and got my bag of goodies from Pedro and when I got out onto the street I had a look in and saw that the packages weren’t packed in the same way. Pedro must have taken them out and had a look at them.

I stopped to get something to eat on the way to the club and had a nice meal and a few drinks. I chose a restaurant rather than a café and didn’t really get the opportunity to flash anyone; although I did play with the remote control and made myself cum whilst I was waiting for my meal.

At the club I was rushed to get ready for the evenings event. I knew it was called Public Humiliation but that was all that I knew. Getting ready was getting naked, taking the egg out, and going to the stage.

Diego was there along with Daniella, who was also totally naked, and 3 other clothed men.

I walked up to Daniella and asked her what was going on.

“Those 3 guys are going to paint some adverts for the club on our bodies, front and back.”

“Okay, what happens then?”

“We’re given a dress and some shoes to put on then we go for a walk.”

“But if we’ve got a dress on no one will see the adverts.”

“The dress only stays on until we get down to the harbour.”

“Then we get naked; oow goody; naked in public.”

“You’re not averse to being handcuffed are you Georgia?”

“Handcuffed as well; this just gets better and better.”

Three of the guys with big cocks appeared. Each was wearing just a loincloth and sandals.

The 3 artist guys got to work painting adverts all over all 5 torsos; but for some unknown reason, none or our tits got painted. I asked one of the guys if the paint would wash off when we’d finished and I was happy that it would.

About an hour later Daniella and I were taken to a wardrobe full of heels and told to pick a pair. Then we were given dresses to put on.

They were horrible, nearly down to my knees, plain red and sleeveless.

I wondered if I had some sort of premonition when the next things happened. Firstly a dog collar, with a leash hanging down my front, was put on me, secondly a ball-gag was put in my mouth then finally my wrists were cuffed behind me.

Diego came and inspected all 5 of us then Daniella, me, the 3 loincloths and Diego left the club to walk down to the harbour. We got a few amused looks as we went and, apart from the dress, I felt good.

Down at the harbour, we first went to the little square where lots of people congregated. In the middle of the square a loincloth came up to Daniella and myself and literally ripped the dresses off us leaving us naked apart from the shoes and accessories.

“Things are getting better.” I thought and a loincloth grabbed my lease and started leading me around all the people.

Of course, everyone wanted to look and touch the 2 mobile billboards and I felt good.

I heard someone say,

“Well that beats those stupid pizza boxes that stand on street corners looking bored out of their tiny little minds.”

After the square, the loincloths led us into quite a few of the bars. Hundreds of people were getting to see Daniella and me naked.

As the night moved on the touching changed to groping and fingering.

Because of the handcuffs and the ball-gags Daniella and I could do nothing about the hands; not that we wanted to that is. The other thing that started was my orgasms. My super-sensitive, O-Shot enhanced pussy started to respond to the groping and one of the loincloth commented on the number of times that we all had to stop because I couldn’t walk whilst I was cumming.

We seemed to go round in a big circle because we eventually ended up back in that little square. By that time the place was heaving and the groping moved on to the next stage – bending us over and fucking us; right in the middle of the crowd. Other hands were mauling our tits at the same time.

To start off with it was just the loincloths that fucked us but when they’d done with us they invited others to fuck us. At least Daniella didn’t have to stop because I couldn’t walk and I was fucked even when I was cumming.

The fucking seemed to go on for hours and the men’s cum and my juices were running down the insides of my legs. There was just too much of it for the warm night air to dry it as it came out of me.

Finally, I heard Diego telling the loincloths that enough was enough and the loincloths pulled on our leashes to lead us away from the sex-hungry crowd.

Daniella and I were led all the way back to the club, still totally naked, ball-gag and cuffs still in place.

I saw one police car drive passed us but it didn’t stop causing me to wonder how often that sort of thing happened and what I could do to have some fun.

Back at the Club Diego led us through the customers that were still there and removed everything but the paint from us then told us to go and shower.

As Diego was removing them from me he said,

“You did well little Lolita; most girls panic and try to run away when the fucking starts.”

“So how many different men fucked me?”

“I’m not sure, but more than your age.”

“Wow,” I thought, “I’ve set a new record; pity he can’t put an exact number on it.”

Daniella and I shared the shower to help each other get all the paint off then. I asked her how many times she done that job and she proudly said,

“Seven times now.”

“I’ve got a long way to go to catch up with you then.” I replied.

She smiled then replied,

“They get better each time; Diego seems to let the fucking go on for longer each time.”

“Maybe he likes watching us get fucked.”

“Maybe.”

I remembered to take my shopping back to the boat but I didn’t open any of it.

As soon as I got to the boat I got the hosepipe out and filled my pussy about half a dozen times. All that man cum inside it was still seeping out in the taxi on the way back.

Then I went to bed.

The next morning I woke up around 10 am. The first thing that I did was to check my pussy to see if I was sore or anything else. I was pleased with what I found so the fingers on my right hand got busy.

After that it was a session in the bathroom then it was confession time. Without even putting any shoes on I left the boat and walked round to Kate’s and Zoe’s boat. As I approached I could see both girls standing at the back of the boat, naked as always these days.

When I got onto the boat I turned to Mr. Billingham and apologised for keeping his daughters out all night; saying that it was all my idea and that I was sorry. I continued telling him that I was ready to accept any punishment that he felt appropriate.

That was Mrs. Billingham’s cue to disappear and within a minute she was leaving the boat with a shopping bag in her hand.

“Right young lady; full credit to you for admitting your guilt but that doesn’t diminish the seriousness of your crime. I believe that you should get at least the same punishment as my daughters. Do you accept that?”

“Yes sir.”

“Good; Zoe, clear the table please.”

Zoe removed the mugs from the table and took them down to the galley. Meanwhile I was instructed to lie on the table on my back with my butt just hanging over the end.

As I did that I instinctively spread my legs wide.

“Lift your legs Georgia and take them back and put them behind your shoulders.”

I heard Kate gasp a little, probably because she hadn’t told me that she’d had to put her legs behind her shoulders.

Mr. Billingham then started spanking me. As I expected, the pain soon turned to pleasure and I started cumming. The last couple of swats were directly onto my pussy and that re-ignited the orgasm that was starting to recede.

When I was able, I looked over to Kate and Zoe. I could see Kate mouthing the word ‘sorry’.

I turned my gaze to Mr. Billingham; his face was all red and his trousers looked ‘interesting’.

“Release your legs Georgia and get to your feet.”

I did.

“Now turn round and bend over the table.”

I did; and was rewarded, sorry, punished, by Mr. Billingham ramming his cock hard into me. He rammed in to me so hard that I was sure that he was bruising the front of my legs where they met with the edge of the table.

He pounded in and out of me until I felt his cum squirt inside me. Unfortunately, that wasn’t long enough to make me cum.

The he surprised me by telling me to get back up on the table and again put my legs behind my shoulders.

I did as instructed then was surprised to hear him tell Zoe and Lucy that it was their turn to spank me.

“What? No, I won’t do that to my friend.” Kate said.

“No I won’t.” Zoe said.

“You will young ladies, or I will be forced to increase the severity of your punishments; make them even more humiliating for you.”

“It’s okay girls,” I said, “Do as you father tells you.”

Zoe stepped forward and stood beside me.

“Go on girl; 10 of your hardest swats.”

Zoe did, but I would never call them hard swats. Just to make Mr. Billingham think that they were harder than they actually were, I said, “Ouch” after each one.

Then it was Kate’s turn.

I repeated the ‘Ouch’ after each swat, but again they weren‘t very hard; definitely not hard enough to make me cum again.

Again, I got another surprise.

Stay where you are Georgia; Kate and Zoe will now manipulate you breasts and genitals until you have an orgasm.

“What! I’m not a lesbian daddy.” Zoe said.

“I’m not either.” Kate added.

“You will do it; or else. ……”

Kate and Zoe stepped forwards.

“I don’t know what to do daddy.” Kate said.

“Don’t give me that; I’ve watched you two pleasuring yourselves.”

“Daddy! You haven’t have you? When?”

“Many times young lady.”

I actually saw both Kate and Zoe blush before they started massaging my tits and rubbing my clit. I was going to have to talk to them about their voyeur father.

With my pussy being so sensitive, and the fact that it wasn’t long since I’d just cum, the girls found it easy to make me cum. As I peeked then calmed down, the 3 of them just watched me. I felt good.

“Right Georgia; you may go now, but remember, if you continue to corrupt my daughters and you have the honesty to come round here and admit it, you will get at least the same punishment as them. Now go.”

“No walk of shame daddy?” Zoe asked.

“No, as soon as your mother gets back we are taking the yacht out.”

“Where are we going daddy?”

“I’ve heard about a nice beach somewhere near the airport. I can’t remember the name but it was something to do with salt. Go Georgia.”

As I walked back to daddy’s boat I wondered if Mr. Billingham would humiliate his daughters by making them go ashore in the nude.

When I got back to daddy’s boat I checked my butt to make sure that no skin was broken then I went over to the café for something to eat. I didn’t know when I’d be able to eat again.

It was 12:10 when a car drove into the car park not far from the boat. I saw Sebastian get out of it and I waved to him then set off to walk down to him.

As I got close I said,

“Well you said to come as I was.”

“And we are glad that you did Georgia aren’t we guys?” He replied in Spanish.

Sebastian introduced his 3 mates and apologised for the poor English that they spoke.

“That’s okay, we are in Spain so we can talk in Spanish; I just hope that they can understand me.”

“I’m sure that we’ll get by; if you don’t understand anything that they say just ask me.”

We got into the car, with me sandwiched in the middle of the back seat. As we drove out of Ibiza town it hit me that I was totally naked in the back of a car with one man that I just about knew, and 3 who I had never met before; and I was getting further away from any clothes by the second.

“What’s the worst that they’re likely to do to me?” I thought; “Rape me? It wouldn’t be called rape.”

Then something else crossed my mind,

“Hey, slow down Sebastian; I don’t want you to get stopped by the police, not with me like this; and I certainly don’t want to be in an accident like this.”

Sebastian did slow down and the 2 guys either side of me started to talk to me. The started by complimenting my body. I always like those compliments.

We drove for about 45 minutes and then pulled off the road and went down a dirt track. As we bounced along I saw 1 of the guys staring at my tits.

“They’re not big enough to bounce about.” I said as I squeezed them then pulled and rolled my nipples.

“They are very nice.” The guy said,

“You like them then?”

“Si.”

“You can touch them if you like.”

He did, and shortly afterwards, his mate grabbed my other one.

We didn’t make it to the beach right away; when we got out of the car just short of the path down to the beach, one of the guys asked if he could take some photographs of me. Of course I agreed and they spent the next 30 minutes or so taking hundreds of photos of me. Needless to say that in most of them I had my legs wide open.

When we finally made it to the top of the beach I saw a beautiful little beach and bay. The only bad thing was that it was a bit of a steep climb down to it.

I was disappointed when the guys didn’t take their shorts off and we sat on the sand drinking beer from the cool box that one of them carried down from the car.

Sebastian wasn’t drinking and he watched his mates get a little happy as they made their way through the cool box.

Sebastian and I went for a swim and he fucked me in the water. The others saw us and I didn’t managed to get out of the water until all of them had fucked me.

When I got back to the towel that one of the guys had lent me, the guy who had fucked me right after Sebastian asked me to masturbate for them; so I did. They were quite impressed at how quickly I orgasmed 2 of them saying that they wished that their girlfriends came that quickly. I didn’t tell them about the O-Shot.

After a while Sebastian said that it was time to go and we climbed back up the steep path to the car. The guys swapped seats so that I had a different guy on one side of me in the back so I had a different hand playing with one of my tits as we drove.

It was another quite long drive, by Ibiza standards, and we eventually came to a village way up in the hills. Sebastian drove the car through the village and it was obvious that they didn’t get many tourists.

He parked on the outskirts of the village and told me that we were going for a walk through the village.

“Sebastian, look at me; I’m naked, I can’t walk through a village; I’ll get arrested or at least have a lot of abuse thrown at me.”

“No you won’t; the police hardly ever come up here, there are never any problems; the villagers sort out their own problems. As for verbal abuse, I doubt that very much, they let their kids run around without any clothes on and you don’t look much older than a kid. Besides, you’ve got 4 brave men to look after you.”

“Well okay, but if there’s a problem it’s your fault.”

“Okay, let’s go.”

I couldn’t believe that I was doing it. Okay, I’d walked through Ibiza town naked only the previous night but this was broad daylight; in a village that probably was still living in the olden times. They couldn’t possibly accept a naked woman walking around the place.

Anyway, I did, and they did.

It was so exciting that my pussy was tingling, especially when I saw some yokels and they looked at me. They looked but they didn’t stare, maybe Sebastian was right.

It was mainly men and kids that I saw as we walked, and yes, some of the little kids were naked. The strange thing was that most of the men walking about were walking the same way as we were.

We walked right through the village and to a café on the main street. When it looked like we were going in I asked Sebastian if we were really going inside.

“Si, it will be alright.”

Going through the front door I saw a few tables and chairs near the door then a large area, about 10 metres by 10 metres at the back. There was a big TV monitor on one wall and a smaller one on an adjacent wall and a few tables and chairs round the other sides. I wondered if the café doubled as a village hall.

One of the guys with us went to bar to get us some drinks while the rest of us went to a table by the door. There were only 4 chairs at the table and the guys stopped me from getting one from another table.

“Sit on our knees or just stand.” I was told.

I stood and watched the increasing number of men entering the café. They all looked at me as they walked to the large area.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“Oh didn’t Sebastian tell you? We’ve come here to watch a football match.”

My first reaction as to be annoyed; very annoyed.

“A FOOTBALL MATCH; you’ve got to be joking. I’ve never watched one of those in my life and I’m not going to start now; Sebastian can you take me back to the marina please?”

“Hang on a minute Georgia; it’s not as bad as it seems. Yes, there will be a football game on that big screen; an English team, Manchester something or other, that’s why a few of these men are here. But on the other screen will be some videos of naked girls. That’s why most of these men are here.”

I thought for a few seconds,

“Porno movie, men getting horny, me naked; maybe it won’t be as bad as I first thought.”

“Well okay,” I said, “but if it gets boring I’ll want you to take me back to the marina Sebastian.”

“Okay, it’s a deal. It’s about 30 minutes before all the action starts, maybe you’d like to wander around, have a look at the place that I grew-up in.”

I picked up my drink and took a sip and thought,

“Maybe I could go for a wander around the village; see if I can see anyone. Daddy took me around a lot of Spanish villages in previous years so I could guess what this one would be like. But hey, wandering around would be better than just standing here.”

I finished my drink then announced that I’d be back later. I walked out hoping that they wouldn’t go and leave me stranded with no clothes, no money and no phone.

I did wander around the village, with no fear of getting lost, for about 30 or 40 minutes. I saw a few little kids running around, some of them naked, but the nearest I got to seeing an adult was a girl who was probably a couple of years younger than me. She stared at me for ages and I swear that her hand, which was in a pocket in her skirt, was playing with her pussy. Whatever.

When I got bored I went back to the café and saw that I was the only female in the room, that most of the tables and chairs had been moved to the big area and that all the men were watching the damn football. I walked around the room trying to see if I could distract any of them, without much success.

Then the other monitor came to life.

“Okay,” I thought, “maybe the porno would be interesting.”

As I looked up at that monitor I thought,

“That place looks familiar.”

Then I saw myself in daddy’s vest.

For a couple of seconds I was stunned. What the? How the? Why the? Were the 3 main questions that I started to think; then answered myself. That damn what’s his name; Alejandro, must have sold a copy of the promotional video that he was making for Pedro. I wondered if Pedro knew.

My initial surprise and possibly anger slowly turned to pleasure. What would these yokels do when they realised that the girl on the screen was the naked girl that was right in the middle of them.

I watched myself doing my first handstand at the gym and the vest puddling at my hands. Then I looked around; some of the men in the room were starting to get interested in the soft porno video and my pussy was tingling.

After a few seconds Sebastian came over to me.

“That’s you on the screen isn’t it Georgia?” Sebastian asked.

“Yes it is.”

“I’m sorry Georgia; I didn’t know that they had a video of you. Would you like to leave now?”

“No; I want to see people’s reaction when they realise that the girl on the screen is right in amongst them.”

“They might rape to Georgia.”

“No they won’t; but I might let some of them fuck me.”

I wandered around the room, pausing in front of the men who were looking at the video of me. Only a few of them took their eyes off the screen to look at me. That sort of disappointed me; at first I thought that they would rather look at a video than the real thing, then I realised that the video was showing close-up shots of my rather wet pussy. I hadn’t realised just how wet my pussy can look.

I kept alternating between walking in amongst the men and standing under the monitor that I was on. I wished that the sound was on because I remember making some really sexy moans and expletives.

Just when I thought that the monitor had shown all the footage of me it started with the time that Kate and Zoe went to the gym with me.

“2 girls with gorgeous bodies that might distract the men from me.” I thought. I wasn’t jealous of them; I like their bodies just as much as the men in that room.

The video ended with us 3 girls in the shower, Kate and Zoe caressing my body whilst rubbing my clit with their fingers.

Shortly after the soft porn videos finished, the football video ended and the men turned to talk to each other.

Someone, or some of the men, must have recognised me from the video and word was obviously spreading because more and more of the men were turning to look at the naked girl standing under the smaller monitor.

Then Sebastian came up to me again and said,

“Someone is going to put the video of you and your friends on again and the men would like you to do as many of the exercises that you can whilst they are being shown in the screen. Will you do that for them?”

I looked around the almost silent room. There must have been 50 pairs of eyes all on me. My pussy tingled and I got a wet rush. I nodded my head up and down.

There was a bit of a cheer and the men around the nearest 2 tables got up and placed their tables next to each other. These tables were about 2 metres by 1 metre, together giving a little stage of 2 metres square.

Sebastian lifted me up onto the ‘stage’ and I looked at my audience. As I did so, I saw 1 girl at the back of the room. She looked to be younger than me.

I looked at the monitor and waited for the video to start.

I remembered the sequence of exercises so I could get on with them with only occasionally looking at the monitor to make sure that we were in sync.

Obviously, I had to skip the handstand and walking on my hands part because there was no way that I was going to attempt that up on those tables and I couldn’t do the parts that involved the workout machines either.

I watched myself getting moved all over the place on the leg spreader machine and I thought how good my pussy looked when I orgasmed with my legs spread as wide as that machine would allow. It was a real opportunity to watch my pussy spasm and the muscles contracting and relaxing. I’d never watched my pussy as it did those things.

As I was doing all the exercises I was looking out at my audience. At one point I wondered how many of those men would be going home to a fat Spanish woman wearing a long black dress. In a way, it gave me some pleasure to know that I had given those men some pleasure.

The other thing that I did when I was doing the exercises, if I had a hand free, was to play with my pussy. Not only did I think that those men wanted me to do so, but I wanted to do it as well.

The first time that I orgasmed I collapsed down onto the table and my body jerking nearly took me to the edge of the table. As I lay there I noticed that a few of the men had stood up so that they could get a better view of me.

I got back to my feet, looked at the monitor and did what I was doing on that. I came twice more during my performance; once because of the work of my hands. And the second time when that Alejandro guy had zoomed in so close to my pussy that I could see right up my stretched hole and even the odd one little hair that was growing at the top of my inner right thigh. I made a mental note to extract that hair when I got back to the boat.

Every time that I was facing the audience I would pick on a man, stare at him and wonder what he was going to do to his wife or girlfriend or daughter when he got home.

One time I looked out I saw that girl at the back of the room. She was staring at me and had one hand up the front of her tiny skirt. I thought that I could see her bald pubes but I wasn’t sure.

When the video of Kate, Zoe and myself came to an end Sebastian came over to me and pulled one of the tables away. Then he said,

“Lie down on that and see if anyone wants to come and closely inspect your body.”

How could I miss an opportunity like that and I quickly got on my back and spread my legs.

It wasn’t long before one of the older men there came over to me. He slowly smoothed his hand over my tits, then down my stomach to my pussy. As one of his fingers entered me he said, in Spanish,

“Such a beautiful young body.”

“Muchas gracias.” I replied.

About half a dozen other men came over to me and ‘explored’ my body whilst most of the others started to leave. Of course, the exploring included inside my pussy and it wasn’t long before I was cumming for them.

As my waves of pleasure receded Sebastian came over and told me that we were leaving.

I was walked back through the village; this time, as the day was moving on, there were more people out on the streets. I got stared at by quite a few of them and a couple of the women called me a Puta (Whore). I wondered if their men had been at the café and even come and fingered me.

For some unknown reason, the girl from the café followed us through the village. I wondered if she was jealous of me.

We all piled into the car for the journey back to Ibiza town, but instead of me sitting between 2 of Sebastian’s mates they got me to lay across their laps. They took it in turns to finger me to orgasm; getting me to turn round after each one.

After both the guys in the back had made me cum the guy in the front seat next to Sebastian got Sebastian to stop while he and one of the guys in the back swapped places so that he could finger me to another orgasm.

I was so glad that I got the O-Shot that has made my pussy so sensitive that I cum dead easy.

Before I got out of the car at the marina I kissed the 2 guys in the back then I leaned over and kissed the guy in the passenger seat. I told Sebastian that he’d get his some other time.

It was just starting to get dark when I got back to the boat and climbed into the shower. As I soaped myself I reflected on my day; it had been a good one and I wondered just how much of it Sebastian had planned. I also wondered, again, how the videos from the gym got to the village.

I was just relaxing on the deck with a tequila when my phone rang; it was daddy. We spent ages catching up although I didn’t tell him about just about all of my adventures; I told him that I’d spent most of my time sunbathing or shopping.

Then daddy surprised and pleased me; he told me that he would be arriving in Ibiza the next afternoon for 3 nights and that he would be bringing a customer with him.

Obviously it would be awesome to see daddy again but I wasn’t sure about the customer.

As my cabin was the second biggest, daddy asked me to move into one of the smaller cabins for the 3 nights. I started to realise just how much I would have to get done before they arrived; but for the chance to see daddy it was worth it.

After we terminated the call I started to make a list of what I had to do. The most urgent one was to phone Martina and get her to move her hours to in the morning. When I got through to her she told me that someone from daddy’s office had already contacted her. “Good old daddy”, I thought.

I also phoned the club and told them that I no longer available for the show that I’d said I would be in the following night. I’d really fancied another session with the ‘fucking machines’, but daddy was more important.

Satisfied that I could get everything done before lunchtime I got my sybian out and climbed on. As it started to pleasure me I realised that I was going to have to be a ‘good girl’ for a couple of days. I smiled as I remembered that I didn’t have any ‘decent’ clothes and that whoever the customer was, they’d have to accept me wearing clothes that could easily reveal my little tits and pussy at any time.

Just before the sybian started to make me lose control of my body, I decided that daddy must know what clothes that I would have there.

A couple of orgasms later I got cleaned-up and put some of my groping clothes on and left to have another great night of food, drink and groping. Unfortunately I had to leave Groper’s Bar at a reasonable time so that I could get a good night’s sleep.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 24**

The next morning I was woken by Martina as she cleaned the inside of the boat from one end to the other. I decided to escape to the café and have an early breakfast. As I left I was surprised to see Kate and Zoe walking towards me.

After the naked hugs I asked them why they were up so early.

“Another boat trip.” Zoe replied.

“So have you already had your spanking and fucking?”

“Yes, daddy got us out of our beds to do it. Mummy stayed below cooking our breakfast while he did it.”

“So did you both cum?”

“Yes, twice.”

“Yes, twice.”

“You 2 are getting better than me; I haven’t had 1 yet today. Hey girls, you’ve got to come back to daddy’s boat, I’ve got a surprise and a present for you.”

“What’s that?” Kate said when she saw my sybian.

I explained what it was and then told them that we’d have a sybian party one night but it would have to wait for a few days because my daddy was arriving that afternoon.

“That’s why your cleaner is going crazy is it?”

“Yeah, I’m going to have to hide my sybian and I’ve had to move all my toys to my temporary cabin.”

“‘Priapus’” Zoe suddenly said and I started cumming, my body jerking about as I stood there.

A couple of minutes later Zoe apologised saying that she just had to know if the hypnotism had worked.

“So it actually works; this hypnotism lark then.” Kate said a couple of minutes later.

Just then, the captain arrived, said ‘hola’ and stared at the naked Kate and Zoe for a couple of seconds before getting on with checking the mechanical things.

“It’s getting a bit busy on this boat.” Kate said.

“Yeah, have a seat, I’ll go and get your presents.”

I disappeared to my new cabin and came back with the 2 eggs.

“You shouldn’t have Georgia.” Kate said.

“Are those what I think they are?” Zoe asked.

“Yes, and they’ve got more options that my old one.”

“You’re old one?”

“Yeas, I bought one of these for myself; I thought that we could all go somewhere wearing then, swap controls and try to embarrass each other just for a laugh.”

“Hmm; that sounds like fun. I could torment your little pussy when daddy is talking to us Kate. If that doesn’t get him pissed I don’t know what will.”

“You’re just trying to get him to spank and fuck us Zoe.”

“Yep; sure am.”

“I’ve put some batteries in them so maybe you can entertain each other on your boat trip today. Sorry, but I’m going to have to kick you out, I’ve got things to do before daddy and whoever the bloke is that he’s bringing with him.”

“Maybe he’ll be cute and you can fuck him Georgia?” Zoe said.

“Yes, we should be going too; we don’t want to upset daddy; or maybe we do.” Kate added.

They left, leaving me to finish doing what I had to do before daddy arrived. Martina came and told me that everything was ready and the captain came and stuck his head into my new cabin and told me that the yacht was ready if they needed ii.

Then I had the problem of what to wear. I looked through the dozens of dresses, skirts and tops that I’d moved over to the new wardrobes. I moved the longest skirts and dresses to one end of the wardrobe; all though none of them went more than a few centimetres below my pussy they’d have to be my ‘good girl clothes’ whilst daddy’s guest was there.

I selected my most formal looking dress; apart from the long one that I wore to the 2 dinners that I went to with daddy, and put it on then answered my phone as it had just started ringing.

It was daddy to tell me that his plane had landed and that they’d be with me in about 30 minutes. I went up onto the deck, got myself a tequila then sat in the sun and waited.

As I got myself a second tequila I wondered how old daddy’s guest would be. Maybe he’d be an old Japanese business man? Maybe he’d be a loud American businessman who was full of himself? Maybe he’d be a she? I had no idea.

I didn’t have to wait long to see Pau driving into the carpark. I stood up and watched as Pau opened the door for daddy to get out, then for the guest to get out.

I was relieved to see that it was a man who looked to be in his late twenties.

As daddy walked towards the yacht I ran down the boarding ramp and jumped up onto daddy, wrapping my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. I forgot all about the fact that my dress would ride up and show my bare butt to Pau and our guest.

After a few seconds of cheek kissing and hello’s; daddy released his grip on me and as I slid down his front he said,

“Georgia, this is Mr. Johnson, our guest for a few days.”

I put my hand out to shake his saying,

“I’m pleased to meet you Mr. Johnson.”

“The pleasure is all mine Georgia; and please call me Ben, I hate all this formal stuff.”

“Me too, but I might have to get used to it if I go and work in daddy’s empire.”

“Well things might change in the next 10 years or so before that happens. So, John’s been letting you stay here on your own for the last month has he?” Ben replied.

“Shall we go to our cabins and get changed? It’s way too hot for suits.” Daddy said.

Ben looked at me and smiled then followed daddy up the ramp causing Pau to step back, out of their way.

“Thank you Pau.” I said as he passed me and went to the car.

As I went back to the rest of my drink I was smiling and thinking that maybe the next few days wouldn’t be that bad. I watched as Pau carried some odd shaped bags up onto the yacht.

Daddy was back before Ben and he told me that Ben was running a start-up company that he (daddy) was thinking of buying. They were in Ibiza to discuss the terms of the sale and what Ben’s role would be after the takeover.

He also told me that they’d be going fishing on each of the next 2 days. Ben had some revolutionary fishing equipment that he wanted to show daddy.

“You do want me to come with you on the 2 fishing trips I assume daddy?”

“Yes, of course I’d like you to come along; but if you have any other plans that’s okay, I understand.”

“No, daddy, nothing that can’t wait; I’d really prefer to be with you.”

“Oh Georgia, that package that Pau brought from the car is for you. It’s from Celeste.”

“Thank you daddy, I wasn’t expecting anything. I’ll take it down to my cabin later.”

Just then, Ben came up the stairs.

“Quite impressive these yachts John, I’ll have to look into getting one myself; especially if we can make the takeover work.”

“You’ll get the chance to see how they handle tomorrow Ben. Georgia is going to come along with us but I’m guessing that she’s not interested in the fishing side of things; never has been. You’ll probably spend the day sunbathing won’t you dear?”

“Yes daddy; I’d hate to spoil the big boys fun. If we go anywhere near a beach I may just take the jet-ski and wander around there. Have you driven a jet-ski Ben? If not maybe I could teach you – that’s if you have the time.”

“That would be nice Georgia; we’ll have to wait and see how things go.”

“Okay you two, plans for the next few days; well evenings; I was planning on going to the Lio tonight, good food an cabaret then you young ones can dance for as long as you like; then tomorrow night there’s a formal dinner at the yacht club; the same as we went to when I was last here Georgia. Then the following evening we can go and see the delights if Ibiza at night. How does that sound?”

“Oh good,” I replied, “I’ll be able to wear my evening gown.”

“Sounds good to me John.”

“Right then, that’s settled; but I may have to give the Ibiza night life a pass; not really my scene but I’m sure that Georgia will be happy to show you around. Talking about showing you around, have you been to Ibiza before Ben?”

“No I haven’t.”

“In that case, how about I show you around Ibiza Old Town this afternoon?”

“Sounds good to me.”

“How about you Georgia? Do you fancy coming too?”

“Yes why not, it will give me a chance to catch up with you; but you’ll have to wait for me to get changed.”

“Women.” Daddy replied. “I had the same problem with her mother. Do you have the same problem as well Ben?”

“Sometimes.”

I got up and dashed downstairs to my cabin. Five minutes later I was back wearing one of my ultra-short, extremely thin, skater skirts and a slightly see-through crop top that barely covered my tits.

I looked at Ben as I climbed up the stairs and I saw him smile when he saw me. I was going to enjoy flashing my pussy at this man.

Daddy sat in the front of the car with Pau driving whilst Ben and I sat in the back. The journey may only have been 5 minutes but Ben kept looking at my legs as he asked me some touristy questions.

Daddy and Ben did a lot of talking, so did daddy and me; and I did a lot of sitting in very un-ladylike positions, especially when Ben was looking at me; which he seemed to be doing more and more.

One time daddy saw me sitting opposite Ben with my knees open and instead of telling me to close my knees he turned to Ben and said,

“You’d think that an expensive girls-only boarding school would teach them to be more ladylike. It this one had her way she’d be walking around totally naked all the time. I bet that she hasn’t bothered with clothes most of the time that she’s been here on her own. Is that right Georgia?”

“Yes daddy, I just can’t see the point when the weather is this good. Would you mind if I didn’t wear any clothes whilst you’re here.”

“Woah there little one; we have a guest here. I doubt that Ben would want to see a naked little girl all the time.”

“It wouldn’t bother me one way or another John. If she wants to run around naked then as far as I’m concerned she can. After all, she’s only a little kid.”

“Hey! I’m a lot older than you obviously think Ben.”

“That’s right Ben; it’s a long story but she’s just finished school and she’s on a gap year before going to university next year.”

“I do apologise Georgia it’s just that ….”

“That’s okay Ben; it’s a problem that I often have. Does that affect your decision about me not wearing clothes?”

“Good grief no, you do whatever you want Georgia; I’d hate for you to be uncomfortable.”

“Thank you Ben.” I said and got up and leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. Then I turned to daddy and kissed him on his cheek. As I was doing that I realised that Ben would be having a great view of my butt and pussy.

We continued the tour and I kept flashing my pussy to both Ben and daddy.

“These few days could turn out okay.” I thought a couple of times.

When we got back to the boat I quickly got naked and went back up onto the deck and asked daddy and Ben if I could get them a drink. I watched Ben staring at me in a slightly different way than he had when he first arrived.

To go to the Lio that night I put one of my ultra-short dresses that has dozens of cuts all parallel to the ground. When I first went up onto the deck I made sure that my nipples were covered but I just knew that they’d be on display even before we left the yacht.

Both daddy and Ben said that I looked amazing in that yellow dress and heels.

The Lio was its usual amazing standard and after the meal and the entertainment Ben took me dancing. I spent a fair bit of the time on that dance floor bending over slightly and grinding my bare butt against Ben but he didn’t take the hint.

Shortly after we all went to our beds I crept out of my cabin and went into daddy’s. He was fast asleep so I lay alongside him with my back to him and went to sleep.

The next morning I awoke to the feeling of daddy’s cock pounding in and out of my pussy. When I opened my eyes I said,

“I love it when you wake me like that daddy. I’ve missed you.”

“And I’ve missed you too Georgia.”

Ben was up before us and he decided to go for a walk. We were sat on the deck (me naked) drinking coffee when he returned.

“You’ll never believe what I’ve just seen.” Ben said as he walked up the ramp.

“Tell me Ben.” Daddy said.

There was silence for a few seconds as Ben saw me and just stared.

“Oh, err, sorry, I’ve just seen 2 other naked girls walking around the marina and they both had bright red backsides.”

“Oh that will have been Kate and Zoe.” I said; “their father punishes them most days by spanking them then sending them to walk around the marina. He believed that the embarrassment will deter them from being naughty.”

“So you know them Georgia.” Daddy said.

“Yes, I was the reason why they got their first punishment; the 3 of us went clubbing and didn’t get back until after their father got up in the morning.”

“And he’s punishing them for that?” Daddy said. “Do you want me to go and have a word with him Georgia?”

“No, no; those 2 love every second of it; well not the first few seconds but after that the love it.”

“Ah, I see; it’s like that is it?”

“Yes daddy.”

“I don’t understand.” Ben said.

“Have you ever heard of girls that get pleasure out of being spanked or being humiliated Ben?” Daddy asked.

“Well yes, but I never really believed it.”

“It’s true.” I said.

“So those girls wanted to be spanked and told to walk around the marina without any clothes on?”

“Yes they did.” Daddy said.

“Well I’ll be …..” Ben started to say; “Are you ….. Georgia?”

“Maybe.”

“Is that why you’ve been naked on this yacht all these weeks?”

“No, it’s like I said yesterday; I just can’t see the point of wearing clothes.”

“Okay, fair enough. So what are we doing about some breakfast?”

I looked over to daddy and saw that he was smiling.

“What?” I asked.

“Just like your mother was.” Daddy replied.

I went and gave daddy a hug.

“So, shall we go over to the café?” I asked.

“Yes.” Daddy replied.

“Are you going like that Georgia?” Ben asked.

“Yes, it’s okay, Manuel doesn’t mind.”

“Manuel?” Ben asked.

“The waiter;” I replied, “I’ve eaten there like this lots of times.”

“Okay; let’s go.”

Daddy was still smiling as we linked arms to make the short walk.

Manuel appeared to be pleased to see daddy again and he welcomed him like an old friend.

About half way through breakfast Ben said,

“If anyone had told me that I’d be eating breakfast in a café today with a naked girl and her father I would have told them that they needed to go and see a psychiatrist.”

“Well that’s what this place and the excellent weather does for you.” I said.

“And an 18 year old daughter that is soo like her mother.” Daddy added.

“So mummy used to walk around in public without any clothes on then daddy?” I asked.

“And she used to get me to spank her.”

“You’ll have to tell me all about it sometime daddy.”

“Yes, I will, but not now; I’m sure that Ben doesn’t want to hear all about it.”

I’m sure that Ben would have agreed if daddy had asked but I’m also sure that it would have been a lie just to please daddy.

Back at the boat Ben helped daddy do whatever it is that was needed for the boat not to rip itself apart when daddy started it moving and we slowly left the marina. I wondered why the captain wasn’t with us, but I didn’t ask.

I went and got some sunblock and went and put it on me on the front tanning deck; right in front of where daddy and Ben were looking as they drove the boat. I didn’t exactly linger when I applied it to my tits and pussy but I certainly wasn’t going to skip those parts.

We went out to sea, turned right and cruised for about an hour before daddy stopped near a big bay. I could see a deserted beach in one corner of the bay. Daddy dropped the anchor then he and Ben got out all the fishing equipment that Ben had brought with him.

That was when I lost interest in what they were doing. Then I had an idea.

“Before you 2 cast your lines, or whatever it is you’re going to do, I’m getting the jet-ski out and going to the beach.” I announced.

“You’re going like that?” Ben asked.

“Yes why not? That beach is deserted; look, I can’t even see a way down to it.”

Ben shrugged his shoulders and I started getting the jet-ski out of its little storage locker. Collecting a bottle of water out of the fridge, I set off not knowing how long I would be.

It only took a few minutes for me to reach the beach and I pulled the jet-ski out of the water as much as I could.

Then I looked around. With no signs of life of any sort on the beach I could easily have been on some deserted little island in the middle of that Pacific Ocean.

I sat down looking out to daddy’s boat. I could see him and Ben but I couldn’t work out what they were doing.

After a few minutes I realised that I could hear music; and it was getting louder. I kept looking around then I saw a boat with hundreds of teenagers on it. I guessed that it was one of these ‘Party Boat’ trips.

My first reaction was one of great disappointment as it was destroying my peaceful sunbathing session that I had planned. But then I thought about the all those randy teenagers; it could be a chance to tease a few and maybe even more.

I watched as some older men inflated a big raft then loaded it with booze and food and what turned out to be crazy, drunken party games equipment. The men then swam ashore with ropes and pulled the raft to the shore.

As they were unloading it some of the hundreds of young people swam ashore. Most of the girls were topless and about half of them were bottomless as well.

I watched the men get things organised while the raft was pulled back to the boat. I was expecting it to be loaded up again, but it wasn’t. It was tied by rope, about 10 metres from the boat and I watched some girls and boys dive in and swim to the raft.

At first some of the boys climbed onto the raft but when the girls climbed on the boys left. Then I saw the interesting part; one of the naked girls sat on the edge of the raft with her feet dangling in the water, then she lay back.

That left her pussy right at the edge of the raft and it didn’t take long for one of the boys to stick his face between her legs and start eating her.

That seemed to be the start of a very interesting event as more girls climbed on, took any swimwear that they had on, off; and sat offering their pussies to any young man who cared to swim between their legs and start eating.

As soon as I realised what was happening I swam out and climbed onto the raft. There was no way that I was going to miss an opportunity like that.

I must have been eaten out by at least 20 guys and they made me cum 5 times. Each time that a girl orgasmed there was a big cheer of encouragement from the guys.

I wondered how many of them were wanking under the surface of the water.

When things started to die down I dived in and swam back to where the jet-ski was. All the stupid party games were going on at the other end of the beach so I lay on the sand and without even realising what I was doing my right hand drifted to my pussy and slowly got busy.

I was just reaching the point of no return when I heard a boy’s voice saying,

“Do you want a hand with that love?”

I’m guessing that most girls caught like that would have removed their hand and clamped their legs together but I’m not most girls; I just kept going and had another orgasm right in front of what turned out to be 2 teenage boys.

Feeling pleased with myself I opened my eyes, looked at them, smiled and said,

“Sorry guys, you were too late.”

That didn’t stop them staring at my pussy and I just let them until they got embarrassed and turned and left.

After a while I went into the water to get rid of the sand on me then pushed the jet-ski back into the water.

When I got back to the yacht daddy and Ben were sat talking and drinking. After saying hello I asked if Ben had time have a ride in the jet-ski. I told him that I’d show him how to operate it.

“Not a bad idea Georgia. Off you go Ben; I’ll have a bit of a nap before tonight’s dinner. Did I tell you that we’re going to another Yacht Club dinner tonight Georgia?”

“But I haven’t got anything to wear.” I said.

“You’ve got that long black dress that you wore last time; that will do.”

“But it’s see-through.”

“That didn’t stop you wearing it last time so you can wear it again tonight.”

“Well I guess that I could.”

I looked at Ben and smiled.

“Okay, just give me a minute to change into my swimming shorts.”

“You can come naked if you like Ben; I won’t mind.”

“I don’t think so.” Ben said as he put some papers away and disappeared down to his cabin.

Two minutes later he was back and we went to the jet-ski.

“I’ll drive for starters then when you see what it can do I’ll get on behind you, okay Ben?”

“Sure; no problem Georgia.”

I got on then Ben got on behind me, putting his hands on his thighs.

“Ben, you have to hold on to me, and if I lean one way, you lean with me. I’m told that it’s like riding a motorbike but I’ve never done that.”

Ben put his hands on my bare hips.

“No Ben, like this.”

I took his left hand and put it on right tit; then took his right hand and put it on my pussy.

“That’s it Ben, hold on tight.”

With that I opened the throttle and off we went. After a few hundred metres and a few bends just for the fun of it I stopped and said,

“How was that Ben? You seem to be a bit tense, relax a bit and stop trying to burst my tit and crush my pubic bone; I need those. Hold them gently, but keep them there just in case something happens.”

“Like what?”

I wanted to say,

“Like I have an orgasm.”

But I actually said,

“Like I try to take a bend too sharply and we come off. You can swim can’t you?”

“Yes I can.”

I opened the throttle and off we went again. This time Ben’s hands were sort of resting on my right tit and pussy and the bouncing as we went along was moving them about and I was getting aroused.

I stopped just before I got to the point of no return.

“I was just getting to enjoy that Georgia.”

“So was I Ben; that’s why I stopped.”

“Well that’s your fault Georgia; you put my hands on your tit and pussy and I bet that the instruction manual didn’t say that.”

“No, but I thought that you might like it.”

“I did; and by the sound of it you did as well.”

“I did, but that can come later; I need to show you what this wrist thing does, and how to get back on it if you, or we, fall off.”

I explained the kill switch to him then stood up and jumped into the water.

As I kept myself afloat I said,

“Can you stand up and turn around Ben?”

He very slowly did then I swam to the back of the jet-ski and said,

“Watch me Ben.”

I grabbed the handle on the back of the seat then lifted my feet so that they were on the back, each side of the seat; then slowly pulled myself up.

“Have a good look Ben.” I thought as I was rising out of the water with my legs spread.

When I was standing on the jet-ski I said,

“Your turn Ben.” And I pushed him to his right and in he went.

As he surfaced he was smiling and I motioned for him to swim round to the back. As he was doing so I sat down and swung my legs round so that I was facing the back. I then moved to the back so that I could see him and he could look up and see my spread pussy.

“Right, up you get Ben.”

As he came up I shuffled my feet back so that there was room for him. As I got to the front seat I sat down and leaned back so that my back was on the Handle Bars.

Ben sat on the rear seat and I looked at him looking at my pussy.

“You can touch it again if you want to Ben.” I said.

“Is that part of my training in the use of a jet-ski Georgia?”

“Fucking me can be part of the training if you want it to be; or you could just fuck me right now.”

Ben looked at me then reached forwards with his hands and put them on my hips; and gently pulled me to him. As I started to move I lifted my lower legs so that as I went forwards, my legs went over his thighs.

My arms went round his neck and we stared each other in the face.

Then he kissed me.

Before long I was reaching down to his swimming shorts and getting his, by then, hard cock out. He lifted me up then lowered me down onto his cock.

I didn’t take many thrusts before I started to cum but I kept riding him as my body jerked about, until I felt him shoot his load deep inside me.

When we both stopped moving we just stared at each other as his cock started to go soft.

“Oh shit.” Ben said; “I’ve just fucked my future boss’ daughter. He might sack me before I’ve even signed the papers.”

“No he won’t; daddy probably brought you here so that you could fuck me. He will have been worrying that I might be mixing with the ‘wrong sort’ so he brought you to remind me what the ‘right sort’ are.”

“Hmm, so I’m the right sort am I?”

“You are the type of person that I’m sure he would want me to marry; but that’s about 10 or 15 years away. Right now all I want is to have lots of fun; and if that means fucking one of his employees then so be it. Now, let me get off and I’ll get on behind you and we can have some fun of a different type.

Ben let go of me and I deliberately fell off and into the water. Then I swam to the back and got on behind him.

I put my arm round his waist and said,

“Let’s go; I’m sure that you can work things out.”

He did, and we were soon skimming the water slowly getting faster and moving from side to side.

As I got more confidence in his driving I let my hands go down until they were cupping his cock and balls.

“This is so that I can stop you if you go too quick.”

“Ouch; I’d better slow down a bit then.”

Ben did slow down and as we got near to another little beach I pointed him in that direction.

When he beached the jet-ski I jumped off and said,

“You need to fuck me again Ben; this time in the water so that I don’t get sand up my hole.”

“That sounds painful.” Ben said,

“It does, but thankfully I’ve never had that problem.”

We walked along the beach a bit then went into the water where Ben fucked me again.

After a bit of exploring I drove the jet-ski back to the yacht while Ben caressed my right tit and my pussy. I had to slow right down when his caressing took me over the edge for yet another orgasm

I’m so glad that I had that O-Shot.

Daddy was on the phone when we got back and I don’t think that he even knew we were back until I went and stood in front of him.

Shortly after that we headed back to the marina where I discovered that daddy needs more practice at reversing the boat; it took him 4 attempts to park it.

I sat in the back for that journey; daddy was driving the boat and looking forwards all the time but Ben wasn’t and I took the opportunity to tease him by spreading my legs wide and rubbing my clit. He watched me cum again.

That evening daddy took us to the Yacht Club Dinner. It felt so strange for daddy and Ben to be wearing suits, shirts, ties, socks, shoes and underpants and for me to be wearing only heels and a dress that I’m sure you could squeeze into a matchbox. I say strange, but it was nice as well, knowing that the dress would be see-through as soon as we got into the bright lights of the function room and that the slits on the front that go up well above my pussy would put my slit on display when I was anything but stood still.

I was surprised to see Kate, Zoe and her parents there as well. Both Kate and Zoe were wearing some of the clothes that they had borrowed from me and I thought that they looked fantastic although they later told me that their father told them that they looked like sluts and told them that their punishment the next day would be a severe one.

They weren’t sat at our table to us which was probably a good job because I was sure that daddy would say something to Mr. Billingham about his daughter’s punishments.

I was sat between daddy and Ben but that didn’t stop some of the others from noticing that they could see my tits. Well, I assume that was the reason why they were staring at my chest.

After the meal and a couple of short (thankfully) speeches, the dancing started with old time ballroom dancing; daddy’s forte; and he waltzed me around the room causing the skirt part of my dress to open up and display my pussy to anyone who was looking. I, of course, loved it, and when I asked daddy if he knew what was happening to my dress he just said that he knew.

Was my father deliberately exposing my pussy to all those people? It certainly appeared so, and when I later asked him why he hadn’t stopped me dancing he replied,

“Would you have wanted me to stop Georgia?”

“No daddy.”

“I thought not.”

I reached up and kissed his cheek.

I finally got the chance to talk to Zoe and Kate during a break before the modern music started.

They wanted to know if I’d fucked Ben and if I could get him to fuck them.

I wanted to know how their punishments were going. They told me that they are still happening and that their daddy was still giving them orgasms. They told me that a big one was likely to happen soon and warned me to keep away from them for a while so that I didn’t feel obliged to share their punishment. I told them that I’d think of something that could get us all spanked.

Zoe told me that she loved my dress and asked me where I got it; and I told them that they both looked good in their outfits.

I asked them to come and dance with Ben and me so that they could flash their goodies at him.

And that’s what we all did. Daddy had done enough dancing and Ben took over with me. It was another opportunity for me to flash my goodies at him as well everyone else on the dance floor.

When we finally left to go back to the boat daddy went straight to bed leaving Ben and I to have a drink before turning in. I went straight down to my cabin and took my dress off before going back up for that drink and Ben and I fucked him before going to our separate beds.

About 30 minutes after we went to bed I got up and crept to daddy’s cabin and snuggled up to him hoping that he’d wake me up in the morning in the nicest possible way.

He did.

It was fishing again the next day and I was lucky in that daddy anchored the yacht off the beach at Salines. Another chance for me to do some teasing; and I took it. I came prepares with the things that I’d need in waterproof pouches and I parked the jet-ski where I had the last time I’d arrived there by jet-ski. It was a different young man that promised to look after it and after I’d walked away from him I turned for a quick look back and saw that he was still staring at me.

I had another 4 or 5 hours of teasing and improving the tan on my inner thighs. I also went to the beach bar above the clothed area wearing the only suit that I’d brought ashore. Again, no one seemed to care about me being naked.

The handful of men that watched me doing my exercise routine seemed please that I was naked.

When I got back to the boat daddy and Ben were still trying to catch fish and still talking about goodness knows what. I didn’t even try to understand the conversation. After I’d parked the jet-ski I went and sunbathed some more at the front of the boat.

I must have dozed off because the next thing that I knew was the sound of the boat’s engine starting up. I stayed up on the front of the boat right until we got back to the marina.

Daddy stayed on the boat that evening, saying that he’d just get something to eat at one of the many restaurants around there whilst Ben and I got a taxi to the other side of the harbour. I wore a skirt and crop, baggy top hoping that Ben’s hands would get up the inside of both of them.

We went to a nice restaurant where we talked about all sorts of things. He wanted to know what I’d been doing with myself since I got to Ibiza. I didn’t tell him about most of it but I did decide to tell him about the hypnotist.

At first he didn’t believe that a woman could orgasm just by hearing a particular word.

“Prove it.” Ben said.

“Okay, name some Greek Gods.”

“What?

“The trigger word that I’ve been programmed to orgasm to is the name of a Greek God.”

“Oh, right, err; Apollo, Zeus, Ares, Atlas.”

“What was the name of the god of fertility, the one with a huge penis?”

I made sure that I had nothing in my hands.

“Oh, err, the name ended in ‘pus’. I remember that because it goes with the huge cock; err, ‘P’, ‘Priapus’, that’s it ‘Priapus’ am I right? Oh my gawd Georgia, are you \_\_\_\_\_ are you cumming? You are aren’t you?”

I was; and it was a good job that I was sat down.

“You’re not faking that are you?” I vaguely heard.

Two minutes later Ben said,

“It really works Georgia; every time that someone says ‘Priapus’ you have an orgasm?”

And I did – again.

“Shit; sorry Georgia.” I vaguely heard.

Two minutes later Ben said,

“Does John know about this?”

“No; I haven’t had the right moment to tell him yet but I have had an orgasm in front of him.”

“Did you jerk about like that and did your eyes roll up like that?”

“My eyes rolled up?”

“Yes they did.”

“Well I never knew that.”

“How could you? You don’t go around with a mirror in front of your face and your brain is a little pre-occupied at those moments.”

“I guess so.”

“And John realised that you were cumming?”

“Yes, he said that I was just like mummy when she used to cum.”

“It must have been hard for both of you when she died.”

“Yes it was; that’s why I look like I do.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Well I look like a 12 year old don’t I? You were fooled when you first met me weren’t you?”

“Yes I was. So did the trauma of losing your mother affect your puberty or something?”

“That’s what the doctors said. Daddy took me to loads of specialists but they all said the same thing, and here I am looking like this.”

“Well you were a very beautiful 12 year old and you still are a very beautiful 18 year old.”

“Thank you Ben; you’ll embarrass me if you keep talking like that.”

“Embarrass you! Says the girl who’s showing the world everything that she’s got and goes to cafés total naked. I think that you never developed a sense of embarrassment.”

“Yeah, I don’t really understand what that concept is.”

“Maybe your looks is why no one says anything when you walk around naked.”

“Maybe, or maybe it’s because no one seems to be offended by the female body; just men’s bodies.”

“Weird isn’t it? It’s a crazy society that we live in Georgia.”

“Ain’t that the truth; but I’m not complaining, not with what I can get away with.”

“You’re a lucky girl Georgia.”

“I know.”

After a slight pause I continued,

“So where do you want to go when we’ve finished eating Ben?”

“I have no idea Georgia.”

“Shall we just wander around and take in the strange sights and the atmosphere?”

“Sounds good to me and I can say ‘Priapus’ lots of times.”

“Ben ….”

Two minutes later I said,

“Ben, not when I’ve got a knife in my hand; my muscle reactions might cause me to stab you.”

“Oops; I didn’t think about that.”

“But I do like it when you say that word.”

“I bet you do.”

We finished eating, and the second bottle of champagne; then left to wander around.

Ben was amazed by the Ibiza night life and people and made a few jokes about the outfits on some of the people. He was funny but he stopped when I told him that they were probably really happy people, unusual but happy.

A bit of a breeze was building and Ben told me a couple of times that my skirt had blown up and that my bare butt and pussy was on display.

“Oh, I didn’t know (true), this skirt is so light that I can’t feel it. That’s why I wore it.”

“Naughty girl Georgia.”

“Are you going to spank my bare butt Ben?”

“No I am not, but I might fuck you later.”

“What’s wrong with right now.”

“Georgia; as you said, women can get away with displaying their goodies but if I got my cock out I’d probably get locked up.”

“I’ve never seen any policemen around here but who can tell; anyone of those people could be a not so plain clothed copper.”

“Tell you what Ben, would you like me to take you to a bar where you can finger me and make me cum, without saying that word, right in the middle of the bar.”

“What? That can’t be right; not even for Ibiza.”

“It is; do you want me to prove it?”

“Yeah; I want to believe you but. ….”

“Come on; you can bring the bottle.”

I led Ben to the alleyway to Groper’s Bar then told him to look up.

“What am I looking for Georgia?”

“That little sign.”

“Oh yes; this should be interesting.”

We went in and I told Ben to stand a little away from me while I got us some drinks. I sat on a bar stool and ordered a couple of bottles of beer. The inevitable happened and when I went over to Ben he said,

“Sorry that I didn’t totally believe you Georgia; this is amazing. Did that man put his finger inside you?”

“Yep.”

“Bloody hell. Can I finger fuck you?”

“You’ll have to sit down to do that; your arms aren’t that long; but the will reach my tits.”

Ben put a smile on my face and a nice feeling going from my tits to my pussy.

“So do girls come here just to get groped?”

“Loads of them. Look around. I’m probably the only girl here who came in with a man. There’s lots of girls out there who love getting groped anonymously; it’s just that there’s nowhere for them to go in England.”

“I’ve heard lots of stories of girls getting groped on the London Underground at rush hour.”

“I’m sure that some girls ride the underground hoping to get groped, but not all of them; most of them will be too uptight to appreciate the attention that they are getting.”

“So you’ve been here before then Georgia?”

“Oh yes, I love it.”

“Why doesn’t that surprise me? So have you cum in here before Georgia?”

“Loads of times.”

“Again, why doesn’t that surprise me?”

“It’s fun and you don’t have to tell the guy to go away afterwards.”

“Okay, I can see that. Hey, there’s a free chair over there; shall I go and sit on it?”

“Yes please; and I can stand between you and that gut in the red shirt. Maybe you both can grope me at the same time?”

I did get 2 hands sliding up my inner thighs but it was Ben’s (I think) that got to my pussy first and he proved that he is good with his fingers, making me cum 3 times before we left.

“So where do you want me to take you now Ben? A club?”

“I want you to take me somewhere where I can relieve my blue balls. All this you cumming is driving me crazy.”

“Ever fucked a girl on the beach or in the sea Ben? Apart from me that is.”

“There’s a beach just up the road from the marina, do you want to go there?”

“Come on, we need to find a taxi.”

The taxi dropped us off at Talamanca beach and we walked onto the sand. The next hour or so was spent fucking, on the beach and in the sea. Fortunately I didn’t get any sand in my pussy.

When Ben was spent we decided to call it a night, walking back to the yacht. I decided not to put my top and skirt back on and Ben walked back with a naked girl hanging on to his arm.

About half an hour after I’d had a shower I crept out of my cabin and went to daddy’s cabin.

He did wake me up in the morning in my favourite way.

It was departure morning for daddy and Ben and I gave them both a naked hug in the carpark before they got into the car for Pau to take them to the airport.

Both my hugs were the jumping up variety, wrapping my arms around their necks and my legs around their waists. I didn’t think that my pussy juices might put a stain on their trousers until I saw a little wet patch on Ben’s.

As I was walking back to the boat I saw Kate and Zoe out for their naked morning punishment walk. We went to daddy’s boat and I introduced them to my sybian.

While Kate was having her first ride on the sybian I asked them if they’d heard about Party Boats. They both had but their father had refused to let then go on one. Apparently he’s said that they were places of debauchery and that his daughters were not to go on one.

“Leave it with me,” I said, “I’ll find out how we can get on one.”

“It will make daddy mad.” Kate said in between moans.

“And.” I replied.

“He might spank us.” Zoe replied.

“And I’ll come and confess that it I organised it and forced you to go with me.” I said.

“You’re a right masochist Georgia,” Zoe said, “you know that don’t you?”

“And a slut and an exhibitionist; don’t forget those.” I replied.

“So did you fuck that Ben?” Kate asked.

“Yes.”

“And your father?”

“Yes.”

“You lucky girl.” Zoe replied.

After watching Kate cum for her third of the day (spanking and her father’s fingers); Zoe asked me if I was free for the rest of the day, wondering if all of us could go to the beach again. I apologised and told her that I had an appointment with my hypnotist that afternoon; which was true.

After Zoe had her first sybian fuck they left, leaving me to plan my day. I’d already worked out a rough itinerary, I just needed to organise myself.

The first thing that I did was move all my stuff back to the bigger cabin. As I was doing that I found the package that Celeste had sent me. I quickly ripped it open to fine a note and some more clothes.

The note read: -

Dear Georgia,

I’m guessing that by now you have progressed to wanting to wear totally see-through clothes. With this in mind I have obtained some new rolls of material and made you some new dresses, skirts and tops. Have fun wearing them.

Love,

Celeste

P.S. Please phone me when you get back, I have a couple of events that you may be interested in.

I quickly spread out the pile of clothes and instantly got wetter when I held up the first dress. Celeste was right, it was totally see-through. I quickly looked through the rest of the pile and saw that they were all made of the same material, just different colours and patterns. I was really going to get turned on going out wearing these clothes.

As I hung the skirts and dresses up I compared the length of them to my other skirts and dresses; the new ones were a couple of centimetres longer but that didn’t matter because of them being see-through.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 25**

My pussy was getting wetter at the thought of walking around Ibiza Town in broad daylight wearing only a dress that was totally see-through. Okay, I’d worn that colourful top as a dress before but this was different. I don’t know why, it just felt different; more sexy.

I went up onto the deck and moved the sybian closer to the back of the boat and rode it to 2 wonderful orgasms.

Lust having been satisfied for a short while, I got on with sorting out my cabin. As I moved my toys back I saw my new egg and put that to one side to wear later. Then I saw my pink dog collar, I put it with my new egg. I saw the ball gag but discounted that; how could I talk to Chuck with that in my mouth?

When I was organised I put the dog collar on and put the egg and its control in my bag. Then I went over to the café to get something to eat; I didn’t know when I’d get to eat later in the day.

Manuel greeted me in his usual way and asked me if I had been pleased to see my father.

“Is that a present from him?” He asked pointing to my neck.

“Oh no, I’ve had this for a while; I just haven’t been wearing it so that I don’t get a white ring around my neck. I’m going into town today so I won’t get much sun.”

“Well you’ve done a good job of getting a tan; you are a totally different colour than you were when you arrived a few weeks ago. I can’t see any white patches anywhere.”

“There’s at least one place that you haven’t been able to see and that might still be white.”

“Oh I’ve seen everywhere Georgia and you are 100 percent a nice golden tan.”

I tried to think back to a time when Manuel had seen my pussy and decided that it must have been when I’d been sat in the café with my legs open. Half the time these days I just don’t realise that I’m sitting like that.

Stomach full, I went back to the boat and had another session on the sybian. This time I slid one of the accessories over the dildo; the one that turns it into a big fat dildo; I wanted to stretch my pussy as much as I could.

It took a couple of minutes to get myself right down so that my clit was resting on the upturned scrubbing brush then I switched it on and rode it to the end of a another orgasm.

Then it was time to leave for my appointment. I went and got out one of my new, totally see-through dresses. I selected one that would fall into a puddle on the floor just as soon as I pushed the shoulder straps off my shoulders. Having said that, they all looked like they would do that.

I put the dress on and tested my requirement. It worked.

Then I thought about what I was planning to do that evening. A dress would not do so I took the dress off, and tried on the skirts and tops that Celeste had just sent me. I settled for a black skirt with a yellow pattern and a yellow halter top that fastened like a string bikini top. Tying the strings very loosely would work for me.

I took the skirt and top off and put them in my bag along with one of my butt plugs then I put the dress back on. I took one last look at myself in the mirror then grabbed my bag and left the boat.

As I walked to the taxi I felt just as good as I do when I’m totally naked. I was happy.

The taxi took me right to Chuck’s building door and the only people I saw were the taxi driver and 2 teenage girls who were passing when I got out of the taxi. I don’t know why they were giggling as they walked away, it could have been my dress, or could have been the very unladylike way that I got out of the taxi; or it could have been something completely different.

Stood outside Chuck’s door I did one more test of pushing my shoulder straps off then catching my dress before it hit the floor. Then I pulled it back into place and knocked on the door.

Chuck opened the door, we said hello then I walked straight over to the sofa and put my bag down. Then I said,

“I presume that this session will start the same as the last couple, with me getting naked and masturbating.”

Before he could answer, my dress was on the floor and I was flopped down on the low sofa with the fingers of my right hand rubbing my pussy.

Chuck just stared with a smile on his face.

Less than 2 minutes later I was jerking about as the first of my orgasms for Chuck hit me. When my heart rate was getting back to normal Chuck said,

“I’ve lost count of the number of times that I’ve told you Georgia that taking your clothes off and masturbating here is not necessary for the hypnotism to work.”

“And is you fucking me when I’m in a hypnotic state, or whatever it’s called, necessary Chuck, or do you just like fucking me?”

“Georgia, how many times do I have to tell you that it would be unprofessional of me to have any sort of sexual contact with you.”

“Come on Chuck; you must be fucking me; you’d be mad not to.”

“Shall we get on with the session Georgia?”

“Okay.”

“Right, firstly how was your week? Did anyone use your trigger word and did you orgasm?”

“What trigger word?”

“The one that we agreed that you would use.”

“You mean Pr …. Pr … Pri … Pri.”

“Okay Georgia; I’ll say it.

“Priapus.”

It worked.

Two minutes later I said,

“Say it again Chuck. I want to know if it being said quite close to the last time will get me to cum again.”

“Okay Georgia; I’ve seen you orgasm enough times so I guess that one more time won’t do any harm. Priapus.”

It worked.

Two minutes later Chuck continued,

“During this final session I will be concreting the association of ‘that word’ with an orgasm in your brain. I”

“You can say Priapus and not call it ‘that word’ Chuck; I don’t mind cumming again for you.”

“It’s not for me Georgia, it’s for you. Now where was I, oh yes, reinforcing. When I have done that, in theory, someone saying that word anytime for the rest of your life should induce an orgasm. I say ‘in theory’ because there are no documented cases of a woman returning to her hypnotist and saying that it no longer works.”

“Good.”

“As usual, I will have to induce a hypnotic state.”

Chuck got his tablet out and as he came over to me I said,

“Are you going to fuck me again Chuck? You don’t have to use a condom; I’m on the pill so I won’t get pregnant.”

“Georgia; just look at the screen please.”

I did, and saw the usual weird swirling images.

When I came round I was flat on my back on the sofa with one foot on the floor. As I sat up I looked at my legs and saw little indentation on my knees as if I’d been kneeling on something knobbly, like the carpet in there.

“You did fuck me didn’t you Chuck?”

“Georgia; I’m not having this conversation with you again. Right, the reinforcement went well and I’m confident that whenever you hear that word you will have an orgasm. If I remember rightly, you’ve already paid me for 4 sessions so, unless there’s something else that concludes our business. I have to say that it was very interesting to meet you Georgia. Don’t forget to put your dress on before you leave.

As I walked down the stairs I got my phone out and looked at the time. I’d been in there with Chuck for 2 whole hours. Surely a bit if reinforcement of the association of the word Priapus with and orgasm couldn’t have taken all that time?

The other thing was my inner thighs were wet; could that just be my juices or was it Chuck’s jism seeping out of me.

Chuck never had admitted that he’d fucked me but I was now 99.9 percent sure that he had.

I wasn’t worried though; I’d got what I wanted out of those visits.

I needed a drink and an ice cream so I headed to where I knew there was a café. I sat at an outside table next to one that had 3 young men sat at it. One of them saw me arriving and I saw him nudge his mates. All 3 stared at me as I sat down on a chair facing them.

I sat with my butt perched on the front edge of the seat and lay back with my knees open. They would have been able to see all of my pussy as they stared at me; but they never said anything.

I closed my knees when the waiter came to take my order and when he brought my cola and ice cream, but apart from that my pussy was on full display.

I so wanted to ask them what the name of the Greek God with a giant cock was but looking at them I doubted that they would know.

About 30 minutes later I left and headed to the gym.

“I like your dress Georgia,” Pedro said, “turn around.”

I did a slow 360 with a grin on my face then asked,

“Are there many people here?”

“About 6 or 7, and you’ll be pleased to hear that you are starting a trend.”

“What do you mean Pedro?”

“Working out without any clothes on.”

I grinned then said,

“Are you complaining Pedro?”

“No, no, it’s good for business.”

“You should let the girls in for free if they workout naked.”

“I’ve let those 2 in for nothing and you haven’t paid for the last few sessions.”

“I bet that you’re making the money from the extra men.”

“Si Señora. So are you here for a workout, or did you just come here to show me that fabulous dress?”

“Both Pedro. Anyone in the changing room?”

“I don’t know.”

I went in and there wasn’t. I quickly got naked the opened my bag. I had 2 objects to find new homes for and my pussy wanted them quickly. I easily slid the egg up my hole then I rubbed the tip of the butt plug around my soaking pussy then eased it into my butt. I’d chosen the one with the pink fake diamond, thinking that it would look good showing through the skirt that I was going to put on later.

I switched the egg onto medium speed with random burst of full throttle and random electric shocks from the 1 click position; I wanted to create a new record of orgasms whilst working out.

As I walked in to the workout room I immediately saw 2 naked girls. Both looked Spanish and both had bald pussies. I wondered if their men went there and had been talking about the naked girl that had started to go there and had decided to do the same just to keep their man happy.

Whatever the reason it was nice to see them even if they did take the focus off me some of the time.

The men in the room were doing very little except for watching one or both of the Spanish girls and they turned to look at me. My pussy started tingling, and it wasn’t just because the egg was starting to have an effect on me.

I started my routine and everyone in there quickly discovered my butt plug. Even one of the girls stopped and watched me as I contorted my body with exercises that displayed my pussy and the pink butt plug.

I was on the mats at one end of the room so I made sure that whatever position I was in my pussy would be visible either directly to their eyes or in the big wall mirrors.

It was on the third exercise that the first orgasm hit me and I collapsed down and started moaning and shaking. There was no way that they didn’t know that I was cumming.

Orgasm over, I got up and continued from where I had left off.

This happened 5 times whilst I was on the mats. On the third time the egg decided to give me an electric shock when I was right in the middle of cumming.

I let out a loud “Aaarrrgghh” and the orgasm reached a new high and I must have been on the mats shaking and jerking about for at least 2 minutes. My hands went to my tits and squeezed then pulled on my nipples as I gasped and said a few words that maybe I shouldn’t have; well not with strangers around.

And I heard that bell again. So did some of the people watching me. They were looking around to see who had brought their phone into the workout room.

Again, once the orgasm was over I got up and continued as if nothing had happened.

It was the exercise cycles next and after I’d raised the seat I climbed on, lowering myself onto the saddle slowly in case it made my butt hurt me. As it was there was only slight discomfort and that soon disappeared when I started pedalling.

One of the girls looked at me in amazement as my pussy slid from side to side. I wondered if she’d thought of raising the saddle. The other girl wasn’t staring, she was going over to the next bike and I watched her raise the saddle.

A burst of full vibrations took me over the edge for my first orgasm on the bike. That was followed by 2 more then I got another electric shock.

OMG; how I stayed on that bike I will never know. I certainly stopped pedalling and gave the handle bars a death grip. My body was shaking like hell; my pussy thought it was on fire and my nipples felt like they were about to explode; and my lungs tried to suck in all the air in the room.

Somehow, I got through it and started pedalling again.

The girl on the next bike was staring at me but her concentration was on the effects of sliding from side to side on her clit.

Moving on to the leg spreader, I climbed on and strapped my legs to it. Before pressing any of the switches I looked around the room. There must have been 7 or 8 men, 2 naked girls and 1 clothed girl. All were staring at me and anticipating what I was going to do.

And I did it all; even getting the machine to go crazy. The egg made sure that I gave my audience a great view of my pussy muscles contracting and relaxing over and over as I climbed and went over the edge. It did that twice then the electric shock came.

I was on my back at the time and I vaguely remember seeing my little tits, with rock hard and throbbing nipples slightly quiver over my shaking torso. And I heard that bell again.

But while I was still up there, the machine sat me up and closed then opened my legs again. Then the back of the seat dropped again.

When I could control my arms again I put my hand on the control and pressed the sequence of keys to shut it down.

I lay there for a minute or so then sat up and released my legs. I still had more exercises to do. I finished them without cumming again then decided to go and have a short rest in reception.

Pedro was sat at his desk so I went over to him, still totally naked and asked him where the cameraman was.

“He got all the footage that he needed last time.”

“I thought that he might want to have some naked Spanish girls in his movie.”

“One of those naked girls is Alejandro’s girlfriend and the other is his sister.”

“Oh, so he’ll be able to video them naked anytime.”

“Probably.”

Just then another young man came in off the street and signed-in. He had a good look at me before going to the changing room.

A minute or so later I followed him in to the changing room to get a bottle of water out of my bag. He was stark naked and I smiled at the sight of his hard-on as I passed him on the way to my locker.

After the drink I was feeling refreshed and I decided to do the same circuit again. The egg was still purring away and I wondered how many times it would make me cum, and how many electric shocks it would give me before I finished.

The answer was 4 and 3. All of them would have been extremely embarrassing to most women but I was really enjoying it, even though it was draining my energy. I reasoned that I could afford to be totally knackered when I left the gym because I wouldn’t need much energy for what I had planned for the rest of the day.

As I walked to the shower I saw 2 men already in there. Ignoring them but at the same time staring at their cocks; I started to shower. The egg gave me a quick blast and I shook and let out a gasp. The blast wasn’t long enough to make me cum but it reminded me that I didn’t want it in for my next adventure of the day.

I squat down and squeezed it out, catching it in my hand. Something made me look up and I saw the 2 naked girls from the gym. I also heard one of the men say, in Spanish,

“See, I told you that she must have something inside her that was making her cum like that.”

Then one of the girls said,

“I’ve got one of those, they’re amazing aren’t they?”

“Certainly are; this one even gives me electric shocks.”

“That sounds painful.”

“Yes and no; it certainly makes for good orgasms.”

“I’ll bet. Hey, you look like the kind of girl that might be interested in making a movie, one where you don’t wear clothes.”

“You mean a porno movie. I’ve already been in 2 of those; some guy called Alejandro came here and recorded me working out just like I did today, then he came again and recorded a couple of friends and me. The thing was, I thought it was for a gym promotional video but a few days later I saw them on a big screen in a village up in the hills.”

“Ah, that Alejandro guy is my boyfriend; I’m Valeria and this is his sister Maria. Pedro and Alejandro should have been up front with you. I can get him to pay you if you like.”

“Fuck no; I loved every second of it. I’m Georgia by the way.”

The 2 guys realised that they were being ignored and decided to leave and Valeria and Maria moved in and started showering.

“So Georgia, Alejandro is always looking for models either just to photograph or to star in his movies, do you fancy trying it?” Valeria said.

“Me! Look at me; I look like a skinny 12 year old. I haven’t seen many porno movies but the odd one that I have seen was full of girls with melons hanging from their chests.”

“Georgia, you’ve already stared in a couple of movies and you’d be surprised at the demand for girls that have small breasts and look a lot younger than they actually are. You are over 18 aren’t you?”

“Of course, I can show you my Dancer’s I.D. card if you like.”

In that case you’d be a natural for Alejandro’s movies. What do you think?”

“I don’t know; I guess that it depends on what’s involved.”

“How about you meet Alejandro and see what he’s got planned.”

“Okay, why not; I can always say no if I don’t like what he says; besides, he owes me for the videos that he took here.”

“Good, I’m sure that you’ll have lots of fun. When can you meet him? Are you free now?”

“Sorry, I’ve got plans for the rest of today, and tomorrow; but I’m free the day after.”

“Sounds good; give me your phone number and I’ll fix up a time and place.”

By that time we’d all finished showering and were getting dressed. I couldn’t help noticing that neither of them wore any underwear. When Valeria and Maria saw the skirt and top that I put on they both wanted a closer look at the material and they wanted to know where I got it.

“So you walk about town wearing those? With nothing on underneath?” Maria asked.

“Yes, I was quite nervous at first but I soon realised that most people only see what they expect to see. I’ve even walked around town totally naked without anyone saying anything.”

“Alejandro will like you Georgia.”

“I’ve got a stage name that my boss gave me, Lolita, he said that it suites me better that Georgia if I’m going to walk about with very little or nothing on and take part in live sex shows.”

“I have to agree with him, Lolita does suit you better and it will go down well in the movies.”

I had a go at Pedro on the way out, telling him that he should have told me that Alejandro was making a porno movie. Trying to plead ignorance he told me that he was going to use it as a promotional video.

I told him that neither my friends nor I were going to give him more euros but we would be back and expected to use his gym for free. He agreed.

I said goodbye to Valeria and Maria and they went one way and me the other.

Another massage was next on my plan for the evening but before that I needed another drink so I headed to where I knew there was a café.

The café was quite busy with lots of men watching a football match on the television. That didn’t stop a couple of them looking at me. One said,

“Hello gorgeous.”

And the other complimented me by wolf-whistling at me.

I sat at one of the free tables and ordered a drink. I watched the girl as she brought my drink and her eyes were looking at my body. I was sat lazily in the chair and she could see my pussy below my skirt and the rest of my front through the skirt and top. She smiled at me as she put the drink on the table.

It was a male waiter who brought me my bill and he too had a good look at me as he approached. I felt sexy and good.

About 15 minutes later I stood up and started the walk to the massage parlour.

At one point a group of young men were coming the other way and one of them noticed that my skirt and top were see-through. He told his mates and I got lots of comments from them. Most of them were what they’d like to do to me and for one minute I considered forgetting the massage and going with them.

When I walked into the massage parlour I saw the same girl wearing the same, white, short, Spanish nurse’s uniform. She smiled at me and said, “Hola” then asked me what she could do for me.

“I would like a full body massage with lots of happy ending please.”

She gave me a knowing smile. I wondered if she remembered me from the last time that I was there; or was she smiling at my outfit.

“We are very busy at the moment, I’m afraid that there will be a wait of about 90 minutes, is that alright?”

“So all your room are occupied at the moment. Is Felipe available? He was very good the last time that I was here.”

“Felipe doesn’t start his shift for about 30 minutes.”

“Good, that’s one problem solved. Now; you say that all your rooms are occupied, could Felipe give me a massage in this room, or out on the street?”

The nurse smiled then said,

“That is not possible but maybe we could setup a table on the patio out the back; that has been done before but I would have to check.”

“Please do so.”

The nurse disappeared through a door then came back a couple of minutes later.

“We can do that but the light out there isn’t very good at night, only the street lights.”

“I haven’t come here to see what is going on; it’s the magic of Felipe’s hands that I’m looking for. The patio will do for me.”

“Good; now you said a full body massage with a happy ending.”

“Multiple happy endings.”

She smiled and took my Black Amex card off me. Payment sorted, she said,

“If you’d like to go to the changing room and have a shower please; and someone will come and collect you when we are ready for you.”

“Gracias.”

When I opened the changing room door I saw what she meant about being busy. There were only 5 chairs in there, all in a row, and they were all occupied by people just wearing towels. Two were middle-aged men, one was a middle-aged woman, one was a young man and the fifth was a young woman.

I went over to a locker, made a mental note of the combination code, put my bag inside then took my clothes off and put them in the locker. With everything in the locker I locked the door and turned around. Five pairs of eyes were looking at me.

I turned and walked to the shower, collecting a towel as I went.

When I came out the 10 eyes watched me as I dried myself then looked for somewhere to sit. The only available place was the small table that was in front of all 5 people.

I carried the towel over to the table, folded it, placed it on the table then sat on it on the edge of the table facing the 5 people. You’ve guessed it; I sat with my knees about 30 centimetres apart so that all 5 people could see my pussy.

I looked around the room and kept glancing at the 5 people to see which ones were looking at my pussy. Only the middle-aged woman wasn’t. Then I started looking at each one in turn to see whose eye I could catch. The only one that did look up to my eyes was the young girl. When our eyes met I smiled at her. She smiled back and she moved her butt in her seat.

I wondered if she’d got a tingle in her pussy and needed to just move it a bit.

Unfortunately I didn’t get a chance to find out because the receptionist came into the room and told the girl that they were ready for her. As she stood up her towel came open at the front and I got a great view of her bald pussy.

I smiled at her again as she followed the receptionist out.

I then turned my attention to the young man. He was still looking at my pussy so I opened and closed my knees a few times. He finally looked up to my face and I smiled at him. He grinned back so I used my right hand to scratch a non-existent itch on my pussy. His peripheral vision saw my hand move and his eyes went back to my pussy.

I opened my lips and scratched the entrance to my vagina, holding my lips open for a couple of seconds to let him have a good look.

Then the door opened again and the receptionist called for me to follow her. I walked out with the towel over my arm.

I was led to a door that took us outside onto a patio. There was a fence round it but that was only about a metre high and the wooden slats didn’t really hide anything. The patio was on the side of a huge rectangle with buildings on all sides.

My first reaction was that anyone looking out of the hundreds of windows would be able to look down and see me getting my massage. My pussy tingled at the thought.

Then I registered the sounds of teenagers talking. I looked around and saw about a dozen teenagers just hanging out near a bench in the middle of the rectangle. I wondered if they’d see or hear me and come over for a better look.

The receptionist told me to get onto the table that was set so that it was parallel to the building. I sat on the side of it facing the building and saw a window just in front of me. A couple of the opening panes were open, presumably to let fresh air in. There were no curtains or blinds on the window and the lights in the room were quite bright; I could see someone on a table getting a massage. When the naked female masseur moved to one side I could see straight up the legs of what turned out to be a girl on the table.

I wondered if it was the girl from the waiting room.

The receptionist said something the turned and walked back inside.

I watched the masseur massage around the tops of the girl’s thighs then start on her butt. A rolled towel or something was under her hips so her butt and pussy were up in the air.

The girl started to moan and her butt moved a little from side to side.

Just then Felipe appeared and apologised for not being there sooner. Felipe was only wearing some very brief boxer shorts and I could see the outline of his cock.

The massage went very much the same as it had the first time, with 4 exceptions; firstly I got a bit more vocal each time that I orgasmed (5 times); secondly, whenever I looked through the window I could see the other girl getting her massage and orgasming.

The third thing was that my vocal noises were loud enough to attract about 5 faces that were watching me through the wooden slats of the fence around the patio. If Felipe saw them he didn’t do anything about them.

The fourth and best thing was that the never ending orgasm that Felipe gave me by rapidly lifting me up by my pubic bone with 2 fingers inside me, went on for what seemed like hours; right through him fucking me and after my hour was up and Felipe left me.

I just kept giggling and jerking about all over the table. When I finally stopped I was knackered and I just lay there wondering how the hell he had done that to me. When I started to get my senses back I looked through the window and saw that the girl had gone.

Then I looked at the fence around the patio and saw that my audience were still watching me. My legs had been spread open while Felipe did what he did to me and I’d not even thought about closing them.

I was relieved that the staff had just left me there to recover.

When I was just about back to normal I put my hand on my pussy and instantly had something between a mini, after-shock orgasm and an average orgasm. I even started giggling again.

I just lay there for another couple of minutes then slowly got off the table and walked back to the changing room leaving my towel where Felipe had put it earlier. There were 2 different middle-aged men in there and they just stared at me but I just ignored them.

I went to the shower but had to wait because there was someone in it. I just leant back against a wall and waited, totally ignoring the 2 men that were still watching me.

When that person came out of the shower I saw that it was it was a different young girl. She was drying her hair with a towel but otherwise naked and didn’t seem at all concerned that there were 2 men in the room. The 2 men now had 2 naked girls to look at.

I picked up a fresh towel and got in the shower. That refreshed me and when I was done I walked out and threw my towel in the basket. A third man was now watching me and the other girl who was just about dressed by then.

I watched them as they watched me put on just my totally see-through skirt and totally see-through top and left. I smiled at the receptionist as I went through that room.

I just knew that I would be going back there reasonably soon; I wanted another of Felipe’s never ending orgasms.

Groper’s Bar was next on my list for the evening but I needed another drink in a quiet atmosphere before going there; not that I’d find anywhere that quiet at that time of the evening.

I go to a little bar that only had a couple of table outside and collapsed into one of the chairs. After a couple of minutes a waiter guy came out and took my order. I didn’t bother looking at his face to see where he was looking.

After about 30 minutes of rest I left the bar and headed to Groper’s Bar. I wasn’t walking very fast and a group of about a dozen, very happy young men caught up with me. It didn’t take long for one of them to realise that he could see through my skirt and top, and of course, he had to tell all his mates. I was then subjected to a whole load of comments about my body; only one of which I hadn’t heard before and I couldn’t resist responding to it. It was: -

“Hey girl, you forgot your knickers.”

My response was,

“No I didn’t.”

The guy who said that must have been a little confused because he didn’t reply. I smiled to myself and wondered if he thought that I had deliberately not worn knickers, or I was wearing some that he couldn’t see. Whatever it was I didn’t care and the guys soon moved away from me.

My pussy was still tingling from Felipe’s never ending orgasm as I walked into Groper’s Bar. It was quite busy and I saw about 5 or 6 girls there; all wearing VERY short skirts.

I managed to get to the bar and eventually got myself a bottle of beer, ordering it with a strangers hand on my right tit and his cock pressing on my lower back.

The rest of the night was spent with me moving around and getting groped and cumming about 4 times. My pussy was still recovering from what Felipe did to it and it didn’t take much to make me cum.

The other difference to the other times that I’ve been there was that I got a few compliments about my skirt and top. With me standing close to men who were sat down, when they turned their heads to see who’s pussy they were about to, or already were groping; they only had to look up a little to see my tits, and down a little to see my body through the skirt.

I was so grateful to Celeste for knowing what I wanted before I did. I wondered what she might send me next.

I stayed there for about 3 hours before leaving and taking a taxi back to the marina, and bed.

I woke up the next morning to find Kate and Zoe lying on my bed next to me. Both were as naked as I was and both had a hand cupping their pussies. I wondered if they always slept like that.

Leaving them to it I went and put some coffee on then went and sat on the deck to wait for it to be ready. When I heard the little whistle I went down and poured 3 cups then went to wake the girls. They staggered up to the deck and thanked me for the coffee.

“So ladies,” I said, “good night was it? Are you here just to piss off your father?”

“Yeah, what time is it?” Kate said.

I looked at the clock then told them.

“Better go back soon and face the music.” Kate said.

“You mean get a red butt and a couple of orgasms?”

“I hope so.” Zoe replied.

“Did you go out yesterday in that skirt and top that I saw on the floor Georgia?”

“Yes, why?”

“They’re totally see-through.”

“And?”

“And can I borrow them some time?” Zoe replied. “Oh, we borrowed some of your nice clothes last night. They’re back in your wardrobe now; I hope that you didn’t mind.”

“Of course not; I’ve told you, any time. That skirt and top are one of a whole load of new clothes that my father brought over for me. You can borrow them if you like.”

“Thanks. Did you say that your father brought them for you?”

“Yes.”

“Did he buy them for you?”

“Heavens no, he wouldn’t have a clue what size or style I wanted. They’re from that woman Celeste that I told you about.”

“Oh yes, she makes all your clothes for you.”

“That’s the one.”

“She sure knows what you want.”

“Yes, she’s amazing.”

A couple of minutes later Kate said,

“Come on sis, we’d better go back before one of them has a heart attack.”

Kate and Zoe went down to my cabin to collect the skirt and top that they’d worn the day before.

“I’m coming back with you to apologise for keeping you 2 out all night.” I said as they re-appeared. “That was some party that we’ve just left wasn’t it?”

“Err yeah, thank you for inviting us.”

“You’ll get spanked and probably fucked by daddy. Are you sure that you want that?”

“I wouldn’t be coming if I didn’t Kate.”

As we left daddy’s boat and walked round to their boat I invited them to come round to daddy’s boat after our spankings. Zoe said that they’d love to.

“And bring your remote controlled eggs and their controls.” I said.

“What’s that scheming little brain of yours up to now Georgia?”

“Oh just a little game, then we might go to the beach and play another round of it.”

The 3 naked girls arrived at Mr. Billingham’s boat to find a very annoyed Mr. Billingham. He was alone on his boat, his wife anticipating what would happen when their daughters finally got back.

“At last; where have you been all night; and why haven’t you got any clothes on? You didn’t go to the club like that did you? Or maybe you should have; maybe you’d have learnt some respect if you had.”

“It’s my fault Mr. Billingham; we went clubbing then on to a party. We only got back an hour ago and went straight to my father’s boat. You daughters didn’t want to wake you and you’ve told them that they had to be naked around the marina so we took our clothes off before coming here.”

“Those 2 should have been back hours ago before I went to bed. I guess that I’m going to have to punish you as well Georgia. These 2 disobedient girls I half expect to be to be disrespecting but I would have thought that you would have learnt by now. Right, you first Kate, bend over that table.”

Mr. Billingham proceeded to give Kate 20 swats with his hand; she orgasmed on the 18th swat. Then he told her to get up and lie back on the table then raise her legs and lower them to her shoulders.

It didn’t take long for Kate to cum as he rubbed her clit and then she orgasmed again when he got his cock out and rammed it in to her.

He was still hard when he told Kate to get off the table and Zoe to bend over it.

Zoe’s first orgasm was on the 10th swat and her father gave her 2 more in the same way as he had with her sister.

“Georgia;” Mr. Billingham said, “you still haven’t learnt and you still keep corrupting my daughters. Your punishment will be more severe. Bend over the table girl.”

I did, but there was a long pause before my butt started hurting. I heard Kate say,

“No daddy, please don’t use that.”

“Shut up girl, or you will get it as well.”

The next thing was I felt something a lot more painful than a hand hit my butt.

“Ouch; what the fuck was that?” I said.

“Swearing will only get you more swats Georgia.” Mr. Billingham.

He went on to give me 25 swats with his belt causing me to orgasm twice. Each time that I orgasmed he seemed start hitting my butt harder.

That finally over I was instructed to get on the table in the same position as both Kate and Zoe had. He then rubbed my clit like there was no tomorrow, causing 2 more orgasms. Finally he rammed his cock into me so hard that I slid along the table and he had to pull me back so that he could finish himself inside me; causing yet another orgasm.

With me still on my back on the table with my calves still near my ears, he said,

“When are you 3 going to learn that being disobedient will only result in horrible things happening to you; I hope that all 3 of you are now suitably humiliated. Now get off this boat and go and find some people whose presence will embarrass you.”

“Daddy,” Zoe said, “please can we just go to our cabin to collect something that belongs to Georgia?”

“You have 1 minute.”

Kate and Zoe almost ran down to their cabin while Mr. Billingham just stared at my still exposed pussy. I wondered if using his belt on me was his revenge for me blackmailing him; or had he just wanted an excuse to fuck his daughters all along? I certainly wasn’t going to ask him.

When Kate and Zoe ran up the stairs Mr. Billingham told me to get off the table and get off his boat.

As we walked along the walkway I asked Zoe and Kate just how bad my butt was.

“It only looks a bit redder that Kates does.” Zoe said; “It should be back to normal by tomorrow.”

“Tonight I hope.” I said, “I have an appointment with one of daddy’s clients tonight (I lied) and I don’t particularly want him to see me with a red butt.”

“How’s he likely to do that Georgia?” Kate said, “You’re not going to see him like that are you?”

“Hell no, but I’ll be wearing a very short dress and if I reach up or bend down he’ll see the lot.”

“You’ll just have to be careful Georgia.”

“Yes; I will.”

“So why did you want us to bring our eggs Georgia?” Zoe asked.

“I thought that it would be fun to have a little competition to see who can take the most electric shocks from them.”

“Have you tried it yet Georgia? We were too scared to touch that electric shock knob.”

“Yes I have. Okay, it really made me jump but it’s no worse than one of those electric fences that keep cows in fields.”

“How would you know, you’ve been locked away in a boarding school for years.”

“We had to go on cross-country runs and some of the older girls took great pleasure in telling us to lift the fence so that they could get under it. It put me off cross-country running for life.”

“But we went to that gym the other night.” Kate stated.

“That’s different.” I replied; “that was for fun.”

“And lots of fun it was too;” Zoe said, “When are we going back there?”

“Whenever you like ladies, you don’t have to wait for me and it won’t cost you anything.”

“If you’re tied up this evening we might just go there on our own; what do you think Kate?”

“Sounds good to me.”

We arrived at daddy’s boat and as soon as all 3 of us were on board I said,

“Right ladies; eggs in and I’ll be back in a minute with mine in as well.”

When I returned I said,

“Okay, just to prove that these things don’t kill you, one of you is going to use my control and give me an electric shock.”

I passed my control to Kate and continued,

“Just turn the knob clockwise one click whenever you’re ready Kate.”

“I’m not going to do it.” Kate said passing the control to Zoe.

“Okay, I’ll do it. Are you going to sit down Georgia?”

Just as my butt hit the seat Zoe zapped me. I screamed then swore while my body went all stiff for a couple of seconds. After another couple of seconds I said,

“See, I told you. Who wants to be next?”

“What was that bell sound that I heard?” Kate asked.

“It’s happened every time that it’s shocked me;” I replied, “I’ll have to play with the control and see if I can turn it off.”

“Or read the instruction leaflet.” Kate said.

“It’s on Chinese dummy.” Zoe said.

“Maybe it’s to tell everyone around you that you’ve just been zapped?” I said,

“I’m going to wear it the next time that I go to the beach and watch the people around me.”

I paused for a couple of seconds then continued,

“I wonder how the Chinese worked out just how much of a shock a girl can take. I can just imagine some poor girl tied spread-eagled to a table with a metal probe in her pussy and some scientists gradually increasing the voltage and duration until it kills her and then saying ‘Oops, bring on another girl please’.”

“It didn’t make you cum did it Georgia?” Zoe asked.

“Not this time, but combine it with the vibrator part and it has before. Maybe with the control turned up further it will.”

I was just thinking about asking Zoe to turn the knob one more time when she did. My body reacted instantly in the same way as it had before, and I screamed as well. But this time the shock lasted longer and my body’s reactions lasted longer.

When the shock stopped the throbbing in my pussy and tits kept going for a lot longer than it had from the first shock.

“I think that there’s a third click that you can turn the knob to.” I said, and again Zoe zapped me.

I screamed again and my body reacted the same way except that the accumulation of zaps was enough to make me cum; and I did. Well I did after I’d screamed. My body went rigid then when the zap stopped I was in a full blown orgasm. I jerked about so much that I slid onto the floor and Kate later told me that my eyes had rolled back into my head.

Kate also told me that if I’d kept going like that for much longer she was thinking about calling 999 or 911 or whatever it is in Spain.

When I was able I said,

“Wow! I love these mind-blowing orgasms.” Then I got up and sat on the seat again.

“So who wants to be next?” I asked.

“Not me.” Kate said.

“Wimp; I’ll do it.” Zoe said.

Zoe got her control and put it on the seat beside her.

“I don’t want to drop it on the floor if it surprises me too much.”

She said then turned the electric shock button clockwise one click.

She screamed and her body went rigid and she nearly slid off the seat.

When it stopped one hand went to her pussy and the other to her tits.

“Fucking hell; that was, that was fucking amazing. The shock went from my pussy to my nipples. Look at them, they’re rock hard and they’re throbbing like hell.”

“And that’s from just one shock; think what it will be like when it’s on constantly or you get a dozen random bursts all within a few minutes.”

“That would kill me.” Zoe replied. “Right, your turn Kate; or do you want me to turn that knob for you?”

“No, I’ll do it; just give me a minute to compose myself.”

“Do you want a stiff drink before you do it?” I asked.

“No, it’s too early for that. Right, here goes.”

One scream and a few swear words later Kate was grinning from ear to ear. I wasn’t sure if she’d enjoyed it that much or because she’d found the courage to do it.

“That was awesome.” Kate said. “Can I do it again?”

“You don’t have to ask Kate, but hang on, how about we have a little competition; how about we do it again but go round in a circle and keep going round until one of us doesn’t do it because they’ve had enough.

One round with the shocks set to 1 click; then a round with them set to 2 clicks and finally, a round with them set to 3 clicks. We do ourselves for the first click then hand our control to someone else for the second click; then the third person for the third clicks. That’ll sort the men from the boys.”

“I think that I’d rather be fucked by a man.” Kate said.

“Come on wimp.” Zoe said; “more self-confidence, you can do it.”

“Zoe is right Kate; you can do it. Right; who’s going first?”

“I will.” Zoe said and immediately gave herself the shock.

Her reaction was the same as before and when she was over it she looked at Kate who immediately shocked herself. Her reaction was the same as before and she had a grin on her face when it was over.

I looked at both girls and did it. Fortunately, maybe not, my scream and body movements were all that I got; maybe I’d cum with 2 clicks.

Round one over, we passed our control anti-clockwise.

Zoe’s scream was louder and her body movements were more pronounced and lasted longer when I zapped her at 2 clicks.

“Fucking hell!” Was all that she managed to say.

Kate’s response to Zoe’s zap was very similar to Zoe’s.

My response to Kate’s 2 click zap was surprisingly similar. I had expected for it to trigger an orgasm but it didn’t.

In the third and final round, both Zoe and Kate orgasmed as soon as the even longer and stronger shock hit them. I eagerly waited for Kate to zap me and when she did it was like my last shock from my egg was a mini version of what I got then plus an orgasm. When it was over my nipples and clit were still throbbing.

In fact, they were still throbbing 2 hours later.

I wondered if it was possible to get the egg to give me a fourth level of shock.

“No winners or losers in that competition.” Zoe said after about 10 minutes of us doing nothing.

“Oh I don’t know, I thing that we were all winners.” I replied.

“Yeah.” Kate said; “That was fun.”

“So,” I said, “what have you 2 got planned for this afternoon? How about a trip to the beach? I can lend you some of my new totally see-through clothes and we can have another round, or 3, of electric shocks.”

“I’m not sure about just wearing something that’s totally see-through; but apart from that I’m game.” Kate said.

“Stop being a wimp sis; come on, let’s go and get our things.”

Just as they were leaving the boat my phone rang.

“Hola, is that Lolita?”

“Si.”

It was Valeria asking if I could meet Alejandro the following evening. We arranged to meet at a particular café at 8 o’clock.

When I terminated the call I had mixed feelings. I really fancied being in another porno video but I was nervous in case they wanted me to do something that I wouldn’t be happy with.

I promised myself that I’d practice my negotiating skills to ensure that I would be happy.

I was down in my cabin getting ready when Kate and Zoe returned and 20 minutes later 3 girls wearing totally see-through clothes left the marina to get a taxi to the bus station.

“Remember sis,” Zoe said, “we wear see-through clothes every day and it’s totally acceptable; so just act naturally.”

“Yeah right.” A nervous Kate replied.

We marched straight up to the ticket office, I bought our tickets then we went outside to wait for the bus.

As we waited for the Bus I asked Zoe how red my butt was and if there was any marks that wouldn’t disappear soon. She looked then told me that I had nothing to worry about, that it was only slightly worse than Kates.

We all held our bags in our fronts as we gave our tickets to the old bus driver, not wanting to risk him seeing our slits and refusing to take us.

We all had to stand in the aisle, both Kate and Zoe being able to stand facing forward and holding one of the ceiling hand straps; but with me not being able to reach that far up I had to stand sideways with the people on the seat either side of me being able to see through my skirt and top.

I haven’t a clue whether or not the girl behind me looked at my butt, but the thirty something man in front of me looked. He was a tall man and when he turned his head towards me his head was right in front of my tits and he only had to look down a bit to see my slit. For most of the journey, his head was facing me. I wished that the control for my egg had been in my bag instead of Zoe’s.

Zoe had been behind me getting on to the bus so she could look down at me and the man. About half way to Salines she bent down and whispered,

“Priapus.”

The man watched me have an orgasm although I doubt that he realised what was happening.

Once over, I looked up at Zoe, smiled and mouthed the word ‘again’.

She did. Twice more before we got to Salines.

As we walked across the road and down the slope to the beach Kate said that she hadn’t noticed anyone looking at us or saying anything about our see-through clothes with nothing underneath.

“You’ve just got to be confident and act like you’re wearing a burka or something like that and people just ignore you; apart from the odd one or two who’d you’d like to flash your goodies at anyway.” I said.

“Yeah, it certainly looks that way Georgia.” Kate replied.

As soon as we got to the damp sand we all stripped naked. Then Zoe handed out the egg controls. There was nothing on the controls to indicate which one belonged to which egg so life could get ‘interesting’ for a while.

We started walking towards the main clothed area with the controls in our hands.

I quickly discovered that I didn’t have the control for my egg as it burst into life causing me to flinch. Fortunately, whoever had my control only set it to purr gently.

We soon made it through the clothed area without incident and picked our spot for the next few hours.

We made a big deal of putting sunblock on each other and 3 clits got rubbed and 6 nipples got tweaked a few times before we go on our backs on our towels.

We’d picked our spot about half way between the fence and the water’s edge and in an area that didn’t have many people close by; but that soon started to change as people, mainly men, decided to settle close to us.

Of course all 3 of us wanted to tan the insides of our thighs so 3 pussies were on full display for anyone who cared to look.

It wasn’t long before Kate asked if we were going to play that game with the eggs again. Up to that point only my egg had been switched on and that was only on a low vibrate setting so up to that point I was the only one who was slightly aroused.

Zoe gave Kate one of the control and we agreed that we’d keep the control that we had and see how we could torment whoever had the matching egg. We also agreed that ‘anything goes’; just to make it more interesting. The only 3 rules that we agreed was that we’d take it in turns to blast whoever just so that all 3 of us weren’t cumming at the same time; and that every 15 minutes or so we’d put the controls back into Zoe’s bag then each take one out and test it. If any one of us found that we’d got the control for our egg they’d all go back into the bag and we’d start again.

The third rule was that there was to be no physical contact between our hands and any of our bodies, including our own.

All went quite well and quite quietly for the first 15 minutes or so with no one appearing to have had an electric shock. Then on the second round one of them gave me one. My body went rigid then my hips went up in the air for a few seconds. As I got over it I looked at Kate and Zoe; both were smiling.

That was it; one of them had declared war. For the next half hour or so all 3 of us were getting shocked and very soon after we started; orgasms.

Then Kate asked if we could have a break and Zoe and I agreed. The eggs were switched off and the controls put in Zoe’s bag. It was only after my heart rate had got back to normal that I looked around to see if anyone was watching us. I couldn’t see anyone, other than a couple of old men who were looking our way as they walked along the water’s edge. Amazingly, all the people around us had ignored our bodies jerking around, our moaning and other verbal noises; and the bells that rang each time that one of us got a shock.

After a while we went for a swim to cool off then we went to the café. Kate wasn’t too happy to go there naked but it proved to be uneventful, apart from a few people looking at us.

When we got back to our towels Zoe wanted to have an exercise session, which we did, and it attracted a small audience until we’d finished.

Then we played ‘shock a friend’ again until we needed another rest.

After the rest we decided to go for a walk; the 3 of us walked back the way that we came to when I’d landed the jet-ski, then back and on, right passed the hordes of naked people up to the rocky part; then back to our towels. That got Kate and Zoe needing another sunbathing rest then we decided to head back to the marina.

This time thought, we didn’t put our see-through clothes on until we’d crossed the road and were stood at the bus stop. One old woman gave us a filthy look and 2 young men had a good stare but that was it.

The bus, and the taxi back to the marina were uneventful and I said goodbye to Kate and Zoe before we headed to our respective boats.

I had a shower, checked my butt to make sure that the red was fading nicely, went to the café to get a drink and something to eat; then had a nap before what I suspected would be a tiring night.

**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 26**

When I got to the club I discovered that Daniella was going to the Private Humiliation event with me. As I had no idea what was involved I asked Daniella if she’d been to one before.

She first told me that it was a private gathering of like-minded people in one room of a workshop that would be cleared out, fitted out with a temporary drinks bar and some tables and chairs. We were to provide the entertainment that they would join in and that we were to play the role of a dominatrix and a submissive who would get humiliated and punished. The dom was to make sure that the sub didn’t get hurt or be forced to do something that she didn’t want to do.

Daniella said that the last time that she went to a do like that she’d been the sub and really enjoyed it but as I’d never been before, and that she’d seen what the dom does, she suggested that I be the sub.

I told her that I was happy with that because I hadn’t a clue what the dom had to do.

“Don’t worry Lolita; I’ll make sure that you are safe; and did the boss tell you that the sub gets paid 5,000 euros?”

“Bloody hell,” I replied, “that will come in handy (I lied). How much does the dom get?”

“2,500 but the dom doesn’t get tied up or fucked as much.”

“Okay then.” I said, “Not that much different to the Public Humiliation then?”

”No, I guess not, but there will be more rope involved in this.”

“Just so long as I don’t get hanged.”

“No, but I can guarantee that you’ll have a sore pussy in the morning.”

“I can live with that. What about damage to my body? Will blood be drawn? Will I need any first-aid treatment?”

“Relax Lolita. The worst I got was some red marks that took a day or so to completely disappear.”

“Good; because I have to go somewhere tomorrow night and I don’t want to have any band-aids stuck to me.”

“No, you should be alright. Anyway, that’s what I’m there for; to stop you from getting hurt.”

“Good, what do I have to wear and how do we get there?”

“The dom had to wear some crazy leather looking corset and stockings and other things, but the sub goes there wearing one of those club’s horrible dresses and a dog collar. A taxi will pick us up in ….. about 20 minutes.”

“And a taxi will bring us back here?”

“Yes. You’ll make a good sub Lolita, looking as young as you do.”

About 20 minutes later a very, err dominant (?) looking Daniella and her sub left the club and climbed into a taxi. A couple of young men were just arriving at the club and saw us.

“I think that we’re going the wrong way mate, we should be following those 2.” I heard one of them say.

Yes, it was a workshop that we went to, on an industrial area of Ibiza town. When we walked in an old(ish) man came over to us and said hello.

“Daniella and Lolita.” Daniella said.

“Tom; pleased to meet you. I’m guessing that the little one is Lolita; the name suits you. Come with me, I’ll get you a drink then introduce you to everyone.”

With a drink in my hand we were taken around the room to meet everyone. All of them seemed nice people and I got a lot of comments about my name and how they were going to enjoy ‘working’ with a cute little body like mine.

As I went round my pussy was getting wetter and wetter. Talking to people that probably would be fucking me quite soon.

Just as we got back to the bar 2 young(ish) men walked in and Tom said,

“This is Alonso and Axel, they’ll be working the ropes this evening Lolita.”

They both put their hands out to shake Daniella’s and mine. Alonso saying,

“We don’t want to hurt you Lolita so if anything does hurt let us know, anyway that you can, and we’ll fix it.”

“Would you like another drink before we start then?” Tom asked.

“Could I have a large whiskey please?” I asked.

One Spanish sized double in my stomach, Alonso and Axel led me to the middle of the room then put velcro cuffs on my wrists and ankles and a ball gaga in my mouth.

“Hands up in the air please Lolita.”

I did as instructed then they were attached to some ropes that I hadn’t noticed before and they then tensioned the ropes so that my heels just left the floor. Next Axel lifted my right foot and raised my leg until he could attach another rope which was pulled up so that I was in the standing splits. Daniella then spoke.

“Right everyone, Lolita is now ready; you know the limits so who would like to get that dress off her?”

No one seemed to want to be first to come and use me so Daniella stepped forwards and slapped my butt with a leather belt that she got from somewhere. I wasn’t expecting that as I squealed from behind the ball gag.

Then she gave me 4 more swats then came round to my front and quite loudly said,

“Shall I swat her on her pussy?”

After some encouragement from the audience, Daniella gave me 1 swat with the belt, which hurt like hell, then said,

“Come on folks; do I have to strip her myself?”

That seemed to break the ice and a couple of men got up and came over to me.

“Rip that dress off her guys.”

My dress was already up to my waist on the side where my leg was high in the air but the guys easily managed to rip the dress into pieces and let them fall to the ground. Then 4 hands were exploring my tits, pussy and butt. The man who was ‘exploring’ my pussy got down on his knees and continued his exploration with his tongue.

Daniella came up to me and put a clothes peg on each of my nipples. A muffled ‘ouch’ came out of my mouth. Then she got a battery wand and put it to my clit.

That was it; my sensitive pussy gave me my first orgasm of the evening. I think that I heard people clapping me.

The man who had tongued me stood up and got his cock out. I hadn’t fully recovered from cumming when that cock went inside me and Daniella removed the wand from my clit.

Two hands came round my chest and started playing with my tits as I saw the audience move close and a couple of flashes came from cameras. I got some relief from the pain of the clothes pegs as they got knocked off by the groping hands.

Four other men came over and had their way with me before Daniella put the wand to my clit again. It had the desired effect and I orgasmed again. Then she used a Flogger to make my pussy and inner thighs hurt like hell.

When Daniella was satisfied that my pussy and inner thighs were red enough she got Alonso and Axel to unfasten the ropes.

When I was free my wrists were fastened behind my back and so were my elbows. This meant that my tiny tits were thrust forward but I still looked like an adolescent little schoolgirl.

Daniella then led me around by a leash that she’d attached to my collar and invited everyone to fondle my tits and pussy, and give my butt a slap.

Once we had gone round the whole room I was let to a workbench that thankfully had a blanket over it because it looked rough and dirty.

Alonso lifted me up onto it and told me to lie on my stomach across the workbench so that my head was over the side. Alonso then checked that my wrists were still secure behind my back before they tied my ankles to the workbench legs, but they moved my legs into the splits position before tying them. This left my pussy in the ideal fucking position and my butt in a great position to be spanked.

Finally, Alonso and Axel tied my thighs down to the workbench.

Daniella then used the flogger to make my butt even redder before men were invited to come and fuck me at both ends.

I have no idea how many different cocks entered my pussy but it was 3 different cocks that I had in my throat. Surprisingly, I didn’t feel any of them shoot their loads in to me and I only came once during that part of the evening’s entertainment.

It was another walk around the room led by Daniella, but this time I had to kneel in front of anyone, male or female who wanted me to suck their cocks or pussies. That walk took ages and I did a lot of sucking. I was glad that none of them had any pubic hair.

Finally, I was taken back to the workbench and had to lie across it again, but this time, on my back on my wrists. Again I was fucked at both ends but this time 4 men shot their loads over my face before 4 men held me down with my legs wide open and they used the magic wand to make me cum 3 times without a break between them.

That was the end except that I went around the room again and did a courtesy in front of different sections of my audience.

Axel then took all the ropes off me before Daniella got me a drink and as we stood talking Tom came over with a couple of other people. They were all praising me and thanking me.

I didn’t tell them that I’d gladly have done it even if I hadn’t been paid for it.

I still had the remnants of the 4 men’s cum drying on my face and chest and there was nowhere for me to have a shower there; so I was still like that, naked as well, during the taxi journey back to the club where I had a much needed shower.

While I was in the shower the boss came in and asked me how it had gone and if I would be happy to take on other similar events. Guess what my answer was.

He gave me my money as I was drying myself.

Daniella was right about me having a sore pussy the next morning. It wasn’t REALLY sore, just a little sore, and not enough to stop me using my fingers to make myself cum before I got off of my bed.

After some time in the bathroom I remembered about the Party Boat and phoned Pau and asked him where I could get 3 tickets for a trip.

I was sat in the café, naked as is usual these days, when Pau phoned me back and gave me all the details that I would need. He also told me that he’d bring the tickets to daddy’s boat later that day.

After breakfast I went for a walk around the marina and bumped into Kate and Zoe. We went back to daddy’s boat and in between sessions on the sybian, I arranged the Party Boat trip with them.

Unfortunately, they were going on a family day out later that morning so they could only stay long enough to have one session on the sybian.

For me it was going to be another day at the beach teasing and improving my all-over tan.

As has become the norm, I went there wearing only a totally see-through dress and had another great time teasing men and flaunting may naked little body to anyone who cared to look.

The only thing that I did differently was to go for a long walk along the rocky coast path, looking at the people on the little beaches between the rocks. One couple that I saw were fucking. I passed the lighthouse and continued to the gay’s beach.

After the unpleasant sighting of 2 men having sex I turned and headed inland, finding the track that vehicles use. I followed it right back to the tarmac road, walking through the little bar then down onto the beach again before going back to roughly where I started. It was a long walk with me only wearing flip-flops and my egg, but it was fun looking at people as I walked towards them, sometimes having to stop while the egg got the better of me as I orgasmed right in front of them.

Each time I had a little giggle to myself as I wondered what they thought of me.

Whilst waiting for the bus back to Ibiza I went into the little shop wearing only the see-through dress and the man serving gave me a filthy look as I paid for the bottle of cola. I just smiled at him.

I wore a different totally see-through dress when I went to meet Alejandro, his sister Maria and his girlfriend Valeria. As I ate my meal that I had before meeting them I wondered what sort of relationship the 3 of them had. Were they living together? Did they share the same bed? Did they have 3-somes every night? I wondered what it would be like to be in a situation like that.

I’d put new batteries in my egg and put it back inside me before leaving the boat and I had fun teasing myself and making me cum whilst eating.

When I got to the café the 3 of them were sat at an outside table. Alejandro was the first to comment on my dress as he stood to greet me. Both Maria and Valeria were wearing very short skirts and it wasn’t long before they accidentally revealed that they too were knickerless.

Over a few drinks Alejandro firstly apologised for not telling me that the videos that he made at the gym were going to be sold as soft porn ones. I think that he was a little happier when I told him that I didn’t mind.

He then went on to tell me that the videos that he made were relatively soft core porn; ones of naked girls in public places where you don’t usually see naked girls, ones of girls getting fucked in public places but not obviously getting fucked.

I asked if Valeria and Maria had starred in his movies. Both girls beamed and said that they had.

At that point my egg got the better of me and I orgasmed right in front of them. All 3 smiled as they watched me jerk about and finally return to normal.

“Wearing your egg again?” Alejandro asked.

I smiled and nodded.

“Did you get it from the sex shop here in Ibiza?”

“Yes.”

“Does it give you electric shocks?”

“Yes, and it rings a bell when it does that.”

“You must have got the top of the range one. Did you read the instructions?”

“No, they were in Chinese.”

“If you had of been able to read them, or got someone to interpret them for you, you’d have found out that you can control the egg from your smart phone; or someone anywhere in the world can control it. You have to download the App but that’s easy. The App gives you a lot more control over it than the little remote control that came with it.”

We spent the next hour or so installing the App on my phone and giving him access to my egg on his phone; and him showing me how to use it; much to my pleasure, giving me 2 further orgasms as he tested both phones.

Both girls told me that they had the same egg and that Alejandro took great pleasure in making them cum or giving them little electric shocks whenever they were at their parent’s houses or in places where girls would rather not have an orgasm.

Then Maria asked Alejandro if he was going to install the other App on my phone.

“What other App?” I asked as Alejandro picked up my phone off the table.

“You’ll like this one;” Valeria said, “it connects you to a website that lets their customers watch what your phone’s camera is seeing and lets them control your egg at the same time.”

“That’s amazing; so I can stick my phone between my legs and they’ll be able to see my pussy and tell my egg to give me an electric shock; and then see my pussy as I’m cumming?”

“Or you could set it up in your hotel room or on the balcony.” Valeria said.

I didn’t tell them that I was living on a boat in a marina.

“And you can setup your account on the website so that they have to pay to see you and control your egg.” Maria said, “I’ve made over a couple of thousand euros so far.”

“It’s better if you are outside in the natural light and you have a good quality camera on your phone,” Valeria continued, “but I see that your phone is the top of the range so you should be sending good quality videos to the site. I’m getting a new phone and a new selfie stick next week.”

“That’s an idea, a selfie stick; but I could always prop my phone up against my bag on the beach.” I replied.

“You’re thinking of doing it on the beach?” Maria asked.

“Then I can come and video you doing it.” Alejandro added as he handed my phone back to me. “I’ve created an account of the website for you, the username is lolitaibiza and the password is ibizalolita. I assumed that you’d prefer Lolita rather than Georgia. You’ll have to put your own bank details in the profile so that you can get the money that the men will pay to see you perform for them; the site is very user friendly so you shouldn’t have any problems.”

“Thank you Alejandro; I’ll have a play with it tomorrow; the app that is.”

As I said that I was thinking about the fun that I was going to have with those 2 Apps.

Alejandro then told me that he’d like to video me as I walked about naked in public and while he made me cum in public and when I was talking to people; especially if I was naked, at worst, wearing clothes like I was at that time.

That sounded like fun to me so I agreed there and then; telling him that if he set things up them I’d do whatever he wanted with just one condition; that I didn’t get arrested.

“Don’t worry about that Lolita, Valeria or Maria will be close by with a dress that you can quickly slip on, and I always have 2 or 3 spotters around looking out for policemen.”

“Good; it sounds like you’ve got it all covered.”

“We’ve done it quite a few times with different girls, including these 2, and we’ve never had a problem.”

“Good, I’m looking forward to it. Where do you want to video me first?”

“I’ve been thinking about that; maybe the old town; I’ll let you know on the day. Talking about the day, when are you available Lolita?”

“Well not tomorrow or the day after, but I’m free the day after that.”

“Excellent, I’ll text you the details.”

I smiled as I thought about fun that I was going to have. Alejandro must have seen me daydreaming and he used his phone to give me a quick electric shock to bring me back to earth.

We spent the rest of the evening talking about lots of things including me telling them about some of the adventures that I’d recently had. Alejandro asked me if I thought that Kate and Zoe would like to star in one of his videos. I told him that I was sure that they would but that they were going back to England soon.

When we parted company I started walking towards the harbour. It wasn’t that late and I decided that I’d go to Groper’s Bar for an hour or 2 before going back to the boat. Okay, I was wearing a dress so groping my bare tits wouldn’t be an option; but it was a thin, see-through dress so I’d still get quite a bit of pleasure out of it.

When I got there the place was crowded and I got my butt and pussy groped twice even before I made it to the bar. There were 2 young men serving and a slightly older man who looked like he was the boss keeping an eye on things. He was standing close to where I was and our eyes met a couple of times before I got served.

As I stood there, at the bar, getting groped by men as they waited to get served, I caught the eye of the boss again. I smiled at him and he smiled back.

“You like it here don’t you?” He asked.

“Yeah, the anonymity is great; I can get pleasured with no ties.”

“That’s exactly the reason why I run this place; I know that girls like to have fun with no ties.”

“You know, there’s something that I’ve fantasised about a couple of times when I’ve been here with a stranger’s fingers in my pussy.”

“What’s that love?”

“I fantasise about being tied, naked, to one of those pillars and having dozens of men groping me.”

The man laughed then said,

“You’re not the first girl to say that; in fact, there must have been 25 or 30 girls in the last couple of years that have said that to me.”

“So did you make their dreams come true?”

“Yes, I did; why, do you want to make your dream come true?”

“Yes, yes I do. So can I do it?”

“Sure; why not? You look nice and young. If you’d been an old biddy I would have said no. I’ve already turned down 4 or 5 pensioners.”

“Pensioners?”

“Well maybe not that old, but well past their sell by date. I’ve got to keep the standards up. So when were you thinking of doing this? What’s your name young lady?”

“Lolita.”

“Well I’m Tony and I’m pleased to meet you Lolita. Is that really your name?”

“No, but it’s one that I’ve been using quite a bit lately.”

“That’s fine, I’ll call you whatever you want Lolita.”

“How about tomorrow night Tony? I can bring my own handcuffs.”

“Tomorrow night is fine but there’s no need to bring anything, I’ve got everything that you’ll need.”

“Good, it’s a date then.”

Tony went off to attend to something or other and I stayed at the bar drinking and getting groped. After a short while one man discovered that he could get his hand up my dress far enough for him to grab my bare tits. That meant that most of my dress got bunched up above my tits attracting more hands to grope me.

I just stood there and loved it, having a couple of orgasms as the hands pleasured me.

I only stayed there for a couple of hours because I knew that I had to be up reasonably early in the morning.

I was woken up by a naked Kate who again joked about me playing with myself in my sleep.

“Where’s Zoe?”

“Upstairs riding your sybian, I hope that you don’t mind.”

“No not at all. Turn around.”

Kate did, and I saw her red butt.

“Been punished again Kate?”

“Yep.”

“Was it good?”

“Yep.”

“Gawd, you 2 are worse than me at times.”

“Yep.”

“Okay, can you put some coffee on then pick out what you want to wear while I have a shower. You two haven’t brought your eggs have you? You need room for fingers in there later.”

“No, we remembered.”

I went and did what I had to do in my bathroom then went upstairs to find Kate riding my sybian.

Zoe left us to go and select a dress or skirt and top while I poured 3 coffees. Five minutes later the 3 of us were sitting talking; well I was doing most of the talking telling them where we were going and what I expected, hoped, would happen.

Five minutes after that we were all dressed; all 3 of us in totally see-through clothes, and heading to where we could get a taxi.

During the journey I told them what Alejandro had told me about our eggs and the Apps. I have no idea if the taxi driver could understand what we were saying, and if he could, what he thought of us; but I didn’t really care.

When we arrived at the Party boat other teenagers had already arrived and some were still arriving. All 3 of us got a few nice comments about our clothes, although I’m sure that it was really about what they could see through them.

There was relatively quiet music being played on the deck and the ‘guests’ were drinking and dancing. Two girls were already topless so Kate, Zoe and I all took our tops off, stuffed them into our bags and went and joined the dancing in just our see-through skirts.

One girl wearing just a thong bikini, who looked like she was on her own, started dancing with us and when it went quiet she asked me if we’d got our bikinis with us for when we went ashore or swimming.

“No, we’ll go skinny dipping.”

“Won’t they mind?”

“No, I’ve done it before and so have lots of others.”

“In that case, I’ll be back in a minute.”

Two minutes later she was back having taken her bikini top off.

Ten minutes later the music stopped and someone announced that we were about to get under way and he explained the programme for the day. It was much like I expected and I told the others that I probably wouldn’t go ashore and play the party games, instead I’d wait for the raft to return then see what happened.

“Okay,” Zoe said, “we’ll follow your lead Georgia; you seem to know what happens on these events.”

“I wouldn’t say that, but I’ve seen what happened on one trip and I’m hoping that it will happen on this one.”

“What’s that Georgia?” Kate asked.

“I won’t tell you just in case it doesn’t happen; I’d hate for you to be disappointed.”

“Okay;” Zoe said then continued, “hey, shall we go and get some more drinks?”

We did, and quickly discovered that whatever everyone was drinking was strong because everyone was very happy and lots of the guys were trying to talk to us. As we stood waiting for some Spanish young man to get us some of the punch, or whatever it was, I said to Kate and Zoe,

“What do you think the guys will do to us when we get totally naked?”

“Fuck us; I hope, but are we really going to get totally naked on this boat?”

“Why not?” I replied, “We all like men looking at us and there must be over a dozen girls that are topless already. Getting bottomless is just the next step.”

We got our drinks and headed back to where we had been standing only to find that the space had been filled by about a dozen young men and a couple of topless girls.

“Like the skirts girls.” One of the young men said.

“Yeah, you may as well be naked.” Another said.

“Would you prefer it if we were totally naked?” I asked.

“Fuck yes.” Three of the guys said.

“Okay then;” I said, “Hold my glass please.” I continued, holding my glass out to the nearest young man.

When he took it I said to the all the guys that were looking at me,

“What? Don’t you think that I’ll do it?”

That was greeted by a mixture of yes and no and a few other comments, so I just unfastened the button on the waist band of my skirt and let it drop to the deck.

“There guys; are you happy now?” I said then stepped out of the puddle of material and bent to pick it up.

I got a few cheers and a few comments about my bald pussy then I turned to Kate and Zoe. Before I could open my mouth I looked passed them and saw another naked girl.

“Shit;” I said, “I wasn’t the first girl to get totally naked. Never mind, your turn now ladies.”

Both Kate and Zoe, and some of the guys had turned to see the other naked girl, then both Zoe then Kate unfastened their skirts and they dropped to the deck.

“Okay guys;” I said, “Who’s going to volunteer to rub sunblock on us? We don’t want to go back to our hotel with red skin.”

Of course there were lots of volunteers to help us and all 3 of us let the guys rub the cream onto our tits and pussies. The guy who did me wasn’t at all shy when it came to my pussy and his fingers lingered outside, and inside my hole and he was rewarded with me cumming as I stood there.

When I was able to look around I saw that most of the guys near me were staring at me with grins on their faces.

After putting our skirts and the sunblock into our bags we enjoyed ourselves dancing and talking to the guys. As they got ‘happier’, their hands got more adventurous and I got finger fucked numerous times. The guys got rewarded with 3 more orgasms before I heard, and felt, the engines slow down then stop.

I looked over to the land and saw that we were in the same bay that I’d seen the other day. I guessed that it was the same Party Boat, or another one that used the same cove.

I was also pleased to see some Spanish men push a whole load of plastic, with a hose attached, over the side. Quite a few people were watching as it slowly surfaced and turned into a big raft as more and more air got pumped into it.

The music had stopped and the ‘guests’ were moving around, trying to see what was going on. I was happy to see that a large percentage of the girls were now topless, and quite a few were bottomless as well.

Some people jumped into the sea and swam ashore when the raft and supplies were pulled ashore, but others, like us, stayed on the boat. Kate asked me why we hadn’t gone ashore and I told her hang back and that we might be rewarded in our pussy areas.

“We’ll get fucked if we stay on the boat?” Kate asked.

“Maybe, but that wasn’t what I was thinking; just hang back and see what happens.”

We did, and I was happy to see that the empty raft was tied to the side of the boat by a rope that let it drift about 5 metres from the boat.

“Come on girls,” I said, “let’s get onto that raft.”

We jumped into the sea and swam the short distance before climbing onto the raft.

“What now?” Zoe asked.

“Now we sit on the side and wait.”

It didn’t take the guys long to realise that by swimming near the side of the raft they could see our pussies and when one of the guys who had been talking to us earlier got near me I spread my legs wider and said,

“Wanna taste?”

He didn’t need 2 invites and within a minute he was eating my pussy. Soon, more naked girls were sitting on the side of the raft having their pussies eaten.

At one point I looked up to the boat and couldn’t see any more young people up there; all were either on the beach or enjoying themselves around the raft.

I saw one guy get onto the raft and pull a girl to the middle. She pulled him down then pulled his shorts down and started to ride him.

Then I saw Kate being dragged backwards with a big smile on her face; then Zoe, then me. The guys had swum round to a side of the raft with no girls on and climbed on.

A sort of orgy ensued which was quite nice. My hole got filled with 3 lots of male cum and I came 4 times before the orgy died down and people started swimming to the beach.

Kate, Zoe and I followed and we soon got some more drinks and watched the silly games. It was funny watching the naked girls mix with those girls who, for whatever reason, didn’t take their bikini bottoms off; all joining in with the guys wearing their swimming shorts. A few of the guys, and the girls got totally wasted and I wondered how they’d manage to get back to the boat.

I saw one totally naked girl flat on her back on the sand, with her legs spread wide. She was shouting,

“Come and get it.”

I watched one young man stagger over to her, pull his shorts down then get on top of her.

Kate, Zoe and I were happy to just watch; maybe because none of us had drunk that much. When 4 guys came over to us Kate told them to drop their shorts, which they did, and we gave them blowjobs. Zoe got her reward first, all over her face; then proceeded to give the 4th guy his blowjob.

Eventually, the beach party was over and the Spanish guys used the raft to get things back to the boat. They also put the guys and girls, 2 girls who were naked, who were unable to swim back to the boat on the raft and we watched as they were man-handled up onto the boat. I wondered if any of the Spanish guys groped the drunk, naked girls as they lifted them.

The boat ride back was just as noisy with people dancing all over the deck. The only real difference to the outward journey was that drunk and half-drunk girls and boys were making- out all around the sides of the boat. Some of the girls, like us 3, were stood at the side of the boat looking out to sea with our hands on the rail and our feet over a metre from the side and about half a metre apart. Most of us were shaking our butts to the music.

Our pussies were invitingly on display, and quite a lot of the ‘happy’ guys were taking advantage of our position and fucking us. All 3 of us got fucked 3 times; one of the guys who fucked me had trouble cumming and the fuck went on for ages with me cumming twice before he finally did.

One time that I turned around I saw one guy fucking a naked girl who was laid over some sort of barrel; she wasn’t moving at all, or saying anything and I wondered if she was unconscious.

After watching topless and some bottomless girls leave the boat, Zoe and I decided to go ashore, onto the harbour, naked as well. Kate wasn’t too keen but didn’t want to be left out so 3 naked girls walked the 100 metres or so to where we could get a taxi back to the marina. The taxi driver just acted like we were fully clothed and didn’t say a word all through the journey.

Back on daddy’s boat we all collapsed on the deck and all 3 of us must have fallen asleep. The next thing that I remember was waking to the vibrations and noise of my sybian as Kate rode it to what looked like a very pleasurable orgasm.

After each of us had had a pleasurable sybian ride we took it in turns to use the shower in my cabin before going over to the café to get something to eat and let the early evening patrons stare at the 3 naked girls. Manuel thanked us for our custom with a free bottle of tequila.

As we ate I asked Kate and Zoe if they wanted to join me on a visit to Groper’s Bar. I told them that I had a little surprise for them that might just make them a little jealous.

I still wouldn’t tell them what the surprise was as I put on a dress instead of a skirt and top like they both put on, when we got ready to go out.

“You’re tits won’t get as much attention in that dress.” Kate said.

“Maybe.” Was all I said.

About 10 o’clock, 3 girls wearing totally see-through clothes got a taxi round the harbour then walked up to Groper’s Bar. We went straight to the bar and saw Tony. He brought 3 bottles of beer over to us and then asked me if I was still happy to do what we had discussed.

When I said that I was, he picked-up a bag then led me over to the middle of the room. I looked back to Kate and Zoe who both had puzzled looks on their faces.

The pillar that Tony chose to tie me to is square and about 30 centimetres across and I saw that he had put some up-turned beer crates at the bottom of the pillar for me to stand on. When I asked Tony what they were for he told me that he didn’t want the guys to have to bend down to be able to grope my pussy.

He told me to spread my feet so that they were outside the width of the pillar then he tied my ankles round the pillar so that I couldn’t close my feet; not that I wanted to.

Then he moved up and tied my wrists in a similar way. I was expecting my wrists and ankles to be tied something like they were, but I wasn’t expecting Tony to tie my waist to the pillar as well; nor was I expecting him to fasten a ball gag in my mouth. Fortunately, he held my bottle of beer to my mouth and let me have one last swig before putting the ball gag in my mouth.

Just as he finished he ran a finger along my slit and I moaned then orgasmed.

“You cum quite easily don’t you Lolita?” Tony said. “It looks like you’re going to enjoy this.”

I nodded my head. I was well and truly at the mercy of the hands that I hoped would soon be exploring all parts of my body and making me cum like I just had.

Tony collected the ropes bag and left me but he came back almost straight away and placed a bucket on the floor between my legs. As he moved away Kate and Zoe came over to me.

It was still relatively early and there weren’t many people in there but those that were there were all staring at me. I don’t know if Zoe just wanted to say something to me or if she wanted to let everyone know that I was there to be groped; but she came over to me and put her hand on my pussy.

“Gawd girl, you’re soaking. I see why that barman put a bucket on the floor. I take it that this is your surprise; it’s a good one girl. How long are you going to stay there? Oops, you can’t answer me. I’ll just make you cum to give you a good start.”

With that the fingers of her hand got busy. It didn’t take long and I was soon cumming and jerking about as much as the ropes would let me.

Zoe kept her hand on my pussy and as I started to calm down she quietly said,

“Priapus.”

Another orgasm hit me.

Zoe stayed with her hand on my pussy until I was back to normal. Then she said another single word, “Enjoy;” before going back to Kate at the bar.

I just stood there feeling embarrassed and humiliated as the strangers looked at me. Yet at the same time I was feeling so sexually aroused that I wondered if the bucket would be big enough to hold all my juices that were dripping out of my pussy.

I was less than a minute before a man walked up to me. He was smiling as his right hand went to my left tit and started mauling it. I moaned as he pulled on my nipple then twisted it around.

Then his right hand slid down my ribs then stomach to my pussy. In one swift move he had 2 fingers inside me. I moaned again as he cupped my pubes then started to finger fuck me.

You guessed it, I orgasmed within a minute of his fingers entering me. I mentally thanked those boys on the beach for telling me about the O-Shot.

That was just the first of dozens of people who looked at the naked me then groped my body in any way that they wanted. The fact that I was a girl in that bar gave them the licence to do just that and the fact that I was naked and tied to a pillar removed any possible sense of embarrassment or reluctance to do whatever they wanted to the unknown girl.

It was so blatantly obvious that I was there to be groped and that they could do whatever they wanted to me; and they did. The smiles and lust on their faces as they groped me just turned me on more and more.

I have absolutely no idea how many orgasms I had that night. I seemed to just come down from one as another started to rapidly build then explode inside me.

At one point I remember seeing Zoe standing in front of me and asking me if I was okay. Of course I couldn’t answer her, but the smile on my face must have told her that I was because she said,

“I thought so.” Then turned and walked back to Kate.

When the short breaks between orgasms started to get longer as the numbers of customers started to decrease, resulting in the groping becoming less constant; I managed to look around and saw both Kate and Zoe with hands up the back of their skirts and between their legs. I was pleased that they too were being kept happy.

Eventually, Tony came over to me and started to untie the ropes. I almost collapsed onto him as the last rope came off me and he lifted me off the beer crates and sat me on a chair. When he took the ball gag off me he gave me a cloth so that I could wipe the drool off my mouth and chest; then he gave me glass of cola that I downed in one before thanking him.

“Wow Lolita; you were the best girl that has ever been tied to that pillar. Most girls only cum a handful of times but you; I couldn’t keep up with the count, you must be knackered; and look in that bucket, it looks like you peed yourself.”

“I am, and that isn’t pee.” I managed to reply.

Kate and Zoe had come over to me and both said that I looked knackered. Kate said,

“I didn’t know that a girl could cum so many times one after another.”

Zoe added,

“If we weren’t going back to England in a couple of days I would want to do the same myself.”

“Have you 2 had a good night?” I asked.

“Yes thanks,” Zoe replied, “I’ve lost count of the number of times I’ve been finger fucked.”

Kate smiled and was nodding her head.

“Can one of you get me a beer please?” I asked, “I need some more liquid.”

Kate went off to the bar while Zoe sat next to me.

“I suppose that we should get going soon Georgia; daddy will get pissed if we’re too late back.”

“If you 2 are going back to England the day after tomorrow how about we make tomorrow a special day?”

“What are you thinking Georgia?”

“How about you 2 stay on my boat tonight then all 3 of us go and let your father punish all 3 of us; then we go to the beach then the gym, then a massage; then if we’ve got the energy I might just take you to a sex show.”

“What’s that about a sex show?” Kate asked as she walked up to us.

“Georgia’s planning a special day for us tomorrow.”

“Well whatever it is I’m game.” Kate replied.

I went through the day again then said that I knew a club where we could watch a sex show and maybe even join in or put on a show of our own.

“That sounds err ‘interesting’. Kate said.

“Yeah, and whatever it is we’re in.” Zoe added.

“It depends on what else is going on tomorrow night but I know the boss and he’s not the type to miss having 3 hot chicks get naked on his stage.”

“Well let’s hope that he gets to see our hot little bodies then.” Zoe replied.

“Oh, he’ll want to do that Zoe.”

I finished my beer then took my dress from Zoe’s hand. Standing up I put it on then said,

“Let’s go, we’ve got a long day ahead of us tomorrow, and I need some sleep.”

As I waved to Tony Zoe said,

“Can I have a ride on your sybian before I crash Georgia?”

“Of course you can.”

And that’s just about what happened when we got back to daddy’s boat. Kate had a ride as well. After we all showered we crashed on my bed with me in the middle.

“Wanna let me make you cum before you go to sleep Georgia?” Zoe asked; “I mean it’s all of about an hour since you last orgasmed.”

“That would be nice.” I replied.

I was expecting her to say ‘that’ word, or use her fingers but she slid down the bed and onto the floor. Then she spread my legs and put her mouth to my pussy.

One minute later I was cumming again. Afterwards, when she lay next to me she said,

“I wish that I could cum as quickly as you do Georgia.”

“Yeah, I am a lucky girl aren’t I?”

That was the last thing I remember of that night. The next thing that I remember was waking up to the feeling of a mouth working on my pussy. Kate had decided to wake me in a very pleasant way. After I orgasmed, Kat said,

“That’s how I wake Zoe sometimes.”

“Lucky Zoe. My dad sometimes wakes me by fucking me. When you’re next in bed with a man ask him to wake you like that Kate; it’s really nice.”

Just then Zoe came out of the bathroom and asked,

“Mind if I use your sybian whilst you 2 are in the shower?”

“Go for it girl.” I replied; “we’ll get ready for our spanking.”

“Yeah, I’m going to miss those when we get back to England.” Kate added. “Maybe we could spank each other Zoe.”

“We’ll have to get a strap-on to finish the job in the same way.”

“You’ll have to find a guy at university to fulfil your needs.” I said as I walked into the bathroom. “It shouldn’t be too difficult.”

Fifteen minutes later, 3 naked girls were walking off daddy’s boat and round to Mr. Billingham’s boat. As expected, all 3 of us got the punishments that we hoped for then we left with Zoe telling her father that we were going to the beach for the day.

Before we left to go to the beach, the 3 still totally naked, albeit with red butts, went over to the café and gave 4 male customers a treat while they finished their food and then ordered some more coffees.

After that it was back to daddy’s boat to get organised and put on just some totally see-through tops and skirts before leaving the marina.

We had a bit of fun at the bus station waiting for the bus. We’d just missed one so we had nearly an hour to wait for the next one. The thing was, a group of 6 young men were in the same position as us and it didn’t take long for one of them to realise that our skirts and tops were totally see-through and that we had nothing on under them.

We were soon surrounded by them all of them looking at out tits and slits. Of course they had lots of rude comments about our outfits and what they’d like to do to our bodies, which we all loved.

One other thing that we were all wearing that I haven’t mentioned is our eggs and it wasn’t long before Zoe raised the bar, and a few of the cocks, by whispering ‘Priapus’ in my ear.

It took a few seconds for some of them to realise what was happening then they all went silent for a minute or so as they all watched me orgasm. It took a few seconds for some of them to realise what was happening.

That caused a few more comments and I thought,

“Well, Zoe started it; so let’s all of us have some fun.”

Then I got my remote control out and told Zoe and Kate to get theirs out. Without knowing what I was going to do next, I took them off them and gave them to the guys saying,

“Have some fun guys; but we need those back later; okay?”

Again, some of them were quicker on the uptake than the others but it was only seconds before all 3 eggs were going crazy inside us.

Those guys made me cum 3 more times before the bus arrived and I think that both Zoe and Kate came 3 times as well. Each time that we orgasmed the guy that had the appropriate control passed it to one of their mates to let them induce another orgasm.

In a way it was good when the bus arrived because it gave us girls the chance for a short rest. It was only a short rest because the guys led us to the back of the bus and for the whole journey us girls were getting passed from one lap to another and fingers as well as the eggs were making us cum lots more times.

In a way I was glad that the noisy bus engine was at the back and drowning our moans.

When we got off the bus one of the guys asked us where we were going and when we told them they told us that they’d follow us there then give us the controls back.

As we started going down the slope to the beach I told one of the guys that we had to stop; telling him that this was where we normally took our clothes off.

Of course they stopped and watched us; not that they could see any more of our bodies; they only bits that they hadn’t seen was what was hidden between our, up to that point (well nearly), closed legs and I hoped to put that right quite soon.

Three naked girls and 6 young men with shorts on, walked through the crowded clothes area; the girls having to stop a couple of times as the guys turned the eggs up and made us cum.

Just after the clothed area I stopped and told the guys that we were where we were going to spend the day.

“A bit close to the prudes isn’t it?” One of the guys asked.

“You don’t think that you’re going to fuck us here do you?” I replied.

“Well ………”

“Well you’re not; but out there in the water you might, and over in those trees you might.” I replied’

I was looking at Kate and Zoe when I said that last bit and I watched the smiles appear on their faces. I also saw the smiles appear on some of the guy’s faces.

Putting my bag down, I got my towel out and started to spread it about half way between the water and the fence. Kate and Zoe followed me. After watching us bend over then get on our hands and knees and wiggling out butts at them, the guys setup their pitch between us and the water, just at our feet.

If any of the guys hadn’t seen our wet pussies by then they had a great view as we spread our legs and leaned back on our elbows to watch them and the bulges in the front of their shorts.

It was only when they were laid on their stomachs looking at our pussies that one of them remembered that they still had our remote controls. What followed was about 30 minutes of them making all 3 of us cum over and over again. What’s more, one of them discovered the electric shock switch and before long all 3 of us were getting shocked to faster orgasms.

Eventually, Kate pleaded for a break and it was only the promise of an underwater fuck that got the guys to give us back the remote controls.

After a break of about 10 minutes, during which the guys kept pestering us for the fucks; I sat up and said that I’d have to get my egg out before they could fuck me. Kate and Zoe followed and 3 eggs slowly appeared and plopped out onto our towels.

That sight alone caused one of the guys to moan and I wondered if he’d just creamed his shorts. I didn’t get the chance to find out because 3 of them got up and pulled us to our feet then pulled us into the sea. After a bit of horseplay 3 girls were floating on their backs with one of the guys between their legs.

Three male orgasms and 3 female orgasms later, the 3 guys went back to their towels whilst us 3 girls compared notes about the performance of the guys.

About 5 minutes later the other 3 guys came into the water and we got fucked again.

When we 3 girls decided to get out of the water Zoe said,

“Well that’s 2 down, 4 to go.”

“You’re going to fuck all 6?” Kate said.

“Hell yes.” Zoe replied; “why not? We’re going back to England tomorrow and I don’t know when we’ll get the next chance. What’s that saying about hay and the sun shining?”

“Yeah, okay, why not?” Kate replied.

I was just smiling.

Before the next round, Kate, Zoe and I decided to do some sunbathing, well our fronts and inner thighs, and we asked for volunteers to put our sunblock on. We nearly got crushed in the rush but all 3 of us got a good coat of sunblock, especially on our tits and pussies.

I didn’t hear Kate or Zoe cum again, but my super-sensitive pussy responded and I had one.

About 30 minutes later round 2 of almost consecutive fucks took place in the water. There was a handful of people from the clothed part of the beach swimming nearby but none of them seemed to notice what was going on only a couple of metres from them.

Back at the towels one of the guys suggested getting a drink from the beach bar. When Kate and I jumped to our feet and asked the guys if they were going to get us one, one of the guys said,

“Only if you come with us to get them.”

I think that they didn’t believe that we’d go to the beach bar naked but 3 guys and 3 naked girls were soon walking into the bar.

Back at our towels, eating our free ice cream and drinking our free colas, we watched as one of the guys got his phone out and started taking photographs of us. After hearing lots of clicks I said,

“You want to keep that thing handy mate, after round 3 we’re going to do some exercising and you’ll get better shots of us then.”

And after round 3 that’s what we did. We did our exercises between the guys and the water and we attracted a small audience as we thrust our spread pussies at all angles. I guess that Kate’s and Zoe’s pussies were like mine and still leaking the remains of the 6 guy’s cum that had filled us earlier.

Two of the guys must have filled their phone’s memory cards with the number of photographs and videos that they took of us. Knowing that those images of our pussies would probably end up on the internet made me even hornier and my own juices were mixed in with the male cum that was slowly leaking out of me.

Some serious sunbathing followed, I for one was a bit knackered and I dozed off while I was on my back with my legs spread wide.

I woke up to the feeling of Zoe leaning over me and slowly pushing my egg up my hole.

“Hmm, that’s nice daddy.” I said before realising where I was and who was on top of me.

“Does your father often wake you up by pushing something up your hole Georgia?” Zoe asked.

“Yes,” I replied, “but it’s not usually a plastic object.”

“Lucky girl.” Zoe said.

“Yes I know that I am.”

By that time it was getting well on into the afternoon and we had plans for some more fun that evening so we got up and told the guys that we had to leave.

To say that they were disappointed was a bit of an understatement and they all did their best to persuade us to stay and then go back to their hotel with them but we were having nothing of it and 3 naked girls with bags over their shoulders left and walked through the clothes area to the end of the beach.

Kate and Zoe were both a bit sad to be walking off that beach for the last time but I got them over that by reminding them what we were going to do later. Zoe also wanted to wait until the last possible moment to put some clothes on so we sat on the little wall at the top of the slope up to the road until we saw the bus arriving.

While we were sat there 2 young men arrived on motorbikes and parked them near to us. One of them asked us if there were lots of girls like us on the beach. I told them that there was.

When we saw the bus we put on our totally see-through tops and totally see-through skirts then crossed the road to join the queue for the bus.

The young (ish) bus driver smiled at us when we paid him then we had to stand in the aisle all the way back to Ibiza town.

One elderly man was obviously very alert because he realised what he could see as I walked along the aisle and I was pleased when I had to stop and stand next to him. He kept looking at me and smiling so I stood sideways facing him and spread my feet to shoulder width.

He obviously liked looking at me and I liked him looking at me.

Zoe noticed him as well. She wasn’t in a position to show her slit to him but she was in a position to whisper ‘Priapus’ in my ear. The man was treated to the sight of me cumming; and it was obvious that he knew that I was cumming.

Zoe made me cum for him twice more before the bus stopped at the bus station.

I thanked him just before I started moving forwards to get off and I wondered if he still got hard-ons and if he’d have a wank later whilst thinking about me. I was pleased that I had pleased him.

We walked from the bus station to the gym and stopped at a café on the way to have an ice cream and a drink. A few people did a second take when they saw us but no one said anything.

Pedro was sat at the reception desk when we walked in and his face was a picture when he saw what we were wearing. He welcomed us without once raising his eyes to our faces.

In the changing room we quickly got naked and decided to have a shower before we started. We were still covered in sunblock and we had sand in some of our crevices. There was a man in the shower and it didn’t take long for his cock to get hard.

He was still there when we got out and dried and I wondered if he was about to have his second workout of the day.

As we walked into the workout room we saw one other totally naked girl, one wearing shorts and a tank top with no bra, and about half a dozen men. Those men who were still managing to workout, stopped and looked at us 3 as we went to the mats and started our exercises.

The naked girl turned round and I saw that her pussy was as bald as ours.

We went through our routine with Zoe taking advantage of the fact that she wouldn’t be returning there by giving her pussy a quick rub every time that she stood up. This wasn’t missed by the guys and when I realised what she was doing I started doing the same, so did Kate.

The girl who was wearing shorts and a top disappeared only to return a couple of minutes later minus the clothes and revealing a lack of pubic hair. I wondered if the guys would realise that it was the same girl.

She went to one of the cycles and started pedalling.

When she saw Kate and Zoe adjust the height of the saddles before they started pedalling, and the effect that a high saddle was having on them, she got off and adjusted the height of her saddle.

Whilst that was going on I was on the leg spreader letting the guys get a great view of my spread pussy. I heard one guy gasp and saw others grin as I thumped the controls to send the machine crazy. With my left hand pretending to get the machine back under control, my right hand went to my pussy.

More prudish men would have thought that I was trying to hide my pussy but there were none there and all the guys knew that I was fingering myself and rubbing my clit to make myself cum as my legs opened and closed.

Three orgasms later I hit the right sequence of keys and I was left with my legs spread wide and flat on my back. I let my hand slide off my pussy and just lay there letting them look at my spread, soaking, swollen pussy.

When I eventually sat up I saw the first naked girl standing between my legs.

“That was some show girl.” She said in Spanish.

Her voice was a bit confusing and I didn’t know if she was pissed or happy. That is until she asked me how I’d managed to get the machine to do what it had; and how to stop it.

In Spanish I told her then asked if she was going to have a go. When she said that she was I got off the machine and watched her take my place.

The first time that her legs went wide apart I, and all the guys in there, could see her hole, gaping wide open.

“Wow!” I thought, “I wonder how she gets it to do that?”

I was just thinking about how I could ask her when Kate tapped me on my shoulder and told me that an exercise bike was free. I quickly turned and walked over to it only to see Zoe and the other girl, both in the middle of an orgasm.

I smiled and got on the cycle vacated by Kate, noticing that the saddle was already wet.

My next orgasm came quickly, followed by 2 more before I finally got off and lay on the rubber mats on the floor. I needed time to recover.

After I’d been laid there for a couple of minutes the girl who’s been on the cycle next to me came and stood next to me.

“Where did you learn about setting the seat like that?” She asked in Spanish.

“Pedro showed it to me when I first came here.” I replied. “He knew that I had nothing on under my little skirt and stopped me from getting on. When I told him that the seat was too high for me he just laughed and told me to try it. I did, and well, you’ve seen the results.”

“I might just have to start cycling everywhere.” The girl said.

I smiled and said that I was going to do that as well.

I did some more floor exercises while waiting for Kate and Zoe to have their turns on the leg stretcher and while I did I looked around. There were 5 naked girls, all being watched by about twice that many men. I wondered if Pedro had thought about expanding his business and encouraging more girls to exercise naked. I was sure that it would boost the number of male members and he could make a good killing if he went about it in the right way.

Kate and Zoe finally finished and we left the other 2 naked girls who looked to be revelling in the attention that they were getting.

We were the only ones in the changing room and after a shower Kate said that she wanted to put her egg back inside her. That was until I reminded her that we were going for a massage next.

“Oh goody, I’d forgotten about that. More cums; do you think that we can get that guy who does you to do us as well? That never ending orgasm that you’ve told us about sounds awesome.”

“Maybe, but it will mean that we’ll be there a lot longer if he has to do all 3 of us.”

“I don’t care.” Kate replied.

After the gym we went to a nearby café and had a couple of drinks before going for the massages and when we walked into the massage place there were 2 middle-aged men talking to the receptionist. They both turned and looked at us and it took a few seconds for them to turn back to the receptionist to continue their conversation.

They looked at us again before walking off to the waiting room.

When the receptionist turned to us I told her that we all wanted a full body massage from Felipe and that we all wanted happy endings. She tried to convince us to have 3 separate masseurs but I persisted with my request and she finally gave in.

Then I told her that we wanted the massages to be given outside on the patio.

“But there’s a wedding celebrating going on at the other end of the square.” The receptionist said.

I smiled and got a little wet rush then told her that it was okay. I got out my Black Amex card and held it out for her. Her eyes opened a little wider and she smiled as she took it from me saying,

“I’m sure that we can arrange something. Would you care to go to the waiting room and someone will collect you when we are ready for you.”

“You splashing your father’s money around again Georgia?” Zoe asked as we walked away.

“Why not? I’m sure that he won’t mind.”

There were 5 others, 3 men and 2 young women, in the waiting room, all sat around wearing only towels. All turned and looked at us as we walked in. If the men thought that they were lucky seeing us wearing totally see-through clothes, they must have thought that they had gone to heaven when we stripped off and went to the shower. And when we came out and sat opposite them without wrapping towels around us I stared at their towels trying to see their bulges.

One of the young men sat opposite us let his knees drift apart and I could see his balls under his towel.

As we waited, Kate asked what the patio and a wedding that I was talking to the receptionist about was all about.

“It’s a surprise Kate; you’ll like it.” I replied then changed the subject.

We only had to wait about 15 minutes before a girl came for us. Two staff girls came in, one for us and the other for the balsl flashing man.

The staff girl went through the door to the patio first, followed by Zoe, Kate and me last. When Kate saw, and heard all the people she said,

“We can’t have a massage out here. We’re naked and look at all those people.”

“Relax Kate, there’s a fence between us and them and it’s starting to get dark. No one will see you. You get up on the table and tell me if you can see anyone.”

Kate did and confirmed that the table was below the height of the fence. Just then Felipe appeared and asked if the girl on the table was going first.

“I guess that it’s you first Kate.” Zoe said, “We’ll just hang around and wait.”

As Felipe got to work on Kate’s back, Zoe and I looked around. We walked over to the fence and stood looking out at the crowd. We were covered by the fence below our waists, well almost; anyone close by would be able to see between the slats on the fence and see that we were bottomless as well as topless.

We stood there talking and looking at the Spanish dancing and the people just sat watching the dancers. It wasn’t long before a couple of the older kids there wandered over and realised what they could see; but we just ignored them.

Then I turned around to look at Kate getting her massage; then passed her through one of the windows. I elbowed Zoe when I saw a naked female masseur wanking a man who was flat on his back on a table.

We stared as she worked on his cock then climbed onto the table and rode him to his happy ending. I was expecting that to be it, but she got on her hands and knees over him and presented her pussy to his face as she started giving a blowjob to get him hard again.

This time she controlled him shooting his load all over her face then she retrieved as much as she could with her tongue.

When we looked down to Kate, Felipe had turned her over and I saw a very relaxed smile on her face. Shortly after that Felipe’s hand moved over her tits and must have just touched her nipples because we all heard her moan. If her nipples had been able to get any bigger they would have done so at that moment.

I heard a young male voice behind me and wondered if the owner was looking at my butt or past me to Kate.

We continued to watch Felipe work on Kate’s pussy and make her cum. As she moaned and swore I heard the voice behind me again.

“Fucking hell.” In Spanish.

I turned and looked at the voice; it was a young man, one of a group of about 6 young men and girls. All were stood leaning on the fence and watching Felipe working on Kate.

“Good isn’t he?” I said in Spanish.

“Si.” One of the young me said then looked me up and down.

“After he’s done her he’s got us to do as well. You’re in for a good show if you hang around.”

“Gracias.”

The young man said as his eyes alternated between me and Kate.

“You should go and get all your mates.”

He looked round to another of the young men then told him to go and get someone. I smiled then turned back to watch Kate have her second orgasm.

As Felipe took Kate to her third I saw him stick 2 fingers into her and start rapidly lifting her up and down.

“Here we go.” I thought as Kate’s face went from pleasure to shock then back to pleasure. She started saying, ‘yes, yes, yes” then she started laughing and giggling as her body jerked about so much that Felipe had difficulty lifting her by her pubic bone from the inside.

On and on went Felipe and Kate was giggling and jerking so much that I thought that she’d bounce off the table.

Eventually, Felipe stopped and backed away from Kate but she kept on giggling and jerking about. Both Zoe and I got worried that she was going to fall and hurt herself so we moved in and lifted her off the table and sat her on one of the chairs that was backed to the building wall.

Felipe disappeared for a minute or so then returned with 3 bottles of water. He offered 1 to Kate but she was oblivious to the world around her as the orgasms kept coming.

Ignoring Kate, Felipe asked who was next. Zoe looked at me and I told her to get on the table. She looked a bit worried so I told her that Kate would be okay, that she’d get back to normal eventually.

I sat next to Kate who was sliding down in her chair and opening her legs. I looked up and saw a whole row of faces looking at us. Felipe was still ignoring them and Zoe was on her stomach waiting for Felipe to start on her.

I slid down my own chair and opened my legs. One young man in particular was staring at me, or should I say my pussy, so I started playing with it with one hand and holding Kates hand with the other.

I think that I orgasmed within a minute.

I know that Kate was still jerking about and giggling. It seemed forever before Kate started to come down from her elongated high. When she turned to look at me she was still smiling so I reached over and ran a finger along her slit. She started jerking about and moaning again.

It was another couple of minutes before she calmed down again. By that time Zoe was on her back and Felipe was massaging her tits and she was moaning.

I reached over and ran a finger long Kate’s slit again. This time she only jerked once while she moaned before saying,

“Don’t please Georgia; I don’t think that I can take anymore.”

“Of course you can,” I said as I reached over and did it again. “You’ve got to perform for your audience.”

As I said that I nodded over to the young people who were still deciding which of the 3 of us they wanted to watch.

“Oh my gawd, how long have they been there?”

“Since before your first orgasm.”

“Oh my gawd; they saw me totally lose it?”

“Yep; and I’m sure that they’re going to see your sister lose it quite soon, and me later. I told you that Felipe has magic hands.”

“He certainly has; I wish that we weren’t going home tomorrow.”

“Maybe you can come back soon, and bring your father with you; I like his punishments.”

“You’re such a slut Georgia.”

“So are you Kate. Look, you can’t leave your pussy alone.”

Kate’s right hand had moved to her pussy and she was slowly rubbing her clit.

“Neither can you slut.”

She was right, my right hand was busy too; what’s more I was getting close to cumming for our audience. And that was before Felipe had even touched me.

We sat there diddling our clits while we watched Filipe do to Zoe what he had done to Kate. Zoe totally lost it too, and while she was jerking about and giggling she too nearly fell off the table, Felipe had to pull her back to the middle using just his hand that was still holding her pubic bone and lifting her up and down.

Felipe seemed to do that to Zoe for ages and, like Kate, Zoe kept jerking about and giggling even after Felipe had stopped touching her. In fact, Felipe had gone for a break leaving just us 3 naked girls out on the patio being watched by our little audience.

After my next orgasm had subsided I got up and went to the still gigging Zoe. I touched her pussy, triggering another jerking session. I held her hand as she slowly stopped gigging and having the involuntary jerks.

When I thought that Zoe was capable of standing, I swung her legs round and pulled her forwards. Kate jumped up and helped me put Zoe into the chair that I had been sat it. We put Zoe lying back in the chair with her legs wide open.

“My turn now.” I said and ran a finger along Zoe’s slit before turning to climb onto the table. I heard Zoe moan then start giggling again and when I was on my stomach on the table I turned my head and saw Zoe’s body jerking. She was still way up there.

I hoped that my never ending happy ending would leave me up there for hours.

Just as I was starting to think that Felipe had forgotten about me he reappeared and stood beside me.

“Hello Felipe.” I said, “It’s good to see you again. I want a really special never ending happy ending please.”

“I’ll do my best young lady; it’s a real pleasure to work with someone so young.”

For a second or so I wondered just how old he thought I was; but that didn’t last because his fingers touched my bare back and I nearly orgasmed at his sensual touch.

I’d lay down with my head facing the building and as Felipe was massaging my legs I looked through the window to see a man on his back with a huge hard-on pointing to the ceiling. His young naked, girl masseur was working on his chest and shoulders and ignoring his hard-on.

My mind lost interest in what I could see as Felipe lightly touched my pussy. I moaned the turned my head to look at the audience. Just watching them watching me was going to add to the pleasure that I was anticipating.

And I got that pleasure; Felipe’s massage was even better than those that I’d seen him give Kate and Zoe and my previous massages. I just can’t think of words good enough to describe the pleasure that he was giving me. Not that I was trying to think about anything as he raised the bar on the height of my pleasure.

Even after he finished me and left, I kept saying,

“More; more.” So Kate later told me.

Kate and Zoe came and stood either side of me as my body jerked about. What’s more, they later told me that they kept touching my clit to keep me up there as long as they could.

When my brain finally started to function normally I was knackered and covered in sweat. I just lay on that table for ages trying to find the strength to get up. As I started to recover I looked around and saw Kate and Zoe putting on a masturbation show for the little audience that were just ignoring me. Not that I minded; it was good to see them having fun on their last day in Ibiza.

I sat up and waited for them to cum again before asking them to help me to the shower. They sort of half carried me through the changing room where the waiting customers just stared at the 3 naked girls.

After a long soak and Kate and Zoe taking it in turns to soap the sweat off me during which they accidentally, I think, touched my clit and gave me a couple of little after-shock orgasms, I stepped out and dried myself with the towel that Kate wrapped around me.

Feeling refreshed, we walked out into the main changing room and put on our totally see-through clothes as the waiting people watched us.

We headed for the nearest café and sat outside having a couple of drinks before Kate asked,

“Right Georgia; where’s this club that puts on sex shows that we can take part in? And when are you going to tell us how you know about it?”

“Okay ladies, I’ve been keeping a secret from you. When I came to Ibiza I had this desire to get fucked on a stage in front of hundreds of people. Thinking about it I realised that I’d have to find a place that put on sex shows but to get a job there I’d have to be able to convince people that I’m as old as I actually am. I spoke to Pau, you’ve seen him I think, he’s daddy’s driver out here, and he managed to get an official I.D. card for me.”

I got the card out of my bag and showed it to them.

“They print naked pictures on I.D. cards out here?” Zoe asked.

“Well they do if you go the route that Pau went.” I replied then continued,

“Then I met this girl in the showers at the gym while I was getting fucked by a customer and she invited me to go to this club. When I went I had to strip and be fucked by the manager then he hired me for the shows. Job done; I was a star of sex shows.”

“That’s awesome Georgia.” Zoe said; “but I wish that you’d told us earlier.”

“I probably would have but you are here with your parents and at that time you were having problems with your father.”

“Yeah, okay; so are we going there now?” Zoe replied.” And will we be able to take part in a show tonight and will we have to fuck the manager?”

“That depends on what’s happening there tonight. We won’t know until we get there.”

“So what are we waiting for?” Zoe asked.

As we approached the club’s entrance one of the bouncers smiled and welcomed me. Then he asked who my naked friends were.

“We’re not naked.” Kate replied.

“I can see your cunt so you must be naked.”

“No you can’t, only my slit.

“And your tits and ass, and all 3 of you look good to me. So are you all taking part in the show tonight or have you just come to watch?”

“What is the show tonight?” I asked.

“No idea, I didn’t look at the schedule when I arrived but I’m sure that the boss will let all of you take part, he like nice slim good looking girls.”

“So the boss is here tonight?” I asked.

“Yeah, I saw him earlier.”

“Okay, thanks, we’ll go to his office and see what he thinks.”

The bouncer opened the door and we went in. I led Kate and Zoe through the main part of the club, saying hello to a couple of the girls that were working the bar. When Zoe saw that they were just wearing thongs she said,

“This looks like a nice place to work Georgia.”

“It’s Lolita here, that’s what the boss called me when I first came here and it sort of stuck.”

We walked through to the back and along the corridor to the manager’s office. I knocked and opened the door when I heard him invite me / us in.

“Well hello there Lolita, we haven’t seen you for a while. Are you running out of money or do you just want a good fucking on stage again?”

“Actually boss, these 2 friends of mine are going back to England tomorrow and I was wondering if all of us could get a good fucking on the stage tonight? We’ll do it for free.”

“Well now, that’s an unusual request, but how do I know that those 2 are old enough and wouldn’t wimp out when it came to the crunch? Just because you’re all wearing clothes like that doesn’t mean that you can hack it.”

Zoe started taking her skirt and top off and said,

“We’re all 18 and you can fuck us first if you like.”

“Okay, let’s see what you 2 have got, well properly see; you too Lolita, I haven’t fucked you for a while have I?”

“No boss.”

Three naked girls all did 360s for him then he told all 3 of us to bend over his desk. He looked us all on the face then stood and came round the behind us. As his cock entered Zoe he said,

“Fucking hell girl, your dripping; you must really want this.”

“I do; I mean we do sir.”

He thrust into Zoe a couple of times then moved to Kate and did the same. She moaned as he entered her and moaned again with each thrust.

Then he moved to my butt and trust straight into me. I orgasmed on his second thrust.

“Still cum at the slightest touch I see Lolita.”

“It must be the way that you fuck me boss.” I said when I was able.

He gave each of us a couple of thrusts in turn before he finally groaned and filled Kate’s hole.

“Okay girls, you’ve passed the test. It’s about an hour before the show starts; go and put thongs on and work the bar until then. Lolita will show you what’s what.”

“Thank you boss.” I said; “what’s the show tonight?”

“’Naughty little schoolgirls getting punished’ so you 3 should fit in quite well.”

“Can we go out into the audience to get punished after the onstage part boss?”

“You know that that’s illegal don’t you Lolita?”

“Well yes but it’s only this once and it’ll be good publicity, more punters, more money for you.”

“That’s the words that I like Lolita but how about we invite the audience up onto the stage to continue the punishment? You 2 don’t mind getting your butt tanned do you?”

“No, daddy does it just about every day sir.” Kate said.

“Does he now; a man after my own heart. Okay, just this once Lolita, I guess that you 2 won’t mind. Lolita, Diego isn’t here tonight but I’m sure that you can tell these 2 what they have to do. Off you go now.”

I took Kate and Zoe to the changing room and we stashed our clothes and bags in a locker then I got one of the club’s thongs out.

“This is the official club thong, but I came prepared. Hang on a minute.” I said as I went into my bag and came out with 3 of my ‘strings only’ thongs.

“I thought that you might prefer one of these. They’re also illegal but no one seems to care and it’s much more fun for the girls and the customers.” I continued as I held the 3 bits of string up.

“So we go out there, into all those people wearing only these bits of string?” Kate asked.

“And your shoes.” I replied.

“Won’t we get groped?” Kate asked.

“I certainly hope so.” I replied.

“So what are we waiting for?” Zoe asked grabbing a ‘strings only’ thong form me.

I led Kate and Zoe out into the main room where going on for a hundred people were sitting drinking and groping some of the other girls.

“So what do we do?” Kate asked.

I took a couple of empty trays from the bar and told them to go and collect some empty glasses.

I hardly saw Kate or Zoe for the next hour other than seeing them stood at tables with their legs spread a bit and hands on their pussies. I wasn’t missing out either and my sensitive clit gave me 2 orgasms into the hands that were on my pussy.

Then I saw the stage curtains close which is the cue for the girls and boys in the act to go and get ready. I went and pulled Zoe off a man’s fingers then Kate from 2 hands that were on her thighs; then led them to the wardrobe room where I sorted out 3 white school blouses, ties and the club’s horrible school knickers. I rummaged through everything but could only find 2 school skirts.

“I know what I’ll do; I’ll wear my see-through skirt. That can be why I’m getting punished.” I thought.

I took the sisters and the clothes to the changing room where I saw Daniella and another girl that I’d met before. Both were already dressed in their schoolgirl outfits. After introductions we got dressed ready for the show.

“Nice skirt.” Daniella said.

“It’s the one I came in; I couldn’t find another school skirt.”

“Where did you get it from? I want one.”

“Georgia gets them made for her.” Kate said.

“Who?” Daniella said, “Oh yes, Georgia’s your real name isn’t it Lolita?”

Just then 2 of the regular male participants arrived and started changing into their school master’s clothes. I introduced them and I saw Kate’s eyes open wide when she saw the size of their soft cocks. She looked at me and smiled as she licked her lips.

Two minutes later we all went onto the stage, behind the closed curtains, and waited. I saw Kate and Zoe look around and see a couple of chairs and a long metal bar. It looked like a scaffolding pole and it went the whole width of the stage about 3 metres from the front. There were 4 uprights supporting it about one metre off the ground.

“What’s that for?” Kate asked.

“You’ll find out.” Daniella said.

Kate looked at me and I shrugged my shoulders and held my hands palms up indicating that I hadn’t a clue.

Then the curtains opened and one of the guys took the role of a head teacher and started berating us 5 girls that were all lined-up looking at the audience.

The ‘’head teacher’ went on and on about how we’d been naughty - again and read out a list of rule infractions; then he came over to me and started on about my non-regulation skirt. I was told to take it off straight away; which I did, allowing everyone to get a very slightly better view of the horrible knickers and the camel-toe that I’d pulled them into.

Then it was punishment time.

Daniella was called over to the chair and told to get over the lap of the other ‘teacher’ who had sat on the chair. He then lifted her skirt up over her back and slapped her butt about 20 times. She squealed and wriggled and tried to cover her butt, but the slaps continued.

When he was done the ‘teacher’ told her to stand up then take her clothes off.

She did then she endured another 20 slaps. After that she was told to go and stand at the metal bar facing the ‘teacher’ so her back was to the audience.

This was repeated with the rest of us 5 girls until all 5 of us were lined up along the pole with our backs to the audience. We were then told to go to the other side of the pole, bend over and put the back of our necks under the pole.

One by one of us, the 2 ‘teachers’ moved along the pole and told us to spread our feet and put our arms along the pole. When we did, 2 velcro straps were put on each of our arms. All 5 of us were left with our butts facing the audience with our feet spread wide and unable to get free.

Each ‘teacher’ then moved along the line of butts using his belt to give our butts some painful red lines across our butts and upper thighs. Unfortunately, the interval between swats was too long to make me cum quickly but an orgasm was slowly building and on about the 20th swat I went over the edge and my body reacted in its usual way by jerking about as much as the restraints would allow.

I also started moaning and starting shouting, ‘yes, yes; more, more’.

I remember hearing the ‘teacher’ call me a filthy slut then feeling 10 more swats from his belt in rapid succession. Of course, that made my one orgasm turn into 2 then 3.

Just as I started to come down from my high, I heard the ‘teacher’ say something about teaching the filthy slut a proper lesson then I felt his cock enter my dripping pussy. After I gasped I heard one of the other girls, who was obviously having an orgasm, and I guessed that all 5 of us were being subjected to more swats and a good fucking by the 2 ‘teachers’; both of which have larger than average cocks.

The ‘teacher’ fucked me some more before moving on to the next girl and doing the same to her; although I don’t think that she came as many times as I did.

“Thank you daddy for paying for the O-Shot.” I thought.

When all 5 of us had been fucked I heard an announcement that members of the audience were being invited up onto the stage and they were told that they could punish either end of our bodies for whatever they liked.

Unsurprisingly, the stage soon had lots of people on it and our pussies and mouths were full of cocks and the occasional fingers of what felt like a gentle woman’s hand that knew just how to make me cum.

At one point, just after a man had shot his load down my throat, I heard a voice say,

“Thank you Georgia, I’m going to miss that little body of yours, but I’ve still got Kate’s and Zoe’s until the leave for university. You really did start something when you blackmailed me.”

I looked up as much as I could, and voice recognition and what I could see of the man told me that it was Mr. Billingham. After the instant shock I wondered if he had, or was about to, fuck either, or both of his daughters that were tied to the same pole as I was.

Finally, and after goodness knows how many more orgasms, it all stopped and I heard the curtains close. The 2 ‘teachers’ came along the pole and released our arms and after I dropped to my knees I slowly managed to get up to my feet.

I looked over to the other girls who were also slowly getting to their feet, Kate rubbing the back of her neck. I moved my head in a circle to make sure that my neck was okay.

We walked to the changing room and took it in turns to have a shower. As Kate, Zoe and I waited for our turn we compared red butts and decided that all 3 were redder than ever before and that we were all going to be left with some bruises that would show for a few days.

In a way I was happy with that because it was something that would attract attention, something that I could be proud of.

I asked both Kate and Zoe if they’d recognised anyone who’d used their bodies.

“No, why, did you?” Kate asked.

“Your father was there, he fucked my throat.”

“Bloody hell,” Zoe said, “I wonder if he fucked us, throat or pussy.”

“I’m not going to ask him.” Kate replied.

Zoe smiled.

As we walked from the taxi to the marina, Zoe asked if her and Kate could stay on my daddy’s boat that night, she wanted to make sure that her father punished them for staying out all night. Of course I agreed and 3 naked girls collapsed on the top of my bed and quickly went to sleep.

The next morning I was awoken by Zoe licking my pussy. When she saw that I was awake she took a breath and told me that it was her way of thanking me for the awesome time that her and Kate had had with me over the last few weeks. After she’d made me cum I rolled over her and did the same to her.

“And I want to thank you two for helping me have so much fun.”

I dived into her pussy and made her cum too.

“I take it that that’s Kate on my sybian that I can hear?” I asked.

“Yes, you don’t mind do you?”

“Hell no. Do you want a go before we all go and face your father?”

“Yes please.”

When Zoe got up to go onto the deck I saw a few red lines across her butt. I got up and looked at myself in the mirror. I had quite a few as well. They didn’t hurt but they were quite obvious and I smiled to myself knowing that later that day Alejandro, Maria and Valeria would be parading me naked in public somewhere and people would be able to see the red lines and know that I’d been punished.

“You don’t have to come with us you know Georgia.” Kate said as we 3 naked girls walked round the marina to their boat.

“Oh yes I do; I want one more punishment from your father before you all go back to England. What time’s your flight?”

“Two o’clock.” Zoe replied.

“Good, just time for 3 punishments then goodbye hugs.”

And that’s precisely what happened. Mr. Billingham used his belt on all 3 butts, telling his daughters that they’d get the same punishment whenever they were in his house. He also invited me to go and visit his daughters whenever I wanted.

I was tempted but it wasn’t practical; they were off to university soon and I wasn’t planning on going back to the crap weather in England for quite some time.

After some hugs and watery eyes, I got off their boat and walked back to daddy’s. Just as I was walking up onto it I turned and went to the café to get something to eat.

Manuel made a few cheeky remarks about my red butt and even offered to soothe the pains with something or other. He looked disappointed when I told him that there wasn’t any pain.

Back at daddy’s boat I picked out one of my totally see-through dresses that is very easy to get on and off and remembered to insert my new egg before leaving to meet Alejandro. I didn’t take my remote control because I knew that both Alejandro and I can control it with our phones. I also remembered to put my handcuffs and ball gag into my bag and put my dog collar on. I left with the leash dangling down from my neck.

I was sat in the designated bar having a drink whilst I waited for them when my egg burst into life, first with a mild electric shock then a long blast on full power. If I’d have had my drink in my hand at the time I would have spilt it all over me and the glass would probably have smashed on the floor. Fortunately I hadn’t quite reached for it when the shock hit me.

I was just coming down from the orgasm that it had caused when Alejandro, Maria and Valeria arrived and sat at the table.

“You bastard;” I said, “I nearly spilt my drink.”

Alejandro laughed and told me to finish it quickly because we had to leave.

They led me to a 7 seater vehicle where I met 3 guys that were there to act as minders and lookouts. Alejandro told me to take my dress off before I got into the vehicle and we drove out of Ibiza town with me not knowing where we were going.

We drove for about 45 minutes and parked alongside the road near what Maria told me was a huge hippy market.

Other people were walking passed our vehicle as we got out and I stood there, naked, as Valeria cuffed my wrists behind my back and fastened the ball gag in my mouth; whilst Alejandro got out his big video camera and checked a few things.

Maria was the first to see my red butt and she asked if I’d been spanked.

“Yes,” I replied, “my friend’s father spanked me this morning and I also got really punished last night.”

“Wow girl, you really must have pissed them off; it’ll be a couple of days before all those red marks disappear.”

I think that I actually blushed a little.

My pussy was tingling and wet and I felt soo excited. I looked down to my chest and saw that my aching nipples were as big and hard as I’d ever seen them.

Valeria then led me into the market by the leash and we slowly walked around. Alejandro was recording the event while Maria was close by, carrying my dress and my phone in her bag. I didn’t see the 3 minders but Alejandro assured me that they were close by.

I kept looking around to see the faces of the people who saw me. Most people didn’t notice me or they did and ignored me as if they often saw naked, handcuffed girls walking around. Maybe they did.

Some stared at me and Valeria and those people made my pussy even wetter. I saw a couple of young men a few times and wondered if they were going in circles just to get another look at me.

Then my egg burst into life with a sudden blast then settled into a steady fast vibration. I just knew that my arousal would turn into an orgasm quite soon. I knew that I was about to orgasm in front of lots of people and that thought made the inevitable happen even quicker.

When it hit me I had to stop the slow walking and I felt a tug on the leash. Valeria turned and looked at me then said.

“Oh look, my whore is having an orgasm in front of all these people.”

She said it quite loudly and that made a few people turn; even stop walking, and stare at me.

This was different to being naked as part of a sex show, different to being naked on a beach where people were expecting to see a naked girl. They weren’t expecting to see a naked girl having an orgasm at a hippy market. I was so embarrassed, so humiliated; yet so turned on. People could see my tits and pussy and I could do nothing to cover them. Not that I wanted to; my feet were about shoulder width apart and I could feel my juices leaking out and, in spite of the heat, running down the insides of my thighs. In the few seconds that my brain could think I was soo happy. I wanted those seconds to last forever.

Of course, they didn’t and as soon as Valeria saw that I was getting control of my body again, she pulled on the leash saying,

“Stop cumming slave, stop wasting my time and get a move on.”

My ball gag wouldn’t let me respond; all I could do was to start walking again.

Valeria led me to a stall that sold drinks and she told me to sit on a little wall whilst she got herself a drink. As I lowered myself I lost my balance and sort of fell onto the pavement.

Unsurprisingly, when I think about it, I struggled to get up and to sit on the wall. When I was sat, Valeria used her feet to push my feet apart revealing all of my wet, shiny, swollen, bald little pussy to everyone who passed by; or in a couple of cases, stopped and stared at me.

Valeria stood away from me, slowly drinking whilst Alejandro continued recording both me and the young men who’d stopped to stare at me.

Then I saw Maria walk up to Alejandro and get a phone out. The fast vibrations of my egg got supplemented by a series of electric shocks and I started orgasming almost instantly.

How I didn’t fall over, or off the little wall, I will never know, but my little body was jerking about and muffled groans and swear words came out of my head. I could feel sweat creeping down my body and I later saw that a little puddle of my pussy juices on the ground below my pussy was forming.

The electric shocks seemed to go on for ever, and as a consequence, my orgasms kept cumming and cumming.

Finally they stopped and the next thing that I remember is Valeria shouting at me, telling me to stop being a lazy bitch and to get up before she spanked me.

“Spanked me!” I thought; “Alejandro never said anything about spanking, but hey, in for a penny.”

But it was too late; Valeria pulled me up by one of my pigtails and pulled me over to a chair that was outside the stall selling cold drinks. Before I knew it I was over her lap and she was spanking my naked butt.

“Spread your legs you naughty little girl.” Valeria said between the second and third swats.

I did, and wondered how many people there were behind me who could see my pussy. There must have been some because there were at least half a dozen who had stopped to watch me get spanked; and that was only the ones that I could see.

The inevitable happened again and I started cumming again.

“You little slut.” Valeria said; “Can’t I even spank you without you cumming? Maybe I should let some of these nice people spank you as well? Let’s see if you cum for them as well; any volunteers?”

There was, one middle-aged man stepped forwards with a grin on his face. Valeria pulled me to my feet, again by one of my pigtails, the invited the man to sit on a chair. She then told me to get over his lap. As I did so she used one of her feet to spread my feet wide.

I soon felt his hand land on my bare butt, and it was a painful swat. Just as the third swat landed I felt an electric shock inside my pussy. I orgasmed again and the man seemed to take that as permission for his hand to rub my butt then my pussy. That made the orgasm last longer, and my body jerk about even more. I didn’t think about it at the time, but I was grateful to the man for holding me so firmly so that I didn’t end up on the dusty, gravely ground.

When I finally calmed down, Valeria pulled me to my feet and told me to thank the man. A garbled thank you came out round the ball gag then Valeria started to lead me away from the little audience and back into the rest of the people who were wandering around. It wasn’t long before I was back to being not seen, or ignored, by most of the people around me.

As I walked I was thinking that those spankings were so different to the ones from Mr. Billingham and those in the club. Those were out in public where the people around me weren’t expecting to see a naked girl get spanked. This made it all so much more humiliating, and so much more arousing.

“That’s a nice red butt that you’ve got there Georgia.” Valeria said; “I hope that it doesn’t hurt too much.”

I grunted through the ball gag and kept walking. It was then that Alejandro appeared in front of me and told us that I’d had enough for one day and for Valeria to lead me back to the car.

Back at the car, Valeria and Maria took my cuffs off and the ball gag out of my mouth then Maria gave me my dress to put on.

“I wasn’t expecting the spanking Alejandro.” I said after a long drink of water.

“Neither was I,” he replied; “It was all Valeria’s idea. She gets these ‘inspirations’ as things unfold. Most of them are great ideas. I hope that your ass is okay Georgia. I never want you to get hurt.”

“It’s a bit sore but it will be fine. It was only hand spanking so there won’t be any real damage. “

“You really are a picture when you cum Georgia; do you jerk about like that all the time or did you put it on just for the camera?”

“I’m like that just about every time; I just can’t help it.”

“Oh yes, I remember you cumming at the gym, you were all over the place then as well. Don’t fight it girl; you just go with the flow. You’ve got to let me video you doing that lots more times out in public.”

“You’ve got the app to control my egg so you’ve got the power to make me cum whenever you want.”

“And you wouldn’t mind?”

“Fuck no; I like cumming.”

Just then Valeria lifted the back of my dress up and started rubbing some cream on my butt.

“Sorry about that Georgia, I sort of get carried away and into the role too much sometimes.”

“No, no, don’t apologise; I liked it.”

“Well I could see that but I should have asked you first.”

“I forgive you Valeria. Just so long as you don’t do any semi-permanent damage and I get to cum I don’t mind.”

As we drove back to Ibiza town Alejandro asked me if I’d like to be walked along a clothed beach or through a village or town square the same way.

“I’ve had a couple of hectic days and I need some rest, and my butt needs to get its normal colour back; so give me a couple of days then I’m up for it; and maybe some very public fucking.”

“Wow girl,” Maria said, “It took me a couple of months to be happy to get fucked in public but you; and so small and young; you’re like a real pro. Are you sure that you’re not a professional porn star?”

“Fuck no; I’m just a girl who wants to have some fun before going off to university then starting a serious life.”

“Well we look forward to helping you with that.” Alejandro added.