**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

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

**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.”