**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 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 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 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.”