**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 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 carpark.

“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 the man 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.