**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 19**

It was the middle of the afternoon when I woke up and after some time in the bathroom I put some coffee on then went up onto the deck. I looked over to where the enormous grey monster had parked but it was gone. I wondered if all the sailors got back on board before it left.

I had my first day since I’d arrived in Ibiza with going no further than the café. Most of the afternoon and early evening was spent sunbathing on the rear deck. That evening I had a meal and few drinks in the café then went to bed around midnight. I only managed to use the word ‘Priapus’ twice that day.

I was feeling much more alive when I got up the next day. It was sybian evening at the club but I was going to the beach first. I thought about going to one of the other beaches but Salines is very nice and will take a lot of beating.

I was even feeling confident enough to go to the beach wearing only shoes and a strings only thong; albeit with a net, half sarong cover-up over the thong; one that I’d got when I was in Ibiza last year with daddy. He’d said that I looked good wearing it over my bikini.

Oh, I also wore one of my butt plugs; the one with the blue ‘diamond’.

The half sarong is made of white net with all the holes being about 4 centimetres across, rather like a fisherman’s net. It’s for decoration only because it is obviously totally see-through; but it did give me a slight sense of security knowing that I was wearing something over the thong even if it was just as revealing as the thong.

Well I say confident, and I was, right until I got to the bus station. As I walked into the building to get a ticket I saw all the people and had a quick attack of feeling exposed and under-dressed; but what could I do? I hadn’t brought a dress or a skirt or a top with me. I was wearing the only clothes I had with me.

I started holding my shoulder bag in front of my stomach, especially when I was near the bus driver.

Once I was actually on the bus I started to relax and got some confidence back.

Again I had to stand for the journey and I stood between 2 tall men. On the seats either side of the aisle were a young man and a young woman. I stood sideways so that I could hold on to one of the seat backs.

I chose to stand with my back to the young woman and wondered what she thought of my butt, covered in just the net, and I wondered if she could see my butt plug.

I could tell what the young man in front of me was thinking; the front of his shorts gave it away; and the fact that his head was turned my way for most of the journey.

To be more stable as the bus bounced along I was standing with my feet slightly more than shoulder width apart and I wondered if the man could see my clit peeking out between my lips.

When I got off the bus I went to the shop for a bottle of cola and an ice cream then sat on the curb to eat the ice cream before going to the beach.

I stripped totally naked, apart from the butt plug, in what had become my usual place then set off walking through the clothed part of the beach.

I again got through without incident, not counting the few people staring at me; then found a spot to spread my towel.

I spent the next 5 hours sunbathing and teasing the people around me and walking along the water’s edge. I particularly enjoyed being on my hands and knees and waggling my butt at the guys. It got better when my egg took me over the edge when I was like that and I wondered if any of the men could see my juices bubbling out of my hole.

I think that I orgasmed 7 times when I was on the beach that day, and I remembered to say ‘Priapus’.

A couple of younger mem tried to hit on me while I was there but I just brushed them off. My egg and my fingers were giving me all that I needed.

It eventually became time to leave so I switched my egg off, packed my bag and started the walk back to the bus stop; again not getting dressed, if you could call the material-less thong and a net half sarong dressed, and went and waited for the bus. I manged to get some space to sit on the curb and wondered if any of the people going in and out of the shop saw my pussy.

Unfortunately, I managed to get a seat on the bus so it was an uneventful journey back.

My confidence level about being dressed like I was; was reasonably high so I walked from the bus station to the busier part of town. I wanted to get something to eat before I went to the club.

I saw my reflection in a shop window and stopped to look at myself. I confirmed what I was hoping, that my slit was easily visible through the net half sarong.

I kept walking with hardly anyone noticing the topless girl whose slit was easily visible as well.

After a while I realised that my hunger was getting the better of me so I looked for a café where I could sit outside and watch the world go by. It wasn’t difficult to find one and I selected a suitable table. After a few minutes a waiter came over and I ordered.

My tits were still on display but the waiter wouldn’t have been able to see below my waist. He didn’t seem to care about my display.

While I was in the middle of my meal, 2 young men came in and sat at the table in front of me, both sat so that they could see me. Coincidence? Maybe.

Anyway, I heard them talking and my ears tuned into their conversation when one of them said,

“Bloody hell, that kid’s topless.”

“Is it a girl?”

“I haven’t seen many boys with pigtails and judging by what I can see under the table it’s definitely a girl mate.”

“Move over and let me see.”

“Bloody hell, you’re right; it is a girl. What the hell is she wearing? I wonder how old she is.”

“Good question but she’s out on her own and she’s drinking beer so she can’t be that young. Why don’t you go and ask her?”

“Okay then; I will.”

One of the young men came over and sat on one of the chairs at my table.

“Excuse me luv, but my mate was wondering how old you are.”

“Don’t you know that it’s rude to ask a lady her age?”

“Yeah but ladies don’t usually go around topless and flash their pussies at people who are trying to eat.”

“You haven’t even ordered yet.”

“Yeah but we’ve both seen your goods.”

“Did you like them?”

“Yeah but my mate prefers bigger tits.”

“Good things come in small bundles.”

“You don’t have to tell me that. I prefer tits the size of yours; just a handful with no waste hanging out the side.”

“And what about pussies?” I asked.

“What about them?”

“Do you like mine?”

“Sure do. Small, wet, bald and without loads of flaps to get in the way.”

“And what about your mate?”

“I’m pretty sure that he’s the same.”

“Why don’t you tell him to come over and ask him?”

He turned to his mate and waved him over. When he was sat down his mate said,

“DC, the lady wants to know how you like your pussies.”

“Just like what I saw a minute ago.”

“You mean mine?”

“Yeah.

Just them a waiter arrived and took their order and I was finishing my meal. I asked the waiter to get me one of those fancy ice creams and another beer.

“So, what’s your name, I know what your mate’s called and I’m Lolita.”

Both guys looked at each other then back to me and the first guy said,

“I’m Chas; pleased to meet you Lolita. You never did tell me how old you are.”

“I’m 18.”

“You don’t look it Lolita.”

“Well I am, and I can prove it.”

I went into my bag, got my I.D. card out and passed it to Chas. After studying it for a few seconds he said,

“This says that your name is Georgia.”

“It is; Lolita is my stage name. My boss said that the punters would prefer me to be called Lolita.”

“I can see why.” TC said; “hey mate, turn that card over.”

Chas turned it over, smiled then said,

“Yep, that’s you.”

“Let’s have a look.” TC said.

TC studied both sides of my I.D. card then said,

“So you’re a dancer Lolita; or should we call you Georgia?”

“You can call me whatever you like guys; it’s only a name.”

“So why are you here dressed like that Lolita?” TC asked.

“I’ve been at the beach all day and I’m on my way to work.”

“You’ve been to the beach like that?”

“Only on the bus, I took these off when we got there.”

“Which beach Lolita; I think that maybe we should go there.”

The conversation slowed down then because their burgers and chips, and my ice-cream arrived.

They were still eating when I’d finished my ice cream and I waved for the waiter to pay him while I finished my beer.

Beer in my stomach I got to my feet and looked at both of them looking at my slit before I said,

“Well Chas, TC; I’ve got to go; and it was nice talking to you.”

“It was nice talking to you too Lolita.” TC replied.

“And looking at you Lolita.” Chas added as I walked away.

I wandered around some more, feeling less exposed as the sun went down and it got dark. It was still too early to go to the club so I went down to the harbour to see what was going on there. Not a lot as it turned out but there were a few people walking about and a couple of them looked at the topless girl.

Moving on to the town square I discovered that there was some sort of entertainment going on; a show or something. It didn’t look very interesting but there were quite a few people there. I wandered around in amongst the people and I saw a couple of old women give me disgusted looks. One old woman called me a filthy slut, in Spanish, but I just ignored her.

I found a place on a stone seat and sat between 2 old men. I didn’t cross my legs but the seat was only a bench so I couldn’t lean back. One of the men turned to look at me then smiled. I wondered if I had made his day.

Deciding that it was too long since I’d had an orgasm I reached into my bag and switched my egg on to full and just sat there watching all the people while waiting for the inevitable.

It didn’t take that long and I remember jerking a bit as I said the word ‘Priapus’.

When I started to get bored I moved on, away from the harbour area and towards the club. I came across a bar with tables outside so I decided to stop and have a drink.

I sat, or should I say lounged back, in the chair with one foot up on the bar under another chair, pussy spread wide, and enjoyed a couple of drinks and watching the world go by. A couple of young men walking by did a double take when they realised what they could see.

As I sat there I started thinking about how unequal life for women is compared to that of men. I’m sure that if I set my mind to it I could think of lots of things but I was specifically thinking about how women can get away with showing all their sex organs yet if a man were to put his genitalia on display he would get marched off to the police station and fined a lot of money. What can be fair about that? Especially as a hell of a lot of women would love to see men’s cocks more often.

It was still early when I got to the club.

“I like the thong.” One of the bouncers said as he opened the door for me.

The boss was behind the bar when I came out of the changing room wearing just the material-less thong. I thought that he might berate me for not wearing one of the club’s boring thongs but instead he said,

“I saw you arrive Lolita; did you come by taxi or did you walk?”

“I walked around town and got something to eat then walked here; why?”

“I was just thinking that maybe the town has got a little more liberated. Hey Lolita, a private job has just come in that I think you might be interested in.”

“What’s that boss?”

“The President’s Club.”

“What’s that?”

“A load of top business men from all over the world meet up every so often and they’re in Ibiza tomorrow night. They talk a lot but we’re not interested in that part; it’s the dinner afterwards. They like to have naked girls serve them and then to play with them afterwards; would you be interested?”

“Sure, sound like fun. I’ve never served at a dinner before but it can’t be that difficult. Put my name down please boss. What time and where?”

“Here at 8 pm.”

“It’s not here is it?”

“No, you’ll be taxied to the venue then they will get you a taxi home at the end. That’s if you haven’t left with a millionaire or something.”

“I should be so lucky.”

“Don’t be late Lolita.”

“I won’t.”

“Are you on tonight or are you just working the bar?”

“I’m going for my first sybian ride.”

“You’ll like that but it’s not quite the ride that you’d have if you had a sybian in your lounge at home.”

“What do you mean boss.”

“At home you’d have a lot more control.”

“I don’t follow.”

“Don’t worry Lolita; I can guarantee that you’ll enjoy it. You know I don’t know why we pay you girls; you all appear to love every second of it.”

“I’m saying nothing.”

“Okay, have fun Lolita and keep those punters buying our over-priced drinks.”

“I will.”

While I was stood at the bar I thought about what the boss had said about the President’s Club and wondered if daddy was a member. Then I wondered if he’d be at the dinner. I reasoned that he wouldn’t be there because if he was going to the dinner he’d have stayed on the boat and I hadn’t heard from him.

Not that I was worried if he had been going; he’s a man and he needs some satisfaction and he knows that I’m staying in Ibiza to have some fun and I was sure that he realised that meant sexual fun.

Anyway, the place started to fill up and I got my butt slapped a few times and my pussy invaded a few times; and I gave a couple of lap dances. I’m starting to enjoy those, and leaving my pussy juices on the front of the punter’s trousers. Some of the men definitely are married and I have a laugh when I think about their wives asking about the white stains.

The time for the show soon came around and the curtains closed. I went to the changing room and took the thong and my shoes off and then went onto the stage to where 2 other naked girls were.

I saw 3 sybians lined up and couldn’t wait to get one of those vibrating dildos inside me.

Then I got a bit of a surprise; from the ceiling down came 3 long, thick wooden poles. The end of each pole was tied to ropes going up to the ceiling and the poles, parallel to the stage, were directly above each sybian.

Two men called each of us in turn, over to a sybian and told us to mount it. The poles were then lowered a little more until they touched our shoulders. Then one of the men tied our wrists to the pole and continued wrapping the rope round our arms and the pole until I felt well and truly tied-up.

At that stage I imagined us being hauled up and down a bit so that the dildo on the sybian fucked us as it vibrated.

Then came the last, and very unexpected part. I was already on my knees but a man came to both my ankles in turn and tied a rope to it and tied the other end to the end of the pole. As he tightened the rope my legs went into the splits position.

I was left suspended with the dido part of the sybian just inside my hole.

I was starting to think that it wasn’t going to be as much fun as I thought when the man came behind me and put a ball gag on me.

That was how the 3 of us were left until Diego announced the start of the show and the curtains were opened.

Three sybians burst into life and my body twitched at the surprise.

As I suspected, something lowered and raised the pole and me with it. Sometimes I went right down onto the dildo and sometimes I was lowered a little further so that my body leant forwards and my clit pressed on the vibrating, up-turned scrubbing brush.

When that happened my arousal lever jumped in leaps and bounds.

I’m pretty sure that I was the first to orgasm but whoever; or whatever was controlling the height of the pole was oblivious to what I was doing.

The speed that I went up and down those 9 or 10 centimetres seemed to vary and I couldn’t work out a pattern as to when it went lower and I leant onto my clit.

My second orgasm arrived quite soon after the first; then the third; then the fourth. After that I wasn’t really able to count; they just kept cumming and cumming.

Just as I thought that I was about to pass out I was lowered down and left there for ages. If there had been a microphone in front of my mouth instead of a ball gag in it, the audience would have heard a loud grunt coming out of my mouth.

I was just starting to breath normally when up I went again and the whole cycle started again.

I think, but I’m not sure, that I went through that cycle 6 times before I was finally lowered to bottom out, the last time.

When I was able, I looked at the other 2 girls; both were still going up and down. And they kept going up and down for quite a while as well.

Fortunately for me, the sybian’s dildo was left vibrating at a slow speed and I was kept ‘simmering’ until the other 2 stopped moving.

Finally, the curtains closed and the men came and untied us.

Diego came onto the stage to check that we were okay and I asked him why I had stopped much sooner than the other 2 girls. I was told that it was because I was cumming so quickly and that I had reached the maximum number of orgasms allowed sooner than the other girls. I didn’t understand that and I forgot to ask him who was counting and how many the maximum was.

In a way I wasn’t that impressed with the show, but I was impressed with the sybian; I couldn’t wait until mine arrived.

I was the last to shower then I put just my strings only thong on and left the club. The bouncer that got me a taxi seemed a little surprised that I was wearing so little but I was getting used to wearing next to nothing and being out in public like that. Besides, it was the middle of the night.

The next morning, as I lay on my bed giving myself my first orgasm of the day, and remembering to shout ‘Priapus’, I decided that I was going to go to another beach that day.

For some strange reason I’d woken up early and felt quite lively. As I lay there with a busy right hand, I remembered hearing someone on a bus talking about a beach called Cala Conta. When I got up I got out the map that Pau had given me and found the beach, and how to get there.

I’d have to get the bus to San Antonio the either another bus or walk down to the harbour and get a boat there. After a quick breakfast in the café I packed my bag and set off to get a taxi to the bus station.

I’d decided to wear exactly the same as the previous day, a material-less thong under my net, half sarong and shoes. I’d got away with it the previous day and I was eager to try again. After all, I had my shoulder bag with me that I could hold in front of me and if things really got bad I could always wrap my towel around me.

As I got on the bus to San Antonio I chickened out and held my bag in front of my stomach and the bus driver took my ticket without even looking up at me. The bus was a completely different design to the ones that I’d been going to Salines on, it was more like a coach, and there was a big modesty board near the rear exit, so I couldn’t have fun flashing people as they got off.

Instead I sat on my own near a window and had to resort to turning the egg on. Fortunately the journey was only about half an hour and I was soon walking out of the San Antonio bus station.

By that time my confidence was back and I happily walked along the busy streets, passed the end of the town square and to where the boats leave from.

I bought a ticket and looked for the boat to Cala Conta. When I found it I saw an old man collecting tickets as people got on. He looked a right miserable old sod so I decided to wrap my towel around me to get on the boat.

I did that then went to the front of the boat and sat on a seat right at the front where I could put my feet up on the front rail. I took the towel off before I sat down and spread my feet on the rail. The gentle breeze tickled my pussy and I felt good.

When I noticed that the boat was moving I looked around and saw that there were less people on it than I expected.

I shuffled down on the seat then lifted my butt to take the half sarong off. Putting it in my bag I then put my head back and closed my eyes. The sun felt so good on my near naked body.

A short while later I heard some youths talking and opened my eyes. 3 youths had come up to the front of the boat and were stood next to me.

They weren’t looking at my eyes so I quickly closed them again.

“Hey bro, check this out.” I heard one say.

“Fucking hell, I can see everything, right into her hole.” Another said

“Do you think that she knows that we’re here?”

“She must be asleep. If she wasn’t she’d have covered-up or at least closed her legs.”

“Let’s keep quiet and have a good look.”

“And take some photos.”

I just lay there listening to them whisper about my tits and pussy and listening to the clicking of their phones.

I wished that I’d left the egg turned on but I hadn’t so I settled for squeezing then relaxing my pussy muscles. Apart from it being for their benefit it would also be good exercise for my muscles.

After what seemed like forever, I heard the tone of the boat’s engine change and felt a change of direction so I moved my hands then opened my eyes. The 3 of them were still stood there looking at me. I smiled at them and that must have disturbed their confidence or something because the suddenly walked away.

I looked up and saw that the boat was going into a bay. I had a decision to make; do I get off the boat dressed as I was, in only the material-less thong; or do I put something else on.

I opted to put on the half sarong. Okay it didn’t cover anymore of me but it was clothes.

I waited for most of the other passengers to dis-embark but I was followed off the boat by the 3 youths. I was expecting the old man to see everyone off the boat but instead it was a young man who was helping people. When he saw me, and what he could see, he smiled at me. I smiled back.

The 3 youths followed me to the first, and biggest, beach that I came to. As I walked along the water’s edge I couldn’t see anyone naked so I went up to the café where I saw a large area cordoned off by large rocks with a road to a little roundabout at one side There were a lot of scooters and motorbikes parked there and people walking along the road towards the café.

Walking along the edge of the cordoned off area I saw another, smaller beach also with no naked people. I decided to walk further and came to some steps down to another little beach. This one had lots of naked people on it and not a lot of space.

I decided to go back to the biggest beach. Things weren’t looking good for naked sunbathing but I’d seen other girls wearing just thongs so at least I could sunbathe in my thong even if it only had the strings. I could just close my legs if anyone started to say anything.

I spread my towel at the end of the beach furthest away from the café and lay down to see what was going on around me. I was up on my elbows, knees together but raised. The people around me were ignoring me so I put my knees down and opened my legs a bit; then a bit more.

People around me were still ignoring me. I put me elbows down and lay there for a while before getting to my feet and covering myself with sunblock. As lay down again I looked at the people around me again; nothing. They seemed more interested in watching the kids run around and what was going on out at sea.

What’s more, I was getting more courageous. Maybe because of the lack of attention I was getting, and maybe because my egg was getting me more and more aroused.

I slid my thong down and off then lay there, on my elbows with my knees slightly bent so that my slit wasn’t visible. I stayed like that for a while, occasionally looking around to see if there was any reaction from anyone.

Not seeing any, I straightened my arms but kept my knees slightly bent, and just lay there for quite a while before straightening my legs. The front of my slit again became visible to anyone who looked, but not now framed by the strings of my thong.

If anyone did look they didn’t say anything so after a while I relaxed my legs a little so that people would be able to see all of my slit and my clit poking through it.

Shortly after that the egg got the better of me and I managed a ‘quiet’ orgasm, whispering ‘Priapus’.

After my heart rate returned to normal I decided that it was time to go for a swim. I stood up and slowly walked in to the water. After about 10 minutes of enjoying the tepid warm sea I was still feeling brave so I walked out of the water then along the water’s edge.

Again, no one said anything but I did see a few, mainly men, people looking in my direction.

I walked right to the end of the beach then back; and was feeling a lot happier. I went back to my towel and lay down, with my legs slightly apart, and relaxed.

About an hour later I decided that I needed an ice cream. Another decision time.

“Sod it,” I thought; “what’s the worst that can happen to me? A load of verbal abuse? Get kicked out of the café? There’s no way that they’d call the police; they’d be miles away and what were they going to do about one little girl?”

I grabbed my purse and started walking to the café.

As it turned out, nothing happened; not even any verbal abuse from locals or tourists. Okay, as I stood in the queue to get served a few people were looking at me, but that was it. I guessed that people either didn’t care or they didn’t want to get involved. I wondered if it would have been the same if I was a man.

Having had a little confidence booster I went outside and sat at one of the tables and watched a bus arrive and what seemed like 100 people dis-embark. About half of them walking over towards and passed me.

I was glad that I’d picked a table and chair where I could spread my legs so that anyone who cared to look would be able to see my pussy.

After that I went back to my towel then went for another swim. It’s such a lovely feeling floating on your back, naked in a warm sea with people all around you, and your vibrator talking you over the edge.

Orgasm over, I went back to my towel got dried, packed my bag and headed to the bus stop. When I got there I decided that maybe I should put some clothes on so I got the net, half sarong out of my bag and tied it round my waist. My butt and pussy were covered; if you can call a net sarong coverage.

I held my bag in front of my stomach as I paid the bus driver. Unfortunately, it was too early for most people to leave so there were only about a dozen people on the bus to San Antonio.

I sat on the back row with no one else in the back half of the bus. I took that as an opportunity to get naked and I mooned a few people that were just arriving as we left the car park.

I did the same when we stopped at traffic lights a couple of times during the journey.

Just as the bus was pulling into the bus station I tied the half sarong around my waist then followed the other passengers off the bus.

I walked along some narrow streets down to the main square, and apart from a few young men turning to look at me, I was invisible to just about everyone.

I wondered how many other girls had walked around that square in the middle of the afternoon wearing as little as I was.

Near the end of the square I saw a Burger King and was suddenly quite hungry. The young girl serving seemed to be oblivious to my state of dress although an older young man behind the counter did stare at me as I collected my order. I don’t know if he stared at my butt as I walked outside , and I sat at one of the tables so that I could watch people passing by so that I knew when to spread my legs hoping that they’d look at me and realise what they could see.

A couple of older men did realise what they could see; one of them even stopped walking and stared for a few seconds before moving on.

After that I headed back to the bus station; I didn’t want to be late for my evening outing.

I again held my bag over my stomach as I walked towards the bus but then I saw that the driver was a young man so I put my bag handles over my shoulder. He looked me in the face as I walked up to him and gave him my ticket. He looked down to tear the ticket and when he looked back up to my face to give me the ticket back he had a big grin on his face.

I guess that he approved of what I was wearing.

It was a quiet and lonely 30 minute journey so I turned the egg up to full blast and gave myself 2 orgasms during the journey.

I marched out of Ibiza’s bus station and straight into a taxi.

Back at daddy’s boat I spent about 30 minutes in the bathroom before squeezing my egg out then putting just heels and a dress on and going over to the café to have a couple of drinks before heading to the club.

I got to the club in time to have a tequila with Daniella and another girl before Diego came and told us that there was nowhere for us to leave our clothes at the location so it was best that we travel there wearing only our heels. All 3 of us girls just shrugged our shoulders then went to the changing room to get naked.

Diego ushered us into a taxi and we were taken to a posh hotel. We were met by a man in a black suit and taken to a bedroom where we were told to get ready.

I smiled to myself wondering how a naked girl is supposed to get naked, but I did take the opportunity to go to the toilet.

The man came back led us to just outside a big conference room where there were about 8 other naked girls waiting. After a few minutes the hotel staff wheeled trolleys up to us and then left.

“Anyone here NOT served dinner at a function before?” The black suit asked.

One other girl and I put our hands up.

“Right the girl nearest to those 2 show them what to do. The main reason why you are here girls is to meet the sexual requirements of the gentlemen in there. This will probably mean a lot of groping and possibly some fucking. If that’s not what you were expecting then it’s time for you to leave.”

No one moved.

“Good, do a good job with the meal then have some fun. If any of you get offered any financial incentives over and above what you will get paid for tonight then it’s up to you what you do for that incentive. Remember girls, everyone in that room is at the top of big companies that have a lot of money, so do not sell yourselves short. Right, get that dinner served and then have fun.”

The black suit opened the doors and some of us pushed the trolleys in.

It was ‘interesting’ serving dinner; nothing like what it was back at school. We didn’t get hands on our butts and sliding up our inner thighs at school either.

At one point I was putting a plate in front of a man and I thought that I recognised the voice that thanked me.

As I walked away I turned and looked at his face.

OMG! It was Mr. Billingham, Kate’s and Zoe’s father.

I decided to stay away from him while I worked out how I could use his presence to my, and Kate’s and Zoe’s, advantage.

The dinner was over and drinks were being served when I put my plan into action.

I went and stood next to Mr. Billingham and, as expected, his hand went between my legs and slid up and down before going right up to my pussy.

I walked away from his hand and without looking down at him, I stepped forwards, the sideways so that my butt was right in front of him.

Then I sat on his lap and started grinding my butt against his crotch. Satisfied that he was hard, I put my hands behind me and unzipped his trousers. Getting his cock out I held it then lowered myself on to him.

When I thought that he was about to cum I stood up, turned around and lowered myself onto him again.

All the time his eyes had never left my butt or my tits.

I bounced up and down a few times until I thought that he was ready to cum; then I leaned back and said,

“Hello Mr. Billingham, fancy seeing you here.”

Well, the poor man went bright red.

“I, I, I err.”

“Does your wife know that you’re here? And what about Zoe and Kate? What would they think if they knew that you were here with lots of naked girls and that you were fucking one of their friends?”

“Oh Mr. Billingham what are we going to do.”

I let him stew for a minute or so as I felt his cock soften. I rubbed my pussy on his cock and trousers and thought about the stain that I was leaving.

“Right Mr. Billingham this is what is going to happen. From tomorrow until you and your family leave Ibiza, you are going to punish Zoe and Kate each morning. You will spank them with 20 swats then you will rub their clits and finger fuck them until they orgasm again.

I say again because there is a good chance that they will have orgasmed while you were spanking them.

After the spankings tomorrow morning you will tell them that they are to remain naked all the time that they are on the marina, only getting dressed when going off the marina. Also, that they are to go for regular walks around the marina.

If you go on any sightseeing trips you are to ask your daughters if they want to go with you. If they don’t then you will go without them.”

“I thought that you and my daughters were friends.”

“We are.”

“Then why would you do such a thing to them?”

“I’ll let you work that out Mr. Billingham. Oh, and when you go back to England you will tell Kate and Zoe to remain naked whilst in your house. Understand.”

“Yes, yes, please don’t tell my wife or daughters about tonight.”

“If you do as I say then they will not hear a word about it from me.”

“Thank you Georgia isn’t it?”

“Yes, enjoy the rest of your evening Mr. Billingham.”

I stood up and looked down and Mr. Billingham’s shrivelled cock then turned and walked away feeling satisfied.

I went and got a tray of champagne and went looking for another man to grope me.

All in all, I had a good evening; although not the most fulfilling, with 3 orgasms and at least a dozen fingers in my pussy. I did get to meet quite a few CEOs although I doubted that I would ever meet any of them again.

At the end of the evening the man in the black suit organised taxis to take us to wherever we wanted. I opted to go back to the club to collect my purse and my dress.

The bouncer on the door smiled at me as the naked me and the naked Daniella walked in.