**Georgia goes to University**

By Vanessa Evans

***Intro****,*

*Georgia is a 19 year old skinny little girl, only 150 cm tall with little AA cup breasts and light brown hair. She spent her school years in an all-girls boarding school and after an amazing gap year spent on her father’s yacht in Ibiza harbour, she has to go back to England to go to University, a condition of her father handing over his multi-million pound business to her when he retires. This story is about Georgia’s first few months in her new apartment and it will make a lot more sense if you read the original series ‘Georgia’ first.*

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**Part 01 – I Settle into my Apartment.**

I hated having to come back to England, I’d had a totally awesome year on daddy’s yacht but I knew that I had to move on, to a more serious life.

Pau loaded his car with all my belonging and drove me to Ibiza airport where I met daddy’s jet. It flew me to Bristol airport where daddy’s driver, James, was waiting to take me and my belongings to the apartment that daddy had rented for me to spend the next 3 years in. Before going to Ibiza James had taught me some of the finer points of sex and, in a small way, he is responsible for my passion for nudity and exhibitionism.

I’d left all the details of getting me some accommodation to daddy, well his staff, so I was ‘flying blind’ as the car pulled up at the multi-story block of apartments.

It is quite modern looking, quite close to the centre of town, the university and has a parking garage underneath to which James obviously had the means to open the gate.

When I went into the reception area I was met by a middle-aged man, the concierge, Charles, who explained that he provided all the residents with security and any other needs that they may have. Whilst James carried all my belonging in I asked Charles how many residents there were in the block and was told that there were another 7, 2 apartments on each of the 4 stories above the ground floor that housed a shared lounge, a little workout room, sauna, shower, and a small swimming pool. Charles told me not to worry about the big windows in the walls near the swimming pool because they were covered in a one-way film. From inside you could see out but from the outside all you could see was a big mirror.

Charles also told me that the other 7 residents were all starting their first year at the University so all are around my age. He didn’t say it, but all 7 must have wealthy parents otherwise they wouldn’t be there. I just hoped that some of the guys would be cute and that none of the girls would be snooty like some of the girls at school who had rich parents.

Charles asked me for my phone and within seconds he had installed an app that he showed me how to use to open both the building front door, the parking garage and my apartment. Then he led me to the lift saying that he’d bring my luggage up later.

The lift stopped on the third floor and turning right I saw the door to the apartment where I would spend most of the next 3 years.

I used the app to open the door and we walked in. I smiled as I mentally compared the spacious apartment to the size of the interior of the yacht where I had spent most of the previous year.

Charles left and I decided to have a wander round to get to know the place, but before I did that I took my dress off leaving me naked, having been restricted by clothes for the last 5 hours.

The place is huge compared to what I later discovered most student accommodation is, a large lounge area with white leather sofa and oak table and chairs, a massive flat screen TV on the wall and an oak coffee table that had a laptop on it. When I lifted the lid I saw a piece of paper with username and password for me on it.

“Good old daddy.” I thought.

There was also a little booklet, presumably from Charles, that contained all sorts of information about both the building and the university that he thought I might need. I smiled when I saw the contact details of an escort agency and wondered who, in that building, would need something like that. Surely they could go to Charles to get absolutely anything that they wanted. I was already planning to ask Charles where I could find a strip club where I could go to show-off my cute little body.

In 1 corner of the lounge is a kitchen area with more appliances and equipment than I would ever use. When I opened the fridge I saw that it was fully stocked with enough food to last me a month. I smiled as I wondered how much of the fresh food I would have to throw out as I definitely wasn’t planning to cook a lot of meals.

On the other side of the lounge is 2 doors which I suspected I would never close, one leading to a bathroom with a huge walk-in shower. The other door led to the bedroom with a bed big enough to sleep 4 or 5 people. There were pink, silk sheets on it.

When I opened the wardrobes I saw a large selection of clothes and shoes for all occasions and weather, and a note from Celeste, daddy’s seamstress, telling me to phone her if she had over-looked anything. Celeste really does know what sort of clothes I like and has made just about everything that I have worn since I left school.

Then there was the windows, large ones in both the lounge and the bedroom. I looked out and saw an office block and what looked like a student accommodation block. Between them I could see across the city. Both windows had blinds and curtains but I could never see me closing them.

I looked across to the office block and could see people working. In the student accommodation I could see a topless girl in 1 room and a naked man with an erection in another. If I could see them, then they could see me, I smiled and decided that I’d setup my sybian in front of the lounge window.

I got myself a drink and sat on the couch looking out of the window, playing with my pussy and thinking that the place had potential.

The effects of the O-Shot were still working well and I was just recovering from my second strong orgasm when my phone rang. I answered the facetime call from my father who was calling to welcome me back to England and to ask me what I thought of the apartment.

I gave him a quick video tour, making sure to linger at each mirror so that he could see that I was naked. When I showed him the view out of my lounge window he smiled and said that he hoped that I could get the voyeurs that I wanted. I love my daddy.

I was feeling good so I decided to go for a walk to look at the facilities in the building before settling in and getting myself something to eat. There would not be any more walking over to the café totally naked to get Manuel to get me some food.

Reluctantly, I went to the wardrobes and got out an ultra short skirt and see-through top, put them on, grabbed my phone and left the apartment. I decided to walk down the stairs to the ground floor and easily found the shared lounge, workout room, sauna and swimming pool. The workout room had 5 machines in it and a few mats for floor exercises. It reminded me of the workout room that I went to in Ibiza town but without the audience.

There was no one in any of the facilities and the sauna was switched off so I decided to go for a quick swim to see what the water was like, hoping that it would be as warm as the sea around Ibiza.

I guessed that the other occupant of the apartments were either registering at the university, hadn’t arrived yet or were settling in to their apartments.

I took the skirt, top and shoes off and dived in. It wasn’t quite as warm as the sea around Ibiza but it was pleasant enough for me to know that I’d be back there quite soon.

Just as I was getting out Charles walked in, looked at me and smiled.

“Charles,” I said, “I’m not breaking any building rules am I?”

“No madam, just so long as no damage is done you can do almost anything that you like. May I get you a towel?”

“Good to know Charles, and please, it’s Georgia, and yes, a towel would be nice, England isn’t as warm as Ibiza.”

“You’ve been living in Ibiza Georgia?”

“Only for the last year, I took a gap year after finishing at school.”

“Very nice Georgia.”

“Where is everyone? Am I the only resident here?”

“Three have moved in but they are all out at the moment, the other 4 are due to arrive later today or tomorrow.”

Just then Charles’s phone beeped and he looked at it.

“Ah, Mr. Stoddard is back, he’s just let himself in. Oh, as an extra level of security, a presence detector in reception activates a camera whenever the outside doors are opened and the video stream is sent to my phone.”

“The security here sounds good Charles.”

“Looking after the residents is what I get paid for and I like to do my best.”

“Well thank you Charles, I’m sure that I will feel safe here.”

“I have taken all your belonging up to your apartment Georgia.”

“Thank you Charles.”

By then I’d used the towel to dry myself and handed it back to Charles’s waiting hand. Instead of putting my clothes on I just picked them and my phone up and left the pool area. I headed for the stairs and went up to my floor. As I left the stairwell I heard the lift ping and the doors opened. A slightly shocked Mr. Stoddard (presumably) stopped dead in his tracks when he saw the naked me.

“Well this is a pleasant surprise.” Mr. Stoddard said.

“Hi, I’m Georgia, just moved into that apartment and decided to go for a quick swim.”

“Well Georgia, I’m Ben Stoddard and I guess that we are now neighbours, I live in the other apartment on this floor. Can I interest you in a welcoming drink?”

“You can, your place or mine?”

“Well I invited you so it should really be my place. You can get dressed in my bathroom if you like.”

“Thank you, but you’ve already seen me naked so I can’t see the point of putting my clothes back on just to take them off again when I get back to my apartment.”

“You like being naked in your apartment do you, I’ll have to come and borrow a cup of sugar sometime.”

“I don’t even know if I’ve got any sugar yet, I only had a quick look around the kitchen area when I arrived a couple of hours ago.”

By that time, Ben had opened his door and was holding it open for me.

“Wow, this place looks identical to mine, except that I bet that you haven’t got pink silk sheets on your bed.”

“Blue actually.” Ben replied as he went over to his fridge and pulled out a bottle of wine.

“This okay?” He asked.

We sat on the sofa talking about the things that you would expect new student building mates to talk about, and after about 15 minutes Ben asked me if I was embarrassed about being naked with a man who I’d only met a few minutes ago.

“Not at all, I’ve just spent a year in Ibiza where most girls wear very little all the time and I was the only person on daddy’s yacht most of the time and I spent a lot of time at the nude beaches.”

“Well we haven’t got a beach here but we do have a swimming pool, maybe you could go skinny dipping.”

“Already have, and I plan to go again quite often.”

“Maybe you could join me Ben.”

“Maybe.”

The conversation changed to my gap year in Ibiza and some of the less adventurous things that I’d done.

“So daddy’s rich then is he?” Ben asked.

“Yes, and I guess that your daddy is rich as well, your average student couldn’t afford to live here.”

“Do you know what it costs to rent these apartments?”

“Not a clue, daddy takes care of it. So how much does it cost?”

“Not a clue, daddy takes care of it.” Ben replied and we both laughed.

We talked some more then I told Ben that Charles had told me that the other residents should all be here later that day or tomorrow.

“Good, let’s arrange a party for Saturday night, downstairs in the lounge.”

“I’m up for that.” I replied.

“Right, sorted,” Ben replied and picked up his phone and called Charles to tell him.

“Would you like me to tell the other residents and get some snacks and drinks in sir?”

“Thank you Charles, that would be good.”

Ben terminated the call then I said,

“Do you really let Charles call you sir? I told him to call me Georgia.”

“I guess that it is a bit snobbish, we had a butler called Charles but you’re right, I’ll put him straight the next time that I see him.”

“At school there was a few girls that had rich parents and they were so snobbish that they got ignored most of the time. I hope that the other residents aren’t like that.” I said.

“Me too, but if one of them is we’ll gang up on them and put them straight.”

“That could be fun if it’s a girl, you guys could rape her over and over until she breaks and turns into a nymphomaniac.”

“Wow Georgia, is that what happened to you?”

“No, it just comes naturally to me.”

“So how long will it be before you rape me?”

“I don’t think that it could be called rape, do you?”

“No, you’re right there.”

Part of me wanted to jump on Ben right there and then but I had things to do so I reluctantly got up and told Ben that I was leaving. I walked out, deliberately leaving my skirt and top in Ben’s apartment.

I looked at the couple of trunks and cases and wondered how I’d accumulated so much living on a yacht in Ibiza harbour and wearing nothing for 95 percent of the time. I got stuck in and soon had everything where I wanted it. The last thing that I unboxed was my sybian. I took it over to the window, put it down where I wanted it, then cursed because the power lead wasn’t long enough and it had the wrong type of plug on it. I picked up my phone and called Charles.

Ten minutes later Charles knocked on my door. When I opened it he was holding a lead and adaptor. When he saw what I wanted it for he smiled but said nothing, even when he switched it on to check that everything was working. He watched the dildo vibrate and go round in a little circle a couple of times then switched it off.

“There you are Georgia, you can enjoy yourself now. Shall I take the trunks and cases down to the storage room for you?”

“Good idea, I won’t be needing them for 3 years so thank you.”

It took him 2 trips to take them all down and when he came back for the second lot I was riding the sybian with my back to him. I heard him but only saw his reflection in the window as an orgasm got close to arriving.

One long, strong orgasm later, I switched the sybian off and got to my feet and scanned the 2 big buildings in front of me. Unfortunately I couldn’t see anyone looking my way.

I went to the kitchen area, got a drink and something to eat and went and sat on the sofa and opened the laptop. I’d seen a WhatsApp group’s details in Charles’ information pack so I logged on and was pleased to see photographs and Bio’s of all 8 residents in the block. I looked at mine and wondered who had set it up and where they had got the photograph from. It was of me in my long, black, favourite formal dress. Studying it I realised 2 things, firstly it looked only slightly see-through and secondly, it was taken at the hotel where I first wore it. I couldn’t remember seeing anyone take that photo.

The Bio was brief and I suppose accurate, but not very informative. I decided that I’d have to change that sometime.

Then I started looking at the other residents photos and information. I was pleased to see that all 7 couldn’t be called fat or ugly and all said that they were fun loving.

“A good start.” I thought.

I posted a welcome message and added details of the welcome party on the Saturday.

After that I decided to search for some new sex toys, it was going to be much easier getting them now that I was back in England.

I found a remote controlled vibrator that the write-up said was waterproof and could be controlled from a phone, and over the internet. Using daddy’s black amex card I ordered 1 and a backup 1, I didn’t want to be without if 1 failed.

The Wi-Fi signal was so good in the apartment that I explored a few websites and found one cam-girl’s site where girls were using a vibrator like the ones that I’d just ordered and I took a break from shopping to bring myself off, again, to the thoughts of some dirty old man at the other side of the world controlling it and making me cum, whilst watching me on their computers. I bookmarked the site as I thought about creating an account and becoming a cam-girl.

The other thing about the vibrators that I’d ordered is that they have external evidence, a flexible, purple antenna, sticking out of your vagina. Wearing my ultra short skirts people would be able to see the antenna hanging down. That appealed to me.

I also ordered a few other items, most with next day delivery.

Some of the items were for girls who had their nipples pierced. Mine aren’t pierced but I’d thought about getting them done for a while and I planned on asking Charles where a good pace would be to get them done.

It was dark outside by the time that I stopped using the computer so I had a good look around outside and saw that the office building was about deserted but quite a few students had turned their light on but not bothered to close their curtains. I could see 4 or 5 of them, girls and boys, in various states of undress, 1 girl totally naked on her bed with legs spread and a hand very busy at her crotch.

I smiled and decided to leave my curtains open all the time, and the light on whenever I was home, giving anyone who cared to look over to my apartment a sort of reality show as I go about my life at home. I decided to do the same in my bedroom and sleep, naked, on top of my bed so that they could watch me as I slept.

I found the thermostat for the apartment and turned it up a few degrees.

I knew that I had to go to the university in the morning to register for my course, and to sort a few other things, so I got out the envelope that James had given me and checked all the details. Yes, James was right, and from a look at the list I reckoned that I’d be there for a few hours.

Then I looked at the weather forecast on my laptop and was happy to see that it was going to be a warm, dry day. I went and looked through the wardrobes for something to wear and decided on a lightweight, very short skater skirt and a tank top. The top should show-off my nipples quite well and the skirt should give lots of flashes of what was under it, especially as it forecast light breeze .

Then I had a shower and went to bed.

I woke up with a wet pussy and my right hand cupping it. I had never had found out if I masturbate in my sleep and decided that I’d order a motion activated webcam for the bottom of my bed and link it to some software on my laptop that would record the video only when the camera was activated. I was going to get an answer to my question once and for all.

Then I turned my head and looked out of the window. Dozens of people were at work in the office block and quite a few student’s room had activity in them. I saw 1 young man staring out of his window but I didn’t think that he was looking my way.

I had this silly idea of getting some flashing strobe lights to attract people’s attention but quickly thought that that was going a little too far, I was sure that I’d find plenty of opportunities to be seen naked, maybe find a club like the one in Ibiza where I could strip and make myself cum for the customers.

I showered, put a little make-up on, had some coffee then put on the clothes that I’d got out the night before. I was pleased to see that the skirt was as short and floaty as I had hoped. I did a couple of twirls in front of the mirror and was pleased to get a flash of my slit and butt.

“Good old Celeste.” I thought.

Then, to finish off my outfit for the day, I dug out my vibrating egg, put fresh batteries in it, set on ‘rapid random’, and pushed it into my wet vagina. I’d thought about adding random Electric shocks but decided against that on my first day.

Checking myself in the mirror again, I picked up my phone and bag and left my apartment.

“Good morning Charles.” I said when I got down to reception.

“Good morning Georgia. It’s a lovely day out, a little breezy perhaps but otherwise very pleasant. Do you have everything in your apartment that you need? Is there anything that I can get for you?”

“Ah yes, now that you mention it, can you get me some AA and AAA batteries, I’m nearly out of them. Can I settle up with you when I get back?”

“No need Georgia, I’ll just add them to your account and whoever pays that will pay me for them.”

“That would be my father’s company. I’m told that the accounts department is quite efficient.”

“They have been so far; well have a good day Georgia.”

“Thank you Charles.”

I quickly discovered that the breeze in England isn’t as warm as the breeze in Ibiza, but it wasn’t cold, and it tickled my wet pussy perhaps even more that a warmer Mediterranean breeze. As I looked at my phone to check which way I had to go I noticed my skirt flying up a couple of times but I did nothing about it and around 10 minutes later I was walking into the main entrance of the university.

I stood there looking around and trying to workout where to go when an older, male student in a yellow T shirt came over to me and asked me if I was a freshman. When I said that I was he told me to relax and that the place wasn’t as intimidating as it looked.

He was nice and had a friendly voice so I guess that I did relax a little, but not my protruding nipples, and he was looking at them. I smiled at him and he smiled back then he started to explain what I had to do on my first day there and he offered to show me where I had to go.

“Thank you, that would be nice, this place is quite big.”

“Yes, but you’ll soon feel at home here. By the way, I like your outfit, you look good in it.”

“Thank you.” I replied just as the egg burst into life making me shudder.

“Are you okay Georgia?” He said as I picked up the sticker with my name on it.

“Yes thank you, nothing to worry about. Where to now?”

“One of these tables along here, it depends upon which course you are on.”

I told him then he took me to the right table then left me telling me that the man sat at the table would explain what I had to do next. Just before he walked away he said that he hoped to see me around. I smiled and turned to the man at the table who’s eyes were glued to my chest.

“Err yes young lady, what is your course and name please?”

I smiled at him then told him.

For the next couple of hours I was shunted from 1 place to another, filling in forms and answering all sorts of questions, a couple of which I had to phone daddy to get the answers to.

Then I was sent to a place that was obviously the student’s union where they handed out goodies and tried to get me to sign-up for a variety of optional things including parties and music gigs that didn’t sound very exciting. I passed on everything that was offered then decided that I needed to find a quiet place to go through everything that I had done so far and what I still needed to do.

I decided that I wouldn’t find a quiet place anywhere around there so I headed out and to a coffee shop that I’d passed on the way there. On the way out my egg reminded me that it was still there, then the breeze outside reminded me that my skirt was ultra short and that my pussy wasn’t covered.

In the coffee shop I ordered a cappuccino and a muffin and went and went to a table and chair where I could look out of the big glass window.

Flopping down on the chair I felt the cold wood of the chair on my bare backside. I smiled and looked down at my skirt. My knees were well apart but I couldn’t see my slit, but I guessed that anyone outside who looked in would be able to see it.

I didn’t care and took a sip of my cappuccino before looking at all the official looking documents that I’d been given and the documents that James had left with me.

Twenty minutes later I’d just decided that I’d done everything that I needed to do, and had finished my coffee and muffin when I heard a man’s voice say,

“Wow Georgia, that’s one hell of a show that you’re putting on.”

“What the fuck.” I started to say as I turned my head and saw Ben and another guy.

“Georgia this is Matt, the guy under you, Matt, this is Georgia, the girl on top of you. Apartments that is, do you know just how much you are showing everyone out there?”

I stood up and put my right hand out to shake Matt’s.

“Pleased to meet and see you Georgia.”

“Pleased to meet you too Matt, and I’m sure that you’ll be seeing a lot more of me quite soon.”

“I hope so.”

“So, looking at that skirt I guess that you knew that you were flashing half of Bristol Georgia.” Ben said.

“Didn’t even think about it Ben. I liked the skirt so I put it on this morning, end of.” I lied.

“And then forgot to put any knickers on.” Ben said.

“Oh, I never wear knickers, or a bra, not that I’ve got anything to put in a bra.”

“You have from what I can see Georgia.” Matt said, “You need a bra to hide those.”

“Maybe I don’t want to hide them.”

“Then I look forward to seeing them quite often.” Matt replied.

I decided to change the subject and I sat down asking them if they fancied a coffee. Matt and Ben looked at each other then said that they did. Ben went to get 3 coffees whilst Matt sat nearly opposite me.

“So Matt, brief details about yourself and we can properly get to know each other better at the party on Saturday, Charles has told you about it hasn’t he, or you could get from under me and come up and see me or I could get off the top of you and go down on you. I think that I have some coffee or wine in my apartment.”

Matt was grinning at me and looking at my bare legs. I didn’t think that he’d be able to see my slit but there again, if what Ben had said was true he’d already have seen more than my slit.

After a short pause Matt started telling me a couple of basics about himself. Ben arrived back with the coffees and I started telling Matt a few details about me.

The coffees were long gone by the time the guys finished getting me to tell them a few things about my time in Ibiza. Only the non-revealing bits of course, the rest would wait until I knew them better.

All the time that we were talking, the guys were looking at either my legs or my chest. I didn’t think that they could see my slit, unlike the people passing by outside, but maybe they could. My egg kept making it’s presence known which kept me quite wet, but neither guy commented on my expressions each time it burst into life. Maybe that was because their eyes weren’t looking at my face that often.

When we got up to leave I asked the guys if they had done everything at the university and when they said that they had we headed back to the apartments with me leading and the guys following. As we got there, Ben said,

“You do realise that your skirt was blowing up in the breeze don’t you Georgia?”

“No, I didn’t, the material so light that I can’t even feel it. Anyway, I’m sure that I can trust my neighbours not to look if I was unfortunate to have a wardrobe malfunction.”

“Of course you can Georgia.” They both said, but we all knew that they were lying and that they’d had a good look at my bare butt, a few other people as well probably.”

Charles greeted us all, telling us that all 8 residents had now arrived and that he’d told them about the party. He also handed me a package and I smiled as I thanked him, guessing that I knew what it was.

The guys headed for the lift but I kept going to the stairwell. When I saw that they’d stopped I said,

“Come on guys, exercise is good for you.”

“If it’s exercise you want Georgia you should go to the workout room or the swimming pool.” Matt said.

“That’s an idea,” I replied, who fancies a swim?”

They both said that they did and I wondered if it was because I was going and Ben had told Matt that I had been skinny dipping.

We agreed to meet in the pool in 20 minutes.

In my apartment I ripped open the package and found the 2 vibrators. I was eager to try them but I didn’t have the time right then and wished that I’d told the guys an hour but I hadn’t. I looked in the rest of the package and found some of the other things that I’d ordered, but they too would have to wait.

I stripped naked, squeezed my egg out and switched it off then had a good look out of the window hoping to see someone looking my way. I didn’t and thought that I really would have to find a way of attracting their eyes.

Picking up my phone I left the apartment and went down the stairs to the ground floor. I could hear water splashing and guessed that the guys had beaten me there, but I was wrong, it was a girl swimming lengths.

I stood and watched until she stopped and looked up.

“Hi,” she said, “I’m Roxy, fourth floor on the right.”

“Hey, Georgia, third floor on the right, pleased to meet you.”

“Is the nudity compulsory or optional?”

“Optional.” I replied, “but I never wear a costume when swimming. Is that a problem for you Roxy?”

“Hell no, I’ll soon get rid of these tight things.”

“There might just be 2 guys coming here in a minute,” I said, “and they agreed to go skinny dipping.”

“Nice, I look forwards to that.” Roxy said as her bikini top came flying out of the pool closely followed by her bottoms.

I put my phone down and dived in, surfacing next to Roxy then we started the usual conversation about ourselves. Then Roxy asked me if I’d found the water inlet pipe.

“No, why?”

“Well the water comes into the pool at quite a pressure and it feel nice between your legs, and that was when I had my bikini bottoms on.”

I didn’t get the chance to ask Roxy because 2 naked guys walked into the room. Both with semi-erections.

“Wow, cute.” Roxy said.

They both dived in, swam over to us and I introduced everyone.

“I thought that you might be joking about the skinny dipping.” Matt said while Ben and Roxy were talking.

“Hell no, I thought that you would have gathered that after a year in Ibiza I don’t like wearing clothes unless I really have to, and a private swimming pool certainly isn’t public, besides, I don’t own a bikini, well nothing like what Roxy has just taken off.”

We continued talking for a while, then swimming for a while, then we got out and sat on the loungers. No one tried to hide any parts of their body and I was sort of pleased to see that Roxy’s tits weren’t much bigger than mine and that she was as bald as I was.

After a while Matt said that he had to go because he was going out that evening for a drink. Then he asked us if we wanted to join him.

“So where are you going Matt?” Ben asked.

“A gentlemen’s club that a mate has told me about.”

“A gentlemen’s club, does it have lap dancers and strippers?” Roxy asked.

“I believe that it does but I’ve never been there before. Why, will you give me a lap dance Roxy?”

“Maybe.”

“What about you Georgia?”

“The last lap dance that I gave went a lot further than is legal in this country.” I replied.

“Hmm, interesting, I’ll look forward to that. So are you 3 coming?”

After a slight pause we all said that we were in, Roxy adding that she didn’t have to be up that early in the morning.

“Okay, let’s meet in reception as 9 pm.”

We all agreed then got up and headed to the stairs. No one appearing to be bothered that we were all still naked.

Back in my room I put all the light on then checked the time and decided that I had time to read the instructions for my new vibrators. After seeing the web page I had great hopes and I wasn’t disappointed. I slid it into my vagina and switched it on.

OMG, I’d thought that the vibrations that my egg gave me were quite strong, but, even on low, the purple thing was turning my insides to jelly, well that’s what it felt like. I collapsed onto the sofa and left it running for about a minute before I felt the first feelings of an orgasm building deep inside me.

I slid my finger up my phone and the vibrations increased, so much so that I couldn’t stop my body from jerking about, if I hadn’t of been on the sofa I would have collapsed onto the floor.

I let the vibrator have it’s way with me and the orgasm that had been building exploded out of me with my body still jerking about uncontrollably.

Somehow, I managed to slide my finger down my phone and my body relaxed.

“Fuck that was good.” I thought, “I wonder if it can be set to give me an electric shock as well.”

After a minute or so relaxing, I got up and found the instructions manual. I couldn’t find any reference to electric shocks so I opened my laptop and googled it. I found a couple that would and ordered the one that I liked the best. I just hoped that it would never malfunction and kill me. I laughed as I thought that it would be a good way to go, a vibrator pleasuring my pussy then electric shocking me to death.

I pulled the vibrator out of my vagina then sat there relaxing, I looked up at the monster TV on the wall and I wondered if I could cast the laptop screen to the TV. The thought of watching a porn video, or better still, using the laptop’s webcam to video me in the throws of an intense orgasm onto the TV, really appealed to me so I started searching for a way to do it.

It wasn’t that difficult and I soon saw an image of my naked body up on the TV. I played with the webcam features and zoomed in on my pussy then I started doing kegel exercises and watched what my pussy was doing.

I started rubbing my clit and watched a giant version of my hand bring the giant version of my pussy to another orgasm.

Pleased with myself, I looked for, and found a way of recording a video of what the webcam was seeing.

It was a happy Georgia that went to the fridge for a bite to eat before going to get ready for my first night on the town of Bristol.

I decided on to recycle my yellow dress, the one that I’d worn in Ibiza a few times, the one that has lots of cuts in it, some in very strategic positions making it very obvious that I have nothing on under it.

Celeste had had the foresight to send me some matching yellow heels but not a yellow clutch bag so I chose a black bag. After looking at myself in the mirrors, and satisfied that my nipples could easily escape and that with just a bit of twisting, my slit would be visible, I went and stood in my big window and said to myself,

“Here I am guys, do you like it?”

Unfortunately, I couldn’t see anyone in either building looking my way.

I checked the time then headed out.

Roxy was down in reception talking to Charles and I was pleased to see that she was also wearing a very short dress, and the way she was leaning over the table pointing to something for Charles, I could tell that she wasn’t wearing any knickers, her bald slit was visible to anyone behind her.

Saying hello to both of them, then complimenting Roxy on her outfit, Charles told me that another package had arrived for me.

“Hmm, more toys to play with tomorrow.” I thought.

The lift pinged and out walked Ben, then Matt appeared from the stairs. Both young men complimented both Roxy and me on our outfits.

“Are you trying to smooth talk your way into my knickers guys, because it won’t work.”

“Aren’t you wearing any then?” Matt asked.

Roxy didn’t answer him.

“You can leave your bags if you like girls,” Matt said, “daddy is paying for tonight.”

I never object if a man offers to pay for me so I handed my bag to Charles and asked him to look after it for me. Roxy did the same.

“Do we need a taxi Matt?” Ben asked.

“No, it’s quite close, unless you girls can’t walk in those shoes.”

“I’m good.” Roxy said, closely by me saying the same.

With Charles telling us to enjoy ourselves we stepped out of the door onto the street.

I’d forgotten how chilly it can be on an evening in September in England and I felt my nipples expand and feel the cold, but Matt had said that it wasn’t far so off we set, Roxy and me linking arms in front and Ben and Matt behind navigating and looking at our butts. I wondered if they could see my butt crack through one of the cuts in the material. I glanced down at Roxy’s chest and saw that her nipples had also reacted to the temperature.

When we got to the gentlemen’s club I was a pleased to see that it looked quite good from the outside. Matt led us in and he and Ben sorted things out before a young woman wearing a skirt nearly as short as mine, and a top that showed a lot of her large tits, led us to a table then went and got the drinks that Matt had ordered, 2 bottles of champagne.

My dress rose up as I sat and it was my bare butt that sat on the chair, legs not crossed. Anyone in front of me would be able to see my slit. What’s more Roxy sat the same way but neither Matt nor Ben would be able to see our slits.

I looked around and saw that the place was quite smart. I compared it to the club that I’d worked in in Ibiza but this club was in a different league as far as décor was concerned. I wondered if this club put on shows like the one in Ibiza did, and if I could get a job there. I wondered if I should tell my new mates about the club in Ibiza and the fact that I’d got a job as as stripper there.

“I’ve booked a private room for later.” Matt said.

“So what’s in a private room?” Roxy asked.

“I’ve booked a couple of strippers to give us lap dances.”

“Blood hell,” Roxy said, “we could have done that for you.”

“You still can if you like, but let’s watch a show and dance a bit first, loosen us up a bit.” Matt replied.

We were sat quite close to the little stage and quite soon a girl wearing only a thong came on and started dancing on one of the poles that was there.

“I want to learn how to do that.” I said.

“You want to be a pole dancer?” Ben asked.

“Well I want to learn how to do it in front of an audience.”

“Ah, Georgia the exhibitionist, now I understand.” Ben replied.

“I wouldn’t mind learning.” Roxy said.

“Maybe we could ask if the university if there is a pole dancing club.”

“Good idea.” I replied watching the girl swing her legs wide open and imagining that it was me – without the thong.

Shortly after the girl finished there was a show on the stage. It was okay, but not as revealing as the shows in Ibiza, and I said so.

“So the girls got totally naked in Ibiza.” Matt asked.

“Yes we did, and more.”

“More! Do you mean that they were actual sex shows where the girls got fucked.”

“Yes, by men and machines, it was nice.”

“Hang on a minute Georgia,” Ben said, “you just said ‘yes WE did’. Does that mean that you got up there and stripped with the other dancers?”

“I was one of the dancers for a while, I’ve got my dancer’s I.D. card to prove it.”

“So did you take part in the sex shows as well?” Matt asked.

“Yes I did.”

“And get fucked by men AND machines?” Ben added.

“Yes I did.”

“Wow!” Matt said, “I never would have thought.”

“I would.” Ben said, “our little Georgia is a right little exhibitionist and nymphomaniac aren’t you?”

I said nothing, but I did smile. I also looked at Roxy and could swear that she looked jealous.

More champagne arrived and I caught the waitress looking between my legs. I smiled when she looked up to my face and she smiled back.

Shortly after that a man in a suit came over and told Matt that our room was ready. I wasn’t sure that I knew what was going to happen in that room but I guessed that it involved nudity of some sort but I didn’t know by whom.

The room had 3 leather sofas in it, each backed up to a wall without the door, there were no windows there but I was sure that I could see a camera in the frame of one of the tasteful pictures of naked women on the walls. There was quiet music playing in the background.

I was just about to ask what happens next when the door opened and 2 girls wearing just thongs walked in, each carrying a bottle of champagne and glasses. The gave each of us a glass and bent over to fill them, giving the person in front of them a great view of their dangling tits and the person behind them a great view of their butts and partially covered pussies, the thongs having ‘accidentally’ slipped between their vulva lips.

Champagne served, they started dancing and gyrating their bodies in the middle of the room. As soon as Matt put his glass down one of the girls went over to him, straddled his legs and pushed her tits into his face.

Whilst doing that I saw her butt gyrating on his lap.

Ben put his glass down and the other girl did the same to him.

After a couple of minutes, both girls got up and swapped places. As they started gyrating their butts on the guy’s cocks I realised that my knees had drifted apart and I was idly rubbing my pussy. Not stopping, I looked over to Roxy and saw that she was doing the same.

After another couple of minutes, the girls got up again, dropped their thongs and swapped guys again, but this time, instead of straddling them facing them, they had their backs to the guys faces and it wasn’t hips gyrating, they were dry-humping the guys.

The 2 girls were in a sort of trance, staring at the wall above Roxy and me. I wondered if they were on drugs or something and did it really take drugs for them to enjoy that sort of action.

Another couple of minutes later and the girls got up and turned to face the guys. Before they straddled them they unfastened the guys trousers and got out their hard cocks.

When they straddled them again it wasn’t dry humping any more, they were fucking for real.

Needless to say that both Roxy and I were getting more and more turned on and the idle rubbing was rapidly becoming furious rubbing. I reached my climax first, quickly followed by Roxy.

When I opened my eyes, the 2 girls had got off the guys and were on their knees between the guys, sucking and licking the cocks. I smiled and wondered if their climax was as good as mine was.

Before they left, the girls topped up our glasses and asked if we’d like any more. I laughed as I wondered if they meant the champagne or the sex.

“Well that was fun.” Matt said when the girls were gone.

“So what made you think that Georgia and I wouldn’t be offended by you making us watch that?” Roxy asked.

“The conversations that we’ve had, the fact that you were skinny dipping with us, the clothes that you nearly wore to come out with us, the fact that you were both jilling off whilst those whores were doing that, shall I go on?”

“No, I was just asking, and I’m pleased that we watched you, and pleased that you watched us, a result all round I call it, what about you Georgia?”

“Well I think that it’s about time that you 2 guys go off your butts and started eating our pussies.”

Roxy and I sat up, pulled our dresses off then perched our butts on the front edge of the sofa and leaned back as Matt and Ben got up and got between our spread knees.

Roxy and I were just getting to the point of no return when the door opened and one of the girls, wearing her thong, came in with another bottle of champagne. Thankfully, neither guy stopped as the girl put the bottle down and left.

Two orgasms and another glass of champagne later, I told the guys to drop their trousers and get on their backs on one of the sofas. They didn’t need telling twice and soon, Ben’s cock was half way down my throat then all of the way up my vagina. I rode him to another orgasm before leaning back on my arms then slowly feeling him go soft inside me.

After a few minutes rest and the rest of the champagne, Roxy and I swapped places and round 2 of the throat and vagina fucking started and eventually finished with all 4 of us cumming again.

I think that by then, all of us just wanted to go back to our apartments and when Matt suggested it we all agreed. Clothes were put back on and we made our way out onto the street where the cold hit us again.

“Carry me.” Roxy said, possibly wanting to get some heat from one of the guy’s body.

Matt volunteered to give her a piggy-back and up she jumped. I smiled as I saw how her bare butt and pussy were exposed and asked Ben if he’d carry me.

“This should be easy,” Ben said bending down a little so that it was easier for me to jump up, “you’re about the size of a 10 or 12 year old girl.”

I jumped up and when Ben caught me his arms went round the back of my legs and his fingers found their way to my pussy.

“That’s nice.” I said as he started walking.

All too soon we were back at the apartments and Ben was lowering me to the ground, my dress not going down as quick as my body, much to the delight of a couple of young men who had been following us.

Matt had already put Roxy down and was using his phone to open the door.

Inside there was no sign of Charles but our bags and my parcel were on his desk so we grabbed them and headed to the lift.

Matt got off at the second floor leaving Ben and me going up to the third floor and Roxy to the fourth. Ben turned to me whist the lift was still moving and reached down to the hem of my dress. He pulled it up and off me saying that he was just helping me get ready for bed.

“Can’t wait for a bit of fun.” Roxy said as she watched what Ben was doing to me.

Ben and I went our separate ways with me shouting that I’d leave my door unlocked just in case he wanted to come and wake me up the nicest possible way.

“Nice.” I heard Roxy say as the lift doors closed.

In my apartment I felt secure enough to not lock my door so I didn’t, then threw my dress, parcel and bag onto the sofa. I looked out of the window and saw that most of the lights were off in the office block. In the student accommodation it looked like a boy was fucking a girl up against a window and I also saw a naked girl frigging on her bed.

“That’s better, but look over here next time.” I said to no one in particular as I turned and walked to the bathroom.

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