**Georgia**

by Vanessa Evans

*Georgia is an 18 year old girl who spent the last 6 years in an all-girls boarding school. She decides to take a gap year to have some fun.*

**Part 01**

Hi, my name is Georgia and I am about to tell you about the fun that I had on my gap year. But before that it would make sense for me to tell you a bit about myself.

You see, I’m stinking rich, well daddy is, and it will all be mine when he pops his clogs. Mummy died when I was 12 and I have no brothers or sisters. Her death hit us both hard and I don’t think that I’ve properly recovered. My doctor says that the traumatic experience must have upset my growth hormones or something because I haven’t grown even 1 centimeter since then.

I was a skinny little girl then, only 150 cm tall with little AA cup breasts and light brown hair; and here I am 6 years later and still the same measurements.

As I got older I used to get annoyed with myself for not growing but I’ve come to like the way I am. I’ve found some real advantages for being the size I am.

A few months after the funeral daddy shipped me off to a girl’s only boarding school where I’ve been for most of the time since then. I’m taking a ‘gap’ year before deciding if I want to go to university or go straight into daddy’s business.

That thought frightens me a bit because daddy’s runs some sort of business empire that rakes in a fortune, but sadly, takes up a lot of daddy’s time.

Every summer daddy takes me to his boat, sorry yacht, somewhere in the Mediterranean for a few days and this summer is going to be the same. I said a ‘few’ days because that is what it has always turned out to be. We always had to fly back early because of a ‘crisis’ at daddy’s work.

This year was going to be different in more ways than one.

You see, daddy has agreed to let me stay on the yacht after he has to go back to England; and I’ve discovered that I am an exhibitionist, and I love it.

About 6 months ago I was in town one Saturday with some of my school friends and we were in a shop trying on some clothes. Charlotte, one of my BFFs, is a bit of a joker and she pushed me out of the changing cubicle when I had nothing on.

When I managed to get my wits about me I saw 2 men who were obviously waiting for their partners, and they were staring at the naked me.

I froze for a few seconds then moved my hands to cover my little tits and nearly bald pussy. Turning back to the cubicle I called Charlotte a few choice names as I tried to get back in.

Unfortunately, Charlotte was holding the door closed and I stood there trying to push my way it with my little bare butt on display for the men.

The verbal abuse continued when I finally got into the cubicle and when I’d calmed down and we were both laughing about it, Charlotte said,

“I don’t know what you were worried about; those men probably thought that you were just a little pre-teen girl.’

For a couple of seconds that comment hurt me, but I quickly realised that she was right. As I reached for my bra Charlotte continued,

“Besides, by the look of your nipples you enjoyed it.”

I looked down, saw, then felt that they were both rock hard and bigger than I’d ever seen them; and they were tingling.

I must have been stood there, looking at my nipples, for ages before Charlotte said,

“You did enjoy that didn’t you?”

“Yeah, kinda, it was cool.”

“Wow; I’ll have to push you out there every time that we come here.”

“Yeah.” I quietly said as I thought about what had happened.

I thought about that experience many, many times over the next week; and discussed it with Charlotte. We came to the conclusion that I was some sort of exhibitionist and she promised to help me have some fun.

We went back to that shop, and quite a few others, and I got pushed out of the changing cubicles without any clothes on many occasions.

When daddy told me that we were going to the yacht again that summer I started planning my wardrobe and by the time school had finished for good and I got home, there were a couple of dozen packages of skimpy clothes waiting for me. I was determined to explore my discovery and have lots of fun.

Some of that fun was to explore one thing that Charlotte had said to me,

“With a body like yours Georgia, you’ll be able to manipulate any man that you want; unless he’s gay that is.”

I’d already thought about that a bit, and noticed the way men look at young girls and usually are very helpful towards them; and what Charlotte had said made more sense the more I thought about it.

I’d thought about it a few times when I was alone at school, but on the journey home I got really excited when I decided that that day was the first day of my new life. Gone was the boring uniformed school girl and as soon as I got out of that uniform I was going to be a liberated girl.

I got my new life of to a gentle start by going to the toilet on the train and taking my bra and knickers off. The knickers looked like I’d blown my nose in them and my pussy was tingling something rotten. I left the underwear in the trash bin.

F.Y.I. I was on the train because I managed to escape from school a couple of days early and I wanted to surprise daddy. Okay, it was a 3 hour journey but I was just glad to have escaped.

During the rest of the journey I made a few resolutions of things that I was going to change. Loose or tight tops, very short skirts, no underwear and never crossing my legs were just some of the ones that I came up with during the journey but I was sure that I’d think of more in the next few days.

As I thought about those, I rubbed my thighs together hoping to make myself cum but I wasn’t successful. I thought back to one night a few weeks back when 6 of us girls had sat in a circle on the floor in or dorm room, all totally naked and each with their right hand on the next girl in the circles pussy. We’d had this crazy competition to see who could go the longest without the girl on our left making us cum. I guess that I liked the situation too much because I orgasmed first.

In the taxi from the train station I felt naughty, but nice, and I wondered if the taxi driver could tell that I had no underwear on.

Some of the packages that were waiting for me contained micro skirts and dresses. I was determined that I would never again wear skirts like we had to at school; from then on I would never wear a skirt that was longer than mid-thigh.

Daddy wasn’t home when I arrived and I quickly opened the packages and decided what I was going to wear that evening; just a skater type summer dress with nothing underneath. I was also determined that the new me would never wear a harness and knickers again.

Stripping naked, I tried all my new clothes on, looking in the mirrors with a big smile on my face. I liked everything that I saw.

Then I made a list of all the other things that I wanted to buy then went online and got looking.

I was still naked and busy online shopping when I heard daddy’s car crunching down the gravel drive. I slipped the dress on and ran downstairs.

I must admit that I felt a little strange running downstairs to greet daddy just wearing that dress; strange, but excited.

“Georgia! I thought that you weren’t finished until the day after tomorrow.”

Daddy said as I ran and jumped up onto him, wrapping my legs around his waist.

After a big hug, during which I discovered just how much my tits can feel when they are just covered with such a thin cotton dress. Daddy lowered me down, my dress fell back into its intended place, and daddy took a step back to look at me. For a split second I was embarrassed until I thought,

“No Georgia, this is the new me; if he doesn’t like it that’s just too bad.”

“You look fabulous Georgia; so grown up.”

“I am 18 now daddy.”

“Yes I know; and you’re a beautiful young woman. It’s a big shame that your mother can’t see you right now.”

“Yes, I know daddy.”

“How did you get here Georgia?”

“The train, I’m a big girl now daddy, I can arrange things for myself.”

“So I see; I must remember to cancel the driver that was going to pick you up Georgia.”

“He can still go daddy; I left my luggage there so he can bring that back.”

“Fair enough, I wondered how you’d have managed to bring all those suitcases with you on the train.”

I helped daddy get the evening meal ready whilst we talked about all sorts of things. It was only when we sat at the dinner table, and my bare butt came into contact with the leather seat, that I remembered that I had no underwear on. I looked down at my chest and could see 2 little bulges made by my nipples, both surrounded by dark circles made by my darker areolas. I felt a little excited and wondered if daddy had noticed them.

After clearing up daddy poured us glasses of wine and we went and sat and continued talking. In keeping with my new life’s resolutions I sat without crossing my legs and I’m sure that daddy would have been able to look up my short skirt and see my pussy, if he’d looked, which I don’t think that he did.

When I went to bed I started to get a nightie out of a drawer but as soon as my hand touched it I pulled back and made another resolution, sleep naked every night.

It was light and the sun was streaming through my window when I woke up. I knew that daddy would have gone to work hours ago so I didn’t bother to put any clothes on when I went downstairs. It felt strange, but nice as I walked around downstairs. I opened the back door and walked outside. It felt wonderful feeling the sun on my totally naked body. I was so happy that I nearly skipped around the garden.

Suddenly I heard a voice, a woman’s voice. I froze for a second then slowly turned around to see who it was, moving my arms to cover my pussy and tits as I did so.

“I’m guessing that this is your first time outside without any clothes on Georgia?” the woman asked.

“Mrs. Jones, I, I, I.”

“Don’t worry Georgia, I used to do that sort of thing when I was your age, it’s a wonderful feeling isn’t it?”

“I err, yes, it is. I forgot that you come round on a morning.”

“That’s okay Georgia, you keep doing whatever you like, the cleaning will only take about an hour then I’ll be gone. Can I get you some breakfast?”

“No, err no thank you, I can manage. Sorry if I surprised you.”

“That’s okay Georgia; it’s a good job that I didn’t bring my son with me this morning, he’d have been really happy to see you.”

“Oh yes, Tommy isn’t it, I was in year 6 with him. How is he?”

As I said that I thought about Tommy seeing me like that; a tingle started in my pussy.

Then I remembered something,

“Sorry Mrs. Jones, I’ve got to go, I’ve just remembered that I have to make a phone call.”

“Okay sweetie.” I heard her say as I quickly walked inside and up to my room.

I phoned the doctors and managed to get an appointment for later that afternoon.

As I walked back downstairs I decided that I liked this walking around without any clothes on; it’s nice and natural, and it makes my pussy feel nice.

“Hi Mrs. Jones.” I said as I walked into the kitchen as if I walked around totally naked every day.

“Oh hi Georgia, I’m just finishing up, can I get anything for you before I go?”

“No, thank you, I’m fine.”

“Is it okay if Tommy comes over and uses your pool this afternoon, he’s been coming over for a swim some afternoons for a couple of weeks now; your father said that it was okay and he’s always gone before your father gets home?”

“Yes, sure, I may not be here though.”

“That’s okay; you haven’t been here the other times.”

“Okay, see you tomorrow Mrs. Jones.”

“Sorry, I only come every other day sweetie; but I could come tomorrow if you want me to.”

“No, you stick to whatever arrangements you made with my father.”

I got myself some OJ and an apple and went outside to have my breakfast in the sunshine. After I’d finished them I sat there relaxing and thinking that I’m a lucky girl and I’m really starting to like my new life.

After making myself cum twice I went back up to my room and went online and ordered some more clothes and some toys. I’d never bought, or even used girly toys before and I was fascinated by what I saw.

I also bought 7 pairs of shoes, heels actually, I thought that I’d look good walking around wearing only a pair of heels.

I spent a fortune but who cares, daddy can afford it.

About an hour later I was disturbed by the doorbell ringing. Without even thinking about it I ran downstairs and opened the door. It was only when the postman looked me up and down, then smiled, that I remembered that I was naked.

My jaw dropped and I said,

“Oops, sorry, I forgot to put something on.”

“That’s okay, is your mummy or daddy at home?”

“No, I’m on my own.”

“You shouldn’t go telling that to strangers love, stranger danger and all that.”

“I can look after myself.” I replied; “they taught me self-defense at school.”

“I’m glad to hear that, but even so…..”

“Yes, you’re right, thank you. What have you got for me then?”

The postman gave me 4 packages then left. As I watched him drive off I remembered that I hadn’t even tried to hide my tits or pussy. I felt proud of myself and I would have touched my pussy but my hands were full.

Ripping open the packages I discovered some see-through bikini thongs and wraps from Australia and some more very short skirts from America. One of the skirts is like a net, full of one centimeter diameter holes all about one centimeter from the next hole. Putting it on I saw my slit, front and back in the mirror. I gulped then thought,

“Courage girl, you want this, you want to be seen.”

My little pep-talk to myself worked and I smiled then took the skirt off and put my new clothes in a drawer with the others. As I did so I looked at my old clothes and decided that I needed a clear-out, but it would have to wait.

Remembering the swimming pool I looked at the clock and decided that I had time for a few lengths before I had to get ready to go out.

Walking into the pool room I thought about Tommy swimming there and I wondered if he swam naked like I was about to do.

Wow! Swimming naked is nice, really nice, so natural and the feeling of the water rushing over parts that it never had before was soo, so exciting, so exhilarating. As I swam I made another resolution.

As I was getting ready to go to the doctors I tried to remember when I had last been there. I felt a little sad when I remembered that it was a few months after my mother died and I stopped growing. I wondered if the birth control pill would start me growing again.

I slipped on just another skater type summer dress and looked at myself in a mirror. My nipples were prominent – again, and I tweaked them through the thin cotton material to make sure that they were sticking out as much as they could.

As I walked out to the taxi I felt almost naked. I could feel my dress around my waist but nothing below. I even smoothed my hand down the front to make sure that I was covered.

I was glad that I’d taken my phone with me because I was kept waiting to see the doctor for over half an hour. I held a text conversation with Charlotte telling her what I’d been doing that day and what I was, and wasn’t wearing. Just before I got called in she told me that she was jealous.

The doctor was a nice man, late 20’s at a guess. I’d been expecting to explain what I wanted and to walk out 2 minutes later with a prescription. Imagine what I was thinking when he told me that he needed to examine me. OMG, I was wearing nothing but a thin dress and he’d just told me to get undressed and get up on the examination table.

My heart was pounding and my pussy was getting wet; and OMG, he was going to see it.

He never said anything as I unfastened my dress and it dropped to the floor leaving me totally naked. I looked over to him but his face was emotionless and looking at me.

“You’re 18 aren’t you Georgia?”

“Yes doctor.”

“Hmm. Hang on a minute.”

He turned to his computer and was obviously reading. I was just stood there, still totally naked with my hands by my sides.

After a few minutes he said,

“I see that you stopped growing when you were about 12 Georgia; is that a problem for you? There may be something that we can do to kick-start your growth if you are interested?”

“Oh no, I came to terms with my size a long time ago, I’m quite happy as I am thank you.”

“Okay; can you get up on the examination table please Georgia?”

I did, and just lay there. I nearly put my hands over my tits and pussy but I told myself to ‘not be so stupid’.

He was really nice and explained everything that he was doing, before he did it. I should have guessed that he was going to check my breasts for any abnormalities but I have to admit that I was a bit surprised when he told me what he was going to do; and I was a little embarrassed when he pulled and tweaked my nipples.

Someone else doing that is different from me doing that and I heard myself letting out a little moan. Then I got a bit embarrassed.

I got even more embarrassed when he told me that he had to examine my whole vulva and vagina, outside and inside. OMG, he was going to see my arousal.

My face went read then I watched him setup those metal ankle support things. OMG, I was about to have my first gyno examination. I’d heard stories from girls at school and never really believed them, but this was it; I was about to find out that they were all true.

I watched the doctor put on a pair of latex gloves then he touched my pussy.

I gasped.

“Sorry, are my hands cold?” the doctor asked.

“No, it was just the surprise.”

“It won’t take long and it won’t hurt Georgia; I promise.”

No, it didn’t hurt, in fact it was nice, so nice that I moaned a few times, and blushed.

Then I felt my hole stretch open, much more than my fingers, or the fingers of the other girls at school had stretched it. It was nice.

Something, that plastic thing, was stretching my hole wider and wider.

I moaned and sighed.

“Okay, nearly done Georgia.” I heard the doctor say as he bent forwards; his head only inches from my pussy.

I moaned again.

Slowly, I felt that plastic thing being removed then the doctor said,

“There’s one more test that I like to do but some women are not happy having it done. It’s preferred that doctors check the patient’s clitoral stimulation to ensure that they respond in the normal way. It can identify any potential problems further down the line. Is it okay that I check you? If you’d prefer not I can skip the test.”

I looked at him blankly. Was he really asking me if he could rub my clit and make me cum?

“Yes,” I quietly answered, “if that is what is needed then go ahead.”

“Thank you.” I heard then felt his fingers on my pussy again.

I blushed – again; as I realised that he wasn’t joking. This man was going to make me cum; this man that I had never even met 10 minutes ago. Okay, he’s a doctor, but he’s still a man. All of a sudden I was glad that he was a man and not a woman.

I moaned again, this time a long very pleasurable moan.

Wow, does that man know how to please a girl. My moaning changed to ‘Oooohhhs’ and ‘arrgghhs’ and ‘yess’ and gasps. Then I had the most intense orgasm that I have ever had; so much better than when I use my fingers. My hips lifted up and were jerking about as my hands went white as they gripped the sides of the examination table.

“More; more.” I heard myself say, but the doctor ignored me and turned and got some paper towel. He watched my body jerking about until it stopped and I was able to think straight.

Handing me the paper towel he said,

“You may like to wipe yourself.”

As I took the paper towel from him he turned and walked back to his desk saying,

“You can get dressed now Georgia.”

It was at least a minute before I could lift my ankles out of the metal supports and get off the examination table. By that time I didn’t care that I was naked and that I was wiping my pussy in full view of the man.

I picked up my dress and slipped it on then sat down, totally exhausted.

“Okay Georgia, everything is quite normal and I’m quite happy to prescribe the contraceptive pill for you. Read and follow the instructions on the box and phone me if you have any questions.”

I took the prescription off him, slowly got to my feet and walked out.

The gentle breeze blowing up my dress made my pussy tingle and I came back to life. As I walked to the nearest pharmacy I got my phone out and text Charlotte: -

‘Hi Char, jst Bin 2 d doctors 2 git put on d pill, You'll nevr gueS wot he did 2 me.’

‘hi G, wot? r u ok?’

‘he fingered me & mAd me cum.’

‘wt? R U k.’

‘no, I wnt more’

‘Was it gd?’

‘totally orsm.’

‘I’m gna mAk an appointment. I wnt som of dat.’

I smiled to myself as I put my phone back into my bag and continued walking.

I had to walk passed a building site and heard someone wolf-whistle.

“Wow, that’s the first time that I’ve had that; I guess that they like what they see.” I thought as the smile came back to my face.

I didn’t dare sit on the plastic seat in the pharmacy whilst I waited because I was sure that I would leave a wet patch if I did.

I got back home before daddy did and was a little disappointed when the doorbell rang shortly afterwards. I’d kept my dress on and it was only as I opened the door that I wished that I’d taken it off and greeted the caller the same way as I had the postman.

The young man stared at me for a second before handing the bags to me and saying,

“Food delivery; charge it to your account as usual?”

“Err yes I guess, thank you.” I replied wondering who on earth had ordered whatever it was.

Then my brain kicked-in. Daddy must have ordered it to save cooking and judging by the comment daddy must use that company quite a bit.

I’d just put the foil containers in the oven when I heard the gravel crunching as daddy’s car arrived.

My nipples got rock hard as I hugged daddy and felt his suit through the thin material of my dress again.

We talked a lot that evening, the relevant key points being: -

1. Daddy wanted to take me to his company’s summer ball that Saturday. He admitted that he wanted to show me off. He didn’t mean my body but as he talked I decided that I wanted people to see a lot of my body at that do.

When I told daddy that I’d have to go and buy a new dress he told me 2 things; firstly that it had to be a full length dress (another resolution broken already), and secondly that I should go to a seamstress that mummy used to go to. I promised to go and see her but I said that I didn’t want some old fashioned dress.

Daddy surprised me by telling me that mummy used to wear some quite daring clothes at times.

1. That he had to go to America for a week before we go on holiday together. He asked me if I would be okay on my own. I got up and went over, hugged him again and again felt my nipples harden.
2. That he had organised a ‘Transporter’ for me whilst I was at home. I had to ask him what a ‘Transporter’ was.

He gave me a phone number to call whenever I needed a lift telling me that I could call anytime day or night.

I again got up and went to give him another hug. It was only when I stood up after hugging him that I noticed the big mirror that was behind me. I wondered if daddy had seen my image in the mirror when I’d bent over to hug him. If he had he’d have got a right eyeful of my bare butt and pussy. I felt my pussy get a little wet.

1. He told me that he had an early start the next day but we’d still be able to have breakfast together.

He didn’t get another hug but I did tell him that I’d be fine.

That night I went to bed totally naked again. The weather was so warm that I slept on top of the covers.