**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 03**

I woke to the sound of Daddy shouting my name. I was still on my back and I discovered that my right hand was cupping my pussy. I wondered if I’d been playing with myself in my sleep. What I did know was that my pussy was wet.

When I opened my eyes daddy was above me looking down at the naked me.

“Come on Georgia; you need to get up.”

I moved my right hand up to my eyes and rubbed them.

“Thank you daddy.”

Daddy remained there for a few seconds then said,

“You are beautiful Georgia; you really do remind me of your mother.”

I sat up then stood and hugged him. Feeling his shirt covered chest pressing against my tits.

“Thank you daddy; I love you too.”

Then I walked to the bathroom leaving him stood there. As I walked I wondered if he was watching my butt. I exaggerated my walk so that my butt cheeks moved up and down as much as I could make them.

This time when James picked me up, I was wearing a dress, another of my new collection of thin, cotton, very short, skater type summer dresses. James looked disappointed when he saw me but I put the smile back on his face when I got into the car.

As we drove off I told James that it was the dress shop first, then that I had an appointment at the hairdressers at 3 o’clock.

“So what will you do between those 2 appointments Georgia?” James asked.

“I’m sure that you can find something or someone to do, maybe even with a little audience James.”

“It’s the weekend so there will probably be more people in the woods, and you need another lesson don’t you Georgia?”

“Yes I do.”

When we arrived at the dress shop I was a little disappointed that no one else was there. I hoped that Celeste would tell me to stand on the pedestal for a long time.

Celeste greeted me and told me that the dress was ready and that she just had to put it in a box for me.

“Oh, don’t I need to try it on?”

“It will be fine, trust me.”

Then after a pause during which she looked at the disappointment on my face, she continued,

“Well maybe it would be a good idea for you to try it on. Get undressed and up on the pedestal. Keep the heels on Georgia.”

I did, and faced the shop front. It was ages before Celeste came back, so long that I wondered if she was deliberately leaving me standing there, on display to the world.

Just as Celeste came back I had a little panic attack as the doorbell rang and a thirty something woman walked in.

“Good morning Miranda.” Celeste said.

“Good morning Celeste, and who is this gorgeous little thing?”

“Miranda Georgia; Georgia Miranda. Georgia is thinking about coming to your party on Tuesday.”

Miranda came over to me and looked me up and down.

“Exquisite Celeste, you’ve found a goddess for us.”

Turning back to me she reached forwards and ran a finger along my slit. I shuddered and let out a little moan.

“You ARE coming aren’t you Georgia?”

I felt like I was back at school and a teacher was telling me what to do.

“Yes Miss.” I replied.

“Right decision Georgia, you won’t regret it. Celeste will give you the details. Bring and old school uniform with you; school underwear as well.”

She ran a finger along my slit again and got the same uncontrollable response from me. Then she turned to Celeste and asked her something that I didn’t understand. Celeste went off and Miranda turned back to me.

She ran a finger round each of my tits then back down to my pussy. As her finger invaded my hole she said,

“Are you still a virgin Georgia?”

“No.” I said as I struggled to keep calm.

“Have you given a blowjob?”

“Yes.”

“Did you take all of it Georgia?” She asked as her finger came out of me then went to my mouth.

I automatically opened my mouth, tasted my own juices and mumbled,

“Yes.”

“Tuesday will be an evening of pleasure that you will remember for the rest of your life.”

That thought made my pussy get even wetter and my body shudder.

Celeste returned and gave Miranda a box.

“You’ve done well Celeste.” Miranda said as she turned and walked out with both Celeste and me watching her.

When Miranda was gone Celeste turned to me and said,

“You are coming aren’t you?”

“I’m not far off cumming, but yes, I wouldn’t miss that party for the world.”

“Do you want me to finish you off before you try on the dress?”

“Thank you for the offer, but my next appointment is in the woods with my driver.”

“I see. I’m sure that that will be a lot better than my fingers.”

“Sorry Celeste, I didn’t mean to upset you. Can I take a rain check until Monday; I want you to make a couple of skirts for me.”

“Skirts that you can’t tell that you’re wearing and easily let people know that you’re naked underneath I’m guessing.”

“Exactly; and ones that are see-through and fly up with the slightest breeze.”

“Just like your mother Georgia.”

“My mother wore see-through skirts?”

“And ultra-short miniskirts. She told me that your father loved them.”

I thought back to the previous evening when I was bottomless with daddy.

By then Celeste had got my dress ready for me to put on so I lifted first one foot then the other then Celeste pulled the dress up.

With a little pulling one way or the other, my hip bones were circled by the big gold rings.

“Good, good; just what I expected.” Celeste said.

Then she looked at the new split that she put in the front panel of the skirt part. Gently pulling it from one side to the other she said,

“I didn’t take the split right up to the waist, just to just above your pubic bone. That way it doesn’t look too obvious but it does show everything whenever you move.”

I smiled as I imagined myself walking into the ball with the dress flowing behind me and the front of my slit on full display.

Celeste did a couple more adjustments to the way the dress hung then told me to climb down and walk about. I did, and my first reaction was to look down to make sure that I actually had the dress on. It’s so thin and light that I could hardly tell that I was wearing it.

I walked up to one of the mirrors and I could see my slit. Then I walked away and back again, but faster. My bare pubes were showing.

Standing there I looked higher up. Wow, I could just see my areolas and nipples. I smiled in satisfaction.

Turning around I shook my head to get my hair out of the way and looked back. My back was bare right down to my waist.

“Perfect.” I said to Celeste; “just perfect.”

I walked over to Celeste and kissed her on her cheek.

“Thank you.”

“Turn around.” Celeste said.

I did so and I felt my hair being moved. Then I was naked again. Celeste had undone the bow of the halter and the whole dress had slid down to the floor.

“Perfect.” I said as I stepped out of the circle of material.

As Celeste put the dress in a box she told me that she had some ideas for the skirts and tops that she’d show me on the Monday. When I agreed she told me that she’d give me the details of the party then.

I phoned James, put my ‘old’ dress on, picked up the box and went outside to wait.

The slight breeze was nice and I was feeling good as James arrived, took the box off me then opened the door for me. I gave him a good look at my pussy again, even though he’d shortly be fucking my brains out in the woods.

On the way there I told James that some of the girls at school had said that there were over 200 different ways to have sex in the Kamasutra. I then told him that I wanted to try as many as I could before I went on holiday.

When he jokingly replied that I’d need to find a couple of dozen guys to get through all 200 in a week I asked him if he could arrange that.

James laughed and replied,

“You fancy a gangbang then Georgia?”

“No, I meant, I couldn’t take them all at once, I’d get way too sore, I meant spread over the week. But yes, a gangbang does sound fun.”

We arrived at the woods and parked. When James opened the door for me I gave him another good flash. His response was to tell me to take my dress off but leave the heels on. He then walked me into the wood with me wearing nothing but heels.

We’d been at it for about 30 minutes and tried 4 different positions, had my second deep throat lesson and I was bouncing up and down on top of James’s cock when I saw him wave at something. I kept bouncing up and down and turned my head to see 2 young men holding dirt bikes. They’d stopped and were watching us.

I turned to look at James and bounced down even harder onto James’ cock.

“You like them looking don’t you Georgia?” He asked.

“Yes.” I replied in between the grunts when I bottomed out.

James waved at the young men again but this time is was a ‘come here’ wave. Of course the men did and when they moved in to my line of vision I saw them, both rubbing the front of their leather trousers.

I orgasmed right then.

When I got my brain working again I watched the 2 men take their leather trousers off. As their hard cocks came into sight I thought,

“Oh my gawd! I’m going to get gangbanged.” And promptly orgasmed again while still bouncing up and down on James.

I did get gangbanged. Thankfully James had a pocket full of condoms. The wonderful deed was done over that same log that my pussy had been finger fucked by a stranger.

When it was over I lay spread-eagled on the grass and watched the guys get dressed. James was talking to the men about something or other, just letting me rest for a while; and boy, did I need that rest.

As I lay there I thought that I saw a face looking at me from some bushes but I didn’t care, I was way too happy.

When James and I went back to the car there were 4 more cars there. One man who was just getting out of his car just stopped; half in and half out, and just stared. I waved at him.

On the way to the hairdressers I told James that I want to get gangbanged by 100 men. He laughed and told me that he could arrange that if I really wanted it. I told him to wait until I got back from my holiday.

During the journey I made myself presentable in my micro summer dress and as I walked in I was feeling really good.

The hairdressers was, well, a hairdressers and when I left I was happy that I was going to do daddy proud at the ball.

When I got back into the car James gave me a couple of steel balls about the size of snooker balls.

“What are these for?” I asked.

“They’re Ben Wa balls.”

“Yes I know, I’ve got some; but I haven’t used them yet, I only got them a couple of days ago.”

“I was thinking that you could wear them tonight. They’ll give you something to think about if it’s boring.”

“I don’t think that it will be boring but I’ll wear then just in case.”

“Good, don’t forget to push them right in, you don’t want them falling out in the middle of all your father’s friends.”

“Work colleagues actually, but you are right. It would be funny though.”

I took them off James and pushed them up my pussy as we drove home.

When I got home Daddy and I had a snack then I went to get ready. Shower, shave (I wanted to be super smooth and couldn’t wait until I never have to shave again), nails, makeup (just a little) and then my new dress.

Daddy was at the bottom of the stairs and when he saw me walking down he wolf-whistled then said,

“Wow Georgia, I see that Celeste hasn’t lost her touch, you look truly amazing. You’ll have all the men drooling over you all night.”

“It’s not too much is it daddy? I mean you can see my pussy when I walk.”

“No, no, it’s perfect. If only I was 30 years younger and not your father I’d be chasing you myself.”

“Since when did you let technicalities get in the way of something that you want daddy?”

“Good point, you’re a chip off the old block my girl.”

“That’s just about what Celeste said as well daddy.”

Just then the doorbell rang. When I opened the door James just stared for a second then said,

“Is Georgia at home? You must be her older sister.”

Then after a slight pause,

“No seriously Georgia you look truly awesome.”

By then daddy had joined us and he said,

“I forgot to tell you Georgia; James is driving the Bentley tonight, I’m going to have a drink or five.”

Daddy went round to the other side of the car while James opened the door for me. He got his usual good look at my pussy before going to open the door for my father. Daddy and I rode in the back and talked. I caught James looking at me in the mirror a few times.

Getting out of the car was similar to getting in, but in reverse, though it wasn’t James that opened the doors. The venue had their own people to open car doors. As I treated the young man who opened my door to the same sight that I give James I wondered just how many pussies he’d already seen that night.