**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 07**

When I woke up, I was on my back and Charlotte was asleep on her side facing me, one arm across me holding my tit. I gently lifted her arm off me and went and had another shower during which I had a good look at my pussy to make sure that the aching wasn’t from any injury. It wasn’t and a refreshed me almost skipped back to the bed.

I bent over, kissed Charlotte on the cheek and shook het tit. She didn’t respond, and as she was on her side her pussy was visible between her legs. I ran a finger along her slit then pressed between them into her hole.

“Hey get off me; that’s rape.”

“No it isn’t; come on it’s a beautiful day and we have to be somewhere.”

“Where?”

“To get you some new clothes.”

“No we don’t, all I lost was a blouse, a bra and a pair of horrible knickers. They don’t need to be replaced.”

“But I want you to have some sexy new clothes.”

“When am I going to wear sexy clothes? My mother would kill me.”

“Not when you’re at university. You’ll be able to wear whatever you want.”

“True; but.”

“But nothing; we’re going to get you measured and Celeste is going to make you some new skirts and tops.”

“Nothing as short as yours G; yours are positively indecent.”

“We’ll see; you’re starting to get into exposing your bits now aren’t you?”

“Not like you are; you’re a total exhibitionist.”

“So what does that make you? A part-time or partial exhibitionist?”

“Yeah, maybe I am.”

I phoned James and told him to be here in an hour then went and put the coffee on. While we were sat outside eating Charlotte again told me that we didn’t have to go and get her any replacement clothes. I replied saying that we were going, James was booked and I had an idea for a dress that I wanted.

“So what shall I wear to go there?”

“Just a pair of heels, that’s all that I’ve worn the last couple of times that I’ve been there.”

“Bloody hell G, you get worse.”

“Or better.”

During the drive there I asked James if he’s managed to find anywhere where we could go and get naked in public.

“Not exactly public, but I found a school that does adult education during the school summer holidays and they’re looking for nude art models; would that interest you?”

I thought for a minute then said,

“It probably sounds a bit tame but yes, why not? I’m happy to try anything once. How about you Char? Do you just fancy standing there like that while some people draw you?”

“When is it?”

“This evening.” James replied.

“Oh go on then, you’ve twisted my arm - again. You’re determined to turn me into a sex maniac. Talking about sex maniacs, can we go to the woods after this again please?”

“I thought that you were never going to ask.” James replied.

James had to go around the block a couple of times because there was a police car parked just down the street from the dress shop. When it had gone James stopped outside the shop and came and opened the door for me to get out. Charlotte shuffled over and quickly followed me out then pushed me towards the shop.

“Hurry up G, we might be seen.”

“I hope so.” I replied.

There were 2 other girls in the shop and they both stared at the 2 naked girls that had just entered. One was standing on the pedestal in the middle of the room with Celeste pinning some adjustments to a dress that she was fitting; the other just watching.

Celeste said hello then the watching girl said,

“Hi, I see that you two have come prepared for your fitting. I thought that Jenny was bad enough stripping off out here in the shop and standing on that thing for everyone to see but you two are amazing. I just don’t know where you find the courage.”

“I don’t think about it that much; anyway there’s hardly ever anyone looking in. Those people passing by just don’t know what they’re missing.”

“So you like showing-off?”

“Yes, it’s such a turn on knowing that men like seeing me.”

“I err, we work just round the corner; if you like I could send some of the guys to watch you. I’m sure that they would appreciate what they see.”

“That’s okay; I’d hate to get anyone into any trouble.”

“With what I’m looking at right now I don’t think that they’d mind one little bit.”

I was just trying to think of what to say when I was rescued by Celeste.

“There, all done. You can take it off now Jenny, but slowly please.”

Before long there were 3 naked, bald pussy’d girls in the shop. The clothed one smiled at Charlotte and I as Jenny stepped into the dress that she’d arrived in and then they left.

“Right Georgia, what can I do for you? Your skirts and tops are just about ready.”

“That’s okay, we’re not here to collect those; as I mentioned last night, well I think that I did, I owe Charlotte here some new clothes, a skirt and a top at least, and can they be ready for Friday? She has to go home then?

“You don’t owe me a skirt G. That was your skirt that they cut off me last night.”

“Well you’re getting some, and ones that are shorter than the ones that you brought with you.”

“No problem Georgia. Charlotte would you please come and stand on the pedestal; I need to measure you?” Celeste said.

Before Charlotte could do as asked I moved the pedestal nearer to the front door.

“Georgia, what are doing? Can’t a girl get some privacy?”

“You didn’t want any last night and you arrived here naked, so no. Get up there and get those shoes off.”

“Talking about last night girls,” Celeste said, “did you enjoy yourselves? Would you like to go there again sometime?”

“I’d love to, the sooner the better, but you know that I’m going on holiday on Saturday and I don’t know when Charlotte will be down here again.”

“Well, let me know when you are available and I’ll fix something up. Charlotte, are you ready?”

Celeste went through the same measuring routine that she did with me. All the time I was stood nearby looking, and hoping that someone would look in.

They didn’t and I think that even Charlotte looked a bit disappointed.

Just as Celeste was finishing, 2 men in suits walked in and took a long look at us. After a while one said,

“Our colleague left her handbag here and she asked us to come and collect it. Have you found it, it’s a black one?”

“Hang on a minute, I’ll have a look.” Celeste said.

The men stared at Charlotte and me and within a few seconds Celeste was back, bag in hand.

“There you go gents.”

One of them took the bag and they slowly turned and walked out.

“Well done Charlotte.” I said; “you did well to keep your hands at your sides.”

“I get that your conversion of me if going well then G”

“Okay ladies, what sort of design and length were you thinking of?”

“Not as short as the ones that Georgia here has described; I have to wear then in front of my parents and my mom would throw a real fit if my puss or bum were on show.”

“Okay Charlotte, I understand the problem. Come and look at some photographs that I have and pick whatever you want. If you don’t like parts of the designs just let me know and I’ll change it.”

All 3 of us went to the back office / workshop and we selected 2 skirts and 3 tops.

Before we left I described a dress that had popped into my head; tight T shirt dress, spaghetti straps, skirt part very short, and with lots of cuts across the front, top to bottom.

“I assume that you want the cuts to be big enough to put your breasts and pussy on display?” Celeste asked.

“Of course, and I was thinking of bright yellow.”

“I’m sure that I have a roll of material that will be just right. May I also suggest a similar one but with lots of different shapes cut out, circles, squares, triangles etc.?”

“That could work; just so long as the cut-outs show my best assets.”

“Of course,” Celeste replied, “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Excellent; thank you for your business. A little delicate matter please Georgia, but who will be paying for the items for Charlotte?”

“Daddy of course; just bill him in the usual way.”

I phoned James and we waited for the car.

Giving James his usual 2 flashes, we went out and got in. As we did so, I saw the same 2 men that had been in the shop; both were watching us.

“Where to ladies?” James asked.

I looked at Charlotte and she looked at me, then together we both said,

“To the woods James.” Then we giggled.

We had another satisfying mini orgy out in the open. Both Charlotte and I are getting better at deep throating and Charlotte gets a bit (a lot actually) noisy when she cums when she’s being eaten out.

James and I tried another 5 new positions, all rather strange and not what I could call satisfying ones. I’m starting to wonder if James spends most of his time when he’s not with us, going online and googling ‘different sex positions.”

James picked us up at 6 pm to take us to the school for the art modelling. Imagine my shock when I realised that it was the school that I used to go to before I left to go to boarding school. I wondered if any of the teachers that I had were still there, then I remembered that I took Spanish instead of art.

I remembered the way to the art room and as we walked I had to give Charlotte a little encouragement by telling her that she should be happy to try something different. I don’t think that it worked but she kept walking with me.

When I opened the door we were confronted by about 20 adults of all ages and both sexes. A man that looked vaguely familiar came up to us and said,

“Georgia, you look amazing, you’ve hardly changed at all. Do you remember me; Mr. Johnstone?”

“Sorry, I took Spanish instead of art.”

“Oh yes, I remember, but I used to supervise detention and if I remember rightly you were a frequent visitor for a while just before you disappeared. But look at you now, all grown up. Well you don’t look it but you must be, it’s been what 7, 8 years?”

“Only 6 sir.”

“Wow; but you are 18 now aren’t you aren’t you? If you’re not we’ve got a problem because all models must be over 18. Especially with the poses that I have in mind for you and this delightful young lady.”

“Hi, I’m Charlotte and I’m not exactly sure why I’m here.”

“Well Charlotte, it’s no big deal, all you have to do is take your clothes off and sit around for a couple of hours.”

“If that’s all it is then I think that I can manage that.”

“Okay ladies, if you’d like to go behind that screen to take your clothes off then join me at the front of the class.”

As we stripped off Charlotte said,

“So you were a naughty girl at school G. Did they ever spank your bottom?”

“No Charlotte, they don’t spank little girls at state school anymore, it’s only private girl’s boarding schools that they still do that.”

“Yes, do you remember that Watson girl? Wow, did her butt go red or what?”

“Yes, I’m not sure if it was a good thing or a bad thing that we never got our butts tanned.”

“Do you fancy being spanked then G?”

“Come on Char, they’re waiting for us.”

We both cupped both of our tits and pulled then twisted our nipples then stepped from behind the screen. I have to say that I was a little disappointed that no one was looking at us.

At the front of the room were 2 chairs and 2 tables, 1 chair was on one of the tables. Then Mr. Johnstone introduced us to the class then continued,

“As we have 2 very keen models tonight we are going to concentrate on the vulva. Try to capture every little detail on your canvas. Ladies, half of the room will draw you Charlotte while you perch your posterior on the front edge of the chair on the table with your legs wide open; and the other half will draw you Georgia while you lay on your side on the table and hold one leg as high as you can. We’ll stop for a 5 minute after 20 minutes, and on the hour and ten you will swap over and our artists will start again on a different canvas. Is every one clear?”

Both Charlotte and I nodded and got into the required position.

I must admit that I wasn’t expecting the poses to be as explicit as they were so to relive what I suspected would be a boring time, I’d decided to have my egg vibrator purring away inside my pussy all evening. I’d pushed it up my hole and set it on low when I was in the bathroom at home having a pee just before we left.

Everything went just fine for the first half hour although the egg was starting to have an effect on me and I was wondering if my lips were swelling and getting wet. During the break I confessed to Charlotte what I had inside me. She giggled then said that she hoped that it made me cum and embarrass me in front of everyone.

I laughed and said that I doubted that it would do either of them.

How wrong could I be? About half way through the second half hour I realised that the egg was getting the better of me. The more that I tried to ignore it, the more I thought about it and the more the effect that it was having on me.

About 5 minutes from the end of me lying there, with my leg up in the air, it hit me. I tried to be quiet and still but I just couldn’t hold it and a loud moan escaped from my mouth. Then my body started shaking.

Fortunately, I managed to still hold my leg up in the air but I could feel my pussy muscles convulsing. As the waves receded my embarrassment grew and I could feel my face getting warm.

At the next break Charlotte told me that she was looking at the artists when she heard me moan and saw quite a few eyes go wide-open.

“Okay, you were right Char, I did cum.”

“I thought so.”

“And now that I’ve cum once it’s going to be difficult not to cum again during the next sessions. I wish that I hadn’t put it in, and I wish that I’d brought the control with me.”

“Isn’t that what you exhibitionists get off on, embarrassment and humiliation?”

“You tell me Char, you’re one as well.”

“But I’m not in the same league as you G.”

Mr. Johnstone called the end of the break and Charlotte whispered,

“Good luck whichever way you want it to go.”

I wasn’t sure which way I wanted it to go but I knew which way that it would go. There was no way that I could stop it and I just knew that my audience were about to see me cum, at least one more time.

It was twice actually, once during each 30 minute session. Mr. Johnstone caused one of the orgasms. One of the students obviously wasn’t drawing enough detail and he got the students to come to the front with him and they stood right in front of my pussy.

“Tell me what you see Nigel.”

An embarrassed Nigel started describing my pussy but wasn’t doing too well.

“Can’t you see the clitoris peeking out from behind its hood? Can’t you see the semi-white fluid seeping out of the vagina?”

“Yes.”

“Well describe it and then draw what you’ve described man.”

Wow, the man knew the names of all the parts of me and he even added their colour, shape and moisture level as he described them. Mr. Johnstone was impressed.

“Now store those details in your memory then go and put them on the canvas Nigel.” Mr. Johnstone said.

Me; on the other hand, had found that the description and the thought of the details that had just gone into Nigel’s head was enough to take me over the top again and I orgasmed; just as Mr. Johnstone turned his back to me.

I saw 2 students grinning at me as I fought to keep still and quiet.

At the break Charlotte told me that she’d seen me cum then added that she wasn’t surprised. She said that she’d have done the same if 2 men were stood right in front of her pussy and were describing every little detail.

The last 20 minutes started peacefully and I thought that I was going to make it to the end without cumming again, but that wasn’t to be. Half way though the session Mr. Johnstone announced that, one at a time, everyone was to take their drawings up to the model, hold it as closes as they could to the real thing and then compare the two. They then had the rest of the session to add the details that they’d missed.

The succession of faces right in front of my pussy was enough for the egg to push me over the top again. I orgasmed with an unknown man’s face right in front of my pussy.

At the end of the session Mr. Johnstone thanked us and added,

“Especially you Georgia.”

I assumed that he was referring to my orgasms and I blushed.

Charlotte and I got dressed and I phoned James, and as we were leaving Mr. Johnstone again thanked us and asked if he could call on us again. I said that if I was available I would be happy to help them out.

As we walked out Charlotte said,

“You’d be happy to help G? You and that egg you mean.”

“Yeah, and I might set it to full blast the next time.” I replied.

I stripped before I got into the car and wouldn’t let Charlotte get in until she got naked. James just watched us and smiled.

Back at home we went for a swim, showered and went to bed.

As we lay there I looked at Charlotte and said,

“You don’t look too happy Char; has my poor BFF been missing out on all the fun? Would she like me to try to compensate for that?”

My hand went over to her pussy and I rubbed her clit until she orgasmed. Afterwards I said,

“It’s been a long time since one of us did that to the other.”

“Hang on,” Charlotte said, “we did each other the other night.”

“Oh yes;” I replied, “so much has happened this week that I forgot.”

“Yes, and I’ve only been here for two and a half days. Look what you’ve turned me in to G.”

“Not complaining are you Char?”

“I guess not G.”