**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 09**

I wore a thin tank top and very short skater skirt to travel in. I’d thought about wearing less but decided that it might not really be appropriate and I didn’t want to embarrass daddy.

James arrived and loaded all our cases into the Bentley then we set off with me being quite excited. Remembering how little I’d seen the girls wear in Ibiza the previous years I was determined to have some fun and wear at least as little as those girls and even less when I could get away with it.

At the airport we sailed straight through the V.I.P. entrance and James stopped the car right next to daddy’s plane. I giggled to myself as I walked to the steps because it was quite breezy and my little skirt was blown up around my waist. The woman cabin crew person smiled at me and welcomed me aboard; not mentioning my exposure.

At Ibiza airport we were met by another car and quickly whisked off to the yacht. The breeze at the airport in England was nothing compared to the one at Ibiza airport and I have no idea how many people must have seen my butt and pussy, but I didn’t care.

In less than an hour the car was pulling into the car park at the Yachting Marina Botafoch. Daddy’s yacht is moored at the end near the car park so it was a quick walk onto the boat.

We were greeted by 2 people; the Captain, an elderly man, and a young woman not much older than me, whilst the driver took our luggage to our suites.

The Captain told daddy that the yacht was sea-worth and that we could go anywhere at any time.

The young woman (Martina) informed daddy (reasonable English) that everything was ready for our visit and that the refrigerator and bar were stocked as requested. Whenever I have been to the boat in the past we have always eaten at one of the many cafés and restaurants that are close by, but daddy likes to have the basics available just in case.

Daddy asked Martina to confirm that she would be there every day to clean-up and stock up. I smiled when she replied,

“In the tarde.”

I’d met the Captain before but Martina was new.

“Right Georgia, I’m going to freshen up then we’ll go and see if Manuel is still at the café.”

The café is the one just across the road from the entrance to the marina car park.

I went to my cabin and took my clothes off, opened one of my cases and found one of my new summer dresses. Like all of them as all of them have an ultra-short skater skirt, this one has a halter top that I can wear either tight to my chest of loose so that it hangs when I bend over. All my new summer dresses are made of light-weight, thin cotton and are very comfortable, mainly because I hardly notice that they are there.

Putting the dress to one side I had a quick shower before going back to the dress. Feeling a little naughty, I opened the case with all my toys in them and found those Ben Wa ball things. I wanted to get my holiday off to a ‘pleasant’ start.

Two minutes later, I joined daddy on the rear deck.

“Beautiful here isn’t it Georgia?” daddy said.

“Yes it is daddy, I always love that it’s so warm and dry and fresh and often with a slight breeze.”

“Let’s eat then go for a wander, see what’s changed since we were last here.” Daddy replied.

“I thought that you were here a month ago daddy?”

“I was, but things change so fast, and besides, it’s a year since you were here.”

I took daddy’s arm for the short walk to the café where Manuel greeted us with his usual charm. When he looked at me he said,

“Is that Georgia? mujer joven, you look so grown-up, so beautiful.”

“¿por qué gracias amable señor.” I replied.

“Okay Georgia, stop showing off.” Daddy said.

“You must learn some Spanish daddy.”

“I’ll get around to it one day.”

I was glad that they had some little cushions for the chairs, if they hadn’t I would have had red marks across my butt and the back of my legs from the wicker chairs.

Afterwards we went for a walk all around the marina, me holding on to daddy’s arm like and old couple still madly in love. The skirt part of my dress was at the mercy of the Balearic breeze and those steel balls were slowly making me horny. The more we walked the closer to having an orgasm I became.

When daddy said that he wanted to look around the next marina as well I just knew that I was going to cum with daddy right next to me.

We were outside the Blue Marlin when it hit me. I stopped and daddy turned to look at me.

“Are you alright Georgia, you look terrible?”

“I just stood there shaking and managing to not scream out.”

When I was able, I lied to daddy and replied,

“I’ll be fine, I don’t know what came over me but it’s going away now.”

Daddy took me into the Blue Marlin for a drink of water. After the water I asked daddy for something stronger and we both had a gin and tonic.

As we sat and slowly drank and watched the world go by, I noticed that daddy was looking at me a lot. I know that the skirt part of my dress was up around my waist and he could probably see my bare pubes but that was all; and I wasn’t leaning forward so he couldn’t see my tits so I wondered what he was thinking.

A few minutes later he said,

“Georgia, before when came in here and you had your funny turn, did you have an orgasm? You had that same look that your mother did when she had one when we were out in public.”

I actually blushed as I replied,

“Yes daddy.”

“So what brought that on? Was it just you walking around wearing only that almost nothing dress? I know that that’s all that you’ve got on because you and the breeze keep showing me, or should I say not showing me your underwear. Or have you got a medical condition that you haven’t told me about; one that gives you spontaneous orgasms?”

“I’ve never heard of such a condition. Actually daddy, I’ve got these little steel balls that when I put them in my vagina they bounce together as I walk and the shock waves slowly arouse me.”

“And the more you walk the more the closer you get to an orgasm. Yes Georgia, I know, they’re called Ben Wa balls; your mother had some. I think that I’ve still got them somewhere.”

“You’re not mad at me are you daddy?”

“Heavens no Georgia, you’re an adult woman, you can do whatever you want. The only thing that I ask is that you don’t embarrass yourself, or me, around my business colleagues or guests.”

“I would never do that daddy.”

“I know, but I just had to mention it.”

“That’s okay, I understand daddy.”

“Mind you, if you dress like that around my business guests I’ll be able to sell them anything.”

“Was that a compliment daddy?”

“Yes Georgia, you are a very beautiful young woman and men like looking at scantily dressed beautiful young women. Are you sure that you don’t want to ditch this university lark and become my sales director?”

“Err no daddy. I want to get a degree then I’ll decide what I want to do with my life.”

“Well whatever you decide you’ll go far Georgia. You’re beautiful and you’re obviously not ashamed of your body so the world is yours. It would be nice for my daughter to become the PM.”

“There’s no way that I’m going into politics daddy; I’m way too honest for that game. And did you really mean that I should sleep with people to get to the top?”

“You don’t need to have sex with men to get what you want from them; it’s all in the tease factor. Men love the chase and the good ones know that the chase doesn’t always result in them getting what they dream about.”

“What about the bad men daddy?”

“Oh you’ll soon learn to identify them; and then you crush them. Metaphorically of course, although you need to learn how to do that physically as well, just in case all else fails.”

“We learnt self-defence at school daddy.”

“All due respect to whoever taught you at school but that was schoolgirl lessons; when you get back to England we’ll get you some serious self-defence lessons Georgia. Now, are you up to a slow walk back or do you want to go to the rest room and remove the cause of your pleasure?”

“I think that I’ll be alright daddy but can we stay here for a while, it’s nice here and it’s nice talking to you like this. We’ve never really talked much about mummy and I’d like to know more. I remember a lot but that was little girl memories. I want to know about the woman. And I want to know about this medical condition that makes women have spontaneous orgasms. I want to know how to get it.”

We did stay there and we talked a lot had a serious father / daughter bonding session. Unfortunately daddy didn’t know much about that medical condition. Later on we ate and then slowly walked back to the yacht.

During the walk back daddy said that he guessed that I would be going to nightclubs and the likes while I was here. When I said that I probably would he told me about the driver that had brought us from the airport.

“Pau is more than a driver; he is a Mr. Fixit and a bodyguard as well. I’ll give you his mobile number, and a few other numbers that you might need. Don’t hesitate to call any of them at any time of the day or night. I know that you speak Spanish but Pau’s English is good. Whatever it is that you need, tickets to a nightclub, taking anywhere on the island, or anything else that you need; he’s your man. If you want him with you when you go anywhere, even if it’s just to linger in the background keeping an eye on things, then call him.”

I stopped walking, turned to face daddy then gave him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. As I hugged him I felt the warmth of his chest on my nipples. They went hard.

“Thank you daddy, thank you for looking after me.”

“Hey, you’re my daughter, my only child; of course I’m going to look after you. That’s what fathers do.”

As we finished the walk back I thought about Pau. I hadn’t taken that much notice of him before but thinking about him I remembered that he’s a good 2 metres tall and both his chest and his waist must be about half of his height. If I were to run into him (literally) he wouldn’t even notice the collision; but I would end up in hospital.

“Yes,” I thought, “he could be a good man to have around at times.”

We got back to the yacht and I told daddy that I was going for a walk on my own. Okay, I’d walked around that place on my own when I’d been there before, but this was the first time that I would be doing it as a woman with a different outlook on life. I went and got my shoulder bag and some Euros, and set off; daddy telling me to be careful.

As I walked along the side of the marina I decided that I wanted my top to be a bit looser so that when I leant forwards the top would hang below my tits. Still walking, I reached behind my neck and unfastened the bow then re-tied it quite a bit looser then reached under the halter and pulled my nipples.

Then I thought about the skirt part of the dress. Smoothing my hand down the back, I just felt the skin on the bottom of my butt. Then I did the same at the front and confirmed that my slit was only just covered.

I thought about the girls that I’d seen while walking around with daddy. A lot had been wearing only skimpy bikinis, about half of them with thong bottoms. I’d seen about a dozen topless girls and some of those that had been wearing a skirt, about half of them had been as short as mine; and that was just in Ibiza town.

I decided that I needed to wear less, or at least expose more so that I’d get noticed.

Thinking about getting noticed, I wondered if there are and sex clubs in Ibiza, a bit like Miranda’s party but where I could get fucked properly. I imagined me standing on one leg in the middle of a pub with my wrists and the other ankle tied to the ceiling and me being used my every man in the pub.

Then I wondered what it would be like on the beaches and which beaches were the best to get naked. I’d read that nudism isn’t illegal in Spain so maybe I could get naked on any beach.

I had another thought, when daddy had gone home, how would I get around? Daddy obviously wants me to get this Pau man to drive me everywhere but that didn’t seem like much fun. Maybe I should use public transport? That would certainly get me seen more.

Yes, I was going to do some research and then decide on where to go and how to get there.

Then I thought about daddy; he needed a woman, or at least a good fuck. Maybe this holiday was the opportunity for me to get him to take me to some of these clubs for older, rich people; yachting clubs and the likes. There must be some single middle-aged women at those sort of places. I could look out for them then when they go to the rest room I could follow them then get talking to them. If I like them I could find some way for them to meet daddy then maybe he’d invite them to the yacht and end up in bed with them.

That’s it, the boat, maybe I could get daddy to have a party there and invite people from the neighbouring boats. I’d have to look for some single women on those boats and invite them.

I was daydreaming, but maybe I could turn some of it into reality I decided to spend the next couple of days sunbathing on the decks of the boat and finding out who our neighbours were. And I can start my all-over tan. I hope that daddy doesn’t complain.

It didn’t take long to find a bar; there are dozens of them in that area. I sat at a table where I could watch the world go by and ordered a drink when a waiter came over. I hadn’t crossed my legs and I was sure that my bare pubes were on display but the waiter didn’t appear to notice. I guessed that he must have seen hundreds of bare pussies in that bar.

I stayed in that bar for a couple of hours, had another couple of drinks and got hit on twice. Both times I caught the guy staring at my bald pubes as they talked to me. Both times I leaned back in my chair and let them stare at my pussy as I told them that I wasn’t interested.

“Yes,” I thought, “this teasing men is fun.”

After a while 2 girls about my age came and sat at the next table to me. Listening to them talk I knew that they were English and out for a good night.

They too got hit on by a few guys and they too refused all offers. Two Spanish young men were really trying hard to get off with them, and as well as talking to the girls in semi-reasonable English, they spoke to each other in Spanish. I listened to their Spanish talk and this is a rough translation: -

“I like the blonde best her nipples stick out the most.”

“You can fuck her because I like the one with the big tits.”

“We can swap over after the first fuck. You did bring the knockout drug with you didn’t you?”

“Of course, I never go out without it. These English girls make it so easy.”

After hearing that I concentrated on what all of them were saying. The 2 girls kept rejecting the Spaniards then after a few minutes I heard: -

“These 2 are getting boring; maybe we should hit on the little girl next to them. She’s not bad looking for a kid and she isn’t wearing anything under that dress.”

“She’s a kid.”

“Yes but I bet that she’s a good fuck; she’ll make a good spit roast.”

“Probably; maybe; she is kind of cute. Have you seen any parents around?”

“No; and her pussy does look inviting.”

“My grandmother’s pussy would look inviting to you.”

“True. The kid must be out to get fucked; why else would she be here on her own?”

“Maybe she’s waiting for her parents.”

“Well if we get her away from here quick we can have a good night with her then pass her on to our mates.”

That was it for me. Okay, the idea of what they were saying appealed to me but it had to be on my terms; not those of a couple of unpleasant yobs who were trawling the bars looking for a fuck.

I stood up and almost shouted,

“Malditos pervertidos. Vete a la mierda y vuelve a gatear en la cuneta de donde vienes. Déjanos en paz antes de telefonear a la policía.”

Then I said it again in English,

“You fucking perverts. Fuck off and crawl back into the gutter where you came from. Leave us alone before I phone the police.”

The 2 yobs stared at me for a second then turned and walked away. Meanwhile the 2 girls were both staring, open mouthed, at me. As I sat down one of the girls said,

“Fucking hell girl, I just never expected that from someone so small. What brought that on?”

I told them what the 2 yobs had said and one of them waved for a waiter then ordered 3 drinks. They thanked me and said that they had no idea what the yobs had been saying.

Then one of them asked if I was waiting for my parents.

I laughed and said,

“No, I may not look it but I’m actually 18. You’re not the first ones to make that mistake. The way I look is a long story that I won’t bore you with.”

The drinks arrived and one was put in front of me. I downed it in one and said,

“Thank you, I needed that. My heart is still pounding.”

We talked for a bit then I said that I had to go, but before I left I asked them which club they thought was the best.

“Pacha.” They both said.

“Maybe I’ll see you there.” I said as I left.

After the bar I went for another walk; this time I wanted to see what some the nightlife was like. By the time that I’d got to the most famous club in Ibiza those metal balls had made me cum again and I propped up a palm tree for a couple of minutes whilst the waves receded.

I sat on a bench and watched some of the early clubbers arrive; all of the girls wearing as little as I was, except that some of them may have been wearing a thong or maybe even knickers. Some of the girls that had large breasts were wearing harnesses to support them.

I decided that I was going to that place in the not too distance future.

Walking on I soon discovered just how Ibiza town changes and really comes to life after dark; the place was buzzing and I liked it.

Those steel balls got the better of me again before I decided to get a taxi back to the boat. There was plenty of time for the nightlife after daddy left.

Daddy was in bed when I got there so I took the dress off, squeezed the balls out, cleaned my teeth then went to bed leaving my door wide open. Unlike at home, daddy would see into my room and me on my bed spread eagled, when he opened the door to his room.

I woke up to see daddy sat in the middle of the end of my bed, my feet reaching for the bottom corners of it.

“Good morning daddy, what time is it? I said as the bright sun shone through the windows.”

“It’s only 9 o’clock but I wondered what you wanted to do today?”

“I haven’t any plans daddy; whatever you like.”

“Okay; I was thinking that we might go for a walk around the old part of the town this afternoon; we haven’t been there for a few years.”

“Okay daddy; in that case I’ll get something out of the fridge for breakfast then start on my suntan.”

“Right, I’ll be around somewhere. Don’t forget the sunblock Georgia.”

I had to pull one leg up and then over in front of him to get off the bed, then I kissed his cheek before going to the shower.

Daddy wasn’t on the boat when I emerged. With an apple in my hand; I grabbed a towel and the sunblock and went up onto sunbathing area on the front of the boat, still totally naked.

As I spread the sunblock on my body I looked around at the other boats. Apart from the people on one boat that was slowly leaving the marina there wasn’t anyone else visible. That disappointed me a little because I wanted to be seen. I decided that next time I’d sunbathe at the back of the boat where everyone walking by, or going to and from their cars in the car park, would see me.

I spent the next couple of hours enjoying the sun. I was lying on my stomach when daddy returned and waved to me from inside the boat. I would have been obvious to him that I hadn’t bothered to put a bikini on; especially as I got to my feet and went to join him.

“Not bothering with a swimsuit then Georgia?” daddy asked.

“No, I hate the idea of getting tan lines. Have you been anywhere nice daddy?”

“No, just to the yacht club to organise a couple of things. If you put something on we can get off to the old town now; Pau is waiting with the car.

I showered then put on one of my micro summer dresses on then daddy and I went down to the car. Ten minutes later we were getting out of the car at the entrance up to the old town.

To be honest I wasn’t bothered about going there but it pleased daddy, and we’d be together which doesn’t happen too often.

I didn’t really think about people looking up the skirt part of my dress, that is not until we were about to go up some steps when daddy said,

“Hang on a minute Georgia; I’ll get us an ice cream.”

Off he went and I sat on one of the steps to wait. I thought that I was being a good girl by keeping my knees together but I kept noticing people looking at me. It was only when daddy came back and said,

“Georgia, you may wish to put your feet on lower steps so that people can’t see everything that you’ve got.”

That’s when I realised that with my knees up and my feet apart on the step below, daddy was right; my pussy was on display to everyone below me.

“So that was why everyone was looking at me.” I thought as daddy passed me my ice cream and I moved my feet down a couple of steps.

That was it, I hadn’t really thinking about being exposed up until then but from then on I thought about the Balearic Islands breeze and how it was lifting the skater type micro skirt part of the dress and how I could position myself for maximum exposure.

Daddy had brought a camera with him and he was taking lots of photos of his darling daughter. Up until then they had all been innocent photos but I started looking for places to pose for him.

One place that I posed for him was sitting on the wall where there’s a great view over the harbour and marinas. I could pick out daddy’s boat in the Marina Botafoch as I sat there not caring what was on show. Apart from that time on the steps, daddy never told me that I was exposed so either he didn’t see my pussy, or he didn’t care, or he liked what he saw.

Another time was at those canons. I climbed on to one and sat astride it as daddy clicked away. So did some other people that were there.

After a while we stopped at a café for a drink and snack and I sat at the side of the table with my knees apart, not caring that people would be able to see all of my legs, right up to my stomach.

We looked around some more before heading back to where Pau could get the car.

On the way back daddy told me that there was a formal dinner at the yacht club that night and that I was going with him. I had a quick panic about what to wear before daddy asked me if I’d brought the dress that I wore at his summer ball. When I said that I had he asked me to wear that.

“But it’s see-through under really bright lights daddy.”

“We’ll just have to hope that the lights in the club aren’t too bright.” He replied.

“Okay, if you can live with it daddy, then so can I. What time does it start?”

“9 o’clock.”

“Oh good, I can get another hour working on my tan then. Can you let me know when it’s 7 o’clock please?”

I went and took my dress off then grabbed the sunblock and a towel and went to the back of the boat.

As I spread myself out on my back I looked around and saw a few people wandering around looking at the boats and smiled to myself realising that they’d be looking at the naked me as well.

After about 30 minutes I heard a woman say hello. I raised myself up onto my elbows and looked over to where the voice was coming from. It was a middle-aged woman and there was a young man, somewhere around my age, stood next to her. He was looking my way too.

“Hi, we’re your neighbours. We’ve just got back from a day out and I thought that it would be a good idea to introduce ourselves. I’m Isabelle and this is my son Toby.”

“Hi, I’m Georgia and I’m here with my father. Hang on a minute while I go and get him.”

I jumped up and went to find daddy. It didn’t take long; he was in his room getting his suit out.

“Come aboard.” Daddy said as soon as he saw them.

After he’d introduced himself he offered them a drink then asked me to get them; which I did. As I returned with them daddy said,

“Please excuse my daughter she’s going through a phase of not wanting to wear any clothes.”

“That’s okay; I know how young people like to experiment, the things that I could tell you about Toby here.”

I think that I actually blushed a little as I sat opposite Isabelle and Toby without crossing my legs. As Isabelle and daddy talked I watched Toby and he watched me. I smiled and opened my knees a bit. Toby smiled so I opened them a bit more.

I hadn’t really been listening to daddy and Isabelle talk but what I did pick up on was the fact that Isabelle wasn’t married and that the yacht belonged to her brother.

“A single woman that doesn’t look bad.” I thought. “Get in there father.”

I was a bit disappointed when Isabelle stood up and said that they were leaving. Daddy and Toby stood up too, so I did, and we all went out to the back of the boat and said our good-byes, daddy saying that we hoped to see them again soon.

I followed daddy back inside and he sat on the big sofa.

“They seem nice daddy, maybe you should ask Isabelle to go to the dinner with you instead of me. I wouldn’t mind.”

“No Georgia, I hardly know the woman; besides, she’s got Toby to think of.”

I went over to daddy and sat on his knees, facing him with my knees either side of his thighs.

“Daddy,” I said, “how are you going to get yourself laid if you keep missing all the opportunities? Or perhaps you’d like to fuck me; I’ve seen you looking at me.”

As I said that last bit I shuffled forward, rubbing my pussy on his shorts over his cock and putting my little tits right in front of his face. I felt his cock start to get hard.

“No Georgia I can’t; it’s not right, you’re my daughter.”

“But you would fuck me if I wasn’t your daughter?”

“I would love to.”

“Daddy, this is the 21st century. The contraceptive pill was invented to help situations like this and I’m on the pill. A lot of girls at school used to talk about how their daddies fucked them. Even Charlotte tells me that she’s had sex with her father.”

“When did you go on the pill Georgia?”

“As soon as I got home from school.”

“Oh, right. And I bet that those girls at school were telling lies just to make them look good.”

“Some of them probably were but they can’t ALL have been telling lies; and Charlotte doesn’t tell lies.”

I rubbed my pussy along daddy’s bulge.

“Please daddy; we both know that you want to; and I’d like you to be my first.”

Daddy said nothing, so after a few seconds I slid back and got on my knees in front of him. He didn’t stop me as I unfastened his belt then his shorts.

“Oh Sophia (mummy’s name).”

I wasn’t upset.

I continued and soon had his hard cock in my hand. I rubbed it up and down a couple of times then leant forward and took it in my mouth.

“Oh Sophia, you’re so good at that.”

I bobbed my head up and down a few times but I really wanted daddy inside my vagina so I lifted off and stood in front of him with my legs wide apart.

“Take me daddy, take my virginity.”

Daddy looked at my face then reached for my hands. Then he pulled me to him. My knees bent and I knelt either side of his thighs again.

Staring each other in the eyes I lowered myself down then slowly moved around until the tip of his cock was at my entrance.

“Now.” I said.

“Now.” Daddy said; and I slowly lowered myself down.

I remembered to pull a face and say, ‘Oooow’ as he entered me.

“Oh Sophia, that’s so good.”

Daddy said as I bottomed out on his hairy pubes.

I just stayed there for a few seconds then slowly started to fuck him.

It wasn’t long before he pulled me hard down and I felt his warm cum squirt deep inside me.

My arms were round his neck and I pulled myself to him and whispered,

“I love you daddy.”

We stayed, joined at the groin until daddy went soft then I stood up.

“I’m so sorry Georgia; that should never have happened.” Daddy said.

“Daddy; did you enjoy it?”

“Yes, of course.”

“And so did I; so as far as I’m concerned it was a good thing. I’m glad that it happened.”

“But.”

“But nothing daddy; we both needed that and as far as I’m concerned we need to keep doing it until you find a woman to take over from me. Now don’t we need to get ready for this dinner thing?”

“Yes, you’re right Georgia, and thank you.”

“There’s nothing to thank me for daddy. We needed each other and we took each other; end off.”

Daddy stood up and kissed my forehead. Then we both went and got ready.

The yacht club dinner was a rather posh do, and yes, the lights in the main room were very bright. I think that my dress and exposure shocked a few people even though we were in Ibiza where nearly-naked girls are the norm. I’m sure that my orgasms shocked a few people as well; you see just before I left the boat I pushed my remote control egg into my vagina and set the control to ‘rapid random’ before returning the control to my drawer.

My first orgasm arrived just as we were arriving at the club. I had been walking there with my arm linked to daddies and I just stopped walking. After the waves receded daddy just said,

“Are you wearing that egg again Georgia?”

I nodded then started walking again.

The dress, or me, or both got quite a few stares but no one actually said anything. We got put on a table with people all daddies’ age so the conversation was boring. As was the dancing; all old style but I managed to hold my own; apart from when I orgasmed that is.

After each one I apologised to my then current dance partner, and to one who couldn’t speak English I said,

“Sorry about that; this vibrator has just made me cum again. Can’t you see my juices running down my legs?”

He just smiled and we continued the dance as if I had never opened my mouth.

I wasn’t really counting but I think that I orgasmed 5 times while we were there.

I think that daddy was feeling a little guilty when we got back to the yacht because he went straight to his room.