**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 13**

I woke up when Martina came down the stairs. She was full of apologies when she saw me but I told her not to worry, that I shouldn’t still be in bed at that time. I got a bottle of water from the fridge and went onto the front deck to wake up properly whilst sunbathing. I waved at Toby and made sure that my feet were closest to him when I lay down.

It was late afternoon when I started to think about what I was going to do. By that time I was hungry so I slipped a dress on and walked over to the café. As I was eating I saw Kate, Zoe walking towards that part of the marina. When they got close enough I shouted over to them and invited them to have a drink with me.

Zoe told me that they had ‘escaped’ for a while before they were all going out for dinner. I told them that they were welcome to hang out with me but said that they’d have one drink then they had better go back.

After chatting for ages they got up to leave and I told them that their knickers and bras were back; all nice and clean. They came back to the boat to collect them and I asked them if they had any on right then. It was obvious that they didn’t have bras on but they hadn’t accidentally flashed their pussies to me.

“No,” Zoe said, “we thought that we’d try to see how long we can go before mum or dad says anything.”

“Good luck with that;” I replied, “remember to act normal and they might never know.”

As they left I decided that I was going to the gym again. It was time to flash my pussy and tits to Pedro, and anyone else who may be there, again; but I had a little problem; well 3 actually, left, right and pussy. What to wear, inside and out.

The skirt part was easy; I’d already decided that I was going to wear my ultra-short, white, skater type skirt. On top I finally decided to wear one of daddy’s white vests that I found in his wardrobe. It’s way too big for me and I knew that whenever I bent forwards it would hang low letting anyone who cared to look, see my tits. The only problem was that it was way too long for me, it just covered my butt.

I was just about to cut most of it off when I had another idea. I put it on again and looked at myself in the mirror.

“Yes,” I thought, “this will do as a dress, a baggy dress; not the smartest dress, but for going to the gym it would do just fine.”

An image came into my head of me doing a handstand and the dress puddling around my hands.

I felt pleased with my idea.

Then there was the third problem; what to put in my pussy. Did I want a constant vibration or did I want random blasts. After much deliberation I chose my egg. I put new batteries in it and easily slid it into my wet pussy.

As I did that I wondered if it was normal for a horny 18 year old girl to have a permanently wet pussy, especially in a warm climate like it is in Ibiza. Not getting an answer, I took the vest off, put a dress on and put everything that I’d need in my backpack.

One taxi ride later and I was walking into the gym and being greeted by Pedro who seemed really pleased to see me. After a bit of chit chat I went to the changing room. As I walked I heard Pedro making a phone call. It was in Spanish but easily understood. He was telling someone that the flasher girl was back and get round there quick.

I smiled to myself and thought,

“Bring it on guys. I’ve got it and it makes me happy to show it to you.”

I was a little disappointed that I was the only one in the uni-sex, or gender neutral, changing room. I changed into daddy’s vest and my trainers, tweaked my nipples through the vest to make the little tents even bigger; then turned the egg to ‘frequent random’.

The egg hit me with a quick blast almost immediately and I decided that I was happy that I’d chosen the top of the range remote controlled vibrating egg.

As I walked into the gym I looked around and saw 2 men and 2 girls. All glanced over to me then got on with their workouts. Pedro followed me in then told me that we would start with some warm-up exercises.

Thankfully he told me that he would demonstrate each one then tell me to do 10 of each of the exercises. We went through the following and by the time that I was finished I needed a rest: -

Squats

Lunge and knee lifts

Leg swings

Star jumps

Press-up’s

Squat thrusts

The first 3 weren’t very revealing but as soon as I started the star jumps I could feel daddy’s vest going up and down on me. The right shoulder ‘straps’ slipped off my shoulder and down my arm and I could my right tit in the mirror in front of me. It was only for a split second but I could swear that I could see my slit in the mirror.

Then the press-ups. Not only did the vest rise up over my butt, but the front was hanging low and I could see both of my tits in the mirror. Also in the mirror I could see the 2 guys and 1 of the girls watching me.

Half way through the 10 press-up’s the egg zapped me and I collapsed flat on floor for a couple of seconds which provoked Pedro to tell me to stop resting and get on with it.

The squat thrusts were the most revealing as my vest slid right up to my shoulders as my feet jumped forwards. By the time that I was doing those I noticed that 2 more men had appeared in the gym and were staring at my bare backside.

Those warm-up exercises over Pedro told me to spend 10 minutes on one of the exercise cycles. When I got to it I noticed that the saddle was set a bit high for me. I looked at Pedro hoping that he’d come over and lower it. He just motioned for me to get on it and start pedalling, which I did.

And that was a nice surprise. My pussy slid from side to side on the saddle that rubbed my clit. With the help of the egg zapping me, it wasn’t long before I was cumming in front of the increasing number of young men, and the 2 girls that were watching me. As I calmed down I looked over to my little audience and saw that 2 of the men had their phones out and they were both videoing me. I smiled.

Pedro came to collect me and took me to another machine, one that I hadn’t used before. After he demonstrated it he told me to have a go. It was hard work and not very revealing.

I smiled to myself when Pedro took me to the next machine; it was the leg spreader. I’d been looking forward to going on that one again and I wasn’t disappointed; neither were my audience or the cameras. Pedro set the weights and he seemed to set them so that it was easy for me to spread my legs but nearly impossible for me to pull them together again. I wondered if he was doing that on purpose.

There were 7 men and the 2 girls watching me when Pedro said I was done on the leg spreader. I was starting to think that my workout was over when Pedro rubbed his stomach and asked me if it was my abs that I wanted to work on.

I rubbed my stomach, over the vest, and nodded my head. He then led me over to the mats and told me to get down on my back. He then demonstrated: -

Crunches

Reverse crunches

Sit ups

Leg raises

Bicycle

Then one at a time he got me to do them, 20 of each. Of course, that meant that my vest was often up around my waist, much to the delight of the audience and cameras.

I asked Pedro to hold my feet down when I did the sit ups and the egg got the better of me after the 8th rep. I had to have a little break before continuing.

At the end of them I was feeling the effect of all my hard work but Pedro wasn’t finished.

“You need to keep your legs flexible Georgia. You need to do the splits.”

I looked at him, using my expression to tell him that I was knackered; but he just took my hand and pulled me over to one corner of the big room.

“Okay Georgia, let’s see you try.”

I’d taken gymnastics in PE at school so I knew that I could do the splits, so I slowly slid my feet apart and looked at him as I went down into my best version of the splits.

“Good, Georgia; very good, but can you do that standing up?”

“What; I don’t understand.” I replied.

“Watch;” I can start it but I can’t get my leg all the way up. I’m a man, girls find it easier.”

I wasn’t sure about that part but I was willing to have a go; especially as it would mean my vest going up around my waist. I had a go and surprised myself by being able to do it. I was pleased and so was my audience who had followed me across the room and were now applauding me.

If I hadn’t of been balanced on one foot I may have just given them a little curtsey.

“Your flexibility and balance is good Georgia but you need to keep using it or you will lose it. You can bring your leg down now Georgia.”

I smiled and did so, my vest falling back down to cover my pussy and butt.

“That’s why I am here Pedro. Are there any other balancing things that I can practice?”

“I guess that handstands and walking on your hands is good balance practice.”

“I can do those.” I replied with a grin on my face. I just knew what would happen if I turned myself upside down.

Pedro turned his hand over indicating that I should do it; so I did. Just as soon as my legs were up I felt gravity getting to work with the vest. It puddled around my hands and I walked out of it and towards the audience. As I moved forwards I let my legs spread wide to help me balance.

I saw feet move out of my way as I walked right through them, turned and walked back. When I dropped my legs and got onto my feet I got a little round of applause. This time I did do a little curtsey.

Then I thought,

“Oops, I’m naked in a public gym with people watching me.”

I picked up the vest and put it on before turning to Pedro.

“Very good Georgia that was a really good workout. I would like you to do all those exercises every time that you come here, just increasing the number of reps each time. Can you do that for me?”

“Even the walking out of my clothes?” I asked.

“Look Georgia, do you see any unhappy people? No, so yes, if you end up naked you will make a lot of people happy.”

“Well I think that I can manage that Pedro.”

“So when will you come again Georgia?”

“In about 2 minutes.” I thought, but actually said,

“I don’t know but it won’t be long. I promise.”

I left the room and went to get a shower. I was followed into the changing room by a man still holding his phone. In there I saw a man and one of the girls that I’d seen in the gym. They were at opposite ends of the room and both were naked, the girl drying herself.

“Cute.” I thought as I looked at the man’s cock as I lifted daddy’s vest up and over my head then turned to look at the man who had followed me in; he was holding his phones like he was videoing me.

I got my shampoo out of my backpack and walked to the shower where I saw another naked man showering.

As I showered, watching the man showering, the naked man who I first saw came into the shower; followed by the man with the phone who had now got naked as well.

The man who’d been videoing me came up to me and asked if I would mind having my photograph taken with the men.

“Hmm,” I thought, “naked me with 3 naked men!”

“Yes, okay; how would you like me?” I replied.

For the next 15 minutes or so, I posed in quite a few innocent and sexy poses with them. The 2 who didn’t have their phones with them went and got them and I have no idea how many photos they took.

The innocent photos soon turned to sexy ones. Two of the men squat either side of me then lifted me up between them. My arms instinctively went round their shoulders. One of each of their arms was supporting my butt whilst their other arms held my legs wide apart.

The third man clicked away with his phone camera.

This was repeated twice more with a different man taking the photographs. Whilst I was up there that third time the egg kicked into life with a long blast that took me over the top and I hung on to the 2 men holding me. They, of course, realised that I was cumming and were grinning and talking to each other in Spanish.

The gist of what they were saying was they thought that I was a slut.

As I retreated from the edge I thought about what I’d heard and I had to agree with them. What’s more, I felt proud of that.

When the 2 men let me slide down to the floor my hands slid down and found 2 hard cocks. I looked up at the men and smiled. Then I started wanking them.

“This is what sluts do isn’t it?” I thought as my hands went up and down.

I looked up to the 2 men and saw that neither of them was unhappy about what I was doing so I got down onto my knees and licked the tip of first one, then the other cock. I felt both cocks twitch and maybe get a little harder.

Getting no objections, my mouth alternated between sucking the 2 cocks, taking them deep into my throat.

I was just getting really into doing that when I felt the third man lifting my hips so that I was on my legs but bent forwards to be able to suck the cocks.

Then I felt the third man’s cock pressing against my pussy. I shuffled my feet apart and felt the cock penetrate my hole.

Then I felt some pain and I heard the man behind me swear and withdraw.

I quickly realised what the source of the problem was and I put my right hand under me and to my pussy. Then I squeezed the egg out and into my hand.

Putting the egg onto the floor I was able to concentrate on the 2 cocks in front of me. I waggled my butt a little and soon felt the cock behind me ram hard into me.

It didn’t take long for all 3 cocks to erupt, one inside my vagina and the other 2 onto my face. As I felt them start to cum I’d backed off the one that I was sucking and looked up to both their faces. With my mouth open I was quickly rewarded with 2 lots of man cum shooting at my face.

When the cock inside my hole withdrew I stood up and licked up the man cum that my tongue could reach and swallowed it whilst still looking into the men’s faces.

I was just finishing that when I heard someone clapping. I turned my head to see the girl that had been in the changing room when I went in. She was still naked and grinning as she clapped her hands. In Spanish she said,

“That was quite some performance Georgia. I like the egg touch. How would you like to get paid for doing that?”

In Spanish, I asked her what she meant.

Changing to English, she told me that she worked at a club that put on live sex shows, and since I had done just that with 3 men that she doubted that I knew, she wondered if I would consider doing that professionally.

“Oh, I don’t know. It’s one thing having sex with strangers in a quiet place like this but in front of an audience is something completely different. I don’t think that I could.”

“Oh I think that you could Georgia, it’s not just in here, I watched you in the workout room and you were really enjoying being naked and cumming in front of all those men.”

“Well yes, I can’t deny that but …… I don’t know.”

I was verbally being a bit shy but my pussy was gushing and my brain was saying,

“Yes, yes, yes; when do I start?”

“Tell you what Georgia, have that shower that you haven’t finished yet then we’ll talk some more. Mind you don’t stand on your little toy; you definitely don’t want to damage that.”

I smiled, picked up my shampoo and turned the nearest shower on.

I looked round and saw the 3 men finishing their showers and I watched their cute butts as they walked out. The girl was still stood there watching me, and the 3 men.

When I’d finished showering and cleaning my egg I went to my locker and got dried. The girl was at the other side of the room getting dressed. I noted that she didn’t put any underwear on under her micro skirt and tank top. I was just slipping on my dress on when the girl turned and walked over to me.

“So Georgia, have you been thinking about it?”

“What sort of sex shows are they?”

“All sorts, we change them just about every night.”

“I mean, is it just fucking in front of an audience?”

“Tell you what Georgia, come and have a drink with me and I’ll tell you more. I’m Daniella by the way.”

I put my hand out to shake Daniella’s hand then said,

“Okay then, why not. This sounds interesting.

We walked out into reception where Pedro said goodbye and again said,

“Same routine next time Georgia; but more reps.”

“Okay.” I replied; then whispered to Daniella,

“I wonder if he means getting naked as well?”

“Probably.” Daniella replied.

As we walked down the street Daniella said,

“You are 18 aren’t you Georgia? It’s just that you don’t look it.”

“Yes, of course. Here, I’ve got my I.D. card in my purse.”

Daniella said that she was happy to take my word for it but by the time she’d finished talking I had the card in my hand.

“So you’re a dancer then?”

“No, but I applied for the card to save carrying my passport around with me.”

“I like the photos, not many girls are lucky enough to have nude photos on their I.D. cards.”

I smiled and thought a quick ‘thank you’ to Pau. Daniella took me to a quiet little bar that looked to be only used by the locals. As we walked in a couple of old men watched us. Daniella took me to a table where the 2 old men could watch us. As we sat down she said,

“I like to let the old men look at me so that they can dream about what they can’t have.”

“You big tease.” I replied as a young girl came over and asked us what we wanted.

“Cuatro tequila por favor.” Daniella replied.

“Right Georgia; the club has about 10 different themed sex show ranging from medieval torture to naughty school girls to fucking machines to outright humiliation to just dancing and fucking. How does that sound?”

“Do any of the girls actually get hurt?”

“No, not really, a few red marks but nothing that’s still visible the next night. If it were the girl wouldn’t be able to perform until she was healed. It’s all for show.”

“You included fucking machines; I’ve never been fucked by a machine before.”

Daniella smiled and said,

“Girl, you’ve never been fucked until you’ve been fucked by a good machine.”

“Sounds fun; there’s no drugs involved in any of this is there?”

“Absolutely not. Maybe the odd puff of a cigarette if you’re playing a naughty schoolgirl or the odd tequila or two. Oh, and getting fucked by the odd beer or wine bottle. Did I mention that all the men that work there are chosen because of the size of their cocks? All are bigger than those you took back at the gym.”

“Wow; so how many nights a week would I have to work?”

“That’s up to you; some girls only work one per week, others work 4 or even 5. I only work 2. Oh, the boss likes the girls to work at least a Friday or a Saturday each week. There’s a rota that you write your name on. It usually has the name of the theme on it so that you know what you’re going to be doing.”

“That sounds quite good; so how much does it pay then?”

I wasn’t really interested in the money but I didn’t want Daniella or the club management to know that.

“A thousand per performance; for the girls that is. The men only get half that. The boss says that it’s something to do with supply and demand.”

“I laughed and replied,

“Poor men.”

“Don’t feel sorry for them girl; they get their rocks off every time.”

“Are you saying that you don’t orgasm during performances Daniella?”

“Not always. I do fake it a few times. One of the girls says that she never cums and that she fakes it all the time.”

“Wow; I don’t think that I’d have that problem.”

We downed our second tequila then Daniella got some money out. I offered to pay but she insisted. It was only 4 Euros anyway.

“So Georgia; are you still interested?”

“Yes.”

“Right, we’ll go and see the boss and see what he thinks of you. I can’t see it being a problem; he likes girls that look very young. He’ll want to see you without the dress and probably want to fuck you; will that be a problem?”

“Not unless he’s big, fat and ugly.”

“No, he’s definitely not any of those; and he’s got a big cock.”

“None of the men performers have cocks that hang below their knees have they? Because if they have I don’t think that I could take one that long.”

“Don’t worry Georgia, you may only be small but you’ll be able to take every one of the guys.”

“Not all at the same time I hope.”

We both laughed then got into a taxi for the short ride to the club. As the taxi pulled up I made a note of the name of the club and the street. Both sounded vaguely familiar from the list that Pau had given me. I was feeling good; things were going the way that I wanted.

There were a couple of bouncers on the door and as they saw Daniella approaching one of them opened the door for us.

“Trajo a un amigo Daniella.” One said.

“Sí, tal vez una chica nueva para el espectáculo.” Daniella replied.

“Gracias.” I said to the man holding the door open as I followed Daniella in.

I was expecting the club to be dark and maybe a little dingy but I was surprised to see it well-lit and very clean looking. I looked around and saw tables and chairs, some of which were occupied by both men and women. The floor with the tables and chairs on it is stepped down to the stage; a bit like an indoor amphitheatre.

There was no one on the stage so I looked round and saw the bar. There were a couple of men sat at it and a couple of what I assumed was waitresses stood at one end. Both wore only heels and a thong.

“Come on Georgia.” Daniella said as she grabbed my hand and pulled me towards a door near the stage.

She led me through the door and along a corridor that had several doors on it. At the end she knocked on a door then opened it. Stepping in I saw a desk, some filing cabinets and a couch. The man looked up, smiled and said,

“You know the rules about bringing kids to work Daniella. You need to take her home right now.”

“No boss, she’s not a kid; she wants to work here, on stage like me.”

By that time I’d got my I.D. card out and held it for him to look at. Taking it from me he looked at it and smiled.

“Nice photos but I need to see the real thing. Strip!”

His outright bluntness caught me off-guard for a second then I put my backpack down and started un-buttoning my dress. I watched his eyes as I worked on the buttons. When I’d undone the last one I shrugged the dress off my shoulders and caught it before it hit the floor.

I put it on his desk then tweaked, pulled and twisted my nipples, not that they could have got any harder, they were already hurting a little.

Then, still looking into his eyes, I smiled then slowly turned round. When I was facing away from him I spread my feet, bent at the waist and put my right hand over my pussy from my front.

Dipping 2 fingers into my dripping pussy I went in and out a couple of times then stood up and turned to face him. Looking him in the eyes again I held my right hand up and offered it to him.

He smiled again then got up off his chair.

“Bend over the desk.” He commanded.

I did then watched him un-zip his jeans as he walked round behind me. There was a short pause then he trust into me in one hard, fast move. I grunted at the force of the invasion then got into the same rhythm as his thrusts.

I thought of the times that James had done that to me out in the woods and in the lawn in front of daddy’s house. Turning my head I saw Daniella watching us with a smile on her face.

It didn’t take long for either of us to cum. First me, quickly followed by the man.

When we stopped fucking there was a silence until I felt his cock soften. He pulled out and said,

“Clean it.”

I got up then down onto my knees and took his cock into my mouth. As I sucked it I wondered if it was just his cum that I was tasting or if there was any of the man’s from the gym still inside me.

Satisfied that his cock no longer had his cum or my juices on it, he backed off and pulled his jeans up. As he walked back to his chair he said,

“You’d be happy doing that in front of an audience would you girl?”

“One, ten, a hundred, even a thousand; the more the better.” I replied.

“Okay, a thousand per performance; but if you run off stage and don’t make it to the end you don’t get paid.”

“Okay.”

“Take her to Diego Daniella and see what he’s got planned for tonight’s show. He may or may not be able to fit her into the show. What’s your name girl?”

“Georgia. I’m called Georgia.”

“Right Georgia. Diego may want to change that for the shows. Maybe you should use the stage name of ‘Lolita’. It suits you.”

Daniella picked up my dress and backpack and motioned for me to follow her. I did, and in the corridor she gave me my dress and told me to put it on.

I followed her to another door in that corridor which she opened. Inside I saw a man writing in a notebook.

“Lolita, this is Diego, our choreographer. All these shows are the product of his over-active dirty mind.”

“It’s not dirty Daniella; it’s artistic.” Diego replied. “So you’re joining our cast then Lolita?”

“Yes.”

“Good, take that dress off and let me see what I’ve got to work with.”

As I unbuttoned my dress, again, I wished that I’d worn one without buttons. When I was naked Diego continued,

“Good, no underwear marks and no tan lines. You won’t need any makeup. Right, tonight’s performance is ‘A night at the gym.’”

“I laughed and Daniella said,”

“I was there doing some warm-up exercises ready for tonight.”

Diego continued,

“We’ve got 2 girls on the rota for tonight; one more will be just fine. Lolita, Daniella will show you the wardrobe room. We don’t start for a couple of hours so relax, get a drink, work the bar or do whatever you like. Daniella will look after you.”

Daniella let me out and to another room that acted as a clothes store and changing room. There were some lockers at one end and Daniella led me to them.

“So Daniella, what do you normally do when you get here early?”

“I find that working the bar relaxes me and gets me into the right mood.”

“So can we do that then? Just what is ‘working the bar’?”

“Just getting drinks for the clients.”

“Oh, is that all. So do we have to wear a thong like those girls that I saw when we arrived?”

“Yes, but don’t worry, there’s box full of them over there. The boss gets them by the hundred.”

“Right, I was starting to think that I’d have to do it naked.”

“Hell no, that’s illegal.”

“So getting fucked on stage is legal but serving drinks naked is illegal?”

“Yep, crazy isn’t it; but that’s the law.”

“Well at least I don’t have to fasten these buttons again.”

Daniella got naked and took me over to the thongs. They were all tiny with just a little triangle of thin material and strings.

Daniella led me out to the main room and I was surprised to see quite a lot more people.

“Filling up nicely.” Daniella said as we walked to the bar.

It was only when I stood at the bar and looked passed the people to the stage that I started to feel a bit nervous. Okay, I’d been in school plays having a lead role; and I’d been naked in front of hundreds of people, but for some strange reason I felt nervous.

Daniella looked at me then turned to the barman.

“Cuatro tequila por favor.” Daniella said loudly.

When they arrived she introduced me to the barman, and another girl who walked over.

“Relax hon; the girl said; I was nearly chucking up on my first night. Get those down you and you’ll be all good.”

I downed 3 of the tequilas and yes, I did start to relax. So much so that Daniella gave me a tray and told me to go and collect some empty glasses. I felt good as I walked in amongst the tables and people. Even when a man put his hand on my bare butt as I bent forwards to get to some empties. When I got back to the bar I told Daniella what had happened. She laughed and said,

“They’re not supposed to do that, that’s another thing that’s illegal but it happens a lot. Management don’t care just so long as no one gets hurt and it stops if the cops come in. If someone upsets you go and tell one of the bouncers. The guy will be out of here before you can blink.”

I went to another table to get more empty glasses and it happened again. This time though, the hand started on my thigh and slid up to my thong covered pussy.

“Hmm, that’s nice.” I thought but said,

“Hey, stop that; you’re not supposed to touch.”

The man ignored me and started rubbing his fingers along my slit. I let it happen for a few seconds then stepped back.

“Naughty, naughty.” I said as I returned to the bar with the tray.

Getting my pussy rubbed over the, by then, very wet thong happened 3 more times before I saw the curtains on the stage close.

“What’s going on?” I asked Daniella.

“They’ll be putting the gym equipment out. That means that we’ve got about 10 minutes before we’re on. We need to be going to get changed, come on.”

Daniella led me to the changing room where I met the rest of the ‘cast’; another girl, Rose, who has big tits, and 2 young men. All were in various states of undress. Daniella gave me a pair of shorts, a tank top and a pair of trainers.

“Throw the thong in that bin over there and use that paper towel to dry yourself then put those on.” Daniella said.

As I did so I watched the others dress in a similar way.

“So what do I do?” I asked Daniella.

“Okay, dead easy, we 3 girls will be using the machines then the guys will come in. They’ll watch us for a bit then they’ll come over to us and start ‘helping’ us. They guys will tell us what to do from then on. Just smile at them and do whatever they say. You’ll soon get stripped and they’ll be fucking you or eating you out. Don’t hold back; if you want to cum then cum. That’s what the audience want to see. Oh, if you’re told to lie down then make sure that your feet are to the audience. They want to see your pussy not your head.”

“That sounds easy, a bit like at the gym earlier.”

“Yeah, I guess Georgia, sorry Lolita, just relax and enjoy yourself; think of England, or the money.”

“I think that I’ll be thinking about my pussy.”

Diego came in and told us girls to get out on the stage. The curtains were still closed when we got there and Diego pointed me to a machine. It was one that you sit on and pull a bar down. Thankfully, it was set so that it was easy for me to use. That was what I was doing when the curtains opened.

It wasn’t long before the 2 guys came onto the stage. They looked around then waved for us girls to go over to them. When we got to them they literally ripped our tops off us. I hadn’t noticed before but there must have been little cuts around the top and bottom because mine came off very easily.

Daniella’s top was ripped off first and her hands immediately went to cover her tits. Rose was next and she too went to cover her melons. When my top was ripped off I too covered my tits and gasped.

We were then told to drop our hands and go back to our machines.

I’d only pulled the bar down once when we were called over to the guys and they came and pulled our shorts down leaving us naked apart from the trainers.

We were then put through a routine of floor exercises at the front of the stage. I had to feel sorry Rose with her melons; it looked painful.

Neither Rose nor Daniella seemed to be putting much effort into the exercises and it wasn’t long before the 2 guys were shouting at them and slapping their butts and tits.

I decided to try to find out what that was like so I greatly reduced my efforts. It soon had the desired effect and I felt a slap on my butt then another on my left tit. Okay they stung but they didn’t really hurt, except maybe my left nipple; but that was already hurting due to its swollen state and my excitement.

Daniella and Rose both stopped the exercises and just stood there looking at the audience so I did the same. The 2 men had an annoyed look on their faces then they went over to Daniella and Rose and pushed down on their shoulders so that they were on their knees in front of the guys. After a few seconds pause both girls looked at each other then pulled the guys shorts down.

Wow, now I knew that what Daniella had said about the size of the men’s cocks was true; they were enormous. My already wet pussy got even wetter.

Daniella and Rose looked up at the guys then they both started giving the guys blowjobs.

I was feeling a little left out so I went over to the man stood in front of Daniella. He looked at me then the next thing that I knew was that I was sat on the man’s shoulders but the wrong way round. My pussy was at his mouth and I was hanging on to his head to stop me falling off.

I tried to work out how the hell he had lifted me and managed to get my legs over his shoulders but I just couldn’t remember how he had done it. Not that I cared because his tongue came out and he started playing with my clit and entrance. He was so much better than James had been; not that I thought James was bad; quite the reverse, James’ tongue could make me cum in seconds.

And this guy was doing just that to me. I orgasmed on his mouth with hundreds of people watching me. As the waves subsided I thought that the only thing that could have made it better was if the audience could have seen my pussy whist I came.

Something made me look down and I saw that Daniella had changed positions; instead of being on her knees giving him a blowjob she was now stood with her back to him, bent over and he was fucking her at the same time that he was tonguing my clit and hole.

Rose had moved as well, she was stood up, leaning forwards and holding on to one of the machines whilst the man was stood behind her fucking her. Rose certainly looked like she was enjoying it.

I heard Daniella cumming then she moved forwards and off the man’s cock. I felt the man’s hands grab my hips and he pulled me off his face. I was expecting him to somehow lower me to the floor but he didn’t; he slid me down his front causing my legs to lie against my chest.

As I slid down I felt his cock against my butt. With a bit of moving me around (I was glad that I’m only little and don’t weigh much) he lined my pussy up with his cock and lowered me onto it.

Wow, Daniella was right about the size of the cocks; I gasped and pulled faces as my hole stretched to accommodate it. I don’t suppose that it was bigger than the huge dildo that I have but it certainly felt like it. I have control over the dildo going inside me but there was nothing that I could do about controlling my descent onto that cock.

He kept letting me slide further and further down; all the time his cock going deeper and deeper inside me. I was starting to wonder if it would appear if I opened my mouth.

Eventually I felt the man’s hands that were under my butt stop me going down any further. I looked up at his face but his head was turned and he was looking out at the audience.

His hand slowly lifted me up a little then lowered me again. He repeated this raising and lowering me again and again, and before long the pain stopped and the pleasure started.

I don’t know if he was, but as my pleasure got more intense, it felt like he was lowering me a little further each time that he let me go down.

It wasn’t long before the pleasure increased so much that I orgasmed, and because my face was turned towards the audience; they saw the expressions on my face as well as hearing my moans and expletives. They may just have seen my body jerking but the man was holding my doubled-up body against his.

When my orgasm was over he lifted me up and off of him leaving my pussy feeling soo empty.

The show wasn’t over yet. When the man lowered me down he placed me on my back on a bench. He went over to Rose and the other man came over to me. He moved my body so that my head was hanging over the end of the bench.

He then got on his knees near my head and lowered his, also huge, cock to my face. I opened my mouth to accept it and I soon became very pleased that James had taught me how not to gag; although this man’s cock was a lot bigger than James’ and I really did think that I was going to choke a couple of times.

Before long I was struggling to breathe but the man seemed to know just how long he could leave his long, fat cock in my throat before he had to remove it enough for me to breathe. Having said that, copious amounts of my saliva came out with his cock and dribbled down to my eyes and mixed in with my tears.

I was glad that I wasn’t wearing any mascara.

Finally, I felt the cock swell a little more and then what seemed like buckets full of his cum shot down my throat before he withdrew his cock.

When I got my breath back I sat up and looked around. Daniella and Rose were in a 69 with the other man fucking Rose, who was on top.

I watched until they all orgasmed, or faked it; then they all got up onto their feet. The show was over and I have to say that I was quite knackered.

We all went off the stage and to the changing room where we took it in turns to use the shower. As we waited, Daniella and I looked at the calendar of what sex shows were coming up. Three really interested me and I put my name down for them. The first was the ‘Fucked by Machines’ night, the second was ‘Public Humiliation’ and the third was ‘Orgasm Denial’. Daniella told me that the machine fucking was good but that she’d never volunteered for the public humiliation or the orgasm denial.

I made a note of the dates of all 3 evenings.

While we were waiting the boss came in and gave each of us an envelope with our ‘pay’. When he got to me he asked me if my orgasms were real.

“Of course, I’ve never faked one in my whole life.” I replied.

“Good,” he replied; “I hope that you’ll be back for more; and you’re welcome to come and just work the bar anytime that you want Lolita; and I may have some extracurricular jobs that you may be interested in. Come and see me the next time that you come here.”

“Yes boss, I’ve enjoyed myself tonight and I will be coming back.”

“When you’re ready to go home have a word with one of the bouncers on the door; he’ll get you a taxi.”

“Thank you boss.”

After we’d showered, Daniella and I left and we got separate taxis.

Back at daddy’s boat I went straight to bed and hoped that my slightly sore pussy would be better by the morning.