**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 15**

It was late morning when I woke-up and as I lay on top of my bed with the fingers of my right hand waking-up my pussy. I swore to myself that I really would have a lazy day. The problem was that there is just so much fun to have out there. Anyway, I swore that I wouldn’t go any further than the café that day.

After my first orgasm of the day I got up and did my thing in the bathroom. Then my stomach told me that it was empty. I couldn’t really understand why after I’d gorged myself in the restaurant the previous night.

Then I had the decision of what to wear. I knew that Manuel had said that it was okay to go to his café naked but I was eager to try on of my new thongs; my crotchless thongs. Besides, a girl can look good wearing just a little something; also, no one could accuse me of being naked.

I opened the drawer with the thongs in and decided on one that had only the elasticated strings. I’d be wearing a thong but at the same time everything would be on display.

I stepped into it and I have to say that I liked what I saw in the mirror. That Celeste woman is a gem.

And that thong and a pair of heels is all that I wore to the café for breakfast.

Manuel was his usual cheerful self and he seemed oblivious to my near nudity.

Back at the boat I quickly got totally naked and decided to improve my all-over tan on the rear sunning deck.

It wasn’t long before I got bored and I decided to liven things up by putting my egg inside me and play with the remote control to see how long I could play with the different settings and NOT cum.

I think that I managed about 20 minutes before my second orgasm of the day hit me like a train. It had been building but I thought that I had it under control then all of a sudden it exploded. As usual, I got a bit vocal and my body jerked about.

As I calmed down I saw that an old man carrying a fishing rod had stopped and was staring at me. I smiled at him and said hola but he just turned and walked on.

One thing that I had discovered whilst playing with the remote control is that there is a setting where I can have it on gentle vibrate all the time, and have it give me random quick bursts of full throttle.

I think that it was one of those full throttle bursts that took me over the edge.

By that time all thought of a lazy day were gone – again. And I needed to do something, go somewhere. After a bit of thought I decided on a bit of retail therapy. I remembered seeing some nice cover-ups when I was in Playa de en Bossa going back to Jake’s and Lenny’s hotel.

Right, what to wear and how to get there. Neither problem took long to resolve. I chose a see-through tube top that was easy to get off, and a ultra-short skater skirt. I’d noticed that there was a slight breeze that day and I hoped that I’d have a few wardrobe malfunctions. I still had the egg inside me so I put the control into my backpack. But that wasn’t enough; I was feeling horny so I got one of my butt plugs out, the one with the clear glass ‘diamond’, and I squat down to insert it. My pussy was dripping so that provided the lubrication to get the butt plug pressed home.

As I was pushing it in I felt the egg move and I wondered if the vibrations from the egg would travel to the butt plug and that would excite me as well. I decided to experiment on the bus on the way.

Yes, the bus was the way that I decided to get there; well, a taxi to the bus station, then the bus.

Collecting what I needed, I set off to get a taxi. As I walked, I could feel the egg moving around and hitting the butt plug. Well not actually hitting it, but getting some resistance because of it.

There was a breeze as I walked into the bus station but I just ignored my skirt flying up. After all, gravity would bring it down again when the wind would let it.

I bought a ticket then went outside to wait for the bus. Again, I did nothing to stop my skirt from blowing up, much to the delight of the people who were sitting on a bench in front of me. I wondered if those on the bench behind me got a good look at my butt plug.

There were only 3 steps up onto the bus but the man following me got a good look up my skirt. I know that because I heard him quietly say,

“Fucking hell, look at that.” To the man behind him.

There were not enough people to fill the seats so I had to sit on one. There was no one for me to flash so I started playing with the remote control for my egg. I didn’t make myself cum; just to the edge then I switched it off, waited for a minute or so then turned it back on.

I got off the bus at the next stop after I saw some shops and by that time I was feeling VERY horny.

The first thing that I did was sit outside a café and order a drink. I needed one and it gave me the opportunity to flash the people walking by. Most didn’t even look my way but those who did were rewarded with a great view of my pussy.

Two teenage boys stopped when the saw me and stared for about a minute before walking on. A couple of minutes later they were back staring at my pussy again. When 1 of them looked up to my face I smiled at him. He got embarrassed and the both walked away.

There must have been half a dozen shops selling the cover-ups that I was looking for but they weren’t all the same so I had to look in each shop to find the ones that I liked best. I also decided that I needed a couple of big shoulder bags to use instead of my backpack. I thought that the shoulder bags would be more girly.

As I walked from shop to shop the gentle breeze was giving me lots of wardrobe malfunctions, and that was only the ones that I saw. The skirt is so light that half the time I don’t even know that it has blown up.

Anyway, I finally decided on the cover-ups that I wanted and went back to those shops. One of the cover-ups is made of some sort of white lace with swirly patterns and lots of holes, some small and a lot quite big. I had to go through every one on the rack to find one with the big holes in the right position, I didn’t want my nipples or slit covered.

Finding the best one I had to try it on. Of course they don’t have changing rooms in shops like that so I just slipped it on over the top of my clothes then pulled to tube top down to check that my nipples were in line with big holes. They were, so I reached under the cover-up and pulled my skirt down so that I could check that my slit was visible.

Satisfied that I had the right cover-up I pulled it up and off then pulled my tube top back into position and pulled my skirt up. As I started to get organised I saw a man staring at me. I guessed that he’s seen my whole performance and I wanted to give him a bit more so I turned my back to him and bent over with straight knees.

I heard a sharp intake of breath and assumed that he’d seen my butt plug.

I ignored him and went and paid the young girl at the till. If she’d seen me changing she didn’t let on.

I then went to another shop to get the multi-coloured, net cover-up that I’d seen; the one like that with the biggest holes. The holes were big enough for me to get my thumb through. There was no point in trying it on so I didn’t.

After paying for it I started looking for a shoulder bag. It didn’t take long to find ones that would do the job. They are only cheap ones that could well drop to bits before I leave Ibiza but that didn’t matter; they did the job for now.

By that time I was at the end of the rows of shops and near a Burger King. I was thirsty again, and hungry so I went in and ordered a Flamer.

When I’d got it I went and sat outside, right next to the way in. I twisted my chair round and perched my butt on the front edge so that I could lay back and that all of my pussy would be visible to anyone coming in.

It was late afternoon by then and people must have been getting hungry because lots of people came in. Of course I closed my knees whenever any kids came in but that was all. It was mainly the late teens and early twenties that realised what they could see.

I got a few nice comments and one, probably partially drunk, young man came back and sat opposite me.

“Do you know that I can see your bald pussy?” He asked.

“Yes.” I replied, “Do you like it?”

“Fuck yeah.”

“Do you want to fuck it?”

“Yeah.”

“Well you can’t so fuck off and let other people enjoy the view.”

That sort of stunned him a bit and after a few seconds silence he got up and went inside.

I managed to flash a few more people before I finished my burger and left to find a bus stop. I stood at the bus stop waiting with my backpack between my feet and not noticing my skirt flying up most of the time.

The bus back was boring except for me using the remote control to get my pussy all worked up again. If the taxi driver had bothered to look in his mirror he’d have had a great view of my pussy.

Back at the boat I stripped and removed the 2 objects inside me then had a shower before looking at what I’d purchased. I tried the cover-ups on and was satisfied that I’d be showing everything that I wanted to.

The sun was going down so I decided to have a nap before deciding what I was going to do that evening.

I was out like a light and woke up around 10 pm. Splashing some water on my face I decided that I was going to try-out one of my new half thongs at the club; I’d go and ‘work the bar’ as the boss calls it.

Slipping one of my summer dresses and some heels on; and putting the thong and my essentials into one of my new shoulder bags, I left to get a taxi.

The door men greeted me with,

"Buenas tardes Lolita" and I walked straight to the boss’s office to ask if I could work the bar that night.

“Can you pole dance?” was the reply.

“No, I’ve never even tried.”

“Can you cum on command?”

“No, I didn’t even know that was possible.”

“Yeah it is but you have to be hypnotised. Right, I guess that you’ll have to work the bar then. You know where the thongs are don’t you?”

“Yes boss.”

He turned back to whatever he was doing and I went to the changing room.

Daniella was there and she was just getting undressed.

“Come for the pole dancing Lolita?”

“No, I don’t know how to do it. I’m just going to work the bar.”

“It’s quite easy, you should try it.”

“Yes, I will, one day.”

We talked some more and she watched me strip then put my thong on.

“That’s not one of the clubs thongs is it?”

“No, I brought my own.”

“Let me have a look at it.”

I spread my legs, leaned back and pushed my hips forwards. Daniella grinned and said,

“You do know the rules about touching the girls don’t you?”

“Yes but I also know that no one enforces them.”

“Right; just had to check. One girl who came here for a few months used to get her boyfriend to paint a thong on her so that the punters had very easy access to her pussy but I guess that that thong is just as good.”

“Nice; why didn’t I think of that.” I replied.

That set my brain working, yes I could get a thong painted on but I could also get other clothes painted on me; that way I could walk around all day and night totally naked and only the people who really looked at me close up would know that I was naked. I had to find a body paint artist; I made a mental note to phone Pau in the morning.

“Daniella, the boss just asked me if I could cum on command. Have you ever heard of a girl being able to do that?” I asked.

“Yes I have; something to do with being hypnotised and having a trigger word, but I never fancied it. My boyfriend would want to know the word and life would be impossible once he knew.”

“Yes, I can imagine.”

“Why Lolita, do you fancy getting hypnotised? Judging by what I’ve seen of you so far you seem to cum dead easy as it is.”

“Yes, I do find it easy; I was just wondering about what the boss said.”

“Fair enough, I gotta go, I’ve got some poles waiting, and they’re not all metal. Oh, have you seen the new calendar?”

“No.”

Daniella left and I looked at the calendar. The ‘Fucked by Machines’ night, the ‘Public Humiliation’ and the ‘Orgasm denial’ were still there but there were 3 new entries: -

Promotional trip to Beaches.

Private Humiliation.

Sybian night.

I checked the dates that I’d put into my phone for the first 3 then added the second 3. I didn’t know what a Sybian was so I googled it. As soon as I saw and read about them I went back to my phone’s calendar and added \*\* after the Sybian night. Then I went back online and researched companies that sell Sybians. It took me about 30 minutes but I managed to order one for delivery to me at the marina.

Before I left the changing room I checked that dates of all the events. The Orgasm denial night was the next night. I smiled and got wet in anticipation of what I assumed was going to happen to me the next night.

Then I went out to the bar wearing just my half thong and heels.

I really do enjoy walking around fully clothed people when I’m naked. Okay I had the half thong on but it only covered the very top of my slit and even that was exposed when I pulled the thong up after about an hour. If the boss or any of the other staff noticed they didn’t say anything.

Some of the customers certainly noticed; I guess that it’s hard not to when I’m stood only millimetres from their faces.

Realising that my pussy wasn’t covered is always a good indication to the men that I’m open to a bit of groping and I soon lost count of the fingers that had played with my pussy.

Some of the men asked me what my name was and I always told then that it was Lolita. You can imagine what some of them were thinking and some even said a few things. If only they’d put their brains in gear they would have quickly realised that the club would never employ underage girls.

Another thing that I started doing that night was giving lap dances. One of the more experienced girls explained everything to me, what I can and can’t do, what the punters can and can’t do, and what the bouncers will do. She even let me watch her giving one. I’m pretty sure that she didn’t realise that my thong didn’t cover my pussy because if she did I’m sure that she wouldn’t let me do it; but she did, and little old me soon had a customer.

For the first couple of dances that I gave I stuck to the rules but when the bouncer didn’t stick his head round the curtain I let the guy finger me and play with my tits. It’s a good job that there is a time restriction on those dances because if they had been any longer the bouncer would have heard me cumming.

In between everything that I was getting up to, I managed to watch a bit of the show. I saw Daniella and another girl performing on the metal poles, then making use of the men’s poles. They were the same 2 men that I’d been fucked by the last time that I was at the club.

Before I knew it the time was 3 a.m. and everything started to wind down.

The boss came out of his office, gave us our pay and reminded those of us who were taking part in the show the following evening of what time we had to be there.

I went to the changing room and saw Daniella and one of the men having round 2 of the earlier fucking sessions. I got changed and left.

It was again near lunchtime when I woke up and the first thing that I did was to phone Pau and asked him about body painting artists and hypnotists. He told me that he knew one guy who often painted girls before they went clubbing so he must be reasonably good. Pau told me that he’d phone me back in about an hour with phone numbers and addresses.

I went and had a shower then put a strings only thong on and went over to the café. This time though, there were other customers there and one of the women looked as though she was about to explode when she saw how little I was wearing.

First she had a go at me, calling me a slut and other names then she had a go at Manuel for letting me go there.

Manuel went on at her in Spanish then told her that I was only a kid and that it didn’t matter what I wore. That made me wonder just how old Manuel thought that I was. When he brought my breakfast out we had a little chat in Spanish. He called the woman an interfering old cow who should keep her nose out of other people’s business. I laughed and said that she probably had nothing better to do.

Manuel said that he’d told her that kids should be able to wear whatever they wanted so I asked him how old he thought that I was. He said that judging by my height I must be 12 or 13. I laughed and told him that I was 18.

He genuinely looked shocked; and I have to say that after that morning he started looking at me in a different way. I think that he’s started getting the hots for me.

Pau phoned me shortly after I got back to the boat and gave me the details that I wanted. I thanked him and promised that I’d phone him if I needed him. Then I phoned both numbers and made 2 appointments, one for the following day, and the other for the day after.

That afternoon and evening I really did take things easy. I strongly suspected that my night at the club would be very tiring. Most of the time was spent sunbathing and thinking about me walking around Ibiza wearing only paint; and being able to cum just by saying a certain word.

I thought about what was going to happen to me that night. I’d never really tried to hold back with my orgasms and I was worried that I’d cum just as soon as someone, or something touched my clit. I didn’t know if I should make myself have hundreds of orgasms before I went so that I’d be orgasmed out, if there is such a thing, before I went; or just abstain and hope for the best.

I chose the lazy option and didn’t make myself cum all day.

I must admit that I was nervous as the taxi drove me to the club; nervous and apprehensive. When I walked into the changing room Daniella and another girl whom I had never met before were there. Daniella introduced the girl as Mariana. She’s about Daniella’s build but with tits half way between Daniella’s size and mine.

Both Daniella and Mariana were totally naked and ready for the action.

I stripped and put my stuff in a locker then Mariana gave both of us a pill.

“Take that Lolita; it will dull the nerves in your clit.”

“It’s not a drug is it?” I asked.

“No, it’s a herbal thing. You can get all the ingredients at any Carrefour supermarket.”

“We all swallowed our pills then Daniella got out a bottle of vodka.”

“Take a few swigs of this, it helps as well.”

I wasn’t so sure about that but it would settle my nerves. So I did.

A few minutes later Diego walked in and told us to get out on the stage. As I walked behind the curtains I saw 3 big beds lined up along the front of the stage. Each one had the end furthest away from the audience raised up about 20 cm so that it was easier for the audience to see the girl’s face, and for her to see the audience. Also at each corner of each bed I could see a length of what looked like cotton rope with one end tied to the bet leg.

I hadn’t realised that I would be tied down, but hey, it limits the amount of jerking that my body can do when do I cum. Wait, I’m not supposed to cum. Oh shit; I’m going to lose this one.

Diego led us each to a bed,

“Little one in the middle I think.”

He said as he pushed me back onto the bed. Two bouncers appeared and it wasn’t long before all 3 of us were tied spread-eagled to a bed.

Diego said something over the sound system and the curtains opened.

OMG there were hundreds of people there, all looking at the 3 of us.

Diego then went on to say that the winner would be the girl who came the least number of times over the next 60 minutes. He then went on to explain that only 3 members of the audience would be allowed on the stage at one time and each set of 3 would change every 5 minutes.

That was another surprise to me; I’d been expecting 3 well endowed, naked men to be torturing our clits. I’d visualised lying on something like a bed and looking at a big, hard cock whilst the owner’s fingers were working on my clit.

Then he added another surprise; the winner would then have the pleasure of 5 audience volunteers trying to make her cum as many times as they could for a whole 30 minutes.

“No chance in that being me.” I thought.

Diego then went on to explain the sequence of tables that would define the order of people coming onto the stage.

I wasn’t particularly interested in that part so I sort of switched off and tried to psych myself up to resist the clit and tit torture that I was about to endure.

The next thing that I knew was 6 hands were tickling me or mauling my tits and pussy. Normally I would love that but I tried my best to put my head in a different world and to ignore what was happening to me. I thought back to my days in school, the bad times and the bad teachers. When I got punished and when the PE teacher made us go for cross-country runs in the rain and snow.

I started to think about the other girls and in our dorm room; then I had to stop myself because I started to remember the times when we experimented with our bodies. No; thinking about that was not on. I changed to thinking more about the nasty PE teacher who made us do gymnastics and yoga; then hockey in the rain in winter.

All the time I could feel the hands on me and in me. I really wanted to enjoy what they were doing to me but I knew that I couldn’t. My mind went back to more bad times at school; the detentions, the canings (fortunately I only had one of those), the having to go to church on a Sunday morning regardless of the weather.

Hey readers, don’t get me wrong, school wasn’t that bad; in fact I had lots of good times, really good times.

Anyway, I have no idea how many sets of hands had tried to make me cum, nor how long I was surviving without cumming.

Then someone got a magic wand and held it against my clit.

“Oh fuck, I can’t resist that.” I said and started cumming; and it was a very intense one. So intense that the people around me backed off and just watched me.

The next thing that I knew was that Diego was telling everyone to back away. I wasn’t sure if I’d nearly survived the hour or if I’d blacked out and they couldn’t make me cum whilst I was out. Whichever, I’d only orgasmed once within the hour.

Both Rose and Mariana had orgasmed 4 times and I was declared the winner. I wasn’t sure if I was happy or not. I’d just had the most intense orgasms of my life, so intense that I’d blacked out (I think); and now I was going to have to try to survive another 30 minutes of people probably trying harder than before to make me cum; and I couldn’t do a damn thing about it.

I was glad that I was flat on my back on something soft because it wasn’t long before my body was jerking as wildly as it could within the restraints of the ropes that were securing my wrists and ankles to the 4 corners of the bed.

The 3 magic wands were driving my nipples and clit crazy and I have no idea how many times that I orgasmed.

Finally, it was all over. I got a huge round of applause but all I could do was raise my right arm a little to thank them.

The curtains closed and Rose and Mariana came and untied me then almost carried me to the shower in the changing room.

I was still sat on the floor in the shower with it still turned on, when the boss came in and congratulated me. He told me that I was the first girl to win by blacking out.

I just about managed to smile.

Rose and Mariana and just about all the customers had left by the time that I walked out of the changing room and one of the bouncers helped me to a taxi.

It was about 1 p.m. when I woke up to the sounds of Martina singing as she worked. I looked at the clock, swore then dashed to the shower. Fifteen minutes later I had put on a skirt, mesh cut-off tank top, shoes; grabbed my purse and was quickly walking to get a taxi. I had an appointment with the hypnotist.

I showed the address to the driver and he knew where it was. It turned out that it was just around the corner from the gym.

I was walking up the stairs with 3 minutes to spare.

“So Georgia, what is it that I can do for you?”

The 30 something rather cute man who had introduced himself as Chuck, asked me as he indicated for me to sit on the big sofa. It is a low down one so I’d perched my butt on the front edge, spread my feet about shoulder width apart and kept my knees together. With my ultra-short skirt on he would have been able to see my bare pubes but that’s all.

“I’m guessing that this is a rather unusual request but I want to be able to orgasm when anyone says a particular word.”

“You are right Georgia that is an unusual request but not an impossible one, in fact only last year another young lady came to me with the exact same request.”

“Were you able to help her?”

“Oh yes, it only took 4 sessions and she phoned me 2 weeks later to thank me.”

“You make it sound easy.”

“That all depends on the subject; some people are more susceptible to hypnotism than others.”

“So what’s involved, how does it work?”

“Well, for starters we have to find out if you are susceptible to hypnosis.”

“And how do we do that?”

“I try to hypnotise you.”

“Well, people in my job used to do it with a watch on a chain but technology helps us now; all you have to do is watch the screen of my tablet and we’ll see what happens.”

“Okay, when do we start?”

“Right now if you like Georgia.”

“Okay Chuck; let’s do it.”

Chuck got up and went over to his desk and came back with his tablet. He tapped a few places then turned it to face me.

“Just concentrate on watching the screen Georgia; try to relax and let your mind go blank.”

I did and the next thing that I knew was Chuck standing over me and clicking his fingers. I’d gone from perched on the front of the sofa to lying along it with my feet up and spread apart. My tiny skirt was bunched up around my stomach, my pussy on full display to him.

“Good Georgia. That was a very good start; I don’t see any reason why we can’t grant you your wish, but it will mean a lot of work by you.”

“What sort of work?”

“Masturbation.”

“Excuse me.”

 “Masturbation. Part of the solution is for you to say your chosen word every time that you orgasm and you need to orgasm as often as you can. Have you thought of a trigger word?”

“Err no, not yet.”

“Well pick a word that is not in everyday use. You don’t want to orgasm in the middle of an everyday conversation.”

“Hmm, good point I said as I swung my feet round and off the sofa then pulled myself up to sit like I originally was.”

“How about ‘hypnosis’? “ I said.

“I think that you should choose something else. If you have to explain what caused the orgasm someone may use that word again.”

“Good point Chuck.”

I thought for a few seconds then suggested ‘Priapus’.

“I suppose that would work.”

“Good, so when do I start?”

“Start what?”

“The masturbation.”

“As soon as possible.”

“Right now?”

“Well I suppose that we do have 15 minutes of your appointment left.”

“Fifteen minutes; I can do it twice in that time. Shall I do it here?”

“If you wish.”

I stood up, dropped my skirt and pulled my top off. I looked at Chuck and saw a bemused expression on his face.

“I work better like this.” I said then sat back down and swung myself into the position that I’d been in when Chick brought me out of the trance.

I moved one leg so that the foot was on the floor then my right hand got busy.

“Priapus”. I shouted as I went over the edge.

As my heart beat slowed down I looked at Chuck then said,

“Have I got time to go again?”

“Yes, sure, why not.”

So I did; again shouting ‘Priapus’ as the waves of pleasure peaked.

Again, when my heart beat slowed I said to Chuck,

“So did I do it right? Is that what you want me to do over and over? How many times a day Chuck?”

“Whatever you are comfortable with Georgia.”

“Ten times, twenty times, thirty times; which?”

“If I had to put a figure on it I’d say that 10 was good enough to start getting your brain to associate ‘Priapus’ with an orgasm.”

“But 20 or 30 would be better?” I asked.

“I guess so, but that would take a lot of time Georgia. Can you really spare that time?”

“I can do it on the bus or on the beach; I’ve plenty of time then.”

“I’ll leave it up to you.”

“So is that it? I just have to keep bringing myself off and shouting ‘Priapus’?”

“No, you need to be hypnotised and to have the thoughts and desires planted in your brain.”

“And you’d do that like you hypnotised me earlier?”

“Yes Georgia.”

“And you wouldn’t take advantage of me being naked and hypnotised?”

“Of course not, I’m a professional. I would never do that; and it’s not really necessary for you to be naked Georgia.”

“But it helps.”

“I guess so.”

“Right, so when’s my next session? Tomorrow?”

“No, they should be about a week apart to give your brain the chance to get used to the association and orgasming without stimulation.”

“Okay then, next week, same time same place right?”

“Okay Georgia, I’ll put you in my diary. Oh, you can get dressed now.”

“Oh yes, I forgot.”

“I could maybe help you with that forgetting if you like?”

“No, I’ll just stick to the cumming.”

I put my clothes on and left, wondering if it would really work or was it just an excuse for him to watch me getting myself off. And would he really not fuck me if he could do it and I wouldn’t remember. I guess that I’ll never get an answer to that last bit.

As I walked down the street I realised that I was getting to the gym. I decided to go in and say ‘hi’ to Pedro.

As I entered Pedro saw me and jumped up.

“Have you come for a workout Georgia? It’s just that that we close the workout room on a Thursday afternoon so that we can run a gymnastics exercise class out the back.”

“Well I didn’t intend having a workout I was just passing and decided to call in and say hello. Besides, I haven’t got my kit with me. So what’s these gymnastics exercises?”

“One of my female co-workers runs the class for women. She takes them through a routine of exercises that are designed for gymnasts. They would be good for you.”

“But I haven’t got my kit with me.”

“Georgia, you did 90 percent of your last workout totally naked and I’m sure that the instructor and the other ladies wouldn’t mind a naked newcomer.”

“Are you sure?”

“Tell you what; just let me go and check. You stay there.”

As I waited, 3 twenty something girls walked in and went to the changing room. While I was watching them go in I saw 2 girls come out and head passed the workout room. Both were wearing leotards; one a thong type.

Pedro returned and confirmed that it wouldn’t be a problem; after all, the whole class was female. He told me to hurry because the class was about to start.

It doesn’t take a girl long to pull a tank top over her head, to drop her skirt and kick her shoes off; and I was walking to the door that I’d seen the others go through.

Through the door I stopped dead. I was expecting to be in a big room but instead I was outside in a big rectangle that is surrounded by blocks of flats above the back of shops on the ground floor.

There is a big grassy area and that was where about 15 young women were congregating. I went over to them and one slightly older woman stepped over to me.

“Hi, you must be Georgia; welcome to the class, just follow everyone else and I’m sure that you’ll be fine.”

Then she turned to one of the other girls and said in Spanish,

“This is the little slut that causes chaos in the workout room; my husband can’t stop talking about her.”

Continuing in Spanish, the other woman said,

“She looks like a kid, hardly got any tits, I can’t see what the men get excited about.”

“Me neither.”

The instructor turned and clapped her hands to get some silence as I thought,

“Yeah, I bet that you’re jealous that your men are talking about me and not you.”

To be fair to the instructor, she was good at her job. She had us doing all sorts of exercises that I’d never even seen before. Quite a lot of them involved spreading our legs and at one point were on our hands and feet but with our fronts on the top and we were thrusting our pelvis’s up into the air.

It was then that I saw some people looking out of the windows of their flats and down to us. Some of the people were men and I wondered if the liked the look of the new classmate. Especially when our butts were up in the air with our legs spread wide. I wondered if any of our voyeurs had any binoculars.

I liked the exercise where we were on our backs with our legs at 90 degrees to our bodies and we had to press down on our knees that wanted to rise up.

As we did some of the more pussy revealing exercises I wondered about including some of them in my workout routine.

The lesson was over all too soon and whilst all of the women stood around talking I went back to reception and borrowed a towel from Pedro. I was showered and just pulling my top over my head when the first of the women walked in.

I smiled and left, deciding that I wouldn’t go there on a Thursday afternoon again.

The evening was approaching as I left and I got a taxi back to the boat. I stripped and went out onto the rear deck to catch the last of the sun. As I lay there my right hand drifted to my pussy and I thought about Priapus and I reached a climax.

That evening I decided to eat at the Lio then go for a walk to the big nightclub and see if I could see any girls wearing just paint. I put on one of my new dresses; one that is too short and when I pull it down my nipples pop out and when I pull it up my pussy gets visible.

I got in to Lio easily, I think that the doorman remembered me, and I got a table easily. I watched the cabaret and thought how different it was to the show at the club.

As Thursday rolled into Friday I left and walked to the main Pacha club and wandered around all the young people arriving for a night clubbing. It took a while but I did see some girls wearing just body paint, although one was wearing a thong under her paint. I could clearly see the slits and protruding clits and clit hoods of 2 of the girls, albeit covered in paint.

“Yes,” I thought; “if the guy that I was going to see later that day was as good as the guy who did those girls then I would be able to walk around just wearing the body paint.”

The only difference was that it was dark now; I wasn’t going to get painted to walk around at night; I intended to walk around like that in the middle of the day.

Satisfied that I would be able to walk around wearing just paint, if the paint job was good enough, I set off walking back to the marina.

Just to have a bit of fun during my walk, I pulled my dress up so that my slit was exposed then I rolled the top of my dress down so that my tits were exposed as well. I walked a slightly different route and saw a few people walking the other way. Most of them ignored me but one young couple had a good look and smiled at me.

I made it back to the boat and went to bed.

I woke early the next morning and felt surprisingly perky. Before getting out of bed I gave myself my first orgasm of the day, and I remembered to say ‘Priapus’ as I was cumming. I wondered if this hypnotism would really work and I could cum every time that someone says ’Priapus’.

My appointment with the body paint artist wasn’t until early evening so I had about 8 hours to kill. I raided the fridge and sat out on the deck eating and deciding what to do.

As I finished my coffee I decided to go to the beach. I wanted to go to other beaches but as I was time limited I decided to go to Salines again. It’s a really nice beach anyway.

I packed my new bag, put new batteries in my egg and easily slid it into its place for the day. I didn’t switch it on knowing that it would be driving me crazy for most of the day later.

I put on another one of my too short, skater skirts and a see-through tube top and left the boat. I waved at Sebastian as I passed the marina office and went and got a taxi. This time though, I’d decided to get a taxi all the way to the beach. It would give me more time to masturbate and say ‘Priapus’.

Just as we were approaching the place where taxis drop off, I reached into my bag and switched the egg on to gentle vibrate. I wanted to get a head start so that I could start cumming soon after I found my spot for the day.

The taxi dropped me off and I walked over to the shop to get some water and an ice cream. I put the water in my bag and sat on the curb stone to eat the ice cream. I sat with my knees bent and together, but with my feet about shoulder width apart. I knew that anyone who looked would be able to see my pussy but there was hardly anyone around.

That was until a bus pulled in and about a 50 people piled off and walked passed me. I didn’t move my legs and I watched all the people go by. I spotted 4 men looking at me, or should I say my, by then, wet pussy. A satisfied smile appeared on my face.

As with the previous times, I stripped off as soon as I got to the water’s edge and walked through the clothed area totally naked. No one said anything although I did notice a few people staring at me.

Out the other end of the clothed area I selected my spot, about 4 metres from the water’s edge, and spread my towel. After I’d covered myself with sunblock I lay down on my back with my legs wide open then reached into my bag, turned the egg up to full blast and waited.

It didn’t take long for me to go over the edge and I said ‘Priapus’, ‘Priapus’.

On the way to the beach I’d decided that I was going to try to be a lot less vocal and a lot less physical – If I could; and apart from a couple of involuntary jerks and one butt lift, I was pleased with my performance. That’s not including my pussy muscles contracting and relaxing. I didn’t think that I needed to do anything about those. If anyone was watching maybe they’d think that I was exercising those muscles – which I was.

I did notice a few people looking at my pussy as they walked by but I didn’t care; my pussy was enjoying the attention and it was helping to arouse me enough for me to keep cumming.

And that’s what I did for the next few hours. Of course I got restless and kept changing positions, sometimes lying on my stomach with my legs spread wide, and sometimes on my hands and knees pretending to look for something in my bag.

I didn’t stay on my hands and knees for very long each time because I couldn’t resist swaying my butt from side to side and reaching my hand underneath me and rubbing my clit.

And I did have a couple of breaks, one time I switched the egg off and walked over to the café to get an ice cream, still naked of course; and the other time when I went into the sea to cool down. I left the egg on and orgasmed while floating on my back right next to a group of young men.

Talking about young men; 4 groups of them came and sat near me for a while at different times, usually between me and the sea so that they could get a good look at my pussy. I ignored them and I was very cold towards 2 of them who tried to talk to me.

Eventually, the alarm on my phone went off to tell me that it was time to pack up and leave. I turned the egg down to slow simmer and collected my things together. As I walked back along through the clothes area I tried to count how many times that I’d cum but I just couldn’t remember. What I did know was that it was a lot more than I usually manage during a day.

I left putting my clothes on right until I got to the side of the road opposite the café and bus stop. A car that went by tooted its horn just as I was about to put my top and skirt on and a couple of young men who were parking their scooters watched me get dressed; probably wishing that they’d arrived earlier.

I went and got an ice cream and again sat on the same curb stone to eat it. Judging by the number of people hanging around there I guessed that a bus was due. I looked at my phone and decided that I had the time to go back by bus; so I stayed sat there until it arrived. A group of 3 young men walked by and one of them noticed what was on display. About 30 seconds later they came back and all 3 stood a couple of metres in front of me, and facing me.

I decided to tease them some more and kept opening and closing my knees after I’d slid my feet further back. I also lay back on my elbows to let them see my butt hole as well. I wished that I’d worn one of my butt plugs.

When the bus arrived the young men followed me on and I just knew that they were looking up my skirt to my bare butt and pussy. They followed me down the aisle. I sat just behind the rear exit door. There’s usually a modesty board on the railing to stop people standing from being able to look at the crotches of the people sitting where I had sat but half of it was missing; coincidently in front of the seat that I sat on.

Instead of them taking some of the vacant seats, all 3 of them stood in front of me. I, of course, perched on the front of the seat and lay back with my legs open enough for them to have a good view.

Just before the bus pulled out I reached into my bag and turned the egg up to full.

I watched them staring at my pussy, even when the muscles went mad as I orgasmed. A couple of times their eyes lifted from my pussy to my chest and even my face.

Whenever our eyes met I smiled at them but each time they just turned their heads away.

“Poor shy men.” I thought. I would have liked to have a conversation about what they could see and why they could see it; but never mind.

I orgasmed twice during that journey; all the time I watched their eyes watching my pussy muscles trying to suck in a cock that wasn’t there.

I wondered if they knew that I was cumming.

When the bus got back to Ibiza town I looked at a clock and decided that I had time to go back to the boat and have a shower so I went for a taxi.

The egg was still driving crazy and I orgasmed again in the back of the taxi. When I said the word ‘Priapus’ the driver looked me in the mirror then asked me if I said anything. I replied not and a minute later we arrived at the marina.

I turned the egg off as I walked to the boat where I showered then put another too short dress on and left to go to see the body painting artist. I’d left the egg inside me and had transferred the control (egg still turned off) to my small clutch bag that I took with me.

The taxi dropped me off right outside the building and as I approached the door I pulled the top of my dress down to expose my tits, then pulled and twisted my nipples. I wanted them to look at their best for the man. I pulled my dress back up then back down slightly so that just my nipples were showing.

I laughed at myself because if this man was as good as Pau had told me he would be he would be getting to see every square centimetre of me quite soon. Besides, he’d probably painted more naked girls than I’d had hot dinners so my little body would be nothing special to him.

As I rang the doorbell I flicked each nipple.

The door was opened by a man who wasn’t much older than me. He obviously hadn’t shaved for years but he has a nice, soft voice. He introduced himself as Henry and he told me that he was from London. He led me to a big room with big windows. One window was a pair of doors that were open to a big balcony.

Henry pointed me to a sofa and I perched my butt on the front edge.

“So Georgia, you’re interested in getting your body painted?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Full body or just parts?”

“Guess that you’d call it parts because I was just thinking about having clothes painted on; shorts or a bikini bottom and some sort of top.”

“I could certainly do that for you.”

“Before we go any further can you answer a few questions for me Henry?”

“Sure, hit me.”

“Firstly, how do you do it?”

“The first layer that goes on is called a ‘base layer’. It’s white and forms a sort of adhesive layer between your skin and the top coats, a bit like primer and undercoat when you’re painting new wood.”

“I wouldn’t know anything about that, I’ve never painted wood.”

“Okay, I guess that you’ll have to take my word for it then; the next layers are the main colours. The number of these depends on the pattern that you want.”

“And how are these layers put on?”

“The base layer is always by hand with brushes. For the top layers and pattern I use brushes and an air-brush; a bit like a very fine spray gun.

“How long does it take to dry?”

“The base layer only a couple of minutes. The girl’s body heat dries it.”

“Are there any toxic chemicals in it?”

“Heavans no. All the paints that I use are water based and at a push you could drink them and not be harmed. I don’t suppose they’d taste nice, I’ve never tried.”

“So if they’re water based are they easy to get off?”

“With water yes, a good shower and it all goes. Don’t go swimming because you may be quite embarrassed when you get out of the water.”

“How durable is a paint job and how long does it last?”

“It’s quite durable and it’s flexible so it will take every day knocks but it won’t survive being dragged along rough surfaces. Concrete seats are a no, no but car and bus seats are okay just so long as you don’t shuffle about.”

“How long does it last?”

“Of course that depends upon the treatment that they get but I’d expect at least 24 hours and if they are treated gently they should last at least 48 hours; that’s assuming that the wearer doesn’t take a shower or a bath, or go for a swim.”

“What patterns can you do?”

“Just about anything that you want. I’ve got lots of picture of the girls that I’ve already painted.”

“Can I have a look at them?

“Yes, of course you can but before you do I need to check your skin to make sure that you’re no allergic to the paint.”

“How do you do that?”

“I just dab a little on in a not too easily visible place and wait for about half an hour.”

“I guess that the test is best done without me having any clothes on.”

As I said that I stood up and pushed my dress down to where gravity took over.

“Well I was going to suggest the inside of your upper arm but I guess that anywhere will do. If you come over with me I’ll open a bottle and dab some on.”

I followed Henry and watched him unscrew a bottle of blue paint and dip a cotton bud into it.

“Where would you like it Georgia?”

“I think that your idea was probably the best one Henry.”

I held my right arm up and Henry dabbed the paint on.

“There, that wasn’t painless wasn’t it Georgia.”

“No.”

“Shall we start looking at the photographs now; they’re all on my computer but you can look at them on my tablet. Go back to the sofa and I’ll get my tablet.

I did, and he did. When he got back to me he sat beside me then gave me the tablet.

“Do you know how to use one of these things?”

“I’ve never used a tablet but I guess that it’s just like using my phone.”

“Yes it is.”

Henry had arranged his photo into folders – Full Body, Tops and Bottoms. I tapped on the Full Body folder and was greeted by hundreds of sub folders all named after the girl. I started at the top one – Annabelle.

Henry had 2 nude photos of her, front and back, with no paint on. Then with the base layer, front and back then 3 of her with the full paint job – front, back and the last one of her sat down with her legs spread wide and taken from very close to her painted pussy.

“Wow Henry, have you got close-ups like that of all the girls?”

“Yes, I like to record the details of the work around all the folds of flesh.”

“You won’t have that problem with me; you might have already noticed that I don’t have any flaps down there.”

Just to let him check again, which he did, I spread my legs wide and lay back on the sofa.

“Yes Georgia I can see. Your vulva will be easy to paint and your lack of labia minora will mean that I can paint your labia majora to look like the seams that denim jeans have.”

I flicked through hundreds of photos and made a mental note of the names of the girls who had paint clothes that I liked. There was about half a dozen that I really liked, some of them with lots of details painted on.

Going back to the name of the girl that I liked the most I tapped on the pussy shot and zoomed in. She was ‘wearing daisy duke’ shorts and Henry had even managed to paint the denim seam right down her slit.

“That’s the one that I’d like first please Henry.” I said going back to full frontal photo that showed the shorts and a skimpy bikini top.

I passed the tablet to Henry.

“Okay Georgia, you will look good with that paint job.”

“Do you think that I’d be able to walk all around Ibiza town like that?”

“I’m sure that you could. That girl came back for just a top job and she told me that she had spent the full day in Ibiza like that photo.”

“Good, that’s what I want to do.”

“Well I’m sure that I can make that possible. Now, when would you like to have it done?”

I got my phone out and looked at the calendar. I was happy to see that I had a couple of days free before my next club event, the promotional trip to the beaches.

“How about in the morning?” I asked; “how long will it take?”

“With that amount of detail it will take going on for 2 hours.”

“Can we have an early start please Henry? Maybe start at 9 o’clock?”

“Sure, 9 o’clock isn’t early for me so just turn up whenever you like. Oh, business is good, maybe too good and the moment and I’m training a sort of apprentice. He’s at art school when he’s not learning here with me; would you mind if he came and helped me?”

“Sure, why not, just as long as you are supervising him.”

“Don’t worry Georgia; you’ll leave here with a top quality job.”

“Right Henry, I’ll leave you to it; until tomorrow then.”

I said as I got up and started walking to the door.

“Georgia; your dress.”

“Oops; I must have been imagining that you’d just finished painting me.”

I went and picked up my dress and slipped it on, pulling it down just a little bit so that my nipples were exposed.

“Georgia, if you like you can leave your dress and other things here before you go on your walkabout tomorrow.”

“Thank you Henry, my planning hadn’t got that far yet.”

It was starting to get dark when I got out to the street, I was feeling a bit daring so I pulled my dress up a bit so that my slit and half my butt were exposed, then I rolled the top of the dress down so that my nipples and areolas were also exposed. Then I went into my bag and switched the egg on to full blast before walking off towards the main part of town.

I had to stop twice and lean against a wall on the way as 2 nice orgasms hit me. Each time I remembered to say ‘Priapus’.

As I got to the busier part of the town I turned the egg down to low and re-arranged my dress so that just my nipples were exposed.

I wandered around for a while then sat outside a café in what I guess is the main square of the town; there were people everywhere. A couple of minutes later a waiter came out and I ordered some food and a drink, not caring if he’s noticed my exposed nipples. After he’s left I shuffled the chair around so that people passing would be able to look up my dress.

It was night time but there were lots of street lights. I didn’t know if people would be able to see my pussy or not but just having it exposed with the egg gently purring away is a nice feeling.

After the meal I paid then continued wandering around the streets. In between 2 parked cars I pulled my dress up a little so that my slit was easily visible, and rolled the top so that the whole of my nipples and areolas were visible. Then I turned the egg up to full blast before continuing my walk.

After about 10 minutes and 1 lean on a wall whilst I orgasmed, I came across an alley. I looked up and there was the little Groper’s Bar sign. Of course I couldn’t miss an opportunity like that and I turned and walked down the alley and through the door.

In Ibiza terms it was still early and that showed by the fact that there weren’t many people in there. I walked up to the bar, climbed onto one of the high stools and ordered a drink. As I was doing so the barman looked down at my chest and smiled. I was sure that he’d seen thousands of tits before but he was looking at mine; and my nipples knew that.

My drink arrived after a couple of sips I spun round on the stool to face the main part of the room. My little legs were dangling down, uncrossed and slightly apart. I knew that anyone who looked would be able to see my bald pubes but I didn’t care; I was there to get groped.

I stayed like that as the place filled up mainly with men. There were a few scantily clad girls there and I noted that all of them wore micro skirts and there was no sign of a bra anywhere in the room. Before long the egg got the better of me again and I nearly fell off the stool as I hung on to it to stop myself jerking about.

Before long a man came up to the bar next to me. As he waited to get served I felt a hand on my bare thigh. A bolt of electricity shot from my thigh to my pussy then up to my nipples. Wow, my first real anonymous grope in a bar in Ibiza; not counting the club of course.

I turned to the man and said,

“Keep my stool for me will you, I just have to go and do something.”

Grabbing my bag, I jumped off the stool and went to the toilet where I peed and then squeezed the egg out of my hole. I rinsed it and put it into my bag before wiping my pussy dry then returning to the bar, fighting my way through the crowd.

Fortunately, the man was still there waiting to be served and he had a hand on the stool. I thanked him then jumped up onto the stool. I sat with my back to the bar but with my butt perched on the edge of the stool. I leaned back and put my elbows on the bar. My pussy was right out there for everyone to see, and grope.

When I’d leaned back the man turned his head and looked down at my bare thighs. I saw him smile and his hand went back to my thigh. Getting no objections from me, the hand slid up to my rapidly getting wet pussy.

Fingers slid up and down my slit then one found my hole and went in. The man must have heard my moan. In and out went the finger and the pleasure must have shown on my face.

Just then another man came and stood at my other side. I looked up at him and smiled. He must have seen what the other man was doing to me but my pussy was busy so his hand went to my tits. My dress is made of very thin material and my nipples were still exposed but that wasn’t enough for him and he pulled my top down to expose the whole of my little tits.

The hand then started massaging my tits and pulling on my nipples.

I looked around to see the reaction of the people around me. Some were watching me, some were smiling. One girl looked jealous; and I felt good.

This went on until the first man got served and moved away, but it wasn’t long before another man took his place at the bar. When he put his hand on my thigh he found that there already was a hand on my pussy so his hand moved up to my vacant tits.

I think that it was the fourth man’s fingers that finally made me cum - again, and I was glad that both men were close enough to me to keep me on the stool.

I survived another 3 men attacking my pussy before I came again. After that I needed a rest so I lifted the hands off me and thanked the men before sliding off the stool. I grabbed my bag and drink and went and leant against a pillar.

As I stood there I remembered that both my tits and slit were still exposed. I looked around and no one seemed to care. Okay, a couple of men were looking at me but they certainly didn’t seem to object, so I just stayed like that and finished my drink.

A couple of minutes later a man came up to me, put his hand on my left tit and asked me if I wanted a drink. My glass was about empty and I could see that his bottle of beer was still nearly full so I reached for it and took it off him.

“This will do just fine.” I replied and took a swig out of the bottle.

“Okay.” He said and renewed his groping of my tit.

I smiled and said,

“Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” He replied.

I smiled and said,

“So am I.”

I wondered if he thought I was referring to the beer or the groping. It was both actually.

As he was looking down at what he was doing to my tits I felt a hand on my thigh. I turned my head and saw that a man sitting just the other side of the pillar had shuffled his chair to get closer to me.

The hand slid up and I shuffled my feet apart.

I was now getting finger fucked and my tits massaged – again. It was something that I had often dreamt about but never expected to happen.

I looked around and saw 2 other girls getting groped, the skirt on one of them was up around her waist and here was no sign of any knickers as she bobbed up and down in time to the fingers thrusting up her hole.

“Wow!” I thought, “I’m coming here every night that I can.”

The groping went on and on and I must have had fingers from 20 different men up my hole, and my nipples were getting a bit sore. Also, I orgasmed 2 more times before I decided that I couldn’t take any more that night and manged to get out of there. More hands grabbed my tits and butt as I made my way to the door. As I made my way along the alley 2 more girls were going in. One said to me,

“You look knackered girl; it was that good was it?”

“And more.” I replied.

Out on the main street I adjusted my dress so that only my nipples were exposed then went looking for a taxi.

After a quick shower sleep came quickly. I didn’t even have time to try to estimate the number of orgasms that I’d had that day.