**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 16**

I awoke to the sound of my alarm. I sat upright and smiled as I remembered my early appointment.

As I showered I realised that my next shower wouldn’t be for at least 2 days, maybe more. I soaped myself all over again.

I hadn’t been bothering with deodorant or perfume up until then but I found the bottles and left them where I would see them that night. Up until then I had preferred the being as natural as I could; and I’d been having lots of showers; but that was going to change’ for a couple of days anyway.

I decided on a few basics and put them in my little clutch bag. Then I added one of my little vibrators. I didn’t want to put it inside me because I didn’t know if my juices would ruin my painted shorts. Having said that I knew that my pussy would be leaking all the time and I just hoped that my juices wouldn’t spoil my fun.

I wanted to look really good so I selected a pair of my highest heels then got out the first dress that I came to. Which one it was didn’t matter as it wouldn’t be on for long.

I raided the fridge then set off to get a taxi.

Even though my nipples were rock hard, I still pulled and twisted them as I waited for Henry to open the door.

As I walked in Henry welcomed me then introduced Nicolás as his assistant. Nicolás looked to be no older than me, maybe even younger.

Henry briefly reminded me what the procedure was then told Nicolás to mix the base coat.

“Shall I get ready Henry?” I asked.

“It will take Nicolás a couple of minutes to mix the base but okay.”

“Where can I leave my dress Henry?” I asked as I pulled my dress up and off.

“You mean your top; well that’s what something that length looks like; not that I mind, you look beautiful Georgia. Give it to me; I’ll put it on a hanger in my wardrobe.”

“Why thank you kind sir.”

When Henry got back he asked me if I minded being painted out on the balcony. He said that he always preferred painting a girl in natural light.

“Sure, wherever you want to have me.”

I walked out onto the balcony and looked around. There was a long bench in the middle at one end and some of his paints and equipment out there. There was also a shower head sticking out of the wall at the opposite end to the bench. I wondered if Henry showered out there.

Next I looked up and around. There were lots of windows overlooking the balcony but I figured that Henry must have painted dozens of girls out there.

“Before we start Georgia I need to take some photographs of you, is that okay?”

“Oh yes, I remember seeing them on your tablet. Yes, of course you can.”

“I’ll see if I can remember the poses that I saw. The first was full frontal wasn’t it?”

“Yes, good memory Georgia.”

“Where do you want me Henry?”

“I think that the morning sun is quit bright here.”

I stepped back then spread my feet slightly wider than shoulder width then pushed my chest out. I heard a few clicks of Henry’s expensive looking camera and wondered if my clit would be visible on the photos.

“Good Georgia, turn round please.”

I did, keeping my feet wide apart and pushing my butt out. I heard a few more clicks. Before Henry could say anything I said,

“You want some of my butt and pussy don’t you? I seem to remember some girls on your tablet bending over like this.”

I shuffled my feet further apart then bent forwards keeping my knees straight, and grabbed my ankles. I heard a few more clicks.

“Weren’t some of the photos in this pose?” I said as I got on the bench then pushed my legs up and out. I felt my lips open. More camera clicks then Henry said,

“Okay, that’s enough for now, but there will be more as we go along.”

”I know.”

As I got up I saw Nicolás watching with a little pot of white paint and 2 brushes in his hand, and I wondered if he had been there all along.

“Can you stand on the bench with your legs spread please Georgia?” Henry asked.

I did and Henry knelt in front of me, his face no more than 20 centimetres from my pussy. He then started painting a line where the edge of the shorts would be. He put 2 lines either side of my pussy and while he was doing that and I said,

“Ooow Henry; that tickles me and is turning me on.”

“Think of something boring Georgia, I don’t want your pussy getting all wet.”

“Okay, I’ll try.”

Then Henry went behind me and I felt more thin lines being painted on me.

“Can you bend forwards please Georgia?”

I bent forwards as much as I could without losing my balance and Henry said that it was okay. I felt more lines being painted at the sides of my pussy.

“Good Georgia, now the top. Please stand on the floor.”

As I got off the bench I said,

“Please can you make it a string top that ties behind my neck, I want to be able to put my bag over my shoulder without it rubbing the paint off.”

“Already thought of that Georgia, I saw your bag when you arrived and assumed that you’d be taking it with you.”

“Wow, you are good.”

“I try.”

I stood there as more lines were drawn on my chest and back.

“I’m assuming that you only want small triangles on your breasts Georgia. Is that right?”

“Yes, I like having a bit sticking out at the sides and bottom, although I haven’t worn a bra or a bikini top since I left school.”

“The tan tells me that you haven’t worn one since you got here. English summers don’t give a tan like that.”

“Ain’t that the truth?” I replied.

Henry finished the outline of my new bikini top then turned to Nicolás and told him that I was now ready to have the base coat put on.

Nicolás came and stood in front of me and a brush with white paint was soon being rubbed all over my tits. It didn’t take long because the triangles were only small.

Next, Nicolás knelt in front of me and filled-in the front of the shorts. He covered the front of my slit but didn’t go and further down. Next he asked me to turn around and he painted my butt.

When he was done he asked me to back up a bit and lean over and put my hands on the bench. I did as requested and was then told to shuffle my feet back and to spread them wide.

I smiled, knowing that all of my open pussy and butt hole were about to be exposed to him. I tried to think about anything but my pussy especially when I felt the paint brush on it. Actually, when the brush first touched my clit I gave a little shudder then apologised, telling Nicolás that it was the first time that I’d had my pussy painted.

Nicolás replied telling me that it was the first pussy that he’d painted.

“Both paint virgins then.” I said then immediately regretted it. Maybe Nicolás was still a virgin and I’d embarrassed him but I couldn’t see his face.

“Okay, all done Georgia.” Henry said, “But don’t move, it needs a minute to dry and I need some more photographs.”

I stayed like that, knowing that both of them had a great view of my butt and pussy. I didn’t think that it would be a big deal to Henry but I didn’t know about Nicolás. Then I heard a few clicks from the camera.

After a couple of minutes Henry told me that I could stand up. When I did I looked at Nicolás; he had a big bulge in the front of his shorts. I smiled at him.

“Photos front and back again please Georgia.”

I posed as I had done before and heard lots of clicks.

“Okay Georgia, now the main event. I need you to stand perfectly still. It will take about an hour and a half but we’ll have plenty of breaks where you can move about.”

“Bring it on.” I replied.

Just over an hour later Henry told me to assume the position with my hands on the bench, knees straight as legs spread wide.

That position was easy to keep but the paint brushes kept tickling me and turning me on.

“Don’t you go and get wet Georgia, think of the British weather or some other unpleasant thing.” Henry said.

“Sorry Henry, but it’s difficult.”

“I know. You wouldn’t be the first girl to orgasm at this stage of the procedure.”

“Oh goo, because I’m getting close.”

“Are you okay to continue or do you want me to finish you off so that I can dab you dry and we can continue.”

“Would you please, I don’t know how much longer I can hold it.”

Henry put the brush down and I felt his finger rubbing my clit. I looked through my legs and saw Henry, and Nicolás watching us.

The orgasm was a good one and Henry stepped back to let it come to its natural end. Then he got on his knees and looked at my pussy.

“Okay, that’s not too bad, Nicolás can you get the box of tissues?”

I saw him go off and the return. Then I felt my pussy being dabbed.”

“Sorry about that Henry, It’s just that ….. “

“That’s okay Georgia.” Henry interrupted, “it’s to be expected and as I said, you’re a long way from being the first girl that’s orgasmed at this stage of the procedure. Don’t think another thing about it.”

I turned my head and looked at the floor then I felt the paint brush on my still very sensitive clit again. I shuddered then apologised again.

Ten minutes later Henry announced that he was finished and asked me to pose again. I assumed all 3 poses and heard lots of clicks. When the clicks stopped I stood and said,

“Can I have a look at them please?”

“Of course you can. Have a look at yourself in the mirror while I load them onto my PC.”

The mirror is a big one in the main room and as I walked up to it my eyes focused on my slit. At first glance I couldn’t make out my slit but when I was right in front of the mirror I could make it out, and the little bulge of my clit.

I spent quite a few minutes looking at my new shorts from every angle that I could get. I even turned my back to the mirror and bent right over so that I could see my putt and pussy through my legs.

I liked what I saw.

Then my eyes went up to my chest. I could see 2 white triangles and bulges where my hard nipples were, just like they were covered by very thin material.

I turned my back to the mirror and looked back over my shoulder. I couldn’t see the paint neck fastening because of my hair but I could see 2 lengths of paint string hanging down like a loose fitting string bikini top. Henry had even managed to paint a realistic bow for the tie.

“Happy?” Henry asked.

“I sure am; it’s awesome. I’m going to love walking around town like this.”

 “Have a look at the photos before you go running off to expose yourself to the world Georgia.”

“Yes, of course.”

I stood beside Henry while he slowly scrolled through all the photographs.

“Wow, that’s really me, you haven’t just done a quick paint-shop on them have you Henry?”

“Definitely NOT Georgia, I haven’t even got a copy of paint-shop. I told you that you are beautiful and these prove it.”

I think that I actually blushed at that point but I soon recovered and said,

“I love the photos, you said that you could paint my slit to look like the seam in the denim and it really does look like that. Thank you Henry, can I have a copy of all the photos that you’ve taken of me on a memory stick please, I’ll pay you extra for it.”

“Of course you can, I’ll have it ready for you when you come back for your dress. Talking about paying, if you’re satisfied can you pay me please?”

“Sure can, and yes, I am satisfied; so satisfied that I’ll probably be back for another paint job sometime. Do you take plastic?” I asked as I got my purse and got my Black Amex card out.

“Sorry, cash only; the tax man and I don’t get on too well.”

“That’s okay,” I replied, I’ve got the cash here.”

I paid Henry and still had enough to easily last the day. When I get back to the boat I can raid daddy’s safe again.

Transaction complete and everything else sorted, I reached up to Henry and kissed his beard covered cheek. Then I looked over to Nicolás.

“Come here.” I said.

Nicolás walked over to me and I reached up and kissed his cheek as well. Then I picked up my bag and headed for the door. I was outside on the street when it hit me that I was out on a public street in the middle of the day, and all I had on was a few grams of paint. I felt good; and aroused.

“Cool it girl.” I said to myself; “you don’t want to lose any paint from on your pussy.”

I took a deep breath and started walking.

I felt nervous and excited when I saw the first people walking towards me; and in a small way I was disappointed that they only glanced on me. It was the same with the others as I got closer to the centre of town.

People were ignoring me. That was good and bad. Good that Henry’s paint job was that realistic and bad in that people didn’t know that I was naked. It was also good in that I WAS naked in the middle of town on a busy morning and I was getting aroused being like that.

I walked around for ages with only a handful of people, all men, taking a second look at me. Even then I wasn’t sure if it was because I was a girl wearing a small bikini top over small tits and some small daisy dukes; or if they realised that the clothes were only paint and they could see my slit and little clit sticking out. I guess that the problem is that there are thousands of girls in Ibiza that wander around in next to nothing.

I did get a bit nervous when I saw a police car parked and pointing my way, but the men in it didn’t even look at me; well not that I could tell.

By the time that I was getting thirsty, I was down by the harbour. I saw a café and walked over to it. I looked at the chairs and was happy to see that they had cushions on them. I sat at a table and a young girl soon came to take my order. She gave me a bit of a strange look then acted as if I was wearing more than she was.

I stood up, twisted my chair and sat back down with my butt if the front edge of the char so that people walking by would be able to see my pussy when I opened my legs. I bend forwards and looked at my pussy, the paint was still good. Opening my legs I saw a pink line appear along the blue ‘seam’. I opened them some more and the pink line got wider. I figured that if anyone saw my painted pussy with my legs closed and didn’t realise that it was only paint then I could go just about anywhere and get away with it.

A couple of men looked, but not for long, and the girl who took my order didn’t react at all, although only my slit was visible to her at the time. I guess that Henry had done a really good job of making my slit look like the seam in the ‘denim’.

So far I had only been out and about and most of the people only glanced at me. I needed to go somewhere where I could get close-up to people, where they’d look at me for more than a split second. I thought for a second then smiled having thought of shops. There are often old men or young girls serving in them and I wondered if me standing in front of them paying for something would make them take a closer look and realise what they could actually see.

I was disappointed. No one had realised that I only had paint on so I decided to walk back to the boat. It was a pretty uneventful walk until when I was close to the marina and I heard someone shouting my name. I stopped and turned and walking up behind me were Kate and Zoe and their parents.

We all said hello and their mother added,

“That outfit looks a bit old and thin Georgia.”

Zoe jumped in and told her mother that what I was wearing was all the fashion these days and to leave me alone.

Their father only took a quick look at me as he said hello.

As we walked we had a polite conversation about absolutely nothing of any importance. When we got to the marine I invited Kate and Zoe to come to daddy’s boat with me. After asking their parents the oldies went one way and us girls went towards daddy’s boat. As soon as we got out of hearing range Zoe said,

“So what are you wearing Georgia? Those shorts looks like some sort of latex and that bikini top looks like you painted it on.”

“I didn’t paint it on, but yes, it’s all paint. I got this man to paint me.”

Zoe grinned and just said, “Wow.” But Kate said,

“You let a man paint your naked body, even between your legs?”

“Yep, the paint brushes felt nice on my pussy.”

“I bet they did.” Zoe added.

“They look real don’t they?” I asked. “Look, I’ll prove how real they look.”

Kate and Zoe stood and watched me go into the marina office and they saw me go up to Sebastian and ask if they had any mail for me. When I went back out Kate said,

“He watched you walk out.”

“That just proves that he’s a man.” Zoe said.

“Anyone fancy a drink or an ice cream?” I asked.

We went to the café and saw Manuel who joked with me saying,

“Ah, you found some clothes today mujer joven?”

“Si Manuel.” I replied.

“Err, that implies that you’ve been here without and clothes on Georgia.” Kate said.

“That’s right.” I replied, “Manuel doesn’t mind.”

“I bet he doesn’t.” Kate said.

“So what have you 2 been up to? Anything exciting? I see that you’ve ditched the bras, what about the knickers?”

“Them too.” Zoe replied and lifted the front of her skirt so that I could see her bald pubes and slit.

“So has mummy and daddy found out yet?

“I don’t think so; neither has said anything about the knickers but mummy asked about our bras. We just said that it was too hot.”

“So what have you been doing? Been anywhere nice?”

Just then Manuel re-appeared and took our order.

“No; just boring touristy stuff.” Zoe said.

“How about us 3 go somewhere tonight?” I asked.

“Won’t proper clothes rub that paint off?” Kate asked.

“Probably; but I’m going out like this.”

“Bloody hell.” Kate said.

“You can come out in normal clothes and come to my boat then you can change into to some of my proper Ibiza night out clothes. Oh sorry, I didn’t mean to imply that your clothes aren’t nice, they are, it’s just that you’ll enjoy yourself more if you’re showing lots of skin.”

“That’s okay Georgia, we both know that our clothes are boring; we’ll be glad when we go to university and we can upgrade our wardrobe to decent clothes.”

“You mean indecent clothes Zoe.” Kate said.

“Stop being a boring old bitch Kate; “Zoe said; “You’re getting too much like our parents. You’ll be wanting to start going to church again if you’re not careful.”

“Fuck no. I’ve had way too much of that brainwashing already.”

“So let yourself go Kate and enjoy yourself. Yes Georgia, we’d love to borrow some of your clothes; thank you.”

Our ice creams and colas arrived and we were quiet whilst we ate.

We talked some more but I avoided telling them about the club and Groper’s Bar. They were fascinated about the hypnotist and me wanting to orgasm just my hearing a certain word. They had a good laugh when I told them what word I’d chosen.

“That’s the Greek god with a humongous cock isn’t it?” Zoe asked.

“Might have guessed that you’d choose a word like that.” Kate said.

We talked until it started getting dark then they left to tell their parents that they were going out, and to get ‘ready’. Apparently their mother has told them to look after me. That stupid woman must think that I’m as young as I look.

Meanwhile, I’d gone back to daddy’s boat and squirted some perfume on my parts that weren’t covered in paint.

When the sisters arrived, wearing what was their parents version of clubbing clothes, they soon stripped off and for once, I felt over-dressed.

“It’s good to be free.” Zoe shouted and threw her arms up in the air.

I raided daddy’s bar and poured us all a large tequila.

“Here’s to a revealing night.” Zoe said.

After another couple of tequilas we went down to my cabin to choose some clothes for the sisters. It took a while for them to be happy, and to convince Kate that we couldn’t see her pussy; but we finally got there.

Zoe chose one of my skirts with hundreds of 1 centimetre holes and a matching crop top that leaves her nipples poking out all the time whilst Kate chose a tube skirt and a crop top that leaves her with some of her boobs hanging out of the bottom of it. The skirt that Kate chose is one that I have trouble keeping my pussy covered. Zoe and I convinced her that her pussy wouldn’t be showing but we both knew that as soon as she starts moving her slit will be on show and so will half of her butt.

After another tequila we set off walking towards the clubs. We decided on a smaller club that has a bar next door. We went straight to the bar and got a drink. The lighting wasn’t that good so no one could see that much of our ‘clothes’.

After watching quite a few people go in, including a couple of girls that had some really colourful paint jobs, and by the looks of them, nothing else on; we joined the queue to get in.

Good old daddy’s Black Amex card got us in and we headed to the bar for another drink. By that time all 3 of us were ‘happy’ and we were soon dancing away with Kate’s skirt up above her slit.

Of course we got hit on a few times but we were on a girl’s night out so cocks were out of the question.

I just happened to go to the toilets when one of the colourful painted girls was there and we compared notes. She too had got painted by Henry and she too was completely naked under the thin paint. I asked her if Henry had taken before and after photos.

“Yeah, and the cheeky sod wanted close-ups of my pussy as well.”

“Did you let him take them?”

“Hell yes, and I let that kid that was with him have a good look as well. I even held my flaps open so that they could get a look inside me as well”

“Me too I said.”

“Are you worried that peeing will remove some of the paint on your pussy?” I asked.

“Not worried, more hoping.” She replied.

We both laughed and I went for a pee. After all day without cumming, I couldn’t resist a quickie and I risked losing the paint on my clit for a couple of minutes while I got myself off.

I walked out of there feeling more relaxed and not caring if some of the paint had come off.

We danced a lot more, drank some more and got hit on some more before we decided to call it a day. Three happy girls staggered back to daddy’s boat and collapsed on the comfy seats on the deck.

I was woken by Kate who was almost frantic to get changed and back to their boat. She was stripping off as she woke Zoe and me. I blinked my eyes and saw that dawn was just breaking; way too early for me although I did go down to my cabin to help them get back into their own skirts and tops before they said goodbye.

I flopped down onto my bed as was back asleep before they had left the boat.

I had originally planned to get up early and go to San Antonio or Playa de en Bossa and wander around the crowds to see if anyone would realise that I only had paint on, but it was noon when I woke up.

When I woke I discovered that my legs were spread wide and my hand was on my pussy. I moved my hand around and discovered that my pussy was very wet. I smiled and guessed that I had been making myself cum while I slept.

Then I remembered the paint. I shuffled down to the end of the bed and looked at my pussy in the mirror and discovered that from my butt hole to my clit, there was no paint.

“Jeez,” I thought, “I must have had a good time while I slept.”

I got to my feet and looked at myself in the mirror. If I kept my legs together I was still covered. I turned around and looked at my butt; I’d be okay just so long as I don’t bend over.

I looked up my back and saw that the cords for the bikini top were intact. Turning around I looked at my chest. Apart from one small bit on the end of my left nipple the paint was intact. I guessed that I must have rubbed up against something rough.

I can’t leave it like that; it’s way too obvious. I thought about looking for something to replace the paint but could think of nothing so I did the only thing that I could think of. I got out a nail file and rubbed it against my right nipple

Success, I now had 2 nipples poking through the paint.

I then went to the bathroom and did what I normally do, except have a shower; then went up onto the deck. Something was different. At first I couldn’t pinpoint what it was then I realised that my view across the harbour had been replaced by a very large grey object.

I went up onto the top deck and saw this monster American aircraft carrier. I knew that it was American because it was flying the Stars and Stripes.

“Bloody hell,” I thought; “that thing crept in quietly.”

Then I realised that there would be hundreds of American sailors around the island; more men to tease and expose myself to.

I drank a whole small bottle of water then went over to the café to have some coffee and maybe something to eat.

I’d been sat in the café for about 10 minutes when I saw Zoe walking towards daddy’s boat so I shouted for her to come over. She did and she told me that she’d left her watch in my cabin and that she’d come for it. I asked her to join me for another coffee. She agreed and as she sat down she winced in pain.

“What’s up girl, did you fall over on the way back to your boat this morning?”

“No, it’s my butt; we had promised daddy that we’d be back before 1 a.m. and as you know we left your boat at dawn. Daddy was already up and waiting for us. He wasn’t a happy man and he spanked both of us.”

“He what?”

“He spanked us.”

“How?”

“Like he always does. We have to take our clothes off and one at a time he puts us over his lap and he gives us 20 or 30 swats with his hand. If we’ve been really bad he uses his belt.”

“Bloody hell, this is the 21st century and you’re both leaving for university next month, you shouldn’t have to put up with that. What does your mother say?”

“Nothing; if we try to talk to her about it she just says just says that daddy knows best.”

“How bad is your butt? Let’s see it.”

Zoe looked around, and seeing no one, she stood up, turned around and pulled her skirt up. There were lots of red marks but I couldn’t see any breaks in the skin.

“That looks painful.” I said, “So how often does he do it to you both?”

“I guess that it will average out at about once a month.”

“And you always have to strip naked?”

“Yes.”

“What did he say last night, sorry, this morning when he saw that neither of you had knickers on?”

“Kate apologised but he said that he already knew that we’d stopped wearing them. He’d looked up our skirts one day.”

“Doesn’t his doing that scare you?”

“Kate is still petrified and always cries herself to sleep if he spanks us on an evening.”

“What about you?”

“Well I used to be like that but I’ve started to like them. They’ve started to turn me on and I’ve started pressing my pubes down onto his leg.”

“Have you cum while he’s been spanking you?”

“No, but I’ve been real close.”

“Maybe you’ll get lucky next time.”

“Maybe.”

“And all he does is spank you?”

“Or use his belt.”

“It was my fault that you were late back last night so I’m sorry. Maybe you should tell your father that it was my fault and that he should spank me as well.”

“I couldn’t do that, he’d hurt you.”

“I think that I could take it, besides, I might cum then it will have been worth it. My daddy has never spanked me.”

“Lucky you.”

“So, are you going to tell him or do I come and confess?”

“I can’t, it’s not right.”

“Does your mother ever go out on her own?”

“Occasionally; she’s promised to take Kate shopping tomorrow morning and daddy and me will be on the boat on our own; why?”

“Because I’m coming over there tomorrow morning and I’m going to confess that it was all my fault and tell him that he should spank me as well.”

“Why?”

“I reckon that he will either spank me of he will feel guilty and stop hurting you and Kate. I’m sure that you can find another way to get yourself off Zoe.”

“But you might get spanked.”

“I hope so.”

“Georgia, you are a naughty little girl.”

“I know; it’s great.”

By then our coffee had arrived and was now in our stomach.

“Come on Zoe, let’s go and find your watch.”

On the short walk to daddy’s boat Zoe asked me if I knew that all the paint on my pussy had come off. I replied that I did.

“Aren’t you going to wash the rest off?”

“Not until this evening; I want to have some more fun first.”

“You really are a naught girl Georgia.”

“Yes I am.”

Zoe’s watch was where she left it and she was soon leaving.

“See you in the morning.” I shouted after her.

My head was clear by then and I thought about what to do for a few hours. I planned to go and get my dress back from Henry that evening. I looked at myself in the mirror again and decided that I still had enough paint on me to get away with walking in public.

The other thing was that I hadn’t been practicing cumming and saying ‘Priapus’ as I go over the edge so I wanted to get a lot more in that afternoon to make up for it. I put new batteries in my egg and pushed it home.

Switching the control on to slow purr I put it in my small shoulder bag, checked that everything else that I would need was there then set off to walk into town.

I walked passed the marina office and again waved to Sebastian then I turned and walked along the popular pedestrian route. There were a few people walking the other way but none of them gave me a second glance.

The egg started to its job but I wanted to speed things up a bit so I went into my bag and turned it up to full.

I think that I got another 100 metres before I had to sit on a bench and just let it happen. It was a gym type bench but made of concrete and I’d sat at one end of it instead of sitting the normal way. As the waves subsided I lay back along the bench thinking that I’d just have a short rest then continue.

The thing was, my knees weren’t together and I’d forgotten that I had no paint on my pussy. All of a sudden I heard wolf-whistles and all sorts of comments in American accents.

At first I didn’t realise that the comments were directed at me; I’m not used to that sort of thing; and I just lay there wondering what was going on. It was only when I heard the word ‘pussy’ that I realised that they were directed at me.

I sat up and closed my knees then looked at the sailors, all very smart in their white uniforms.

The 5 guys had changed direction and were walking straight towards me.

“OMG;” I thought, “What do I do?”

I didn’t get the chance to do anything because all 5 of them were stood in front and beside me.

“Well what have we got here guys?” One of them said.

“A little whore.” Another said

“I’m not a whore.” I said.

“Maybe not but you’ve got a nice little cunt; let’s have another look.”

“No.”

“Go on, you’ll never see us again.”

“And you’ll never see me again.”

“Go on, just for us sex starved sailors. We’ve been at sea for months and we haven’t seen a real cunt since we left the states.”

“We haven’t touched one either.” A second man said.

“How can you touch one if you haven’t seen one idiot.” A third man said.

“It could have been dark.” The second man said.

“Okay, you got me there mate.” The third man said.

I slowly leaned back until my back was on the bench.

“Open your legs for us.”

I did, and got another load of comments, this time quite nice ones. I was starting to like these guys. I quickly figured that I was safe because there were 5 of them. Okay they might gang bang me but that wouldn’t be too bad. I would probably enjoy it.

“You’re enjoying this aren’t you darling?”

“Yes.”

“What’s you name darling?”

“Lolita.”

“Woah there; that tells us a lot about you.”

“It’s not true.”

“What’s not true Lolita.”

“That I’m a whore.”

“Okay, sorry about my big mouthed mate. You are a nice little girl who likes to show her cunt.”

“Yes.”

“Well then Lolita we’d better give you some help with that.”

Just then the egg got the better of me again and I orgasmed right in front of these 5 American sailors.

“Wow Lolita what brought that on, it wasn’t us, we didn’t touch you?”

“It, it, it was my egg.”

“Your what?”

“My vibrating egg.”

“Jeez, you British girls. I hope that there are lot more like you here on this little island.”

“Probably.”

“So what’s with the paint then Lolita?”

“I just wanted to walk around town without any clothes on.”

“And have you?”

“Yes.”

“Is that where you were going before you sat on this bench?”

“Yes.”

“How about you come with us, we’ve been told that there’s a nice little beach up this road.”

“There is but I’ve never been to it (I lied).”

“There’s a first time for everything.”

“It isn’t the nicest beach on Ibiza.”

“Which one is then?”

“It’s at a place called Salines. There will be lots of naked girls there.”

“But we are here, you are here and there’s a beach just up the road. Will you come there with us and we will let you show us all of your cunt and those cute little titties. That paint washes off right?”

 “Yes.”

“Yes to which question Lolita?”

“Both.”

“Good girl Lolita; I like you.”

One of the guys put a hand out to help me get up and I took it. When he’d got me to my feet he lifted me right up and put me over his shoulder.

“Hey, let me down.”

“Cute little butt Lolita and that’s a cute little wet cunt that you’ve got there.”

He did let me down but him and another guy scooped me up and sat me on an arm from each of them; their other arms supporting my back. They started walking with me sat there.

Not feeling too secure, I put my arms around their necks.

“Good girl Lolita.” One said and they moved their arms that had been supporting my back down under my butt and linked them. That left their arms that had been under my butt free.

“That’s better Lolita, stay like that.”

“What choice do I have?”

“Ha, none.” One said.

“We could just put you down and leave you here.”

“No.”

“That’s my girl.”

About 100 metres down the road one of them moved their spare arm to my knee and pulled it away from the other knee.

“Hey, people can see my pussy.”

“That’s the idea Lolita; that’s what you want isn’t it?”

The other guy that was carrying me saw what was happening and he grabbed my other knee and pulled.

“Hey, don’t do that.”

“Come on Lolita, you like it don’t you?”

“Yes.”

We walked a good half mile like that, passed the marina and round to the left. Before long I saw the beach. On the way we’d seen quite a few people who all stared at me slung between 2 American sailors in their dress white uniforms, complete with funny white hats; and with my legs held wide apart.

On the way my egg got the better of me and I have to say that cumming whilst I’m being held by 2 hunky American sailors with my legs wide apart, helped to make that a really intense orgasm.

They walked down onto the beach and to a quiet part where they put me down onto the sand. I was surprised to see all of them strip naked and carefully fold their uniforms. One man looked at me and said,

“Rule number 4; keep your dress uniform in pristine condition all the time.”

“Oh right.”

“We’ve heard that it’s not illegal to get naked in Ibiza; that’s right isn’t it Lolita?”

“I’ve heard that as well.” I replied

“Good job since you’ve been walking around town naked girl.”

I smiled as I watched the cocks of the 5 men as they all sat around me in a circle.

“So Lolita, judging by your cunt I’m guessing that water will dissolve that paint, how about you go for a swim and come back without it.”

I took a last look at the soft cocks then walked into the water. I had a nice, quick swim before rubbing at the paint. Henry was right, lots of water does remove the paint and it wasn’t long before I couldn’t see any trace of it. But I kept rubbing, my clit, and I orgasmed again while in the water.

After I’d calmed down I walked out of the water and straight up to the guys.

“That’s better Lolita; we can see you titties better now. Turn around and let us get a good look at that cute ass of yours.”

I said nothing as I turned around, spread my feet and bent forwards with my knees straight, After a few seconds I shook my butt at them the put my hand on my pussy and pushed a finger inside my hole.

When I brought my finger out I stood up straight, turned back to face them then held my finer up in the air.

“Bring that finger here girl.” One of them said.

I walked over to him and held my finger in front of his face. Unsurprisingly, he opened his mouth and lent forwards to suck it. When he was done he said,

“I’m going to fuck you soon Lolita.”

I smiled.

“Okay Lolita,” another man said, “tell us what’s with this ‘Priapus’ word that you keep saying every time that you cum?”

I sat down in the middle of them and explained it all. When I was done 2 of them said,

“Priapus.”

I laughed and told them that it doesn’t work yet.

“Right Lolita,” the man who I remembered had 3 chevrons on the left arm of his uniform said, “It’s time for you and me to go for a swim. But first, take that egg thing out of you.”

I got up into the squat position and they all watched me squeeze the egg out. After putting it in my bag I got to my feet and followed the man into the sea.

What soon happened is what I had expected and I had my first sea fuck. It was wonderful being fucked whilst floating on my back. That fuck was followed by 4 more; each as wonderful as the first.

When it was over I followed the last man out of the water and to the others then I listened to them telling each other what they were going to do whilst in Ibiza. One of the things was go to a live sex show and I wondered if they’d go to the same club as I do.

When the last of the guys had been dried by the sun they got up and got dressed.

“What am I going to do guys; I can’t walk to town like this.”

“You were going to do just that this morning.”

“No I wasn’t I had a paint bikini top and some paint shorts on.”

“But you were naked.”

“No, please guys, find me something to wear, please.”

“We haven’t got anything so you’ll have to come with us like that.”

“Please guys.”

“No; don’t worry Lolita, we’ll look after you. Come on, let’s go.”

I had to walk back the way that we came with those guys and not even a drop of paint on my body. I really did get a lot of strange looks but at the same time I was loving every second of it. My pussy was as well. I didn’t have my egg inside me but I didn’t need it. I could feel the start of an orgasm building and that was before we got to where the marina is.

Just near where I usually go to get a taxi, the guys stopped.

“Who fancies a beer?” One of the guys asked. They all agreed and the turned to go into a little café that I usually walk passed.

“I can’t go in there guys, not like this, can one of you go and get me something to wear; I’ll pay you.”

“Come on Lolita, I thought that you wanted people to see your cunt?”

“I do.”

“Well come on then; or do you want us to carry you like we did earlier?”

“Yes please.”

“Okay, but we’re having a beer first and you’re coming in with us.”

I reluctantly followed them over and we all sat around one table outside the front. There were only a couple of customers there and they stared at us. Well who wouldn’t stare at 5 US Navy guys in dress whites who had a totally naked little girl with them?

When a waiter came over to take our order I could hear him quietly muttering something in Spanish. One of the guys ordered 6 beers and when the waiter had gone one of the guys said,

“I wonder what he was moaning about?”

“Bloody foreigners.” I replied.

“Oh, so you speak Spanish as well Lolita”

“A little.”

When we left one of the guys hadn’t finished his beer so he left carrying his bottle. As soon as we got a few metres down the road 2 of the guys picked me up and carried me like they had on the way to the beach; complete with legs spread wide. OMG, I was getting my dream but it was so humiliating, and exciting.

Those guys carried me like that right round the harbour to where the ferries leave and arrive. For some of the time the guy who was slow drinking his beer and had brought the bottle with him, walked backwards between my legs and fucked me with the bottle. There was still some beer in it and I could feel it come out of the bottle into my hole.

We must have passed dozens of people and a lot of them looked at the spectacle. I loved every second of it. The guys were giving me what I wanted and, if we got caught, I could easily say that I wasn’t a willing participant.

They put me down when they saw a large taxi, one that could take 6 people. One of the guys flagged it down and asked me where I wanted to go. I’d remembered the name of the street that Henry’s place was so I told the driver. He seemed totally oblivious to the fact that he had a naked girl in his cab with 5 burly US Navy guys.

When I saw Henry’s place I called for the driver to stop but the guy in the front passenger seat told him to keep driving. It wasn’t until about 200 metres after Henry’s place that the cab stopped and the guys told me to get out.

“I can’t get out here, not like this; ask the driver to round the block please.”

“No Lolita you’re getting out here. You want to do this, I know that you do.”

I did, but I was too scared. It’s one thing walking down a crowded street in see-through clothes with nothing on underneath, or covered in paint, but totally naked scared me. When I didn’t move another guy said,

“Go on Lolita you know that you want to do this so just man-up and pretend that you have a burka or something on.”

I knew that he was right, hell, I’d told Kate and Zoe almost the same thing; so I took a deep breath and opened the door.

I was stood outside the door and just about to close it when 1 of the guys grabbed my arm and wrote something on it with a pen.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“My phone number; if you want any more fun like that while we’re still here, call me and I’ll fix something up; okay. Write your number on this piece of paper Lolita and I’ll phone you if we organise something that we think that you may be interested in.”

I wrote my phone number then said,

“Thank you guys.” and shut the door.

Then I looked around. There were quite a few people walking up and down that street and those near me were looking at me. I took another deep breath, pushed my head high and started walking.

That was the longest and shortest 200 metre walk of my life. I was terrified and highly aroused. I tried not to look at anyone as I boldly walked down that street but I loved every second of it.

All too soon I saw the door to Henry’s place. I opened the door and stepped in then immediately had an orgasm. Fortunately Henry lives in a block of apartments and there was no one else in the corridors. As soon as I was able I got the egg out of my bag and pushed it up my hole. Then I switched it on to a low setting.

Then I remembered the phone number and got my phone out and added it to my contacts.

I took another deep breath and walked up the stairs.

The door was answered by Nicolás and he looked surprised to see me naked.

When Nicolás let me in I saw Henry working on another totally naked girl. This one was having big swirls all over her legs and body. I smiled at her and asked Nicolás for my dress. I put it over my arm and Henry stopped what he was doing and came over to me.

“Hi Georgia, that’s not how our customer usually arrive but hey whatever rocks your boat. How far have you come like that?

“Oh only a couple of hundred metres; the guys were supposed to drop me off at your door but they decided to have a bit of fun at my expense.”

“I bet that you loved it Georgia. Was everything okay for you?”

 “Yes, and yes I did enjoy the last little walk.”

“I see that you’ve got your dress, there was something else wasn’t there?”

“Yes, a memory stick with my photos on it.”

“Oh yes; Nicolás, can you get that memory stick for Georgia please. As you can see I’m a bit busy at the moment.”

I looked at the girl again and saw her bald pubes.

“Good girl,” I thought .

“Henry,” I said, “would it be possible to have a quick shower please?”

“Sure, help yourself. Nicolás will get you a towel.”

“Thank you.”

I went out onto the balcony and turned the shower on. A few seconds later Nicolás appeared with a towel and some shampoo and put them on the bench.

As I finished my shower I looked around at all the windows that overlooked the balcony. I couldn’t see anyone watching me.

I put my too short dress on and went to thank Henry and Nicolás before I left. When I got to the bottom of the stairs I put my hand into my bag and turned the egg up a notch.

I wandered down to the harbour and the nearby square and looked for a café to get something to eat. It was still relatively early so I easily found one that had empty tables.

I went in one and was shown to a table out by the street. I ordered a bottle of champagne and a main course. When the waiter left I opened my bag and turned the vibe up to full throttle. I wanted to try something; having multiple orgasms whilst trying to eat in a public restaurant or café.

The first orgasm came just after my plate of food had been delivered to me.

If there are any girls out there reading this you will know how hard it is to keep still whilst you are cumming; and I’m no exception to that. My body shook, my face pulled some amazing shapes and my hands gripped the sides of the table; and I managed to slowly chew that first mouth full of food.

That meal must have taken me an hour to eat as the egg brought me to orgasm after orgasm and I was really glad that my dress wasn’t long enough to be under my butt and that the chair had holes in it because the little pool of my juices that I saw on the concrete when I got up would have soaked my dress.

When I finally finished eating my, by then, cold meal, I was quite knackered. I’d finished the champagne by drinking it in gulps rather than sipping it as I was thirsty. I switch my egg off and ordered a cola. The champagne had gone to my head and I didn’t want to be drunk for what I had planned for later.

When I was finally finished I looked at my phone to see what time it was, and waved for the waiter to pay him. I just didn’t care that he could, and did, look down at my lap and see the front of my slit. If I hadn’t been so knackered I would have probably opened my legs and let him have a good look at my, literally, dripping pussy.

I left the café knowing that my butt and pussy were very wet but I wasn’t worried, the warm, gentle breeze would soon dry them.

As I was sat there I had tried to count the number of orgasms that I’d had while I was eating. I’d lost count when I got to 8, but I was pleased with myself for quietly saying the word ‘Priapus’ every time that I came. I really hoped that this hypnotism stuff worked.

I wandered the few metres down to the harbour and saw a whole bunch of young people getting off a little boat. They weren’t in uniform but I could tell that they were sailors by the boat that they got off; it was driven by a sailor in uniform. I was pleased to see that about a third of the young people were girls; all of them wearing mini or micro skirts. One flashed her kickers as she stepped over from the boat to the land.

As they walked passed me one of the guys looked at me and wolf-whistled. I smiled.

I went and climbed up onto the harbour wall and sat on one of the benches, with a back, between the rocks and railings to stop people falling onto the road that goes along the side of the harbour.

When I sat on the front edge of the bench I could reach the railing with my feet. I spread my legs, lay back on the bench and relaxed. I could watch part of the harbour, all the people walking passed the bars and those who were walking along the little road below. It was dark but there were lots of street light so I didn’t think that anyone would be able to look up and see my pussy that was enjoying the gentle breeze; not that I cared.

I stayed there for about an hour until I felt that I had recovered enough energy for the rest of the evening. I climbed down and wandered into the crowds of people walking about. I wound my way to the place that I was looking for, the alley to Groper’s Bar. I followed 2 giggling young girls in, both wearing skirts as short as mine (I could see the bottom of their butt cheeks) and there was no sign of bras under their baggy tops.

I made my way to the bar and waited to get served. As I stood there I felt a man press on my back, I knew it was a man because I could feel his hard cock pressing against my back. I could also feel his 2 hands as they wrapped around me and grabbed my tits outside the top of my dress.

I thought about the 2 girls that I’d just seen wearing skirts and baggy tops and made a mental note to wear a similar outfit every time that I went there so that the hands could have slipped up the inside of my top.

That was the start of the groping that I endured, no, loved, for the nest 4 hours. About half was through I went into my purse and switch the egg on. I felt that I had enough energy for a few more orgasms.

And have them I did. There’s nothing better than cumming when an unknown man is groping my tits and another is finger fucking me and hitting my egg each time that his finger thrusts in.

With me being so short I tried to stand near sitting men or on one of the bar stools. I think that I prefer the bar stools because I can perch on the edge, put my feet on the bars at the side, which means that my knees are well apart, and lay back to the bar. That way the men can see what they are about to finger fuck.

I say men, and it caught me a bit by surprise, but a woman came and stood beside me at the bar and her hand went to my pussy and fingered me. She was good at it and she triggered on of my many orgasms.

I also got fucked by a beer bottle, another surprise; I can’t understand why a man would want to push a bottle into a pussy when he can fuck that pussy with his hand.

I think that I managed to say ‘Priapus’ every time that I orgasmed and I know that one man looked at me with a strange expression when he heard the word.

When the number of people there started to dwindle I straightened my dress and left. I walked back through the square where all the strangely dressed people were and got a bit bemused at some of them before finding a taxi to go back to the boat.