**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 17**

After I’d got some breakfast the next morning I went to find Zoe’s boat. It was easy to find because she was out on the deck. I waved at her and she welcomed me aboard.

“Hi Georgia; dad, this is Georgia, you may remember her from the boat party the other week. Georgia, this is my father, Mr. Billingham.”

“Oh yes, you’re that ballsy little girl who put old Johnson in his place. I’m pleased to meet you.”

“You might not be pleased to meet me when I say what I have to say Mr. Billingham. You see it was my fault that Zoe and Kate were late back here the other morning and I hear that you spanked both of them for being late. Because it was my fault and not theirs I think that you were wrong, you shouldn’t have spanked them. If anyone should have been spanked it should have been me so I’m here to let you punish me.”

“Georgia,” Zoe said, “you’re wrong, don’t let my father punish you, leave now while you still can. Daddy, please don’t spank her. If you’re mad and you want to spank someone please spank me again not Georgia.”

Mr Billingham looked at Zoe, then at me and I could see anger on his face.

“Young lady, I will punish whoever I want and whenever I want. Both of you have made me mad with these outbursts so yes Georgia, I will spank you, and yes Zoe I will spank you too. Now get your clothes off both of you.

I was naked in seconds but Zoe took a little longer, she had a pair of knickers on.

“Oh I see that you’ve started wearing knickers again Zoe.” Mr. Billingham said.

“I, I err, how did you know that I haven’t been wearing any knickers daddy?”

“You and your sister can be very careless when you sit down and bend over. Your mother didn’t do a very good job of teaching you how to be a lady.”

Poor Zoe looked shocked, and she was blushing. Her right hand was covering her bald pubes and her left hand was over her tits.

“No point in going all shy now Zoe; put those hands by your side. I think that you both need a lesson in what real humiliation means. After your spankings both of you will get off this boat and walk to the marina office and back. Then you can stand with your hands on your head on the walkway for 30 minutes before coming back on-board.”

“Daddy no, please don’t make me do that?”

“Make that the café at the end of the marina.”

“No please daddy, it’s not fair and people will see me. I’ll be so embarrassed.”

“That’s the whole point of the exercise Zoe. If you get embarrassed and humiliated you may think twice the next time you sit down and flaunt your genitals to the whole world.”

I nearly burst out laughing when he said that bit.

“And you can do that walk twice; and do it one more time with your sister when she gets back.”

Zoe groaned but didn’t complain any more.

“Right, which one of you wants to go first? I know, you can go first Zoe then little Georgia can see what she’s volunteered for. Over my lap NOW girl.”

Mr. Billingham sat on the outside bench seat and Zoe moved into place. I don’t know if it was coincidence or not but the way that he had positioned himself meant that I, and anyone passing by, would be able to see Zoe’s butt as she got spanked. I also noted that she spread her feet as she positioned herself. I could easily see her wet and swollen pussy and assumed that she was already quite aroused.

Zoe screamed as the first swat landed on her butt. By the fourth one she was crying. The sobbing stopped at number 9 and then I heard her breathing change. I looked at her pussy and it was a lot wetter than it had been.

When number 15 landed I could hear her moaning. Number 17 and 18 landed to the sound of the ‘Oooohs’ and ‘Aaaaaghs’. Number 19 landed to silence and Zoe looked like she was holding her breath.

When number 20 landed Zoe’s orgasm exploded out of her. He feet rose up, her body went rigid and she screamed like there was no tomorrow.

Mr. Billingham watched her for a couple of seconds then stood up sending Zoe to the deck. She jerked about for a few seconds as Mr. Billingham said,

“Don’t be so stupid girl, you’ve had 20 swats quite a few times before and you’ve never acted all stupid like this before. Get to your feet and stand with your hands on your head girl.”

I knew what had happened but I wasn’t sure if Mr. Billingham had realised that his daughter had just had an orgasm; or maybe he was just pretending that she hadn’t cum because it would mean that he was the one who had given her it.

Anyway, Zoe slowly got to her feet and went to the side of the deck and put her hands on her head.

“Right Georgia, you know the position so assume it. Your parents should have brought you up with a lot more discipline. A few good spanking would have taught you that you must respect your elders and do what they tell you.”

“Yes Mr. Billingham.”

I assumed the position and immediately felt something hard pressing on my stomach.

“Was the dirty, two-faced pervert getting off on this?” I thought.

I too lay there with my legs open and wondered what it would be like to have my pussy spanked.

Just then the swats started and I too started crying. Jeez, did those swats hurt? I think that my butt must be a bit more sensitive than Zoe’s because I orgasmed after the 10th swat but I don’t think that Mr. Billingham noticed my orgasms hit me.

I say orgasms and not orgasm because I had 2. The first at swat 10, and the second at swat 19 or 20. When both of them hit me I too went rigid with my feet rising up. With me being so small and light I guessed that Mr. Billingham didn’t realise what was happening to me.

As I said, my second orgasm hit me on the 20th swat, the last swat, and instead of standing up and letting me roll to the deck he just sat there with his hand still where it had last landed on my right butt cheek. I find it hard to believe that he didn’t realise that I was cumming, after going rigid then relaxing, the jerking started, and I was still moaning, not crying.

Intentionally or not, he waited until my breathing slowed to near normal before telling me to get up. As I did so I saw a small wet spot on his short. I guessed that it was just pre-cum because the spot wasn’t that big but he’d definitely had had a hard-on all the time.

To this day I don’t know if he realised that both of us had had orgasms while lying over his lap.

Anyway, I automatically went and stood next to Zoe and put my hands on my head. Mr. Billingham was still sat on the seat and he stared at us for ages before finally saying,

“Well, you both survived that part but the real part of your punishment starts right now. Get off this yacht and get walking to the café; and walk, don’t run. You can go in your bare feet to slow you down and I don’t want to hear from anyone that you’ve been covering your breasts or genitals. If anyone stops you and asks for a better look at the red marks you are to sit on the ground, lay back, put your legs up in the air, spread them wide and pull them back to your heads. And you are to stay like that until they walk away. Do you understand me you naughty little girls?”

“Yes daddy.”

“Yes Mr. Billingham.”

“Go.”

We both got off the boat and started walking. When we got round the corner I stopped and asked Zoe what my butt was like.

“Red, but not dark red; I think that it will be back to normal by tomorrow.”

“Speaking from experience are you?”

“Yes, Kate and I always inspect our butts afterwards; what does my butt look like?”

“Cute.”

“No silly, how red is it?”

“What you just said.”

“Good.”

“Good! You’ve just been spanked by your father; how can that be good?”

“Because I orgasmed.”

“I see; your first spanking orgasm.”

“You can’t talk; you just had your first 2.”

“Yes I did; and I liked it.”

“So did I.”

“So you’ll be looking forwards to the next time?”

“Maybe.”

“Well at least you won’t fear them now.”

“No, but I worry about Kate. She hasn’t found the bridge from pain to pleasure yet.”

“Give her time. Maybe you should spank her a few times when your parents are out and see if you can help her?”

“Maybe, I’ll talk to her later.”

We walked some more then I said,

“If he wasn’t your father Zoe, I would have called him a dirty old pervert.”

“You’re right Georgia; after our spankings he always just stares at us for ages and both Kate and I have wondered what he’s thinking about, and yes, he always has a big bulge in his trousers or shorts.”

“But he’s your father and you love him.”

“I guess so.”

"And you’d like him to fuck you.”

“Hey Georgia, you may or may not fuck your father but there’s no way that I’m going to fuck mine.”

“Okay Zoe, just planting an idea in your head.”

Just then Sebastian came walking towards us.

“Well hello there girls, what’s all this?”

“Daddy is punishing us.” Zoe said. “This is part 2 and we’re supposed to be embarrassed and humiliated by having to walk around like this.”

“Which you obviously aren’t.” Sebastian said. “So what was part 1?”

Both Zoe and I turned around and bent over a little.

“Ouch, I bet that hurt.”

“Well yes, but it did have its good points.”

“Do you mean that you orgasmed? I’ve heard about girls who get off being punished.”

“Yes we did.” Zoe said. “Georgia came twice.”

“Interesting, but I guess that I’m not really surprised.”

“Very funny. Daddy said that if anyone wanted a better look at our red marks we have to lie on our backs and put our legs up so that they can get a better look.”

Sebastian smiled then replied,

“Well I guess that you’d both better get on your backs.”

Zoe and I looked at each other then we giggled; then we did as Mr. Billingham had ordered.

We must have looked a right spectacle as Sebastian got his phone out and started taking photos of us.

Finally satisfied that he’d got enough photos he told us that we could get up.

“We can’t, not until you leave; that’s what daddy said.”

“Oh, okay; I guess that I’d better go but anytime that you want to lie down like that just let me know.”

“So you don’t mind girls walking around the marina without any clothes on Sebastian?” I asked.

“No not at all. We quite like seeing naked, pretty girls; it adds a sort of ‘natural’ look to the place.”

“So we could come in to the marina office like this then?” I asked.

“Yes, you wouldn’t be the first naked girls to be in there.

“What about the café and the restaurant?”

“The café’s okay, Manuel is a bit of a dirty old man; but I doubt that the restaurant would be too happy; they have some crazy ideas about hygiene.”

“Okay, what about the Nueva marina Sebastian?”

“The road can get a little busy and I’m not sure about the blue Marlin or the Lio; so I think that it’s best to stay around here girls. Maybe you could come and see me in the office the next time that you get punished?”

“Maybe we will.” Zoe replied.

“Okay girls, I’ll go now and let you get up off that warm concrete. Bye”

Sebastian walked off and we got up and continued our walk. We saw a few other people, some who stopped and stared at us, but none of them came up to us. When we got to the café Manuel was outside taking a break. He waved at us and we waved back before turning and walking back.

Mr. Billingham was sat out on the deck waiting for us and as soon as we got there he said,

“And again.”

We turned and repeated the walk only this time without Sebastian stopping us.

Mr. Billingham was still there when we got back and he said,

“Good, you know what you have to do now.”

For the next 30 minutes we stood there, still totally naked and with our hands on our heads. One fisherman walked passed us but he didn’t even look at us.

Finally, Mr. Billingham told us to get back on the boat then he said,

“I hope that you 2 have learnt something from your experience this morning.”

“Yes I did daddy.”

I smiled to myself and said,

“Yes sir.”

“Good, you can get dressed now.”

We did, then went down to Zoe’s cabin to talk some more.

I asked her if she was going to start wearing knickers again.

“Hell no; in fact I’m going to make sure that daddy sees up my skirt some more. It will be well worth the pain of the first few swats to get all that pleasure. You may just see Kate and I walking around the marina stark naked quite a lot, and that Sebastian guy may just get a visit from us. I wonder if he can cope with both Kate and me.”

“Are you going to tell Kate what has just happened?”

“Yes, I’m sure that it won’t be long before her body starts to discover the pleasure that a good spanking can give. She told me that her pussy started tingling the last time that she got spanked so it won’t be long. She may say that she doesn’t enjoy walking around naked but she does. I’m her sister, I can tell.”

I smiled and tried to think of a way that I could get some more of today’s ‘punishment’ but I couldn’t. I’ll just have to hope that things change.

Shortly after that I told Zoe that I had to go, that I had to see someone about something to do with daddy. I hated lying to her but I didn’t think that she was ready to know what I do at the club. I considered taking them to Groper’s Bar, but not right now.

As I was walking back to daddy’s boat my phone rang, it was Pau to tell me that he’d found a clinic where I could get the O-Shot. He told me that I’d have to be examined and answer a lot of questions, and that I should take my Black Amex card with me; it would be expensive. That part didn’t bother me as daddy would be paying. He gave me the phone number and I rang it and made an appointment for next day.

I had a shower and put a couple of my half thongs into my bag. I wanted to take a vibrator but I knew that I would be working with a few others and I didn’t want to have to get them to stop every time that I orgasmed. Instead I got out my Ben Wa balls and eased them up my hole. At least they would keep me ‘happy’ all the time.

Then I slipped a loose, mesh half top and one of my ultra-short skater skirts on, one that has some random holes all over it.

Twenty minutes later I was walking into the club. It seemed a bit strange being there in the daylight.

Diego was there and he introduced me to the rest of the promotional team for that day. There were 3 men and 3 more girls. Two of the men had fucked me before so I knew that they had huge cocks but the other one I didn’t know and I wondered if his was as big. The girls were all new to me. All 3 are skinny with a good tan. None of them has big tits.

Diego told us to go and get changed and then go back to the big van that was parked outside. Just thongs was the uniform of the day for us girls while the men wore something that looked interesting. Basically it’s a loincloth that is long enough to cover those huge cocks.

The other 3 girls wore one of the thongs out of the club’s supply box but I put one of my own half ‘V’ thongs on. No one would know unless I bent over and I didn’t think that I’d be doing any of that. Besides, I wanted to get air to tickle my pussy.

We all piled into the back of the van and set off. There are seats in the back of the van but it wasn’t very comfortable.

As I’d climbed in one of the girls saw my still red butt and asked if I’d got it sunburnt.

“No, I’ve been a naughty girl.” I replied.

“You didn’t get it at last night’s naughty girl show then?”

“No; I didn’t even know about that.”

I made a mental note to ask about that. I’d discovered that I like being spanked and that show could be a chance to get spanked and fucked.

As the van started moving I asked one of the girls where we were going and what we’d have to do. She told me that we were going to 3 beaches, all not far apart and all us girls had to do is hand out flyers to people that we thought looked like they might visit the club.

“What do the guys do?” I asked.

“It’s a bit easier for them; 2 of them carry those big poles (she pointed to the poles going down the middle of the van floor), with a banner in between them. The other guy carries a boom box to attract people’s attention”

“So which beaches are we going to?”

“Playa de en Bossa, Es Cavallet and Platja de ses Salines.”

“I’ve been to that last one; it’s nice.”

“Yes it is. They’re all nice in their own way.”

The van soon stopped in Playa de en Bossa on a little road that went to the beach and we all got out. As the new guy got out I got a look at his cock and saw that it was as big as the other two’s.

The guys got the poles out and attached the banner to it. I was then able to read it. In big red letters it said,

“LIVE SEX SHOWS.”

It also had the clubs name and address and a drawing of a naked girl on her hands and knees and a naked man behind her with the implication that he was fucking her doggy style.

The flyers that I was given to hand out had similar wording but instead of the drawing there was a photograph of a man and a woman in the same doggy position. Both were naked.

“Right boys and girls,” Diego said, “you know what to do, off you go and I’ll meet you at the other end of the beach. Girls, remember to only give the flyers to people who look like they may be interested.”

The guy carrying the boom box turned it on and the other 2 guys parted, stretching the banner out. The guys walked to the water’s edge and us 3 girls started walking in amongst the sunbathing people.

I quickly realised that I would have to bend over to hand the flyers to the people who were flat on their backs. I also realised that me bending over gave a great view to the people on their backs behind me.

From that point on I looked for opportunities to either make people smile and maybe get their hands on what they could see, or get annoyed that a girl was exposing her pussy to them. Either way I was happy.

After a couple of hundred metres the steel balls in my pussy were starting to have an effect on me and I had to slow down a bit.

By the time that we got to the end of the long beach I must have flashed my pussy to 50+ people. I liked these promotional jobs.

I also like the feeling in my pussy as well.

Diego was true to his word and there he was with the van. We all piled in and set off to the next beach. It was difficult to get the van to Es Cavallet beach and we had to get out before all the parked cars and walk the last bit down the road.

As soon as we got onto the beach I knew that things were different to Playa de en Bossa; there were naked people on this beach. As we walked along it became clear that most of the people there were men. I asked one of the other girls who was walking with me if this was a gays beach.

“Yeah, we won’t get much business from here but the boss still wants us to do this beach, probably because it’s so close to the next one. Oh, I know what I was going to ask you; how did you get your thong like that? I saw you bending over back at Bossa and I saw your pussy.”

“Ha, you caught me. No, it’s one of my own thongs; a friend makes them for me. Good isn’t it?”

“Yeah, I’ve pulled them up into my slit before but I never would have thought of making them like that. Good for you.”

“It’s good for working the bar as well.”

“I bet it is. You lucky girl.”

Cavallet beach is another long one, not as long as Bossa, but still long, and by the time that I’d got half way down the steel balls got the better of me. I had to stop and wait for the waves to go down. Then I had to run to catch up with the others. Then we had to turn around and walk all the way back. The trip along that beach seemed a bit pointless to me.

Salines was much better. Diego parked the van just over the road from where the bus stops and we all got out and the guys got themselves organised.

The walk through the clothes area as fun; I spent lots of time bent over trying to give flyers to people who didn’t really want them just because there was a man behind me.

I have no idea how many men that I pleased, I couldn’t count them. I wasn’t even sure how many of them actually looked. I didn’t care.

The clothing optional area was more fun, a lot more men were there to see the naked girls and when one in a thong bent over in front of them they, of course, looked. I wonder how many hard-ons I caused.

When we got to the beach bar just before the rocks Diego was there and he bought us all a drink. We sat on the sand to drink and it was then that the others discovered the design of my thong. When the other girl made a remark about it everyone looked.

I lay back and let them look but it was no big deal, after all, 2 of the guys had already put their big cocks inside me.

A bit later we got up and made the return walk along the beach. I handed flyers to guys that I was sure that I had already given one to but hey, they wanted another look and I wanted to show them.

We got back to the van and drove back to the club.

While I was there I looked at the calendar of events and saw 4 new ones that interested me: -

Slave Training

Naughty Girl

Bukkaki

Private Event

I put my name down for all of them even though I didn’t know what the ‘Private Event’ was. How bad could it be?

I had been thinking about staying and working the bar that night but the promo event had finished a lot earlier than I expected so I took the thong off and put my skirt and top on and left.

I wandered around for a while before deciding to go back to the boat to increase my orgasms count for the day. In the taxi I tried to think of a way that I could do it without too much effort from me and I came up with a great idea.

But before I could implement it I had to get something to eat. Out of curiosity I got the taxi driver to stop near the café that the sailors had taken me to see if I got recognised.

There was a couple of old guys that I remembered and of course the waiter. The old guys didn’t even look at me but the waiter gave me a funny look when he took my order. Just to tease him a bit I shuffled down in the chair and opened my knees a bit. When he brought my food he’d be able to see my pussy.

I watched his eyes and he put the food on the table and he did look down to my pussy but he didn’t say anything.

When I finished I paid then went straight to the boat. It was getting dark by then and I was going to have an early night with a difference.

For starters I went into daddy’s cabin and searched for a belt that I could fasten round my thighs. There was one more thing that I wanted and I was sure that I had seen daddy use it a couple of times. It’s an electric timer that can be used to turn a light on and off at pre-determined times. I had a satisfied grin on my face when I found it and worked out how to programme it. I set it for 4 x 1 hour periods of on, with a 30 minute break between them and 1 more on at the time that I wanted to get up in the morning. Then I got a bottle of water out of the fridge and put it beside by bed and put a towel under where my butt would be. Then I showered and got ready for bed.

Next came the best part, I plugged the timer in near my bed and watched the ‘on’ light come on. Then I went to my toys drawer and got my magic wand out. I plugged it into the timer and it came on. I had just 2 more things to do; I got on the bed, put the belt under my thighs and nestled the wand between them so that the ball part was against my clit. I moaned as I did the last little thing because it was already vibrating; I fastening the belt round my thighs locking the wand in place.

Then I switched the light off and waited.

I didn’t have to wait long to start to feel an orgasm building. It arrived and I shouted ‘Priapus’.

The vibrations continued, my heart slowed down for a while then it started to increase as the second orgasm started to build. This went on and on and on and I started to loose count of the number of times that I orgasmed before the timer turned the wand off.

I relaxed and had a drink of water then lay back and waited.

I jumped when the wand burst into life and the process started again.

By the time that the second hour was over I was starting to feel tired. After the third hour I actually managed to get some sleep before the wand burst into life and I woke up with a warm feeling in my pussy. The orgasm quickly built and I was soon cumming and jerking about.

In a strange way, I was glad when that fourth hour was over. I had no idea how many orgasms I had, or if I had managed to say ‘Priapus’ as each one arrived. At that moment, all I wanted was sleep. I was really grateful that the warm climate was drying the sweat quite quickly.

That sleep came quickly and the next thing that I knew was the wand bursting into life. I felt refreshed and thought that it was a really nice way to wake up. As the orgasm built I wondered what it would be like to wake up to the feeling of a cock thrusting in and out of my pussy.

I definitely remembered to shout ‘Priapus’ when the orgasm hit me and as it subsided I reached to my thighs, unfastened the belt and switched the wand off.

In a strange way it was a relief but I just knew that I would be doing that again.

The reason why I had set the unusual alarm was that I had the appointment at the clinic to see about getting the O-Shot. Pau had warned me that I’d need to be examined and get a lot of questions. The questions didn’t bother me but the examination did a little. If it was anything like the one when I went to my doctor to get put on the pill I definitely would have a problem. You see that doctor tested my reaction to clitoral stimulation and I’d cum on his gloved hand. If that happened at the clinic I was sure that they wouldn’t give me the injections.

I had a long shower to remove all the dried sweat off me then put some coffee on and raided the fridge. I was nervous and didn’t want a proper breakfast.

Then I had the problem of what to wear. I wanted to appear to be a demure young woman who was really concerned about her problem and my image of a girl like that has a knee length skirt, and industrial strength blouse and industrial strength underwear; none of which I own.

Before I went through my wardrobe I had a good look at my butt and pussy in the mirror. I was pleased to not see any red marks on my butt. My pussy lips were a bit red and definitely swollen. I hoped that the red would go in the next hour or so and decided that I could argue that my lips weren’t swollen, that they were always like that.

I opened my wardrobe and looked for my longest dress or skirt; it was a dress. Putting it on and looking in the mirror I saw that it was only about 5 centimetres below my pussy. Even though it was of the skater variety and very thin, it would have to do. I looked at the top and could see the little bumps that were caused by my nipples but that was all, it wasn’t see-through.

It wasn’t ideal but it would have to do. As for the lack of underwear, I decided that if I was asked I would say that I was experimenting to see if it gave me more confidence and therefore help with my ‘problem’.

I did my hair differently as well; just about every time that I’d left the boat before I’d put my hair up into either a ponytail or pigtails but this time I just brushed it and let it flow.

Satisfied, but nervous, I left the boat and got a taxi.

The clinic was a surprisingly modern building and when I went in it looked very clean. There was a reception desk that I went up to.

"Buenos días." I said to the young woman in a white nurse’s uniform.

My accent must have given me away because she replied in English asking me what she could do for me. I told her that I had an appointment and she looked at a monitor and then smiled.

“Ah yes; I need you to complete a questionnaire please.”

She put a sheet of paper on a clipboard and handed it to me.

“You can sit over there and complete it.”

I turned and saw a little waiting area. I walked over there and looked for a seat where she wouldn’t be able to see up my dress, then sat down, remembering to cross my legs.

Wow, that was an intimate questionnaire; I’ll list the more ‘interesting’ questions and the answers that I gave.

How often do you masturbate? - Daily.

How often do you orgasm? - Maybe 3 or 4 times a year.

What is your average number of orgasms per month? - .25

Do you use sex toys? - Yes, a vibrator but it doesn’t help much.

How often does your partner stimulate your genitals? - Weekly.

How often does your partner perform cunnilingus on you? - Weekly.

How often do you have intercourse? - Every 3 or 4 days.

Are your periods regular? - Yes.

Does breast stimulation increase your arousal? - Very little.

Do you perform fellatio? - Yes.

Do you participate in any bondage? - Occasionally but it doesn’t help me orgasm.

When did you last visit your Gynaecologist? - About 6 months ago.

When I’d finished the questionnaire I just sat there for a good 5 minutes before a middle-aged man in a white coat came over to me. He introduced himself as Doctor Rodríguez then asked me to follow him.

He led me to a typical doctors consulting room then pointed me to a chair. I remembered to cross my legs. He was watching me so I made a big deal of pulling the skirt part of my dress down as far as it would go. He turned back to the clipboard and studied my answers for a minute then said,

“Okay Georgia, tell me what the problem is.”

“Well doctor, basically I find it nearly impossible to have an orgasm. I’ve tried everything that I can think of, and so has the different partners that I have had but I just never seem to get there.”

“So what have you tried?”

“Well there are those things on that questionnaire, and things like dressing differently. That’s why I’m dressed like this, I feel sexier like this but it’s not really helping. My latest partner is very patient and spends hours doing cunnilingus on me but I just can’t get there. I feel so inadequate. I can’t see the relationship lasting.

“I see; you do realise that all women are different, some have orgasms daily, some only about once per month and some never actually have one.”

“Well yes, but I feel so inadequate. There’s times when I can’t sleep worrying about it. I can spend hours masturbating to try to get there but it just about never helps.”

“Did you tell your Gynaecologist about your problem?”

“Yes, a couple of times but all he says is.

“Give it time.”

“Okay, I can see that this is a big issue for you and we may well be able to help you. But before I say that we can I need to examine you to see if there’s any physical problem, and to take some blood from you to check for a few things. Let me take the blood first then we can get it off to the Lab quickly.”

He got out what he needed and then asked for my arm. It was quite painless but he did seem to take a lot of my blood, a lot more than any doctor ever has before. Then he picked up the phone and asked whoever to come and get the sample.

“Right Georgia, I need to ask you to undress and lie on the examination couch please.”

“Okay, where shall I undress?”

“Over by the couch and you can leave your clothes on the chair.”

“Oh, right, okay then.”

I stood up and walked over to the couch, put my bag on the chair and unfastened my dress. I’d just got it off when there was knock on the door and a young man in a while coat walked in and looked at me. My pussy immediately started to tingle.

“No, stop it Georgia.” I said to myself and turned and folded my dress before putting it in the char.

I heard the doctor say something to the young man then I heard the door close. I climbed up onto the couch and lay flat on my back with my knees tightly clamped together.

The doctor came over to me and said,

“Okay Georgia, I need to give you a full gynaecological exam just to make sure that you have nothing that could be causing the problem; it will probably be the same as your Gynaecologist gave you the last time that you saw him.”

The doctor was stood beside me, holding a clipboard and looking down at me. Then he started writing and slowly saying what, presumably, he was writing. He was talking in Spanish but I understood.

He said,

“Small breasts,

Puffy areolas,

Larger than average nipples,

Ribs visible,

Flat stomach,

Pubis protruding.”

Then there was silence for a few seconds before the doctor asked me to open my legs.

I tried to say, “Okay doctor” as I opened my legs but for some reason my mouth was all dry and I sounded like a frog croaking.

“Would you like a drink of water Georgia?”

“Yes please.”

I’d expected him to get me some from the tap at the sink in the corner but he didn’t. Instead he went to his telephone and asked someone to bring some in. Then he came and stood between my legs, looked at my pussy and continued his verbal and written notes.

“Labia Majora looks a little puffy,

No visible Labia Minora,

Vagina entrance closed.”

Just then there was another knock on the door and another young man came in holding a paper cup of water. He tried to give it to the doctor but he said,

“It’s for the patient.”

The young man turned to me and came and stood by my spread thighs. He held the cup out and I had to get up onto my elbows to be able to accept it.

“No, don’t let me see you looking at my pussy.” I thought; but that is where his eyes were pointing.

I just knew that my pussy was very wet and I worried what the doctor would think. I quickly drank the water and handed the paper cup back to the young man who turned and left.

“Georgia, I’m going to setup the stirrups now then I’m going to give you and internal examination; try to relax.”

I lay back and remembered the night in the club when I tried not to cum. I started thinking about the same unpleasant things.

“Lift your feet up please Georgia and put them in the stirrups.” I heard, and complied.

“This is it,” I thought, “if he touches my clit I’m busted.”

“I’m just going to look inside your vagina Georgia; I see that you are liberally lubricated.”

“Err yes doctor,” I replied, “I go like that occasionally; ninety nine percent of the times that I touch myself down there I’m bone dry. I’ve never managed to work out what triggers me getting wet.”

“I see.”

I was quite pleased with my reply, it just came from nowhere.

I felt a speculum being inserted in my vagina and being opened; then the breath of the doctor as he obviously got close to me and looked inside me. Then I felt the speculum being removed.

“You say that clitoral stimulation rarely has any effect on you.”

“That’s right doctor.”

“Well then I won’t embarrass you by trying.”

“No doctor, my gynaecologist couldn’t get me to orgasm.”

“Thank you, thank you.” I thought because I just knew that if he’d rubbed my clit I would have gone off like a rocket.

The doctor stepped back, looked at my face and said,

“Well Georgia, you don’t have any labia minora worth talking about and you do have a rather immature looking body, almost early puberty; but those 2 things shouldn’t be a problem. Subject to favourable lab results I am sure that we can help you.

It will take another couple of hours for the laboratory to get back to me with the results and then we can discuss how to proceed. You may get dressed now then go and have a word with the nurse on reception. She will discuss the costs and options and tell you where you can wait until I’m ready to talk to you again.”

“Right, thank you.” I said as I put my shoes and dress on. The doctor was busily typing into his computer as I left.

The receptionist explained the costs, what I had already incurred and what the procedure would cost. Pau had warned me that it would be expensive, and he was right; but I didn’t care. I got out my Black Amex card and her eyes lit up. She then told me that I could wait where I previously had or I could leave and come back in 2 hours. I decided on the latter.

As I walked down the steps of the clinic a gust of wind caught my dress and blew it up above my waist. Normally I would have left it and waited for gravity to return it to where it had been, but this time I quickly squat down and pulled the dress down before standing up again. Just in case anyone from the clinic was watching.

“Two hours to kill.” I thought, “what shall I do?”

I looked around and saw a small shopping mall.

“That will do.” I thought and started walking that way.

I found a couple of clothes shops and went into one but I couldn’t find anything that I liked. In the other shop there were a couple of things, a skirt and a pair of shoes in the window.

When I went in I saw a rather cute young sales girl looking rather bored. I went over to the shoes and picked up the one that I liked and had a close look at it.

“Would you like to try it on?” the girl asked in Spanish.

I replied in Spanish (the rest of the interaction was in Spanish as well),

“Yes, but I’ve seen a skirt in the window that I would like to try on as well.”

I pointed out the skirt and the girl went and got one for me.

I looked for somewhere to try it on and the girl led me to a curtained cubicle.

“Not exactly very private.” I thought; then didn’t close the curtain after I went in. I turned to face the sales girl who was stood watching me and took my dress off. I smiled at the girl.

Standing there naked with the girl still watching me I pulled the skirt up. It was too big so I took it off and asked the girl if she could get me a smaller size.

She did, and held it out for me but she was too far back. I had to go out of the cubicle to get it. I stayed out of the cubicle, still naked, and tried the skirt on.

It was a better fit, short but still a lot longer that those that I’ve worn since I left school.

“Can I try the shoes on please?” I asked.

She went and got a pair and held them out for me to take.

“Can you help me please?

She indicated that I should sit on the ottoman that was near the middle of the shop. The topless me went over and perched on the edge of the ottoman.

The girl came over and knelt in front of me, but slightly to the side. She lifted my nearest foot and moved it over to her. My other leg stayed where it was which meant that the girl could see up my skirt to my pussy.

“How does that feel?” The girl asked.

“Okay, but I need to try the other one on.”

For some strange reason the girl put my foot down on the other side of her then shuffled passed my other foot. Lifting it up she eased my leg over to her to take my shoe off and try the new one on.

By that time my legs were spread wide and she was staring at my pussy. I let her just stare for a while then I said,

“You can touch it if you like.”

The girl looked up to my face, I smiled then her eyes went back to my pussy. Slowly, her hand reached over, found my pussy and I moaned. She must have taken the moan as permission to go further because her fingers started exploring. They soon found my clit and I moaned again.

Then she started rubbing.

I, of course, got aroused and before I knew it I was lying back and she was eating my pussy, right there in the middle of the shop. I still had the skirt on but by that time she had pushed it up to my waist.

She brought me to a long overdue orgasm during which I shouted various indications of pleasure and jerked about a bit. As I returned to normal the girl backed off a bit, but still gently caressed my whole pussy.

“Thank you.” The girl said when I looked at her.

“You’re so welcome.” I replied.

Shortly after that she finished putting the second shoe on and I stood up to look at them. I liked them and walked around the shop to check that they were comfortable. As I did so the skirt fell back to its designated position but I was still topless as I walked around.

“You like them?” she asked when I walked back to her. I smiled and put my hand to my tits.

“Yes I like them.” I said and pulled and twisted my nipples. “Oh, the shoes; yes, I like them.”

“What about the skirt?”

“I like it but it’s too long for me. I’ll take just the shoes.”

The girl watched me as I kicked the shoes off and let the skirt drop to the floor. Then I walked over to my dress and put it on. As I walked over to the sales counter I smoothed my hand down the front of my dress and said,

“I like them this long.” Which is just a couple of centimetres below my pussy.

I paid the girl and left giving her a big smile.

Back in the mall I saw the only café and headed for there. I ordered a cola and a big slice of strawberry gateaux and settled to wait out the 2 hours.

When I returned to the clinic I had to wait another 10 minutes to be seen by Doctor Rodríguez. I’d gone over to where I waited before and again sat very lady-like, pulling my dress down as much as I could.

When I was called in to Doctor Rodríguez’s consulting room he indicated that I should sit down. I did, very lady-like again.

“I’ve reviewed your results and can see no reason why we should not go ahead with the procedure.”

I smiled and felt a great sense of relief. Now all I had to do was keep as dry as I could and NOT cum while he was sticking needles in my pussy. He then went on to explain what the procedure involved and he assured me that it wouldn’t hurt.

I wasn’t so sure about that part but, as the saying goes, ‘no pain, no gain’.

After telling me a couple of other things that I didn’t really listen to, he asked me to undress and get on the examination couch.

At that point I asked if there was a ladies room that I could use before he started. He told me where there was one and off I went. I seriously needed to dry my pussy before he started. I even rolled some of the toilet paper up and pushed it into the entrance to my hole to dry as much as I could.

When I got back Doctor Rodríguez pointed to the couch and I went and took my dress and shoes off again, and climbed up. The stirrups were still there so I lifted my ankles into them and waited.

The doctor came over and started dabbing something around my clit and around the entrance to my hole.

“This will numb the area ready for the injections.” He said.

And he was right. I watched as he injected something on both sides of my clit and around my vagina entrance and even, I think, just inside my vagina.

Five minutes later and I was getting dressed and listening to the doctor telling me what I could expect and what side effects there might be. He also told me that I may feel like urinating for the next hour or so, but that would pass.

Before I knew it I was walking to the nurse at reception and handing her my Black Amex card.

I left the clinic feeling a lot happier than when I went in. What’s more, I could get back to making myself cum and shouting ‘Priapus’.

It was still early afternoon when I got back to the boat so I decided that I would go to the beach again. Salines had quickly become my favourite beach and that was where I decided to go. I quickly packed one of my big shoulder bags then decided what to wear.

After having a great morning I was feeling happy and daring so I put on one of my see-through bikini tops and one of my half ‘V’ thongs. I was going to go with my whole butt openly on display and the serious risk (I hoped) of someone seeing my newly injected pussy. The doctor had told me that it would take a few hours to take effect and not to expect intense orgasms straight away.

I just knew that I was going to have intense orgasms in the not too distant future.

Just to help me a little with that, I pressed my egg home and put the control in my bag.

I quickly walked to the taxi stand and was soon at the bus station. As I waited for the bus I looked around and saw 2 other girls wearing thongs and skimpy tops. I chuckled to myself and thought,

“I bet that your thongs cover you pussies; mine doesn’t. Ha ha.”

Surprisingly, there weren’t too many people on the bus and I managed to get a seat on my own. I took the opportunity to explore my pussy with my fingers to see if anything felt any different. It didn’t; and I took another opportunity and toyed with my clit for most of the journey and making myself cum.

At the bus stop at the beach I went into the shop and bought a bottle of cola the walked to the place where some of the scooters park where I had previously got naked or got dressed.

This time I quickly got naked, switched my egg onto low, and started the walk through the clothed part of the beach to where some other people were already naked. As previously, I got a few stared going through the clothed bit but no one said anything.

I found a spot between a group of young men and the fence at the start of the trees. I heard the crickets over the noise of the sea and decided that I was going to explore the woods one day that I was there.

I spread my towel then got on my hands and knees, butt facing the young men, to make un-necessary adjustment to the towel hoping that at least 1 of the young men would be looking over to me.

Then I made a big deal of covering myself in sunblock, my tits and pussy getting a liberal coating that took a lot of doing. As I was doing that I watched the young men watching me.

I’d just lay down with my legs wide apart when the first orgasm hit me and my body quivered and jerked about. I just had to give my pussy a quick rub.

I stayed sunbathing like that for a while, looking around to see who was watching me. Then I got up on my elbows for a better look and I watched a single, middle-aged man come and spread his towel close to the group of young men. After he had got settled, laying on his front looking straight up my legs; I decided to turn over and lay on my stomach.

I got onto my hands and knees and waggled my butt at my voyeurs while I straightened my towel again. Then I lay down, on my stomach, legs spread very wide, and with my right hand underneath my pussy. I immediately start playing with myself, knowing that my audience could see what I was doing but anyone passing by and just getting a quick glimpse would probably not realise what I was doing.

It didn’t take long for me to cum with the usual effect on my body; and I remembered to say ‘Priapus’. After the orgasm had gone I still toyed with my clit but I also wondered if I had cum so quickly because of the egg or because of the O-Shot; had it started to take effect I wondered.

I stayed like that for quite a while and just as I was about to cum again, I got back onto my hands and knees. A quick couple of flicks of my clit and I was cumming again. In between the jerks I managed to twerk my butt a bit and continued doing that for a few seconds after the orgasm had subsided.

After a while I decided that I was thirsty, but instead of drinking from the bottle in my bag I turned the egg off, got my purse and walked back the way that I had come. All the previous times I / we had gone further along the beach to the beach bar near the naked people. This time I was going to the beach bar behind the clothed area.

I walked just into the clothed area then turned to the bar. As I approached the bar I saw a wide path and wondered if it went to the carpark as I suspected. As I got passed the bar I saw a shop, some toilets and a shower. I decided to have a look in the shop but not before I walked along the path and confirmed my suspicions.

On the way back I went into the shop and saw lots of brightly coloured sarongs and dresses and some of the usual junk that gets sold at shops at beach resorts. The youngish woman in the shop just smiled at me, totally unconcerned at my nudity.

It was the same in the beach bar; okay a few people, men actually, stared at me for a short while but that was it. I was the only one naked in a beach bar surrounded by dozens of people in swimsuits and they didn’t care. Well maybe that isn’t the right word, some of the men cared enough to stare at me.

I decided to buy a bottle of cola and an ice cream, the man behind the bar ignoring my nudity, but my bottom half was hidden behind the counter so maybe he thought that I was just topless, and there were quite a few topless women there; some with what must be uncomfortably big breasts. I decided that I must talk to a woman with big breasts sometime and find out if they actually are uncomfortable as they look if they are not supported in a harness.

I was still eating the ice cream when I got back to my towel. I sat facing the sea with my knees spread and bent. My feet were even further apart. After all of the ice cream was inside me I reached into my bag and switched the egg back on. I lay back on my elbows, spread my knees wide and pulled my feet up. Because my knees were so far apart my pussy was open and I stayed like that for another orgasm and got a lot of sun on my pussy and inner thighs.

Some of the time I was up on my elbows watching my watchers and the people walking up and down the beach; and other times my head was flat on the towel, not caring who could see a very wet version of everything that I’ve got.

Later I went for a swim to cool down and the egg got me whilst I was swimming. I was glad that the water was only waist deep.

Back at my towel I switched the egg off so that my pussy could have a rest then decided that I would do some exercises, mainly the gymnastic exercises because most of them involved my legs being wide apart. I looked around for a suitable space. The logical place to do them was between me and the fence where there was lots of space but I decided to do them in the lot smaller space between me and the young men.

I spent the next 30 minutes or so doing most of the exercises that I’d done at the gym, even doing the standing splits. It felt funny doing the ordinary splits when I got right down and my pussy rested on the sand. I realised that I’d have to go for another swim afterwards to get the sand that had stuck to my wet pussy off.

I did go for that swim then teased the men some more before deciding that it was time to leave.

Instead of going back the way that I’d come I decided to do a little exploring. I walked passed through the large group of naked people to where the beach ended and the rocks started. I quickly discovered quite a few little beaches where a small number of people could sunbathe away from the crowds. I wondered how many people used those secluded little beaches as a fucking place.

I saw a little van drive out of the trees and go to the beach bar and decided that if a van had driven there then there must be a track back to the only proper road around there. I set off walking and soon couldn’t hear the sea. What I could hear must have been millions of crickets. It was quite loud and I now knew why I could hear them on the beach.

I walked along the track, still naked with my bag over my shoulder. It wasn’t long before the van came back and I moved to the side but kept walking. I wondered what the van driver thought of my little butt.

As I turned a corner I saw 2 clothed men walking towards me. They were talking and looking at me. They smiled when we got close and I smiled back.

Then there were more clothed people coming my way and I wondered if a bus had recently arrived. I walked right through them, some turning their heads to look at me. When I was through them I thought that it was nice being the only one naked.

After a while I came to a big fenced-off carpark. I kept walking down the side of it between it and the sea. I came to the place where I had walked out passed the beach bar and the clothes shop. About another 200 metres later I found myself walking through a little café, and I was still naked. When I emerged I was on the road opposite where the bus stopped.

Everyone around me was wearing something, even if it was only a thong bikini bottom. I went behind a parked car and put on my half ‘V’ thong then walked over the road to the shop. I went into the shop topless and bought another small bottle of cola and then went outside to wait for the bus.

Unfortunately, there were some people sitting on the curb stone where I had sat before but I saw a short length of wall, about waist height, so I went over to it. I turned my back to it and jumped up and back to sit on it but that left my feet dangling. Then I decided to turn and sit with my legs along the top of the wall. I bent my knees, drank the cola and waited.

Quite a few people walked towards me and if they looked they would easily have seen my pussy. Maybe some did, maybe some saw the strings of the thong and assumed that my pussy was covered; I have no idea, I didn’t bother looking at them.

When the bus arrived everyone tried to get on it at once and I was caught in the middle of the crowd. When I managed to climb up the steps onto the bus I wondered if the man behind me looked at my pussy.

When the driver saw me, still topless, he started to say something but gave up and just took my money off me. I walked down the aisle as was surprised to see that the seat behind the rear exit had the same part of the modesty panel missing; either vandals removed them from more than 1 bus or it was the same bus. What’s more the seat was free. The seat next to the window was occupied by a middle-aged man but the seat with no modest board was free. I quickly walked to it and perched my butt near the front of the seat.

I put my bag between my feet and lay back into the seat.

I looked down at my thong and couldn’t see my slit but I knew that anyone standing down near the door would have a great view. I put my hands on my lap and relaxed.

When the bus arrived at Ibiza bus station a lot of people rushed to get off but the next to me wasn’t in a hurry so I wasn’t. I sat there looking at the people getting off in front of me; only 1 man looked at my legs, then he did a double take realising that he’d seen my pussy.

I was still topless as I got off the bus and walked out of the bus station. I wondered if I could get away with wearing just the half thong all the way back to daddy’s boat. I may only have been wearing a thong, and only a half thong at that, but those bits of string and that tiny piece of mesh material gave me a sense of security. I decided to try.

I knew a place where taxis parked about half way to the harbour so I decided to walk that way just in case I chickened out. Head high and walking confidently, I set off and was happy that I made it without incident. I decided to push my luck and kept walking.

Thirty minutes or so later I was walking into the marina, still wearing only the half thong. I was a happy little girl.

As I walked through the marina I was a little surprised to see Kate and Zoe walking towards me; both stark naked. I smiled as I got closed to them then said,

“Caught not wearing knickers again?”

“Yes, and Kate is starting to like the punishments.” Zoe said.

“You orgasmed when you were spanked then Kate?” I asked.

“Yes, it was so embarrassing.”

“But it was nice.”

“Yes.”

“And you orgasmed again Zoe.”

“Yes.”

“Good for you girl, keep up the good work. With a bit of luck he’ll never realise what’s going on.”

“I hope not.” Zoe said.

“So let’s have a look at your red marks.”

The both turned around.

“No, not like that, like your father said and Zoe and I did in front of that man from the marina office.”

“Do I have to?” Kate asked.

“Yes you do.”

They both got down on their backs, raised their legs and spread them wide. I put my bag down and got my phone out.

“You don’t have to do that Georgia, you’ve seen us before.” Kate said.

“Yes but I haven’t got any photographs and Sebastian photographed Zoe’s and my pussy.”

Both girls stayed put and I took a good dozen or so photographs of their pussies.

“Okay girls you can get up now.” I said.

We continued the walk up to the café and Kate asked me where I’d been. When I told her she said,

“Like that; and you didn’t get arrested?”

“That’s not all, look at this thong.”

I stopped and thrust my hips forward.

“Bloody hell, where’s the rest of it? Dis you cut it out?” Kate asked.

“No, I get them made like this, and I’ve got some with no material at all.”

“Wow; are you going to wear just one of those to the beach then?”

“I’m working up the courage to do that.”

“Wow.”

We’d arrived at the café and were just stood there talking. When the conversation ended we said our goodbyes and I watched their cute butts walk away for a few seconds then went to daddy’s boat wondering if I dare go to the beach just wearing a strings only thong. I remembered the bus driver and wondered what he nearly said.

It was machine fucking night at the club and I had volunteered for it but before then I needed something to eat then a good shower; I felt like I still had a bit of sand in my pussy.

The café was obviously nearest so I dumped my bag and went there. Manuel was his usual welcoming self and I had a bottle of champagne with my meal. There were a few other people there but none of them said anything about my attire. I just looked topless and Ibiza is full of topless girls, a lot only wearing thongs.

Back at the boat I showered then put a couple of thongs (one strings only and the other a half ‘V’ one) in my bag, put a dress and some heels on and left for the club for a good fucking.