**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 18**

It was ‘Fucking Machines’ night at the club. I was excited as I’d never been on a fucking machine before. When I got there I had a quick look behind the closed curtains and saw some things that were obvious and some that I hadn’t a clue about. I looked forward to finding out what they were.

I went into the changing room and looked at the calendar to see who else had volunteered that night. There was only Daniella and I smiled hoping that it meant more for me.

It was still relatively early with only about 30 customers there but there was still the chance of getting groped and maybe a lap dance so I took off my dress and put just the half ‘V’ thong on. I had considered the strings only thong but I wanted to keep that for when there were a lot more people there. I figured that there was less chance of the boss seeing it and telling me to go and put one of the club’s boring thongs on.

Walking out to the main room I wandered around where the customers were hoping that I’d get called over to talk to them. After about 10 uneventful minutes I saw Daniella walking in so I followed her to the changing room.

After saying hello I asked Daniella what happened on a fucking machine night and what I had to do to get prepared.

“Simple; take that thong and those shoes off, go out there and do as you’re told. The guys will do all the rope work and help you onto the machines. Then you just stay put and get fucked; couldn’t be easier.

“Rope work.” I asked.

“Yes, some of the machines out there need the girl to be tied to them so that she can’t wriggle away when she gets very sensitive. One of the machines requires you to be hanging upside down and the business end comes down into you.”

“Wow; that sounds like fun.”

“Yes it is but it leaves you totally knackered by the end of the night.”

“Not a problem, I can sleep all tomorrow.”

Just then one of the big cock guys walked in. I joked with him asking him if he was going to get fucked up the butt by the machines.

He smiled and Daniella said,

“No, they’re here to fuck our mouths on one of the machines and to help set us up.”

“You mean tie us down.”

“That as well.”

There was still about an hour before the show started so I went out to work the bar. I was soon getting my pussy groped and word soon got around about the girl with a crotchless thong. I was in big demand.

My super sensitive pussy was slowing me down as well; it’s difficult to walk with a tray of glasses when you’re cumming.

I managed to get one lap dance early on and I gave the guy a big stain on the front of his trousers. He seemed to think that it was some sort of a trophy.

I was a little nervous when I was called to get ready for the show. I took my half thong off and put it in my locker then went out to the stage, behind the closed curtains. One of the guys called me over and started ‘restraining’ me to one of the machines. It’s a big square of scaffold poles that I could easily lie spread-eagled in. I got down on my back and put my wrists where I was told then I watched the guy use ropes to secure my wrists.

Next the guy went to my feet and pulled my legs so that I was stretched as far as I could before my ankles were secured leaving my legs spread nearly to the point of the splits.

I was expecting that to be it, but 2 or should I say 3 things were added. Firstly another scaffolding pole was added across my neck. It wasn’t resting on my neck but it certainly stopped me from moving my head. The other 2 things were 2 plastic tubes about 1 centimetre in diameter and about 15 centimetres long. They are open at one end and the other ends have a little plastic, flexible pipe attached. These flexible pipes join at a ‘T’ piece and then a long flexible pipe goes to a pump where all the electrics are.

The pump must have already been switched on because as soon as the tubes were put over my nipples I felt them rise up and start to swell to about four times their normal size. It was a little painful, but a nice pain.

I wondered if my nipples would stay that big when the tubes came off. I also wondered if you can get bigger tubes so that my whole tits are sucked in. Not that I’m unhappy with the size of my tits; I wouldn’t want them to be big enough to start bouncing about.

Then the guy lined up the dildo on the long bar with my hole and eased it in a little. Then he went and fixed the motor in place. He switched it on and I gasped as the dildo went deep inside me then withdrew before the power was turned off.

I thought that I was ready for action but there was one more thing. He clamped some bars on the side of the frame then adjusted them so that the wand on the end of one bar was resting on my clit.

I decided that the 15 minutes that it was going to be switched on was going to be heaven and hell.

I tried to look over to where Daniella was but I couldn’t turn my head. I heard Diego talking then the curtains went back and the power was turned on.

The heaven came first, the suction on my tits increased, the dildo started fucking me and the wand did its thing on my clit.

I didn’t last long before my first orgasm hit me. I was just returning to nearly normal when I opened my eyes and saw people moving around over me. I later found out that Diego was inviting groups of the audience to come down to the stage and inspect the torment that Daniella and I were experiencing.

I had 4 orgasms before the power was turned off and I started to relax. The suction tubes fell off after a couple of minutes as the guys got me out of the rack. I was a bit unsteady on my feet for a second before I was led to the second machine.

This one was weird; I looked at it and thought,

“What the hell; how the hell does this work?” It was like some weird piece of gym workout equipment.

One of the guys put wrist and ankle cuffs on me. He then led me to big metal plate, a bit like a coffin lid stood on end. He told me to stick my head through a big hole that was at about waist high. That done, he clipped the wrist cuffs to something so that I couldn’t move. He went behind me, spread my feet wide and clipped what I later found out to be a long wooden bar, to my ankles. Then the bizarre thing; him and the other guy lifted me up in the air so that I was parallel to the ground, face down.

“Bend your knees.” I was told. While one man easily held me there, the other man clipped some ropes to each ankle cuff. These ropes went over the top of the coffin lid and were attached to a motor that was above my head. When the motor started my feet were pulled up and over to my shoulders. I was bent over backwards, face down and my body was about a metre up in the air.

“How the hell am I going to get fucked while I’m up here?” I thought.

I needn’t have worried; I later found out that a dildo on a bar was mounted on some sort of pole that has a motor attached. The height and angle of the dildo was adjusted so that it lined up with my pussy and the machine was switched on.

In and out went the dildo slowly and I thought,

“This is going to take a while to make me cum.”

What I hadn’t bargained on was the speed of the thrusts dramatically increasing and I soon realised that I was going to cum soon.

Then one of the men came round to my face. He was naked now and his cock was hard. He rubbed the end of it all around my face then pushed it into my open mouth. He was at the perfect angle to push his cock into my throat and I was glad that James had taught me how to throat a cock without gagging.

That didn’t stop him from holding it in my throat for a long time and when he did let me breath I gasped for air then back in the cock went.

I opened my eyes and saw the feet of quite a few people; presumably Diego had invited some more people up onto the stage and that some were also behind me getting a close-up of the dildo going in and out of my hole.

The thrusting at both ends soon got me cumming and it’s a strange feeling choking and thinking that you are going to die, and having an orgasm at the same time.

Obviously I survived but the last thing I was thinking about when I was cumming was saying the word ‘Priapus’.

That was the most bizarre way that I have ever been fucked; but there again I have only been fucking for a couple of months.

The third fucking machine wasn’t really a machine compared to the others. The ankle cuffs were left on me and they were attached to 2 ropes hanging down from the roof, about 2 metres apart. As I was hauled up my legs got further and further apart I stopped going up when my hands couldn’t touch the floor. Then a magic wand was lowered down until it just touched my clit. Someone had obviously done a lot of experimenting to get it in just the right place.

The wand was switched on and the magic part of its name soon started to work. I have no idea if the extra blood in my head had anything to do with the intensity of the orgasms but they were good ones, all 6 of them. In between my orgasms I watched the legs of the people walking all around me and listened to the comments about my ‘cute little pussy’.

When I was lowered to the ground I had to just sit there for a couple of minutes for my brain to get control of my body.

The fourth machine was a lot more basic and comfortable for me. It was a Gynaecologists chair complete with stirrups. I was told to climb on and then velcro strip were put around my calves, stomach, and 2 on my chest, above and below my tits trying to squash them into a much narrower base. Not that they had much luck with my tiny tits.

Between my legs a dildo on a pole threatened to stab into my pussy. After a couple of minor adjustment I was getting fucked again. My sensitive pussy gave me 5 orgasms that time and I had no problem standing when I was released.

That was it for the evening. Daniella was right about being knackers, but I wasn’t as bad as I expected. After a shower the club got me a taxi back to the boat.

I was awoken the next morning by my phone ringing. When I answered it I heard a vaguely familiar voice.

“Hi, this is Randy from on the carrier; is that Lolita?”

“Yes.”

“We met the other afternoon and we all had some good fun; do you remember us?”

“My first 5 sea fucks, how could I forget you.”

“Well the carrier is leaving Ibiza tomorrow and we’re having a party tonight. I, we; were wondering if you’d like to come along.”

“Randy, I told you, I’m not a whore.”

“Whores get paid Lolita and we’re not offering to pay you.”

“Good point Randy.”

“How many guys will be there?”

“About a hundred.”

“Bloody hell Randy, you’re not expecting me to fuck a hundred sex starved sailors are you?”

“Hell no; about 20 girls are being invited.”

“Phew, I was getting worried for a minute.”

“There’s just one problem.”

“And what is that Randy?”

“There’s a rule about the clothes that the girls can wear.”

“And what is that?”

“The only thing that they can wear is a suit, their birthday suit.”

“Bloody hell Randy, how am I supposed to get there naked?”

“We thought about telling you all to leave wherever you live naked and find your own way there and back but we thought that it might be a bit of a problem for some so we’re sending cars out to pick the girls up and then return them in the morning.”

“That’s better.”

“So where do you want picking up Lolita?”

I thought for a second then said,

“Do you remember that café that you took me to?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll be waiting outside that, hiding behind a parked car.”

“Okay, it will be at 21 hundred hours. Please be there Lolita.”

“I will, I like US Navy cocks.”

When I terminated the call I thought,

“What the hell have I let myself in for?”

I looked at the time; I had 2 hours to get to the hypnotist. I decided to spend the first 30 minutes of those 2 hours giving myself a reason(s) to say the word ‘Priapus’.

After a shower I brushed my hair and put it in pigtails; possibly being something to do with the name that the Navy guys would be calling me that night.

I put on a strings only thong and walked over to the café for a good breakfast. Manuel complimented me on my looks but I didn’t know what aspect of my looks he was talking about. My recently brushed hair, my all-over tan, my thong, what he could see between the strings or just the overall image. Whatever he meant I took the compliment.

A young couple came in and smiled at me as they went passed. I guessed that I just looked like a young topless girl eating her breakfast. Nothing special about that in Ibiza.

They may not have been thinking that when I left; I had to walk passed them and the woman’s eyes went wide open when she realised that she could see that would normally have been hidden by a triangle of material. I smiled at her and I guessed that her man’s eyes followed my butt out.

I debated with myself, if I should wear a vibrator or a butt plug to my hypnosis session but in the end I decided just to go au naturel – apart from a dress. I chose one of my strapless, elasticated top dresses which I can get off in less than 2 seconds. If I decided to get naked I wanted to do it so quick that the man didn’t have time to tell me to stop.

I got to the hypnotist’s office with 5 minutes to spare and I went and knocked on the door.

Chuck opened it and invited me in. Then he pointed to the sofa indicating that I should sit there. Again, I perched on the front edge.

“So Georgia; how are you?”

“Fine thank you.”

“Have you been practicing what we discussed?”

“You mean the getting myself off and saying ‘Priapus’?”

“Yes Georgia.”

“Yes I have.”

“Since you were last here, how many times have you done it?”

“Difficult to say, I haven’t kept a count but it’s probably somewhere in the region of 100 times.”

“ONE HUNDRED. Wow Georgia something like 8 or 10 was the answer that I was expecting; and that’s probably more than the average for a young woman like yourself.”

“But I like doing it.; it seems to be quite easy to do it these days; look, I’ll show you.”

With me being perched on the front of the sofa, and the fact that my dress is so short that I can’t sit on any of it, it was dead easy to just grab the hem and pull it up over my head and off.

Within 2 seconds my dress was on the floor, I was leant back on the sofa, my legs were spread wide and my right hand was rubbing my clit.

I heard Chuck say something about it not being necessary but it was too late, I had already started.

It wasn’t long before,

“Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, aaaaaarrrrrrgn; ‘Priapus’.” Came out of my mouth then my body jerked a few time then finally relaxed, my hands by my side and my legs still wide open.

“Good Georgia; that’s just what’s needed. That didn’t take long; I seem to remember it taking longer the last time that you were here.”

“Yes Chuck, it did, but these last few days I’ve been cumming a lot quicker. Do you think that it’s starting to work?”

“No Georgia, the real work to get you to where you want to be will only really start in a few minutes. This session will start to plant the association of the word ‘Priapus’ with an orgasm, deep in your brain.”

“Okay, so when do we start?”

“Right now if you’re happy.”

“Okay, where do you want me?”

“Anywhere that you are comfortable Georgia.”

“I’m good here.”

“I’ll get my tablet.”

Chuck got his table and came over to me. He sat beside me then held his tablet in front of my face.

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

I did and the next thing that I knew was Chuck standing over me and clicking his fingers.

“What time is it?” I asked. Trying to remember if I had been naked with my legs had been wide apart when I got hypnotised.

“You were in a hypnotic trance for about 15 minutes if that is what you were trying to work out Georgia.”

“Okay. ‘Priapus’.” I replied; then when I didn’t orgasm I added,

“It’s not working.”

“No Georgia; it won’t work. Firstly it’s not you saying ‘Priapus’, it has to be other people; and secondly, if you remember I did tell you that it would take around 4 sessions to become effective.”

“Oh yes; you did didn’t you? So when’s the next session? Can we do it now?”

“Sorry; your brain needs time to assimilate the thoughts and ideas that I’ve just put there. I can book you in for the same time next week if that’s okay with you?”

“I guess so.”

“I think that it would be a good idea if you were to get dressed now Georgia.”

“Oh yes.”

I got off the sofa, put my dress back on and said,

“I presume that I still need to practice masturbating and saying the word ‘Priapus’.”

“Yes please, but you don’t need to spend as much time on it as you have been doing; around 10% of last week’s effort will suffice.”

“But I like doing it.”

“Georgia, you do whatever you are comfortable with.”

“I think that I’ll try and top last week’s guestimate then.”

Cuck smiled and said,

“Okay Georgia. Until next week then.”

Back at the boat I decided to try to get some rest as I suspected that the US Navy would keep me up for most of the night. I decided to have that rest sunbathing on the rear sunbathing deck of the boat.

At 8:30 pm I left the boat naked as the day I was born; not even shoes to protect my feet. It’s one thing being naked around the marina, that’s like being naked in your back garden; and walking around town in just a thong, even a strings only thong, that gives me some security and the feeling of being clothed; but I was about to go out on to a main road and walk to a café and wait outside it with absolutely nothing on me, no feeling of security at all.

Okay, I’d been totally naked on that road, and in that café before but that was different; I had 5 hunky US sailors to protect me that time. I was nervous and a little bit scared.

I was outside the marina, alongside the main road before anyone saw me and I was relieved when they just looked at me then kept walking. It was still about an hour before sunset so there was no help for me there. A couple of cars went passed with no indication that they’d even seen me.

I made it to the café, still scared and nervous; I mean a police car could have driven along that road at any minute.

For some weird reason, instead of looking for somewhere to hide, I stood right on the side of the road where the people in the café and anyone else for that matter, could easily see me.

I waited for what seemed like hours, but was only a few minutes when a big white limo pulled up alongside me. With the darkened windows I had no idea who was in it so I stepped back a little and prepared myself to run. A window at the front wound down and a man said,

“Lolita.”

I emptied my lungs and relaxed.

“Get in.”

I walked to the door further down the side and opened it. As I opened the door I saw about 9 or 10 other girls; all as naked as I was. I climbed in and found a seat.

The girls were all talking in Spanish, and a rather fast Spanish and I was having trouble understanding what they were saying.

The girl next to me turned to me and said in Spanish,

“Hi, I assume that you are going to the American Navy party.”

“Yes, I’m Lolita.”

The girl giggled and then said,

“You look like a Lolita. I’m Lucia.”

“Do you know how far it is to the party?” I asked.

“About 10 kilometres; it’s on a farm near San Jose.”

I’d heard of San Jose. Daddy took me there once. It was all very nice but way too quiet for me.

It didn’t take long to get there and when I got out of the Limo I saw that 2 more Limos had followed us in. There were quite a few guys waiting for us and they all cheered when they saw us.

I looked around and saw 3 big Navy (presumably) trucks and 1 smaller one. It had what I presumed to be a big walk-in fridge or freeze and men were unloading boxes of beer.

All the girls (all naked) were led into the barn and after a couple of minutes a man came and talk to us. While we were waiting I looked at the other girls. All looked to be no older that I am and all (that I could see) had shaved pussies. I was the smallest both in height and tit size, and 2 of the girls were unfortunate to have melons on their chests. Spanish was the only language I heard.

I didn’t count them but I was sure that there were more than 20 naked girls there. I wondered where they had all come from.

The man told us that we were there to have fun and to help ourselves to the beer. There were a number of side shows being setup and we were expected to visit every one and participate in all the activities. As for a powder room, there weren’t any but outside there were plenty of places to have a piss and there was a hosepipe if we got dirty.

After that he said that he hoped we enjoyed the party and then told the, what looked like more than 100 guys, to have fun.

The guys just moved in and I lost sight of most of the girls. One man came up to me, said hello then got his hard cock out then lifted me up by my butt. Then he slid me down his body until I felt his cock on my pussy. He waggled my butt about until the tip of his cock found my hole then he lowered me down.

He only managed to lift me up and lower me down 4 times before I felt him shooting his load into me. When I felt him start to go soft he lifted me up and off him then apologised to me,

“Sorry about that; it’s just that I haven’t cum for months and I just had to empty my balls. Oh sorry, do you speak English?”

“Yes; that’s okay; I couldn’t survive for a day without cumming.”

“Wow; would you like a beer?”

“Okay, yes please.”

The man turned and left to go (presumably) and get me a beer, but I never saw him again.

I think that there were a lot of guys there with full balls because everyone around me seemed to be fucking and it wasn’t long before another man bent me over and fucked me from behind without even saying hello.

I was fucked a third time before I actually managed to cum. I think that most of the guys must have had a short fuse caused by their long trip at sea.

Anyway, things started to quieten down a bit and things got a bit more organised. There were guys trying (and succeeding) to get girls to take part in the games (not sure that that is the right name for them) that they were organising.

The first game that I took part in was a bottle race. When the guy asked me I didn’t know what was involved. Mind you, once he explained it I was happy to have a go.

He explained that each girl had to carry a bottle from one side of the barn, to the other, and back. Times taken would be recorded and a winner would be announced at the end of the night. He didn’t say if there was a prize. Then came the ‘interesting’ part, we couldn’t use our hands or our mouths.

I instantly guessed how we were supposed to do it, but the guy had to explain it to one girl who’s English wasn’t that good. I translated for her.

I wasn’t expecting to do well as I’d just had 3 guys shoot their loads up my hole and it was still dripping out; but there again, the other 2 girls were in the same position.

I lowered myself onto the bottle and on the whistle; I stood up and set off walking and squeezing my pussy muscles. I got about 3 metres before the bottle slid out and I had to stand it on the floor and start again.

I surprised myself and got back first.

When the guy recorded my name and time he asked me for my name. When I told him Lolita, he stepped back, looked me up and down and said,

“You’re not THAT Lolita are you? The one that Randy’s team have been bragging about.”

“Maybe.” I replied.

“They carried you, dressed like that, through half of the town?”

“I wouldn’t say half of the town, but yes.”

“And they all fucked you on the beach?”

“Not on the beach, in the sea, no one could see what we were doing.”

“Bloody hell, I wish we were staying longer; I would have carried you round the whole town and I’d have fucked you in the town square in the middle of the day.”

“That would have been nice.”

I wandered off and saw some guys standing around cheering at something. When I pushed my way to the front I saw 2 girls fighting on a tarpaulin that looked to be covered in some sort of oil.

When I say fighting, it wasn’t the viscous fighting like I’d seen a couple of times at school; it was more friendly; less fists. What’s more, when one girl got her face near the other girl’s pussy she started licking it. I guessed that it was wresting.

For a couple of seconds I thought about having a go but then decided against it With me being so small I would get easily beaten and maybe hurt. Okay, I fancied the pussy eating but not the rest.

Next I came to a big sheet hanging from the roof. It was a sort of curtain for what was going on behind it. There were 2 men pushing their crotches right up to little holes in the sheet. When I got closer I saw a sight saying ‘Which Hole Will You Get?”

“’Which Hole’ for what?” I thought.

When I looked behind the sheet I saw 2 girls, one sucking the cock of one of the guys; and the other girl getting fucked doggy style. One of the sailors told me that it was a Glory Hole and asked me if I wanted a go.

“Why not?” I asked.

“Okay, come with me and decide which hole you want it in.”

“Want what in?”

“The cock that will appear through that hole just as soon as I’ve found an eager sailor.”

“Now I understand.”

I backed my butt up to the hole and waited.

Within a minute a cock was poking at my pussy and I waggled my butt to get it lined –up with my hole then pushed back.

A couple of minutes later I got another load of man cum deep in my pussy. When he pulled out I stuck my head around the curtain to try to see who the cock belonged to but I was too late. There were men stood there but nothing to indicate who the cock had belonged to.

By that time I’d quite a few loads of man cum deposited in my pussy. Okay, most of it had run out but I fancied getting cleaned up, inside and out so I went looking for that hosepipe that was mentioned when we arrived.

When I got outside I saw 1 girl squatting down and peeing and another standing peeing with her legs spread wide and her hips thrust forwards.

I fancied a go at that and found that it’s quite easy - when you’re not wearing anything. After that I joined the short queue for the hosepipe and watched 2 girls wash their pussies and legs. Both had 2 quick blasts of the hosepipe up their pussies and squirted the water out.

I did the same.

I re-entered the barn at the other end and saw quite a few bales of hay and there were guys sitting on them, drinking and watching what was going on. I thought about the club and Lapdancing and decided to go and practice my skills.

Only with these guys there was no thong in the way and no rules saying that the girl couldn’t ride a guy’s cock. I took advantage of the lack of rules and fucked 3 guys while there mates were sat next to them. When I was fucking them I asked them to rub my clit. They obliged and I orgasmed on each of them. What’s more I remembered to shout ‘Priapus’.

Another ‘interesting’ game that they had was to get a girl to lie on her back on a table with her legs up in the air and spread wide. The challenge to the guys was to make the girl orgasm as quickly as they could using any method that they wanted. There was a Navy Medic guy stood next to the girl and it was his job to declare when the girl reached her climax; and if it was a fake orgasm or not.

The times that it took for the girl to cum were being recorded.

The next game was similar to the above one but the girl had to NOT cum for as long as she could. Again there was a Medic standing there to decide when the girl orgasmed.

I had a go on both but didn’t hang around to see how well I did.

Shortly after that I found a sailor sitting on a chair by a table. On the table was a sign saying, ‘Get your Shave here.’

I smiled at the man and said,

“Business not too good tonight then?”

“Oh thank God; a girl that speaks English. No, all you girls shave yourselves these days. I can’t even find any female sailors who want a shave.”

“So you’re the ships Barber then?”

“Yes.”

“Tell you what; I haven’t had a shave for over a month but you can shave me if you want.”

“Good, thank you; I was starting to think that I might lose my touch. Up on the table girl. So what’s your name?”

“Lolita.”

“THE Lolita; Randy’s Lolita, you’re famous on the carrier you know.”

“It was nothing, just a bit of harmless fun.”

“That’s not how Randy tells it. Spread those legs for me Lolita.”

I did and the Barber had a good look at my pussy.

“Not that I’m complaining, but there’s nothing to shave off. You say you haven’t shaved for a month; you lucky girl.”

There was a short pause then he continied,

“Called Lolita, tiny waif of a girl and no sign of any pubic hair and you say that you haven’t shaved for a month; I’m starting to think that maybe you shouldn’t be here.”

“No; it’s a long story but I swear to you that I am 18 years old.”

“Okay, I’ll take your word for it Lolita.”

“You can still shave me can’t you?”

“I can and I will”.

“I want a proper all over shave and don’t hold back?”

And he did. What’s more he made me cum twice. Once when he was shaving me from the front and the other time when he got me to raise and spread my legs as far as they would go.

After he’d made me cum the second time, and whilst my legs were still up in the air, he dropped his trousers and fucked me to a third orgasm.

When I had returned to normal he told me that he had seen one girl with a big bush earlier but he’d walked around a couple of times and not found her again. I promised to bring her over to him if I saw her.

Not far from the barber was another guy sat with a wooden plank in front of him. Along the plank were 6 wooden cocks ranging in size from what I imaging a young teen boy’s cock would look like to one that looked about the size on the drawing of Priapus.

I smiled and said ‘Priapus’ a couple of times but all my body did was make my pussy tingle a little.

I went up to the man and asked him what was going on and he asked me if I’d like to see how many of the cocks I could get inside me starting with the smallest one.

I straddled the plank and impaled myself on the first cock; then on the second one, then the third one. The fourth one was bigger than the cocks on the guys that the club uses but I managed to get all the way down

The fifth one was a struggle, a real struggle. It hurt like hell and I gave up with it only about half way in me.

The guy took my name and thanked me for trying.

A bit further around the barn I saw a group of men standing around a girl who was flat in her back. I wondered what was going on so I walked over. As I got closer I saw that all of the men were wanking; then I saw some of them shoot their load all over the girl.

“What’s going on here?” I asked the nearest sailor.

“A Bukkaki.”

“I’ve heard of those.”

“Want to have a go; there’s no shortage of men here.”

“Yeah, why not. A girl’s got to experience everything that she can as soon as she can right?”

“Too right little lady. You just stay there while I go and round up a few volunteers.”

It didn’t take him long to return with about 9 or 10 guys. I was told to lie on my back and spread my legs. Before long man cum was dropping down onto me from my head to my pussy. That which landed on my face I tried to lick off and I used my finger to scoop other blobs of it.

I hadn’t realised before, but all men’s cum taste slightly different. I wondered if it was something to do with that they ate.

It was time to find the hosepipe again and I noticed that there were signs in the sky that dawn was going to break soon.

Back inside I bumped into Randy. He welcomed me like a long lost friend, picking me up and giving me a big hug.

“So how are you doing Lolita? Fucked every man in here yet?”

“Working on it; when are you available?”

“Right now darling; how do you want it?”

“It was good in the sea last time.”

“A little difficult at the moment; how about me carrying you around with my cock inside you?”

“You’re going to have to explain that to me.”

Randy went and got a chair then lifted me up onto it. Then he came up behind me and poked his cock around my butt and pussy until his cock found its target. Once inside me he put his arms around me and lifted me up off the chair.

Then he walked around with me mostly supported by his cock.

“This is different.” I thought as sailors looked at us and smiled.

At the other end of the barn Randy stood me on a bale of hay and withdrew his cock.

“That was fun.” I said as I turned to face him, “but can you fuck me properly please?”

“My pleasure Lolita.” Randy replied then sat beside me and pulled me down onto his cock.

Shortly after Randy had cum inside me I asked him where he’d got all the girls from.

“Easy, we just phoned round all the sex clubs, strip joints and lap-dancing bars. We could have easily had twice the number of girls. I guess that they all wanted a sample of US Navy cocks.”

I reached for Randy’s cock and gave it a little squeeze.

“They are quite nice.” I said.

We heard a very loud whistle and then someone shouting that the party was coming to an end but before that, there were a few prizes to give out.

The man read out each game / challenge winner and the winning girl went and got her prize.

“What are they getting Randy?” I asked.

“It’s only a hundred bucks; just a small token of our appreciation, but I’m sure that they came here for the cocks and not the chance to win some money.”

“I did.”

Prize giving over, me not winning anything (didn’t bother me in the least), the man thanked everyone for cumming (and he spelt the word); he told the sailors that they had 30 minutes to get everything packed up and be on the road; and the girls that their cars awaited them.

Sailors started packing things up and taking them out to the trucks and all us girls headed over to the waiting Limos. I kissed Randy goodbye and squeezed his cock again.

The journey to Ibiza town was much quieter than the outward journey had been with no one talking. When we got to the outskirts of the town I watched a couple of girls get out and walk away, still totally naked, as if they often walked home at dawn like that. I wondered if they did.

Then it was my turn to get out and I have to admit that I too thought nothing of being totally naked on a main road in the day light. Maybe the night’s adventure had destroyed some of my nervousness about being naked in public.

I smiled at a couple of elderly Spanish gentlemen who I saw as I walked back to the boat where I had a shower then crashed on my bed.