**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 24**

The next morning I was woken by Martina as she cleaned the inside of the boat from one end to the other. I decided to escape to the café and have an early breakfast. As I left I was surprised to see Kate and Zoe walking towards me.

After the naked hugs I asked them why they were up so early.

“Another boat trip.” Zoe replied.

“So have you already had your spanking and fucking?”

“Yes, daddy got us out of our beds to do it. Mummy stayed below cooking our breakfast while he did it.”

“So did you both cum?”

“Yes, twice.”

“Yes, twice.”

“You 2 are getting better than me; I haven’t had 1 yet today. Hey girls, you’ve got to come back to daddy’s boat, I’ve got a surprise and a present for you.”

“What’s that?” Kate said when she saw my sybian.

I explained what it was and then told them that we’d have a sybian party one night but it would have to wait for a few days because my daddy was arriving that afternoon.

“That’s why your cleaner is going crazy is it?”

“Yeah, I’m going to have to hide my sybian and I’ve had to move all my toys to my temporary cabin.”

“‘Priapus’” Zoe suddenly said and I started cumming, my body jerking about as I stood there.

A couple of minutes later Zoe apologised saying that she just had to know if the hypnotism had worked.

“So it actually works; this hypnotism lark then.” Kate said a couple of minutes later.

Just then, the captain arrived, said ‘hola’ and stared at the naked Kate and Zoe for a couple of seconds before getting on with checking the mechanical things.

“It’s getting a bit busy on this boat.” Kate said.

“Yeah, have a seat, I’ll go and get your presents.”

I disappeared to my new cabin and came back with the 2 eggs.

“You shouldn’t have Georgia.” Kate said.

“Are those what I think they are?” Zoe asked.

“Yes, and they’ve got more options that my old one.”

“You’re old one?”

“Yeas, I bought one of these for myself; I thought that we could all go somewhere wearing then, swap controls and try to embarrass each other just for a laugh.”

“Hmm; that sounds like fun. I could torment your little pussy when daddy is talking to us Kate. If that doesn’t get him pissed I don’t know what will.”

“You’re just trying to get him to spank and fuck us Zoe.”

“Yep; sure am.”

“I’ve put some batteries in them so maybe you can entertain each other on your boat trip today. Sorry, but I’m going to have to kick you out, I’ve got things to do before daddy and whoever the bloke is that he’s bringing with him.”

“Maybe he’ll be cute and you can fuck him Georgia?” Zoe said.

“Yes, we should be going too; we don’t want to upset daddy; or maybe we do.” Kate added.

They left, leaving me to finish doing what I had to do before daddy arrived. Martina came and told me that everything was ready and the captain came and stuck his head into my new cabin and told me that the yacht was ready if they needed ii.

Then I had the problem of what to wear. I looked through the dozens of dresses, skirts and tops that I’d moved over to the new wardrobes. I moved the longest skirts and dresses to one end of the wardrobe; all though none of them went more than a few centimetres below my pussy they’d have to be my ‘good girl clothes’ whilst daddy’s guest was there.

I selected my most formal looking dress; apart from the long one that I wore to the 2 dinners that I went to with daddy, and put it on then answered my phone as it had just started ringing.

It was daddy to tell me that his plane had landed and that they’d be with me in about 30 minutes. I went up onto the deck, got myself a tequila then sat in the sun and waited.

As I got myself a second tequila I wondered how old daddy’s guest would be. Maybe he’d be an old Japanese business man? Maybe he’d be a loud American businessman who was full of himself? Maybe he’d be a she? I had no idea.

I didn’t have to wait long to see Pau driving into the carpark. I stood up and watched as Pau opened the door for daddy to get out, then for the guest to get out.

I was relieved to see that it was a man who looked to be in his late twenties.

As daddy walked towards the yacht I ran down the boarding ramp and jumped up onto daddy, wrapping my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. I forgot all about the fact that my dress would ride up and show my bare butt to Pau and our guest.

After a few seconds of cheek kissing and hello’s; daddy released his grip on me and as I slid down his front he said,

“Georgia, this is Mr. Johnson, our guest for a few days.”

I put my hand out to shake his saying,

“I’m pleased to meet you Mr. Johnson.”

“The pleasure is all mine Georgia; and please call me Ben, I hate all this formal stuff.”

“Me too, but I might have to get used to it if I go and work in daddy’s empire.”

“Well things might change in the next 10 years or so before that happens. So, John’s been letting you stay here on your own for the last month has he?” Ben replied.

“Shall we go to our cabins and get changed? It’s way too hot for suits.” Daddy said.

Ben looked at me and smiled then followed daddy up the ramp causing Pau to step back, out of their way.

“Thank you Pau.” I said as he passed me and went to the car.

As I went back to the rest of my drink I was smiling and thinking that maybe the next few days wouldn’t be that bad. I watched as Pau carried some odd shaped bags up onto the yacht.

Daddy was back before Ben and he told me that Ben was running a start-up company that he (daddy) was thinking of buying. They were in Ibiza to discuss the terms of the sale and what Ben’s role would be after the takeover.

He also told me that they’d be going fishing on each of the next 2 days. Ben had some revolutionary fishing equipment that he wanted to show daddy.

“You do want me to come with you on the 2 fishing trips I assume daddy?”

“Yes, of course I’d like you to come along; but if you have any other plans that’s okay, I understand.”

“No, daddy, nothing that can’t wait; I’d really prefer to be with you.”

“Oh Georgia, that package that Pau brought from the car is for you. It’s from Celeste.”

“Thank you daddy, I wasn’t expecting anything. I’ll take it down to my cabin later.”

Just then, Ben came up the stairs.

“Quite impressive these yachts John, I’ll have to look into getting one myself; especially if we can make the takeover work.”

“You’ll get the chance to see how they handle tomorrow Ben. Georgia is going to come along with us but I’m guessing that she’s not interested in the fishing side of things; never has been. You’ll probably spend the day sunbathing won’t you dear?”

“Yes daddy; I’d hate to spoil the big boys fun. If we go anywhere near a beach I may just take the jet-ski and wander around there. Have you driven a jet-ski Ben? If not maybe I could teach you – that’s if you have the time.”

“That would be nice Georgia; we’ll have to wait and see how things go.”

“Okay you two, plans for the next few days; well evenings; I was planning on going to the Lio tonight, good food an cabaret then you young ones can dance for as long as you like; then tomorrow night there’s a formal dinner at the yacht club; the same as we went to when I was last here Georgia. Then the following evening we can go and see the delights if Ibiza at night. How does that sound?”

“Oh good,” I replied, “I’ll be able to wear my evening gown.”

“Sounds good to me John.”

“Right then, that’s settled; but I may have to give the Ibiza night life a pass; not really my scene but I’m sure that Georgia will be happy to show you around. Talking about showing you around, have you been to Ibiza before Ben?”

“No I haven’t.”

“In that case, how about I show you around Ibiza Old Town this afternoon?”

“Sounds good to me.”

“How about you Georgia? Do you fancy coming too?”

“Yes why not, it will give me a chance to catch up with you; but you’ll have to wait for me to get changed.”

“Women.” Daddy replied. “I had the same problem with her mother. Do you have the same problem as well Ben?”

“Sometimes.”

I got up and dashed downstairs to my cabin. Five minutes later I was back wearing one of my ultra-short, extremely thin, skater skirts and a slightly see-through crop top that barely covered my tits.

I looked at Ben as I climbed up the stairs and I saw him smile when he saw me. I was going to enjoy flashing my pussy at this man.

Daddy sat in the front of the car with Pau driving whilst Ben and I sat in the back. The journey may only have been 5 minutes but Ben kept looking at my legs as he asked me some touristy questions.

Daddy and Ben did a lot of talking, so did daddy and me; and I did a lot of sitting in very un-ladylike positions, especially when Ben was looking at me; which he seemed to be doing more and more.

One time daddy saw me sitting opposite Ben with my knees open and instead of telling me to close my knees he turned to Ben and said,

“You’d think that an expensive girls-only boarding school would teach them to be more ladylike. It this one had her way she’d be walking around totally naked all the time. I bet that she hasn’t bothered with clothes most of the time that she’s been here on her own. Is that right Georgia?”

“Yes daddy, I just can’t see the point when the weather is this good. Would you mind if I didn’t wear any clothes whilst you’re here.”

“Woah there little one; we have a guest here. I doubt that Ben would want to see a naked little girl all the time.”

“It wouldn’t bother me one way or another John. If she wants to run around naked then as far as I’m concerned she can. After all, she’s only a little kid.”

“Hey! I’m a lot older than you obviously think Ben.”

“That’s right Ben; it’s a long story but she’s just finished school and she’s on a gap year before going to university next year.”

“I do apologise Georgia it’s just that ….”

“That’s okay Ben; it’s a problem that I often have. Does that affect your decision about me not wearing clothes?”

“Good grief no, you do whatever you want Georgia; I’d hate for you to be uncomfortable.”

“Thank you Ben.” I said and got up and leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. Then I turned to daddy and kissed him on his cheek. As I was doing that I realised that Ben would be having a great view of my butt and pussy.

We continued the tour and I kept flashing my pussy to both Ben and daddy.

“These few days could turn out okay.” I thought a couple of times.

When we got back to the boat I quickly got naked and went back up onto the deck and asked daddy and Ben if I could get them a drink. I watched Ben staring at me in a slightly different way than he had when he first arrived.

To go to the Lio that night I put one of my ultra-short dresses that has dozens of cuts all parallel to the ground. When I first went up onto the deck I made sure that my nipples were covered but I just knew that they’d be on display even before we left the yacht.

Both daddy and Ben said that I looked amazing in that yellow dress and heels.

The Lio was its usual amazing standard and after the meal and the entertainment Ben took me dancing. I spent a fair bit of the time on that dance floor bending over slightly and grinding my bare butt against Ben but he didn’t take the hint.

Shortly after we all went to our beds I crept out of my cabin and went into daddy’s. He was fast asleep so I lay alongside him with my back to him and went to sleep.

The next morning I awoke to the feeling of daddy’s cock pounding in and out of my pussy. When I opened my eyes I said,

“I love it when you wake me like that daddy. I’ve missed you.”

“And I’ve missed you too Georgia.”

Ben was up before us and he decided to go for a walk. We were sat on the deck (me naked) drinking coffee when he returned.

“You’ll never believe what I’ve just seen.” Ben said as he walked up the ramp.

“Tell me Ben.” Daddy said.

There was silence for a few seconds as Ben saw me and just stared.

“Oh, err, sorry, I’ve just seen 2 other naked girls walking around the marina and they both had bright red backsides.”

“Oh that will have been Kate and Zoe.” I said; “their father punishes them most days by spanking them then sending them to walk around the marina. He believed that the embarrassment will deter them from being naughty.”

“So you know them Georgia.” Daddy said.

“Yes, I was the reason why they got their first punishment; the 3 of us went clubbing and didn’t get back until after their father got up in the morning.”

“And he’s punishing them for that?” Daddy said. “Do you want me to go and have a word with him Georgia?”

“No, no; those 2 love every second of it; well not the first few seconds but after that the love it.”

“Ah, I see; it’s like that is it?”

“Yes daddy.”

“I don’t understand.” Ben said.

“Have you ever heard of girls that get pleasure out of being spanked or being humiliated Ben?” Daddy asked.

“Well yes, but I never really believed it.”

“It’s true.” I said.

“So those girls wanted to be spanked and told to walk around the marina without any clothes on?”

“Yes they did.” Daddy said.

“Well I’ll be …..” Ben started to say; “Are you ….. Georgia?”

“Maybe.”

“Is that why you’ve been naked on this yacht all these weeks?”

“No, it’s like I said yesterday; I just can’t see the point of wearing clothes.”

“Okay, fair enough. So what are we doing about some breakfast?”

I looked over to daddy and saw that he was smiling.

“What?” I asked.

“Just like your mother was.” Daddy replied.

I went and gave daddy a hug.

“So, shall we go over to the café?” I asked.

“Yes.” Daddy replied.

“Are you going like that Georgia?” Ben asked.

“Yes, it’s okay, Manuel doesn’t mind.”

“Manuel?” Ben asked.

“The waiter;” I replied, “I’ve eaten there like this lots of times.”

“Okay; let’s go.”

Daddy was still smiling as we linked arms to make the short walk.

Manuel appeared to be pleased to see daddy again and he welcomed him like an old friend.

About half way through breakfast Ben said,

“If anyone had told me that I’d be eating breakfast in a café today with a naked girl and her father I would have told them that they needed to go and see a psychiatrist.”

“Well that’s what this place and the excellent weather does for you.” I said.

“And an 18 year old daughter that is soo like her mother.” Daddy added.

“So mummy used to walk around in public without any clothes on then daddy?” I asked.

“And she used to get me to spank her.”

“You’ll have to tell me all about it sometime daddy.”

“Yes, I will, but not now; I’m sure that Ben doesn’t want to hear all about it.”

I’m sure that Ben would have agreed if daddy had asked but I’m also sure that it would have been a lie just to please daddy.

Back at the boat Ben helped daddy do whatever it is that was needed for the boat not to rip itself apart when daddy started it moving and we slowly left the marina. I wondered why the captain wasn’t with us, but I didn’t ask.

I went and got some sunblock and went and put it on me on the front tanning deck; right in front of where daddy and Ben were looking as they drove the boat. I didn’t exactly linger when I applied it to my tits and pussy but I certainly wasn’t going to skip those parts.

We went out to sea, turned right and cruised for about an hour before daddy stopped near a big bay. I could see a deserted beach in one corner of the bay. Daddy dropped the anchor then he and Ben got out all the fishing equipment that Ben had brought with him.

That was when I lost interest in what they were doing. Then I had an idea.

“Before you 2 cast your lines, or whatever it is you’re going to do, I’m getting the jet-ski out and going to the beach.” I announced.

“You’re going like that?” Ben asked.

“Yes why not? That beach is deserted; look, I can’t even see a way down to it.”

Ben shrugged his shoulders and I started getting the jet-ski out of its little storage locker. Collecting a bottle of water out of the fridge, I set off not knowing how long I would be.

It only took a few minutes for me to reach the beach and I pulled the jet-ski out of the water as much as I could.

Then I looked around. With no signs of life of any sort on the beach I could easily have been on some deserted little island in the middle of that Pacific Ocean.

I sat down looking out to daddy’s boat. I could see him and Ben but I couldn’t work out what they were doing.

After a few minutes I realised that I could hear music; and it was getting louder. I kept looking around then I saw a boat with hundreds of teenagers on it. I guessed that it was one of these ‘Party Boat’ trips.

My first reaction was one of great disappointment as it was destroying my peaceful sunbathing session that I had planned. But then I thought about the all those randy teenagers; it could be a chance to tease a few and maybe even more.

I watched as some older men inflated a big raft then loaded it with booze and food and what turned out to be crazy, drunken party games equipment. The men then swam ashore with ropes and pulled the raft to the shore.

As they were unloading it some of the hundreds of young people swam ashore. Most of the girls were topless and about half of them were bottomless as well.

I watched the men get things organised while the raft was pulled back to the boat. I was expecting it to be loaded up again, but it wasn’t. It was tied by rope, about 10 metres from the boat and I watched some girls and boys dive in and swim to the raft.

At first some of the boys climbed onto the raft but when the girls climbed on the boys left. Then I saw the interesting part; one of the naked girls sat on the edge of the raft with her feet dangling in the water, then she lay back.

That left her pussy right at the edge of the raft and it didn’t take long for one of the boys to stick his face between her legs and start eating her.

That seemed to be the start of a very interesting event as more girls climbed on, took any swimwear that they had on, off; and sat offering their pussies to any young man who cared to swim between their legs and start eating.

As soon as I realised what was happening I swam out and climbed onto the raft. There was no way that I was going to miss an opportunity like that.

I must have been eaten out by at least 20 guys and they made me cum 5 times. Each time that a girl orgasmed there was a big cheer of encouragement from the guys.

I wondered how many of them were wanking under the surface of the water.

When things started to die down I dived in and swam back to where the jet-ski was. All the stupid party games were going on at the other end of the beach so I lay on the sand and without even realising what I was doing my right hand drifted to my pussy and slowly got busy.

I was just reaching the point of no return when I heard a boy’s voice saying,

“Do you want a hand with that love?”

I’m guessing that most girls caught like that would have removed their hand and clamped their legs together but I’m not most girls; I just kept going and had another orgasm right in front of what turned out to be 2 teenage boys.

Feeling pleased with myself I opened my eyes, looked at them, smiled and said,

“Sorry guys, you were too late.”

That didn’t stop them staring at my pussy and I just let them until they got embarrassed and turned and left.

After a while I went into the water to get rid of the sand on me then pushed the jet-ski back into the water.

When I got back to the yacht daddy and Ben were sat talking and drinking. After saying hello I asked if Ben had time have a ride in the jet-ski. I told him that I’d show him how to operate it.

“Not a bad idea Georgia. Off you go Ben; I’ll have a bit of a nap before tonight’s dinner. Did I tell you that we’re going to another Yacht Club dinner tonight Georgia?”

“But I haven’t got anything to wear.” I said.

“You’ve got that long black dress that you wore last time; that will do.”

“But it’s see-through.”

“That didn’t stop you wearing it last time so you can wear it again tonight.”

“Well I guess that I could.”

I looked at Ben and smiled.

“Okay, just give me a minute to change into my swimming shorts.”

“You can come naked if you like Ben; I won’t mind.”

“I don’t think so.” Ben said as he put some papers away and disappeared down to his cabin.

Two minutes later he was back and we went to the jet-ski.

“I’ll drive for starters then when you see what it can do I’ll get on behind you, okay Ben?”

“Sure; no problem Georgia.”

I got on then Ben got on behind me, putting his hands on his thighs.

“Ben, you have to hold on to me, and if I lean one way, you lean with me. I’m told that it’s like riding a motorbike but I’ve never done that.”

Ben put his hands on my bare hips.

“No Ben, like this.”

I took his left hand and put it on right tit; then took his right hand and put it on my pussy.

“That’s it Ben, hold on tight.”

With that I opened the throttle and off we went. After a few hundred metres and a few bends just for the fun of it I stopped and said,

“How was that Ben? You seem to be a bit tense, relax a bit and stop trying to burst my tit and crush my pubic bone; I need those. Hold them gently, but keep them there just in case something happens.”

“Like what?”

I wanted to say,

“Like I have an orgasm.”

But I actually said,

“Like I try to take a bend too sharply and we come off. You can swim can’t you?”

“Yes I can.”

I opened the throttle and off we went again. This time Ben’s hands were sort of resting on my right tit and pussy and the bouncing as we went along was moving them about and I was getting aroused.

I stopped just before I got to the point of no return.

“I was just getting to enjoy that Georgia.”

“So was I Ben; that’s why I stopped.”

“Well that’s your fault Georgia; you put my hands on your tit and pussy and I bet that the instruction manual didn’t say that.”

“No, but I thought that you might like it.”

“I did; and by the sound of it you did as well.”

“I did, but that can come later; I need to show you what this wrist thing does, and how to get back on it if you, or we, fall off.”

I explained the kill switch to him then stood up and jumped into the water.

As I kept myself afloat I said,

“Can you stand up and turn around Ben?”

He very slowly did then I swam to the back of the jet-ski and said,

“Watch me Ben.”

I grabbed the handle on the back of the seat then lifted my feet so that they were on the back, each side of the seat; then slowly pulled myself up.

“Have a good look Ben.” I thought as I was rising out of the water with my legs spread.

When I was standing on the jet-ski I said,

“Your turn Ben.” And I pushed him to his right and in he went.

As he surfaced he was smiling and I motioned for him to swim round to the back. As he was doing so I sat down and swung my legs round so that I was facing the back. I then moved to the back so that I could see him and he could look up and see my spread pussy.

“Right, up you get Ben.”

As he came up I shuffled my feet back so that there was room for him. As I got to the front seat I sat down and leaned back so that my back was on the Handle Bars.

Ben sat on the rear seat and I looked at him looking at my pussy.

“You can touch it again if you want to Ben.” I said.

“Is that part of my training in the use of a jet-ski Georgia?”

“Fucking me can be part of the training if you want it to be; or you could just fuck me right now.”

Ben looked at me then reached forwards with his hands and put them on my hips; and gently pulled me to him. As I started to move I lifted my lower legs so that as I went forwards, my legs went over his thighs.

My arms went round his neck and we stared each other in the face.

Then he kissed me.

Before long I was reaching down to his swimming shorts and getting his, by then, hard cock out. He lifted me up then lowered me down onto his cock.

I didn’t take many thrusts before I started to cum but I kept riding him as my body jerked about, until I felt him shoot his load deep inside me.

When we both stopped moving we just stared at each other as his cock started to go soft.

“Oh shit.” Ben said; “I’ve just fucked my future boss’ daughter. He might sack me before I’ve even signed the papers.”

“No he won’t; daddy probably brought you here so that you could fuck me. He will have been worrying that I might be mixing with the ‘wrong sort’ so he brought you to remind me what the ‘right sort’ are.”

“Hmm, so I’m the right sort am I?”

“You are the type of person that I’m sure he would want me to marry; but that’s about 10 or 15 years away. Right now all I want is to have lots of fun; and if that means fucking one of his employees then so be it. Now, let me get off and I’ll get on behind you and we can have some fun of a different type.

Ben let go of me and I deliberately fell off and into the water. Then I swam to the back and got on behind him.

I put my arm round his waist and said,

“Let’s go; I’m sure that you can work things out.”

He did, and we were soon skimming the water slowly getting faster and moving from side to side.

As I got more confidence in his driving I let my hands go down until they were cupping his cock and balls.

“This is so that I can stop you if you go too quick.”

“Ouch; I’d better slow down a bit then.”

Ben did slow down and as we got near to another little beach I pointed him in that direction.

When he beached the jet-ski I jumped off and said,

“You need to fuck me again Ben; this time in the water so that I don’t get sand up my hole.”

“That sounds painful.” Ben said,

“It does, but thankfully I’ve never had that problem.”

We walked along the beach a bit then went into the water where Ben fucked me again.

After a bit of exploring I drove the jet-ski back to the yacht while Ben caressed my right tit and my pussy. I had to slow right down when his caressing took me over the edge for yet another orgasm

I’m so glad that I had that O-Shot.

Daddy was on the phone when we got back and I don’t think that he even knew we were back until I went and stood in front of him.

Shortly after that we headed back to the marina where I discovered that daddy needs more practice at reversing the boat; it took him 4 attempts to park it.

I sat in the back for that journey; daddy was driving the boat and looking forwards all the time but Ben wasn’t and I took the opportunity to tease him by spreading my legs wide and rubbing my clit. He watched me cum again.

That evening daddy took us to the Yacht Club Dinner. It felt so strange for daddy and Ben to be wearing suits, shirts, ties, socks, shoes and underpants and for me to be wearing only heels and a dress that I’m sure you could squeeze into a matchbox. I say strange, but it was nice as well, knowing that the dress would be see-through as soon as we got into the bright lights of the function room and that the slits on the front that go up well above my pussy would put my slit on display when I was anything but stood still.

I was surprised to see Kate, Zoe and her parents there as well. Both Kate and Zoe were wearing some of the clothes that they had borrowed from me and I thought that they looked fantastic although they later told me that their father told them that they looked like sluts and told them that their punishment the next day would be a severe one.

They weren’t sat at our table to us which was probably a good job because I was sure that daddy would say something to Mr. Billingham about his daughter’s punishments.

I was sat between daddy and Ben but that didn’t stop some of the others from noticing that they could see my tits. Well, I assume that was the reason why they were staring at my chest.

After the meal and a couple of short (thankfully) speeches, the dancing started with old time ballroom dancing; daddy’s forte; and he waltzed me around the room causing the skirt part of my dress to open up and display my pussy to anyone who was looking. I, of course, loved it, and when I asked daddy if he knew what was happening to my dress he just said that he knew.

Was my father deliberately exposing my pussy to all those people? It certainly appeared so, and when I later asked him why he hadn’t stopped me dancing he replied,

“Would you have wanted me to stop Georgia?”

“No daddy.”

“I thought not.”

I reached up and kissed his cheek.

I finally got the chance to talk to Zoe and Kate during a break before the modern music started.

They wanted to know if I’d fucked Ben and if I could get him to fuck them.

I wanted to know how their punishments were going. They told me that they are still happening and that their daddy was still giving them orgasms. They told me that a big one was likely to happen soon and warned me to keep away from them for a while so that I didn’t feel obliged to share their punishment. I told them that I’d think of something that could get us all spanked.

Zoe told me that she loved my dress and asked me where I got it; and I told them that they both looked good in their outfits.

I asked them to come and dance with Ben and me so that they could flash their goodies at him.

And that’s what we all did. Daddy had done enough dancing and Ben took over with me. It was another opportunity for me to flash my goodies at him as well everyone else on the dance floor.

When we finally left to go back to the boat daddy went straight to bed leaving Ben and I to have a drink before turning in. I went straight down to my cabin and took my dress off before going back up for that drink and Ben and I fucked him before going to our separate beds.

About 30 minutes after we went to bed I got up and crept to daddy’s cabin and snuggled up to him hoping that he’d wake me up in the morning in the nicest possible way.

He did.

It was fishing again the next day and I was lucky in that daddy anchored the yacht off the beach at Salines. Another chance for me to do some teasing; and I took it. I came prepares with the things that I’d need in waterproof pouches and I parked the jet-ski where I had the last time I’d arrived there by jet-ski. It was a different young man that promised to look after it and after I’d walked away from him I turned for a quick look back and saw that he was still staring at me.

I had another 4 or 5 hours of teasing and improving the tan on my inner thighs. I also went to the beach bar above the clothed area wearing the only suit that I’d brought ashore. Again, no one seemed to care about me being naked.

The handful of men that watched me doing my exercise routine seemed please that I was naked.

When I got back to the boat daddy and Ben were still trying to catch fish and still talking about goodness knows what. I didn’t even try to understand the conversation. After I’d parked the jet-ski I went and sunbathed some more at the front of the boat.

I must have dozed off because the next thing that I knew was the sound of the boat’s engine starting up. I stayed up on the front of the boat right until we got back to the marina.

Daddy stayed on the boat that evening, saying that he’d just get something to eat at one of the many restaurants around there whilst Ben and I got a taxi to the other side of the harbour. I wore a skirt and crop, baggy top hoping that Ben’s hands would get up the inside of both of them.

We went to a nice restaurant where we talked about all sorts of things. He wanted to know what I’d been doing with myself since I got to Ibiza. I didn’t tell him about most of it but I did decide to tell him about the hypnotist.

At first he didn’t believe that a woman could orgasm just by hearing a particular word.

“Prove it.” Ben said.

“Okay, name some Greek Gods.”

“What?

“The trigger word that I’ve been programmed to orgasm to is the name of a Greek God.”

“Oh, right, err; Apollo, Zeus, Ares, Atlas.”

“What was the name of the god of fertility, the one with a huge penis?”

I made sure that I had nothing in my hands.

“Oh, err, the name ended in ‘pus’. I remember that because it goes with the huge cock; err, ‘P’, ‘Priapus’, that’s it ‘Priapus’ am I right? Oh my gawd Georgia, are you \_\_\_\_\_ are you cumming? You are aren’t you?”

I was; and it was a good job that I was sat down.

“You’re not faking that are you?” I vaguely heard.

Two minutes later Ben said,

“It really works Georgia; every time that someone says ‘Priapus’ you have an orgasm?”

And I did – again.

“Shit; sorry Georgia.” I vaguely heard.

Two minutes later Ben said,

“Does John know about this?”

“No; I haven’t had the right moment to tell him yet but I have had an orgasm in front of him.”

“Did you jerk about like that and did your eyes roll up like that?”

“My eyes rolled up?”

“Yes they did.”

“Well I never knew that.”

“How could you? You don’t go around with a mirror in front of your face and your brain is a little pre-occupied at those moments.”

“I guess so.”

“And John realised that you were cumming?”

“Yes, he said that I was just like mummy when she used to cum.”

“It must have been hard for both of you when she died.”

“Yes it was; that’s why I look like I do.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Well I look like a 12 year old don’t I? You were fooled when you first met me weren’t you?”

“Yes I was. So did the trauma of losing your mother affect your puberty or something?”

“That’s what the doctors said. Daddy took me to loads of specialists but they all said the same thing, and here I am looking like this.”

“Well you were a very beautiful 12 year old and you still are a very beautiful 18 year old.”

“Thank you Ben; you’ll embarrass me if you keep talking like that.”

“Embarrass you! Says the girl who’s showing the world everything that she’s got and goes to cafés total naked. I think that you never developed a sense of embarrassment.”

“Yeah, I don’t really understand what that concept is.”

“Maybe your looks is why no one says anything when you walk around naked.”

“Maybe, or maybe it’s because no one seems to be offended by the female body; just men’s bodies.”

“Weird isn’t it? It’s a crazy society that we live in Georgia.”

 “Ain’t that the truth; but I’m not complaining, not with what I can get away with.”

“You’re a lucky girl Georgia.”

“I know.”

After a slight pause I continued,

“So where do you want to go when we’ve finished eating Ben?”

“I have no idea Georgia.”

“Shall we just wander around and take in the strange sights and the atmosphere?”

“Sounds good to me and I can say ‘Priapus’ lots of times.”

“Ben ….”

Two minutes later I said,

“Ben, not when I’ve got a knife in my hand; my muscle reactions might cause me to stab you.”

“Oops; I didn’t think about that.”

“But I do like it when you say that word.”

“I bet you do.”

We finished eating, and the second bottle of champagne; then left to wander around.

Ben was amazed by the Ibiza night life and people and made a few jokes about the outfits on some of the people. He was funny but he stopped when I told him that they were probably really happy people, unusual but happy.

A bit of a breeze was building and Ben told me a couple of times that my skirt had blown up and that my bare butt and pussy was on display.

“Oh, I didn’t know (true), this skirt is so light that I can’t feel it. That’s why I wore it.”

“Naughty girl Georgia.”

“Are you going to spank my bare butt Ben?”

“No I am not, but I might fuck you later.”

“What’s wrong with right now.”

“Georgia; as you said, women can get away with displaying their goodies but if I got my cock out I’d probably get locked up.”

“I’ve never seen any policemen around here but who can tell; anyone of those people could be a not so plain clothed copper.”

“Tell you what Ben, would you like me to take you to a bar where you can finger me and make me cum, without saying that word, right in the middle of the bar.”

“What? That can’t be right; not even for Ibiza.”

“It is; do you want me to prove it?”

“Yeah; I want to believe you but. ….”

“Come on; you can bring the bottle.”

I led Ben to the alleyway to Groper’s Bar then told him to look up.

“What am I looking for Georgia?”

“That little sign.”

“Oh yes; this should be interesting.”

We went in and I told Ben to stand a little away from me while I got us some drinks. I sat on a bar stool and ordered a couple of bottles of beer. The inevitable happened and when I went over to Ben he said,

“Sorry that I didn’t totally believe you Georgia; this is amazing. Did that man put his finger inside you?”

“Yep.”

“Bloody hell. Can I finger fuck you?”

“You’ll have to sit down to do that; your arms aren’t that long; but the will reach my tits.”

Ben put a smile on my face and a nice feeling going from my tits to my pussy.

“So do girls come here just to get groped?”

“Loads of them. Look around. I’m probably the only girl here who came in with a man. There’s lots of girls out there who love getting groped anonymously; it’s just that there’s nowhere for them to go in England.”

“I’ve heard lots of stories of girls getting groped on the London Underground at rush hour.”

“I’m sure that some girls ride the underground hoping to get groped, but not all of them; most of them will be too uptight to appreciate the attention that they are getting.”

“So you’ve been here before then Georgia?”

“Oh yes, I love it.”

“Why doesn’t that surprise me? So have you cum in here before Georgia?”

“Loads of times.”

“Again, why doesn’t that surprise me?”

“It’s fun and you don’t have to tell the guy to go away afterwards.”

“Okay, I can see that. Hey, there’s a free chair over there; shall I go and sit on it?”

“Yes please; and I can stand between you and that gut in the red shirt. Maybe you both can grope me at the same time?”

I did get 2 hands sliding up my inner thighs but it was Ben’s (I think) that got to my pussy first and he proved that he is good with his fingers, making me cum 3 times before we left.

“So where do you want me to take you now Ben? A club?”

“I want you to take me somewhere where I can relieve my blue balls. All this you cumming is driving me crazy.”

“Ever fucked a girl on the beach or in the sea Ben? Apart from me that is.”

“There’s a beach just up the road from the marina, do you want to go there?”

“Come on, we need to find a taxi.”

The taxi dropped us off at Talamanca beach and we walked onto the sand. The next hour or so was spent fucking, on the beach and in the sea. Fortunately I didn’t get any sand in my pussy.

When Ben was spent we decided to call it a night, walking back to the yacht. I decided not to put my top and skirt back on and Ben walked back with a naked girl hanging on to his arm.

About half an hour after I’d had a shower I crept out of my cabin and went to daddy’s cabin.

He did wake me up in the morning in my favourite way.

It was departure morning for daddy and Ben and I gave them both a naked hug in the carpark before they got into the car for Pau to take them to the airport.

Both my hugs were the jumping up variety, wrapping my arms around their necks and my legs around their waists. I didn’t think that my pussy juices might put a stain on their trousers until I saw a little wet patch on Ben’s.

As I was walking back to the boat I saw Kate and Zoe out for their naked morning punishment walk. We went to daddy’s boat and I introduced them to my sybian.

While Kate was having her first ride on the sybian I asked them if they’d heard about Party Boats. They both had but their father had refused to let then go on one. Apparently he’s said that they were places of debauchery and that his daughters were not to go on one.

“Leave it with me,” I said, “I’ll find out how we can get on one.”

“It will make daddy mad.” Kate said in between moans.

“And.” I replied.

“He might spank us.” Zoe replied.

“And I’ll come and confess that it I organised it and forced you to go with me.” I said.

“You’re a right masochist Georgia,” Zoe said, “you know that don’t you?”

“And a slut and an exhibitionist; don’t forget those.” I replied.

“So did you fuck that Ben?” Kate asked.

“Yes.”

“And your father?”

“Yes.”

“You lucky girl.” Zoe replied.

After watching Kate cum for her third of the day (spanking and her father’s fingers); Zoe asked me if I was free for the rest of the day, wondering if all of us could go to the beach again. I apologised and told her that I had an appointment with my hypnotist that afternoon; which was true.

After Zoe had her first sybian fuck they left, leaving me to plan my day. I’d already worked out a rough itinerary, I just needed to organise myself.

The first thing that I did was move all my stuff back to the bigger cabin. As I was doing that I found the package that Celeste had sent me. I quickly ripped it open to fine a note and some more clothes.

The note read: -

Dear Georgia,

I’m guessing that by now you have progressed to wanting to wear totally see-through clothes. With this in mind I have obtained some new rolls of material and made you some new dresses, skirts and tops. Have fun wearing them.

Love,

Celeste

P.S. Please phone me when you get back, I have a couple of events that you may be interested in.

I quickly spread out the pile of clothes and instantly got wetter when I held up the first dress. Celeste was right, it was totally see-through. I quickly looked through the rest of the pile and saw that they were all made of the same material, just different colours and patterns. I was really going to get turned on going out wearing these clothes.

As I hung the skirts and dresses up I compared the length of them to my other skirts and dresses; the new ones were a couple of centimetres longer but that didn’t matter because of them being see-through.