**Real World Update**

by Vanessa Evans

*Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts before reading this. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.*

**Willow - Our** **New Family Member - Part 20 – our holiday continues.**

**Day 05 – Wednesday**

Jon woke me up by fucking me, but I went back to sleep straight afterwards and thankfully he let me sleep.

Willow, on the other hand, was up before Jon and when I eventually went looking for her I found her in the pool talking to a couple of lads. She was, as expected, totally naked but they were wearing swimming shorts. When she saw me she jumped out and came over to the naked me.

“I’ve been playing with that hosepipe, I can squirt water about 2 metres, can you beat that V?”

“I don’t know. How long have those boys been here?”

“Ages, they helped me find the tap to turn the hosepipe on.”

“So they saw you filling your pussy with the water?”

“Yeah, they even held the hosepipe so that I didn’t have to bend over then they pushed it up me. They said that they could get the hosepipe nearly half a meter inside me before I told them to stop because it started to hurt.”

“Well I might question their measuring abilities but I’m sure that it was a long way.”

“Go on V, have a go.”

“Okay then.”

I didn’t tell her that I’d done it at least twice before.

“Do you want the boys to hold the pipe and push it in?”

“Yes, why not, come on boys, I won’t bite you.”

After the first time that 1 of the boys ease the hosepipe up my vagina and I squirted the water out, Willow and I had 2 competitions, firstly to see how long we could hold the water in after it started to hurt and the boys removed the hosepipe, and secondly to see how far we could squirt it. I let Willow win both challenges telling her that her kegel exercises had helped her win.

All the time that we were playing with that hosepipe there were 3 pairs of girls and 1 pair of young men out by, or in the pool and watching us. Some of the girls were naked and the others were topless and when we left I wondered if any of them would have a go.

Jon was out on the balcony when we got back to the room. When Willow told him that we’d had an internal bath he said that he hoped that we didn’t mean an enema.

“Never thought of that.” Willow said.

“Well if you ever try it just remember what is up your butt and that a lot of water will probably flush it out.”

“Eww, I think that I’ll give that one a pass.”

“Good idea, now, who fancies some breakfast or should I call it lunch.”

“What are we doing today Jon?” Willow asked.

“Well Willow, tonight is your debut as a stripper under the guise of a wet T shirt competition so I hope that you’ve been practising your sexy dancing skills, but before that I don’t know, I have nothing planned. Let’s talk about it when we eat.

“Yeah, I’ve been practising. There’s thousands of videos of wet T shirt competitions and girls doing sexy strips online. That’s what Laura and I watched and copied when we weren’t being cam girls with our Ohmibods.”

“So you’re going to win tonight are you?” Jon asked.

“Unless they judge the girls based on tit size. If they do I’ll come last.”

“Then you’d better give them something else to look at.”

“I intend to. What about you V?”

“I’ll do my best but you are more supple than me and I don’t mind being beaten by my young prodigy.”

Just for a change, Willow and I decided to wear our crochet cover-ups with nothing under them. We pulled our nipples through the holes just before we left the hotel. What’s more, we didn’t get anyone looking at us as we walked down to the harbour ‘square’.

We seem to have found a cafe that has become our regular place for breakfast and we arrived there without any name calling or whistling, much to the disappointment of Willow; me too probably.

As we were waiting for our food, and during eating it, we discussed our plans for the day.

“We could get one of those boats form the harbour to 1 of those 3 beaches that you told us about Jon.” Willow suggested.

“We’ve been to Cala Conta but there’s still Cala Tarida and Cala Bassa although I wouldn’t recommend Cala Bassa if you want to get totally naked. Cala Tarida has a small beach that people get naked on, and there’s a big rock just off shore where people climb up and jump off.” Jon replied.

“Or we could go to Ibiza town and look around.” I suggested.

“Or we could just drive around the island, we’ve got to do that one day,” Jon said, “you can’t go back to England without seeing more than a couple of places.”

“We could always go back to that Ses Salines beach,” Willow suggested, “we’ve had a lot of fun there so far.”

After going through each option and discussing the pros and cons we finally decided to take a little boat to Cala Tarida. Fortunately, we’d come prepared to go to the beach so we walked over the ‘square’ to where the boats leave from. Jon got us some tickets the told us that we had 15 minutes to wait before the boat left but we could get on the boat and wait there so we did.

As we approached the boat I saw an old man in the little wheel house of the boat and a young man loading some soft drinks onto it. As we got closer he stopped what he was doing and came to take our tickets. When he saw Willow, and what she was wearing (her crochet cover-up with nothing underneath and her nipples and areolas poking through 2 of the large holes), he smiled, held out his hand to help her walk along the little gangplank then and looked up to her face and said,

“Buenos días hermosa jovencita.”

Willow just stood there for a couple of seconds then replied,

“I have no idea what you just said but thank you.”

“I just said that you are a beautiful young lady.” The Spanish young man replied.

“Well definitely a thank you.” Willow replied and leant forward and kissed his cheek, rubbing one of her nipples across one of his bare arms before moving on, holding onto his hand for much longer than was necessary.

“Otra hermosa jovencita.” he said to me as he held out his hand to help me as he looked me up and down.

“Muchas gracias.” I replied then walked on.

There were already a few people on the boat and Jon looked around for the best place for us to sit. He knew what we would want and he selected a seat at the front of the wheel house which was near the rear of the boat. When I sat down I could see where the boat was going, and all the people sat in front of us. The seats were arranged in 4 rows, 2 alongside the sides of the boat looking in, and the other 2 back-to-back, lengthways down the middle of the boat.

Anyone walking front to back would see us and anyone turning to look back would see us. I turned to Jon and said,

“Good choice, thank you.”

“No idea what you are talking about V.” Jon lied.

Willow hadn’t even thought about where to sit; well that was until a man up at the front turned and looked at Willow who had sat with her knees apart. She saw him look and slid forwards in her seat.

I smiled.

Whilst we were waiting for the journey to start both Willow and I sat lazily with our knees slightly apart. Twice, I saw 2 pairs of young men get onboard, see us then look for seats where they could see us. One pair sat down, looked at us then got up and found a better place to sit.

Jon wasn’t oblivious to what was going on and at one point he turned to Willow and said,

“It’s annoying having an itch on your pussy that just won’t go away isn’t it Willow?”

“What? ……. Ohh yes.”

From then on I watched Willow frequently scratch a non-existent itch, opening her knees more each time to do it. I also suspected that she had a quick rub on her clit each time.

Whenever she did it I looked to see who was looking at her and it was rewarding to see that her efforts were being appreciated.

Why did my pussy start itching and needing scratching as well?

Both Willow and I were also rewarded by the young Spanish boat hand who kept coming round to see if anyone wanted to buy chilled soft drinks. He put his cool box down in front of us and squat down to ask us what we wanted. He didn’t get up until he’d given us the change. Jon later told us that it took longer to serve us that it did all the other people on the boat.

“I wish that I’d had my Ohmibod in.” Willow said with a little giggle.

By the time that we arrived at Cala Tarida I was sure that Willow would need to have a pee; I knew that I did.

The boat stopped at the wrong side of the bay for where Jon wanted us to go so we had to cross the beach then go up lots of steps, along a dirt track then down again. The going down bit was ‘interesting’. No path, just worn rocks where people had climbed down. Jon told us to take it slowly and we made it in one piece.

I didn’t remember that little beach but Jon did, and very soon all 3 of us were naked and applying suntan lotion. Jon did both Willow’s and my fronts paying special attention to out tits and pussies. He brought both of us soo close to cumming before stopping. I knew that he was doing that on purpose. Willow wasn’t too happy.

We improved our tan, especially our inner thighs, for about an hour before Willow decided that she needed to cool down. She got to her feet, looked around, then said that she was going for a swim.

“Go and keep an eye on her V.” Jon said.

Five minutes later we were swimming near the big rock watching people get out of the water, climb to the top then jump off.

“Have you had a pee yet V?”

“Yes, on the way out here.”

“Me too.”

“I can do that jump V. Will you come with me?” Willow said as we watched the jumpers.

“Are you sure Willow? You’ve never done anything like that before.”

“I know, but if all those kids can do it then so can I.”

“Well that’s a great attitude Willow but it’s quite high, you might get hurt.”

“Do any of those people look like they are hurt? Come on V, don’t be a pussy.”

“Says one pussy to another.”

“You know what I mean, come on.”

We swam over to where everyone was climbing out of the water and took our turn. Climbing up and stretching from one flat bit of rock to another meant that our pussies were spread and exposed to those behind us in the queue but that didn’t stop us.

Neither did getting up onto the main part of the big rock from a smaller part which involved walking over a little plank. Most people were bending over and walking on their hands and feet which again exposed our butts and pussies to those below us.

When we got to the edge where everyone was jumping from I looked over and thought,

“Shit this is high up.”

Fearless Willow grabbed my hand, shouted ‘Geronimo’ and pulled me to the edge and over.

As we surfaced we both burst into laughter and Willow said,

“Again.”

We did, 3 times more before I told her that we’d done enough and that we should go back to Jon.

When we got there Jon was happily watching everyone and the scenery.

“We’re going to explore a bit.” I said and Willow and I, still totally naked, headed off to where we’d seen a few people coming from.

It turned out that you could get to the main beach along a torturous path. It took a while but we got there and looked along the beach. Neither of us could see another naked person there; quite a few topless girls, but none bottomless.

“What the fuck!” I said to Willow and we both started walking.

Yes, we got a few strange looks and one or two older people maybe had disgusted looks on their faces. But hey, nudity isn’t illegal in Spain. We got about half way along before turning and walking back, again getting a few stares.

We finally made it back to Jon without any injuries from the rocks. When we told Jon he wasn’t too happy, reminding us that we would be on stage that night and wouldn’t be if we’d got hurt.

“Sorry Jon.” Willow said as she straddled him and sat on his cock.

Jon had to sit up and lift her off before she gave up trying to get him to fuck her.

“Let’s go back to the hotel and try to reduce your need to be fucked every 5 minutes Willow.”

“That will never happen Jon.” Willow replied but we did pack up and leave.

“Well we’ll give it a try even if it’s only temporarily.”

“That sounds like fun, come on, let’s go.”

To get up onto a path that we could follow back to where the boat left from we had to climb up the steep cliff that we had to very slowly climbed down. Going up was just as slow and it didn’t help that Jon, who was pulling up the rear, kept reaching up and sliding a finger into one of our pussies.

Willow and I didn’t put our crochet cover-ups on and pulled our nipples through the holes until we got to steps down to the main beach, by which time we’d passed about half a dozen people going the other way.

On the beach at the boat’s landing place we had to wait for the boat to arrive so we sat on the sand waiting. Needless to say that Willow and I both sat in such a way that anyone walking in front of us would have had a great view, if they looked.

Willow was a little disappointed when we realised that the approaching boat wasn’t the one that we arrived on. She needn’t have worried because the crew were similar to the other boat, one old man and one young man who greeted us in a similar way to the other crew.

The boat was even more crowded but we managed to get seats in a similar position and the young man was eager to increase his sales of soft drinks.

As we walked from the boat back through San Antonio Jon decided that an ice cream was required and we headed for what had become our favourite cafe. The girl waitress helped us re-arrange the seating at our favourite table. It was like she knew that Willow and I wanted to flash our pussies and after we’d sat down she went and got the menu cards and stared at our pussies as she gave them to us.

When she’d go Willow said,

“Isn’t that the same girl that gave you the business card?”

“Yes.” Jon replied.

A couple of minutes later she was back to take our order and she again had a good look. This time though, Willow had slumped so far down in her chair that she could open her legs quite a lot and the waitress was looking at Willow’s wet pussy for most of the time that she was stood there.

When she delivered our ice creams and drinks Willow went one stage further and scratched an imaginary itch at her vaginal entrance and I saw the girl lick her lips.

“You’re in there girl.” Jon said to Willow when the waitress had left.

“No thanks, you two are enough for me.”

“Sit up and eat you little minx.” Jon said.

While we were eating I spotted 2 men walking by who both did a double take as they looked over to us.

The waitress had another good look at our pussies when she brought us the bill.

Back at the hotel our crochet cover-ups came off even before Jon unlocked our room door and Willow was out on the balcony within seconds.

“Hey, I think the hotel over the road has some new guests.” She turned and said to Jon and me. “There’s some guys opposite that I haven’t seen before. Are you going to fuck me out here for them to watch or do I have to come in there?”

“Patience little one.” Jon replied as he went into the bathroom.

Two minutes later he came out totally naked and sporting a semi.

“I’ll get to you in a few minutes V. Come outside and watch.”

By the time I got to the balcony Jon was sat on a chair with Willow straddling him facing the hotel over the road and going up and down. As I walked passed them I reached out and tweaked on of Willow’s nipples.

I sat on one of the chairs, spread my legs, put my feet up on the top railing and started slowly rubbing my pussy. Willow wasn’t the only horny girl there.

As I rubbed I looked at all the balconies opposite and saw people on about 4 of them looking our way and 1 young woman walking along the street who had stopped and was looking up at us.

“Free sex show.” I heard coming from 1 of the balconies opposite.

That prompted people to appear on 2 more balconies.

Meanwhile, Willow was rapidly nearing her first orgasm and if our audience hadn’t realised that from her shouting they must have realised it by the way her body jerked about as it hit her; but up and down her body kept going.

It was only after her fourth orgasm that she stopped going up and down and she lay back against Jon’s chest. He put his arms round her and onto her tiny tits and gently squeezed.

That was when someone over the road started clapping and within seconds most of them were also clapping.

Meanwhile, my right hand had been busy and I was rapidly approaching my first orgasm.

It arrived, along with some moaning and jerking.

When I started to get some control back I turned to look at Jon and Willow.

“Your turn V.” Willow said as she got up and off Jon who still had a hard-on.

I looked at Jon, smiled and said,

“Viagra.”

“Viagra.” Jon replied.

As I got up and took Willow’s place I looked into our room. She had made it just through the door and had collapsed on the bed, on her back with her legs spread wide, feet sticking out of the room onto the balcony.

I smiled to myself and thought,

“The energy of youth.”

I impaled myself on Jon and started going up and down.

Two orgasms later I collapsed back onto Jon and he held me in place with his hands on my tits; and his still hard cock.

As I started to get my wits about me I heard some more applause. When I managed to push myself up and off Jon I heard a female voice say,

“Fucking hell, he’s still hard.”

I half smiled as I went and lay next to Willow. Her right hand found my left hand and we gently squeezed each other’s hand.

I must have dozed off because the next thing that I knew was Willow looking down on me and saying,

“Come on V, time for a swim before we have to get ready.”

“Ready for what?” I asked.

“It’s strippers night.”

“You mean the wet T shirt competition.”

“Same thing, come on.”

One minute later my still half asleep body was falling into the swimming pool.

I surfaced, now fully awake, and looked around. I saw 2 small groups of people on sunbeds and 4 or 5, mainly male, heads sticking up out of the water and a plastic football up in the air.

“Wanna play water polo?” One of the young men asked.

“Sure.” Willow replied.

“Okay, you’re on the girl’s side.”

Well, the game was anything but water polo. It was more like ‘grope the person who has the ball’, and Willow kept shouting for the ball. For some reason, as the girl who had the ball started to get groped she passed the ball to another girl. How the game developed into that I will never know, but I wasn’t complaining.

As I was swimming about I felt something touch my leg, and as there was no one near me I went under to see what it was and surfaced with a bikini bottoms in my hand. I wondered just how many of the girls playing the game were bottomless as well as topless.

The game went on for quite a while before 2 naked girls got out saying that they had to leave. I swam over to Willow who just said,

“Water jet.” And swam over to where it was.

When we finally got back to our room we found Jon out on the balcony talking to Chloe and Millie, the naked Chloe and Millie. After greetings Chloe told us that they were getting ready to go out and meet some boys that they’d met on the beach at Cala Conta.

“The naked beach?” Willow asked.

“No, the boys didn’t want to go there. They wouldn’t admit it but I’m sure that they were too shy.”

“Probably.” replied Jon.

“Not like you then Jon.” Millie said looking down and Jon’s semi.

“Viagra still working then Jon.” Willow asked.

“You use Viagra Jon?”

“I think that any man would need it to try to satisfy these 2.” Jon replied looking at Willow and me. Willow giggled.

“Yes, they do seem to take a lot of satisfying don’t they?” Millie added, “We met a couple of guys last night who are staying in the hotel over the road and they were telling us about a lucky man who’s staying with 2 nymphomaniacs and that they don’t care who sees them when they’re at it. I wonder who that could be?”

“Yeah, who could that be? I haven’t seen anyone like that.” Jon answered.

“Yeah, okay.” Chloe said.

We talked some more before Chloe and Millie said that they had to go and Jon told Willow and I to go and get ready. He reminded Willow that she needed to be nice and smooth.

“Any preference as to what we should wear Jon?” I asked.

“No, just something that will be easy to replace if someone wants a souvenir.”

“What’s the point in getting dressed just to get undressed, especially if some thief is going to steal my clothes?” Willow asked. “Can’t I just go like this?”

“No Willow.” Jon replied, “and don’t forget your pigtails, you need to look as young as possible. Guy’s like naked little girls and the thought of one stripping for them will cause lots of hard-ons.”

“I like that.” Willow said.

Both Willow and I chose way too short skirts and see-though tank tops, Willow joking that we’d have to wear some of the skirts more than once if we weren’t careful. I reminded her that we were on holiday and that the only people that we were trying to impress was ourselves, and Jon, so it didn’t matter if we wore the same skirt every day just so long as we were happy with what we were covering and not covering.

“Can I just wear a belt then?”

“No.” We both replied, then Jon added,

“You at least have to look as if you are wearing something that vaguely resembles a skirt.”

“The tease.” I added.

“Okay, I get it.”

Just before we set off to get something to eat, then go to the Irish Bar I asked Jon if he’d got Willow’s fake passport in his pocket.

“Already thought of that V.” Jon replied tapping his right hip pocket.

As we walked to the centre of San Antonio Willow started skipping ahead of us singing,

“I’m going to be a stripper; I’m going to be a stripper.” Then she stopped, spread her feet and bent at the waist, so far that she was looking back at us between her legs.

“Oops.” She said, then stood up.

I looked around and saw 2 young men, who were walking along very quietly, come along side Jon and me. Both were smiling, obviously having seen Willow’s very exposed butt and pussy.

Both Jon and I laughed at her.

We ate at our favourite cafe and were served by our favourite waitress who again stared at our pussies. As Willow was deciding what she wanted Jon looked up at her and asked if we would see her at the Irish bar later.

“No, I have to work late but you 2 will have to show those if you want to win.” She said looking down at our pussies.

“Oh we will.” Willow replied.

She smiled and wished us good luck.

After the meal we wandered around a bit, slowly heading for where we’d seen the Irish bar. When we saw it there was a chalk board outside advertising the wet T shirt competition. Inside we saw the stage, a hosepipe and a bucket.

“Not bothered about water going on the floor then.” I said.

“It will probably count towards their daily of weekly floor washing.” Jon replied.

Jon went to the bar, asked about the competition and was pointed towards a door at the back of the bar. We went over and Jon knocked on the door. After getting no answer after about 30 seconds he opened the door and we saw a girl pulling her skirt down over her bare pussy.

“Good staff are hard to come by these days.” A middle-aged man said, “What can I do for you?”

“The wet T shirt competition.”

“Well you won’t win it friend but these 2 cuties might; are you both entering?”

“Yes.” Willow and I said.

The man got up and came and stood in front of me.

“No problem with you darling.”

He moved sideways and stood in front of Willow. Looking down he said,

“How old are you darling? You don’t look anything like old enough.”

“I’m 18 sir.”

“Are you sure? What year were you born?”

Willow immediately came back with “2000 sir.”

“Hmm, which year did you leave school?”

“This year sir, I’m starting at university next month.”

“Okay, either you are 18 or you’re good with numbers. Whatever, your little schoolgirl looks will go down well with the punters. Keep the pigtails.”

“Jon’s got my passport if you want to see it sir.”

“I always carry it,” Jon said, “you’d be amazed how young people think she is.”

“I can understand why. Put it away, I’ll believe you.”

“Does that mean that I’m in sir?”

“Yes, and it’s Bob not sir, you’re not at school anymore. Be back here at midnight.”

“Yes sir Bob.” Willow replied.

“By the way girls, I like your outfits.” Bob said as Willow turned to leave.

Before I turned I saw Bob give Jon a nod of approval.

Out on the street where it was a little quieter Jon told us that we had a couple of hours to kill and asked Willow and me what we wanted to do to fill the time.

Neither of us came up with any viable suggestion so Jon decided that we’d go for a drink.

“You 2 aren’t going to get drunk again are you?” Willow asked as we walked down the road.

“We weren’t drunk, just a bit happy.” I replied.

“You want to see drunk my girl.” Jon said, “Just keep your eyes open tonight; then you’ll see drunk; and it’s not just the young men, not just the British young men, you’ll see German young men and girls falling about all over the place. It’s the Brits that get blamed for all the drunkenness but you listen closely to what they’re saying and you’ll discover that a lot of it is foreigners speaking English.”

“Okay, I believe you.” Willow replied.

The booze area of San Antonio was starting to fill up and there were already a few drunken people walking about. There were also a lot of young men who were ‘happy’ enough to try and hit on the girls that were walking about. There was also quite a lot of ‘happy’ girls who were giving as good as they got, although the girls didn’t have much to come back with when the guys commented on what the girls were, or weren’t wearing, nor the comments about the size of the girl’s tits.

Both Willow and I got comments about our exposed butts but none about our exposed pussies. I guess that they just presumed that we were wearing thongs. And we weren’t the only girls who were wearing skirts that were more like belts, nor were we the only girls wearing see-through tops. Jon managed to zoom his eyes in on every exposed female nipple that was on display.

Anyway, we went and sat outside a bar and Jon ordered 2 coffees and a cola.

“You won’t get drunk on those.” Willow said when the drinks arrived.

“No young lady, perhaps we don’t need to get drunk; but you might act a bit like you’re drunk with all the sugar that you’ve put inside you today.”

“I’m not drunk.”

“No you’re not, but how would you know, you’ve never been drunk – have you?”

“Weeeeell actually, yes I have. One time when Riley and I went home to Kelly’s place before Kelly or Zack got home, we raided the booze cabinet and got so drunk that Kelly had to phone Riley’s mum and tell her that Riley was staying the night at ours. That was the time when Zack saw Riley naked. You see, when we were ‘happy’ we’d both stripped naked and were standing in the window waving at people walking by. We were still naked when both Kelly and Zack got home and Zack carried us to my room.”

“Why doesn’t that surprise me?” Jon asked.

“You must phone Riley when you get home Willow. You haven’t spoken to her for ages.” I said.

“We’ve text each other.”

“That’s not the same, you should actually speak to each other. Speaking is far more personal than sending text messages.”

“I guess. Hey, look at that girl; her swimming costume, if that’s what it is, is cutting her in half; I can see her pussy.”

“Like looking at girl’s pussies Willow?” Jon asked.

“V’s and other nice ones why? You like looking at them.”

“Yes I do, and yours is the prettiest one that I’ve ever seen.”

“Aaw thanks Jon.” Willow replied and stood up and bent over to kiss Jon’s cheek, forgetting what she wasn’t wearing (maybe not) and flashing her whole butt and pussy to the people behind her.

Her action didn’t go unnoticed to a couple of young men walking towards us and one of them complimented Willow on her nice pussy.

Willow smiled and said,

“Thanks guys.”

We actually stayed and had another coffee and another cola, Jon again joking about Willow getting a sugar rush.

After about 90 minutes we started walking back to the Irish bar, finding that it was very busy. We made our way to the manger’s? door and knocked. Willow and I went in leaving Jon outside.

In there we saw 3 girls in various states of undress and Bob handing out T shirts.

“Come in girls and get yourselves ready. There’s thongs in that box if any of you want one. No rush, we’ve got another about 20 minutes and more girls are expected.”

Willow and I looked around the room the picked up a T shirt and went to a space with something that we could put our clothes and bags on. We stripped naked then put the T shirts on.

They looked horrible, baggy, thin, ill-fitting and too long. I looked at myself, then Willow, then opened my bag and got out a pair of scissors. The next 5 minutes was spent getting both T shirts into something that looked a lot better, and that had cuts all around the edges so that it would be easier to rip off.

During that time 1 more girl came in and started getting changed.

Then Bob announced that it was about time for the start.

“Anyone not entered one of these competitions before?”

Willow and 2 other girls put a hand up.

Handing cards with a number on them, Bob said,

“We will all go out there and stand at the back of the stage. Your number will be called out and you will go over to the MC. He will ask you your name then one of that guys there to tip a bucket full of water over your front. You will then dance for 5 minutes doing whatever you want.

A word of advice for the newbies, don’t take the T shirt right off during your first session.

After all of you have had your turn the MC will call all of you over and into a line. One at a time you will all get 30 seconds to do whatever and the volume of noise from the audience will be noted.

The 3 with the most noise will get another turn to do your thing. After that each of the 3 will be called to the centre of the stage and again given 30 seconds for us to register the volume of noise from the audience; and then we will have a winner.”

“So we don’t have to get naked.” One of the girls who had put her hand up when Bob had asked who hadn’t done of before.

“No, you don’t even have to take your bra off if you don’t want to but the guys out there will be shouting for skin and you definitely won’t win if you don’t show lots of skin. It’s up to you love.”

Then we walked out and lined up along the side of the stage. The place was crowded with mainly young men but there were a few girls and a few older men.

I looked at Willow and saw that she looked very excited.

The music stopped and the MC started talking, most of which I couldn’t hear or understand. Then he looked over to us and called for number 1 to come forward. She was your average, slim-ish girl with average sized tits. She answered a couple of simple questions then screamed as the bucket of water hit her chest. The thin T shirt immediately went transparent revealing 2 cute little, but hard nipples and large, brown areolas. The music started and once she’s got over her nerves she danced and pulled the T shirt up revealing glimpses of her tits and bikini bottoms.

“Not very exciting.” I thought.

Number 2 did better, ripping her T shirt right down the middle revealing large tits and bikini style white cotton knickers that had turned semi-transparent and showing that she had a broad, dark landing strip.

Number 3 did well, a girl with average tits, average build and one of the bar’s skimpy white thongs that had also turned semi-transparent with no sign of any pubic hair but with a slight camel-toe. Before she ripped the T shirt she teased the audience with glimpses of her tits, butt and semi-transparent thong covered pussy.

I noticed that all 3 girls tweaked and pulled on their nipples before walking onto the stage.

Number 4 could only be described as over-weight. Her large breasts wobbled unbelievably as she walked over to the MC causing lots of cheers from the audience. The water revealed small nipples and large, light brown areolas. As she danced she ripped the T shirt and her melons escaped. I looked at the audience and saw lots of laughing young men. Some would read the laughing as laughs of pleasure, most, laughs of amusement. The girl turned as she danced and I saw, or rather didn’t see her knicker covered pubes; the area was covered by rolls of fat.

Number 5 was me. I stepped forward and answered the questions about my name and where I was from. Then the MC pointed to the man with the water and I held my breath as the bucket emptied on to me. I shivered and looked down at my chest and saw 2 Indian teepees pointing towards the audience.

The music started and I started swaying my hips from side to side, thrusting them forwards to the beat of the music. As the tempo built my dancing got more active and I danced to the front of the stage keeping me feet well apart and put my hands up to my neck. I paused for a second then ripped the T shirt down to my waist and pulled the 2 sides apart until both my tits and rock hard nipples were exposed.

I started gyrating my hips and leaning back slightly as I pulled up first one side, then the other side of the T shirt revealing my spread pussy to the audience. Because the T shirt was wet it stayed up and my right hand moved to my pussy and started rubbing.

Unfortunately, the music stopped and the MC thanked me. I pulled the T shirt down to cover my pussy but left the top leaving my tits still exposed and I walked back to my place in the line.

Number 6 was, of course, Willow. I winked at her as I walked back and our hands met. She squeezed my hand when number 6 was called over.

For some stupid reason I was expecting Willow to be nervous but nervous was something she was not. She marched over to the MC waving to the audience as she walked. Everyone watched her push out her tits as she answered the questions then braced herself for the cold water.

He nipples had been forming little tents in the T shirt but when it got wet the thin T shirt clung round her nipples making it look like she had 2 pencil erases under the T shirt.

Willow started dancing the same way as I did but soon her dancing turned into gymnastic exercises. When she got up from the first position she put her hands on the T shirt round her neck and looked out to the audience as if asking if she should rip it.

There were already a few people shouting ‘skin, skin, skin’ but when she looked out at the audience the chanting changed to ‘off, off, off’.

Willow obliged by ripping the T shirt right down to the hem.

As her exercises continued the T shirt was hanging from the shoulders of her naked body. As she got back to her feet one time I saw her face and recognised the expression of pure pleasure.

She continued different exercises that exposed her spread pussy until the music stopped but the cheers kept going for quite a few seconds more.

The MC finally got some quiet then announced that there would be a short break so that he could get himself a strong drink; adding that he needed one after that display, then adding ‘from all the girls’.

Willow walked back to the line of contestants and as we hugged I looked at the other girls. None looked very happy.

The MC came back and called the girls, 1 by 1 and asked for the audience to show their appreciation. Girls 1, 2 and 4 exposed their tits when it was their turn while girl 3 ripped her T shirt off, turned her back on the audience and waggled her butt at the audience, but she still had the thong on. Even so her applause was very loud.

Then it was my turn. I ripped the T shirt right off then turned my back to the audience, spread my feet, bent forwards and waggled my butt at them. I didn’t think that the applause was as loud as girl 3.

Willow wasn’t going to be outdone and after she ripped her T shirt off she ran to the front of the stage and did the standing splits. Somehow she managed to turn herself on a circle so that her pussy was pointing to different parts of the audience.

Willow got a very loud applause.

All us girls formed a line on the stage, both Willow and I were totally naked, as the MC discussed the results with a man as the side. When he came back to the centre of the stage he thanked all the girls for taking part then announced that girls 3, 5 and 6 would be in the final.

Willow was so excited that, in between jumping up and down, she hugged girl 3 then me.

The MC announced another break then tuned to the 3 finalists and told us to follow him into the office.

In there he gave us another T shirt telling us that we’d have longer, 2 tracks this time.

“I guess that that means simulated sex this time.” Girl 3 said. The she turned to Willow and said,

“Are you up for it? You don’t look old enough to have had sex.”

Willow laughed then replied,

“I bet that I’ve fucked more times than you have this week.”

Girl 3 said nothing and I got out the scissors again.

When round 2 got started girl 3 went first and this time it was 2 buckets of water. She still had the thong on but once she’s ripped off the T shirt the thong followed quite quickly. She never moved from the middle of the stage as she danced, bent over and pretended to finger fuck herself; and it was pretending. From where Willow and I were stood we could see her fingers and they weren’t going inside her.

She got a lot of applause then came back to where Willow and I were with a grin on her face.

Girl 5 was called and I stepped forward. I lifted the T shirt up above my tits then the water hit me and pushed it down.

Moving to the front of the stage I started dancing and ripping at the T shirt. It was soon off and somewhere in the audience.

As I danced my left hand was rubbing my tits and pulling and twisting my nipples whilst my right hand was caressing and rubbing my pussy. With my feet well apart my left hand joined my right hand and I finger fucked myself whilst rubbing my clit with my other hand.

I can’t explain it but my orgasms seem to increase in strength pro rata to the number of people watching me. My body jerked, convulsed, shook, quivered and goodness knows what else as the orgasm took control of my body. My legs gave way and when I finally started to recover I was on my back on the floor with my legs spread wide.

I looked up to see the MC staring down at me. I sat up and saw dozens of male eyes staring between my still spread legs. I got to my feet as the MC said,

“That was quite a show number 5; that will take some beating.”

The MC continued,

“And finally the baby of the evening. All the way from nursery school. Number 6.”

Willow too held her T shirt up while the water was being tipped on her but she held on to the material so it was still up over her tiny tits. She didn’t rip the T shirt of her body, she just lifted it up over her head and threw it into the audience.

She danced right to the front of the stage rubbing her pussy as she went. Then she quickly dropped into the splits and the gasps could be heard back where I was. Then she started finger fucking herself whilst laying back onto her back leaving her legs as 90 degrees to her body. She paused for a couple of seconds as she brought her finger to her mouth and licked her juices off them.

Then she lifted her legs straight up then back to beside her ears. She thread her shoulders through her legs then continued finger fucking herself for a few seconds.

This time, instead of licking her fingers she got to her feet and jumped off the stage and went to a guy at the front and offered her fingers for him to lick. Which he did. As he was doing that some of the guys beside him were reaching over to her and groping her little tits.

That only lasted for a few seconds before she turned and jumped back up onto the stage, faced the audience then went over backwards into the crab position. She went forwards onto her spread knees then brought her hand to her pussy. Her right hand got VERY busy and I could hear her moans from the back of the stage.

It didn’t take long for her to cum and the MC didn’t stop her even though the music had stopped. Her body jerked about as the orgasm hit her then she was still for a few seconds before she got to her feet and instead of walking over to the MC or back to me and number 3, she turned, jumped off the stage and walked into the audience holding her hands up for high fives.

She got them, and a lot of low fives on her tits and pussy. As she started to disappear into the audience the MC called for the audience to let him have the girl back.

His second request included saying that she had to get back to school.

It was only after his third request that a very happy looking Willow appeared and jumped up onto the stage.

“There you are number 6, we thought that you had to run to catch the school bus.”

He continued,

“That was one hell of a display for someone so young; do your parents know about your extra curricular activities? What would they say if they knew you were naked in a bar full of horny men.”

That got a few laughs in amongst the cheering.

Willow laughed with the MC then he called for number 3 and number 5 to join number 6 at the centre for the stage.

Three naked girls stood there while the MC asked for applause for each girl in turn, then he declared the winner – number 6. Willow had won her first wet T shirt competition and to celebrate she again ran into the crowd holding her hands high.

About 5 minutes later a very happy looking Willow emerged and came over to me. I was stood on the stage with the MC looking for her.

“Well,” the MC announced, “it looks like we have a very happy little bunny who likes to share her success. I hope that you all enjoyed her. Now for the more mundane task of giving her the prize.”

“There’s another prize,” Willow said, “I thought that I’d just had the prize.”

“No young lady, that, that little adventure wasn’t supposed to happen. You could have got us into trouble with the law. Your prize is this 500 euros.”

The MC gave Willow the money and she jumped up onto him like she does to Jon, and kissed him on his cheek.

When Willow slid down the MC I looked at the front of his shorts and saw a wet stain down the front of his hard looking bulge.

Willow and I went to the manager’s office and arrived just in time to see the dressed number 3 leaving. She didn’t look happy.

The manager was there and as he watched us put out skirts and tops on he said,

“That was quite a performance from both of you. What do you think about taking a permanent job at a club that I own?”

“What sort of job?” I asked.

“Erotic performer.”

“A sex show then.”

“Yes, I suppose that you could call it that.”

“As interesting as it sounds the answer has to be no.”

“V.” Willow said, inferring that she wanted to take the job.

“Well if either of you change your mind you know where to find me.”

I thanked him and we left.

Jon was waiting close to the door and as soon as Willow saw him she ran to him, jumped up on him and asked if he’d seen her performance.

“Yes, of course I did, all of it. You may not have been able to see me but I certainly could see you, and V.”

Willow slid down Jon then he asked if either of us wanted a drink. We did so we went to the bar where we got a free drink, then we went and sat at a table outside to wind down. Willow’s adrenaline was still keeping her on a high.

Willow kept talking about what she had done and what the men had done to her when she ran into the audience, for a good 15 minutes before she started to slow down and look tired.

We left and walked back to the hotel, Jon supporting her as she walked. We had to undress her because she flopped onto the bed and was asleep before her head hit the pillow.