**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 22 – our holiday continues.**

**Day 07 – Friday**

As I turned over after Jon had woken me with his morning woody, I turned over and was relieved to see Willow flat on her back, legs spread and her right hand resting on her pussy.

“Are you going to wake her?” I asked Jon.

“No, let’s just go and sit on the balcony and enjoy the fresh air and the morning sun.”

We did, and sat there for ages watching the ‘happy’ people going back to their hotels after their night out, and the early risers starting their day.

I saw something in my peripheral vision and turned my head to see a naked Chloe stood there staring down at the street.

“Morning Chloe.” I said.

She slowly turned her head and I saw her zombie like face. After a couple of seconds she replied.

“I guess that it is. Too much pop last night. Blr, blr, gotta go.”

Chloe ran back into her room with her right hand over her mouth.

“Looks like she had a good night.” Jon said.

A couple of minutes later, a brighter Chloe returned.

“Sorry about that, I think that I had one too many last night.”

“We all do that at times,” Jon replied. “How’s Millie, did she have one too many as well?”

“I think that she did, but I don’t know how she is, she isn’t here.”

“Are you worried about her?” Jon asked.

“No, that last I saw of her she was with 2 blokes, her skirt was up around her waist and her tits were out. She probably went back to their hotel with them.”

“Not your lucky night then Chloe?” Jon asked.

“Yeah, I brought one of Millie’s new friend’s mates back here; he only left a few minutes ago.”

“He was quiet.” I said.

“He was still half asleep when I kicked him out.”

“You didn’t let him sleep it off.”

“Nope, he wasn’t very good. I was going to kick him out last night but I fell asleep.”

“With boredom?” I asked.

“Yeah, I think that he was just too pissed.”

“Probably.” Jon said, “If he’d been sober he wouldn’t have neglected that gorgeous body – unless he was gay.”

“Aw thanks Jon. It’s here whenever you want it.”

Jon got off his chair and climbed over that dividing balcony then he took Chloe’s hand and led her into her room. Seconds later I heard her start moaning.

I turned and looked at Willow and decided that it was time that she woke up. I went and got between her legs, gently lifted her hand out of the way and started eating her pussy.

“Oh Jon that’s nice.” Willow said before she opened her eyes.

“Oh V, sorry, I thought ….. But it was, err is nice, please keep going.”

I did and didn’t stop until she orgasmed and was calming down. When she had, she sat up, put her hands on my arms and pulled me up and over her so that I was flat on my back next to her. After giving me a long kiss she gave me lots more kisses, all the way down to my pussy. Then she returned the compliment before getting up and saying,

“Time for a swim, coming?”

“I just have.” I replied.

“Yeah, but are you coming for a swim?”

“Okay.”

There was no one there when we walked over the corridor to the pool and we jumped in and splashed about for a bit before swimming a few lengths. Then Willow swam over to the jet of water to let it make her cum again. I got out of the pool and found the hosepipe to let it pleasure me.

After Willow had cum she jumped out and asked to swap places and I happily obliged.

My jet of water induced orgasm was just subsiding when I saw Chloe and Millie enter the area, both as naked as Willow and I were. They jumped in and swam over to me then told me that Jon was just about to go back to our room when Millie had got back from her night’s entertainment. When she’s realised what Jon and Chloe had been doing she took her skirt and top off and rubbed her naked body against Jon begging him to fuck her as well. He did.

Willow joined us and we swam and talk for a while before going back to our rooms when Willow suggested that we needed some breakfast.

Jon was ready to leave when we got back and Willow and I had to get ready quickly, Jon telling us that we needed to wear sensible shoes and just a belt skirt and top.

Willow chose a lace crop top that is baggy and when it is flat against her chest her nipples poke out through 2 of the largish lace holes. I chose another crop top but made of fine mesh that makes it quite see-through, and it was baggy enough for Jon to get his hands up it easily. I chose a thin cotton floaty ‘belt’ and I suggested to Willow that she choose a similar one. When she asked why I told her that she might just appreciate the choice later. She gave me that knowing smile.

“Will we be okay with half our butts and pussies on display during the day in Ibiza town?” I asked Jon.

“Well your butts will be on display and I don’t see why that will be a problem because we saw girls in thong bikinis when we drove through the other day, but I doubt that 99 percent of the people will realise that your pussy isn’t covered. They’ll just assume that you’re wearing a thong. As for your tops, I’ve seen topless girls walking around Ibiza town so that won’t be a problem.”

“But we’re going to the centre of the town and the old town and it will be daylight.” I questioned.

“Only one way to find out.” Jon replied.

“Going to start a trend are we?” Willow asked.

“Maybe,” Jon replied, “but I can’t believe that you’ll be the first girls dressed like that to walk around there.”

“Aw, I wanted to be the first.” Willow complained.

“Never mind Willow, I’m sure that you could get into the Guinness Book of Records for some of the things that you’ve already done and a few more that we don’t know about yet.”

Willow giggled.

“Come on girls, I’m getting hungry.” Jon said, moving towards the door.

“I’m not surprised Jon,” Willow replied, “from what I’ve heard you’ve been a busy man already this morning.”

“Come on.” Jon said then slapped Willow’s butt as she passed him.

We stopped at our usual cafe for some breakfast but our usual waitress wasn’t there; instead another girl served us. She must have been told about our desire to flash our pussies because she started re-arranging the chairs as soon as we arrived. She also stared at our pussies as we sat very un-lady-like; Willow possibly more so and I guessed that it was because it was a new girl.

Breakfast went without incident or excitement and we were soon walking into the car park to collect the jeep. Jon had parked it in the usual place next to the wall and fence to the higher-up path and road that goes around the bus station. This time, however, a bus was parked on the road just above the jeep and lots of people were stood around waiting for something.

Both Willow and I automatically stripped naked before getting in the jeep and we stood looking up at the people while Jon got the jeep ready.

In amongst the group of people above us was a group of young people and one of the young men saw us strip. He told the others and we soon had a little audience. We ignored them, even when I heard one of the boys say,

“Those 2 look like the 2 from the wet T shirt competition the other night.”

“How can you tell?” a girl asked.

“They’ve both got small tits and shaved pussies.”

“There must be thousands of girls here like that.”

“Yeah but ones smaller that the other and they’re both skinny.”

“Okay, you’re narrowing it down but your description still fits a lot of girls here.”

“Can you go and ask them to show us their pussies, then I’ll know for sure.”

“If you want to see their pussies you go and ask them.”

They didn’t and we got in the jeep and Jon drove off.

After the obligatory drive around the narrow streets of San Antonio Jon headed off on the main road over to Ibiza town still with 2 naked girl passengers.

It took a while for us to find a car park and quite a few people realised that there were 2 naked girls in the jeep. At one point we were stopped in traffic alongside a coach and some teenage boys looked down and saw us.

“Wave to your admirers.” Jon said, and we did.

In the car park Willow and I put our clothes on while Jon paid the parking fee then we left to go and find our way to the centre. As we walked out of the car park Jon said,

“Remember girls, act like innocent girls that dress like that every day and make your flashing look accidental.”

We walked along the busy streets and saw a mixture of holidaymakers and people in smart casual clothes who looked to be going about their business as they do every day. No one took a blind bit of notice of us.

We must have walked for a good 15 minutes before we found the way up to the old town and when we got there I’d forgotten just how steep some of those streets are. Willow surprised both Jon and I by being interested in all the narrow streets and steps.

“People used to live here?” She ashed not long after we’d found our first narrow street with houses along the sides.

“People still live here Willow, I bet that these houses would cost you a fortune if you wanted to buy one.”

“Wow, and look at that.”

As I said, Willow’s interest in it all surprised us and it obviously took her mind off her state of dress as she missed a few people following her up some steep steps and their faces told Jon and me that they had discovered that she wasn’t wearing a thong.

Up and down streets we went until we saw a little shop and Willow asked if she could have an ice cream. Jon said that he’d go and get them while Willow and I went to find a seat. The table outside the shop were full so that left the stone steps going up another hill.

Willow looked like she wasn’t even thinking about it when she plonked her bare butt on a step with her feet a couple of steps lower. Her knees were bent and her feet at shoulder width. I sat beside her in a similar fashion.

As Jon walked up to us he was smiling.

“What?” Willow said.

“I think that he’s smiling at your display.” I added.

Willow’s face was blank for a second then she remembered.

“Oh good.” She replied as she looked up the steps to see who had just gone up them. “I wonder if any of those people saw my pussy; and yours V?”

“Probably.” Jon answered.

Jon came and sat above us, not wanting to block anyone’s view, and to look at people’s expression if they looked at us; and some certainly did. I was glad that we’d all brought, and were wearing, our sunglasses. It’s so much fun watching the voyeurs look at us.

We wandered some more, with Willow having got over the history and beauty of the place, and returning to her exhibitionistic ways. When we got to what was probably the highest part of the old town the view was magnificent; even Willow was impressed. So much so that she hadn’t noticed that it was a bit windy up there.

Well she may have but she didn’t give the impression that she had. You see, both our way too short skirts were blowing in the wind and letting other people see that we definitely weren’t wearing a thong under them, and neither of us were even attempting to hold them down.

There were quite a few people up there who had cameras and some of those spent more time pointed at Willow and me than out at the scenery.

We spent quite some time there with Jon pointing out different things as our skirts fluttered in the wind. It also helped that the number of people up there was increasing.

When we eventually moved on we soon found somewhere else that was a little windy. It also had some great views but it also had some very old canons pointing out to sea. There weren’t may people there and Jon had an idea.

“Strip off girls.” He said, “I want some photographs of you standing next to the canons completely naked.”

Well, neither Willow nor I were going to refuse a request to get naked and while Jon got his phone out we got naked.

Willow and I were really enjoying ourselves and after a couple of minutes a middle-aged woman came over to us and asked Jon what he thought he was doing, adding that girls can’t strip naked in public.

“I’m a professional photographer and I’m taking some photographs of the models for a top men’s magazine.” Jon replied.

“You can’t be a professional photographer, you’re using a mobile phone.” The woman replied.

“Ah, I can see the confusion, this is only the pre-shoot to check the lighting and the backdrop, and to check if the models are any good. If they are we’ll be back tomorrow with a full crew and a ton of equipment.”

“Oh, I see. Sorry, I thought that they were just some sort of exhibitionists.”

“Well, I guess that all models are a bit exhibitionist but these 2 are new to it and we weren’t sure that they were serious or had the talent so I brought them along to try them out without wasting the time of the full crew.”

“That makes sense. Sorry to have disturbed you.”

The woman went back to her friends and all 3 of us managed to suppress our laughter.

While that exchange of words had been going on, other people had arrived and I saw the phones and cameras come out again. There were 2 elderly Japanese or Chinese men who weren’t at all shy about coming close to us to take their photographs, and I decided to give them something to talk about back home.

I went over to 1 of them and held out my hand to him. He thought that I was just going to shake it but I gently guided him to stand between Willow and me while his friend took some photos of us. When we were done his friend wanted the same, and in the best international sign language / English / Japanese / Chinese; we re-arranged ourselves and he got his photos.

Jon was watching all this and smiling, and when it was over he whispered to us that we’d better make it look a bit more professional and he directed us into a few more poses, this time with us putting a foot up on the little wall then sat on the wall with our feet shoulder width apart.

This pleased Willow and I because it meant that our pussies were better displayed.

Jon didn’t want to push our look too far and after those shots he told us to put our clothes back on which we did as all those people watched.

As we walked away Willow said,

“I wonder what they thought of us being naked and then not putting any knickers on?”

“Don’t know, and I don’t care.” I replied.

“Neither do I.” Willow replied.

From there we made our way down and to the area where all the cafes / restaurants are and had an ice cream. Of course Willow and I wanted to sit on the outside table so that people walking by could see our legs right up to our stomachs.

The ice creams would have melted half a dozen times before we left and we weren’t sure if anyone had seen our pussies or not.

When we left we wandered out of the old town down to the harbour area where we walked around all the narrow streets looking at / in the little shops.

After a while Jon said,

“Do you remember trying on clothes in one of these shops V?”

“Oh yes, you had me standing naked in the middle of the shop with all those people walking by.”

“You make it sound like I was forcing you V.”

“Sorry Jon, by that time I was as much an exhibitionist as I am now. Do you want me to do it again?”

“Yes, why not? And you can try something on as well Willow. Let’s see if we can find a shop on a busy street and that has some customers in.”

It took a while but we did find a larger than average little clothes shop that had a few customers in, and we went in.

The young woman shop assistant, or maybe owner, smiled at us and we started browsing. There were some really nice dresses there but my gawd, they were priced like they were from Versace or Gucci.

Never the less, Jon told us to pick one each and ask if we could try them on, but he told us to wait until one of the other customers were in the only curtained changing cubicle. We did, and the girl pointed to the changing cubicle.

“There’s someone in there, do you have another place?” I asked.

“Sorry, no.”

“Okay, we’ll change out here.”

The girl said nothing and Willow followed my lead as I hooked the dress in a nearby rack and started taking my top off. The girl just stared, but said nothing as we got topless, then bottomless, right there in the middle of the shop.

We were quickly noticed by the other customers who stopped browsing to watch us as we stepped into the dresses. I suppose that a lot of people would have called them nice dresses but the were definitely not the type of dresses that either Willow or I would ever wear.

Just to help the pretence that we may just buy them we walked to the nearest mirror and looked at ourselves from different angles. After Willow was done she turned to Jon and said,

“Can I try another one on please? I saw another one over there that I liked.”

“Sure, why not.” Jon replied.

Willow went back to where she’d hung the dress hanger, took the dress off, put it back on the hanger then went to hang it where she’s got it from. I waited until she hung it up then I did the same.

As I was hanging it up I looked around; the shop girl and the other customers, 2 youngish couples and 2 teenage girls, were all looking at Willow and me. Jon was looking at the customers.

I turned and looked at Willow and made no move to put something on.

Willow unhooked another dress and held it to her front.

“What do you think of this one? Does it suit me?”

No one said anything so I went over to her, adjusted it against her front then said,

“No, it’s not you.”

I pulled it away from her, leaving her stood facing the other customers, still totally naked, whilst I hung the dress back up and browsed through some more.

Finding another one that I thought would look totally ridiculous on Willow, I pulled it out and gave it to Willow who gave me a quizzical look then took it off me and put it on.

She smoothed her hands down her front from over her tits down to as far as her hands would reach. Then she walked to the mirror. I stood where I was and when Willow realised that all eyes were now on the only naked girl, Willow walked back and took the dress off.

Jon intervened at that point and asked us if we wanted any of the dresses. Unsurprisingly, we both said no, but I took a bit longer over saying it, giving the impression that I wasn’t totally sure.

“Okay girls, put your own clothes on and let’s go.” Jon said.

We did, leaving most of the customers still staring at us as we went out of the door.

“That was fun.” Willow said as we walked down the street, both of us hanging on to one of Jon’s arms. “Those dresses were horrible, why would anyone pay those prices for those, those rags.”

“Not every woman wants to walk around dressed like you Willow.” Jon said.

“Well perhaps they should consider it, it’s so much fun.” Willow replied.

We wandered around some more and found ourselves in the square. There were people walking all over the place and Jon decided that it was time for a drink so we crossed the road down one side of the square and went and sat outside one of the cafes.

Willow and I re-arranged the chairs and we waited. We had to wait for quite a few minutes and I wondered if one of the waiters had seen us and decided to ignore us hoping that we’d go away. I looked around and saw that all the other customers were smartly dressed. I didn’t say anything.

Eventually a waiter came over to take our order. All the time that he was stood there he was looking down at Willow’s and my lap. I’d already warned Willow to close her legs so all the waiter could see was our bare pubes and maybe just a hint of our slits.

The waiter was, let’s say ‘curt’ in his dealings with us and our drinks arrived very quickly.

“I get the distinct impression that we’re not too welcome here.” Jon said when we were on our own again. “When he brings the bill open your legs and let him know what he’s missing girls.”

We did, and he stared at our pussies as he put the bill on the table then waited for Jon to give him the money.

“Miserable cunt.” Willow said as we walked away.

“Willow, language.” Jon said. “Yes he was a miserable cunt wasn’t he. Never mind, more fun to come.”

Jon led us away from the harbour, telling us that we’d go back there later, and we wandered away from the centre and out to the more residential area.

“I guess that this is the sort of place your average Spaniard lives in around here.” I said looking up at the blocks of apartments.

“I’m glad that we live where we do.” Willow said, “I wonder if they’ve got any schools like we go to V?”

“I doubt that very much; well not the people that live around here, maybe in the more affluent areas.” Jon replied.

Shortly after that we turned a corner and saw a bit of a park, complete with a kids play area. There was no one there so Jon led us over to it and suggested to Willow that she have a quick play on the equipment.

When Willow went over to have ago I followed and I have to say that I had some fun. The swings, the slides, the roundabout, all brought back memories. They also gave Jon a great view of what he has seen millions of times as our tiny skirts fluttered in the breeze.

The climbing frame was the best. It was dome shaped about 3+ metres high and 3 metres diameter, and quite easy to climb, well, it was designed for kids. As we climbed up I imagined the view that anyone underneath or standing around the edges would be getting.

I got to the top and Willow told me to turn look and behind me. When I did I saw that 3 teenager boys had seen us and taken an interest in us.

“Pretend that they aren’t there.” Jon said as the boys turned and headed our way.

“No chance.” Willow whispered and started climbing down backwards, bending over to hold the bars above her, presenting her whole butt and pussy to them as they approached.

They stopped right at the bottom and just looked at us. I sat down on the top of the frame, needing to spread my legs a bit to find somewhere to put my feet. My movement had attracted the attention of the boys and they looked up getting an eyeful of my pussy.

Then Willow moved. She climbed through the frame and went to the opposite side to the boys. Grabbing the bars as high as she could behind her she swung a leg up and managed to her her foot on one of the bars; and also gave the boys a good look at her pussy.

Next it was her other leg but when her foot found a bar it was quite a way from her other foot leaving her pussy spread wide. Willow ‘walked’ her feet up a couple of bars then put her feet through the bars so that the back of her knees were on the bars.

The she let go with her hands.

I think that we all gasped a little as her body hung there, upside down and gently swinging back and forwards. Her tiny skirt had inverted but didn’t reach her tits, and her top had also inverted and was round her neck.

The boys were getting a great view of her cute little bubble butt, but after a few seconds they realised that the view from the other side, and from above, would be better. All 3 of them got off their bikes and started climbing.

One boy climbed up in front of me, looking at the bars as he climbed and when he looked up his head was inches from my pussy. He gasped, stared at my pussy for a few seconds then went back down a rung and went round me so that he could look down at Willow who was showing no signs of getting back to her feet.

The other 2 boys had climbed up either side of Willow and were staring down at her pussy as she giggled away, obviously enjoying her unexpected exposure. After a while Willow pulled herself up between her legs, grabbed a bar and walked up with her hands until she could extract her legs. As she was doing that her clothes were staying in the wrong place, right place for her, thus giving the boys a reasonably close-up view of her tits and her bald pubes.

She looked up at the boys, giggled again the fully extracted her feet and dropped to the ground. Her light weight skirt fell to its normal place and she pulled her top back over her tits.

It was then that I decided that I’d better get down so I stood up and walked back down backwards.

As we walked away Jon said,

“You looked like you’ve done that before Willow.”

“Riley and I often did something like that on the way home from school in London. There was a playground in the park that was on the way. You should have seen the boys come running when they saw us climb up. Then they always called us all sorts of unpleasant and untrue names.” Willow said.

“I presume that both of you were knickerless at the time.” Jon asked

“Of course.” Willow replied. “Not as much fun if your wearing knickers. It was better in the summer because we often wore loose dresses that ended up over our heads so we couldn’t see the boys staring at us.”

“You liked not knowing who was seeing you naked then?”

“Yes and no, it’s always fun being around boys and not knowing if they’d seen me naked but it’s nice to look at boy’s faces when they’re looking at me naked.”

“I know what you mean Willow.” I added.

“Well girls,” Jon said a few paces further away, “that was a pleasant interlude from your cultural education. Let’s go towards the harbour. Are you hungry yet?”

“A little.” Willow replied.

“Okay, we’ll wander around a little more then when it starts to get dark we’ll find a restaurant. There’s a few nice ones where we’re heading.”

As we wandered we came across a double fronted shop with just a receptionists desk and table. Jon stopped and told Willow and I to just wait for him while he went inside to see the man who was sat at the reception desk.

Both Willow and I watched Jon talking to the man and at one point the man looked over to us. I felt my pussy moisten as I wondered if he could see our bald pubes and slits through the glass. Then the man led Jon out of the room. About 3 minutes later they came back, Jon shook the man’s hand then Jon came out.

“Right let’s go girls.” Jon said and led us off down the street.

“What was that place, and who was that man?” Willow asked as we walked.

“He’s called Pedro and he runs a small gym.”

“In that shop?” Willow asked.

“Yes, well not in the shop, more behind the shop.”

“Are you thinking of taking us to that gym Jon?” Willow asked.

“I’ve never been to a proper gym, what’s it like?”

“Nothing like your school gym but you should be able to get some exercise, and flash your pussies.” Jon replied.

“When are we going then?” Willow asked.

“I don’t know yet; it depends on if we have enough free time before we go back to England.”

“I hope that it’s still warm back there, I want to ride O naked again before it gets cold.”

“So do I.” I thought.

We walked down to the harbour then up onto the sea wall. Willow liked the fact that she could stand against the railings and anyone below could look up and see her pussy. The problem was that it was getting dark and the lights shone down, not up.

Finding a restaurant that had tables next to the street was easy, and of course Willow, and me, wanted to sit right next to the pedestrians so that when they looked down they would see our bald pubes. Unfortunately, there wasn’t much space so positioning the chairs where people could see us as they approached wasn’t possible.

Another unfortunate thing was that the waiters were so busy that they didn’t have time to linger and stare at our tits.

Meal over, we started wandering again. After a while Jon said,

“V, do you remember that bar called Groper’s Bar?”

“Oh yes, that was fun.”

“Can you remember where it was?”

“Wow, I remember that you had to go down a little alleyway to get to it. Was it somewhere over that way?” I said pointing to where I thought the main square was.

“Yeah, that’s was what I was thinking, let’s go and see if we can find it.”

Just then Willow said,

“Did you see those 2 people. I don’t know if they were men or women.”

“There’s lots of people like that around here. They sleep all day and then dress in, in whatever, then party all night. We’ll hang around and come back later so that you can see more of them, It’s interesting, and educational.”

“Good, now what was that you said about groping?”

“Come with us little girl.”

“I like my little tits.”

“So do I Willow.” Jon said.

It took us about 30 minutes but eventually we found the alleyway with a little sign above it.

“I wonder if it’s still open.” Jon asked, “in this crazy PC world these days the authorities might have closed them down.”

“I guess that there’s only one way to find out.” I replied.

But my question was answered when 2 giggling girls in very short skirts walked out of the alleyway in front of us.

“Problem solved girls, let’s go.”

“So what is this place?” Willow asked.

“Somewhere that you will like. If you’re not happy in 30 minutes we’ll leave, I promise.”

“Okay.” Willow said.

As we walked through the door Willow added,

“This doesn’t look very exciting.”

“Patience little girl.” Jon replied.

The place wasn’t that busy, but there again it was quite early for drinking places; but we didn’t have to wait long. Jon gave me some money and sent Willow and me to the bar to get the drinks.

As we were stood there waiting, side by side, a man came and stood behind and between us. A few seconds later I felt a hand on my bare butt. I looked at Willow in the mirror behind the bar and saw Willow’s face. There was an expression of surprise and pleasure. I watched her head move slightly, the same way that mine had done when I put my weight on one foot and slid the other outwards.

Then I saw Willow smile. I guessed that the man had scored 2 holes-in-one at the same time. I was getting finger fucked as the barman came and asked me what I wanted.

The 3 soft drinks took ages to appear and I suspected that the barman knew what was going on and gave the man time to complete his mission before returning with the drinks.

The man did complete his mission as I came all over his hand; and judging by Willow’s expression, she too orgasmed.

The barman returned just as I started cumming and he stood in front of us grinning as he waited for me to hand over the money.

The man knew that he had completed his mission and before I got the change, he had gone. Willow picked up her drink and turned to look at me.

“Fucking hell V; did you just get …...”

“Yes Willow, that’s why this place is called Groper’s Bar.” I replied.

We walked back over to Jon who was propping up a pillar and Willow said,

“Can we stay here until the place closes?”

“No, I have somewhere else to show you.”

“Aw Jon, this place is awesome.”

“No, but we can come back here a couple of times before the holiday ends.”

Willow nearly spilt her drink as she reached up to kiss Jon on his cheek.

“Wait until this place gets crowded.” I said.

“Can’t wait, does it only happen at the bar? Are you ready for another drink?”

“No, it doesn’t only happen at the bar,” Jon replied, “especially when the place fills up, just be patient young lady.”

We stood there sipping our drinks and watching other people. We saw a girl go and sit on a man’s lap and his hand immediately went to her bare thigh and slid up. She was wearing a skirt that was not quite as short as ours and her legs spread a little as the man’s hand disappeared between the top of her thighs.

Another young girl was standing and leaning on another pillar and she was talking to a middle-aged man who was sat on a chair next to her bare legs. He legs were about shoulder width and the front of her micro skirt was moving to the rhythm of a man’s hand rubbing her pussy.

Looking back to the bar I saw 2 girls perched on the edge of the high stools. Their feet were on the foot rests and their knees were spread. I could see 2 bald slits looking back at me. They both had their empty drinks glasses in their hands and I wondered how many times they’d had hands on their pussies.

All of a sudden the 2 girls turned and put their glasses on the bar then slid off the stools. As they did so their skirts became as short as Willow’s and mine. Neither of them pulled their skirts down to their ‘proper’ place as they walked out of the door.

I saw an opportunity, walked over to the stools and perched my bare butt on the edge of one of them. Jon had seen me and him and Willow were seconds behind me. Willow perched her butt on the edge of the other stool while Jon stood facing the bar on the other side of Willow.

The gap between the 2 stools was just wide enough for someone to lean through and order a drink.

The place was starting to get busier and we didn’t have to wait long for 2 young men to walk over to us, one squeezing between us and running his hands up our bare legs as he did so. He turned sideways to try to catch the eye of the barman while at the same time putting a hand back onto my bare thigh. He looked me in the face then slid his hand right up to my pussy.

I gasped as his fingers probed between my lips and found my hole.

While I was getting groped I could hear Willow and the other young man talking. He was asking the usual chat-up questions while Willow was mainly moaning and gasping.

I was getting close to cumming when I heard the man order his drinks. Then he turned to me and asked me what I was drinking.

“Coca Cola,” I replied, then added, “and the same for my friend.”

He turned and saw his mates hand on / in Willow’s pussy, smiled and then said,

“Two Coca Colas cumming up.”

The way he said it told me that he knew that he was going to make me cum – soon.”

That young man made me cum before the barman had got back with our drinks.

He withdrew his hand to pay the barman then instead of going for my pussy again he went for my tits, his hand easily getting up the inside of my mesh top. As he was squeezing my tits and twisting and pulling my nipples I looked over to Willow. She looked quite happy.

Shortly after I heard Willow cum, one of the young men turned to the other and said,

“Done?”

“Yep.”

“Let’s go and find 2 more pussies to get our hands on.”

With that they moved away and headed for 2 girls in very short skirts that had just walked in.

Jon had been watching it all and he came and stood between us, sliding his hands up our inner thighs to our pussies. We, of course, spread our knees a little bit more to allow him better access.

“You 2 alright?” He asked, “judging by how wet both your pussies are I guess that the answer is ‘yes’.”

“Couldn’t be better Jon.” Willow replied. “Well I could but I doubt that you’ll fuck me in here.”

“You got that right Willow. The place is filling up quite well so I’ll get out of your way and see who else will grope you.”

Jon backed out and went and stood where he was. As he went I saw that a girl had moved to the bar close to where Jon had been. I started to wonder if Jon would partake in the fun but I didn’t get the chance to find out because a man moved in between Willow and me. His hands soon found their targets and I heard Willow moan.

With the bar being busier it was taking quite a while for the man to get server and while he was waiting his hands were busy. I heard Willow cum first then me shortly after. I was well on my way to my second orgasm when the man got served and moved away.

I looked at Willow, she was smiling and obviously as happy as I was. Then I looked over to Jon. The girl that I’d seen there was perched on the edge of the bar and Jon was finger fucking her. I watched as he made her cum then lift her off the bar.

“So V and I aren’t enough for you Jon?” Willow asked.

“You 2 were otherwise engaged. Besides, I made her cum not the other way around.”

“Well maybe we should go somewhere where I can make you cum Jon?” Willow said.

Willow slid off the stool and took Jon’s hand. I followed them out.

“I know where we can go.” Jon said, the led us up onto the harbour wall then onto the rocks on the sea side.

Willow didn’t need to lift her skirt before bending over a rock for Jon to fuck her. He’d obviously been wanting to cum, for quite a while because it didn’t take long for him to groan and hold himself to Willow’s hips.

“That was nice Jon, thank you.” Willow said as he backed out then climbed back up onto the wall.

After looking around at all the lights and boats out at sea for a couple of minutes Jon led us back down and towards all the noise and bright lights.

“One more place that I want to show you Willow then we’ll head back to the hotel.”

Jon led us to a little open area that was surrounded by bars and a few shops. The bars had big, wooden barrels for tables outside and there were lots of people stood at them drinking. Some were obviously quite ‘happy’.

“I’ll get us a drink, you 2 stay right there.” Jon said and disappeared into the crowd.

Willow and I did stay put and we spent the time pointing out all the unusually dressed people. There were girls wearing just a bikini top or just a bikini bottoms, or neither; to all sorts of fancy dress, and that was just the girls.

About 10 percent of the men were dressed in all sorts of elaborate dresses, some with so much make-up that it must have taken hours for them to get ready. And the head-dresses were amazing, they looked like they were girls from a Rio carnival.

Willow was both amazed, and puzzled.

“They’re never going to fuck a girl dressed like that.” She said.

“Maybe they don’t want a girl to fuck; maybe they want a man to fuck them.” I replied.

“Oh, I see, or rather I don’t want to see.”

Our eyes got attracted to a girl who was screaming, bit it wasn’t a scream of fear, more of pleasure and she was giggling in between screams. She was getting passed from one guy to another and her clothes were slowly getting ripped off her.

I watched Willow’s face go from fear to amusement to lust. Before I could say anything she ran forwards into the crowd.

“Willooooow.” I shouted, but she was gone.

I looked around for Jon but he wasn’t anywhere to be seen. To say that I was worried was an understatement. I just didn’t know what to do. Should I go after her or wait for Jon? While I was deciding I suddenly thought that those men weren’t going to harm her; okay they’d rip off what little clothing she had on and grope her tits and pussy as much as they could but that is all. And that was exactly what she wanted.

I was just starting to come to terms with just watching when Jon re-appeared.

“Where’s Willow?”

“She ran into that lot.” I replied pointing to the crowd where the earlier girl, now totally naked, appeared then ran back in.

“Well, that girl obviously wants more so I’m pretty sure that Willow will be okay.”

A couple of minutes later Willow appeared wearing only her sandals. She saw us, waved then ran right back in.

“Must be good V,” Jon said, “why don’t you have a go?”

“It looks a little energetic for me thanks Jon; unless you want me to go that is.”

“No V, we’ve lost 1 skirt and top, that’s enough. We’ll have to get a naked Willow across town to the car park.”

Ten minutes later an exhausted Willow walked out and over to us. Her chest was heaving up and down and she quickly grabbed the drink that I’d been holding for her and downed it in one.

“I needed that, I’m knackered, it was awesome in there.”

“So what happened in there?” I asked.

“They just strip you and pass you from one guy to another while everyone is grabbing at you tits and pussy. It happens so fast that you never really see who’s holding you or who’s groping you. I’m sure that I got passed around just by hands inside me some of the time. My pussy is a bit sore and probably bruised. Can you check for me?”

Jon put his hand on Willow’s pussy then brought it up for us all to look at. It was wet with Willow’s juices but there was no blood.

“I’ll check you for bruises in the morning.” Jon said, then continued, I think that it’s time for us to head back to the hotel, you look knackered Willow.”

“I am, but I’m okay, can we come back tomorrow?”

“We’ll see, we’ll see. Now we’ve got the problem of getting you back to the jeep like that.”

“No problem,” Willow replied, “I’ll just walk there.”

And that’s what we did. Jon just knew the general direction and I’m sure that he avoided places that he thought there may be a policeman standing around or driving along. Okay, Willow got a few comments from half drunk young men but that was all. It probably took us about 30 minutes but it was late at night and nearly all the people we saw were out partying in one form or another.

Anyway, we made it back to the jeep and were soon on the road back to San Antonio.

Even if Willow hadn’t have lost her clothes I’m sure that she would have walked back to the hotel naked which she did, linking arms with both of us.

Willow was asleep seconds after her head hit the pillow and I lay on my side and got spooned by Jon. He was still inside me when I fell asleep.