**Sandra after University**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 3**

After checking out of the hotel we went to the Moke and George locked my case and his bag in a metal box that took up a fair chunk of the space at the back.

The drive to the Ferry Terminal in Palma didn’t take that long and after George organised another passenger ticket for me we were soon driving up the ramp onto the boat.

Of course the cars were stored on the lower decks and the occupants had to go up to the upper decks for the journey We were one of the first ones aboard and we went straight to the cafe to get a coffee and snacks and we were finished by the time the boat started moving.

It was an opportunity for sight-seeing so we went out onto one of the decks for me to see what I could. As soon as the boat got out of the harbour it started it get windy and the too short, very light weight skirt that I was wearing started flying all over the place. Of course I knew what was happening but I ignored it. George stepped back from me and told me that he got long looks at my butt and slit and if he could, then all the other passengers could. He stepped further back from me to give the impression that he wasn’t with me but after a while he came back to me and said,

“Do you want to go for a walk so that you can show yourself to the passengers in other parts of the boat?”

“George, I thought that you'd have known the answer to that by now, of course I do, it’s just that I didn’t want you to get upset if I abandoned you.”

“The boat isn’t that big, off you go and I’ll follow you at a distance.”

“Like a pervert who’s trying to get lots of looks up my skirt George.”

“That’s one way of looking at it, I’d rather think that I’m just keeping an eye out for you.”

“That’s sweet. I can probably look after myself, remember me telling you that I’m a Karate Black Belt but it will be nice to have you close by. You can keep looking at my butt and slit and think of things that you can do to them.”

“I do that all the time, you’d be amazed at all the things that I think of but then have to discard them, well for now anyway. Off you go Sandra.”

I did, and I’m pretty sure that I went up every flight of stairs and hung around every outside space for as long as I dare, and by the time I could see land ahead I think that at least half of the passengers had seen the bare butt and pussy of the girl who just didn’t realise that her skirt spent more time above her waist than below it and who spent most of the journey staring out to sea.

Anyway, the boat started slowing down and my skirt started spending more time below my waist instead of above it and George came and started pointing out some of the landmarks of Ibiza town and I couldn’t wait to start checking out the place, especially the places that George thought would be good for me to expose my bits.

It was announced that the car drivers and passengers should go back to their cars and it was a bit of a drag waiting in the semi dark for George to be able to drive off the ferry.

George took the long route to his villa, driving around the town a bit to show me the sights and recommend places for me to go, then it was heading away from the centre to the suburbs and just as I was starting to think the we were heading out into the countryside he stopped outside a smallish villa. He pressed a button on a remote control and the gates opened.

“Is this really yours George?” I asked.

“It is, I managed get in before the prices went through the roof. It was cheaper than your average semi back in England.”

“Lucky you.” I said as I climbed out of the Moke.

As George took me on a quick tour of the place I have to say that I was impressed, he really had moved out there at the right time and made a go of it.

“So which room will your employee be staying in?” I asked when he had shown me each of the bedrooms.

“Take your pick Sandra.”

I realised that he was leaving options open to me so I sort of did the same.

“Well, I’ll put my things in that one (big bed and an en suite), but if you promise to repeat last night I’ll sleep in your bedroom.”

“Good answer Sandra, although our fucking will not be restricted to a bedroom, there’s plenty of places that I'm hoping to fuck you, inside and outside, and you haven't seen in the garage yet.”

“Oh yes, what’s in the garage?”

“Oh just a few things to stop you running away, make yourself at home with what you’ve seen so far before you get yourself tied up with what’s in the garage.”

“Was that a hint George?”

“So Sandra,” George said changing the subject, “a lot of guys go for a workout when they get back from the beach and before they hit the bars and clubs, so we’ll go to the gym around 6 p.m. You can have a look around, meet Catalina and maybe do a workout. That okay with you?”

“Sure, can I go for a swim in your pool now? Is it okay If I’m naked outside here?”

“You don’t have to ask Sandra, and yes, you can be naked outside here. In fact it’s not illegal to be naked outside in Spain but a few cities have passed their own laws stopping it. I’m not sure about Ibiza town, I’ve never heard of anyone getting locked up and I have heard of and seen quite a few girls wandering around either naked or near as damned naked. I’m sure that the police are more tolerant of naked girls than of naked men.

Come to think about it I may add being naked here and the gym as a condition of your employment. Oh, by the way, a pool guy may be along later and I have a maid service that comes in 3 times a week to clean the place.”

“No problem, are the maids male or female?”

“Female, and usually quite older than you, sorry, but the pool guy is around your age.”

“Good.”

I finally got out of my clothes and had a swim then hit one of the loungers. As I lay there I looked around and saw that the back of the villa was overlooked on 2 sides but there was no signs of life. I decided that I would just ignore anyone that I saw looking at me, me hopefully getting a great all over tan.

A couple of hours or so later, George came out and told me that it was time to get ready to go to work. I decided to use George’s en suite bathroom and he came and watched me.

Feeling a bit horny because of what I was going to do in around an hour, feeling a bit naughty, and wanting George to see me doing it, I got my fingers to bring myself to a wonderful orgasm, all the time keeping my eyes firmly on his.

“You’re an amazing tease Sandra.” George said after I’d come down from my high.

“Not complaining are you boss” I asked.

“Silly question, come on girl, get dried and put some clothes on.”

“Can’t I ride there like this?”

“No Sandra, we’re going straight there in the Moke and it’s still light. Besides, poor Catalina might have a heart attack if you walk in there like that, I’ll need to warn her first.”

I giggled a bit then finished drying myself but not my hair, I assumed that the air would dry it as we drove. Then I went to ‘my’ bedroom and got a skirt and one of my new tank tops out of my case thinking that I’d sort things out in the morning. Slipping my sandals on I shouted to George that I was ready and met him in the lounge.

“No vibrator Sandra?”

“Maybe, just because you can’t see one doesn't mean that I haven’t got one inside me, but no, not tonight, I thought that I’d get used to the place first.”

“Fair enough.”

Two minutes later the gates were opening and George drove us out. He did take the direct route although as we drove he was telling me about the parallel roads that we could have taken, telling me that they were slower and that you had to keep stopping.

Soon George was parking the Moke along the side of a road and I could see a variety of shops mixed in with what looked like apartment buildings or hotels. We walked along the road for about 20 metres then we stopped outside what, at a first glance, looked like a shop with 2 huge glass windows and a door between them and above them a sign that just said,

“George’s Gym.”

“Not a very original name George, you’ll have to think of something that sounds more inviting and informative.”

“Was your degree in marketing Sandra?”

“No, but that doesn’t stop me coming up with ideas. Nothing personal but I’m sure that I could come up with a better name, and you should get some big posters in the windows, maybe showing pictures of the gym’s best features.”

“You mean you Sandra?”

“That wasn’t what I was thinking of but now that you mention it. Is it illegal to have photos of naked girls on posters in Ibiza?”

“I don’t know but we could have a little black dot over your pussy.”

“A full-stop wouldn’t even cover my clit.”

“You know what I mean Sandra, look, that’s Catalina.”

I looked into the shop / gym and saw this very Spanish looking girl. Probably a few years younger than me. She was dressed in a mid thigh, black skirt and a T-shirt. I could see that she was wearing a bra.

George opened the door, a bell rang and Catalina looked up then smiled.  
  
“George, good to see you, how was your trip?”

“Hi Catalina good and bad, I’d like you to meet Sandra. Sandra, Catalina. Sandra is going to, shall we say help with the marketing side of the gym, don’t worry your job is safe.”

“Pleased to meet you Sandra.” Catalina said as she put her hand out for me to shake.”

“Pleased to meet you too Catalina, your English is very good.”

“My papa always told me that if I wanted to get a good job I had to be able to speak good English.”

“Yes, English is the business language of the world.” I replied.

“Many customer this evening Catalina?” George asked.

“Six or Seven.”

“All men I’m guessing?” I asked.

“Si.”

“Well Sandra has come up with an idea to increase the numbers of customers haven’t you Sandra?”

“I seem to remember that it was your idea George.”

“Whatever, I’ll show you around then you can get started whenever you are ready.”

Off George and I went and I have to say that I was impressed. The whole setup was bigger than the university gym that I was used to, more space, more equipment, even the ladies changing room was bigger than the one at the university. George let me have a quick look in the men’s changing room and it was quite a size too. There was a man getting changed but he just ignored us.

There were another couple of doors that I saw that George didn’t open nor tell me what was on the other side, and I didn’t ask.

Back at reception George asked,

“Are you happy to do your thing here then Sandra?”

“Sure, I would have preferred there to be more customers, but I’m sure that I can do something about that.”

“So what ideas do you have Sandra?” Catalina asked.

I looked at George, who was smiling, then my hands went to the hem of my top and pulled it up, and right off.

Catalina’s eyes went wide open and her jaw dropped.

“Such magnificent breasts Sandra, I like the piercings” Catalina finally said. “I didn’t see you bring any clothes to change in to, we have a T-shirt and there maybe some shorts in the lost and found box that you can wear.”

“That won’t be necessary Catalina.” George said as I unfastened my skirt and let it fall to the floor.

“Are you ………. “

Catalina asked but failed to finish her sentence because I started taking my sandals off whilst George said,

“Sandra is going to workout naked Catalina, is that a problem for you?”

“No señor, you are the boss.”

“Does it shock you Catalina?” I asked as I folded my top and skirt.

“A little, more surprised I guess.”

“Okay, let’s do it.” I said as I turned to walk to the workout room. “Anyone coming to see any reactions?”

By the time both George and Catalina caught up with me I was in the workout room and 3 guys had already seen me. All 3 were just staring at me and I let them absorb what they were seeing whilst my pussy juiced up and I decided where to start.

Decision made I headed to the first machine and got started. I’d already decided that I was going to do my workout with as little interaction with the patrons of the gym as possible. The only exceptions being George and Catalina, if they wanted to talk to me.

By the time I’d got started on the first machine all 6 guys in there were staring at me, and so was Catalina, her with her eyes wide open and her jaw lower than normal.

When I orgasmed on the exercise cycle I heard one of the guys cheer but I didn’t look his way. The thigh abductor, where my legs were spread really wide also got looks of amazement from Catalina.

Of course I had to modify my routine to fit in with the different machines and I did replace some of the Katas with different yoga positions that showed off my spread pussy more, but I did finish it the way George had requested, on my back with my calves behind my shoulders and doing 30 Kegel exercises.

As I was doing those I did look at the now 7 guys who were staring at me. I smiled at the shape of the front of their shorts and there was one significant wet spot. Their faces also told a story, some of unbelieving what they were witnessing.

I also wondered if, after any of my future workouts, I would get 1 or 2 guys asking me to ‘spot’ them whilst they lifted some weight from one of the benches. I really fancied standing with my legs either side of an unknown guys head.

Looking at the guys there I decided that they weren’t the weight lifting type, nor did I think that they had the guts to start weight lifting just so that they could ask me to ‘spot’ them.

Thirty Kegel done I released my legs, got to my feet and walked towards George. As I passed one gobstruck guys I said,

“Same time tomorrow guys and bring all your mates.”

George was already holding the door open for me and I kept walking back to reception where George said,

“Fantastic Sandra, that was better than in the hotel gym.”

“More space, more machines.” I replied.

I looked at Catalina who still looked too shocked to believe what she had seen.”

“Are you okay Catalina?“ I asked.

After a good few seconds she replied,

“How? Why would you ever want to do that Sandra?”

“Because she is an exhibitionist Catalina.” George replied for me, “didn’t you see her have an orgasm, and I bet that she’s close to having another right now.”

“I am.” I added.

“But, but, women don’t do that sort of thing?” Catalina replied.

“Have you been to Ses Salines beach Catalina, at the far end?” George asked.

“No I haven’t, my parents would never let me walk that far along that beach.”

“Well they should have, and if you had you’d have seen lots of naked women and some would have been exposing themselves just as much as Sandra just did.

“You should try it sometime Catalina.” I said, “You’d be amazed at how good it makes you feel.”

“I don’t know, what would my Mama and Papa say?”

“Why would you tell them Catalina?” George asked.

“I’d be too ashamed.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Because, because they would never do it.”

“Are you sure about that Catalina, are you sure that when they go off on their own they aren’t going to a beach to sunbathe naked and maybe get a little friendly with each other or others?”

“They wouldn’t, ……… would they?”

“Who knows, you’d need to ask them.”

“Are you saying that you’ve seen my parents on the nude part of the beach as Ses Salines George?”

“I’m saying nothing of the sort but we are talking about you, Catalina, not your parents. You are a grown woman and you can do what YOU want to do Catalina and it has nothing to do with your parents. I’m not going to force you to do anything Catalina, you stripping and enjoying a nude workout with Sandra or getting naked anywhere on Ibiza is your choice, no one else's.” George said.

“Okay, enough, Catalina will decide for herself,” I said, “we are not going to force her are we George?”

“Hell no, I don’t want to lose my most reliable employee.”

”I’m your only …… never mind.” Catalina replied.

“So,” I said, “no more talk about Catalina getting naked, she will get naked in her own time. We need to decide how we are going to promote this place, get more customers in, more money. A pay rise for you Catalina.”

George gave me a funny look but Catalina smiled, perked up and said,

“If you’re going to do what you just did every day then I’m sure that more men will come in.”

“Yes, but all those guys were probably holiday makers, they will be going home soon so who are they going to tell that is likely to come here?”

“True.” Catalina replied.

“What we need is a good advertising campaign, poster, flyers, demonstrations.” I said.

“You just want to get naked everywhere don’t you Sandra?” George said.

“I do, but why can’t we use that to promote the gym?”

“Good point, or should I say points.” George replied as he tweaked both of my nipples in turn.

“Gerroff.” I replied, “now is not the time for that no matter how good it feels. Let’s start with a new name for the place, sorry George but ‘George’s Gym’ doesn’t cut it, doesn’t start the guy’s thinking about naked girls working out does it?”

“True,” George replied, “any suggestions, either of you?”

“We need a name that could imply naked girls,” I said.

We brainstormed for a few minutes coming up with names like: -

Bare Basics

Body Workout

Body Works

Body Beautiful

Xposed Fitness

Olympus Fitness

Olympus Gym

(both the Olympus suggestions with a reference to the way the original Olympians

used to do sports - naked).

Naked Fitness

Bare Naked Exercise

Total Fitness

Totally Fit

Then I thought of ‘Xpose Gym’ and George liked it. After a little thought Catalina said,

“Ah, exposed at the gym, you should add a picture of Sandra working out like she just did.”

“Yes, I was coming to that,” I said, “a photograph of me working out on each poster and flyer. Could we get a way with a very explicit photograph here in Ibiza or would it have to be censored?”

“We’d definitely get away with showing your tits, bare girl’s tits here are nearly as common as guy’s tits but I think that the poster and flyers should at least blur your pussy or put a black rectangle over it.” George replied.

“We could,” I said, “the poster and flyers that go up on the street and in hotels censored but the ones that go up here and the flyers that we hand out on the beach could show everything, couldn’t they?”

“I’m sure that we could do that,” George replied, “I can just see you walking up to people of the beach and handing them a naked photo of yourself Sandra.”

Catalina giggled a bit the George said,

“Okay girls, that’s enough for today, start thinking about wording for the posters and flyers and we’ll talk some more tomorrow. Sandra, go and shower and the put some clothes on then I’ll take you for a quick walking tour of the lively parts of the town. Catalina, no pressure, but think about joining Sandra, I’m 100% sure that you’ll enjoy it.”

“I’m 100% sure as well Catalina.” I said as I grabbed a towel and went to the ladies changing room.

Fifteen minutes later I was back in reception but with wet hair.

“Maybe a hairdryer in the ladies changing room George.” I said, “and a lick of paint all round.”

“Okay,” George replied, “any more ideas?”

“Yes, a cafe, I’m thirsty and hungry.”

We both said goodbye to Catalina and left, me wearing the clothes that I arrived there in. That is to say, an ultra short skirt and a tank top. It was one of the new ones that I’d bought in Magaluf and as we walked I eased one of the shoulder straps off my shoulder. As I walked on the strap slowly slid down my arm taking some of the fabric that covered that tit with it. The barbell in that nipple was stopping the fabric from sliding off my tit but I did nothing about it, I wanted to see what it would take for the fabric to slide over the barbell and leave that one tit fully exposed.

All it took was a sharp turn of my body and one of my tits was fully exposed. Of course I knew what had happened but I pretended not to know, George had noticed but he didn’t say anything either. He understood what I was doing and he just smiled as we walked and talked, a mixture of about Ibiza town landmarks and what writing we should put on the posters and flyers.

As we walked I kept looking around to see what reactions my one exposed tit was getting but it was virtually none, and the odd reaction wasn’t a really surprised or disgusted reaction. Maybe it was just the conical shape of my tit that drew the second glances.

Anyway, it didn’t take long to reach the lively parts of town and the conversation soon became all about the sights. It was a Friday night and the place was heaving, even the long, rectangular ‘square’ of the town was full of people although most of them looked to be Spanish.

Then we came to the harbour area and a street or two inland. The number of people walking around increased dramatically, not only tourists but quite a few strangely dressed people. Some of whom I couldn’t tell if they were male or female.

We walked down narrow streets with open fronted shops with people slowly walking along as they looked in to the shops and at the world around them. For some of them that included looking at me with my one tit still fully exposed which was being totally ignored by both George and myself. At one point I wished that I’d worn a skirt that was so short that it didn’t cover my slit, but then I remembered that it was night time and no one would probably notice.

I looked in one little shop and saw that it was full of jewellery. With the shop being so open I doubted that any of it had any great value, everything was just girl’s accessories. I stopped when I saw a little display with a photograph of a girl’s bare chest, her nipples showing some little cow bells hanging from them.

I looked at the collection of what was on sale and George came and stood beside me. Before he or I could say anything the shop owner, a young woman, asked me if I would like to try anything, adding that she had lots that would look good hanging from my nipples. My brain went into overdrive for a second then I replied,

“Not at the moment thank you but I will come back some time soon.”

As George and I walked away George said,

“I was a bit surprised that you didn’t try some of those Sandra.”

“I will some other time, but when I do I will be wearing a dress that has to come right off to be able to try any of them.”

“I should have guessed Sandra, you just want to get totally naked in such a public place.”

“Yes George, you should have guessed and I’m hoping that my new boss will help me show myself to the whole world.”

“I don’t know about the whole world, but I’ll do my best. Now, how about something to eat?”

We soon found a restaurant, the manager ignoring my one exposed tit and seating us right next to where people were walking by.

It was a really nice meal but the price put me off going there on my own. I may have a healthy bank account but I wasn’t going to waste money when there are lots of cheaper places with food just as good, unless there was the opportunity for lots of exposure and in that restaurant there wasn’t, the tables were so close together that people were forever being asked to move their chairs closer to their table so that people could squeeze by

One of the things that we talked about as we ate was George telling me about a bar that was supposed to be somewhere close-by. It was supposed to be called something like ‘Groper’s Bar’ and supposedly girls went there fully expecting to be groped by the men there. When George told me that my nipples and pussy started tingling and I got excited.

“So where is this place?” I asked.

“I don’t know, all I know is that it’s supposed to be somewhere around here.”

“Well I’m going to search for it.”

“Once we get more guys at the gym you could join them in the showers after your workouts Sandra, see if you get groped or fucked in there.”

“Already thought of that George, I intend to do that as well. My boss isn’t going to complain about that is he?”

“No he won’t Sandra. Just so long as you don’t turn the place into a knocking shop.”

“Well I won’t be doing it for the money, the guys will have paid you just to workout there.”

“And to look at you Sandra.”

“Yeah, I like being looked at when I haven’t got any clothes on.”

“So I’ve noticed, how long are you going to leave that tit out?”

“About 10 years.”

George laughed then said,

“I’m going to photograph that tit tomorrow.”

“And the rest of me as well I hope.”

“Yes, may as well take the photos for the posters and flyers at the gym before your workout.”

“Good, shall I wear my Lush vibrator?”

“No, but you can wear that vibrating egg of yours so that you’re all horny when the photos are taken.”

“I’d be horny with or without the vibrator. Maybe you could take some photos of me cumming. I’m sure that they’d look good on the posters.”

“I’m sure that they will. Now let’s go home, it’s been along day.”

“It sure has.” I replied.

We walked back to the gym and saw that it was all locked up which George said it should have been, then walked to the Moke.

“Expecting the lights to be on and Catalina doing a naked workout?” I asked.

“I wouldn’t mind if she was.”

I took off my top and skirt before I got in the Moke and we drove back to the villa with me like that. During the journey, not only was I looking around, I was wondering if I could get away with walking around, at least parts of Ibiza town totally naked. I’d walked around with one tit totally exposed for a good 2 hours and I decided that I’d do the same in daylight and also try totally topless at night.

Once upstairs I headed to my bedroom but George grabbed my hand and asked,

“And where do you think you are going?”

I looked up at George’s face, saw him smiling, changed direction and went to his bedroom saying,

“I guess that I have to pay for my board and lodging somehow.”

The day got even longer, about 2 hours longer as I earned my keep then went to sleep with George spooning me with his cock still inside me.

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I woke up to the feeling of George taking care of his morning woody inside me. When I turned my head to look at his face I said,

“I do hope that you waking me like this is a condition of my employment.”

“It is.” George replied and started thrusting in to me much harder and deeper.

“If I can be bothered with breakfast I usually wander just down the road to the little supermarket to get some bread and whatever I fancy.” George said once his soft cock slid out of me, “fancy walking down there with me?”

“Sure,” I replied. “I’ll just go and get a skirt.”

I came back down the stairs and saw George looking at me and smiling.

“What?” I asked, “If I’m living here the neighbours are going to have to get used to me wearing next to nothing, maybe actual nothing.”

“You do know that that skirt is see-through and not long enough to cover your slit, and I can see your clit.”

“Are you complaining George?”

“Hell no, come on.”

We didn’t see anyone until we got close to the supermarket then those people that did see me ignored me, apart from one middle-aged man who was coming out of the supermarket.

“Morning George,” the man said, “cute friend you’ve got there.”

“Morning Tony, this is Sandra, Sandra, Tony. Sandra has moved in with me, friends with benefits. Sandra, Tony lives next door and you’ll probably see a lot of him and his girlfriend Angela.

“There’s not much more of you to see Sandra,” Tony said, “and what I can see is very nice.”

“Thank you Tony.” I replied as I felt my pussy juice up and my clit and nipples start to tingle.

We said our goodbyes and George and I went into the supermarket. Me being topless was ignored, even at the checkout, although the young girl was smiling as George paid her.

Back at the villa, we sat outside eating and talking. George asked me what I wanted to do during the day adding that he had some work to do and asking me to be at the gym by around 5 p.m.

“Don’t worry about transport, I’ll take the scooter so you can use the Moke.” George said.

“Got a scooter have you George?”

“Yes. Do you think that you can find your way to the gym okay Sandra?”

“Probably but I know the address and I’ve got Google Maps.” I replied.

There was lots of things that I wanted to do and places to go to but I decided to spend the first day at the villa and the surrounding area, getting to know the place.

“Okay Sandra, you’ve got my mobile number in case you want to contact me.”

“Yes, thanks George.”

George went off to the gym and I went and sorted out my belongings in my bedroom. Then I had to decide what to wear to go for a walk around the neighbourhood. I wanted to go totally naked but I didn’t know what to expect so I chose just the skirt that I’d worn earlier.

I felt good and happy a I set off, on foot, to explore, topless and with my slit on display to anyone who cared to look, me carrying my little shoulder bag. I’d already been to the little supermarket with George so I started out by heading there then going down the different roads from it.

I didn’t see many other people walking and those that I did see ignored me, I didn’t even see one double-take. I’d been walking for about an hour when I came across a little cafe and decided that an ice cream would be nice so I decided to test the waters and sat at one of the outside tables. A waiter came and took my order, him acting as if I was wearing a nun’s habit.

“Maybe they are used to naked girls walking around here?” I thought.

Again, when he brought me my ice cream, and again when he came for my money, he ignored my on display tits and slit.

As I walked away from the cafe I was a little more confident about my state of dress.

As I got near to George’s villa I saw Tony, the neighbour that I had met earlier, he was with a youngish woman coming out of their villa next door. When we got close Tony introduced me to Angela who was wearing a bikini bottoms cover-up and a bikini top that was slightly see-through. I couldn’t see any evidence of any bottoms under the cover-up.

“Well hello Sandra,” Angela said, “I’m pleased to see that George has got himself a girl, I was starting to get worried for him and I have to say that you look amazing Sandra, those tits are amazing, I wish that mine were like those, and I see that you like wearing very short skirts, is that your clit that we can see or are you wearing some sort of dildo or vibrator?”

“No, that’s all me, the natural me.”

“Well George really has struck lucky.” Angela said.

“We’re not really lovers Angela, more friends with benefits, I’m helping him boost business at his gym.”

“Intriguing, so is George at his gym right now, has he left you all alone up here?”

“Yes, I’m meeting him there this evening.” So what have you got planned until then Sandra?”

“Nothing, just wandering around, getting to know the area.”

“We’re going to the beach for a few hours, you’re welcome to come with us if you like, have you been to Ibiza before?”

“No, never, but I don’t have a bikini, I could go and buy one.”

“Don’t you waste your money Sandra,” Tony said, “the beach that we’re going to is one of the best in Ibiza and you don’t need a bikini, you girls can get away without one just about anywhere in Ibiza.”

I thought for a couple of seconds then said,

“Yes please, that's if you are sure that you don’t mind?”

“Not at all,” Tony said, “it will be nice to have another gorgeous girl to look at.”

Angela thumped Tony’s arm prompting him to say,

“What? I can tell that Sandra likes being looked at, isn’t that right Sandra?”

“Yes it is Tony, err, George has left me the Moke, can we go in that please, I’ve never driven it before and I need to get used to it.”

“Of course we can,” Tony replied, “I like George’s Moke, wish we had one myself, they’re dead easy to drive.”

“Okay, I just need to go and get a towel and some sunblock, with you in a couple.”

I dashed off and when I go back downstairs and outside, Tony had turned the Moke round, opened the gate and Angela was on the back seat. The back seat of a Moke isn’t very big and part of it is taken up by the lock box and the way that Angela had to sit left it very clear that she wasn’t wearing anything under her bottoms cover-up.

“All ready for you Sandra.” Tony said.

“Yep, will I be okay going like this?”

I was still only wearing the skirt and my sandals and I was pleased then Tony said,

“Sure, I’ll be able to see if those little tits actually wobble as you drive over the rough roads.”

I smiled as I climbed into the driver’s seat wondering the same myself but I did see Angel thump Tony on the arm.

“What?” Tony said, “I like looking at tits, you know that Angela.”

“It’s okay,” I said, “I like men looking at my body.”

“I was wondering about that Sandra, you don’t seem at all shy.”

“Not when it comes to my body, it really turns me on seeing men stare at me.”

“I can see that you are going to fit in around here Sandra,” Angela said as I checked to make sure that the gate was closing behind us.”

“Why do you say that Angela?” I asked.

“The parties, and have you had a look in George’s garage yet?”

“No, why.”

“Do you by any chance like to be spanked Sandra?” Tony asked.

“Funny you should day that Tony, there a story that I can tell you, but not whilst I’m driving, but the short answer is yes, I do like being spanked.”

“Sounds like we have a real winner here Angela,” Tony said, then continued,

“We drive on the wrong side of the road here Sandra.”

“Oops, I forgot.” I replied swerving over to the right.

After a few side roads, junctions and a couple of roundabouts we got onto a dual carriageway and I thought,

“Yes, driving the Moke is different to driving my driving school’s car and I can see that it will be a lot more fun.”

“What’s all that lot?” I asked when we started going alongside what looked like acres of lightly flooded rocks.

“Salt, Ses Salines,” Tony said, “the water is evaporating and leaving the salt.”

“Ah yes, of course. I should have realised.” I replied.

We entered a car park and the 2 old guy attendants didn’t bat an eyelid when they saw a topless girl driving in and paying. After I found a parking slot I switched off and as we started to get out Angela said,

“You can leave your skirt in the Moke if you want Sandra, no one will mind and a few dirty old men will appreciate the sight.”

So I did, and locked it in the lock box with the other things that we didn’t want to take onto the beach, and that included Angela’s bikini top, leaving her wearing just the bikini bottoms cover-up with nothing under it.

As we walked to the beach Tony gave me a brief description of the layout of the area and when we got to the actual beach I just knew that I would be spending quite a few days there.

“This is amazing.” I said, “and they let girls go into that beach bar dressed like this?”

“This one, and the one towards the rocks, but not the posher ones down on your right..” Tony said.

I looked to my left and saw mainly naked people but to my right everyone appeared to be wearing at least one item and I thought,

“I wonder what the reactions will be when I walk through that lot totally naked.”

By that time Tony and Angela had turned left and were walking along the beach so I followed them until they stopped not far from another beach bar.

“This is awesome.” I said as we spread our towels out.

I was soon on my back with my arms and legs spread wide enjoying the sun.

“Definitely not shy Sandra.” The now naked Angela said as she started rubbing sunblock on Tony’s back.

“Get those shorts off Tony,” Angela said, “I can’t put the stuff on your butt with them on. I’m sure that Sandra won’t mind.”

As Tony pushed his shorts down I saw an average length semi and I wondered if it got any bigger when it got hard. Unfortunately, I wasn’t about to find out as Tony managed to keep it under control.

I watched Angela cover Tony in sunblock then him do the same with Angela. I noted that Angela moaned a bit when he rubbed It on her tits, and she moaned some more when he rubbed her pussy. When he was done Angela asked me if I’d like Tony to do me. Assuming that she meant the sunblock I accepted the offer and turned onto my stomach.

As Tony worked his way down my back then my butt I let out a moan as he touched my pussy then I heard Angela ask,

“Do you want Tony to make you cum Sandra, he’s good with his fingers?”

A little surprised, I looked at Angela and saw her smiling so I said,

“Yes please.”

Tony teased my pussy a little more then told me to turn over. I did, leaving my legs spread wide hoping that Tony would play with my pussy again.

Tony nearly made me cum when he was putting the sunblock in my tits, he kept putting his purlicue on my chest round each tit and smoothing his index fingers and thumbs up then teasing my nipples.

“Amazing tits you’ve got there Sandra.” Tony said whilst still doing it after a couple of minutes on both tits.

“Yes Sandra,” Angela said, “I wish my tits were like yours, but you might find that those barbells get quite hot in this sun, just go for a dip if they do. Oh Tony, did Sandra’s tits wobble as we drove here?”

“They went up and down when her chest did, the suspension on Mini Mokes isn’t that brilliant, but they never changed shape, perfect little cones, and they’re really quite firm as well.”

“Can you leave my tits alone please Tony,” I asked, “I might just cum if you keep doing that.”

Tony did move his hands down my torso but as he did so I heard him quietly say,

“Just you wait my girl.”

I said nothing but guessed what he was referring to and couldn’t wait.

I was right, after Tony had put sunblock on my legs he moved up and started on my lower abdomen and my upper, inner thighs. When he started rubbing my clit I looked over to Angela and saw that she was smiling so I let myself go, albeit keeping my mouth shut not wanting the hundreds of people around to know that I was cumming, well not the first time that I was on that beach, I was 100% sure that I’d be cumming on that beach quite a lot in the coming days, week, months.

But I couldn’t stop the involuntary shaking and jerking as Tony made sure that my orgasm wasn’t over in a couple of seconds.

As usual, I totally lost track of time when I’m cumming and when Tony stopped I just lay there gradually returning to normal. After a while Angela said,

“I told you that he was good with his fingers.”

“And you were right, thank you Tony.”

“First one of the day was it Sandra?” Tony asked.

“No, George gave me a couple before we got off the bed this morning.”

After that we just lay there for a while before my curiosity got the better of me and I got to my feet and said that I was going to explore the area.

“You be careful Sandra, a naked girl on her own can be an invite trouble.” Angela said.

“Have you even heard of a girl being attacked around here Angela?” Tony asked.

“No but ……“ Angel replied.

“I’m a karate black belt so I should be okay.” I said.

“Remind me not to argue with you.” Tony added.

Off I walked towards the beach bar then the rocks. Not many of the naked people took any notice but I stared at one man, he had a good half dozen piercings in his cock, all with rings of different sizes in them. I wondered what it would be like getting fucked by that cock.

Once I was up on the rocky area I felt really alive. The sun, the gentle, warm breeze and the mainly clothed people who were walking along the paths was making me feel great, and horny. I loved the way some of the clothed people looked at me, it was like they’d never seen a naked girl before.

A few times I stopped and looked down on the sandy little areas and the people on them, In one of them I saw a girl riding reverse cowboy style on a man and decided that I was going to do that one day in the not too distant future.

I came to what looked like an old dis-used lighthouse with a couple of cars parked there. When I looked along the rocks at the water’s edge I saw a couple of old men fishing. I continued walking and came to another very nice beach but all I could see was male couples, some doing things that indicated to me that that beach was for gays so I turned inland, guessing that I’d walked along 2 sides of a triangle so cutting through the wooded area would take me back to Tony and Angela the shortest way.

I was soon on a track that obviously had been used by vehicles, then when I turned a corner I saw lots of clothed people walking towards me. Not being a shy wimp I kept walking right passed them. They all looked like they were heading to a beach and some of them looked as though it was the gay beach they were going to. The others included girls and I wondered if I’d missed a turning onto the first beach.

Before long I turned another corner and saw the car park.

“What the hell.” I thought and I walked through all the parked cars, and the Moke, and came to the turning to the beach that we’d first used, but not feeling tired, and feeling a but brave, I kept walking passed more people who looked like they were setting out for a day on the beach.

Then I saw some buildings then a cafe.

“Sod it.” I thought and the totally naked me walked through the cafe onto the road where I saw a cafe, a shop and a bus.

“That explains the groups of people.” I thought.

Then I thought about flashing my pussy on a bus and I decided that some days I’d come to that beach on the bus instead of in George’s Moke.

I saw a ramp down to the beach with lots of motorbikes and scooters parked alongside it and I walked down onto the beach. To my right was what looked like a factory of some sort and in front of me I saw a couple of jet-skis.

“I’ll have to see if I can hire one of those one day.” I thought before starting walking to my left, towards what was obviously the clothed area of the beach.

With another ‘what the hell’, I walked straight into the middle of the clothed area. I got a couple of old ladies giving me filthy looks, and quite a few people staring at me. As I walked on I thought about going there and handing out flyers for George’s gym. I smiled as I thought about me squatting down to hand a flyer to a cute, sleeping guy who was innocently sunbathing in some shorts and him opening his eyes and getting an eyeful of my bare, spread pussy.

The walking through the clothed area didn’t last long and I was soon able to see Tony and Angela.

“There you are Sandra,” Tony said, “we were just starting to think about sending out search parties.”

“There may be quite a few acres here but it would be difficult to get lost here.” Angela said.

“Sorry, have I been a long time” I asked.

“Not at all Sandra, it’s just that Tony missed seeing your tits.”

I looked at Tony and saw that he was in danger of getting a hard-on - again.

“Yes, I can see that he’s getting pleased to see them.” I said as I lay on my back on my towel.

“You shouldn’t have such a great pair of tits Sandra,” Tony said, “look at them, perfect conical shape with not even a hint of sag, and those nipples, what a size, I could chew on them all day. And that clit, it’s about the same size as your nipples.”

“Alright Tony, leave the poor girl alone.” Angela said. Then she turned to me and said,

“Sandra, you said that you liked to be spanked, tell us that story you mentioned.”

So I did, all about Isla’s advert on Reddit, the posh Gentlemen’s Club and Master Thomas. I described what we had to do in the Gentlemen’s Club including the Sybian and I also told them about the money that they paid us but not the escort job.”

Tony interrupted then telling me that George had a Sybian in his garage.

I got back to my story and told them about the hotel, drugged fucking.

“So you had no idea what those rich men did to you when you were out cold?” Tony asked.

“Well actually, I cheated.” I replied then told then about the hidden cameras.

“You’ve got quite a lot on ingenuity Sandra.”

“Well I wanted to know what they were doing to me.”

“I don’t blame you Sandra,” Angela said, “did you recognise any of the men?”

“No, but I wouldn’t have blackmailed them even if I had. It wouldn’t have been fair. Also it might have spoiled things for other girls.”

“Well Sandra,” Angela said, “your sex life has been far more interesting than mine and you’ve got a few years on me. I can’t promise you any money but I can promise you a good time, I’m sure that George will get around to telling you about the parties quite soon.”

“I’m sure that he will. He’s got his hands full with the changes to the gym at the moment.”

“Oh yes, what’s he changing?” Tony asked, “he’s not going all up market or something is he?”

“No, he’s got himself a new attraction and he’s going to re-brand the place.” I replied.

“Tell me more?” Angela asked.

“I think that that’s best kept until it’s all finalised, talking of which, what time is it?”

“Tony told me and I told them that I’d have to be going soon, that I had to get showered and to the gym by early evening.”

“Have to book appointments to have a workout now do we?” Angela asked.

“Hell no, you can come anytime that it’s open, it’s just that George, Catalina and myself have a few things to talk about then I’m going to have a workout myself. You should come along sometime.”

“We do, how do you think that I keep my body looking so trim?” Angela replied. “How about a swim then we’ll go?”

The 3 of us went for that swim and I lay back floating and looking up at the sky. I started thinking that my year out may end up going no further than Ibiza.

When we got out of the sea we got dried, Tony put his shorts on and Angela put just her bottoms cover-up on then we walked back to the Moke.

“Driving back like that Sandra?” Tony asked.

“Is that a problem?” I asked.

“Not unless we get stopped by the police but there’s not much chance of that. It may be a good idea to keep a dress in a waterproof bag under that seat just in case.”

“Good idea Tony.” I replied as we started walking back to the car park.

There were still people arriving as we were leaving and I wondered what it would be like to own a house right on a beach like that.

Now, for those readers who are not familiar with the Mini Moke you should know that, although they do have roll bars, they don’t have any doors and the side panels are lower than the seats so anyone who looked at the side of the vehicle when I was driving naked would be able to see all off my naked side from my knees up.

The journey back was uneventful apart from a guy on a scooter who stopped right alongside us when we got to a roundabout. Each time that we got closer to the roundabout the scooter stopped alongside us. One time when he was stopped beside me and he was staring at me I gave him a smile and a wave but I got nothing back.