**A Girl called Areola and her sister called Beaver**

by Vanessa Evans

**Introduction**

This story is about how 2 sisters spent the summer break after their first year at college.

**Part 01**

Yes I know, who the hell would call their daughter Areola? Well my parents did, what they were thinking I will never know. When I asked my mother why, she just said that her and daddy liked the name.

Of course I never realised the problem with me being called Areola until I reached puberty but by then it was too late, all my peers were sniggering at my name, some of the boys even started calling me things like ‘tit toppers’ and just plain ‘tit’ or ‘nipple’.

I also started noticing the looks that adults were giving me when I told them my name.

But I’m not the only one in our family that has a problem with her name, I have a sister 10 months younger than me and our parents called her Beaver.

Once both my sister and I realised the embarrassment that our names were giving us we decided that we’d try to get everyone to call us just A and B, and it’s working.

Nineteen years ago I’m sure that our parents were totally high on drugs, that’s the only explanation that B and I can think of why they’d give us such stupid and embarrassing names.

B and I are now 18 and 19 and we are both going to college, the same business course, same year. Life isn’t too embarrassing there because we introduced ourselves as A and B and that’s what we are known as to the other students. Of course the teachers know our proper names and we’ve had a few ‘knowing’ looks and a few comments from the male teachers but, so far, none have tried to come on to us.

I don’t know if it’s because of the names that our parents gave us, the way we were brought up, or what, but both B and I can’t stop thinking about sex, or more specifically, our bodies and how we like people seeing them them.

B and I may have a nearly a year between our ages but we act like we are twins, we look very much alike, and that includes the shape of our bodies, have the same likes in dress, think very much the same and have the same sense of humour; and we’re in on the same course at college. Oh, I mentioned that already. We were in the same classes each year at school too, something to do with when our birthdays are and when the school year age cut-off is.

Some people feel cold all the time and some, like B and I, feel hot all the time. We use that as an excuse to wear as little as possible and clothes that have the potential to show that we usually don’t wear anything beneath our dresses or tops and skirts. I suppose that you could call us exhibitionists although it’s usually a case of egging-on the other to show as much as we dare.

We probably get our dress ideas from our late mother (she passed 2 years ago). She, and daddy, were born-again hippies 20 years ago and mummy always wore long dresses that were made of thin cotton. They were the button-up type and she never fastened the buttons below the tops of her thighs or above her tiny breasts. As a consequence B and I discovered that she never wore underwear and didn’t have any pubic hair. We later found out that she’d had all her pubic hair permanently removed.

The dresses and skirts that B and I have are nearly all minis or micro-minis. We have a couple of long skirts and dresses that we wear for formal type occasions but that’s all.

Like our mother, both B and I have tiny breasts, maybe not even an AA, with small areolas and big nipples which are rock hard most of the time. Also like our mother, we never wear bras as we don’t need them for support. B and I only own a couple of bralettes that the cups are made of see-through mesh and a couple of thong, string bikinis. We got those through our weekend job that I’ll tell you about later.

At school we were constantly being told by the female teachers that we should really wear bras, one telling us that our pokey nipples were a distraction to the male teachers. Needless to say that we never started wearing bras and we both had a good giggle after that comment.

Daddy is great. He’s a plumber with his own business and his hours of work are quite variable dependent on how good business is. He never complains about how we dress, or not, and he’s often seen both B and I totally naked around the house and garden and he doesn’t complain when we masturbate in front of him. A few times he’s told us that we remind him of our mother and he’s told us stories of when she would run around naked, even entering competitions where she ended up naked and masturbating. Both B and I are looking forward to being in competitions like that.

We have one brother, Zack, he’s a year older than us and he too has seen B and I naked dozens, no, hundreds of times. And he’s watched us masturbating. We haven’t seen him masturbating but we’re both hoping that we will soon and we’ve spent some time working on a plan to make that happen.

He keeps telling us that he’ll invite some of his friends round when we’re naked and we always call his bluff by telling him to go ahead and do so, but he hasn’t yet.

All 3 of us kids were brought up to pull our weight when it comes to doing the household chores and we have a system that means nothing is a big deal for any of us which is a good job with daddy sometimes working a lot of hours.

One difference between B and I is that I’m better at writing stories and I’m writing this as a result of B daring me to write this and post it on a couple of web sites (Literotica and ASSTR) that we both read stories on. I guess that because you’re reading this I’ve written all of part 1 and posted it.

I guess that our parents open attitude to nudity and clothes has something to do with the way we are. Both mum and dad used to walk around the house naked when we were little and they let us do the same.

Camping was mum and dad’s choice for holidays, and it was camping out in the wild, none of these organised sites, Usually we were the only people camping in a farmer’s field and, assuming that the weather was good, all 5 of us could be seen around the field as naked as the day we were born.

We have 3 tents, a big one that mum and dad used to sleep in and we’d use the front awning for cooking and eating if it was raining, a small tent that Zack uses, and a slightly bigger one that B and I share. We have sleeping bags with zips all around and B and I always zip them together and share it, naked, just like at home.

Oh, I haven’t told you about the bedrooms at home, 3 of them, a big one with it’s own en-suite shower room, a little one that Zack has, and a medium sized one that B and I share. It has 2 single beds but we usually sleep in just one of them and use the other one for spreading our stuff on. B and I have been sleeping together for years. Okay, we’ve experimented like most girls do but we’re not lesbians, we lust after boys and their hard cocks just like most girls do. I’ll tell you a bit about our sex lives later.

To us nudity was natural. Even when B and I reached puberty being naked at home and outdoors was nothing special, there was nothing sexual about it. Even when we went camping after mum died and B and I were the only naked females it was no big deal for dad or us girls.

When we were little kids we used to play outside in the back garden, and sometimes the front garden as well, totally naked. The neighbours got used to us having nothing on and never complained. We do still play in the garden naked, although the games are a little different. With our very small tits and bald pussies I often wonder if some of the neighbours still think that we are little girls.

Zack however, was / is slightly different, he started wearing shorts all the time when he reached puberty and he admitted that him getting boners all the time was embarrassing for him. B and I told him that getting a boner was natural and that he shouldn’t be embarrassed about it, but he was, still is. We even told him that we liked looking at his boner but he still puts the shorts on.

Thinking back, I don’t think that B and I have seen Zack naked for well over a year now.

When camping, Daddy always confined our nudity to the camping field and the surrounding area which sometimes included the beach, but this last year, just after my nineteenth birthday, we got quite a surprise when we woke up one morning to find 3 little tents across the other side of the field. We got up and, as usual, didn’t put any clothes on, and started getting breakfast ready, but when daddy and Zack got up they both put some shorts on.

A couple of hours later when B and I were throwing a frisbee to each other in the middle of the field, we heard tent zips opening and out climbed 6 young men. When they turned and saw us they just stopped and stared.

Eventually, one of them called us over and we started chatting, B and I not even thinking about us being naked. It was only when 1 of them asked why we were naked that we remembered, but we didn’t try to hide anything. Instead we just told them about our parents lifestyle and that to us being naked was just natural.

By that time we were all sat down on the grass and the guys were putting a kettle on a little gas burner. Both B and I were sitting crossed-legged, leaving our knees spread wide. I never even thought about my pussy being spread wide and on display for the guys.

Anyway, we talked for a while before daddy shouted for B and I to tell us that we were going to the local village to get some supplies. As we walked back to our tents B asked me if I realised that my wet pussy was spread and on display for the guys.

I guess that most girls would have been mortified and horribly embarrassed when told that, but I just smiled and told B that I hoped that they enjoyed what they saw.

B agreed and added that her pussy was all wet and tingly too. I realised that my pussy was tingling too.

B and I put a skirt and top on and climbed into the car behind daddy and Zack. As we started moving I waved to guys and said that I hoped that they’d still be there when we got back.

They weren’t, but their tents were. We didn’t see them until the next morning when they told us that they’d gone for a walk to the top of a nearby big hill then stopped at a nearby pub. Also, that they were moving on after they’d had some breakfast.

Both B and I were disappointed at loosing our admirers but that’s life.

One thing that I haven’t told you so far is that B and I play a never ending game of dare, where we take it in turns to dare the other to wear something outrageous or not wear something that most people would expect us to wear, and that includes at home, although we have yet to dare the other to go out into the street totally naked. We both know that that could get us into trouble with the authorities. The dares also include touching ourselves in public or flashing our pussies or little tits. That’s fun and we usually end up masturbating to an orgasm in some place that we shouldn’t really do it.

Over the years the dares have got bolder and both of us have ended up naked in places that not may girls have ever been naked.

We’ve also got very close to being caught quite a few times but, after the initial fear which always makes us more horny, we always have a good laugh and can’t wait to see what our next dare will be.

We’ve also got into the habit of flashing each other’s goodies in public by pulling her clothes up or down to reveal what the people around us aren’t expecting to see. This includes pulling the ties on our string bikinis so that they fall off when we are at the swimming pool or at the coast. A few times daddy has told us to stop messing around when one of us has lost a bikini bottoms or our top and I’ve heard him apologise to a few people for our behaviour.

Of course, B and I never tie the strings in double knots, just simple bows, in the hope that the other one of us will strip us.

Earlier I mentioned bralettes and our jobs. Well, for the past couple of years we have both had this part-time job working in a fashion shop. It’s a franchise of a big chain that caters for older teenage girls and young women, but the owner, Eve, has the right to stock lines from wherever she wants and she specialises in underwear and bikinis, something that the chain has very little of. We work weekends and to cover for holidays, if we are available.

Eve is great, she has this policy for the staff, 4 full-time girls and B and I, that we have to wear the shops clothes for work. We choose 1 outfit, the full-time girls 3 outfits, each month and we are expected to wear them all the time that we are working.

We’ve always known that Eve is quite open-minded because she never gets upset if a girl comes out of the changing rooms to get a different size of something, wearing just her underwear, or even less, so a few months ago I dared B to choose a bra and knickers set for her to work in..

B’s response was to ask if Eve if she would allow that and I was pleased to hear that she had no problem with it just so long as it was a shop set.

B was happy and she chose a silky, tie side pair of knickers and a matching string, soft, silky bralette that shows the nipple bulges quite nicely. That was the first time that she’d ever worn a bra. When she put them on and went to check with Eve that it was okay to work in those, Eve’s only response was that it would draw more husbands and boyfriends in, and that would be good for sales.

B was happy, I was happy, and Eve was happy. Then B gave me the same dare.

I chose a set from the ‘strings only’ range and made B a little jealous. When I showed Eve she grinned and asked me if I really wanted to spend the whole day with my little tits and pussy on display in front of all the customers.

When I said that I did, she told me that I might just get a bonus in my pay packet if sales go up the way she was expecting them to.

That was a few months ago and both B and I now work in just ‘strings only’ bralettes and thongs or ‘strings only’ swimwear; and our pay packets have got bigger.

Of course, the shop always did get husbands and boyfriends coming in with the girls, and trying to peek into the changing rooms, but the numbers of men coming in has increased quite a lot and it’s not the changing rooms entrance that they hang around any more. I’ve heard a few boyfriends being told-off for following B or I around the shop.

One side effect of this is that both B and I go home each working day feeling quite horny and we often tell daddy and Zack that we’ve had a busy day and are worn out so we are off to bed, but we rarely get more sleep, usually less as 69 has become one of our favourite numbers.

Another game that we play all the time is Statues. At absolutely anytime one of us can say “freeze” and the other one has to just freeze until the word “unfreeze” is said. Needless to say that we usually say it when the other is partially or totally naked and in a pose and place that most girls would find totally embarrassing but we find exciting.

In a rare quiet moment at work once, B said “freeze” one time and I was stood there, legs slightly spread and wearing just a ‘strings only’ bikini. Eve saw me and asked what was going on. When B explained things to her Eve told me to go and change a skirt on one of the mannequins in the window.

When B said “unfreeze” again, off I went. What I didn’t know was that after I had walked away, Eve told B to wait until I was in the window then say “freeze” again. I was squat down with my knees wide, facing the outside when B said “freeze.”

I froze then moved my eyes to look around and saw some young men outside looking in at me.

Eve came over and asked me if I was okay. Of course I couldn’t answer so B said that I was. Eve then told B to leave me there for 5 minutes before telling me to unfreeze.

She did and I got really turned-on watching people watching me and trying to decide if I was real or just a mannequin.

Afterwards, Eve, B and the other girls that were working that day were all laughing at me. Eve told us that she was going to get both B and me to play that game again and asked if any of the other girls would like to join in. Three said no straight away, but one didn’t say anything and I wondered if she secretly wanted to do the same. I must talk to her about it sometime.

Now, every time that I have to change the window display I get all wet hoping that B will come over and say “freeze.”

It’s happened a few times since, to both B and me, and both B and I love every second of it. The problem is that the shop is just about always busy, possibly because Eve encourages B and I to wear “strings only” bikinis and underwear all the time.

Both B and I love it when one of our old schoolmates or current college mates comes into the shop and sees us. We love watching their reactions when they first realise that it is us that is virtually naked in the shop or better still, the window..

Talking about old schoolmates or current college mates, B and I seem to get invited to all the parties that they have and B and I just about always end up naked at the parties. The girls never call us sluts or anything like that, probably because they have seen us naked in the gym changing rooms so many times and they have got used to getting flashes of our tits and pussies because of the ultra short skirts and baggy tops that we wear.

The boys from school and college have all got the same flashes, although, as far as we know, they never saw us naked in the gym changing rooms, but that doesn’t stop them from egging us on to strip, or even helping us, at the parties. It was a little difficult when we were younger because there were sometimes parents at the parties but as we all got older the parents started leaving us kids to party on our own.

Even though the boys have all seen our pussies and tits dozens of times they still love seeing us naked and most of them try to hit on us.

We have sneaked off for a while with some of them and had sex with them. It was always fun but never really satisfying, not as satisfying as when B and I fuck each other with our dildos and vibrators that we have bought with daddy’s allowance and

the money that we earn at Eve’s shop. Both B and I are hoping that getting fucked by older men will be more satisfying and we’ve read that boys get better at fucking as they get older. I hope so.

Both B and I have been on dates with boys and it’s been okay, but we both think that they get a bit frightened off when the other one of us turns up and pulls our skirt up or our top down then embarrasses them by asking then to show us their cock.

Zack says that we are lesbians and are trying to frighten the boys off. We don’t think that that’s true, we just like having some fun, even at the expense of the boys.

All that I’ve just written about parties was true right up until the last party. It was the ‘end of term’ party for our first year at college and the party was at one of the girl’s houses. This girl’s family is quite rich and the party was at her parents house which is on the outskirts of town. The house has it’s own pool and secluded back garden where the party was. Her parents trust her and had gone away for the weekend leaving her on her own, apart from the party.

Anyway, the party started just like any other but it soon became obvious that the guys there were more mature and liked their alcohol. The conversation soon got around to B and I getting naked at parties and the guys were soon shouting, “off, off, off.”

B and I were happy to oblige and our dresses quickly came off. The guys weren’t satisfied and they managed to persuade 3 more girls to strip to their knickers and 2 more totally naked.

It was a bit strange not being the only 2 naked but we were certainly not complaining as we danced and got groped by the guys.

All this was going on outside on the back lawn and before long quite a few people were in the pool.

Not B nor I as we were both enjoying the attention and the groping.

A couple of the guys were getting ‘happy’ and before long B and I were on our hands and knees getting fucked doggy style, right in front of everyone else.

Those 2 guys quickly shot their load inside us and I thought that that was it, but within seconds my pussy was getting invaded by another cock and I could see B getting fucked by another guy.

We must have been fucked by most of the guys there before one of them started calling B and I sluts. Others joined in, then one said that we should be punished.

My eyes opened wide wondering what the fuck was going to happen. Well what happened was that B and I got spanked, a lot, probably by most of the people there, girls included.

B, Zack and I never got spanked as kids so it was all new to B and I. One guy turned me round so that B and I could see each other, and what was happening to the other. I guess that B’s butt was taking the same punishment that mine was and it looked, and felt painful, well to start with. Before long my butt got warm then hot and the pain started disappearing. Different hands were taking over as it went on and on.

Then I realised that an orgasm was building deep inside me. I hadn’t cum while I was being fucked but if the spanking kept going I was going to cum right there on the back lawn in front of all my college mates and their partners.

I looked at B’s face and saw that she too was about to cum. We stared into each other’s eyes as both orgasms arrived at about the same time. Our bodies shaking and jerking and us both shouting and screaming as all our college mates watched and cheered.

As our orgasms faded away I looked at B and saw that she too was smiling, she looked like I felt, proud of myself. I got to my feet, helped B up, then did a little curtsy to the still cheering people.

“Who’s turn is it next girls?” I shouted.

I didn’t expect any of the girls to respond and they didn’t, not even the couple of naked girls.

“Girl on girl. Twin on twin.” Someone shouted and others joined in.

Well, what’s a pair of super horny girls supposed to do? I looked at B and B looked at me, in her face I saw the same lust that I was feeling. We walked to each other and started kissing. Nothing new in that, we do it most nights. We also do what we did next, that is, after some foreplay, we got down into the 69 position and started eating each other and finger fucking each other.

As I ate her pussy I tasted the cum from all the guys that had just fucked her. It reminded me of the couple of times that I had given dates a blowjob.

It didn’t take long for both of us to cum again, then we lay on our backs, legs open recovering.

Luke, one of our college mates who hadn’t been very friendly, came over to me and stood between my legs,

“I’ve got it all on video A, do you have a preference for which website I post it on? By the way, what is A short for?”

“Areola,” I replied, “and no.”

“What? Your named after your tits?”

“Yes.”

“No wonder you just call yourself A. What’s B short for?”

“Beaver.”

“You’re kidding me.”

“No, our parent were high when they named us.”

”They must have been. Hey everyone, bet you can’t guess what the real names of these 2 sluts are?”

After a short pause he told them and I could hear a few sniggers. Jade, one of the girls from college, the daughter of the house’s owner, and one of the naked girls, came over to us and asked if Luke was right. B confirmed that it was then Jade said that it was no wonder that we just used the first letter. Then she asked B and I if we were okay.

“We’ve just cum twice, of course we’re okay.”

“Don’t your butts hurt?”

Jade put her arms out to help us get to our feet and when we were up I put my hand on my butt and felt it. It was hot and a bit tender but that was all.

“Come and have a swim, that should make you feel better.” Jade said.

We did, and it did. It also got rid of the male cum that was on our inner thighs but there was probably lots more still inside us. After a short while we stopped swimming and Jade said,

“So apart from your names, are your parents responsible for you being comfortable naked and not caring who sees you or who fucks you?”

“I guess so, our mother never had any hang-ups before she died and our father doesn’t.”

“Oh, sorry for your loss, I didn’t know. I have to admire how she brought you up. My parents aren’t too bad, but not as good as yours.”

“Thank you.”

“I’ve read about girls that cum when they get spanked, does your father spank you often?”

“No, never, that was our first spanking.”

“Well you obviously enjoyed it, do you want me to ask my father to spank you, he seems to enjoy spanking me but I don’t get excited like you do.”

“Does he make you get naked for your spankings?” B asked.

“Yes.”

“And you don’t get excited by him seeing you naked, I mean you are an attractive young woman.”

“Well yes, but it goes away as soon as he starts spanking me.”

“Would he spank you if you just hang around the house naked, or swim or sunbathe naked?”

“I don’t know but I doubt that my brother would mind.”

“Ha, I’m sure that he wouldn’t. Why don’t you try it over the summer? It sounds like you’d get a lot of pleasure by doing it.”

“Probably, you know, I might just do that, thanks Areola, sorry, A.”

“That’s okay Jade, I guess that we’re going to have to get used to being called by our full names, and all the nicknames for our lady parts. I’m starting to think that it could be fun for us as well, what do you think Beaver?”

“Yeah, okay, at least people can’t call me ‘Hairy Beaver’.”

“You may have to prove that a few times, and I guess that you’ll then get called ‘Bald Beaver’ quite a lot.”

“I can live with that.”

We got out of the pool and got dried then went and joined in the dancing. Just about everyone had moved on from what had happened earlier and it was back to a normal party except that more of the girls had somehow managed to lose some more, or all of their clothes and we kept seeing couples disappearing behind the garage or the bushes or the big tree in the corner of the garden.

We didn’t need to wonder what they were doing.

Both B and I were refreshed from out dip in the pool and we really enjoyed the rest of the evening. What’s more we easily found our dresses and bags when it came time to leave.

The taxi ride wasn’t long and we were soon in bed and talking about the evening.

“So,” B said, “our first gang bang, our first spanking and our first public 69, I’m assuming that you enjoyed it A.”

“Hell yes, I’m a little sore and I’m still leaking a bit, but that was fun. I’m also quite tired, do you mind if we don’t have a fingering session before we go to sleep?”

“Not at all, I’m the same as you B. Maybe whichever of us wakes up first could wake the other by fingering them?”

“Hmm, that sounds nice. If I’m half awake I might think that burglar has got in and is fingering me before he rapes me.”

“It wouldn’t be rape sis.”

“No, you’re right. Maybe you could wake me by pushing Big Boy (our biggest dildo) into me?”

“That would wake me up quick.” I replied.

We both giggled and I decided that if I woke up first Big Boy would wake up B.

Do you think Jade could put on another party before the summer ends, I fancy doing that again. I was happy to see some of the other girls stripped and enjoying themselves.”

“Yes, maybe we should suggest to Jade that it’s a ‘clothed male, naked female’ party?”

“That would be nice, it would be good to see the other girls letting themselves really enjoy themselves. Or maybe Jade should just make it an orgy party.”

“Nice, just so long as we can have a good gang bang again. I liked not knowing who was fucking me.”

“Me too.”

“I think that were developing hyper-sexual disorder B, we just can’t get enough sex at the moment.”

“Maybe we’re turning in to nymphomaniacs, exhibitionist nymphomaniacs.”

“Maybe.”

I didn’t hear if B replied to that because I went to sleep.

The next thing that I remember was the feeling of our Big Boy dildo being pushed into my vagina. After a split second of panic I realised what was happening and I moaned and told B to keep going.

Ten minutes later after B had made me cum and I had returned the favour, we were still laying there with Big Boy still buried deep inside B’s pussy, I suggested that we go and get some breakfast. Then I had a naughty thought and dared B to go to the kitchen and have breakfast just like she was, with the dildo still half inside her.

She protested saying that daddy might still be there. I told her that that was part of the fun.

We got out of bed and walked downstairs with B complaining that she was having to squeeze hard to keep Big Boy inside her.

Daddy wasn’t in the kitchen and looking outside I could see that his van had gone. However, Zack was there, and so was one of his mates.

“Fucking hell sis, I half expected 2 naked girls but not one with a dildo sticking out of her twat. Sorry about this Dave, if I’d known I’d have told you to bring a camera.”

“Hey bro, I’m not complaining.” Dave replied getting his phone out, “You’ve been keeping these two hidden for way too long.”

“I haven’t been hiding them, you see them every day at college.”

“Not like this I don’t, do you mind if I take a few photos?”

“I’d forgotten about your phone, go ahead, my exhibitionist sisters won’t mind one little bit, in fact, girls, clear the table and get on it, I’m sure that you can guess how Dave will want you to pose.”

We did, and Dave got lots of photos of our naked bodies, Beaver with Big Boy sticking out of her vagina. After a while Zack said,

“Okay Dave, let’s go, we don’t want to be late.”.

“Well girls,” Dave said to us, still with his eyes going from out tits to our pussies, “It really was good to see all of you. I hope to see ALL of you again soon.”

“Yes, seeya Dave.” B replied.

B and I watched the boys leave then we turned to each other and giggled.

“Well that’s been a great start to the day, how are we going to top that today?” I said.

Neither of us had an answer to that. B pulled Big Boy out of her pussy and put it on the kitchen table while we got ourselves some breakfast.

**A Girl called Areola and her sister called Beaver**

by Vanessa Evans

*As usual, it’s best if you read the earlier parts before this one.*

**Part 02**

We had 6 weeks of nothing before going back to college. I say nothing, but that wasn’t quite true, we were going to work at Eve’s shop for a full week to cover for a couple of the girls who were going on holiday together.

At the next Sunday lunch daddy asked us all what we were going to do with all our spare time. Zack said that he had his whole holidays planed but B and I had nothing planned so daddy and Zack made a few suggestions: -

Going camping again

Helping daddy with his work

Going to London for a few days

Going to the Seaside for a few days

Going to visit aunt Betty

Getting an all-over tan in the back garden – Zack’s idea

Going swimming

Join the local council’s keep fit summer programme

Go Cycling

Well most of the ideas were non-starters for B and I but we did talk some more about some of the ideas.

Camping – Daddy said that we could take the car and maybe go to one of those big sites that reckons that they’ve got everything that anyone could ever need for a great holiday, but daddy told us that we’d have to wear some clothes or proper bikinis. He’d seen our ‘strings only’ ones and liked them but he said that they weren’t appropriate for a big camp site.

Going to the Seaside for a few days – Daddy said that we could get the train and stay in a hotel or B&B for a few nights.

Going to the London for a few days – Daddy said that we could again go by train and stay in a hotel or a few nights, but he warned us not to go to some of the troublesome suburbs, too many knives flying around.

Go swimming – There is a big, new leisure centre in the next town and we could go and have a look at it. Daddy said that we could take the car.

Cycling – We’d have to get our bikes out and give them a good once-over. It would be okay for the odd day but there was no way that we were going to go on a cycling holiday, even for a few days.

The others on the list didn’t even get discussed but some of them were distinct possibilities. B and I said that we’d talk about it later.

That evening, Zack was still out, and daddy and B and I were watching a movie. B and I were both naked and sat either side of daddy on the sofa and cuddling up to him. At the end of the movie, and with no thought about it before I opened my mouth, I said,

“Daddy, life must be hard for you at the moment, with mummy gone you must be lonely, we wouldn’t mind if you found a girlfriend.”

I think that my statement slightly shocked all 3 of us but after a few seconds silence, daddy replied.

“Well thank you Areola, but my life right now is all about you 3 kids. I need to make sure that you are properly prepared for adult life.”

“Daddy,” B replied, “all 3 of us are adults now, you and mum did a good job with us, Zack will be working with you when he finishes college and A and I should be able to get a good job when we finish at college. If we don’t you can give us an apprenticeship and when we’re fully trained we can become the first naked lady plumbers. I bet that we’d get a lot of jobs from the men who live on their own.”

“I’m sure that you would.”

“But what about your personal needs daddy? It can’t be good for you not having a girlfriend.” I said.

“No, but just seeing you 2 around the house makes me happy.”

“We could make you even happier if you want daddy.”

“You’re not suggesting that we have sex are you Areola?”

“We can if you want daddy, I’m sure that B and I could give you a really good time.”

“That wouldn’t be right Areola, we’re family.”

“Daddy,” B chirped in, “this is 20 years into the 21st century, mummy put us on the pill as soon as our periods started. There’s no way that either of us will get pregnant so the whole incest thing is a non-starter. Besides, we can see that you want to fuck us.”

Both B and I were looking at the massive tent in daddy’s trousers.

Daddy said “No,” but both B and I could tell that he was seriously considering what it would be like to fuck his daughters.

“Oh shit!” daddy said as both B and I let our hands wander to the bulge in his trousers. What’s more, he didn’t stop us as we unfastened his trousers and slid them down his legs. He even lifted his butt a little to help us.

When his cock sprang free B said,

“Daddy, I’ve never seen it that big before.”

Our hands started rubbing his cock then licking and sucking it. We took it in turns to take it deep into our throats. Poor daddy didn’t stand a chance.

We didn’t let him cum though, twice he got close but we backed off and let him recover before B straddled him and lowered herself onto his cock. She’d only lifted then lowered herself 4 times before daddy groaned and B dropped down so that he was as far in her that he could go. She kissed him all over his face as his movements told me that he was spurting his seed deep inside my sister.

“Wow daddy,” I said, “you really needed that didn’t you?” I said as the interval between the spurts got longer. All daddy did was nod his head.

Just for the record, B and I had talked about us fucking daddy a few times and we’d agreed that she would be the first to have him inside her.

When B felt him start to soften she climbed off him and lay on the floor in front of him with her feet near him but her legs spread wide so that he could see her pussy and his cum start to seep out of her.

I wanted a taste of daddy cum, and I wanted to eat B so I got on top of her and we 69’d for daddy to watch. After we’d both cum I looked up to daddy and saw him still staring at us but his cock was hard again.

It was my turn and I quickly got up and straddled him. This time though, he didn’t cum so quickly and I was bouncing up and down on him for quite a while before we both came at roughly the same time.

I collapsed forward on to him and when I was able I thanked him.

“No, thank you, both of you, but that can never happen again.”

“Yes daddy it can and it will. You don’t really care about these stupid taboos, as long as we don’t have your babies everything will be just fine.”

“And a lot of fun for all of us.” B added.

Daddy smiled and both B and I knew that it wouldn’t be long before we were doing it again.

I climbed off him and he went to get cleaned up. B and I went next and we talked about what had just happened. We were both very happy but we knew that things would change between daddy and both of us. We just hoped that it would be changes for the good.

“I hope that you 2 aren’t expecting me to fund all of your trips to wherever just because of what just happened.” Daddy said as we snuggled-up on each side of him to watch the next movie.

“No daddy,” I replied, “we seduced you because we love you and saw that you needed it. Have we ever tried to be nice to you to get something from you? You brought us up better than that thank you daddy.”

Daddy already had an arm round each of us and he squeezed us to him so much that we both begged him to stop.

Later, when we went to bed, B and I talked some more about what had happened and wondered if 1 of us should go to his bed each night and let him fuck us.

“Well if you do,” B said, “you’d better be back here before I wake up, I don’t want to wake up on my own.”

I pushed my fingers deeper into her pussy and promised that I would, if she did the same for me.

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**The Leisure Centre**

We did decide to do some of the things that we’d talked about, the first was a trip to the leisure complex in the next town. Daddy let us take the car and we both took one of our bikinis that is a lot more modest than we like to wear. For starters, they have triangle on the top that cover all of our tits. The good thing being that they have strings that we fasten with bows that tie in the middle of our backs and behind our necks.

The bottoms have a small triangle at the front and a much bigger one at the back, they cover most of our butts but leave a bit of the top of our butt cracks visible. They too are string fastening and it wasn’t long before both of us were pulling at the strings of the other’s top or bottoms.

Needless to say that all of our goodies were on display quite often, each time the ‘victim’ pretending to be very embarrassed and telling the ‘attacker’ to stop it.

The slides were fun because our tops often ended up around our necks and the bottoms often came undone and a few times actually came right off.

Of course we knew what was happening and always pretended that we didn’t realise until someone pointed it out to us. Over the last few years we have both got very good at pretending to be shocked and embarrassed.

There was one slide that we enjoyed the most, as you got near to the bottom you went into a big goldfish like bowl sort of thing, and went round the sides a couple of times before falling through a big hole in the bottom and landing in a small pool where it ended.

The thing was, there were windows in the part of the bowl that was near a walkway and people could stand and watch you going round and round.

Well both B and I realised that if our bikinis ‘accidentally’ came off as we went down the first slide part we’d go round and round the bowl totally naked with people watching us. We went on that slide 6 or 7 times and each time we had to retrieve our bikinis in the bottom pool and put them back on. So much fun.

What I haven’t mentioned so far is the changing room, and it wasn’t plural, there was only 1 and it has rows of cubicles for people to get changed in. You then have to take your clothes to a locker that you get the key on a big rubber band when you put a pound coin in the slot.

Well B and I decided that we weren’t going to use the cubicles and we got changed standing beside the rows of lockers, much to the delight of a few boys who watched us strip naked then put our bikinis on.

After our first swimming and slides session we went back to the changing room and pretended to get changed in front of our locker. After taking our bikinis off then putting them back on a few times we decided to go for a wander and see what we could find.

What we did find was a jacuzzi, a steam room and a sauna, The jacuzzi was the first that we went in and it was wonderful. The bubbles felt great and the hands that played with my tits and pussy were wonderful too, making me cum twice. I couldn’t see what was happening to me because of the bubbles and I assumed that the hands were B’s but I didn’t try to prove it.

Neither could B prove that it was my hands that returned the compliment, making her cum twice as well.

I forgot to check my bikini when I stood up to get out and quickly found out that my top had slid to one side revealing both my hard nipples, and one side of my bottoms were undone and hanging down.

“Oops.” I said and slowly covered my tits before fastening my bottoms, the man sat in front of me getting a good look at my slit.

Because B had missed out on a pussy flash I decided to give her one as we walked towards the sauna, I was beside her and I reached over and pulled on one of the strings on her bikini bottoms. They were so loosely tied that she didn’t notice until it was undone and hanging down revealing her slit to the man that was walking towards us.

“Shit,” she shouted as she squat down to hide her slit. As she squat down I pulled on one of the strings on her top. Again she didn’t notice straight away, not until she stood up and the triangles of her top were pointing towards the floor, her tiny tits on display for the world to see. Well the now 2 men that were walking our way.

“Stop doing that,” she said as she corrected her wardrobe malfunction but only retying the strings loosely.

We were both giggling as we opened the door to the sauna room where we saw some sunbeds, a small pool that had a sign above it calling it a ‘plunge pool’ and warning that it was very cold, a couple of curtained showers, and of course the main sauna.

“You ready for this?” B asked.

“Are we supposed to be naked or do we keep our bikinis on?” I replied.

“No idea. Let’s take them off and hang them on those hooks.”

We did, and opened the door to the sauna.

Four pairs of men’s eyes turned and looked at us. All 4 men had their swimming shorts on.”

“Oops.” I said, “I guess that we misunderstood the rules.”

“Too late now girls,” one elderly man said, “come on in, shut the door and climb up on a bench. There’s plenty of room for you to lay on the benches.”

“Well if they don’t care about us being naked then I sure as hell didn’t.” I thought as I closed the door and climbed up onto to the lower bench. B was sprawled out on her back at one end and me at the other end. Both of us had kept out legs as far apart as the bench would allow and all 4 men were looking down at our pussies.

“This is going to make me cum.” I thought as I lay there resisting the urge to rub my clit. We lay there for something like 10 minutes with me noticing the bulges that were appearing in the men’s shorts.

I was just getting to the point of no return when I realised that the heat was getting too much for me. My arousal level descended as I got hotter and hotter.

Finally, I had had enough and I kicked B’s feet and told her that I was getting out.

B got up and followed me.

We just stood there, both of us a little dizzy from the heat.

“Jump into the plunge pool.” B said.

“It’s freezing.” I replied.

“I dare you.”

I looked at her then jumped in. Geez was it cold. I quickly clambered for the steps and climbed out.

“I dare you to do that B.” I said.

She did and I swear that everyone in the building would have heard her scream.

When she got out we looked at each other and saw that we had 4 rock hard, throbbing nipples. I wondered if my clit had shrunk right up to my stomach.

“I’m cold.” B said so I grabbed her hand and pulled her back into the sauna. The 4 men looking delighted that we were back.

“I take it that you’ve just been in the plunge pool?” One of the men asked.

“Yes, I didn’t think that it would be that cold. Look what it’s done to my nipples.” I replied.

It was silly telling them to look at our nipples because all 8 eyes were already glued to them. We lay down in the same places and slowly thawed out. As I warmed up my arousal grew as well, so quickly that I couldn’t stop myself from touching my clit. After realising that it was still there I gave it a quick rub and an orgasm took control of my body.

I moaned and my body jerked for a good minute before the pleasure subsided enough for me to realise that B was in the middle of an orgasm as well.

“Sorry about that,” I said to the nearest man, “I just couldn’t help it.”

“That’s okay love, it gets you like that sometimes, nothing to be embarrassed about, it’s just natural.”

I smiled and thought that there was no way that I was sorry or embarrassed.

B and I got out soon after that and went and lay on 2 of the sunbeds. After a couple of minutes B said,

“That was soo cool, we’ve got to come here again.”

“I don’t know that we’ll be able to be naked the next time, we shouldn’t have taken our bikinis off this time.”

“I’m sure that we’ll find a way.”

I laughed and thought,

“I’m sure that we will.”

As we sat there, the men in the sauna started coming out having lasted much longer than we did. Both B and I were laying in the sunbeds with our knees up and our pussies exposed to the world, and each of the men took a good long look at us before leaving. As the last one stared at our pussies B said that she wanted to go to the steam room. When I said that I didn’t know where it was the man pointed to a door and said that it was through there.

We thanked him and got up to put our bikinis back on.

As we went through the door I told B that we’d try the same trick about not knowing what the dress code was. When we stood outside the door to the steam room I loudly said,

“Do you know if we have to be naked in there or keep our bikinis on?”

B smiled and replied,

“I don’t know, if we take them off we can always put them back on.”

With that we pulled on all our bikini strings, then hung them up on the pegs and opened the door. The steam rushed out enveloping us as we walked in.

Wow, was it different to the sauna, there was some light on but I couldn’t see if there was anyone in there or not. I could vaguely make out that the place was smaller than the sauna and I guessed that people just sat on the plastic benches so I pulled B’s hand to the nearest bench and sat down.

I was only just getting used to the steam when someone opened the door and held it open. The steam rushed out and I started to be able to see things in there, and the people in there. There was only a couple in there and the girl was as naked as B and I were. Well not quite, she had a landing strip on her pubes.

A man finally came in and sat opposite B and me. Thinking that the steam would soon obscure his view of us I lifted my feet and put them on the front edge of the seat, This had the effect of making the whole of my pussy visible to him, a fact that he didn’t miss and he stared at it until the steam got too thick.

I was a little disappointed with the steam room and just after the man couldn’t see my pussy I took B’s hand and led her out. As we showered I told B that I hadn’t enjoyed the steam room as much as the sauna and I wasn’t surprised to hear that she agreed.

We put on our bikinis and headed back to the main pool area.

As we walked B sneakily pulled on my bikini strings and I pretended not to notice until both halves were on the floor. Then I shouted at her to attract the attention of the people near us. I squat down and made a big deal of putting the bikini back on then thumped B’s arm and called her a ‘naughty bitch’.

When we got back to the main pool we saw the cafe and decided to get a snack and a drink. We diverted to the changing room and B got her purse then we went to the cafe. It felt so naughty and nice queueing to get served in a bikini that was was so small and barely staying on me and when the young man served us he was staring at the little tents in our bikini tops.

As I stood there I decided that the next time that we went there I was going to wear one of Eve’s ‘nearly strings only’ bra and knickers set that has see-through mesh instead of conventional underwear material.

When we sat down to eat I pulled both strings on B’s bikini bottoms just as she was sitting down. She sat eating with the front of her bikini dangling down between her legs and she kept laying back in the chair so that anyone who was passing could see the front of her slit. I saw 1 young man do a double-take as he walked passed staring at us. He nearly tripped on a chair that was stuck out a bit and I laughed.

When it came time to leave the cafe B just stood up then screamed and sat down again, but not before a young couple had turned to look at her. I heard the girl say,

“Poor thing.”

I smiled as B tied her bikini then followed me back to the pool.

Standing there looking around I asked B if she wanted to leave and go home or have some more fun.

“I want another go in that goldfish bowl slide.” B replied.

“And I want to go into the sauna again.”

“Let’s do both,” we both said almost in stereo.

We went to the goldfish bowl slide first and again pulled on our bikini strings just as soon as we got on the slide at the top. When I went on it B stood near the windows in the bowl and watched the people watch the naked me, followed by my bikini, going round then dropping through the hole. She later told me that the comments ranged from “poor girl” to “slut” and “I bet she did that on purpose.”

Of course the later was true but B didn’t tell them.

It was B’s turn next and as I watched she got similar comments as I had except that 2 of the young men watching couldn’t decide if B was the same girl as a few minutes ago. I was stood next to them but they didn’t realise that I was the first girl, probably too busy watching B.

Then it was the sauna again. We again loudly said that we didn’t know what the dress code was before taking our bikinis off again. Again I said,

“Oops, got that wrong,” I said when we went in and saw 2 men with shorts on, one of them with a girl in a bikini.

B replied saying,

“Too late now, they’ve all seen us, just lay on the bench.”

We did and the 2 men stared at our little tits and pussies until the couple got up and left leaving just the 1 man and us.

Well that was good enough for us and without even saying anything or even looking each other in the face, our right hands moved to our pussies and got busy.

The poor man had to watch us bring ourselves to orgasms. Why he didn’t get his cock out and have a wank I will never know. Maybe he was scared that we might scream and shout rape, but it didn’t really matter, we had our orgasms before he left.

We again dared each other to jump into the plunge pool, this time together, and were just climbing out when 2 men came in, stared at us then went into the sauna. We went to the sunbeds and lay down to thaw out but we were disappointed when no one came in and saw us before we decided that it was about time to go home.

But showing our bodies didn’t stop at that point, we still had to have a shower before leaving and we’d seen that there was just one, big communal shower. Presumably people were supposed to keep their swimming costumes on but we didn’t. We took our bikinis off at the lockers and took just our shampoo to the showers.

We half expected to be seen by a member of staff and get told to leave but we never saw any, instead quite a few people watched us showering naked. The thing was, no one seemed to care that we were naked, which was a bit of a disappointment. Maybe we should have waited until some older men came in.

Anyway, we showered then went back to our locker where we got dried then dressed. A couple of older men did walk by and had a good look at us, We just smiled at them and continued getting dry then dressed.

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**Working**

The next week both Beaver and I were working at Eve’s shop all week.

Our full week working was fun. Eve was happy for us to wear just the ‘strings only’ underwear and bikinis all the time in the shop and there was quite a few quiet periods where Eve let us play ‘statues’, usually in the shop window. That was great fun and it was quite a turn-on watching the people outside looking at us and wondering if were were plastic or flesh.

Most of the customers seemed more relaxed as well and in the changing rooms girls took a lot longer to decide and often came out to have a look at a distance in the mirror on the end wall. And sometimes that was in just underwear. I had one conversation in there with a girl who was trying on ‘strings only’ underwear. She was trying to decide if she liked seeing herself with a landing strip or bald like me. We stood next to each other while she looked at both our pubes before deciding that the landing strip had to go.

There was another girl who kept coming out of the changing room totally naked and swapping the dress that she was going to try on. One time that she came out I heard her say to Beaver,

“I just can’t make up my mind, you don’t mind do you?”

Beaver just said that it was okay.

We enjoyed our full week, it was different but okay. If working there full-time paid a lot better I could definitely do it. Being nearly naked all the time was a blast.

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**A Girl called Areola and her sister called Beaver**

by Vanessa Evans

*As usual, it’s best if you read the earlier parts before this one.*

**Part 03**

**Camping again**

We were only going for a few days but we wanted to look our best so we spent as much time as we could improving our all over tan a couple of days before we went camping. On the second day B and I were sunbathing in the back garden, totally naked, when we heard the doorbell ring. We got up and walked round the side of the house to the front and saw a delivery guy with a big box in his hands. He saw the 2 naked girls and his jaw dropped.

“Can I help you.” I said.

“I err, yes, err does a Mr Parkin live here?”

“Yes.”

“I’ve err got this package for him.”

“You can leave it with us.”

“It needs signing for.”

“That’s okay, I’ll sign for it.”

We walked up to the man and he held out the package. B took it and put it on the ground behind her. To do that she had to bend over and I saw the man’s eyes looking straight at her butt and pussy. I smiled and when B stood up I asked the man what I had to sign.

“Err, oh yes, this,” and he handed me a phone with the companies app on it.

After signing it I handed it back to him then turned to pick up the package.

“I can’t let him see just 1 pussy.” I thought as I spread my feet then bent with straight knees.

As I was bent over I hovered for a few seconds before picking up the package and standing back up. I looked at B and we smiled at each other then thanked the man and B and I started walking back round the house. As we got to the end of the side of the house I turned and looked back to see the man still staring at our butts as we walked.

“That was fun,” I said, “He’s got me all wet.”

“Me too, I wonder what this is?”

“Probably just some plumbing bits.”

“Yeah, but it wasn’t the usual delivery guy, if it was he’d have left it in the shed when we didn’t answer the door.”

“Then he’d have seen us flat on our backs with our legs spread.”

“And my hand rubbing my clit.”

We both giggled a bit then B said,

“Well have to get daddy to order some more bits while we’re off college.”

I put the package in the kitchen and thought no more about it.

Even when daddy got home that evening, saw the box and said,

“They’ve arrived then.”

We thought nothing of it. It was only after we’d eaten that daddy said,

“That box contains a little present for each of you girls. I think that you are old enough to appreciate them now. Your mother had one and we got a lot of pleasure out of it even though they weren’t anywhere as near good as they are these days.”

“What is it daddy?”

“Wait and see. I want you to take the box with you when you go camping and open it when you get there, You’ll know what to do when you see them.”

“Can’t we open it now? Please?”

“Nope, promise me that you’ll wait.”

“Okay, I promise, cross my heart and hope to die.”

“You don’t have to go that far girls, a simple promise will do.”

“Yes daddy, we promise.”

Over the years we’ve had a lot of fun camping with our family but this was going to be different. There was only going to be Beaver and me this time and we wanted to go somewhere that was next to a beach and had some facilities. This meant that there would be other people there and we didn’t want loads of kids running around. B and I had been on the internet and found an adults only site that met the other criteria. It was just over 100 miles away but daddy said that we could borrow the car so we were okay.

The night before we left we went into daddy’s bedroom and we gave him a very pleasurable hour or so as a way of thanking him for the use of the car. He tried to stop us, again saying that it wasn’t right but we just kept going.

It only lasted about an hour because he told us that he had to get some sleep because he was working the next day.

We set off early the next morning wearing just summer dresses that we’d shortened so that they are barely legal – when we’re standing straight, and sandals.

I did the first driving stint and Beaver sat in the passenger seat with her feet up on the dash, one near the door and the other in the centre. She played with her pussy for all of the 50 or so miles to the service area where we planned to stop for a drink and a pee.

I quickly realised that when we passed a big van or lorry, the driver would be able to look down and see what Beaver was dong. That 50 miles took a lot longer than it should have.

When we stopped and got out Beaver stretched her hands up in the air and said that it was good to be alive. I’m sure that she realised that by thrusting her hand up in the air her dress would ride up revealing her bare butt and pussy to the other people in the car park. I looked around and saw 3 men looking at her.

We walked into the building and to the cafe. There was a stack of trays on the ground so we each bent over to get one, not even looking at the people around to see if the were watching us.

With drinks and Danish pastries on our trays we went and found a table with a bench seat facing the room and sat with our knees open. We didn’t look around much but I did see 2 workmen come and sit opposite us. I wondered if they could see our pussies.

Back at the car it was Beaver’s turn to drive. Once Beaver had opened the doors and got into the driver’s seat I looked around and saw the same 2 workers from the cafe. They were walking our way so I waited until they go close then reached for the hem of my dress and pulled it right up and off me. I smiled at the men, threw my dress in the back seat and climbed into the car.

“Oh my gawd Areola, I can’t believe that you just did that. Are you going to stay like that all the way to the campsite?”

“Probably.” I replied.

“Why didn’t I think of doing that?”

“Well I dare you to do the same on the return journey.”

“Hmm, I might enjoy that journey.”

We drove off with the 2 men just standing and staring at us.

Apart from the lorry drivers looking down at me rubbing my pussy and tweaking my nipples, we arrived at the campsite all too soon. I’d made my self cum twice during that last 50 miles but I was eager to get the tent pitched and see what fun we could have.

I quickly put my dress on and we went into the reception. There was a girl about our age behind the counter and she quickly found our booking. After we’d paid her she gave us a map of the site and explained what was where. Then she told us that she’d allocated space for us in the open field to the side of the main site and that she’d put us there because it was site policy to put all groups of young people there because they tend to be a bit noisy and that there was less chance of the older people being disturbed.

At first I was a bit annoyed, but I didn’t say anything, and as the minutes passed I realised that it was probably a good thing, Beaver and I intended to at least sunbathe naked and we didn’t really want to annoy the older people.

Everything sorted we went back to the car and slowly drove round the site looking at all the facilities, We saw a bar, a cafe, a small swimming pool and a kids play area.

“This is supposed to be an adults only site, why have they got that?” B asked.

“Probably left over from when the site let kids in. Besides, it’s ages since I went on a swing or climbed one of those dome frames.”

We thought no more about it and easily found the field. As we drove in to it we saw about a dozen tents and a few young people milling around. Checking on the map and the numbered sites, we found where we were supposed to pitch our tent and pulled-up alongside the track at our pitch.

On one side there was just a fastened tent with no one around, and on the other side was a tent with 3 young men sat outside doing some cooking.

“Late breakfast.” Beaver said.

“Probably.” I replied, then continued, “hey Beaver, shall we call ourselves by our full names whilst we’re here, it could be good fun, get us used to it before we go back to college because I’m sure that the guys will call us all the names related to our names that they can think of.”

“Okay tit topping Areola.”

“Okay bald Beaver.”

We laughed then got out of the car. The 3 young men were already half looking at us but when they saw our ultra short dresses and bare legs, their concentration turned to us.

“Hi guys, we’re Beaver and Areola, your new neighbours.” I loudly said.

“Hey, Ben, Tom and Harry,” one of them shouted back. “Want a hand?”

“Thanks but I think that we’ve got it. We’ll let you know if we need you.”

The 3 of them just watched as we got the tent out and started putting it up. We’d brought daddy’s tent with us because there’s more space in it and we’d helped mummy and daddy put it up a few times before.

Of course, putting a tent up involves bending over and squatting down a lot and within a couple of minutes all 3 guys knew that we had nothing on under our dresses. They continued to watch us right up until we’d finished the tent and started to carry things in from the car. Then they got up and came over to us.

“You wouldn’t let us help you with the tent, and you did a great job, it was very entertaining watching you, but you’ve got to let us help you unload your car girls,” Ben said, “We’ll carry things over and you can bend over to put them wherever you want them.”

Both B and I smiled, knowing exactly what they wanted and B replied,

“You just want to see our bare butts and pussies don’t you?”

“Of course,” Harry replied, “we’re normal heterosexual men, what do you expect?”

“Exactly what you’ve all been doing.” I replied, “but don’t rush things guys, let us get setup before you come over and strip us naked.”

I watched as all 3 of the guys looked at each other with a grin as big as a Cheshire Cat (where the hell does that saying come from?).

We all continued carrying things into the tent with both B and I taking great pleasure in bending over with our feet well apart. When we’d finished B said,

“Just got to blow up the air bed then we can talk if you want guys, maybe have a beer or two.”

With that, B got down on her knees, bent over and started blowing the airbed up. Of course being in that position her dress was up round her waist and her pussy and butt were fully on display for all to see. I got on with moving things to where I wanted them, and saw the box that daddy had given us. “Later,” I thought and turned to the guys. All 3 had sat on the floor in the awning and were staring at B’s butt.

I smiled then looked at the airbed. It looked about half inflated so I nudged B and told her to move over and let me finish, me saying that I was good at blowjobs. She did, and I assumed the same position as she had had and finished the job. I moved the sleeping bag onto the airbed then turned to face the others. B was sat crossed-legged with her dress pulled tight round her waist so that her pussy was on full display to the guys. I sat down the same way.

“So, it’s so hot down here, have you guys got any beer?”

“Sure,” Tom said, “I’ll go and get some.”

As soon as he was gone I said,

“Would you guys mind if we took our dresses off, we’re both so hot.”

“Sure.” Ben said.

“No need to ask.” Harry said, “You can get naked in front of us anytime that you want.”

“Thanks guys, we’d hate to upset anyone.”

“No chance.” Ben said as both B and I pulled our dresses off leaving us totally naked.

“Woah there.” Tom said as he appeared at the tent entrance. “What did I miss?”

“Nothing Tom.” I said, “we were too hot so we took our dresses off. Is that okay with you?”

“Err yes, of course.”

Tom passed out the beer and we got talking, all the usual stuff that people ask when first meeting someone new. After a while Ben said,

“So how come you two are called Beaver and Areola, you’re not messing with us are you?”

“No, honest, those are our real names, we’ve got our driving licences with us in our bags if you want to check.”

“No, I believe you, but where did the names come from?”

B and I explained everything then Ben said,

“So do you get called all sorts of unpleasant things like ‘hairy beaver’, sorry, that would have to be ‘bald beaver’, and ‘nipple holders’?

“Yes, but I haven’t heard ‘nipple holders’ before. We used to get upset by it but now we like the names, it sort of attract attention to us.”

“And you both like the attention don’t you? You’re 2 really cute exhibitionists aren’t you?”

“Yes, I guess that we are; not complaining are you?”

“Fuck no,” Tom said, “you can spread your legs in front of me anytime that you like.”

“They didn’t say that they were nymphomaniacs Tom.” Ben said then turned to B and me, “are you?”

Neither B nor I said anything, just smiled. After about a minutes silence Tom got up and said that he was going for some more beers. When he came back he continued,

“So do you like to be tied up and spanked as well?”

“Wow,” I replied, “nothing like getting straight to the point. We like being spanked but we’ve never been tied up.”

“Maybe you’d like to find out,” Ben said, “I’m sure that we could help you find out. Those climbing ropes are still in the back of your car aren’t they Harry?”

“Yes, I’m sure that I saw them when we unloaded it.”

“I don’t know.” B said, “we’d be all helpless, you could do anything to us and we couldn’t stop you.”

“Isn’t that part of the excitement?” Ben asked.

“I guess so, but I don’t know.”

“Maybe we should sneak into your tent one morning, fuck you then drag you into the woods, tie you to a tree and take turns to rape you all day.” Harry suggested.

“Hmm, that sounds nice.” I said, “but it wouldn’t be rape.”

“I see.” Ben said, “maybe we’ll make it happen.”

We all had a bit of a laugh but I wasn’t sure that they wouldn’t do it, I mean we were sort of throwing ourselves at them.

“So. I said, who’s going to show us around this place, show us where the fun is?”

All 3 guys volunteered and we all got to our feet.

“Shouldn’t you put something on?” Harry asked.

“Yes I guess that we should.” B said, “how about what we wear for work Areola?”

I smiled and hoped that we could get away with it.

We dived into our bags and 2 minutes later we were stood outside wearing just ‘strings only’ bikinis and sandals.

“Err 2 questions girls.” Ben said, “Do you think that that is appropriate for this place, and do you really wear just those for work? Where the hell do you work?”

We explained that there was only 1 way to find out and that we worked in a fashion shop for late teen girls. They weren’t convinced but we still set off.

“We’ll be okay unless some prude gets close to us, you guys can make sure that that doesn’t happen can’t you?”

“Well I’ll certainly try.” Harry volunteered.

We walked onto the main site and round the paths. We saw a few people but no one got that close to us to worry about.

We got to the bar cum cafe and asked if it was okay in there but we didn’t go in. Then we got to the shower blocks and B and I marched into the gents first and had a look around before coming out and going into the ladies. When we got out B said,

“It’s much nicer in the ladies.”

“Usually is, too many male pigs pissing all over the place.” Tom said.

We walked on and came to the kids play area. It didn’t look like it had been used for years and when Ben tried to turn the roundabout all it did a creak. I went to the swings, sat on one and hoped that the chains didn’t break. They didn’t so I started to swing myself, then Harry came up behind me and pushed me.

As he did so he grabbed one of the strings on my top and within seconds it was on the ground.

“Hey,” B said, “It’s my job to undress Areola.”

“Go on then.” Harry said.

B wasn’t going to miss an opportunity like that and she stood in front of me and grabbed the chains when I next went forward. Holding a chain with one hand she used the other to pull on the strings of my bottoms. They slid between my legs and dangled from the seat.

“Thanks Bald Beaver,” I said.

“You’re welcome pointy tits.”

Meanwhile the guys were having a bit of a laugh even though they weren’t seeing any more of me than before, not even when I stopped swinging and got off the swing leaving me naked apart for my sandals.

“Shall we climb up on that frame thing?” I said.

It was a bit rusty but B and I climbed up it and stood on the top waving to the world.

“Can you hang upside down?” Ben asked.

Both B and I did just that, spreading our legs a bit for better support. As we were hanging there the guys walked up to us, their heads being roughly at our pussy height and our faces being at their crotch level.

“This could be fun.” Harry said as he put out a hand and touched B’s pussy.

“Geez, you’re dripping Beaver.” Harry said.

Ben put his hand to my pussy and said,

“So is Areola.”

I lifted an arm and pressed my hand against the front of Ben’s shorts.

“You’re not wet; but you are hard.” I said.

“Hmm, not really the best place to be doing this guys.” Tom said, you should get a room, or a tent.”

The guys backed off and B and I climbed down.

“Shall we keep walking and looking around?” Tom said.

We did, with me carrying my bikini and the guys getting between us and anyone who walked near us. I guess that people there were used to seeing girls walk about in their bikinis and one without a bikini and one with a bikini with no material, just looked like 2 girls in bikinis – unless they got a close look.

We walked down onto the beach and along it for a short distance, talking all the way. There were a few people on the beach but not really near where we were and I guessed that they didn’t realise what we were and weren’t wearing.

At one point Tom said,

“You two are twins right, I mean you look alike, talk alike, dress, or not, alike and seem to have the same kinks.”

“Are you saying that we’re kinky? B replied.

“You are both exhibitionists.”

“Is that classed as a kink, I’m just a girl who likes showing her body, nothing wrong with that.”

“Very true, sorry, you are, both of you, just girls with beautiful bodies that you don’t have a hang-up about and like showing them to everyone. Is that better Beaver?”

“Much, thank you, sorry that I jumped down on you.”

“You can jump me anytime you like Beaver.”

I was looking at B as they talked and I saw her face, she wanted to have Tom.

“Shall we eat in the cafe tonight,” Ben said, “then have a few drinks.”

“What!” Both Harry and Tom replied.

“Tonight, soon, eat, cafe, you, me, him and these 2 flashers, but they’ll have to put some clothes on.”

“Oh, err yes, why not? What about you two girls?”

“Sounds good to me.” I replied.

B and Tom laughed and we turned and headed back towards the campsite.

When we got close the guys asked B and I if we wanted to walk through the woods.

“Okay then,” we both said, and we did.

Somewhere near the middle, the path went passed a huge tree with lots of big branches quite low down.

“I could climb that.” Ben said.

“So could I.” I added.

“Go on then, prove it.”

So I did. Well to a height of about 7 or 8 metres. Of course, climbing trees requires legs to stretch wide and mine did, the 3 guys and B looking up and seeing my spread pussy.

“What are you looking at?” I asked as I looked down at them and already knowing the answer.

“Did you guys just see that drip of her pussy juice?” Ben asked.

“You mean that squirt, I nearly drowned.” Harry added.

“Very funny guys, and I can’t help what my body is doing.”

“No you can’t, and it’s really nice seeing it.” Tom said, “Can you climb a tree Beaver?”

“Of course I can, watch.”

Soon Beaver was on the same branch as me, her pussy spread open just like mine.

“Stop splashing us you two.” Ben shouted up to B and I.

“If you don’t cut the jokes I’ll start pissing on you.” B said.

That shut them up, well for a couple of seconds whilst they stepped back.

“Go on then.” Ben shouted up.

So we did, 2 torrents of yellow piss rained down in front of the guys.

“Bet you can’t piss that far.” I said.

“I could if I climbed up there.” Ben replied.

“Guys,” I said, “I’ve got an idea, after we’ve had a couple of beers tonight let’s have a pissing contest to see who can piss the furthest.”

“Bet I can beat you Areola.” B said.

“No you can’t, I’m older than you.”

“Only by 10 months, that’s nothing when it comes to pissing.”

“We’ll see.”

“Okay, you’re on,” Tom said. “We’ll do it in the middle of the field, no one will see us.”

“Unless they have a torch.” I interrupted.

“We’ll take it in turns with the others watching and measuring. But what does the winner get?”

“She gets to fuck whoever she wants.” B said.

“So you think 1 of you 2 girls is going to win do you? Girls piss sitting down, you’ve got no chance.”

“We’ll see, so is it a bet or not?”

Everyone agreed the bet then B and I climbed down and we all headed back to the tents.

As we entered the field we saw that more people had returned to their tents and they watched the nearly naked and the totally naked girls walk with the 3 guys. Both B and I made a point of saying “Hi.” to everyone.

When we got to our tent I told the guys that Beaver and I had a few things to do but we’d see the guys at 7 o’clock to go to the cafe.

B and I went into our tent and collapsed on the sleeping bag on the airbed.

“That was fun,” I said pulling at the strings on B’s bikini. I remembered daddy’s present and I wanted to see what it was.

“Oh yes, where’s the knives.”

We opened the boxes and shrieked with delight when we saw 2 Lovense Loveai remote controlled vibrators.

“Daddy I’m going to fuck you a million times for getting us these.” B said.

“Are you 2 alright in there?” I heard Ben ask.

I unzipped the sleeping compartment and replied,

“We are ecstatic, look what our father has bought us.”

I held one of the boxes up and Ben turned to Harry and Tom and called them over.

“Are you going to try them now?” Tom asked looking down at the 2 totally naked girls.

“Too right we are,” B replied, “do you want to watch?”

“Stupid question Beaver.” Harry replied.

The 3 guys sat just inside our tent and watched as B and I opened the boxes and got everything out.

“I hope that we can get a mobile signal out here.” I said as I started reading the instructions.”

We could, and within a couple of minutes, we were starting the app then watching the 2 vibrators try to dance about on the sleeping bag.

Beaver looked at me and I looked at her, we grinned then pushed the ball end of the vibrators into our vaginas and then swapped phones.

It was fun controlling Beaver and I know that she was having fun controlling me. I could also tell that the guys were having fun just watching us.

We had only set them on ‘low’ so far and my insides were wobbling about, and my pussy was really enjoying the experience. I put my phone down and controlled B’s vibe with one hand whilst my other hand rubbed my pussy.

Then, with telepathic like communication, we both turned the other’s vibe up to full blast. Oh my gawd, my poor body was totally out of control, my legs were kicking, my arms were going all over the place, including hitting B, and my torso was jerking about. I wanted to hold and rub my pussy but I couldn’t get my arm to stop jerking about. What’s more, I screaming my head off and shouting all sorts of swear words.

Then an orgasm exploded out of me, then another.

I think that it was Ben that grabbed the 2 phones and shut down the apps.

As I started to get my senses back I looked at B and saw that she was in the same state as I was. The 3 guys were still grinning from ear to ear, and, looking passed the 3 guys I saw 4 other young people, 2 girls and 2 boys who had obviously come over to see who was getting murdered.

All 7 of them were looking down at our naked, sweaty, spread-eagle bodies with a pink tail sticking out of our vaginas.

I should have been mortified, but I wasn’t, I was as happy as a pig in shit. I looked over to B and saw the same happiness. We both stuck and arm up and high-fived each other, we were 2 very happy young women.

“They were a present from their father,” I heard Ben say, “only just opened the amazon box and found out what they were.”

The 4 people outside were talking and still looking at B and I.

It took ages for B and I to actually move, pull the vibes out of our pussies and then get up. Then I said,

“Thanks for rescuing us but we need to have a bit of a rest now, can you leave us alone for a bit?”

They did, but B and I didn’t rest. No sooner than we couldn’t see any of them we were in each other’s arms kissing and fingering the other’s pussy.

Two more orgasms later, we managed to get up and get our things to go and have a shower, we put on the same summer dresses that we’d worn for the journey down there then started walking.

On the way we saw one of the girls that had been looking into our tent, she smiled and said that she was going to get one of those vibrators.

The showers were okay and we felt a lot better as we walked back to the tent where I got both vibes and our phones and put them on charge in the car, grateful that daddy had installed a multi-USB charger in there.

“Right Areola, ready for some food and beer?” Beaver said as she took the dress off and put on a skirt that isn’t long enough to cover her slit, and a tube top that is so thin that I can see the little bumps in her areolas. I put on the same except for a different coloured tube top.

“Come on guys,” I shouted as I stood outside their tent, “I’m hungry and thirsty.”

The tent flaps opened and out stepped 3 guys in shorts and T-shirts.

“Like the outfits girls.” Harry said when he saw us.

The other 2 agreed when they realised that they could see our slits and we slowly walked to the cafe / bar, talking, mainly about what they had witnessed earlier. I think that it’s fair to say that they enjoyed what they saw and that they wanted a repeat performance. Harry said that he was hoping that we’d wear them all evening.

In the cafe there were quite a few people but we managed to get a table and chairs. As I sat down I realised that the table had a glass top and that you could see the legs of the people sat at the table. I could see B’s slit and if she spread her legs I would be able to see most of her pussy. I smiled knowing that the guys would be getting the same view of both Beaver and me.

After a few minutes a girl about our age came over and took our orders. I was watching her eyes and she blushed when she was looking at B. I guessed that she’d seen B’s slit. I spread my knees a bit ready for when she got round to taking my order., and yes, she did look, and she licked her lips.

The food was okay and the beers were too. As the evening wore on I noticed that B was relaxing in her chair more and her knees were further apart. I looked down at mine and realised that I was the same. I smiled as I wondered what the guys were thinking.

It had been dark for a couple of hours when we left the cafe and it didn’t take long for the guys to slide our skirt up and our tops down and cop a feel as we walked. Then I remembered the pissing contest and steered us all to the middle of the field that we were camping in. There weren’t any tents in that area so I asked the guys how the contest was going to work.

Ben took his trainers off and put them about half a metre apart,

“Stand between them and point you dick that way,” he said pointing to a tent free area, “and piss as far as you can. The others will go and mark where the furthest drop of piss lands then move, or not, when the next one has their go.”

“I haven’t got a cock.” B said.

“Well squat down and see how far you can pee.” Ben replied.

The 3 guys went first, Harry was the furthest but I wasn’t impressed. Then it was my turn. Standing between Ben’s trainers, I spread my legs a bit, leaned back, thrust my pussy forwards and let rip.

“Fucking hell, that’s amazing,” Tom said, “where did you learn to do that?”

“Our mother taught us and us girls could easily beat daddy and our brother.” I replied.

Beaver went next (last), and she managed a bit further than me.

“Bugger me.” Tom said, “I never would have thought.”

“So do I get to choose who fucks me?” B asked.

“That was the agreement.” I replied.

Beaver went over to Harry, put her arms around his neck and kissed him. Then they turned and walked towards our tent.

“Well guys,” I said, “I guess that you’ll have to make do with me. Which 2 holes do you want to use?”

Two minutes later I was totally naked, on my hands and knees, outside the guys tent and being taken from both ends. After my first noisy orgasm, the guys swapped ends and Ben pushed his cock into my butt hole. Thirty seconds later I felt warm cum squirting into me at both ends causing me to cum again.

While that was all going on I kept seeing torch beams of light light us up and I smiled, well I would have if I could, knowing that people were watching me get fucked at both ends.

Life was soo good.

I woke up the next morning, laying on my stomach on our sleeping bag with my legs spread wide and with a cock ramming in and out of my pussy. I opened my eyes and saw the look of ‘what the fuck’ on Beaver’s face. Her body was shaking too. It could only be, I hoped, two of the guys from the next tent.

Twisting my head I saw that I was right, it was Ben and Tom.

“We thought that you 2 might like this.” Ben said.

“We do.” Beaver and I replied in stereo.

They kept going until they both shot their loads inside our pussies with both Beaver and I already having orgasmed.

“That was a nice way to wake up.” Beaver said when Tom had pulled out of her.

“Thought that you might like it.” Ben added. “Are you 2 up for a bit of fun today or are you tied up?”

“Oh we just thought that you might like to hang around for a while or maybe get chased around the woods.”

“What on earth are you taking about.”

“All we need to know is if you are up for a bit of harmless fun that we are sure you will enjoy.”

“In that case, yes we are aren’t we Beaver?”

“Sure am, but can we have a shower and get some breakfast first?”

“Yeah, we need to do that as well.”

Beaver and I got up and lit the little gas stove outside our tent, not bothering to put any clothes on. As we were getting the rest of out breakfast ready a couple wearing just swimsuits walked passed. We said hello then the girl said,

“You 2 were enjoying yourselves last night, a bit of alfresco sex is always good.”

“Yes, we didn’t disturb or upset you did we?” I asked.

“Hell no, it was good to watch you.”

I nearly replied saying that it was good to be watched but instead I said,

“Going to the swimming pool?”

“Yes, providing the weather holds.”

“Have a nice day.”

“You too.”

I didn’t remember seeing the swimming pool and thought that we should go and find it but I doubted that we’d be able to go skinny dipping. Then I thought about the sea and wondered how cold that would be.

We had our breakfast and coffee then put on the same dress to go and shower. We both decoded to shave as well so we were in there for a while. Whilst we were in there some other women came and went. One girl asking us if we had a good time last night.

“Another of our voyeurs.” I thought.

**A Girl called Areola and her sister called Beaver**

by Vanessa Evans

*As usual, it’s best if you read the earlier parts before this one.*

**Part 04**

Back at our tent we dumped our things then went to the guys tents.

“We’re ready guys, what shall we wear?” I asked.

“Nothing.” I heard Tom say.

“We can’t go out naked, we’ll get thrown off the site or locked up.”

“Do you think that you could get to the gate to the woods naked without being seen?” Harry asked.

“I guess so.” Beaver replied.

“Good, now get naked and wait for us.”

We did, and the 3 guys soon appeared, complete with 3 big duffle bags.

“What are those for?” I asked.

“You don’t need to know at the moment.”

“Okay then.”

“Right girls, when I say ‘go’, we want you to run to the woods and hide somewhere. You can go anywhere in the woods, and maybe the beach, but nowhere else. We will give you 5 minutes then we’ll come looking for you. When we find you we are going to tie you up and abuse your bodies.”

“Oow, that sounds nice. Can we at least put out flip flops on?”

“Better still, put your trainers on, we don’t want you to have too much of a disadvantage.”

“Thanks.”

Beaver and I went and put our trainers on then returned to the guys.

“Go.”

Beaver and I sprinted to the gate to the woods. I wasn’t sure but I think that I saw a couple of girls watching us. We were soon in the woods and standing by the tree that we’d pissed from and we stopped to decide what we were going to do.

“We could just stay here and get our bodies ravished quite soon.” Beaver suggested.

“True, but if we do a good job of hiding, think of the arousal that will build inside us. think of the anticipation of think about what they will do to us.”

“Let’s hide, does it have to be in just 1 place or can we move around?”

“They didn’t say that we couldn’t move around.”

“Sorted then, let’s go.”

We set off running with no idea of where we were going, 2 naked girls jogging in the woods.

“It’s nice this naked jogging, we should do it more often.” Beaver said.

“Yes, but let’s find somewhere to hide.”

“I wonder if we’ll come across a man out walking his dog.”

I laughed then replied,

“Are you trying to get me even wetter, its a good job that our thighs don’t touch when we’re walking or running, it must be horrible for the girls that do have that problem?”

“Let’s not think about that, I want this game to last for hours, I want to just cum as soon as 1 of them just touches my arm.”

“Hmm, what about that tree?”

“Not big enough, you don’t want us to split up do you?”

“No, I think that 2 brains will be better that 1.

“Me too.”

We kept going and after a good 5 minutes we discovered a little stream with a track going along side it. We followed it and came to the edge of the wood but the track had gone up a hill with an embankment down to the stream. We stopped where there was a lot of vegetation and looked down to the stream.

“Down there.” I said, try not to flatten anything.”

At the bottom we were almost in the stream but we couldn’t see the track or any other path, but we could see what we quickly realised was a road. Anyone in a car driving passed would be able to see us if they looked.

We stood close to the bank hoping that if the guys were on the track above, they wouldn’t be able to see us, and we waited and waited. All the time my pussy was getting wetter and wetter. I wanted to be caught and fucked but I also wanted to delay it as much as I could. It was like the time when Beaver and I spent a whole day bringing the other to the edge then backing off.

We heard some rustling, pressed out backs against the muddy embankment and held our breath. After what seemed like hours we heard Tom say,

“Nothing.”

We waited for another forever then gasped for air. I put my right hand on my pussy and my left on Beaver’s pussy. As I started to rub she pushed my hand away and said,

“No, I’ll cum.”

I couldn’t risk the noise and I lifted both hands. Minutes later I whispered,

“Shall we move, they’re bound to come back and look down here.”

Beaver nodded and we slowly moved along the side of the stream to where it met the track.

“Which way?” Beaver asked.

“Let’s go back the way we came, with a bit of luck they won’t expect us to double-back.”

We set off walking this time, to allow our senses to register more as we walked. Soon we were back at the big tree and sat on the duffle bags.

“I guess that this is the tree that they are going to tie us to.” I said.

“Come on, go that way.” We did, and when we heard rustling we dived off the track and hid under a fallen tree.

“Shit, it’s muddy here.” I whispered then we watched Ben slowly walking along, looking every which way as he went.

When he was out of sight we got up and looked at each other and nearly laughed, our fronts and backs were about 50 percent covered in mud.

“Well at least it will make us harder to see.” Beaver whispered.

We walked on looking for more places to hide. It was harder for us because we had run out of tracks, I guessed that even the animals didn’t go that way. Stepping over dead branches we kept going and finally came to another track. The trees thinned out and gave way to bushes then the edge of the woods and the road again. What’s more, a car was driving along and we were only a couple of metres from it.

We froze and hoped that no one was looking our way. The car sped on but then the brake lights came on and it stopped.

“Shit.” Beaver said as we turned and ran back into the woods, not stopping until we saw a fallen tree that we could hide behind. We looked at each other, laughed then I looked down to my pussy and thighs, then I looked at Beaver’s body as well. We both had streaks of flesh showing down our inner thighs where our juices had run down, taking the mud with them.

“Fuck I’m horny.” I whispered.

“Me too.”

But neither of us wanted the chase to end, we had been horny for so long that I wondered if it was a record. I had no idea how long it had been since we left the tents, all I knew was that I was loving the chase and the anticipation of a great fuck, or 2 or 3, at the end of it.

We heard rusting again and turned our heads to see Ben walking about 30 metres from us. He had a back pack on and I wondered what was in it.

Thankfully he didn’t see us and we watched him disappear into the trees. We got to our feet and started walking, not having a clue as to where we were or where we were going.

I turned to look at Beaver and saw that her nipples were as hard and big as mine felt. I wondered if her tits and pussy was tingling as much as mine was. The evidence on her inner thighs suggested that they were.

“Quick, over there.” Beaver said as she pointed to a clump of bushes.

We cowered on the floor again as this time Tom slowly walked by. He too had a backpack on and I again wondered what was in it. Tom was also dragging a tree branch, it was about 2 or 3 metres long and about as thick as my arm.

I so wanted to touch my clit but I was laying on my stomach and I feared that any movement would make a noise and give our position away.

Tom passed by and after waiting a few more minutes we got up and kept walking. Then, we came across out first hiding place, we must have gone round in a circle. We quickly climbed down the embankment and stood leaning back on the earth.

“Don’t.” I whispered as I saw Beaver’s hand move to her pussy.

I heard rustling then Beaver almost shouting,

“ARRRRGGGGHHHH,” as she touched her clit and an orgasm exploded out of her.

I just knew that we were caught so I touched my clit and an orgasm exploded out of me as well. When I opened my eyes, Tom and Harry were stood in front of us grinning.

“Well done girls,” Tom said, “I never expected you last half an hour never mind 3 hours.”

“Three hours, fucking hell, it seems like 5 minutes.” I said.

“I see that you both enjoyed your freedom, now the fun starts.”

With that they got some ropes out of their backpacks and tied our wrists together. Then they led us up onto the path where they told us to lay on our backs, on the grass, end to end so that my head was near Beaver’s feet. I saw Ben arrive dragging his branch.

Our ankles were then tied together and we were told to lift out legs and arms. That done, the guys thread the branches under the ropes where our wrists and ankles were tied. They then lifted the branches and put them on their shoulders so that Beaver and I were hanging down.

They then carried us like that back to the original big tree. I felt like a killed animal that African tribesmen were carrying back to their village to be put in a huge cooking pot, that thought made me smile as we bounced along.

About half way they stopped and put us down. Then, they got out their phones, and ours (which they’d obviously got out of our car) then took loads of photos of us, even picking the branches up with us hanging there, one at a time, and took loads more photos.

Back at the big tree we were put down onto the ground, the branches removed and we watched as the guys threw 2 ropes over a big branch about 10 metres off the ground and one end of each rope was tied to our ankles.

The guys then hauled us up one at a time so that we were hanging upside down, our hands not quite able to touch the ground. I watched as Ben went into his backpack and got out our phones and the remote vibes. One at a time we were lifted enough for our legs to open a bit and our vibrators were pushed into out sopping wet pussies.

By then we both knew exactly what was going to happen next, and it did. Both vibrators started vibrating on low power as the guys worked out which phone was controlling which girl then they played with the controls driving both of us crazy.

Both of our bodies started swinging a little as they jerked about, the vibrations feeling more intense as our bodies hung there not able to jerk and twitch as much as they were trying to do so.

After our first orgasm the vibrators were turned down to give us a sort of rest and I felt my juices running down my stomach to my belly button then my chest.

Then the vibrations increased and we were brought to another orgasm.

I really needed a bit of a rest, preferably on my back, but that wasn’t to be, the vibrations increased again and I soon orgasmed again. This time the vibrations didn’t reduce and I quickly orgasmed yet again.

Finally, the vibrators were turned off and we were allowed to rest, albeit still hanging upside down. My poor head was pounding but I was still as horny as hell. I just closed my eyes and tried to relax. I could hear the guys moving around but I didn’t open my eyes to see what they were doing, hoping that they were taking more photographs.

As I started to return to something like normal, I heard, then saw, one of the couples from the campsite approaching. The man was shouting at the 3 guys telling them to get us down and leave us alone.

While he was arguing with Ben, Tom and Harry, the girl came over to us and asked us if we were okay, then she told us that her and her boyfriend would get us down very soon.

It took a few minutes, but Beaver and I managed to convince her that we were okay and that we actually very happy hanging there. I even asked her to stay and watch if she wanted, just to make sure that the guys didn’t slit our throats or something.

She was a bit hesitant, but she went and told her boyfriend to back-off and that we were okay. He did, mumbling some sort of apology. I heard Ben say that it was understandable and he too asked them to stay and watch.

The couple did stay and watch and the guys immediately turned the vibrators up to full and our bodies started jerking about again. Our vocal emissions got just as loud as before.

After making us both cum – again, the vibrators were turned off and we were allowed to rest again.

The next thing I knew was that I was being lowered to the ground, my hands on my still tied wrists touching the ground first. Neither of us tried to struggle or escape as our ankles were untied and our legs massaged to help get the blood circulating properly again. This was done by Ben and Tom, whilst Harry was juggling 5 phones and taking yet more photos.

When we were lifted to our feet I wondered if it was all over, but it wasn’t, they took us over to the trunk of a large fallen tree where they had spread a couple of towels. When I saw the towels I realised that we were going to be bent over the trunk and probably / hopefully fucked.

I wasn’t wrong, not totally wrong, we were laid over the trunk but on our backs and the guys used more ropes to tie our ankles to different trees with our legs spread wide. They also tied our wrists to other trees making it impossible for us to move.

I smiled at the thought of our little pink tails sticking up in the air then I thought that I knew what was coming next but I didn’t get it quite right, instead of the 3 guys fucking us, Ben came over and slowly pulled our vibrators out while Tom and Harry kept taking photos. I was pleased to see that they were using 5 phones and not just 3, I really was looking forward to looking at them later.

Then I got the surprise, Tom invited the watching couple to come and ‘sample the goods’ as he described it. They refused at first, but after some persuasion they did. Slowly at first, but before long they were both eating our pussies.

Just as I was getting close to cumming, the guy stopped and when I turned my head I saw that the girl had stopped eating Beaver. I was disappointed, but only for a few seconds as the couple swapped places and the girl finished me off.

I heard Beaver cumming just as my orgasm started to subside.

My breathing was just returning to normal when Beaver and I got what I had originally expected. Ben, Tom and Harry started fucking us at one end or the other. It was only 2 at a time as the third one was at it with the cameras again. I wondered if any of the phones were set to make videos.

After I’d had 3 cocks in my mouth and 3 in my pussy, and cum again – twice, it all stopped and I was expecting to finally get some rest.

But that wasn’t to be, our vibrators were pushed home again and set to a mode that I hadn’t discovered before, random blasts of varying intensity.

After more photos the guys looked satisfied and packed up what equipment was being used, and walked away, and I watched the couple walk away with them.

“Fuck!” I had visions of being left there, totally exposed and very vulnerable, for hours, maybe days. It was so scary, in different ways. On the one hand I had a vision of a group of guys finding us and gang banging us, and on the other hand I had a vision of us being there for days and starving to death.

The vibe burst into life and all scary thoughts disappeared.

I have no idea how long we were left there but we did manage to have a disjointed conversation and I discovered that Beaver was enjoying herself just as much as I was, not that I was surprised. We also shared our desire to be discovered and gang banged, but it didn’t happen.

Finally, we heard voices and unfortunately realised that they belonged to Ben, Harry and Tom. The came and looked at us, took a load more photos, then asked us if we wanted to be released.

“No,” I replied, “leave us here and go and find 100 guys to come and fuck us.”

“In a way I’d like to do that, I just know that you’d enjoy that, but you look knackered, and filthy, mud all over and streaks of bare flesh down your thighs. You’re probably in desperate need of some water as well, inside and out.” Ben said as they switched the vibrators off then started to untie the ropes.

Our backs took a bit of straightening but we were soon able to walk, and yes, we were knackered.

The guys didn’t offer, and we didn’t ask for our bikinis back as we started to walk back to the tents. On the way we passed the couple who had come to ‘rescue’ us.

“Thanks for making us cum guys.” I said, not waiting for, and not getting a reply.

The guys gave us each a bottle of water that was quickly emptied, then Ben went into our tent and came out with 2 towels and 2 bottles of shampoo.

“Come on girls, shower time.” Ben said as he took my hand and Harry took Beaver’s hand and led us away.

“I’ll put the kettle on.” I head Tom say as we walked.

As we entered the main campsite Beaver asked Harry to go back and get some clothes for us.

“Not to worry, that mud covers you and you can cover yourself with the towel on the way back.” I heard him reply.

I was expecting the guys to point us into the ladies shower block, but Harry led Beaver right into the ladies and Ben led me right into the gents. I didn’t object as Ben led me right into the shower cubicle, took his shirts and shorts off and stepped into the shower with me.

Ben was so gentle as he soaped and shampooed me, and when some energy returned I jumped up on him and lowered myself onto his hard cock. We fucked until we’d both cum then rinsed off.

It was then that I discovered that the towel that he’d brought was only a hand towel, not a bath towel, after we’d used it to get dried I tried to wrap it around myself but it wasn’t long enough to get a decent tuck to keep it in place.

“Sod it.” I said, opened the door and walked out of the gents shower block totally naked. I could see Beaver’s naked back and butt a bit ahead of us and an older man walking towards me. I saw his eyes open wide when we got close so I smiled at him.

It was when I got back to our tent that I saw our neighbours on the other side, it was a young couple and they were sitting outside the front of their tent. We all said hello and I could see the young man was smiling at me. He must have seen Beaver naked as well.

Back at our tent I asked the guys if they could give us a while to have a nap to get some energy back. They said okay and left. It was still a lovely sunny, warm day so Beaver and pulled the airbed out to the front of the tent and lay on it, both still as naked as the day we were born. Before I knew it I was fast asleep, and Beaver must have nodded off as well because the next thing that I knew something was invading my vagina.

I opened my eyes to see Harry knelt at the bottom of the airbed, leaning forward and fingering both Beaver and me. I pretended still to be asleep for a few second until I heard Beaver stir then opened my eyes again and said,

“That’s nice.”

I sat up and turned my head both ways and saw that our neighbours on both sides were watching us, and our new neighbours must have heard me say that I liked being fingered while I slept.

“What time is it?” I asked.

“Nearly 7.” Harry replied.

“That explains why it’s cooled down a bit. What do you want to do this evening Beaver?” I asked.

“Something quiet.”

“We were thinking of walking to the village and going to one of the pubs,” Harry said, “there’s supposed to be a band on tonight.”

“That sounds loud.” Beaver said.

“Ah come on sis, you’ll enjoy it.”

“Go on then, what are you going to wear?”

“We were hoping that you’d wear the same skirt as last night.” Harry said.

“You just want to see our pussies, didn’t you see them enough in the woods?”

“Areola, you should know by now that a man can never get enough of a sexy little pussy.”

I smiled and thought,

“Thank goodness for that.”

“Did I just hear that guy call you Areola? The new neighbour man asked.

I turned and replied,

“Yes, and my sister is called Beaver.”

“I’m Steve and this is Ellie.”

I looked at the couple more than I had earlier and saw that Steve wasn’t that bad looking, neither was Ellie. She was wearing just a thong bikini and looked good in it.”

“So do you 2 often sunbathe and walk around naked on public campsites?”

“Only until someone tells us we can’t, why, are you complaining?”

“Hell no.” Steve replied.

“That one will be watching you closely all day but he’s harmless, just ignore him.” Ellie added.

“Right.” I replied, “it appears that those 3 and us 2 are walking to the pub in a bit, do you fancy joining us? Don’t worry, we’ll put some clothes on.”

“Not a lot.” Beaver added.

Ellie looked at Steve and they both nodded before Ellie said,

“Okay, that’s if you don’t mind us tagging along.”

“Not at all. It will be nice to have another girl to talk to.” I said, then loudly added,

“Leaving in 10 folks.”

We dragged the airbed back into the tent and quickly got things organised, then put on the skirts. Next was the challenge of what to wear on top. In the end we decided on just a bikini top, the ones that have mesh instead of proper material. Our pokey nipples and the rest of our tiny tits would be there for everyone to see if they bothered to look.

The guys were outside waiting for us and wolf-whistled when they saw what we were wearing and what was on display. When Ellie came out of her tent she too was wearing a VERY short skirt. I couldn’t see her slit but if she bent over even the slightest we would find out if she was wearing any knickers.

Introductions were made for the guys and we set off walking, us 3 girls out in front and the guys behind. I guess that guys like to follow girls so that they can see their butts and as soon as we were out on the road I pulled my skirt up a bit so that they could see my cheeks. I noticed that Beaver did the same.

Beaver and I had the usual conversation with Ellie about our names and how we were so carefree about nudity and before we knew it we were in the village and discovering which of the 2 pubs had the live band.

Then we went to a cafe and got a quick bite to eat, the young girl serving smiling when she saw what we were displaying.

As we’d walked to the pub I’d noticed quite a few big motorbikes and the number of people inside with black leather outfits confirmed that the band had a lot of biker followers, and I wasn’t surprised to see 2 members of the band in black leather jackets.

The place was quite busy and the only place that we could find to sit was the floor. Well, 3 girls in very short skirts sitting on the floor is a guaranteed way of letting everyone in the room know what you are or are not wearing underneath and it wasn’t long before I could hear Tom and Harry talking about Ellie’s bald pussy. They were also discussing her clit hood piercing.

It wasn’t only our guys that were seeing our pussies, we appeared to be on the route to the gents toilet and just about every man that went there looked down and saw our pussies. They probably didn’t notice that they could see Beaver’s and my tits as well but we weren’t bothered.

The band were okay, and they knew how to play the audience. As the evening wore on they started inviting girls up onto the little stage to sing with them. A few went up then the guy in the band who had been doing all the talking said that they were about to play a song that everyone would know and that the 3 girls sat at the back with no knickers on should come onto the stage and sing with them.

Three jaws dropped, then a couple of seconds later Beaver and I got up and pulled Ellie up. We wound our way to the stage and climbed up. We’d just got up there when the man with the microphone bent down and looked up our skirts, not that he would have had to bend much but he exaggerated the move.

When he stood up he confirmed to everyone that we were definitely knickerless.

I looked at Ellie and she was blushing.

Then the guys asked the audience if they would like a proper look at us. Well, it was going on for 11 pm and the drinks had been flowing all evening so the guy got the response that he was expecting and probably hoping for.

The audience started chanting,

“Take it of, take it of, take it off.”

Well both Beaver and I were happy to and started unfastening our skirts. The cheers rose and reached a peak when our skirts hit the floor.

But the audience weren’t satisfied and they kept chanting. Beaver and I weren’t sure if they wanted us to take our tops off or for Ellie to take her skirt off. Beaver and I figured that we’d get naked first then see what happened.

As expected there were lots of cheers when our tops came off but the chanting continued. Beaver and I looked at Ellie, then at each other, then we started undressing the frozen Ellie. It didn’t take long even though Ellie was putting up a bit of resistance. I wondered if she was doing it on purpose because we all know that men like it if a girl puts up a bit of resistance.

Anyway, we got Ellie naked and the band started playing straight after the man handed us a microphone.

Soon we were well into the song and quite relaxed, even Ellie.

When it ended, the man turned to us 3 and said,

“Take a bow girls, you’ve earned it.”

We did, but he wasn’t happy.

“No girls, turn your backs to the audience and take a proper bow.”

Well both Beaver and I knew what he wanted and when all 3 of us turned both Beaver and I had an arm on Ellie’s back and slightly spread feet.

“Now girls,” the man said and we bent over, both Beaver and I pressing on Ellie’s back to make sure that she went as far as we did, and held it for as long as we did. We stayed bent over as long as the audience cheered, and that was long enough for me to have the idea of using my spare hand to rub and open my lips. Of course that prolonged the cheers and eventually the man thanked us and told us that we could get up.

We did, and turned round to face the audience who cheered some more before we jumped down and went back to the guys.

“No point in putting those back on girls.” Harry said pointing to our clothes, “everyone’s seen everything by now.”

He was right, and when Ellie started to put her top back on Steve took it off her and shook his head sideways.

People were now standing where we had been sat so we had to spend the rest of the evening standing with the guys who were holding our clothes. We got the odd grope as men passed us to go to the toilet but none of us complained.

About an hour later the band finished and people started leaving. Ellie asked Steve for her clothes but all 3 of us girls ended up walking back to the campsite naked, apart from shoes, and Beaver and I went to our tent on our own.

The next morning I was woken by a cock sliding into my pussy and instead of opening my eyes and acknowledging what was happening to me I just lay there pretending to still be asleep. Even when I orgasmed I kept my eyes shut and when the waves of pleasure disappeared I continued to pretend to be asleep.

The cock withdrew after leaving a deposit inside me and after a minute or so Beaver was shaking me to wake me.

“Did you really sleep through that?” Beaver asked.

“No, I was pretending just to see what happened. Who was it that fucked me?”

“Ben, and it was Harry that fucked me.”

Then we had a conversation about the possibility of having an orgasm in our sleep and we decide that when we got back home we’d experiment and try to get an answer.

While we lay there we could hear the distinct sounds of Steve giving Ellie a morning fuck.

After a while we decided to get up and we went to see the guys, not bothering to put anything on, We figured that everyone on the site had seen us naked at least once, so what was the point.

We were handed a mug of coffee and a bacon sandwich and we eagerly ate it. That was the first bacon sandwich that I have ever had and I just knew that it wasn’t going to be the last.

The guys told us that they were going walking that day, saying that they hadn’t had enough exercise in the last few days. They invited us to go along telling us that we really should get some proper exercise. We knew that that was true but the idea of walking all day didn’t appeal to us so we told them that we weren’t going with them.

That left us with the question of what to do for the day. We were going home the next day so and we didn’t want to just sunbathe outside our tent all day, but didn’t know what to do. Then Beaver had the idea of walking around the site and the beach wearing just our ‘strings only’ thong bikinis. If we got thrown off the site we could say that we’d had a great time, which we had, but just decided to go home a day early. If we managed to survive the morning without being challenged we decided that we’d loose the tops, then maybe the bottoms as well.

Everyone in the young people’s field had seen us naked and no one had complained so we were feeling confident that we’d end up walking around the main site naked as well.

**A Girl called Areola and her sister called Beaver**

by Vanessa Evans

*As usual, it’s best if you read the earlier parts before this one.*

**Part 05**

As we waved the guys off we dug out the bikinis and put them on. They were only strings and they didn’t cover our little tits or our pussies but we still felt as though we had lots of clothes on, just like when we were working at Eve’s shop.

Just as we were getting our things together Beaver dared me to wear my new vibrator all day, so I dared her to do the same. Of course we both accepted the dares even though we probably planned to spend some time at the site’s swimming poll, and maybe go to to the cafe for some lunch.

We set off, waving to Steve and Ellie as we passed their tent, with our tits and pussies on display and the pink antenna’s of our vibrators sticking out of our vaginas.

We didn’t see many people but those that we did see didn’t give us a second glance. Beaver said that people saw the brightly coloured strings and just assumed that there was some material in between the triangles.

Things were going so well that we decided to go to the swimming pool, have a swim and lay out for a while, enjoying the sun and hopefully, getting noticed by some of the young men that were staying on the site or just visiting for the day – if there were any.

The swimming pool wasn’t very big, and all it was was a rectangular pool with a few sunbeds and an outdoor shower in one corner. Absolutely pathetic compared to the leisure centre that we’d been to the previous week, but hey, this was a little campsite and the beach was only about 100 metres away.

It would do for us to have a swim, sunbathe, catch up on our emails and social media, and flash our goodies to the 5 other people, 2 girls and 3 young men, that were there.

Only the single man that was there took any notice of us as we walked in and claimed 2 sunbeds at one end where he was on his own. Judging by the smile of his face and the fact that he was staring at us, we just knew that he had realised what he could see.

I smiled back at him and said “Hi,” and he returned the greeting.

We turned the sunbeds so that our feet would be nearest to the sun, and coincidentally, nearest to the man, spread our towels and climbed on.

Beaver got the bottle of sunblock out and was about to start putting it on herself when the man asked if he could help us with it.

Well, what’s an almost naked girl to do in a situation like that other than accept, and the man came over while Beaver lay on her stomach. I watched as he smoothed the creamy lotion all over her back, paying particular attention to her butt (thong remember), and trying to go round the sides of her ribs to try to cop a feel of side boob. I smiled to myself knowing that he’d have a long way to go to get to her tiny tits. He must have seen the pink antenna but he said nothing.

When he was done Beaver rolled over and asked him if he’d like to do her front. Stupid question but it was an invite and when he agreed she told him not to miss anywhere, another invite.

As soon as he got near her tits I had an idea and dived into our bag and got out our phones. The vibrators are identical so I didn’t know which one was inside which of us.

I gasped as I opened the app on Beaver’s phone then quickly put it down and picked up my phone. Beaver’s body jerked as I slid my finger on the control to give Beaver a blast at maximum vibrations.

“Are you okay?” the young man asked?”

“Yes, I’m just a bit sensitive there,” Beaver replied, “just carry on and ignore any more reactions like that, I’ll be fine thank you.”

He did carry on and when his hands went to her tits I turned the vibration up to max again and Beaver started jerking a little, and moaning.

I turned the vibe down as his hands went down bypassed her pussy and did her legs. Each time his hands got near her pussy I gave her a quick blast, with the expected reaction from her.

Beaver looked at me and I just knew that she was thinking,

“You just wait till he volunteers to lotion you.”

I smiled back at her as she told the man that he’d missed a bit.

“You want me to err.”

“Yes please.”

And he did, and I did. It was fun watching him rubbing her vulva and her moaning and body twitching. I wondered if he could feel the vibrations when his hands were on her stomach.

Anyway, Beaver didn’t let me down and she orgasmed whilst he was still putting lotion on her pussy between the strings of her bikini bottoms.

He was taking his time and Beaver wasn’t complaining. I wasn’t either as it gave me time to take a short video of the best bits of the action.

Beaver calmed down and the man stood up, obviously happy with his work. I knew that because of the shape of the front of his shorts.

“Would you like to do me as well?” I asked.

He was still looking down at Beaver but after a couple of seconds it registered what I had said and he turned to me and smiled. I put the phone back in the bag, got the other one out and passed it to Beaver, then lay on my stomach.

As he started on my back I stopped him and took off my bikini top saying that it would get in the way. I did the same when he moved down to my butt. I was now fully naked and an unknown man was rubbing lotion on my butt.

Then my vibrator burst into life. I gasped then apologised to the man saying that I had the same medical condition as my sister.

When he said that he’d finished my back I turned over and spread my legs a bit. I felt more naked than I had with my ‘strings only’ thong bikini on, and the vibrators antenna was drawing his attention to my pussy.

Beaver gave me a quick blast which took the man out of his trance and he started to lotion me. Unsurprisingly, it didn’t take him long to get to my tits. I didn’t need the blast from Beaver for me to gasp and shudder when he touched my nipples. They were rock hard and throbbing and he must have found some confidence as he rolled my nipples between his finger and thumbs. He also pulled and twisted them making me moan even more.

I turned my head slightly and saw Beaver with a phone pointing at me. And hoped that she was videoing me.

When he decided that he couldn’t molest my nipples any more he moved down my body. I got a breather until his hands reached my pubes. They circled round the outside of my vulva and I wondered if he was trying to tease or torture me, but I didn’t care I was loving it, and when he finally touched my clit I let out a very loud moan as an orgasm hit me like a train. It didn’t help that Beaver turn the vibrator up to full blast right as the orgasm hit me.

Fortunately, the man’s body was between me and all the other people there, except Beaver, so they didn’t see much of my jerking and head rolling from side to side.

The man’s confidence was on a high and he rubbed my clit and slid a finger inside me alongside the pink vibrator.

That orgasm lasted for ages before the man decided that he couldn’t push his luck any further.

I just lay there looking up at him and mouthed,

“Thank you.”

With the man gone, Beaver and I settled down for some sunbathing, but B wasn’t satisfied, I was naked and she wasn’t so she stood up, pulled on the strings, let both halves hit the floor, then lay down again. I was watching, not only her but the other people there. The only one that saw her performance was the man who had already had his hands all over her.

We lay back with out legs slightly open, took a few deep breathes then relaxed, but not for long as both out phones beeped. It was a text from daddy asking how we were and what we were doing. Beaver replied with the sort of message he would be hoping for and I replied,

‘Sunbathing by the pool, naked, with hundreds of people watching us.”

I copied Beaver and saw her laugh.

We’d just put our phones down when they both beeped again. This time it was an email from Jade, the girl whose party we’d been gang banged at a couple of weeks earlier. Both emails were identical and read,

*Party - Holiday Weekend Saturday, my place 8pm*

*Theme – CMNF (Clothed Male Naked Female)*

(in the email there were 2 small photos of naked girls, one full frontal and the other was bent over with red lines across her butt and her swollen labia looking very wet. The thing was, they were photos of Beaver and me from the last party.)

*No clothed girl will be allowed in.*

*Girls, it’s a chance for you to do what girls were born to do – show men your naked body and let them spank your butt – or anywhere else that you fancy.*

*Discover the effect that it will have on your boyfriends and how you can then control men with your body and their lust.*

*At least 6 naked girls will be there (guaranteed) so don’t be shy girls, you know that you want to do it so find a little courage, throw off those clothes and come along and have tons of fun before we have to go back to college and get serious. It’s your chance to take control.*

*Plenty of space for people to crash and go home on the Sunday.*

*R.S.V.P. A.S.A.P.*

Underneath the invite Jade had added a few details of what she had been up to since the party. She had started wearing just a thong round the house quite a bit. Her mother had told her that she should be wearing proper clothes, her father had just glared at her and her brother had started to get more attentive.

When she’d ditched the thong as well, her mother had had a right go at her but Jade had won the argument and her mother now accepts it. Her father had warned her that if she didn’t start wearing clothes she would get spanked. She hasn’t and is expecting the spanking quite soon. Meanwhile her brother was following her everywhere hoping that she’d spread her legs to let him get a better look. She’d had a couple of ‘accidents’ and her brother had to rush and change his shorts.

Jade also told us that she’d ordered a couple of paddles and broad leather belts for the party.

I noted that Jade had addressed us as Areola and Beaver.

Both Beaver and I read the email 3 times, and each time my pussy tingled more and got wetter than it already was.

“You are reading this email from Jade?” I asked.

“Yeah, we are free that weekend aren’t we?”

“I think so but if we’d already got something planned it’s cancelled.”

“Do you think that a paddle will hurt more than a man’s hand?”

“Probably, but it might make us cum faster.”

“Hmm, nice.”

After that conversation I just had to phone Jade and we talked for ages. I put my phone on speaker and she told us that after she’d sent that email her father had spanked her. She was already naked and the deed occurred in the living room with her brother and a friend of his, that had been there, watching. At first she’d been embarrassed, particularly with her brother’s friend being there but that soon got a lot worse, then a lot better. She told us that her father had told her to get over his lap with her bare butt facing the 2 young men. Then he’d told her to spread her legs as wide as she could. Telling her that if she wanted to flaunt her body then she was going to do it properly.

Jade told us that the embarrassment went quickly as the first spanks landed, then the horniest moments, that had started as soon as she left her room naked that morning, started again and rapidly got stronger and stronger until she’d cum with all 3 males watching her. She told us that it was the best moment of her life, even beating times when her boyfriend had fucked her.

She also told us that her father had made her sit on the sofa with her legs spread wide and her hands behind her head until her mother got home, which was 90 minutes later. He’d left and got on with whatever, but her brother and his friend had stayed and taken lots of photographs of her.

And that was where she got the idea for the party from.

When we could get a word in we told her about our fun and she told us that she wanted to be hunted down in the woods then gang banged by a lot of horny men.

Beaver and I also wanted it to happen again so we all decided to think about how we could make it happen.

We told Jade about the presents that our father had bought us and the fun we were having with them. Jade asked us to let her have the exact details of which model they were so that she could get one, She said that it would be fun to wear them to college and swap phones for the day so that we could really liven up the day.

It was then that I said that I’d read that we could set them up so that we can control them over the internet. Jade was getting ideas and asked if Beaver and I could control hers whilst she was with her father.

That gave us all a laugh but I’m pretty sure that Jade was serious. I think she was trying to get another spanking.

Beaver asked Jade if there was anytime before we go back to college when her mother would be out and her father would be at home. When Jade said probably she asked Jade if she could invite us for a sleepover and to go skinny dipping to see what her father would do. Jade liked that idea and promised to let us know.

I wasn’t sure whether her brother was younger or older than her (18) so I asked her and she told me that he was 22 so I asked her if he would be around for the sleepover and the party but she wasn’t sure.

“Don’t you fancy being spanked or fucked by your brother?” Beaver asked.

“I guess so, but I’ve never really thought about it.”

“Well maybe you should.”

Well, my pussy was oozing at the thought of what will happen at the party and by the look of B’s swollen and shiny lips, she was nearly creaming herself with anticipation of the fun that we’d have when we got home.

When the phone call ended both Beaver and I need to cool down, and it wasn’t because of the sun. It was only when we surfaced after jumping into the pool that we thought of 2 things. Firstly had anyone seen the 2 naked girls get up and jump in, and secondly, were our vibrators waterproof.

We looked around and if anyone had seen us, apart from the single man, they obviously didn’t care, and Beaver said that she thought that she’d read somewhere on the instruction piece of paper that they were waterproof. We both hoped that they were.

After swimming around for a while we got out and lay on the sunbeds again without bothering to cover anything.

A couple of hours later we started to get a little hungry and thirsty so we put our bikinis on and went to the cafe. Sitting at 1 of the glass topped tables we waited for the waiter to come over to us to take our order, and it was a waiter not a waitress, he looked about our age and we guessed that he was working there for the summer.

When he came over he quickly saw through the table and over the top of it to our little tits. The poor young man went all bright red but kept looking. Of course that made our nipples get even harder and him taking our order got even more difficult for him. It got even worse for him when we lay back on our chairs so that he could see all of our pussies not just our slits.

Eventually, he managed to take our order but he kept coming back for all sorts of silly things and I guess that we didn’t help by staying laid back on our chairs and spreading our legs even further.

It must have taken us over an hour to get a coffee and some apple pie.

From there we decided to go for a walk on the beach and as we walked there we pulled the strings on each others bikinis and by the time we took our sandals off to walk on the sand we were totally naked again, and the odd person that we saw, and saw us, just didn’t seem to care.

As we walked along the beach we talked about a lot of things, including what the guys had said about us getting some proper exercise. We both knew that they were right but we couldn’t decide what to do. We discussed lots of options but the one that we liked the best, even though it was unrealistic, was a gym where women could exercise naked with clothed men watching and helping us. We both knew that the chances of finding such a place were slim to zero but we both swore that we’d go on the internet when we got home and try to find one.

We also got our phones out and we made it very difficult for the other to walk properly. The vibrators were driving us crazy and we kept grabbing our tits and pussies to try to get some relief.

Before we realised it we had walked right along the beach to where quite a few people, including kids were. We looked around and saw that the kids were more interested in digging holes and making sandcastles than in us, and the adults were either ignoring us, or in the case of a couple of old ladies, glaring at us.

We kept walking for a while but kept the vibrations down to a minimum so as not to attract too much attention from the older people. Beaver said that she wished that there were some groups of young men on the beach but we couldn’t see any.

We got to the end of the bay and had to turn around but instead of following the water’s edge, we headed to the top of the beach, to where we could see a small car park, and an ice cream van. We half expected it to drive off before we got there because of the lack of trade, but it was still there when we got there and the middle aged man looked very pleased to see us.

Beaver joked and asked for 2 69s but we got 99s, and the man was a bit confused because he didn’t charge us for the flakes. We felt his eyes burning into our butts as we walked away waggling our butts like we’d seen fashion models do.

Once the ice creams were finished the games with the vibrators started again and it wasn’t long before we made each other cum. Twice actually, before we got back to the camp site.

Walking back into the campsite totally naked didn’t bother us as probably everyone in our field had already seen us naked but we weren’t counting on some new arrivals. Two couples who were just putting up their tents. They stopped what they were doing and stared at us, we smiled, said hello and kept walking, Beaver wondered if they saw the pink antennas between our legs.

We pulled the airbed out of our tent and lay on it, enjoying the sun, until we got disturbed by the 3 guys returning from their day out walking. When they got out of their car they came over and Ben slapped me on my bare butt.

“Stop that,” I said, “I like it too much.” Then turned over to let them see the same view of me that they were seeing of Beaver.

“So what’s the plan for tonight guys?”

“We’re walking to the village again, probably go to the same pub.” Tom said. “Don’t know that there’s anything on but if you come we might be able to find a way of getting you naked again.”

Well that sounded good to us so we told them that we were game for it.

“Yes, we know that, but are you coming to the pub?” Harry asked.

“Very funny, yes we are.”

“Leave in an hour then.” Ben said, “That should give you girls plenty of time to shit, shower and shave. Sorry, shampoo, shower and shave.”

“You might just have been right the first time Ben.” Beaver added.

I dared Beaver to walk to the shower block dressed as she was, and of course she dared me to do the same. It was our last night and if we got kicked off the site we hoped that they wouldn’t expect us to leave until the following morning, and that was when we were leaving anyway, so we got our things and off we went.

I was a little disappointed when we only saw 1 woman on the way and she didn’t even look at us.

We shared a shower and, as we often do, shaved each other, and, as we often do, made the other cum as we shaved her. We heard other women, presumably, come and go, and they must have wondered what the noise was all about but we didn’t care.

Again we didn’t see anyone on the walk back.

We decided to wear a dress for the evening but when the guys saw us they asked us to wear the same, slit showing skirts so we changed into them then went back out.

“These do you guys?” Beaver said. Tom replied,

“That’s the ones. Pussies showing, but you’d better put a top on, we don’t want to upset anyone do we.”

“Don’t care” I replied, “we’re going home tomorrow.”

“Fuck yes,” Ben said, “forgot about that, we’d better remember to fuck your brains out when we get back from the pub.”

“Yes please.” both Beaver and I said in stereo as we went back into the tent then came back out wearing underwear bralettes with see-through material in the cups.

We stopped at the cafe on the way out and it was the girl waitress again. Sat at the same, glass topped table both Beaver as I lay back and watched her staring at our pussies. I tried to flex my pussy muscles to give her something extra to look at but I’m not that good at it. I decided that I definitely was going to get some exercise, including pussy muscle exercise.

The guys pulled our skirts up as soon as we got off the site and a couple of cars beeped their horns at us.

Tom was right, there wasn’t any entertainment laid on at the same pub but there was at the other pub in the village, the board outside said that it was comedy evening and it welcomed a special guest, someone called Chubby White.

“Never heard of him.” I said.

“I have,” Ben said, “I hope that you girls don’t get easily offended, this guy is rude and crude and no subject, and no one, is off-limits, I’ve seen him really embarrass people by making jokes about their clothes and bodies, and everyone loved it. The PC idiots would have a field day if they found out about him.”

“Let’s go.” Harry said, and in we went.

Beaver and I got a few looks as we walked in, Probably our ultra short skirts but I didn’t see anyone who looked like they had realised that they could see our slits or our tits through the thin, see-through material. Then we got a surprise, the pub is actually a converted mill that has 2 storeys, and we’d entered on the upper story. What’s more half of the floor is glass. We could look down and see the people on the lower floor.

“This could be interesting.” Beaver said as she stood with her feet apart when we stopped moving. I did the same and looked down to see if anyone was looking up. I couldn’t see anyone, but that was just at that moment.

The place was popular and there was no way that we were going to get a table or somewhere to sit.

Ben and Harry went off to get us some drinks and the rest of us just stood there talking and looking around and down. It wasn’t long before Tom pointed us in the direction of man below us, telling us that he was pointing up in our direction.

“He’s seen your cunts girls.” Tom said.

“Let him look.” Beaver replied and shuffled her feet a little further apart.

As I looked down I saw a few heads go back so that they could look up, and I felt my pussy get a little wetter.

Just before Ben and Harry got back a voice came over the loudspeaker system and announced that there would be a couple of warm-up comedians before Chubby would take to the stage, which was on the lower floor, not very far from below us. I wondered if anyone stood on the stage would be able to look up and see our pussies.

Anyway, a young man got onto the stage and started his act. He was okay, but nothing special. He did manage to get a few laughs taking the piss out of politicians and so called celebrities. I wondered how he could remember everything to keep talking for 30 minutes.

Halfway through the act Tom and Ben disappeared for a while and came back with some more beers and when the guy on stage had finished Tom and Harry went for some more.

“Hill walking must make you very thirsty.” I thought as both Beaver and I tried to keep up with them.

During the interval the 3 guys were looking down and telling Beaver and me about each person who was looking up and in our direction. Beaver and I kept looking down to see if the guys were having us on but in general, they could well have been right, the place was well lit and there were a few spotlights on the walls down below and only a couple of them were pointing at the stage, the rest were pointing up. It was like the owners wanted the people below to see the people on the top floor.

The second act came on, a woman, and she soon started with the crude jokes. I couldn’t see her getting a slot on ’Live at the Apollo’, not with jokes like that, but the audience, including us, were laughing most of the time.

During the second interval, Beaver decided that she needed a pee so we looked for the toilets and saw a sign pointing down the stairs.

Well, the stairs were open-plan with absolutely no consideration for modesty for women wearing skirts, there was no backboards on the steps and the side rails were just a few thin metal bars. What’s more, there were people sitting on the steps, and below them.

To get down we had to keep saying ‘excuse me’ and a head below us would turn, see our bare legs, look up and usually not get any further than our pussies, before eventually standing to let us by. Then it would start again a couple of steps lower.

It took ages to get to the bottom, and there was a short queue for the ladies toilet.

Beaver and I decided that we weren’t going to queue and went into the gents. We must have looked quite a sight stood in front of the urinals, feet spread wide, leaning back with our hips thrust forward and peeing into the porcelain. A couple of men looked quite shocked when they saw us and 1 said something about us being in the wrong room, but we didn’t care, we were emptying our bladders and that was all that was important to us.

We didn’t hang around in the smelly gents toilet and we were soon battling to get back up the stairs, but this time our exposed slits got right in the face of some of the people as we slowly made our way up.

When we finally got back to the guys, Tom told us that we could have just gone outside, down some steps then back in just near the toilets.

“Wouldn’t have been as much fun.” Beaver replied.

Another full bottle of beer was thrust into each of our hands just before the main act started, and boy was Ben right, I couldn’t believe the things that he was joking about, but he was funny, and he was right about a lot of the things.

Then he stated going on about women’s clothes, ridiculing fashion and the way women pander to it, but he did say that he liked some women’s clothes and he went on about how women liked to let their bits hang out for all the world to see. He joked about bosoms and tits hanging out. Then he started on about how women wear skirts that flap open showing the woman’s beaver because a lot of women had stopped wearing knickers because knickers encouraged smelly pussies, and that they must like showing their beavers to everyone.

Well the guys with us were looking at Beaver and me and Tom was actually rubbing Beaver’s slit. Beaver wasn’t at all phased by it, she was loving every second, especially Tom’s fingers.

Then Chubby told everyone that there were even 2 girls there right then who obviously liked showing their beavers and asked if anyone knew where they were. Well, about 50 percent of the people on the ground floor pointed up at Beaver and me.

“Let’s find out if I’m right about girls liking showing their beavers, come on down girls.”

Well, what could we do? Beaver and I turned and ran for the door, but it wasn’t to run away. Out we went and down the steps, we could hear the groans of disappointment and Chubby calling is scared cowards, typical girls of today, when we burst into the room, beer bottles still in our hands.

You should have heard the cheers as Chubby told us to get up on the stage with him.

“Fuck,” Chubby said, “half their arses are hanging out when they climbed up here.”

He turned our backs to the audience and slapped out bare butts.

“Don’t you just love doing that, that’s what girls asses were designed for, most of them have a lot more meat on them than these 2 but they still wobble when to swat them.”

And he gave our butts another swat.

Well the audience was in hysterics, and when Cubby told us to bend over so that he could give us a proper spanking, we did.

“Fucking hell.” Chubby continued, “look at those twats, a man could drown in there, you could sail the QE2 through those two.”

Then he spanked us both again, only 3 swats, but quite hard.

“They might only be small, but they get just as red as a big girl’s arse. Stand up girls and turn around.”

We did.

“Told you, girls today like showing their beavers and men like seeing them because it gives us something to think about when we’re wanking in bed at night. Us lonely men need to see girls like this, we’d end up in the loony bin if we didn’t. Pull your skirts down girls, you’ll have half the men in here wanking right here if you don’t.”

Beaver and I looked at each other, then we unzipped our skirts and let them drop to the floor.

“Fucking hell girls, I didn’t mean that, I just meant you to cover your smelly pussies.”

“Our pussies don’t smell.” Both Beaver and I said in stereo.

“Come on girls, every pussy smells, some smell like the fish docks a Grimsby and some smell nice, which are you Grimsby or heaven.”

“Heaven.” We both replied.

“Are you sure girls? Do you think that we should get a second opinion?”

Both Beaver and I shrugged our shoulders. Then he looked at 2 men in the front of the audience and waved them over.

“Come on guys, dive that muff and tell us if it’s Grimsby or heaven. Girls, spread those legs and let the guys in.”

Two heads came to our crotches and I felt a tongue tickle my clit. I gasped.

“Fucking hell, they like that. That will do guys, don’t want you to drown in there. I like a nice wet pussy too, I don’t need a cup of tea after going down on the wife. Sometimes I scoop it all up and put it on my cornflakes instead of the milk.”

“So where was it guys, Grimsby or heaven?”

Both guys said “heaven” as they got to their feet.

“So what’s the beer bottles for girls, your pussy, did you tip it in your pussy and that was what the guys were tasting? Show us how you did it, big end first.”

Beaver and I both looked a little surprised that he would actually ask us to do that but we put the bottles to our mouths, finished drinking the beer then fucked our mouths with the open end. We were watching each other and when I took the bottle out of my mouth and moved it down to my pussy, Beaver did the same.

The blunt end didn’t go into my pussy that easily but it was wet enough to be persuaded to eventually let it in and we both pushed them is so far that we could only just get our finger round the neck of the bottles.

“Fucking hell girls, you could get a London bus in there. That’s what I tell the wife when when we go to London but she keeps telling me to wait until one of them bendy single deckers comes along. I tell her that I don’t want to see it come out of her mouth.”

Beaver and I were were still stood there with our legs apart and slowly fucking ourselves with the bottles.

“Okay girls, that’s enough, we don’t want you to squirt all over the audience but you can show us the rest of those little bumps that you’ve got on your chest. Hang on you guys at the back, I’ll get someone to pass the binoculars around.”

We let go of the bottles then pulled the strings on our mesh bikini tops and let them fall to the floor, leaving us totally naked on the stage.

“Can you see them at the back? And you poor bastards upstairs don’t stand a dick in hell’s chance; that will teach you to get here early next time.”

After a slight pause Chubby continued,

“Okay girls, what are you waiting for, you can take the bottle out unless you want to pinch them. The wife hides all-sorts up hers, last week I couldn’t find the toaster and she said that she was keeping herself warm. The toast doesn’t taste the same this week.”

Beaver slowly pulled her beer bottle out but I decided to try to squeeze mine out. It took a bit of effort and Chubby asked if I was having a shit. After taking another deep breath I squeezed again and the bottle shot out, bouncing once then getting caught by a man at the front of the audience.

“Frame that young man, the you can tell your grand daughters where you got it from.”

Chubby turned and looked at our chests, then moved closer, still looking. After a few seconds he stood up and turned to the audience saying,

“Anybody got a jacket or a coat that they couldn’t find anywhere to hang up? Because I’ve just found a place where 4 of you can hang your coats, these girls have their own chapel hat pegs.

Are you 2 twins or something, you look the same, you have the same small tits and chapel hat pegs and your pussies have both got the same flood gates that you’ve left open.

“Now get dressed girls, we don’t want you to get arrested for indecent exposure. I mean, see-through tops and a skirt that would be better called a belt. Who could possibly think that you were trying to flash your goodies at everyone, besides, you look like my sister’s 12 year old daughter when I tell her to take her clothes off.”

It didn’t take long for us to put our skirts on but we just held our tops in our hands and then Chubby announced that that was the end of the evening and he took a bow, The he turned to us and told us to take a bow as well. We looked at each other, grinned then turned our backs to the audience and bent right over.

“Fucking hell,” Chubby said, “I said take a bow not wink at them.”

When we stood back up Cubby took his microphone off then said,

“Thank you girls for being such great sports, I hope that I didn’t offend you in any way, you were brilliant, and I like your chapel hat pegs, I wish my wife’s were like yours.”

Beaver and I both kissed his cheek then we headed for the stairs to get back up to the 3 guys. Everyone who cared to look got a good look at our bodies as climbing the stairs was as hard work as it was the last time. But this time we also heard a few comments about our ‘chapel hat pegs’.

The guys each hugged us and told us that we were brilliant and Ben went off to get us some more drinks. We stood there drinking and talking with Beaver and I still topless, Harry having offered a pocket for our tops.

As we held our bottles Tom asked us if we’d ever fucked ourselves with a beer bottle before.

“Not that way round.” I said, “but like most girls we’ve experimented with lots of things.”

They then named lots of things that we either admitted or denied using. One thing that they were surprised by was a garden hose and they wanted to know if it was running at the time. It was, and we told them that.

The list started getting stupid and totally unrealistic, but not as crazy as a London bus. Eventually the list dried up and we decided to head back to the campsite, the guys managing to get us out of our skirts on the way and all 3 of them had got us to bend over somewhere along the roadside and fuck us before we got back to the tents. I don’t remember any cars or people seeing us.

When I woke up it was because I was being fucked by Tom, and Ben was fucking Beaver beside me. Then from behind my head a cock appeared and went straight for my mouth. An automatic reflex took over, my mouth opened and the cock disappeared deep into my mouth. Tom was having the most effect on me and it didn’t take long for me to cum. As my orgasm started Harry pulled out of my mouth and went straight for Beaver’s mouth, She too orgasmed and her mouth clamped down on Harry’s cock and she got filled at both ends at about the same time.

“Thanks guys,” I said, “that was one hell of a send-off, one that we will remember for a long time. And thanks for everything, this may not have been a long camping trip but it was certainly the most memorable.

Beaver and I took it in turns to give each of them a long kiss whilst they massaged our tits and pussy, nearly bringing us both off again.

We lay there for about 10 minutes before deciding that we needed a shower before setting off home. But before that we had to pack away our things and load the car. We did all that totally naked, not caring who saw us (not sure that anyone did – except for the 3 guys); then we proudly walked to the shower block, still totally naked and carrying our shower things.

Back at the car we both put our vibrators in our pussies and I put a dress on. I was driving and I had dared Beaver to stay naked until it was her turn to drive. Beaver had also been dared to set her vibrator to whatever I told her whilst we were driving. The only condition being was that she could tell me how to control my vibrator whilst she was driving the second leg of the journey.

Before actually leaving we again gave the 3 guys long kisses, letting them fondle our bodies and gently push and pull on our antennas.

We set off and it wasn’t long before I found it very entertaining watching Beaver’s little body writhe about in my peripheral vision, moan and shouting with pleasure. When we were alongside lorries I let the drivers have a long look before moving on to the next lorry. I just hoped that they didn’t phone the police and get them to stop us and maybe call an ambulance for Beaver.

I did give her a couple of breaks and during one Beaver wondered if the vibes could be set to give us random electric shocks, That sounded very painful and probably not likely, but we both liked the idea. We joked about asking daddy if he could rig something up that would do just that for us.

The thought of getting an electric shock inside our vaginas both horrified and excited us.

When we stopped at a service area about half way home I went for a pee whilst Beaver stayed in the car. When I got back to the car I took the dress off and Beaver put it on then she went for a pee. I got in the passenger seat and opened the app on my phone. Selecting the vibe in me I set it to low vibrations and waited for instructions from Beaver.

As she got into the car she told me to turn it up to full blast and as we rejoined the motorway it was a good job that I had the seatbelt on, it was needed to keep my body in roughly the one position.

After I’d cum the first time Beaver told me to turn it down and said,

“Does that make up for you watching me cum over and over this last hour?”

“Not quite.” I replied and she told me to wind it up again.

Five minutes later I was cumming again.

We repeated the same question, answer and instruction right until we were 2 miles from home. I’d seen Beaver slow down as we passed lorries, and a bus but I’d had more important things on my mind at those times.

We got back home to an empty house, daddy being at work and Zack being who knows where. We’d got everything put away and had a shower by the time daddy got home and we were just relaxing, naked, on the sofa with our vibrators on low vibrate when he walked in the door.

After smothering daddy with kisses to say hello, thank him for the presents, and to tell him that they were the coolest things that he had ever bought us.

“I thought that they might keep you out of some mischief with some boys.”

We giggled and told him that we had met some boys and that we had played some games with them.

“What sort of games?”

“The best one was a game of catch, there was the wood next to the campsite and we played in there, a sort of ‘hide and seek’.

“And that was fun?”

“Yes, there was some great places to hide.”

“I see. And what did you do on the evenings?”

“We went to the pubs in the village, there was a band playing one night and a comedian on the other night. He was so funny. Shall we put the tea on?”

We did, and Zack magically appeared just as it was ready. We had to repeat the stories of our fun to Zack as we ate.

After Zack had gone to his room we managed to thank daddy for the vibrators in a more personal way. Daddy was a bit reluctant, but not as reluctant as the previous time. We’re thinking of going into his bedroom on a morning when he isn’t going to work and letting him have his evil way with us, or is it us with him. Anyway, he deserves to have some pleasure for all he has done for us.

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**Nothing exciting planned**

There was still about 3 weeks before we had anything else planned for the holidays and we had to find something to do. We reviewed the list that daddy and Zack had given us and decided that the next day we’d get our bikes out of the garage and give them a clean ready for, and if, we went for a ride.

We used to go to school on them but our college is a lot further away so the bikes got put in the garage where they have been for the last year.

That evening when we were all eating daddy asked us what we’d been up to that day and what we’d got planned. After telling him “not a lot,” he reminded us that we could go and stay with aunt Betty for a few days.

“But daddy, the last time that we went to her farm it was all cold and wet, I can’t see us enjoying that,” Beaver replied, “and besides, apart from at mummy’s funeral we haven’t seen them for years. And Noah (our cousin) was a real pain in the ass when we were there.”

“Girls, we went to visit them in the middle of winter, it was bound to be cold and wet but I bet that it’s neither of those at the moment, and Noah will have grown like you 2 have. He’s a year older than you so he will be a young man by now, and he’s working on the farm so he will probably be quite sensible these days.”

“Well I suppose that it could be okay.” I said.

“Remember, Betty and Ian grew up with your mother and I and we all spent a lot of time together.”

“Are you telling us that they were free spirits like you and mummy?” Beaver asked.

“They certainly were in those days but Ian was left the farm by his parents when he was in his mid twenties and he had to change into a sensible farmer.”

“What have we got to loose Beaver?” I asked.

“Only a few days of our lives I guess, shall we give it a try? We can always just say that we forgot a dentists appointment or something and leave early if it’s that bad.”

“I’m sure that you’ll enjoy yourselves girls. You can always just sunbathe in 1 of the fields or down by the stream. And what’s with you calling each other by your full names, I thought that you hated them?”

“We did,” I replied, “but we like them now. Okay, phone aunt Betty and tell her that we’ll go, but just for a couple of days. Got to keep our options open.”

“I’m sure that you’ll enjoy yourselves.”

“We will if we take our new toys, thank you again daddy.”

“What new toys?” Zack asked.

“Daddy bought us these amazing vibrators, look, we’re wearing them right now.” Beaver said as she stood up in front of him, “It’s not just the bit that you can see sticking out there’s ball like thing inside us and it vibrates so much that we feel like our guts are getting shaken into a mussy mess.”

“I see, lucky you.”

“Do you want to borrow mine Zack?” Beaver asked, “you could stick it up your bum then you’d have 2 little cocks hanging down but the pink 1 will be a lot longer than yours.”

“Very funny. No thank you, I wouldn’t want to deprive you of your pleasure.”

Later that evening daddy told us the he’d phoned aunt Betty and arranged for us to go there later in the holiday, telling us that her, Ian and Noah were looking forward to seeing us.

The next morning, a Friday, we were just having breakfast when we got a phone call from Jade. She apologised for phoning so early, and for the short notice, then she asked us if we’d like to go for a sleepover that weekend, starting that afternoon.

She told us that her mother had had to go to Scotland for a few days to look after her sick mother, and her father had agreed to her inviting a couple of friends over for the weekend, and she’d chosen Beaver and me.

Well we didn’t need a written invite and told her that we’d be there that afternoon. Then we phoned daddy and told him what we were doing and asked to borrow the car again.

Daddy just told us to have fun.

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**A Girl called Areola and her sister called Beaver**

by Vanessa Evans

*As usual, it’s best if you read the earlier parts before this one.*

**Part 06**

**Sleepover at Jade’s**

We had no idea what we’d do whilst we were there, or what we’d be expected to wear so we threw a variety of clothes and other things into a small suitcase and put it in the car. Then we spent an hour in the bathroom making ourselves look our best and relieving a bit of excitement in each of us.

We put on a skirt and tank top, the skirts being miniskirts, not micro-minis, and the tops not see-through although they didn’t hide the bulges from our pointy nipples; then set off.

It’s only 10 minutes to Jade’s house and as we drove down the drive the front door opened and a naked Jade came running out to greet us. After hugs we got the suitcase out and walked in with Jade.

“You wont need much this weekend.” Jade said, “I’m hoping that we’ll all spend the weekend like I am right now.”

“Good, that’s fine with us.” We both replied.

Jade led us up to her big bedroom with a bed big enough for 6 to sleep on, and after we put the case down Beaver asked if we should take our clothes off there and then.”

“Of course, then we’ll go and find daddy and I’ll introduce you.”

Well we didn’t need to be told to get naked twice, and 3 naked girls were soon walking back downstairs.

We found Mr. Palmer in his study working at his desk. We followed Jade in and we all stood in front of the desk waiting. I smiled as I thought back to our school days when we had to go to see the headmaster about our short skirts and he kept us waiting while he pretended to work.

“Yes Jade, oh, your guests have arrived. I would have thought that you would have put some clothes on for them, not the other way around.”

He stood up and put his arm out to shake our hands,

“Palmer, John Palmer, and you are?”

“Areola Parkin sir.” I said as I leaned forward to shake his hand. Then Beaver leaned forward and stuck her hand out.

“Beaver Parkin sir, and we’re pleased to meet you.”

“Well it’s nice to meet some of Jade’s friends at last, are those really your names?”

“Yes sir.” I replied.

“Okay, fair enough. You didn’t need to take your clothes off just because my daughter is going through a phase of wanting to be naked all the time.”

“It’s not a phase daddy, this is me now.”

“Mr. Palmer sir” I said, “we were brought up to believe that it is a girl’s duty to take her clothes off for men and that men expect them to do just that because men like seeing girls naked. Don’t you sir? We could get dressed if you don’t.”

I waited a few seconds for a reply but I got none so I continued,

“And we were also brought up knowing that men like to spank girl’s bottoms when they are naughty and Jade tells us that you spank her and leave her exposed so that you, your son and his friends can absorb the sight of her beautiful young body. Well sir, we are happy to comply with your rules whilst we are here and if we break any of them we are happy for you to service us or submit to whatever punishment you deem appropriate.”

There was another short pause the Mr. Palmer replied,

“That was quite some little speech young lady, I do hope that you meant everything that you said.”

“Yes sir, I did, and I know that I speak for my sister as well when I say that if one of us needs to be punished then we expect all of us to be punished.”

“Very admirable young lady, let’s hope that it doesn’t come to that. What does your father do for a living?”

“He’s a plumber sir.”

“Is he any good?”

“I’m bound to say that he is sir but he has been running his own business for nearly 30 years and the business is gong well.”

“That answers my question, can you give Jade one of his business cards when you can, I may just have some work for him.”

“Thank you sir.”

“Now run along and do whatever it is that girls your age do.”

“Thank you sir.” Beaver and I said in stereo.

“Thank you daddy.”

“Jade, remember that you have a spanking due this evening.”

“Yes daddy.”

“Sir,” I said, “if Jade is due a spanking and we are here when it is administered, shouldn’t we get a spanking as well?”

“Good point Areola. The 3 of you in here right after dinner, and Jade, make sure that Gregory is here as well.”

“Yes daddy.”

We walked out, and outside to the pool where Jade said,

“You guys didn’t need to do that, or even say that you did, did you really mean what you said?”

“Yes and no, it was a load of crap but it’s got him thinking about spanking and fucking all 3 of us. Preferably by him, but also Gregory and his friends. It boils down to us using our bodies to get what we want. Nothing wrong with that. I’ve just given him an open invite to make us do all of those things without him feeling guilty.

“You crafty little bitch, why didn’t I think of that?”

“I guess that we’ve got a little bit more experience at teasing men than you have, but you’re learning fast Jade. If you weren’t we wouldn’t be standing here like this. So what did you do to deserve the spanking tonight?”

“I have no idea, he just told me that I was going to be spanked.”

“Oh well, it sounds like we’ll get as much, if not more, pleasure out of it than he will. Can we go into the pool then?”

“You 2 go on, I’ve just got to phone Gregory to make sure that he’s here for dinner and that a bunch of his mates come round straight after.”

Beaver and I jumped in and swam and messed about, more so when Jade joined us. After a while we got out and lay out on the plush lawn on towels near the pool. One time when I turned to talk to Beaver I was sure that I saw Jade’s father in an upstairs window looking down on us. He ducked out of sight but I was sure that it was him.

That gave me an idea and I rolled onto my side facing Beaver and started playing with her big nipples.

“I wish that we’d brought our vibrators.” Beaver said.

“Wouldn’t have been fair, 2 vibrators and 3 pussies. Maybe another time if Jade gets one.”

“Get 1 what?” Jade asked.

“Remote controlled vibrator.”

“You 2 have got one have you? Oh yes, you told me. When we go inside can you show me which one you’ve got then I can get the same one. You did say that it’s waterproof didn’t you?”

“Who are you wanting to drive crazy Jade, Gregory and his mates or your father?”

“Both, and me, it sounds like they’re a lot of fun.”

“You know about our dare game don’t you Jade?”

“Yes.”

“Well we could loop you in for the vibrator parts of it if you like. It could be a lot more fun if our vibes are controlled from miles away.”

“That sounds interesting, wait until I get one then we’ll work it all out.”

By that time Beaver was getting very turned-on. I had a quick look up at the same window and thought that I saw Jade’s father again so I suggested that we have a triangle of pussy eating.

Jade seemed more eager than the very horny Beaver and we were soon enjoying each other’s pussies. After the first 3 orgasms we changed positions so that each of us had eaten the other 2 girls, and made them both cum.

Satisfied, we just lay there soaking up the sun for about an hour when we heard a man whistling.

“Who’s that Jade?” Beaver asked.

“Not sure, the only man that I know that whistles is the pool man.”

“You have a pool man?”

“I don’t, daddy does. Yes it is him.”

We saw this young man walking from the side of the house to the pool.

“Has he seen you naked before Jade?” Beaver asked.

“No, only in a bikini.”

“Then he’s in for a nice surprise.” I smiled as I replied.

He obviously liked what he saw because he stared at us for the 45 or so minutes that it took him to do his job.

Shorty after he left Jade told us that we were going up to her room because she wanted to find the vibrator on the internet. On the way up she showed us into a room and we saw that it had been kitted out as a gym.

“Does your father have his own personal trainer then, and do you?” I asked.

“Daddy does at the office but not here.”

“Shame. I was going to ask if we could borrow him, we need to get some exercise.”

“Gregory can do that, he spends a lot of his time at a gym and he reckons that he knows it all. I’ll ask him when he bets back. I might just join you.”

“Naked?”

“He’s seen me naked me with my legs spread wide so yes, why not?”

We went to Jade’s room and sat either side of Jade as we searched for the same box that our vibrators came in. It helped that we remembered the logo on brown box that they came in.

That ordered, Beaver had the idea of showing Jade all the photographs and videos that were taken on our camping trip. It would be the first time that we’d seen most of them as well.

Jade copied them all from our phones to her PC then displayed them on the huge TV screen that was on the wall opposite her bed. She set the PC to run a slide show then we got on the bed to watch. Three naked girl propped on cushions and pillows with our legs out in front of us, slightly spread.

Jade was amazed, especially the ones when we were hunted down in the woods, and I have to say that both Beaver and I were impressed and couldn’t believe that it was us that we were watching.

Of course, there was the other effect that it was having on us and 3 pairs of legs spread wider and 3 hands got to work on 3 pussies. It was a long, slow masturbation but it was a very fruitful one as all our orgasms were VERY nice.

When it was all finished Jade told us that we needed to get ready for dinner.

“What shall we wear?” I asked, “we didn’t bring any formal clothes.”

“Yes you did, it’s called skin.”

Beaver and I both laughed and smiled.

As we were showering, all 3 at once, I asked Jade who was cooking dinner and she told us that a woman comes in every day.

“Wow.” I thought, “alright for some.”

Thirty minuted later, 3 totally naked girls walked down to the dining room to see Mr. Palmer and Gregory waiting for us. Jade introduced us to Gregory who couldn’t take his eyes off us. The middle-aged woman came in with the food and she didn’t react at all to the 3 naked girls. I guessed that she’d seen Jade naked before.

The meal was very pleasant and the talk gave no hint of what was to follow.

Us girls finished our meal and we went to wait outside Mr. Palmer’s study. I felt like a naughty schoolgirl waiting outside the headmaster’s office.

We were there for ages before Mr. Palmer arrived and said,

“Change of plans girls, 5 of Gregory’s friends have arrived, apparently they are on their way to some club meeting. As it’s still warm outside I will administer the punishment out there. You go on out and I will join you in a minute.”

Jade led us outside and we saw 6 young men. There was a short silence when they saw us then we started getting some nice compliments.

When Mr. Palmer came out he justified the punishment to everyone and I wasn’t really surprised to hear him include us 3 ‘fornicating’ on the back lawn. I smiled and thought,

“So it was him watching us, silly man, we wouldn’t have complained if he’d come and stood right next to us, or even more.”

Anyway, it came to the actual punishment and we were told to stand behind the big garden bench, spread our legs, lean forward and put our hands on the back of the bench.

Unsurprisingly, the 6 young men had anticipated this and were stood where they would get the best possible view of the 3 butts with pussies slightly open.

By that time my pussy was tingling and soaking wet, and I guessed that Beaver’s and Jade’s were as well.

I wasn’t listening to Mr. Palmer but I heard a loud crack and Jade said,

“Ouch, one, thank you daddy.”

I looked over my shoulder and saw a leather belt in Mr. Palmer’s hand.

“This should be interesting, my first belt.” I thought.

I heard the cracks, the ‘ouch’s’ and Jade counting the swats right up to 10. I also noticed the change in the tone of Jade’s voice, it had changed from fear, to indifference, to almost lust, to pleasure, but she didn’t cum.

I went through all the feelings that Jade did, but I didn’t cum either. Neither did Beaver.

I was disappointed because I had really wanted to cum in front of Mr. Palmer and those young men and I guessed that the other 2 did as well.

I was just coming to the conclusion that it was all over when Mr. Palmer told Jade to get on the garden table on her back and lift her legs, and for Beaver and me to stay where we were. As Jade got on the table I caught a glimpse of her butt with the red lines across it.

Jade was then told to hold her legs wide open and pulled back towards her head. She couldn’t have been more exposed. From where we were I could easily see Jade’s face and the lust and anticipation on her face was a picture.

Mr. Palmer then went on about something which I wasn’t listening to, then I heard the crack as the belt landed on Jade’s butt.

Jade managed to say,

“Three, thank you daddy,” before her orgasm hit her.

The swats kept coming but Jade wasn’t able to count them and her orgasm continued until the swats stopped.

When Mr. Palmer had finished beating his daughter he asked his son and one of his friends to lift her off the table and put her down on the lawn. All the time Jade was holding her legs open wide in a death grip.

It was a similar story for both Beaver and me. We too were told to get on the table and assume the same position then the swats came until we orgasmed and kept going until Mr, Palmer was satisfied.

Then we too were lifted onto the grass and we too held our legs open wide. I know that I didn’t need to hold my legs open but I did because Jade did, and I wanted the young men to get a long look at my throbbing pussy.

Mr. Palmer went inside leaving the young men to continue stared at us and talking about what they’d like to do to our bodies. I suspected that they kept their hands to themselves because Mr. Palmer was still around and I hoped that they would gate-crash Jade’s CMNF party.

Eventually the young men left and we got to our feet and inspected our butts. No blood or permanent damage was found and we went into the pool to cool our butts.

“Is that how your father always spanks you Jade?” Beaver asked.

“No, it’s usually in his study and with his hand.”

“So why do you think this time was different?”

“Probably because you two are here, more girl flesh for him to lust after and he doesn’t have to feel guilty about lusting after you two.”

“I guess that that makes some sense. What about Gregory?”

“He’s definitely getting braver, I mean 5 friends! Not that I’m complaining.”

“Me neither.” Both Beaver and I said.

After a while we started to cool down and Jade suggested that we go up to her room and look at the videos and photos again. On the way we passed the gym room.

“Can we have a go the machines in the gym Jade, we need to get some exercise.” Beaver said.

“Sure,” Jade said, but can we wait until tomorrow so that our butts have had a chance to recover a bit?”

We continued to her room.

We spent the rest of the evening laying on our stomachs watching videos and looking at photographs, interspersed with a few pussy rubbing session (not always our own), and we fell asleep with the slide show still running.

The next morning the 3 of us all showered and shaved at the same time in the huge shower and checked each other’s butts to see if there was any evidence of the previous night’s spanking. There was but it was nothing to worry about and we reckoned that it would have gone by the end of the day.

After that we went down for some breakfast. That woman doing the cooking was there again but Mr. Palmer wasn’t. Apparently he had gone playing golf.

Gregory couldn’t take his eyes of our tits above the table, I watched his eyes going to all 3 pairs equally, noting that he didn’t appear to have a preference for his sister’s bigger ‘B’ cup breasts.

We found it difficult to talk to him and I thought that he was shy, particularly in front of 3 naked girls. Anyway, Jade told him that we were going to use the gym room and then Beaver surprised, and pleased us,

“Gregory,” she said, “you know that girls need to keep their bodies really flexible, particularly their legs, well we were wondering if you and 2 of your mates could help us with that.”

“Err how could we do that?”

“By helping us to stretch our muscles and joints and push them to the max.”

“I’m not sure how we could do that.”

“Don’t worry about that, we can show you as we go, it’s just that we need someone strong to really push our joints as much as they will go.”

“I guess that I could see if anyone is free this morning.”

“Thanks Gregory, it would be a great help.”

As Beaver was talking to Gregory I was a little confused for a couple of seconds then I realised what Beaver was up to. I smiled and looked over to Jade, she was still looking confused, I guess that she couldn’t possibly imagine what her brother could do to help her.

Anyway, the subject changed to Mr. Palmer’s golf and guessing when he would be back. When we’d finished we went back to Jade’s room to clean our teeth and Jade quizzed Beaver as to what she was on about.

“We need to keep our legs and backs flexible so that we can do the splits and wrap our legs round men’s waists don’t we? Of course we do, well what better way to to keep flexible than for a man to push our legs open wide whilst we’ve got nothing on?”

“Okay,” Jade said, “say no more, I guess that it would be nice to have Gregory’s face right in front of my spread pussy.”

“Yes,” I added, “if he gets 2 of his mates to come over we can get them to rotate round us. If he gets 3 of his mates round we can get the spare guy to video it all.”

“I think that we’ve got a plan there girls,” Jade said, “shall we go to the gym and wet up, I mean warm up?”

We did, and it was quite good fun. It was the first time that Beaver and I had used gym equipment like that and we had to get Jade to show us how it all worked, well not quite all, we knew how to ride a bike and the controls on that one were quite easy.

Talking of the exercise bike, it was quite different from when we used to ride our bikes to school. I guess that the big difference was that when we biked to school we were sitting on our skirts and the saddle was big and at an easy to use height.

We were naked on this exercise bike and the saddle was narrow and made of leather. Three wet pussies soon left the saddle slippery and we found that our pussies were sliding all over, which was a very nice feeling.

All 3 of us had just about had a go on all the machines when Gregory and 2 of his mates walked in. Jade was on the machine that she has to push her legs out wide when they came in and their eyes went straight to her pussy.

She strained to keep them apart for a few seconds then let the machine force her legs to close.

“Thanks for coming guys.” Beaver said then explained again what she had said to Gregory.

The guys shorts told us that they were all too eager to help us.

“Shall we go outside onto the lawn, there’s more space out there.” Jade suggested.

Three naked girls were followed by 3 young men, all watching Beaver’s butt because she was the last of the girls in the line.

Beaver took charge as she seemed to know what to do, and she had us girls line up a couple of metres apart and feet shoulder width apart. She then told Jade and I to rotate our hips 10 times then thrust our hips forward 10 times.

Next she obviously wanted to get the guys involved because she asked then to come and stand beside us while we put our hands over our heads then lean back and hopefully end up in a bridge.

Well none of us did it first time and the guys caught us and lifted us back to our feet. It took to the fourth time before Jade managed it and the sixth time for Beaver and me to manage it.

On the tenth time Beaver told us to stay like that then asked the guys to go and stand between our legs then lift our hips up until we were just dangling there. Well that was interesting as the guys lifted they automatically pulled our hips to them leaving our wet pussies leaving a wet mark on their shorts where they pressed against their boners.

All 3 girls giggled a little when we saw what had happened.

Next Beaver told us to do the splits, and as we went down she asked the guys to put a hand on the grass under our pussies and to tell us when we got right down. That was a bit unnecessary as we’d have felt the grass tickling our pussies when we got right down, but no one complained and I felt one of Gregory’s finger go inside me as I reached the ground.

“Ten times girls, but can the guys swap girls each time please, that way no one can be accused of cheating.”

No one was even considering cheating but it was a way to get a different finger in us each time, not that I could see the guys fingering Jade or Beaver.

The next stretching exercise involved us girls laying on the grass with our legs spread wide. The guys were told to get down on their knees in front of us and use their hands to push our legs even further apart and to try to get them at 90 degrees to our bodies. It would have been easier for the guys to lay down and use their legs to push ours apart but I’m sure that Beaver knew what she was doing because the guys ended up with their heads right in front of our pussies.

“Ten times, and guys, remember to swap over.” Beaver loudly said after I’d heard her moan, presumably after the guy between her legs had done to her what the guy between my legs had done to me, namely lick my pussy.

The guys started swapping over and each push and each pussy eating session got longer and longer. By the time the exercise had been repeated 10 times, all 3 of us girls had cum at least once.

Beaver wasn’t finished there and the next exercise had us girls still on our backs but the guys had to take one of our ankles at a time and get our toes to touch the grass behind our heads. Then do it with the other leg, then both.

Imagine the view that the guys were getting.

Then we had to do it another10 times before the guys changed girls and did it all again.

After that Beaver gave us a short rest before moving onto more stretching exercises. She had us doing what I later found out is called the ‘Frog Stretch’ with our butts to the guys.

Then another one that I found out is called the ‘Extended Puppy Pose’, again with our backs to the guys.

Our final stretch whilst on our backs was the ‘Reclining Bound Angle Pose’, Another one that I didn’t know the name of until later on when we looked them up on the internet and saw that Beaver had got it right and that girls really did put themselves in that position, although, not usually in front of men whilst naked – I guess.

Beaver later told us that she’d once seen a fitness program on the TV and she remembered those exercises because they all have the knees spread wide displaying your open pussy.

When we got to our feet I thought that that was the end of it, but Beaver then got us to do the splits again, but this time standing up. The guys had to catch us a few times when we lost our balance.

By the time Beaver told us that she didn’t know any more exercises, those guys must have seen every square millimetre of our pubic regions, and the first centimetre of the inside of our vaginas.

The guys were thanked for their help then told that we’d finished with them. We went into the pool and talked while our muscles relaxed.

When I asked Jade what she thought about Gregory now knowing her whole pussy area in minute detail she just laughed and said that she was going to ask him if she could inspect him like that.

We all laughed when Beaver said that she couldn’t imaging Gregory with his feet behind his head.

We’d just got out of the pool and were laying on the sunbeds when we heard the noise of a vehicle and a large van appeared, reversing down the side of the house.

“What the ….. Oh fuck, sorry girls,” Jade said, “I forgot that daddy told me that he is having a barbecue here tonight for some of his business colleagues. If it’s like last time this place is going to be over-run quite soon by people getting things set up. The last time it was a mad house as dozens of people got everything set up in about 3 hours.”

“What did you do last time Jade?” I asked.

“Stayed out of the way in my room.”

“Do you want to do that this time?”

“Not really, I’ve got 2 friends here who I’m guessing want to flaunt their cute little bodies in front of everyone that comes so I’ll indulge them in their fetish so I guess that I’ll just have to grit my teeth and try not to get too embarrassed.”

“Ha ha,” Beaver said, “I’m sure that you will be doing just as much, if not more, flaunting than we will. Look, you’ve already spread your legs wider.”

“You might be right. Shall we wait and see if some cute men turn up then ask them if we can help them, or should we go inside, I don’t want to upset your father Jade.” I said.

“Are you sure about that Areola? Maybe you want another spanking?” Jade replied.

“Staying here sounds like a good plan to me.” Beaver replied as all 3 of us spread our legs as much as the sunbeds would allow.

We lay there watching different vans arrive and people unloading everything for a large barbecue, including a marque. Not one of those huge circus type things, more the size that you see on campsites.

Most of the people looked over to us then got on with their jobs. One man started carrying a few tables and chairs over near to us and kept look at us. We liked that.

Then they started leaving. Everything looked set for a barbecue, the food was either covered or, presumably, in the big refrigerator that was lifted out of a van and plugged into a socket that I hadn’t seen before.

We’d just started relaxing again when Mr. Palmer appeared in front of us.

“Hello daddy, a lot of people have been busy. Sorry, I forgot about the barbecue, I wouldn’t have invited Areola and Beaver if I had remembered.”

“That’s okay sweetheart, 2 more hungry mouths won’t make any difference. Have you 3 been out here all afternoon?”

“Yes daddy.”

“And you didn’t have the decency to go and put any clothes on?”

“No daddy. Did we do wrong?”

“It’s one thing being naked around family and friends but all those people were strangers, common workers, what were you thinking? And tonight, are you planning on staying like that?”

“I don’t think that we were thinking daddy. Are you going to punish us?”

“Get up, all of you, bend over and let me see your backsides.”

We did, and I noticed that all 3 of us spread our feet so that he would be able to see our pussies as well.

“I see that nearly all the red marks have gone, maybe I should have spanked you harder, maybe I should have used a belt or a cane, I wonder if we have a cane anywhere. What do you think girls? Tell you what, it would be more poetic if you 3 were to find the implement I will use.”

“Yes daddy.”

“Fortunately for me, most of the people coming this evening are very liberal thinking so I think that it will be a very public punishment. Let’s see if that humiliation of such a public spectacle will snap you out of this exhibitionist phase. And you 2, I’m surprised that you let my daughter talk you into this blatant exhibitionism. I should have asked yesterday but from what you said I assumed that you father would be okay for me to punish you.”

“I’m sure that he would sir.” Beaver said, “He gets very upset when we do something wrong.”

“Good, I’ll tell everyone to expect a public spanking at 9pm.”

With that Mr. Palmer left, leaving us 3 both terrified and excited. We lay back on the sunbeds and after a while Jade said,

“Where are we going to get a cane or a belt from?”

“Haven’t you got a leather belt?” Beaver asked.

“No.”

“Well we didn’t bring any belts, what about a cane, will there be any in the garden?”

“Not that I’ve seen, I’ve never seen the gardener with any.”

“I guess that we’d better have a look around.”

We got up and walked around the garden, then the front garden, Jade worried that someone passing by might see us. Three despondent girls returned to the sunbeds.

“Can we borrow one from your father?” Beaver asked.

“I daren’t ask.”

After a short pause I said,

“Then we’ll just have to borrow a belt from one of the guests tonight.” I said.

“So you want 3 naked girls to go up to each man that arrives and ask him if he’s wearing a belt and if he says that he is, ask him if it’s made of leather?” That’s crazy. Jade said. “And what are we going to say if he asks us why we want to borrow it?”

“Tell him the truth, if we made up some story and daddy found out he’d beat us to death.”

“Well unless anyone has a better idea that’s just what we’ll just have to do.” Beaver said.

We decided to put it to the back of our minds and go for a swim.

When it got to about 6 o’clock we noticed that a couple of men had arrived and were getting the barbecue lit.

“I think that that’s our cue to go and get ready.” Beaver said.

“We’ve got 3 hours,” Jade said, “even I never take that long to get ready, and that’s when I wear clothes.”

“Yeah, but we’ll have to greet all the guests when they arrive to check if they’re wearing a belt.”

“That will be quite a sight for them, they’ll think that they’re arriving for an orgy.”

“Maybe they will,” I said, “maybe your father has organised an orgy and this barbecue is just a front?”

“No chance, you don’t know my father.”

“Did you ever think that he’d spank you like he did last night, and worse, no better, did you ever imaging that he would spank you in front of all these people later today?”

“Well no but ….. “

“Just joking; I think.” I replied.

“Okay girls, let’s go up to my room and make ourselves look even more beautiful. I’ve got some extra razor blades if you didn’t bring any.”

We did just that. We were like 3 girls getting ready for a first dinner date with 3 hunks that we really fancied, and were hoping that they would take us back to their place afterwards; except that we didn’t have to choose what to wear.

The thing was, we were all getting excited about what was going to happen to us and just before we decided that we were ready we had to help each other relieve the tension that had built up in each of us. Then we had to get cleaned-up again.

When we finally went downstairs and out the back, there was already a couple of couples out there talking to Mr. Palmer. Taking a deep breath we walked up to them.

“Hi,” we all said.

“Ah, my daughter and her friends, please excuse their lack of clothes, they’re going through this crazy nudity phase. I’ll be making an announcement about that later.”

As he was talking, all 3 of us were looking at the 2 men’s waists trying to work out if the belts that they were wearing would hurt a lot. I swear that I saw their cocks moving in their trousers.

Mr. Palmer and the 2 couples continued talking so we walked away and towards the way the everyone would be arriving. Beaver suggested that we could go to the front and offer to park their cars for them.

“Naked girl bellboys,” Jade said, “Never heard of that before.”

“Better not,” Beaver said, “we might cause a few crashes.”

Instead we hung around at the back corner of the house and when the next couple started walking towards us we all stared at the man’s waist and it was usually just a quick hello, but when we finally saw a man that was definitely wearing a broad, leather belt, we looked at each other then I said,

“Please sir, would it be possible for us to borrow your belt, Mr. Palmer is going to punish us later and we need to find something for him to use on us.”

The couple just stopped dead in their tracks.

“Excuse me young lady, what was that you just said?” The woman said.

Jade replied,

“Hi, I’m Jade and Mr. Palmer is my father. We’ve been naughty and my father is going to punish us later. The thing is, he’s told us to find something for him to use on us. I daren’t ask to borrow one of his belts so we were wondering if we could borrow yours. It looks quite soft and won’t hurt too much. We’ll make sure that you get it back.”

The man looked at his wife then said,

“Sure thing Jade, that should make quite a sight, won’t it honey? I hope that it’s while we are still here, I’d like to see that.”

The man took his belt off and handed it to Jade, kissing the non-buckle end of it before handing it over, as his wife gave us all a filthy look.

It was only after the couple had walked away and as Jade was fastening around her waist, that she said,

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, I could have borrowed one from Gregory.”

We all laughed then Beaver said,

“Well at least everyone has now had a good look at our cute bodies and they now know that they are going to see us get spanked. I wonder how many hard cocks there are out there just thinking about that?”

“Lots I hope.” I replied.

We tried to mingle, with mixed success, it was mainly the younger couples that were happy to talk to us, and the older women who brushed us off. After it happened about the fifth time I turned to Beaver and Jade and said,

“I’ll kill myself if I get that miserable when I get older, I just don’t get it, weren’t they ever young and happy?”

“Me too,” they both replied.

The food was good too, better than we’ve ever done on a barbecue at home or camping but I guess that that’s what money gets you.

The natural light was rapidly fading when we heard Mr. Palmer clap his hands and ask for some quiet.

I felt my heart start to pound, my nipples start to hurt and my pussy get wet.

Four or five garden floodlights went on making it as bright as a sunny day then Mr Palmer said,

“Ladies and gentlemen, you have probably seen the 3 naked young women wandering around this evening, well one of them is my daughter. She is going through a phase of wanting to go around without any clothes on and her 2 friend appear to have the same problem. I have already given them one punishment for it but this afternoon they had the audacity to flaunt themselves in front of the workers setting up everything for this evening.

As a consequence, and in the hope that a very public punishment and the humiliation that goes with that, I will be punishing them again tonight in front of all of you. I will also be giving all of you the opportunity to take part in that punishment to try to strengthen the humiliation and I ask all of you to help me with this.

Right girls, please step forward.”

There was a slight pause then the 3 of us stepped forward, Jade taking the belt off and handing it to her father. As we were doing that I saw that a couple of waiters, were moving 3 table into the middle of the lawn.

“Girls, up on the tables, on your knees with your knees as far apart as you can get them then bend forwards until your head touches the table. You may use your hands to grip the edge of the table.”

We did as instructed and I felt some of my juices escape from my pussy. Both Beaver and I had put our cheeks on the tables facing each other and when we saw each other we smiled.

I just imagined the view that all the people behind us were getting and I was pleased that a lot of floodlights had been erected.

Mr. Palmer then rotated round each of us giving 1 swat with the belt then moving on to the next girl. Jade was the first and she counted the swats the same as she had the previous day, so Beaver and I did the same.

For some reason that belt hurt more than the one the previous day and after about the fourth swat on each of our butts I think that all 3 of us were sobbing but I couldn’t hear any of us sobbing after about the eighth and I know that by butt was numb and I was starting to feel good.

After we’d all had 10 swats I was disappointed, I’d wanted to cum but I hadn’t, and I don’t think that Beaver or Jade had cum either.

**A Girl called Areola and her sister called Beaver**

by Vanessa Evans

*As usual, it’s best if you read the earlier parts before this one.*

**Part 07**

There was a little pause during which I had no idea what was happening (everyone was behind us) but then I heard Mr. Palmer say,

“Girls, please turn over, lay along the table, put your hands behind your heads and spread you legs.”

“As we were doing that Mr. Palmer continued,

“That was the first part of the punishment, now I will open the second part to all of you. In a minute I am going into the house and will not be back for 30 minutes. During that time I invite each and every one of you to step forward and inflict more humiliation on these young women, anything that you can think of that will humiliate them enough for them to change their minds about their blatant exhibitionism and debauchery. Over to you.”

I turned my head as saw Jade’s father walking away. Then I looked along my body and saw all the people just looking at us.

“Don’t be shy folks.” I thought, “bring it on, give us your worst.”

It took a few more seconds before first 1, then another and another man stepped up to us and looked down at our naked bodies.

“Come on guys, ram those fingers inside me.” I thought, “I need to cum, now.”

I gasped a little as finally a hand came down to my right tit. It gently squeezed then a finger and thumb took my rock hard and throbbing nipple and rolled and squeezed and pulled, causing me to moan.

“You’re liking this aren’t you slut?” He said, rather than asked.

I moaned again as he pulled some more.

Then I felt a hand on my pussy.

“At last.” I thought, and moaned again.

The hand on my tit started getting bolder and rougher while the hand on my pussy started exploring.

“Gawd she’s wet.” I heard a different voice say, a female voice, and I wondered if the man and the woman were a couple.

Then a different hand on my other tit and hands going up and down my body. I tried to see if Jade and Beaver were getting the same attention but it was difficult through all the people.

Then the inevitable happened and I started to cum. My body started to shake and jerk and I started getting vocal, and from what I could hear Beaver and Jade were in a similar state.

But the hands didn’t stop and 1 orgasm turned into 2, then 3. It was only after the third that the number of hands on and in me started to reduce.

Then I heard a man say,

“I wonder if she likes champagne?”

Well I hadn’t a clue if I liked it or not, I’d never tasted it, but he wasn’t asking if I wanted to drink it, the fingers in my pussy withdrew and I felt the champagne bottle being pushed into my vagina. Someone violently fucked me with the bottle then I felt a liquid inside me and I could have sworn that some champagne was bubbling inside me.

I orgasmed again.

The bottle was replaced by something that was the same diameter all along, but it wasn’t a cock, no man has a cock that could get to my pussy from standing on the grass next to the table. What’s more I’ve never felt a cock that has a hard outer coating.

I thought of a dildo, but where would they have got one from? Who takes a dildo to a barbecue?

“Try some celery.” I heard a man say.

“Oh my gawd.” I realised, “they’re stuffing food up my vagina.”

I tried to look but there were hands in the way.

More food, presumably, was being stuffed in my vagina, hard stuff, soft stuff, wet stuff, dry stuff.

The thing was, as it was being pushed in, food and fingers were rubbing against my already very excited clit and the inevitable happened and I orgasmed again, some of the food getting pushed out as my pussy convulsed; but the food kept getting pushed back inside me, helped by what felt like a beer bottle, blunt end first.

I tried to remember if I’d seen a bidet in Jade’s bathroom, but I couldn’t remember. We were going to need something to clean us out.

Then it all stopped and everyone went quiet and stepped back.

“Good grief girls,” Mr. Palmer said, “you 3 look terrible, you’re a disgrace to the family name Jade, go and get cleaned-up and I hope that you are fully ashamed of yourselves and have learned a valuable lesson.”

Then turning to the guests he continued,

“Thank you for your help ladies and gentlemen, with a bit of luck these girls will now change their ways.”

“We had learned a lesson,” I thought as we slowly slid off the tables, “but not the one that you are thinking of mate.” I’d actually enjoyed the whole experience.

As my feet found the grass I felt the bottle slide out of me and land on my right foot. I didn’t pick it up.

Jade and Beaver waddled over to me and I asked Jade if there was a bidet in her bathroom.

“No, but I have an idea, follow me.”

Beaver and I waddled behind Jade like 3 little ducklings. She led us to one end of the swimming pool.

“I don’t think that it’s a good idea to go into the pool like this Jade.” I said.

“No, the pool man keeps his stuff in the shed.”

Jade opened the door and pulled out a hosepipe. She turned it on then led us over to a drain.

“Who wants to go first?” She asked.

Beaver and I just stared at her until she stood over the drain with her legs apart and started washing the mess from her lower half. Some of the more liquid food had already run down to her feet.

When she was looking more like a girl I said,

“Inside, what about inside you?”

Jade looked at me, grinned, and held the end of the hose to her vaginal entrance. The water appeared to have been turned off until she pulled the hose away and the water and food rushed out.

“That felt nice.” She said and put the end of the hose back to her entrance.

This time she held it there longer then she quickly pulled it away. As the water and more food came rushing out she said,

“Don’t hold it there too long, it hurts.”

I had a vision of her with a big baby bump.

Jade did the same 2 more times until she was happy that all the food was out, then she passed the hose to Beaver.

Beaver, then me, did the same thing, and I certainly felt a lot cleaner afterwards.

Then we looked at the mess on the floor where quite a bit hadn’t gone down the drain.

“Well, that’s celery (a chunk, not a stick), that’s a bit of carrot, and is that a bit of a sausage? I can’t see any chicken bones. Jade said.

“Thank gawd for that.” Beaver added.

“Maybe they’re wedged inside us.” I joked, hoping that I was wrong.

Beaver and Jade both looked at me with a serious look.

“Joking, no one would be that cruel to us, but we’ll check each other later.”

“Good,” Jade said, “anyone fancy skinny dipping, it’ll be refreshing.”

It was, I don’t imagine that the pool water had cooled down very much but it certainly felt colder.

After messing about for a bit we stopped and Jade said,

“So did we learn anything tonight girls?”

“I did,” I said, “but it wasn’t what your father hoped we’d learn.”

“So what was it?” Beaver asked.

“That I like having food stuffed up my hole like a turkey at Christmas. Just so long as I don’t get roasted afterwards.”

Jade replied, “me too,” but Beavers mind was on a different path,

“What would it be like to stuff a load of dry stuffing, or dry rice even, in there and wait for my juices to swell it up.”

“I think that I’ll pass on that.” Jade said and I agreed with her.

“I’m still horny.” Beaver said.

“How many times did you cum?”

“Three times.”

“Me too,” Jade said, “shall we get out and go to my room and see if we can add to that count?”

“Good idea,” I replied, “I don’t think that we’re going to have any more fun with this lot.”

“No, come on.”

We got out and walked to the house, walking right through all the people there, only 1 man smiling at us as we passed him.

We had a communal shower, and a bit of fun, then got onto the bed and had more fun. I’ll leave it to your imagination as to what, but you’ll probably have got it right.

We went down to breakfast, again totally naked, the cook again being totally indifferent to our nudity. Mr. Palmer and Gregory were there, Gregory staring at our tits as we ate.

When Mr. Palmer did say something it was only to say that we obviously hadn’t learnt anything the previous night.

“Oh yes we did daddy, but not what you were wanting.”

That reply got stony silence from her father but Gregory wanted to know more.

“None of your business, it’s a girl thing.” Jade replied.

After breakfast we went back to Jade’s room for a while then it was time to go home. Jade, Gregory and Mr. Palmer were going to some posh Lunch do, Neither Jade or Gregory wanted to go but their father had insisted. Jade said the only way that it would be interesting was if someone from the barbecue was there.

Oh, Mr. Palmer had insisted that Jade wear a nice dress, not mentioning underwear, which I assume she left at home.

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**Go Cycling**

A couple of days later, in the morning, we got the urge to go on a bike ride. We’d already got them cleaned and oiled and ready to go but hadn’t even got on them when we’d done that. We had a little ride around the back garden and it felt so different not having a skirt between our pussies and the saddle. We experimented with trying to slide our pussies from side to side and back to front as we pedalled, but it was difficult in such a small space.

Having our enthusiasm boosted we went and put some shoes and a dress on and set off not knowing where we were going. We’d both put on a dress that was so short that we couldn’t sit on it and that flapped about in the wind that we generated.

We took it in turns to go in front to see just how much the other’s dress flapped about in the wind and we were happy to see the butt crack, right up to the waist, of the one in front. We giggled at the thought of drivers coming up behind us, seeing our bare butts and knowing that we were knickerless.

The dresses were bunching up at front as well but we couldn’t see our slits so we didn’t think about, That is until we stopped at a road junction and had to put 1 foot on the ground. A car came alongside and the workman in the passenger seat had his head turned looking at the very top of our legs right until the car moved off.

We stopped a little further along and Beaver got off her bike and had a look at me from the same angle that the workman would have had. We had another giggle when Beaver told me that she could see my slit.

For a while we went round the same block stopping at all the road junctions hoping that a car would stop and look over to us.

From there we headed over to the local park and pedalled along the paths letting our dresses blow right up to our waists.

All the time we were sliding our pussies as much as we could on the saddle. We stopped at a seat in the middle of the park with no one in sight and played with our pussies to finish the orgasm that had very slowly been building in us.

As we sat there in post orgasmic bliss we wondered if there was a bike shop anywhere that would modify the saddles so that a dildo would come up through it when we pedalled. We decided to google it later and also thought about asking daddy to do it for us but we weren’t sure how we could approach the subject.

We pedalled home and put the bikes back in the garage vowing to get them out again soon.

The next day both our butts were sore.

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**The Leisure Centre second visit**

After the success of our last visit we just had to go again. Even after remembering that second visits are usually not as good as first visits, we still decided to go.

In some ways it wasn’t as good, but in most ways it certainly was.

With us not having seen many staff we decided to be a little bit more daring in our choice of bikinis and we both chose ‘strings only’, thong bottoms and nearly matching, string fastening, mesh bralettes, giggling as we put them on and put our belongings into the locker.

We were not surprised, and a little disappointed that hardly anyone noticed what was on display, we guessed that they saw the strings and assumed that there were solid material triangles in between the strings.

Beaver and I, of course, just acted like we were wearing industrial strength bikinis and that nothing was on display, and I guess that helped people’s brains to assume that we were properly attired. That was okay from the not getting caught point of view but didn’t help with the fact that we were there to let people see our ‘naughty’ bits.

Of course it didn’t matter what we were wearing when it came to the goldfish bowl slide because we always pulled on the strings just as soon as we got onto that slide and we always had to put our bikinis back on when we got to the pool at the bottom. This time though, there was a young staff man standing beside the bottom pool telling swimmers to get out of the way of the next person to come crashing through the hole in the bowl.

The young man saw our predicament and smiled at us each time we got to our feet revealing our exposed little tits and he must have seen the 2 separate parts of our bikinis floating in different places, but all he did was smile.

There were a few people watching as we spun round inside the bowl but neither of us went to stand next to them to hear what they had to say about the naked girls going round and round.

We used the same trick about the sauna being clothed or nude and we feigned comments when we apologised for getting it wrong, but we always added that it was too late by then, and just sat or lay on the bench and let the people stare at us.

We actually went into the sauna 4 times, each time followed by jumping into the plunge pool and screaming about it being ‘bloody cold’. And each time we lay on the sunbeds to thaw out with our solid nipples throbbing with the cold, our clits that had shrunk to the size of pin heads, and our excitement at being naked in a public place when we shouldn’t have been.

The cafe was fun as well. It was the same girl behind the counter and she instantly realised that our bikini tops were see-through. I don’t think that she saw us when we walked up to the counter so she wouldn’t have seen our slits but the couple sat at the table next to where we sat certainly did. The look of shock and surprise on their faces was mint, and the young man kept looking over to us to see if he could see them again.

Beaver was sort of opposite him and had seen him looking so she lay back in her chair a couple of times so that he could confirm that he wasn’t dreaming.

The girl with him dragged him away just as soon as she had finished her drink.

We got caught naked in the shower. The staff must rotate jobs because it was the same young man who had been at the bottom of the goldfish bowl slide. He walked passed the entrance to the showers, glanced in, then was back a couple of seconds later. He stood there watching us until we had finished.

As we walked out he stopped us and told us that people were supposed to wear their swimsuits in the shower.

“We didn’t see any signs so we didn’t think that it would matter.” Beaver said as we both watched his eyes going up and down both of our bodies. We were stood there with our hand by our sides enjoying being looked at.

“You’re right, but it is printed in the ‘conditions of use’ notice in reception.”

“Sorry, but we didn’t bring a magnifying glass, maybe you should ask the management to get it printed big enough to cover the whole wall, that way people might be able to read it.”

“I’ve got to agree with you there, but next time keep your swimsuits on girls.”

“Yes sir.” Beaver sarcastically replied.

The young man smiled, looked us up and down again, then turned and walked away.

Beaver and I were both smiling as we got dried and dressed outside our locker.

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**Visit Aunt Betty**

We still weren’t convinced that this visit was a good idea, even when we got into the car to drive there. To make the journey interesting we did the same as when we drove back from our camping trip and it wasn’t long before we saw the farm and stopped for us to remove our vibrators and for Beaver to put a dress on.

We’d decided to take just skimpy clothes, and no underwear of any sorts just to try to make the visit more interesting so we got out of the car in the farmyard wearing just an ultra short dress and sandals.

We felt good about ours bodies but not our decision to be there.

The 2 sheepdogs announced our arrival and Betty opened the farmhouse door even before we got to it. The dogs were fussing around us and trying to sniff our butts and pussies.

Aunt Betty immediately hugged us and we could tell that she was braless, her breasts not much bigger than ours. Her whole demeanour was so different to when we last saw her at our mother’s funeral. But there again, it was her sister’s funeral.

Aunt Betty was full of life and talking about how we were full grown women now and should be enjoying all that that entails. By the time that we’d had a drink and a piece of her apple pie I was thinking that a few days there could be good fun.

Then uncle Ian and cousin Noah walked into the house, both wearing filthy overalls and wellies. Beaver and I stood up to greet them and we hugged, and the thing was, when both of them hugged us one of their hands went up under our dresses and squeezed our bare butts.

Ian, Noah, what are you thinking of, your covered in muck, you’ll get their dresses covered in cow shit or whatever it is on you.

Not responding to that, uncle Ian asked,

“Have you shown these 2 beauties to their room yet Betty?”

“Not had the chance yet lover, too busy with girl talk.”

“Come on Areola, Beaver, fuck I like those names, I’ll show you where you can leave your clothes.”

Beaver and I looked at each other as we followed uncle Ian up the stairs and into one of the bedrooms.

“Only 1 bed I’m afraid, but Bill tells us that you 2 sleep together anyway. You’re not lesbians are you? Not that that would be a problem, each to their own and all that.”

“No uncle Ian, we’re not lesbians.”

“So you like a nice cock then?”

“Yes uncle, we do.”

“Good, there’s a few good cocks around here and I’m not just talking about the feathered variety. I hope that they don’t wake you on a morning.”

“But we like being woken by a nice cock uncle.” Beaver said.

Uncle Ian looked at us with a puzzled look, not knowing what we meant.

“Go on back down girls,” uncle Ian said, “Ian and I need to get cleaned up.”

We hadn’t left home until the afternoon so it was getting towards the evening when we arrived there and when we got back downstairs aunt Betty was busy preparing the evening meal.

“Come and give me a hand girls, we can talk while we work.”

We did and aunty Betty quizzed us about what was going on in our lives. Of course we didn’t tell her all the details, we weren’t sure how she would react to being told that her nieces had been stuffing beer bottles up their pussies on a stage in a busy pub, or been hunted down in a wood then strung up on a tree then gang banged, or been gang banged at an end of college year party.

Aunt Betty also told us about when mum and dad used to visit the farm before her and mum had any kids. Apparently our mother was wilder than we thought and the 2 of them used to run around the farm totally naked and teasing the farmhand. The 4 of them made love in the barn and out in the fields and anywhere else that they fancied.

“Pity you didn’t bring your young men with you,” aunt Betty said, “you could have had a blast (her word). So if you girls want to strip off and have some fun don’t worry about anyone else here.”

“What about uncle Ian and Noah, and didn’t you say that you have a man working for you?”

“I wouldn’t worry about any of them, they’ve seen me naked enough times, hell, with it being such a nice day I didn’t put any clothes on until you 2 were due here. I didn’t know how you would react.”

“Don’t worry aunt Betty, it would appear that mummy and daddy brought us up like you and her were when you were our age.” I replied.

Just then, the door opened and uncle Ian and Noah returned, both wearing only T-shirts and their boxers.

“Hey girls,” uncle Ian said, “we have a pretty relaxed dress code here so you can wear, or not, whatever you like, in the farmhouse and around the farm, Betty does, but be aware, we have a farmhand and he sure will appreciate seeing you around the place.”

“Thanks uncle,” Beaver said, “we were just talking about your sex life when you were our age.”

“We were a bit wild in those days weren’t we Betty love?”

I smiled, I was getting to like the place, and our relatives, more and more by the minute.

Aunt Betty really does know how to cook, we thought that we, and daddy didn’t do too bad but if we stayed there too long we would soon have a weight problem, but I wondered how aunt Betty kept so slim. When I asked her she just said 2 words,

“Hard work.”

“So,” Noah asked, “are you going to help us round the farm now that you’re here?”

“Noah, you don’t ask our guests to do some farm work, that’s rude.”

“No,” Beaver said, “that’s okay, we’d like to help wouldn’t we Areola?”

“Of course we would, but we don’t have any wellies or overalls or any old clothes with us.”

 “It’s summer and the place is quite private, so you don’t need any clothes, less washing for mum.” Noah said.

“Noah,” aunt Betty said, “I hope that you’re not suggesting that these 2 work naked, that really would be rude of you.”

“No,” I said, “that’s a good idea. I’m sure that Beaver and I could get used to being naked, it’s not like this place is in the middle of a city and I’m sure that our bodies wouldn’t offend any of you, after all, this is a farm, you must see animals having sex all the time and humans are only sophisticated animals.”

“Well that’s up to you girls,” uncle Ian said, “but we would appreciate the help. You wouldn’t get upset if you stood in a pile of cow or pig shit in your bare feet would you, because it’s bound to happen.”

“Just so long as it’s still warm.” Beaver joked.

“Yuk.” I added.

“You’ll soon get used to it, even if you slip and sit in it. We’ve got a few hose pipes around the place and we could soon hose you down.”

“Err thanks, I think.” Beaver said.

Over the evening meal we talked a lot more, our 3 relatives wanting to know more about us, daddy and Zack. Not once did Beaver or I mention that we had started to spend most of our time naked or playing with our pussies.

We helped aunt Betty clear up feeling quite full up, while uncle Ian and Noah used the dining table to sort out some paper work to do with running the farm. Apparently running a farm these days is just as much about paperwork as it is about looking after the animals and the crops, uncle Ian joking that you needed a business degree to run a farm these days. We didn’t tell them that were are both doing a business studies course at college.

When us women had finished clearing up uncle Ian tossed a piece of paper across the table to us and said,

“Look at the crap that farmers have to put up with, can you understand what that’s all about?”

We 3 women looked at the paper, yes it was written in government like gobbledegook but after a little bit of conferring the 3 of us were able to explain it to uncle Ian.

“Brains as well as beauty.” He said.

That made both Beaver an I happy.

After more catching up aunt Betty said,

“We go to bed early here because we have to get up early to milk the cows, but if you want to stay up feel free to do so.”

We decided to turn in as well, we guessed that we would have a busy time the next day, and the current day had been quite interesting and tiring, so we told uncle Ian and Noah that we were off to bed as well.

“Don’t make too much noise with the girly things that you’ll get up to,” uncle Ian said, “we need to get some sleep as well.”

We went up to our room, got ready for bed (naked) then went to the bathroom. When we came out there was Ian waiting to go in.

“it’s going to be nice having you 2 around for a couple of days.” He said as he looked us up and down.

“Yes, we’re going to enjoy it as well.” Beaver replied.

We left our room door open hoping that someone would look in on us during the night. I was a warm one and I guessed that the sheet would end up on the floor.

We did get up to a few ‘girly’ things but we kept the noise down.

We woke the next morning to the smell of bacon cooking and just had to go down to see if we could have some. I looked down and saw that the sheet that had been covering us was on the floor, and the door was still wide open. I wondered if anyone had looked in and seen us cuddling as we slept.

Not bothering with any clothes as we figured that we’d soon be outside getting covered in goodness knows what, we went downstairs and found Aunt Betty stood at the cooker with a pan of bacon smelling wonderful, and she was as naked as we were.

“Good morning girls, I thought that this smell might get you up, wonderful isn’t it?”

“Good morning aunt Betty,” we replied in stereo.

“Girls, please can we dispense with the aunt and uncle bit, you’re making us feel old.”

“Sure Betty.” I replied, “where’s Ian and Noah?”

“Out milking the cows, they should be back soon. I’m assuming that you two aren’t vegans or anything crazy like that, and that you’ll eat a proper English breakfast?”

“No Betty,” Beaver, “we’re pretty traditional in what we eat and we both like bacon and a nice hot sausage.”

Betty turned to looked at us and grinned. Was she trying to see if there was a euphemism in there? But Beavers face was giving nothing away.

“You’ll need a good breakfast in you, farm work is hard work.”

“We need the exercise Betty.” I said.

“You haven’t got an ounce of fat on you but you need to keep your bodies like that to keep the men looking at you.”

“In that case you must get lots of men looking at you Betty.” I replied.

Betty was just thanking me for the compliment when the back door opened and in walked Ian and Noah.

“Morning girls, looking good, are you ready for hard day’s work?”

“Don’t work them too hard Ian,” Berry said, “they grew up in the city and won’t be used to proper work.”

Noah had just been standing there looking at us, and when there was a short silence he said,

“Wow, you both look even better without your clothes on.” Noah said.

“Noah,” Betty said, “stop trying to embarrass your cousins.”

“I wasn’t mum, I was just trying to tell them that they look good.”

“He’s right,” Ian said, “they do look great without their clothes on.”

“Okay,” Betty said, “that’s enough you 2, you’ll embarrass them then they won’t want to help out on the farm. Let’s just sit down and eat breakfast then get on with the jobs. Besides, you see me naked just about every day and I’m a woman as well.”

“Yes love,” Ian replied, “a lovely woman too but everyone would rather look at a heifer than an adult cow.”

“Hmm, keep going on like that Ian and you might just end up sleeping in the barn.”

“Sorry love, but you know what I mean.”

“Yes I do, now get your minds back on your breakfast. What’s your next job Noah?”

“Mucking out the pigs.”

“Lucky you, you’ve got 2 assistants today, and don’t work them too hard.”

“No mother.”

I had a vision of us covered from head to foot in horrible, smelly pig shit.

“What is the farmhand doing today?” Betty asked.

“Helping me fix the fence down by the stream, I want to get that fixed so that we can get the sheep into that field.”

We finished breakfast then Betty told us to leave the clearing up and go with Noah. We watched Noah put his wellies on then followed him out to an old building that looked like what I imagined was an old stables for 4 horses with sort of courtyards out the front.

As we walked through the farmyard the dogs came and had a sniff around us as we walked.

“They’re male dogs and you’re bitches, sorry, females, and they can tell the difference. They’ll give you a good licking and try to mount you if you let them. Just be firm and tell them to go away if you’re not interested.”

“You think that we might want to be fucked by a dog Noah?”

“Some women do.”

“Not me.” We both replied in stereo.

“We’ve only got 2 pigs here, the rest are out in the field, we’ll take some food for them later, but we need to get all the muck out of here so that they’re not standing around in their own shit all the time.”

”So what do we do?” Beaver asked.

“Shovel it into that barrow and take it to the pile at the end. Dad or I use a tractor and trailer to take the pile away when it gets too big.”

“So we take the barrow into that pen thing, fill it with all the shit then wheel it to the big pile of shit down there.” Beaver said.

“Spot on Beaver, you know I really do like your names.”

“So do we; there’s 2 of us and just 1 shovel.”

“I’ll get you another shovel.”

Noah turned and walked away.

“This is going to be a real shitty job.” I said.

“Yeah, shitty.” Beaver replied then we both burst out laughing.

“What’s so funny?” Noah asked when he returned and saw and heard us.

“Nothing.” We both replied in stereo.

“Don’t let them get their snouts near you, they’ll eat anything that’s in front of them, including you if they get the chance.”

“I don’t think that I want to do this.” Beaver said.

“Can we hit them with the shovel if they get too close?” I asked.

“You can, but not too hard, we don’t want to damage them, there’s a lot of money on each set of 4 legs.”

“Okay, let’s do this sis. Into battle we go.”

“I’ll come back and check on you in a while.”

Noah left and Beaver opened the little gate. I pushed the barrow in then immediately said,

“Shit.”

“Yeah,” Beaver replied, “we have to put it in the barrow.”

“No, I just stood in some, and it wasn’t warm.”

We both looked at my now brown foot and laughed.

“Oh well.” I said, “at least I haven’t ruined a good pair of shoes.”

We started shovelling and soon got a visit from a big pig.

“Hit it with your shovel.” Beaver said as it got very close to me.

I did, on its rear end, and it turned and looked up at me then turned and walked away.

“Did it’s backside go red like yours does when it gets spanked?” Beaver asked.

“No, well I don’t think so, I wasn’t looking.” I replied.

We carried on and when the barrow was full I tried to lift the handles but couldn’t.

“We’re going to have to take some out, it’s too heavy.” I said.

“Shit.”

“Precisely.”

“Ha, ha.”

We shovelled about half of it out then I tried again.

“Okay, open the gate, and don’t forget to shut it behind us.”

Beaver did and we went and emptied the barrow.

We carried on shovelling the shit and after quite a while Noah came back to see how we were getting on.

“Good job girls, a bit slow, but a good job. Keep going, and don’t worry about getting clean, the hosepipe will soon get it off you. Anyway, they say that pig shit is good for the complexion.”

We both looked down at ourselves and realised that we would need the hosepipe.

“Beaver,” I said, “how did you get pig shit on your beaver.”

“I don’t know, did you put it there?”

“If I did it would be inside you as well.”

“Yuk, I hope not.”

We carried on and eventually got the job finished. As we were looking for Noah to tell him that we were done we found Ian and Betty, Berry carrying a tray.

“Lunchtime.” Betty said, “you 2 are in a right state. Ian, get them hosed down before they put their filthy hands on this food.”

Ian led us to the cowshed where there was a hosepipe outside and he told us to stand facing the wall with our hands on the wall.

“Remember when I used to do this to you Betty?” We heard Ian say just before Beaver squealed as the jet of water hit her butt.

I was glad that it was summer and that the water wasn’t that cold.

After Ian had done our backs he told us to turn around. We both helped rub it off our arms and legs then when the jet of water hit Beaver’s tits she said,

“Ouch, oh, ohhh.”

“Stop that Ian, you don’t want to get the poor girl aroused” I heard Betty say.

He did stop but Beaver’s tits were clean anyway, and she was smiling.

Ian moved down her torso and when he got to her pussy Beaver spread her legs and Ian concentrated the jet of water on her pussy.

“Nice that isn’t it?” Betty said as the jet of water hit Beaver’s clit causing her to moan then cum.

By then I had spread my legs and was eagerly waiting for my turn. I saw Betty grinning as Ian turned the hose on me. Before long I too was in the throws of an orgasm with my aunt and uncle, and male cousin watching.

“That was err fun.” I said when I had got my faculties back.

“Yes, I used to love it when Ian did that to me as well. It was a good job that water was cheap in those days.

I looked around and the only person who wasn’t grinning was Noah. I guessed that the thought of her father making his mother cum with a hosepipe wasn’t one that he really wanted to think about.

“Right, into the barn I think,” Betty said, “We don’t want you 2 getting sunburned do we?”

We talked and ate and when we were done we went out, Noah having told us that we were going to feed the chickens and collect the eggs. Just as we got to the yard, a little red van appeared and a postman got out.

“Morning folks, I see you’ve got 2 new recruits and that they’re following in Betty’s footsteps. Is it something that you make women do Ian?”

“No Pete, it’s totally voluntary. Don’t your womenfolk want to be naked for you Pete?”

“I wish.” Pete replied as he handed a couple of letters to Ian.

“Well you’re welcome to come and look at these 3 whenever you want but the 2 young ones won’t be here for long, they’ve got to go back to the city and to school.”

“With a bit of luck I’ll have some more post for you tomorrow Ian. See you.”

We watched the red van disappear and I wondered about ordering some more mail order stuff for home.

We did help Noah feed the chickens and collect the eggs; and what’s more we stayed relatively clean, except for our feet. Chicken shit isn’t as big as pig shit but there were a lot more chickens.

When we were done Noah told us that we just about had time for him to show us around the rest of the farm before it was milking time. He took us to the barn and to a big tractor. When he was sat in it he shouted for us to climb up and stand either side of him. We did, and found that we could sit on part of the big wheel arches.

Noah slowly drove around the fields telling us what was in each field – if it wasn’t obvious, and Beaver and I took it in turns to get out and open and close gates.

We got to where Ian and the farmhand were and we got off the tractor for Ian to introduce us. He didn’t appear at all surprised to see 2 naked young women climb down and go and shake their hands. I guessed that he must have seen Betty naked hundreds of times.

Ian told us a bit about what they were doing and also told us that a bit further downstream there was a swimming hole that he used to take Betty and then Betty and Noah, but they hadn’t been there for years. Then he told us that we could go and have a look at it and see if it was still possible to swim there.

We said that we might just do that.

Then we got back on the tractor and Noah drove us through another couple of fields and we saw that we were at a road, and there were a few cars on it.

“There’s more of the farm over there but 1 of you will have to open the gates on both sides of the road. But if it’s too embarrassing for you we don’t need to go over there.

“Is that a dare Noah?” Beaver asked.

“I suppose it is, let’s see what you’re made of girls.”

We both got off the tractor. Beaver opened the first gate and as soon as it was open I marched over the road and opened the other gate. One car beeped its horn at me, but it wasn’t because I was in its way.

Noah waited for a break in the traffic then drove across the road with Beaver walking behind him. Another car beeped its horn.

“Brave as well girls, or is it that you like being seen without any clothes on, I mean, you’re related to my mother and she goes nearly everywhere without clothes on. I guess that exhibitionism runs in the family. Well for the women anyway.”

We got back on the tractor and Noah continued the tour. To be honest, there wasn’t a lot to see on that side of the road, fields, some with animals in and some with crops in them.

Then it was back across the road to the farmyard. We had the same process to cross the road again and again a couple of cars beeped their horns.

Noah parked the tractor in the barn then whistled for the dogs.

“Time to milk the cows, do you want to come with me to get them?”

“Yes, why not, it’s not like we have anything else to do.” Beaver said.

The dogs came running in and zeroed in on our pussies. The dog that came to me first managed to get a quick lick before I pushed it away and told it to stop it. Beaver said,

“Oh, that’s … stop that,” and I saw her push the dog’s head away.

Meanwhile Noah was just smiling. As we started walking he continued,

“You know, a lot of girls do like dogs doing that.”

Beaver and I looked at each other and smiled, but said nothing.

We walked out to one of the big fields where Ian kept his herd of about 20 cows. Quite a few were near the gate and started walking towards the farmyard as soon as the gate was open. Noah was whistling at the dogs and they soon had the rest of the cows following the first lot.

I thought that it was funny that they all walked in a singe line following the first one who seemed to know where it was going.

In the milking shed I was impressed as to how clean it was, everything was made of nice, shiny metal and the walls were all painted white and it looked like a recent paint job.

The front cows walked straight to the place where they would get milked and we watched as Noah put the teats on and the milk started coming out.

“That’s not like it is when you open a bottle from the supermarket, it goes through all sorts of checks and things to make it stay fresh for longer. I’ll let you have a taste later and you’ll taste how different the real thing is.”

He was right, when we tasted it, it was still warm and soo creamy.

“We can’t sell it like that, all sorts of crazy rules, but no ones going to know if we use it like that ourselves. Mother says that this stuff is why she’s such a good baker.”

With the cows milked it was time to get them back to the field and Noah led the way with the cows, the dogs and Beaver and me following him.

I think that I must have got a little too confident about being around the cows because when I was walking alongside one it turned its head and banged into me. That sent me flying and I ended up on my front, flat on the muddy grass on a long strip of warm cow shit from one of the beasts just in front.

When I stood up and looked down my front all I could say was,

“Yuk.”

Needless to say that both Noah and Beaver were laughing their heads off.

“Not funny.” I said.

“Oh yes it is.” Beaver replied, Noah still laughing.

Well I was covered in the brown smelly stuff and my sister was just laughing at me so I walked over to her and before she realised what I was going to do I hugged her then leaned over whilst still hugging her so that we both ended up on the ground and in more cow shit.

“See how you like it.” I said when I let go of her.

Beaver’s response was to grab a handful of cow shit and rub it on my pussy. Well I couldn’t let that go unavenged so I did the same to her.

We stood there looking at each other, laughing, with the 2 dogs barking at us and Noah laughing.

“I bet that you 2 don’t want to smell or lick my pussy now.” I said as I looked at the 2 dogs.

“Come on girls,” Noah finally said, “gotta get the cows back into the field then it’s hose down for you.”

I have to say, apart from the stink, I felt just like I imagined a mud bath would feel like.

Both Ian and Betty had heard the screaming from when I got Beaver to the ground and were waiting for us when we got back to the farmyard, and both had a good laugh when they saw us.

“You’re not coming into the house like that, you’ll have to clean up out here.” Betty said.

“Up against the wall.” Noah said.

We did, and we both got the same treatment as the previous time, but this time from Noah, and he too took pleasure in pummelling our tits and pussies with the jet of water, and making us both cum with the jet of water on our clits.

Once we were clean we weren’t finished with the hosepipe. Noah connected a second hosepipe and we were told to hose down the whole of the milking shed. It may have been a warm day, but by the time we’d finished we were both starting to feel a little chilly and when we went to the house Betty was waiting with 2 big towels.

It didn’t take us long to get dried and warm again, especially when we saw the home cooked meal that Betty had produced.

“Wow, I wish that I could cook like you Betty.” Beaver said.

“You can if you set your mind to it, it’s not rocket science.”

“Maybe we should have a cooking day when we get back home.” I said.

“Just don’t get the flour all over the place like you did with the cow shit.” Noah added whilst he laughed.

We had another great meal, which left us feeling quite full, then Betty dug out some old photo albums and showed us a lot of photos of us when we were little and mum and dad when they were in full hippy mode. Life seemed to be so much simpler in those days, no one in the photos seemed to have a care in the world, and when I said it out loud, both Betty and Ian agreed with me.

When we went to bed Beaver and I, as we always do, left our room door open and lay on top of the bed as we always do in summer, and when we were enjoying a 69 I heard a noise and looked over to the door and saw Noah watching us. When Beaver collapsed off me I looked to the door again, thinking of inviting him to come and fuck us, but he was gone.

The next morning we woke early, in time to go and help Ian and Noah with the milking. Apart from our feet, we managed to stay clean. Maybe because it was a bit chilly to be walking around outside totally naked at that time of the morning, but Betty’s amazing breakfast soon had us warmed up.

Whilst we were eating Beaver reminded everyone that we were going home that day, but that we’d leave it until the afternoon.

Whilst Noah was cleaning the pigs out he sent Beaver and me to feed the chickens and collect the eggs. When we got back to the farmyard with the eggs there was a little white van there and Noah was talking to the driver who had a big grin on his face when he saw Beaver and I walking up to them carrying the trays of eggs.

It turned out that the man came every other day to collect the eggs to sell them on his market stall in the nearby towns. We had a bit of a chat with them as the man had a good look at our naked bodies.

As we were talking the 2 farm dogs came to visit us and had a good sniff at our butts and pussies. Instead of shooing them away, both Beaver and I let them sniff and lick our pussies causing us both to moan a little as their rough tongues found our clits and nearly made us cum, much to the delight of the 2 men.

I think that Noah was being deliberately cruel to Beaver and me because he let the dogs lick our pussies until we were getting close to cumming then he shooed them away saying,

“Can’t let them get the better of you girls.”

I was sure that Beaver was thinking the same as me in that stopping them wasn’t a nice thing to do.

The man left and just as I was about to ask Noah what he wanted us to do next, the little red postman’s van arrived and the smiling postman got out.

“Only 1 thing for you today Noah, just a circular that would have kept until tomorrow but I wanted to see if your guests were still here.”

“That explains why you’re earlier than normal,” Noah said, “well as you see they’re still here and looking as beautiful as ever don’t you think?”

“Sure do Noah, and I like that they obviously like showing off they cute little bodies.”

“You should have seen them a few minutes ago, they let the dogs lick their pussies and nearly make them cum.”

“It was you that stopped them from making us cum Noah.” Beaver said.

“I could always get them back.”

Both Beaver and I shrugged our shoulders and I was sure that Beaver was thinking the same as me - “go on then Noah.”

Noah whistled and the 2 dogs came running back to us and both Beaver and I spread our feet a little to give the tongues better access.

Three or 4 minutes later both Beaver and I were moaning and shaking as the orgasms took control of our bodies. When the waves subsided the postman said,

“Wow girls, I’ve heard that that can happen but I’ve never actually seen it, thank you, and thank you Noah, much appreciated.”

“You’re welcome Pete, and I know that both girls enjoyed it, didn’t you?”

Both Beaver and I still had the post orgasm look on our faces and we both nodded.

“Wow,” Pete said, “I wish that I had a couple of cousins like these 2.”

“I guess that we are luck, and with a bit of luck these 2 will be coming to visit us a lot more, now that they’ve discovered what they like.”

“Lucky bastard; well I guess that I should be going. Nice to see all of you girls. Until the next time.”

With that Pete got in his van and left, leaving the 3 of us just stood there with the 2 dogs looking up at us.

“So, what would you 2 like to do until you have to leave us?”

“Are there any jobs that need doing that we could help with?” Beaver asked.

“I think that you 2 have done quite a bit for us already, maybe you should just relax and enjoy yourselves before you leave.”

“Could we go into the barn please?” Beaver asked, “there’s something that we’d like to show you.”

I guessed what Beaver was thinking about and I was more than happy to go along with it.

In the barn we led Noah over to where the hay bales were and started undressing Noah. He didn’t resist at all, and we soon had him as naked as we were, his boner pointing to the roof.

Beaver pushed him down onto his back then mounted his cock whilst I straddled his face and held my pussy right above his face.

His first load shot into Beaver quite quickly and when we swapped places I had to use my mouth to get him hard again before mounting him. I orgasmed just before he did.

As we were all getting our wits back, I heard something and looked over to the entrance to see Betty and Ian stood there watching us. Ian was behind Betty and his hands were playing with her nipples.

“Go on then lover,” Betty said, “show them it’s not only the young that can give them a good time.”

For a second I thought that Betty was telling her husband to fuck Beaver and me, then I thought that they were going to put on a show for us. But I was right the first time as Ian came over to us and put out an arm to help me, then Beaver to our feet.

Without a word being said, Noah got up, Ian dropped his trousers and lay down ready to give us round 2.

And he did, lasting a lot longer than Noah did, and showing us his expertise in pussy eating. Both Beaver and I had 2 more orgasms before Ian finally shot his load inside Beaver.

Noah had gone off to do whatever, but Betty was still stood there watching and when Ian got up she went over to him and hugged him before asking Beaver and I if we were happy.

“So you obviously didn’t mind your husband fucking his nieces then Betty?” I asked.

“Hell no, he’s got it and you 2 obviously wanted it so why not? You’re forgetting that Ian and I grew up in the era of free love and all that went with it.”

“So Ian and our mother and you and dad did it then? Beaver asked.

“Many times, and it didn’t do any of us any harm, I mean, you 2 have turned out good haven’t you?”

“We like to think so.” I replied.

“You definitely have.” Ian added, then continued,

“Let’s have some lunch then perhaps you 2 could take some lunch down to the farmhand then go on and look for that swimming hole, see if it’s still any good. You can take the quad bike if you like.”

And that’s what we did. Neither Beaver nor I had driven a quad bike before but Ian quickly showed us how to do it, and off we set with Beaver driving, me with 1 hand holding the bag of lunch for the farm hand and the other hand caressing her tits and down to her leaking pussy.

When we got off the bike there was 2 wet patches on the seats where our the men’s cum had leaked out of us.

The farmhand had heard us approaching and had stopped to watch. When I first spotted him I wondered if we should let him fuck us at well but for some unknown reason I didn’t fancy the idea and I guess that Beaver didn’t as well because she never gave any indication that she wanted to.

We left him and got back onto the bike, me driving and Beaver’s hands all over my front. Ian had told us to just keep going along the path and that we’d know when were there when we saw it, and we did. We passed a stretch of bushes between the path and the river and came to an opening and there it was, a suddenly calm stretch of water that had 3 older teenagers, about our age, splashing about.

I switched the engine off, we got off the bike and stood there looking down at the 2 guys and 1 girl. One of them must have heard, or seen us because they stopped splashing about and just stood there looking at us looking at them. We couldn’t see their bottom halves but the girl was topless and she wasn’t making any attempt to cover her tits.

“Hi there,” I shouted, “mind if we join you?”

There was a short silence then the girl shouted back,

“No, not at all, it’s not our river so come on in.”

The 3 of them watched as we climbed down the bit of a bank then waded in.

“Hi,” I said, “I’m Areola and this is Beaver. We’ve staying at the farm just up stream a bit.”

“Hi, Ellie and this is Joe and Aiden. We live in the village just down stream. So is it Ian’s and Betty’s farm?”

“Yes, do you know them?”

“I know Noah,” Ellie said, “we hang occasionally.”

As we were talking I couldn’t help notice that Joe and Aiden were staring at our rock hard nipples and not our faces and Ellie had noticed them too.

“Please forgive my friends, they’re a bit immature, you’d think that they’ve never seen a naked girl before but they see me naked all the time.”

“I think that it’s built into male DNA.” Beaver said, “but we don’t mind them looking.”

“Me neither.” Ellie added, “they’re harmless, never even tried to grope me, not like that Noah, now he’s cute.”

“Yes he is.” Beaver and I replied almost in stereo.

“So are you 2 twins then?”

“Close, but no, just sisters.” I replied, “So Joe, Aiden, lift your eyes and tell us what you’ve been doing here?”

“Yeah, Oh,” Joe replied, “just keeping cool, it’s been so damned hot lately.”

“So you like looking at naked girls do you guys?” Beaver asked.

“Is that really your names?” Aiden asked.

“Yep, cool isn’t it?” I asked.

“Don’t you get lots of nicknames and jokes?” Ellie asked.

“We do, we used to hate it but now we love it. It gets people thinking about out tits and pussies.”

“I just bet that it does.” Joe added.

“So are you guys wearing anything?” Beaver asked.

“Of course.” Joe replied.

“Why?” Beaver asked, “don’t you want anyone to see your boners?”

“They’re a bit shy.” Ellie said.

“Well have a good look at us guys, we don’t mind.” I said.

“Pussies as well?” Aiden asked, “Ellie won’t let us look at hers.”

“But I bet that you’ve seen it haven’t you? I mean, a girl can’t keep her legs clamped together all the time can she.”

“Yeah, we’ve seen it.”

Ellie changed the subject by telling us that they just swim about and splash each other to keep cool. Then she splashed the guys prompting them to splash her, and us, back.

We spent the next 10 minutes or so splashing each other and swimming out of the way at times. Then the guys stopped and Joe said,

“So can we look at your pussies?”

“Guys!” Ellie said, “you can’t just ask a girl that you only met a few minutes ago if you can see her pussy.”

“Why not?” Aiden asked.

“It’s not polite, and besides, you can get locked up these days for saying something like that to a girl.” Ellie replied.

“That’s okay.” Beaver said. “Tell you what guys, how about we play a game of ‘I’ll show you mine if you show me yours’. What do you say?”

“I don’t know about that.” Joe replied, “that will mean we have to take our shorts off.”

“So I guess that it all depends on how much you want to see our pussies.” I said.

The 2 guys thought for a few seconds and looked at each other. They both nodded then Aiden turned to look at Beaver,

“Okay, it’s a deal.”

“Come on guys, let’s go and find a nice patch of grass.” Beaver said.

As we all waded to the bank Ellie said,

“Geez guys, anyone would think that you were 8 not 18.”

“It’s okay Ellie,” I said, “some guys just don’t mature until they start drawing their old age pension. We don’t mind, in fact we like being looked at don’t we sis?”

“Yep, they can touch us as well if they want.”

As we walked to a large grassy area I noted that Ellie was quite slim with tits a bit bigger than ours, and is as bald as we are; then Beaver said,

“Okay guys, drop-em.”

Joe and Aiden slowly dropped their shorts then their boxers, using their hands to cover their hard cocks.

“Come on guys,” Beaver said, “don’t be shy, let us have a proper look.”

Slowly the 2 guys moved their hands to their sides revealing their reasonably sized cocks, both pointing towards the sky.

“That’s better.” Beaver said.

“I never thought that they’d be that big.” Ellie said.

Without saying anything, both Beaver and I dropped to our knees in front of the guys and had a really good look at the cocks, both of us holding then to move them around to get a better look, and to see how solid they were. Thinking back, I’m a bit surprised that at least one of them didn’t shoot his load all over our faces, but they didn’t. Instead, Joe said,

“Our turn, get on your backs girls.”

Beaver and I did, spreading out legs quite wide, and I was and wasn’t surprised to see Ellie do the same.

Joe and Aiden looked at each other then got down between Beaver’s and my legs. I felt Joe’s breath on my spread pussy then I told him that he could touch me and open my lips some more.

Slowly, and carefully, I felt my labia being pulled open then a finger at my vaginal entrance.

“Go on Joe, slide it in.”

He did, and after I moaned he started slowly finger fucking me. It didn’t take long for my moans to get louder then for me to cum, my body jerking about as the waves of pleasure rolled over me.

“Thank you Joe.” I said, seeing that he was sitting on his heels just looking down at my leaking and convulsing pussy.

I turned my head and saw Beaver in the full throws of an orgasm and Ellie, still on her back with her legs spread, but up on her elbows watching the rest of us.

“I think that you guys need to do that same to Ellie.” I said.

Ellie had obviously heard me but she had said nothing so I told Joe to go and get between her legs.

Beaver and I watched as first Joe, then Aiden finger fucked Ellie to 2 separate orgasms.

When Ellie returned to normal I looked at the guys and decided that they were suffering.

“Would you like us to give you a blowjob guys?” I asked.

It was a silly question really, as both cocks looked a little harder and bigger than they had before.

All 3 girls got to our knees and I realised the problem.

“You 2 go ahead, they can watch me bringing myself off whilst you’re giving them some relief.”

Well Beaver was on the nearest cock before I’d finished saying that but Ellie wasn’t so fast.

“Go on Ellie,” I said, “you know that you want to.”

And she did, slowly at first, but then speeding up and occasionally looking over to Beaver to see how she was doing it. I heard Ellie gagging a couple of times but I didn’t say anything.

Beaver held her head over Joe’s cock as he shot his load down her throat and when I thought that Aiden was about to cum I told Ellie to take him as deep as she could.

When Aiden had cum in Ellie’s mouth I said,

“Let him see it before you swallow it Ellie.”

She did, then she showed him her empty mouth.

“Have you done that before Ellie?” I asked.

“No, that was my first time.”

“Don’t let it be your last time Ellie.” Beaver said, “come on, swap over.”

They did, with me no longer contributing to the conversation as I too was getting close to cumming again.

“Suck him and fondle his balls.” I heard Beaver say. In between her administrations to Aiden.

My orgasm was history by the time both guys came again then we all collapsed onto our backs to recover and enjoy the sun.

“Wow!” Ellie finally said, “I never thought that I’d do that to these 2 morons.”

“I guess that it was bound to happen sometime with you accidentally flashing your pussy to them, or was it an accident? Don’t you wear knickers?”

“Naw, can’t see the point, and maybe I was subconsciously flashing them, who knows?”

“Maybe you’ll let them fuck you the next time that you come here?” Beaver said.

“Hey, don’t get your hopes up guys, this was a one-off and I blame Beaver and Areola for leading me astray.“

“Says the girl who’s laying on her back, stark naked, with her legs spread wide with 2 young men still staring at her spread pussy.” I added.

Ellie laughed but didn’t close her legs.

We enjoyed the sun for a while longer before Beaver and I decided that we should be going back, telling Ellie and the 2 guys that we had to drive for about an hour to get home. Beaver and I got up, said our goodbyes and went and got on the quad bike, this time with Beaver driving and me caressing all of her front as she tried to concentrate on driving.

Back at the farm Betty had some tea ready for us telling us that she couldn’t let us leave without something to eat and later we walked to the car promising to return as soon as we could.

Beaver was going to drive the fist half of the journey and as she put the dress on Noah asked if I was going to put some clothes on.

“Only this.” I replied, getting the remote controlled vibrator out of my bag and sliding it into my vagina.

“Is that ….” Ian started to say, but I interrupted him,

“Yes, remote controlled. We play this game when we’re going anywhere in the car. The passenger has to be totally naked and the driver tells the passenger what to make the vibrator do.”

“So how do you control it?” Noah asked.

“An app on our phones.”

“So does that mean that it can be can be controlled over the mobile phone network?”

“Or the internet.” I added, “but we’re still working on getting that working.”

“Send us your numbers when you do and we’ll give you a few pleasant surprises.” Betty said.

“Will do.” I said as I shut the car door and Beaver drove off.

“Switch it on.” Beaver said as we drove down the track to the road.

I did, and as it gently purred away inside me we talked about the last few days and how much fun we’d had.

We had the usual switch over at the service station, and before we knew it we were back home, us not having stopped close to home for Beaver to put a dress on.

“Have you been like that in the car B?” daddy asked.

“Yes daddy, and can you call us by our full names now, we’ve decided that we now like our names.”

“I just knew that you’d come full circle with that.” daddy replied, “you are your mother’s daughters alright, and by the way, if you’re going out in the car not dressed like that you be careful, both of you.”

“Thank you daddy, we love you.”

“So, how did your trip to the farm go?”

“Daddy,” I said, “you never told us what you and mummy and Betty and Ian got up to. We thought that we were the wild ones, but you, the things that you and mum got up to, wow.”

“Things were different then.”

“Not that different daddy, sex is still sex.”

“True, but we didn’t have those things.” Daddy said pointing to the pink tail hanging below my pussy.

“And we love them daddy, thank you so much, can we thank you properly again please, right now?”

“No girls, I’ve told you, we shouldn’t be doing that.”

“I bet that we would if it was back when you were our age.”

“Probably true, but it’s now and things are different.”

“Not that different daddy, sex is still sex.”

“So you keep saying A, Areola.”

“So let’s go to your bedroom, or would you like to do it outside on the grass like you and mum used to do.”

“Stop it Areola, I’ve said no.”

“Okay, maybe later then.”

“Areola.”

We both kissed daddy on the cheek then put our things away and got on with our household jobs. The next day Beaver and I uploaded all the photos and videos onto both our laptops. That night when daddy was relaxing on the sofa we went and sat either side of him, cuddled our naked bodies up to him and made him watch a slide show of all the photos and videos.

Beaver and I were right in the assumption that watching them would give him a boner and the desire to fuck us both and we only got to see about half of the photos before Beaver and I were taking it in turns to bounce up and down on his cock until we both got filled with his cum.

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**A Girl called Areola and her sister called Beaver**

by Vanessa Evans

*As usual, it’s best if you read the earlier parts before this one.*

**Part 08**

**Jade’s Second Party**

Beaver and I arrived a bit early after promising to help Jade with the last minute organisation. Beaver and I had thrown a couple of dresses in the back of daddy’s car and driven there naked, and Jade had opened the door to us as naked as we were.

Jade had got their cook to make some party food and it was all laid out on the table in the dining room. So all there was to do was move a few things out of the way and get the drinks organised. Jade had already carried the drinks from her car and most of beer was already in the fridge and the rest of the bottles were on the worktops.

Jade then produced a box of shot glasses and we put them on a tray. Then she opened a bottle of tequila and nearly filled each glass.

“These are for each girl as she arrives.” Jade said, “I’m guessing that most of them will be a little nervous so this should help them relax a bit.”

“Good idea, can we have 1 now please?” Beaver asked.

“And for the guys we’ll give them a bottle of beer, they should have cooled down by then. And for us 3 I’ve got these.”

Jade turned and got a paper bag off the table and emptied it onto the table revealing 3 garter belts.

“I thought that all the girls had to be naked?” Beaver asked.

“One little garter belt isn’t going to cover anything interesting and I thought that it would make us look sexy.”

“You mean MORE sexy, nothing can be more sexy than a naked girl.” I said.

Jade gave Beaver and I a garter and we put them on our left legs. I have to admit that they did add something to our looks.

“Right A, B, the next job is to move a few bits of furniture then blow up a load of balloons for the party games.”

As we were doing that Beaver reminded Jade that we have started using our full names.

“Oh yes, you did say that didn’t you, sorry, it’s going to take a bit of a while getting used to calling you bald Beaver and I’m not sure what to call you Areola.”

“Anything you like Jade, just as long as it includes the name of female sex organs.” I replied.

“Cute Clit, or Tiny Tits?”

“If you like, anything that will make you think about my nice bits.”

“You’re made up of all nice bits, both of you.”

“Hey, stop it girl, or we’ll be in a 69 triangle when the people start arriving.”

“That would be a great start to a party.” Beaver said.

“So we’re going to play some silly party games are we?” Beaver asked.

“Sure, I thought that it would get people mingling and get over any shyness.”

“Probably a good idea Jade, there’s bound to be a few who will need to loosen up.”

We continued getting out of breath for a while then collapsed on a sofa to recover for a while, but it wasn’t long before the doorbell rang. We all jumped up and Jade went to the door whilst Beaver and I went for the shots and the beer.

Jade waited until we were there then opened the door to see 2 of the girls from college, both clothed.

“You’re supposed to be naked.” Jade said.

Both girls smiled and reached for the hems of their dresses. Within 2 seconds they were as naked as we were. Well 1 was, the other has a bit of a landing strip.

“Here, have one of these.” Beaver said holding the tray of shots in front of their faces.

Jade hadn’t closed the door and as we talked another car drove up. Out got one of the guys from college and he went round to the passenger door and opened it.

As we watched Jade said,

“I didn’t think that Seth was a gentleman, he never acts like it at college.”

“Maybe it depends on who he’s trying to impress.” Beaver replied.

We watched as out of the car came a girl that we’d never seen before, and she was naked apart from some heels.

They walked up to us with Seth holding the girl’s hand.

“Hi girls,” Seth said when they were stood in front of us, “this is Amelia, she’s a little shy, her first CMNF party.”

“You never told me that you’d been to a CMNF party before.” Amelia said with an indignant tone.

“I haven’t, it’s just that …..”

“Hey, relax guys, every ones bound to be a bit nervous to start with, get one of these down you, it will help.”

“It helps that I’m not the first naked girl to arrive,” Amelia said, “I was petrified that I would be.”

Beaver reached for Amelia’s hand and started to lead her towards the kitchen. As they walked I heard Amelia say,

“Are you really called Beaver, Seth told me but I just assumed that it was a nickname that you’d somehow got.”

I looked back to Seth just as Jade said,

“Relax Seth, she’s going to be safe and okay.”

“It’s not Amelia he’s worried about Jade.” Emily (one of the 2 girls that had just arrived) said, “it’s standing in front of 4 naked girls isn’t it Seth?”

“Well it is a bit intimidating, I mean, look at you, 4 naked beauties standing with me.”

“Relax Seth,” Jade replied, “you’ll be seeing plenty of us later. Get drinking that beer.”

“Oh yes, thank you.”

“Come on inside,” Jade said, “or do you want to have the party out here in the front garden.”

“That’s fine with me.” I replied but we did turn and go inside.

Over the next 15 minutes or so, 15 more people arrived, 6 naked girls and 9 guys. All the girls looking nervous to start with but they soon relaxed a little when they saw the other naked girls. Even more so when they’d had a shot or 2.

Everyone was standing around in little groups talking albeit a little quietly and looking not very relaxed.

When Jade thought that most of the expected guests had arrived she called for silence then told everyone that were going to play some party games.

Everyone looked at each other as Jade told the girls to form 1 line and the boys another. Then she gave each person in each line numbers from 1 to whatever starting at the front in the guys line and the end of the girls line.

“Right,” Jade said, “form 2 new lines, odd numbers in sequence in 1 line and even numbers in sequence in the other.”

“That’s got them all mixed up.” Jade whispered to me. Then she went and picked up 2 balloons.

“Right, the first person in each team now has to place the balloon between their knees. When I shout go, the second person has to get the balloon between their knees but they cannot use their hands or arms to transfer the balloon.”

Everyone looked a little puzzled for a few seconds until they realised that the second person had to put their foot between the legs of the first person, above the balloon. This caused a few smiles and moans as shins and calves got rubbed against uncovered pussies and covered balls. People, including Beaver and I, were starting to relax and enjoy the contact with the opposite sex.

The next game was fun as well. Jade had each girl trap a balloon between her chest and the chest of a man who she hadn’t arrived with. They then had to pull themselves to the other person until the balloon burst.

The third game had each girl trapping a balloon between her legs as high up as they could. A guy, who they hadn’t arrived with, then had to burst the balloon by lifting her up with his hands between her legs, under the balloon. Of course, when the balloon burst the girl dropped and her pussy landed on the man’s hands.

The previous games and the alcohol caused a few of the girls to express their pleasure at the men’s hands on their pussies and it was noticeable that the hands didn’t leave the pussies quickly, and both Beaver and I were 2 of those girls that were getting quite aroused.

Maybe Jade realised that because she announced that we could all attack the food, and good food it was as well.

Whilst Beaver and I were stood together eating and talking about the party so far, one of the girls, Mandy, who we've known for years, but was never that friendly to us, came over to us and said,

"Hi, Areola, Beaver, I owe you an apology, I only came here with Oliver tonight to help to take the attention off you two, to stop you feeling all superior all the time, you see, for all these year I thought that your lack of underwear and flashing your tits and pussies all the time was you 2 seeking attention, but it's not is it? Being naked isn't about seeking attention it's about making you feel good in yourself isn't it? I was expecting to feel embarrassed all the time tonight, and okay, I was for the first 5 minutes, but after that I started to feel good, slightly horny all the time, and that's what you feel all the time isn't it. I'm sorry Areola, Beaver, I misjudged you and I'd like to be able to call you my friend from now on, if that's okay with you? Can we start over please?"

I handed my bottle of beer to Beaver and gave Mandy a naked hug.

"Yes Mandy, we'd like to be your friend as well. I guess that it's natural to have thought the way you did, society drums these crazy taboo ideas into peoples heads and I guess that it takes a lot to break free. We're just glad that our parents broke free before we were born."

"Yes, thank you, and I never said this before but I'm sorry about the loss of your mother, it must have been horrible for you."

"It was, but life goes on, I'm sure that she would have wanted us to enjoy our lives."

“Well you certainly appear to be doing just that.”

I was about to tell Mandy about some of the fun we’d had over the summer break when Jade announced that the fourth game was about to start. Just about everyone moved back to the lounge to see that Jade had spread out 2 ‘twister’ mats. Before long there were 2 lots of contorted, inter-twined bodies with heads close to tits and pussies and legs spread giving the audience a great view of shiny, bare pussies with people collapsing on top of them quite a bit causing quite a bit of contact with bare tits and pussies.

Jade decided to cool things down a bit with her next game. She told all the girls to go out of the room then she got 2 sections of a bed sheet out of a cupboard. It was then that I noticed 4 of those stick-on hooks that can be removed, 2 on either side of the door. Enlisting my help we hooked the sections of sheet across the door frame leaving a gap at chest height.

Going back into the room with the guys, she gave each of them a piece of paper, with numbers down the left side, and a pen then told them to write their name on the top of their piece of paper, then the name of the girl whose tits were about to be visible between the sections of sheet, in the order that they were visible.

Then she came back to the girl’s side and told us girls that we were to take it in turns to stand with our tits visible through the gap in the sheets, for 10 seconds. As we did that she wrote down our names in the appearance order.

That completed, Jade got me to help her move the sheets so that the gap was lower, at pussy height. The guys were told to again write the girls names in the order of appearance whilst she did the same.

This was repeated with each girl stood with her back to the gap in the sheets, and then finally, with the girls stood with feet well apart and bent over touching the floor so that our spread pussies were on display through the gap.

As you can imagine, there was quite a bit of discussion between the guys, and us girls could hear it all, making us giggle quite a bit.

When the game was over, we took the sheets down, Jade collected the pieces of paper then told everyone that she was going to compare her lists with all the guys lists and the winner(s) would be the guy who got a row of correct names.

Then Seth asked what the prize was.

“Well, subject to the girl’s approval, if a guy got all 4 names in a row correct, then the guy could do whatever he wanted to the girl who’s name was in column 1.

Jade and I went to the study with all the pieces of paper and started comparing them with her list. As we started she said that she would be amazed if any one of the guys got all 4 names in a row right, she believed that the odds on that happening were such that no one would get it right.

Imagine her surprise when not 1, but 2 guys got a row right, thankfully, different rows.

Jade and I returned to the lounge and announced that there were 2 winners, but she wasn’t going to announce the names until after the next event. She explained that it was an event, not a game because 3 girls were about to have their butts spanked by everyone else there. Someone asked who the 3 girls were and Jade said that it was only fair that the host of the party be 1 and that the other 2 girls were girls that had already been spanked by her father.

Well both Beaver and I realised that we were 2 of the 3 girls just as soon as she said that 3 girls were going to be spanked and my pussy started tingling at the thought.

Then Jade asked for a few volunteers to move what was left of the food from the dining table to the kitchen so that the 3 ‘victims’ could be spanked on it.

Beaver and I were the first to step forward and start clearing the table. Mandy was one of the others that helped as well and as we walked together she said,

“Are you really going to let everyone spank you?”

“Yes, it’s fun.”

“It doesn’t sound like fun to me, and what’s this about Jade’s father spanking you. That can’t be true.”

“It is, but it’s a long story which I’ll tell you some other time. You watch and take your turn to spank us, we’ll enjoy it probably more than you will.”

“Well if you’re sure. My dad used to spank me and it always hurt like hell.”

“You can tell me about that when I tell you about Jade’s father spanking us, and I am sure that I / we want you to spank us.”

We didn’t get a chance to say any more because the table was clear and Jade had gone and got the paddles and leather belts.

“Right everyone,” Jade said, I want everyone to line-up in the alphabetical order of first name then the first person is to use either their hand or one of these err weapons, and land 1 swat on each girl’s butt. That done, the next person in the line is to do the same and then the next and the next. When you’ve all had a go, start again. You are to keep doing it until all 3 girls have had enough and climbed off the table. The winner is obviously the last girl on the table.

Oh, there’s room for 2 more girls on the table so if any of you want to join us please feel free to climb up and assume the position.”

Jade then climbed up onto the table near the end, got on her knees, bent over so that her face was on the table, her hands holding the other side of the table, her knees apart quite a bit and her butt up in the air.

In that position everyone could see her all of her very wet, open pussy and her butt hole.

“Right Beaver and Areola, get up and assume the position.” Jade said.

We did, then Jade told Aaron to get things started.

It felt soo good being up there and exposed like that to a lot of our college mates and their partners, I could feel the blood pounding through my pussy and I felt like I was literally dripping onto the table.

Jade went, “Ooow.” first, then Beaver then me. Soon, I guess that all our butts were red and hurting, and that was before everyone had given us a swat.

When everyone had, Jade stopped the err game? and announced that her, Beaver and me were going to change our position. As she got into the new position she told Beaver and me to turn over onto our backs, stick our legs up in the air and hold our knees down to our shoulders with our arms. That, of course, meant that our feet were over our heads, and coincidentally, or was it deliberately, all 3 of us had spread our knees wider than our shoulders.

I quickly realised why Jade had chosen that position because the bright lights that were above the table were now shining down on our pussies and butt holes making them even more visible than before. It was like we had a spotlight on our pussies. It also meant that we could now see our assailants as the blows rained down on us.

Jade has just started to tell Aaron to start the second round when first Mandy, then Amelia stepped forwards and asked if they could join us. Jade welcomed them and told them to come on up whilst I looked around for Seth wondering what he was thinking about his girlfriend putting herself in the same position as us.

Seth was grinning from ear to ear.

Round 2 started with Aaron using a leather belt on all of us and by the time the third person had swatted all of us, the pain was getting to be less of an issue with me But I could still hear Amelia and Mandy’s complaining about the pain being inflicted on them.

It was a lot quieter during round 3 and during round 4 the only noises were from the hands or paddles or leather belts landing on our butts.

Round 5 was the same but during round 6 the moans of pleasure started to be heard from all of us.

Rounds 6 and 7 were very much the same with, probably 5 numb butts and the swats sending jolts of pleasure to the nearby pussies.

All the time so far each ‘punisher’ had used a different ‘weapon’ on us, some being more effective than others. It was notable that the girls swatting us were gentler than the boys and none of them used a paddle.

“Just use the leather belts.” Jade said just before Aaron started round 8.

After round 9 Jade told everyone to inflict their swats on us from the other side of the table, where our heads were. That made it more difficult for the punishers to get their aim right and a lot of the belts landed along our spread slits.

If that had been at the start it would have been very painful, but by then, and judging by the lack of yelps of pain, pain wasn’t the issue and those swats heightened our arousal.

Amelia was the first to orgasm when her boyfriend, Seth, landed a swat right along her slit with a loud crack, presumably hitting her clit when it landed. That was during round 11 and during rounds 12 and 13, Mandy, Jade, Beaver and I all orgasmed as well.

The start of round 15 saw both Mandy and Amelia orgasm again and after the waves of pleasure receded, both of them dropped their legs and sat up. That left Jade, Beaver and me.

Rounds 16 and 17 saw all 3 of us cum again and during round 18 I decided that enough was enough and I sat up, and not surprisingly, Beaver did as well. That meant that Jade was the winner but she wasn’t jubilant. She wanted one one round and one more orgasm before she too sat up smiling, then thanking everyone and saying that she needed that.

After a slight pause, Jade told everyone that she had no more games planned and that there was still plenty of booze and some food left. Then she turned to Beaver and me and told us that she really had needed that and that she wished that her father would spank her like that.

“Maybe you should present yourself like you were the next time that he’s going to spank you and tell him that it hurts more if he spanks your vulva.” Beaver said.

“You know, I might just do that.”

Then she put her hand on her pussy then lifted her hand to her face.

“No blood so no damage, that’s good, but I’m going to be sore for a couple of days.”

“Too sore to grab a guy and get fucked?” I asked, “look around you.”

She did and first saw that Seth was fucking Amelia. Amelia was laying on the dining table with her butt hanging over the side and Seth was stood between her legs ramming his cock in and out of her pussy, her tits wobbling with each inward thrust. Mandy was in the same position as Amelia and another guy was about to enter her.

Jade turned her head and saw that all the other girls had grabbed a guy and were at it in various positions.

There were 3 guys just stood watching so Jade waved them over and within a minute the 3 of us were getting fucked as well.

I guess that you could say that an orgy was taking place because most people there changed partners at least once before things quietened down and people started to fall asleep, me included.

I woke up with light coming through the windows and saw Jade and Beaver, both spread eagled on the floor next to each other. I went over to then, knelt between them and started finger fucking both of them whilst they still slept.

Beaver woke first, smiling and saying,

“That’s nice.”

Then Jade’s eyes opened with a startled look was on her face. She looked as if she was about to say,

“What the fuck?”

But after a couple of seconds she smiled and said the same as Beaver had.

Both of them just lay there and let me bring them off before sitting up, kissing me and thanking me.

Other people started to stir and before long half a dozen naked girls were helping Jade clear-up and tidy the place. I asked Jade if the cook was coming to get us all breakfast but she told us that she’d been given the day off so Beaver and I went and put some coffee on and started making some toast.

It was the morning after, and a few people had bad heads. All the girls were still very naked and everyone was acting as if they were fully clothed, except for Seth and Amelia who had decided to repeat their fucking session of the night before, on the dining table.

Quite a few people eating toast and drinking coffee were watching them as Amelia had 2 orgasms before realising that they had an audience and a few people laughed at her as she started blushing and pretending to be all shy.

“Wow Amelia,” Jade said, “you have surprised me, I never thought that Seth could find a girl like you, you really have brought him out of his little shell, good for you girl. I hope that we’ll be seeing more of you. Well, there is no more of you to see but you know what I mean.”

“Actually you might just, I’ve just moved to this town and I’m starting at your college in a couple of weeks. Second year which I think that most of you will be in. Seth tells me that there is no dress code so you will be seeing a lot of me.”

“And, probably, a lot more of most of the girls here after last night.” I added hopefully.

After that people started going home, the only girls that didn’t leave naked were those who called for a taxi and the taxi drivers got to see some of the girls who were leaving naked in their own cars. Unfortunately that didn’t include Beaver and me because we stayed to help Jade make sure that everything was was back to normal before her father returned.

As we were doing that Jade remembered that she hadn’t got around to announcing the winners of the ‘guess who’ game. Then she added that she’d save that until the next CMNF party.

Both Beaver and I smiled and my pussy got a little wet anticipating it.

“That was some party girl.” I said looking Jade straight in the face.

“Yes it was.” She replied then reached forward and kissed me on my lips.

“Thank you Areola.” She said when out lips parted.

“What for?”

“For giving me the idea for the party, and for helping make it a success.”

“You’re so welcome naked girl, when is the next one?”

“Soon I hope.”

We talked some more and Beaver and I left Jade just before noon which gave her plenty of time to get herself showered and shaved before her parents and brother returned home. She had told us that she’d been naked at home all the time since the last party and her father had spanked her almost daily but it hadn’t put her off being naked all the time, What it had done though, was make her cum most times, her father either not recognising her orgasms, or just ignoring them.

I drove daddy’s car home with both of us not bothering to put on the dresses that were in the back of the car. Daddy’s only comment was,

“Good party girls?”

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**The last days of the college break**

After the party there was only a few days before we had to start back at college and whilst we sunbathed in our back garden when we got back from the party we tried to think of things that we hadn’t done that we had wanted to.

There were only really 2 things that we could think of but they had to be done in the right order, you see doing them in the wrong order would have been painful for both of us and possibly put us off doing the other thing.

The 2 things were, fucking our brother and getting our clits and nipples pierced. We’d talked about the latter a few times and even sussed out a place to get it done but we’d been putting it off in fear that it would spoil our fun for some of the holidays.

Going back to college with painful nipples and clits would be easier to live with as we’d have priorities other than our body pains.

We joked about how we were going to fuck Zack, Beaver even suggesting that we should tie him down, strip him and play with his cock until it got hard then mounting him, but we didn’t want to rape him. We knew that he’d go on about it being wrong and incest and all that crap but we weren’t going to let that stop us.

We really struggled to come up with and inventive way and in the end we just decided to wait until daddy had left for work one morning then just go into his room and tell him straight, that he was going to fuck us, like it or not.

Two days later Zack was still in his room when the 2 naked girls kissed their daddy goodbye for the day.

“Right sis,” Beaver said.

“Let’s do it.” I said.

We marched up to Zack’s room and opened the door to find him still asleep.

Putting my finger to my mouth we crept to his bed and lifted the quilt off him. We were pleased to see that he still slept naked and that he had a morning woody.

We’d already agreed that he was going to fuck me first so I gently climbed onto the bed and straddled his cock. As I lowered myself on to him I moaned and whispered,

“That feels soo good.”

By the time I’d lifted up then bottomed again his eyes were open and there was a look of fear and horror on his face.

“What the fuck! Get off me.”

I rose up then bottomed out again then replied,

“Nope, we’re going to do this until we’ve both cum then you’re going to do the same with Beaver until the both of you cum.”

“No, get off me, it isn’t right.”

“You’ve seriously got to get over this incest crap brother.” Beaver said, “you may be stronger than either of us but combined you don’t stand a chance so don’t fight us on this Zack.”

“But …..”

“But nothing Zack.” I said, “we’ve fucked daddy, we’ve fucked uncle Ian and we’ve fucked cousin Noah, now it’s your turn. And don’t think that it’s just us, mum and dad used to swap with uncle Ian and aunt Betty, and cousin Noah has fucked aunt Betty.”

“But I’ve got a girlfriend.”

“Well introduce us and she can join in the fun next time.” Beaver said.

“Don’t fight it bro.” I said as I felt his cock soften a little inside me, “enjoy it, we will.”

I lifted his hands to my little tits and felt Beavers fingers teasing his balls below me.

“Straddle his face Beaver.” I said.

Beaver pulled the pillow from under his head and climbed on.

“Eat me Zack.” Beaver demanded, “or I’ll hit your balls so hard that you won’t sit down for a month.”

Zack came to his senses, relaxed, got hard again, Beaver started moaning and I raised and lowered myself over and over until first I came then Zack did. Meanwhile, Zack was doing a good job on Beaver’s pussy and I kissed her as she too reached her climax.

But Beaver and I weren’t leaving it at that, Beaver hadn’t fucked Zack and we were going to put that right.

“This isn’t ….” Zack started to say as Beaver lifted herself off his face but he didn’t finish his sentence because I lowered myself to take her place and Zack had no choice other than to taste me.

Meanwhile, Beaver was on her knees between his legs and she was tasting me as she took his soft cock into her mouth and started licking and sucking. It only took a minute or so for there to be signs of life in it and she kept going until he was rock hard.

“Oohh that’s nice bro.” Beaver said as she impaled herself on Zack’s cock.

After enjoying being bottomed out on him for a few seconds she started raising then lowering herself. Slowly at first but then increasing in speed until she screamed so loud that I thought the neighbours might hear.

Somehow, she kept going up and down as her body jerked about as the orgasm took control of her body. I reached forward and pinched her hard nipples, hoping to increase her pleasure.

Her waves of pleasure started to receded and a big smile appeared on her face.

“He’s getting there, I can feel him getting bigger.” Beaver said.

“Ouch.” I said when Zack bit my clit as Beaver said,

“That’s it bro, give me every drop.”

Beaver and I collapsed off Zack and we all just lay there recovering.

After a while Beaver said,

“I know what sis, we can take it in turns to come here whilst the other one of us goes to daddy’s room.”

“You’re fucking dad?” Zack asked.

“Yes, we told you that earlier. I guess that the excitement of finally going to fuck your gorgeous sisters made you forget.”

“I wasn’t excited.”

“Yeah, right, I believe you – not.” Beaver said. “Go on, admit it bro, you’ve been lusting after our bodies for months.”

“Years actually, but you’re my sisters, I can’t be fucking you.”

“You just did, and we can do it again right now if you want.”

“Okay,” Beaver said as she lifted his limp cock, “we can wait until little Zack gets hard again.”

“Stop it girls. We can’t do that again.”

“Yes we can bro, and we will. Forget all this crap about incest. We’re not going to get pregnant so it’s just fine.” I said.

“It was better than fine.” Beaver added, “I hope that you can cum twice every time bro.”

Zack was beaten, and he knew it. Whenever we had ganged up on him he never stood a chance, and this was no different. What’s more, his cock knew it because there was signs of it wanting more quite soon.

“Okay bro,” I said, “we’re off to do some serious sunbathing before we have to go back to college; we’ll be back real soon to don’t you go hiding at your mate’s houses.”

“What about my girlfriend?”

“Told you, invite her along, 3 girls to 1 guy sounds like every guys dream, doesn’t it Beaver?”

“Hmm, does she like eating pussy as well bro?”

“Bloody hell girls, you’re getting worse.”

“You mean better.” Beaver replied.

Beaver and I left him to think about his now increased level of regular sexual activity, grabbed the sunblock and a couple of towels and went out to the back garden.

“Maybe we should start tanning on the front lawn?” Beaver asked.

“I like the way you thing sis, but I think that we might cause too many accidents.”

The second thing that we wanted to do before going back to college was to get our nipples and clit hoods pierced. We’d sussed out where we were going to get it done, but we hadn’t told our father. Not that we were expecting any great objections, mummy had piercing in those places as well, but daddy was sure to say something about it.

Anyway, at dinner the evening before the big day we told him. Zack was there as well and he nearly chocked when I announced it.

“Hmm,” daddy said, “you know that your mother had piercings in those places as well don’t you?”

“Yes daddy.” We both replied in stereo.

“Just because your mother had them doesn’t mean that you have to have them.”

“We know.” We both replied in stereo.

“Are you really sure that this is what you want?”

“Yes daddy.” We both replied in stereo.

“Well okay then, but there’s 2 things that I must insist on. Firstly that you go to a properly qualified person to get them done.”

“Can’t you do it in the garage?” Beaver asked.

“Just joking.” She added.

“I should hope so Beaver. Oh I do like your names and I’m so glad that you’ve gone back to using your full names.”

“Do you look at my bald beaver every time that you say my name daddy?”

“No Beaver.”

“I do.” Zack added.

“Do you at least think about my bald beaver every time that you say my name daddy?”

“Sometimes. Stop it Beaver. Now where was I? Oh yes, getting your piercings done, where were you thinking of going?”

“The same place that mummy took us to get our ears done.” I said.

“Okay, Ben’s still running the place and the last time that I drove passed it I saw that it had had a make-over.”

“You know the man who runs the place?” Beaver asked, “He’s a big man with a big beard, I remember thinking that he must be a Hell’s Angel.”

“No, just because he is a big man, has a big beard, wears leather jackets and rides a Harley doesn’t make him a Hell’s Angel. In the day your mother and I used to be quite friendly with him and some of his mates.”

“So can you get a discount from him because we’re your daughters?”

“Not even going to ask, but I know that he’ll do the job properly. The other thing that I insist on is the sleepers, they must be made of Titanium. I know that they are expensive but Titanium is the best metal to use because there’s less chance of an infection.”

“I don’t know that we can afford titanium daddy, we were thinking of stainless steel.” I said.

“Stainless steel isn’t a bad choice, but titanium is better, Tell you what, I’ll pay for the sleepers, are you planning on getting barbells, you’ll need those if you’re going to hang things on them.”

“We hadn’t thought that far ahead daddy.” I replied, “but that sounds like a great idea, what do you think bald Beaver?”

“Yeah, I can just imagine me having a chain between my nipples and daddy pulling me along by it, or maybe a longer chain on my clit and it hanging below my skirt. Think of the looks that people will give me.”

“That wasn’t quite what I was thinking of Beaver, but with barbells you do have more options.”

“Thanks daddy,” I said, “are you sure that you want to pay for them, titanium must be expensive?”

“I’ll pay for them.”

“Are you going to come with us daddy?” Beaver asked.

“That’s not a bad idea, it will give me a chance to catch up with Ben. Make an appointment for Saturday girls.”

We did, and daddy and Ben talked all the time that we were getting pierced and daddy watched every little bit of it. Ben even told us that it was quite usual for girls to get quite aroused when he was doing their clit hoods and he laughed when he told us that a few girls even have an orgasm when his fingers are working down there and not yo get embarrassed if we orgasmed

Beaver and I did get quite aroused and wet and we did cum when Ben actually made the hole in our clit hoods.

Being the oldest, I went first and I really enjoyed cumming with Ben and daddy watching. Ben just stopped what he was doing and waited for the waves to pass then continued with the job.

“I just knew that you’d cum.” Beaver said as Ben started working on me again.

“I bet that you will as well Beaver.” I replied.

She did, and it looked to be a stronger one than I’d had. While she was up on her high I looked at Ben’s and daddy’s faces. Both were smiling.

When both of us had 3 pieces of titanium in our bodies, Beaver got off the table and Ben said,

“Well, it looks like we have 2 happy customers. You’ve got 2 beautiful daughters there mate. I remember seeing them when they were knee high. Couldn’t keep their clothes on then either. They’ll make a couple of men really happy some day.”

“Or 1 man doubly happy.” Beaver replied.

“Whatever rocks your boat baby.” Ben said.

Then Beaver completely changed the subject by saying,

“Do you ride a big motorbike Ben?”

“Yes, a Harley, why?”

“You couldn’t give us a ride on it sometime could you?”

“Beaver stop being rude.” Daddy said.

“That’s okay; yes, I could do that for an old mate, but it would have to be out in the country somewhere. I’m assuming that you want to ride like that (Beaver and I were just stood there, still naked), too many coppers and cameras in the cities these days. Hey mate, do you remember that time when I gave your misses a ride through the middle of town one Saturday night? She was like these 2 are now and she sat on the tank facing me with my cock in her cunt.”

“Those were the days.” Daddy said.

“Can you give us a ride like that please Ben?” Beaver asked.

Ben sighed then looked at daddy who just shrugged his shoulders then said,

“They’re adults now, they can do whatever they want.”

“Well little lady, it looks like the pair of you have got a date. Phone me when you’re both fully healed and we’ll make a date. Now put those dresses on and off you go. And remember to do exactly what it says on that leaflet. I don’t want you suing me for unhygienic practises.”

As daddy was driving us home I apologised to daddy,

“Sorry daddy, but do you mind if we just give you a blowjob tonight, we’re a bit sore in the 3 places that you like to put your hands and your cock.”

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**Epilogue**

Well, that’s how we spent the summer break after our first year at college. When we started our second year at college the weather was still warm and there were a few more girls wearing ultra short skirts like Beaver and I were, and a few ‘accidents’ letting people know that those girls weren’t wearing any knickers under those skirts.

Amelia was one of those girls and we’ve become good friends. She isn’t in our class but she’s always hanging with Seth who, usually, isn’t far from Jade, Beaver, Mandy and me. Yes, Mandy has become a good friend too, her snootiness having all gone after she discovered the benefits of ultra short skirts and no underwear.

I can’t imaging that we’ll have as much fun as we had this last summer break again until maybe the next summer break, but if we do, maybe I’ll write about it and post it on this board.