**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.