**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.