**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.