**Biker Girls' Debut**

by[**topcattopone**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=600608&page=submissions)©

My name is Tina, recently I went with a girl friend (Alison) to a biker pub in the town. We went out of curiosity and a bit of devilment. We'd heard about things that happened, true or not, we wanted to find out. We met a couple of guys who were sort of on the fringes of the gang and they seemed real nice. They had slightly fewer tattoos than many and seemed cleaner than most.  
  
We had a few drinks with them, they told us their names were Hank and "Smithy" they seemed a little older than us, say about twenty five or six, Ali and I are both twenty. We had a good laugh and they invited us to a Biker Rally on Saturday about forty miles away. They would provide helmets for us and told us to wear jeans and if we had leather coats that would be great.  
  
They picked us up on Saturday morning, both Ali and I had been and bought cheapish leather bomber jackets, which we wore over tee shirts and tight jeans. It was really invigorating riding along clinging to the men's backs on the big powerful motorbikes. The vibrations sent a thrill up through my body.  
  
When we arrived at the site in a big field, we were surprised by many things. Firstly the size of the event, it was massive, with catering vans and bars, there were even a couple of mobile tattoo parlours set up in marquees. There was a stage set up on the back of two trucks parked very close together, with various Rock Bands playing all day. We were also surprised, although perhaps we shouldn't have been, by the skimpy clothes worn by some of the women. Many of the men were wearing no shirts under their jackets or waistcoats, so there was plenty of flesh on display for both sexes. "I feel positively overdressed." Ali whispered to me.  
  
"So do I." I confided in her, "But what can we do about it?"  
  
"We could either take off our bras or leave the bras and take off our shirts, but still wearing our jackets." Ali suggested.  
  
"Good idea." I replied, "what colour is your bra?"  
  
"What other colour is there but black for a biker girl?" She giggled  
  
"Snap." I said laughing. Hank was delighted when we told him our plan as we wanted to leave our shirts in the storage on the bikes. He and Smithy decided to do the same, so we all felt like a little gang of our own.  
  
Ali and I felt really sexy with our black bras under our open bomber jackets. and it wasn't long before we were each being walked with a possessive and protective arm around our shoulders. Leather and denim seemed to be uniform even for the girls. Some had shorts and fishnets, others had incredibly short mini skirts and bare legs. It turned out that most of the girls had leather biker trousers to wear when travelling, but got their legs out when on site. Near the stage, there was another small stage where some dancing girls were gyrating to the music. Then it was announced that there was to be a wet tee shirt competition. "Shall we watch this?" Hank asked me.  
  
"As long as that is all you want to do." I told him. "I not entering." He assured me that it had not been his intention to suggest such a thing.  
  
"What's up Hank?" Ali asked laughing, "don't you think she's got the tits for it?"  
  
"What about you?" I countered.  
  
"Maybe another time." she said.  
  
Hank and I stood at a safe distance, but still part of the crowd as various girls, most of whom had tattoos of some description get hosed down and eventually, in the latter stages of the competition rip off their shirts. I felt Hank's hand creeping up under my jacket and hold my bare waist above my jeans. I quite liked it so I did something similar to him, although in my case I ran my hand up his back. He and I looked at each other and smiled. It felt good. I don't think Ali and Smithy were far behind us. After a while in the final of the competition, one of the finalists, undid the button at the waist of her, now drenched, shorts and unzipping them, dropped them to the floor. A roar went up as she was naked under them. The MC picked them up and threw them into the crowd, where there were grabbed and shredded in seconds. The girl laughed as if she knew what was going to happen. She then turned to her competitor and shrugged as if to say, "beat that!"  
  
Afterwards as we strolled back towards the bikes, I noticed Ali and Smithy steal a kiss, so I turned to Hank and said "We've had a lovely day, thank you Hank." then I reached up and kissed him on the lips. He kissed me back again and asked, "would you like to do it again?"  
  
"Yes." I replied and I kissed him again. We still had a little way to go to get to the bikes and resumed our walk. He put his hand on my bare waist again and before I knew what I was doing, I lifted his hand under my jacket and cupped it over my breast on that side. He fingered my nipple through the bra cup and I groaned with pleasure at the feeling. I was a little surprised but didn't object when he reached up my back and deftly with thumb and finger unclipped my bra. This made my boobs much more accessible, of which he took full advantage. His big hand covered my smallish breast and he caressed it and wound my nipple round and round until it was really quite hard.I I also knew that my clit was getting that way too. However I wasn't going to let him fuck me and told him so. But I did say I would give him a hand job. I could feel his erection through his leathers and wanted to get my fingers round it. I knelt down by the side of his bike and fumbled with the fastenings before he opened them for me.  
  
A fine purple headed penis sprang out and I took it in my hand. "Don't let it spit in your eye." he joked.  
  
Not engaging brain before speaking , I hear myself saying. "I might just let it do that." Ali and Smithy came and stood the other side of us shielding us from the bikers now leaving.  
  
"God. Tina are you giving him a blow job?" Ali gasped, "She's got her tits out for him." she continued to no one in particular as she saw my bra gaping under my open jacket. In fact when he ejaculated I directed it to my face and got smothered for my trouble. Then for whatever reason, I took the softening prick between my lips and tasted the remains of his cum. He pulled me to my feet and kissed me hard, lifting my short jacket up my back and off my shoulders. My bare shoulder blades advertising the fact that I had nothing on under my jacket. But by then I was past caring.  
  
Hank cupped my mound through my jeans. I let him do it too, it was very sexy. However when he tried to undo my jeans at the waist, I stayed his hand with mine saying, "some other time, Hank."  
  
He respected that and we started to get ready to go home.  
  
As they dropped us off near Ali's place, we kissed and watched them go off down the road.  
  
"Would you go again? Ali?" I asked.  
  
She hesitated before saying, "I've already told Smithy I will. He's going to sort out suitable dates and get in touch."  
  
"Good." I said an walked home happy.  
  
A few days later, I got a text, "meet me for coffee at lunchtime, Ali"  
  
"I've got the dates." She told me when we met.  
  
"Dates? Plural?" I asked.  
  
"Mm. Two day event in Derbyshire in a fortnight, - camping." She said and waited for my reaction.  
  
"Camping?"  
  
"Uhuh. Smithy's got a four man tent with two bedrooms. He said we can have one and he and Hank will have the other."  
  
I laughed, "Do you seriously thing that is what they have planned? It is going to be man woman, man woman, be honest, isn't it?"  
  
"I suppose." Ali admitted, "but I didn't want to think that you were being forced into anything."  
  
"We are going to get fucked aren't we Ali?" I said perhaps a little too loud for a town centre coffee shop.  
  
"I hope so." She admitted.  
  
"Right," I said, "We'd better get planning on what we are going to wear."  
  
"Or not." she added with a grin.  
  
"Wet tee shirts to you!" I said as I left the shop, wondering whether I would actually dare to enter such a competition. I am not over endowed in the breast department, they are there, but Ali is better proportioned, so she has more to offer in the way of exposure. During the fortnight before, Ali and I had many discussions on what the good biker chick wore on social occasions. Because my bum is "pert" I settled on adding some very tiny tight denim shorts to my wardrobe for when we got there together, with a black strappy camisole top if the weather was warm enough. Added to this would be extra layers if inclement. Ali was toying with the idea of denim too, but she was contemplating a miniskirt. I thought she was very brave, but she pointed out that she would definitely be wearing panties whereas I... had the option, - the very idea!  
  
Smithy called me and said each of us could have one duffle bag each for everything repeat everything(!) that we needed. Wow this was going to be tight.  
  
When we saw the bikes loaded, it seemed that even one whole duffle bag was a generous allowance. Five duffle bags, (one for food) and a tent with camping equipment made an impressive load on each bike even before we got on them. There was only just room for Ali behind Smithy, I knew her tits would get in the way sooner of later. Even I with my small frame, was snug behind Hank, I don't think either of us minded that too much.  
  
It took us just over an hour to get to the site, riding quite fast, but I felt really safe. Both men knew how to handle their bikes and they weren't burn up boys. I was glad to get there though and Hank selected a site to pitch the tent. It seemed chaotic, but on reflection there was some order about it all. I don't want to call them gangs, but the different fraternities seemed to congregate together, although most visited other pitches during the afternoon.  
  
The boys erected the tent whilst Ali and I decided to do something about getting the kettle on. Almost before the water boiled, the tent was up. I decided to pre-empt any awkwardness by slipping my arm through Hank's and asking "which side is ours, Hank?"  
  
He had brought a double sleeping bag and pointed to it, "There." he said. "sleeping bag rules are no nightclothes."  
  
"You naughty boy!" I exclaimed and laughed. Whilst the tea was mashing, Ali and I nipped into the tent to get out of our biking gear. "You going commando then Ali?" I asked but she shook her head. she was wearing full but sexy panties under her micro mini and a black tee shirt. she also had a black bra on. I decided also to wear a bra (black of course) under my camisole, it produced a little cleavage and I needed all the help I could in that department.  
  
"Are you girls going to be in there all day?" Smithy shouted out. So I rapidly pulled on my shorts and went outside. A hot cup of tea and some sandwiches which Smithy had thought to bring along went down very well.  
  
The bikes were each locked and then locked together. "If someone is determined to pinch them, they will have them." Hank told me and Ali, "all we can do is try and slow them down a bit. But there are some much more expensive bikes here, ours will hopefully pass unnoticed." There isn't much you can do to lock up a tent, but the folks around us seemed nice enough, one couple with a trike had brought a toddler with them, a little girl who apparently wanted to run around naked all the time. Nobody seemed to be bothered.  
  
We could already hear the music throbbing away in the next field, so made our way over there. It was a much bigger site than the rally we went to a couple of weeks before, but there were many similarities. Same food stalls, same bike bits stalls, tattoo tents, leather jackets and the like. The most striking thing was the women. Anything seemed to go, exotic tattoos, chains and very few clothes even in broad daylight. There was not a part of the female anatomy that wasn't on view, sometimes on the same woman. The dress code seemed to be next to nothing or less. I suppose if you have an enormous tattoo down your back (or even front!) this was the ideal opportunity to show it off. Ali and I felt like frumps.  
  
I decided to take off my bra and just wear my camisole. Ali saw what I was doing and removed her tee shirt. Hank smiled and said, "You're not going to need that for the rest of the weekend." He took my bra out of my hand and tossed into a campfire we were just passing. A cheer went up from some lads that were watching.  
  
"Anything else you want to burn Hank?" I asked him giving him a cuddle. Ali's shirt for example?"  
  
"That's Smithy's prerogative." he replied "I wouldn't touch anything that is hers."  
  
"Awww!" I exclaimed, "so the gang bang we were expecting tonight ain't gonna happen then!"  
  
He laughed heartily and said "We'll see,"  
  
Very soon we were near the stage. Some of the couples were dancing, but it was mostly women. "Do you want to dance, Hank?" I asked.  
  
I suspect it wasn't 'cool' for a man to be seen dancing, so he shook his head and indicted I should dance with Ali. It was too loud to hold a conversation but she got the message and we danced mainly for the amusement of the men, but we had fun too. Then we spotted Hank and Smithy holding four beers so we stopped dancing and started drinking.  
  
We stood with our plastic pint glasses in our hands watching a sexy ginger singer in front of the band she was wearing a brilliant white micro-dress which not only showed off her tanned legs, but contrasted beautifully with all the black around. She shone like a beacon, she was good too, having the crowd rock along with the music. I stood with my back to Hank's muscular chest, his free hand on my shoulder. We were engrossed in the performance of the girl singer, is was a question of "is she, or isn't she?" wearing panties, we're talking about here. As she spun round her dress flared out a little but not enough to reveal the truth. I slid my free hand behind me and touched Hank's groin. He was hard! I must admit The girl was putting on a great teasing and sexy act without revealing anything that wasn't on display already. I rubbed my hand lightly up and down Hank's erection and became aware that he was sliding the strap of my camisole off my shoulder and down my arm. I had no doubt that my tit was going to come out of the top any second. Then it did. I quickly finished my drink and dropped the glass on to the grass (Look, I know, OK?) I reached out for his hand and brought it up to my exposed nipple. He caressed my breast and rubbed my nipple between his thumb and forefinger. He was driving me crazy and I was beginning to gasp He offered his glass of beer to me and poured into my mouth faster than I could take it, so most it went all down my front, soaking my camisole. His free hand then went to the waist fastening of my shorts and in a moment it was undone. his big hand pushed it's way down on inside them and he fingered my clitoris and labia.  
  
On stage, the girl's dress seemed to have come unhitched at the back and when she turned away from the audience we could all see her bare back, her skirt was sliding higher and higher as was my temperature as I was sagging into Hank's all encompassing hand. He was working me beautifully and I had no mind about who might be watching, nor did I care at all. All I cared about was getting off and this was going to happen pretty soon. Hanks raised his glass again and this time poured the remainder of his beer over my shoulder length blonde hair. I don't know why I should think that sexy, but at that moment I did, I SO did! Then I squirted all over Hank's hand and he rubbed me down there so vigorously that I cried out "Yes! YES! YEESSSS!" and would have slid down on to the grass if her hadn't held me up, a finger still inside my cunt.  
  
I turned round in his arms and gasped. "That was wonderful!" A great cheer went up from the crowd, but they were applauding the singer who was finishing her set. As she departed the stage, she faced the crowd and lifted her dress to reveal she was wearing a little yellow thong, so she was after all.  
  
Not only was I drenched in beer, I was dripping in sweat too, but I was happy, tired but happy. "You owe me one." Hank said.  
  
"Anytime." I said.  
  
"Fine, but first let's go and get something to eat." He replied. I moved to bring my shoulder strap back into place, but he added "leave it." so I did, my breast still uncovered. I felt very daring.  
  
We caught up with Smithy and Ali at the food area. "Here they come, the sex stars of the afternoon. That was some show you two put on out there." Ali said laughing, "I was quite turned on myself."  
  
Smithy said "That girl who was on this afternoon is on again tonight - late and I'm told it is always worth watching."  
  
"Hmm," I said, "I wonder what that means?" with my finger to my cheek.  
  
"Sexier, no doubt" Ali replied, "Although she'll have to go some to keep up with you two!" We were sitting eating typical festival food, everything is bad for you, when we became aware of a bit of a commotion. There was crowd gathering and a bit of dust was getting raised. We went over the have a look. Two big burly guys were wrestling still dressed in their bikers boots, leather trousers and waistcoats.  
  
"What are they fighting about?" Someone asked. as each of the was being cheered on, if that was the right word by two women. The guys were getting a lot of verbal abuse from the women, it was not clear who was supporting who.  
  
"This is a long standing feud which boiled over after a few beers this afternoon." Another guy offered. "It seems that the one who is defeated and declared the loser by that old guy doing the refereeing, has to relinquish his woman to the other gang for the night."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yeah and the last time that happened she came back pregnant and tattooed."  
  
"Wow!"  
  
"Only last time it happened the girl was gambled away. This time it's blood their after."  
  
It was getting ugly and I didn't want to watch anymore, so the four of us drifted away, but we hadn't gone far before there was a shout and big cheer. The fight was apparently over. A few minutes later, gang of about eight men were walking away, one all battered and bloodied but laughing. The others were carrying a woman head high and ripping off her clothes as they went.  
  
"Poor woman". Ali shuddered.  
  
"That's what you get for getting too deeply involved with the hard core gangs." Hank observed.  
  
"Will her gang try to rescue her?" Ali asked.  
  
"Two things about that. They would lose face if they did and the other is that the women are treated like chattels and handed round within the gang. I'm guessing there must be compensations, like great sex or something."  
  
"Can I have the sex without violence on the side please?" I pleaded.  
  
"There now, I was just about to use you as an entry pass into one of the smaller gangs." Hank sounded annoyed and thumped his fist into his other hand.  
  
"Look at his eyes! Ali pointed, "he can stop from smiling, but he can't hide the twinkle in his eye!"  
  
"Good God!" Hank sounded exasperated. "Spotted. I guess I'll just have to settle for handing you over to Smithy for an hour or two... er second thoughts he might only need fifteen minutes" Then he laughed. Smithy punched his arm and laughed too.  
  
It was now late afternoon and we went back to check on the camp. Everything seemed to be in order. "Let me show you the bed." Hank offered and led me into the tent. we were no sooner in than my top was pulled off "Now give me a nice biker girl blow job."  
  
"What's a biker girl blow job?" I smiled.  
  
"One where I cum in your face again."  
  
"How about in my mouth?" I asked teasingly. His penis which was already out gave a twitch at that, so I set to work. I worked my tongue around the helmet of his prick and before if got too hard, I sucked his foreskin into my mouth.  
  
You'd have thought that I had electrocuted him he bucked up off the sleeping bag. "Fucking hell Tina!" He bellowed, "Nobody's ever done that to me before!"  
  
"Keep it quiet in there!" Smithy's voice came through the tent wall.  
  
"What did you do Tina?" Ali asked, "will you show me?"

"Later!" Hank called out, "now shut the fuck up!"  
  
I got on with the job in hand. I cupped his balls with one hand while slowly rubbed my other up and down his penis, sucking on it. The position was awkward and I couldn't sustain it for long. so I settled for laying my head on his stomach, my cheek against his hairy belly, his prick pointing directly at my face.  
  
When it came the semen flew out of his meatus with such force that it was taken aback and as I got smothered, I felt the warm slightly salty milk dripping off me, but the second spurt had still to arrive and that felt even more than the first one. a third and finally a fourth weaker emerged. I was drenched in the stuff it was all over my face from in my hair to dripping off my chin. I leant up on one arm looked at Hank and with a grin asked, "satisfied?"  
  
He took my hair in both hands a wiped my face clean with it. He carefully made sure that every drop of semen on my face was removed... with my own hair. "Don't wash your hair." he said.  
  
I understood. I wanted his smell on me. Besides on a more practical level the queues for the few showers even this early in the event were hours long. No, I would play the "durty girl" and let my man make me smell of him for the weekend.  
  
"Can we come in?" Ali and Smithy were crawling in under the flimsy partition.  
  
I am sure I looked a mess with spunk in my hair and down my body. "Look what he has done to me." I said quietly  
  
"We want to know what you did to him to make him do that to you."  
  
I looked at his now flaccid penis. "I'll show you." I said and pulled his foreskin up with my fingers then sucked it into my mouth. It still tasted of semen and I relished it.  
  
"Wow!" Smithy said, "you didn't do that to me."  
  
"No, but I will, I promise." Ali murmured. I noticed that she was still wearing her bra although her skirt and panties were missing.  
  
"Now sod off and let us sleep." Hank said, not irritably, but with enough passion to let everyone know he meant it. He held up the side of the sleeping bag and I slid in beside him. The others went and I snuggled up to him in bed for the first time. I lay half on top of him feeling our naked bodies touching all the way. I lifted one leg and hooked it over his thigh. "What do you think of it so far?" He asked quietly.  
  
"Great." I whispered conscious that my dampening labia was brushing against his soft penis.  
  
"Will you do something for me?" He breathed.  
  
"Anything."  
  
He chuckled, "careful. When we go out tonight don't wear any underwear."  
  
"I don't much of a choice, you burnt the only bra I had with me."  
  
"I'll burn all your panties too then."  
  
"That won't be necessary, I'll happily go out pantyless with you tonight." I whispered, "most of the women seem to be near nude anyway, so I guess I won't be noticed."  
  
He grunted and fell asleep.  
  
We woke a couple of hours later and I had a peek through to have a look at Ali and Smithy. I could only see him, but a lump in the bed indicated where she was, somewhere near his groin. I smiled. Hank said "let's go and get something to eat." I nodded, "here," he said "put this on." He handed me one of black his tee-shirts.  
  
"Is that all?" I asked, he grinned, "well stay close to me then." I demanded, a little scared. It came down further on me than I feared. I have dresses shorter than that.  
  
As we walked to the food area, I felt very vulnerable, but a bit whizzed too. I just knew that everyone knew that I was naked under this shirt, but I didn't see anyone give me a second glance. "How do you feel?" Hank asked me as we bit into another burger.  
  
"Nervous and a bit excited." I confessed.  
  
"Want to up the ante a bit?"  
  
"W-what do you have in mind?" I asked, quite nervous now.  
  
"A few modifications."  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Oh I don't know, perhaps a couple of holes cut in it, or shorten it up a bit."  
  
I gulped. "Is that what you want?"  
  
"Yes." he said gruffly.  
  
"You won't leave me by myself?" I pleased.  
  
"Fat chance!"  
  
"Well OK then but not too much or too many." I heard myself reply.  
  
"Stay here!" Hank ordered and was gone.  
  
"Hallo darlin' you're a sexy little thing aren't you" A biker, quite old, approached me.  
  
"My boyfriend will be back in a minute."  
  
"Then you won't mind me sitting here with you till he gets here will you?" Alf was a tattooed man in his fifties with a bit of a paunch and grey beard. In other circumstances I think I might have enjoyed talking to him, finding out what he had done and all. But right now I was petrified of him, even though all he had done was talk to me, he hadn't attempted to touch or even get close to me. I was relieved to see Hank coming back and Alf saw him too. "Well ta-ra darling I've got to be off now." He said and was gone.  
  
"You OK Tina?" Hank asked, "Was that old scrote bothering you?"  
  
"I think he just wanted to talk to someone." I said.  
  
"You weren't bothered by him?" Hank enquired.  
  
"No, no, he was just being pleasant." I assured him, "He was... well polite I suppose I should say." Sounding a lot more confident than I felt at the time. "I'm OK now you're back."  
  
"OK then let's get started." He had a pair of scissors and cut across my shirt about two inches above my belly button. The cut was about six inches long then at one end he cut downwards for a couple of inches. This left a diagonal flap which hung down uncovering my belly and navel. "Let's go back to the tent." He suggested, "we'll carry on there."  
  
At first I was very nervous about how much I was revealing, but I calmed down and began to enjoy the feeling that people could see, if they cared to look, that the shirt was my only garment. In truth all they could see was a bit of belly I have worn less on a beach in a bikini, it was just the setting that was unnerving.  
  
We made it back to the camp. I got used to walking around with my belly on show, in fact the naughtiness sort of appealed to my mischievous nature. When we got back Hank decided that more material needed to go from the tee shirt of his that I was wearing as a dress. I took it off and let him get busy. The sleeves went and the arm holes were extended south both sides. I got the giggles as Hank cut more and more off shirt. Also he cut a series of horizontal slits across the back all the way to my bum. I was really laughing now as he gone far too far to expect me to wear this out , so I was just letting him go for it, no cuts were barred so to speak.  
  
He announced that he had finished, so I put what remained of the shirt back on to model it for him. Nothing important was actually on show, well maybe a bit of my bum, but the effect was sexy as well as anarchistic. It was a sort of protest against traditional fashion if you like, not that I nor any of my friends were fashionistas.  
  
Because it was difficult to stand up in the tent, Hank persuaded me to go just outside, so I could model it for him properly. "God Tina is that what you're wearing tonight?" Ali and Smithy had come back from wherever they had been and caught me whilst I was outside.  
  
"Of course not! Hank was just having a bit of fun..."  
  
"Yes, she is." Hank said firmly coming out of the tent. "What's more she is just about to go and get some water from the tap."  
  
The tap was only about twenty yards or so away, a point taken into account when selecting our camping spot. "Oh no I'm not!" I shrieked.  
  
"Go on I dare you!" Ali laughed. "I'll come with you."  
  
"You're fully dressed!" I rejoined, in fact she hadn't actually got much on either.  
  
"I'll lose the bra and borrow Smithy's waistcoat." she offered. "C'mon, or I'll think you are chicken."  
  
"Just to the water tap?"  
  
"Just to the tap." She confirmed. So I picked up the small water container and headed towards the tap. "Are you having a good time?" she asked as we walked.  
  
"The best."  
  
"Even if your man makes you walk about as good as naked?" she queried.  
  
"I suppose the environment here affects that. After all we've seen lots of bare muff and tits here today, haven't we?" I rationalised my position. "Why don't you flash yours?" I challenged her, "Yours are so much better that mine."  
  
"A bit bigger, not better." She corrected me and pulled the waistcoat back and put her hands on her hips. "There, see?"  
  
There was a queue at the tap so we had to wait. "I keep thinking about that poor girl who got taken by the other gang earlier." I said.  
  
"They won't hurt her." The guy behind us in the queue said. "They will gang bang her and humiliate her, but they won't injure her at all."  
  
"Physically, you mean, what about psychologically?" I asked him. He was standard biker, leather waistcoat, greying beard and pot belly.  
  
He looked me up and down and smiled. "You new to this sort of thing aren't you?"  
  
"Yes." I admitted.  
  
"Well first, let me say, you've got balls to walk around like that. It usually takes a few months for women to get to that.." he pointed my lack of cover, " ...stage. But to get to the depth of the gangs that she has got to, she will have already been passed around within her own gang, so she knew what was at stake even before the argument started. I suppose she got a thrill of being at risk and would have felt wonderful if her guy had won."  
  
"Any chance of getting some water here?" came a voice from behind us. We noticed the tap was now unoccupied, so rapidly I filled the container.  
  
As we made way for the guy who had been talking to us, he said, "Better stay on the fringes for a while and enjoy your new found freedom to walk around naked in a crowd and get admired, but not bothered."  
  
"Thank you for your advice." I told him, "what's your name?"  
  
"Names don't matter round here. Have a good time tonight."  
  
"Thanks, I will." I replied.  
  
I was persuaded to wear the shirt to the concert. I felt very vulnerable, but excited at my daring. Ali was not so daring but as we stood drinking beer waiting to the main act to hit the stage, I noticed that Smithy was standing behind her and having undone the waistband of her little skirt, had his hand down inside the front of it. I caught her eye and gave her a thumbs up sign. she simply smiled back at me and rubbed her backside into Smithy's groin.  
  
The band struck up and the crowd greeted the girl singer again. Her name was Sushi, Smithy joked that that was because she smelled of fish. I had to think about that for a moment and realised he was referring to the odour that a woman sometimes gives off. she was wearing a long coat down to her ankles, so we were left in some ignorance what if anything, she had on underneath it. She strutted on to the stage to cheers, the band struck up and without any preamble, went into her first number. About halfway through, the coat dropped to the floor, revealing a dress which was sexy enough, but was clearly not the only layer she was wearing.  
  
By the third or fourth number, I forget which, Hank had slipped his hands in through the holes he had cut in my shirt and was busy diddling my clit with one hand and squeezing my tits with the other. I started to take less notice of what was happening on stage and more of what was happening to me. The slow build up of pressure within me was rising like steam in a boiler. I was about ready to blow, when Hank, who knew what he was doing to me, eased off and let me stop doing so and kept me on the verge of orgasm. I was ecstatic and loving what was happening. At that moment I would have let him do whatever he wanted to me, indeed I would have happily done anything he suggested.  
  
Suddenly Sushi was crowd surfing and after only a few seconds, her dress was gone. She was recovered to the stage by security wearing much the same as I was, very little except a torn tee shirt. She did not seem at all bothered. the amount of leg and side boob exposed was fantastic, indeed she was happily flashing her tits as she sang. After a while I was convinced that the rips and tear in her shirt were getting bigger and letting us see more of her body. I did not see her actually tearing the shirt as all, so she must have been clever about it.  
  
Then she was asking for "babes" as she called them to join her on stage. She said she needed two. "Right Here!" Hank called out and pushed me towards the stage. Security bore me away and the next thing I know I was being lifted by strong hands up on to the stage over speakers and cables.  
  
Sushi pointed at me and shouted "Snap! You and I are going to get on just fine!" Another girl appeared on stage having been pushed up by other guys. In comparison she was properly dressed, having tight black jeans and a black sleeveless top. It was obvious she was wearing a bra. "You!" Sushi shouted at her, "Lose the shirt." The girl grinned and lifted her top over her head to show her black bra. Sushi grabbed the girl's shirt and threw it into the crowd, "I'll give you another one." and the girl shrugged.  
  
Sushi put the mike on it's stand and we three stood with our arms around each other as the next song started. Luckily it was one that I knew the chorus of and our trio sang along together. Then she took centre stage whilst me and the other "volunteer" danced behind her. Then came the request to the other girl, "Do you wanna lose the bra too?" The girl nodded nervously. "Ok wait a mo." Then Sushi danced over to me, singing as she did so and we danced together a bit, rubbing our tits together and the like. "You're a sexy little bitch aren't you? she sang to me. This brought forth a roar from the crowd. Then she went over to the other girl and singing to her, unclipped the girl's bra. The girl immediately held the bra to her chest and turn to face the band, this meant the crowd could see her bare back.  
  
Whilst the guitarist played a riff, Sushi said to me "When I give you the nod, you tear my shirt and I'll tear yours - right?"  
  
"What? right off?" I gasped.  
  
"Whatever." Sushi answered then dance back over to the other girl, snatch her bra away and tossed that into the crowd. Leaving the mike on the stand again, she danced over to me "Now!" I hesitated then grabbed the neckline of her shirt and pulled it apart. but before I had completed the tear, she ripped the front out of mine completely. I yanked at hers again and it opened like a jacket and she let it fall off her shoulders on to the stage. Everyone could see that all she wore was a little yellow thong. She disposed of my shirt entirely and laughed when she saw I was naked. "I thought you'd be wearing panties!" She laughed. "Go on... go ahead." and offered her hip to me I snapped the string of her thong and it slithered down to the floor. "Now we're quits!" She put her arm round me and we posed for the crowd. She waved over the other girl, still topless and we posed all together.  
  
A stagehand brought her a sort of robe and handed me and the other girl a commemorative Tee shirt each. Sushi grabbed the mike and called by a "Big Hand for the girls here!" The crowd went mad as she went into her next song. I was in a dream and walked to the side of the stage still carrying the shirt I had been given.  
  
"Put the shirt on darlin'." one of the security guys said, "your boyfriend is here to collect you." I slipped the shirt on which was none too long and slid off the stage into Hank's arms.  
  
"You were wonderful!" He beamed. "Now I've got to get you back to the camp safely."  
  
"I'll walk with you." A voice said. It turned out to be one of the biggest security guys I have ever seen, "just to make sure you get there all right."  
  
As we pushed through the crowd, Sushi's act was still going on and it sounded like she was still teasing the guys. Someone called out "I'll give you fifty quid for the shirt!"  
  
The security guy said "You can buy them for thirty quid from the stall."  
  
"But I want THAT one!" the bloke moaned.  
  
"Beat it Buster!" Security guy snarled and that shut him up.  
  
We got to the entrance to our field and Hank said, "we'll be Ok from here thanks." So the guy told us to have a good night, turned on his heel and headed back to the show. Hank took me in his arms and kissed me deeply and I surrendered to his crushing arms. "Take off the shirt." He whispered gruffly.  
  
Suddenly there was nothing that I would rather have done than walk naked the last fifty or so yards to our tent. "OK." I gasped and pulled it over my head. IT was dark and with only a torch and the occasional campfire providing light, I felt very sexy walking naked in amongst the tents.  
  
When we got to our tent, I said softly, "Take me Hank, take me out here." The next moment I was on my back on the slightly damp, but soft grass and Hank was trying to divest himself of his jeans. "Completely naked Hank. I want you completely naked, I'm not going anywhere."  
  
He dropped onto me his big powerful body encompassing and covering mine. "Fill me Hank, fill me to the brim." I gasped. Bearing in mind the sights and sound of the day, he was more than ready to do as I asked and he was soon pumping his sperm deep inside me. I wanted it, needed it and had to have it.  
  
"God! Look at those two!" Ali and Smithy arrived as Hank was we were mid flow.  
  
"Join in!" Hank gasped. "Ali, wank Smithy off over Tina's face!"  
  
"Too late!" Ali laughed, "he's just cum all over mine! But I didn't climax and I've got a cunt full of pussy juice just waiting for her."  
  
Hank eased himself up and made way for Ali to kneel over my face and position her pussy above my lips. I became aware of someone fingering my clitoris, I didn't know who but I guessed it was Hank. But then I looked up and saw him offering his flaccid, but slimy prick to Ali's mouth. She gobbled him down, mixing her saliva and Smithy's sperm all over her face. I continued to let Ali's juices dribbled into my mouth as I felt a bearded chin between my thighs, then a rough feeling tongue almost like a cat's began to lap at my pussy. I assumed this was Smithy, as he had a beard, but to be honest I didn't care so much who it was. I reached up and tore the front of Ali's top apart and caressed her beasts almost feverously. She groaned as I did that, but it might have been because Hank was hard again and literally fucking her mouth.  
  
Eventually we all came and collapsed in a heap around the fire. Hank and I naked, with Ali pretty much so too, Smithy was almost fully dressed. "Like that?" Hank asked me.  
  
"What do you think?" I asked, exasperated. "I fucking loved it!" Then after a moment I addressed Ali, "That was the first time we've ever done anything like that, isn't it Ali?"  
  
"I'll bet it won't be the last!" Smithy guffawed.  
  
"I hope it won't." Ali said quietly. "I liked it too."  
  
"The bar is still open, let's go and get a drink." Hank suggested.  
  
"Are you going to put on some clothes?" I laughed.  
  
"Of course!.. but not too many and that goes for you too."  
  
I wore a top and jeans as did pretty much all of the others. When we got to the bar, it seems we almost needn't have bothered. Lots of guys didn't have shirts on and the women, well, most of them hadn't got shirts on either although some were wearing bras. We felt positively overdressed. We stayed for about an hour, but the call of nature demanded that we left early. Getting back to the tent, Hank and I climbed into our big sleeping bag and cuddled down. Ali and Smithy did the same and eventually I fell asleep in Hanks arms.  
  
It was first light when I awoke and the camp was quiet. Hank had a woody, so I slithered down inside the hot stuffy bag and took it into my mouth. I manipulated it with my hand and tongue and I could feel his sap rising until I was delighted when he spurted loads of his precious white seed into my mouth. I swallowed. It tasted salty and warm and then with the aroma still on my lips, I crept up and kissed him on the mouth.  
  
Breakfast was taken at one of the burger bars that was doing a roaring trade in bacon butties. Hank and Smithy were having a discussion about the journey home. "Better not leave it too long," Hank said, "it could take a while to get out." In the event it was nearly midday by the time we had got everything packed up and loaded. We were just saying goodbye to the couple with the trike and youngster when we were distracted by a load of bikers strolling slowly through the camp. they were carrying a naked girl who was painted purple!

"That is the gang girl they took last night!" Smithy guffawed. "They must have found some Iodine in one of the farm buildings." Apparently farmers use iodine as an antiseptic when calves are born. It has a very high staining quality which can take days to wash off. She was greeted by her own gang with almost disdain, almost ignoring her until two of their women took her in hand and whisked her away. A curt nod was exchanged between the two gang leaders and they turned their backs on each other and went back to their own.  
  
We clambered on to the fully loaded bikes and had a gentle ride back to our home town. On the way we called in at a roadside cafe, sitting by the window so we could keep an eye on the bikes. Whilst the boys were getting the food, Ali asked me what I thought about the trip. "Well I expected to get fucked and I did, but there were so many things that did surprise me..."  
  
Ali took my hand across the table "They're coming back! Quick would you go with them again if they asked us?"  
  
"Would you?" I asked in return. She grinned and nodded. "So would I, in an instant!" I added forcibly.  
  
"Sausage and mash alright?" Smithy asked as he put down two plates before us. "Well we had a great time with you two, didn't we Hank? Do you fancy coming camping with us next weekend? It won't be a rally, just the four of us camping in a field somewhere, so it will be a lot quieter."  
  
Hank chipped in, "we loved the way you two girls took to it and joined in..."  
  
"Yes! We'd love to!" Ali interrupted him. "As long as there is plenty of sex." Hank looked at me, I grinned and nodded at him. Ali looked at me and winked, "and we'll bring fewer clothes next time."  
  
The guys dropped us off at mine as I have a better shower and a more reliable hot water system than Ali has. As the boys rode away, Ali asked, "looking forward to next weekend?" I nodded as I waved to the boys. "So am I... I want them to do really dirty things to me!"  
  
I looked at her quizzically, "what do you have in mind?"  
  
She took my hand, "let's go inside and I'll show you."  
  
Ali stayed the night.  
  
On Wednesday, Ali and I met for lunch. "This weekend..." she said.  
  
"What about it?" I asked.  
  
"Well," she began, cleared her throat and started again. "Well, I was thinking that as a treat for the boys, we might... er... not take any underwear with us at all."  
  
"We didn't wear much last weekend." I mentioned.  
  
"I know, but apart from jeans whilst we're on the bikes, let's say tiny dresses and tops and skirts only and stuff that tears easily."  
  
"This sounds like a replay of last weekend." I muttered.  
  
"I know," she said, "but the environment will be different, village pub with country yokels being shocked at how little we are wearing, it'll be fun."  
  
I had a surprise in store for Hank (and I suppose Smithy) when he/they turned up on Saturday morning. I called him up from the window, both of them came up and I opened the door topless, made sure that they saw me put on my bomber jacket on over nothing at all. "Ready? I asked them.  
  
Ali had been watching over the bikes, Smithy told her immediately, "Tina is naked under her bomber jacket."  
  
"And how do you know I'm not?" she asked him. and unzipped her jacket enough to let him see there were only tits under it.  
  
"Looks like we're in for a good weekend!" Hank observed.