**We hate clothes**

by Vanessa Evans

***Introduction:*** *Twin girls never did like clothes, and now they’ve discovered their bodies.*

**Part 01**

Hi, my name’s Kate, I’m 16 years old and I live with my identical twin Jude, our brother Max, who’s a year older than us, and our father. We have a mother but she went to work overseas when we were 9 and we only see her about once a year.

When I say that Jude and I are identical I mean in every way, face, build, hair, likes / dislikes, clothes, the lot. We are best friends and love each other dearly. Most people cannot tell us apart and we frequently get called by the other’s name. There is one difference in our bodies but not many people get to see it because it’s a little mole that I have right at the top of my right leg, just beside my pussy. If I had any pubic hair it would be hidden.

We grew-up a happy family; albeit (I guess) a little different from your average family. You see, my mother and father never had any of these hang-ups about religion or social taboos. We’ve never knowingly broken any laws but we sure have broken a few un-written social rules.

The main object of this story is our disregard for the social rules about nudity. You see our family doesn’t understand the concept of being a prude. When it comes to clothes it is, and always has been, wear them if you want; and don’t if you don’t. Of course there has always been the exception of having to wear them when we go out; after all we don’t want to end up in jail; but why shouldn’t we be naked at home.

It’s always been quite common for any one of us to wander around the house in underwear or less. When it came to sleep attire Jude and I both had Barbie nighties when we were little but when we got too big for them we started wearing old T shirts with nothing underneath.

As for beds, mum and Dad bought us 2 little beds (in the same room), and that’s where we started out each night. But as soon as we could get in and out of bed on our own we always ended up in the same bed. By the time we’d outgrown those little beds mum and Dad gave up and bought us one big bed that we’ve shared ever since.

About 4 years ago both Jude and I stopped wearing the T shirts for bed and started sleeping naked. Max used to wear just a T shirt until about a year ago but now he always seems to wear just his boxers. Dad’s the same.

Talking of underwear; neither Jude nor I own a proper bra (we’re both A cup so what’s the point?) but we do have a couple of bikini tops for when we have to cover-up. As for knickers, I think that Jude and I still have a thong somewhere. We used to get in trouble at school when a teacher discovered what we weren’t wearing, but they always shut up when we told them that we didn’t own any.

After mum left, Dad always had to buy our clothes and Dad always believed that women should dress like women i.e. in skirts or dresses; so we never had any trousers or shorts (not that we wanted any). Whenever Dad took us clothes shopping we’d just get changed wherever we were in the shops. I remember one old woman getting quite upset when Jude had just taken a dress off in the middle of the store and was standing there quite naked, waiting for Dad to find a bigger size.

At home we have this amazing lambskin rug on the floor in the living room and it’s always been Jude’s and my place for watching television from. We lay there on our stomachs loving the feeling of the soft lamb’s wool. When we started getting homework from school both Jude and I would change out of our school uniforms into our T shirts and lay on that rug to do our homework.

Those T shirts got washed once week and Dad always filled the washing machine straight after we’d eaten so once a week Jude and I would lay on that rug totally naked.

We’ve also had quite a few tickling fights with Max and Dad on that rug.

When we were little, the fact that we were often naked never was an issue; we’d all seen each other naked hundreds of times and it just wasn’t a big deal. Even when Max brought some of his mates over it wasn’t a problem. We never even thought that they would think that we were a little ‘odd’.

Things changed a little around the time that we got to the ripe old age of 12. Our bodies started to change and we started thinking a little differently. I still remember the day that I saw my first pubic hair. Both Jude and I were horrified and vowed to ‘inspect’ each other every day and to pluck out every hair that appeared. We still do that.

Another thing that happened around that time was that our slits, that were just slits, started to grow a little lump of skin that stuck out between our lips. Our pussy lips started getting fleshier and we found that we could easily part them and see our holes. Of course we’d had sex education lessons at school but it was different when it actually started happening to us.

When our periods started we got Dad to start buying tampons for us, assuring him that we knew what we were doing.

As our bodies had started to change we both had pains in our new little breasts and our pussies. One night soon after my chest pains started I went and sat on Dad’s lap (something we often did after we’d finished our homework) and complained that my little buds hurt. Dad’s answer was to gently massage my chest over my T shirt. I told him that it felt good and he kept going for about 30 minutes before it was time for bed.

That got to be a regular thing for both Jude and I for a week or so, even when it was washing night; then one evening while Jude was on dad’s lap and getting her budding tits massaged, she said that she hurt between her legs. Dad being the loving Dad that he is, and would do anything for his daughters, started massaging her pussy. Her T shirt wasn’t quite long enough to cover her pussy so Dad was massaging her bare pussy.

Later when we were in bed I asked her what it was like and she said that it was very nice, but that her pussy had got all wet. I asked her if he’d put a finger inside her and she said not; all he’d done was slowly massage the whole area.

The next night was washing night so both Jude and I were naked watching television after finishing our homework. When Dad finished his chores and came and sat down to watch television I went and sat on his lap and told him that my growing pains were hurting. I asked him to massage me like he had Jude.

Of course he agreed and his hand was soon massaging my little bare bumps.

“That’s starting to feel better Daddy.” I said; which was true.

Daddy continued massaging my chest for ages before I said that I was hurting between my legs. The way that I was sat on his lap meant that he couldn’t easily get to my pussy so he told me to shuffle round. As I did so and settled I felt something hard under my butt. At first I didn’t realise what it was then it dawned on me that it was his cock. I felt a bit naughty as I spread my legs to give Dad easy access to my pussy to massage it.

And massage it he did; for about 30 minutes. All the time it was just on my pussy, Dad never penetrated me. The thing that I didn’t understand at the time was that my pussy started tingling and getting wet. By the time that Dad stopped I was soaked and I worried about what Dad would say.

What he did say was nothing; well he did ask me if I felt better, but he said nothing about his wet hand.

The massaging of our budding tits and pussies continued. As our pussy lips grew and we became women, Dad’s massaging caused our lips to open and his fingers often massaged our clits; but he never penetrates us.

Our first orgasms came about a month after Dad started massaging our pussies. Mine came first and I wondered what was happening. Dad just kept massaging me all through it and afterwards I asked him what had happened to me. At that time I didn’t connect what had happened to me to what I’d been taught in sex ed. He told me that I’d had an orgasm and that they were wonderful things (I could have told him that last part). He said that all women get them and that we should never try to supress them; just let them happen and enjoy them.

After that, most nights would see Dad massage either Jude or I right through an orgasm or two. It was wonderful and the lucky recipient would massage the unlucky twin when we went to bed.

The massages went on for a couple of years on a regular basis (most days) and still happen occasionally these days; usually after we come home saying that we’d had a bad day.

Those first orgasms brought a need for more; lots more, and apart from the ones that Dad gave us, we gave each other and ourselves at least 2 per day. We were addicted. We also discovered playing with our clits and fingered each other and ourselves. From fingers it rapidly progressed to anything that we could find that we thought we could get in our holes.

We both broke our Hymens pushing object into our pussies at that time.

One day when we both had very wet fingers, we decided to see what our pussies tasted like. With wet fingers held in front of our faces we looked at each other and slowly put our own fingers in our own mouths. We were pleased when we liked the taste. Quickly putting our fingers in our pussies again we tasted each other. I was pleased that Jude tastes the same as I do.

After that we decided to lick each other’s pussy and that naturally developed into eating each other out.

A couple of mornings when Dad came in to wake up we’d have our heads at the opposite end of the bed. He asked us if we’d had a disagreement and fallen out.

“No silly, we’d never do that, we love each other too much.” Jude said as she hugged my feet.

Most of the other girls at school started getting so shy about their bodies; some even skipping the showers after PE; but Jude and I never changed. We still wandered around the changing rooms before and after showers totally naked and unconcerned.

At home nothing changed with Dad but Max had changed. Both Max, Jude and I always get home hours before Dad and Max started bringing more of his mates home for those hours.

When Jude and I got home we still changed out of our school uniforms into our too short, baggy T shirts (or nothing) and we still did our homework on that lambskin rug, but Max and his mates were usually on the chair or sofa pretending to talk or watch television.

Of course Jude and I knew that they were looking at our butts and pussies between our slightly spread legs but we didn’t care. In fact we sometimes encouraged it by opening our legs quite wide. If we didn’t have much homework we’d turn over and lay on our backs talking. We’d let our knees drift apart as we talked. Sometimes we’d goad the boys into tickling fights and they’d end up on the floor with them sending us crazy with laughter. Sometimes one of them would tickle our pussies which would make us just lay there and let it happen.

It wasn’t until about 6 months after the constant stream of Max’s mates coming to ogle our bodies after school that one of them actually stuck a finger inside me. I was shocked, but not upset. I just stopped and looked at him and told him that he shouldn’t be doing that. After about 10 seconds of silence in the room, and everyone looking at my pussy with the finger still in it, did the boy pull his finger out of my hole.

I laughed at him then started tickling him again.

After that the tickling became an excuse for one, or more, of the boys, Max included, to stick a finger in our pussies. Both Jude and I quite liked it but it never went any further than that.

Those boys always seemed to disappear just before Dad got home and neither Jude nor I told Dad that they’d been there, or what they’d been doing.

Most times that Dad took us out Jude and I would notice that a lot of men looked at us differently to what they did when we were little kids. We quickly discovered that it was our legs and chests that the men liked to look at. We would have been happy walking around naked and let them stare as much as they wanted but society being so hung-up we had to wear clothes. We usually wore only what was necessary and practical so that always meant short skirts.

I suppose that it didn’t help that Jude and I, at that time, were having a little private competition to see who could wear the shortest skirt when we went out.

There was many a time in McDonalds when we must have been putting on quite a display of legs and pussies to the men passing by our table or sitting facing us. As men passed our table we’d lean forward to let them look down our tops and see our little titties.

Another thing that we started doing after we discovered that men like looking at our bodies was on the weekly trip to the supermarket with Dad we started bending over the end of the trolley when we thought that a man was looking. Our skirts were always short so we gave then quite a view of our butts and pussies. One of us would do that while the other would stand away and watch the men. We must have caused quite a stir in the trouser department of Tesco.

We also did the same at the checkouts even if it was a young girl serving.

When we reached 14 Dad started letting us go into town on our own. That was the start of something new for us; something that gave us freedom and fun.

In the shopping centre we’d spend loads of time trying on clothes or riding the escalators or sitting in the food hall with our legs open.

I remember one girl’s clothes shop that had a changing room at the back that was full of curtained off cubicles. The first time we went to try on some clothes we went into the same cubicle and stripped and started helping each other to try on the clothes. We hadn’t bothered closing the curtain because, well, it was the girl’s changing room and we weren’t shy.

Anyway we were both naked and I was helping Jude get a dress over her hair when something caught my eye and I looked up and out of the cubicle.

Near the entrance of the room was a middle-aged man and he was stood there watching us. I smiled and waved at him then continued helping Jude.

That man was there watching us for going on for a good 5 minutes until a teenage girl came out of another cubicle and left with him. In that 5 minutes we just ignored him as he stared at the naked both Jude and I.

The thing was, as he watched my pussy started tingling and got wet. I guess that the same happened to Jude because as we walked out of the store Jude said that we had to go there every time that we went into town.

In another clothes shop we were again in the changing rooms with the curtain open when a girl a few years older than us came in. When she saw us naked she went into the cubicle opposite and didn’t close the curtain. She started to strip off right in front of us. As she tried on the clothes that she’d carried in she kept playing with her tits and rubbing her bald pussy.

When she’d tried them all on she stood facing us and the 3 of us, all naked, stared across the aisle. The girl started playing with her tits with her left hand while her right hand got to work on her pussy. She made herself cum while we watched.

At first we were a little shocked as nothing like that had happened to us before. Of course we’d seen naked girls in the changing rooms at school but that was sort of accidental; but this was different. That girl was deliberately flaunting herself to us and masturbating.

When the girl had cum she opened her eyes, looked at us and smiled. Then she pointed at us and then put her hand on her pussy. Did this girl really want us to do the same? The girl did it again so I slowly moved my hands to my tits and pussy.

The girl smiled and did a rubbing motion with her hand on her pussy. I did the same and instinct took over and I started masturbating. I managed to get a glance at Jude and she too was playing with herself.

Lost in the moment, Jude and I both made ourselves cum, right in front of that girl. When we were done we just stood and stared at the girl who blew us a kiss then got dressed, minus her underwear, and left.

As she disappeared out of the door I turned to look at Jude. She too was in a bit of a state of shock. We hugged for a minute then Jude said,

“Was that cool, or was that cool?”

“That was fucking cool.” I replied.

“I’ve got to do that sometime.” Jude said.

“Me too.”

We got ourselves together and continued trying on the clothes.

**Daddy goes away on business**

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**When we were fourteen and a half, Dad called a family meeting and told us that he had to go away on business for nearly 2 weeks. Jude and I were mortified** as we both had visions of him doing a mum and only coming back about once a year.

Dad put our minds at rest and promised to skype us every day.

Dad left on the Friday morning telling us that Max was in charge and that we had to do whatever he said. Dad gave us a list of chores with one of our names against each one. I asked Dad about our growth massages and Max went bright red when Dad told us that Max would do them.

Telling us all to be careful and not do anything stupid, Dad kissed us and left.

We didn’t have time to talk about anything because we were running a little late for school. As Jude and I walked to and from school we made plans for what we were going to do during the time that Dad was away. One of the things was that we were not going to wear any clothes at any time when we were at home.

We thought about asking Max to do the same but Max had changed; he was becoming as shy as some of the girls at school.

When we got home we quickly discarded our clothes and got on with our homework. We wanted to get it out of the way leaving us with lots of free time.

We’d just got started when Max arrived home with 4 of his mates. We said ‘Hi’ and got on with our homework while the boys played on their phones and looked down at us.

Ignoring them we quickly finished our homework and put everything away.

We got back on the lambskin rug on our stomachs to watch television. With only a knowing glance both Jude and I had spread our legs enough for the guys to see our pussies. Shortly after that we saw a flash of light; someone had taken a photograph of us. That started all of their phones clicking away. Max even asked us to turn over onto our backs so that they could take photos of our tits and pussies. Jude joked that no one would want to see photos of 2 flat chested girls but all that did was prompt a bit of a laugh.

Without being asked both Jude and I had opened our legs wide so that the guys could get a good look, and some good photos.

Max ordered pizzas and Jude and I were sent to open the door and pay for them. The delivery guy had been to our house before but it had been Max or Dad who had answered the door before. He may have seen us in the distance but this was different. To be confronted by 2 naked 14 year old girls left the poor man dumb-struck. It wasn’t until we’d taken the pizzas off him and asked how much we owed him that he managed to find his voice.

We finally managed to pay him and he left in a state of shock. Jude and I however were giggling away.

After a while someone suggested that we play twister and Max went and got the box.

Max and his friends were generous and let both Jude and I play in each game. As always when we play twister, all the people playing end up in a mixed up pile with arms and legs in the strangest of positions. One time I was stretching from one end of the mat to the other I felt some guy’s face so close to my pussy that he was actually touching it with his nose (well I think that it was his nose) every couple of seconds. This contact got me aroused and my pussy got quite wet.

I think that my pussy got fingered an average of 3 times each game that we played. Jude later told me that she was the same.

It started getting late and both Jude and I were expecting Max to kick his mates out but it turned out that he’d invited them for a sleep over. Jude and I left them, had a shower and went to bed.

It was a warm night so we slept on top of the quilt. When we woke-up in the morning our room door was wide open. We knew that we’d shut it the night before so at least one of the guys had been in and looked at us. Both of us are sound sleepers so they could have done anything and we’d never have known. We often woke-up to see Max or Dad bending over us shaking a shoulder or an arm to wake us.

We went and showered together (as always) then wandered down to the kitchen and saw Max and his mates tucking in to half the fridge.

They all stopped when they saw the 2 naked girls walk in.

“Hi sis,” Max said, “we’ve got the whole day planned for all of us so I hope that you hadn’t got any plans. After breakfast you’re going to the shop to get us some food for the day. Oh, I’m going to pick the clothes that you’re going to wear as well.”

Jude and I looked at each other, grinned and got our breakfast. Max’s mates had all been quiet since we walked in but they slowly managed to find their voices and start talking again. By the time we’d finished all the guys had finished and Jude and I were left to clean-up before going to our room.

We found Max there going through our clothes. After a minute or so he held up 2 skirts and 2 tops for us to wear.

“Oh goody,” Jude said, “I’d been looking for those. I’m glad that they hadn’t been thrown out.”

The clothes that Max got out were little skirts and tops that we hadn’t worn for about 5 years; I’d forgotten all about them.

The skirts are stretchy Lycra ones that came down to mid-thigh when we were 8 or 9, but 5 years on they looked very small. When we put them on they were very tight and they stretched so much that they were ultra-short. They only just covered our butts and pussies. I could just tell that they’d ride up leaving us exposed.

The tops were old and thin as well. When we put then on I could clearly make out Jude nipples and areolas and when I looked in the mirror I could see mine as well.

“You want us to go to the little shop at the end of the street like this?” Jude asked.

“I’d rather go into town like this.” I said, thinking that it would be fun to tease some men.

“Good idea Kate,” Max said, “that’s even better.”

So Jude, Max and his 4 mates and I set off to the bus stop to go into town. As I suspected the little skirts did ride up leaving the both of our butts and our pussies exposed. Now this didn’t bother Jude or I, nor Max or his mates, but there was the public to think about. Okay, most wouldn’t mind, a few would probably appreciate the sight, but it was the up-tight, miserable sods that we had to worry about. Unfortunately they don’t go around with a tattoo on their foreheads saying ‘I’m a prude’ so we have to treat everyone as a prude until they proved otherwise.

This meant that every time we got near a stranger Jude and I had to pull our skirts down to cover our butts and pussies.

Going upstairs on the bus was ‘interesting’ and by the time we got onto the top deck we had to quickly retrieve our skirts from round our waists.

Of course Max and his mates thought it was funny.

Getting off the bus was ‘interesting’ as well but people were more interested in where they were going than in Jude and I.

We wandered around town for a while with Jude and I both having to constantly pull our skirts down to cover our butts and pussies. Then Max decided that it was time to go into a supermarket to get what we’d originally come for.

Max gave each of us one of those plastic baskets and we set off looking for what was on Max’s list. Max pointed at what he wanted and Jude or I had to get it. Of course some things were on high shelves and some on low shelves so both Jude and I were stretching and bending and our skirts got more like belts. As we were both carrying baskets it was hard to pull our skirts down with one hand as Max kept us moving.

At the checkout we quickly put our baskets down and pulled our skirts down to cover our butts and pussies.

Our skirts rose up again as we filled the plastic bags and I saw the checkout girl checking out our pussies. With us being there with 5 older boys I wondered just what she was thinking.

Pulling our skirts down, Jude and I picked up the bags and left. It was real difficult trying to pull our skirts down with the bags in our hands as we walked to the bus stop. I guessed that Max had planned it that way. As the number of people got fewer and fewer we gave up with our skirts and by the time we got to the bus stop they were more like belts again.

When we got back home Jude and I went straight to our room and took off the skirts and tops and put them with the clothes that we usually wear these days. We just knew that we’d need those clothes again.

When we got back downstairs Max and his mates were out in the back garden so we went out to see them.

At this point I should say that our back garden in not over-looked and Jude and I had been out there in the buff many times in the past.

“What are you doing?” Jude asked Max.

“Just preparing a little something for you two.” Max replied.

What they were doing was knocking 8 stakes into the lawn quite a bit apart. One of the guys was cutting up a rope that I’d seen in the garage.

“I don’t understand, why would we want that?” Kate asked.

“You’ll find out.”

It wasn’t long before they were finished and Max told us to go and sit on the lawn in between the stakes.

“Now lay back and spread your arms and legs.”

Still not realising what was going on we did as we were told.

Then the guys moved in on us, and before we knew it we were tied spread-eagle to the stakes. At first Jude and I thought that it was funny and couldn’t stop laughing. After all, what could they do to us? They’d all seen us naked before, all had their faces right in front of our pussies and all (probably) had fingered us. The only thing that I could think of was that they could all fuck us but I didn’t think that they’d choose to do it out there. Being boys they were all probably as shy as the girls at school so they wouldn’t want to do it in front of the rest of them.

I felt calm and relaxed; and Jude looked that way as well.

At first the guys got down and closely inspected us all over. Then their phones came out and more photos were taken. All the time Jude and I were smiling and enjoying the bit of sun that was out.

Then one of them asked another what time it was. When he got an answer he said,

“Good, they should be here any minute.”

“Who should be here?” I wondered.

I didn’t wonder for long as a steady stream of boys, and a few girls, from school started to arrive; all with phones or cameras in their hands.

“Wow!” We are popular today.” I said as I started to hear click after click after click.

After a while I decided to take it up a level and called Max over.

“Aren’t you going to invite them to play with our tits and pussies?” I asked.

Max’s eyes lit up for a second before he turned and invited everyone to grope us. I looked at Jude; she’d heard me and was grinning in anticipation.

The next 30 or 40 minutes was heaven. Hands and fingers were everywhere. We didn’t actually cum but we were very, very close.

People started disappearing and it wasn’t long before it was just the 5 guys and Jude and me.

Max released us and told us that it was time for us to get some food ready. Fortunately, everything that Max had bought was ready to eat so it didn’t take us long. After that Max told us that he was going out.

After they’d all gone Jude and I cleaned up, had a shower together then went and lay on our lambskin rug. We talked and agreed that it had been a fun day. That talking led to cuddling and kissing and before long we were in a 69 enjoying each other – on the lambskin rug for the first time.

Max hadn’t come home by the time we went to bed and still wasn’t home when we got up on the Sunday morning. We were starting to get a little concerned but he arrived home late morning, telling us that he’d stayed at a mates house.

Then he told us that we were going to the local leisure centre that afternoon. Not what we’d planned, but okay; Dad had left Max in charge. We got lunch ready while he went upstairs. When he came back downstairs he was holding 2 bikinis that we’d last worn when we were 5 or 6.

“You can wear those this afternoon.” Max said.

We looked at them and laughed. The bikini bottoms were tiny and there was no way that we’d get them passed our knees. The tops were 2 little triangles and strings. They were made of Lycra and been worn in chlorinated water and washed hundreds of times. Half of the Lycra had disappeared leaving the material very thin and see thru.

Jude put her top on and Max and I could clearly see her areolas and nipples. What’s more the triangles didn’t completely cover her ‘A’s.

“They’ll do.” Max said.

“Well okay,” I said, “but if we get thrown out you’re coming home with us; and what about the bottoms?”

“I’ve thought about that.” Picking up one of the little wrap skirts that went with the bikinis Max continued,

“You can wear these.”

“Those are tiny skirts not bottoms.” I said.

Max came over to me and put one of the skirts round my waist. It didn’t go all the way around me; it left a 4 inch gap but the strings did reach and he managed to tie it.

The skirt was just about long enough to cover my butt and pussy.

“That will do.” Max said.

“Same agreement about if we get thrown out.” Jude said,

“We won’t, you won’t be showing anything.” Max said.

“I doubt that, but okay.” Jude said.

When we got to the leisure centre we went into one of the ‘family’ changing rooms and got to see Max’s soft cock hanging there. Jude and I got changed and looked at each other.

“We’ll never get away with this.” Jude said.

“Yes you will.” Max said.

“Remember the deal if we get thrown out.” I added as we opened the door and took our clothes to a locker.

Here was a mirror on a wall on the way to the pool and as I looked at myself I thought that maybe we would get away with it; just so long as those little skirts didn’t rise up.

Fortunately the only time that they did rise up was when we were in the water so it didn’t matter. There were a couple of kids in the water wearing goggles but we just ignored them.

That was the first time that Jude and I had been swimming without a proper swimming costume on since we were little girls and we both found it very nice. The feeling of the water rushing passed our bare pussies was a lovely feeling.

We had a couple of funny looks from the staff and I guess that their eyes never got higher than our skirts because none of them said anything.

We actually had a good time although it didn’t last that long because the place doesn’t have much to offer; only a pool really.

The showers afterwards were a little more interesting; while we were in there Max pulled the strings on both our tops and skirts and we were left showering in the nude. It didn’t bother Jude or me but we did get a few funny looks and one miserable woman dragged her little boy out of there as she muttered something.

There was just the 3 of us at home on the Sunday evening; Jude and I naked on the lambskin rug and Max in his boxers. All of a sudden Jude said,

“Hey, what happened to our growth massages?”

Max blushed a bit and said,

“I was hoping that you’d forgotten about those.”

“No chance!” both Jude and I said together.

“Okay,” Max said, “Dad did say that I had to give them to you so who’s turn is it tonight?”

Jude and I looked at each other; neither of us knew so I said,

“Well Max, we missed out on them the last 2 nights and I’m sure that you don’t want Dad to find out about that so, I, we, think that you should give us both one each night until Dad gets back. Also, we think that you should be naked like us; that is if you don’t want Dad to find out that you had a sleepover and you missed giving us our massages.”

We’d got him; and he knew it. After a few seconds, where I’m assuming that he was trying to find a way out of it, he agreed and stood up and dropped his boxers.

It had been a few months since we’d seen Max naked, and he’d grown. What’s more he was starting to get a hard-on.

Max quickly sat down again while Jude and I played rock-paper-scissors to see who go massaged first. I won and stood up and went over to Max.

“You’re going to have to move your hands Max.” I said.

He did, revealing a nice hard-on sticking up.

“I’m going to have to sit round that; I don’t want to hurt you.” I said.

I sat down sideways on his lap leaving his cock sticking up between my legs.

“This is nice.” I said and squeezed my legs together for a second before opening them to give Max access to my pussy. Max had watched Dad do it loads of times so he knew what to do. One of his hands got to work on my tiny tits and the other on my pussy.

It was amazing, I was in heaven. The only differences to Dad’s massages was that Max put his finger inside me from time to time and he played with my clit more. He also proved that he’s a natural at giving a girl pleasure.

It lasted for about 30 minutes and he kept going through my 2 amazing orgasms.

Both times that I came I squeezed my legs together, trapping his cock. I’d expected (wanted) him to cum and shoot his load all over my thighs and stomach, but he didn’t. But he did when it was Jude’s turn.

As Jude came for the second time Max started squirting all over her. I watched in amazement as it was the first time that I’d seen a man cum.

I reached out and scooped a blob of it off Jude’s stomach and put it in my mouth. I didn’t know what I’d expected but it wasn’t bad, a bit salty but nice. I quickly decided that I wanted more.

That sort of ended Jude’s massage and she got up, scooping up and tasting some of Max’s cum herself.

Max got up saying that he had to go to the toilet. We didn’t see him again until the Monday morning.

We both got massaged like that every night until Dad got back. We really like Dad’s massages but Max’s are slightly better.

School that week was the same as ever except for the photographs. On the Monday afternoon both Jude and I noticed that a lot of boys, and some girls, were looking at their phones and at Jude and I a lot.

As we were leaving on the Monday afternoon one boy came up to me, held his phone up so that I could see the screen, and said,

“Is that you?”

Jude was a bit behind me so I said,

“No, it might be my sister.”

The boy looked satisfied and he disappeared.

The photo was of me spread-eagle on our back lawn. You could clearly see my pussy, little tits and my face; and the ropes that were holding me down.

I told Jude what I’d seen and we both laughed, wondering if every boy in the school had been sent a copy.

On the Tuesday we got called into the headmaster’s office and were grilled about the photos going round. He wanted to know if we’d been forced into doing anything that we didn’t want to and if anyone had had sex with us.

After we’d said ‘no’ to everything he started giving us a lecture on morals and what ‘good’ girls don’t do.

Not wanting to get into an argument with the pompous prick we just kept saying ‘yes sir’; and we finally managed to escape after about 15 minutes.

On the way home we had a laugh about it and hoped that we’d made a few boy’s day and given them something to wank over for a few days. I laughed when Jude said that when we were in the headmaster’s office she’d wanted to lift her skirt and give the headmaster a look at the real thing.

The rest of the time that Dad was away went okay and Max kept his end of the deal by giving us both our growth massages while he was naked. Jude and I took it in turns to go first because Max managed to hold out cumming until the second massage each night.

Both Jude and I watched Max as he gave the other twin her massage. We liked watching his cock and the juices that dribbled out of it as we squeezed our legs round it. Max also got better at finger fucking us. By the end of the week he was really going for it and we could really hear the squelching noises as his fingers rapidly went in and out of our pussies.

The funny thing was that Max didn’t want to talk about it; he just did his duty, shot his load, and when the second massage was over he quickly left and we didn’t see him for the rest of the night.

One evening whilst Jude was getting her massage the PC burst into life as Dad skyped us. I dashed over and accepted the call. As I talked to Dad we could hear Jude having her massage. Dad recognised Jude’s moans and asked if Max was doing a good job.

Of course I said that he was, not telling him that Max was finger fucking us and shooting his load all over us, but when Jude came over to the PC I could see blobs of Max’s cum all over her stomach and I wondered if Dad could see them as well.

The school days were much that same as ever, other than Max’s friends stayed a bit longer and spent more time talking to us. We had to turn over and lay on the sheepskin rug on our backs to do that and, without intentionally doing it, Jude and I always spread our legs.

Occasionally one of them would get a camera or a phone out and start taking photographs. We didn’t mind and when they asked us to spread our legs wide and spread our pussy lips, we’d just do it.

One thing that we did notice that week was that each morning we both woke up with wet pussies. We both put it down to nice dreams but I had this nagging thought in my mind that maybe Max had been into our room and played with our pussies. That could easily have happened as we both sleep very heavily. Dad often tells us that the house could fall down around us and we’d sleep right through it.

Maybe it was a dream or wishful thinking.

When the second Saturday morning arrived, the 3 of us were sat in the kitchen eating our breakfast when Max told us that we were going Ice Skating. Now none of us had been Ice Skating before and Jude asked him where he that idea from. He told us that Dad had asked him to take us out on a weekend and had given him some ideas and some money.

I don’t know if Dad’s idea was to keep us occupied so that we wouldn’t miss him, or to keep us out of mischief; or both.

It didn’t really matter; Ice Skating would be something new to us and sounded like fun. Just as the previous weekend Max went and picked what we were to wear.

When we went upstairs we weren’t surprised to see two of our old school skirts. These were plaid, pleated ones that we wore when we were at junior school. Of course we’ve grown a lot since then so they were going to be quite short on us. It was a good job that they had an elasticated waist.

Jude asked what we were going to wear underneath them because it was going to be cold at the ice rink.

“Don’t worry about that,” Max said; “you’ll just have to make sure that you stay on your feet.”

“Err Max, we’ve never skated before; we’ll probably fall over quite a lot.” I said.

“Stop worrying; you’ll be fine.” Max answered.

At least he let us wear a warm top.

We were right about falling over; we seemed to spend most of our time with our bare butts on the ice. It wasn’t long before some of the boys there realised that we had nothing on under our skirts and there always seemed to be a few boys following us around and stopping when we fell over.

Of course we didn’t care and we just ignored them but Max always had a smile on his face when we fell over and there were boys looking at us.

What’s more, our butts were quite cold by the time that we left that place.

On the Sunday we were hoping to have a lazy day at home but Max had other ideas. He decided to take us ten pin bowling. He brought one of his mates (Henry) with us to make 2 teams of 2.

We knew that Max would pick our clothes for us and he picked old skirts that we hadn’t worn for years and when we put them on they only just covered our butts and pussies. The other thing about them was that they were thin cotton and very ‘A’ shaped. The tops that he picked were very short halter tops. They only just covered our little boobs and Max tied them very loosely.

It was a bit windy on the journey there and both our skirts and tops blew up. We thought it was funny and a couple of boys got a good look at our bodies when we couldn’t be bothered to hold our clothes down.

The man who handed us the silly shoes and took our money looked us up and down and grinned. There are some cameras on some of the lanes with the monitors near his station. I’m sure that he gave us the lane that he’d have the best view of us.

We’d quickly worked out that when we bent over to bowl we’d be giving everyone behind us a great view of our butts but we didn’t care. In fact I’m sure that Jude stayed bent over a lot longer than she needed. Having said that, we saw a few people that just stood there watching their ball roll down the lane until it hit (or not), the pins.

I made a right \*\*\*\*-up on about my third ball. I slipped and ended up flat on my stomach on the floor. Jude later told me that my skirt was up over my bare butt and quite a few people were staring at me.

After that we had a couple of school days before Dad came home. In a way we’d enjoyed Max’s massages but he’s not as gentle as Dad.

**Daddy takes us on a holiday**

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The next school summer break Dad decided to take us all to Spain for a holiday. At first I thought that he was trying to make up for having gone on that business trip but it soon became obvious that he wanted to teach Max how to play golf while we were there and this meant that on most days Dad and Max would be going off and leaving Jude and I at the hotel. Dad was a bit nervous when he was telling us that part, he was probably feeling guilty about leaving us at the hotel but he was happier when we told him that we didn’t mind. The hotel had a pool and the beach was just down the road.

In bed that night Jude and I talked about what we would be able to do in Spain without Max and Dad around. We really looked forward to that holiday.

As we were checking-in at the hotel we saw 2 older teenage girls walking through reception wearing only thong bikini bottoms and flip flops. Jude and I looked at each other and smiled. We both knew that we’d brought our bikini tops for nothing.

Dad and Max shared a room and Jude and I shared a room. Unfortunately, they were on different floors. Our room was great; it was big and got the sun all day. The balcony was big enough for both of us to sunbathe on the floor. We had a view down onto the pool and over to the sea.

We were so happy as we sat on the balcony drinking soft drinks after taking our dresses off as soon as we got into our room.

We’d been on the balcony for about 15 minutes when there was a knock on our door. Jude opened it and let Max in. He told us that we were to meet Dad in reception in 10 minutes. He then suggested that we put some clothes on.

We wanted to go down to reception naked but we still weren’t too sure about the place so in the end we settled for just bikini bottoms. Neither Max nor Dad said anything as we walked up to them.

“Okay kids, Dad said, “let’s wander around the hotel for a bit, then the places nearby. Let’s get the lay of the land.”

Wandering around the hotel we found a games room, an internet room, the swimming pool, the restaurant and a little snack bar. We were a little happier when we got to the swimming pool and saw quite a few girls wearing just a thong.

The other thing was that we didn’t see any young children; we appeared to be the youngest there.

Next it was out the front door and out onto the street. We could see the beach but we didn’t go there, just up and down the street a bit. Dad bought loads of bottles of water for us, telling us that we had to drink a lot of water because it was so hot.

Back at the hotel Dad said that there were still a couple of hours before the sun started to do down and he asked us what we wanted to do. Jude and I both said the swimming pool. Dad told Max to go with us but Dad didn’t come with us because he didn’t want to spoil ‘teenager’s fun’ as he described it. We wouldn’t have minded him being there, but we knew what he meant.

Then we had the problem of what to wear. Ideally we would have gone down naked but we still weren’t sure what we could get away with. After a good 10 minutes deciding we settled for the little underwear thongs that we’d bought at a lingerie shop on one of our newly found freedom trips to town. Both thongs were totally see thru and we could easily see the other’s pussy.

We felt great as we wandered down the corridors wearing just those thongs and carrying our towels and bags.

Max was waiting for us and he said ‘wow’ as we approached him. When we got up to him he said,

“I was half expecting you to be naked”

“Perhaps later.” Jude said.

We managed to find 3 sun loungers and proceeded to cover each other in sun tan lotion including down the front of the other’s thong. When we’d done we turned to Max and asked him if he wanted us to do him. He said that he did and turned onto his stomach. With the 2 of us working on him it didn’t take long then we told him to turn over. He was a little reluctant and when he did we saw why; he’d got a boner. Jude and I both giggled a bit and when we rubbed the lotion on his stomach and the top of his legs we slid out hands into his swimming shorts and rubbed lotion on his cock and balls. He kept telling us to stop but we ignored him.

In the couple of hours that we were there we got talking to a few people. I think that the guys wanted to look at Jude’s and my bodies. Maybe they just wanted to see if our thongs were see thru.

The hotel restaurant had a big sign outside the entrance saying that swimwear wasn’t allowed in the restaurant on an evening. When we went for our wander round the hotel when we first got there I saw it I asked Daddy if that meant we could go there naked. After laughing and saying that he believed that we would if we could, he said that we couldn’t. It was the one time of the day when we had to wear a skirt and top or a dress.

We groaned a bit but accepted it. After all, we’d brought some nice clothes with us.

Before we went to our rooms Dad took us to see the holiday company rep. He wanted to see if there were any tours that he thought would be suitable for Jude and me. We said that it didn’t matter because we’d be quite happy hanging round the pool but he insisted and booked us on 3 excursions.

The first was a trip to a zoo, the second was a beach party and the third was horse riding. We weren’t really looking forward to and of them but to keep Daddy happy, and his conscience clear, we agreed to go on them. We thought that beach party might be a bit of fun and hoped that it wasn’t was little kids.

Jude and I took so long to get ready for dinner that it took 2 phone calls and a visit by Dad to get us out of our room. When Dad arrived we were still naked and he complained saying that he couldn’t understand why we were taking so long.

“After all,” he said, “all you have to do is have a shower and put a dress on.”

“Dad,” Jude said, “Haven’t you worked out what us girls have to do to make us look beautiful yet?”

“No, and you look great to me all the time; even when you’ve just got out of bed.”

We both gave him a naked hug and slipped our dresses on and asked him what was keeping him.

Dinner was a bit of a formal do. Everyone was in what I suppose you’d call ‘smart casual’ clothes.

As we ate Dad talked about his plans for Max and him. He was worried that he would be neglecting us too much. We managed to put his mind at rest, telling him that there was loads for us to do there and that he wasn’t to worry.

He told us that Max and he would be having early breakfasts so we could wander down whenever we wanted. He also told us that they intended to be back so that we could be together for evening meals and that we should meet at the sofas outside the restaurant at 8:30 pm; but for us to go in if it got to 8:45 and they hadn’t arrived.

We repeated that we’d be okay and that he shouldn’t worry about us.

About half way through the meal Jude whispered to me,

“How many people do think haven’t got any underwear on?”

From then on I couldn’t stop looking at the women and trying to work out if they were wearing any.

After dinner Daddy took us to a café just down the road and we all had a drink and one on those fancy ice creams. Both Jude and I wanted to try a cocktail but Dad wouldn’t let us.

Dad told us the only thing that he knew about the resort and that was that just over a big outcrop of rock that we hadn’t seen yet was another resort, but much bigger. I told him that there would be enough to keep Jude and me happy just where we were.

It was hot when we went to bed so we opened the curtains and the patio doors and slept on top of our bed. Half way through the night we got woken by our neighbours coming back after what was obviously a good night. We saw 2 young men and 2 girls on their balcony and they were making out. We crept out onto our balcony and watched them start fucking. We’d not seen people fucking before and we were mesmerized.

After a while one of the guys looked over to us while he was still fucking his girl, then smiled at us and winked. He obviously wasn’t bothered that we were watching him and we were too ‘intrigued’ to stop watching.

After a while they finished and went back inside.

**DAY 2**

We were up early the next morning and we sat on the balcony talking about what we’d seen and what we wanted to do that day. We weren’t in a rush to go for breakfast because Dad and Max would have already had theirs and would be on their way to the golf course.

We spent ages doing our nails and plucking out the hairs that we didn’t want on our bodies.

We eventually decided that we were hungry but then had the problem of what to wear to go to breakfast. In the end we decided to just wear our bikini bottoms, hoping that the ‘no swimwear’ rule didn’t apply at breakfast time.

It didn’t and we saw 3 other girls wearing just bikini bottoms; one a thong. As we sat eating we regretted not being brave enough to wear our thongs or just our wrap bikini skirts, or less.

Back in our room we dumped the bikini bottoms in our cases, hoping that we wouldn’t need them again.

We’d been sat on the balcony for about 15 minutes when the 2 young men next door emerged wearing just boxers and stood looking out over their railings. We’d stopped talking when their door opened and just sat watching them as they complained about their bad heads and how good the girls had been.

One of them turned round and saw us, then shook his head. He did a double take then said

“Hi, err sorry about last night, we picked-up these 2 bits of skirt and they couldn’t keep their hands off us. Err, do you normally sit around naked? Oh yes, you were both naked last night as well.”

“Yeah, neither of us are too bothered about clothes. Oh, and last night, don’t worry about it; it was nothing that we hadn’t seen before.” I lied, then continued, “By the way, this is Jude and I’m Kate; and yes, we are identical apart from one little mole that I’ve got right here.”

I pointed to my pussy.

“I’ll look forward to seeing that later. I’m Jake and my roommate is Noah. Did you just get here? We’ve been here nearly a week; it’s great, none stop partying.”

“Yes, we could see that last night.” Jude said.

“How old are you both? You look a bit young; are you here on your own?” Jake asked.

“We’re 14 and unfortunately we’re here with our big brother and father but they aren’t going to be around much. They’re into golf so we’re going to be on our own a lot.”

“So, what are you going to do today? We’re going on a booze cruise, fancy joining us?”

“Well thanks for the offer, but we want to find our way around the place first then spend some time round the pool.”

“Fair enough; if you want to know anything about the place or we can help you in any ‘other’ way, you know where to find us.” Noah said.

As Jake and Noah disappeared into their room I said to Jude,

“I wonder what they meant by ‘other’ way?”

“Yeah, I think we might just be able to have some fun with those two.”

About an hour later when we’d got ourselves ready, we set off down to the pool. Instead of the thongs we wore just the bikini wrap skirts.

We easily managed to get 2 sun loungers because there weren’t many people there and we soon got each other covered in sun tan lotion. We kept the skirts on but didn’t worry about where our legs were.

It wasn’t long before more teenagers arrived and a group of boys set-up their spot close to us. We ignored them at first, even though they kept looking at us; well our pussies because we were laid on our backs with our knees bent so our pussies were easily visible.

After they’d finally got themselves organised one of them said hello then started chatting to us. It was a group of 4 lads from Manchester and it wasn’t long before one of them asked where our bikinis where.

“We haven’t got any.” Jude lie, “Will that be a problem here? We don’t want to upset anyone by sunbathing naked.”

The word ‘naked’ seemed to attract the attention of the rest of the group of lads and they all turned to look at us.

“Go ahead, get naked;” one of the lads said, “no one here will mind.”

Jude and I looked at each other, grinned and pulled the ties on our skirts.

“Yes!” one of the guys said.

“Will there be any young kids here later?” Jude asked.

“Unlikely,” one of the guys said, “we haven’t seen any in the last couple of days.”

“Good,” I replied, “we don’t want to upset anyone.”

“You won’t; we’ll see to that.”

I wondered what he meant by that but Jude and I didn’t care; we wanted to be naked and if it got to be a problem we’d cross that bridge when we got there.

“So how do we know which one of you is Jude and which one is Kate?” One of the guys asked.

I pointed to my pussy and said,

“I’m Kate and I’ve got a little mole here.”

“Wow; if that’s the only way that we can tell then you’re both going to get a lot of people staring at your pussies.”

Both Jude and I giggled and said (both of us at the same time),

“We don’t mind.”

The lads all wanted to talk to us as we lay there completely naked with our legs slightly apart.

We had a great time with those lads; they bought us drinks and had fun in the pool with them. We played tag and I always seemed to have hands all over me.

Chicken fight was the game that the guys liked playing the most. Jude and I spent ages on the shoulders of those guys and there always seemed to be someone behind us pushing and grabbing our butts. I lost count of the number of times that I felt a finger slide into my pussy. I guess that the fact that we never complained was taken as permission for them to do it whenever they wanted.

Our group got joined by a few other boys and girls and by mid-afternoon there must have been over a dozen or so of us all hanging together. All the girls were topless and 3 of them just wore thong bottoms.

In the pool all of us girls seemed to be the target for the boy’s hands but none of the girls complained. It seemed to be the norm for girls to get groped and to enjoy it. There were a couple of times that I wondered if one of the girls was groping a boy but I wasn’t sure.

After a few hours one or two people left and Jude and I decided that we wanted to go down to the beach. We decided to risk just wearing the bikini skirts. Jude put hers on first and again she twisted it round so that I could see her pussy. What was good for her was good for me so I tied mine the same.

We didn’t make it to the beach; instead we looked in a few shops. In the second shop we saw some sarongs made of a material that was very thin and totally see thru. As we were deciding which ones to buy we saw some scarfs made of the same material.

A grin came onto my face and I said,

“Let’s just get a couple of those scarfs. We’re not going to cover our tits very often while we’re here so let’s just get something that we can wear as a skirt. Those scarfs are so thin and light that we’ll probably only feel a gentle tickle from them.”

“I was thinking along the same lines sis, these scarfs will do great. We’d be wearing a skirt that hides nothing; my kind of skirt. Also, if we wanted, we could tie them round our chests and use them as tops.” I replied.

We giggled while we picked out, and bought, one pink and one yellow scarf.

After the shops we decided to go back to the hotel and up to our room.

On our balcony we saw our neighbours on the other side. We all said ‘Hi’ then the girl ushered the young man inside. Jude said that either she didn’t want him seeing the naked us or the sight made her want to fuck him. Neither of us were sure which it was.

We were trying on our scarf skirts on the balcony when we heard Jake and Noah arrive back at their room. When they came out onto their balcony and saw us they laughed and Jake asked if it was worth wearing anything at all.

“We’d rather not, but these are so light that it feels like we’ve got nothing on. And besides, no one can accuse us of not wearing anything if we’ve got these on.” I said.

“I’d rather see you wearing nothing.” Noah said.

We talked for a while, the guys telling us that they were going on a pub crawl with the tour operator’s rep later. Jude told them that we didn’t mind if they got lucky and wanted to fuck on the balcony again.

“We’ll try not to wake you if we get lucky.” Noah said.

“Oh don’t worry about that; we like to watch don’t we Kate?” Jude said.

“I’ll try to remember that.” Jake said as they went off to get ready.

We got down to the restaurant early and sat on one of the sofas outside the restaurant to wait for Dad and Jake. The sofa has a table in front of it and we put our feet on the bar under the table. After a few people had stared at us as they went it Jude said,

“I think that we’re putting on a show.”

She nodded towards our knees and I realised that with our knees up and apart, and our short skirts (perfectly decent when stood up or sat very ladylike); we were displaying our pussies for all to see.

I said,

“Tough!” and stayed like I was. So did Jude.

About 5 minutes later Max and Dad appeared and we got up and followed them in.

It was a bit boring listening to Max and Dad talk about their day playing golf, but afterwards we all went out to a bar again.

**DAY 3**

The next morning we went for breakfast late. Dad had told us that they’d be up early and off to the golf course and back just in time for a late evening meal. We wore just our bikini wrap skirts and felt a lot more comfortable. Nobody stared or said anything so we decided to push the boundary a little more the next morning.

Back in our room we again stripped and went and sat on our balcony to soak-up the morning sun. We were talking about our lack of ‘growth massages’ when Jake and Noah walked out on to their balcony. Again they were just wearing their boxers.

We said ‘Hi’ then I asked them how their ‘booze cruise’ had gone.

“Great time, but we didn’t score.” Jake said.

We talked some more then Noah said,

“So what’s this about ‘growth massages’; what the hell are those?”

Jude and I looked at each other the Jude said,

“Well, when our girly bits started developing we started getting growing pains and our Dad massaged our pains away. He’s been doing it just about every day for about 2 years now. When he’s not around our brother has to do it.”

“You mean your Dad or brother massage your little tits every day?” Jake asked. “And how old is your brother?”

“Not just our tits; our pussies as well. Jake’s better at that part than Dad. I think that Dad’s a bit scared about sticking his fingers inside us. Oh, Max is 15.”

“Bloody hell!” Jake said.

“I’m sure that we can help you with your massages if you want.” Noah added.

“Could you?” Jude said, “That would be great; Dad and Max have been too busy since they got here.”

“When would you like to start?” Jake asked.

“Hang on a minute guys; we don’t want you to get the wrong idea. We’re only 14 and we’re not taking the pill so you can’t fuck us; we don’t want to get pregnant” I said.

“That’s okay; there’s still plenty that we can teach you while we’re massaging you.” Noah said. “We promise that we won’t try to fuck you. When do you want to start?”

“How about now?” Jude said.

“You’ll have to give us 10 minutes; we haven’t had a shower yet.”

“So that’s what the smell is.” I said.

“Hey you; getting cheeky is a good way of getting your butt spanked.” Jake said. “Give us 10 minutes to get a shower and we’ll be knocking on your door.”

“Okay.” We both said and I felt my pussy tingle and get a bit wet.”

“Are you getting wet?” Jude asked.

“Yes. What are we going to let them do to us?”

“Well, I’m not going to let them fuck me but I guess that anything else could be fun.” Jude replied.

“I’m going to ask them to show me how to give a blowjob.” I said.

“Hmmmm; sounds good.”

Ten minutes later we heard a knock on the door and Jude went and let the 2 boxer clad young men in.

“Hi girls; are you ready to have the best massage that you’ve ever had?”

“Sure are.” We both said.

“So how does your father start this?”

“Well both Dad and Max usually sat in an arm chair and we sit on their lap with our backs to them. I suppose we could just lie on the bed and you could massage us there.” Jude said.

“Works for us.” Jake said as both Jude and I jumped on the bed leaving Jake and Noah standing at the foot of the bed.

Jude laid on one half of the bed and me the other. We both automatically opened our legs wide and looked up at Jake and Noah. Both were looking down at our pussies and I could see the shape of the fronts of their boxers changing.

“You can start now.” I said.

“Err yes,” Noah said, “I was just thinking how amazing you both look.”

“Why thank you kind sir.” I said as Jake came round to my side of the bed and Noah to Jude’s.

Jake sat on the edge of the bed and moved his hand to just above my right tit.

“Don’t be shy, just do it.” I said as I put my hand on top of Jakes and pressed down.

Jake got the message and started rubbing my tit. It felt good and I let out a little moan. Jakes other hand moved to my other tit and I soon felt that familiar massaging feeling.

After a while one hand left my tits and moved down my stomach to my pussy which tingled and got wetter in anticipation.

Jake has more confidence than Max and my clit was soon throbbing as Jake rolled it between finger and thumb.

My moans got louder and I could hear Jude’s moans beside me.

Jake’s fingers invaded my pussy and I gasped at how forceful they went in. They moved all around inside me and it felt good; very good. Jake moved his other hand down and started playing with my clit as his other hand’s fingers started going in and out.

It wasn’t long before I started to cum. Jake stopped moving his fingers but I managed to tell him to keep going and one orgasm turned into two.

As I started to calm down Jake got up and went to the bottom of the bed. He leaned forward and brought his head to my pussy.

“Fuck, he’s going to lick my pussy.” I thought; and he did.

I was in heaven as his tongue and teeth got to work on me.

I started shaking and jerking about as by best ever orgasm hit me. I felt Jake’s arm press down on my thighs to keep me in place as he kept chewing my clit.

The orgasm seemed to go on for ever and when I eventually looked at Jake he was still between my legs looking at my pussy which was still throbbing.

“How was that?” Jake asked.

“That was my best ever growth massage; especially when you used your mouth on me. Thank you. Err Jake; I was hoping that you’d be able to teach us how to give a blowjob. Do you think that you could do that for us please?”

“Wow, that’s the first time that a girl’s asked me if she can give me a blowjob. Yes, I think that we could do that, but to be able to give a good blowjob takes a lot of practice. You’ll need to practice at least twice a day.” Jake said.

I looked at Jude who was smiling.

“Will you be able to help us?”

“It will be difficult, but I think that we’ll manage to fit it in. What do you think Noah?”

“Yes it will be difficult Jake, but I think that we’ll be able to fit you into our busy schedule somewhere.”

“So when can we start?” I asked.

“How about right now?” Noah said.

Both Jude and I said ‘okay’ at exactly the same time.

We jumped off the bed and I grabbed Noah’s hand and pulled him towards the balcony.

Out there, Noah leaned back on the dividing wall and put his hands on my shoulders with me facing him.

“Right, the first rule of a BJ is that you don’t blow; you suck. The second rule is that it’s not just the man’s cock that you’ll be working on; it’s his cock, balls and all around them. You’re not just sucking his cock; you’re making love to the whole area of his cock.

There are many positions that you can give a man a BJ Jude.”

“Kate.”

“Sorry Kate – The position that I like best is where I’m holding the naked body of the girl, upside down, with her legs either side of my head. That way I’ve got access to her pussy for my mouth and she’s at the right height to suck my cock.”

“A sort of standing 69.” I interrupted.

“Yes, exactly, but the most used position is where the girl kneels in front of the man, unzips his trousers, pulls his cock out and goes for it.”

“Like this.”

I said as I lowered myself to my knees, pulled Noah’s boxers down and put my mouth over the tip of his cock. I noticed that the front of Noah’s boxers had a big wet patch round the top of their tent before his hard cock had sprung out.

”Hmm.” I said; “that tastes nice.”

“Hmm – exactly.” Noah said; “but you need to take as much of his cock as you can into his mouth. There’s something called ‘deep throating’ where the man pushes his cock down the throat of the girl; but we’ll leave that for another lesson.

I tried to go further down on Noah’s cock but I started to choke and lifted my head right off his cock.

“Slow down there girl; learn to walk before you try running.

Lick around the tip, fondle the balls, suck a ball into your mouth, run the roof of your mouth over the tip, gently run your teeth over the tip.

Take your time, there’s no hurry.”

I did the things that Noah had said and a few minutes later I felt his cock jerk and then my mouth got filled with a warm creamy substance.

“Don’t swallow it or spit it out.” Noah said.

I lifted off Noah’s cock leaving his cum in my mouth.

“Good girl.” Noah said; “now open your mouth and let me see my cum.”

I did.

“Well done. Now you have to decide if you want to swallow it or spit it out. Men are happier if the girl swallows it but it’s up to the girl.”

I closed my mouth and swallowed. Then I opened my mouth to show that it was empty. I looked at Noah’s shrinking cock then up to his face.

“Good girl Jude, err sorry, Kate. For a first time that was excellent. What did you think of the taste?”

“Well, it was funny and a little bit salty; but okay.” I said, not telling him that I’d tasted Max’s cum before.

“Good; a good start. I think that that’s enough for a first lesson. Remember, you’ll get better with practice.”

“Can I practice on you every day please?” I asked.

“Of course you can; just knock on our door anytime and you can have your next lesson. But now we have to go; we have to be somewhere.”

I got up off my knees and followed Noah into our bedroom. Jude was still on her knees with her mouth open. I wondered if it was full of Jake’s cum.

“I’m looking forward to trying this ‘deep throating’ thing Jude.” I said as we both climbed into the shower.

“Yeah, me too, but I’m a little worried ‘cos if your throat is full of cock then how do you breathe?”

“I don’t know, but I’ve never heard of a girl dying and the cause of death being ‘deep throating’. Stop worrying Jude; it’ll be good, you wait.”

I started spitting the saliva out of my mouth.

“What are you doing?” Jude asked.

“I got one of Jakes pubic hairs stuck in between my teeth and I’m having trouble getting it out.”

“I’ve been luck so far; I wish that men would shave or pluck their pubes too;” Jude said, “I never have that problem with your pussy. I’ll get my tweezers out in a minute, we’ll soon find the little thing.”

We talked about what we wanted to do that day. In the end we decided that we’d go down to the pool and see what was happening. If it was too quiet we’d move on to the beach.

Then we had the problem of what to wear. The day before we’d gone down there wearing just our bikini skirts and ended up totally naked for most of the day. We thought about doing the same again but Jude wanted to be a bit more exposed so we decided to leave all our clothes in our room and go down there totally naked. That meant walking through reception totally naked.

“What if there are some miserable twats down there?” I asked; “and what about the staff?”

“Only one way to find out?”

“How about we wear just the wrap bikini skirts to go down there and take it from there?” I asked; having a confidence crisis.

“Stop being a wimp.” Jude said.

Five minutes later 2 totally naked 14 year old girls left their room carrying a bag with their towels and sun tan lotion in it, went down in the lift and walked through reception as if it was something that they did every day.

No one said a word but we got a few smiles from some young men checking-in.

There weren’t many people by the pool so we set-up and started to soak up the sun.

A while later some of the people that we’d met the day before arrived and set-up near us. It wasn’t long before we were in the pool playing games and getting groped.

When we got out and lay on our sun loungers 2 of the guys came to talk to us. One of them asked who was who so I opened my legs wider and pointed to my pussy.

“Ah Kate, so do you fancy going out round a few bars with us tonight?”

We declined, reminding them how old we were.

“So, that’s not a problem for us.” The young man said.

“Well it is for us.” I said.

After that the conversation got more general but the young men still watched our every move. I have to confess that I liked it when I spread my legs and I watched the young men’s faces as their eyes were glued to my pussy. I also liked looked at their swimming shorts and how they changed shape.

After another session of being groped in the pool, Jude and I decided to move on.

As we walked towards reception we had a tough decision to make. We were both naked and didn’t have any clothes with us. The decision was whether or not we went up to our room for some clothes or not.

After a short discussion we agreed that we’d walk straight through reception and out onto the street wearing only the suit that we’d had for 14+ years.

It felt good being out there totally naked; especially as none of the people around us seemed to care.

We walked towards the beach and got there in a few minutes without a problem.

There were quite a few people of all ages there; none of them appeared to be interested in the 2 naked 14 year olds. Maybe they thought that we were just little girls; it wasn’t as if we had any pubic hair to give them the idea that we’d reached puberty; and our little tits were smaller than what a lot of the fat boys there had.

We walked along the water’s edge until we found a place to spread our towels then went for a swim. It had been a long time since we’d been to the seaside and gone into the sea. We’d been naked then but we were too small to think about things like being naked; but we certainly thought about it this time.

As soon as my feet got wet I felt my nipples harden; and when my pussy got wet it got a different kind of wet. The feeling of the water rushing passed my pussy was amazing. I looked over to Jude and said,

“This is nice.”

Jude just nodded and kept walking then swimming.

Every girl should be made to go swimming naked in a warm sea; it’s an amazing feeling; so natural and so, so sort of erotic.

We messed about for a while then got out and went and got dried. Then we rubbed suntan lotion on ourselves and each other, then just lay on our backs and relaxed in the warm sun.

After a while I got up onto my elbows to watch the boats out at sea and the people around us. Most were just getting on with their day, but a couple of men were looking at us.

When people look at us we never know if it’s because we are identical twins or because of what we’re wearing (or not); over the years we’ve got used to this but since we started turning into women we’ve started thinking that maybe it’s because we we’re starting to get women’s bodies and the men start to see us as sex objects. Whatever it is we certainly enjoy it.

Anyway, we eventually got a bit restless and decided to wander some more. We collected our things and started walking. It wasn’t long before we ran out of beach and as we turned to go back along the beach Jude said,

“No, let’s leave the beach and walk back along the road.”

I got a mischievous grin on my face and agreed. I felt brave and wanted to push the envelope. Could we really get away with walking all that way, passed all those shops and cafés without getting stopped; or arrested? This was a little seaside resort and we hadn’t seen one policeman since we got there.

It felt good walking along the street and after a while we got some confidence and started stopping to look at the goods outside the shops.

We got to the café that Dad had taken us to the previous night and we just stopped walking. We looked at each other and without saying a word we both turned and walked over to the same table that we’d sat at the previous night.

Fortunately, we’d brought some money with us and as the waiter walked over to us I could see a grin on his face. He looked us up and down as he cleared the table and asked us what we wanted.

When he brought us our colas I saw that Jude had let her legs drift apart. I could see her pussy; and so could the waiter. I immediately opened my legs just in time for him to take my drink off his tray and put it in front of me. I felt my pussy get a little wet as I watched his eyes look at it.

“Maybe an ice cream next.” Jude said as the waiter walked away.

“You naughty girl;” I said, “You’re starting to be a right cock tease.”

“I can’t help it,” Jude replied, “I can’t stop thinking about cocks; whenever I close my eyes I can see Noah’s cock right in front of my face.”

“Yeah, Jake’s looks good too; and I bet that you’re just as wet as I am.”

“Sure am K; I’ve felt like I’ve been dripping all day.”

“Yeah, me too; I don’t want to go home; I want to stay here forever.”

When we’d finished our drinks we called the waiter over and ordered some ice creams. We let him have a good look at our pussies as we slowly decided which ones we wanted. All 4 nipples were rock hard and I guessed that Jude’s were aching as much as mine were.

As we waited for the ice creams I wondered if I could find a way to flash my pussy at him the next time that Dad brought us there.

As we walked back to our hotel we bumped into Jake and Noah. They’d been on the beach all day.

“Wow!” Noah said, “We saw you without any clothes on walking along the beach but to walk back to the hotel with no clothes on is something else; very cool.”

“That’s not all,” Jude said, “we’ve been to a café like this as well.”

“Fuck,” Jake said, “you two are two cool chics.”

“Why thank you kind sir; err, would you have some time when we get back please?” I asked.

“For you two……. Of course.”

We all walked into the hotel, through reception and into the lift with Jude and I totally naked and feeling good.

Jake and Noah dumped their stuff in their room and were in our room in seconds and a few more seconds later Jude and I were on our knees and unfastening their shorts.

“Jake, you’ve shaved your cock and balls!” I said.

“Yeah, we both have, we decided that we didn’t want to put you off by getting one of our short and curlys stuck in your mouth.”

“Aww, so considerate, thank you.” I said.

“Try and get more into your mouth.” Noah said to Jude.

“That’s it Kate, let it go down your throat.” Jake said.

No sooner than Jake had said that I backed off and started coughing and spluttering’ saliva was running out of my mouth and my eyes were watering.

“That was good Kate,” Jake said, “but take it slower.”

I didn’t; I went straight back onto his cock and tried to get it all in. Jake had his hands on the back of my head and was gently pulling my head onto him.

I gaged and pulled off him.

After I got my breath back I opened my mouth again.

“Not so deep Kate,” Jake said, “concentrate on the tip.”

I did and I played with his balls with my hand. Before long I felt his cock jerk and he pull out. Instinctively I opened my mouth and put my tongue out waiting for him to give me his gift.

Jakes cum went all over my face and some onto my tongue. When I thought that he was done I used a finger to collect as much as I could and put it onto my tongue.

I leaned my head back and looked up at Jake; still with my mouth open, and showed Jake his cum. Jake grinned and I swallowed.

“Good girl;” Jake said as he lifted me onto the bed. “My turn now.”

Jake spread my legs and I quickly felt his mouth on my soaking pussy.

“Oh Jake,” I said, “that’s wonderful.”

Jake masterfully used his mouth to make me come to a wonderful orgasm. As my head rolled from side to side I saw Jude getting her face covered with Noah’s cum.

Both spent, Jake collapsed on the bed beside me and with Jude on his left as Noah went down on her pussy. I watched Jude having an orgasm as Noah worked on her pussy and Jake on her tits.

After a long period of silence I got up and said,

“That was fun, can we do the same every day please? But now we need to get ready for dinner.”

I looked in the mirror as I walked to the bathroom. My hair was a mess and my face was covered in drying cum and tears.

I left the bathroom door open as I climbed into the shower. Jude wasn’t far behind me.

“See ya!” We shouted to the guys as they left our room.

We considered wearing the little scarfs as skirts to dinner but reluctantly had to reject the idea as a bit too much. Instead we put on thin tank tops that showed 4 little nipple bumps and the same skirts that we’d worn going ice skating.

We got to the hotel restaurant before Dad and Max again and we again sat on the same sofa to wait. Again we put our feet on the bar under the table in front of us and watched the people going in and coming out. Only 4 of the men that looked at us showed signs that they’d seen our pussies.

We’d given up on Dad and Max turning up and were just walking into the restaurant when I heard Max shouting our names.

While we were eating Dad asked us how our day had gone. We told them where we’d been but we didn’t tell them that the first time that we’d put any clothed on that day was to come down to dinner.

Max was full of his day and didn’t want to stop telling us about it and about the rules of golf. Fortunately Dad knew that we weren’t interested in golf and kept changing the subject.

One thing that Dad did tell us was that he’d heard about a water park not far away and asked us if we wanted to go. Of course we said that we did and were a little relieved when he gave us some money and told us to get a taxi there and back.

As we left the restaurant Dad said that we looked good and said that he hadn’t seen ‘those’ skirts for a long time. We didn’t tell him that they were our junior school uniform skirts.

That night we went to a different café that had some entertainment laid on. It wasn’t up to much but it seemed to keep Dad happy. Both Jude and I teased some of the customers by flashing our pussies when Dad wasn’t looking. Max caught us once but didn’t say anything.