**A Girl called Areola and her sister called Beaver**

by Vanessa Evans

*As usual, it’s best if you read the earlier parts before this one.*

**Part 05**

As we waved the guys off we dug out the bikinis and put them on. They were only strings and they didn’t cover our little tits or our pussies but we still felt as though we had lots of clothes on, just like when we were working at Eve’s shop.

Just as we were getting our things together Beaver dared me to wear my new vibrator all day, so I dared her to do the same. Of course we both accepted the dares even though we probably planned to spend some time at the site’s swimming poll, and maybe go to to the cafe for some lunch.

We set off, waving to Steve and Ellie as we passed their tent, with our tits and pussies on display and the pink antenna’s of our vibrators sticking out of our vaginas.

We didn’t see many people but those that we did see didn’t give us a second glance. Beaver said that people saw the brightly coloured strings and just assumed that there was some material in between the triangles.

Things were going so well that we decided to go to the swimming pool, have a swim and lay out for a while, enjoying the sun and hopefully, getting noticed by some of the young men that were staying on the site or just visiting for the day – if there were any.

The swimming pool wasn’t very big, and all it was was a rectangular pool with a few sunbeds and an outdoor shower in one corner. Absolutely pathetic compared to the leisure centre that we’d been to the previous week, but hey, this was a little campsite and the beach was only about 100 metres away.

It would do for us to have a swim, sunbathe, catch up on our emails and social media, and flash our goodies to the 5 other people, 2 girls and 3 young men, that were there.

Only the single man that was there took any notice of us as we walked in and claimed 2 sunbeds at one end where he was on his own. Judging by the smile of his face and the fact that he was staring at us, we just knew that he had realised what he could see.

I smiled back at him and said “Hi,” and he returned the greeting.

We turned the sunbeds so that our feet would be nearest to the sun, and coincidentally, nearest to the man, spread our towels and climbed on.

Beaver got the bottle of sunblock out and was about to start putting it on herself when the man asked if he could help us with it.

Well, what’s an almost naked girl to do in a situation like that other than accept, and the man came over while Beaver lay on her stomach. I watched as he smoothed the creamy lotion all over her back, paying particular attention to her butt (thong remember), and trying to go round the sides of her ribs to try to cop a feel of side boob. I smiled to myself knowing that he’d have a long way to go to get to her tiny tits. He must have seen the pink antenna but he said nothing.

When he was done Beaver rolled over and asked him if he’d like to do her front. Stupid question but it was an invite and when he agreed she told him not to miss anywhere, another invite.

As soon as he got near her tits I had an idea and dived into our bag and got out our phones. The vibrators are identical so I didn’t know which one was inside which of us.

I gasped as I opened the app on Beaver’s phone then quickly put it down and picked up my phone. Beaver’s body jerked as I slid my finger on the control to give Beaver a blast at maximum vibrations.

“Are you okay?” the young man asked?”

“Yes, I’m just a bit sensitive there,” Beaver replied, “just carry on and ignore any more reactions like that, I’ll be fine thank you.”

He did carry on and when his hands went to her tits I turned the vibration up to max again and Beaver started jerking a little, and moaning.

I turned the vibe down as his hands went down bypassed her pussy and did her legs. Each time his hands got near her pussy I gave her a quick blast, with the expected reaction from her.

Beaver looked at me and I just knew that she was thinking,

“You just wait till he volunteers to lotion you.”

I smiled back at her as she told the man that he’d missed a bit.

“You want me to err.”

“Yes please.”

And he did, and I did. It was fun watching him rubbing her vulva and her moaning and body twitching. I wondered if he could feel the vibrations when his hands were on her stomach.

Anyway, Beaver didn’t let me down and she orgasmed whilst he was still putting lotion on her pussy between the strings of her bikini bottoms.

He was taking his time and Beaver wasn’t complaining. I wasn’t either as it gave me time to take a short video of the best bits of the action.

Beaver calmed down and the man stood up, obviously happy with his work. I knew that because of the shape of the front of his shorts.

“Would you like to do me as well?” I asked.

He was still looking down at Beaver but after a couple of seconds it registered what I had said and he turned to me and smiled. I put the phone back in the bag, got the other one out and passed it to Beaver, then lay on my stomach.

As he started on my back I stopped him and took off my bikini top saying that it would get in the way. I did the same when he moved down to my butt. I was now fully naked and an unknown man was rubbing lotion on my butt.

Then my vibrator burst into life. I gasped then apologised to the man saying that I had the same medical condition as my sister.

When he said that he’d finished my back I turned over and spread my legs a bit. I felt more naked than I had with my ‘strings only’ thong bikini on, and the vibrators antenna was drawing his attention to my pussy.

Beaver gave me a quick blast which took the man out of his trance and he started to lotion me. Unsurprisingly, it didn’t take him long to get to my tits. I didn’t need the blast from Beaver for me to gasp and shudder when he touched my nipples. They were rock hard and throbbing and he must have found some confidence as he rolled my nipples between his finger and thumbs. He also pulled and twisted them making me moan even more.

I turned my head slightly and saw Beaver with a phone pointing at me. And hoped that she was videoing me.

When he decided that he couldn’t molest my nipples any more he moved down my body. I got a breather until his hands reached my pubes. They circled round the outside of my vulva and I wondered if he was trying to tease or torture me, but I didn’t care I was loving it, and when he finally touched my clit I let out a very loud moan as an orgasm hit me like a train. It didn’t help that Beaver turn the vibrator up to full blast right as the orgasm hit me.

Fortunately, the man’s body was between me and all the other people there, except Beaver, so they didn’t see much of my jerking and head rolling from side to side.

The man’s confidence was on a high and he rubbed my clit and slid a finger inside me alongside the pink vibrator.

That orgasm lasted for ages before the man decided that he couldn’t push his luck any further.

I just lay there looking up at him and mouthed,

“Thank you.”

With the man gone, Beaver and I settled down for some sunbathing, but B wasn’t satisfied, I was naked and she wasn’t so she stood up, pulled on the strings, let both halves hit the floor, then lay down again. I was watching, not only her but the other people there. The only one that saw her performance was the man who had already had his hands all over her.

We lay back with out legs slightly open, took a few deep breathes then relaxed, but not for long as both out phones beeped. It was a text from daddy asking how we were and what we were doing. Beaver replied with the sort of message he would be hoping for and I replied,

‘Sunbathing by the pool, naked, with hundreds of people watching us.”

I copied Beaver and saw her laugh.

We’d just put our phones down when they both beeped again. This time it was an email from Jade, the girl whose party we’d been gang banged at a couple of weeks earlier. Both emails were identical and read,

*Party - Holiday Weekend Saturday, my place 8pm*

*Theme – CMNF (Clothed Male Naked Female)*

(in the email there were 2 small photos of naked girls, one full frontal and the other was bent over with red lines across her butt and her swollen labia looking very wet. The thing was, they were photos of Beaver and me from the last party.)

*No clothed girl will be allowed in.*

*Girls, it’s a chance for you to do what girls were born to do – show men your naked body and let them spank your butt – or anywhere else that you fancy.*

*Discover the effect that it will have on your boyfriends and how you can then control men with your body and their lust.*

*At least 6 naked girls will be there (guaranteed) so don’t be shy girls, you know that you want to do it so find a little courage, throw off those clothes and come along and have tons of fun before we have to go back to college and get serious. It’s your chance to take control.*

*Plenty of space for people to crash and go home on the Sunday.*

*R.S.V.P. A.S.A.P.*

Underneath the invite Jade had added a few details of what she had been up to since the party. She had started wearing just a thong round the house quite a bit. Her mother had told her that she should be wearing proper clothes, her father had just glared at her and her brother had started to get more attentive.

When she’d ditched the thong as well, her mother had had a right go at her but Jade had won the argument and her mother now accepts it. Her father had warned her that if she didn’t start wearing clothes she would get spanked. She hasn’t and is expecting the spanking quite soon. Meanwhile her brother was following her everywhere hoping that she’d spread her legs to let him get a better look. She’d had a couple of ‘accidents’ and her brother had to rush and change his shorts.

Jade also told us that she’d ordered a couple of paddles and broad leather belts for the party.

I noted that Jade had addressed us as Areola and Beaver.

Both Beaver and I read the email 3 times, and each time my pussy tingled more and got wetter than it already was.

“You are reading this email from Jade?” I asked.

“Yeah, we are free that weekend aren’t we?”

“I think so but if we’d already got something planned it’s cancelled.”

“Do you think that a paddle will hurt more than a man’s hand?”

“Probably, but it might make us cum faster.”

“Hmm, nice.”

After that conversation I just had to phone Jade and we talked for ages. I put my phone on speaker and she told us that after she’d sent that email her father had spanked her. She was already naked and the deed occurred in the living room with her brother and a friend of his, that had been there, watching. At first she’d been embarrassed, particularly with her brother’s friend being there but that soon got a lot worse, then a lot better. She told us that her father had told her to get over his lap with her bare butt facing the 2 young men. Then he’d told her to spread her legs as wide as she could. Telling her that if she wanted to flaunt her body then she was going to do it properly.

Jade told us that the embarrassment went quickly as the first spanks landed, then the horniest moments, that had started as soon as she left her room naked that morning, started again and rapidly got stronger and stronger until she’d cum with all 3 males watching her. She told us that it was the best moment of her life, even beating times when her boyfriend had fucked her.

She also told us that her father had made her sit on the sofa with her legs spread wide and her hands behind her head until her mother got home, which was 90 minutes later. He’d left and got on with whatever, but her brother and his friend had stayed and taken lots of photographs of her.

And that was where she got the idea for the party from.

When we could get a word in we told her about our fun and she told us that she wanted to be hunted down in the woods then gang banged by a lot of horny men.

Beaver and I also wanted it to happen again so we all decided to think about how we could make it happen.

We told Jade about the presents that our father had bought us and the fun we were having with them. Jade asked us to let her have the exact details of which model they were so that she could get one, She said that it would be fun to wear them to college and swap phones for the day so that we could really liven up the day.

It was then that I said that I’d read that we could set them up so that we can control them over the internet. Jade was getting ideas and asked if Beaver and I could control hers whilst she was with her father.

That gave us all a laugh but I’m pretty sure that Jade was serious. I think she was trying to get another spanking.

Beaver asked Jade if there was anytime before we go back to college when her mother would be out and her father would be at home. When Jade said probably she asked Jade if she could invite us for a sleepover and to go skinny dipping to see what her father would do. Jade liked that idea and promised to let us know.

I wasn’t sure whether her brother was younger or older than her (18) so I asked her and she told me that he was 22 so I asked her if he would be around for the sleepover and the party but she wasn’t sure.

“Don’t you fancy being spanked or fucked by your brother?” Beaver asked.

“I guess so, but I’ve never really thought about it.”

“Well maybe you should.”

Well, my pussy was oozing at the thought of what will happen at the party and by the look of B’s swollen and shiny lips, she was nearly creaming herself with anticipation of the fun that we’d have when we got home.

When the phone call ended both Beaver and I need to cool down, and it wasn’t because of the sun. It was only when we surfaced after jumping into the pool that we thought of 2 things. Firstly had anyone seen the 2 naked girls get up and jump in, and secondly, were our vibrators waterproof.

We looked around and if anyone had seen us, apart from the single man, they obviously didn’t care, and Beaver said that she thought that she’d read somewhere on the instruction piece of paper that they were waterproof. We both hoped that they were.

After swimming around for a while we got out and lay on the sunbeds again without bothering to cover anything.

A couple of hours later we started to get a little hungry and thirsty so we put our bikinis on and went to the cafe. Sitting at 1 of the glass topped tables we waited for the waiter to come over to us to take our order, and it was a waiter not a waitress, he looked about our age and we guessed that he was working there for the summer.

When he came over he quickly saw through the table and over the top of it to our little tits. The poor young man went all bright red but kept looking. Of course that made our nipples get even harder and him taking our order got even more difficult for him. It got even worse for him when we lay back on our chairs so that he could see all of our pussies not just our slits.

Eventually, he managed to take our order but he kept coming back for all sorts of silly things and I guess that we didn’t help by staying laid back on our chairs and spreading our legs even further.

It must have taken us over an hour to get a coffee and some apple pie.

From there we decided to go for a walk on the beach and as we walked there we pulled the strings on each others bikinis and by the time we took our sandals off to walk on the sand we were totally naked again, and the odd person that we saw, and saw us, just didn’t seem to care.

As we walked along the beach we talked about a lot of things, including what the guys had said about us getting some proper exercise. We both knew that they were right but we couldn’t decide what to do. We discussed lots of options but the one that we liked the best, even though it was unrealistic, was a gym where women could exercise naked with clothed men watching and helping us. We both knew that the chances of finding such a place were slim to zero but we both swore that we’d go on the internet when we got home and try to find one.

We also got our phones out and we made it very difficult for the other to walk properly. The vibrators were driving us crazy and we kept grabbing our tits and pussies to try to get some relief.

Before we realised it we had walked right along the beach to where quite a few people, including kids were. We looked around and saw that the kids were more interested in digging holes and making sandcastles than in us, and the adults were either ignoring us, or in the case of a couple of old ladies, glaring at us.

We kept walking for a while but kept the vibrations down to a minimum so as not to attract too much attention from the older people. Beaver said that she wished that there were some groups of young men on the beach but we couldn’t see any.

We got to the end of the bay and had to turn around but instead of following the water’s edge, we headed to the top of the beach, to where we could see a small car park, and an ice cream van. We half expected it to drive off before we got there because of the lack of trade, but it was still there when we got there and the middle aged man looked very pleased to see us.

Beaver joked and asked for 2 69s but we got 99s, and the man was a bit confused because he didn’t charge us for the flakes. We felt his eyes burning into our butts as we walked away waggling our butts like we’d seen fashion models do.

Once the ice creams were finished the games with the vibrators started again and it wasn’t long before we made each other cum. Twice actually, before we got back to the camp site.

Walking back into the campsite totally naked didn’t bother us as probably everyone in our field had already seen us naked but we weren’t counting on some new arrivals. Two couples who were just putting up their tents. They stopped what they were doing and stared at us, we smiled, said hello and kept walking, Beaver wondered if they saw the pink antennas between our legs.

We pulled the airbed out of our tent and lay on it, enjoying the sun, until we got disturbed by the 3 guys returning from their day out walking. When they got out of their car they came over and Ben slapped me on my bare butt.

“Stop that,” I said, “I like it too much.” Then turned over to let them see the same view of me that they were seeing of Beaver.

“So what’s the plan for tonight guys?”

“We’re walking to the village again, probably go to the same pub.” Tom said. “Don’t know that there’s anything on but if you come we might be able to find a way of getting you naked again.”

Well that sounded good to us so we told them that we were game for it.

“Yes, we know that, but are you coming to the pub?” Harry asked.

“Very funny, yes we are.”

“Leave in an hour then.” Ben said, “That should give you girls plenty of time to shit, shower and shave. Sorry, shampoo, shower and shave.”

“You might just have been right the first time Ben.” Beaver added.

I dared Beaver to walk to the shower block dressed as she was, and of course she dared me to do the same. It was our last night and if we got kicked off the site we hoped that they wouldn’t expect us to leave until the following morning, and that was when we were leaving anyway, so we got our things and off we went.

I was a little disappointed when we only saw 1 woman on the way and she didn’t even look at us.

We shared a shower and, as we often do, shaved each other, and, as we often do, made the other cum as we shaved her. We heard other women, presumably, come and go, and they must have wondered what the noise was all about but we didn’t care.

Again we didn’t see anyone on the walk back.

We decided to wear a dress for the evening but when the guys saw us they asked us to wear the same, slit showing skirts so we changed into them then went back out.

“These do you guys?” Beaver said. Tom replied,

“That’s the ones. Pussies showing, but you’d better put a top on, we don’t want to upset anyone do we.”

“Don’t care” I replied, “we’re going home tomorrow.”

“Fuck yes,” Ben said, “forgot about that, we’d better remember to fuck your brains out when we get back from the pub.”

“Yes please.” both Beaver and I said in stereo as we went back into the tent then came back out wearing underwear bralettes with see-through material in the cups.

We stopped at the cafe on the way out and it was the girl waitress again. Sat at the same, glass topped table both Beaver as I lay back and watched her staring at our pussies. I tried to flex my pussy muscles to give her something extra to look at but I’m not that good at it. I decided that I definitely was going to get some exercise, including pussy muscle exercise.

The guys pulled our skirts up as soon as we got off the site and a couple of cars beeped their horns at us.

Tom was right, there wasn’t any entertainment laid on at the same pub but there was at the other pub in the village, the board outside said that it was comedy evening and it welcomed a special guest, someone called Chubby White.

“Never heard of him.” I said.

“I have,” Ben said, “I hope that you girls don’t get easily offended, this guy is rude and crude and no subject, and no one, is off-limits, I’ve seen him really embarrass people by making jokes about their clothes and bodies, and everyone loved it. The PC idiots would have a field day if they found out about him.”

“Let’s go.” Harry said, and in we went.

Beaver and I got a few looks as we walked in, Probably our ultra short skirts but I didn’t see anyone who looked like they had realised that they could see our slits or our tits through the thin, see-through material. Then we got a surprise, the pub is actually a converted mill that has 2 storeys, and we’d entered on the upper story. What’s more half of the floor is glass. We could look down and see the people on the lower floor.

“This could be interesting.” Beaver said as she stood with her feet apart when we stopped moving. I did the same and looked down to see if anyone was looking up. I couldn’t see anyone, but that was just at that moment.

The place was popular and there was no way that we were going to get a table or somewhere to sit.

Ben and Harry went off to get us some drinks and the rest of us just stood there talking and looking around and down. It wasn’t long before Tom pointed us in the direction of man below us, telling us that he was pointing up in our direction.

“He’s seen your cunts girls.” Tom said.

“Let him look.” Beaver replied and shuffled her feet a little further apart.

As I looked down I saw a few heads go back so that they could look up, and I felt my pussy get a little wetter.

Just before Ben and Harry got back a voice came over the loudspeaker system and announced that there would be a couple of warm-up comedians before Chubby would take to the stage, which was on the lower floor, not very far from below us. I wondered if anyone stood on the stage would be able to look up and see our pussies.

Anyway, a young man got onto the stage and started his act. He was okay, but nothing special. He did manage to get a few laughs taking the piss out of politicians and so called celebrities. I wondered how he could remember everything to keep talking for 30 minutes.

Halfway through the act Tom and Ben disappeared for a while and came back with some more beers and when the guy on stage had finished Tom and Harry went for some more.

“Hill walking must make you very thirsty.” I thought as both Beaver and I tried to keep up with them.

During the interval the 3 guys were looking down and telling Beaver and me about each person who was looking up and in our direction. Beaver and I kept looking down to see if the guys were having us on but in general, they could well have been right, the place was well lit and there were a few spotlights on the walls down below and only a couple of them were pointing at the stage, the rest were pointing up. It was like the owners wanted the people below to see the people on the top floor.

The second act came on, a woman, and she soon started with the crude jokes. I couldn’t see her getting a slot on ’Live at the Apollo’, not with jokes like that, but the audience, including us, were laughing most of the time.

During the second interval, Beaver decided that she needed a pee so we looked for the toilets and saw a sign pointing down the stairs.

Well, the stairs were open-plan with absolutely no consideration for modesty for women wearing skirts, there was no backboards on the steps and the side rails were just a few thin metal bars. What’s more, there were people sitting on the steps, and below them.

To get down we had to keep saying ‘excuse me’ and a head below us would turn, see our bare legs, look up and usually not get any further than our pussies, before eventually standing to let us by. Then it would start again a couple of steps lower.

It took ages to get to the bottom, and there was a short queue for the ladies toilet.

Beaver and I decided that we weren’t going to queue and went into the gents. We must have looked quite a sight stood in front of the urinals, feet spread wide, leaning back with our hips thrust forward and peeing into the porcelain. A couple of men looked quite shocked when they saw us and 1 said something about us being in the wrong room, but we didn’t care, we were emptying our bladders and that was all that was important to us.

We didn’t hang around in the smelly gents toilet and we were soon battling to get back up the stairs, but this time our exposed slits got right in the face of some of the people as we slowly made our way up.

When we finally got back to the guys, Tom told us that we could have just gone outside, down some steps then back in just near the toilets.

“Wouldn’t have been as much fun.” Beaver replied.

Another full bottle of beer was thrust into each of our hands just before the main act started, and boy was Ben right, I couldn’t believe the things that he was joking about, but he was funny, and he was right about a lot of the things.

Then he stated going on about women’s clothes, ridiculing fashion and the way women pander to it, but he did say that he liked some women’s clothes and he went on about how women liked to let their bits hang out for all the world to see. He joked about bosoms and tits hanging out. Then he started on about how women wear skirts that flap open showing the woman’s beaver because a lot of women had stopped wearing knickers because knickers encouraged smelly pussies, and that they must like showing their beavers to everyone.

Well the guys with us were looking at Beaver and me and Tom was actually rubbing Beaver’s slit. Beaver wasn’t at all phased by it, she was loving every second, especially Tom’s fingers.

Then Chubby told everyone that there were even 2 girls there right then who obviously liked showing their beavers and asked if anyone knew where they were. Well, about 50 percent of the people on the ground floor pointed up at Beaver and me.

“Let’s find out if I’m right about girls liking showing their beavers, come on down girls.”

Well, what could we do? Beaver and I turned and ran for the door, but it wasn’t to run away. Out we went and down the steps, we could hear the groans of disappointment and Chubby calling is scared cowards, typical girls of today, when we burst into the room, beer bottles still in our hands.

You should have heard the cheers as Chubby told us to get up on the stage with him.

“Fuck,” Chubby said, “half their arses are hanging out when they climbed up here.”

He turned our backs to the audience and slapped out bare butts.

“Don’t you just love doing that, that’s what girls asses were designed for, most of them have a lot more meat on them than these 2 but they still wobble when to swat them.”

And he gave our butts another swat.

Well the audience was in hysterics, and when Cubby told us to bend over so that he could give us a proper spanking, we did.

“Fucking hell.” Chubby continued, “look at those twats, a man could drown in there, you could sail the QE2 through those two.”

Then he spanked us both again, only 3 swats, but quite hard.

“They might only be small, but they get just as red as a big girl’s arse. Stand up girls and turn around.”

We did.

“Told you, girls today like showing their beavers and men like seeing them because it gives us something to think about when we’re wanking in bed at night. Us lonely men need to see girls like this, we’d end up in the loony bin if we didn’t. Pull your skirts down girls, you’ll have half the men in here wanking right here if you don’t.”

Beaver and I looked at each other, then we unzipped our skirts and let them drop to the floor.

“Fucking hell girls, I didn’t mean that, I just meant you to cover your smelly pussies.”

“Our pussies don’t smell.” Both Beaver and I said in stereo.

“Come on girls, every pussy smells, some smell like the fish docks a Grimsby and some smell nice, which are you Grimsby or heaven.”

“Heaven.” We both replied.

“Are you sure girls? Do you think that we should get a second opinion?”

Both Beaver and I shrugged our shoulders. Then he looked at 2 men in the front of the audience and waved them over.

“Come on guys, dive that muff and tell us if it’s Grimsby or heaven. Girls, spread those legs and let the guys in.”

Two heads came to our crotches and I felt a tongue tickle my clit. I gasped.

“Fucking hell, they like that. That will do guys, don’t want you to drown in there. I like a nice wet pussy too, I don’t need a cup of tea after going down on the wife. Sometimes I scoop it all up and put it on my cornflakes instead of the milk.”

“So where was it guys, Grimsby or heaven?”

Both guys said “heaven” as they got to their feet.

“So what’s the beer bottles for girls, your pussy, did you tip it in your pussy and that was what the guys were tasting? Show us how you did it, big end first.”

Beaver and I both looked a little surprised that he would actually ask us to do that but we put the bottles to our mouths, finished drinking the beer then fucked our mouths with the open end. We were watching each other and when I took the bottle out of my mouth and moved it down to my pussy, Beaver did the same.

The blunt end didn’t go into my pussy that easily but it was wet enough to be persuaded to eventually let it in and we both pushed them is so far that we could only just get our finger round the neck of the bottles.

“Fucking hell girls, you could get a London bus in there. That’s what I tell the wife when when we go to London but she keeps telling me to wait until one of them bendy single deckers comes along. I tell her that I don’t want to see it come out of her mouth.”

Beaver and I were were still stood there with our legs apart and slowly fucking ourselves with the bottles.

“Okay girls, that’s enough, we don’t want you to squirt all over the audience but you can show us the rest of those little bumps that you’ve got on your chest. Hang on you guys at the back, I’ll get someone to pass the binoculars around.”

We let go of the bottles then pulled the strings on our mesh bikini tops and let them fall to the floor, leaving us totally naked on the stage.

“Can you see them at the back? And you poor bastards upstairs don’t stand a dick in hell’s chance; that will teach you to get here early next time.”

After a slight pause Chubby continued,

“Okay girls, what are you waiting for, you can take the bottle out unless you want to pinch them. The wife hides all-sorts up hers, last week I couldn’t find the toaster and she said that she was keeping herself warm. The toast doesn’t taste the same this week.”

Beaver slowly pulled her beer bottle out but I decided to try to squeeze mine out. It took a bit of effort and Chubby asked if I was having a shit. After taking another deep breath I squeezed again and the bottle shot out, bouncing once then getting caught by a man at the front of the audience.

“Frame that young man, the you can tell your grand daughters where you got it from.”

Chubby turned and looked at our chests, then moved closer, still looking. After a few seconds he stood up and turned to the audience saying,

“Anybody got a jacket or a coat that they couldn’t find anywhere to hang up? Because I’ve just found a place where 4 of you can hang your coats, these girls have their own chapel hat pegs.

Are you 2 twins or something, you look the same, you have the same small tits and chapel hat pegs and your pussies have both got the same flood gates that you’ve left open.

“Now get dressed girls, we don’t want you to get arrested for indecent exposure. I mean, see-through tops and a skirt that would be better called a belt. Who could possibly think that you were trying to flash your goodies at everyone, besides, you look like my sister’s 12 year old daughter when I tell her to take her clothes off.”

It didn’t take long for us to put our skirts on but we just held our tops in our hands and then Chubby announced that that was the end of the evening and he took a bow, The he turned to us and told us to take a bow as well. We looked at each other, grinned then turned our backs to the audience and bent right over.

“Fucking hell,” Chubby said, “I said take a bow not wink at them.”

When we stood back up Cubby took his microphone off then said,

“Thank you girls for being such great sports, I hope that I didn’t offend you in any way, you were brilliant, and I like your chapel hat pegs, I wish my wife’s were like yours.”

Beaver and I both kissed his cheek then we headed for the stairs to get back up to the 3 guys. Everyone who cared to look got a good look at our bodies as climbing the stairs was as hard work as it was the last time. But this time we also heard a few comments about our ‘chapel hat pegs’.

The guys each hugged us and told us that we were brilliant and Ben went off to get us some more drinks. We stood there drinking and talking with Beaver and I still topless, Harry having offered a pocket for our tops.

As we held our bottles Tom asked us if we’d ever fucked ourselves with a beer bottle before.

“Not that way round.” I said, “but like most girls we’ve experimented with lots of things.”

They then named lots of things that we either admitted or denied using. One thing that they were surprised by was a garden hose and they wanted to know if it was running at the time. It was, and we told them that.

The list started getting stupid and totally unrealistic, but not as crazy as a London bus. Eventually the list dried up and we decided to head back to the campsite, the guys managing to get us out of our skirts on the way and all 3 of them had got us to bend over somewhere along the roadside and fuck us before we got back to the tents. I don’t remember any cars or people seeing us.

When I woke up it was because I was being fucked by Tom, and Ben was fucking Beaver beside me. Then from behind my head a cock appeared and went straight for my mouth. An automatic reflex took over, my mouth opened and the cock disappeared deep into my mouth. Tom was having the most effect on me and it didn’t take long for me to cum. As my orgasm started Harry pulled out of my mouth and went straight for Beaver’s mouth, She too orgasmed and her mouth clamped down on Harry’s cock and she got filled at both ends at about the same time.

“Thanks guys,” I said, “that was one hell of a send-off, one that we will remember for a long time. And thanks for everything, this may not have been a long camping trip but it was certainly the most memorable.

Beaver and I took it in turns to give each of them a long kiss whilst they massaged our tits and pussy, nearly bringing us both off again.

We lay there for about 10 minutes before deciding that we needed a shower before setting off home. But before that we had to pack away our things and load the car. We did all that totally naked, not caring who saw us (not sure that anyone did – except for the 3 guys); then we proudly walked to the shower block, still totally naked and carrying our shower things.

Back at the car we both put our vibrators in our pussies and I put a dress on. I was driving and I had dared Beaver to stay naked until it was her turn to drive. Beaver had also been dared to set her vibrator to whatever I told her whilst we were driving. The only condition being was that she could tell me how to control my vibrator whilst she was driving the second leg of the journey.

Before actually leaving we again gave the 3 guys long kisses, letting them fondle our bodies and gently push and pull on our antennas.

We set off and it wasn’t long before I found it very entertaining watching Beaver’s little body writhe about in my peripheral vision, moan and shouting with pleasure. When we were alongside lorries I let the drivers have a long look before moving on to the next lorry. I just hoped that they didn’t phone the police and get them to stop us and maybe call an ambulance for Beaver.

I did give her a couple of breaks and during one Beaver wondered if the vibes could be set to give us random electric shocks, That sounded very painful and probably not likely, but we both liked the idea. We joked about asking daddy if he could rig something up that would do just that for us.

The thought of getting an electric shock inside our vaginas both horrified and excited us.

When we stopped at a service area about half way home I went for a pee whilst Beaver stayed in the car. When I got back to the car I took the dress off and Beaver put it on then she went for a pee. I got in the passenger seat and opened the app on my phone. Selecting the vibe in me I set it to low vibrations and waited for instructions from Beaver.

As she got into the car she told me to turn it up to full blast and as we rejoined the motorway it was a good job that I had the seatbelt on, it was needed to keep my body in roughly the one position.

After I’d cum the first time Beaver told me to turn it down and said,

“Does that make up for you watching me cum over and over this last hour?”

“Not quite.” I replied and she told me to wind it up again.

Five minutes later I was cumming again.

We repeated the same question, answer and instruction right until we were 2 miles from home. I’d seen Beaver slow down as we passed lorries, and a bus but I’d had more important things on my mind at those times.

We got back home to an empty house, daddy being at work and Zack being who knows where. We’d got everything put away and had a shower by the time daddy got home and we were just relaxing, naked, on the sofa with our vibrators on low vibrate when he walked in the door.

After smothering daddy with kisses to say hello, thank him for the presents, and to tell him that they were the coolest things that he had ever bought us.

“I thought that they might keep you out of some mischief with some boys.”

We giggled and told him that we had met some boys and that we had played some games with them.

“What sort of games?”

“The best one was a game of catch, there was the wood next to the campsite and we played in there, a sort of ‘hide and seek’.

“And that was fun?”

“Yes, there was some great places to hide.”

“I see. And what did you do on the evenings?”

“We went to the pubs in the village, there was a band playing one night and a comedian on the other night. He was so funny. Shall we put the tea on?”

We did, and Zack magically appeared just as it was ready. We had to repeat the stories of our fun to Zack as we ate.

After Zack had gone to his room we managed to thank daddy for the vibrators in a more personal way. Daddy was a bit reluctant, but not as reluctant as the previous time. We’re thinking of going into his bedroom on a morning when he isn’t going to work and letting him have his evil way with us, or is it us with him. Anyway, he deserves to have some pleasure for all he has done for us.

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**Nothing exciting planned**

There was still about 3 weeks before we had anything else planned for the holidays and we had to find something to do. We reviewed the list that daddy and Zack had given us and decided that the next day we’d get our bikes out of the garage and give them a clean ready for, and if, we went for a ride.

We used to go to school on them but our college is a lot further away so the bikes got put in the garage where they have been for the last year.

That evening when we were all eating daddy asked us what we’d been up to that day and what we’d got planned. After telling him “not a lot,” he reminded us that we could go and stay with aunt Betty for a few days.

“But daddy, the last time that we went to her farm it was all cold and wet, I can’t see us enjoying that,” Beaver replied, “and besides, apart from at mummy’s funeral we haven’t seen them for years. And Noah (our cousin) was a real pain in the ass when we were there.”

“Girls, we went to visit them in the middle of winter, it was bound to be cold and wet but I bet that it’s neither of those at the moment, and Noah will have grown like you 2 have. He’s a year older than you so he will be a young man by now, and he’s working on the farm so he will probably be quite sensible these days.”

“Well I suppose that it could be okay.” I said.

“Remember, Betty and Ian grew up with your mother and I and we all spent a lot of time together.”

“Are you telling us that they were free spirits like you and mummy?” Beaver asked.

“They certainly were in those days but Ian was left the farm by his parents when he was in his mid twenties and he had to change into a sensible farmer.”

“What have we got to loose Beaver?” I asked.

“Only a few days of our lives I guess, shall we give it a try? We can always just say that we forgot a dentists appointment or something and leave early if it’s that bad.”

“I’m sure that you’ll enjoy yourselves girls. You can always just sunbathe in 1 of the fields or down by the stream. And what’s with you calling each other by your full names, I thought that you hated them?”

“We did,” I replied, “but we like them now. Okay, phone aunt Betty and tell her that we’ll go, but just for a couple of days. Got to keep our options open.”

“I’m sure that you’ll enjoy yourselves.”

“We will if we take our new toys, thank you again daddy.”

“What new toys?” Zack asked.

“Daddy bought us these amazing vibrators, look, we’re wearing them right now.” Beaver said as she stood up in front of him, “It’s not just the bit that you can see sticking out there’s ball like thing inside us and it vibrates so much that we feel like our guts are getting shaken into a mussy mess.”

“I see, lucky you.”

“Do you want to borrow mine Zack?” Beaver asked, “you could stick it up your bum then you’d have 2 little cocks hanging down but the pink 1 will be a lot longer than yours.”

“Very funny. No thank you, I wouldn’t want to deprive you of your pleasure.”

Later that evening daddy told us the he’d phoned aunt Betty and arranged for us to go there later in the holiday, telling us that her, Ian and Noah were looking forward to seeing us.

The next morning, a Friday, we were just having breakfast when we got a phone call from Jade. She apologised for phoning so early, and for the short notice, then she asked us if we’d like to go for a sleepover that weekend, starting that afternoon.

She told us that her mother had had to go to Scotland for a few days to look after her sick mother, and her father had agreed to her inviting a couple of friends over for the weekend, and she’d chosen Beaver and me.

Well we didn’t need a written invite and told her that we’d be there that afternoon. Then we phoned daddy and told him what we were doing and asked to borrow the car again.

Daddy just told us to have fun.

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