**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 07**

There was a little pause during which I had no idea what was happening (everyone was behind us) but then I heard Mr. Palmer say,

“Girls, please turn over, lay along the table, put your hands behind your heads and spread you legs.”

“As we were doing that Mr. Palmer continued,

“That was the first part of the punishment, now I will open the second part to all of you. In a minute I am going into the house and will not be back for 30 minutes. During that time I invite each and every one of you to step forward and inflict more humiliation on these young women, anything that you can think of that will humiliate them enough for them to change their minds about their blatant exhibitionism and debauchery. Over to you.”

I turned my head as saw Jade’s father walking away. Then I looked along my body and saw all the people just looking at us.

“Don’t be shy folks.” I thought, “bring it on, give us your worst.”

It took a few more seconds before first 1, then another and another man stepped up to us and looked down at our naked bodies.

“Come on guys, ram those fingers inside me.” I thought, “I need to cum, now.”

I gasped a little as finally a hand came down to my right tit. It gently squeezed then a finger and thumb took my rock hard and throbbing nipple and rolled and squeezed and pulled, causing me to moan.

“You’re liking this aren’t you slut?” He said, rather than asked.

I moaned again as he pulled some more.

Then I felt a hand on my pussy.

“At last.” I thought, and moaned again.

The hand on my tit started getting bolder and rougher while the hand on my pussy started exploring.

“Gawd she’s wet.” I heard a different voice say, a female voice, and I wondered if the man and the woman were a couple.

Then a different hand on my other tit and hands going up and down my body. I tried to see if Jade and Beaver were getting the same attention but it was difficult through all the people.

Then the inevitable happened and I started to cum. My body started to shake and jerk and I started getting vocal, and from what I could hear Beaver and Jade were in a similar state.

But the hands didn’t stop and 1 orgasm turned into 2, then 3. It was only after the third that the number of hands on and in me started to reduce.

Then I heard a man say,

“I wonder if she likes champagne?”

Well I hadn’t a clue if I liked it or not, I’d never tasted it, but he wasn’t asking if I wanted to drink it, the fingers in my pussy withdrew and I felt the champagne bottle being pushed into my vagina. Someone violently fucked me with the bottle then I felt a liquid inside me and I could have sworn that some champagne was bubbling inside me.

I orgasmed again.

The bottle was replaced by something that was the same diameter all along, but it wasn’t a cock, no man has a cock that could get to my pussy from standing on the grass next to the table. What’s more I’ve never felt a cock that has a hard outer coating.

I thought of a dildo, but where would they have got one from? Who takes a dildo to a barbecue?

“Try some celery.” I heard a man say.

“Oh my gawd.” I realised, “they’re stuffing food up my vagina.”

I tried to look but there were hands in the way.

More food, presumably, was being stuffed in my vagina, hard stuff, soft stuff, wet stuff, dry stuff.

The thing was, as it was being pushed in, food and fingers were rubbing against my already very excited clit and the inevitable happened and I orgasmed again, some of the food getting pushed out as my pussy convulsed; but the food kept getting pushed back inside me, helped by what felt like a beer bottle, blunt end first.

I tried to remember if I’d seen a bidet in Jade’s bathroom, but I couldn’t remember. We were going to need something to clean us out.

Then it all stopped and everyone went quiet and stepped back.

“Good grief girls,” Mr. Palmer said, “you 3 look terrible, you’re a disgrace to the family name Jade, go and get cleaned-up and I hope that you are fully ashamed of yourselves and have learned a valuable lesson.”

Then turning to the guests he continued,

“Thank you for your help ladies and gentlemen, with a bit of luck these girls will now change their ways.”

“We had learned a lesson,” I thought as we slowly slid off the tables, “but not the one that you are thinking of mate.” I’d actually enjoyed the whole experience.

As my feet found the grass I felt the bottle slide out of me and land on my right foot. I didn’t pick it up.

Jade and Beaver waddled over to me and I asked Jade if there was a bidet in her bathroom.

“No, but I have an idea, follow me.”

Beaver and I waddled behind Jade like 3 little ducklings. She led us to one end of the swimming pool.

“I don’t think that it’s a good idea to go into the pool like this Jade.” I said.

“No, the pool man keeps his stuff in the shed.”

Jade opened the door and pulled out a hosepipe. She turned it on then led us over to a drain.

“Who wants to go first?” She asked.

Beaver and I just stared at her until she stood over the drain with her legs apart and started washing the mess from her lower half. Some of the more liquid food had already run down to her feet.

When she was looking more like a girl I said,

“Inside, what about inside you?”

Jade looked at me, grinned, and held the end of the hose to her vaginal entrance. The water appeared to have been turned off until she pulled the hose away and the water and food rushed out.

“That felt nice.” She said and put the end of the hose back to her entrance.

This time she held it there longer then she quickly pulled it away. As the water and more food came rushing out she said,

“Don’t hold it there too long, it hurts.”

I had a vision of her with a big baby bump.

Jade did the same 2 more times until she was happy that all the food was out, then she passed the hose to Beaver.

Beaver, then me, did the same thing, and I certainly felt a lot cleaner afterwards.

Then we looked at the mess on the floor where quite a bit hadn’t gone down the drain.

“Well, that’s celery (a chunk, not a stick), that’s a bit of carrot, and is that a bit of a sausage? I can’t see any chicken bones. Jade said.

“Thank gawd for that.” Beaver added.

“Maybe they’re wedged inside us.” I joked, hoping that I was wrong.

Beaver and Jade both looked at me with a serious look.

“Joking, no one would be that cruel to us, but we’ll check each other later.”

“Good,” Jade said, “anyone fancy skinny dipping, it’ll be refreshing.”

It was, I don’t imagine that the pool water had cooled down very much but it certainly felt colder.

After messing about for a bit we stopped and Jade said,

“So did we learn anything tonight girls?”

“I did,” I said, “but it wasn’t what your father hoped we’d learn.”

“So what was it?” Beaver asked.

“That I like having food stuffed up my hole like a turkey at Christmas. Just so long as I don’t get roasted afterwards.”

Jade replied, “me too,” but Beavers mind was on a different path,

“What would it be like to stuff a load of dry stuffing, or dry rice even, in there and wait for my juices to swell it up.”

“I think that I’ll pass on that.” Jade said and I agreed with her.

“I’m still horny.” Beaver said.

“How many times did you cum?”

“Three times.”

“Me too,” Jade said, “shall we get out and go to my room and see if we can add to that count?”

“Good idea,” I replied, “I don’t think that we’re going to have any more fun with this lot.”

“No, come on.”

We got out and walked to the house, walking right through all the people there, only 1 man smiling at us as we passed him.

We had a communal shower, and a bit of fun, then got onto the bed and had more fun. I’ll leave it to your imagination as to what, but you’ll probably have got it right.

We went down to breakfast, again totally naked, the cook again being totally indifferent to our nudity. Mr. Palmer and Gregory were there, Gregory staring at our tits as we ate.

When Mr. Palmer did say something it was only to say that we obviously hadn’t learnt anything the previous night.

“Oh yes we did daddy, but not what you were wanting.”

That reply got stony silence from her father but Gregory wanted to know more.

“None of your business, it’s a girl thing.” Jade replied.

After breakfast we went back to Jade’s room for a while then it was time to go home. Jade, Gregory and Mr. Palmer were going to some posh Lunch do, Neither Jade or Gregory wanted to go but their father had insisted. Jade said the only way that it would be interesting was if someone from the barbecue was there.

Oh, Mr. Palmer had insisted that Jade wear a nice dress, not mentioning underwear, which I assume she left at home.

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**Go Cycling**

A couple of days later, in the morning, we got the urge to go on a bike ride. We’d already got them cleaned and oiled and ready to go but hadn’t even got on them when we’d done that. We had a little ride around the back garden and it felt so different not having a skirt between our pussies and the saddle. We experimented with trying to slide our pussies from side to side and back to front as we pedalled, but it was difficult in such a small space.

Having our enthusiasm boosted we went and put some shoes and a dress on and set off not knowing where we were going. We’d both put on a dress that was so short that we couldn’t sit on it and that flapped about in the wind that we generated.

We took it in turns to go in front to see just how much the other’s dress flapped about in the wind and we were happy to see the butt crack, right up to the waist, of the one in front. We giggled at the thought of drivers coming up behind us, seeing our bare butts and knowing that we were knickerless.

The dresses were bunching up at front as well but we couldn’t see our slits so we didn’t think about, That is until we stopped at a road junction and had to put 1 foot on the ground. A car came alongside and the workman in the passenger seat had his head turned looking at the very top of our legs right until the car moved off.

We stopped a little further along and Beaver got off her bike and had a look at me from the same angle that the workman would have had. We had another giggle when Beaver told me that she could see my slit.

For a while we went round the same block stopping at all the road junctions hoping that a car would stop and look over to us.

From there we headed over to the local park and pedalled along the paths letting our dresses blow right up to our waists.

All the time we were sliding our pussies as much as we could on the saddle. We stopped at a seat in the middle of the park with no one in sight and played with our pussies to finish the orgasm that had very slowly been building in us.

As we sat there in post orgasmic bliss we wondered if there was a bike shop anywhere that would modify the saddles so that a dildo would come up through it when we pedalled. We decided to google it later and also thought about asking daddy to do it for us but we weren’t sure how we could approach the subject.

We pedalled home and put the bikes back in the garage vowing to get them out again soon.

The next day both our butts were sore.

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**The Leisure Centre second visit**

After the success of our last visit we just had to go again. Even after remembering that second visits are usually not as good as first visits, we still decided to go.

In some ways it wasn’t as good, but in most ways it certainly was.

With us not having seen many staff we decided to be a little bit more daring in our choice of bikinis and we both chose ‘strings only’, thong bottoms and nearly matching, string fastening, mesh bralettes, giggling as we put them on and put our belongings into the locker.

We were not surprised, and a little disappointed that hardly anyone noticed what was on display, we guessed that they saw the strings and assumed that there were solid material triangles in between the strings.

Beaver and I, of course, just acted like we were wearing industrial strength bikinis and that nothing was on display, and I guess that helped people’s brains to assume that we were properly attired. That was okay from the not getting caught point of view but didn’t help with the fact that we were there to let people see our ‘naughty’ bits.

Of course it didn’t matter what we were wearing when it came to the goldfish bowl slide because we always pulled on the strings just as soon as we got onto that slide and we always had to put our bikinis back on when we got to the pool at the bottom. This time though, there was a young staff man standing beside the bottom pool telling swimmers to get out of the way of the next person to come crashing through the hole in the bowl.

The young man saw our predicament and smiled at us each time we got to our feet revealing our exposed little tits and he must have seen the 2 separate parts of our bikinis floating in different places, but all he did was smile.

There were a few people watching as we spun round inside the bowl but neither of us went to stand next to them to hear what they had to say about the naked girls going round and round.

We used the same trick about the sauna being clothed or nude and we feigned comments when we apologised for getting it wrong, but we always added that it was too late by then, and just sat or lay on the bench and let the people stare at us.

We actually went into the sauna 4 times, each time followed by jumping into the plunge pool and screaming about it being ‘bloody cold’. And each time we lay on the sunbeds to thaw out with our solid nipples throbbing with the cold, our clits that had shrunk to the size of pin heads, and our excitement at being naked in a public place when we shouldn’t have been.

The cafe was fun as well. It was the same girl behind the counter and she instantly realised that our bikini tops were see-through. I don’t think that she saw us when we walked up to the counter so she wouldn’t have seen our slits but the couple sat at the table next to where we sat certainly did. The look of shock and surprise on their faces was mint, and the young man kept looking over to us to see if he could see them again.

Beaver was sort of opposite him and had seen him looking so she lay back in her chair a couple of times so that he could confirm that he wasn’t dreaming.

The girl with him dragged him away just as soon as she had finished her drink.

We got caught naked in the shower. The staff must rotate jobs because it was the same young man who had been at the bottom of the goldfish bowl slide. He walked passed the entrance to the showers, glanced in, then was back a couple of seconds later. He stood there watching us until we had finished.

As we walked out he stopped us and told us that people were supposed to wear their swimsuits in the shower.

“We didn’t see any signs so we didn’t think that it would matter.” Beaver said as we both watched his eyes going up and down both of our bodies. We were stood there with our hand by our sides enjoying being looked at.

“You’re right, but it is printed in the ‘conditions of use’ notice in reception.”

“Sorry, but we didn’t bring a magnifying glass, maybe you should ask the management to get it printed big enough to cover the whole wall, that way people might be able to read it.”

“I’ve got to agree with you there, but next time keep your swimsuits on girls.”

“Yes sir.” Beaver sarcastically replied.

The young man smiled, looked us up and down again, then turned and walked away.

Beaver and I were both smiling as we got dried and dressed outside our locker.

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**Visit Aunt Betty**

We still weren’t convinced that this visit was a good idea, even when we got into the car to drive there. To make the journey interesting we did the same as when we drove back from our camping trip and it wasn’t long before we saw the farm and stopped for us to remove our vibrators and for Beaver to put a dress on.

We’d decided to take just skimpy clothes, and no underwear of any sorts just to try to make the visit more interesting so we got out of the car in the farmyard wearing just an ultra short dress and sandals.

We felt good about ours bodies but not our decision to be there.

The 2 sheepdogs announced our arrival and Betty opened the farmhouse door even before we got to it. The dogs were fussing around us and trying to sniff our butts and pussies.

Aunt Betty immediately hugged us and we could tell that she was braless, her breasts not much bigger than ours. Her whole demeanour was so different to when we last saw her at our mother’s funeral. But there again, it was her sister’s funeral.

Aunt Betty was full of life and talking about how we were full grown women now and should be enjoying all that that entails. By the time that we’d had a drink and a piece of her apple pie I was thinking that a few days there could be good fun.

Then uncle Ian and cousin Noah walked into the house, both wearing filthy overalls and wellies. Beaver and I stood up to greet them and we hugged, and the thing was, when both of them hugged us one of their hands went up under our dresses and squeezed our bare butts.

Ian, Noah, what are you thinking of, your covered in muck, you’ll get their dresses covered in cow shit or whatever it is on you.

Not responding to that, uncle Ian asked,

“Have you shown these 2 beauties to their room yet Betty?”

“Not had the chance yet lover, too busy with girl talk.”

“Come on Areola, Beaver, fuck I like those names, I’ll show you where you can leave your clothes.”

Beaver and I looked at each other as we followed uncle Ian up the stairs and into one of the bedrooms.

“Only 1 bed I’m afraid, but Bill tells us that you 2 sleep together anyway. You’re not lesbians are you? Not that that would be a problem, each to their own and all that.”

“No uncle Ian, we’re not lesbians.”

“So you like a nice cock then?”

“Yes uncle, we do.”

“Good, there’s a few good cocks around here and I’m not just talking about the feathered variety. I hope that they don’t wake you on a morning.”

“But we like being woken by a nice cock uncle.” Beaver said.

Uncle Ian looked at us with a puzzled look, not knowing what we meant.

“Go on back down girls,” uncle Ian said, “Ian and I need to get cleaned up.”

We hadn’t left home until the afternoon so it was getting towards the evening when we arrived there and when we got back downstairs aunt Betty was busy preparing the evening meal.

“Come and give me a hand girls, we can talk while we work.”

We did and aunty Betty quizzed us about what was going on in our lives. Of course we didn’t tell her all the details, we weren’t sure how she would react to being told that her nieces had been stuffing beer bottles up their pussies on a stage in a busy pub, or been hunted down in a wood then strung up on a tree then gang banged, or been gang banged at an end of college year party.

Aunt Betty also told us about when mum and dad used to visit the farm before her and mum had any kids. Apparently our mother was wilder than we thought and the 2 of them used to run around the farm totally naked and teasing the farmhand. The 4 of them made love in the barn and out in the fields and anywhere else that they fancied.

“Pity you didn’t bring your young men with you,” aunt Betty said, “you could have had a blast (her word). So if you girls want to strip off and have some fun don’t worry about anyone else here.”

“What about uncle Ian and Noah, and didn’t you say that you have a man working for you?”

“I wouldn’t worry about any of them, they’ve seen me naked enough times, hell, with it being such a nice day I didn’t put any clothes on until you 2 were due here. I didn’t know how you would react.”

“Don’t worry aunt Betty, it would appear that mummy and daddy brought us up like you and her were when you were our age.” I replied.

Just then, the door opened and uncle Ian and Noah returned, both wearing only T-shirts and their boxers.

“Hey girls,” uncle Ian said, “we have a pretty relaxed dress code here so you can wear, or not, whatever you like, in the farmhouse and around the farm, Betty does, but be aware, we have a farmhand and he sure will appreciate seeing you around the place.”

“Thanks uncle,” Beaver said, “we were just talking about your sex life when you were our age.”

“We were a bit wild in those days weren’t we Betty love?”

I smiled, I was getting to like the place, and our relatives, more and more by the minute.

Aunt Betty really does know how to cook, we thought that we, and daddy didn’t do too bad but if we stayed there too long we would soon have a weight problem, but I wondered how aunt Betty kept so slim. When I asked her she just said 2 words,

“Hard work.”

“So,” Noah asked, “are you going to help us round the farm now that you’re here?”

“Noah, you don’t ask our guests to do some farm work, that’s rude.”

“No,” Beaver said, “that’s okay, we’d like to help wouldn’t we Areola?”

“Of course we would, but we don’t have any wellies or overalls or any old clothes with us.”

 “It’s summer and the place is quite private, so you don’t need any clothes, less washing for mum.” Noah said.

“Noah,” aunt Betty said, “I hope that you’re not suggesting that these 2 work naked, that really would be rude of you.”

“No,” I said, “that’s a good idea. I’m sure that Beaver and I could get used to being naked, it’s not like this place is in the middle of a city and I’m sure that our bodies wouldn’t offend any of you, after all, this is a farm, you must see animals having sex all the time and humans are only sophisticated animals.”

“Well that’s up to you girls,” uncle Ian said, “but we would appreciate the help. You wouldn’t get upset if you stood in a pile of cow or pig shit in your bare feet would you, because it’s bound to happen.”

“Just so long as it’s still warm.” Beaver joked.

“Yuk.” I added.

“You’ll soon get used to it, even if you slip and sit in it. We’ve got a few hose pipes around the place and we could soon hose you down.”

“Err thanks, I think.” Beaver said.

Over the evening meal we talked a lot more, our 3 relatives wanting to know more about us, daddy and Zack. Not once did Beaver or I mention that we had started to spend most of our time naked or playing with our pussies.

We helped aunt Betty clear up feeling quite full up, while uncle Ian and Noah used the dining table to sort out some paper work to do with running the farm. Apparently running a farm these days is just as much about paperwork as it is about looking after the animals and the crops, uncle Ian joking that you needed a business degree to run a farm these days. We didn’t tell them that were are both doing a business studies course at college.

When us women had finished clearing up uncle Ian tossed a piece of paper across the table to us and said,

“Look at the crap that farmers have to put up with, can you understand what that’s all about?”

We 3 women looked at the paper, yes it was written in government like gobbledegook but after a little bit of conferring the 3 of us were able to explain it to uncle Ian.

“Brains as well as beauty.” He said.

That made both Beaver an I happy.

After more catching up aunt Betty said,

“We go to bed early here because we have to get up early to milk the cows, but if you want to stay up feel free to do so.”

We decided to turn in as well, we guessed that we would have a busy time the next day, and the current day had been quite interesting and tiring, so we told uncle Ian and Noah that we were off to bed as well.

“Don’t make too much noise with the girly things that you’ll get up to,” uncle Ian said, “we need to get some sleep as well.”

We went up to our room, got ready for bed (naked) then went to the bathroom. When we came out there was Ian waiting to go in.

“it’s going to be nice having you 2 around for a couple of days.” He said as he looked us up and down.

“Yes, we’re going to enjoy it as well.” Beaver replied.

We left our room door open hoping that someone would look in on us during the night. I was a warm one and I guessed that the sheet would end up on the floor.

We did get up to a few ‘girly’ things but we kept the noise down.

We woke the next morning to the smell of bacon cooking and just had to go down to see if we could have some. I looked down and saw that the sheet that had been covering us was on the floor, and the door was still wide open. I wondered if anyone had looked in and seen us cuddling as we slept.

Not bothering with any clothes as we figured that we’d soon be outside getting covered in goodness knows what, we went downstairs and found Aunt Betty stood at the cooker with a pan of bacon smelling wonderful, and she was as naked as we were.

“Good morning girls, I thought that this smell might get you up, wonderful isn’t it?”

“Good morning aunt Betty,” we replied in stereo.

“Girls, please can we dispense with the aunt and uncle bit, you’re making us feel old.”

“Sure Betty.” I replied, “where’s Ian and Noah?”

“Out milking the cows, they should be back soon. I’m assuming that you two aren’t vegans or anything crazy like that, and that you’ll eat a proper English breakfast?”

“No Betty,” Beaver, “we’re pretty traditional in what we eat and we both like bacon and a nice hot sausage.”

Betty turned to looked at us and grinned. Was she trying to see if there was a euphemism in there? But Beavers face was giving nothing away.

“You’ll need a good breakfast in you, farm work is hard work.”

“We need the exercise Betty.” I said.

“You haven’t got an ounce of fat on you but you need to keep your bodies like that to keep the men looking at you.”

“In that case you must get lots of men looking at you Betty.” I replied.

Betty was just thanking me for the compliment when the back door opened and in walked Ian and Noah.

“Morning girls, looking good, are you ready for hard day’s work?”

“Don’t work them too hard Ian,” Berry said, “they grew up in the city and won’t be used to proper work.”

Noah had just been standing there looking at us, and when there was a short silence he said,

“Wow, you both look even better without your clothes on.” Noah said.

“Noah,” Betty said, “stop trying to embarrass your cousins.”

“I wasn’t mum, I was just trying to tell them that they look good.”

“He’s right,” Ian said, “they do look great without their clothes on.”

“Okay,” Betty said, “that’s enough you 2, you’ll embarrass them then they won’t want to help out on the farm. Let’s just sit down and eat breakfast then get on with the jobs. Besides, you see me naked just about every day and I’m a woman as well.”

“Yes love,” Ian replied, “a lovely woman too but everyone would rather look at a heifer than an adult cow.”

“Hmm, keep going on like that Ian and you might just end up sleeping in the barn.”

“Sorry love, but you know what I mean.”

“Yes I do, now get your minds back on your breakfast. What’s your next job Noah?”

“Mucking out the pigs.”

“Lucky you, you’ve got 2 assistants today, and don’t work them too hard.”

“No mother.”

I had a vision of us covered from head to foot in horrible, smelly pig shit.

“What is the farmhand doing today?” Betty asked.

“Helping me fix the fence down by the stream, I want to get that fixed so that we can get the sheep into that field.”

We finished breakfast then Betty told us to leave the clearing up and go with Noah. We watched Noah put his wellies on then followed him out to an old building that looked like what I imagined was an old stables for 4 horses with sort of courtyards out the front.

As we walked through the farmyard the dogs came and had a sniff around us as we walked.

“They’re male dogs and you’re bitches, sorry, females, and they can tell the difference. They’ll give you a good licking and try to mount you if you let them. Just be firm and tell them to go away if you’re not interested.”

“You think that we might want to be fucked by a dog Noah?”

“Some women do.”

“Not me.” We both replied in stereo.

“We’ve only got 2 pigs here, the rest are out in the field, we’ll take some food for them later, but we need to get all the muck out of here so that they’re not standing around in their own shit all the time.”

”So what do we do?” Beaver asked.

“Shovel it into that barrow and take it to the pile at the end. Dad or I use a tractor and trailer to take the pile away when it gets too big.”

“So we take the barrow into that pen thing, fill it with all the shit then wheel it to the big pile of shit down there.” Beaver said.

“Spot on Beaver, you know I really do like your names.”

“So do we; there’s 2 of us and just 1 shovel.”

“I’ll get you another shovel.”

Noah turned and walked away.

“This is going to be a real shitty job.” I said.

“Yeah, shitty.” Beaver replied then we both burst out laughing.

“What’s so funny?” Noah asked when he returned and saw and heard us.

“Nothing.” We both replied in stereo.

“Don’t let them get their snouts near you, they’ll eat anything that’s in front of them, including you if they get the chance.”

“I don’t think that I want to do this.” Beaver said.

“Can we hit them with the shovel if they get too close?” I asked.

“You can, but not too hard, we don’t want to damage them, there’s a lot of money on each set of 4 legs.”

“Okay, let’s do this sis. Into battle we go.”

“I’ll come back and check on you in a while.”

Noah left and Beaver opened the little gate. I pushed the barrow in then immediately said,

“Shit.”

“Yeah,” Beaver replied, “we have to put it in the barrow.”

“No, I just stood in some, and it wasn’t warm.”

We both looked at my now brown foot and laughed.

“Oh well.” I said, “at least I haven’t ruined a good pair of shoes.”

We started shovelling and soon got a visit from a big pig.

“Hit it with your shovel.” Beaver said as it got very close to me.

I did, on its rear end, and it turned and looked up at me then turned and walked away.

“Did it’s backside go red like yours does when it gets spanked?” Beaver asked.

“No, well I don’t think so, I wasn’t looking.” I replied.

We carried on and when the barrow was full I tried to lift the handles but couldn’t.

“We’re going to have to take some out, it’s too heavy.” I said.

“Shit.”

“Precisely.”

“Ha, ha.”

We shovelled about half of it out then I tried again.

“Okay, open the gate, and don’t forget to shut it behind us.”

Beaver did and we went and emptied the barrow.

We carried on shovelling the shit and after quite a while Noah came back to see how we were getting on.

“Good job girls, a bit slow, but a good job. Keep going, and don’t worry about getting clean, the hosepipe will soon get it off you. Anyway, they say that pig shit is good for the complexion.”

We both looked down at ourselves and realised that we would need the hosepipe.

“Beaver,” I said, “how did you get pig shit on your beaver.”

“I don’t know, did you put it there?”

“If I did it would be inside you as well.”

“Yuk, I hope not.”

We carried on and eventually got the job finished. As we were looking for Noah to tell him that we were done we found Ian and Betty, Berry carrying a tray.

“Lunchtime.” Betty said, “you 2 are in a right state. Ian, get them hosed down before they put their filthy hands on this food.”

Ian led us to the cowshed where there was a hosepipe outside and he told us to stand facing the wall with our hands on the wall.

“Remember when I used to do this to you Betty?” We heard Ian say just before Beaver squealed as the jet of water hit her butt.

I was glad that it was summer and that the water wasn’t that cold.

After Ian had done our backs he told us to turn around. We both helped rub it off our arms and legs then when the jet of water hit Beaver’s tits she said,

“Ouch, oh, ohhh.”

“Stop that Ian, you don’t want to get the poor girl aroused” I heard Betty say.

He did stop but Beaver’s tits were clean anyway, and she was smiling.

Ian moved down her torso and when he got to her pussy Beaver spread her legs and Ian concentrated the jet of water on her pussy.

“Nice that isn’t it?” Betty said as the jet of water hit Beaver’s clit causing her to moan then cum.

By then I had spread my legs and was eagerly waiting for my turn. I saw Betty grinning as Ian turned the hose on me. Before long I too was in the throws of an orgasm with my aunt and uncle, and male cousin watching.

“That was err fun.” I said when I had got my faculties back.

“Yes, I used to love it when Ian did that to me as well. It was a good job that water was cheap in those days.

I looked around and the only person who wasn’t grinning was Noah. I guessed that the thought of her father making his mother cum with a hosepipe wasn’t one that he really wanted to think about.

“Right, into the barn I think,” Betty said, “We don’t want you 2 getting sunburned do we?”

We talked and ate and when we were done we went out, Noah having told us that we were going to feed the chickens and collect the eggs. Just as we got to the yard, a little red van appeared and a postman got out.

“Morning folks, I see you’ve got 2 new recruits and that they’re following in Betty’s footsteps. Is it something that you make women do Ian?”

“No Pete, it’s totally voluntary. Don’t your womenfolk want to be naked for you Pete?”

“I wish.” Pete replied as he handed a couple of letters to Ian.

“Well you’re welcome to come and look at these 3 whenever you want but the 2 young ones won’t be here for long, they’ve got to go back to the city and to school.”

“With a bit of luck I’ll have some more post for you tomorrow Ian. See you.”

We watched the red van disappear and I wondered about ordering some more mail order stuff for home.

We did help Noah feed the chickens and collect the eggs; and what’s more we stayed relatively clean, except for our feet. Chicken shit isn’t as big as pig shit but there were a lot more chickens.

When we were done Noah told us that we just about had time for him to show us around the rest of the farm before it was milking time. He took us to the barn and to a big tractor. When he was sat in it he shouted for us to climb up and stand either side of him. We did, and found that we could sit on part of the big wheel arches.

Noah slowly drove around the fields telling us what was in each field – if it wasn’t obvious, and Beaver and I took it in turns to get out and open and close gates.

We got to where Ian and the farmhand were and we got off the tractor for Ian to introduce us. He didn’t appear at all surprised to see 2 naked young women climb down and go and shake their hands. I guessed that he must have seen Betty naked hundreds of times.

Ian told us a bit about what they were doing and also told us that a bit further downstream there was a swimming hole that he used to take Betty and then Betty and Noah, but they hadn’t been there for years. Then he told us that we could go and have a look at it and see if it was still possible to swim there.

We said that we might just do that.

Then we got back on the tractor and Noah drove us through another couple of fields and we saw that we were at a road, and there were a few cars on it.

“There’s more of the farm over there but 1 of you will have to open the gates on both sides of the road. But if it’s too embarrassing for you we don’t need to go over there.

“Is that a dare Noah?” Beaver asked.

“I suppose it is, let’s see what you’re made of girls.”

We both got off the tractor. Beaver opened the first gate and as soon as it was open I marched over the road and opened the other gate. One car beeped its horn at me, but it wasn’t because I was in its way.

Noah waited for a break in the traffic then drove across the road with Beaver walking behind him. Another car beeped its horn.

“Brave as well girls, or is it that you like being seen without any clothes on, I mean, you’re related to my mother and she goes nearly everywhere without clothes on. I guess that exhibitionism runs in the family. Well for the women anyway.”

We got back on the tractor and Noah continued the tour. To be honest, there wasn’t a lot to see on that side of the road, fields, some with animals in and some with crops in them.

Then it was back across the road to the farmyard. We had the same process to cross the road again and again a couple of cars beeped their horns.

Noah parked the tractor in the barn then whistled for the dogs.

“Time to milk the cows, do you want to come with me to get them?”

“Yes, why not, it’s not like we have anything else to do.” Beaver said.

The dogs came running in and zeroed in on our pussies. The dog that came to me first managed to get a quick lick before I pushed it away and told it to stop it. Beaver said,

“Oh, that’s … stop that,” and I saw her push the dog’s head away.

Meanwhile Noah was just smiling. As we started walking he continued,

“You know, a lot of girls do like dogs doing that.”

Beaver and I looked at each other and smiled, but said nothing.

We walked out to one of the big fields where Ian kept his herd of about 20 cows. Quite a few were near the gate and started walking towards the farmyard as soon as the gate was open. Noah was whistling at the dogs and they soon had the rest of the cows following the first lot.

I thought that it was funny that they all walked in a singe line following the first one who seemed to know where it was going.

In the milking shed I was impressed as to how clean it was, everything was made of nice, shiny metal and the walls were all painted white and it looked like a recent paint job.

The front cows walked straight to the place where they would get milked and we watched as Noah put the teats on and the milk started coming out.

“That’s not like it is when you open a bottle from the supermarket, it goes through all sorts of checks and things to make it stay fresh for longer. I’ll let you have a taste later and you’ll taste how different the real thing is.”

He was right, when we tasted it, it was still warm and soo creamy.

“We can’t sell it like that, all sorts of crazy rules, but no ones going to know if we use it like that ourselves. Mother says that this stuff is why she’s such a good baker.”

With the cows milked it was time to get them back to the field and Noah led the way with the cows, the dogs and Beaver and me following him.

I think that I must have got a little too confident about being around the cows because when I was walking alongside one it turned its head and banged into me. That sent me flying and I ended up on my front, flat on the muddy grass on a long strip of warm cow shit from one of the beasts just in front.

When I stood up and looked down my front all I could say was,

“Yuk.”

Needless to say that both Noah and Beaver were laughing their heads off.

“Not funny.” I said.

“Oh yes it is.” Beaver replied, Noah still laughing.

Well I was covered in the brown smelly stuff and my sister was just laughing at me so I walked over to her and before she realised what I was going to do I hugged her then leaned over whilst still hugging her so that we both ended up on the ground and in more cow shit.

“See how you like it.” I said when I let go of her.

Beaver’s response was to grab a handful of cow shit and rub it on my pussy. Well I couldn’t let that go unavenged so I did the same to her.

We stood there looking at each other, laughing, with the 2 dogs barking at us and Noah laughing.

“I bet that you 2 don’t want to smell or lick my pussy now.” I said as I looked at the 2 dogs.

“Come on girls,” Noah finally said, “gotta get the cows back into the field then it’s hose down for you.”

I have to say, apart from the stink, I felt just like I imagined a mud bath would feel like.

Both Ian and Betty had heard the screaming from when I got Beaver to the ground and were waiting for us when we got back to the farmyard, and both had a good laugh when they saw us.

“You’re not coming into the house like that, you’ll have to clean up out here.” Betty said.

“Up against the wall.” Noah said.

We did, and we both got the same treatment as the previous time, but this time from Noah, and he too took pleasure in pummelling our tits and pussies with the jet of water, and making us both cum with the jet of water on our clits.

Once we were clean we weren’t finished with the hosepipe. Noah connected a second hosepipe and we were told to hose down the whole of the milking shed. It may have been a warm day, but by the time we’d finished we were both starting to feel a little chilly and when we went to the house Betty was waiting with 2 big towels.

It didn’t take us long to get dried and warm again, especially when we saw the home cooked meal that Betty had produced.

“Wow, I wish that I could cook like you Betty.” Beaver said.

“You can if you set your mind to it, it’s not rocket science.”

“Maybe we should have a cooking day when we get back home.” I said.

“Just don’t get the flour all over the place like you did with the cow shit.” Noah added whilst he laughed.

We had another great meal, which left us feeling quite full, then Betty dug out some old photo albums and showed us a lot of photos of us when we were little and mum and dad when they were in full hippy mode. Life seemed to be so much simpler in those days, no one in the photos seemed to have a care in the world, and when I said it out loud, both Betty and Ian agreed with me.

When we went to bed Beaver and I, as we always do, left our room door open and lay on top of the bed as we always do in summer, and when we were enjoying a 69 I heard a noise and looked over to the door and saw Noah watching us. When Beaver collapsed off me I looked to the door again, thinking of inviting him to come and fuck us, but he was gone.

The next morning we woke early, in time to go and help Ian and Noah with the milking. Apart from our feet, we managed to stay clean. Maybe because it was a bit chilly to be walking around outside totally naked at that time of the morning, but Betty’s amazing breakfast soon had us warmed up.

Whilst we were eating Beaver reminded everyone that we were going home that day, but that we’d leave it until the afternoon.

Whilst Noah was cleaning the pigs out he sent Beaver and me to feed the chickens and collect the eggs. When we got back to the farmyard with the eggs there was a little white van there and Noah was talking to the driver who had a big grin on his face when he saw Beaver and I walking up to them carrying the trays of eggs.

It turned out that the man came every other day to collect the eggs to sell them on his market stall in the nearby towns. We had a bit of a chat with them as the man had a good look at our naked bodies.

As we were talking the 2 farm dogs came to visit us and had a good sniff at our butts and pussies. Instead of shooing them away, both Beaver and I let them sniff and lick our pussies causing us both to moan a little as their rough tongues found our clits and nearly made us cum, much to the delight of the 2 men.

I think that Noah was being deliberately cruel to Beaver and me because he let the dogs lick our pussies until we were getting close to cumming then he shooed them away saying,

“Can’t let them get the better of you girls.”

I was sure that Beaver was thinking the same as me in that stopping them wasn’t a nice thing to do.

The man left and just as I was about to ask Noah what he wanted us to do next, the little red postman’s van arrived and the smiling postman got out.

“Only 1 thing for you today Noah, just a circular that would have kept until tomorrow but I wanted to see if your guests were still here.”

“That explains why you’re earlier than normal,” Noah said, “well as you see they’re still here and looking as beautiful as ever don’t you think?”

“Sure do Noah, and I like that they obviously like showing off they cute little bodies.”

“You should have seen them a few minutes ago, they let the dogs lick their pussies and nearly make them cum.”

“It was you that stopped them from making us cum Noah.” Beaver said.

“I could always get them back.”

Both Beaver and I shrugged our shoulders and I was sure that Beaver was thinking the same as me - “go on then Noah.”

Noah whistled and the 2 dogs came running back to us and both Beaver and I spread our feet a little to give the tongues better access.

Three or 4 minutes later both Beaver and I were moaning and shaking as the orgasms took control of our bodies. When the waves subsided the postman said,

“Wow girls, I’ve heard that that can happen but I’ve never actually seen it, thank you, and thank you Noah, much appreciated.”

“You’re welcome Pete, and I know that both girls enjoyed it, didn’t you?”

Both Beaver and I still had the post orgasm look on our faces and we both nodded.

“Wow,” Pete said, “I wish that I had a couple of cousins like these 2.”

“I guess that we are luck, and with a bit of luck these 2 will be coming to visit us a lot more, now that they’ve discovered what they like.”

“Lucky bastard; well I guess that I should be going. Nice to see all of you girls. Until the next time.”

With that Pete got in his van and left, leaving the 3 of us just stood there with the 2 dogs looking up at us.

“So, what would you 2 like to do until you have to leave us?”

“Are there any jobs that need doing that we could help with?” Beaver asked.

“I think that you 2 have done quite a bit for us already, maybe you should just relax and enjoy yourselves before you leave.”

“Could we go into the barn please?” Beaver asked, “there’s something that we’d like to show you.”

I guessed what Beaver was thinking about and I was more than happy to go along with it.

In the barn we led Noah over to where the hay bales were and started undressing Noah. He didn’t resist at all, and we soon had him as naked as we were, his boner pointing to the roof.

Beaver pushed him down onto his back then mounted his cock whilst I straddled his face and held my pussy right above his face.

His first load shot into Beaver quite quickly and when we swapped places I had to use my mouth to get him hard again before mounting him. I orgasmed just before he did.

As we were all getting our wits back, I heard something and looked over to the entrance to see Betty and Ian stood there watching us. Ian was behind Betty and his hands were playing with her nipples.

“Go on then lover,” Betty said, “show them it’s not only the young that can give them a good time.”

For a second I thought that Betty was telling her husband to fuck Beaver and me, then I thought that they were going to put on a show for us. But I was right the first time as Ian came over to us and put out an arm to help me, then Beaver to our feet.

Without a word being said, Noah got up, Ian dropped his trousers and lay down ready to give us round 2.

And he did, lasting a lot longer than Noah did, and showing us his expertise in pussy eating. Both Beaver and I had 2 more orgasms before Ian finally shot his load inside Beaver.

Noah had gone off to do whatever, but Betty was still stood there watching and when Ian got up she went over to him and hugged him before asking Beaver and I if we were happy.

“So you obviously didn’t mind your husband fucking his nieces then Betty?” I asked.

“Hell no, he’s got it and you 2 obviously wanted it so why not? You’re forgetting that Ian and I grew up in the era of free love and all that went with it.”

“So Ian and our mother and you and dad did it then? Beaver asked.

“Many times, and it didn’t do any of us any harm, I mean, you 2 have turned out good haven’t you?”

“We like to think so.” I replied.

“You definitely have.” Ian added, then continued,

“Let’s have some lunch then perhaps you 2 could take some lunch down to the farmhand then go on and look for that swimming hole, see if it’s still any good. You can take the quad bike if you like.”

And that’s what we did. Neither Beaver nor I had driven a quad bike before but Ian quickly showed us how to do it, and off we set with Beaver driving, me with 1 hand holding the bag of lunch for the farm hand and the other hand caressing her tits and down to her leaking pussy.

When we got off the bike there was 2 wet patches on the seats where our the men’s cum had leaked out of us.

The farmhand had heard us approaching and had stopped to watch. When I first spotted him I wondered if we should let him fuck us at well but for some unknown reason I didn’t fancy the idea and I guess that Beaver didn’t as well because she never gave any indication that she wanted to.

We left him and got back onto the bike, me driving and Beaver’s hands all over my front. Ian had told us to just keep going along the path and that we’d know when were there when we saw it, and we did. We passed a stretch of bushes between the path and the river and came to an opening and there it was, a suddenly calm stretch of water that had 3 older teenagers, about our age, splashing about.

I switched the engine off, we got off the bike and stood there looking down at the 2 guys and 1 girl. One of them must have heard, or seen us because they stopped splashing about and just stood there looking at us looking at them. We couldn’t see their bottom halves but the girl was topless and she wasn’t making any attempt to cover her tits.

“Hi there,” I shouted, “mind if we join you?”

There was a short silence then the girl shouted back,

“No, not at all, it’s not our river so come on in.”

The 3 of them watched as we climbed down the bit of a bank then waded in.

“Hi,” I said, “I’m Areola and this is Beaver. We’ve staying at the farm just up stream a bit.”

“Hi, Ellie and this is Joe and Aiden. We live in the village just down stream. So is it Ian’s and Betty’s farm?”

“Yes, do you know them?”

“I know Noah,” Ellie said, “we hang occasionally.”

As we were talking I couldn’t help notice that Joe and Aiden were staring at our rock hard nipples and not our faces and Ellie had noticed them too.

“Please forgive my friends, they’re a bit immature, you’d think that they’ve never seen a naked girl before but they see me naked all the time.”

“I think that it’s built into male DNA.” Beaver said, “but we don’t mind them looking.”

“Me neither.” Ellie added, “they’re harmless, never even tried to grope me, not like that Noah, now he’s cute.”

“Yes he is.” Beaver and I replied almost in stereo.

“So are you 2 twins then?”

“Close, but no, just sisters.” I replied, “So Joe, Aiden, lift your eyes and tell us what you’ve been doing here?”

“Yeah, Oh,” Joe replied, “just keeping cool, it’s been so damned hot lately.”

“So you like looking at naked girls do you guys?” Beaver asked.

“Is that really your names?” Aiden asked.

“Yep, cool isn’t it?” I asked.

“Don’t you get lots of nicknames and jokes?” Ellie asked.

“We do, we used to hate it but now we love it. It gets people thinking about out tits and pussies.”

“I just bet that it does.” Joe added.

“So are you guys wearing anything?” Beaver asked.

“Of course.” Joe replied.

“Why?” Beaver asked, “don’t you want anyone to see your boners?”

“They’re a bit shy.” Ellie said.

“Well have a good look at us guys, we don’t mind.” I said.

“Pussies as well?” Aiden asked, “Ellie won’t let us look at hers.”

“But I bet that you’ve seen it haven’t you? I mean, a girl can’t keep her legs clamped together all the time can she.”

“Yeah, we’ve seen it.”

Ellie changed the subject by telling us that they just swim about and splash each other to keep cool. Then she splashed the guys prompting them to splash her, and us, back.

We spent the next 10 minutes or so splashing each other and swimming out of the way at times. Then the guys stopped and Joe said,

“So can we look at your pussies?”

“Guys!” Ellie said, “you can’t just ask a girl that you only met a few minutes ago if you can see her pussy.”

“Why not?” Aiden asked.

“It’s not polite, and besides, you can get locked up these days for saying something like that to a girl.” Ellie replied.

“That’s okay.” Beaver said. “Tell you what guys, how about we play a game of ‘I’ll show you mine if you show me yours’. What do you say?”

“I don’t know about that.” Joe replied, “that will mean we have to take our shorts off.”

“So I guess that it all depends on how much you want to see our pussies.” I said.

The 2 guys thought for a few seconds and looked at each other. They both nodded then Aiden turned to look at Beaver,

“Okay, it’s a deal.”

“Come on guys, let’s go and find a nice patch of grass.” Beaver said.

As we all waded to the bank Ellie said,

“Geez guys, anyone would think that you were 8 not 18.”

“It’s okay Ellie,” I said, “some guys just don’t mature until they start drawing their old age pension. We don’t mind, in fact we like being looked at don’t we sis?”

“Yep, they can touch us as well if they want.”

As we walked to a large grassy area I noted that Ellie was quite slim with tits a bit bigger than ours, and is as bald as we are; then Beaver said,

“Okay guys, drop-em.”

Joe and Aiden slowly dropped their shorts then their boxers, using their hands to cover their hard cocks.

“Come on guys,” Beaver said, “don’t be shy, let us have a proper look.”

Slowly the 2 guys moved their hands to their sides revealing their reasonably sized cocks, both pointing towards the sky.

“That’s better.” Beaver said.

“I never thought that they’d be that big.” Ellie said.

Without saying anything, both Beaver and I dropped to our knees in front of the guys and had a really good look at the cocks, both of us holding then to move them around to get a better look, and to see how solid they were. Thinking back, I’m a bit surprised that at least one of them didn’t shoot his load all over our faces, but they didn’t. Instead, Joe said,

“Our turn, get on your backs girls.”

Beaver and I did, spreading out legs quite wide, and I was and wasn’t surprised to see Ellie do the same.

Joe and Aiden looked at each other then got down between Beaver’s and my legs. I felt Joe’s breath on my spread pussy then I told him that he could touch me and open my lips some more.

Slowly, and carefully, I felt my labia being pulled open then a finger at my vaginal entrance.

“Go on Joe, slide it in.”

He did, and after I moaned he started slowly finger fucking me. It didn’t take long for my moans to get louder then for me to cum, my body jerking about as the waves of pleasure rolled over me.

“Thank you Joe.” I said, seeing that he was sitting on his heels just looking down at my leaking and convulsing pussy.

I turned my head and saw Beaver in the full throws of an orgasm and Ellie, still on her back with her legs spread, but up on her elbows watching the rest of us.

“I think that you guys need to do that same to Ellie.” I said.

Ellie had obviously heard me but she had said nothing so I told Joe to go and get between her legs.

Beaver and I watched as first Joe, then Aiden finger fucked Ellie to 2 separate orgasms.

When Ellie returned to normal I looked at the guys and decided that they were suffering.

“Would you like us to give you a blowjob guys?” I asked.

It was a silly question really, as both cocks looked a little harder and bigger than they had before.

All 3 girls got to our knees and I realised the problem.

“You 2 go ahead, they can watch me bringing myself off whilst you’re giving them some relief.”

Well Beaver was on the nearest cock before I’d finished saying that but Ellie wasn’t so fast.

“Go on Ellie,” I said, “you know that you want to.”

And she did, slowly at first, but then speeding up and occasionally looking over to Beaver to see how she was doing it. I heard Ellie gagging a couple of times but I didn’t say anything.

Beaver held her head over Joe’s cock as he shot his load down her throat and when I thought that Aiden was about to cum I told Ellie to take him as deep as she could.

When Aiden had cum in Ellie’s mouth I said,

“Let him see it before you swallow it Ellie.”

She did, then she showed him her empty mouth.

“Have you done that before Ellie?” I asked.

“No, that was my first time.”

“Don’t let it be your last time Ellie.” Beaver said, “come on, swap over.”

They did, with me no longer contributing to the conversation as I too was getting close to cumming again.

“Suck him and fondle his balls.” I heard Beaver say. In between her administrations to Aiden.

My orgasm was history by the time both guys came again then we all collapsed onto our backs to recover and enjoy the sun.

“Wow!” Ellie finally said, “I never thought that I’d do that to these 2 morons.”

“I guess that it was bound to happen sometime with you accidentally flashing your pussy to them, or was it an accident? Don’t you wear knickers?”

“Naw, can’t see the point, and maybe I was subconsciously flashing them, who knows?”

“Maybe you’ll let them fuck you the next time that you come here?” Beaver said.

“Hey, don’t get your hopes up guys, this was a one-off and I blame Beaver and Areola for leading me astray.“

“Says the girl who’s laying on her back, stark naked, with her legs spread wide with 2 young men still staring at her spread pussy.” I added.

Ellie laughed but didn’t close her legs.

We enjoyed the sun for a while longer before Beaver and I decided that we should be going back, telling Ellie and the 2 guys that we had to drive for about an hour to get home. Beaver and I got up, said our goodbyes and went and got on the quad bike, this time with Beaver driving and me caressing all of her front as she tried to concentrate on driving.

Back at the farm Betty had some tea ready for us telling us that she couldn’t let us leave without something to eat and later we walked to the car promising to return as soon as we could.

Beaver was going to drive the fist half of the journey and as she put the dress on Noah asked if I was going to put some clothes on.

“Only this.” I replied, getting the remote controlled vibrator out of my bag and sliding it into my vagina.

“Is that ….” Ian started to say, but I interrupted him,

“Yes, remote controlled. We play this game when we’re going anywhere in the car. The passenger has to be totally naked and the driver tells the passenger what to make the vibrator do.”

“So how do you control it?” Noah asked.

“An app on our phones.”

“So does that mean that it can be can be controlled over the mobile phone network?”

“Or the internet.” I added, “but we’re still working on getting that working.”

“Send us your numbers when you do and we’ll give you a few pleasant surprises.” Betty said.

“Will do.” I said as I shut the car door and Beaver drove off.

“Switch it on.” Beaver said as we drove down the track to the road.

I did, and as it gently purred away inside me we talked about the last few days and how much fun we’d had.

We had the usual switch over at the service station, and before we knew it we were back home, us not having stopped close to home for Beaver to put a dress on.

“Have you been like that in the car B?” daddy asked.

“Yes daddy, and can you call us by our full names now, we’ve decided that we now like our names.”

“I just knew that you’d come full circle with that.” daddy replied, “you are your mother’s daughters alright, and by the way, if you’re going out in the car not dressed like that you be careful, both of you.”

“Thank you daddy, we love you.”

“So, how did your trip to the farm go?”

“Daddy,” I said, “you never told us what you and mummy and Betty and Ian got up to. We thought that we were the wild ones, but you, the things that you and mum got up to, wow.”

“Things were different then.”

“Not that different daddy, sex is still sex.”

“True, but we didn’t have those things.” Daddy said pointing to the pink tail hanging below my pussy.

“And we love them daddy, thank you so much, can we thank you properly again please, right now?”

“No girls, I’ve told you, we shouldn’t be doing that.”

“I bet that we would if it was back when you were our age.”

“Probably true, but it’s now and things are different.”

“Not that different daddy, sex is still sex.”

“So you keep saying A, Areola.”

“So let’s go to your bedroom, or would you like to do it outside on the grass like you and mum used to do.”

“Stop it Areola, I’ve said no.”

“Okay, maybe later then.”

“Areola.”

We both kissed daddy on the cheek then put our things away and got on with our household jobs. The next day Beaver and I uploaded all the photos and videos onto both our laptops. That night when daddy was relaxing on the sofa we went and sat either side of him, cuddled our naked bodies up to him and made him watch a slide show of all the photos and videos.

Beaver and I were right in the assumption that watching them would give him a boner and the desire to fuck us both and we only got to see about half of the photos before Beaver and I were taking it in turns to bounce up and down on his cock until we both got filled with his cum.

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