**I had an unusual upbringing**

by Vanessa Evans

Hi, my name is Carol and I’m writing to let everyone know about my unusual upbringing. You see I grew-up in a tiny little village on the south coast of England called Little Cove. There’s only half a dozen houses there and, of course, everyone knows everyone else. Not so unusual so far, but you see, the folk of the village have some very strange ways and beliefs.

My story starts when I was 14 when I reached puberty later than all the other girls in my class at school. I was the only girl in the village along with 3 teenage boys, two of them being my brothers, Ian and Peter. All of the boys being 2 or 3 years older than me. We all go to the same school on the bus that stops where our half mile dead-end road joins the main road.

At that road junction there is just a bus stop and a little sign, with the village name on it, pointing down the dead-end road. There is no mention of the little beach that is there, probably because it is so small, is difficult to get down to, and there is no parking for cars. The only vehicles that go down that road are the residents cars, the little red post van, the occasional delivery van and the rubbish collection lorry. There are no shops or a pub to supply, although one of the residents does brew his own beer which has caused a few morning hangovers.

Apart from what I’ve just mentioned, the only other people who come to the village are the hikers who walk along the coastal path, and there’s not that many of them.

Everyone knows everyone else and doors are only shut when it’s cold. People just walk into each other’s houses all the time as if all 6 houses were one big one with us all being one big family. Shopping is done by weekly trips to the supermarket 6 miles away, 2 of the houses occupants sharing a neighbour’s car.

There are no televisions or landline phones in the village but each house has a radio.

Although every family has a mobile phone, only one house has an internet connection via his mobile phone and only 2 of the houses have a computer, those with children. The 5 houses without an internet connection share the Wi-Fi of the house that has internet via their mobile phone.

For me, things changed when I had my first period, puberty not having visited me until I was 14. As well as my body changing shape, my parents, and the other people in the village, attitude towards me changed. I wasn’t a little kid any more, I was a teenage girl and teenage girls got treated in a special way in our village. I’ve been told that it’s been like it is for hundreds of years. I’d heard stories from the boys but I didn’t really believe them, it was just way too crazy to believe.

When I got up one Saturday morning in the late spring I felt wet between my legs and when I looked there was blood all over the crotch of my knickers and the sheet below me. We’d had sex education lessons at school so I wasn’t alarmed but I still shouted for my mother who told my brothers to get out of the bedroom that the 3 of us kids shared. Then mother shouted,

“Terry, Carol’s periods have started.”

“About time too Jenny. Get her into the bath and clean her up.” My father shouted back.

Mum told me to get off the bed then she pulled off the T shirt that I wore for bed, and my bloody knickers. Naked, she led me to the bathroom, telling my brothers to get out as we went in, Ian protesting that he was in the middle of having a pee. My brothers and I had often shared a bath and gone skinny dipping in the sea, in fact they’d taught me to swim whilst we were skinny dipping, and with us 3 kids sharing the same bedroom it was inevitable that we saw each other naked at times. Them seeing me naked had never bothered me, until that day.

As mum was washing me, dad came in and watched mum and me. I was a little embarrassed as it had been a while since daddy had seen me naked and that day I felt different. As I stood there I remembered the stories that the boys had told me but I dismissed them as being just too crazy, but they weren’t.

When I was dry daddy said,

“Sit on the side of the bath Carol and lean back and spread your legs.”

My jaw dropped as I did as ordered. Dad held up a tampon and asked me if I knew what it was.

“Yes daddy, it’s a tampon, we’ve had it all explained in Sex Ed lessons at school.”

“Good, I’m going to put this one inside you then it will be up to you to take care of yourself from then on.”

“I can manage daddy.”

“I said that I’d do it Carol, spread those legs a bit wider.”

I watched with my mouth wide open, not really believing what was happening. I felt a jolt of pain when it went in and heard my mother say,

“Sorry Carol, your father is a bit rough doing things like that but don’t worry, it won’t hurt when you do it.”

“Has daddy just taken my virginity mum, was that pain my hymen breaking?”

“Your father may have broken your hymen or just stretched it, but don’t worry, you haven’t had his cock in there yet so you are still a virgin.”

The daddy spoke,

“Right Carol, now that you are a young woman there are certain rules that all girls in this village have to follow from becoming a woman until they are 30, get married, or leave the village for good.”

“What rules?” I asked.

“There’s too many to tell you all of them right now, but the most important one right now is about your clothes.”

“What about my clothes?”

“From now on you will only wear clothes when you go out of the village, or the weather is cold, then it will only be skirts or dresses, and, when it was cold, a cardigan and / or a coat, no underwear.”

“Are you joking daddy, it’s bad enough being naked at home but you’re saying that I have to be naked all the time? Everyone will see me and it’s not fair, Ian and Peter don’t have to be naked.”

“That’s because they are boys, these rules only apply to girls and I am not joking,.”

“But everyone will see me naked.”

“You’ve said that once Carol, it’s only in the village, or close by.”

“But daddy, ….”

“I don’t know what you are making a fuss about, everyone in the village has seen you naked hundreds of times.”

“But I was a little girl then.”

“You still look like a little girl to me Carol.”

“But my breasts are starting to grow and I’ve got a few hairs down there.”

“Thank you for reminding me Carol, your mother will get you a shaving set and you will shave everywhere below your neck whenever you, or someone else, feels some hairs growing. And talking about your mother doing things for you, Jenny, use that phone thing and make an appointment at the doctors for her, she needs to be on the pill.”

“Yes Terry.”

“Does that mean that you are going to fuck me daddy?”

“Maybe, but for now I’m more worried about your brothers or the other men and boys in the village, I don’t want you to get pregnant and have to marry one of your brothers or that David boy, or if it’s one of the men, you to have a bastard child. There’s been enough incest in this village as it is, which probably explains why you kids aren’t the sharpest knives in the drawer. Your mother tells me that you 3 are mine but you could all have different fathers, any one of the men in the village.”

“They are yours Terry. I swear to God.” Jenny said.

“So you keep saying Jenny, but I’m not convinced. I might just have another go at tanning your ass to beat the truth out of you.”

“It is the truth Terry, but if you want to spank me again, go ahead. Oh Carol, one of the rules for girls is that anyone in the village can spank you anytime that they want.”

“Why, that’s not fair,” I replied, “I haven’t done anything.”

“You’ve been questioning the rules and you’ve just answered back,” my father said, “that alone is enough of a reason to spank you but I’ll let you off THIS time.”

I was mortified, it was bad enough that my father was seeing me naked and that he’d put a tampon in my vagina, and that my older brothers had also just seen me naked, but for everyone in the village to see me naked! I was mortified. And what’s more it was going to be like that for years. I wanted to run away.

“Come on Carol,” my mother said, “let’s go and sort through your clothes and see what you won’t be needing any more.”

Mother led me back into the bedroom where Ian and Peter were sat on their beds, probably just waiting to see the naked me. As I’ve mentioned, they’ve seen me naked before, but this was different, I was starting to become a woman and they hadn’t seen me naked since my breasts had started to grow and I’d got a few hairs down there. And they were going to see me naked every day, all day, from then on. Oh my gawd, what was I going to do? I needed to think more about running away.

My mother went through all my clothes and sorted them into 2 piles. The smaller pile consisted of my skirts, tops and dresses. The bigger pile was my jeans, shorts, pyjamas and underwear.

“What am I supposed to wear for bed mum?” I asked.

“Nothing honey, you’ll soon get used to it and actually enjoy it.”

“No I won’t.”

“Oh Carol,” mum said, “don’t be down, all us women in the village have gone through what you are about to. I’m sure that before long you’ll never want to put any clothes on and hate it when you have to, to go to school.”

“Can’t I at least wear knickers for school mum, all the boys will be trying to look up my skirt, and it will be easy for them because my school skirt is so short. Can you at least get me a longer one, one that comes down to my knees instead of this one that only goes half way down my thighs.”

“No Carol, you will make do with what you’ve got, and if a boy does see up your skirt and see that you have no knickers on, so what? You are a girl and you should be proud of that.”

“So I should be proud that boys can see my pussy?”

“Yes honey, boys like seeing girl’s pussies and if they keep looking it’s a sign that they think that you are worth looking at more than once. I bet that your brothers will look at your pussy all the time won’t you boys?”

“Yes mum.” both boys replied.

“And why is that boys?” my mother asked.

“Because our sister is a beautiful girl.” Ian replied.

“There Carol, when did either of your brothers tell you that you were beautiful?”

“Never.” I replied.

“Well now that they can see you starting to become a woman they realise that you ARE beautiful.”

“I guess.”

“But don’t let that go to your head Carol, if you start trying to take advantage of them liking to see you naked they can easily put you over their knee and give you a good spanking.”

“I won’t mum, the last time that daddy spanked me it hurt a lot.”

“And that was with your jeans on, so think what it would be like now your bottom is bare all the time.”

“I’ll be good mummy.”

“You better had, because everyone in the village is looking for an excuse to spank your cute little bot. Now, let’s fold all the clothes that you won’t be needing any more, Mandy is still trying for a baby and she might need them if it’s a girl.”

I helped mother then was left on my own, if you can be on your own when you share a bedroom with 2 older brothers. I lay on my side on my bed facing the wall trying to come to terms with my new life. It didn’t help that my tummy was hurting a bit and I cursed that I had been born a girl.

I again considered running away from home and thought about it for a while then decided that that would be too hard, I’d recently seen a TV program about runaway kids living on the street and I didn’t want to become like them. I thought about trying to find a rich man who would look after me. The daydream was nice whilst it lasted but it wasn’t realistic. I was just coming to the conclusion that I would just have to get used to my new life when Peter said,

“You know sis, you do have a nice pussy, it’s all wet and shiny.”

I thought for a second then realised 2 things. Firstly I was in the fetal and hadn’t realised that my pussy was on display, and secondly, yes, my pussy was wet, but how could it be, I had a tampon in my vagina. Was being naked with my brothers staring at my pussy really exciting me? Jeez, it was, what’s wrong with me?

Then Peter continued,

“Are you coming to the beach with us?”

“Will David be there?” I asked.

“Probably.” Ian replied.

“I’m not going then, he’ll see me like this.”

“He’ll see you like that sooner or later.” Ian replied, “may as well get it over with.”

Ian was right, I couldn’t live like a hermit. Apart from having to share a room with 2, smelly, farting brothers my parents wouldn’t let me stay in the room all the time. I just knew that daddy was looking for an excuse to spank my bare bottom and the rest of the family usually watched me being spanked. What’s more, with the constant stream of neighbours coming and going daddy, if not mummy as well could want to show how I was developing to them.

“I suppose that you are right Ian, okay then, let’s go.”

After Peter told mum where we were going, and her smiling at me, we left the house. It felt weird being outside totally naked even though I’d been outside in my one-piece bathing suit hundreds of times. We’d only gone 20 metres when we saw aunt Betty.

“I see that you’ve started your periods Carol. Don’t worry, you’ll soon get used to life without clothes.”

“Thanks, I think.” I replied with a red face.

“Don’t be shy girl, hands by your sides and be proud, you’re going to have a fabulous body that you should be proud of. Besides, uncle Tom will want to see how you are developing and there’s nothing turns him on more than naked young girl who likes her body.”

I looked down at my tiny bumps and saw that my little nipples were hard. They hurt a little and I guessed that it was because they weren’t covered. Then I realised that it wasn’t pain, it was a sort of nice tingling, and my pussy was tingling like that as well. Was I really enjoying being naked outside? And how was my pussy feeling wet with that tampon inside me I thought again? Had I pissed myself a little without realising? I was a confused young teenage girl.

I was also thinking about what aunt Betty had said about uncle Tom, would he really want to see me naked? I didn’t really want him to see me naked but what choice did I have? I thought about what Ian had said, “may as well get it over with”. I smiled to myself and thought that maybe I should go to the middle of the houses and shout,

“Everyone, come and look at me. I’m having my first period and I have to be naked from now on.”

Then I felt my nipples and pussy tingle some more.

We climbed down the steep path to the beach and messed about like we always do, looking to see if the tide had washed in anything interest. After about an hour I was sort of getting used to being naked and the boys had stopped staring at me so much. And it did feel nice having the gentle, warm breeze tickling my nipples and pussy. That tingling feeling was still there and I began to wonder if it was a permanent feature for girls when they hit puberty.

Eventually we’d had enough of the beach and headed off back up the steep climb. We were nearly at the top when I realised that I was out in the front and I was usually pulling up the rear. Then it twigged, the boys were watching my butt and pussy as we climbed up. At first I was going to shout at them and tell them not to perv on me but then I remembered that they were going to see me naked for years to come and that it was inevitable that they’d get a good look at my pussy hundreds of times. I remembered what Ian had said and turned and looked down at them. I spread my feet wide and said,

“Come on guys, have a good look at my pussy, then perhaps you won’t need to stare at it so much. Do you want me to sit on that big rock and let you have a really good look?”

It was David who said that he did, and I guessed that Ian and Pete had already had a reasonably good look when I’d lay on my bed with my knees up. So I did, I sat on the rock, spread my legs wide and lay back.

The 3 of them came round me and had a good long look. As I lay there the tingling got stronger and I suddenly realised that my right hand had moved to my pussy and my fingers were rubbing my little clitoris, the clit that I’d only discovered a few days earlier. I stopped immediately and moved my hand away.

“You could have kept going Carol,” David said, “I’ve never seen a girl cum before.”

“Well you’re not going to today.” I replied and got to my feet remembering the first orgasm that I’d ever had, in bed only a few days before. I’d been happy that my brothers were still asleep at the time.

As I climbed the rest of the way up I felt a bit ashamed at what I had done, but at the same time it was so exciting, and my nipples and pussy were tingling so much that they made my period cramps disappear.

At the top we hung around the seat that has a great view of the sea and the boats going along the channel. We’d sat there hundreds of time daydreaming and wondering where the boats were going. The 3 boys were sat on the seat and they’d told me to stand in front of them, facing them with my feet about shoulder width apart. I knew that they just wanted to look at my pussy again but what could I do. Dad had told me that anyone in the village could spank me at anytime and I was sure that the 3 horrible boys would just like an excuse to get me over their knees and tan my butt.

As I stood there I was looking at all the houses, well not the houses, more the people who were going in and out of them. All the men seemed to be visiting all of the houses. I remembered what daddy had said about him not being sure that Ian and Peter and myself were actually his children. I wondered if all the men going into all of the houses was so that they could fuck the women in those houses. Maybe I wasn’t daddy’s daughter, maybe uncle Ben or uncle Tom or uncle Harry or uncle Joe was actually my father.

Why were my nipples and pussy tingling again, and was what the girls at school had said about period pains and the pill right, I hoped so, I didn’t want to suffer the damned pains that I was having every month.

Whilst I was stood there a couple of old men hikers that were obviously walking the coastal path walked passed us. The path goes behind the sea that the boys were on so I was stood facing them. Both men stared at me as I talked to the boys with my hands by my sides. Those me looking at me sort of felt nice and my tingling got stronger for a while.

After a while, Ian, Peter and David decided that we were going to go to each house in turn. They told me that they hoped to get offered a cookie at each one but I just knew that they wanted to show my naked body to anyone in the village that hadn’t already seen me. I thought about what Ian had said, gritted my teeth and followed them.

At the first house aunt Helen and uncle Ben were there and I noticed that aunt Helen wasn’t wearing much and looked a little flustered. After my earlier thought I wondered if we’d disturbed them fucking. My pussy tingled again.

Uncle Ben seemed really pleased to see me and he came and put his hands on my chest. As he pressed on my hard little nipples and little mounds he said,

“Yes, these are going to be really nice, a bit late in coming but you will be a nice addition to the village. You boys keep your hands off Carol here, us men need to sample her first.”

As uncle Ben was saying that his right hand had left my left tit and had slid down to my pussy and was cupping it, one of his fingers going between the lips of my slit and pressing on the entrance to my vagina. My hard nipples and pussy were really tingling and I let out a little moan.

Was I really going to get fucked by all my uncles as well as my father and brothers? I cursed to myself about being born into the village but at the same time, part of me was looking forward to it.

“Leave the poor girl alone Ben, it’s only her first day as a true village girl, give her a chance to get used to her new life, Besides, us women will want to get to know her better as well, teach her how to cope with you men.” Aunt Helen said.

“You mean get your mouths on her sweet little pussy.” Uncle Ben replied.

“That as well.” Aunt Helen said. “Go home to your wife Lizzy Ben, take your lust for Carol out on her. Your time will come.”

Then aunt Helen turned to me and continued,

“You ignore Ben Carol, he’s the worst of all the men here.” And turning to the 3 boys she continued,

“And you boys take no notice of Ben, you need to learn to treat women with respect, we are not just lumps of fuck meat, be nice to women and girls and they will be nice to you. Do you understand?”

All 3 boys replied,

“Yes aunt Helen.”

“Now, who would like a cookie.”

As the 4 of us teenagers were eating our cookies, Ben left and a few minutes later uncle Harry arrived. He too came and inspected me with his hands and he too got rebuked by aunt Helen. Shortly after that aunt Helen ushered the 4 of us out and as we went out of the door we heard aunt Helen giggle and say,

“Not here Harry, the kids might see.”

We also heard uncle Harry reply,

“So what.”

It was a similar thing in the other 3 houses and by the time we got back to my house all the 5 men in the village had ‘inspected’ me with their hands. I wondered if I should take the 3 boys to the bedroom and just get it over with by saying something like,

“Okay guys, your turn, just get on with it, do whatever you want with me.”

But I didn’t because my mum was cooking lunch and she told Ian, Peter and me to go and get cleaned up. David left saying that his lunch was probably ready as well.

After lunch, dad told us that it was the supermarket run. Usually, it’s just the adults that go, all around the same time, leaving us kids to ‘look after’ the village, but that day was different, dad told me that I was going with them.

“You’re not expecting me to go like this are you dad?” I asked.

“Why not Carol; has someone said that you’re ugly or something?”

“No dad, but I don’t want lots of people to see me naked, besides isn’t it illegal to be naked in public?”

“You’ve been naked all morning Carol and no one has arrested you.”

“That’s because we haven’t seen a copper in the village for years, in fact I’ve never seen a copper here.”

“No, I think that they’ve forgotten that we exist. Come on, grab those bags and lets get in the car.”

“But dad.”

“Okay Carol, I was just joking with you, go and put one of your summer dresses on.”

I was relieved as I went to my room and got the dress. All my dresses are a few years old and I’ve grown since I got them. My mother had never taught me about keeping my legs crossed or being careful when sitting or bending over in a skirt and before that day I had never even thought about it, but as I climbed into the back of daddy’s car I was suddenly aware that the skirt part of my dress had ridden up and I was sitting on my bare bum.

As we drove to the supermarket I thought about how much I would be showing if I bent over or squat down, of even just sitting with my knees side by side. I bent forward and looked back under my dress and could easily see the front of my slit and the few hairs over my pubic bone. I just knew that I would have to be careful how I sat at school and if I ever had to bend over.

Then I thought about PE. If I couldn’t wear my gym knickers everyone would be able to see my bum and pussy when we did gymnastics or even the other sports.

“Mum,” I said, “can we get me some PE shorts please?”

“No honey, you’ve got a gym skirt that is perfectly okay.”

“But it’s very short, everyone will be able to see my bum and pussy.”

“And?” Daddy asked.

“And I don’t want everyone to see my bum and pussy.”

“I think that we’ve already had this conversation Carol,” daddy replied, “get over it and be proud of what you’ve got.”

“That’s easy for you to say daddy.”

“I would have thought that you’d be over that now that everyone in the village has seen you.”

“Dad, I can’t do it, it’s too embarrassing.”

“Carol, are you arguing with me?”

“No daddy, just saying.”

“Get over it Carol or you will have a red butt.”

I said no more and worried that I was going to get soo embarrassed quite soon. The thing that I didn’t understand was that my nipples and pussy were still tingling, and when I looked down at my chest I could see 2 little bumps in the dress made by my hard nipples. I wondered if all girls had these problems when their periods started or if it was because my parents were making me stay naked all the time, or if it was the thought of my pussy being seen by lots of strangers.

Needless to say that I didn’t get an answer from myself and we were soon at the supermarket.

As I swung a leg out of the car I felt a breeze tickle my pussy.

“Oh gawd,” I thought, “I can’t even get out of a damned car without my pussy showing, I’ll have to think of how I can get in and out of a car without flashing my pussy.”

“Get a trolley Carol.” My dad said.

I ran over to the trolley shelter, almost forgetting my underwearless state, and pulled on the back trolley. All I succeeded in doing was pulling all of them a little. The back one was hooked under the one in front of it. Instinctively, I reached over the handle and unhooked it. It was only when a young man behind me said,

“Forget to put something on this morning did you?”

That I realised what I had done and what the young man must have seen. I quickly straightened up and pulled my dress down. As I looked at the young man I saw that he was smiling and when he saw me looking at him he said,

“Very nice darling.” And he turned and walked away.

By then my face was bright red and I went down the side of the trolleys and carefully unhooked the back trolley and pushed it to where my mum and dad were waiting. I could feel the gentle breeze billowing my skirt and hoped that nothing was showing, but it did feel nice on my pussy.

Dad took control of the trolley leaving mum and me to get the items off the shelves. Mum kept telling me to get things off the bottom or top shelves and after a while I realised why. It was seeing a couple of men watching me that alerted me to what I was showing.

“You could have told me dad.” I said when I saw him smiling.

“And spoil your fun Carol, you can’t tell me that you didn’t enjoy flashing those men.”

“If I had know I wouldn’t have done it.” I replied, but what I was thinking was,

“Well maybe I did, my pussy is tingling a lot more.”

We continued going round the aisles with mum still telling me to get things off the top and bottom shelves, and me still reaching up and bending over, but I was now looking around as I did so to see if anyone was looking at me. I have to admit that my pussy did tingle more when I saw someone looking.

At the feminine hygiene shelves mummy told me which razors to get and which other products, including a box of tampons. In a way I felt proud that I was now old enough to need those things, but I did feel a little embarrassed putting them in the trolley.

By the time that we got to the checkout I think that it’s fair to say that I was starting to not care if anyone could see up my dress and I happily bent over the handle of the trolley to put the bags in, and as I pushed the trolley out to the car daddy kept asking me questions about products that we’d bought that meant I had to lean over the handle to check on something. I guessed that my dress was blowing and riding up, but again, I was starting to not care, and the tingling in my pussy told me that it was happy with what I was doing.

When I pushed the trolley back to one of the shelters I was almost skipping along. I was the happiest that I’d been all day.

Back at home daddy told me to go and take my dress off before helping to unload the car and put things away. Then he told me to help mummy get the evening meal ready. As mummy and I were working she asked me how I was, and what I thought about my new status in the village. The first part was easy to answer, I was at home and it was only family that I was naked in front of so I was fine, not too happy that daddy, Ian and Peter kept staring at me, but otherwise fine.

The second part was more difficult to answer. I told her about my nipples and pussy tingling whenever anyone was looking at me and she told me that that was one of the best things about being a woman.

“What,” I replied, “flashing you pussy to other people is a good thing?”

“Yes Carol, when you let people, especially men, see parts of you that usually aren’t on display, you can get the men to do anything for you.”

“I hadn’t really thought about that.” I replied. “So is that why the village has this tradition?”

“I don’t know and I don’t think that anyone here knows.”

“So why does the village still practice the tradition?”

“Good question, there’s 2 reasons that I can think of at the moment, one is from the men’s point of view in that they love having naked teenage girls to look at and get their hands on, and that has advantages for us women, so all of us women here are happy that you have reached puberty. From the girl’s point if view, I guess that it’s to give you confidence and teach you how you can use your bodies to get whatever you want out of life.”

“At the moment mum, all I want is my clothes back”

Mum smiled and gave me a quick hug.

“Carol dear, today is hard for you, I know that, but take it from me, in a few days time you will have got used to it and actually start to enjoy being naked. From what you’ve already told me you’ve already started getting those lovely, warm feelings.”

“The tingling?”

“Yes Carol, have you had an orgasm yet?”

“Yes mum.”

“Your fingers?”

“Yes mum.”

“Well, you can look forward to having lots and lots more of those and not only from your fingers, men, boys and some women, will be queueing up to give you them. You’ll like that won’t you.”

“Yes mum, but do I have to be naked to enjoy all that?”

“As I’ve said, being naked gives you the confidence and makes getting the rest a lot easier.”

“So you and dad aren’t going to change your mind and let me put some clothes on?”

“No Carol, embrace your nudity.”

“Did you have to be naked for years mum?”

“Yes, and puberty hit me when I was younger than you so I could argue that it was harder for me than it will be for you.”

“How did you cope mum?”

“I just decided that I couldn’t do anything about it so I pushed myself into it and didn’t try to hide anywhere or anything.”

“I think that maybe I should do the same mum. I’m not going to hide from any of my uncles and just let them do to me whatever they want to without complaining.”

“Good girl, that’s a good attitude.”

“What if my breasts grow big like aunt Helen’s, will I be able to wear a bra like she does?”

“No Carol, not whilst you’re naked. Helen’s big breasts flopped about all over the place before she married Harry, poor girl. Even Harry wanted her to wear a bra before one of them got hurt. As you’ve probably noticed, I never wear a bra because I’ve only got B cup breasts and the exercise of them bouncing about tones the muscles and keeps them firm, there’s a good chance that you’re breasts won’t grow any bigger than mine.”

“So I’ll never wear a bra.”

“Probably not, unless you meet a handsome young man who takes you to places where wearing a bikini top is expected. Your father got me to try wearing one for a few days once and I hated it, I felt like he’d tied me up again.”

“Tied you up again mum, daddy tied you up, so that you couldn’t move?”

“Relax Carol, that’s only the games that we play in the bedroom occasionally, although now that our youngest is a proper woman you never know, we might go back to playing those games outside, you might even get included, after all you are a woman now and all the women in this village like playing those games.”

“Tied up, like in cowboys and indians?”

“Sort of, it’s good fun and I always get an orgasm.”

“Oh, it’s a sex thing?”

“Yes honey.”

I went silent for a few minutes wondering what it would be like to be tied up and fucked, and I felt that tingling again. I imagined all my aunties naked and tied to a big tree with all my uncles dancing around the tree then fucking all my aunties one after another.

Coming back to reality, probably, possibly, I thought,

“Jeez, my nipps and pussy have been tingling a lot today, maybe this being naked all the time is not so bad after all.”

By that time that we stopped talking the evening meal was ready so mum told me to set the table then we ate. Sat at the table my pussy was hidden but my chest wasn’t and Ian and Peter spent most of the meal time staring at my little bumps. My little nipples were hard all the time and were tingling and I couldn’t stop thinking about men, or boys, playing with my clitoris.

Saturday evenings in the village have always been party night, well not a proper party, more of just a social gathering in one of the houses, with people talking about their week whilst enjoying a few drinks. It had always been a bit boring for me because there was nothing better to do so I just grinned and bared it. No pun intended, but from that night on I was never bored again.

Gone was the time of playing silly games with the 3 boys, that night I was told to stay with the adults and I was passed from lap to lap all night. It started with uncle Harry who got me to sit on his knee first, but he pulled me up so that I was sitting on his lap. I could feel a lump under my butt and guessed that it was his cock that had got hard. It sort of felt nice and after a while I found myself pushing down and grinding my butt trying to press more on my pussy.

The adults were talking about the men’s jobs for a while then daddy left and came back with a couple of bottles of whiskey and took a swig from one and passed both bottles to the people next to him.

The previous Sunday the boys and I had found some wooden cases washed up on the beach and when we opened one we found that it contained bottles of whiskey. The boys sent me to go and get either daddy or one of my uncles and then daddy and uncle Ben carried the cases up to the houses. Needles to say they didn’t tell anyone outside the village what we had found and now they were enjoying the spoils of some accident at sea.

Soon the topic of my first period arose and I was slightly embarrassed as they talked about me and my new life. I quickly realised that it wouldn’t be long before my body would be used to satisfy everyone else in the village. What’s more, uncle Harry’s hands had started wandering to my hardly there tits and my pussy. For some unexplained reason when his hand went down to my stomach and then tried to get between the tops of my thighs, I just spread my legs and let him do what he wanted to me.

I’m one hundred percent sure that if I hadn’t of had that tampon inside me his fingers would have penetrated me. Maybe he forgot about the tampon to start off with but when I felt the string being pressed against me his fingers moved up and he started trying to find my little clit.

It felt weird and nice to have someone else’s fingers rubbing my pussy around my clit, especially as there were 12 adults in the same room, at least 5 of them watching what uncle Harry was doing to me.

Uncle Harry managed to find my clit and it wasn’t long before I knew that I was going to have an orgasm soon if he kept on doing what he was doing.

He did, and I heard everyone clapping as the orgasm hit me and my little body jerked about as uncle Harry kept rubbing my clit.

Shortly after that I was told to get up and move to uncle Ben’s lap where I got the same treatment.

As uncle Ben’s hands were getting to work on me my aunties were telling me that I was a really lucky girl and that I was really going to enjoy the next few years of my life. In between gasps I managed to ask,

“But what about school, how can I go to school without knickers, and what about when my breasts grow, how can I hide them from the boys and teachers.

It was aunt Wendy that answered,

“Carol dear, you have a beautiful little body, one that any of your aunties would love to swap with you. Girls with beautiful bodies like yours should like them as much as men and boys like them and they should take every opportunity to remind those men and boys how beautiful they are by letting them see what most girls usually hide. Be proud of what you have Carol and enjoy the reactions that you get when you let men and boys see the parts that other, not so beautiful, girls hide. Just act as though you are wearing big knickers as long skirt, try to forget that you are naked under your short skirt.

I wasn’t sure how to reply to that, but I did admit to myself that I was starting to enjoy the reactions of the men and boys that had already seen my bits. Those reactions had kept my nipples and pussy tingling for a lot of time already that day and I liked that feeling.

Uncle Ben quickly found my little clitoris and he too brought me to another orgasm whilst playing with my little nipples with his other hand. I also felt his cock pressing on my butt as well.

It was the same with the other 4 men, my father being that last one to make me cum. Although I’d listened to what they were saying as they talked about many things, including me, I certainly wasn’t able to concentrate on what they were actually saying and by the time I’d had my sixth orgasm I was tired, and some of my aunts and uncles were starting to slur their words. I was actually pleased when my mother told me to go to bed, but to remember to change my tampon for a new one before I got into my bed.

I was a little surprised to see that I hadn’t bled that much more and wondered if that was because it was my first period or if all the blood had come out of me the first night. I just didn’t know, but anyway, I went to bed that night a happy and tired girl who’s clit and nipples were a little sore because of all the attention that they had had.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning I woke to discover that my quilt was on the floor and Ian and Peter were staring between my spread legs. I didn’t know if I had kicked the quilt off myself or if I had slept with my legs open, or if my brothers had spread them after pulling the quilt off me. That never used to be a problem because I wore my pyjamas but I no longer had any of those. After the initial shock I just lay there and let them look knowing that if I tried to complain they could easily flip me over and spank me.

The thing was that that was the start of my nipples and pussy tingling that day and that tingling lasted all of the day.

After a while I asked my brothers if they’d finished looking at me. I think that that embarrassed them a little because they said they had and they turned and walked out.

In the bathroom I changed my tampon and did the other things that I normally do. Just as I was finishing daddy came in (there never was a lock on the door) and looked down to my pussy.

“Carol, have you forgotten something?”

“I don’t think so daddy.”

Daddy put his hand to my pussy and pulled on the few hairs that he grabbed. I winced and tried to pull back then daddy said,

“Sit on the side of the bath and spread those legs.”

Over the next few minutes daddy shaved all around my pussy then told me to stand, turn round and bend forward. He then proceeded to check all around my bum hole for hairs and when he had finished he flicked my little clit and smacked my bum and said,

“When you are done here come to the lounge for your first proper spanking.”

“What! Why daddy, what did I do?”

“You forgot to shave your pussy.”

“I didn’t forget, I was going to do that next.” I lied.

“Carol, that’s 5 more swats for lying to me.”

“Daddy, no, please.”

“Carol, do I need to double your punishment?”

I resigned myself to a painful experience, my first bare bottom spanking. I followed daddy down to the lounge and stood in front of him waiting to be told to get over his lap like the last time I was spanked. The next thing that happened was that my father called for my mother and brothers to come and watch. When the whole family was there daddy explained that I had forgotten to shave my pussy and that I was about to get a reminder of what would happen if I forgot something.

Then I was told to lay on the dinner table on my back, lift my legs and hold them up and as wide apart as I could. As I got into that position I knew that my pussy would be as exposed as it possibly could and that the skin on my bum would be as stretched as much as it could be. I felt my face redden and my whole body was shaking with terror because I just knew that I was in for a very painful next few minutes.

Unfortunately I was right. Daddy’s hand came down on my stretched buttocks ten times, and after each one I was told to say the swat number and thank him. Unsurprisingly, I was soon crying and begging daddy to stop, but towards the end I realised that both my nipples and my pussy were tingling.

It was only when it was over and my crying started to stop that I started to wonder why I had the tingling. I considered that the spanking was actually arousing me but I just didn’t believe that that was possible. Maybe it was the exposure. I just didn’t know.

What’s more I didn’t get the chance to think about it any more because daddy told me to stay where I was then he told Ian and Peter to spank me as well. They both had to give my bum only 5 swats and neither of them were very good at it.

To be spanked by my father was bad enough but it was so humiliation to be spanked by my brothers as well. At least my bum was feeling numb by the end of it, and what I didn’t understand was that the tingling had got stronger.

When Ian and Peter had finished daddy told me that I could get to my feet but my mum told me to stay put. I feared that mum was going to spank me as well but, thankfully I was wrong. Mum got a bottle of lotion and started rubbing it on my bum. As she was rubbing she asked me if I was okay.

“I guess so, my bum hurts lots.”

“That’s to be expected, it will soon stop hurting but it will be red for a couple of days.”

“Mum, is it normal for a girl to get aroused when she gets spanked? My nipples and pussy are tingling lots.”

“Ah, good Carol, you’ve inherited that from me, not all girls are like that. I get aroused when your father spanks me and I often have an orgasm as well.”

“In the middle of being spanked?”

“Yes honey, my butt goes numb and each time a swat lands I feel a jolt of pleasure going from my butt to my pussy and nipples. Then if daddy keeps going I cum after a few more swats.”

“Wow mum, that’s amazing, my bum started to go numb as well. So is that why you told dad that he can spank you anytime.”

“Yes honey. I like having orgasms just as much as you sound like you do, you certainly seemed to enjoy the ones that your uncles gave you last night.”

“I did mum, they were wonderful, but tiring.”

“Yes, a good, intense orgasm does take it out of you. You should have as many as you can Carol.”

“I will mum, I will.” Does it matter how I get them?”

“No honey, fingers, cocks, dildos, vibrators, any way that you can, they are all important.”

“I don’t know much about dildos and vibrators.”

“I’ll help you out there honey, I’ve got a couple and I’ll see about getting you some, there are some really good ones on the market these days, ones that other people can control without even being anywhere near you.”

“Wow mum, I’m going to have to think about that a bit.”

“You’ve got plenty of time Carol, you’ve only just had your first period. Talking about that, how are the cramps?”

“Nearly gone mum, and there was hardly any blood when I took the tampon out this morning.”

“Good, you might just be lucky and have reasonable periods but I’m still going to take you to the doctors and get you on the pill, I don’t want you to get pregnant.”

“Neither do I. When will daddy start fucking me?”

“When he feels like it, that’s all that I can say, but he should be your first so if your brothers or uncles try before your daddy has fucked you tell them that your father has to be your first, okay honey?”

“Yes mummy.”

“Carol, you do know that there are other ways of both getting and giving sexual pleasure don’t you?”

“You mean cunnilingus and fellatio?”

“Yes, but they rarely get referred to by those names.”

“Don’t worry mum, we learnt all about those in Sex Ed lessons.”

“Good, because most of the people in the village will want to enjoy those with you.”

“That’s okay mum, I’ve been thinking about that and am looking forward to it.”

“Good, now how’s your butt?”

“I’ll be okay mum, I’m young, I heal quickly.”

“Yes, you’re lucky, cuts and scuffs always heal quickly on you. Now come and help me get breakfast ready.”

I did, and was pleased that my bum wasn’t hurting much, even though it looked as if it should hurt.

\*\*\*\*\*

That Sunday was much the same as other Sundays at that time of the year except that I was naked all day. My brothers still stared at my pussy and tiny tits a lot and I smiled to myself when I wondered if they were expecting to see my tits grow.

None of my aunts or uncles groped me that day, I wondered if the amount of whiskey that they’d drunk the previous night.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Monday morning was different, I had to go to school with no knickers on and no knickers to wear under my PE skirt. What’s more, my school skirt and PE skirts are both quite short, the PE skirt only just covering my bum. At least there was one blessing, when I took the tampon out there was no blood and I had no cramps or pain.

Even when I walked up the road to the junction I could feel the breeze blowing up my skirt and tickling my pussy. It was nice but I was still nervous even though the last thing my mum said to me was,

“Try to forget that you are knickerless Carol, just do what you normally do and if anyone does say anything just tell them that they shouldn’t be looking.”

“Easier said than done.” I thought but I tried and soon started to realise that I wasn’t thinking about my lack of knickers all the time.

When we were walking down the aisle on the bus, one horrible boy said,

“Still not got a bra yet Carol?”

“Fuck off.” I replied and kept walking.

When I got to my seat I looked down at my chest and saw that my little nipples were hard and were making 2 little bumps in my white blouse. Remembering what my mother had said I just ignored what I had seen and said hello to some of my classmates that were sat near me.

The day went much the same as any other school day, As I’ve said before, my mum never taught me to cross my legs when sitting, or to keep my knees together and that morning I never made any effort to change my ways. Only once did I look around to see if anyone was looking up my skirt and I didn’t notice anyone looking.

Lunch break was my first experience of someone saying that they’d seen that I hadn’t got any knickers on when a boy said that I had a nice cunt. My mouth dropped and I seem to remember that I blushed a little. One of my girl friends asked me if I had any knickers on and I said that I hadn’t. Then I told her that my mum and dad had taken them away from me and this I was never going to get any back. Then I explained the tradition in our village and her reply was,

“Oh yes, so it’s true that girls in Little Cove have to be naked all the time, I’d heard the rumour but I didn’t believe it. So you live in Little Cove and have had your first period then?”

“Yes, it’s true, but it’s not that bad, in fact I had a very interesting weekend.”

I then went on and told her what had happened to me. She was amazed, and I’m sure that she was a bit jealous. Then I told her that I was nervous about our PE lesson that afternoon.

“So you haven’t even got any PE knickers either?”

“No.”

“And I seem to remember that your PE skirt only just covers your bum.”

“Yes.”

“Oh wow Carol, the boys are going to love you.”

“I guess, but I’m a bit worried about the teachers.”

“I doubt that the male PE teachers will complain, in fact I think that they’ll both be wanting to give you lots of one-to-one help.”

“Well I think that I’ll like that but what about Ms Smith? What will she say?”

“She’s a lesbo so she too will probably want to give you private lessons.”

“Oh yes, I forgot about that, I don’t know that I’ll like that.”

“From what I’ve heard about Little Cove’s history you’ll be eating a lot of pussies and getting yours eaten by all of the women as well as the men. I bet that your brothers will have permanent smiles on their faces, you too Carol. Are there any other girls on Little Cove?”

“No, just me but there are 6 women in the village.”

“And you, I think that you’re going to become the school’s sex expert soon, everyone will be coming to you with sex questions.”

“I doubt that. So do you think that what my mum said was right, that I should just pretend that I’m wearing knickers?”

“Sure, why not, maybe you will start a knickerless trend but you may want to start crossing your legs, I’ve noticed that you never do.”

“No, I never thought about that until these last few days, my mother never told me that I should cross them when I sit down and now that her and my father want, no, expect me to flash my pussy to everyone and their dog I’m not even going to start crossing them. Will you leave your knickers off in PE today as well?”

“Woah there Carol, I’m going to really have to think about doing that, I’m not as tough as you Little Cove girls.”

I laughed and got on with eating my lunch.

When it came to the last lesson of the day, PE, I nervously walked into the gym with the other girls, one other girl noticing my lack of knickers as we got changed and asked me if I really was going to do PE without any knickers on, to which I replied that I was..

The lesson started the same as they usually do for an indoor lesson (it was raining) with the teachers getting us doing warming up exercises. I think that that was when the first of the boys noticed that they could see my bare bum because I heard quiet voices behind me.

The numbers who saw my bare bum and pussy increased quickly when we had to do some basic gymnastics exercises. Somehow I managed to ignore my skirt bouncing up and even inverting once or twice. It was when we were doing cartwheels that the female PE teacher called me over to her.

“Carol, I think that by now everyone in the class has seen that you don’t have any knickers on. I know that some of the girls have swapped their PE knickers for regular knickers, even G strings but don’t you think that actually going without any knickers is going a bit too far? You’ll get all the boys looking at you and calling you a slut or worse.”

“I know Ms, but my parents have taken all my knickers away from me and told me that I can never wear knickers again.”

“Do you by any chance live in Little Cove Carol?”

“Yes Ms.”

“That explains it then, and probably why your butt is a bit red. Well I guess that you are just going to have to live with it, if any of the boys give you any problems just come and see me, I’ll sort them out for you.”

“Yes Ms, thank you Ms.”

“Off you go and join the others Carol.”

As I walked back I wondered if everyone but me had known about the traditions in our village. I was certainly a bit more relaxed about being like I was, and happy that I wasn’t going to get into any trouble. I swore to myself that if anyone else said anything to me about being knickerless all I would say was, “Little Cove,” then ignore them.

I got that chance a couple of times later in that lesson when one boy called me a slut and the other asked me if I’d forgotten something. Both boys looked at me with a blank expression when I just said, “Little Cove,” before ignoring them. I got the impression that neither of them understood my reply.

By the end of the lesson I’m sure that every kid in my class and all the PE teachers had had a long look at my bum and pussy. I was both unhappy and happy, and certainly the tingling was strong. As I showered I thought that maybe I was going to like my new life.

As I got dressed some of the girls were asking me about Little Cove and the traditions. I told them what I could in the limited time, and I also listened to quite a few mixed comments. Mostly the girls were proud of me, another one suggesting that I was starting a new trend and I wondered if any of the other girls would start doing PE knickerless. There was certainly 2 or 3 that I thought might.

My mum was eager to hear how my day had gone and as we prepared the evening meal I told her everything. She told me that I should start trying to sit on the front row of desks in the classrooms where I had a male teacher and make sure that the teachers saw that I was knickerless. Mum suggested that I might get better grades by doing that or maybe even giving them a blowjob.

“Oh mum, I couldn’t do that.”

“Give it a few months and I’ll ask you again Carol, you might just give me a different answer.”

I said nothing, but I certainly thought about it.

After the meal I went out with my brothers and met David at the seat with a view. David’s first comment when he saw me was,

“I see that you’re not on the rag any more Carol, have you been fucked yet?”

“No, and you aren’t going to be my first, that will be my father and you don’t want to argue with him.”

“I wish that he’d get on and do you so that me and you brothers can fuck you.”

“Have you ever fucked a girl David?” I asked.

“Yes, of course I have………... Well no actually, but I’ve seen some porno movies.”

“If we can’t fuck you Carol,” Ian said, “can we at least do what our uncles were doing to you on Saturday night?”

“I guess so, and you can spank me like daddy and you 2 did on Sunday morning.”

They did, they got me to lay on the grass and lift my legs up in the air then they did a mixture of groping and spanking me and attempting to find and rub my little clit. They all put their fingers inside me and groped around but they weren’t as good as my uncles were at making me cum, in fact they only made me come once all evening. I guess that they were as inexperienced as I was a few days before, but I was learning fast.

Later that night after we’d gone to bed, mummy came into my bedroom, woke me and told me to follow her. We went into my parent’s bedroom and I saw daddy on his back, naked, and with his big cock sticking up in the air. That night my parents taught me how to give a blowjob and how to ride a cock.

I felt like a real woman when I eventually went back to my bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Over the rest of the week school was ‘interesting’ and I think that I was the talk of the school, teachers as well. I started to notice teachers and the older boys looking at me differently. I deliberately let all my male teachers look up my skirt and unintentionally probably let half the boys in the school see up my skirt. There was always a group of them at the bottom of the stairs when I had a lesson in a classroom above the ground floor, and I have to say that by the end of the week I was deliberately standing on the stairs when I knew that there were boys at the bottom looking up at me. I was starting to enjoy people looking at my bum and pussy.

\*\*\*\*\*

Daddy came home early on the Friday night and he drove mum and me to the doctors. It had been years since I’d been there and I’d even forgotten where it was or what it was like inside. When it was time to see the doctor all 3 of us went in and my father did the talking, also asking the doctor to give me a thorough once over to check that I was a normal healthy girl with all the normal responses.

That sounded a bit strange to me and I was puzzled when the doctor’s reply was just a smile.

I don’t know if it’s normal for a girl to be told to get naked and be given a very personal examination when she wants to, or should I say her parents want her to go on the pill, but that doctor did things to me that I thought that only a husband of boyfriend should do to a girl; or in my case people in our village. My mum and dad watched as that doctor played with my clitoris and made me cum, not once, but twice before saying that I was a normal, healthy girl.

I saw daddy winking at the doctor as I put my dress back on and wondered just how much of my examination was normal, not that I was complaining, those orgasms were nice, and by then it didn’t bother me one little bit that I had to get naked for the doctor.

\*\*\*\*\*

By the Sunday night when I went to bed I had been fucked by every male in the village, some more than once, and in a lot of different positions. I had a sore pussy and my little nipples weren’t much better. But I was a happy girl. As I lay on my bed waiting to go to sleep I decided that I liked being 14 and living in Little Cove. I was also VERY happy that I was a girl and was looking forward to all the flashing and fucking that everyone told me I would be involved in.