**Not the Sharpest Knife in the Drawer**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 1**

Okay, I admit it, I’m not the brightest girl. When I was at school I always got poor grades and the teachers often told me that I’d end up being a baby making machine, whatever that meant, or I end up working in a dead-end job on minimum wage, but what could I do? I tried hard to do better but my brain just couldn’t get round the things that the teachers were telling me. The only subjects that I did any good at was the cooking part of Design and Technology, and the story telling part of English. The English Teacher often said that I had a great imagination and always wrote long stories but my grammar and spelling left a lot to be desired.

I left school at 16 and went to a college to study cooking which was the only thing that I enjoyed doing. My mum had this recipe book and if I read the instructions a few times then slowly followed them I somehow managed to end up with something edible, sometimes quite nice.

Unfortunately, like school, at college I had to sign-up for other subjects, all of which I was useless at and again the teachers told me that I’d end-up as a housekeeper or some other low paid job.

Well when I left college I didn’t get the chance to even look for a job, our parents car got totalled leaving just me and my 2 older brothers to fend for ourselves.

I guess that now would be a good time to tell you a bit about me and my brothers.

I’m Sarah, 18 years old, skinny, light brown shoulder length hair and little 32 A cup titties. A couple of times at college I got told that I had a cute little round butt but I could never understand how they could know that because I always wore heavy, knee length skirts.

Tom is my oldest brother at 25 years old and he works as a plumber.

Mike is my other brother, he’s 20 and he is an apprentice electrician who will qualify soon and be looking for a job because the firm who currently employs him can’t afford to pay a qualified electricians wage.

I’d often heard Mike and Tom talking about setting up a business together so that they make money for themselves and not for their bosses, but that couldn’t happen until Mike qualified in a month or two.

Anyway, after we had got over the immediate grief of losing our parents Tom called a family meeting to plan for our future. Tom and Mike had their future planned but not me, I knew that I needed a job but hadn’t got round to doing anything about it.

Tom and Mike had obviously been talking and they told me of their plans to use the life insurance money from our parents to buy a house, do it up and sell it, then buy another one to do up. Tom had his eye on a ‘self build’ house where the owner had gone bust so it was going cheap.

“But Sarah, it all depends on you,” Tom said, “you are entitled to one third of the life assurance money and it depends on what you want to do with your share.”

“I haven’t a clue?” I said, “mum always said that I should start saving for my future once I got a job but she never said what I would be saving for.”

“Somewhere to live Sarah.” Mike said.

“That makes sense.” I replied, “but I haven’t got a job yet.”

“No, but you will have some money soon Sarah and one of the best ways to make money work for you is to invest it in property as that is always going up in value.” Mike replied.

“Yes, dad was always moaning about that, but even with the insurance money I can’t afford to buy a house.”

“True,” Tom said, “but you could buy a third of the house that Mike and I are thinking of.”

“You’d let me do that guys?”

“Yes we would Sarah.” Tom said, “a long time ago I promised dad that I’d always look after you and I intend to keep that promise.”

“Thanks Tom, I love you guys.”

“So are you happy to invest your share of the insurance money in a house with us Sarah?”

“It sounds to be the sensible thing to do, so yes, I am.”

“Good,” Tom replied, “now that we’ve got that sorted there’s one more things that we need to talk about, we need to sort out the household chores so that we all do our bit.”

“Fine,” Mike said, “but Sarah hasn’t got a job so she has more spare time than you and I do Tom.”

“So do you think that it’s fair that you do most of the housework Sarah?” Tom asked.

“I guess so, okay that seems fair.” I replied. “I can do most of the chores until I get a job.”

“So that’s settled.” Mike said.

“Yes,” I replied, “but there is one more thing that I need to talk to you two about.”

“What?” Mike asked.

“Well, when mum and dad were, were alive, mum wouldn’t let me have a boyfriend and I was wondering? …”

“Sarah,” Tom said, “you’re 18 now, you are an adult, you can do anything that you want, go out with as many boys as you want, have sex with them all if you want, just so long as you don’t break the law.”

“But I’ve been having these strange feelings and I’ve started touching myself down there.”

“Are you still a virgin Sarah?” Mike asked.

“Yes, mum wouldn’t even talk about sex and I didn’t really understand what they told us at school in PSHE lessons.”

“So what do you want from us?” Mike asked.

“Well I was hoping that you’d teach me all about sex, show me what I can do and what boys can do to me. The girls at school said that sex feels good.”

“Wow,” Mike said, “our parents really did keep you in ignorance didn’t they?”

“Ignore Mike.” Tom said, “we’ll be happy to teach you everything that we know but before we start you have to accept that what mum probably told you was wrong, mum was a devout catholic and they have some strange ideas. Sex is wonderful and nothing that a man and woman do together is wrong. Quite the reverse, it’s usually great. As I said, you are an adult now, you can do whatever you want with whoever you want.”

“Does that mean that I can wear whatever I want as well?”

“As much of, or as little of whatever you want Sarah.” Tom replied.

“So can I buy myself some new clothes, mum picked everything that I wear and I was always the odd girl out at school and college. I loved what some of the other girls were wearing, skirts and nice tops, and some of the girls never wore a bra.”

“You’re right Sarah,” Tom said, “our mother was a bit old-fashioned when it came to clothes for you.”

“A bit!” Mike said.

“Tell you what Sarah you and me will go shopping and we’ll get you some new clothes.”

“Does that include a bikini, I always wanted one of those.”

“Of course it does. We can get you the skimpiest bikini that we can find if you like.”

“Thanks Tom, the girls at school were always bragging about having a bikini that was so small that they had to shave their hair off down there.”

“We can get you one of those Sarah, but ‘down there’ is your pussy, not ‘down there’.”

“Okay, can you show me how to shave my pussy please?”

“Sure,” Tom said, “but it’s probably best that we take it in turns to shave you so that you get to see how we both do it.”

“There’s more than one way?”

“Yes, some people start at the top, some at the bottom, some people move the razor one way and others the other way. You’ll develop your own way but for now watch how we both do it.”

“Okay. Is it normal for a girl to get a tingly pussy and titties when she talks about her pussy because mine are tingling now, and my pussy feels all wet.”

“Yes Sarah, Tom said, “getting those feeling is quite normal. One more thing that you need to do quite soon if you are going to start getting sexually active is to start taking the pill, the contraceptive pill.”

“To stop me having a baby?”

“That’s right,

“Where do we get them from?”

“A pharmacist but you have to go and see a doctor first so that he can examine you and check that you are healthy.”

“I’m healthy.”

“Yes but the doctor needs to prove that before you can get the pill.”

“Okay, but how will he examine me, is it a written test because I’m not very good at those.”

“No Sarah, it’s a physical examination, he’ll look and touch your breasts and your pussy, even looking inside you to make sure that everything is okay.”

“You mean inside me where I put a tampon.”

“Yes.”

“Wow,” Mike said, “you do have a lot to learn Sarah.”

“That’s not my fault that mum wouldn’t let me go out with boys or tell me anything about sex.”

“Don’t you worry Sarah we’ll soon turn you onto a nymphomaniac.” Mike said.

“What’s one of those?”

“A girl who likes having sex.” Tom replied.

“So you think that I’ll like being naked and having sex?”

“I’m sure that you will Sarah, all girls do.” Tom said, “so do you want to be naked Sarah?”

“Well I don’t like the clothes that mum used to buy me. Would you two mind if I didn’t wear any clothes at times, and in bed, I hate those big, heavy nighties that mum made me wear.”

“I told you earlier Sarah,” Tom said, “You can wear as much of or as little of whatever you want, wherever you want Sarah. A lot of girls wear very little or no clothes at home.”

“I might just do that until I get some nice new clothes, but even then if other girls don’t wear clothes at home I might not as well. Thanks guys.”

“The weather is getting warmer outside Sarah,” Mike said, “you could sunbathe in your new bikini or in nothing at all if you like, get yourself a nice all-over tan.”

“Yes, I guess that I could, some of the girls at school used to look silly with white patches where their bikinis had been and some girls didn’t have white patches and a good tan”

“Well there’s no need for you to have white patches Sarah.” Tom said.

“So you wouldn’t mind if I sunbathed without a swimsuit on?”

“Not at all,” Tom replied. “as I said, as much or a little as you like, wherever you want, well not in public, you’ll have to keep your pussy and tits covered in public.”

“Thanks guys, you’re the best brothers any girl could ever want. When can you show me how to shave my pussy?”

“I guess that we could do that right now.” Mike said.

“Okay, where do you want to do it?”

“You do realise that you’ll have to take all your clothes off Sarah?” Mike said.

“Okay, that’s not a problem, as I said, I never liked the clothes that mum bought me.”

“Even your bra and knickers Sarah.”

“I know, I don’t think that I’ll ever wear a bra again, I never have liked them. Shall I take my clothes off now?”

“Okay Sarah, I think that we’ll shave you in your bedroom on your bed. Can you get a big towel, put it on your bed and put your bum on it?”

“Okay.”

I stood up and took all my clothes off while my brothers watched me. When it came to take my knickers off I felt that tingling feeling again so I said,

“My pussy is tingling again but I’m not going to have sex, you’re not going to fuck me are you?”

“No Sarah, even though your brain knows that your not going to have sex your body doesn’t know that so it is getting ready for you to have sex.”

“So have I got 2 brains then, one that controls my pussy?”

“No Sarah,” Tom replied, “it’s one of those unexplained things in life, try not to think about it because you’ll never get an answer, no one ever does. Men have a similar problem as well.”

“Men don’t have pussies.”

“No, you know that boys have cocks, instead of a pussy.”

“Yes, mummy used to call them their ‘things’. I remember seeing Mike’s when mum used to bath us together when I was a baby.”

“Well boys cocks get hard when their bodies think that they are going to have sex even though they are not. There’s nothing that anyone can do about it.”

“Except fuck a girl.” Mike added.

“Well that isn’t going to happen, not until Sarah is at that stage in her sex education and she wants to get fucked.”

“You can fuck me now if you want.” The now naked me said.

“No Sarah.” Tom said, “little steps. Come on, up to your room, and get that towel.”

I went upstairs, leaving my clothes on the table downstairs. Getting the towel I looked at my naked body in the big mirror on the wall and I have to say that I wasn’t too pleased with what I saw. A skinny girl with some brown hair at the top of her legs and 2 small breasts on her chest.

I was still stood there when Tom and Mike walked in.

“I don’t think that I like my body.” I said, “I’m 18 and I’m supposed to have curves and breasts.”

“Hey Sarah,” Tom said, “stop thinking like that, you have a beautiful body and as for tits, big isn’t always beautiful, good things come in small packages and lots of men like small tits.”

“Do you Tom?”

“Yes I do, and yours are beautiful Sarah, those hard nipples look wonderful.”

“They keep going hard like that at times and I don’t know why.”

“It’s the same as when your pussy tingles Sarah, remember?”

“Oh yes, it’s still tingling as well.”

“That’s because you like men seeing you naked Sarah and we might be able to do something about the tingling later.” Mike said.

“Ignore Mike,” Tom said, “little steps, right, lay back on the bed and spread your legs wide.”

“So my pussy and my tits like men seeing them do they?” I asked as I spread my legs wide.

“And my pussy feels wet, is that part of the same thing?”

“Yes Sarah.” Tom said, “your body is getting ready for sex even though your brain isn’t.”

“Right.”

“Sarah, I’m going to start by using the scissors to trim your pubic hair as short as I can.”

“Okay.”

“Oooh, that feels nice.” I said as Tom started cutting.

I looked up to Tom, and then to Mike and saw that they were both smiling. I smiled back.

I soon saw Tom put the scissors down and I was feeling quite happy.

“Are you okay Sarah,” Tom asked.

“Yes thanks, are you finished?”

“Finished with the scissors, are you ready for me to start the actual shaving, it’s not too late to change your mind.”

“No, I’m ready, just do it please.”

“Okay, I have to squirt the shaving cream on first and it will feel funny.”

Tom didn’t wait for an answer and I felt the cream land on my pussy.

“Oooh, that feels nice.”

“Wait until Tom rubs it all over you.” Mike said.

And it did, I never imagined that a man’s hand on my pussy could feel so nice, much, much nicer than when I put my hand there to put a tampon in.

“That feels really, really nice.” I said as Tom was removing all traces of hair from my pussy with the razor. “The tingling has got a lot stronger and I feel funny.”

“Funny sick?” Tom asked.

“No, funny nice.”

I’ve never had a lot of hair down there and it didn’t take Tom long to remove it all. I thought that Tom was about to say that he was finished when Mike said,

“Go on Tom, do it.”

“Do what?” I asked.

“Sarah,” Tom said, “have you ever touched your pussy and moved your fingers around?”

“No, mum said that I was a bad girl if I touched myself down there..”

“Well mother was wrong.” Tom said, “She’d been brainwashed by the priests into believing that it was wrong, and the priests were wrong, very wrong. Ask just about any girl if she plays with her pussy and she will say that she does and that it’s nice so you can do it too Sarah.”

“What do you mean nice?”

“Do you want me to show you Sarah?” Tom asked.

“Yes please.”

I gasped when I felt Tom’s fingers on that little nub of skin at the front of my slit.

“That’s your clitoris or clit Sarah, it’s often called your pleasure button. When you, or someone else rubs it like this it will make you feel good, very good, do you want me to show you?”

“Yes, yes please.”

I felt Tom’s finger moving around and that tingling feeling soon got stronger than ever, and it kept getting stronger and stronger.

“What’s happening to me Tom?” I asked.

“Just relax Sarah and let it happen.”

Seconds later I said,

“I’m dying, please stop Tom.”

But he didn’t and I really thought that I was dying until all of a sudden I screamed and tried to pull my spread legs together. I hadn’t a clue what was happening to me, all I knew was that it felt good, really good. It took a few seconds for that amazing feeling to start to go away and for me to return to normal. Then I said,

“What happened to me?”

“Did that feel nice Sarah?” Tom asked.

“That was, I don’t know, awesome, wonderful, heaven, can you do it again please?”

“I just made you cum Sarah, that was an orgasm.”

“So that’s what all the girls at school talked about all the time. Now I know why they looked happy.”

“Yes Sarah,” Tom said, “and you can give yourself one of those whenever you like.”

“Or you could give them to me, I couldn’t see what you were doing Tom.”

“I’m sure that Mike or I will be happy to give you an orgasm whenever you want Sarah but you have to learn how to do it yourself, experiment when you have a few minutes spare, you’ll soon discover what you have to do to make you feel good and cum.”

“So do you guys do it, I mean you haven’t got a clitoris have you?”

“No Sarah we haven’t but guys masturbate in a different way.”

“How, and do you cum like girls do?”

“Sort of, but men produce sperm.”

“Oh, I remember, sperm goes in a girl’s vagina to make a baby.”

“That’s right, but that’s probably enough for today, one of us will continue your education another day. For now Sarah just think about what you’ve learnt and maybe play with yourself and work out how to make yourself cum.”

“Thanks guys, can I look at myself in a mirror please, I can’t remember what I looked like without hair down th… , on my pussy.”

“Of course you can Sarah, you don’t need to ask one of us to do anything that we’ve talked about or done today.”

“Thanks guys, shall I get the tea ready now?”

“Have a look at the new you in a mirror first Sarah.”

I got off my bed and went and stood in front of the mirror.

“Wow, I look so different.”

“You look fantastic Sarah.” Tom said. “Tell her Mike.”

“Yes Sarah you look amazing, I could look at you like that all the time and not get tired.”

“So I don’t have to put those horrible clothes back on?”

“Not if you don’t want to.”

I didn’t want to. I’d hated the clothes that mum bought for me, they were so big, so heavy and they looked like little girl’s clothes. I wanted to wear clothes like the other girls in school and college had but I didn’t have any of those so I went down to the kitchen and got tea ready just as I was, naked.

“Do you like your new look Sarah?” Mike asked as my brothers stood behind me in the kitchen as I was peeling some potatoes.

“I’m quite a bit thinner than most of the girls at school and college and my breasts are smaller.”

“Sarah,” Tom said, “What did we say to you when you were stood in front of the mirror in your bedroom?”

“That I was beautiful, that I had an amazing body.”

“Yes we did, and we weren’t just saying that, we meant it so you need to be proud of your body and not be ashamed to let people see it.”

“That’s true Sarah.” Mike added, “you should be happy to run down the street shouting, “LOOK AT ME”.

“You want me to do that?”

“No,” Tom said, “but you should feel that you want to, that you would be happy doing it.”

“Do you think that by butt is too small or too flat guys?”

“No Sarah,” Mike said, “your butt is just right. Every sane man would like to grab hold of those cheeks.”

“What about my slit?” I said turning around to face my brothers.

“That looks great too Sarah.” Mike replied.

“I’d never noticed before but my clit is sticking out.”

“Is your whole pussy still tingling Sarah?” Tom asked.

“Yes, quite a lot actually.”

“You are sexually aroused Sarah and clits come out to play when they are aroused. It’s perfectly normal.”

“So my clit wants to play does it?”

“By the looks of it it does.” Mike said.

I spread my legs quite a bit then said,

“When I used to see the girls in the showers most of them had flaps of skin hanging down from their pussies but I haven’t go those. Does that make my pussy ugly?”

“Hell no,” Tom said, “quite the reverse, a lot of women pay plastic surgeons a small fortune to get their pussies looking like yours does. Sarah you’ve got to stop thinking that you are ugly because you aren’t. Do you remember that fairy story about the ugly duckling, well you are the beautiful swan. And if you remember, that swam proudly swam around letting everyone see how beautiful it was.”

“Yeah, I remember that, do you really think that?”

“Yes.” Mike replied, but Tom replied,

“No, I don’t think that Sarah. I KNOW that, so get that crazy idea out of your head or I will spank that cute little butt of yours until you believe what we tell you.”

“I’ve never been spanked,” I replied, “although I listened to some girls talking about how they got spanked. Some of them said that they had an orgasm when they got spanked. I never did understand that.”

“Some girls do cum when they get spanked Sarah,” Tom replied, “something to do with the vibrations in their butts when the swat lands going to their pussies. I’ve never really understood that but it apparently works with some girls.”

“Do you think that it would work with me?”

“I have no idea and I hope that I never need to spank you Sarah, you’ve always been a good girl and I’m not expecting that to change.”

“That’s a shame,” Mike said, “I’d like to spank you Sarah.”

“You can if you want.”

“No he won’t.” Tom said.” Will you Mike?”

“No, just a little fantasy of mine.”

“Good, now get those potatoes peeled Sarah, and Mike, lay the table, Sarah isn’t going to do everything.”

Mike did and I finished getting the meal ready. As we sat eating Tom said,

“Sarah, if you intend being like that all the time that you are in the house you should consider wearing an apron if you’re frying anything, we don’t want any hot fat jumping out and burning you.”

“If it lands on your tits I’ll suck them better.” Mike said.

“Mike,” Tom said, “stop being like that with Sarah, she’s a grown woman now and deserves to be treated with respect. If she decides not to wear any clothes that is her right and you must respect it and not treat her like some slut or whore that you can treat like a slab of meat.”

“Whoa there bro, I was just joking, but you are right, sorry Sarah, I didn’t mean to disrespect you.”

“That’s okay Mike, but I’m starting to like this not wearing any clothes, it’s great not to have to wear all those horrible clothes that mum bought me. But you can suck my titties if you want to, I don’t mind.”

Later on I went to my bedroom and lay on my bed thinking about all that had happened that evening. I’d learnt a few things, things that I liked and I was pleased that Tom and Mike were supportive. I decided that I would throw out all my old clothes and not wear anything until Tom took me shopping. I was looking forward to having a nice summer dress like a lot of the girls at college had worn.

I put my hands on my tits and decided that I wouldn’t need to get any new bras, I didn’t need any. As I was thinking that I realised that my fingers had started pulling, twisting and rolling my nipples and that tingling was starting again.

Without thinking about it my right hand slid down my body and my pussy started tingling just as soon as my fingers touched my bald pubis.

“Wow, I need to shave there every day.” I thought and my fingers danced around my pubis before sliding down to my pussy where I discovered that somehow my legs had parted quite wide apart.

I gently touched all around my pussy and discovered that the tingling got quite intense when my finger touched my clit, which had come out to play, and when I touched the hole where I inserted a tampon. What’s more I could feel liquid coming out of there.

I lifted my fingers to my face and saw that it wasn’t blood, but a creamy, semi see-through liquid. Something made me open my mouth and put my fingers in to taste whatever it was.

It was a taste that I’d never tasted anything like before, but it wasn’t nasty, it was sort of nice. I put those fingers back on my pussy then tasted them again.

I wanted to do that again but my clit was aching and I just had to touch it to see if I could get that feeling, the orgasm that Tom had given me earlier.

Try as I may I just couldn’t get that tingling to be so intense, that the damn burst or whatever it was, and for me to believe that I was about to die again. I was just on the point of giving up when I heard a noise outside my room.

“Tom, Mike, is that you? Can you help me with something?” I said loudly.

It was Mike that opened my door and came in.

“What’s up sis?” Mike said as he looked down on my naked body, my legs spread wide and my right hand on my pussy.

“Will you show me what Tom did to me earlier to make me cum please?”

“Sure sis, have you got a mirror that I can hold so that you can watch me?”

“On there.” I replied pointing to my little dressing table.

Mike came and sat on my bed between my legs and with his left hand he moved the mirror around until I could see my pussy.

“You should look at your pussy more often Sarah, apart from seeing how beautiful it is you will be able to see how it changes when you do different things to it. See now, it’s all swollen and a bit red because you are aroused.”

“I’ve never really looked at it before, mum said that anything to do with ‘down there’ was naughty and that only a doctor should look at it and touch it.”

“Well we’ve established that mum got that wrong but it wasn’t her fault. Now watch as I touch you.”

I gasped as Mike’s finger touched my clit and a bolt of electricity went from my clit to my nipples.

“Wow,” I said, “that’s nice.”

I watched as Mike ran his finger around my clit and went up and down the sides of my slit. I pushed my legs even wider apart and the next time Mike’s fingers went up and down my slit they went in between my lips causing me to moan. Then he went up and down and around my clit again and again causing me to moan again and again.

Then I gasped quite loudly as I saw Mike’s finger disappear into my hole. That move caused my body to explode, start shaking and jerking. My brain just didn’t know what was happening and I couldn’t decide if I was in heaven or hell, but I could see my body jerking about and Mike’s finger going in and out of my hole.

When the pleasure started to subside I looked at Mike’s face and managed to say,

“Thank you.”

I was a bit puzzled when Mike started to reply,

“Sorry sis, I didn’t mean to finger you this time, I wanted to concentrate on your clit but I just couldn’t stop myself.”

“Mike, that was like, like totally awesome, maybe even better than the time Tom did that to me.”

“Sarah, I didn’t mean to finger you, just play with your clit so that you’d learn that you can cum quite easily just by playing with your clit. I was going to leave the fingering to another time to show you the added pleasure of a finger going in and out of your vagina.”

“It was wonderful Mike.”

“As well as just playing with your clit you can make yourself cum by putting all sorts of things in your vagina and moving them in and out.”

“Mummy said that they only things that should go in there were a tampon and my husband’s penis.”

“Sarah, our mother had some great qualities but when it comes to women’s bodies she listened to the priests way too much.”

“I’m starting to believe that Mike, will you do that to me again please?”

“Not today Sarah, you just experiment with yourself. Remember, if it feels nice it’s okay.”

“Thanks Mike.”

“My pleasure Sarah.”

For the rest of the evening I did experiment playing with my pussy and I fingered myself as well. I didn’t put anything else inside me that evening but I did think about what I was going to try using.

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In the morning I woke up with my hand still on my pussy and my legs still wide open. I hadn’t even pulled the duvet over me. I went straight downstairs to get breakfast ready for Tom and Mike before they left for work.

“Not getting dressed then Sarah?” Mike asked when he walked in.

“Nope. I slept like this last night as well, and it felt great, no heavy nightie pulling on me as I moved around and I felt ‘free’. My pussy was tingling a bit when I went to sleep and it still was when I woke up. It felt nice. I forgot to draw my curtains last night and the sun shining in when I woke up made me feel good as well.”

“Sarah,” Mike said, “you do realise that those Harvey brothers have their bedroom at the back of their house and that they will be able to see into your bedroom if you don’t close the curtains?”

“I didn’t think of that, but so what? You said that I should be proud of my body and not care who sees it.”

“That was Tom who said that, but he’s right, so the Harvey boys see you like that, so what?”

“That’s what I was thinking Mike, why should I care if they see me without any clothes on? You know, I’ve decided that I’m never going to wear the clothes that mum bought me again, in fact I’m going to throw them all in the bin, and I’m going to leave my curtains open, the sun shining in this morning made me feel good.”

“I think that you should at least keep one dress Sarah, you’ll need to wear something when Tom takes you shopping.”

“Oops, I forgot about that, but I’ll throw that out when I get a new one.”

“Did I hear my name?” Tom said as he walked into the kitchen.

“Yes,” Mike replied, “Sarah was saying that she’s never going to wear any clothes again and that she’s going to be proud when people see her naked. She left her curtains open last night and she says that she’s never going to close them again because she like waking to the sun shining in and that she doesn’t care if the Harvey boys see her naked.”

“Okay Sarah, that’s good but don’t you go walking down the street or even out of this garden like that, there’s a lot of strange people about who might do nasty things to you.”

“Okay Tom, I won’t.”

Before long both Tom and Mike had gone to work and I was left on my own. I had housework to do so I got on with it. A few times something would happen to remind me that I didn’t have any clothes on, and once I found my pussy pressing against the corner of the kitchen table. That made me feel nice and I stopped for a while and played with my pussy but again I couldn’t make myself get that totally awesome feeling of an orgasm.

I went outside once to put some rubbish in the wheelie bin and it felt nice having the gentle breeze tickling my little titties and especially my pussy. I felt my nipples get hard and my clit came out to play. I wanted to have another go at giving myself an orgasm right there in the driveway but I had things to do and I reluctantly ignored the tingling.

One of the things that I had to do was some clothes washing, not mine, they were going to go into the bin. Mum had always told me that it’s best to dry washing on the line outside so when it was ready I went outside with the washing basket and pegs in my hands.

I was about half way through hanging everything when I heard the voice of the old man living next door.

“Hello Sarah, how are you, I heard about your parents, I’m so sorry for your loss.”

“Oh hi Mr. Jones, thank you, I’m okay, in fact I’ve never felt better. No, I shouldn’t say that, it’s just that I’ve discovered that I don’t have to wear the horrible clothes that I had. Tom is going to take me shopping to get some nice new ones.”

“That will be nice for you Sarah, so have you already thrown them out, it’s just that you haven’t got anything on.”

“No, I’m going to pack them later, Tom and Mike told me that because I’m 18 now I can make up my own mind what I wear and since I don’t like my old clothes I’ve decided to wear nothing at all until I get some new ones.”

“Oh, happy 18th birthday Sarah, but I thought that your birthday was just after Christmas not quite recently.”

“It was but we only got talking about my clothes yesterday.”

“Oh, okay Sarah.”

“Mr. Jones, can I ask you something?”

“Sure Sarah, anything.”

“Mr. Jones, do you think think that I’m beautiful?”

“Yes I do Sarah.”

“You don’t think my titties are too small do you?”

“No Sarah, they’re perfect.”

“What about my pussy?”

“From what I can see it looks perfect too. Sarah, your whole body is perfect, why do you ask?”

“Well, the girls at school used to say that I was like a rake.”

“I don’t ever remember you looking like a rake Sarah, besides, you’ve been at college for a couple of years, you’ve grown since you were at school.”

“Tom says that I’ve gone from an ugly duckling to a beautiful swan.”

“Sarah you were never an ugly duckling but you are a beautiful swan. You remind me of my Janice when she was your age, she used to walk around without any clothes on. She once got into trouble for running around town without any clothes on, that was how I met her.”

“Mrs Jones used to run around with no clothes on?”

“Yes she did, so you’re not the first girl to run around naked outside.”

“Should I run around town like this? Oops, no, Tom said that I haven’t to go out onto the street like this.”

“I don’t think that you should either, there’s some strange people around these days. If you’re wanting to be naked in public talk to your brothers, I’m sure that they can find somewhere where it will be okay.”

“Okay Mr. Jones, thank you. I’d better get on now, I’ve got lots to do.”

“Bye Sarah.”

As I was hanging the rest of the washing I thought how nice Mr. Jones was, I’d never really talked to him before, mummy always joined in and took over any conversation that he or I had started. I tried to imagine Mrs Jones running down the street naked and giggled at the thought.

A bit later the doorbell rang and I went and opened the door to see the postman.

“Oh hello, it’s Sarah isn’t it? A bit early for you am I, sorry, I can wait if you want to go and put some clothes on.”

“No that’s okay, I’ve stopped wearing clothes.”

“Okay, I’ve got a letter for your brother Tom and it needs signing for.”

I put my hand out and took the little machine that he was holding.

“Use your finger and sign in that box please.”

As I was doing that I said,

“I haven’t written anything with my finger since I was in junior school.”

“Me too, I still can’t get used to it and I have to do it every day.” The postman said as we exchanged the letter for the machine.

“Thanks Sarah, maybe I’ll see you around now that college had finished, that was your last year wasn’t it?”

“Yes, I’m looking for job now but I’m not too hopeful, I haven’t go any qualifications.”

“I’m sure that you’ll find something Sarah. Gotta go, more letters to deliver. See ya.”

I closed the door, looked at the letter and thought that it must be important.

I got most of the household jobs done then decided to try to do something about the tingling that had been in my nipples and pussy all day so I lay back on the sofa and my hands went to my titties and pussy. It was nice but not as nice as when Tom and Mike had made me cum with their hands. I even put a finger inside my vagina, which helped, and I even had a little bit of an orgasm but nothing like what Tom and Mike gave me.

Even when I sucked the juices that my pussy had left on my finger I couldn’t cum like before and I was starting to get annoyed with myself. I was feeling good, even very good but that mind-blowing orgasm just wouldn’t come.

Still feeling very aroused I eventually gave up and went to get the washing in. As I was doing that I looked through the back fence to the house where the Harvey brothers lived and wondered if they could make me cum like my brothers had. They are both about my age and therefore younger than my brothers and I wondered if the boys ages had anything to do with it.

With all the clothes in the basket I stood and looked at the Harvey windows wondering if they would be as good as my brothers and I even thought about climbing through the fence and going to see if they were there and would try.

Then I saw movement in one of the bedrooms then Terry Harvey was looking down at me. The tingling got stronger and I waved to Terry even though we’d hardly ever spoken to each other. Terry gave a sort of half wave then turned and disappeared out of my sight. I was a bit disappointed but I picked up the basket and carried it inside so that I could do the ironing.