**Butterfly**by Arthur Saxon  
  
Cherie Galloway pursed her lips as she squeezed her breasts into her F-cup bra, which was unfortunately proving increasingly inadequate for the task these days. She managed to get the bra fastened, but it was cutting into her breast flesh rather uncomfortably. With a sigh, she took it off again, and put on one of her new G-cup bras, which fit a lot better although she did not like them nearly so much.  
  
Not for the first time, she wished that her breasts were not quite so huge. It was bad enough being the only girl at Butterford School, but to have breasts that most of the boys could not help ogling almost constantly … well, it was almost unbearable sometimes. She had her mother to thank, of course – a little woman at only five feet and one inch, Mrs Galloway was nevertheless blessed (or cursed) with spectacularly huge breasts. Cherie was three inches taller, and her breasts were not quite as large as her mother’s, so she did not look quite as disproportionate … but she still felt terribly self-conscious while surrounded by over-attentive boys in classrooms and the dining hall.  
  
What rankled especially much was that, at her last school and before her breasts had reached their current gargantuan proportions, she had been keen on, and good at, a number of athletic and gymnastic activities. But now it hurt her chest too much to run, and any kind of jumping, even with a sports bra, was pure torture.  
  
The one activity that she could still manage, and do well at, was swimming. She had always been a strong swimmer, even outmatching most of the boys at her last school. Her breasts, as big as they were, still did not too badly affect her performance in the water, and she was anxious to join Butterford’s swimming team as soon as possible. Her father, who was Butterford’s senior French teacher, had spoken with the swimming coach, Mr Oliphant, and had persuaded him to let Cherie try out for the team.  
  
Cherie put on the rest of her school uniform, rolled up her swimming costume in a towel, and headed out of her house. It was just a five-minute walk to the school’s sports centre, and, once inside, she looked for Mr Oliphant. He was not by the pool, so she nervously peered through a small round window set into the door of the boys’ changing room. She spied the swimming coach immediately, and waved in an attempt to attract his attention. He did not look up, however, so she opened the door just a crack, and stuck her head in.  
  
“Um … sir?” she said.  
  
Finally he looked up, and an expression of stern disapproval registered on his face. “Ah,” he said, without enthusiasm. “It’s Norm Galloway’s girl, thinking she can swim well enough to be on the school team.”  
  
The boys in the room, having hastily covered themselves, snickered, and Cherie’s blood boiled. She would show them! “Um, sir, where should I get changed?” For there was no longer a separate girls’ changing room – it had been converted into a weights room as it was used so infrequently as a changing room by the teachers’ wives, who usually preferred to change at home and walk to the centre in their swimming costumes. Cherie might have done this, except that she was too self-conscious to walk to here from home in her swimsuit while lots of boys were around to ogle her.  
  
Mr Oliphant grinned. “This is the changing room,” he said. “Where else would you change?”  
  
Cherie stared around at all of the boys, who looked suddenly very interested. She gulped. “In front of … everyone?” she said falteringly.  
  
“If you make the team,” said Mr Oliphant severely, “these will be your team-mates. You’ll shower together, change in the same room, and so on – it’s good for team spirit! If you’re so keen to separate yourself from the rest of the team before you’ve even tried out, then I really don’t think there’s a place for you.”  
  
“No … no, it’s okay,” said Cherie quickly, blushing to the roots of her hair as she came right into the changing room and set her towel down on a bench. “Just think of me as one of the lads – that’s all I ask.”  
  
“Fair enough,” said Mr Oliphant with grudging respect. “All right, come on all of you – get those trunks on – I want you all on the poolside in two minutes!” With that he turned on his heel and marched off in the direction of the pool.  
  
Cherie nervously removed her blouse, as the boys watched her in fascination. She took off her skirt next, followed by her socks and shoes. Then she wrapped her towel around herself – a nice big bath-towel from home – and carefully removed her bra and panties without revealing anything to her disappointed audience. She stepped into her bright red swimming costume, pulled it up, stuck her arms into the armholes, and tucked her breasts in as she tugged the costume into place. Finally she slipped off her watch, and hurried towards the pool. As if only just remembering that they had to be on the edge of the pool imminently, the boys rushed after her.  
  
Mr Oliphant stared at her as she stepped up to the edge of the pool, and the boys spread themselves out either side of her. “What do you call that?” he demanded.  
  
Cherie smiled nervously. “Um, it’s my swimsuit,” she said.  
  
“That’s not a school swimsuit!” shouted Mr Oliphant. “We have a uniform here at Butterford! You’re not at St Gerald’s now, young lady! We have standards!”  
  
“But there isn’t a girl’s version of the school swimming costume!” wailed Cherie, on the verge of tears. “This was the closest thing I could find!”  
  
“It’s not even the same colour!” yelled Mr Oliphant. “You can’t have made that much of an effort!”  
  
“But…”  
  
“No buts!” said Mr Oliphant. “I don’t want excuses, I only want results!” This, Cherie would soon learn, was one of Mr Oliphant’s mottos. “If, Miss Galloway … and that’s a very big if … if you do make the team, then we’ll order a girl’s equivalent of the boys’ swimming trunks, for you to wear.”  
  
“Thank you sir,” said Cherie, relieved that the horrible coach seemed to be calming down a bit.  
  
“However,” said Mr Oliphant, “in the meantime, we can’t have you standing out like a great big lumpy tomato. Take off your swimsuit – you can swim in the nude for today.”  
  
Cherie’s jaw dropped … as did those of the boys either side of her. “But sir!” she said, her voice trembling. “You can’t seriously expect me to … be naked in front of these boys!”  
  
“Why not?” asked Mr Oliphant sharply. “When you go and shower, you’ll all be showering naked together. If you’re to make our swimming team, Cherie, you’ll just have to get over your body shyness issues.”  
  
Cherie realised suddenly that Mr Oliphant was deliberately trying to make her give up and run away in tears … in which case he would be rid of her. But she was determined not to give him that satisfaction. Though it pained her horribly to do it, and though she was conscious of a lot of lustful male eyes upon her, she slipped her arms out of her swimsuit, and tugged it quickly down her body and legs. Stepping out of it, she at first covered her breasts and pussy with her hands, but then she abruptly changed her mind. Dropping her arms by her sides, she attempted to stand proudly and without showing any outward signs of her shame and humiliation. This happened to involve sticking her chest out, her large bare breasts providing a wonderful sight for the teenaged boys around her.  
  
Mr Oliphant grinned at her breasts, and his eyes dropped to her neatly-trimmed pubic hair. “All right!” he said. “Thirty lengths, all of you, two to a lane – let’s see if Miss Galloway can keep up.”  
  
It was a relief to be in the water, where her nakedness was hardly apparent, and certainly not noticeable to the boys trying to out-swim her. Breaststroke was her strongest stroke, and although she fell behind initially as most of the boys started out with the crawl, eventually they tired and resorted to breaststroke too. By the twentieth length, she was eighth out of eleven, and slowly gaining on Jules Ingram, who was seventh. He saw her gaining on him out of the corner of his eye, and began to swim faster in order to keep ahead of her. But this extra expenditure of effort wore him out after only a couple of lengths, and soon she was approaching him again. By the end of the twenty-third length, she was leaving him behind.  
  
As she approached the end of the thirtieth length, Cherie was feeling quite exhausted, but satisfied to have done so well. She had hoped to stay in the water, but the boys finishing ahead of her had already climbed out, and so, reluctantly, she did the same. Mr Oliphant was looking rather annoyed, but he smirked at her breasts and pussy as they rose out of the water.  
  
“Well, you came sixth,” he said grudgingly. “That’s not bad – not bad at all. How’s your crawl?”  
  
“My weakest stroke, sir,” said Cherie. “At least, compared to other people. But I do a damn good butterfly.”  
  
“Really?” said Mr Oliphant, intrigued. “Well, once these slowcoaches have all finished, let’s race you against Martin, Angus and Patrick. One length crawl followed by one length butterfly.”  
  
“Hey!” said Cherie, straightening up quickly and taking a step forward. She had bent over and put her hands on her knees, to allow herself to get her breath back more easily, but Will Nolan had walked past just behind her, and slipped his hand between her buttocks! She had briefly felt his fingertip press against her anus before she had pulled away.  
  
The boys all laughed, and even Mr Oliphant chuckled.  
  
“Aren’t you going to tell him off?” demanded Cherie, aggrieved.  
  
“Oh it’s just a bit of harmless fun,” said Mr Oliphant. “All right, are you ready for your race?”  
  
Feeling rather grumpy and wronged as she took her position, Cherie tried to focus on her breathing. As Mr Oliphant said “Go!”, she dived out as far as she could, her breasts smacking into the water a little before the rest of her torso. It stung a little, but she grimly crawled her way up the pool, hoping she was not falling too far behind.  
  
In fact she was last by almost three body-lengths by the time Patrick Morven, who was in the lead, performed a graceful underwater turn and kicked off for his second length. But once Cherie herself had turned, she came into her own as her supple body undulated through the butterfly stroke. Slowly, she began to catch up with Martin Tate, who was currently third.  
  
At the end of the length, she was not sure which of them had finished first. Mr Oliphant, however, had been watching closely. “Third,” he said to her. “You were ahead of Martin by a whisker. You’re right, your crawl is terrible!”  
  
Cherie’s heart sank. “Sorry sir,” she said.  
  
“But your butterfly is impressive,” added Mr Oliphant. “You gained well on both Martin and Patrick, which makes you our second-best butterfly swimmer after Angus. How’s your backstroke?”  
  
“Pretty good, sir,” said Cherie.  
  
“We’ll see in a moment,” said Mr Oliphant. “Hop out and get your breath back.”  
  
Cherie did not especially want to get out, but she did so, resisting the urge to cover herself although Mr Oliphant was staring at her pubic hair.  
  
“You know, you should shave that off,” he said.  
  
“I’m sorry?” said Cherie, scarcely believing her ears.  
  
“Drag,” said Mr Oliphant. “Patrick shaves his chest hair, don’t you Patrick?”  
  
“Yes sir,” said Patrick.  
  
“Yes, I definitely think you should shave off your pubic hair,” said Mr Oliphant.  
  
“But it’s not going to matter once I get my own costume!” said Cherie desperately.  
  
“Indeed,” said Mr Oliphant. “But in the meantime, you should stay clean-shaven.”  
  
“But…”  
  
“No buts!” said Mr Oliphant. “Now let’s see that backstroke of yours. Artie, Pete, Richie, Douglas … and … Jock, see how many of you can beat her. Two lengths.”  
  
Cherie took her place at the edge of the pool, and took a few deep breaths. Then she squealed as Richie slapped her bare buttocks with his hand as he walked past her. Her arms flailed as she toppled forward, and she was forced to jump into the pool as the boys all roared with laughter.  
  
She turned and stared up indignantly at Mr Oliphant, who was laughing along with the boys. “Could you please stop them doing that?” she pleaded.  
  
Mr Oliphant grinned. “You can’t blame him, Miss Galloway. A nice bottom like yours, all naked and inviting … it’s only natural that teenage boys should want to touch it. I’m not going to reprimand one of my swimmers for conforming to a basic human instinct.”  
  
The other swimmers had now all jumped in too, and were getting into position. Cherie, feeling quite hurt and taken advantage of, grasped the edge of the pool, and put her feet up against the side, ready to kick off.  
  
“On your marks … go!” said Mr Oliphant.  
  
Cherie launched herself backwards, and swam powerfully, watching the ceiling in order to keep herself in a straight line. She noticed Mr Oliphant walking along the side of the pool, and realised with unease that her breasts and pussy were rather on display, and his gaze was alternating between both.  
  
She tried to concentrate on the race. Already she had pulled well ahead of someone – Douglas Kiel, she thought – but she could not see anyone else behind her. She pulled harder, and kicked harder, and then turned her head to see where the end of the pool was. Still some way to go, and most of the boys were ahead of her.  
  
She reached the end, turned, and launched off again. She swam for all she was worth, and succeeded in overtaking Artie Lamb. By the time she reached the end of the second length, she had drawn level with Richie Claymore.  
  
“Third equal!” said Mr Oliphant. “Okay, Cherie, you can consider yourself on the team. We’ll get you a swimming costume as soon as possible, but in the meantime, I don’t want to hear you whining about being naked in front of the others. Okay?”  
  
“Okay sir!” said Cherie, thrilled to have made the team.  
  
After some fitness swimming, Mr Oliphant allowed them ten minutes for recreational swimming, which he called a “free swim”. Normally this was an excuse for somersaults and bombshells from the diving board, and some larking about with the floats and balls, but today, for some reason, the boys seemed most interested in gathering around and talking to the latest recruit to the team.  
  
“Let’s see you stand up,” said Angus with a grin. “I want to see those gorgeous tits of yours.”  
  
Cherie splashed water at him. “You’ll see them soon enough in the shower,” she said. Then she felt a hand on her bottom. “Hey!” she said, reaching down to push it away.  
  
But the boys were gathering around closer, and their hands were so numerous that Cherie soon felt as if she were battling a horny octopus. Soon there were hands on her breasts, on her buttocks, between her buttocks, and even on her pussy, though she succeeded in keeping questing fingers out of her. “Stop that!” she snapped in distress. “Get away from me!”  
  
But now her arms were being grabbed, and her legs were being pulled apart. “Help!” she cried. “Mr Oliphant, please help me!”  
  
Mr Oliphant came over and squatted at the edge of the pool. He looked down at her in amusement. “You’ll need to learn to stand up for yourself, Miss Galloway,” he said. “I can’t do it for you.”  
  
The boys, encouraged by their coach’s lack of intervention, pulled Cherie’s legs wide apart, and she gasped as she felt a couple of fingers sliding into her vagina. “Help! No! Stop!” she squealed.  
  
But Mr Oliphant merely chuckled, got to his feet, and began to walk away.  
  
Cherie struggled wildly. She succeeded in freeing one foot, and lashed out with it. It connected with Will’s nose, and there was a crunching sound.  
  
“Jesus Christ!” cried Will, clutching at his nose, from which blood was now pouring.  
  
Mr Oliphant turned around and marched back towards the swimmers. “Out!” he barked. “Jules, Jock, help him out.”  
  
“She kicked me in the face!” wailed Will as the coach helped to pull him out of the water.  
  
“Can you blame her?” said Mr Oliphant. “You idiot. Go and report to Matron – it looks like you may have broken your nose.”  
  
“I thought you were on our side, sir!” said Jules, as Will ran back towards the changing room.  
  
“Look,” said Mr Oliphant, folding his arms and glaring at Jules. “Cherie’s going to have to deal with all of you boys somehow. I’m not going to jump in and rescue her every time you tease or grope her. But I’m sure as hell not going to blame her if she retaliates! Will deserved what he got. The rest of you will just have to figure out how you’re all going to interrelate!” He turned and marched away.  
  
Cherie pulled free of the boys’ clutching arms, and they let her go. “Don’t think I don’t have a few more nose-breakings in me!” she threatened them.  
  
“All right, all right,” said Jules crossly. “We get the point. Come on chaps, let’s go and shower.”  
  
It did not take long, however, for the boys to recover their horniness. Seeing Cherie soaping her large breasts under a stream of hot water had a very obvious effect on their anatomies. When she wiped her eyes and opened them, she saw several erections, a couple of which were being openly masturbated.  
  
“Ugh, gross!” she said. “Put those things away.”  
  
But the boys began to crowd around her again, and though nobody tried to grab hold of her, those behind her frequently reached out to squeeze her buttocks. This made her turn around quickly, and then of course the boys on the other side of her would get their turn. Almost all of them were masturbating now, and then, suddenly, a stream of semen fired from the end of Richie’s penis, splattering against her hip. “Ugh, for God’s sake!” she cried, wiping it off in disgust.  
  
The rest of the boys now began to climax, one after the other, and Cherie found herself being hit by spurting semen from all sides. Some of it caught in her pubic hair, and some was carried by the shower water, down from the small of her back, between her buttocks, and over her anus. But Cherie was by now busy once again fighting off hands that were trying to grab her breasts. Eventually she brought a knee up sharply into Martin’s testicles. He groaned and sank to the floor.  
  
“Enough!” shouted Cherie. “Get away from me, all of you, or I’ll quit the team and you’ll never see me naked again!”  
  
This was actually a good threat, and the boys reluctantly backed off. Cherie shuddered as she washed sperm from her buttocks, pussy, stomach, hips and thighs. It felt slimy between her fingers. These boys were horrible … yet she could not help noticing that, both in the pool and in the shower, one boy had not participated in her molestation. That boy was Patrick Morven.  
  
Having finished washing herself, she returned to where her clothes had been. But now they were nowhere to be seen. “Guys!” she complained. “Where are my clothes?” Even her towel was missing.  
  
There were snickers all around the room. “We put them outside,” said Pete Kelly.  
  
Cherie’s heart sank. “Really?” From the grins and nods, she realised that they must have done so. Covering her breasts and pussy, she pushed through the door and trotted over to the front door of the building. About fifty yards away, just next to the main road, was a little pile of clothing. She bit her lip, then opened the door and ran outside, clutching her breasts to prevent them from bouncing around too much.  
  
As she approached her clothes, the boys walking up the road from the main school building laughed delightedly. “Look! Look!” they cried out to each other. “Cherie’s naked!” One of them reached down and grabbed the pile of her clothes. “Hey Cherie, want these?”  
  
“Yes!” she said, running up to him and reaching out for them. But he turned and tossed them to his friend, who caught them, grinning, and threw them on to another boy.  
  
“Hey, give them back!” cried Cherie, letting go of her breasts so that she could reach for her clothes with both hands. As the boys tossed her clothes around, with Cherie running naked from one boy to the next, they laughed and laughed at her misfortune. But the pile of clothes was unravelling, and Cherie almost caught her panties as they became separated and fell to the ground. Unfortunately they were whisked out of her reach by the nearest boy, Alistair McEwan, who held them high out of her reach as she jumped up and down, trying to get at them. But it was hopeless – he was almost a foot taller than she.  
  
Meanwhile, the rest of her clothes had been bundled up tightly in her towel. A car was approaching, and it slowed down as it approached the boys, who were scattered across the road. They ambled out of the way, but as the car passed, fifth-former Jeremy Clarke, who currently had Cherie’s clothes, tossed them on top of the car’s roof rack.  
  
“Noooo!” cried Cherie, as the car began to speed up, having passed all of the boys. Clutching her breasts, she started to run after the car, as the boys doubled up in laughter behind her.  
  
It was Mr Honeywell’s car, she was sure. Mr Honeywell was one of the maths teachers, a somewhat absent-minded man who unfortunately could not be counted on to notice that a naked girl was chasing his car. Indeed, though Cherie frantically waved one arm while holding her breasts with the other, the car continued to pull away from her as it descended the hill towards the main school.  
  
Cherie very much hoped that at the next fork in the road, Mr Honeywell would turn right, heading towards his house. If he turned left, that would mean that he was heading for his classroom, which was in a prefabricated building attached to the main school. There would be a lot of boys around there … which would mean a lot more humiliation.  
  
Mr Honeywell turned left. Tears were pouring down Cherie’s cheeks as she ran naked into the main school’s rear car park, which was busy with teachers and boys crossing back and forth. Laughter immediately erupted all around her, but she forced herself to ignore it as she ran up to Mr Honeywell’s car, which was now parked outside his classroom.  
  
“What the devil are you doing?” demanded Mr Whitaker, a physics teacher who was also the Deputy Headmaster.  
  
Cherie retrieved her clothes. “Sorry sir,” she sobbed as she began to put her bra on. “Some of the boys took my clothes and threw them on top of Mr Honeywell’s car.”  
  
“Oh! Well, why were your clothes off in the first place?” asked Mr Whitaker.  
  
“I was swimming!” she said, now pulling her skirt on.  
  
“Oh. Well, tut tut, Miss Galloway, you should really keep better track of your clothing. Now run along, and try not to lose your clothes again!”  
  
“Yes sir,” said Cherie, hopping on one foot as she pulled a sock on. A moment later, she was dressed and drying her hair with her towel as she walked back up the hill towards the sports centre. She spotted Alistair McEwan, and stormed up to him. “Give me my panties!” she demanded.  
  
He chuckled, and pulled them out of his pocket. “There you go,” he said, throwing them down into a muddy puddle at the edge of the road. Just for good measure, he stamped on them with his foot, grinding them into the mud.  
  
“Wow, thanks,” muttered Cherie, stooping to pick them up. Feeling angry and upset and humiliated, she walked back home to get a fresh pair of panties.  
  
Her mother was home, and she followed Cherie upstairs. “Are you all right, dear?” she asked. “How did it go? Didn’t you make the team?”  
  
“Oh I made the team all right,” said Cherie bitterly. “But the boys are all horrible! And so’s Mr Oliphant! He made me change in front of all the boys, and then swim naked, and shower naked with the boys … and ugh! I don’t want to talk about it.”  
  
“Mr Oliphant made you swim naked?” said Mrs Galloway in disbelief.  
  
“Yes! Well I don’t have an official school swimming costume – and that’s because there isn’t an official school swimming costume for girls!”  
  
“Oh dear,” said Mrs Galloway sympathetically. “So is he going to order one for you?”  
  
“Yes,” said Cherie. “But in the meantime I have to swim naked! Which is SO humiliating, Mum!”  
  
“Well perhaps you can just not swim until your costume arrives,” suggested her mother.  
  
“I can’t do that, Mum! The fixture with Strathmorton is in two weeks’ time, and Mr Oliphant won’t let me swim in it if I don’t practice in the meantime.”  
  
“All right, dear, well, please try not to let the boys get too ‘intimate’ with you…”  
  
“I’ll do my best!” said Cherie. “But they kind of outnumber me, Mum! And Mr Oliphant doesn’t do a thing to help me when the boys get amorous.”  
  
“I don’t like the sound of this,” fretted Mrs Galloway. “I think maybe you shouldn’t join the swimming team after all…”  
  
Cherie sighed. “Don’t worry about it, Mum – I can take care of myself. I broke Will Nolan’s nose today, and I’ll break more if I have to!”  
  
“Okay dear … well, whatever you think is best.”  
  
Two days later, having stripped naked while the boys changed into their swimming trunks, Cherie was on her way to the pool when Mr Oliphant stuck his head into the changing room. “Weights first!” he said. “We need to build up those muscles a bit.”  
  
The boys all changed direction and headed off to the weights room. Cherie followed, but when she got to the weights room, she went over to talk to Mr Oliphant.  
  
“Um, can I wear some clothes for this?” she asked. “Even just my bra and panties…”  
  
“What, and get them all sweaty?” said Mr Oliphant. “No, we do weights in our swimming costumes, Cherie. That includes you.”  
  
Before long, she had indeed worked up quite a sweat, and her breasts were glistening, as was her newly-shaven pussy. Mr Oliphant had an efficient system for them to follow – they each spent three minutes on each piece of equipment, alternating between the machines and various routines involving dumbbells. The worst piece of equipment for Cherie was the treadmill, which forced her to run at a speed which made her breasts bounce uncomfortably.  
  
But then she came to a machine in which she had to lie back on an angled cushion while holding on to handles at either side, and force a couple of padded cylinders together using her knees. Unfortunately, this meant opening and closing her thighs, thus exposing the most intimate parts of her naked pussy to the gaze of her male team-mates. Their own pieces of equipment forgotten, the boys gathered around to watch her with wide eyes.  
  
“Enough gawking!” Mr Oliphant scolded them. “Back to your own routines, please!” Then, as the boys reluctantly dispersed, he watched Cherie’s pussy for a few moments with a faint smirk on his face. “All the way out, Cherie,” he said to her. “You can’t get the full benefit if you only make small movements.”  
  
So Cherie, feeling highly embarrassed, let the cylinders expand to their widest extent, which meant that her vaginal opening and anus were both fully on display. She closed her thighs, as much as she could, and then spread them wide again.  
  
Jules Ingram had disappeared a moment before, and now he reappeared holding a digital camcorder. “Sir, I’m making a movie about the school swimming team – you know, for the school’s website. I thought perhaps I should take some footage of us weight-training…?”  
  
“Excellent idea,” said Mr Oliphant. “Go ahead, Jules.”  
  
Jules immediately squatted down between Cherie’s legs, pointed the camcorder directly at her pussy, and began filming.  
  
“Hey!” complained Cherie. “You can’t possibly put this on the website, surely?”  
  
“Who knows what will end up in the final cut?” said Jules with a shrug. “Might as well get footage of as many activities as possible, though.” He zoomed in on Cherie’s vagina.  
  
Then they had to rotate again, and Cherie was relieved to be back on the dumbbells. But she was annoyed to find Jules still filming her, and in fact, throughout the rest of the weight training session, he stayed with her, filming her breasts and her pussy as much as possible.  
  
While working on her last set of dumbbells, Cherie jumped as she felt large hands closing around her right thigh. Turning, she was surprised to see Mr Oliphant squatting behind her, with his face just inches from her bottom.  
  
“Hmm,” said the coach, “your thighs are really quite soft, Miss Galloway. “That’s why you struggle with the crawl.”  
  
“Crawl’s mostly in the arms, surely?” said Cherie. “It’s breaststroke where the legs are…”  
  
“You’d think so, wouldn’t you?” Mr Oliphant interrupted her briskly. “But those thighs of yours need a bit of an extra workout. Come over here.”  
  
She followed him to a flat padded bench, and lay down on her back at his instruction.  
  
“Now,” he said, “raise your knees up to your chest.”  
  
Rather reluctantly, she did so. Then Mr Oliphant grabbed hold of her shins, just below her knees, and pressed them outwards and down, thus exposing her pussy even more than before. “Now,” he said, “try bringing your knees up and together.” As Cherie tried this, he leaned more and more of his weight upon her, causing her to grunt and gasp with the effort of attempting to keep him from falling on top of her.  
  
“Good, good!” he said, getting up and stepping away from her. “Martin, why don’t you have a go? Just lean on her shins, like I did.”  
  
Martin grinned as he leaned down on top of Cherie, pushing her thighs apart as his trunks, bulging with his erection, sank closer and closer to her pussy. Cherie, feeling highly uncomfortable and not at all sure of the value of this exercise, tried to push him upwards and close her thighs together, but he was very heavy and she was getting exhausted. Eventually her thighs gave out, and Martin collapsed on top of her. He grinned as he reached down and slid two fingers into her vagina.  
  
“Hey!” she said, struggling to push him off as he slid his fingers rapidly in and out of her.  
  
“Patrick, why don’t you have a go?” suggested Mr Oliphant.  
  
“No, I think the poor girl’s had enough weight-training for one day,” said Patrick.  
  
Cherie looked up at him gratefully, and he smiled down at her.  
  
“Perhaps you’re right,” said Mr Oliphant. “Come on Martin, off you get.”  
  
Martin got up, and slowly withdrew his fingers from Cherie’s vagina while Jules delightedly filmed her moist and slightly gaping opening. Cherie sat up. “Can we swim now?” she asked.  
  
“Of course!” said Mr Oliphant. “To the swimming pool, gentlemen. And lady.”  
  
Cherie caught up with Patrick. “Thank you,” she whispered to him.  
  
“Don’t mention it,” he replied. Then he stopped, and turned towards her. She stopped too, and looked up at him, smiling uncertainly. He stooped, and kissed her on the lips. Then he smiled at her, winked, and went on ahead into the swimming pool.  
  
Cherie’s heart was beating rapidly. Patrick had kissed her! She was not sure exactly how to feel about that, but it was definitely an exciting moment. Patrick was clearly much more of a gentleman than the others, and he was tall, well-built, and fairly handsome. Yes, she could do a lot worse than Patrick…  
  
After a gruelling swimming session, Cherie was hoping to spend a little time with Patrick during the free swim, but apparently the weight training had used up that portion of their time. So she went straight to the showers with the boys, where, once again, they gathered around her to masturbate.  
  
“Look,” she said to them in annoyance. “Can’t you do that a bit further away from me?”  
  
“Suck me off, and I’ll go away,” said Angus with a grin.  
  
“Fat chance!” she replied. “Hey!” She slapped away a hand that had just been slipped between her legs from behind. “I’m going to start kneeing testicles in a minute!”  
  
They backed off a little at that, and one or two erections wilted slightly. “Yeah, now keep going,” said Cherie. “You all need to wash too, you know.”  
  
She finished washing herself, almost unmolested, and returned to where she had left her towel and clothes. Unsurprisingly, they were missing. She sighed. “All right, where are my clothes?” she asked.  
  
“Here,” said Patrick, handing her a bundle of clothing. “I kept them safe for you.”  
  
“Thank you Patrick!” she exclaimed, and, on an impulse, she threw her arms around him and kissed him on the cheek. She took her clothes and towel, and began to dry herself.  
  
“Oooh, Patrick and Cherie, up a tree,” began Douglas.  
  
“Give me a break, Dougie,” said Patrick with a pained expression. “Seriously, are you twelve years old?”  
  
“So, are you two…” began Angus.  
  
“No,” said Patrick, which stung Cherie a little, until he looked across at her and added, “Not yet anyway.”  
  
Cherie smiled as she tucked her breasts into her bra. “I just appreciate a nice gentlemanly gesture.”  
  
She finished getting dressed, and left the building. When she got home after school, her mother anxiously asked how her swimming practice had gone.  
  
“Much better, thanks,” said Cherie. “I think I’m getting the hang of how to deal with the boys.”  
  
“Good!” said Mrs Galloway, relieved.  
  
Two days later, however, Mr Oliphant insisted on another weight-training session before their swimming practice. Once again, Jules grabbed his camcorder and began filming Cherie. After five minutes, he said, “Sir, I think Cherie should work on her thigh muscles again.”  
  
“There’s nothing wrong with my thigh muscles,” scowled Cherie.  
  
But the coach seemed to disagree. “I think that’s a very good idea, Jules,” he said. “Cherie, why don’t you come and lie down on this bench. Come on, come on. Now, lift your knees up to your chest.”  
  
“I’m very exposed like this,” said Cherie mournfully, as Mr Oliphant pushed her knees outwards while grinning at her wide-spread pussy. “Does Jules really have to point that thing right between my legs?”  
  
“Can I have a go?” asked Richie.  
  
“Of course!” said Mr Oliphant, and Richie grinned happily as he climbed on top of Cherie and leaned his full weight on her, pushing her thighs apart with his hands on her knees. Cherie figured that the longer she resisted, the longer this torture would last, so she soon gave up and let him fall on top of her.  
  
“That was pathetic!” said Mr Oliphant. “I think we need a little more incentive for you to push back. Richie, pull your trunks down.”  
  
“What?” said Cherie in alarm.  
  
“Okay!” said Richie, and he pulled his trunks down to his knees, his erect penis springing out of its confinement and pointing directly at Cherie’s pussy. He propped himself up on her knees again, and began to push his erection between her labia.  
  
“No!” exclaimed Cherie, forcing her thighs up to push him away.  
  
“That’s better!” said Mr Oliphant. “Keep pushing against him, Cherie.”  
  
A manic gleam came into Richie’s eyes as he leaned all his weight against Cherie, thrusting his pelvis forward so that the tip of his erection nuzzled between her labia again. But thrust as he might, he could not get himself inside her without the help of his hands. “I need some lubricant!” he complained.  
  
“Why? You’re not supposed to be actually fucking her,” said Patrick sharply.  
  
“No,” said Mr Oliphant, “but if Cherie knows that without lubricant she’s pretty safe, then there’s not so much incentive for her to push back. Good idea, Richie. I think I have some Vaseline in my bag.”  
  
He fetched a small jar, and handed it to Richie, who eagerly lubricated his erection. Then he said, “Should I lubricate her pussy too?”  
  
“No!” said Cherie.  
  
“Sure, why not?” said Mr Oliphant.  
  
Richie grinned, scooped out a large glob of Vaseline, and began plastering it over Cherie’s labia. He rubbed it all over her pussy, working it into every crevice, even sticking a couple of fingers inside her and thrusting them slowly in and out…  
  
“Stop that! That’s enough lubricating!” objected Cherie.  
  
“Yes, I think that’s probably enough,” said Mr Oliphant, amused.  
  
Richie pulled his fingers out, then he slid them down to her anus, and began to push his middle finger into her puckered sphincter.  
  
“Eww! Stop that!” whined Cherie.  
  
“Come on Richie, stop messing about,” said Patrick.  
  
“This is so cool!” said Jules, wide-eyed as he filmed Richie’s finger sliding in and out of Cherie’s anus.  
  
“All right,” said Richie, pulling his finger out. He lowered himself on top of Cherie, and slid his erection between her pussy lips. Cherie pushed hard with her thighs, forcing him back, but he arched his back and thrust deeper, his penis just beginning to penetrate her vagina.  
  
With an almighty effort, Cherie brought her knees together, then she kicked out with the soles of both feet, propelling Richie several feet backwards. He staggered, but did not fall down, and looked rather disappointed.  
  
“Very good, Cherie!” said Mr Oliphant, chuckling. “So who’s next?”  
  
“Me! Me!” said Jock.  
  
“No, me!” said Artie.  
  
“How about Patrick?” suggested Cherie quickly.  
  
Patrick looked surprised, but he caught Cherie’s pleading look, and nodded. “Sure, I’ll go next.”  
  
Mr Oliphant handed him the Vaseline. “Okay then Patrick – go ahead and lube up.”  
  
Patrick hesitated, then he pulled down his swimming trunks. Cherie’s eyes widened – Patrick possessed an impressive penis, and it was fully erect. So he really did want her! She could not help feeling rather pleased about this.  
  
He lowered himself on top of her, and his penis slipped between her labia. She pushed back against him, and his penis backed away. He leaned a little harder, and Cherie’s breath began to come in gasps as she felt his erection poking against her again. She pushed against him, but a little half-heartedly, and when she could no longer feel his penis, she relaxed a little, and he sank back towards her. His erection pressed against her vaginal opening, and she shuddered. When he leaned down on her a little harder, she hardly resisted at all, and she gasped as she felt his erection begin to slide into her vagina.  
  
“Come on, Cherie – push back!” said Mr Oliphant.  
  
But Cherie no longer wanted to. She relaxed a little, and Patrick’s erection sank deep inside her. She clutched his shoulders, and looked up into his eyes. When he responded with a questioning look, she smiled at him, and he grinned. Flexing her thighs, Cherie pushed him back a little, until his erection was barely inside her, then she relaxed, so that he sank back inside all the way. She flexed, and relaxed. Flexed, and relaxed.  
  
“Good grief!” whispered Jules, filming all of this in glorious close-up. “This is dynamite!”  
  
“Come on, Cherie,” said Mr Oliphant, with a knowing smile. “Aren’t you going to push him away?”  
  
The other boys were staring, open-mouthed, as Patrick’s penis repetitively thrust in and out of Cherie’s vagina. Apparently tiring of his pace, however, Patrick began to thrust on his own account, pounding his erection inside Cherie with vigorous intent.  
  
“Oh, yes, yes!” whispered Cherie in Patrick’s ear.  
  
Patrick bent his mouth down to her own ear. “I want to come inside you,” he whispered. “Are you on the pill?”  
  
“No,” she whispered back. “But I don’t care – just do it!”  
  
That was enough to send Patrick over the edge. “Ohhhh God!” he groaned, as he spurted his semen all over her cervix.  
  
“Oh yes! Yes!” cried Cherie, approaching an orgasm of her own. “Keep going! Keep going! Make me come! Make a baby inside me, Patrick!”  
  
The rest of the boys burst out laughing at this, and Cherie’s impending orgasm evaporated. Feeling horribly embarrassed, she covered her eyes with her hands. Patrick climbed off her, and Cherie started to close her legs, but Artie and Martin quickly grabbed her knees, and held them apart while Jules continued to film her gaping vagina, capturing the moment when Patrick’s semen began to leak out of her and run down over her anus.  
  
“I want to go next!” said Jock.  
  
“No, I think that’s enough,” said Mr Oliphant. “Off you go to the pool – Cherie, take a few minutes to recover, if you want, then come and join us.”  
  
Patrick stayed behind as the others headed for the pool. “I’m sorry about that,” he said. “Are you all right?”  
  
Cherie smiled up at him. “No need to be sorry. Obviously I wanted that as much as you did.”  
  
He grinned. “Yes, it was pretty amazing. So does this mean we’re officially together?”  
  
“I hope so,” said Cherie, a little anxiously. “Is that what you want?”  
  
Patrick nodded. “Cool,” he said. “I’ll try to keep the others off you, as much as I can, but I can’t be seen to be taking your side too much over them, otherwise I’ll lose my place in the hierarchy, and my influence.”  
  
Cherie thought this sounded a little odd, but she said, “Okay – I understand. Thank you.”  
  
Patrick went to the door, and then turned back. “Cherie,” he said. “You’re a beautiful girl. Thank you for allowing me to be your … first.”  
  
Cherie smiled. “Thank you,” she said. “But what makes you think you’re my first?”  
  
“Oh!” said Patrick. “Sorry – I just assumed… Sorry.”  
  
Cherie giggled. “Silly thing. Yes, you’re my first. And thank you for making it a nice experience … even though we had quite a large audience…”  
  
Patrick smiled, then went through the door.  
  
Cherie closed her eyes, feeling thoroughly relaxed. She would just rest for a few minutes, and then get up and rejoin the others…  
  
Outside, the Headmaster, Mr Winthrop, was showing around some prospective parents. “It was built fifteen years ago,” he was saying, “although the pool itself is older – it used to be in its own building. We kind of built around it. Come on – I’ll show you. If we’re lucky we might catch the swimming team training.”  
  
“How often do they train?” asked a balding man in his mid-forties.   
  
“Three times a week, usually,” said Mr Winthrop. “We also have an excellent basketball team, but they train in the evenings. As you’ll see, we have a large gym, and a squash court behind it. But first I’ll show you the weights room. This was originally a changing room for our female guests, but it was used so infrequently that we decided to make better use of the space. Yes, just push that door…”  
  
“Oh my word!” exclaimed the balding man. His wife gasped, and put a gloved hand to her mouth.  
  
“Heavens!” exclaimed a very attractive woman in her early thirties. Her husband removed his glasses and stared past her at Cherie, who was still lying flat on her back on the bench, with her feet on the floor either side, and her pussy, still leaking semen, directly in front of the visitors.  
  
“Oh my goodness, I most sincerely apologise!” said Mr Winthrop, aghast. “I would never in a million years have imagined that such a sight would greet us upon our entry into this room. I … I don’t know what to say!”  
  
“But who IS she?” the attractive woman wanted to know. “I thought this was a boys’ school!”  
  
“It is,” said Mr Winthrop. “But we do have one female pupil, Cherie Galloway – she’s the daughter of one of our teachers, and until this summer she attended St Gerald’s, a girls’ school in Norfolk. Our academic standards being rather higher than St Gerald’s, her father asked me if she could join our lower sixth form at the start of the current academic year. I said she could … but I never imagined…”  
  
“Do you think she was raped?” asked the woman with the gloves, as she stared, fascinated, at the semen leaking out of Cherie’s vagina.  
  
“Oh! Heavens, I hadn’t even thought of that!” said Mr Winthrop. He marched over to Cherie, and shook her shoulder. “Cherie?”  
  
Cherie awoke with a start, and looked up in terror at the headmaster. “Oh! Sir, I’m so sorry!”  
  
“Were you raped, dear?” he asked her gently.  
  
Cherie now noticed the visitors staring at her. She squealed in horror and sat up, covering her breasts and pussy. “Oh no!” she wailed.  
  
“Were you…?” began the headmaster again.  
  
“Oh! No sir – I wasn’t raped. Oh god, sir, I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to fall asleep! I was just going to rest for a bit and then rejoin the others.”  
  
“The others…?”  
  
“My swimming team-mates!” said Cherie. “They left me here to … recuperate … but I fell asleep!”  
  
The headmaster’s brow furrowed. “Did you have sex with all of them?” he inquired incredulously.  
  
“Crikey!” said the balding man. “What kind of a place is this?”  
  
“No!” said Cherie indignantly. “Just one – but the others watched. It wasn’t planned that way – it just happened!”  
  
Mr Winthrop, now that he knew she was all right, was preparing to be very angry indeed. He folded his arms. “And how, pray, did it ‘just happen’?”  
  
“Mr Oliphant wanted me to build up my thigh muscles,” jabbered Cherie, “even though I think they’re fine and you use your upper body for crawl mostly anyway, but he thought that I needed more incentive to push my team-mates off me using just my thigh muscles, so he got Richie to pull his trunks down and lubricate his willy with Vaseline so that I would try harder to stop him from getting inside me, and it worked, and I pushed him off me, but then Patrick got on top of me and he did the same, but I actually quite fancy Patrick so I didn’t try quite as hard to push him off me … and, well, one thing led to another…” She tailed off wretchedly. “I’m sorry sir – am I expelled?”  
  
But to her surprise, Mr Winthrop seemed to be trying not to laugh. Then he recovered himself, and said sternly, “Cherie, we don’t actually have any rules about not having sex in school, because until now it’s been just boys here. But I would have hoped that you would be a little more sensible than to not only have sex in front of your swimming team-mates, but also to fall asleep where just about anybody could walk in and find you!”  
  
“I know – I’m sorry sir!” said Cherie. “And I’m…” She looked over at the startled visitors. “I’m really sorry to have embarrassed you, and the school, in front of your guests.”  
  
“So you should be!” said Mr Winthrop.  
  
Cherie got to her feet, covering her breasts and pussy, and turned to the visitors. “And I’m sorry to all of you for making such a disgraceful spectacle of myself. That was my first time, and … well, I wasn’t expecting it to happen, and I wasn’t really thinking clearly when I let myself fall asleep.”  
  
“That’s quite all right,” said the attractive woman with a generous smile. “You’re only young once!”  
  
“I just hope you’ve learned a lesson, young lady!” said the balding man.  
  
“Oh I have!” said Cherie. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to go to the pool so I can train with my team-mates.” She started towards the door.  
  
“Like that?” inquired the lady with the gloves.  
  
“I don’t have a costume,” said Cherie, embarrassed. “At least, not one that Mr Oliphant will let me wear. He’s ordering a new one that matches the boys’ costumes, but it hasn’t arrived yet.”  
  
“Well, consider yourself warned!” said Mr Winthrop. “Don’t embarrass the school like this again.”  
  
“I won’t sir!” said Cherie, before hurrying through the door.  
  
“Charming girl,” remarked the attractive woman.  
  
“Indeed,” said the balding man. “Quite lovely.”  
  
“Once again, I apologise,” said Mr Winthrop. “I do hope this little incident…”  
  
“Not at all, don’t worry about it,” said the attractive woman’s husband. “We were all in school once – I dare say we all got into mischief of one kind or another.”  
  
“Very kind of you to be so understanding,” said Mr Winthrop. “Let’s go and take a look at the pool, shall we?”  
  
They watched Mr Oliphant as he put the swimming team through an exhausting training session, then they left the room in order to take a look at the gymnasium.  
  
“God!” muttered Cherie to Patrick afterwards in the showers. “That was so embarrassing! When they came in I was fast asleep, with my legs spread and everything!”  
  
Patrick chuckled. “Sounds like you got away with it though. I suppose it helps, being so pretty!”  
  
Cherie blushed. “Well perhaps next time we have sex, we can do it somewhere more private.”  
  
“Of course,” said Patrick with a smile.  
  
The following week passed quickly, and Cherie became more and more anxious as the day of the fixture with Strathmorton school approached. At their last training session before the event, she asked Mr Oliphant about her swimming costume.  
  
“Hasn’t it arrived yet?” she asked.  
  
“No,” he said with a sigh. “I’m sorry, Cherie – it’s beginning to look as if you’ll have to swim without it.”  
  
“But I can’t!” she said desperately. “It’s one thing to swim naked here at my own school, but I just can’t do it at another school!”  
  
“I understand,” said Mr Oliphant sympathetically. “Well, I’m sure we can shuffle everyone around to make sure the events are all covered.”  
  
“What? No! I don’t want to back out!” said Cherie.  
  
“Then what?” said Mr Oliphant, puzzled. “I can’t let you swim in that awful red costume – red is Strathmorton’s colour!”  
  
“Well, what if I swam in just my bra and panties?” suggested Cherie.  
  
“No,” said Mr Oliphant, “I think that would look terrible. We’ll just pin our hopes on your costume arriving tomorrow, otherwise you’ll have to decide whether to back out or swim naked.”  
  
Cherie groaned, and hoped fervently that her costume would arrive in the nick of time.  
  
Saturday morning dawned, and Cherie arrived bright and early at the sports centre. She was wearing her school uniform, and was surprised to see the rest of her team-mates dressed in matching track suits. They laughed at her.  
  
“You’re not going to lessons, Cherie!” said Martin.  
  
Mr Oliphant arrived, and he stared at Cherie. “We’re leaving in ten minutes!” he said. “Go and change into your track suit, Cherie!”  
  
“But I don’t have one!” exclaimed Cherie. “I didn’t realise we’d be wearing track suits – nobody told me!”  
  
Mr Oliphant threw up his hands in despair. “Well I don’t have a spare,” he said. “We’ll just have to leave you behind. Damn it, Cherie!”  
  
“Please! Don’t leave me behind!” begged Cherie, tears in her eyes. “Surely there must be something I can wear! Nobody would be expecting me to be wearing the same thing as the boys anyway!”  
  
“Possibly,” conceded Mr Oliphant, “but you’ll stick out like a sore thumb in your school uniform. You need something more … sporty. Go on inside, take off your uniform, and I’ll see if I can find you something.”  
  
“Thank you sir!” said Cherie gratefully. She ran into the sports centre, undressed to her bra and panties, and waited.  
  
Nearly ten minutes later, Mr Oliphant burst into the changing room. “This is all I could find,” he said. In his hand he held a small t-shirt in the school colours.  
  
“What am I supposed to do with that?” inquired Cherie. “It looks like it was made for a child!”  
  
“Don’t be ungrateful!” snapped Mr Oliphant. He pulled a penknife out of his pocket, and cut off the bottom five inches of the t-shirt. “Wear this as a skirt,” he said. “And see if you can get the top half on.”  
  
Cherie stepped into the five-inch strip and pulled it up. It was very tight, but she managed, with a struggle, to get it up over her hips. It did not fully cover her panties – if she wore it low enough to cover her buttocks, her panties peeped over the top, and if she wore it high enough to cover the waistband of her panties, her buttocks and part of her panties were exposed beneath.  
  
“You’ll have to take your panties off,” said Mr Oliphant. “We can’t have them showing like that.”  
  
Cherie sighed, and took them off. Then she tugged her tight microskirt down to cover her buttocks. This revealed an inch or so of buttock cleavage above the top of the skirt, but it could not be helped. Then she tried pulling the t-shirt on over her head. It had a tiny neck-hole, but somehow she managed to get her head through it. Getting her arms into the armholes, however, was another matter. After two minutes of struggling, she pulled the garment off her head, and tried putting her arms in first.  
  
“Hurry!” said Mr Oliphant urgently.  
  
Cherie quickly tugged both armholes as far up her arms as possible, and then tried pushing her head through the neck-hole. After a titanic struggle, she finally succeeded. But the t-shirt was far too small and too tight to fully cover her breasts. She just barely managed to get it down over her nipples, but that was as far as it would go.  
  
“The bra will have to come off,” said Mr Oliphant.  
  
Cherie sighed. “Can I do it in the bus? It’ll take me ages.”  
  
“Just unhook it at the back, and my penknife will do the rest,” said Mr Oliphant grimly.  
  
“But I like this bra!” Cherie protested. She reached back and unhooked it, then she stuck her fingers up the tight sleeves of her t-shirt, and retrieved her bra straps. As Mr Oliphant tapped his foot impatiently, she eventually managed to pull one arm out, and then she tugged her entire bra back across and through the other sleeve, and off.  
  
“All right, come on!” said Mr Oliphant. He rushed out of the building, and Cherie followed, her breasts immediately bouncing free of her tight t-shirt. She tried pulling the front back down over her nipples, but they were soon uncovered again. Moreover, by the time she got to the minibus, her microskirt had ridden up to form a scrunched-up belt around her waist, fully exposing her pussy.  
  
“Sexy!” said Angus as she climbed in.  
  
“Not intentionally!” she replied with a growl. Then she looked around. “Where am I supposed to sit?” All ten seats were taken.  
  
“You’ll have to sit on someone’s lap!” Mr Oliphant called back as he closed his door and started the engine.  
  
“Mine! My lap!” said Artie.  
  
“Thanks, but I think I’ll take Patrick’s,” said Cherie, frowning at Artie. “If that’s all right with you, Patrick?”  
  
“Of course!” said Patrick, smiling and patting his lap. Cherie, her skirt still around her waist, sat down with her naked pussy pressing into his crotch.  
  
After ten minutes of the journey, Cherie could tell by the lump in Patrick’s tracksuit bottoms that he was very horny. Occasionally, when they hit a bump in the road, he would groan with discomfort.  
  
Cherie was also getting rather horny. Eventually she turned and whispered to Patrick, “If you want to get it out and stick it inside me, I don’t mind.”  
  
Patrick liked that idea a lot, apparently, and Cherie raised her bottom so that he could position his erection appropriately. Then she slowly sat down, shuddering as she felt his girth slide up inside her vagina. The rest of the boys, fully aware of what was going on, cheered and whistled enthusiastically.  
  
As Cherie bounced up and down on Patrick’s penis, he reached around to squeeze her breasts and play with her nipples. Cherie knew that she and Patrick were putting on quite a show, but she found to her surprise that she did not really mind.  
  
At any rate, they took it slow, and were almost at Strathmorton by the time Patrick came inside her. After that, Patrick said his thighs were getting sore, and Angus volunteered to let Cherie sit on his lap. Reluctantly she agreed. He insisted that she take off her skirt and lay it down on his lap before she sat down on him, as he did not wish to get Patrick’s sperm on his track suit. She did so, and spent the rest of the journey fending off his hands as he tried to grope her breasts and pussy. She was only partially successful in this.  
  
There was a large wet patch on her skirt when they arrived at Strathmorton, but she put it back on anyway. She also pulled her top down over her nipples, for all the good that would do. Climbing out of the bus, she had to readjust her skirt and top in order to cover her breasts and pussy again.  
  
The Strathmorton swimming team was waiting to meet them. “Wow!” said their captain when he saw Cherie. “Are you their cheerleader?”  
  
“I’m a swimmer!” she retorted. Then she went to speak with Mr Oliphant. “So, did my swimsuit arrive?”  
  
“Yes it did!” he said. “Good thing you reminded me. Here it is.” He handed her a little scrap of material.  
  
“What’s this?” Cherie inquired, opening it out. It was clearly a thong, but with the tiniest front panel she could have imagined. It would barely cover her clitoris, she realised, and it would almost certainly slip between her labia at the earliest available opportunity. “This is it?” she demanded angrily. “This is the swimming costume I’ve been patiently awaiting for two weeks?”  
  
“It wasn’t easy getting something in the school colours!” said Mr Oliphant.  
  
“But it’s only a thong! How am I supposed to cover my breasts?”  
  
“Well clearly, you can’t!” said Mr Oliphant. “Good grief, Cherie, could you be any more ungrateful? At least it arrived in time!”  
  
“But it’s unwearable!” exclaimed Cherie. “I might as well be naked!”  
  
“Really?” said Mr Oliphant.  
  
“For all the good this silly little thing will do, yes!” said Cherie.  
  
“All right then,” said Mr Oliphant with a shrug. He took the thong back and tossed it into the minibus. “Then swim naked.”  
  
Cherie’s heart sank. “Is there really no alternative?”  
  
“Sure – you could pull out, and let Martin take your place in the butterfly.”  
  
“I don’t want to pull out!” she snapped.  
  
“Then swim naked,” said Mr Oliphant.  
  
Cherie sighed. “All right – I’ll wear the stupid thong.”  
  
“No – too late,” said Mr Oliphant. “You’ve made it quite clear that it’s no better than being naked, so I’ll just have to return it to the manufacturer and see if I can get you something else. In the meantime, you’ll just have to swim naked.”  
  
She glared at him. “Well fine!” she said. Then she realised her nipples had become uncovered again, and she tugged her t-shirt down for the umpteenth time.  
  
They were served lunch, and Cherie found herself the centre of attention. Strathmorton was a co-educational school, and the girls took an instant dislike to Cherie, while the boys were all vying for her attention. It was rather flattering, although she was constantly embarrassed by her nipples, which kept popping out from under her top. Her skirt kept riding up too, but at least it stayed in place while she was seated.  
  
An hour later, they were ready to swim. Cherie was initially relieved to be directed to the girls’ changing room, but the atmosphere in there was so hostile that she soon began to wish she was in the boys’ room.  
  
“You’re still naked?” demanded one girl, who was at least a head taller than Cherie. “When are you going to put your costume on?”  
  
“I don’t have one,” said Cherie sheepishly. “My school is all-boys, you see, and…”  
  
But she was not allowed to finish. “You’re disgusting!” shouted the girl. “Parading around almost naked all day, and then planning to swim naked! You fucking slut! What kind of a fucking WHORE parades around naked in front of an entire school! I suppose you have sex with all the boys at your school, don’t you! I bet you do it for money! Huh? You fucking prostitute! How much do they pay you for a fuck? Not much, I bet. I bet you do it for fifty pence! A fuck for fifty pence, a blow-job for twenty. I bet that’s about right. You FUCKING, LITTLE, WHORE!!” This last part she shouted directly into Cherie’s face from about two inches away, and Cherie reeled back in fright and dismay.  
  
“Jeez, steady on Sandra,” said another girl. “You’re probably right, but shit, she hasn’t done anything to you…”  
  
Sandra rounded on her. “Why the fuck are you defending her?” she shouted.  
  
Cherie took this opportunity to slip away, scurrying through the foot-wash area and out to the pool. There she froze – the entire room, with long banks of stadium seating either side of the pool, was packed with people. Mostly pupils, but with plenty of teachers and parents there too. And here she was, standing naked in front of them all. She quailed in fear, swaying slightly as her wide eyes took in hundreds of faces staring at her – shocked faces, laughing faces, mocking faces…  
  
But Patrick was right there to rescue her. “Come on,” he said, leading her to a row of seats where the other boys were already sitting. He put his arm around her as she sat down, and she felt much better.  
  
“I feel so … naked!” she muttered to him.  
  
“Well … that could be because you ARE naked,” he said.  
  
“I know – but I feel even more naked than usual,” she said with a shiver.  
  
“Try to concentrate on your first race,” he suggested. “100m butterfly. Here’s a copy of the schedule.”  
  
She started to look it over, but a little crowd of Strathmorton boys was gathering around her. “Hey,” said one of them, a mischievous-looking fifth-former with untidy blond hair. “Why are you naked?”  
  
“Forgot my costume,” she replied shortly.  
  
“You have enormous tits,” he observed.  
  
“Oh my goodness, so I have,” she said. “Thanks for letting me know.”  
  
They tried to get a rise out of her for a few more minutes, but when that did not work, they simply hung around and stared at her. Eventually it was time for her first race, however, so she pushed through their ranks, and took her place at the end of her lane. A hush fell over the audience as they all stared at her. Even the other swimmers could hardly keep their eyes off her.  
  
“To your marks,” said a white-haired gentleman standing by the corner of the pool. He put a whistle to his lips, and blew sharply.  
  
Cherie winced as her breasts slapped the surface of the water before plunging under. She kicked rapidly, her feet together, her arms stretched out in front of her. Then she pulled downwards, hard, as her face broke the surface and she took a deep breath. Flinging her arms upwards and forwards, she powered them into the water again, putting all thoughts of her nudity and the mocking spectators out of her mind. She focused on her strokes, ignoring even the other swimmers as she concentrated on swimming as hard and as fast as she possibly could. She reached the end, turned, kicked off, and was on her way back. The water roared past her ears, the adrenaline surged through her veins, and before she knew it, she had reached the shallow end again. She turned, kicked off again. By the end of the third length, her arms were burning, but she still felt pretty good. She made her final turn, and grimly kept up her pace, ignoring her aching arms, swimming for all she was worth.  
  
Suddenly, it seemed, she was back in the shallow end. She reached out with her fingertips, touched the wall of the pool, and only then allowed herself to rest and look around. The other swimmers were either at the end or just finishing. She had no idea where she had come. Her arms felt like jelly.  
  
Then she saw Patrick waving at her from the sidelines. He was holding up two fingers excitedly. She climbed out of the pool, and trotted over to him, her dripping breasts bouncing hither and thither, but then the announcer confirmed what Patrick had been trying to tell her. “First: Michel Larousse. Second: Cherie Galloway. Third: Timothy Carlton. Fourth: Angus Guthrie. Fifth: Grant Stewart. Sixth: Nadine Huntley.”  
  
“You beat Angus!” said Patrick excitedly. “Second place! Congratulations, Cherie! I’m proud of you.”  
  
Cherie beamed, and then put her arms around Patrick as he pulled her into a kiss. Closing her eyes, she felt his hand slip between her legs, and she parted her thighs for him. Swirling her tongue around his, she felt her arousal growing as his fingers slid up inside her, and began to thrust in and out of her.  
  
But then she realised that she could also feel one of his hands on her back, and the other on her left arm. Pulling away from the kiss, she looked down, and saw a hand between her legs that belonged not to Patrick, but to Jules, who was sitting next to her and grinning. “Hey!” she protested, pushing his hand away. His fingers slipped out of her, and she closed her legs.  
  
“Good swim, Cherie!” said Mr Oliphant, coming over and patting her on the shoulder. “Excellent. You did us proud.”  
  
“Thank you sir!” said Cherie, smiling happily.  
  
The only other race she was in was the 4x50m medley relay, in which she would also be swimming the butterfly. When the time came, she had fully recovered from her previous race. She took her place with Jules, Angus and Patrick, standing in front of the line, since she would be going first. The white-haired announcer said “To your marks,” and she took her place. She was not looking forward to having her breasts violently slapped again, but she was not about to let that interfere with her performance.  
  
The whistle blew, and she jumped. Sure enough, the water dealt her breasts a ringing slap, but the stinging only lasted for a few seconds, by which time she was halfway up the pool and going strong. This time it did not take long for her arms to start burning – apparently she had not recovered quite as fully as she had thought – but as she turned and pushed off from the deep end, she felt she was doing quite well.  
  
As she approached the shallow end, she saw Jules in the water ahead of her. For once he was watching not her breasts but her fingertips. As they connected with the end of the pool, he launched himself backwards, and she climbed out. “How did I do?” she asked breathlessly.  
  
“Third,” said Patrick. “But don’t worry – there was hardly any distance between the first three places. Are you okay? Your chest’s rather red.”  
  
She grinned ruefully. “Without a costume,” she said, “every dive is like a belly-flop for my breasts.”  
  
“Would you like me to massage them better?” he inquired impishly.  
  
“Maybe later,” she said with a smile.  
  
Jules was now on his way back. By the time he touched the shallow end, he was in fourth place. Angus dived in, and Cherie and Patrick watched him anxiously. Angus was a strong swimmer, but he could be rather erratic. Fortunately, for the moment he seemed to be in fine form. He quickly caught up with the breaststroker from Kingstoke school, and was gaining rapidly on Strathmorton by the time he reached the deep end. On the way back, he pulled into second place, though he was still quite far behind the leader, a powerful swimmer from Goldswick College. As he touched the end, Patrick dived in, determined to catch Goldswick’s final swimmer. His powerful crawl seemed effortless, and fast, but he was still a full body length behind Goldswick as he reached the far end. His turn, however, was immaculate, and by the time he reached the middle of the pool, he seemed practically level with Goldswick. The spectators were now all on their feet, yelling their heads off, and Cherie was jumping up and down excitedly, shouting support for her boyfriend.  
  
“Come on, Patrick, come on!” she cried, her breasts almost hitting her chin as they bounced wildly (and slightly painfully). Then, “YES!” she screamed, as Patrick touched the end a clear metre ahead of Goldswick’s crawl swimmer. She and Jules and Angus were all jumping up and down, and hugging each other. Both Angus and Jules squeezed her buttocks as they hugged her, and Jules even slid his hand between her buttocks to sneak a fingertip into her vagina, but for once she let it go.  
  
After the events, they collected their medals, Cherie standing proudly in defiance of her nakedness, and then they went off to shower and get changed. But after her shower, Cherie could not find the microskirt and cut-off top that Mr Oliphant had fashioned for her. She suspected one of the Strathmorton girls had hidden them, or thrown them away.  
  
So she left the changing room and rejoined her friends, still as naked as the day she was born. They met up with some of the Strathmorton swimmers, and for a few minutes played a game of French Cricket outside with a tennis racquet and tennis ball, while scores of Strathmorton pupils went past, goggling at Cherie.  
  
They had afternoon tea in Strathmorton’s dining hall, and then it was time to go back to Butterford. On the way home, Cherie sat on Patrick’s erection again, and as she felt him come inside her, Cherie reflected with a pang of nervousness that she should really do something about getting on the pill, before it was too late.  
  
“Well,” said Mr Oliphant as they climbed out of the bus outside the sports centre, “this was a very good day for us. Congratulations to you all. Our next fixture is in a month from now. Cherie, I’ll see what I can do about getting you a tracksuit of some kind before then.”  
  
Cherie smiled. “Thanks Mr Oliphant,” she said. “But … you know … there’s no particular hurry, is there…?” She blushed, feeling a little sheepish.  
  
Mr Oliphant smiled back at her. “I suppose not,” he said, dropping his gaze to her huge, naked breasts. “Well, off you go, Cherie. See you at our next training session.”  
  
“Yes sir,” said Cherie.  
  
  
THE END