**Cherry**

by Vanessa Evans

*Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts. They will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.*

**Part 24**

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We got back home the day before school started again. I’d had so much fun over the school holidays and I wasn’t looking forward to going back. Also, I was so knackered that after checking that I had something to wear for school, I went to bed.

The next morning Ben woke me in the best possible way and that sort of set me up ready to face what I was expecting to be a crap day starting year 10.

The weather wasn’t too bad as I walked down the lane to the main road to catch the bus to school. I remembered that I’d decided to get a bike to go down that lane and made a mental note to ask Ben to take me to get one.

“Did you read that letter that was sent to our parents?” One of the girls on the bus asked.

“Nope, I’ve been away for most of the holidays and I only got back yesterday. I don’t suppose it was anything interesting anyway.”

“That depends on what you call interesting. It was all about the school going gender neutral.”

“What’s that?”

“It’s all about women who want to be men and men who want to be women.”

“I’m quite happy being a girl.” I replied.

“Yeah, so am I, but there are a couple of kids a school who look a bit odd, maybe they want to change sex.”

“Weird.”

“Yeah.”

I saw Piper as I got off the bus and ran over to her, hugged her and we linked arms to walk in.

“Hi there stranger, had a good summer break.” I asked.

“Hi Cherry, yes thanks, I went away with this nymphomaniac and she forced me to have sex with her uncle and some strange man that we met there.”

”Oh poor you; it must have been awful for you. Seriously though, I saw your dad groping your bare butt at the airport. Did he finger you like he did me?”

“Yeah, I can’t wait until him and me are home alone.”

“Hey Piper, have you heard about this gender neutral letter crap?”

“I haven’t read it but mum has. She told me that it wouldn’t affect me so I didn’t bother reading it, maybe we’ll find out more later.

“You going commando under that long skirt again Piper?”

“Yeah, I couldn’t face putting undies on. And I’ve got 2 skirts on. The top one is to please mum. It’s coming off just as soon as I get to my locker.”

“Is the other skirt a nice short one?”

“Yeah, not quite as short as yours though. I’m not as brave as you. Have you grown over the summer Cherry? Your ultra-short micro skirt looks even shorter than it did last term.”

“Dunno; not measured myself.”

We walked in and to our lockers. Without any hesitation Piper unfastened her outer skirt and let it drop to the floor. As she bent to pick it up a passing boy said,

“Nice cunt girl.”

Piper giggled a little and I said,

“Fuck girl, you managed to flash your bald beaver before I did, I must be getting old.”

“I’m sure that you’ll make up for it later, you always do.”

On the first morning of each new school year there is an assembly where the headmaster welcomes everyone back and introduces any new teachers. I was looking forward to seeing him again and hoped that Piper’s and my lunchtime detentions in his office would continue.

Anyway, after the welcome part he started telling everyone that the school was now gender neutral; part of the school governor’s and the county council’s new policy on equality.

There’s always a bit of background chatter in assemblies but that soon disappeared as the headmaster announced that he was no longer the headmaster, that he was now the head teacher.

“Big deal; what’s in a title?” I thought.

Then the first bombshell,

“Boys will no longer be referred to as boys and girls will no longer be referred to as girls.”

“What the fuck!” I thought.

“All pupils will be known as ‘young people’ or ‘young person’ or ’children’ or ‘child’ or their first name. Definitely not as ‘boy’ or ‘girl’.”

Then the second bombshell,

“Last year pupils split into genders for some subjects. That will all stop. If a child did metal work last year and they want to do needlework this year, they can. If they did dressmaking last year and they want to do woodwork this year they can.

PE will have a similar change although the changes are a bit more fundamental. The changing rooms have been re-modelled over the summer and there are no longer girls changing room and boys changing rooms.

Those of you who are getting worried, relax. In the new changing rooms there are quite a number of individual cubicles for changing and quite a number of individual cubicles with showers in them as well as the communal areas and showers. It is up to you which you use.”

When the headmaster said that I smiled and thought about the fun that I was going to have. I looked at Piper and she too was smiling.

As for sporting activities, we will be having the same ones as last year but every child will be able to choose which sports they take part in. No restrictions.”

I heard Piper whisper,

“I’m sticking to gymnastics.”

I smiled and thought about rugby scrums. Being in the middle of one of those could be real fun.

The headmaster continued,

“Some of you early birds may have already noticed that the toilets have also been re-modelled. They have been combined and a lot of new cubicles installed. This should not be a problem.

Dress code is another thing that has changed, not that out previous one had much detail. It now reads,

‘All pupils are expected to wear clean and presentable clothing.’ That’s it, just the one line.

For you lazy ones that means clean, ironed and not torn. Other than that there are no restrictions. If anyone formerly known as boy wants to wear a dress or skirt, or even a bra, then they may do so. As for those formerly known as girls, most of you already dress as what used to be called boys clothes a lot of the time.”

That last statement got a few laughs and sniggers. I thought about how I could use that change.

Continuing, the headmaster said,

“In the letter that I sent to all parents was a request for any parent who was not happy with the changes, to contact me. None have so I assume that they are all happy to for you to comply with the changes.

Now the teachers; those of you who bothered to read the timetables that were emailed out to you, may just have noticed that teachers are no longer called ‘Mr’ or ‘Miss’ they will be referred to by their first name.

Right, that’s just about it; it only leaves me two things to say. Firstly I would like to apologise in advance for both myself and for all the teachers. I am sure that most of us will slip up at times and refer to you as boy or girl. That will be just an unintended mistake.

Secondly, we have 2 new teachers, Frank Johnson and Erica Rose. Frank will be taking year 10 and 11 Geography and Erica will be joining our newly formed, combined PE team.

Right, that’s it, file out in the usual way and go to your home rooms.”

Just about everyone in the hall must have started talking at the same time because the noise suddenly got deafening, but we managed to get out and to our home room.

We had a new home room teacher that year, a Harry Jones. Neither Piper nor I had had him teach us before but we’d seen him around and he isn’t that bad looking. Without talking about it we both went to the front row and managed to get a seat. Piper and I smiled at each other, each of us knowing what the other was thinking.

After a few words of explanation, he got up from his desk and came to the front of each row of desks and handed each of the front row a pile of books for us to pass back. Harry was still in front of me as I slid a book off the pile and turned to pass the others back. In doing so, my feet spread to get balance and I slid my chair back a bit. It was only when I turned back to face the front that I saw Harry looking down at my legs that were bare right up to my stomach.

He couldn’t see much of my pussy but he now knew that I was knickerless and bald under my very short skirt.

“Not a bad start for less than an hour into the new term That blue powder that Sir John send me certainly is keeping me horny.” I thought.

Our eyes met as Harry looked up, and I smiled at him. With the help of a spoonful of the blue powder in my morning OJ, and my pre-school activities with Ben and my bike, I was feeling quite horny.

Harry walked back and forth across the room as he talked and I watched his eye as they darted from where he was going, to my bare legs, then to Piper’s bare legs then back to where he was going.

Just after he had passed us one time, I looked at Piper and we each gave the thumbs-up sign.

Piper and I didn’t really get the chance to talk between the mornings lessons and just before the lunch break a kid walked into our class and gave our teacher a note. She read it then told Piper and me to report to the head teacher’s office at the end of the lesson. I smiled and replied,

“Yes Alison.” Calling a teacher by her first name still seemed a little strange, especially as I’d called her Miss Green for the past couple of years.

My spirits immediately lifted in anticipation of the headmaster fucking us both.

Piper and I weren’t disappointed, but it was a quickie. He had a lot on his mind and he told us that he was grateful for the short distraction.

“Is that all we are?” I thought, but I didn’t really care. He has a nice cock and he knows how to use it.

As we were getting dressed, the headmaster said that I was particularly eager to get laid.

“I’m just eager to get back into the routine that we had last school year sir.” I replied.

“So am I Cherry.” He said.

Then he commented on our all-over tans and asked us if we’d been anywhere nice. We both said. “Ibiza” at the same time, then I added that we had only got back the previous day.

“Alright for some, I’ve been here for the past 6 weeks making sure that everything would be ready for today. You girls don’t know how lucky you are.”

“Sir, aren’t you supposed to call us by some gender neutral name or something.”

“As far as I’m concerned there are only 2 genders and which one you are id determined by what you’ve got between your legs. Tell you what girls; I’ll just call you a good fuck. Will that do?”

“Works for me.” I replied.

“Me too.” Piper added.

“I see that both of you have grown over the holidays. Not that I’m complaining or telling you to get some new ones, but both of your skirts look shorter than they did last school year.”

“My pussy isn’t showing is it sir?” I asked.

“Not when you just stand there but I’m sure that it will when you bend over or go up the stairs or sit down without crossing your legs.”

“Do they break the new uniform rules sir?” Piper asked.

“Well no, but they might have done if I hadn’t of insisted that the rule was kept short and simple.”

“Thank you sir.” Both Piper and I said, almost together.

“Oh,” the headmaster said, “has anyone told you that the business meetings start again Wednesday next week? I hope that you’ll both be there.”

“We wouldn’t miss it for the world sir.” Piper replied.

I made a mental note to phone Jenny to see when the Monday swimming lessons were starting again.

“So sir, do you think that there will be many problems with the boys and girls sharing the same changing facilities for PE lessons?” Piper asked.

“I’m sure that there will, but if anyone complains I’m just going to tell them to use the individual cubicles and lock themselves in.”

“So we’re going to be able to shower with the boys sir.”

“If you choose to use the communal showers. And we’ve got to stop calling you girls and boys, that’s not politically correct anymore.”

“But I AM a girl and I’ve just been fucked by a man.” Piper said. “That’s never going to change for me.”

“Me too girls, but we have to follow the new standards. Oh, you both may wish to go on the internet and look at the list of the 70 plus different genders that someone has dreamt up. I’m sure that it will give you a good laugh.”

“My pussy tells me that I’m a girl; and I like it.” I said.

“I like you being a girl too Cherry,” the headmaster replied. “Now I think that you’d better be on your way if you want to get something to eat before the bell goes.”

As we walked out of his office, his secretary was just returning from her lunch. She looked at Piper and me and I’m sure that she wondered what was going on.

“I hate these lunchtime detentions.” I said to Piper making sure that the secretary could hear me.

“Yeah, I’m sick of reading Chaucer books.” Piper replied.

We went and got a sandwich from the vending machines and went outside to eat it. We sat on the grass to eat and noticed some boys staring at our legs. They could probably see our pussies as well but we didn’t care. Besides, the way that I was feeling I was more than happy for them to see my pussy.

Just before we finished eating a small group of cliquey girls walked passed and I heard one say,

“I see that those 2 sluts still can’t afford to buy decent skirts.”

Another said,

“And they still can’t afford knickers.”

Of course Piper and I just ignored them.

“I’m going for a pee Piper, you coming?”

“No, but I’ll let you make me if you like; but I need to pee as well.” Piper replied.

As we walked into the new, shared toilets I looked around and said,

“Fucking hell Piper, this could be fun.”

Down both sides of the room were rows of cubicles with toilets in them. Down in one corner was a partitioned area (no doors) with 4 urinals. In the middle of the room was 2 big metal, round sinks with 4 taps on each.

“Pee.” I said and headed to one of the cubicles half way down one side.

I walked in, turned round, didn’t shut the door, pulled my skirt up and sat on the toilet. As I peed I looked out of the cubicle and could see 2 girls and 3 boys all washing their hands. Two of the boys were looking over to me, watching me having a pee.

When I was done I stood up. Grabbed some paper and wiped my pussy. Then I dropped the paper in the toilet and flushed it.

As I shimmied my skirt down I looked as the boys.

“What?” I said, “Never seen a girl pee before?”

The boys turned and walked out without drying their hands.

Piper joined me at a sink and as we washed out hands she said,

“Did you just have a pee without closing the door Cherry?”

“Yeah, I never do. When I lived with my parents the bathroom didn’t have a door because my dad smashed it off one time that he was drunk; and at my new home I don’t bother because Ben has watched me pee loads of times.”

“Wow, I’ll have to think about doing that. I don’t suppose that my dad or brother would mind but my mum would throw a wobbler.”

“Just do it here then. If these crazy school governors want to change things like this then they’ll have to accept that kids will do what I’ve just done.”

“Maybe we can watch some boys having a pee?”

“And embarrass the poor little things.” I joked.

The afternoon went okay, in one class I had a man teacher that I hadn’t had before. As I walked in I went straight to the front row hoping for a chance to flash him. Why don’t the other girls (apart from Piper) want to sit on the front row?

I got my chance quite soon, but not in the way that I expected. He asked for a volunteer to write things on the board and when no one volunteered he picked on me. I was soon stood in front of the whole class reaching up to the top of the board. Every time that I reached up my tiny skirt went up as well.

The whole class got a great view of my bare butt and each time that there was a pause in writing I turned to face the teacher to wait for the next bit that I had to write. The first time that I turned to him he stopped mid-sentence when he saw the front of my bare slit. I was pleased that I’d put on a tight-ish skirt on that morning.

I acted like I was fully covered and each time that I turned to face him I watched his eyes stare at me slit.

The rest of the class got a look too because I didn’t pull my skirt back down as I walked back to my desk.

On the school bus on the way home I got out my timetable to see what I’d got the next day. I saw PE in one of the boxes and decided that if it wasn’t raining I was going to say that I wanted to play rugby. My pussy tingled at the thought of me being in the middle of a rugby scrum wearing my very short tennis skirt and a baggy T shirt that I usually wore for PE at the end of the last year. I just hoped that the PE teacher would let me play without proper rugby clothes and boots.

I thought about the gymnastics that I’d be missing, but that could keep until the weather started to get cold.

When I got off the bus I had a look in the little wood beside the lane that I walk along to get to the cottage. It is nice being in a wood with no one else around, nice and quiet (apart from the noise from the cars on the main road) and I stopped and lifted the front of my skirt up then rubbed my clit for a bit. Not enough to make me cum, but enough to make me feel better that I had been for most of the day.

I picked out a tree that I thought that I’d be able to chain my bike to.

As I walked back up the lane I thought about how horny I’d been all day. Could I cope with being that horny all day at school until I ran out of the blue powder? Maybe I should give the blue powder a miss when I’m going to school.

“If I do, I’ll have enough to last me until I’m an old lady.” I thought; then I smiled thinking about me as a little old lady still taking an aphrodisiac.

Back at the cottage I stripped then slowly wandered around the place, I hadn’t seen much of it in the last couple of months and I just wanted to absorb the place, remember just how happy I am living there, and happy with my life.

I wanted to go for a walk but I didn’t have the time so I told myself that I would go for a walk on the weekend, maybe go over to the farm and see Mick and Chloe and Duke and Foxy. I felt my pussy get wet at the thought of Duke licking my pussy.

I’d just got the food started when Ben got home, driving his new land rover.

“Like your new car Ben?” I asked.

“Yep; and you’ll like it too when I have to take you to your swimming lessons in the middle of winter, it’s got a great heater.”

“Can we go into town on Saturday and buy me a bike please Ben?” I asked.

When he said that we could, I explained why I wanted one. I actually gave him both reasons, the obvious one and that I want to raise the seat and make myself cum as I pedal to and from the school bus.

Ben laughed then asked me if I wanted a girls bike or a boys bike.

“Not sure, is the only difference a cross-bar?”

“As far as I know it is, oh, and maybe the colour.”

“I don’t give a shit about the colour but I could maybe have some fun with a cross-bar. And I want a long chain and padlock for it so that I can lock it to a tree.”

“We should be able to find a chain in town. If not I’m sure that Mick will knock something together for you.”

“I was thinking of going over to the farm on Sunday if the weather is okay. Is that okay with you?”

“Why did you ask Cherry, you normally just go whenever you want; you know that you don’t have to ask and that I trust you.”

“Well yes, but I thought that it would be nice to ask.”

“Are you getting soft as you get older Cherry, or did you get too much sun on that yacht and in Ibiza?”

“No, I can never get enough sun; I just wanted to be nice to you.”

Ben stepped over to me, hugged me and said,

“I’m so glad that my dumb-ass brother is such a dick-head.”

“I love you too Ben; please let go of me and get those work clothes off. You’re getting mud all over my tits.”

Ben stepped back, smiled and reached over and tweaked my right nipple.

“Gerroff.” I said and slapped his hand.

As we were eating I asked Ben if he’s seen a letter from the school. He said not, but got up and went and looked through the pile of un-opened letters.

“Yeah, got it.”

“Maybe you should read all of those letters Ben.” I suggested.

Ben was silent as he read the letter from the school. After a minute or so he said,

“Bloody hell, the world has gone mad; the lunatics are running the asylum. This is so crazy it’s beyond a joke; these politically correct idiots are just whiney, overly sensitive pansies who need everything sugar-coated for them. Do you know about what’s in this stupid letter Cherry?”

“Yes, it started today.”

“So exactly what’s changed?”

I explained everything that I knew then told him that I was thinking about playing Rugby in PE the next day.

“Bloody hell Cherry, you’re tiny, they’ll flatten you, squash you into the grass.”

“Maybe, but think about me in the middle of a scrum wearing just my tennis skirt and a baggy T shirt.”

“Oh, I see; I see what you’re going to do, or should I say get. Well good luck to you but you must be careful; those big, fat teenage boys could walk straight through you.”

“I think that I can handle that. I’m small, fast and a kick in the balls can bring down any man, or boy. I looked after myself then I was living with my parents so I think I can handle this.”

“Yeah, you probably can, you are a bit of a tomboy; but you must be careful, I don’t want to get a phone call telling me that you’re in hospital.”

“If you do I can guarantee that there will be a boy in the next bed with worse injuries than me.”

Ben laughed then said,

“Yes, I can believe that, but you take care.”

“And you read that pile of mail.” I replied.

After a silent pause I told Ben that I’d had some of the blue powder in my OJ that morning.

“So you’ve been horny all day have you? I bet that it was distracting you. Maybe you should give it a miss during the week, I’d hate for it to affect your school work.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right. I think that I’ll just take it on a Friday evening before the Poker session then again on a Saturday and Sunday morning.”

“Probably for the best Cherry.”

That evening I phoned Jenny and confirmed the start of the swimming lessons then phoned Piper to let her know. Then I went on the internet to look at the list of genders.

When I found it and read through it I thought that it was all stupid, and so did Ben when I showed it to him. There was only one new gender that I liked the look of, and that’s ‘Gender Fluid’. I thought it could be handy to use if I wanted to pretend to be a boy whenever I want to. After all, I’ve always been a bit of a Tomboy.

Ben laughed again and told me that he’d spank my butt if I ever decided to be a boy when he was around. Then he told me that he was going to bed.

I shutdown the computer and followed him.

It didn’t take long for me, and Ben, to get back into the routine of bed. Having a good fuck then going to sleep; me sleeping on my side with my back to Ben and him on his side facing me with his cock nestled between my legs and his upper arm over me with the hand on one of my tits. That way it’s nice when we wake up, he can slide his morning woody into my pussy and wake me with slow thrusts whilst playing with my nipple.

It’s the best possible way to wake-up.

When I went to PE the next day we (girls and boys) were greeted by the new PE teacher, Erica Rose. She’s quite young and quite slim, but I thought her tits were too big for her frame.

“Okay kids, new setup, new facilities, new rules. You can get changed in the cubicles or out in the open, that’s up to you. Four activities today, Gymnastic that will be supervised by Tim, a work experience student, Netball supervised by Georgia, another work experience student, Rugby supervised by me, and Football supervised by Pete Jones. Some of you will know him from previous years.

Get changed then go to whichever activity that you want to take part in. If there are too many for one activity we may have to move some of you to another activity. Any questions?”

“Miss, err sorry, Erica,” a girl said, “what about showers afterwards?”

“Good question. As you can see there are lots of cubicles that have a shower in them and there are the communal showers over there. It’s entirely up to you which you use; but if we see any sort of inappropriate activities there will be mega trouble. This school hasn’t expelled anyone yet, but it will if necessary. Right, get a move on we’re wasting valuable time.”

I looked at Piper and she looked at me; then we both grinned then walked to the communal area.

“I’m going for rugby, what about you Piper?”

“Wow Cherry. I hadn’t thought about that. Are you sure that you’ll be okay, I mean, you’re so small?”

“I’ll be fine, what about you?”

“Gymnastics again, I need to keep agile for the early morning shows for my dad.”

“’Strings Only’ shorts under you tennis skirt?” I asked.

“Of course. Nothing under your tennis skirt for rugby Cherry?”

“Of course.”

We both giggled and took our tops off.

“What!” I said to the boys that had stopped to watch us. “You never seen a naked girl before?”

By that time both Piper and I were dropping our skirts. Now we were naked. We both ignored our audience and put on our activity clothes. Piper took longer than me because the 3 elastic bands of her ‘Stings Only’ shorts took a few seconds to put on and then adjust to where she wanted them.

We were both changed and out before anyone else.

“Have fun.” I said to Piper as we went our separate ways.

“You too Cherry.” I heard as I headed out to the playing fields.

Erica followed me out and as she caught up to me she said,

“What’s your name? You do know that we’re heading to the rugby pitch don’t you?”

“Cherry Mi … err Erica; yes, I know.”

“You want to play rugby?”

“Yes, is that a problem?”

“No, no, but you’re so small and you’re not exactly dressed for a game of rugby; it gets quite rough you know.”

“I know; I can look after myself.”

“Okay, but if you want to quit at any time I’ll understand.”

“I won’t.”

By then we had been joined by lots of boys and 1 other girl; she’s tall and definitely over-weight and I imagined boys just bouncing off her as she charged down the field.

“You really going to play dressed like that Cherry? I know that you haven’t got anything on user those clothes.” One of the boys quietly said as we all gathered around for the pep talk and to be split into teams.”

“Yep, is that a problem?” I replied.

“You know that you’ll get groped when you get tackled don’t you?”

“Yep.”

“Okay, I hope that we’re not on the same team.”

“You don’t want to grope my pussy when we’re in a scrum?”

“Shit, I forgot about that.”

I smiled as Erica split us into 2 teams then read the riot act about tackling too high and other rule breaking and getting too rough. She was looking at me when she said that last bit.

As she handed out yellow and blue vests one of the boys said,

“We’ve not playing ‘shirts and skins’ then?”

“No; not today young man.” Erica replied.

The game started and it wasn’t long before someone passed the ball to me. I was off running and easily dodged between 3 of the opposition.

“That was easy.” I said as I high-fived a couple of boys on my side.

“They weren’t even trying,” another said, “scared to tackle a girl.”

“I’ll squeeze their balls if they do.” I said.

“Ouch.” Another said. “Are you sure they weren’t just watching her skirt bounce up? She has got a nice butt.”

“Less of the sexist remarks whatever your name is.” Erica said, “And you Cherry, don’t let me catch you doing that. If I do it will be a red card for you.”

“Yes Erica.” I said as we lined up to watch the failed attempt at kicking the goal. I’d declined the offer to take the kick. I was only wearing trainers and I wasn’t sure that I could get the conversion from that angle.

The opposition must have woken-up at the surprise of a little girl getting the better of them because as the game resumed one of them was quickly running towards me with the ball in his arm.

Yes, I did bounce straight off him and I went flying, landing on the muddy grass on my butt. My skirt managed to still be covering my lower torso.

The game went on for a while with the ball being passed about and then lost to the opposite side; until someone dropped it and it bounced into touch.

Erica’s whistle blew and she explained that a scrum-down was called for. Most of the guys knew what to do and said that as I was the smallest. I’d be our hooker.

For a split second I was going to say that I wasn’t a hooker, but then I remembered what a rugby hooker is.

Six of us assumed the correct positions facing the opposition. Erica blew her whistle and both teams scrum bent over and almost charged the other team.

I felt a sudden jolt as the 2 teams met then I felt hands on my bare tits and bare butt. The hand on my tits had somehow managed to get up my T shirt to find its goal.

Neither hand bothered me as I waited for the ball to be thrown in, and when it did I did my best to get a foot over it and heel it behind me.

We made progress then the opposition pushed harder and we lost ground. We went forwards again, then backwards then forwards as the hands did their best to distract me. I did my best to ignore the fingers inside my hole as our guys found the strength to push harder.

All this was going on right in the middle of the scum, away from Erica’s eyes.

Eventually we started losing serious ground and the ball disappeared from my sight. The scrum started to break-up and I found myself on my hands and knees on the ground, my butt partially uncovered.

By that time the ball was long gone and Erica was chasing after it.

“Is your pussy always that wet Cherry?” I heard a voice say.

“Yeah, nice isn’t it?” I replied as I got to my feet.

“Tastes nice as well.” The voice said.

I looked round and saw one of my team mates with his fingers in his mouth.

The game went on and I soon worked out which of the opposition I could tackle and not end up in an out of breath pile on the ground. The ‘large’ girl was one that was easy to tackle; she went down like a lump of jelly. After one successful tackle Erica was stood beside me and she whispered,

“You might like to consider wearing some knickers next time; you’re distracting everyone on the pitch.”

I turned to look at her but she was off, running after the ball. Then I thought,

“Was I distracting her as well? Is she a lesbo?”

I didn’t get the chance to think about it as the ball came flying at me.

There were 4 more scrums before the lesson was over, and each time my tits and pussy got groped. I don’t think that the hands were from the same boys all the time, I couldn’t see anything.

By the third scrum I was paying less attention to getting the ball and more on my pussy. I was getting very turned-on.

At the last scrum I was so close to cumming and annoyed when the scrum broke-up.

Two of our team walked back to the changing rooms with me, both congratulating me and asking if I was going to play again.

“Sure am, it was fun.”

Then came the showers. I’d already decided that I was going to shower in the communal showers and I quickly stripped naked, grabbed my shampoo, soap and a towel and marched over to them. I couldn’t help notice about half a dozen other kids, girls and boys, just stare at me.

“Fuck them.” I thought and marched head high.

As I walked into the showers I saw 7 or 8 naked boys, most were facing the wall but 3 had their backs to the wall and I could see their hairy cocks. None of them were as impressive as the grown men’s cocks that I’ve had inside me.

I’d just started to put shampoo on my hair when a naked Piper walked in.

“Phew, I’m glad that you’re here Cherry, I didn’t fancy being here like this on my own.”

“I’m pretty sure that you’d be alright, all of them saw us naked at swimming lessons last year and besides, they’re 14 year old boys; even if they knew what to do to us they’d be way too scared to try anything; too many witnesses around.”

“Yeah, I’m sure that you’re right. It is nice being looked at by them isn’t it?”

“Yeah, it is. That rugby made me so horny that I just want to make myself cum right here and now, but I guess that I shouldn’t. I’ll phone you tonight and we can swap stories.”

We finished showering then got dressed without incident, apart from quite a few of the other kids watching us. You should have seen the faces of a couple of prudish girls, who got changed and showered in cubicles, when they came out and saw us. I’ve never seen anyone’s jaw drop as far as theirs did. I almost felt sorry for them.

Just as we were leaving to go to our next lesson, Erica appeared and said,

“You did alright for a little one Cherry, although I’m not sure how much your clothing, or should I say lack of it, helped. I see that this class has PE again later in the week, will you be playing rugby again?”

I looked at her, smiled and said,

“Definitely.”

The rest of the day went relatively quietly. Okay, a couple of girls called Piper and I sluts, we both got fucked by the head teacher and we both managed to flash 2 more teachers. Piper joked about getting higher grades but I don’t think that seeing our pussies will sway them; more girls seem to be wearing shorter skirts and I’m sure that quite a few of them are knickerless and flashing the teachers.

The PE lesson at the end of the week saw more boys wanting to play rugby and Erica had to turn some away. For some reason there seemed to be more scrums that day and I enjoyed every one of them. Also, the boys must have come to some arrangement because in each scrum there was a different set of boys with me. Not that I was complaining.

I got tackled more times as well, and at most of them a hand went up my skirt or T shirt.

I like rugby.

The Friday night poker session was up to its usual standards and Ben, Mick and Lewis abused my body out in the front garden and on the big metal swing frame. Both Mick and Lewis commented on my all-over tan.

I missed that fun over the summer holidays and it was nice to get back the start of a fun routine.

That Saturday saw Ben and me going to one of the shops in town that sell bikes. As we looked at bikes a young man came over and asked if he could help. When Ben said that we were looking for a bike for me, the young man said that we were in the wrong section and pointed over to the girl’s bikes.

“No, I want one of these.” I said pointing to a man’s mountain bike.”

“Oh, okay; it is for you right?”

“Yeees.”

“We’ve got some nice boys bikes over there, ones that are more appropriate for your height.”

“No, I want one of these.”

“Okay, just a sec.”

The young man got out the smallest men’s mountain bike that I could see and put it beside me. The cross-bar was just about level with my hips.

“Would you like to try this one madam?”

I put one hand of the handle-bars and swung my leg up and over the bike. The seat was set at its lowest and when I sat on it my skirt was already up around my waist.

“Hmm, maybe a little too big for you madam.” The young man said, whist staring at my pussy.

I slid forwards and rested my pussy on the cross-bar. Then I leaned right forwards like you see those racing cyclists do. My baggy blouse hung low letting the man see my tits and nipples.

My toes could just touch the floor. Rolling the bike back and forwards cause me to moan a little as the metal bar rubbed along my clit. I looked up at the man and smiled.

“Yes, I like this one.” I said.

“Would madam like to try a size smaller, or perhaps a ladies bike?”

“No, I like big ones, this one will do just fine; does it come with any tools? I need to raise the saddle.”

With a puzzled look on his face, the man told me that it comes with a full tool kit and a puncture outfit.

“Good;” I said as I slowly swung my leg up, over and off the bike letting the man have a good look at my pussy (for the second time) as I did so.

I looked at the man’s red face, smiled, looked over to Ben’s smiling face; then pulled my skirt back down to cover my butt and pussy.

“We’ll take it, now what have you got in the line of long, big chains and a padlock; I need to chain it to a big tree.”

“You want to be chained to a tree?” Ben asked trying to wind the man up.

“Yeah, so I don’t get stolen.” I replied trying to confuse the man even more.

“I, I, we’ve got some chain locks over here.”

Ben and I followed the man and he showed us what they had on display.

“The chains aren’t big enough and not long enough. I need a chain with big link things and about 2 metres long.” I said.

“I’ll have a look in the back; I remember seeing a drum of heavy duty chain a while back.”

With that he was off and I turned to Ben and giggled.

“You can be a nasty little bitch when you want to be Cherry.”

“Why not; it’s fun and I’m not being bitchy with you, just that stupid man.”

“I know, just saying, give me a hug girl.”

I did and we’d just parted when the young man re-appeared struggling to carry the length of heavy chain.

“Will this do madam?”

“How long is it?”

“Exactly 2 metres.”

“Then it will do. And we’ll have one of those big padlocks please.”

“So how much is this lot? And how much discount are you going to give us for the tits and pussy that you’ve already seen?” I asked.

The poor man was so flummoxed that he eventually gave us a 25% discount.

Ben carried the chain and padlock while I pushed my new bike to the land rover.

On the way home I got Ben to stop the land rover at the entrance to the lane and I got out and dragged the chain over to the tree that I’d picked. I pulled the chain round the tree and padlocked the ends together.

“So that no one can nick the chain.” I said to a bemused looking Ben.

When we drove off Ben said,

“You could probably leave you bike propped up against that tree, without the chain, until it rots and no one around here would pinch it.”

“I’m not going to take that chance; I guess that it’s a symptom of where I grew-up.” I replied.

“That idiot of a brother of mine has a lot to answer for.”

I spent the next hour or so adjusting my new bike to how I wanted it so that the saddle would earn its keep and I just had to try riding it at the different heights to check which was best.

Ben watched me riding up and down the lane, butt sliding from side to side. Ben had to shout at me to warn me that I was about to crash one time that I was cumming as I pedalled.

He also asked me if I wanted to replace the saddle with a dildo or a vibrator. I’m not so sure about that because I wouldn’t have anywhere to sit when I’m cumming. When I told him that he suggested a dildo coming up through the saddle; now that did sound nice and he said that he’d work on that one.

The weather on the Sunday was quite pleasant so I walked over to the farm to see Mick and Chloe and the 2 dogs. And I wanted to get my tits milked again. I’d missed so much from the farm over the summer.

Duke has an amazing nose and he was running up to me when I was still about 100 metres from the farm buildings. His nose, and tongue, went straight to my pussy and I spread my legs to give him access while I stroked his head and talked to him.

About 3 minutes and 1 orgasm later, I pushed Duke away and continued to the farm with Duke running all around me.

Foxy must have heard me because she came running out of the milking shed to greet me. After stroking her for a while I went inside and saw Mick cleaning the equipment.

“Well Hi there Cherry, good to see you, you look amazing.

“So you had a good time on both holidays then?”

“Hell yeah, it was amazing, a different world.”

“You’ll have to tell Chloe and me all about them sometime. Back to reality now.”

“Yeah.”

“How’s this gender neutrality thing going at your school? When Chloe told me that it was going to start I imagined you taking advantage of it.”

“Yeah, playing rugby in a short skirt certainly has some advantages, especially the scrums.”

“I bet; I can just imaging you in the middle of a whole bunch of horny boys.”

“Yeah, it is fun. Are those things working?” I said, pointing to the milking machines.

“Just finished cleaning them. I need to fire them up to check that everything’s okay and ready for this afternoon. Those tits of yours really don’t need to be any bigger; they look great as they are.”

“I know, I’m not trying to get them to grow, I just like the feeling that those teat cups give me when they’re on my nipples.”

“Don’t grow-up Cherry; I love you just like you are now.”

“Aw, thank you Mick.”

Mick hooked me up to one on the milking machines and my nipples were soon getting massaged and sucked. Duke must have heard me moaning because he came and took advantage of me not being able to move much.

As my tits started getting pleasured Mick said,

“Cherry, Ben tells me that you want some modifications making to your new bike, is that right?”

“When did he tell you that? I only got it yesterday.”

“He phoned me while you were walking over here.”

“Oh, I see. Well, Ben was thinking about getting a hole in the middle of the saddle and having a dildo sticking up through it.”

“You’re not thinking of taking your bike out on the main road are you?”

“No, it’s just for going from the cottage to the main road for me to catch the bus to school.”

“Good, riding a dildo on a bike tends to make the girl lose her road sense. A few years ago I modified a bike for Chloe. It had a dildo that went up and down as she pedalled. The faster she pedalled the more she got fucked. She used to love it.”

“I wonder why that was Mick?”

“Yeah, okay. We’ve still got that bike somewhere; maybe you 2 could go for a ride together when I’ve fixed your bike.”

“Ohhhh that’s nice; err yeah, that would be nice.”

“Okay, I’ll let you have your fun. I’ll pick your bike up on Friday evening.”

Shortly after I’d pulled the teat cups off my tits Chloe came in.

“I thought that it was you moaning Cherry. Well I’m glad that it was you. If it wasn’t it would mean that Mick had got himself another woman to mess with.”

“As if!” Mick said.

“Come on into the house Cherry and tell me all about your summer and the changes at your school.”

I did, and I was there for well over an hour before I said that I’d better be off back to feed Ben. Chloe said that I should let him fend for himself like he used to, but I didn’t want to do that.

Another week at school started with me pedalling along the lane to meet the bus. After Ben waking me up by fucking me most days, then me making myself cum with the pedalling 5 days a week, I can see that life is going to get quite busy; and that’s not to mention the headmaster then the business meetings at the swimming pool. I wonder just how much fucking my pussy can cope with? Maybe it was a good idea not to have some of that blue powder during the week.

There was a lot of giggling and sniggering at school that Monday because 2 boys came to school wearing skirts. I’d seen one of them around the school before and I had thought that he looked a bit effeminate. Both of them were wearing knee length skirts. When there were no teachers around some of the braver, unpleasant boys came out with some unpleasant comments. I heard one boy ask the, err ‘interesting’ boy if he was wearing a bra and knickers as well.

I had to laugh when a girl asked the skirted boy why he didn’t wear a micro-mini skirt like that Cherry slut does, so that we can all see your tiny cock hanging out.

The poor, skirted boy was blushing soo much.

That exchange ended when a teacher came round the corner.

The 2 rugby lessons were fun and I actually orgasmed in the middle of one scrum. The only problem with the rugby is that I’m getting too many bruises. I was starting to think that maybe I should join Piper in the gymnastics. Why should she have all the chances to flash her pussy at those 2 work experience students?

One night that week, I phoned Allison and asked her if she still wanted a couple of live mannequins. When she said that she did, I told her that Piper and I would be in on the Saturday. Then I phoned Piper and asked if she could meet me in town on the Saturday morning.

“Life is so awesome.” I thought as I killed the phone call.