Easter Eggs.

I had been selected as reserve for the hockey team! We were due to play
an Easter away match which would mean a coach trip to the other team’s
ground.
Now I am, or at least I was, a very shy girl and had so far managed not to
be seen naked in the changing rooms. I had developed a technique where I
took off my blouse, facing the wall, and slipped my bra’ straps off my
shoulders and wrapped a towel around and above my boobs before unclipping
the hooks and eyes at the back of the bra’ and easing it off. After fishing about
under my towel my shorts and knickers could be discarded and I could head
modestly to the individual shower cubicles where I could shed the towel,
shower and then repeat the performance in the opposite direction.
The other girls teased me unmercifully about my modesty but I persisted
that it was not ‘decent’ to run about stark naked as they did.
The coach trip took over an hour and the teasing that the changing rooms
at our opponents did not have separate cubicles and that they all got into a
communal bath to sing mucky songs and fool about with each other under the
water after the game were bandied about. I just ignored them.
I did not play in the games as nobody got injured and near the end it was
obvious that my services would not be required so I took the opportunity to get
dressed again before the team came off. What a relief!
The team came into the changing room just as I got my shoes back on. Off
came their kit and they pushed and shoved each other’s slippery bodies about
under the showers before finishing up together in the bath.
‘Come on, Jenny, hop in,’ called Brenda, the team captain. ‘Let’s see what
you’ve been hiding from us.’
‘Er, no thanks, I’m dressed now.’ I looked carefully away from the naked
bodies cavorting in the bath. It was only too obvious from the giggles, wriggles
and squirming which areas of each others bodies were getting soaped down
under the water. Thank goodness I did not have to indulge in this behaviour
and managed to avoid their attempts to get me into the water by going and
sitting in the coach ready for the return journey.
A load of warm, slightly moist, bodies loaded themselves into the coach
and shook the driver awake for the return trip.
I was sitting quietly talking to Sylvia when Brenda’s hands came over the
back of my seat and tugged up the hem of my jumper too quickly for me to
stop her. My arms were pulled upwards and the jumper came off over my
head to the delighted cries from the rest of the team along the lines of. ‘Now
we’ll see what she’s made of!’
The hands started to undo the buttons of my blouse and despite my
attempts to stop them other eager hands held me down and my blouse came
off leaving me just in my bra’ at the top. ‘For goodness sake! The driver will
see me!’ I protested trying to cover my bra’ cups with my hands.
‘He’s seen the rest of us naked when we underwent our initiation into the
team so why not you,’ laughed Brenda as she urged the rest of the team to get
me out of my seat to stand in the aisle of the coach.
Naked? NAKED? What were they going to do to me?
A quick scuffle in Jane’s handbag produced two pairs of fur lined handcuffs
which were placed round my wrists and then my arms were clipped to the grab
rails running down each side of the coach roof. I could see the driver grinning
in his mirror as I stood there half naked and nearly on tiptoe with just my bra’
covering my boobs and held helpless by the handcuffs.
‘Now,,’ said Brenda with a huge grin on her face, ‘We’ll see what you have
been hiding all these years. What size do you reckon her knockers are?’ she
asked the girl standing behind me.
I felt my bra’ strap being pulled back, ‘It says 36C on the label but that
could be wrong, couldn’t it?’
‘It could indeed,’ said Brenda gazing speculatively at my breasts straining
in my bra’ and showing nipple peaks through the material. ‘I think we should
check.’
‘Nooooooooo!’ Brenda slipped my bra’ straps out of their rings and let them
dangle in front of me for a few seconds to add to my agony. My breasts
started to ease their way out of their cups with the jolting of the coach before I
felt those finger tugging the strap again and pinging the hooks and eyes apart.
My bra’ joined my blouse and jumper on the seat. The driver was enjoying my
discomfort as I stood there topless with my breasts bouncing gently as the
coach bumped along,
‘Well,’ said Brenda cupping my bare boobs and weighing them in her
hands while giving their nipples a speculative tweak, ‘36C seems about right.’
I squirmed unavailingly to free myself of her attentions. Boyfriends yes,
Girls, NO! My embarrassment was total - or at least I thought so at this stage.
Here I was naked down to my waist and strung up to the grab rails of the
coach and at the mercy of my tormentors. I could feel I was as red as a
beetroot, all over.
‘I’ve started, so I’ll finish!’ called Brenda to a hoot of delight from the team.
My shoes came off easily and then her hands eased their way up inside my
skirt until they reached the top of my tights. A spot of tugging over my bum got
those off easily enough. Despite my struggling and attempts to kick Brenda -
which were rapidly restrained by eager helping hands - her hands rapidly
fought their way up inside my skirt again and my knickers were dragged south.
Thank goodness I still had my skirt left on!
‘My goodness,’ Brenda held up my moist knickers and pretended to be
overwhelmed by the size of my decent, belly button high, knickers, ‘She sure
likes to cover everything up well, doesn’t she? We’ll soon stop that!’
My moist knickers - was I really getting excited at being stripped by
another girl? - were thrown onto the ever growing pile of my precious clothes
leaving me in just my skirt. The grin on the face of our driver was growing, I
just hoped he had some attention left for the driving part of his job. Jane was
setting up her camera she had taken from her voluminous bag. He knew what
the next move would be - and so did I!
‘Now for the great unveiling!’ called Brenda to whoops of delight. Hands
popped the button at the waist of my skirt open and slid its zip down. To much
humming of ‘The Stripper’ my skirt was eased slowly, so slowly, side by side,
down over my hips and I was totally naked with all my clothes so tantalisingly
close on the seat next to me.
‘Look at that, girls,’ said Brenda pointing to my luxuriant pubic bush, ‘We
can’t have all that hair there can we girls? We can’t see the wood for the
trees. String her up, girls!’
My feet were lifted from the ground and tugged apart so that two plastic
ties could attach them to the seat frames beside me largely to stop me kicking
Brenda’s teeth in. ‘Now, who has the razor?’
Who else but Jane with the bulging bag and camera?
A pair of scissors made short work of my pussy hair and then Brenda
slathered a big helping of shaving foam over the rest, taking particular care
between my legs and causing me to squirm and tug at my bonds as she found
my clit when spreading the cream with a stiff brush. I may have noticed that all
the other girls shaved their pubes and were as smooth as babies but I had
never expected they would shave mine. The razor made short work of the
remaining stubble and found its way between my spread legs to complete the
job. I was as smooth as a worm. My clit was protruding at full perk from its
now bald hiding place.
The coach swerved dangerously.
We came to a safe halt at the traffic lights. the lorry driver who drew up
alongside got a full view of my predicament and gave our driver a thumbs up
sign as we pulled away again.
‘Come on then, Jane, Let’s have a few snaps of the never-before-seen
delights.’ The flash went off with a pop as Jane took Brenda’s place between
my legs. My bare and spread pussy lips were recorded for posterity.
‘Now, who has the eggs?’
‘Here,’ called Jane, who else?, delving into the bag that contained
everything as she tucked the camera away and extracted a box which held
two balls joined together with a length of cord.
An evil smile came over Brenda’s face as she took the balls from Jane.
‘Captains privilege,’ she said weighing the two eggs in her hands. ‘I get to
tuck them in.’ She slid two fingers between my soaking labia and eased them
apart ‘accidentally flicking my clit again as she did so, before those two fingers
found their way into my vagina. ‘Nice and wet,’ she observed, ‘I won’t need the
Vaseline.’ Her fingers held me open so that the two eggs could be popped,
one after the other, past the restriction of my to rest inside me. the moment
was recorded by Jane with the camera as I bunched up as they entered.
I could feel the eggs vibrating and bouncing inside me as the coach
bumped along the road and much against my will and to the great delight of
the girls I started to come to climax at their insistent agitation.
‘Arrgghhhhh!’ My suspended body convulsed and orgasmed. I had heard of
bondage but never experienced it up until then. The flashgun went off again.
‘Told you she was really sexy,’ observed Brenda in delight at my unwanted
display of sexuality. ‘It’s fifteen minutes to the school. I’ll leave them in, she
may cum again.’
I did ---- twice. Good Job Brenda had put a towel on the floor for the
shaving phase as I almost peed myself at the convulsions
The coach rolled in through the school gate and I at least expected to be
released from my ties and to regain my clothes particularly as some of the girls
at the gates had their boyfriend with them.
The team gathered up their kit and my clothes and left me suspended
before getting off the coach. My cries of, ‘What about letting me go?’ went
unheeded.
The coach was empty. The driver got out of his seat and to my horror came
back to me with a big smile on his face. ‘They do that to all the new team
members. Seen ‘em all naked at one time or another.’ He took a pair of cutters
from his pocket, ‘That’s why I carry these.’ He snipped through the ties at my
ankles. The handcuffs were released by a push button and I was free and
rubbing my wrists to stand naked and shaky from my orgasms. Well he was
old enough to be my father. Eager male faces appeared at the coach
windows.
‘Did they leave my clothes?’ I asked hopefully.
‘Nope, you’re going to have to make a run for it to the changing rooms.’
I stood at the door of the coach gathering up my courage. My left hand
cupped my right tit and I cunningly draped my arm over the other one. My right
hand covered, more or less, my pubes. Out of the door and across the yard to
the changing room I ran faster than I had ever done amidst catcalls and
cheers from the waiting throng - well all ten of them anyway. Those damned
eggs galloped with me across the yard and nearly brought me off again. The
door to the changing room was firmly shut and I banged on it and pleaded to
be let in for at least and hour - or it seemed like that - it was most likely ten
seconds.
The door opened and a cheer went up as I staggered in. Those damned
eggs were still bouncing in me.
Brenda was sitting in the bath with her nipples just above the water.
‘Welcome to the team, Jenny. Come on in.’ She dabbled a hand in the water
beside her.
‘Well at least it would cover me for the time being. ‘And how do I get these
eggs out?’ I asked. ‘They nearly brought me off again as I ran across the
yard.’
‘Jane will show you how. She looks after things like that.’
Jane did show me how and seemed to over enjoy the underwater search in
which several others joined in to recover the eggs. The wandering hands
under the water did their best to keep us all in an excited and laughing mood
until the water cooled and we all got out to dry and dress. What the heck. With
everything they’d seen particularly now my slit was so visible due to my bald
pubes I felt no need to cover myself now.
‘Do you want copies of the photos for your boyfriend?’ asked Jane.
I looked down at my hairless fanny. ‘Roy is going to get a big enough
surprise this evening,’ I muttered. ‘I am not sure I want to give him pictures to
jack off to.’
Jane handed me the box containing the eggs - just as a souvenir as she
put it. ‘And do you want to borrow the razor for him?’ she asked innocently.

Jenny - much older and wiser now!