**Girls in Tight Pleated Skirts**

by Katie McN with Anna T

I couldn’t believe it. I was trapped in the Day Room by ten girls, and it was easy to see they had something nasty on their minds. I knew I was in trouble when the oldest girl, Torri, said, “Take off your blouse right now or we’ll rip it off your back.”

It was just before Easter when my mother decided she wanted to get rid of me. Maybe I was a little hard to handle, but it didn’t seem fair to send a fifteen-year old girl to Boarding School just as she was entering the prime of life. Well, no one cared what I thought and I soon found myself in some nothing little town in Southern Illinois wearing ugly uniforms and going to church everyday.

Most of my problems were my mother’s fault. I figure that my blonde hair, good looks and the early development of my figure had something to do with her. Yes and it was also her idea to have me skip second and third grade, so naturally all my friends were older and more experienced. Bad things just seemed to happen, and I can’t understand why she blamed me for everything that went wrong.

The Nuns were all about ninety years old and I was sure they were going to teach me a lot of useless stuff. The clothes were even worse. Green and yellow pleated skirts and white blouses had to be worn in class along with black shoes and white knee socks. I could wear a green sweater if I were cold and that was the only optional piece of clothing. No make up of course, and it was a hanging offense to be caught with an untucked blouse or an open button.

I liked my roommate, Annette. She was just one year older than me and seemed cool. First thing she did when I moved into our room was to help me hem my skirts so they were about six inches above my knees. Most of the other girls dressed the same way, and the nuns didn’t seem to notice. I was beginning to rely on Annette to show me the ropes, and it sure was nice to have her help.

“Kristy, I’m not supposed to tell you this.” She glanced at the door as if she expected the police to come busting in at any minute. “There is sort of a tradition where every girl who lives here has to go through an initiation. I know the girls will initiate you tonight, and the best thing to do is just go along with it. If you don’t do what you’re told, it’ll be a lot worse on you.”

Before I had a chance to ask her what she meant, Torri came into the room. She seemed to be the leader of the girls living in my wing and everyone more or less did what she said. She was the oldest and the best looking girl here and was brought up to expect people to do what she said.

“Come on, Kristy. I want you to see something in the Day Room.”

Annette and I followed the older girl down the hall. I was surprised to see all the other girls waiting for us there.

After Torri got everyone to be quiet, she looked me over and said, “We think every girl living here should be the same as every other girl. We have a way to make sure it happens, and you get to find out what it is right now.”

I could hear Annette’s words in my mind and decided I’d just do what I was told. I slowly unbuttoned my white blouse and let it slide down my shoulders. When I finally had it off, I put it in Torri’s waiting hand. I thought about covering up. I felt naked standing their with my breasts exposed to all the other girls, but I finally decided I better just pretend that it didn’t bother me.

“Sherry, look at this. Kristy isn’t wearing a bra and has some pretty fine boobs for a girl her age.”

Torri cupped my tit with her hand and was squeezing it while she talked. I tried to say something, but couldn’t open my mouth when Sherry started playing with my other breast. I just stood there like a fool while the two older girls massaged and fondled my breasts. I could feel my nipples get hard, and something was happening between my legs. I hoped that no one could tell I was getting turned on.

“Okay off with the skirt.”

When Torri gave the command, the two older girls stopped molesting my breasts and stood back to watch me continue my strip tease. I decided to get it over with and unzipped the skirt and pulled it down over my hips. I heard one of the girls make a remark about my ass when I finally stepped out of my skirt and handed it to Torri. I felt like I’d turned as red as the tiny panties that everyone was now able to see.

Torri had a strange look on her face when she said, “Ohh, red panties. Let me see what they feel like.”

She ran her hand over my ass and seemed to be memorizing it. I felt her finger trace the crack of my ass and press in a little when it was right over my asshole. I jerked back when her hand rounded my hip and went straight to the vee that formed between my legs. She grabbed my pussy and I felt her finger press the flimsy material of my panties into my wetness.

“Hurry up and get the rest of your clothes off so we can start having fun.”

I removed my shoes and socks next and stood in the middle of the room surrounded by a circle of girls. They all watched expectantly for me to take off my last piece of clothing. I delayed for as long as I could and finally put my fingers into the elastic of my panties and pushed them down to the floor.

Once I was completely naked, I could hear the girls making comments about my body. From time to time I felt a hand touching my ass or cupping one of my breasts. Torri slipped her hand back between my legs and slipped a finger inside me. I had to stand there while the girls touched and probed my body. I couldn’t move as Torri slid her finger in and out of my cunt. I felt embarrassed when I realized that my juices were covering Torri’s finger and wetting the rest of her hand. I felt like a fool, and yet something about this was so exciting. I realized I was getting very turned on and couldn’t understand why.

I found myself laying on a small table in the center of the room. I could see the ceiling light, and felt hands pulling my legs apart. I knew that all my private parts were on display to the other girls. “Look girls, Kristy must like this. See how wet she is.”

Torri put her finger into my pussy and pulled it out covered with my juices. She waved her hand around as though it was a trophy. I couldn’t take my eyes off her as she licked her finger clean while the others laughed and continue to make fun of me.

When things had calmed down a little, Torri moved to my side where she had a good view between my legs and said, “Every girl here masturbates although the Nuns say it’s a sin. We want to make sure you do too. We’re going to watch you get yourself off. Maybe we can give you some pointers to help out.”

I didn’t know if I could do it or not. Playing with myself in front of a bunch of girls was nothing I’d ever thought about doing and I didn’t know how to start.

“Oh we have a shy one girls. Looks like I’m going to have to help her.” Torri produced an enormous dildo that looked just like a man’s erect cock and waved it back and forth in front of my face.

I decided it would be better to do myself than to be torn apart by that monster. I closed my eyes and let one of my hands slide down between my legs. I was still wet and ready. My hand covered my pussy as the middle finger entered the waiting slit. When I started moving it in and out of my cunt the girls surrounding the table started hollering out suggestions. They soon moved on to doing what they suggested, and I found hands and mouths all over my body.

My hard nipple was stretched by a girl who had sucked it into her mouth and was pulling her head slowly back. Hands were massaging my inner thighs and touching my other bare breast. Lips covered my mouth, and a tongue forced its way in searching for my waiting tongue to respond. Somehow I couldn’t help myself and met the attack with one of my own.

Hands were on my ass, hips, knees, tummy, ribs, neck and every place the girls felt like touching. Lips kissed my cheeks, nose, lips, chin, breasts and all the places that were available to the girls now lusting after my body.

My fear kept me from exploding, but soon the work my hand was doing between my legs took its toll. I came hard and long. I couldn’t stop myself and screamed out my orgasm to the approval of all the girls in the room.

“Well, well, it looks like our little girl has gotten herself off rather nicely. You seem to like having other girls make love to you, Kristy.”

I couldn’t answer Torri and just stood trembling in the middle of the room. I felt the heat of my release cover my loins and didn’t have much control over any of my actions. I was in a fantasy world and seemed to be floating as Torri and Sherry guided me to the floor. I was kneeling down and pushed back on my heels. I had no idea what was coming next until I saw Torri raise her skirt to reveal that she wasn’t wearing panties.

“Kristy, your little show got me so hot I need to get off. You won’t mind helping will you?”

As she spoke, Sherry grabbed my hair and pulled me into Torri’s pussy. I felt hands pushing my head between the older girl’s legs, and I knew then I had to do it.

My tongue was very tentative as it licked Torri’s pussy. I could taste her juices and knew it would not be difficult to slip inside her wet cunt. Her labia were swollen, and I felt her hard clit under my tongue.

I decided to get her off so there would be someone besides me who had an orgasm in front of the other girls. I let my hands move up her legs and rest on her hips. My tongue slipped inside her waiting pussy and I twirled it around in the dark cavern of lust as her juice flowed into my mouth.

My mouth sucked in her clit, and I used my tongue to torture the exposed sensitive area. My hands slid around to her ass where I massaged and played with her two firm globes. I felt her spasm as my finger pressed on her asshole.

I continued eating Torri and enjoying the control I had over the older girl’s body. I brought her near release and then stopped until she backed off. I brought her there again and again until I could hear her frustration.

Her dress fell over my head and her hands pressed my head into her pussy. She came in waves that covered my face. I didn’t stop and tried to make it last as long as I could.

“Stop, stop. I can’t take it any more. Where did you learn how to do that Kristy?”

I didn’t say anything and just smiled as the older girl tried to compose herself.

Torri could finally speak again and said, “Oh my God, girls. She is something else,” and then spoke directly to me. “Sometime between now and the end of the year, you’ll have to get it on with every girl here. I know they are going to love what you do, Kristy.”

With that remark, it was over. I managed to get my clothes back on and somehow return to my room.

“I’m sorry, Kristy. Torri made me say those things to you to set you up. Someone always talks to the new girl before the initiation.”

I was mad first, and then my emotions took control and I started to cry. Annette watched me for a minute, and then tears started to form in her eyes. Somehow we held each other as everything that happened over the last hour washed out of my system.

When I finished sobbing and leaned back, I noticed something. There was a special look in Annette’s eyes that seemed to reach out to me. We stared at each other for a long time and suddenly found our lips touching. It was more than a touch. Her face pressed against mine, and I returned her fierceness with my determination.

My tongue probed her mouth and I found her eager tongue waiting in ambush. We explored each other’s secrets as our clothes seem to float away. Somehow we ended up on my bed trying to be one person. Trying to know everything about the other one.

I felt her hand move across my naked hip and my body wanted to pull her inside me. Her long fingers slid over my ass and stopped inside the crack between those two cheeks that were no longer hiding in my panties...

She squeezed my round globes, and I felt a finger move toward my asshole.

I heard a sound and realized it was mine. It was my lust and passion crying out for her embrace.

I found her hand and guided it down my stomach to my wet pussy. I pushed her hand into my silky bush and held it there until she grabbed on to me between my legs and started moving her whole hand back and forth.

I felt her finger on my clit first, and then she slid it inside my cunt. I was so wet by then, it was easy to accommodate her.

She started moving her hand back and forth with a constant pressure that said she knew just what I wanted to feel, and she was so right.

Her finger moved in and out of the flame that was between my legs. I opened myself up for her and it seemed as though I was as wide as my thighs. It felt as if I could somehow swallow her whole.

She had three fingers inside me.

There didn’t seem to be an end to it. I floated off to some place far away from reality. I could feel tears well up in my eyes. Happiness was so wonderfully strange.

Her mouth covered mine. Her insistent tongue entered my mouth searching, probing, exciting. Her other hand touched my tits. Rub, squeeze, stroke. Please stop - don’t stop! Oh. Oh. Ohhh.

I had orgasms before.

There was a time that I thought I invented the orgasm.

But, never anything like this. My body exploded from high to high.

I kissed her breasts, her nipples, her pretty lips. My finger moved over her face, cheeks, neck. Yes, oh yes. Touch, touch, feel, feel. More.

I lost track of time and never knew when we fell asleep. We woke in the morning still in each others arms. We woke to a good morning wake up kiss that was the first of many more to come. We woke up in love.

Annette and I were friends and lovers for the rest of the time I attended boarding school. There were many other wonderful times, but our first love making somehow was the best. There was magic that night and something special I would think about over and over again in the coming years.

Our affair ended like so many school romances do. We went home and found other people and other things to do. I was lonely for a time, but never felt sad. Our love was designed for just one period in time and when the time passed it was no longer to be. We’re still good friends after all these years, but we never again found the love we knew as girls.