**Nudist Schoolgirl**  
by Isabella

The first time I realised that my home life was different to the other kids at school was one Thursday morning, the bus got me to school in record time, I was a first year student or rather in my first year at that school, actually I was in year five. Well, that particular Thursday, two years ago, I arrived at school ridiculously early. There were ten kids, all boys, in the playground already, all ten of them lived just across the road from school, they could have left home forty minutes later and still be in plenty of time.

The boys were all older than me, all in year six, and as a rule, year five kids kept their distance from the older students and to that end I sat on a low wall around a flower bed on my own and did a little reading in preparation for my first lesson. The boys all seemed to be waiting for someone, usually ten boys in the playground would start a five-a-side football match but that morning they all just stood around.

There was a whistle from the direction of the cycle sheds and all ten of the boys turned as a single entity and all marched off toward the sound of the whistle. I knew it was nothing to do with me but now that I was totally alone on an acre of tarmac I felt a little out on a limb so I followed after the boys, just to see what was going on.

I stopped at the corner of the school and saw an even older boy in the bike sheds and the other ten, well, nine stood in a line and the tenth was in the shed with the older boy, it looked like the younger boy was reading a magazine but he was standing in a corner facing into the wall, trying to hide the magazine from anyone in the area.

I tiptoed past the end boy and ran around the back of the shed, then I walked around the corner behind the older boy, just as the second boy in the queue was handing over a cigarette to take a turn at looking through the magazine, I saw the title of the magazine before the second boy could pull it into his chest to hide it from me.

"Why are you hiding that book?"

"Nothing to do with you hayseed, bugger off and mind your own business." the older boy said as he pushed me away from him.

"But why bother to hide it, it's only a Fiesta, it's just a titty mag, nothing in it really."

"What do you know, you're just a kid."

I looked at the boy with the magazine and asked him which issue he had.

"April twenty-thirteen!"

I thought for a minute and then said, "Turn to the last page of the husband's wives, the middle picture is Northants thirty-five year old, she's on a beach with a tent behind her."

The boy flicked through to the page I had mentioned and found the picture just as I had said, I moved in closer, "Look at the opening in the tent!"

I pointed to half a face that was just visible.

"Fucking hell, that looks just like you."

"Yes, it was me, my dad sent ten pictures in to the magazine but you could see more of me in the others and they wouldn't use them."

The older boy asked, "Were you nuddy too?"

"Everyone was, that's a nudist resort, we all had to be naked."

"Where was it then?"

"It was Club Orient in Orient Bay Saint Martin."

"Where the fuck is that?"

"In the Caribbean, the Netherlands Antilles. We were there last year."

"So, do you just go nude on holidays or at other times as well?"

"We are usually nude at home, at our club and friend's houses."

"So you don't care if other people see you with no clothes on?"

"Not usually but usually everyone else is as well."

"Would you let us see you naked?"

"Well, not at school but somewhere else I would, doesn't bother me."

It felt a little strange now, eleven boys all looking at me as if I was mad, it had been drummed into me from before I went to pre-school that what we did at home was nobody's business but our own and that we shouldn't mention anything to anyone at school. Seeing the boy with the magazine that my mother had been in more than fifty times in the Readers Wives section had made the golden rule slip from my mind.

The thing was, everyone I knew outside of school were exactly like my family and it hadn't crossed my mind that I was very much in the minority, I later found out that two percent of the population were naturists so in a school of two thousand children, forty would probably be nudists like me, we had fifty teachers so, the chances were that one of them would also be a practicing nudist too. But back then I didn't know that.

There was a buzz starting to come from the direction of the playground indicating that the other kids had started to arrive and if the kids were there then the playground patrols would be starting any minute and the cycle sheds were prime targets for the patrol because kids often smoked there or generally got up to no good.

"I'd better go into the playground, people will be checking up round here soon."

I walked off leaving eleven boys looking at my back as I walked around the corner and into the playground, thirty other kids had arrived, some boys, some girls but more boys than girls. I went back to the wall, back to my book and started to read about the Egyptians for my history / RE / Social science combined project.

Ten minutes later the boy that owned the dirty book and now several cigarettes as well walked up to me.

"Did you mean what you said about letting us see you naked?"

"It doesn't mean anything to me but I can't be nude here at school."

"We could go to Raymond Thatcher's house at lunchtime, we can all go in his garage and you can strip off in there for us. The guys will stump up two ciggies or a pound to see you nude and another two if I let them touch you, me and Raymond will split the proceeds fifty-fifty."

"What about me? What do I get out of this?"

"You said that it didn't matter to you if you were nude in front of us or not so why do you want anything at all?"

"My dad didn't raise no idiots, if you and Raymond Thatcher are making something out of me then I should have my share too. I don't have to go with you, you know?"

"Okay, we'll split everything three ways! You meet us across the road from the school gates at twelve o'clock."

The boy walked away from me with a swagger in his step and then one of my classmates walked past, I asked him if he knew the name of the boy that I'd just been talking too.

"He's Simon Martin's big brother, he's in year eight and is the goalkeeper of the school football team, they call him House but his real name is Harry."

"Why do they call him House if his name is Harry?"

"Well, kids that have tried to score a goal against him say that it's like kicking it against the side of a house but it's probably because his last name is Martin."

"I don't see it!"

"You know, like House Martin, the bird!"

I chuckled about that every time I thought about what Harry Martin had asked me to do at lunchtime. I wasn't thinking about being nude in front of the boys, that didn't worry me at all; I had been taking part in pageants at nudist camps since I was eight years old and some of the bigger pageants could have two thousand people in the audience and I actually quite liked strutting about on stage with hundreds of eyes on me while I was naked.

The things that were bothering me were silly things like, when would I get the chance to eat my lunch and where? Would the garage be dirty and oily? Because I didn't want to go home with oil all over my school uniform or worse, all over my body. Would it be cold in the garage? It was late September, warm enough in the sunshine to go nude but some garages could be cold even on a hot day because they tended not to have windows.

At twelve o'clock I took my lunchbox out of my bag and my bottle of juice and left my bag on the floor in the corner of the room, that was quite normal, we didn't want to carry a heavy school bag around all lunchtime so my bag was just one of many, we would all rush back after the lunch break, grab our bags and run for the next classroom.

I was actually the last to leave my classroom and at the back of a long queue going down the stairs to the front doors of the school. Some kids ate the expensive school lunches and they weren't allowed to leave the school grounds over lunchtime, some went home for lunch and some, like me, took a packed lunch. The school provided a room to sit in to eat packed lunches but if we ate our lunch in school we had to stay around the school for the rest of the break but if we left the grounds and ate we would be treated like the kids that went home for lunch.

I spotted Harry across the road, when he saw me walking through the gate and heading in his direction he gave me a huge grin. There were nine other boys all standing around Harry and they were all looking over at me as I walked across the road. Harry greeted me like he was my boyfriend; he kissed me on the lips and wrapped his arm around my back and began to shepherd me towards the alleyway that led through to the next street.

"Raymond has gone on ahead to make sure it's safe at his house."

"What if it isn't safe?"

"We'll just have to postpone it until tomorrow."

"Okay."

Harry led me to the far end of the street; the houses on both sides of the road were clones of every other house on the street. They were all small, semi-detached houses with integral garages but we were heading for the end of the street. Across the end of the street there was a huge double fronted house with a large detached garage and as we got closer we started to slow down.

I looked over my shoulder to see where the other nine boys were and got a bit of a shock, the nine had become eighteen or maybe even more boys following us. All of the boys from year six that had been waiting to look at Harry's book were there and the other boys all looked like they were all from year six as well, I didn't see any boys from my year and judging from the similarity in height of all of the boys I guessed that there were no older boys back there other than Harry himself.

We finally stopped short of the driveway to the large detached house until another boy walked out from between the house and the garage, he was as tall as Harry but a lot skinnier, he was probably in the same year as Harry or in the football team with him. Raymond looked down both sides of the street before he beckoned us all to follow him back between the house and garage. The garage was two cars wide at the front and as soon as I turned the corner I could see that it was two cars long as well. It was unusual to have a two car garage on a new estate like this one and a four car garage was almost unheard of.

Ray pushed the door open and Harry propelled me through it ahead of them. The door was half way down the garage wall so that it would have opened between the two rows of cars if there had been four cars in there. Inside the garage was quite warm, the front half of the garage had a bare concrete floor that was typical of garages, oil spots, tyre marks and grime all over it, the rear half of the garage was carpeted, there was a huge sofa along the back wall and a dartboard on the wall opposite the door there was also a wall mounted TV and a hi-fi in a stack with a blue-ray player, like a home entertainment room but outside in the garage.

As soon as I crossed onto the carpet I slipped my shoulders out of my blazer and started to unbutton my blouse.

Harry rushed over and stopped me, "Woah there Tiger, don't be so keen, let's get the punters in first, lay the ground rules and then you can strip off as fast as you like."

The boys were all allowed into the garage and told not to stop onto the carpet, Harry and Ray collected the cigarettes and money from the boys as they walked in then Harry stood in front of them and said, "Ok, you've paid to look and in a moment she'll undress for you. If you want a closer look, you can come onto the carpet and get closer but that will cost you another ciggy or twenty-five pence and if you want to actually touch her, that will cost an additional pound or four fags."

I had taken the chance, while the boys were coming in and Harry was organising everything, to take a bite of my sandwich and a drink as I sat on the arm of the sofa waiting. Once Harry was happy that the audience knew the rules he came over to me and pulled me to my feet, he kissed me, not just a quick peck, long and lingering and he even slipped his tongue into my mouth, he was the youngest boy to kiss me with tongue in my life to that point.

"Undress as quickly as you like and plonk your bum on the edge of the seat then put your feet either side of your bottom so that you're nice and open for the boys."

Usually, no one watched as I undressed so stripping off wasn't an art I had ever practiced but as a naturist I was well used to dancing, singing, performing gymnastics routines or playing a musical instrument. All while naked, all with a room full of people watching and I often ended up with my legs wide open while facing the audience, so none of this was unusual or out of the ordinary for me but usually the audience would have been more mixed, probably seventy percent male to thirty percent female and more older people than younger as the younger nudists, like me, were all taking part in the pageant so would be back stage rather than out in front watching.

I faced the boys and stripped off as quickly as I could. It was a little difficult to sit how Harry had told me to sit but I was a dancer and gymnast so I managed to contort myself into position. I spotted one of the boys in the line was rubbing his dick through his trousers, Harry spotted him too, "You don't have to be shy here Kevin, we all jerk off, if you want, you can take it out and do it properly."

I pushed my back off of the seat and watched as the boy pulled his zipper down and started masturbating as he looked between my legs. "Right, who wants to get closer?"

Four boys handed over the price of a closer look and they got so close that I could actually feel their breath on my body, Harry stepped in closer, "Remember guys, you touch her and you owe us a quid or two fags!"

Kevin wasn't one of the boys that had paid extra to come in closer and I was ignoring the four boys that had come in close and was watching Kevin as he rubbed away at his cock, it took about ten minutes before I saw Kevin's knees give slightly and then he straightened up onto the tips of his toes and two jets of semen flew out and onto the concrete floor.

Harry checked his watch, Right, twenty-five past twelve guys, anyone else want to come for a close look, we did say that you only had until twelve-thirty and then you had to go."

No one moved so Harry looked at the four that were up close to me, "Any of you got a quid and want to touch her?"

I don't think that it was me, I don't think that it was that they didn't actually want to touch me but probably more that they either didn't have the funding or more probably that as they were only eleven years old, they probably were too shy to do more than just look if no one else was doing it.

Kevin was the only unusual one in the group, he didn't care that he was the only one whacking off and I was sure that if he had the money or cigarettes he would have been up and rubbing his hands all over my body as he jerked rather than doing it ten feet away from me.

At twelve thirty Harry and Ray opened the garage door and guided the twenty boys that had been my audience out of the room and as they left I ate the rest of my sandwich and finished my drink. I was about to get my knickers and put them on but I saw Ray lock the garage door again once the last boy had passed through it so I dropped my knickers back onto my pile of clothes over the arm of the sofa. Harry pulled me to my feet and started kissing me, I felt his hand between our bodies, I thought he was feeling me up but he wasn't, he was unfastening his trousers and pulling his cock out, then Ray pulled at my shoulder, turning me away from Harry, Ray's trousers and underpants were already around his ankles, he pulled my left hand down and put it on his cock, "Come on baby, give me a wank!"

I wrapped my fingers around Ray's cock and started to rub him off, I was looking down at his cock, he was about five inches long and about as thick as my thumb while I was watching my hand sliding back and forth along his cock Harry pulled my right hand down onto his own cock and so now I was jerking both boys off and looking from one to the other, Harry's cock was slightly shorter that Ray but far thicker.

As I was wanking the boys they started to rub their hands all over my body, they both felt between my legs but at different times and both felt my tits, again careful not to let their hands touch as they were doing it. I could feel that both boys were getting close to their tipping point, they were starting to thrust their hips into my hand, Ray's hand went between my legs and his fingers started to fish around inside my lower body and at the same time Harry turned my face and lifted my chin so that he could kiss me more easily.

Ray was quite violent with his fingers between my legs and rapidly brought me to a small orgasm, Harry's breathing was matching mine and as I reached the zenith of my orgasm Harry reached his too and I felt three jets of hot semen hitting my abdomen. Ray started shooting a second later and added his juice to Harry's.

Ray fetched some industrial clean-up wipes from the car parking area of the garage and pushed a few into my left hand, I was still standing there gently rubbing Harry's flaccid cock and our lips were still locked together. I could feel the thick gloop slowly sliding down towards my pussy so I had to pull away from Harry to wipe myself before the mess travelled too far. Ray still had his trousers around his ankles but had wiped his cock clean and he flopped down onto the left hand side of the sofa. I cleaned myself but needed extra wipes and I passed Harry a wipe too for his cock.

Ray pulled me down onto the sofa into the middle seat and after Harry finished wiping his cock he flopped down in the seat to my right. Harry counted the cash and cigarettes; he had four pounds twenty-five in cash and twenty-seven cigarettes. Harry and Ray both stretched the boundaries of their mathematical skills and had begun to argue about what one third of our takings would be. In the end I stepped in, "Well, a straight three way split would be about 9 fags and one pound forty-two pence each but as I don't smoke and the both of you do, I suggest that I take all of the money and you two split the fags between you."

"That doesn't sound fair to me."

"Well no! But then you didn't pay admission, you didn't pay for a close up look or to touch so I say that we should have another three pounds and fifty pence from you two which would be another one pound sixteen each so I think my taking four pounds twenty-five would be about right and you two would have thirteen and a half cigarettes each or the equivalent of three pounds forty something each roughly."

The boys just shook their heads; they couldn't quite get their heads around the mathematics of cigarettes and money combined, after all it had never come up in class before, they didn't like the fact that I was expecting both of them to pay up like the rest of the punters but they didn't want to argue with me, they had passed the word around all of the year seven boys and they had shown a lot of interest in another showing just for them on Friday, year seven boys had access to more money and cigarettes and they would have time to gather a little together before school the next day.