Rosie at School

by Little Joe

Wed Feb 18, 2009 21:01

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Rosie's back in England for a new series of stories.  
  
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Rosie’s red knickers day  
  
Rosie was back in Chipping Sodbury for the new school term. She had a very bestest friend at school called Tracey, and the day before the start of term Tracey came round to see her. Rosie was full of her adventures in France, showing Tracey all the lovely French lingerie she had bought, and in particular the sexy red knickers which Sylvie had spoiled by stretching the waistband too far. She had been so careless that girl, you would almost think she had done it deliberately.   
  
Tracey wasn't that interested in what a good time Rosie had had. After all who wants to hear how wonderful it was on the Mediterranean when you've been stuck in Chipping Sodbury all summer. Tracey wanted to see what present Rosie had brought back for her. Unfortunately Rosie had been so wrapped up in her French adventures that she had neglected to buy any presents for anyone. He parents had been quite snotty about it she thought - as if they ever bought her anything.   
  
Tracey was a bit snotty about it as well. Rosie was devastated. Tracey was her very bestest friend and she wasn't friends with her any more.   
  
“You’ve got sexy red knickers and I’ve only got these things”, said Tracey, displaying the white cotton panties that she had had to buy in Marks and Spencers.  
  
Rosie looked at Tracey’s panties. They did nothing for her.  
  
"What can I do to make it up to you, Trace?" she said, "I'll do anything."  
  
Tracey looked at her with a wicked look in her eye, she had thought of something that would fit the crime exactly.   
  
"I'll tell you what you can do," she said, "you can wear those silly red knickers to school tomorrow."  
  
Rosie looked her aghast. School uniform was thick blue serge knickers of the type traditionally known as passion crushers. The girls hated them, and Rosie would be in real trouble if she was caught wearing sexy satin French red knickers, even more so, sexy satin French red knickers that wouldn't stay up.   
  
But Rosie had promised, and Tracey would never be her very bestest friend again if she didn't keep her promise. She'd join Monica's gang and hang about the school gates waiting for the boys to come out, rather than be in Rosie’s gang and hang about the street corner waiting for the boys to walk past. Rosie knew she'd have to do it, and she knew it would get her in trouble again. She just hoped her parents would never get to hear about it.   
  
So it was with some misgivings that Rosie hid her blue serge passion crushers the following morning and went out to meet Tracey for the walk to school the following day.  
  
"Let's see them then", said Tracey as they set off to school.   
  
Rosie knew what she meant. She pulled up her skirt to reveal what was underneath. The school uniform was a grey pleated skirt which was to be cut just above the knee. A requirement which the girls naturally interpreted as meaning as short as they could get away with. Rosie's was a good four inches above her knees.   
  
The knickers were displayed to Tracey's satisfaction and the girls set off to school. But Tracey wasn't finished yet. Whereas Rosie may have hoped to get through the day without anyone noticing her red knickers, Tracey had very different ideas. As soon as they were in sight of the school gates she took every opportunity to flick Rosie's skirt up at the back to make sure that anybody walking behind got a good view of what she was wearing. As much as she tried to stop her, Rosie’s skirt was so short that all her efforts were in vain.   
  
By the time they were in the classroom everybody knew that Rosie was wearing red French knickers, and Tracey made absolutely sure that everybody knew she had bought them in France.   
  
For Monica this was doubly galling. She had been made to spend the summer holidays in the family cottage, 'Taigh Beag' on the island of Bodmor off the west coast of Scotland. A time only enlivened when old MacTavish had insisted on showing her his caoraich; still as he had a fine pair of balachs the time hadn't been entirely wasted.   
  
How she envied Rosie. How she would have loved to go shopping in France. How she would have loved to have a pair of petite culotte like Rosie's.  
  
She made her decision. She was the leader of the gang. Rosie might have come wearing red knickers, but she wouldn't be going home in them.   
  
Rosie wasn't quite sure if she'd be going home in them either, as they had a depressing tendency to keep falling down.   
  
I don't think Tracey would have willingly colluded in the de-knickering of Rosie, except that once she realised that a de-knickering had become inevitable she became fearful for the retention of her own knickers should she come to Rosie's aid.   
  
It was for this reason that she quietly disappeared when Rosie was confronted by Monica's gang. For all that, Rosie was in no way cowed by Monica and indeed might have even succeeded in keeping her knickers on had they not decided to descend of their own accord just as she was telling Monica what she thought of her. Unfortunately the appearance of Rosie's knickers round her ankles at this point put her at somewhat of a disadvantage, so that a judicious shove from Monica led to Rosie falling over backwards, bruising her bottom and her ego as the knickers were ceremoniously removed.   
  
"A fat lot of use you were," said Rosie, as Tracey reappeared, "now Monica's got my knickers and I've got my shortest skirt on"  
  
Tracey, regrettably, appeared to find this highly amusing and started giggling uncontrollably.   
  
"What...?" said Rosie, "what...?"  
  
But Tracey only responded by flicking up the back of Rosie's skirt again.   
  
"Tracey!" Rosie remonstrated, trying to hold down her skirt, "you're showing everyone my bottom!"  
  
"Whoops! So I am," said Tracey, giving her skirt another flick.   
  
Tracey seemed to think this was very funny, but Rosie wasn’t much amused; she was trying to keep her short skirt down to hide the fact from everyone that she had been successfully de-knickered. Not much chance of that though. As soon as they got in sight of the classroom they saw what Monica had done. There was something red fluttering from the classroom window. Closer inspection revealed to everyone that these were indeed Rosie’s knickers, displayed by Monica as a trophy and showing everyone that she had de-knickered Rosie who would have to spend the rest of the day knickerless. No-one would even dare lend her a pair if they didn’t want their knickers to join Rosie’s on display.  
  
Rosie however was not the girl to take such a thing lying down. Sadly for her any chance of reclaiming her knickers was lost as soon as the teacher arrived, as the red knickers were immediately confiscated and locked in a drawer.  
  
Rosie bereft of the chance of regaining her self respect by regaining her knickers, was left with only the option of trying to de-knicker Monica in revenge. Tracey was a most unwilling accomplice in this deed, but as it was she who had been the cause of Rosie’s discomfiture in the first place, she felt obliged to accede.  
  
The plan was simple. In the girl’s cloakroom after school Tracey was to engage Monica in conversation, pretending to laugh at Rosie’s plight, while Rosie crept up behind her and pulled down her knickers. It was simple, it was flawless; it must succeed. At least that was Rosie’s idea. Sadly she had discounted the fact that Monica’s gang were within earshot. As soon as she grabbed Monica’s knickers, she screamed, five girls came running and, suffice to say, that Tracey did not keep her knickers up for long.  
  
The girls coming into the cloakroom that afternoon, lessons over, all thoughts of lessons banished for the day, were met by an unusual sight. Two girls were tied over a bench, heads down, bottoms in the air, skirts over their heads. One had no knickers; the other had her knickers round her ankles. On one pair of bare bottom cheeks had been written in felt tip pen the words “Fat” and “Arse”, and on the other “Big” and “Bottom”.  
  
Tracey turned to Rosie and said, “It’s all right for you, but I haven’t got a big bottom”. Rosie said nothing. The war with Monica was about to begin.