**School Disco!**

Friday night, doors open 8.30

FREE ADMITTANCE

(Anyone wearing a school uniform.)

I read the poster, which was advertising our favourite night-club, again. Immediately, I rang my friend, Shelly. “ We are going to have so much fun on Friday. P.J.s’, night-club, is having a special night, and we will get the chance to dress up as schoolgirls!” I shouted into the ‘phone.

We spent the next few days going through our wardrobes, and her, 15 year old, sisters’, too, looking for suitable skirts and tops. By Thursday we had decided, Shelly would wear her sister, Leanne’s, gym kit, which consisted of shorts and vest, that were at least two sizes too small, and I chose an old grey, pleated skirt, of my own, with Leanne’s shirt and tie.

As we got dressed, on the Friday night, I produced a pair of black, seamed stockings, and a suspender belt. “Janet, you tart!” Shelly shouted at me. “Too true!” I replied, grinning, and we both fell onto the bed laughing. When we had finished putting our hair, into pigtails, I looked in the mirror. She was right, I looked like a tart, wearing black patent, high healed, shoes, seamed stockings, with my black and white suspenders and red g-string, a tiny skirt (that showed my stocking tops), a tight, white shirt that was knotted underneath my, Wonderbra encased, breasts, and far too much bright, red lipstick. “Tarty, but damn sexy!” I announced. By comparison Shelly looked quite plain, but her large breasts were fighting to get out of the tiny vest, and her long legs would always attract men. We took a taxi to the part of town were the club was. The driver adjusted his mirror so that he could get a clearer look at us, so I kept opening my legs, flashing my red knickers. When we got out, he gave us his card, telling us to use him any time, day or night free of charge. As we queued to get in, the wind kept blowing my skirt up, much to the amusement of the guys standing next to us.

Inside, the guys at the bar parted, like the Red Sea, allowing us to be served first. They weren’t being gentlemen; they just wanted to leer at Shelly and myself. Twice, I had my skirt lifted up, so that they could see my arse, each time was greeted by a cheer. We were revelling in the attention.

The music was excellent, from the 60’s and 70’s. About thirty people had dressed as schoolboys and girls, making the atmosphere quite sexy. We had a few more drinks, danced, and got ‘chatted up’ a couple of times. We were having a fantastic time when the D.J announced that he wanted ‘sexy schoolgirls’ for a competition; the first prize was £50 and a bottle of champagne.

Shelly and I ran to the front of the small stage. Four other girls, dressed similarly, to ourselves soon joined us. Two handsome, gay boys dressed in big boots and small rubber shorts led us along the stage. Already there, was a tall man dressed in a large black cape and mortarboard. He announced himself to the audience, “I am the Headmaster, and I expect that all of my pupils behave in a manner that befits this fine establishment.” This was met with laughter, “If not, they will be dealt with, most severely, indeed!” At that moment, he threw back his cape, and produced a long bamboo cane. The crowd, at the front, mostly men, roared their approval, as he swished the cane, in their direction. “Gentlemen, I would like you, the school council, to choose one lady, and I use the word loosely, to become Head girl,” and he swished the cane, at us. The crowd roared and clapped as we wiggled and pouted, some girls flashing their knickers and cleavage.

‘The Headmaster’ lined us up, and walked along the line, stopping in front of each girl, commenting on our dress sense, size of breasts, and how pretty we were.

“Gentlemen,” he asked “what are we looking for? Huge tits?” He prodded my tits with his cane. “Small tits?” He prodded the girl next to me. “Long legs?” He ran the tip of the cane up Shelly’s leg. “Or,” he motioned for us to turn around, with our backs to the crowd, “the perfect arse!” The men roared their approval. “The winner will be the young lady who receives the loudest applause.”

“Number one, touch your toes!” he bellowed. The girl, small and blonde did as she was told. With straight legs she bent over, showing her stocking clad legs and small white knickers to the crowd, who cheered and clapped. ‘The Headmaster’ swung the cane and cracked it against her fleshy bottom. She jumped up and squealed, one of her tits falling out of its’ cup, the crowd went wild. Number two, appeared shy and clung onto the hem of her skirt, as she quickly bent over, number three did the same. Each was greeted with booing!! Shelly was number four, she stood with her feet apart, hitched her shorts up, making them even tighter and bent double, holding onto her ankles, from were I was standing, her arse looked very sexy, and you could see the crease of her fanny, she got a very good reception. He whacked her arse with the cane; she too, jumped, and frantically rubbed her cheeks. The men, at the front laughed and cheered. The girl next to me, shyly bent over like two and three, using her hand to protect her bottom.

“Number six, bend over!” he bellowed. It was my turn, I gathered the hem of my skirt, and slowly bent forward, the crowd hollered and whistled as the flesh above my stocking tops came into view, I kept bending, until I was sure that everyone could see my tiny red g-string. The crowd was going wild. The Headmaster, approached, and swung his cane against my flesh. I was prepared, and didn’t flinch, instead, I slid a finger over my pussy, then slid it into my mouth, and sucked it, provocatively. The cheers rang in my ears.

“I’m sorry, but it’s a draw”, the Headmaster announced, “numbers one and six”.

Shelly and the others left the stage, leaving the Headmaster, the blonde girl, and me.

“What are we going to do?” The Headmaster asked the crowd. “Get their tits out!” someone shouted. Grinning, he shrugged his shoulders, “Who wants that?” he asked, again. “Tits out! Tits out!” the audience chanted. I looked at the blonde girl, who smiled and nodded. We faced the crowd, and slowly, sexily, unbuttoned our tops, dancing like strippers, throwing our tops behind us at the same time. We looked at each other, again, and started to laugh. We turned our backs to the audience and unhooked our bra’s, covering our breasts, we turned to face the crowd; flinging our arms in the air, we shook our tits, making them wobble like jellies. The crowd went ballistic, people where clapping, shouting and whistling. My nipples were rock hard, and I was as horny as I’d ever been. The Headmaster appeared again, “I can’t make a decision, it’s still a draw!” He laughed, the crowd booed. The blonde girl and myself were standing with our hands on our hips, enjoying the adulation and attention, showing our breasts was bringing. I was covered in sweat, and I could feel my fanny getting wetter and wetter.

The Headmaster then lifted the front of my skirt, with his cane, “I’ve had an idea!” He announced, when people realised his meaning they cheered again. I looked at the other girl, who, grinning shook her head, “No. Definitely not that!” she laughed as she bent over, exposing her stockings and arse, as she picked up her bra and shirt.

“Well, what about you?” He asked me, “You don’t want to disappoint the rest of the school, do you?”

I shook my head, which made my tits bounce. Unzipping my skirt, I let it fall to the floor, then I lay on the table, that had the champagne on. To the cheers of the crowd, the Headmaster, put his hands into the sides of my g-string, and pulled them down my legs. I thought that my heart was going to burst, as I gripped onto the table. When they were off, I slowly spread my legs as far as they would go. The men were cheering, as they scrambled onto the stage, to get a closer look at my soaking wet, bald fanny. I knew that my lips would be puffed up and swollen, because I could feel my juices dripping, down onto my other hole. As some of them tried to touch me, the Headmaster whacked their hands with his cane. “The winner, and new Head Girl! Janet.” He announced, holding my arm in the air, like a victorious boxer. He then handed me the champagne. “Do you think she will let me have a little drink?” He asked the crowd. Virtually naked, in front of 200 people, I nodded agreement. The stage was now full of guys, sitting staring at my body.

As he opened the bottle, the two gay boys manoeuvred me onto the table. They pulled me down by the shoulders and gripped my ankles. I was confused. With a nod from the Headmaster, they pulled my legs apart, and lifted my bottom off the table. Again, I was exposing my freshly shaved pussy to a crowd of strangers. The Headmaster took the cork out of the bottle and was standing in front of me. “Do you think she needs lubricating?” He asked the men on the stage, then poured cold champagne onto my hot wet fanny, I flinched at the contrast. With one movement he slid the neck of the bottle inside, I wriggled my hips, as I tried to accommodate it. Using both hands, he started to fuck me with the champagne bottle, building up his speed, until I was in a frenzy. The feeling of penetration was wonderful, then I realised that the champagne was gushing out, and filling my hole, I was grunting and screaming with pleasure as he pounded my fanny with the large bottle. As quickly as he had slipped it in, he pulled the bottle out, showering the stage with a fountain of frothy champagne piss, the sensation of the bubbles in my fanny had me desperate, and gagging for a real fuck. The Headmaster had other ideas, kneeling in front of me he poured more champagne over my pussy, then buried his face into me, drinking the champagne from my love box. Using his tongue like a cock, it went into my gaping hole. It only took a couple of flicks on my clit, and I was screaming, again, as an exquisite orgasm tore through my body. I lay for a few moments, trembling with excitement. When I opened my eyes, there were two men wanking over me their spunk had just landed on my tits and felt hot and sticky. As they finished, they wiped their cocks on my skirt, leaving a trail of goo. The Headmaster ushered them, and their friends off the stage, leaving me to pick up what was left of my clothing.

One of the gay boys, then, covered me in the cape, and helped me from the stage as the crowd cheered and clapped my exit.