**Essex Girl**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 01**

Okay, so I’m an Essex girl. I may be blonde and reasonable looking but I like to think that I’m not your stereo-type Essex girl. I’m slim, and have small breasts and I have a degree in Forensic Accounting. My name is Millie and after I left university I was lucky enough to get a good job with a big bank.

It was in my home town, Loughton, as well; but after living in a hall of residence, then a shared house, I decided that I wasn’t going to move back in with my parents. My new job is well paid and I decided that I could just about afford to rent my own flat. Everything went great for the first 6 months. Okay I didn’t have much in my flat, but I was happy.

I’d had boyfriends at university, but when I moved back to Loughton I was on my own and happy to be that way. My best friend was my rabbit vibrator.

Then one day at work my manager told me that I was being transferred to the Acton branch. It was a promotion and more money. That weekend I went to Acton and had a look around the place and looked at the price of renting a flat. Now Acton is more central London and that is reflected in the crazy rents. Way out of my price range. I was left with 2 choices, share or commute.

Although I’d shared at university I’d got used to living on my own and didn’t want to give that up. Luckily, the pay rise easily covered the cost of commuting so that’s what I decided to do.

On the first day in my new job I got up 90 minutes early, having worked out that the commute would take just over an hour. What I hadn’t bargained on was the rush hour crowds. OMG, the Central Line is so over-crowded in the mornings, and, as I found out later, in the evenings as well. It was nearly as bad as those videos that you see of the Japanese underground. I had to stand all the way, both ways.

It was on the third day that it first happened, a hand rested on my butt and moved up and down a bit. I tried to see who the hand belonged to but it was impossible. After the initial shock I spend the day thinking about what had happened and decided that it wasn’t that bad, in a way I took it as a complement that someone thought that my butt was worth touching.

By the end of the next week I had realised that I was starting to look forward to my daily gropes and I started standing in the same place at the end of the same carriage on both ways of my commute. It was like the hand lived in Loughton as well but after the first day I stopped trying to see who the hand belonged to. I liked the annominity of it.

Over that weekend I decided that I was going to commute in casual clothes and get changed into my business suits once I’d got to work. Besides, it was still warm out and shorter skirts and tank tops were much more comfortable than my knee length business suits.

Another thing that helped the decision was that although knee-length pencil skirts look good as part of a business suit they are useless when it comes to running to catch a train.

On the Monday morning commute I stood in my usual place and again the hand appeared on my butt. This time though, the hand moved down and found the hem of my shorter skirt and discovered my bare thigh.

OMG, the touch was electric; a bolt of electricity, or whatever, went up my leg to my pussy then to my nipples. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the flesh to flesh contact. Just before the stop where the hand always disappears, a male voice whispered,

“That’s better, wear a short skirt every day.”

I looked around to see who had said that, but as usual it was impossible to work out who the hand, or now the voice, belonged to. During the last bit of my journey, and the short walk, I decided that I’d commute casual every day.

By the end of that week the hand had got braver and it discovered my knickers. By the end of the following week two things changed; firstly I started wearing thongs to work, and secondly, the hand’s fingers were rubbing my pussy over my thong.

Okay, the hand wasn’t there for the whole of the hour long journey, it kept disappearing and reappearing as the volume of commuters increased and decreased but those fingers rubbing my pussy over my thong made me cum; every time.

If the noise of the train hadn’t been so loud everyone around me would have heard me moaning and seen me shaking and jerking.

My rabbit wasn’t as popular as it had been and that weekend I went shopping for some new, lightweight, skater type miniskirts.

After about a couple of dozen orgasms over the next week or so I decided to up the game a bit and I went to work commando. The first time that I did that I forgot to put a thong in my purse to put on when I got to work. By the end of the day I had forgotten that I had nothing on under my business skirt.

The next morning I deliberately ‘forgot’ to take a thong in my purse.

Back to the hand, and my first time without a thong; the fingers worked so much harder, finger fucking me as well as rubbing my clit. I came 4 times on that journey and swore to myself that knickers were history as far as I was concerned. Apart from work, long skirts, trousers and shorts were history as well. I liked the ease of access.

The next few weeks were bliss, I’d never cum so many times each week as I was now doing, and I still didn’t know who was making me cum. What’s more, it was all in public. I began to realise that the public side of it was as important as the anonymity.

I became one of the few people who enjoys their daily commute and a couple of people at work commented on my cheerfulness. I didn’t tell them why I was so happy; instead I lied and told them that I just liked my job.

My neighbours noticed the change in me as well; well, 2 of them. There’s another single young woman living in another flat on my floor who keeps herself to herself, like me, but we do exchange pleasantries when we see each other. One evening when I saw her she said that I looked cheerful and that she liked my outfit.

The other neighbour is a young man. He’s okay, but he did try to hit on me just after I moved in. I brushed him off but we still exchange pleasantries when we see each other and a couple of times he’s commented on my looks and cheerfulness. I’m pretty sure that he got the message that I wasn’t interested in him when I first moved in but it was nice for a man to notice.

One Saturday I decided to go into the centre of London to do some shopping. The weather wasn’t bad so I decided that I’d wear one of my outfits that I wear to commute to work i.e. very short skirt and tank top and no knickers. But I added, or should I say ‘removed’ one item that I always wear for work – a bra. I’m only an ‘A’ cup so I can easily get away without one most of the time when I’m wearing something thick on top, but definitely not at work because I have these large, proud nipples that seem to be permanently hard and it wouldn’t be very professional to have them making little tents in my blouses.

Anyway, I left home wearing just a tank top, a skirt that hardly covered my butt and pussy, and was flared, light and bouncy, and a pair of 3 inch heels. I felt really sexy and quite exposed as I bounced along the street to the underground station.

The journey into the centre of London was boring, the train wasn’t busy and I had a seat behind another seat.

I wandered round the shops, not looking for anything special, just browsing, on the lookout for something that I liked, maybe another ultra-short skirt to please my daily groper.

In one shop I found a rack of skirts that would be great for my commute and other outings, and selected a couple to try on. They were a size too big for me but I figured that they’d have my size in the stock room if I liked them.

I’d forgotten that I didn’t have any knickers on until I dropped my own skirt to the floor in the changing cubicle. As I looked in the mirror I thought,

“You look good Mille. I wonder how many people I’ve accidentally flashed my butt and pussy to this morning. And look at those nipples; people must have noticed them.”

I slipped my hands up the front of my tank top and pulled and tweaked my nipples making them even bigger, and certainly a bit harder.

“Fuck it.” I thought, and pulled my tank top up and off.

Seconds later a girl pulled the curtain back, saw me, stared for a couple of seconds then said,

“Oops, sorry.”

And pulled the curtain half closed.

I turned and went to close the curtain properly and noticed a man looking my way. I froze, blushed and got wet, all in the space of a second.

My hand didn’t move from the top of the curtain. My brain was telling it to close the curtain but it wouldn’t move. My brain was also telling my other hand to cover my tits or pussy, but it wouldn’t move either.

After a few seconds of us staring at each other I did something really brave, I moved the curtain the wrong way, giving the man a great view of the rest of my body.

He smiled and gave me the thumbs-up. He liked what he was seeing and my pussy told me that it liked me showing it to him.

After a few seconds I heard a curtain from another cubicle open and the man turned away. I closed my curtain and let my heartbeat return to normal.

As I took stock of what had just happened I realised that I loved what had just happened. It made me horny and wanting more; but at the same time I was a little shocked and scared; but I just knew that I’d do it again.

I tried the two skirts on, liked one, put my tank top and my own skirt back on and went to see a sales assistant. After a few minutes checking she told me that they didn’t have one in my size but they could get one in a couple of days.

As I told her that I’d be back the following Saturday I realised that she’d been staring at my chest all the time that she’d been talking. I smiled and wondered if she was jealous of my tits and protruding nipples.

The train home only had a few people on it and there were plenty if spare seats. I sat in the middle of one of the long seats that goes down the side of the carriage and got my phone out to catch up with the world.

I was sat with my knees together, but not crossed, and was holding my phone on my lap and my bag over my shoulder.

At the next station a man got on and sat directly opposite me. Out of my peripheral vision I saw that he was probably a couple of years younger than me and not bad looking.

Just as I finished looking at one website I had an idea and lifted my phone higher up and tilted it so that it was almost at 90 degrees to the floor. Then I changed to the camera app so that I could be looking at my phone but seeing the man on the screen.

As I tilted the phone I decided that my initial opinion of his looks was right, he wasn’t bad looking. I zoomed-in on his face and realised that he was looking at my legs.

I got a tingle in my pussy and felt it get wet. I also decided that I could have a bit of fun. It would be dead easy to flash my pussy to him.

I looked around to see if anyone else was looking at me. We were the only ones in that section of the carriage and the people further down were in their own little world. I relaxed my legs and let my knees fall apart a bit; then a bit more.

Looking at my phone I saw the man smile, confirming that I was right, he was looking at my bare legs, and now my bald pubes.

I sat like that as the train stopped at the next station and then started moving again. Luckily, no one came and sat anywhere near us.

The man lifted his hands and placed them together as if he was praying. I looked up from my phone and the man parted his fingers but kept the heels of his hands together. It was obvious what he wanted.

“Excuse me young man;” I said, “but you shouldn’t be looking up a ladies skirt, it’s rude and an invasion of her privacy.”

“Lady, you put it on display and I’ll look. Now are you going to open your legs further or not?”

I was stunned. I’d expected him to just look away and ignore me; but at the same time my pussy told me that it liked him looking at it. I just sat there for about 30 seconds, with my knees still open, deciding what my next move would be.

I was about to shut my knees when my pussy told my butt to shuffle down in the seat a bit and spread my knees even more.

I felt more of my bare butt and lower back on the seat’s rough material as the rest of my pussy became visible to him.

He smiled and said,

“About time exhibitionist girl; now keep them like that.”

My brain was in turmoil. Half of it was telling me to sit up straight and close my knees but the other half was being driven by my pussy. I was scared and horny; and wet.

The train pulled into the next station and no one got on; or at the next 3 stations. It must have been the quiet part of the afternoon where most people weren’t ready to head for home yet, and too early for the evening crowd to go out.

Then at the next station a youth got on. He looked down the carriage, saw me and headed my way.

“Don’t close them.” I heard my voyeur say.

I wanted to close my knees, my brain was screaming for me to close my knees; but I didn’t.

The youth came and sat in the seat next but one to my voyeur and stared at me; well my pussy.

“Nice pussy and headlights lady.” He said.

“Yeah, and I’m gonna fuck that later.” The young man said.

I felt my eyes open a fraction wider and thought,

“Confident little shit aren’t you.”

But I still just sat there getting wetter and wetter. My nipples were starting to hurt as well.

The 3 of us just sat like that, in silence, until the train started slowing for the station before mine. The young man stood up and said,

“If you get off here and follow me I’ll give you the fucking of your life. If you don’t want it just stay there and entertain the kid.”

Before I knew it the doors were opening and I was following the young man along the platform; neither of us saying a word.

As I followed him up the escalator the breeze reminded me just how wet my pussy was, and how short my skirt was.

Still in silence, I followed him along 3 streets and into a street full of terraced houses. The young man stopped and turned to one of the front doors.

“Before you go inside exhibitionist girl, take your clothes off and post them through the letterbox.”

“What! You’ve got to be joking. I’m stood out in the street.”

“Do you want to be fucked or not girl? If you don’t strip naked in the next couple of minutes you can piss off.”

I stood there thinking for a few seconds then looked around. I could see some people further down the street but none close by. I put my bag down and grabbed the hem of my tank top.

I quickly got naked and posted my top and skirt through the letterbox.

Standing there, totally naked, I looked up and down the street and was pleased to see no one.

“Can we go inside now please? Can you open the door please.”

“Put your hands by your side girl. Let the world see what you showed me on the train.”

I complied and the man knocked on the door.

“What are you doing? Get your key out and open the door.”

The man laughed and said,

“I can’t, I don’t live here.”

“WHAT! You fucker. How am I supposed to get my clothes back?”

“You’d better hope that there’s someone in.”

Thankfully, a few seconds later, another young man opened the door. When he saw me he just stood and stared.

I broke the silence.

“Can I have my clothes back please?”

“I haven’t got your clothes.”

“Yes you have, I put them through your letterbox.”

“What the fuck did you do that for? Not that I’m complaining.”

He just kept staring until I said,

“Well, can I have them?”

The young man stepped back and looked behind the door.

“Fucking hell, you’re right.”

He said as he bent down and picked them up.

I held out my hand expecting my skirt and top to be put in it.

“What are they worth?”

“What?”

“What will you give me for them stupid girl?”

“How much do you want?”

“Not money, that’s for sure. How about a blowjob?”

“You’ve got to be joking.”

“Nope.”

“How about I let you touch me for a few seconds?”

“Where?”

“Anywhere.”

“How long?”

“5 seconds.”

“Make it 30 and you’ve got a deal.”

I thought for a second. This would be much like me getting groped on the train each day and I liked that.

“Okay, but I count it.”

My counting wasn’t very good as the young man stepped out of his house and put his hands all over my tits and pussy.

“Nice tits.” He said as he rolled and tweaked my rock hard nipples causing me to let out a moan.

As he moved his hands between my legs I automatically spread my feet to give him better access.

I moaned again as he flicked my clit then buried 2 fingers deep inside my wet hole. He started finger fucking me as the fingers of his other hand found, then rubbed my clit.

I mumbled the number 21 then orgasmed; right there, out in the street. At that moment I didn’t care if anyone was watching or not. I was under the control of my orgasm.

My legs were like jelly but I somehow managed to stay on my feet as the orgasm peaked then subsided.

When I was able, I said the number 30 then slowly lifted my hand up. My skirt and top were put in them but before I could start to put them on, man number 1 said,

“Don’t bother putting them on, I live next door. Come on.”

I looked at him and saw him putting a key into the door next door.

“Bastard.” I said.

“Cheers mate, I owe you one.” Man number 2 said as I followed number 1 into his house.

I was greeted by 2 other young men who stopped playing whatever electronic game and just stared at me.

“Fucking hell man, where did you find her?” One of them said.

“She’s mine, but I might let you have sloppy seconds later on. Not bad looking is she.”

“Most sluts are.” The new man number 2 replied.

“I’m not a sl ….” I started to say but stopped when I realised that I was acting like one.

“Yes you are exhibitionist girl. Any girl who flashed her pussy on the underground for as long as you did IS a slut.”

I nearly corrected him but decided against it.

“Come on girl. You’re coming to my room and I’m going to fuck your brains out. This is where I’d normally tell a girl to take her clothes off but …..”

Number 1 did fuck my brains out and about an hour later we just lay there, both of us totally knackered.

“So what’s you name stud?” I asked.

“No names. You’ll just have to think of me as the man from the train.”

“Okay then, I can live with that. It’s not like I’m ever likely to see you again.”

“You can go now exhibitionist girl. If you want to fuck those 2 on your way out you can.”

“Wow, a real condescending prat aren’t you?”

“But I’m a good fuck.”

“Can’t argue with that.”

“Don’t put your clothes on until you get outside exhibitionist girl.”

I picked up my bag and clothes and went downstairs. Both young men put down their games controllers and stared at me.

“Right, who wants a blowjob?” I asked, not really wanting them to fuck me, my pussy was sore.

Two BJs later, I stepped outside then put my skirt and top on.

“Bloody students. No shame these days.” I heard an old man say as he and an old woman walked passed as I did so.

I walked back the way that I’d come and found a landmark that I recognised. It turned out that I wasn’t that far from my flat and I walked home with ‘that man from the train’s’ cum slowly creeping down my inner thighs and feeling cold as the breeze lapped around my bare legs and pussy.

I showered then ate, thinking how good my day had been. I wanted to repeat it but realised that the chances of that were millions to one.

When I went back to the shop in the centre of London to get my new skirt I tried a few more clothes on and bought another skirt and a couple of one size too big silky cami tops, ones with spaghetti straps that fell off my shoulders when I shook them. One time when I bounced about in the changing room the straps came off and the top slid sown to my waist; just what I wanted for some ‘accidental’ wardrobe malfunctions.

Anyway, while I was trying them on I managed to flash my totally naked body to a couple of men who were waiting for their partners.

After a couple of blissful months I started to think of other ways that I could get anonymous sexual satisfaction as there was no way that I wanted to get involved in a relationship, I’m too young to think about that. I spent many hours in bed, and on my sofa, slowly masturbating whilst trying to think of a way, discarding lots of crazy ideas that would probably resulted in me getting locked up either in a police cell or in a the psyc ward of the local hospital.

Eventually, I decided to search online for ideas and found Craig’s List. Then I spent a few days working out what I could put in an advert.

In the end I setup an account using a new, anonymous email address, and put an ad in Personals > Women seeking men

Slightly exhibitionist girl seeks opportunities to flash, get groped and maybe anonymous sex.

Body – slim

Height – 5'2" (157cm)

Status - single

Age – 25

And I added a small photo of my naked body from neck to knees. There was no way that I could risk someone from work recognising my face.

I was amazed by how quickly I got some replies, and how many I got. Over the next few nights I waded my way through them, categorizing them into the ‘you’ve got to be joking’, ‘sick’, and ‘maybe’ folders. There weren’t many in the ‘maybe’ folder.

That Friday night I went to bed with my laptop and read through the ‘maybe’ ones while my right hand was busy between my legs. I’d already decided that I would only go to somewhere where there were lots of people, where I could shout for help if things went pear-shaped. That was why quite a few of the replies were rejected; there was no way that I was going to strip in someone’s house in front just one or two dirty old men.

Ha, listen to me, after what I did for that man on the train. But that was different. I sort of started it, and besides, he was cute.

Anyway, one of the potential ones was a bit exciting, and a bit tame. The man told me to go to a particular McDonalds in the centre of London. He told me that the seating was on 2 levels and that a few girls spend hours there flashing their pussies to all the foreign tourists that went in.

That sounded fun, but as I said, a bit tame. I couldn’t work out a way that I could get them to grope me and make me cum.

I logged that one in the back of my mind for the next time that I went into central London.

Another one sounded intriguing, much more fun, possibly, but a little odd. Why would a local, small time rugby club be advertising for cheerleaders in Craig’s List?

Out of curiosity I decided to phone the number to get more information.

The man who answered told me that the team had decided that their team needed some encouragement, some incentive to win games. He told me that they weren’t trying to get a full cheerleading squad that could win competitions, just a few girls to be a bit of eye candy for the team.

I thought that it was a bit sexist but what the hell. I wasn’t looking for anything that was politically correct, I was looking for some fun, and when the man asked me if I was still interested I said that I was. He gave me an address, a date and a time and told me that if I turned up and passed the interview, he could guarantee that I’d not regret it and have a lot of fun.

As I ended the call I was smiling and imagined myself dancing along the side of rugby pitch wearing not a lot. My pussy was tingling.

What’s more, the place was only a couple of stations down the central line so it would be easy to get there.

The interview was on a Sunday morning and on the Saturday I went into central London to do a bit of shopping. I went to the same clothes shop and flashed another man before buying a short summer dress. The summer had gone but it was a nice dress and it was so light that I felt naked when I put it on. I wanted something ready for the spring when it arrived.

I also found the McDonalds that the man from Craig’s List had told me about. He was right. It’s right in the centre of London with loads of tourists going in. I sat there for a good half hour eating and using my phone while sitting with my legs open facing different tourists.

It’s right what they say about the Japanese and their cameras. Two separate men took photos while holding their cameras on their laps and facing my way. I smiled at the thought of loads of men on the other side of the world looking at those photos.

**Essex Girl**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 02**

I got up on the Sunday morning feeling quite excited. After breakfast I showered and shaved everywhere below my neck. I’d already decided what I was going to wear, a skater type, very short skirt and no knickers; and a silk type cami top with no bra. My permanently hard nipples would tell the world that I was horny.

Having said that, I looked at myself in the mirror and chickened out. Not with what I was wearing, but with having my nipples so prominently tenting the cami top. I got out a little denim jacket and put that on top, reasoning that I’d take it off just as soon as I arrived at the rugby clubhouse.

The getting ready part was exciting but as I walked to the underground station I got a bit nervous. My little skirt was bouncing about and I felt good, but nervous. I was going to a rugby club full of hunky men, well hopefully, and I was wearing next to nothing. As I sat on the train the vibrations made the nervousness get replaced with memories of being groped and made to cum, possibly on that very same carriage.

As I walked towards the rugby club there were 2 girls walking towards me. I overheard one say,

“The fucking bastard, I’ve a good mind to report them to someone; we’d both make great cheerleaders.”

I smiled and thought,

“You’ve got to be joking; you’d be better applying for the job as the Michelin Man.” (The symbol of the tyre manufacturer).

I was still smiling as I turned into the rugby ground and saw about 20 young men playing rugby. I nearly tripped over something as I walked to the clubhouse still watching the men in their short shorts and hunky bodies.

“Hi, I’m Duke, you must be Millie, right?”

“Hi Duke, yes, that’s me.” I replied looking the 30 something cute guy up and down.

“So pleased that you made it; you look perfect for the job.”

“Well err, thank you, but don’t you want to interview me?”

“Yes, of course, can I get you a drink or anything Millie?”

“No thank you.”

“Right, come and have a seat and let’s talk.”

I sat on the wooden chair, feeling the cold on my bare butt.

Duke then started talking about the team, how many players they’d got, about the trophies that they’d won, the clubhouse; all the sort of things that I’d expected. Then Duke told me that they were going through a bad spell; that they’d got the talent but just couldn’t put it all together. The committee, that he was chairman of, as well as the Coach, had come up with the idea of getting some cheerleaders to boost morale and give the boys some incentive to sort themselves out.

“So you want a few girls to dance and do some cartwheels or something at the side of the pitch?”

“Something like that, but it wouldn’t be restricted to game day, there would be practice days, like this morning, and in the clubhouse as well. We’d provide the uniforms for you to wear. We’ve already got one set laid-out over there. There’s three uniforms, one for matches, one for practices and one for wearing in the clubhouse. Would you like to have a look at them?”

Duke got up and I followed him over to a table at the other side of the room. I could see cards with names on them, ‘match’, ‘practice’ and ‘clubhouse’.

I looked at the ‘match’ uniform. It was in their team colours and wasn’t that dis-similar to what I was wearing except that the top was a halter top. The skirt was just as short as the one I had on.

“No underwear then?” I asked.

“Yes, in that tin.”

“What?”

“Body paint. We thought that you could paint a pair of knickers on. We don’t want any spectators getting upset do we?”

“So you’d expect us to dance around, do cartwheels and handstands and goodness knows what else, wearing just that top and that skirt?”

“And the body paint.”

“And what part of my body am I supposed to paint?”

“Oh don’t worry about that, one of the lads will put that on for you.”

“All this is a bit sexist and degrading isn’t it?”

“As I explained to the other 2 girls Millie, we don’t do politically correct here. We’re all proper men and we don’t give a damn about all these women’s lib things or all this racism crap. No one here is a racist. You’ve probably noticed that 3 of the guys are black. What you probably haven’t heard yet is the white guys calling them coons or black bastards or niggers. You also won’t have heard the black guys calling the white guys white honkeys or white trash either. Well you will; name calling goes on all the time. Just remember, it’s not WHAT you say, it’s the way that you say it, and here it’s all done in a friendly way between friends so no one even thinks about racism. Everyone in this team, this club is a friend of everyone else in the club and they will do anything for ANY of the other members regardless of age, background, job, colour of their skin or sex. Well the sex part became part of it when we decided that we wanted some cheerleaders”

“Wow Duke, that was some little speech and it was good to hear it. It’s all good with me, now, I see that there are no shoes with the uniforms.”

“I was hoping that you’d all be able to provide your own white pumps for outside and some high heels for inside.”

“Probably a good idea.” I replied

I moved to the ‘practice’ uniform and lifted the microskirt up. There was nothing underneath it.

I smiled and said,

“Running around outside in just this belt eh Duke?”

“Yep, don’t worry, the grounds aren’t overlooked it will just be the team that will see your tits bouncing about. And we wouldn’t expect you to be out there when it’s really cold.”

“Well that’s good to know but my tits aren’t really big enough to ‘bounce’ about.”

“They’re just the right size for me Millie.”

I smiled and the tingling spread from my pussy to my nipples.

Next I looked at the ‘clubhouse’ card.

“So haven’t you bought the clubhouse uniform yet?” I asked.

“Nothing to buy; that’s it.”

“But there’s nothing there.”

“Exactly, you’ll be stark naked; except for your shoes, you’ll need to wear high heels, we’ve got to please the lads. A happy team is a winning team.”

“Hmm, right, I see. So how much will you be paying your cheerleaders?”

“Money! We were rather hoping that you’d do it for the team. After all we’re just a local team. The lads will want to buy lots of drinks for you and you’ll be welcome to help yourself to any food that’s laid on but money; doubtful. We’ve been working on the principal that if you saw the advert on Craig’s List then you’re just out for a good time; and you’ll certainly get that here.”

“Hmm, was that shewed idea yours Duke?”

“Yes it was actually.”

“I thought so. So have you got any other girls yet Duke?”

“Yes we have. We’ve had 9 applicants so far. Most of them were ugly or fat so the interview only lasted a couple of minutes but 3 of them were nearly as cute as you. One said that she wouldn’t do it unless she got paid.”

I smiled and remembered the Michelin girls.

“So you’ve already got 2 girls that are prepared to get naked for the team.”

“Yep.”

“Are you expecting them to let your team fuck them Duke?”

“That’s up to them Millie. We may all be sexist pigs but none of us would force ourselves on a girl. That’s just not right.”

“Good answer Duke. Well, I guess that you’ve now got 3 cheerleaders. Oh, I nearly forgot; what about kids and parents?”

“Phew, you had me worried for a bit there Millie, the lads would never forgive me if I let someone as good looking as you slip through my fingers. And no, the lads wouldn’t dream of bringing any family members. Occasionally a girlfriend will appear but not very often.”

“You haven’t got your fingers on me yet Duke. When do I start?”

“Awesome Mille, the lads will be real happy.”

“So when are the practice sessions Duke?”

“Wednesday evenings and Sunday mornings, that’s what’s going on out there right now. Then the game is in the afternoon. Just about all games are here because we’ve got a pitch but the odd one is somewhere else. We usually borrow a minibus to get there. Will that be a problem Millie?”

“Unlikely but if it ever is I’ll let you know. So do you want me back here on Wednesday or would you like me to start now?”

“Wow, you’re keen to get your kit off Millie. The lads will be in very soon for some lunch then the opposition will be arriving just before the game. You’d be on your own today; the other 2 girls aren’t going to be here till Wednesday. I’ll understand if you want to give today a pass.”

“No, no, I may as well meet the guys today. I’d forgotten about the other teams, do you ever get and girlfriends of kids coming with them?”

“The odd girlfriend driving some of them here but apart from that no.”

“Good, I’d hate to be accused of corrupting kids or upsetting old prudes.”

“No, you’re okay there Millie, we wouldn’t have advertised for cheerleaders if there were going to be any problems like that. We’ve assumed that you wouldn’t mind getting changed in one of the changing rooms; we’ve got one for the home team, and one for the away team. Take your pick, make yourself at home, have a wander around and get to know the place, I’ve just got to finish getting the lunches ready. Oh, the bar will stay closed until after the game but you are welcome to indulge if you want, just help yourself. Oh shit, I don’t suppose you’ve got a pair of pumps in that bag of yours have you?”

“Don’t worry Duke, I’ll go barefoot today.”

“Thanks Millie, you’re a life saver.” Duke replied as he came over to me, hugged me, and slipped his hands up the back of my skirt and squeezed my bare bum.

“Nice butt Millie.” Duke said as he turned and walked off leaving me just standing there.

A couple of seconds later it hit me. I’d just volunteered to get naked in front of 15 or 20 young men; no, 30 or 40 when the other team arrived; and then go outside to cheer on the team wearing just a skirt that was short enough to be mistaken for a belt. Wow, I surprise myself at times.

I felt my pussy tingle and my nipples ache.

And what were all those horny young studs going to do to me? I nearly orgasmed just thinking about it.

I turned and looked around. The doors were all labelled so I went through the one labelled ‘Changing Rooms’ and saw 2 more doors, ‘Home’ and ‘Away’.

Going into the ‘Home’ room I saw lockers, benches, a toilet cubicle, urinals, and a big open shower. I imagined me in there with a 15 naked young men.

The orgasm got a little closer.

I opened some locker doors until I found an empty one and started getting naked. That only took seconds then I just stood there looking round again.

“Here goes Millie.” I said to myself, and started walking out of there in just my shoes.

As I opened the door to the main room and walked through I got one hell of a shock. Fifteen or twenty rugby players started clapping and cheering. The quick attack of shock quickly turned to embarrassment and my hands moved to cover my tits and pussy.

Two seconds later I said to myself,

“Don’t be so stupid Millie. This is what you want; move those bloody hands.”

I did, felt my nipples ache a little and my pussy get even wetter then smiled at the guys and said,

“Hi guys, I’m Millie and I’m one of your cheerleaders.”

“A nude cheerleader.” I just about heard over the cheering.

“Okay guys, leave her alone,” I heard Duke say after a few seconds; “there’ll be plenty of time for you to get to know her and drool over her cute little tits and dripping pussy later. You need to get fed and then changed ready for the game. The other team is due in 15 minutes.”

With a few groans the majority of the guys turned and headed to the food tables.

“Are you going to be okay Millie?” I heard Duke say, as a couple of the guys stepped over to me.

“Yeah, sure,” I replied, “I’m sure that all these guys will be perfect gentlemen.”

“You look good Mille, really nice nipples.” Duke said before turning and walking away.

The 2 guys nearest me started talking to me and looking at my tits. They asked me all sorts of questions, most of the time with their eyes on my chest. I kind of liked that.

The guys sort of rotated around getting some food and getting changed and talking to me. I got asked a few questions over and over.

After a few minutes Duke called for silence then said,

“Right guys, 2 things, firstly there will be 2 more new cheerleaders here on Wednesday evening dressed like Millie when inside here; and secondly, I know that you guys will treat them all with respect but I’m not so sure about all the guys in the other teams that come here so please look after our new cheerleaders. If anyone does anything to upset any of the girls take it out on them on the pitch not on in here or the carpark. Okay?”

Just them, another guy came up to me and introduced himself as Jake, the captain.

“Duke’s right Millie, you shouldn’t have any problems with my team but if you do just let me know and I’ll sort it out. As for other teams, I’ll make sure that one of my guys is with each of you all the time.”

“Oh thanks Jake, that’s really nice of you.”

“You’re so welcome Millie, and are your nipples always that big and hard?”

“How do you know that they’re hard Jake? You haven’t felt them yet.”

Jake smiled at me and his right hand reached over and held my left nipple between his index finger and thumb and I moaned.

“They’re hard.” He said as his hand opened and cupped my whole tit.

“Keep them warm for us Millie. Gotta go, I can hear a load of voices outside. The opposition is here.”

Just then the door opened and a whole load more young men walked in, some of them colliding with their team mates in front as they stopped when they saw me.

My pussy got the same feeling as it did when I’d walked into that room without anything on.

When they were all inside, Jake spoke,

“Hi guys, welcome. I’m Jake, the Captain of this team. As you’ve already seen, we now have some cheerleaders. Unfortunately, only one of them is here today and she’ll be outside running along the side line cheering our guys on. I do hope that she’ll distract you enough so that we have an easy win. Just one word of warning, don’t upset any of our cheerleaders. If you do, your team will not be welcome back here. Right, you know where the changing rooms are and kick-off is in 30 minutes.”

There wasn’t a rush for the guys from the other team to go and get changed. For some strange reason they all wanted stay and look at me and most of our team were back and ready to play before the other team’s coach finally told them to get a move on.

All the time there was a steady stream of guys coming over to me to talk to me and get a closer look as I stood there in the middle of the room.

It was REALLY exciting standing there, totally naked, and being the only girl in a room full of young men. If I’d wanted to I’m sure that I could have asked any one, or maybe all of them, to fuck me; but at that moment, I just wanted them to look at me. I could feel my juices running down my inner thighs and I wondered how many of them noticed.

How I didn’t orgasm just standing there I shall never know.

A man in a black shirt, black shorts and rugby boots walked in and did a double take when he saw me. Duke approached him and they talked for a few minutes before Duke started telling both teams to go out to the pitch.

When they’d all gone he came over to me and asked me if I was okay. I said that I was, not telling him that I was soo close to cumming.

“Right Millie, you’re handling all this quite well so far, you need to put the match uniform on. We’ve got to let everyone know which team you belong to.”

“I wouldn’t have thought that that was a problem but hey, I’ll need something to keep me warm.”

I went over to the table where the 3(?!) uniforms were and started putting the halter top on. I deliberately fastened the body strings very loosely, wanting the risk of my tits escaping.

The skirt went on in seconds then I picked up the tin of paint.

“Would you do this for me please?” I asked Duke.

“Sure, hop up on the table.”

I did; then spread my legs.

Duke looked at my pussy then said,

“I think that I’d better get a towel.”

I think that I blushed but Duke wasn’t there to see my face, he was already on his way for a towel.

He returned with a roll of paper towels and offered a couple of sheets to me.

“Can you do it please Duke?”

Duke looked at me and smiled.

“Sure.”

Duke started by wiping the insides of my thighs and moving up. Before he wiped my pussy with the towel he touched my clit with a finger. An orgasm exploded out of me and I sat there shaking, and I think I was saying,

“Thank you, thank you.”

When I calmed down I looked at Duke’s face.

“I thought that you needed that Millie.”

“Yes, yes I did.” I replied the repeated what I think that I said when I was ‘up there’.

My body shuddered again as Duke wiped my pussy dry then opened the body paint tin.

“So Millie, I thought that a little triangle on your pubic bone would do the job. Is that okay with you?”

“Yeah, sure, don’t make it too big. I suppose that it will look like a thong until I spread my legs. So Duke, there’s only one of me and I haven’t even met the other 2 cheerleaders so we haven’t sorted out any routines. What would you like me to do today?”

“I was thinking that you could just do a few cartwheels and handstands when the team need a bit of a push and when they score. Oh, I never asked you, what do you know about rugby?”

“Don’t worry Duke, my dad’s big rugby fan and he used to make me watch it with him when I was little. I think that I know most of the rules.”

“Good, that solves a problem; I must ask the other 2 what they know about the game.”

By that time Duke had opened the tin and had some black paint on the end of the brush. I lay back on my elbows and watched Duke as an outline of a thong appeared on the front of my pussy.

“That feels nice Duke.”

“Don’t go cumming on me again Millie. We don’t want to miss half the game.”

I shut my mouth and smiled. That was the first time that a man had told me NOT to cum.

Then I had a thought and asked Duke what sort of paint it was.

“Don’t worry love, its water based, it should come off when you have a shower.”

“Good, I’d hate to look like I was wearing something after the game. You do open the bar and have a few drinks before everyone goes home don’t you?”

“Don’t work Millie; you’ll get plenty of attention after the game; and as many drinks as you want.”

Five minutes later Duke and I marched out of the clubhouse and to the pitch.

“What’s the score?” I asked the 2 reserves that were stood watching.

“5 – 3 to them” one guy said, not sure if he should look at me or the game.

I started going up and down the side line, following the game, and cheering our team on. Then I remembered that I was supposed to do something to encourage them. The next time that the ball came into touch at my side I stood near the man who was going to throw the ball down the Lineouts. Just as he was about to throw I did a handstand. As the ball went flying along the 2 lines all the guys were presented with a view of me standing on my hands with my tiny skirt inverted and covering my belly and lower chest. The halter top had slid up around my neck revealing my nice little tits.

My display un-settled the opposition and our team managed to get the ball.

That seemed to be the turning point of the game and by half-time we were leading 15 – 10.

I went and joined the half time get together and one of the first things that Jake said was to tell me to spend some time behind the opposition’s posts. Our team will keep telling the opposition guys that I’ve stripped off and are playing with my pussy. With a bit of luck they’ll keep turning to look and we’ll be able to catch them off-guard.

I smiled and knew what I had to do. Then I had a brainwave.

“Tell you what guys.” I said, “If we win I’ll give a blowjob to each one of you that scored some points. How does that sound?”

Enthusiasm and effort was increased in the second half and we won 23-13. The guys were ecstatic and as I ran up to them to congratulate them four of them lifted me up and carried me back to the clubhouse. They carried me high up with hands supporting my shoulders and butt; and 2 hands were keeping my legs spread wide.

The guys carried me right in to the changing room where I was put down and stripped of my clothes and shoes. Then I was pushed into the showers where there were already 3 of them; naked and showering.

OMG, within a minute 1 naked girl was showering with 10 naked guys and another 5 stood watching me with their hard cocks in their hands. I was in heaven as I was passed along the row of showers and hands grabbed my interesting bits. When I got to the end shower one guy said,

“Can I have my blowjob now?”

“A promise is a promise,” I said as I got down onto my knees in front of him and looked up to see a massive hard-on right in front of my face. I opened my mouth and leant forward.

There were loud cheers as I started to swallow his cock.

The guy’s hands grabbed my hair and pulled my head backwards and forwards until I felt his cock swell. I was all ready to swallow his cum but instead he pulled my head back and off his cock.

Realising that he wanted to cum on my face I looked up and opened my mouth. Seconds later his cum sprayed on my face. When it stopped cumming I turned to the others, put my tongue out and showed them what had landed in my mouth then I swallowed it.

“Right, who else scored some points?” I asked, and 3 other guys all said,

“I did.”

After 4 more blowjobs I got to my feet and stood in the nearest shower to wash off the cum. I looked down to my pussy and saw that most of the painted thong had gone.

“Can I borrow some soap please?” I asked.

“Here, let me do that for you.” One guy said as he stepped forwards with a bar of soap in his hand, his cock bouncing as he walked.

I smiled, spread my legs and lifted my hands up in the air.

It didn’t take long for the rest of the paint to disappear, and for me to cum. I shuddered and shook as I rode the waves of pleasure.

“What about us Millie? Have you got anything for us?” Was the first thing that I heard when I was able.

“I thought that seeing me naked, watching me give 5 of you blowjobs and watching me cum would be enough for you.” I replied, looking around at all the hard cocks.

“Please Millie.” A couple of the guys replied.

“Tell you what boys, no more blowjobs and you’re not going to fuck me, but you can wank all over me if you like.”

There were quite a few cheers then hands lifted me up and carried me over to one of the benches. I saw clothes flying off the bench then I was laid on my back and when I looked up, 4 cocks were being wanked above me.

My right hand went to my pussy to relieve the pressure that had built when the hands carried me to the bench.

Ten minutes and 2 orgasms from me, and quite a few loads of male cum covering my face and torso, I looked up and saw that I was alone.

Duke walked in, saw me, smiled and said,

“You okay?”

I nodded.

“Have a shower then come and join us. I’ll stand you a drink or 3.”

“Okay Coach.” I said as I got to my feet and walked to the shower. Luckily, I had a choice of shampoo from the different bottles that the guys had left there and I had a long, hot shower.

“Here she is; our cum loving cheerleader.” I heard as I walked into the main room and over to the bar.

Duke put a glass of whiskey in front of me and I downed it in one.

“You sure that you’re okay Millie?” Duke again asked. “Were any of the guys too rough with you? Because if they were …….”

“No, no; I mean everything is good. I guess that I’ll only get a third of that when the other 2 cheerleaders start on Wednesday.”

“That’s my girl; taking it for the team. I guess it didn’t take you long to become a team player.”

“Always wanted to be part of a team Coach.”

An arm came round me and grabbed a tit causing my nipples to harden even more, and Jake said,

“You’ve done us proud Coach. I hope that the other 2 are half as good as Millie is.”

I felt proud, I’d satisfied lots of my fantasies and got into something that I could repeat twice a week and there wouldn’t be any man hanging onto my arm tying me down. What more could a girl ask for?

“Millie; earth to Millie.”

“Oh sorry.”

“Come with me, I’ll introduce you to the team. That’s those of them who are still here. Half of them had to rush off to their girlfriends or wives. I guess that every ones entitled to make one mistake in that area.”

I spent the next hour or so sitting on about a dozen different laps. Most of them taking advantage of the tits that were in their faces and the spread, bare pussy on their lap.

I didn’t cum again but I got mighty close.

When we got to one of the younger looking guys Jake introduced him,

“This is Zac and he’s still a virgin.”

“Hi Zac, maybe you’ll reach that milestone on Wednesday evening. You will be here won’t you?”

“Cool. Err you bet, thank you.”

I laughed and lifted one of his hands to my tits.

The guys all drifted off home, or wherever, leaving just Duke and me.

“Would you like a lift anywhere Millie?

“You could take me to the nearest underground station if you don’t mind Duke.”

“Yeah sure, no problem.”

“You could take me in another way before I get dressed if you like. I’ve been saving it for you.”

“Bend over that table girl.”

I did, and Duke fucked me until we’d both cum.

“Wanted to do that ever since you walked through that door Millie.”

“Any time Duke, any time.”

“You will be back on Wednesday won’t you Millie?” Duke asked.

“Try and stop me.”

The train journey back to Loughton only took a few minutes but it was long enough for me to reflect on my day. It had been a good one and I could hardly wait for Wednesday.

The commute to work in the morning was good, the hand making me cum twice, but I was thinking about the guys in the team as each orgasm built.

**Essex Girl**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 03**

Wednesday went slow as I was constantly anticipating what I hoped would happen that evening. I had to keep going to the ladies room to dry my pussy and I left a wet patch on the seat on the train.

As I walked to the rugby ground I saw another girl walking in the same direction but a little ahead of me. I watched her little skirt bounce up and down giving me glimpses of her bare butt. I wondered if she was wearing a thong or going commando like me. I wondered if I was giving the same view to the people behind me.

I smiled to myself as the girl turned into the rugby club entrance. My suspicions were confirmed when I joined her at the locked door of the clubhouse.

“Hi, I’m Millie, you here for the cheerleading?”

“Yes, Clara, are you cheerleading as well?”

“Yep. I think that Duke will be here soon.”

“Duke, is he the guy that interviewed me?”

“Probably, he interviewed me on Sunday morning. Then I stayed for the game.”

“So did you put that skimpy match uniform on?”

“He showed you them as well then. Yes, then I wore the nothing clubhouse uniform to get introduced to the guys.”

“He wasn’t joking about being naked in the clubhouse then?”

“Nope. Is that going to be a problem for you Clara?”

“Fuck no. That’s why I’m here. I just love being naked with lots of men around me.”

“Me too.”

“So did you fuck any of the team Millie?”

“No but I promised one of the players who’s still a virgin that he could fuck me tonight. I did tell them all that I’d give them a blowjob if they scored any point during a game, and they won.”

“Did they win on Sunday?”

“It didn’t look like they were going to until I told them about the blowjobs at half time but they got their act together in the second half and I gave 5 of them blowjobs.”

“I hope that a lot of them score on Sunday.”

“So do I. There’s supposed to be a third girl joining us, have you met her Clara?”

“No but I did see 2 of the girls that Duke rejected. I think that each of them weighed as much as you and me together.”

“Bloody hell Millie, we don’t want any fat or ugly girls.”

“I don’t think that we need worry about that, not if that girl is the third one that Duke told me was coming.”

I nodded towards the carpark, to the slim blonde that was walking our way. She too was wearing a very short skirt that bounced around as she walked.

“Hi, are you here for the cheerleading?” I asked when she got close to us.

“Yes.”

“Hi, I’m Millie and this is Clara. I guess that we are the cheerleading squad.”

“Hi, I’m Payton. Pleased to meet you. I was expecting to meet that guy who interviewed me on Sunday, Duke I think his name was.”

Just then a car pulled into the carpark and Duke got out.

“That’s him.” Payton said.

“Yeah, that’s Duke.”

Ten seconds later Duke walked up.

“Good evening girls, nice to see that you’re eager to get you kit off. Come on in and get changed into your clubhouse uniform then we can talk about cheer routines.”

“You mean get naked?”

“Yes, your clubhouse uniforms, remember?”

“Oh yes.” Payton replied.

“Good, snap to it.”

I led Payton and Clara to the ‘Home’ changing room and we quickly found an empty locker each and got naked. I was pleased to see that neither Clara nor Payton wore any knicker, and that they had completely bald pussies, just like mine. I couldn’t help seeing that Clara’s tits were about the same size as mine, i.e. small; and Payton’s weren’t much bigger, maybe a ‘B’ cup.

As we stripped I asked them if they’d done any cheering before. When they both said that they hadn’t I said.

“Well that’s 3 of us, but I did do a bit of gymnastics as school.”

“I’ve watched some videos on YouTube.” Clara said.

“I like getting naked.” Payton said.

You can’t have much of a conversation when all you have to take off is a top and a skirt, and the 3 of us were soon walking out to the main room.

“Wow Coach, you really know how to pick them, they’re gorgeous.” The first of the players to arrive said.

“Hands off Ben; they have to start getting their act together tonight. You lot can get your grubby mitts on them after the practice.”

“Hmm, that sounds nice.” Payton said.

“Right girls,” Duke said, “we’re not expecting competition quality cheers, just dancing about, spreading your legs and making a lot of noise when the guys need to push. I’m not an expert in this area so can you get together and try to come up with something? Help yourself to a drink but don’t get pissed. You’re not much use if you can’t even stand and I don’t want to have to take a pissed girl home. I’ll leave you to sort something out.”

“Duke,” I said, “Have you considered some sort of Haka, you know, the New Zealand rugby team’s chant that they do at the start of the game to try to intimidate the opposition.”

“Hmm, intimidate? Maybe we could just carry you 3 around with your legs spread wide letting them see your pussies and see what they’re missing.”

“That could hardly be called intimidation, more like trying to disable them by giving them all hard-ons.” Clara said.

“Ha, true Clara.” Duke replied. “I’ll think about that and talk to the lads and see what they think. Thanks for that Millie.”

The 3 of us got a drink and went and sat in a corner to talk.

We started by establishing what we thought was the purpose of the team having some cheerleaders. We all agreed that it was to encourage the team to play better and win.

“So does that mean that we agree to fuck them all if they win?” Payton asked.

“No, that would be too easy.” I replied. ”Nice, but too easy. Men respond to being teased. They like to get glimpses of our goodies and think that there’s a chance that they can get their hands on them. They love the chase and being tease.”

“They love a cock tease.” Clara added.

“Yes,” I continued. ”And girls love teasing men. You may not have realised it Payton but that’s why you, and us two, arrived here wearing micro skirts, and no knickers. We like teasing men by ‘accidentally’ flashing our goodies to them. It’s all a game, one big game that gives us all a lot of pleasure.”

“So we have to flash our goodies to the guys while we’re out there.” Clara replied.

“Yes. Okay, we can tell them that they will get a blowjob if they score points and they win, but we have to save the ultimate for something that is difficult to achieve. Like scoring double figure points and winning.”

“Are you saying that we can’t fuck them?” A dejected looking Payton asked.

“No, the occasional fuck is good for everyone. What I’m saying is that we should do more teasing than fucking. That way the guys will do more lusting and hopefully play better and win.”

“I guess that that makes sense.” Payton said. “So what do we do? What do we put in our routine?”

“Things that just give quick flashes of our pussies and tits.” Clara said.

“Yes.” I replied; “we keep the full on nudity and letting them grope us and giving them blowjobs for in here and in the changing room.”

“What about letting them eat our pussies?” Payton asked.

“Not out on the field Payton.” Clara replied.

“Well not during a game.” I added.

After a pause I continued,

“So, does anyone have any ideas?”

“Yeah, can you help me move some of these tables please?” Clara replied.

As we stood up I looked around and saw about 8 or 9 of the team. Some had been and got changed and others hadn’t got beyond looking at the 3 naked girls. As soon as we started moving chairs, all of them rushed to help us; some brushing up against us.

Just as we’d got enough space Duke appeared.

“Put those back guys, the girls can practice outside on the grass. It’ll be softer if they fall. Girls, your practice uniforms are over there.”

We 3 looked at each other, smiled then walked over to where the skirts were. As I put one on I smoothed the front down and was pleased to go passed the hem of the material and onto my pubic bone. I looked at Payton and Clara and could see the front of their slits.

We walked outside, passed Duke who said,

“What about pumps?”

“We’ll bring some on Sunday.” Clara said.

And we continued to an area alongside the pitch, closely followed by those members of the team who had already got changed.

There, Clara started to do a few moves, cartwheels and backflips and the likes.

“We can’t just do those; we need to include some standing up, shouting words of encouragement, chanting the team’s name and a load other things that I can’t think of.” I said.

“I don’t think that I can do a backflip.” Payton said.

We spent the next half hour or so working on a routine then Duke came over and said,

“Good start girls. Take a break from that one and think of something that you can do to distract the opposition. Something that you do standing behind our team’s touchline, something that shows a lot of pussy.”

We all grinned and Clara said,

“Now were talking.”

There was no shortage of ideas for things that we could do with at least one of our pussies spread wide. Duke was still there and Payton turned to him and asked,

“Can we play with our pussies, or with another girl’s pussy?”

“I don’t see why not. Have you got something in mind?”

“Maybe, leave it with us.”

Duke walked off with a smile on his face.

We spent the next half hour with at least one of our pussies spread wide at all times. At one point Jake came over and asked us to turn round because we were distracting the team too much.

A while later most of the team came over and said that practice was over and that it was shower time.

“Oh goody, I’ve got mud all over my hands and knees, do you think that the guys will wash it off for me?” Payton said.

“And your butt.” Jake said as he grabbed one of Payton’s butt cheeks.

Payton squealed then said,

“Naughty, naughty, you’re supposed to wait until you’re invited to do that.”

“No we’re not, you’re here; that’s permission enough.”

“Oh; I like that.” Payton replied.

“Payton, Clara, meet Jake, the team captain.” I said. Hands went out to shake.

“Pleased to meet you Jake,” Payton said, “You’ve got a firm hand; I bet that it’s a great spanking hand.”

Clara was about to say something but she stopped and there was a couple of seconds silence as everyone thought about what Payton had just said.

Did she like being spanked?

Was she expecting to get spanked?

Did I want to get spanked?

Would I like to be spanked?

Could we incorporate some spanking into our routine?

All those questions went through my brain in those couple of seconds. I hadn’t been spanked since I was a little girl. My daddy’s hand was the last one to land on my butt when I was 8 and had been a naughty girl. All that I could remember about it was that it hurt.

What would it feel like now that I was 3 times that age? I decided to talk to Payton and Clara about it when we were alone.

“Let’s go and shower.” Clara said.

“With the guys?” Payton asked.

“Is there any other way?” I replied.

As we walked back to the clubhouse some of the guys ran over to us and picked us up. One put Payton over his shoulder, fireman lift style, her butt and pussy on display for all to see. Another picked Clara up in his arms, her butt and pussy on display as well; and 2 came up behind me and scooped me up so that I was sat on 2 arms with my arms round their shoulders. Their spare arms reached for my legs and spread them wide.

As with me the previous Sunday, we were carried into the showers, only pausing for them to remove our skirts. As that was happening Clara shouted,

“Remember girls; it wasn’t a proper game so no fucking and no blowjobs.”

The guys were all over us and hard cocks were rubbing against us all the time.

We hadn’t agreed that there weren’t to be any hand jobs and we hadn’t agreed that we wouldn’t stop the guys eating our pussies; and that’s what happened.

Without us getting the chance to get dried we were carried to the benches and we each had our pussies eaten numerous times whilst we gave hand jobs. Each of us getting numerous loads on man cum sprayed on us.

“So do we go out there completely naked?” Payton asked after we’d had a second shower and got dried.

“I’m going to, besides, didn’t Duke show you the clubhouse uniform?” I asked.

“Well yes, but I assumed that he was joking.” Payton replied.

“He wasn’t, so let’s go and get some drinks bought for us and get the guys to do some serious groping. Let’s see how many times they can make us cum.”

As we went round the room getting to know the guys and them getting to know our tits and pussies, one of the guys said,

“When you were out there with all that mud on your hands and knees, you looked like you’d just been fucked doggy style.”

That gave me an idea; could we include a section where on girl lays on her back on the grass, legs wide open and pointing to the pitch. A second girl could kneel over her 69 style whilst the third could stand behind the second girl and fuck her with a dildo. If that didn’t distract the opposition then nothing would. I decided to talk to Clara and Payton later.

After about 20 minutes Zac came over to me and reminded me what I’d said on the Wednesday evening. I’d sort of forgotten about what I’d said and had a little dilemma. On the one hand I wanted to help Zac get over his problem but on the other hand I wanted the encouragement of the ‘no fucking unless we win’ rule.

I decided that there would have to be exceptions and virgin players had to be one of them. I stood up, grabbed Zac’s hand and said,

“Come with me.”

I led Zac to the back of the room and pulled 2 tables together.

“Get ‘em off Zac.” I said,

“What?”

“Get you clothes off Zac.”

As Zac was stripping Clara and Payton came over.

“He’s a virgin,” I said to them, “and we’re going to resolve that problem.”

“Hmm goody.” Clara said.

“About time.” Payton said.

“Get on the table Zac.” I commanded.

I climbed up and squat down over his cock.

As I held his cock and lowered myself down onto it, I looked around to see that everyone else in the room had gathered around. It didn’t take long for either of us to cum, Zac probably because it was his first time and me because I’d got really horny being naked around all those guys.

I sat down on Zac’s cock as he shot his load deep inside me, then when it was all over I stood up then climbed off the table saying,

“He’s all yours girls.”

Payton was the first to use her mouth to get Zac hard again then climb onto the table to fuck him.

Meanwhile, I found a smiling Duke and said that we needed sort out some rules about sex.

“Okay, let’s get together when those 2 have finished with poor Zac. I don’t know if he’ll survive the day after you 3 have had your way with him.”

“Yeah, right; can I have a drink please Duke?”

About 15 or 20 minutes later, us 3 girls sat at a table with Duke and I started the conversation,

“We’re going to have to make some rules about sex girls.”

“What do you mean?” Payton replied. “You’re not saying that we can’t have sex with these guys are you? Because if you are I’m off; I came here to get fucked.”

“Don’t worry Payton, you’ll get fucked alright. It’s just a case of when. You’ve got to remember that we’re trying to encourage the guys to win out on the pitch not just have an orgy here each Wednesday evening and Sunday.”

“That’s right Mille,” Duke added, “I have no problem with any of you having any sort of sex anywhere here but what Millie says is right. We got you 3 in to give the lads some incentive to play well and just having an orgy twice a week isn’t what we had in mind.”

The 4 of us spent the next 15 or 20 minutes discussing just what the incentives would be, and what was outside the scope of the incentives. One thing that I’d forgotten about is that the Backs, Full backs and the Three-quarters don’t get many opportunities to score so it wouldn’t be fair if only the Forwards got to fuck us. In the end we agree on: -

If the team anything goes.

If they don’t win but tried very hard, the 3 players who played their best get a blowjob. The rest of the team to decide which 3 played their best.

If they don’t win and the whole team’s performance was rubbish then no one gets anything.

Outside the scope of the above: -

Showering with the team.

Girl-on-girl action.

Special events e.g. birthdays or virgin new members.

Pussy eating by team members – this is classed as rewarding the cheerleaders not the team members.

Cheerleader groping by team members – this is classed as rewarding the cheerleaders not the team members.

All sexual activity is to be performed in front of at least 2 other team members or cheerleaders.

It was then that Payton asked about lap dances.

“As you’ve probably heard, or not heard, we don’t have any music playing in here.” Duke said.

“Well we could dance to imaginary music.” Payton replied.

“You just want to rub your pussy on the guy’s crotches and rub your tits in their faces don’t you Payton?” Clara said.

“Yeah, don’t you?”

Clara, Duke and I smiled then Duke said,

“Just so long as you leave their dicks inside their trousers Payton.”

When we’d discussed girl-on-girl action it struck me that I had zero experience of this. I had never been with another girl. I have nothing against it; it’s just that the opportunity never arose. I looked at Clara and Payton’s naked bodies as they sat there and thought that maybe it could be fun. After all, who knows what a girl likes better than another girl?

Another thing that struck me was that Payton didn’t seem as happy as she could have been. Duke was looking at her as well. Answering what I suspected was the problem, Duke said,

“We’ve got to remember that we are all here to encourage the team to win. Your contribution girls is obvious, but if I were to allow you to fuck every cock on the team every time that they walked out onto the pitch, the lads would get complacent and expect a good fuck every game regardless of how well they played. So girls, some Sundays you may have to settle for getting your pussy eaten and getting groped when you’re in here after the game. I’m sorry if you don’t like it but that’s the way it is.”

Payton then surprised me (maybe) by saying,

“Will you fuck if the team loses then Duke?”

“I think that I could arrange that, providing that I get my share of all your pussies when we win as well.”

I smiled and replied.

“Anytime Duke, anytime.”

“Me too.” Clara added.

“Are we done here?” Payton said, “Cos I’ve got an itch that I need to get scratched.”

“Yeah, okay girls, that will do for now. Go and get your itch’s scratched before they all go home.”

Wednesday evening practices are shorter than Sundays and it wasn’t long before the guys started drifting off home. Duke offered to take us 3 to the underground station and we were soon on our way home.

Oh, I forgot to mention that the guy’s fingers made us all cum. Clara twice before we left.

Wednesday evenings and Sundays continued in a similar way with all 3 of us getting plenty of sex, in all forms. It wasn’t exactly anonymous sex but it was sex with no attachments or responsibilities. No one to please except me; and that was what I wanted.

We did incorporate a spanking scene into out routine and it wasn’t pretend spanking. I decided that I like being spanked and it makes me feel good. I also decided that one day soon I’m going to put another ad on Craig’s List – ‘Naughty girl needs to be spanked.’