

Rose gently removed the delicate piece of fabric that barely covered Ginny's intimate parts, revealing her feminine secret. It was the first time, with some apprehension, that she slid her fingers into another woman's wet vagina. She tried to cut off thoughts about what she was doing, instead trying to act on autopilot until the end of this exciting experience.

After a few thrilling minutes, the other cheerleaders decided to take a short break, to Rose's disappointment, who was left alone with her thoughts and growing turmoil. During this time, another cheerleader named Astoria, a fiery-haired girl with a beautiful figure, approached to check on how Rose was doing. Rose felt increasingly overwhelmed by the situation.

Rose's greatest fear was that Astoria would discover their intimate game and realize that Ginny was exploring her delicate feminine areas. Ginny immediately withdrew her hands from any area that could expose her to discovery, her heart racing wildly. Although Ginny usually appeared confident and fearless, in reality, she felt just as anxious as Rose. Wild butterflies rustled in her stomach beneath her tough facade. "How are you doing, Rose? Is something happening? Do you have a muscle cramp or something?" Astoria noticed her tension and knelt just behind Rose, placing her long, delicate fingers on her shoulders in a gesture of support while they were in this intimate position. This only increased the tension and anxiety of both girls.

"Actually, yes," replied Rose, trying to remain calm.

"Do you need any help? I'd be happy to help you relax with a gentle massage on your thighs," suggested Ginny with a smile, moving her hands towards Rose's thighs.

"I'm not interested!" shouted Rose, unexpectedly loudly and nervously. "Okay, okay. Ginny and I will manage on our own," she added, trying to regain her composure. After a short continuation of the conversation, Astoria got up and left, leaving Rose and Ginny alone.

Ginny, wanting to further intensify the atmosphere, suggested changing positions so that their fingers were pressed against each other's intimate areas. "Let's keep doing the same thing for a while," she said, moving her hand towards Rose. "I don't know how we're going to do it, but we're not leaving here until we achieve it, even if we're not sure how."

"Can we talk as quietly as possible?" asked Rose, becoming increasingly nervous about what was happening.

"If you do what I say, I'll do it. But our conversation isn't over yet! I have to admit, I was surprised to see how you're changing. Frankly, I thought you were more

conservative... Tell me, are you going to the quidditch match with this attitude, or are you just joking?" Ginny asked, trying to maintain a balance between the conversation and the growing intimacy.

"I didn't plan it to happen this way. As I said, it was a complete accident! I'm a very cautious person. This morning, I forgot to wear pants, so I had to come up with an alternative at the last minute. At lunchtime, I was painted. It was either that or I would have had to walk around without any clothes on!" explained Rose.

Ginny looked at her in disbelief. "Oh my god, girl, I always thought you were the most composed of all the cheerleaders, but it turns out you're also the most daring of us all. You have to have a lot of courage to do something like this! And you seem to be handling the touch quite well for a prudish person, and that says something," she said with admiration.

Rose remained silent, still feeling a bit embarrassed. The truth was that she never expected her morning mishap to lead to this situation. But she had to admit that she enjoyed the sensation of Ginny's fingers exploring her intimate places, even if it was a bit scary to be so exposed. She just hoped that no one would notice what was happening between them and that they could continue to keep their secret.

As they talked, each of them continued to delicately stroke the intimate place of the other. They moved their bodies in a way that made it seem like they were stretching, causing their fingers to gently go in and out, giving them a feeling of pleasure. All the while, they tried to maintain discretion so that no one would notice what was happening between them.

After some time had passed, Rose was surprised to realize that she was actually starting to enjoy the fingering. It was exactly like masturbation, except much more exciting because she had no idea what her fingers were going to do. It would have given her even more pleasure if it weren't for the difficult circumstances surrounding her.

After a while, Ginny asked, "Who painted you?"

"Pardon?" Her butterflies of nervousness returned almost immediately.

"I said, who painted you? Don't tell me you did it yourself. If you don't tell me the truth, I'll have to show your painting to the other cheerleaders and ask them who they think is responsible."

Rose sighed, realizing that she had to reveal the truth. "Okay, it was Charlie. He helped me paint it on my skin. But he promised to keep it a secret. Please, don't tell anyone," she said, feeling the blush creeping up on her cheeks.

"Do you swear you'll keep this a secret and not tell anyone?" Rose asked emphatically, her eyes shining with worry.

Ginny smiled mysteriously. "Oh, dear Rose, now you're really not in a position to make demands. Of course, I can promise to keep the secret, but it will put you in a position where you owe me something. Which you already do, by the way. You'll have to indulge my desires again, this time to a greater extent, and perhaps even a bit more naughty, at some point. Anyway, you'll have to do it, so is it really that much of a difference whether it's something else? I'll have to talk to Tracey and come up with an appropriate plan for our... enjoyable time with you."

Rose blushed even harder, her voice barely audible. "My brother, Harry, he helped me with this, but if he found out about what's going on here, he'd surely kill me."

Your brother? Oh my god, that's really surprising," Ginny expressed her surprise, her eyes sparkling with curiosity. "Despite that, even your lips, which look like they could use a little more care, were painted very precisely. Well, your brother did an amazing job."

Rose sighed with anxiety, knowing that she had revealed her secret. "It wasn't as weird as you think. I just needed help, and who else could help me in that situation? It's not like I was going to ask some random person! I trusted that my brother would respect my privacy, after all, he's my sibling. He acted like a true gentleman."

"I have to admit, your brother has some charm," Ginny added, "That gives me something to think about. I think I can come up with a strategy to deal with this situation. Let's see if your new 'makeup' looks good during the game. In the meantime, I'll talk to Tracey about this situation. But for now, I'd like to switch places with you, so you have a chance to feel my fingers. I have an irresistible urge to reach out and stroke your gorgeous body, your wonderful buttocks and breasts. However, we'll have to come back to this topic later."

Ginny and Rose switched places, giving each other a chance to get to know each other better. In the meantime, Rose wondered about her situation and how to deal with it, knowing that she would have to deal with Ginny's demands now.

Ginny, despite her recent acquaintance with Rose, had already noticed the difference in their breast sizes. Ever since she joined the cheerleading team, she had been dreaming of reaching out and caressing Rose's larger breasts. In fact, her fantasies involved all the other cheerleaders as well.

Thanks to her "makeup", Rose was able to perform at the game without revealing her secret to the other members of the team. After what felt like an eternity of waiting, she stood on the sidelines, trembling with excitement as the game began.

Rose knew she wasn't a lesbian, as she definitely liked boys too much. However, she had to admit that the initial sensations from Tracey and then from Ginny for a longer period of time definitely turned her on. It was almost too much for her to handle, feeling her intimate places being stretched on the new green grass while Ginny's small, nimble fingers played inside her, fully illuminated by Tracey, who was fully aware of everything that was happening. All of this was happening in plain view of the other cheerleaders and even the quidditch players.

During the game, Rose tried to focus on her duties as a cheerleader, but her thoughts kept returning to what was happening between her and Ginny. She knew she would have to face the consequences of her actions and Ginny's demands, but at the moment she focused on not revealing her secret to the others.

As Ginny and Rose continued their intimate activity by the grass during those fifteen minutes, it became increasingly difficult for them to maintain the facade of doing stretching exercises. The positions they assumed were becoming less and less convincing, yet they had to remain discreet.

Ginny, though briefly considering asking Rose for more daring actions, ultimately decided to restrain those desires, not wanting to draw the attention of the quidditch players and risk having their plan, devised with Tracey, accidentally exposed.

As time went by, Tracey had to be extremely careful not to let the cheerleaders perform any exercises that would require them to turn around. If she failed, the whole team could have been immediately exposed, and their secret would be revealed. Despite repeatedly experiencing peaks of pleasure, Ginny and Rose were very cautious to keep their sexual activity a secret. They made sure not to emit any sounds or gestures that could draw the attention of other cheerleaders or players present on the field.