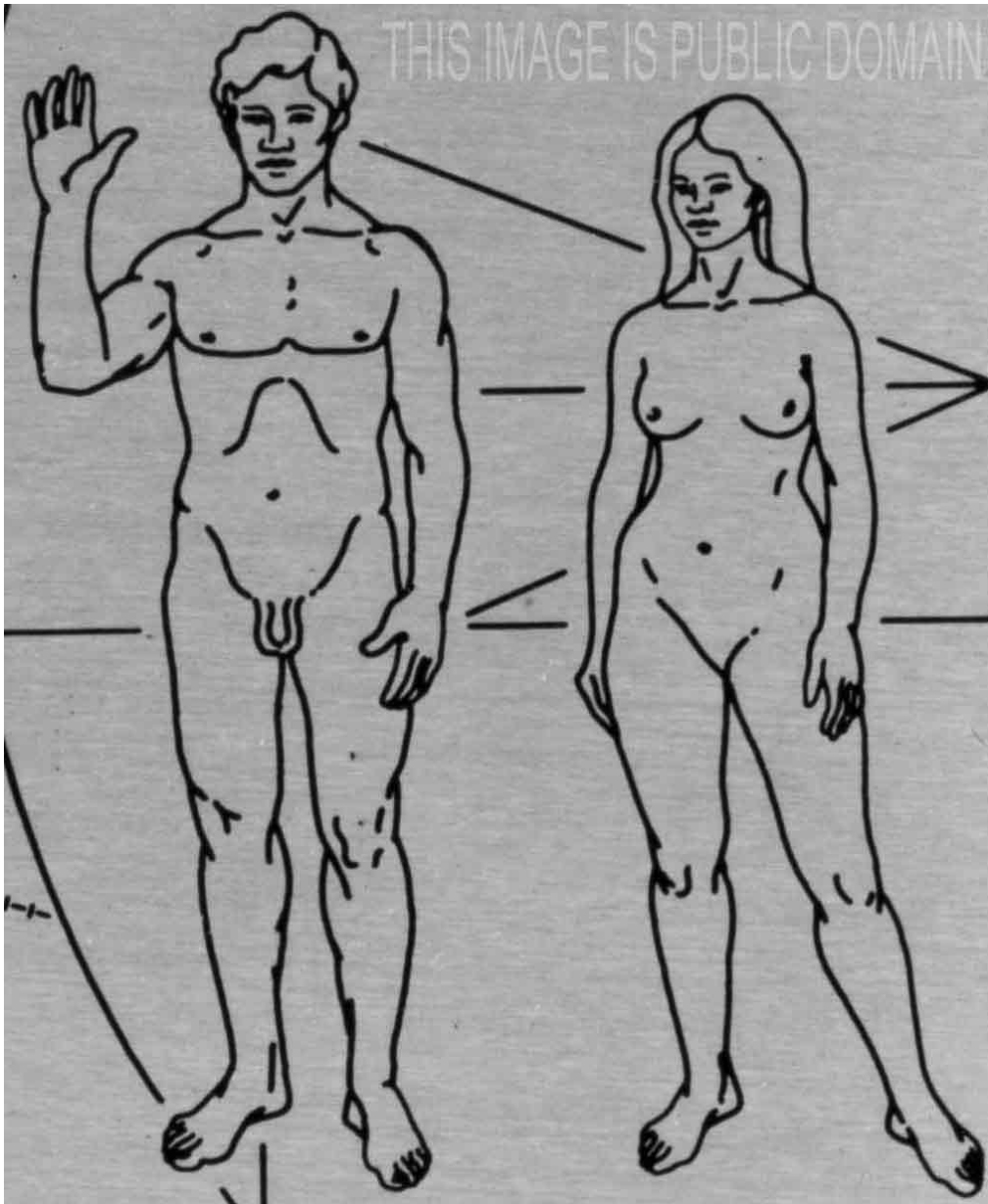


# Allison/Emanuel Naked in School

## Partial Edition

Please note that this version consists of all the officially released parts (currently all of Monday to Thursday, and Part of Friday morning). As new sections are released, this document will be updated as well.



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I've come to truly love and appreciate the universe that Karen first came up with, and have finally gotten my own started. As this is my first erotic story ever, I'd appreciate any constructive criticism/advice.

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Allison/Emanuel Naked in School (NiS, hs, exhib, voy, nc in first part, oral, pett, mf, ff, bdsm)

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Sunday Night  
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## Allison

Allison stared at herself in the mirror as she brushed her long chestnut brown hair. That large pimple had somehow disappeared just in time, she thought as she breathed a sigh of relief. She thought she could make out a wrinkle on her left cheek. She reached for the anti-wrinkle cream, and noticed a small note attached to it: 'Allison, you are not getting wrinkles yet. Love, Mom.' She opened the jar, and moaned when she noticed that it was empty – her mom must have hidden the full one somewhere.

Her eyes drifted down to her chest – her large C breasts showing themselves off proudly in her white lace bra. She often wished they'd just fall off – the few times a boy had managed to discern their shape through her loose shirts, she'd felt as if she'd die from the embarrassment.

She grabbed her nightgown from where it hung on a nearby hook, turned around and undid the bra as she quickly slipped on the nightgown. She picked up her toothbrush, put some toothpaste on it and noticed how her teeth sparkled as she brushed them. This was the one part of her body she didn't hate – nobody noticed them if she didn't smile, and she made it a point to never smile.

So far she had done quite well – in her three years at Old Splitriver High, she had only been noticed a handful of times – mostly when her breasts first developed, and had managed to become just one of the crowd. *Only one more year*, she thought – *then I can be done with this place*.

She finished with her preparations and climbed into bed, muttering a quick prayer that nothing would threaten the chameleon act she had performed for so long. She drifted

off to sleep, not realizing that in the next room her sister was asking Eris for an interesting year.

## Emanuel

Emanuel stared into the mirror, checking to make sure he had eliminated every last bit of stubble. He was expected to look good every day, and besides that fact, he enjoyed looking good. His eyes drifted down to his chest – despite his lack of time to work out all that summer, he'd managed to stay in shape. He flexed a muscle and smiled – he knew this year was going to be a good one.

He picked up the letter that the mailman had delivered yesterday and opened it: it was rare that mail was addressed to him. He recognized the return address – mail from the school could be good, or could be really bad. He closed his eyes and pulled a letter and a pamphlet out from the envelope. Quickly scanning the letter he realized that the Program had finally come to Old Splitriver High. Taking a quick peek at the pamphlet, he smiled – *this could be fun* he thought. He put the pamphlet down on a nearby counter, finished getting ready and climbed into bed, letting thoughts of the fun to be had lull him to sleep.

.....  
Monday Morning  
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## Allison

Allison woke up to the shriek of her alarm clock. She sat up for a few moments, then stood up, grabbed her bathrobe and stepped into her small bathroom. She started up the shower, and stepped in, shedding her night gown with unusual speed. She breathed a sigh of relief as the hot water hit her, washing away any dead skin she was sure people could see. She reached for the body wash, and after lathering her hands well with it, started to rub it up and down her body. She shuddered in pleasure for a moment as she covered her breasts with the suds, then quickly moved away – *It's not right to enjoy such things* she told herself. As she rinsed off the suds she wondered what crazy new idea the Vice-Principal would try to introduce this year – *maybe he'll actually get the Program pushed through* she thought, shuddering as she did. The last thing she needed was for that accursed experiment to be brought to Old Splitriver.

Her thoughts were interrupted by her mother's shouts about waking up and getting ready– she knew this was more to make sure her sister Sarah was awake. She finished rinsing her hair, and turned off the water as she stepped out of the shower and onto a mat. She looked down as she instinctively reached for where her towel usually was, only to discover that it wasn't there. She quickly looked up, hoping to spot it without having to see too much of her body. She spotted it on a nearby shelf, but not before she got a good look at her naked body – her abnormally large (in her mind

anyway) breasts, the pounds of stomach fat and her overgrown 'forest' below. She quickly dried herself off and flung the bathrobe on as quickly as she could.

Returning to her room, she quickly changed into the clothes she had left out the night before – conservative jeans, a loose t-shirt and sweater. She figured that this look had worked before, and would work again this year. She grabbed her books and ran down stairs, hoping to make it into the kitchen before her mother had breakfast made.

She failed, as her mother had pancakes, bacon and eggs waiting on the table. “Don’t even tell me you’re not hungry or too fat for a few pancakes and eggs. I don’t want to hear it.” her mother said. Allison sat down grudgingly, and put a few pancakes on her plate. She ate them slowly, realizing she had a half hour before the bus came. Her mother opened her mouth to say something, but Allison shot a quick glance telling her not to continue.

Eventually, the bus arrived, and Allison quickly dragged her sister from where she had sat down and ran out of the house to the bus. She got on and breathed a sigh of relief – glad to be away from some unpleasant comment about how she was 'too tight laced' or 'too worried about looks' or 'cared too much what people thought'. With that she disappeared into her safe place.

Ten minutes later the bus pulled up in front of Old Splitriver High. Allison was jerked out of her safe place by the sound of the bus slamming on its brakes – the driver tended to go too fast far too often. She sighed, picked up her bag, and got off the bus. She looked at the building, muttered a quick prayer, and started to head in.

Five minutes later, she sat down in her seat in homeroom, awaiting the morning announcements. She looked over and noticed the one boy she had always thought was particularly cute. She forgot his name at the moment though.

## Emanuel

Emanuel sat in homeroom, wondering when the Vice-Principal was going to announce the start of the Program. His thoughts drifted back though to the weird argument he had with his father at breakfast – how did his father find out about the Program before he did? *More importantly, how dare he say I’m not allowed to be part of it*, he thought. He had every right to try something new, especially something this exciting. He was glad he didn’t have to wait for the bus though – that bike was a real life saver sometimes.

His anger somehow managed to blur his senses so that when Vice-Principal Litski's voice came on the loudspeaker, he didn’t hear the announcements until, “and to conclude today’s announcements – the following students are to come to the Principal’s office immediately: Allison Kirse, Edward Puffer, Barbara Poole, Lucas Nerras, Emanuel Lopez, and Amanda Yaez. Anyone named must remember to bring their bags and books with them.”

He gathered his books and started to head over to the Principal's office, smiling as he guessed what they were being called for.

## Allison

Allison stared in shock as her name was called – she had always been a model student – what could she possibly be called in for? Then she realized that Barbara had also been called – so it couldn't possibly be something related to academics – the cheerleader was about as dumb as a person could be. She quickly gathered her stuff together before the teacher had a chance to remind her, and left for the office.

As she entered the office she noticed the other five people standing there, along with a box in front of each of them. She also noticed a woman standing next to the Principal whom she hadn't seen before, dressed in a weird outfit that showed off most of her breasts. A feeling in the back of her head went off that something was very wrong here – and as she turned to leave, Mr. Litski entered the office, locking the door behind him.

The Principal spoke “Most of you are probably wondering why I had Mr. Litski call you here. Against my better judgment, the Program has spread to this school. You can all thank Mr. Litski for this obscenity of a federal Program. Ms. Frauhold will explain what you need to know about it.”

The strangely clad woman stepped forward to address the group, “You six have been selected for the Naked In School Program, which you all should have a good understanding of already as pamphlets and letters were sent to your parents to go over with you a few days ago. However, from the puzzled looks on some of your faces, I can assume some of your parents didn't talk to you about it.”

Allison sat down on one of the chairs, afraid to hear what Ms. Frauhold was going to say next. She looked at the students next to her, and couldn't help but notice that the boy she thought was cute seemed to be smiling, as if he knew about this already. Ms. Frauhold continued, “As you may have guessed, the Program is designed to help you become more comfortable with your bodies and with sexuality overall. To accomplish this, all students must go through a week in which they attend classes and any school functions naked. At no point, unless for safety reasons, will you be allowed to cover any part of your body. Shoes and socks are the only clothes you may wear, with the exception of aprons in labs and shop classes, jockstraps and cups for sports, gloves for lab classes, and other approved safety equipment. The full list is found in the pamphlets in front of you.

“You will be required to assist your teachers in class beyond the normal reasonable request rules. You are required to comply with reasonable requests and are allowed to request relief within the first five minutes of any class period. You can not take more than three five minute bathroom breaks during the school day, and are required

to use the opposite gender's bathrooms and locker rooms. Any other details you need to know are contained in the pamphlet.

“If you attempt to cover yourself or circumvent any of these requirements, appropriate punishment shall be given – from additional time in the Program to forced outreach. Remember that this is a national Program – you can not move to avoid it, and you must spend your week in the Program in order to graduate.”

Allison retreated deep into her safe place as she read the pamphlet. This was the last thing she wanted to happen – and definitely the last thing she needed. “Oh, there will be a large scholarship given to the person who shows the spirit of the Program most by the end of the week” Ms. Frauhold added.

“Emanuel, would you strip first?” Mr. Litski asked. “You can place your clothing in the box in front of you when you're done, and it will remain safely locked up in my office for you to pick up at the end of the day,” he added. Allison noticed Ms. Frauhold mouth something to Mr. Litski. “Oh, yes, to make the experience a little easier for you, we've split you into pairs – Barbara and Lucas, Allison and Edward, Emanuel and Amanda,” he said.

Allison watched, entranced as Emanuel started to strip. She had always wondered if he really was as built as his shirts showed, and he was – there wasn't an ounce of fat on his entire chest. She almost looked away when he started to take off his pants, but managed to keep her eyes on him as his pants and underwear came off. She almost gasped when she saw his penis – it was limp, but looked at least three inches long. *How big is it hard*, she wondered for a moment, before banishing that thought.

## Emanuel

Emanuel smiled nervously as he noticed that his penis was flaccid – he hoped it would wake up soon. He looked over and saw his partner Amanda taking off her shirt – her long blonde hair slightly messed up now and noticed his penis start to stir as her bra came off – revealing her natural DD breasts. She moved onto her pants, taking them off slowly, as if she was purposely getting all the guys in the room hard. Finally, she pulled off her panties, revealing her completely shaven pussy. Emanuel's penis sprang fully to life. His eyes stared at her for a few moments, before noticing that Lucas was starting to strip now.

Emanuel noticed that Lucas seemed built a lot like him – the only real difference being Lucas' blonde hair compared to his black hair, and the fact that Lucas was a few shades lighter than him. Lucas' partner, Barbara, stripped without any flair, her long blonde hair nearly covering her small B breasts. Her pussy wasn't too interesting either – the blonde fuzz that covered most of it was the most interesting part about it.

He then noticed Allison nervously start to strip – he often wondered what she was hiding under those abnormally large shirts. His eyes stayed glued to her as she slowly

took off the large blue sweater, her long brown hair flowing behind her. She just stood there for a few minutes until Ms. Frauhold quickly stated, “We will help you strip if you refuse to.” She then pulled the shirt – three sizes too big he realized – off, revealing her C breasts in their lace bra. She pulled the bra off as she turned around, silently shedding her jeans as well.

Emanuel could see that she was on the verge of fainting, so he stepped behind her and quietly asked her, “Why are you so nervous? You’re a very beautiful woman.” She turned her face toward him, and a smile seemed to flicker across it as she pulled off her panties, revealing the large amount of pubic hair that blocked the view of her pussy.

## Allison

Allison looked nervous as Ms. Frauhold led her into the Principal’s private bathroom and took out a small electric razor. “You clearly haven’t shaved that area ever, or even trimmed it my dear. While I believe that every woman has a right to keep her area as bald or wild as she wants, the Program rules consider this covering yourself, so it has to be trimmed. I can leave and let you do it, or I can do it for you if you prefer. I promise if you allow me to do it, I will be very gentle.”

Allison thought this over for a moment – she was likely to cut herself if she tried to do it, and that would be even more embarrassing than anything that had happened so far. “You can do it Ms. Frauhold,” Allison nervously said.

“Would you merely like it trimmed or completely shaven dear?” she asked.

“Ummm... Trimmed please. I’ve heard that when that area is shaved, it tends to itch as the hair grows back,” Allison replied. She quietly retreated into her safe place as Ms. Frauhold got to work. One thought pervaded it though, *he thinks I’m beautiful... he thinks I’m a beautiful woman*. She smiled as she thought this, safe from the embarrassment and self confidence problems that would no doubt assail her as soon as she was forced from this state.

A few moments later, Ms. Frauhold announced “I’m all finished dear. Would you like to see yourself now?” Allison shook her head – such a peek would only bring the bad feelings flooding back in. She did have to face the other people in the room now, but she’d be okay as long she stayed in her safe place. She smiled a fake smile as she opened the door and walked back into the office proper.

## Emanuel

Emanuel couldn’t believe his eyes – Allison was more beautiful than he had initially realized – a small amount of brown hair accenting her second lips and her large natural C breasts hanging free. She was the very image of perfection. He glanced over and noticed her partner struggling to keep his clothes on – somehow more distressed than

Allison had appeared just earlier. He then turned back to Allison, unable to turn his gaze from her.

A few minutes later, with the help of two security guards, Edward was finally naked, and his clothing safely in his box. Mr. Litski said in a firm voice, "First period is just about over, so I want you all to grab your things and head to your second period classes. There may be a small crowd waiting outside the door, so you may be asked a few reasonable requests. I hope you all take full advantage of this great opportunity." With this, he opened the door, and ushered them out.

Emanuel couldn't help notice that the 'small crowd' he was expecting was much larger than he had thought it would be. He was mainly pestered for a few poses, and one request for a quick touch of his penis by a cute red head, nothing he couldn't handle. He was about to head to Gym when he heard a loud thump from nearby. Turning around to see what made it, he realized Edward had fainted and Allison was looking very shaken next to him. He walked over and knelt next to Edward, who was breathing. "One of you go and fetch Mr. Litski and the nurse," he quickly barked out. The red head quietly but quickly ran towards the Vice-Principal's office.

While she did this, Emanuel sat next to Allison. "Are you okay?" he asked her. She nodded her head no, almost as if she was unable to talk. "Can you tell me what the problem is?" he asked. She nodded her head no again. "Could a hug help you at all?" he asked, starting to get desperate. This time she nodded yes. He hugged her softly, making sure not to hurt her or squish her breasts too much.

## Allison

Allison peeked out of her safe place to notice she was being hugged by Emanuel. She could feel her breasts pressed against his chest, but it didn't feel like the boy who had roughly grabbed them minutes earlier. She snuggled in closer to him, feeling the heat of his body, the hardness of his chest that managed to stay comfortable at the same time. She slowly stepped out of her safe place, somehow feeling safe in his arms. She could feel his nervousness melt away at the same time, further telling her that he was truly concerned for her, and not using the situation for a cheap feel. "Are you feeling a little better now?" she heard him ask.

"Yes, I am. Could you still hold me for a few minutes more though?" she replied, her voice still shaky. He simply nodded his head in agreement.

Ten minutes later the red head returned with Mr. Litski and the nurse. Allison noticed that Edward was just starting to wake up. Somehow the hall had emptied in the time she had hidden away. "What happened here?" Mr. Litski asked.

Allison forced herself out of Emanuel's arms and answered – "A girl asked him to pose for her, and he just started to freak out. Somehow he freaked out so much that he fainted."



The VP looked at her and Emanuel. “And how did you end up in Mr. Lopez’s arms?” he asked.

“I’m not sure sir, one minute a boy was touching me roughly, and the next I saw Emanuel holding me,” she responded.

She watched as the nurse took the now shivering Edward away. Mr. Litski turned and looked at Emanuel. “Mr. Lopez, can you explain how Ms. Kirse ended up in your arms?”

Allison looked at Emanuel, hoping that her previous opinions of him didn’t turn out to be false. “I was about to head to history when I heard a loud thump near me. I looked and noticed Edward lying on the floor unconscious. I then noticed Allison looking very frightened in the corner, asked her if she was okay, to which she nodded no. I asked her if she could tell me what the problem was – she also nodded no to this. I finally asked if a hug could help her at all, and she nodded yes. So I hugged her gently, and a few minutes ago she was able to tell me she was feeling a little better, but asked that I still hold her.”

Allison smiled as he said this – she had gotten good at knowing when someone was lying, and he was definitely telling the truth. She could also see her body answering as he said it had – when she retreated into her safe place, a small portion of her focus stayed on the outside world, making sure not to bump into anything or anyone. It made sense it could answer its needs as well in that state. She also realized that Mr. Litski saw the smile on her face as the worry on his face relaxed. “Very well then, could you two come to my office?” he asked, then turned to the red head, “Go to room 312 and bring Amanda Yaez to my office. Here’s a note to ensure compliance from her teacher,” he said, handing the girl a note. Allison watched as the girl quickly walked towards the stairwell, not able to take her eyes off the girl’s cute butt. She turned around and noticed that Emanuel and Mr. Litski were walking away, so she ran to catch up to them.

A few minutes later she was seated in Mr. Litski’s office next to Emanuel, as Amanda came in. “Good, you’re here now Amanda. I’ll make this quick, as third period is due to start soon. Allison’s partner Edward has been hospitalized for a Panic Disorder. Amanda, as you are better adjusted than Allison so far to the Program, I’d like you to go through the rest of the week without a partner. Emanuel, you’ll partner with Allison, as you two have already become somewhat close. Any objections?” he said.

They all nodded their heads – Allison figured even if one of them did have an objection, it wouldn’t serve any purpose. She noticed Amanda leave first, but not before she quietly fondled Emanuel’s penis for a few moments. Allison asked, “Mr. Litski, could we have a few moments to talk in private? There’s something I need to discuss with Emanuel quickly.” He nodded and left the office, closing the door behind him.

Emanuel looked at her, and she could see the concern in his eyes. “When you saw me earlier, you saw me in my safe place – a state where I can go inside whenever things get too stressful, scary, etc. I maintain as little focus on the outside world as I need to, but

can respond to questions non-verbally,” she explained. She could see some of the worry leave from his eyes. “Oh, thank you for your gentle hug earlier – that was just what I needed to feel better.” The smile that broke out on his face instantly warmed her up inside.

Mr. Litski entered the room again. “You two should be heading to class now – if you leave now, you should be able to make it there before the halls get busy again,” he mentioned.

Allison looked at Emanuel and asked, “Would you like to hang out some time and maybe play a game or something?” She felt a little nervousness pop up as she waited for his response.

## Emanuel

Emanuel was shocked by her question – he hadn’t thought she was interested in him. He felt flattered – she was the first beautiful girl to like him that wasn’t a complete bitch. “Sure, when were you thinking?” he answered back. He had always been taught to let the girl set the terms first, then if they needed to be changed, compromise.

“Uhhmm... my house after school tomorrow?” she suggested, a hint of nervousness in her voice.

He thought about this for a second. “That won’t work – I have baseball practice then. How about tonight?”

She blushed and responded, “I’ll need to check with my parents first. Is that okay?” He nodded his head in agreement. Mr. Litski shot them a look, telling Emanuel it was time to go.

The next few minutes were a blur – At first, the halls were silent, and they didn’t run into anyone. When they approached the stairwell however, three guys came out of nowhere. Emanuel was a little surprised he hadn’t noticed them. One of them stepped up to Allison and said, “Hey baby, looks like your tits want some attention. I’m happy to give them what they want,” as he roughly squeezed them. Emanuel moved forward to stop the guy, only to be restrained by the other two. The guy continued, “That’s a pretty pussy you have there. I wonder how you like to be touched there,” as he flicked her clit hard a few times. Emanuel watched as Allison didn’t react to this. Summoning all his strength, he broke free from the hold of the other two as he reached for the small whistle he kept around his neck, blowing it hard upon grabbing it.

The boys fled as the sharp sound left the whistle. Emanuel noticed Allison was about to fall, and quickly caught her. He could see that she was firmly in her safe place. “Would you mind if I hug you Allison?” he asked. He got his answer as she pulled him into a tight hug, her head resting on his chest. “I want you to know you can stay here as long as you need,” he told her softly. She snuggled a little closer.

A minute later, a school guard came running up to them. “What happened here?” he asked.

Emanuel answered softly, “Some boys assaulted Allison a few moments ago, and ran off towards the sports field when I blew my whistle. You might be able to catch them.”

The guard nodded and responded, “Are you okay here then? Where did they touch her?”

Emanuel sighed and said, “One of them squeezed her breasts hard, and flicked her clitoris. They didn’t get any further though.”

The guard noted this down and asked, “Do you need the nurse?” Emanuel shook his head no, and watched as the guard ran towards the fields.

Allison looked up at him a few minutes later. “Thank you,” she said, adding “could we stay like this for a little longer?”

Emanuel nodded his head in agreement adding, “As long as we make it to class on time.” A few moments later she broke the hug, much to his disappointment, and pointed to the watch on her wrist. He stood up, and they went to class, with Allison sticking close to him the entire way.

## Allison

Allison stepped into the class room and watched as thirty-four pairs of eyes shifted towards her and Emanuel – including the teacher’s eyes. “So we have our first Program participants. There are two seats in the back for you – please sit there. And I know that I am supposed to offer you both an opportunity for relief, but I refuse to do so on matter of principle. If you need it, you’ll either have to wait for your next class or get it before you come here” the teacher said. Allison just blinked at this and quickly walked to the back of the room. She noticed Emanuel took his time, walking seductively. Allison started to feel a wetness building in her nether regions.

Allison settled down as Emanuel sat down. “Now, you all have a copy of the class schedule in front of you. Our first book will be *To Kill A Mockingbird*. The copies haven’t arrived yet though, so instead we will talk about our favorite books,” said the teacher. The period passed quickly, with most of Allison’s attention focusing on Emanuel’s body. She wondered what his penis would taste like, and if she could ever take it fully. She wondered why that thought even came up, and quickly banished it.

What seemed like a few minutes later, the class let out. Allison started to get a little nervous – Emanuel’s next class was at the other side of the high school, while hers

was just downstairs. She quietly made her way to the stair well nearby, watching as his cute ass disappeared down the hall.

Just as she made it to the floor below she noticed a boy coming towards her. “Umm... Could I touch your breasts?” he asked. She nodded her head yes, but felt herself retreating into her place as he started to touch her. A few moments later he stopped and walked away, a strange look on his face. As the boy disappeared into a room, Allison stepped back out of her place for a moment and noticed that her arousal had disappeared. She slipped back in as another person came into view. She quickly walked towards her next class, managing to avoid any more reasonable requests.

## Emanuel

Emanuel walked into the class room, expecting the same strange looks he had received in English. “Ahh, Mr. Lopez. We’ve been expecting you,” said the teacher. She looked down at his very firm penis. “Would you like relief?” she asked. Emanuel nodded his head yes. “Would you prefer to do it yourself, or would you like help from someone?” she asked.

“I’d like some help.” He watched as six hands shot up. “Umm... you,” he said, pointing at a girl in the front row. She stepped up to the front as he sat down on the seat left out. He closed his eyes as the girl knelt in front of him, and put her hands on his hard penis. She started rubbing it up and down, giving him the best hand job he’d gotten in a long time.

As she did this though, images of Allison giving it to him filled his head. A few minutes later he warned the girl, “I’m about to cum”. She sped up, pointing his penis at her shirt. With a grunt he came, sending cum all over her shirt. He let the last of the Allison images drift away, and opened his eyes, finally seeing where she had pointed. Just as he was about to apologize, she quickly mouthed ‘don’t worry about it’. He took a tissue from his teacher and quickly cleaned up.

“Now, let’s get onto the lesson” she said as Emmanuel quickly made his way to a seat in the back.

His mind drifted off to English earlier. He hadn’t thought his ‘walk’ would turn her on so much – he could smell her excitement as soon as he had sat down next to her. He smiled, remembering how every few minutes she’d look over at him. His thoughts drifted to her perfect butt, her newly trimmed pussy, and her beautiful breasts. Somehow though, it seemed wrong to be focused only on her sexual organs. He closed his eye’s and he could see her face and pure white smile, her long brown hair, her perfect stomach. The next thing he knew, the bell ending the period was ringing. He quickly gathered his things and wandered off towards the cafeteria.

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Monday Afternoon/Evening  
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## Allison

Allison had somehow made it through AP History without falling asleep. Was it because she was feeling really horny but had no way of getting relief? Her thoughts had gone to Emanuel part way through class – thoughts of his perfect body, his smile, his caring touch. A small voice in the back of head told her, *You're falling for him*. She blushed just even remembering this.

As she made her way towards the cafeteria, she saw three boys waiting near some lockers. One of them looked at her and smiled – and she instantly knew what was going to happen next. “We three gentle folk would like to touch your bosoms. Would the fair lady allow us this pleasure?” one of them asked. She nodded her head yes, and slipped into her safe place. She watched cautiously as one of them gently massaged her left breast, while another did the same to her right. The third boy asked, “Would the lady allow me to taste and suckle on one of her nipples?” She nodded her head in agreement, almost absentmindedly. She could feel the excitement that was being held back. Five or six minutes later, the first boy whispered something in his companion’s ears. They stopped their touches, and thanked her for the chance to, “sample nature’s gift to her.” As they went away she stepped back out of her safe place, and continued on her way.

Just as Allison was about to make it into the cafeteria doors, another boy stopped her. “Hey, I wanna see you spread eagle.” Allison did the pose, fearing what he might say if she said no, but slipped into her safe place again. “Can I touch your pussy?” asked the boy.

Allison nodded her head no thinking, *I don't want anyone touching that area. Why would I allow you?* “Then can I touch your tits?” he asked hopefully. She nodded her head yes, thinking, *the last boys weren't so bad, maybe he'll be okay too*. He groped roughly for a few minutes. As he did, she kept thinking over and over again, *this isn't happening. I'm not being touched*.

He stopped, asking, “What are you, some kind of freak?” as he walked away. She watched as he stormed away, breathing for a few seconds, then stepping out of her safe place for a moment.

As she walked through the doors, she felt a hand come to rest on her shoulder. The touch felt familiar and relaxing – and just as she thought this she felt heat start to emanate from her vagina. She turned to the body attached to the hand, and smiled as she saw Emanuel standing there.

“Did you miss me?” he asked sweetly. She smiled even brighter, and watched with amusement as he blushed deep red. She took his hand off her shoulder and placed it in her hand. He blushed even deeper, and she could make out a small smile breaking through. *Are you sure you should be doing this?* she wondered for a moment. She quickly silenced this thought and walked with him towards the growing lunch line.

As they stood there in line, she noticed the rest of the world appeared slightly hazy. *I must really be falling for this man* she realized, blushing. In response, his face grew red. She wondered how she could tell him what she had realized, and nearly had it when a thought popped up – *what would mom and dad say about this? They’d call me a whore and kick me out of the house.* She banished this thought as well. *What if he thinks I’m a slut for this?* she wondered next. She tried to banish this thought, but failed and felt herself slip into her safe place. Peeking out a moment later, she noticed the smile had faded from Emanuel’s lips, and had been replaced with a look of concern.

## Emanuel

Emanuel realized in a moment what had just happened – Allison had felt uncomfortable with him, and slipped away. *She calls it her ‘safe place’,* he thought, *but it seems like she’s using it to avoid discomfort all together.* He tried to remember how to pull her out of the state, the answer clicking just as they got their food. *I’ll have to wait until we sit down though* he realized. He finally managed to guide her to an empty table, also somehow managing to keep any reasonable requests away from either of them.

Upon sitting down, he asked her gently, “Is there anything I can do to help you?” She answered by pulling him into a tight hug. He looked up after what seemed like an hour as Allison started to stir. He realized only ten minutes had passed, and something inside of him told him it was time to ask another question. “Is there anything else you need?” he asked gently. She looked up into his eyes and nodded yes, drawing his face closer to hers. “Can you tell me what you need?” he asked.

She signed, “kiss me,” then looked deeper into his eyes. He was ready to ask ‘are you sure’ but something told him not to. He leaned in and gently kissed her.

He immediately sensed a change in her – he could feel her moving out of her place. As she did, the kiss became more passionate, until both of their tongues were involved in it. After making out for a few minutes, *‘cause this certainly isn’t a quickie kiss* his thoughts added, Allison stopped the kiss. She looked at him, staring him straight in the eyes, as a huge smile crossed her face. Emanuel glanced around and briefly noticed the crowd watching them, but they seemed meaningless in the moment. He started to open his mouth, but a quick look from Allison told him everything he needed to know.

They ate in silence for a few minutes, shoulder to shoulder, seemingly inseparable. Emanuel looked up for a moment to see Amanda walking over towards them along with Barbara and Lucas. “So, I see you’re getting along with your new partner quite well” she remarked.

Emanuel smiled at Allison and replied back, “Of course Amanda. Why wouldn’t I?” Amanda sat down at the table and motioned for Barbara and Lucas to do the same.

“Since the five of us were chosen to be singled out, we might as well eat lunch together. Allison and Emanuel, this is Barbara and Lucas. Lucas is the captain of the football team in case you didn’t know.” Emanuel watched as Allison rolled her eyes and started to slip into her place again. He looked at her for a moment, and she quickly gained control again. “And Barbara is a cheerleader,” Amanda finished, putting a slight sneer on the last word.

Emanuel chuckled a moment as Barbara didn’t seem to pick up on it, although Lucas did, and he didn’t seem too happy about it. Suddenly a student came up to Emanuel and whispered something in his ear. He nodded and said, “I’ll bring her.”

## Allison

Allison looked at Emanuel. “You’ll bring me where?” she asked, a hint of annoyance in her voice.

Before Emanuel was able to speak, Amanda said “To Mr. Litski’s office I imagine. Word around school is that you haven’t responded to any of the people who’ve touched you.” Allison opened up her mouth to object, but Amanda cut her off, “Not that kind of response you prude. Rumor has it you haven’t responded sexually to any of the touchings you’ve received – no excitement, no orgasm.” She watched as Amanda sniffed the air. “Correction. Emanuel’s touch seems to do the trick for you,” she added.

Allison blushed a deep red as Emanuel gathered their things, saying as he did, “I think we should probably be on our way then. Best not to keep VP Litski waiting.”

As they left the cafeteria, she knew what Emanuel was going to say next. She cut him off, saying, “Let me guess, you’re getting scared of how often I slip into my safe place.” He nodded his head in agreement. “I have needed it more today than I have in a long time,” she noted. “It’s starting to scare me a little too.” As she said this, she felt the urge to slip into it again. She quickly grabbed his hand, and the feeling faded. *So, this is how I can beat it – I need Emanuel’s touch and presence*, she realized.

They reached Mr. Litski’s office quickly. Allison looked at Emanuel, her face pleading that he come in with her. She smiled as he nodded his head in agreement. They walked in slowly, Allison having an idea of what Mr. Litski wanted to talk to her about. She watched as Mr. Litski turned towards them. “Ms. Kirse. I’ve heard some very disturbing things lately. A few people have reported to me that you seem almost coma like when they’re touching you. I have good reason to believe them – I haven’t known the Shakespeare boys to lie or be anything but gentlemen,” he said. Allison felt herself start to slip again, and before she could grab Emanuel’s hand she entered her place.

## Emanuel

Emanuel watched as Allison slipped into her place again. Just as he was about to open his mouth to ask what he could do, Mr. Litski quieted him with a look. “Allison, I need to see if this is true. May I touch your breasts?” he asked. Allison nodded her head yes. Emanuel watched as Allison failed to react even as Mr. Litski went on for ten minutes, using techniques he had never seen. “I see you’re paying attention to what I’m doing Mr. Lopez. I’m curious to see if Allison reacts differently if you try them. Would you permit that Allison?” Emanuel watched as Allison nodded her head yes.

Emanuel stepped forward and slowly started to massage her breasts in a gentle fashion, thinking, *I hope I’m doing this right*. “You can massage her harder than that Mr. Lopez – as long as you don’t grab at her roughly she should be fine.”

Emanuel nodded his head in acknowledgment, asking “Could you please go back to calling me Emanuel sir? I get nervous when people call me by my last name.” Emanuel turned his attention back to Allison as Mr. Litski nodded his head yes. Emanuel could see Allison was starting to get turned on.

“You may stop now Emanuel, and snap her out of this state.”

Emanuel stopped for a moment, than asked, “What can I do to help you Allison?” Allison answered by moving his hand back onto her left breast, placing it right on her nipple. She squeezed it between two of his fingers and started to move them. Emanuel took over this action, asking “Where would you like my other hand?” She placed it in her hand. He continued to do this until she cried out, an orgasm rocking her body. As she did, Emanuel watched as she left her place. She looked up at him and smiled, instantly reassuring him what he had just done was right.

“Well, now that I have both of your attention again, we can discuss how to deal with this problem. Allison, every time someone other than Emanuel touches you, you panic and go into a weird state”.

Allison interjected “My safe place.”

“Your safe place, yes. When in said place, you don’t feel anything but Emanuel’s touch. This is a problem – the point of the Program is to get you comfortable with your own sexuality, and clearly you’re so uncomfortable with it that you hate almost all sexual touch.” Mr. Litski responded. “I can think of only one way to solve this – starting tomorrow, your schedules will be changed so that you two will share all your classes. As for the rest of today, you will both go to art, and after that Allison will speak with the school counselor. Emmanuel will go on with his classes as they are now. Understood?”

Emanuel and Allison said in unison, “yes sir.”



As they got up to leave, Emanuel quickly asked “Since Allison seems to be comfortable with me, might it be wiser if I go with her to the counselor during my history class, and I’ll leave in time for Home Ec?”

Mr. Litski seemed to think about this for a moment, and responded “Very well, that will work. Here are passes that will allow both of you to miss your seventh period classes without any penalty. Allison, I will inform your math teacher about this myself.”

As they left the office, the bell for the end of fifth period rang. “Time for art then precious,” Emanuel said. He watched a large smile cross her face as he said this. *It’s obviously because you called her precious* he realized. She took his hand, blushing as she did. He could also see she was starting to get turned on again.

As they neared the art room, a girl stopped Emanuel. “Could I touch your thingy please?” she asked. He looked at her, a cute blonde, clearly a freshman by the size of her book bag.

“You’ll have to be more specific – I have lots of thingies,” he replied, smiling to show that he wasn’t angry at her request.

“The thingy hanging between your legs,” she responded.

Emanuel nodded his consent, and watched for a moment as the girl started to tug at his penis. *She clearly hasn’t done this before*, he realized as she tugged roughly. He looked at Allison, and could make out the jealousy in her eyes. “You can stop now,” he told the girl. As she left, a pout on her face, he continued towards art, hand in hand with Allison.

As they entered the room, Emanuel immediately saw the large couch and sketch pads, and realized, *we’re most likely going to be roped into being ‘nude models’ for this*. He looked over at Allison, and realized she had figured out the same thing. He noticed none of the other students had gotten there yet. Just as he was about to leave, the art teacher peeked out from behind a curtain in the room.

“Program participants,” she said gleefully. “I expect you’ve come to realize you will be modeling for the week. Sit down on the couch until the others get here.”

A few minutes later, the rest of the class had arrived. Emanuel could make out about ten girls and two guys. Just then the bell rang for the start of the period. “Before we start class, do either of you need relief?” the teacher asked.

Allison shook her head no, but Emanuel said, “Yes, I’d like some,” as he looked at Allison, silently asking a question.

“Would you like to do it yourself, or would you like help?” the teacher asked.

“I’d like help” he said, again looking at Allison. He could see her think for a moment, then smile.

“Who would like to help Mr. Lopez?” the teacher asked.

Emanuel saw four hands shoot up, including Allison’s. He mouthed – *are you sure?* and relaxed when she mouthed back yes. He pointed at Allison, who knelt in front of him as he did. He looked straight into her eyes as she grabbed his penis in her hand, and smiled as she started to pump her hand up and down. His thoughts reflected back to earlier in the day, and he concluded his imagination was weak compared to this. Four minutes of paradise later, he felt himself about to cum. “I’m almost there,” he told her quietly, smiling as she pointed his penis at her breasts. A minute later he grunted as he came, his cum covering her nipples and much of her breasts. He looked down at her and smiled as she smiled back. He handed her a tissue to clean up with, but smiled as she nodded her head. “Are you sure you don’t want to clean up?” he asked.

She smiled, answering “I want them to draw me like this. I want to get over my shyness, and if I can get through art class with cum all over my breasts, I can do most anything.” She quietly picked some of his cum up on her finger and tasted it, while Emanuel was looking nervously around.

“Well, let’s start then class. Emanuel, I’d like you to stand up and pick up Allison, holding her waist near your stomach, facing you. Allison, you’ll then wrap your legs around Emanuel, and gaze into his eyes. Emanuel, you’ll then gaze back. Do you think you can hold that pose for ten minutes?”

Emanuel thought about it for a moment, then picked Allison up. “Yes, I can hold her ten minutes,” he answered.

“Okay, then go into the pose. Class, as soon as they get in the pose, your ten minutes start” the teacher quickly said.

Emanuel smiled as Allison wrapped her legs around him, and looked up into his eyes. He looked back, and noticed the world around him go all hazy. He somehow could only make out Allison clearly. *And she’s all that’s important* he thought. He realized he could spend all day with Allison like this, and the thought didn’t scare him. He could see she was clearly happy as well – the great grin on her face told him everything he needed to know. *I’m so glad I met you Allison* he thought.

A few moments later, *I’m glad too Emanuel* popped into his head. He almost lost his balance as he wondered what had caused the thought. He temporarily shut the concern up and focused again on holding Allison.

A few minutes later, his focus was interrupted again, but this time by the teacher saying, “Okay, that’s enough time for that pose. Pencils down.”

“Allison and Emanuel, if you’d like to take a break for a few minutes feel free. You can step behind that curtain if you need some privacy.”

Emanuel led Allison by the hand behind the curtain. “Uhhmm... just out of curiosity, did you think, ‘I’m glad too, Emanuel’” a few minutes ago?” he asked her nervously.

She looked around to make sure nobody was around and answered, “Yes, but only after you thought the same first.”

“Did we somehow hear each others' thoughts?” he asked.

“I think we maybe did. Is there a way to make sure?” He thought for a moment then added, “Well, you could think of something and I’ll see if I hear it,” he suggested.

He could see her thinking hard, and suddenly, *Your cum tasted good* popped into his mind.

“It did? That’s not what most girls say,” he responded. He smiled and shivered simultaneously when he realized what this meant. She smiled.

“We seem to have found a new way of communicating. Do you know how many people would die for this sort of gift?” she asked him. He nodded his head yes and hugged her.

## Allison

Allison shut off all her other senses and focused on enjoying Emanuel’s warm hug. A few moments later she thought, *his lips look real tasty. It would sure be fun to kiss them again.* She smiled and leaned in for a kiss, inwardly smiling as he seemed to accept it.

Their aloneness was interrupted a moment later as their teacher’s voice broke into their happiness. “That’s enough for now you two. It’s time for your final pose.”

The teacher spoke again as soon as they made it by the couch; “Your final pose of the day will be much simpler to hold – but you’ll need to hold it until the bell rings. Emanuel, sit down on the backless couch, sitting up as straight as you can. Use the side for support if you need to. Allison, you will then sit on his lap as if you were going to straddle him – but sit a few inches forward so that you don’t. This pose, class, as well as the last one, is a position you can use for sex. Again, you’ll start as soon as Allison and Emanuel are in position.”

Allison watched as Emanuel sat down, his erect penis standing up like a soldier at attention. She sat down carefully on top of him, making sure to brush the head of his penis with her clit. She shuddered with pleasure as she did this. *I’m not ready for sex yet Emanuel, but I think I’ll enjoy it when I am* she sent him. His smile told her he

understood, and would wait as long as she needed. She smiled back, amused at the fact that she could feel his penis touching her butt.

*I didn't know you're such a tease* he sent her, smiling as he added. *And I will find a way to get you back for it.*

She thought back, *No way – this is my pay back for that little walk you gave me in English.*

She could see him sigh for a moment, then think, *You're one hell of a girl. Why do you hide this side of you?*

*Because,* she replied, *I don't want to stand out – those who stand out usually get picked on or worse.*

He looked at her, replying, *I promise that as long as I am able to, I'll protect you from those monsters. You're my girl after all – I always protect my girl.*

*Thank you,* she replied with her smile.

What seemed like hours later, Emanuel thought, *The half hour is almost up.*

Allison groaned audibly – she was enjoying just sitting here with Emanuel, their bodies touching. *Too bad we can't stay like this for ever,* he thought.

*I second that,* she replied.

Their happiness was broken as the teacher said, “Pencils down,” as the bell rang. They looked at each other and smiled.

“Are you ready for your talk with the counselor?” she heard Emanuel ask. She nodded her head, standing up to get her bag. As she did, she made sure to let her clit brush against his penis one more time, shuddering as she did.

*Tease* he thought to her. She smiled as he stood up. “Lets go then precious,” he said.

They made it to the counselor's office somehow without being stopped for any reasonable requests. She was sure it was Emanuel's hand in hers that was the cause for this. “Ms. Kirse, Mr. Lopez – please come in,” they heard a woman's voice from within the office. Entering, Allison saw an attractive woman sitting behind a desk, with two comfortable looking chairs and a roomy sofa at the other end of the room. “Ms. Kirse, if you would lay down on the couch please, and Mr. Lopez you can sit on one of the chairs.”

Allison shook her head. "I want him on the couch with me. If he can't do that, I don't talk" she said affirmatively. The counselor sighed and agreed.

Allison sat down, resting her head on Emanuel's shoulder. "Now then, I understand you have a 'safe place' you retreat to when anyone but Mr. Lopez touches you. Do you go there any other time?"

"Yes I do actually. Whenever I feel nervous, angry, sad, whenever my mother talks to me" Allison answered. She noticed how the counselor's eyes stayed calm the entire time. *She didn't even shudder. What type of woman is she?* Allison wondered.

*A bitch, pure and simple* Emanuel answered.

Allison glared at him for a moment. *Can that really be true?* she wondered back to him.

"Any other times, Ms. Kirse?" the woman asked again.

"Not that I can remember," Allison responded.

"Now, have you ever, as far as you can remember, been touched anywhere inappropriate by your father?"

Allison's eyes opened wide as she heard this. "No, he hasn't. If he had tried anything my mother would have killed him for it." She could see the counselor think for a moment.

"Any other sort of abuse from him? Physical or emotional?" she asked.

Allison responded "If anything, he's been pretty good to me. Always there, plenty of love. Sometimes he gets a little busy because of work, but nobody's perfect."

"Are you sure of that Ms. Kirse?" she asked one more time.

"Yes, I'm sure about this. If there is anyone I don't get along with well it's my mother." Allison watched as the woman was about to open her mouth and quickly added "No, she hasn't abused me either. She tends to lecture a lot, and worry about me too much, but that is the extent of it."

Allison smiled as the smile on the woman's face deflated. "Very well then Ms. Kirse. I have no more questions. If you'd like to say anything, you may do so at any time within the next hour and a half."

Allison nodded her head in agreement, afterward putting her head back on Emanuel's shoulder. She smiled at him, thinking, *You're right sweetie... she's convinced parental abuse is the reason. Stupid woman won't consider anything else.* He smiled as

she thought this. She snuggled into him closer, her head resting on his chest. What seemed like hours later, the bell rang. Allison sighed as Emanuel got up.

She stared up at him, a sad look on her face, only smiling as he thought, *I'll only be gone one period. And I'll be thinking about you the entire time.* She watched him leave, preparing for another forty-five minutes of silence.

## Emanuel

Emanuel walked into the Home Ec room, looking nervously around the room. He tried to remember how he had let his mother talk him into this class, somehow failing. The teacher looked up from the desk she was sitting at. "You must be Mr. Lopez. Good to finally meet the first male to ever take this class here."

Emanuel looked at her, puzzled. *Surely I can't be the only one to sign on for a class like this* he thought.

"I see that you've been well teased," she added. He quietly sat down at a workstation in the back. "Could you please move up to the front Mr. Lopez? I wouldn't want to deny my girls some Grade A eye candy" the teacher asked. He sighed and moved up to the front as the girls started to enter the class room.

"Welcome class, I am Mrs. Lesummer. As you can clearly see, we have a boy in the class this year, a first for me, and in addition to that, he is a Program participant. Emanuel, would you like some relief?" He nodded his head yes. "Would you like help? Who would like to help Emanuel here?" she asked. Emanuel watched as every hand shot up. He pointed at a cute girl with raven hair in the back row.

She smiled and came up to the front. "This is my first time... Let me know if I'm any good" as she began to pump her hand up and down, his penis firmly in it. He closed his eyes, letting his thoughts drift back to the hand job Allison had given him earlier. He realized that the raven hair girl wasn't as bad as she thought. He smiled at her, and felt good inside himself as the smile broke out on her face. She quietly asked "Are you seeing anyone?"

He quietly answered "Yes, I am actually". The smile disappeared a little. A few minutes later he felt the longing in his balls. "I'm going to cum soon" he warned her. She kept pumping as she had been, and a few moments later he did, cumming all over her hand. He gave her a tissue from nearby to clean up with.

Mrs. Lesummer gave them both a look to return to their work stations. "Now, put on your aprons and let's get started. For the first month of the semester, we will be focusing on baking. Today's recipe is a chocolate cake – each of you have a copy of the recipe on your counter space, and all the ingredients and tools you need are in the cabinet underneath the counter. Remember, you will be graded today on how well you can follow the simple directions." Emanuel turned to the directions and started to work.

The next thing Emanuel realized, his cake was in the oven, and there was a large group of jealous girls staring at him. He looked up at the clock, and realized he had finished everything in less time than most of them had. He never had realized he had any sort of talent for cooking.

*Following a recipe is the easy part you know, sweetheart* he heard suddenly.

*So what's the hard part then?* he asked Allison back.

*Taking the cake out in time and not burning it. Would you believe this stupid woman thought you are my enabler?* she responded.

A look of shock crossed Emanuel's face, and he heard some girls snickering in the corner. They were probably convinced he had forgotten some important ingredient. He'd prove them wrong. *How can she even think that? Didn't Mr. Litski tell her about earlier?* he asked back.

She responded, *Apparently he told her as little as possible. Something vague like 'stressful first day, has safe place, concerned about dependence on it.' Although she did say one thing that sounded like it could be true – she called what I do Dissociation or something like that.*

Emanuel's mind went blank for a moment. *Really? I'd be a little worried about tomorrow though* he replied.

*And why is that?* she asked.

*Because tomorrow morning we have AP Psych. I've heard the teacher likes to use students for examples and experiments, and I'm sure she'll happily use us* he replied back. He could feel her start to pull away a little. *Allison precious, it'll be okay. I'll be there besides you, remember?*

He felt her pull away even further, but heard her reply, *It wasn't what you said that triggered it. The woman is trying to touch me.*

He sighed and replied, *It's okay... try to fight it. Prove to her you can resist the urge.* He felt Allison fully again. *Are you willing to try something precious?* he asked.

*Sure. What did you have in mind?* she replied back.

*Try to focus on what your body's feeling right now, and tell me what it is.*

A few moments later she replied, *Her hands are cold, and she's touching my nipples. She's not being rough or anything, but it feels really weird.*

He replied, *Any weirder than when I do it?* While he waited for her answer, he peeked at his cake, smiling as it was baking up very nicely.

*Well, not really. She uses a lighter touch than you do – it's really not doing anything for me though.*

He smiled, realizing he had possibly stumbled upon a way to help Allison get through the week.

Allison quickly added, *Oh sweetheart, I think you should check your cake – it's probably finished by now.*

He sniffed the air for a moment, then smiled, turning off the heat as he did. *How did you know?* he asked.

*Well, most simple cakes, like Lesummer's famous Double Chocolate cake, take maybe thirty minutes to bake in the school ovens. I assume that's what cake you just made.*

He looked at the recipe and reread the top, finally noticing the title. *Jenny Lesummer's county faire famous double chocolate cake. First prize winner three years in a row. So I just learned how to make the greatest chocolate cake in the world. These all seem like normal ingredients though.*

Allison responded, *Check the list again. Is there a mystery ingredient, labeled something like 'jar a'?*

He checked and responded, *Yes there is. I probably shouldn't have expected her to give away all of her prize winning recipe.*

During this time, he had been quickly frosting the cake with a small container of homemade frosting, presumably another piece of the mystery behind the recipe. Just as he finished, a small bell rang.

“Okay students. Anyone who's cake is still in the oven can take it out now – baking time is up.” She glanced around. “I can see only four of you completed it fully in time – most of you either over cooked it or took a little more time than I expected to mix the ingredients. Emanuel, Jamie, Kayla and Patty have finished theirs though.” Mrs. Lesummer got up as she said this and started to come around, tasting the finished cakes one by one. “And Emanuel has done the best job today with the assignment. That means an A for you for today. Everyone can take home their cake if they want to.” As she said this the bell rang.

Emanuel packed up the cake carefully, making sure to leave a piece on a nearby plate. “Is that for me Mr. Lopez?” Mrs. Lesummer asked sweetly.



“Yes it is” he replied as he handed it to her.

“Thank you Mr. Lopez. I will see you and your girlfriend tomorrow.”

He blushed as he grabbed his things and made his way to Mr. Litski’s office. Allison caught him as he neared the door. “That looks really good” she said as she grabbed his free hand. He gave her a wrapped up piece.

“For you my precious. I figured you could use the chocolate after talking with ‘her’ so long.” She nodded her head in agreement, smiling brightly.

After claiming and changing into their clothes, they started to head outside. “It feels a little weird to be wearing these again” Allison mentioned.

He looked at her again, a little disappointed. “You’d look really good in some better fitting clothes. Those don’t flatter you at all precious.”

She looked at him. “Well, I can see if I can borrow anything from one of my friends... I don’t have anything smaller than this in my entire wardrobe. I’m a little afraid about tomorrow though – Amanda told me earlier how in other schools participants were required to put on a strip show in the morning.”

He could see her shudder. A bus horn blasted nearby, and Emanuel watched as Allison quickly walked towards it.

“I’ll call you tonight when I get an answer from my mom.”

He quickly handed her his phone number on a small piece of paper. “Then you’ll need this. Try to call before seven if you can though.” He could guess the question she was about to ask, and quickly said to her “My dad gets back from work around seven, and I’ll catch hell if he thinks I’m tying up the phone.”

She responded back “Okay, I suppose after seven we’ll just have to use our gift.” He nodded his head in agreement and watched as she got on the bus. As it drove away, he got on his bike and started home.

## Allison

Allison stepped off the bus, dreading the millions of questions her mother would likely have. She walked up to the door, opening it slowly. She quietly walked inside, hoping her mother wouldn’t hear the noise, and then maybe she’d have enough time to make it up to her room without being seen. That would make avoiding the questions a lot easier.

She realized that plan was meaningless when she spotted her mother sitting at the dining room table. “Allison honey... how was your first day in the Program?” Allison heard.

*She knew... and she didn't warn me* Allison thought, feeling anger rise up in her. As this feeling arose, she was surprised to not hear a response from Emanuel. She felt the desire to retreat start up, but before she could run into her place heard, “You knew, and yet you did not warn me. How dare you not warn me about something like this. I could have at least been a little prepared if you had said something,” emerge from her mouth, seething with anger. Allison felt some of the anger drain. Suddenly she realized what she had just said, and added, “I have some homework to do...” the nervousness thick in her voice.

Just as she turned around she heard her mother breathe for a moment, and say sternly, “Homework can wait. Young lady, you will sit down right now, and you will listen to me.” Allison quietly sat down. “How can you think I didn't try to warn you? What do you think I was trying to tell you this morning before you left? But, instead of at least letting me speak, you just glared and walked out,” she continued, her voice much softer now. “Do you have any other questions?” she asked.

Allison thought for a moment, then asked, “Why didn't you put me on the ‘do not select list’?”

“Because I felt and still feel that the Program will help you to overcome your shyness and escapism.”

Allison sighed, interjecting “It's called Dissociation mom. At least, that's what Ms. Luden says it's called.” Allison could even hear the scorn in her voice as she said the woman's name.

“You don't like her much, do you honey?” her mom asked. Allison sighed and nodded her head in agreement. “You honestly can't tell me nothing good happened,” she added.

Allison smiled as she responded, “I did meet a boy today,” Allison laughed at the look of worry that crossed her mother's face.

“And were you planning on bring this boy around soon? I need to make sure he's good for my little girl,” she said.

“Before you worry too much mom, not only does he get good grades, but he's the kindest boy I've ever met. But if you must meet him, I suppose he could come here sometime,” Allison said.

“I insist. If you wish to continue seeing him, I must meet him,” her mom replied.

“Can he come over tonight?”

“As long as wherever you go, you’re back by ten. I don’t want your grades to suffer because of a crush,” she responded. Allison smiled, jumped up, hugged her mom tightly, and ran off.

She quickly located the phone, and hastily dialed Emanuel’s number. “Emanuel... mom said yes. Can we go somewhere tonight?” She could hear him thinking over the phone.

“Sure, do you have any ideas where?” he asked.

“How about coffee at Sullivan’s on main? I’ve heard they make a delicious cheese cake.”

He responded, “Sure. 6:30 okay? I have some homework to do first.”

“That sounds good. Oh, one more thing, mom demands to meet you first, so if you could come here around 5:45 that would be great. Her questions shouldn’t last more than about a half hour,” she responded.

She could hear him gulp nervously, but he responded with a, “Sure thing.” “Anyway, I need to get on my homework then. You should do the same sweetie,” he added.

Before he hung up, she quickly added, “You don’t have my address though. Number fifteen, Ralph street. Do you know where that is?”

“Got it. My best friend lives at number twenty,” he replied.

He hung up the phone. She thought for a moment about the family that lived at number twenty. She realized that was the Foster family. She remembered that they only had one child – a daughter named Kara, who used to love torturing her when they were both younger. *How can he be friends with that bitch* she wondered.

“So, when is he coming by?” Allison heard her mother shout before she could think about Kara anymore. She sighed and walked downstairs, back into the kitchen.

“He’ll be here 5:45 to answer your multiple questions, and we are going to Sullivan’s at 6:15” Allison answered. She watched the smile leap onto her mother’s face. “If you don’t mind though, I have homework to do before then,” she added, picking up her bag and heading towards the stairs.

“Dinner’s at five, just so you know.”

She nodded her head in acknowledgment and continued up to her room.

Time passed quickly, and before Allison knew it, her sister was back from volleyball practice, and her homework was done. She looked in her closet and bit her lip, nervous about what to wear. She would have to borrow from her sister for tonight, and see if her mother wouldn't mind taking her shopping the next day. She heard Sarah enter her room and turn the music on. *It's now or never* she thought.

She gathered up her courage and knocked on her sister's door. "Sis? I have a favor to ask of you."

Sarah opened the door a crack, peeking through. "What is it Ally? What could you possibly need from little old me?" she asked sarcastically.

"I have a date tonight and I need to borrow something... flattering for it. Could you help me maybe?" Allison responded. She was almost surprised by the sheer look of shock on her sister's face.

"Wait... you want my help to show off your body?" she looked around. "Who are you and what have you done to my sister?" she added.

Allison smiled nervously and replied, "Sarah, the Program happened to me. I met a real gentleman, and I want to look good for him."

Sarah stared at her for a second. "Very well then, come in. When is he picking you up?"

Allison responded "5:45, but we leave at 6:15. The time gap is so mom can talk to him."

Sarah looked at her again. "And you need my help why? He's not going to want to go out with you after mom gets done with him. No boy is that brave."

Allison smiled and responded, "I know he will... I warned him in advance about the questioning."

"That gives us an hour now, and the half hour question period. We need to start now if you want this job done right."

Allison lost track of time again, as outfit after outfit was taken out, tried on, taken off, modified. Finally, what seemed like hours later, she had the perfect outfit. "I didn't know you had such a figure under there sis. I hope this guy likes you for more than your body."

Next Allison watched as Sarah put some light makeup on her. *I sure hope Emanuel likes this* she thought.

*No matter what you wear, you will still be beautiful to me precious* she heard him reply back weakly, blushing as he did.

“And what did you just imagine sis? How his penis looks?” Sarah said.

“No, I know how it looks” Allison responded. “In fact, I even touched it” she added. She could see Sarah’s face drop.

“You... what... saw... how?”

Allison responded very calmly “He’s in the Program too. You might know him.”

“Maybe. What’s his name?”

“Emanuel Lopez.”

She smiled as the shock registered on Sarah’s face. “How did you get Him? He’s the greatest guy in all the school. Do you know how many girls would kill to be in your place?”

Allison smiled, thinking, *Did you know that fact Manny? That girls would kill to be with you.*

She heard him respond, *If you can call me Manny, I want to be able to call you Ally.*

*Ally is fine* she replied. She noticed that the responses took longer to arrive, and they were a little hard to understand.

Allison let her mind focus on Emanuel as Sarah completely redid the makeup. *So, what do you say about those crazy girls?* she asked him.

*I wouldn’t date them if the President asked me to. They just want me as a trophy, or because of the rumors that my baseball ‘buddies’ sometimes spread. You like me for who I am. And that’s why I only want my Ally.*

She blushed again, and heard Sarah swear loudly, “Stop thinking about him!”

Just as Sarah finished Allison heard her mom yell “Dinner!!! Girls get your tushies down here now!!!”

Dinner passed quickly – Allison’s mind was on Emanuel the entire time. She stayed downstairs though after the table was cleaned off, knowing she had only five minutes to wait until he was due to arrive. What felt like a lifetime later, the doorbell finally rang.

“I’ll get it!” yelled Allison excitedly, jumping up and quickly running to the door. She opened it to a smiling Emanuel and hugged him tightly. She stepped back a moment later and stared at his outfit – a pair of khaki pants, a button down shirt and nice shoes. *Mom might go easy on him* she thought. “Manny, are you ready?” she asked.

“Yes, take me to your mother,” he responded.

As if on cue, Allison noticed her mom step right to the door. “So you must be the boy who thinks he can take my little girl somewhere. Sit down in the living room – I have a few questions for you.” Allison could hear Emanuel gulp nervously, but was surprised that he somehow didn’t show any other signs. “And you young lady, go up to your room for now – I want to talk to him alone.”

“Yes mom,” Allison said as she made her way to the room.

## Emanuel

*That's it? I was expecting more of a barrage than that.*

Emanuel looked up a few minutes later, just in time to catch Allison coming back down the stairs. His eyes almost fell out of his skull as he saw what Allison was wearing. Her shirt had a low enough cut that her breasts were accentuated, but at the same time were still fully covered. Her skirt was knee length, long enough to not be slutty, but short enough that her legs still showed. He could also make out very light make up. He smiled at her, thinking, *You know your mom's not so bad.*

Allison blinked at him but didn’t respond. “Well mom, what do you think of Emanuel?” she asked.

“He will do. Now, young man, remember my daughter is to be back by ten. If she isn’t, you will never get to go out with her again. Do you understand?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Good then, stand over by the door – I need to tell my daughter a few things.”

Emanuel walked quickly, thinking, *What do you think she wants precious?*

*Probably concerns sex or something of that nature* she replied. *Yes, it is sex related* she added a few moments later. *She had the doctor give me the Shot over the summer during my before school checkup. She's letting you know this, but doesn't want me engaging in sex yet anyway.*

Emanuel thought back, *Well, you know I'm happy to wait until you're ready.* Emanuel caught the smile she sent his way as she started to walk towards him.

“Ready sweetheart?”

Emanuel smiled and replied “Let’s go precious”.

The bike ride over to Sullivan’s was surprisingly quiet Emanuel realized. Allison seemed to be happy to just hold him tight. Emanuel smiled warily... there was something she wasn’t telling him. He banished the thought to the back of his mind as they finally arrived. Stepping into Sullivan’s, Emanuel was struck by surprise at how the place hadn’t changed at all since he had last been there. *That was five years ago, before Mom died and Dad went crazy* he remembered strongly.

Before he could think anything else, Allison responded *My poor Manny... and I’ve been laying all my troubles on you so far.*

“Really, it’s not that big of a deal anymore,” he replied.

“If you say so,” she replied back.

A waiter came and sat them down, asking them if they already knew what they wanted to order. Emanuel looked at Allison a moment and said, “Yes, we’re ready to order. A large piece of cheesecake to share, and two iced Irish coffees.” He looked at Allison, asking, “Is this okay precious?”

She responded, “It’s perfect.” The waiter disappeared. “Manny... I know you want to help me, but I want you to know I want to help you too. If you ever need to talk to someone, I’ll always be here for you.”

Emanuel smiled and replied, “Thank you Ally, I appreciate it.” They talked about little things for the next few minutes. Just as Allison had started on listing her favorite foods, their food arrived.

They ate in silence for the next half hour, enjoying each others presence, feeding each other. Finally they killed off the cheesecake and resumed talking again. They focused on small talk for another half hour when Emanuel realized they had suddenly run out of topics. “So, since we exhausted all the small talk topics I had ready, what else do you think we should discuss?” he asked.

“What’s your family like?” she asked back.

He sighed a moment, then answered “Before my mom passed away Dad was great – he was the happiest man in the world. It seemed as if my parents were one of those matches made in heaven. But she got sick the day before my twelfth birthday. I was fully expecting her to recover, but the next morning she passed away in my father’s arms. I later discovered that she had been fighting off cancer since shortly after I was born, but didn’t want me to know. She apparently hadn’t told Dad either.”

He continued, “Mom was the greatest mother ever. My needs were always met, and I always got plenty of love. That’s why her passing so suddenly caught me by such great surprise. Dad and I survived okay for a year, but he wasn’t handling the grieving process well. So the morning of my thirteenth birthday I woke up to discover my dad cutting Mom out of some of the old photos. I waited until he left for work, saved what photos I could and with the money I had saved over the years bought a small steel safe to keep those photos and other mementos safe in. Later that day, I had a few of my friends help me bury the safe in the back yard under our apple tree. I didn’t want him ever finding it.”

He paused for a moment and looked at the concern on Allison’s face, and was about to stop when she said, “Please, continue if you can.”

“It’s going to be five years to the day this Sunday, and he’s gotten progressively worse every year. I don’t know why her death has affected him this bad, but I have a feeling that as soon as I turn 18 he’s going to kick me out of the house.”

“Is there anything you can do to stop him?” Allison asked.

“Unfortunately, no. It is his house after all. But I’ve made a habit of working every summer and saving as much as I could. I have about fifteen thousand dollars in a bank account he doesn’t know about that I gain full access to soon. I figure that should be enough to live on for a few months until I can graduate and get a full time job.”

“How did you open the account? Don’t you need an adult for that?”

“Well, yes. My aunt is the technical guardian of the account. I also make sure the statements go straight to her. Unfortunately, she lives three towns over, so I can’t move in with her. But I’ve made do so far. I’ve managed to become strong enough that I equal him in strength, and I started studying Shorinji Kempo. The Sensei doesn’t charge for lessons because he knows we can’t afford to pay even enough to cover costs. We do give what money we can when we can, and he covers the rest with a second job. Dad realized one day that I was studying, and he tends to avoid getting physical with me because of it.”

Emanuel relaxed as Allison’s worry faded. “Did you ever add to the safe?” she asked.

Emanuel smiled “I’ve added to it slowly over the years. It’s nearly full now – I’ll have to find something else before too much longer.” He smiled again, and leaned in to kiss her. They locked lips for a few moments until Emanuel noticed the time. “Ally precious, I know your mom said to have you home by ten, and it’s about eight thirty now. I would love if we could stay here longer, but I still have some homework left to do, and I want to get a decent night’s sleep. Would you mind terribly if I took you back now?”



He could see Allison think for a moment, a little sadness in her eyes. “I really wish you didn’t need to get back early, but I do understand. Can we do something again this week before our birthdays?”

He smiled, answering, “I’d love to. Let’s discuss that on the way back”. He paid the check and they left Sullivan’s smiling and holding hands.

“Manny, would you mind terribly if I wanted to learn Shorinji Kempo?” Allison suddenly asked him as they started back to her house.

“I’d love it. I want you to be sure you really want to, and not just because I’ll be there. I can bring in a pamphlet Sensei gave me to share with interested people tomorrow if you’d like.”

Allison nodded her head in agreement vigorously. “I’d very much like that” she said. “When are classes?” she quickly added.

“Usually Wednesday and Friday afternoons from four to six, and Sunday noon to four.” He looked up and noticed they were getting close. “I should warn you though, my best friend has been my training partner for the past three years. She probably won’t appreciate being replaced if you decide to join.” He could see the grimace on Allison’s face. “So you know Kara then?”

“Quite well – she used to torture me a lot when we were younger.”

“I’m sure she’s not the same girl you knew then.”

Allison didn’t respond. Emanuel realized it was best that he let this go for now.

He looked up and realized they had arrived. “May I escort my precious back to her door?” he asked.

She smiled “Yes you may”. Upon making it to the front of the door he pulled her in for a long kiss. A few minutes later, he could see the door open out of the corner of his eye, and see a girl of about sixteen standing there. Allison broke the kiss and said “Sarah, this is my boy friend, Emanuel. Emanuel, this is my little sister Sarah”. Emanuel watched as Sarah looked at him, then fainted. “She didn’t believe I was lucky enough to be chosen by you.”

He smiled. “Let me know later or tomorrow if your mom allows me to take you out again.” He gave her one kiss, a deep passionate one that he knew had turned her on a little. *You like this kiss don’t you.*

*I definitely like it* she responded as she blushed.

He finished the kiss. “I’ll see you tomorrow then”.

Emanuel quickly rode back home, parked his bike in the backyard, and snuck through the door he had installed the previous year. He quietly got ready for bed, his mind busy going over the events of the day. Finally finished, he returned to his desk to complete the homework he still had.

## Allison

Allison cautiously approached her mother's bedroom. "So he got you home an hour early. Was the date that bad?"

Allison shook her head. "It was great actually, he just had some things he had to do before he went to bed."

"Can I assume that you want to go out with him again then?"

"Yes mom, I most certainly do. Will you allow that?"

"I will allow it."

Allison hugged her mom excitedly. "Uh... mom, could you maybe take me clothes shopping tomorrow? I really don't have anything that looks good on me."

Her mom smiled, replying "Sure thing honey".

Allison continued on to her room and plopped down on her bed. She lay there thinking about Emanuel for a few minutes, then got up and got ready for bed, slowly undressing, looking over every body part slowly. After ten minutes she slipped on a night gown, and stepped into bed, for the first time not feeling the need to pray.

.....  
Tuesday Morning  
.....

## Emanuel

Emanuel woke up to his blaring alarm clock, slowly opening his eyes. He turned to the large clock on the wall, and wondered why it said six. Then he remembered, he had a rank test today before class. He quickly stepped into the shower, stripping as he walked. He sighed, banishing all thoughts from his head except for his lessons. He turned the water on, reciting his oath as he did. Having finished that, he started to meditate as he cleaned himself.

*I am my own refuge and source of strength. On whom may I rely if not myself?  
With a wisely disciplined self, I find a truly rare and precious fountain of strength. By*

*doing evil, I contaminate myself. By not doing evil, I purify myself. Purity and impurity come from within, and others cannot purify my heart.* He repeated this over and over in his mind as he washed every part of his body.

He stepped out of the shower, reaching for the towel to dry himself with. As he did, he could feel his inner strength pulsate. He cleared his mind of worry, and started to go through the techniques he'd be tested on. With his mind focused on this, his body went on autopilot getting dressed – slipping on the pants and top of the Gi, then tying the brown belt around it. He reflected for a moment at the three lines on the belt, as the past five years flashed through his head.

*If I'm ready, then today will be the last day of this brown belt, and I will graduate onto black, and I can start to learn new techniques* he thought. He grabbed his duffel bag, slipping his clothes for the rest of the day into it as well as his book bag and keys. He checked the room quickly to make sure he wasn't forgetting anything, and left through the door to the outside.

He walked over to his bike, and just as he was getting on it heard his father's voice. "And where do you think your going at this hour young man?"

*He's drunk this early? I thought he'd still be asleep.*

"I have a rank test to go to father."

"You'll have to go through me little brat. I've put up with this warped hobby of yours for nearly five years, but I'm not putting up with it any longer. I forbid you to go."

Emanuel sighed, responding, "I don't want to raise my fists against you father, but I will if I have to." He breathed a sigh of relief as his father stepped out of the way. Emanuel peddled away as fast as he could, before his father could change his mind.

As he rode he let his mind drift back to happier times, to before his mother had died. He remembered his dad teaching him baseball for the first time when he was seven. The little league games, his dad's beaming smile and pride when one year the team he was on won the championships.

*If only father could remember those days... I'm sure he'd become sane again.*

He quietly emptied his mind again, letting his mental peace pervade into his emotions and body.

A few minutes later, he arrived at the dojo. He parked his bike and locked it up, grabbed his duffel and walked into the small building. He stopped at the beaded curtain that covered the entrance way into the dojo proper, took off his shoes and socks and placed them in a cubby on the wall along with his duffel bag. He stepped through the

curtain, his hands in the greeting position, looking straight at his Sensei sitting in a meditative position.

“Kenshi Emanuel, you have arrived early. Please sit down and prepare your spirit.” Emanuel bowed and entered, sitting down cross legged.

After a few minutes of focusing his breathing, Emanuel could feel three people walk in and stand like he had earlier. He could hear the Sensei ask him, “Kenshi Emanuel, did anyone just enter?”

Emanuel answered, “Yes Sensei, Kenshi Kara, Paul and Ken have just entered, and are waiting for your instructions at attention.” He heard a gasp from Paul and Ken, but could sense Kara smiling.

“Kenshi Paul and Ken, why does this surprise you? When one meditates as one should, one’s senses become sharper, and one is able to see one’s surroundings without one’s eyes.”

Emanuel heard Paul speak up. “Sensei, I do not understand how a person can ‘see’ other people and what they are doing. Walls and furniture do not move on their own, and give off no energy. How can we as human beings ‘see’ other humans, who do give off energy?”

“Kenshi Emanuel, please explain this to Kenshi Paul.”

Emanuel obeyed, saying, “Kenshi Paul, all things give off energy, for all things have something in them that was once alive. Humans give off a lot of energy, and it is easier for the spirit to read this energy. This sense gets stronger every time it is used, much as muscles grow stronger as we exercise them. The mind can grow just like the body, and thus with enough practice, one can not only sense when people are nearby, but exactly where they are, and what their body is doing or even what they are feeling. Has this helped you Kenshi Paul?”

He could feel that Paul was still a little confused. “I believe so. Thank you Kenshi Emanuel.”

“Kenshi, enter and sit like Kenshi Emanuel is. We will start the test with stretches.”

Emanuel’s mind wandered as they stretched – he had after all been doing these for nearly five years now, so they had become second nature.

Before he knew it, he heard the Sensei speak again, “It is now time for the oath Kenshi.”

Emanuel spoke the oath as he had in every other test and every lesson – it was ingrained in his head, but he still said it with all his heart. His voice joined the others as they said, “In attaining this Art, we pledge to affirm the founders, to be honest with our teachers, to respect those ahead of us, to not disdain those behind us, to give as well as receive help, to cooperate, and to give ourselves to contributing to the Way. We resolve to settle with our pasts and practice with purely focused hearts as if we were newly reborn into this world. We pledge to train in this Art only to help people, never for personal reputation or profit.” The words seemed to roll right off of his tongue.

Emanuel knew the creed was to be said next, and the Sensei just looked at them, knowing that they knew to say the creed now.

Emanuel started with the same seriousness he had with the oath, saying in Japanese, “Mindful that our spirits come from Dharma and our bodies from our parent's, we acknowledge our debts and express our gratitude by applying ourselves to the full. We resolve to love these communities and these people, and through them to contribute to world peace and happiness. We resolve to become men and women of true courage, who love justice, respect humanity, act with decorum and defend peace. We strive toward constructing an ideal world by mastering the principles of this Art, strengthening ourselves mentally and physically, and sharing this purpose with others in mutual friendship, respect, and support.”

He could hear Kara mirror his voice nicely, while Paul and Ken were a few seconds behind.

He settled into the meditation, focusing his mind on the words:

*I am my own refuge and source of strength. On whom may I rely if not myself? With a wisely disciplined self, I find a truly rare and precious fountain of strength. By doing evil, I contaminate myself. By not doing evil, I purify myself. Purity and impurity come from within, and others cannot purify my heart.*

He could feel his energy increase back up to full. The next fifteen minutes seemed a blur to him.

His Sensei’s voice broke through – “Kenshi Paul and Ken will perform their embu first”.

Emanuel opened his eyes, paying close attention to the delicate act that was about to begin. He watched as Paul and Ken stood across from each other, bowed, and awaited the okay to start. “You may start now Kenshi,” the Sensei said.

Emanuel watched with great interest as the two began. They started by exchanging basic light strikes – something Emanuel was well used to by now.

He reflected on how Paul seemed to be slightly out of sync with Ken. *That small difference shouldn't affect their performance on this part he realized However, when they proceed to hard strikes, they might encounter some difficulty.*

His thought turned out right as the pair moved onto the hard strikes. As they did, Ken performed a technique that Paul should have easily blocked. However, Paul had slipped a few seconds behind at this point, and the strike landed hard on his right knee. Almost instantly, Paul fell to the ground, clutching his knee in pain. Emanuel stood up and went into the nearby supply closet to grab a bandage, knowing that one might be needed, as his Sensei quietly knelt down next to Paul. After a few minutes of feeling the knee, he signaled to Emanuel to bring the bandage over to him. Emanuel did, handing the bandage over.

“Listen carefully Kenshi. Kenshi Paul was not quite in rhythm with his partner, and as a result has injured a muscle in his knee. It will recover, but it will take some time. As this is the case, Kenshi Ken, you are without a partner for now. Please sit where Kenshi Emanuel was just sitting,” the Sensei quickly said, helping Paul to the side, his knee now carefully wrapped. “Kenshi Emanuel and Kara, since the previous embu has ended, please perform yours.” Emanuel went across from Kara, bowed, and began their embu.

His thoughts focused on the techniques they had been practicing the past few months. He and Kara started with some very basic punches and movements, building up the rhythm they would need to succeed. After about ten minutes of this, Emanuel watched as Kara added the first complex technique. He easily blocked it, returning the strike with one of his own. They kept up this back and forth for another fifteen minutes. Finally, Emanuel added one of the more newly learned techniques, the one they had decided would finish the embu. He watched as Kara stepped out of the way, resuming the greeting position as he did automatically.

They bowed to the Sensei, who motioned for them to sit down. “Very well done Kenshi Emanuel and Kara. Kenshi Paul and Ken, I hope you were paying attention to the embu. It showed the importance of not only knowing the techniques, but also keeping in rhythm with your partner. I encourage you to try again when you feel you are ready.”

Emanuel watched as he turned towards them. “Kenshi Emanuel and Kara, stand up” he said as they stood. “You have proven that you both are indeed ready to progress to new techniques, and a higher rank. Take these belts as a symbol of your progress so far.” Saying this, he presented them both with a black belt with their name sewn into it in Japanese. Emanuel bowed as he accepted the belt, and watched as Kara did the same.

Emanuel quietly sat down again and began to meditate. Just as he did, the Sensei added, “Kenshi, you may all leave now, as the embu are now over”.

Emanuel sat there as Kara and Ken helped Paul stand up and get his shoes on. He quietly signaled in a look to Kara, letting her know they'd meet up later.

He quietly stood up, walked to a position in front of his Sensei, and bowed, saying “Sensei, I would like to ask a question. A special friend of mine has expressed some interest in studying this art. Would it be wise for me to bring them to the next class?”

“Kenshi, that is indeed the wise thing to do. Do you need any information to bring to her?”

Emanuel thought for a moment, then answered, “Yes Sensei, I have the old pamphlets. May I ask Sensei, how you knew I spoke about a girl?”

He could hear the man chuckle softly, responding with, “Kenshi, you spoke of a special friend. I have only heard you use that term once before – when you sought permission to bring Kenshi Kara to this dojo. You have brought other friends as well, but have always referred to them as ‘friends’, without adding special to their title. I must warn you one thing though – whatever your relationship with her may be, you must not let it negatively affect your training.”

Emanuel bowed once more, quickly responding, “I understand Sensei”. He gathered his things, including some new pamphlets the Sensei had just handed him, bowing as he left the inner dojo, and headed to school.

## Allison

Allison looked deep into Emanuel’s eyes, wondering what she had done to deserve such a great guy. She let her eyes wander down his naked body – looking in awe at his perfect chest, *not too hard and not too soft* she thought. Her eyes then drifted to his powerful thighs and muscled arms. She licked her lips as she looked upon his rock hard penis. She lightly touched it, asking sweetly, “Is this for me?” as she did.

“Of course it’s for you my precious.”

She played with it a little, rubbing her hand up and down, intending to tease him a little. She felt his hands creep up to her naked breasts, and heard a gasp escape her throat as he lightly squeezed them. She could feel her breathing quicken as he started to work all her sensitive spots – starting with a passionate lip to lip kiss, then moving down to kiss her neck. She gasped again as he kissed down her body until he got to her breasts, gently taking a nipple in his mouth and nibbling as he fondled the other breast. She watched as he switched sides, gasping louder now as she started to feel herself get a little wet.

She basked in the feelings as he repeatedly switched sides over the next few minutes. As he switched for the last time, she could feel the wave of pleasure wash over her, rocking her body as she arched her back. She flopped back on the bed, gasping again as he started to kiss further down her body. She could hear a soft moan escape from her lips. She watched with excitement as he kissed down her legs, sucking on each toe. She could feel the wetness building up again. He then started to kiss back up her legs, finally

settling right in front of her other womanly parts. She started to moan as he gently licked her clit, while rubbing her vaginal entrance with his finger. She began to moan even louder as his finger began to rub her clit as his tongue started to lap around her vaginal lips. She moaned even louder and arched her back again as she felt another wave of pleasure rush over her, this one more intense than the last. "I'm ready Manny. I want to make love to you" she managed to get out in between heavy breaths.

"Are you sure, my precious?" she could hear him ask.

*Yes, I'm sure* she thought to him. She felt the small nervous feeling as he lined up and readied himself for his first thrust. She watched his penis start to enter her tight vagina as he slowly inserted himself. She grimaced as she felt a small amount of pain, but then could feel the pain quickly turn into the greatest pleasure she had ever experienced. He got all the way in, then pulled back preparing for the first full thrust.

As he did, a loud noise rang in her ears. She looked around, and sighed as she recognized her alarm clock. She slowly opened her eyes, silently cursing the thing for disturbing her dream. She quickly sat up, noticing the large wet spot on the bed. She nervously wondered what her mother was going to think. *She'll be happy I'm finally accepting my body* she realized as she walked over to the pile of clothing on a nearby chair. She looked at the outfit her sister had laid out the previous night – it wasn't what she was used to wearing. She briefly considered picking something out from her closet, then turned back to the clothes on the chair. They'd look better than anything in her closet, but she remembered she was just going to be taking it all off again with in a few minutes of arriving to school.

Her eyes moved between the pile on the chair, and a simple outfit she kept in her closet. She was about to grab the clothes out of the closet when her eye caught an article that hadn't been on her mirror the night before. She picked it up off the frame, and realized it was a bundle, all dealing with the Program in other schools.

The first article in the set talked about how some parents in a Midwestern town protested upon finding out that their children were being forced to put on public strip shows in the morning. She remembered Amanda telling her about this practice the day before. The next article spoke of several problems that had been observed in some schools during their Program trials. One caught Allison's eye in particular – apparently many boys were fond of stealing clothing from the clothing boxes.

Allison sat down on the bed. *If I wear the flattering clothes, then the public stripping will probably go much more smoothly. However, this will no doubt attract more attention to me, and there is a chance those clothes may be stolen. Sarah wouldn't like that. On the other hand, the clothing from my closet will attract less attention to me, and is much less likely to get stolen. Plus, if they do, it doesn't matter, I have plenty of clothes in that style. And mom is taking me shopping later.*



She smiled as she thought this. She quietly and quickly put together an outfit from her closet, then walked into her bathroom.

She disrobed slower than she did the previous day, looking over her body as did. Emanuel seemed to love how she looked, so she couldn't be all that bad looking. *Oh how I wish I could hear him say how he thinks I'm beautiful right now* she realized. She finished disrobing, then stepped into the shower, quickly turning the water on. Her thoughts drifted to the previous morning – mostly on how she had sped through the shower as fast as she could. She shivered as new thoughts popped into her head – *This new philosophy on life is wrong. It's dirty. I'm a dirty, weak sinner for giving into it I should be ashamed of myself for what I did yesterday.*

As this thought passed, she could feel the guilt start to build up. She started to retreat into her safe place, then realized what she was doing and thought, *No! Loving my body is not sinful. Having my breasts touched is not wrong. It is not wrong to let people see the body I was given.*

As she thought this, the negative ideas disappeared.

She continued to wash and soap up her body. She covered her breasts, and as she did felt a small jolt of pleasure run through her body. The thoughts returned: *Such pleasure is wrong. Such feelings are sinful.*

She felt the urge to retreat again, but breathed in for a moment and thought, *I was given this body, and these feelings with it. Therefore, they can not possibly be sinful.*

With that thought, the urge disappeared again. She continued to clean her body, making her way down to her vagina. As she touched her clit, she felt the pleasure for a second. She continued to massage it, and after spending about a minute doing so felt a sharp stabbing pain rather than the pleasure of before. "Ouch!" she exclaimed. As if on cue, the thoughts returned, this time with:

*See? Proof touching there is wrong. In fact, that little knob should just fall off.*

She focused her mind on the pleasure that Emanuel given her yesterday – *that felt right. So, this pain can not possibly be because touching my clitoris is wrong.*

The thoughts left again.

She stopped none the less, and rinsed off all the soap on her body, enjoying the hot water as it touched her skin. As she rinsed off her clit, she felt the pain increase. She wondered for a moment why it was that sensitive all of a sudden. Then she remembered the sex-ed class she had taken in sophomore year. One day the teacher had said that if one of the sexual organs became over stimulated, it would often hurt to touch that body part – and that this tended to happen quite frequently to a girl's clitoris. She breathed a sigh of

relief, then quietly washed and conditioned her hair, making sure to keep water from reaching her clitoris.

A few minutes later she finished, stepping out of the shower and looking at her wet body in the mirror. The word ‘ugly’ started to repeat in her head. She focused herself on one thought as she dried her body – *I am beautiful*. After about four long minutes of repeating this thought, the word disappeared. As it did, she could feel some of her strength leave her. *I’d better get dressed quickly then* she thought.

Wrapping the towel around herself, she walked back into her bedroom, and quickly got dressed in the simple bra and panties, the large loose shirt and jeans. She looked in the mirror one more time, then grabbed her jacket and book bag and made her way down stairs. As she did, she thought out to Emanuel, *Are you awake Manny?*

She was surprised when instead of feeling his presence she felt a strong wall and emptiness. She tried to send the thought again, but only faintly heard some Japanese. She decided not to think about what she had just felt.

As she reached the bottom of the stairs, she could smell French Toast cooking. It smelled really good. *I’d better not eat that, or I’ll get fatter* echoed inside her mind. *Manny wouldn’t care if I gained a few pounds* she countered back.

She breathed a sigh of relief as the negative thought disappeared. She quickly walked into the dining room before the negative thoughts could return. As she sat down at the table, she could see her mom look in her direction.

“You’re down for breakfast early. What’s the occasion?”

“No occasion mom, I’ve been very disrespectful to you lately, and I intend to correct that.” She watched as a surprised look crossed her mother’s face. “Mom, I feel hurt that you don’t believe me.” She looked over at the stove and asked “When is the toast going to be done?”

“Two minutes” her mom replied. “Would you mind waking up your sister while they finish?” she added. Allison nodded her head in agreement then walked back upstairs.

She stopped in front of her sister’s door, knocked on it three times, and yelled out, “Time to wake up Sarah! Breakfast is almost ready.”

“I’ll be down in ten,” came the sleepy reply.

Allison returned downstairs and sat down again. She could feel her focus shift to Emanuel. She flinched as the thoughts returned:

*He blocked me. He doesn’t want anything to do with me. The Japanese must be a technique to get rid of sinners. And I am the worst of sinners.*

She shook her head, rebuffing the thoughts with, *He would never shut me out without a very good reason.*

She breathed a few times, smiling as the negative thoughts disappeared again.

Sarah finally came down a few minutes later. “You girls have fifteen minutes to eat before the bus gets here.”

Allison picked a few pieces of toast off of the big platter of toast, and started to eat. She savored the taste of the cinnamon and nutmeg, letting herself get lost in it. She lost all track of time, and when she looked up at the clock, she realized nearly ten minutes had passed, and she had gone through half a dozen pieces of French toast. She wondered for a moment why Manny had that strange wall up earlier, and resolved to ask him about it later. She finished up eating just as the bus arrived. As she made it to the door, she could hear her mom shout, “Don’t forget to come straight home from school today, and think of places you’d like to go to shop.”

Allison nodded her head, and quickly ran to the bus, looking for a seat in the back. She found one and sat down.

*Manny, are you okay?* she thought, and was relieved when he responded.

*Yes, I’ll explain about the wall before first period. Can’t wait to see you precious.*

She smiled as she let her mind drift to their date the night before.

When she finally looked around again, she noticed they had arrived at school. As she made her way to the front, she could see a large crowd gathered by the front doors, and Lucas and Barbara giving the crowd a strip show. She breathed a few times, stepped off the bus, and prepared for the negative thoughts to start arriving. One student almost pushed her up next to Lucas, and she cringed as the crowd started to chant “Strip, strip, strip!” She took her jacket off slowly, breathing a sigh of relief when the nervousness didn’t start up. As she pulled off her shirt a moment later, she did feel it.

*I am a dirty daughter of Sodom* suddenly popped up in her mind.

She tried to rebuke it, but failed, and could feel herself start to drift into her safe place. As she did though, a familiar hand grabbed hers, and she felt her strength return.

“How about we try something precious?” she heard Emanuel whisper, “I’ll take off your clothing, and you can take off mine.”

She thought for a moment, then replied, “anything that can make this process easier.”

She began by watching as he took her shirt off the rest of the way. The crowd clapped and cheered, but Allison only noticed them a little bit – her focus was mostly on how Emanuel was so carefully and lovingly undressing her. She slowly pulled off his shirt next, looking in awe at his perfect chest. She seductively trailed her hands down it, loosening his belt buckle when she came to it. She looked around her, and was surprised as she couldn't see the crowd any more, and couldn't hear the noises they had been making.

Emanuel smiled at her and reached behind her to her back, gently and quickly unclasping her bra and sliding it off of her chest. She gasped in pleasure as he ran his hands slowly down her breasts, stopping for a moment to lovingly play with her nipples, then leading further down her body to her jeans, loosening her buckle just as she had done his.

She smiled at him as they opened and slid each others jeans down at the same time. She smiled when she spotted the bulge in his boxers. She passed her hand over his cloth encased penis and squeezed it a few times.

He returned the favor by rubbing his finger up across her panty covered vaginal slit, pressing gently in. She gasped in pleasure as he did this, the underwear somehow stimulating her clit and labia.

She stopped him from going for a second try as she pulled down his boxers, adding them to the pile on the floor.

He followed suit by removing her panties. As he did, she heard the bell ring, signaling that they should head inside.

She quickly put her clothes in one of the nearby boxes, and waited for Emanuel to the same. As he did, she grabbed his penis and pumped it a few times. She laughed at the look of surprise on his face, then gasped as he brushed his fingers across her clit a few times. She looked at him, and they entered the building hand in hand.

As they walked towards their homeroom class, Allison could hear a familiar voice behind her shout, "Emanuel!"

She cringed as Kara came up behind her man. She looked at the girl who had made her younger life hell, staring meanly. She quickly dropped the look as Emanuel turned to face her, an unhappy look on his face.

"Allison, this is Kara, my best friend in the world. Kara, this is Allison, the girl I've told you about."

Allison waited a few minutes for Kara to say something. She looked over at Emanuel, and watched as he quickly shot a glance to both her and Kara, and she instantly knew what he meant. A moment later, Kara stuck out her hand. Allison grabbed

it with her own and shook it as cordially as she possibly could. She smiled as Emanuel smiled.

Their hands stayed locked for a few moments. All of a sudden, she felt Kara's grip loosen. She noticed Kara let go and nervously say, "My goodness, look at the time... I really must be going now."

As she said this, she quickly left. Allison looked over at Emanuel, curious to see if he saw anything she didn't. The scowl on his face told her everything she needed to know.

"Care to talk about what's bothering you my special one?"

He replied, "You were perfectly civil with her, even though she probably did unspeakable things to you when you were younger. She however has no reason to dislike you, and thus no excuse for her behavior."

She sighed, replying, "I don't know about that. She might have a reason you don't know. Why don't you ask her about it later?"

He nervously gulped, then answered, "Sure... that is the right thing to do." *And I'd hate to lose my embu partner because of petty jealousy over my girlfriend* she heard him think, choosing not to respond back.

"The bell's due to ring soon – we should get to class." He nodded his head in agreement, walking into the classroom holding hands.

Allison had expected the surprised looks she saw on her fellow student's faces, but not on her teacher's face. "Allison and Emanuel, please come here for a second," she said. "Now, I'm not going to report you two, because I think the rule is stupid, but holding hands and other pda is against school rules. I advise that you follow the rule because some of the staff do enforce it."

Allison nodded her head yes in unison with Emanuel. As they walked back, Allison felt the urge to grab Emanuel's hand, but managed to restrain herself at the last second.

*There's the last piece of proof that this is wrong* she suddenly thought. *No... it's just an arbitrary stupid rule that made sense to the school before the Program came here. Now though, it makes no sense.* She repeated this thought for a few moments, until she could feel the negative presence leave. Just as she felt this, she felt a weird weakness wash over her body. She reached out and grabbed hold of a desk before she fell, and breathed deeply for a second.

"Are you okay precious?" she could hear Emanuel ask.

*Kind of, sweetheart. Fighting all these negative thoughts takes a lot of energy.* She noticed the smile that crossed his face, and felt some of her strength come back. She smiled back, firmly believing he would know what she meant by it. The look that crossed his face a moment later confirmed that belief. She sat down next to him, and patiently waited for the announcements to come on.

A minute later, the loudspeaker came to life. “Good Morning students. The men's varsity football and baseball teams have tryouts today after school on their appropriate fields. Also, the photography club is holding it's first meeting of the year, in room two hundred thirty-seven. Finally, Joe Loesi, Robert Maddox, and Lou Malno have been suspended for the rest of the year, and are facing sexual assault charges.” Allison felt a little surprised, but also happy as she heard this.

*Although I may have to testify at some point she realized. I'll deal with it when the time comes.* As she thought this, the bell rang. She looked at Emanuel, stood up and started to walk next to him.

She noticed many of the boys' lustful stares as they walked, as well as the envious stares of some of the girls. She wasn't sure how to take the envy though – *it's not as if I'm all that pretty.* She looked over at Emanuel, who was getting quite a few lustful looks himself.

“The girls, they stare because you're so beautiful – they want to look like you. They want to be in your place” Emanuel answered her unspoken question.

She smiled at him replying, “Thank you Manny. You always know just what to say.”

He replied, “I speak the truth, that's all.” She smiled again.

They walked in silence as they approached their classroom. “Ready for the inevitable experiments on us precious?” Emanuel asked as they reached the door to the room.

Allison replied: “As ready as I ever will be.” She grabbed his hand for a moment, then let go of it as they entered.

Allison watched with a grim feeling as a dangerous smile crossed their teacher's face. “I didn't expect to have Program participants this early in the year. In fact, I hadn't expected any participants for a few months at least. I'll have to adjust my lesson plan accordingly.” She turned to Allison, adding “You two, take a seat in the first row”. She turned towards the rest of the class, who by now had finished entering. “Now, ordinarily we would be moving on with our review of the scientific method, but since we are fortunate enough to have two Program participants with us this week, we will instead be doing our section on sexual response and arousal. Today we will discuss methods of measuring arousal.”

Allison looked at Emanuel for a moment as their teacher started to talk. “The easiest way to measure arousal is by the physical indicators. Can anyone name any for men?” A girl started to speak, but Allison could feel that her mind was elsewhere. Thoughts of Emanuel raced through her head, and she lost herself in them.

## Emanuel

Emanuel looked back at Allison. *What is she thinking* he wondered for a moment.

“And what about in women?” he heard the teacher ask.

“Heavy breathing?” one student responded.

“In later stages, yes.”

“Hard nipples and moaning?” another one asked.

“Cold can also cause the nipples to harden, in both genders. Moaning and other noises are correct always though, although in the same later stage as with men, and remember that not all people have the same reactions.”

“Like Allison is clearly aroused right now?” a small brunette asked.

“Yes, like Allison is aroused right now. She also shows another possible indicator – can anyone see the glistening on her vaginal lips? That wetness is usually seen in the later stages, but can be found in early stages as well. I only wonder what she is thinking about that is arousing her so. Allison, can you explain why you’re so aroused?”

Emanuel looked at Allison for a moment, and thought to her, *Ally, my precious, if you can answer her, please do*. As he projected the thought to her, he could briefly pick up on her thoughts – they were all about him, and so intense he wasn’t surprised when she didn’t respond. He smiled, but decided to keep silent.

“There is one last physical indicator, but it can’t be measured just by looking at someone.”

A tall blonde in the back added “Heart rate, right?”

“Correct.”

“Emotional indicators do exist, but these vary so much from person to person that it would take us nearly a week to go through all of them, and they usually require expensive machines to measure properly, machines we don’t have available here. So, instead, I’d like you to think about one time you’ve felt sexually aroused, breaking down the memory into the stages of arousal and writing down what indicators were present, both physically and emotionally.”

“What are the stages, Ms. Jenkins? You only briefly mentioned that there are different ones, but didn’t name or explain any of them,” a student asked.

“You can for now call them preparation, excitement, release, and rest. The preparation stage is the first, and the one in which the lesser physical indicators start to show up – this tends to be the second shortest of all the stages. Excitement follows next – it’s here that the breathing starts to become heavier, the stronger physical indicators start to show, and the pleasure feeling starts to build up. Release is fairly obvious – here pleasure builds up until ejaculation and/or orgasm occur. Please note that this is the quickest of the stages, lasting up to a minute or two. Finally, the last stage is the rest stage – this stage is a time where the pleasurable feelings start to level out, and the body becomes ready for the cycle to begin again. Remember that this final stage is much longer in men than it is in many women – men need on average about ten minutes of rest before they can start again, while women can range from needing only a few seconds to needing an hour. I’ll give you all twenty minutes to write out your memories, then I’d like some of you to share them.”

Emanuel felt his eyes close all of a sudden. When he finally was able to open them, he noticed he was in a bedroom, with Allison directly beneath him, staring into his eyes. He stared back, smiling as he saw her eyes started to move down his body. A few moments later, he saw her lick her lips. He felt her hand lightly touch his erect penis, asking as she did, “Is this for me?”

He replied “Of course it’s for you my precious.” He moaned a little as she started to fondle it, rubbing her hands up and down it a few times.

*So she’s going to tease me* he thought. *Two can play that game* he added as he let his hands creep down to her large breasts. He lightly squeezed them, smiling when he heard the small gasp escape her throat. He leaned in and kissed her passionately on the lips, then started working his way down to her neck, kissing gently. He continued to kiss his way down her body, smiling inside as she gasped again. Upon reaching her breasts he took her left nipple in his mouth and started to nibble on it gently, while fondling the right breast. He kept this up for a few minutes, then switched sides, smiling as he could sense her excitement starting to build.

He continued this pattern for a few more minutes, sensing she was close to cumming. He switched one more time, smiling internally again as he saw her arch her back, and felt her body shake. He watched as she plopped down on the bed, and continued to kiss down her body slowly. He heard another soft moan escape her lips. He worked his way down her stomach and legs, finally stopping at her feet. He looked at her face for a moment, watching the excitement in her eyes for a moment. He sucked gently on each of her toes, then worked his way back up her legs, stopping at her vaginal lips.

He began to gently lick her clitoris while rubbing her vaginal slit, listening happily to her moans, and feeling how excited she was. He could hear her moans increase



in intensity as he continued this. After a few minutes of this he switched to rubbing her clitoris and licking around her slit, as well as up and down it. He could hear her moans increase in volume and intensity as he continued this. After a few minutes of this he felt her arch her back again, and in the process felt that his head had become trapped between her legs. She fell back to the bed again.

He could make out, "I'm ready Manny. I want to make love to you," in between her heavy breathing.

"Are you sure, my precious?" he asked.

He was surprised at the speed at which she responded by thinking, *Yes, I'm sure.*

He repositioned his penis directly in front of her vaginal lips, and readied himself. *I have been patiently waiting for this moment he remembered. But, then why am I nervous all of a sudden? My precious one wants it, and I want it.*

He breathed a moment and then realized, *I'm nervous because this could very well change our entire relationship.*

He breathed again, thought to himself, *no matter what the consequences are afterward, I will make sure she enjoys her first time.*

He slowly started to push himself in, remembering the advice some of his friends had given him in the past. He continued to push in further, feeling her tight muscles squeezing his penis, and enjoying every moment of it. His concentration was broken as he felt that he could go no further, and looking down he realized he was all the way in. He slowly pulled out, preparing himself for the first real thrust, and noticed a small amount of blood on his penis. He became concerned for a moment, but then remembered that the deflowering process sometimes left a little blood behind, and breathed a sigh of relief. He checked to make sure he was still properly aligned.

As he did, he could hear a voice calling his name. "Manny, wake up. Class is over," he could hear Allison say as all of a sudden he saw he was still sitting in the classroom.

He looked up and saw Allison standing there, smiling as she said, "I'm guessing you had a good dream," pointing to her breasts, splattered with his cum.

"But how... never mind. I know the answer," he replied. He smiled back at her, gathering his books together. "Let's get to gym then," he added as he stood up. He took a quick peek at the teacher, and realized from her smile that she had been very happy, and very quickly realized why.

Without saying a word, he grabbed Allison's hand and started towards the door. He watched as the teacher started to open her mouth, then quickly stopped. He looked

over at Allison as they made their way out of the classroom and into the hall, smiling as he said, “You look really good like that my precious.”

She smiled back, jokingly responding, “You’re only saying that because you want me to aim at them in the future.”

*I could respond with a joke back, or...he thought.*

“You wouldn’t...” she started to respond as he cut her off with a passionate kiss. He could feel her embrace the kiss, and allowed his hand to move down to her vaginal lips. He brushed his finger tips against them, and could feel her excitement leave some residue on them. She broke the kiss and smiled at him, grabbing his hand and licking the liquid off all but one of them.

She licked her lips, saying, “Yummy. Wanna taste Manny?”

He licked the final finger clean, letting the liquid linger on his tongue. “It’s different than I had expected,” he said as they resumed walking again, quickly adding “kind of sweet... I like it,” upon seeing the worried look that passed onto her face. As he finished, the worried look disappeared and was replaced with a happy one.

They walked in silence, enjoying each others' presence. A few minutes later, Emanuel sighed as they reached the small gym. “My class is in here. I’ll see you again in English,” he said, a tone of sadness in his voice. *Be strong my precious, I believe in you* he thought to Allison.

*You have no idea how much that helps me. Thank you.*

He watched as she disappeared down the hallway, then walked through the doorway.

## Allison

Allison quickly peeked around her, noticing the lustful stares of her fellow students more all of a sudden. She continued walking forward, speeding up her pace a little, hoping to successfully get to the outdoor track before any one stopped her for a reasonable request. She looked ahead, guessing she’d be at the door to the track in another twenty or so steps.

Just as she guessed this, she heard a familiar voice ask “Fair lady, would you allow us to touch your bosoms again? We wish to know if we have any skill in pleasing a lady.”

She thought for a moment, then answered slightly nervously, “Yes, I’ll allow it.” She closed her eyes, preparing herself to focus on the feelings alone, intending to continue to resist the urge to hide that had already come back.

“Lady, why do you close your eyes? Are you ashamed of what we are about to do?”

She struggled to answer, managing to respond with, “I wish to focus on the feelings as much as possible, and closing my eyes helps me to do so.” She felt a hand start to massage her left breast gently, but for some reason felt no excitement at the touch. Another hand started to massage her right breast with the same gentleness.

*Shouldn't I be feeling some excitement right now?* she wondered.

“Lady, are we pleasing you correctly? You do not seem to be responding to our touch,” one of the boys asked.

“You can massage them a little harder,” she managed to respond after a few moments.

“Very well Lady, we shall use a little more of our strength if you promise to let us know when it is too much,” another one responded.

“I promise,” she replied with a weird steadiness in her voice. She returned her focus to their touch. They increased their pressure a little, and as they did she could feel some excitement starting to build.

*No! It's wrong to feel that pleasure* she suddenly thought. She breathed out for a moment, and breathing in thought, *that pleasure is a natural reaction. There is nothing wrong with it.*

She repeated the thought for a few moments, feeling a large amount of her strength leave her as she did. She felt herself starting to fall as the two hands started to massage much harder. Before she knew it, she felt herself falling backwards, and was surprised to be caught by a pair of arms.

“Are you okay Lady?” one of them asked as she stopped breathing hard.

“Yes... I'm alright,” she responded. She felt the hands on her breasts resume their movements. She felt the pleasure start to build for a few moments, then shrieked in pain as one of the hands became too rough. The hand lightened a little, and she smiled as the pleasure started up again.

A moment later one of them asked, “May we suckle on the Lady's nipples?”

*No, they've done too much already* she thought. *I like feeling good. I will continue to feel good* she thought a few times, breathing as the negative feeling left.

“You may, but no biting” she responded to them.

The hands stopped moving as she felt a gentle suction motion coming from her nipples. A few moments of this and she could hear soft moans escape her lips. She felt a small wave of pleasure wash over her body. As the wave stopped, she opened her eyes, and could see that two of the boys had stopped what they had been doing, and were looking between her legs.

“Lady, your lower womanly parts are wet. Did we do something wrong?” one of them asked.

She felt some of her strength return, and tried to stand up. As she did, she fell again, and again was caught by the boy behind her.

“Are you okay Lady?” he asked.

She breathed for a moment, then responded, “Yes, I’m just a little shaky. You three did well.”

She watched the smile they shared among each other. “Thank you” she added, smiling warmly. She tried standing up again, and fell once more.

“Would the Lady like some help getting to her next class?” the boy who had been holding her asked.

“Thank you” she replied. “My class is just outside those doors,” she added, pointing to the doors in front of them.

She gathered her things, and with the help of the boy, stood up. “May I ask the Lady’s name?” he asked her.

“Allison. What is your name, student of The Bard?” she replied.

“I am called Richard,” he replied.

They made their way slowly down the hall. As they reached the door, Allison felt strong enough to stand on her own, and separated from Richard.

“Thank you Richard. You have been very kind to help me in this.”

“It was my pleasure and my duty, Lady Allison. 'Twas myself and my friends that put you in a state of weakness, so it was therefore our duty to help you on your way. I pray you forgive me a question though... Were my companions as good as you said, or were you only being kind to their feelings?”

She sighed, responding, “I spoke the truth. They are not as good as my partner, but they have some skill in the pleasing arts.”

Richard bowed to her, opening the door as he did. She smiled at him, then stepped through.

The change in temperature hit her immediately. She looked around, grimacing when she realized that she was the only girl there.

The coach looked up from his clip board and smiled. “Okay people... get out on that track and start warming up,” he shouted as she approached him. “We don’t have any athletic tape, so unfortunately you’ll have to run as you are,” he quietly told Allison. She groaned, then made her way to the track.

She started to jog lightly, and winced as her breasts started to bounce up and down, feeling a bit of pain as they came back down and hit her chest. She let her mind roam as she jogged, and after a few laps managed to ignore the pain. She continued jogging, staring at the trees with their brown, yellow and orange leaves, wondering for a moment how she had ever managed to stay in pain for so long. Just as she had managed to find a place of peace she hadn’t known before, a sharp note rang out.

She came to a halt, recognizing the whistle’s tone.

“Okay, that’s enough warm up. I want 5 laps at full running speed!” he shouted out. Allison started back up to the jogging pace, still not feeling the pain for some reason, and then proceeded to run. She cried a little as she took her first step, but forced herself to continue. A few minutes later, she fell on her knees, thinking, *not even my worst cramps hurt this much* as she grimaced. She stayed on her knees for a few moments, breathing in and out.

As she finished, the coach came over, and kneeled down next to her. “Are you okay to continue running?” he asked.

“No sir, it hurts too much to run. Is there anything else I can do?”

She breathed a few more times as he thought. “There’s nothing for today. Feel free to sit down if you feel sure you can’t run though,” he replied.

She stood up and looked at the trees. “Can I jog slowly instead? That doesn’t hurt so much, and I was kind of enjoying it,” she asked.

“Sure. Feel free to take a break whenever it becomes too much,” he replied.

She started back at a jogging pace as he walked away. She breathed in and out a few more times, then let her imagination roam again. She smiled as she felt the peace wash over her again, seemingly washing away all the stress of the day. She felt all the energy she had used earlier return to her. Suddenly, she remembered that Emanuel had

promised to talk to her about the strange wall he had put up earlier, but had forgotten to. *Maybe I can ask him now* she thought, then decided, *I can wait until later.*

She was surprised when a negative thought didn't pop up right away, and smiled. She let her mind slip off again, enjoying the peaceful feeling.

What felt like hours later the sharp note sounded again. "Time to hit the showers" she heard the coach yell. Allison nervously followed the guys as they walked to the locker rooms. A minute later, she reached the door to the locker room and nervously breathed for a few minutes, unsure if she wanted to go in or not. She quickly sniffed her underarms and realized she needed a shower, and prepared to go in.

The door creaked a little as she opened it. She looked around and breathed a sigh of relief – she didn't seem to see any of the guys around. She took a long look at the place – she saw several benches, a shelf with towels on it, cubbies to put book bags into, and what she guessed was the passageway into the shower room itself. She put her bag in one of the cubbies, and quickly made her way towards the passage. As she neared it, she heard two of the guys talking.

"Did you see those breasts man? So large... I just want to stick my dick between them and cum all over them."

"Yeah, they certainly are amazing looking. I'd love to watch them bounce up and down as she rides my cock."

"You know man, I'm sure we can find some way to get her to let us have our way with her. After all, she is in the Program"

Allison started to grow scared. Just as she was about to leave quietly, she heard a third voice enter the conversation.

"Did I hear you two talking about what I think you were talking about?" the voice said.

"So what if we were? She's a slut anyway. I hear she's been walking around with cum on them since first period ended."

She heard a soft thud, and let out a low squeak.

"I'm going to give you two a little advice: if you want the Program to stay, you will respect anyone in it. Stunts like what you two were planning will give the Principal the reason she needs to shut it down here for good," the third voice said.

She decided to wait a moment until the two guys were done. A moment later they came around the corner.

One of them looked her straight in the eyes, saying very meanly, “You are one lucky little slut.”

She hurried into the showers as they left, bumping into the guy as she did. “I’m ... so sorry. I didn’t mean to... hit you,” she stammered nervously. She looked closer at the guy – he was well built, like Emanuel.

“Don’t worry about. You must be Allison,” he said gently.

She recovered for a moment, asking, “How do you know my name?”

He smiled, answering, “I recognize you by Kara’s description of you. I’m one of Emanuel’s friends from the team.”

She breathed a sigh of relief. As she did, *The other boys were right... I am a slut* suddenly popped in her head. *If I was a slut, Emanuel wouldn’t want me* she thought, relaxing when the negative thought disappeared right away.

“Oh, my name’s Tony by the way,” he suddenly added.

“Nice to meet you Tony” she replied. “Would you mind acting as body guard for me in there? I’m a little nervous some of the other guys will be harboring similar ideas to those two.”

“No problem” he replied.

She breathed in, and walked to the nearest shower head. Three guys walked towards her with an evil look in their eyes, and ran off quickly as Tony shot a glance at them. She placed her head under the water and closed her eyes, letting the water run over her body.

*Ally precious, I need a little clarification on something she heard Emanuel think.*

*Are we in a relationship, and what type, right?* she responded.

*Yes, exactly.*

She replied back, *As far as I’m concerned, we are a committed couple. But, it’s nearly impossible to stop others from basic touching, and I think it unfair to make it so you can only get relief from me. However, I want you to be my first, and I don’t like the idea of you having sex with anyone but me.*

He replied, *So basically, anything short of sex is okay in your book. I agree with that, but with one added condition: whatever we do, we tell the other.*

She smiled, replying, *And the reason for telling each other, if I know you well enough, is so we can learn what works for the other, right?*

*Right* he replied back.

She turned Tony around slowly. "I want to reward you for watching over me so diligently." She kneeled down, looking at his half way hard penis.

"Are you sure what you're about to do is okay with Emanuel? I don't want to endanger my friendship with him because of a hand job," he asked nervously.

"Don't worry about that – I checked already, and it's fine with him" she replied. She looked again at his penis, and wrapped her hand around it. "Before I start, where would you like cum on me?" she asked him.

He thought for a moment, answering, "Your breasts if you wouldn't mind."

She smiled as she started to pump her hand up and down, watching as his penis started to grow even harder.

"You're really good at this Allison," he said. Allison smiled as she heard this. As she continued, she could hear his breathing start to get heavy. A minute later she was a little surprised to hear him stutter, "I'm... about to... cum." She picked up the speed of her movements as she pointed his penis at her breasts. A few moments later, she smiled as he grunted, and watched as ropes of semen flew through the air, landing on her breasts. She smiled even brighter as his breathing started to become easier. "Wow... That was... wow," she heard him say. She stood up slowly, allowing him to see more closely her cum splattered breasts.

"Is there anything else you want before I clean this up?" she asked.

"Can I play with your breasts for a minute?" he asked in response.

"Sure" she responded. She watched as he massaged her breasts with the perfect amount of strength, using his hands with the palms open to do so. She wondered why he was doing that, then realized what this was doing to the cum on them. "I never thought about having someone do that before," she quietly told him, adding, "I like this. I'll have to teach Emanuel to do this."

He smiled, responding, "Glad I could teach you a new trick," as he finished.

She looked down, and noticed her vaginal lips were starting to get wet again.

"Would you like me to take care of that for you?" she heard Tony ask politely.



“No thank you. My last orgasm left me pretty weak, and I need to get to my next class in one piece.” She thought for a moment, adding, “You can help me wash if you’d like to.”

“No thank you. I’d be too tempted to do more than clean you,” he replied.

Allison reached for the nearby soap and gently lathered up her body, making sure to not excite herself any more. A few moments later she stepped back under the water, letting it rinse off the soap, shuddering with pleasure as it hit her nipples and clitoris.

She closed her eyes for a moment, breathing in and out a few times, feeling the last of her lost strength return to her. When she opened them a moment later, she saw Tony standing just out of the water’s reach, a towel around his waist and one on his arm. “The bell is due to ring soon. You’ll need this” he said, pointing to the towel on his arm. She stepped out from under the water, taking the towel from him as he offered it.

“Thank you,” she replied as she quickly dried herself. She smiled realizing for a moment how much stronger she had become so quickly.

Allison followed Tony out into the locker room. “Thank you again Tony. I doubt I would have been able to stop those two idiots.”

“It was my pleasure and duty,” he responded with a smile. She watched as he silently got dressed. After about a minute he broke the silence, saying softly, “I wish I had a girlfriend like you.”

Allison blinked a few times in surprise. “But you seem like such a sweet gentle guy. Why would you need to wish that? I’m sure you could easily get...” Allison started to respond, stopping as she realized the reason. “Never mind. I believe I know the reason, and it’s unfair to you.”

“You’re thinking the ‘stupid jock’ reason, right?” he asked, adding, “I ask only to make sure we’re thinking of the same one.”

“Yeah, that’s what everyone not concerned with status assumes.” She saw the frown cross his face, and instantly knew why. “Except me now. I hope you accept my sincere apology for not getting to know you before making that assumption.”

He smiled, replying, “Of course I accept it. Where’s your next class? Some of the jerks might still be hanging around, waiting to ambush you.”

“Harner’s English class. Yours?” she asked.

“Same, they just transferred me there for some reason. What’s it like?”

“I don’t know yet, we haven’t started the course work yet. I can tell you that she’s no fan of the Program though.”

“It’s that good or bad?”

“Both. I don’t have to worry about her calling on me too often, but at the same time I can’t get relief even if I really want it.”

He looked at her, holding out his arm. “Shall we go then?” he asked politely.

“Yes, let’s,” Allison replied, as she grabbed her books.

As they started to walk, Allison turned to Tony and asked, “So, is there anyone you like at the moment?”

A suspicious look crossed his face. “Why do you want to know?” he asked.

“Maybe I can help you get a date with whoever it is.”

He looked around nervously, then replied, “Emily Lian” just as nervously.

“You’ll have to describe her to me if you can.”

“Ummm, short red hair, brown eyes, figure like yours. I think she's Asian.”

“I think I know who you’re talking about. She was my lab partner last year.” As she said this she remembered, *About as shy as I’ve been these past few years. That is, if she hasn’t changed since then.*

They settled into idle chit chat as they walked. Allison reflected how much she had changed in the past few hours. *Is this true change* she wondered for a moment, then dismissed the thought, realizing how unwise it was to dwell on such a thought for too long.

“I’ll see what beneficial rumors I can start next time I see her” she said, quickly turning to Tony. “Anything in particular you’d like me to emphasize?” she added quickly.

He seemed to think for a few moments, finally responding, “That I’m a good student and respectful.”

“No problem,” she said as they continued on their way, walking in silence.

As they rounded the corner, Allison felt a chill pass over her.

“Next time I see her man, I’m gonna fuck those tits, no matter what she says,” she suddenly heard. She recognized the voice of one the creeps from earlier.

“I think it’s them. The guys you scared off earlier,” she stopped, saying to Tony as she turned to him.

“Do you want my help?” he asked.

“Let me try to stand up for myself first. If I need help, you’ll know.” They started walking again, and a few moments later came face to face with the two.

“I want to touch your tits,” the taller of the two said roughly.

Allison stood up tall, responding, “No. I am only bound by rule three to pose, and I can deny a pose if it would make me late to class.”

“Too bad” the boy replied, stepping towards her. “I don’t care if you’ll be late to class – I’m gonna fuck ‘em and you will enjoy my cum spraying all over them.”

As they stepped closer, she felt herself start to faint. Just as she did, Tony stepped in between her and them. “That’s enough. I’m going to report you two to Mr. Litski. Do you know what that means?” Allison stared at the blank look on their faces as Tony continued, “A month in the Program as punishment, not counting towards your mandatory week.”

The second one spoke up, “If you do that, we’ll make sure you get kicked off the team. For good.”

Tony replied, no hesitation in his voice, “Just try. Coach wouldn’t ban someone for following school rules, and if he did then I wouldn’t want to be on the team anymore.”

Allison breathed a sigh of relief as the two quickly ran off. They started on their way again in silence. A few uncomfortable moments later, Allison turned to Tony saying, “You know you don’t have to tell Mr. Litski about those two, right? I’m sure they could find some way of getting you kicked off the baseball team.”

“I know,” he replied, “but I care more about doing the right thing, even if it means sacrificing my place on the team.”

“Thank you” she replied, smiling. They continued on in silence again, and were about halfway to class when Allison watched him suddenly stop. She wondered for a moment if he had gotten lost.

“Go on ahead of me if you like. I’m gonna report those two now, before they have a chance to twist the story,” he said, a strange look in his eyes.

“Would you like me to hang around in case you need a witness?” she asked gently, hoping this was what he wanted.

“Thank you Allison, I appreciate and accept your offer,” he said, a bright smile lighting up his face. She breathed in and out a few times as he opened the door, and gestured her in first, saying gently, “When you’re ready madame.”

Allison breathed in one last time, and walked through the open door, holding her head high.

## Emanuel

Emanuel stopped for a moment, catching his breath. He hadn’t expected to encounter a group of girls that big. *Then again* he thought, *I didn’t expect to find any guys wanting to rule three me either.* He looked around nervously, expecting one or more of them had followed him. As he did a second pass he noticed Allison entering Mr. Litski’s office with Tony. *Is everything okay Ally?* he thought worriedly.

*Yes and no sweetheart. Two hooligans from your team were talking about taking advantage of me earlier, and Tony helped me out both times* she replied.

He breathed a sigh of relief as he continued to walk, responding, *So I’m guessing you’re reporting them. Not quite* she started to reply back, *He’s reporting them, and I’m here to be a witness to what happened. Oh, and I rewarded him for his help.*

*Under the terms of our agreement I suppose?* he thought back.

*Yes, and I learned a new trick in the process.*

He smiled upon receiving this last thought, responding, *and I learned a new trick as well. One I’m sure you’ll have a lot of fun with* He looked at the clock on the wall, then added, *I need to focus on getting to class. Let me know how it goes later, okay?*

*No problem Manny.*

He smiled an uneasy smile, concerned for her, and stopped, looking around one more time. “Shit!” he muttered under his breath as he spotted the group of girls from earlier. He started moving again slowly, hoping not to attract their attention.

“There he is!” he heard one of them shout, and realized he was caught as they started to advance toward him. He broke into a fast run and headed towards his class room, breathing a sigh of relief as he made it into the room moments before they caught up with him.

“Mr Lopez, I see you have discovered just now one of the many reasons I feel the Program should be stopped,” his teacher said as he caught his breath.

“The man-eaters out there? They’re only that way because society has been prudish for so long. If the naked body was never taboo, their attitudes towards me would be very different,” he replied.

“Save those ideas for class Mr Lopez. The county Program committee apparently decided yesterday that all classes for this week should have some relevance to the Program. Now, please take your assigned seat.”

He made his way to the back, sitting down in his seat, silently preparing for a very interesting class.

He watched silently as his fellow students slowly made their way in, each with a lustful or disgusted look on their faces. He watched in surprise as a few of the guys came in with the lustful look on their face. He had expected those from the girls, but not from his own gender. A few moments before the bell was due to ring, the last of the students entered. He looked around briefly, a little worried that Allison hadn’t come in yet.

*Ally, precious, is it safe to assume you’ll be here soon, or is something holding you up?* he thought.

*I’ll be there in about three seconds. Tony just finished writing up his incident report* she replied.

*Okay precious, but be aware that the bell is due to ring soon. You should probably bring a note from Litski in case you’re late* he thought back.

*Already have one* she responded.

He smiled as a moment later Allison entered the room, Tony right behind her. He looked around quickly, noticing the hungry looks on the faces of the guys, as well as two of the girls. He focused back on her, noticing that somehow her face stood out beyond everything else. He wondered what that meant, deciding to ask his close friends later on.

Finally, the bell rang. “Okay students, due to the meddling of the county Program committee, I’ve had to change my lesson plan for the week. This means that we will not be starting To Kill a Mocking Bird, and will instead be looking at the nature of sex and nudity throughout literature. The special readers will arrive tomorrow, so today we will discuss the pro and anti Program views. And finally, we have a new student in the class. You all should know who he is, so I won’t bother wasting my time or yours telling you. Can anyone explain to the class what the pro-Program people emphasize about it?”

Emanuel raised his hand. “Go ahead Mr. Lopez”.

“Pro-Program sentiments usually focus on what they believe the end results of it to be – a generation that does not mystify and over-privatize sex and the opposite gender. Their ultimate society is one in which nudity is accepted as the natural state, and where true equality exists, where sex and the female body is no longer used as a weapon. In their perfect world, the naked form is considered beautiful and something to be proud of,” he answered.

“Very eloquently said Mr. Lopez. Can anyone explain the anti-Program sentiments?”

Emanuel watched as Allison raised her hand. “Go ahead Ms Kirse.”

“The anti-Program people believe that nakedness is a necessary state that is meant to be kept private and shared only between one’s husband or wife. Sex is considered a sacred and special gift exchanged between couples to be used for reproduction, and because of this is to be kept private as well. Therefore the free nature of the Program makes it an abomination in their eyes. They also believe that because of this nature, it is going to be responsible for leading an entire generation astray.”

“And which of these two views do you identify with more Mr Lopez?”

“I came into it pro and remain pro,” he replied.

“And you Ms Kirse?”

“I came into it anti, but now identify more with the pro view.”

Emanuel smiled as he heard this.

“I’m curious if anyone in this room besides me is anti. I have a bet going with my husband that deals with how much of this class is anti-Program. By a show of hands, how many of you are pro-Program?” Emanuel raised his hand again, and noticed a few students kept their hands down. “Anti-Program?” He watched two hands go up. “Simon, am I accurate in guessing that you are neutral?”

“Yes ma’am” the boy replied.

“And how many of the pro-students are pro because of it’s ideals? Remember that I expect honesty here”. Emanuel watched as most of the hands that had gone up before stayed down. “Now, that is exactly what I expected class. I’d like you to split into groups of four and discuss your thoughts on how the Program has been implemented here so far, and what you expect to happen by Friday.” Emanuel watched as the two nearest people turned to face him and Allison.

“I did some research as soon as my friend Amanda found out she was going to be in it and told me. It seems that in some schools it has been immensely successful, and in

others a complete disaster, being held responsible for a lot of psychological damages. So far it seems we've fared well, considering that Edward is the only casualty. On the other hand I've heard rumors that some students have started to feel uncomfortable about sitting in seats where Program participants clearly have sat," said the tall blonde.

"Maybe the girls feel that way. My friends fight over who gets the chairs with girl juices on them. They view those chairs and any objects used to clean them up as an added bonus," the other guy said.

"That's disgusting!" Allison exclaimed.

Emanuel spoke next. "I think it's about time they started the Program. Look at society – sex is idolized in movies and television, yet condemned by religious institutions and our families. The result is that sex becomes a vital part of lives that we cannot fulfill."

Allison replied, "True, but at the same time, I don't think we as a culture are ready for it yet. The Program strikes me as a very extreme solution to this attitude problem."

Emanuel smiled at Allison, responding, "I have one more thing to say about this, and then we should get back on topic. I believe that the Program is the only solution right now. There are so many barriers today to healthy sexuality today that any other solution would take at least half a century to work. Anyway, I will admit this could have been better implemented."

"That I agree with" Allison responded. "I'm sure there's something they could supply us with to shield us from the cold plastic" she added.

"Maybe towels would work," Emanuel suggested.

"And maybe whistles so that assaults don't happen" Allison replied.

He smiled at her, and kissed her lightly on the lips.

## Allison

Allison smiled back, and gently took Emanuel's hand in hers. She heard a loud fake cough from nearby, and quickly pulled her hand away, while flashing Emanuel an apologetic look. He nodded his head in understanding, and as he did she breathed a sigh of relief. She quickly looked up front, making sure the teacher hadn't noticed. As she did, she noticed a girl enter and hand a slip of paper to the teacher. *That note probably asks for me* she thought. A moment later she noticed the teacher stare at her and smile. Allison nodded and grabbed her books as she got up. The teacher's smile grew.

*Sweetheart, Mr Litski wants to see me for some reason. I'll keep you informed* she thought.

*Thanks Ally* he thought back, adding aloud, "I have those brochures to give you at lunch."

*What about this morning?* she thought.

*I'll explain that too* he replied.

Allison walked to the front of the room, ignoring the hoots and finger waving of her classmates. "I'm guessing Mr. Litski wants to see me right away," she said softly to the teacher.

"Quite correct Ms Kirse. If he finishes with you before the period is over, please head to your next class." Allison sighed and looked at the girl who was waiting for her. She started to follow her as the girl quietly started out of the room. They walked in silence for a few moments. Allison broke it, asking, "Do you have any idea what he wants to talk to me about?"

"I don't know" the girl responded, adding, "I don't think he'll need more than ten minutes with you." They continued on their way, the silence returning. The girl finally broke it, asking nervously, "Can I confide something in you?"

Allison looked at her a little surprised, then responded, "Umm... sure. But before you do, why me?"

The girl looked around nervously, responding, "None of my friends who are girls would understand, and the guys can't possibly help me."

"Sure, go ahead" Allison replied uncertainly.

"Well, I think I might be a lesbian, but I'm not sure. I have friends who are boys, who I've seen naked a few times. For some reason they don't excite me."

"And what do you feel when you look at me?" She watched with wonder as the girl slowly looked at her more closely.

"A tingly feeling, almost like someone is running an electrical current through my body."

"I'd say chances are good you're a lesbian," Allison replied.

"Would you allow me to try touching you a little after you finish with the Vice-Principal?" the girl asked nervously.



*That's the ultimate sin* she suddenly thought. *It's no worse than letting Manny touch me* she thought a few times, banishing the negative thought. "Only if my boyfriend can watch. You might be able to teach him a new trick or two." She watched the girl gulp nervously. *Would you be okay watching a girl play with me Manny?* she thought.

*Sure* he replied adding, *it'll be a great learning experience.*

"Umm, okay I suppose. I'll ask Mr. Litski to call him to the office when he's done with you," the girl responded, still a little nervous.

They stopped for a moment outside Mr Litski's office. Allison peeked in the open door, trying to see what kind of a mood he was in. *Blank?* she thought, as a peculiar look crossed his face. She started trying to analyze it when he seemed to notice her, saying "Ms Kirse, do come in. Don't worry, you're not in trouble."

"Yes sir," she replied nervously as quietly entered. She sat down, and finally realized what his face meant, as the girl whispered something into his ear.

"I don't see the point, but I'll grant your request," he replied to her, handing her a piece of paper. Allison watched as the girl left quickly.

Allison gulped nervously as he turned back to her. "Ms Kirse, you know how I dislike being coerced into ordering something. However, this is one of those times. The school counselor believes you need to see her once a day, and the Principal has agreed with her. As a result, you will be seeing her every day for the rest of the year in place of your English class. Don't worry, you will receive credit for it."

"That hardly seems necessary Mr. Litski. I'm getting the problem under control with very limited outside help."

"While I agree with you Ms Kirse, my hand is forced."

She sighed softly, wondering if there was any way out of this. As she did, he started to speak again.

"What I am about to say stays in this room. While Mrs. Benerdon claims her motive is protecting your mental health, I believe otherwise. I believe she and the counselor are planning on encouraging and brainwashing you into becoming an advocate for their side. I also believe they would go so far as to induce another breakdown, which they can then use to shut the Program down for good."

Allison looked at him doubtfully, thinking for a moment, *It's plausible, and while I can see Mrs. Benerdon willing to go that far, I can't say the same for Ms. Luden. She may be an obstinate, stubborn woman, but she's certainly not an amateur.*

*I disagree with you on that precious one. She only has a BS in psych, not a MS or PHD like professional psychologists. Also, she's not a member of the APA* Emanuel replied.

*Tell me then sweetheart, why does that matter?*

*Because, my precious one, being part a member of the APA includes a code of ethics. Although said code of ethics does not explicitly include a cause no harm clause, it's held as common sense. Since she is not an APA member, she is not held by that code of ethics, and thus may not follow the cause no harm ideal.*

She gulped nervously as Emanuel thought this to her.

“Since you seem to believe me Ms. Kirse, I'd like to make a recommendation to you, if you don't mind.”

“I don't mind sir,” she responded.

“If you do feel you need outside help, find someone outside of the school. Someone good, someone professional.”

“May I ask sir, how she came to work here?”

“Well, to be quite honest, she doesn't even have her counseling degree. Mrs. Benerdon saw fit to hire her about five years ago. Bear in mind, no other school in the state was willing to take her. I still don't quite understand why Benerdon hired her.” Allison watched his eyes migrate up to the clock on one of the walls as he said this. “Ms. Kirse, since third period is almost up, you might as well just sit here until fourth starts,” he stated, adding, “Laura, good of you to return so promptly. Please explain why you had me call Mr. Lopez away from his class.”

Allison stood up, her eyes locking with Emanuel's, smiling as she did. “Well, I made a request of Allison, and she granted it on the condition her boyfriend could watch. It's something I want to do in some privacy sir,” Laura replied nervously.

“Is this request within the rules of the Program, or a personal request, something better left for after school?” he asked.

“The former sir,” Laura replied, a nervous tone still in her voice.

“Very well then, you may use the back room of this office, but only until the end of the period.”

Allison looked up at the clock, realizing they had plenty of time. She started towards the door to the back room when she heard Emanuel's voice speak up, “May I

make a request sir?” She breathed a sigh of relief as Mr. Litski’s face remained blank. “Very well, go ahead Mr. Lopez.”

“I know what the Principal has ordered, and I’d like to be there with Allison at her sessions.”

“I’ll grant your request, but I’m curious as to how you know about it. However, I have a feeling you’re not going to tell me anyway.”

“Sir, even if I did tell you, you wouldn’t believe me.”

“Mr. Lopez, be aware you will be granted the same exception Ms. Kirse is receiving.”

“Thank you sir.”

Allison looked at Emanuel, smiling nervously. *Are you sure you’re okay with what we’re about to do?* she thought.

*I’m sure precious, and I can give you three reasons* he replied.

*And they are?*

He turned to her smiling, responding, *One – it’s one of my fantasies. Two – I get to learn how a woman approaches pleasing a woman. Three – you have a chance to help Laura, and that’s as good a reason as any other.*

Allison started to open her mouth to respond when Mr. Litski turned to her, saying, “if you want sufficient time to do whatever it is you plan on doing, I suggest you start soon.”

Allison looked over at Emanuel, then over at Laura and made her way into the back room. She shuddered for a moment, feeling the nervousness radiate off of Laura. She stepped in the room, looking closely around it, spotting a large couch as she did. She watched as Laura and Emanuel entered moments later. “I’m going to sit down on the couch Laura, and you can start whenever you’re ready,” she said gently to the almost petrified girl. She smiled at Emanuel as she sat down, trying to hide her own nervousness as he closed and locked the door.

She watched as Laura approached cautiously. “Is there anywhere you don’t want me to touch?” the girl asked, still as nervous as she was before as she sat down next to Allison.

“Yes, actually. I don’t want your fingers or mouth in or too close to my ass” Allison replied instinctively. *Manny, did I say what I think I just did?* she thought as Laura responded, “I wouldn’t want anyone touching me there either.”

*Yes Ally, you did say ass, and it kind of turned me on* Emanuel responded.

Allison smiled as she received this, looking deep into his eyes.

“One last question,” Laura started a second later. “Can I kiss you? I want to see if kissing a girl does anything for me.”

Allison looked at Emanuel a second, silently asking his permission.

He shot a look back that read, *‘only if you want to’*.

She nodded her head realizing he probably wanted her to, but was respecting her feelings first. “Okay, but if I touch your shoulder I want you to stop,” she responded.

“Understood,” Laura responded.

Allison watched as moments later Laura started to lean in closer. Time seemed to slow as Allison’s focus turned towards Laura’s approaching lips. She took a deep breath and held it as their lips met. Allison felt as Laura started out gently and quickly increased to a level of passion almost equal to Emanuel’s kisses. Allison focused on the sensation, and what seemed like hours later, she felt Laura break the kiss. “Wow” Allison heard Laura say softly as she looked at Allison’s breasts. “I’m afraid to continue. I don’t want to hurt you Allison,” Laura continued.

Allison sighed, responding, “I’ll tell you if you’re hurting me,” as she placed Laura’s hands on her breasts.

“But how will I know if I’m pleasing you right?”

Allison sighed again. “Don’t worry about pleasing me. You’ll know if you are, and if you can’t, that’s part of why my boyfriend is here,” she responded, smiling to Emanuel as she said it.

As he smiled back, Allison watched Laura’s hands start to gently massage her breasts. She closed her eyes, and let herself focus on the feelings coursing through her body. Over the next few moments, she felt her nose start to itch and a sharp pain start in her lower back, but did not feel Laura’s hands. Then, all of a sudden, she felt the familiar pressure start. She gasped as Laura found just the right amount.

*This is the ultimate sexual sin* she suddenly thought, and she quickly focused back on the feelings, almost completely ignoring the thought. She increased the focus little by little, until it went completely silent. Just as she accomplished this, she felt the pressure stop on one of her breasts.

A moment later, it was replaced by a new sensation, a strange but somewhat familiar one. She focused on this sensation, realizing it felt like her nipple was being gently pulled on by a suction cup, and released. A few moments later, she realized that Laura was doing what the Shakespeare boys had done, and that Laura was much better at it than they were.

*You're getting quite wet my precious. Laura must be really good* she heard Emanuel think.

*True sweetheart, but she has the advantage of knowing how her own body works, and thus is better at reading my reactions* she replied back. Just as this thought crossed her mind, she felt Laura bite down gently on the nipple and Allison let out a surprised gasp. She breathed in quickly, and was a little surprised when she felt herself become more turned on.

After a few more moments of this, she thought forcefully to Emanuel, *If you're not paying really close attention right now Manny, I'll give you blue balls until they fall off.*

*Don't worry precious, I am. I'm even taking notes.*

Allison started to think of a response, then nearly fainted as an intense orgasm washed over her.

"I'm going to do two more things, okay Allison," she heard Laura ask a moment later.

"Sure... no problem," she replied shakily, still feeling the aftereffects of the orgasm. As she said this she felt a strange cold feeling take over her body. *This is wrong. Really, really wrong* she thought as Laura started to gently rub her finger up and down Allison's vaginal slit. *No, it's harmless and feels really really good* she started to think, hoping to dispel the negative thought quickly.

She repeated the thought several times, becoming worried as she started to slip into her old safe place. *Manny! I need your hand quick* she thought strongly. A moment later she felt his hand in hers, and breathed a sigh of relief as she stopped slipping. She opened her eyes for a moment, noticing a strange look pass over Laura's face.

She quickly shot a glance at her, saying as sternly as she could, "You stop, you die". She closed her eyes again, focusing on the gentle pressure and the pleasure it was causing. She felt her breathing become a little heavier, and heard soft moans escaping from her lips. She felt another hand move down her body slowly. She split her focus between this new sensation and the familiar one of Laura's finger. Suddenly, a few moments later, she felt a finger begin to massage her clitoris. She heard her moans grow louder.

Allison let her focus slip for a second, thinking, *This girl really knows what she's doing*. She wondered if Laura was going to try anything else quickly, then returned her focus back to the feelings. She realized the answer was yes a moment later as she felt something wet and smooth move around her vaginal opening. She gasped as it found its way past her lips and started to circle around. She tried for a few moments to figure out what it was, and found her thoughts interrupted as she yelled out, "Yes... yes... yes... don't stop." She felt a familiar touch start to massage her clitoris as well. Suddenly, moments later she felt an orgasm start to build up. A few more excruciatingly good moments later, she heard a loud scream come out of her mouth as a massive wave of pleasure exploded and pulsated throughout her body. She opened her eyes a little while later as the last of it seemed to pass, seeing Laura and Emanuel's smiling faces.

## Emanuel

Emanuel watched as Allison started to open her mouth, and instantly fell asleep. "Wow, I didn't think it's possible for an orgasm to knock someone out," he said quietly to Laura, quickly adding, "You did one hell of a job."

Laura looked back at him, replying, "I believe your help at the end significantly increased its' power."

He looked back at Allison's sleeping form, gazing at her lovingly for a few moments. He turned back to Laura, asking, "Did you get the answers you were seeking?"

"Kind of," she replied. "I now know without a doubt that I'm attracted to women; everything I did made me increasingly horny. But looking at you is doing the same to a lesser extent."

Emanuel thought for a moment, smiling as the idea came to him. "Maybe then you wouldn't mind if I helped you get off," he suggested.

"You want practice, don't you?" she asked back, only slightly surprised.

"Kind of. I understand the theory of what you were doing, but I'm afraid I'll be too rough without some practice. You can teach me exactly what works for you – that seemed to work so well for my Ally." He watched a little nervously as she thought for a moment.

"Sure, why not?" she finally replied a few moments later.

*I'll just wait until she realizes what she needs to do before I can start* he thought with a smile.

A moment later she looked at him nervously. "I need to get naked, don't I?" she said nervously.

“Yes, you certainly do. Don’t worry, I won’t judge you.”

He watched with great interest as she quietly started by removing her shirt, revealing a white lace bra holding in largish breasts. “C cups, right?” he asked gently.

“Right. I wish they were smaller though,” she responded, looking down at them a little unhappily. He watched her remove her jeans as she said this, revealing matching panties. He saw the nervous look cross her face and said, “You have a beautiful figure.”

She smiled as she heard him, confidently removing her bra as she did, revealing her creamy white breasts.

*Wow* he thought, *those are some nice nipples*. He lost his control of his eyes for a few moments and started to stare at them.

“My nipples are too big, aren’t they,” she said a moment later, the nervousness back in her voice.

He broke the stare and replied gently, “No, they’re beautiful. I was admiring them.” He looked over them again, admiring their dollar-coin size pink areola and dime sized nipples.

She started to remove her panties, then stopped and looked at him. “Could you look away a moment? I’ll feel more comfortable that way.”

“Sure,” he replied, feeling slightly confused, and focused his eyes on her face. He admired her cute nose and green eyes framed by shoulder length red hair.

As he finished she said a little nervously, “Okay, you can look now.”

He slowly looked down her body, taking in every detail as he did. His eyes finally caught sight of her vaginal slit, framed by well trimmed red hair.

He stood up and pulled out a comfortable chair, placing it near where she had just sat down. “Where do you want me to begin first?” he asked gently.

“Start with my breasts, and go from there.”

He pulled forward and started to gently massage her breasts.

After a few moments, she stopped his hands with hers, saying, “You can use more pressure than that. Just keep increasing and I’ll tell you when you’re perfect.” He slowly started to increase the strength he was using, and after a few seconds he heard a moan escape from her lips.

“Right there” she said commandingly. He continued fondling her until she looked at him, saying, “Okay, now move on to playing with my nipples.”

He grabbed each nipple between a pair of fingers and began to gently twist them back and forth. After a few moments of this, she looked at him, saying, “I don’t know who taught you this, but it feels really good.”

He smiled and replied softly, “Feel free to guide me if you wish.” He watched her eyes travel up and down his body, finally stopping at his lips, looking at them with great interest. He looked at her, a puzzled look on his face. He watched her sigh then make a sucking motion, finally realizing what she wanted.

He lowered his lips down to her left nipple, taking it in his mouth and gently started to suck on it. “Harder. I’ll let you know when you’re perfect.” He started to suck with more force. A few moments later, he heard her cry out, “Perfect!” He continued sucking as he massaged her right breast. “The other,” he heard her say in between soft moans.

As he changed breasts, he felt Allison’s thoughts start to stir. *Try gently nibbling it* she thought weakly to him a moment later.

He started to nibble, and within a few moments smiled internally as sounds of confusion turned into cries of, “Don’t stop!”

*What next* he thought to Allison.

*Start to gently rub your finger up and down her slit like you did to me this morning* she replied.

He took his right hand down to her vaginal slit. He ran his finger down it, wondering for a moment if Allison’s would also feel this way. He ran the finger back up, hearing a loud gasp from Laura as he did.

*Now, continue to do this another minute or so, then stick two fingers in gently and slowly As soon as you’re in all the way, pull them out gently. Repeat this, speeding up or slowing down according to how far and fast her body rises to meet your thrusts* Allison continued, much stronger now.

*I figured that much Ally* he replied.

He continued rubbing Laura’s slit gently, eventually stopping upon the entrance to the interior of her vagina. He gently pushed his pointer and middle finger in. As he pulled them out a moment later, Laura cried out, “So good... don’t stop.” He continued to thrust his fingers in and out, feeling her body rise and fall to meet him.



After a few more moments Allison thought again, *Now, stop thrusting and move those two fingers around in a circular motion as deeply as you can without hurting her. At the same time take your right thumb and rub her clitoris in the same direction.*

As he did this, he felt Laura start to shudder, and felt her already wet vagina become wetter.

“It’s like you’re reading my mind,” Laura said in between deep breaths as he continued.

*Now, stop nibbling that nipple and lick her clitoris instead* Allison thought.

He pulled his mouth off of Laura’s nipple and breathed a deep breath, quickly lowering his head down to her crotch. He breathed in one last time, taking in her scent as he did. He felt a little surprised as his penis responded by getting a little harder. He smiled for a moment, pulling away his thumb and quickly started to lick her clitoris.

“Oh... wow!” Laura said between moans as he continued.

*Okay, now stop and resume using your finger on her clit, and use your tongue in a similar motion to what your fingers are doing now.*

He stopped licking, taking a deep breath as his thumb resumed rubbing Laura’s clitoris. He removed his other two fingers as he lined up his mouth to her opening, quickly pushing his tongue in and moving it around in a circular motion.

“I’m... cum...ming...” he heard Laura scream a few moments later. Just a second later, his mouth got flooded by a strange liquid as a massive orgasm rocked Laura’s body.

He waited a few seconds until her body stopped shaking, then swallowed the liquid that had built up in his mouth. He realized it tasted kind of similar to Allison’s juices. *Uhm... Ally, did I just make her do what I think I did?* he thought.

*Yes you did, and I want you to do the same to me later* she replied back.

He smiled, thinking back, *Of course, I would do anything to please my Ally.* He watched a big smile emerge on her face. He turned around, looking at Laura, who had just fallen asleep a few moments earlier, and smiled as she started to stir.

Assured that she was okay, he got up and walked towards Allison, sitting down next to her. He turned to face her, looked deep into her eyes and said quietly, “You’ll never forget this day now precious one.” He watched in puzzlement as a devious grin appeared on her face.

He started to open his mouth, but it was quickly closed as she locked lips with him in a passionate kiss. *And I’m going to make sure you don’t either sweetheart* she

thought to him seductively. As the kiss continued, he started to wonder how she would accomplish this in the brief amount of time they had left.

A few moments later he realized how, as Allison broke their kiss and lowered her head towards his now semi-erect penis. He opened his mouth to ask her if she was sure she wanted to do this, but closed it as his penis disappeared into her mouth. He gasped in pleasure as her head lifted and fell, touching his lower head each time. He closed his eyes and focused on the sensations going through his body. He smiled as Allison continued to bob up and down, her lips tightly wrapped around his hardening penis.

*Open your eyes* Allison thought to him.

Opening his eyes, he saw Allison's mouth now holding half of his now fully erect penis. *You're deepthroating me* he thought.

A moment later she replied, *Trying to anyway.*

He excitedly watched her continue to try, each time getting more and more of him in her mouth. He felt her choke a little as she had two inches of his eight left to go.

"Don't kill yourself trying to take all of me, Ally precious. Do what you feel you can, and stop when you need to," he said quickly, realizing she might have a very strong stubborn streak. He chuckled a little at her attempt at a smile as he said this, before resuming her motions.

A few moments later, he saw Laura start to stir. As he did, Allison seemed to ask "Are you ready to cum?" as she continued to suck him. Instead, it came out as gibberish.

"Yes, my precious Ally, maybe one more minute of this and I'll be there," he groaned. He watched as Laura wandered over, seemingly curious about what Allison was doing. Laura flashed a look at him, and he realized a moment later what she wanted. He sent a look back at her, hoping that both girls would understand what he meant. He realized a few seconds later that Allison had caught the look, and interpreted it correctly as she sped up her movements.

Laura kneeled down next to Allison just as he realized a few more bobs of Allison's head would send him over the edge. He watched in surprise as Allison lifted her head completely off of him. He started to open his mouth again, ready to say something when Allison started to gently lick the head of his penis. He felt the familiar eruption start as a few spurts of his cum landed in Allison's mouth. He watched as she quickly pointed his still shooting penis at her breasts, letting each of them get covered with what cum remained. He started to close his eyes to relax a moment when she shook her head. He smiled as Laura gently licked all of the cum off Allison's breasts. He smiled again at Allison as she beamed back at him.

Laura quickly stood up and started over to where her clothes lay, saying quietly “We should get going. Fourth period should be starting soon.”

Just as she said this Mr. Litski walked in, and Emanuel watched the look of shock appear on the still naked Laura’s face. “Actually, I’d prefer you all stay here for fourth period. I need to speak to Laura about something, and you two need all the rest you can get after that session,” he said quickly. Laura blushed a deep red Emanuel observed, while he felt rather calm. He realized Allison seemed to feel the same way. He watched with split attention as Allison got up and sat next to him and Laura turned around and started to get dressed. He watched the red in Laura’s face deepen as Mr. Litski put a hand on her shoulder, saying gently but firmly, “There’s no need for that yet Laura. Let’s talk first, and then you can get dressed if you need to.” He watched as Laura’s lips began to quiver. Mr. Litski started to head back into the main room, and Laura followed quickly behind, the nervousness in her was clearly visible with every step she took.

He turned his focus to Allison, who was looking at him longingly, a question clearly on her face. He realized what she wanted, and looked deeply in her eyes, saying gently, “From now on my precious Ally, you don’t need to ask to do that.” He gently took her in his arms, resting her head on his shoulder and taking her right hand in his left.

She smiled brightly, whispering “Thank you Manny.” They sat in blissful silence for a few minutes. He watched as her mouth opened for a moment. She seemed to pause for a second, and asked softly, “Does this mean we’re a couple now?”

He thought for just a moment, then replied, “I’d like us to be one. It’s up to you.” She smiled at him again and started kissing him passionately. He kissed back just as passionately. Upon breaking the kiss a few minutes later he said happily, “I’ll take that as a yes.” She smiled at him again, then motioned for him to lay down. He did, laying with his back against the back of the couch. He wrapped his arms around her as she lay down next to him. He smiled as he felt the warmth emanating off of her body, and smelled her lilac scented hair. He felt tiredness overcome him as he fell asleep.

What seemed like only a moment later, he heard the door open, and heard someone enter. “They’re sleeping alright. Spooning I believe it’s called, one hand on her stomach, and the other arm under her head,” he heard Laura say.

He wondered for a moment who she was talking to, but realized quickly that Mr. Litski was the only option. “Manny, I think Laura needs to talk with us about something,” Allison said softly as she turned to face him.

“Okay then, lets call her in,” he replied as softly, giving her a quick kiss. He was about to speak when he heard Mr. Litski say, “They’re both awake Laura. Best speak to them now before they fall back asleep.”

He started to get up as Laura entered the room. She shook her head, saying politely, “Stay the way you are. No need to be formal around me now, and I think Allison would kill you if you do try to move.”

He watched as Allison looked at him, smiling with a slightly evil smile. “So, what is it you need to talk to us about?” he asked nervously, gently stroking Allison’s soft skin as he did.

“Mr. Litski’s offered me the chance to volunteer for a week in the Program. If I do, not only is my required week taken care of, but I’ll receive extra credit,” Laura started. “I’m nervous though that I’ll end up like poor Edward,” she finished.

He thought about saying something, but as he did Allison thought, *Let me handle this one*. He stopped stroking her skin, and moved his hand towards hers.

*No, keep doing what you were doing* she thought to him.

“You have nothing to worry about there. Edward freaked out just from people seeing him naked, but you’ve let myself, Manny and Mr. Litski see all of you. Also, you didn’t freak when Manny was touching you earlier. You’ll be fine, and you’ll definitely get a lot out of your week. Besides, you may even find yourself a significant other.” Emanuel smiled as Allison said this, and kissed the back of her neck sweetly a few times.

“You’re right, and even if I don’t get anything else out of it, I’ll get my week done early,” Laura cheerfully responded. Emanuel watched happily as Laura walked towards Mr. Litski, nodding her head. He turned his focus back to snuggling with his Allison. He felt his eyes get heavy again, but as they did, he felt for a split second as if they shared the same spirit, feeling her peace intertwine with his.

.....  
Tuesday Afternoon  
.....

## Allison

Allison opened her eyes slowly, letting them acclimate to the light coming through the open door. *How long did we sleep?* she wondered as she tilted her head towards the clock on the wall. *Is it really that late?* she thought for a moment. *Maybe my eyes are deceiving me* she added as she looked back at the clock, and felt Emanuel’s thoughts start to stir. *Manny, sweetheart, it’s time to wake up.*

*Huh? What time is it?* he replied weakly.

*Nearly time for lunch. We should get up so we can beat the rush.*

*Okay.* She realized the reply was much stronger. She turned to him, staring at his lips for a second before leaning in quickly and locking hers with his. She smiled as he responded passionately a few moments later. She pulled her head away a few minutes later, breathing as she did. “Okay, we really do need to get up and gather our things” she quickly said as she looked at the clock again.

“Okay precious, but I need you to sit up before I can move” he replied gently.

“Oh... sorry” she replied nervously, quickly sitting up and looking over at him. She noticed the smile on his face as he sat up, and breathed a sigh of relief.

“I don’t offend easily precious. You don’t need to worry so much” he said, as he stared deeply into her eyes.

“Okay” she replied, still feeling a little nervous as she stood up and looked for her shoes. She finally spotted them in a corner on the opposite side of the room. She turned to Emanuel quickly with an inquisitive look on her face.

“Laura moved them there after you nearly kicked them off your feet earlier.”

“And when did this happen?”

“Just as you were having your orgasm. You looked like you were about to explode.”

“I felt that way. I wonder if that’s how Laura felt.”

“That’s exactly how I felt” she heard Laura reply as she entered the room.

“How are you coping with being naked so far?” she asked, watching as Laura’s face reddened.

“Okay at the moment, but I’m very worried about going to lunch. How do you cope with all the staring?” she responded, less nervously than Allison had expected.

“It’s more a matter of ignoring the nastier looks and trying to feel flattered by the more... gentlemanly ones.”

“Gentlemanly looks?” Laura asked, puzzled.

“When the looks is more admiring of your beauty, and not one of pure lust.”

“That makes sense. Which do you get more?”

“Lustful. Without a doubt.”

“How about the look Emanuel’s giving you right now?”

“That’s a lover’s look. A weird mix of both, but respectful most of the time.”

“Most of the time?”

“Yeah... there are times when lustful takes over, but they’re restricted to moments of horniness and wild bedroom moments.” *And possibly a little love as well* she thought softly.

*Maybe. But I can’t say for sure yet* she picked up lightly.

*Same here.* She turned back and looked at him again, thinking more strongly *Is it bad of me to want to control this a little? You know, to have some thoughts to myself?*

*Certainly not. I understand the need for privacy sometimes.*

“Shall we go then?” she asked as she suddenly noticed a sly smile on Laura’s face. Allison stared at her and watched as the smile quickly disappeared. She turned back around and walked out the door, taking Emanuel’s hand as she did.

She smiled as they walked in silence, enjoying most of Emanuel’s attention. She wondered briefly how the three of them must look to some of the other students.

*Well the boys, no doubt, must view you as an extremely lucky bastard.*

*The girls, no doubt, feel the same way about you, my precious.*

*True, but what about Laura?*

*They’re probably thinking anything from ‘who’s that girl?’ to ‘I wanna fuck her!’ to ‘I can’t believe she did that!’*

*True* she responded as Allison let her mind drift, a small part of her focused on Emanuel’s touch.

A few seconds later she felt Emmanuel squeeze her hand. “We’re here, precious” he said gently. She brought her mind back in, quickly realizing they were now in the cafeteria. “Are you okay, Ally? You look like you zoned out there.”

“Yeah. I was just enjoying your touch, sweetheart.” She watched happily as the frown of concern on his face changed into a smile. “Don’t forget – you still owe me an explanation for this morning.”

“You know how I was telling you about Kempo yesterday? I was taking a rank test this morning. You must have tried reaching me during the oath or one of our meditations.”

“Oh”. *I actually thought for a moment this morning that you hated me.*

*Really? I hope our earlier discussion dispelled any possibility of that thought returning.*

*It certainly did sweetheart.* “Does the invite to a class still stand?”

“Of course. You may want to read these first though” he said as she grabbed the pamphlets from his waiting hands. She slipped them into a side pocket of her bag and turned back to him.

“And how did you do on said test sweetheart?”

“I’ll show you when we sit down.” She smiled and pointed toward a small table where Tony and Laura were sitting. “Hey Laura. Have you met Tony yet?”

“Of course. I think my state of dress helped to get his attention.”

“Now, Tony, I hope that wasn’t your only reason.”

“Of course not Allison. She looked a little lonely and sad as well.”

“Good” she said as she sat down next to Emanuel. “Can you show me now sweetheart?”

“Sure” he replied as he opened the gym bag, pointing to the black belt laying on top of a pile of clothing. A moment later she spotted the tip of the brown belt below it.

“Wow... Congratulations sweetheart” she said happily as she leaned in towards him. She smiled as he leaned in as well, their lips connecting in a kiss a moment later. A few moments later she was interrupted by a familiar voice.

“I never thought I’d see you doing that anytime soon.”

She broke the kiss and looked up. “Emily? I haven’t talked to you since last year. What happened over the summer?”

“Well, mom and dad insisted on me working the entirety of it – one job at after another. All near my aunt’s house in New York City. Being the dutiful daughter I am, of course I obeyed.”

“I’m guessing that’s the reason for your transformation.”

“I assume you mean my clothes. Yes, my experiences there are the main reason. And can I assume this boy is the reason for yours?”

“You’d be correct if you did. If it weren’t for him and the support he’s been giving me, I don’t think I would have survived and thrived to this point. I probably would have turned out like Edward.”

“Aren’t you forgetting something else?”

“Oh, silly me. My boyfriend and Program partner is Emanuel. The other naked girl is Laura, a volunteer and recent acquaintance, and the guy wearing clothing is Tony. He’s one of Emanuel’s teammates.”

“As in athletic team?”

“Yes, baseball. I think we should go somewhere quiet. We have some girl things to catch up on. I’ll be back soon sweetheart.” *I have a few things I need to talk to her about in private, and I promised Tony a favor earlier as well.*

“Okay precious.” Allison stood up, quickly leading Emily to a quiet corner.

“Em, before you say anything about our pact from last year, let me explain a few things. As for my choice in Emanuel, he could have chosen anyone from the school this time around, especially his former partner, but he chose me. He’s the sweetest, nicest boy I know, and he’s the one who scared off the boys that tried to assault me yesterday.”

“That was you they were talking about?”

“Yeah. Besides that, we may both be falling in love with each other, and I know he’s not hiding anything from me.”

“And how do you know that?”

“We don’t only have an emotional bond. We also share a telepathic one. I know it’s hard to believe, but we can actually share thoughts with each other. You can test it if you’d like.”

“Okay, but what about the other one? What proof do you have that he’s different?”

“I was very nearly attacked earlier today by two jocks. Tony stepped in and protected me, despite the fact that it might cost him membership on the team.”

“So?”



“So, he’s had a crush on you for some time now, and is just as sweet as Emanuel. Give him a chance.”

“Okay, but on three conditions. One, your boyfriend has to pass my test. Two, it has to be a double date with you two and three, he has to ask me.”

“What do you have in mind then?”

“I’ll tell him a secret you have no way of knowing otherwise. If you get it correct, then I will believe you.”

*Manny, sweetheart, listen carefully. Emily is going to tell you something while I stand over here. Think to me whatever it is she tells you.*

*This is a test then? Okay, so apparently she had an imaginary friend called Lingar as a child, part human and part lion.*

*Is that it?*

*That’s it.* Allison watched as Emily walked back towards her.

“Okay, what did I tell your boyfriend?”

“You told him about Lingar, the imaginary friend you had as a child that was part lion and part human.” Allison smiled as a look of shock slowly passed over Emily’s face.

“It’s actually... actually real...” she muttered under her breath. “Can you ever shut it off?”

“Manny’s done it once, and it gets significantly weaker at a certain range.” As she started back towards the table with Emily she quickly thought *One last thing Manny. Talk to Tony real quick – let him know that if he asks Emily out when we get back, she’ll say yes. Use the gut feeling clause if you need to.*

*Gotcha.* A few moments later Allison smiled as she sat back down and felt Emanuel’s arm draw her in closer.

“Uhm... Emily, would you consider going out with me sometime this week?” Tony asked nervously.

“Okay, but only if we double with these two.”

“Works for me if it works for you guys.” Allison looked at Emanuel, asking silently what she already knew the answer to. She smiled as he nodded his head.

“Of course it’s fine with us. Is tomorrow around six okay?”

“I’ll have to check with mom first, but I imagine that will work” Emily replied.

“We don’t have practice tomorrow, so we should be fine” Tony added. Allison quickly wrote her number on a napkin and handed it to Emily.

“Call me later when you get the answer.” She slowly laid her head down on Emanuel’s shoulder.

“Where should we go?” she heard Emanuel ask.

“How about that coffee place on main street?” Tony asked back.

“Sullivan’s? We were there last night. How about the Italian place a few blocks from there?” Allison suggested.

“Vincenzo’s? I’ve been there a few times. They’re quite good and fairly inexpensive” Emanuel added. Allison watched as Emily nodded her head in agreement.

“Vincenzo’s it is then” Allison said quickly, laying her head back on Emanuel’s shoulder and letting her eyes close.

## Emanuel

Emanuel quickly looked down at Allison then brought his attention back to the others. “Did she go to sleep?” he heard Tony ask.

“Not yet, she’s just enjoying being near me” he replied, smiling as Allison did.

“Oh, how did your test go this morning?”

“Quite good actually. I’d show you the new belt, but I don’t think she’d let me move to do so.”

*That’s right sweetheart. You are my pillow slave until the period is over.*

“I believe you man. Only an idiot would try to separate you two with the look on her face.”

“Oh, by the way, thanks for looking out for my precious one here earlier.”

“It was the right thing to do. Besides, Freddy and Mike have never been all that bright, and act tougher than they really are.” Emanuel looked down and realized Allison had fallen asleep. “My only concern is that Coach might actually listen to those two.”

“If he does, and even suggests letting you go, I’ll make sure he knows – you go, I go. That should stop any threat real easily.”

“True, he practically worships you.”

“I don’t deserve it. I just get lucky sometimes. Anyway, the period is about halfway over, and I’d like to finish eating before the vultures come around.” Emanuel watched as Allison started to stir a little. *I wonder what she’s dreaming about?* he wondered for a moment before returning back to his food, tuning out the mindless chatter around him. He looked at Allison one more time and let his mind start to wander.

He felt his mind replay the events of the day, mentally naming each move he and Kara performed. He felt his mind blank and a moment later felt an odd presence just behind him. “If we could only just get Romeo and Mr. Hero out of the way man... we could have a lot of fun with that chick.”

“Yeah man, I know what you mean. It must be boring being good all the time.”

“Yeah. Speaking of, how do we get rid of those two?”

“Well, Romeo shouldn’t be too much of a problem, he has other engagements after all. But Mr. Hero could become a major thorn in our side if we’re not careful.”

“We’ll just have to spin for Coach one of our lovely stories. That should take care of Mr. Hero, and hopefully Romeo with him.”

“Yeah, and then we can get her tomorrow.”

“Yeah” Emanuel focused closely on the conversation as he listened to the two scheming.

*Who are those two after? Wait, Mr. Hero must be Tony, and that makes me Romeo. That chick must be... Allison.* He felt his anger begin to surge, and opened his eyes, noticing Tony staring at the two.

“They’re up to no good bud. You should warn her when she wakes up.”

“I was planning on it.”

“Oh, do you think your Sensei would mind taking on another student? Coach has been heavily hinting that I should try to be more like you, and that sounds like a very good way to improve my reflexes and such.”

“I’m sure he’d have no problem with more genuinely interested people joining. Just make sure you’re doing it for yourself, and not because Coach wants you to.” He watched as Tony glanced down at his watch.

“You should wake her up. Bell’s going to ring in a few minutes.”

“Allison, precious, time to wake up” he said gently. *I know you must be really comfortable here, but the bell is going to ring soon, and I’d like to get to Art early. Well, only really to avoid as many rule three’s as possible.* He smiled as Allison lifted her head and smiled.

“Let’s get going then” she said softly.

“I’ll see you at try-outs Tony.” Emanuel said as he stood up, grabbed his bag, and grabbed Allison’s hand. “Shall we?”

“We shall” she replied as she gently led him towards the exit. As they walked, he turned his head towards hers.

“I don’t know why, but I’ve got the sneaking suspicion you were awake the entire time I was talking to Tony.”

“I never actually fell asleep. I tried, but I felt something was wrong and somehow couldn’t.”

“So you over heard those two knuckleheads as well.”

“Yeah, but I’m actually worried. They may not know when not to talk, but they sounded like they have their act together with that plan.”

“True, but I’m banking on Coach believing Tony more than them. They’ve done stupid shit in the past and Coach has heard of it before.” He turned around for a moment, then turned back.”

*What is it sweetheart? What’s wrong?*

*I could swear I just felt someone following us. Do you mind if we stop walking for a moment?*

*Sure, why?*

*I want to see if I misread my feelings, or if someone is actually there.*

*I still don’t understand, but I’m sure you’ll explain later.* He nodded his head quickly and focused on his surroundings.

*Okay, the classrooms feel normal, and there’s someone in the girls’ bathroom, but none of them match the presence I felt earlier. The offices feel okay, and there’s three people in the stairwell...wait, that’s them.*

*So we should avoid that staircase, right sweetheart?*

*Exactly. How much of my thoughts were you paying attention to?*

*All of them. Is this something else I'll learn from your Sensei?*

*Exactly. "We should continue on then precious."*

"Okay" Emanuel shuddered as they passed the stairwell. Suddenly, the door opened, and three boys stepped out, a mischievous look on their faces.

"We invoke the right of rule three. Spread 'em whore" the biggest of them said roughly. Emanuel watched as Allison did what the boys asked.

*Are you okay precious?*

*I'm handling this okay, but I may need your help in a little while.*

"I wanna fuck you like the whore you are" another started.

"No. The most you can do is touch my breasts."

"And what right do you have to set limits on what I can ask for?"

"Rule three allows me the right to deny any request for touching that I don't want to happen. Besides, you have to ask respectfully, and that you certainly didn't do."

"Fine then, may I play with your tits?" the boy asked, still a little roughly.

"Yes"

*I'm proud of you precious, standing up for your rights.*

*Thank you sweetheart.*

*How does his touch feel?*

*Much rougher than you sweetheart, but it's not bad actually. I won't be getting off anytime soon though.* He noticed the other boys start to chuckle a little.

"What?" he asked, pausing. "What's so funny?"

"You claim to be this great lover Fred, but she's not getting wet at all" one of the others said.

“You think you can do better?”

“Yeah. Lady, would you allow me to try?”

“Sure, go ahead”. Emanuel watched as the boy started to gently massage Allison’s breasts.

*Well, is he actually doing anything, or is he merely on the opposite end of the spectrum?*

*That was the case a few moments ago, but he’s getting closer to perfect touch.*

*So just a little harder and he’ll be able to succeed?*

*Exactly. Do me a favor sweetheart. Watch the expression of the first guy in a few moments.*

*Okay, he’s smiling right now, but I think I just made out a small frown. Yes, definitely starting to frown. And now it’s turning into shock. Jaw dropped shock?*

*Exactly.*

*And he’s starting to walk away now.*

*So it’s safe to say his pride’s been hurt?*

*I suppose. Are you close enough that he should continue, or should we be on our way?*

*I think we should be on our way. I’ll need at least another three or four minutes of this for even a small orgasm. “I hate to interrupt you, but I really need to get going to class.”*

“Oh... am I not good enough either?”

“No, if you had another five minutes or so, you’d succeed. I just don’t have five minutes to spare.” Emanuel smiled as the frown on the boy’s face quickly turned into a smile. “Shall we be on our way Manny?”

“Yes, let’s Ally.” He quickly smiled at her as he grabbed her hand. They walked in silence. Twice Emanuel felt the urge to open his mouth, but decided not to. As they neared the art room, Allison turned to him.

“Manny, sweetheart, what are you holding back?”

“Something I’d like to say, but I’m worried it’ll cause more harm than help.”

“Go ahead and say it. I know anything you say is it out of caring.”

“I’m proud of how you’ve reacted to all the activity so far today. It’s almost unbelievable how quickly you’ve turned around.”

“That’s what you were worried about saying? I almost don’t believe it myself, but I’m trying not to dwell on that thought.”

“I’m more concerned about what the counselor will say later.”

“Yeah, she could do a lot of damage very quickly.”

“Especially since modern science doesn’t believe in such lightening fast healing. So long as you don’t listen to her negative ideas, you’ll be fine.”

“Yeah, and as long as you’re by my side, I can do anything.”

“Let’s continue then.” They continued on their way again in silence. About a minute later, Emanuel felt another presence nearby. *Two people, maleficent intent, two corners down. It can’t be them though... they’re not that stupid.*

*Do you mean tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum from earlier sweetheart?*

*Of course. We can avoid them entirely by turning at the next corner, and not the one they’re waiting around.*

*Let’s do that then.* A few moments and three turns later, the art room finally came into sight.

“We made it precious.”

“Good”

“Shall we?”

“Yes sweetheart, let’s.”

## Allison

Allison watched as their teacher looked up. “You two are early again. Will this be becoming a habit this week?”

“Of course. The other students are just a little too grabby right now” Emanuel replied.

“Wait a day... until the Program loses its newness. Things will become less crazy then.”

“I hope that’s the case. I don’t know if I could survive the rest of the week being this bad” Allison replied.

“I’d like to give the class a little more drawing time today, but I also recognize that you have the right to relief. Would either of you mind taking your relief time now, before class starts?”

“Sure, that sounds perfect actually. What do you think sweetheart?”

“Agreed, and I have the perfect idea of how to maximize our time. Can we use the couch Mrs. Rose?”

“Of course”

“So sweetheart, what’s your idea?”

“We’ll, it’s really two ideas. The first is mutual masturbation – we watch each other play. The other is sixty-nine.”

“Sixty-nine?”

“Essentially, we give each other oral at the same time.”

“Option two then” she replied, watching the nervous look cross his face. “Don’t worry sweetheart. I know you can get me off.” *Besides, if you need any help, you just need to ask.*

“True. We better hurry then.” She looked quickly at him as they approached the couch. “I can be on the bottom if you’d feel safer that way.”

“Thank you sweetheart, that will help.” She watched as Emanuel laid down. “So, how do we do this?”

“You lay down on me, your head near my penis.”

“Oh... I should have realized that.” She watched the smile that crossed his face, and felt herself relax. *Okay. I’ve done this before, I can do this again* she thought as she assumed her position. *He’s already hard. That should speed this up.* As she thought this, she felt Emanuel start to gently lick her clitoris. *Oh...this will be harder than I thought.* She continued lifting and lowering her head.

The next few minutes seemed like an eternity to her as she struggled to focus despite the building orgasm. Suddenly, she felt his body start to tense. *Success* she



thought as the urge to pee came out of nowhere. *Uhm... sweetheart, I feel like about to pee. Please stop.*

*If you want me to, sure, but if you want what Laura got, you should let me continue.*

*Continue then.* A moment later, Allison felt Emanuel start to tense up again. *You're going to cum soon, aren't you sweetheart?*

*Yes, but if I'm right, so are you.* A moment later, just as she was about to respond, she felt an orgasm that felt like a tsunami start to wash over her. A few seconds later, she felt the orgasm subside.

"Emanuel, I hope you didn't break her, otherwise you'll have to pose alone."

"I'm okay Mrs. Rose, just a little in shock. That was the most intense orgasm I've ever had."

"I could tell. If your scream wasn't proof enough, than your partner's face has to be. Why don't you sit up and see for yourself."

"Can I just turn around instead? I feel safe on top of my Manny."

"Very well." She slowly started to pick up her weight, gasping as she lost balance and her butt fell on Emanuel's chest. "Are you okay sweetheart?" she asked, before turning to look at his face.

"I'm fine precious. Let me help you up this time." She felt herself suddenly rise in the air as Emanuel's arms enclosed around her. She closed her eyes quickly, and felt a soft thud against her butt. "It's okay precious. I didn't drop you, you can open your eyes." She quickly opened them, noticing for the first time the odd liquid that dripped off Emanuel's face.

"Did I do that?"

"Yeah, but it's okay. You wanted to squirt, and squirt you did."

"Are you sure it's okay?"

"I'm sure. I was more concerned I had knocked you out with that orgasm."

"You two should get cleaned up before the rest of the class shows up. There are paper towels behind the curtains."

"Thank you Mrs. Rose. Shall we precious?"

“Yes”. As she stepped behind the curtain, Allison looked at Emanuel again. “Sweetheart, did I satisfy you as well? I was so caught up in that orgasm, I couldn’t tell if you were enjoying it as well.”

“Best yet precious. I came harder then ever before just knowing we were orgasming at the same time. It felt like we were one.”

“You mean like the nap we took earlier?”

“Exactly like that. Oh, I think you should probably wipe off your face as well. I think you were enjoying that orgasm so much you were unable to swallow properly.”

“How about we just leave our faces the way they are? I don’t actually care what everyone else sees us like this.”

“Works for me” he replied as she watched him start to lean in towards her.

*You’re aware I might still have some of your cum in my mouth sweetheart, right? Are you sure you want to kiss me?*

*Yes, I’m sure. Besides I’m pretty sure I wasn’t able to swallow all of your either.* She smiled as their lips met, and a moment later, felt his tongue break through gently. She felt him draw her body in closer as their tongues slowly danced together.

“Okay, if you two don’t want to get cleaned up, that’s fine by me. But, class will be starting soon and I need you back up front.”

“Okay Mrs. Rose.”

“Now, what to do about positions for you two... Did you enjoy the positions yesterday?”

“We certainly did, but maybe something... romantic would be better.”

“Such as a cuddle position or two Emanuel?”

“Exactly”

“Okay then, since the period is about to begin, you two might as well get into the first pose. Sit down next to each other. Allison, lay your head down on Emanuel’s shoulder.”

“This pose feels very natural to me. I could almost fall asleep like this.”

“Agreed. Her head feels as though it belongs on my shoulder.”

“Good. Your classmates will be here in a second.” Allison felt her eyes close a moment later.

## Emanuel

Emanuel watched as the last few people ran in as the teacher said: “Class, take out your sketch pads and start drawing.”

“Draw what Mrs. Rose?” a redheaded girl asked.

“Aren’t you going to tell them to get into a more sexy position?” another girl asked.

“No, that is their pose. And, before anyone of you thinks to ask, our participants will not be requesting relief today.”

“Isn’t that breaking the rules?”

“No, because they assured me they don’t need any.”

“Mrs. Rose isn’t lying. We really are fine at the moment.”

“Well, you heard him class. You have fifteen minutes to draw.” Emanuel smiled as the class grumbled in unison.

*Do they only think about sex? Perverts. Ally precious, are you awake? Emanuel awaited a response, and got an odd blank feeling a moment later. I guess she’s asleep then. That orgasm must have taken more out of her than either of us thought. I wonder how everyone is drawing me. He scanned the room quickly. Okay, a few of them are taking this seriously. The guys are all focusing on Allison, and...wait... three of them are focusing on me? Okay, that’s not a problem. I’ve had a few guys rule three me. He noticed the redhead staring at his penis. She’s not terribly subtle.*

*Agreed sweetheart. About as subtle as that group of guys in the back.*

*Had a nice nap?*

*Yes. I didn’t realize an orgasm could drain that much energy. Anyway, I’m sure my breasts will look much bigger than they are in their sketches.*

*Yeah, that girl is no doubt doing the same with my penis.*

“Pencils down. Do you two need a moment to move your legs, or can we go straight into the next pose?”

*Do you need any time precious?*

*I'm good. "No, we're good."*

"Okay, Allison lay against one of the sides of the couch, and leave your legs open. Emanuel, sit between her legs, with your back to her front. This is a reversal of a traditional cuddle position."

*This feels interesting precious. I feel safe this way, almost like I don't have to rely on myself. It feels good.*

*I know, it feels empowering. I feel like I can actually help someone.*

"Start drawing class."

"But their position is wrong. They should switch places" a girl remarked.

"No, this is right. Besides, we already spooned today."

"You heard her. Start."

*Although, I wouldn't mind doing it again Manny.*

*Heh heh. Am I leaning too hard against you? I mean, I like feeling your body against me, but I don't want to hurt you.*

*You're not. The mammogram mom made me have last year hurt. This doesn't.*

*Good.*

*Manny, do you think the class is enjoying drawing us like this?*

*I'm not sure, but I imagine some of the girls want to be sitting in front of me at the moment.*

*Oh, I'm turning you on that much?*

*Yes precious, you are. Your scent is intoxicating, and your skin against me is driving me crazy.*

*Any part in particular?*

*Well, your breasts, but mostly because they're the most obvious.*

*Mostly?*

*Yes, mostly. I also happen to like them quite a lot.*

*No fair. You're making me blush.*

*Like you're making me?*

*Heh heh. We must be quite a sight right now.*

*Judging by some of the stares we're getting, I agree.*

*Anyone particularly fixated?*

*The red head in the back and her brunette friend next to her.*

*Let me guess, both are blushing, and one is starting to shift around uncomfortably a lot.*

*Mostly correct. The brunette has a hand down her pants. You have your fair share of admirers as well. Three guys, all in the front.*

*Actually sweetheart, one of them is looking at you.*

*He's not the first.*

*You've had others?*

*Yeah, one even made a request.*

*And?*

*I declined. I'm not comfortable with the idea of another guy touching me like that.*

*Aw, but that would be so hot.*

*I take it that's a fantasy of yours?*

*Yeah, but I wouldn't force you to indulge me.*

*I need to think about a few things in relative privacy precious. Okay?*

*Sure. Does this mean I'll get a wall if I try to send something to you?*

*Possibly. I should only need a minute or two. Emanuel breathed in and out slowly a few times, feeling his mind drift away from Allison's for a moment. What does this all mean? The last time I felt this safe in someone's arms was when Mom was still alive. And that was a distinctively different from this. And, why do we share the connection we do? I've dated before, but I've never felt anything like this. Could this be what is meant by*

*romantic love? Could I possibly be in love with this girl? And, if I do, does she feel the same? It's so confusing... so...*

## Allison

*Allison breathed a sigh of relief as she felt the connection restore itself. I wonder what is so confusing to him? It has to be pretty big to knock him out like that. She listened to for a moment to his soft breathing, smiling as her synchronized back to it. Could he be feeling what I'm feeling? Could it be this is love, and he loves me too?*

*She felt doubt start to wash over her. No, it's impossible. I'm a mess, and he's close to getting his life together. There is no way he could want me. No, that's the impossible thing. He's confused, yes, but he also said he feels safe with me. Besides, he's in no better shape than I am right now. We can both support each other through our issues. Allison breathed a sigh of relief as the doubt left.*

*I'll have to ask mom later if this is love. I know her and dad seem to know exactly what the other needs or is thinking, although, maybe not on this level.*

*Ally, precious, what just happened to me? I felt an odd scream building, then, now.*

*You lost consciousness for a few moments.*

*The thoughts took that much out of me?*

*Yeah.*

*“Okay class, pencils down.”*

*“Ms Rose, could we look at some of the classes' work? We're curious to see how we're perceived by others.”*

*“Okay Allison, I don't see a problem with that. You have until the bell rings.” Allison watched as Emanuel walked straight back to the red head and brunette.*

*So?*

*Definitely bigger than I actually am. Oh and your breasts are almost non-existent.*

*Figures they'd do that. I'm looking at the serious artists' piece, and he has you pretty accurate. I imagine he got me right as well.*

*Let me see. Yeah, he has you accurate. The three in front don't though.*

*Bigger or smaller?*

*Two bigger, the other smaller. I think the other guy is the one who was staring at me.*

*That makes sense.* Suddenly the bell rang.

“So, what do you two think?”

“Some of them drew certain of our body parts too big or too small. But, we expected that” Emanuel replied.

“You two should probably be on your way to whatever class you have next. Do make sure to think of some poses for tomorrow.”

“Okay” they said in unison.

“Back into the fray then sweetheart.” A minute later, Allison thought *What’s going on here? Normally we’d be swarmed with requests. But, so far, none.*

*I know, it feels really strange. Almost like we lost our newness.*

*I hope it’s only that.* They continued, walking in silence. “Manny, I know we only recently met and all, but I don’t know very much about you. Last night was nice and all, but those questions felt like the kind you’d find in a romantic movie or something.”

“What do you want to know?”

“Well, uhm... don’t answer if it’s none of my business, but have you had a girlfriend before?”

“Maybe three or four. Do you want details, or is number enough?”

“As detailed as your willing to go.”

“Well, first was Sarah. We’d only been dating for a few weeks when I heard her bragging to her friends about a plan to humiliate me. Some sort of really serious anti-jock sentiment.”

“Were you acting like a jock?”

“No, I’ve never identified as a jock. It’s partly why I’m friends with Tony. Anyway, I broke that off later that day. She still managed to pull the prank off, but it didn’t quite have the intended effect on it’s new victim.”

“Wait, you dated the man-slayer?”

“Yeah, I’ll tell you the full story another time. Second girl was a week later, merely wanted the prestige of dating a jock. That ended as soon as I discovered that fact.”

“How long did that take?”

“Four days. Not the greatest actress by any definition. Number three was genuinely interested, a girl named Joanne. We lasted about three weeks, but conflicted on too many important things. The split was clean and quick – we departed on good terms.”

“So all of this was, what, two years ago? Did you ever do anything sexual with them?”

“Not really. None of them lasted long enough to go beyond making out.”

“So I’ve been your first so far then?”

“Yes, and I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“I take it that large gap of time has contributed nicely to your ‘highly desired’ status.”

“Yeah. Would you believe we’re at the classroom already?”

“We are? Wow.”

“I assume you two are my Program participants for the week?” she suddenly heard from within the room. “Come in – I have a few things to discuss with you before the class starts. Ms Kirse I presume?”

“Call me Allison.”

“And you young man, must be Mr Lopez. Can I assume you’re happy about not having to take math?”

“You can call me Emanuel. Yes, very happy. I’ve heard horror stories about Mr Bonett.”

“He’s actually a really good teacher believe-it-or-not, but his voice does tend to put students to sleep. Anyway, call me Nancy, rather than Mrs. Sneider.”

“Are you going to be using us like some of other teachers have?” Allison asked.

“Unfortunately, I have to. The local Program committee insists upon it. However the extent of that will be performing some dialogues and scenes. I’d have people doing that anyway.”



“What kind of scenes?”

“Again, due to the Program committee, mostly romantic pieces with intimacy – I take it that won’t be a problem with you. I’m also adding in some scenes dealing with conflict and sorrow. Now, onto the first important question – the committee wants me to pull a few scenes out of this book. The problem is none of them are written any better than amateur porn. I’d rather not use them, but I can only do so if either of you has major objections. Do either of you have objections to these scenes?”

*This could be a chance to avoid some of the elements of pushing. Should we precious?*

Yeah. “We both object” Allison said.

“Good. Just sign these forms and it will be made official.”

“What’s the next thing?” she heard Emanuel ask.

“Well, it’s more of a desire, but I’d like to put on some variation of a classic play with the actors as naked as possible. So, I’m wondering if you two would like to try out for it later on. Extra credit will be given of course.”

“I’ll need to think about it. With baseball practice and Kempo, I don’t have a lot of free time.”

“If you’re concerned about practice, rehearsals won’t start until after baseball season is over. And, Allison, I know you don’t have any extra-curricular activities that would get in the way.”

“I may be joining Emanuel in studying Kempo. But, besides that, you’re right. I’ll think about auditioning.”

“That’s all I can ask of you. Anyway, best take your seats. They’re the two up front with the pillows on them.”

“Pillows? They’re going to feel so much better than the cold, hard seats we’ve had so far” Allison said.

“I figured you two would appreciate something comfortable to sit on.”

“I take it you’re not a great fan of the Program, are you Nancy?” Emanuel asked.

“I’ll admit I’m not terribly fond of it. It feels a little too pushy to me. Encouraging kids to accept and explore their sexuality is fine and all, but not everyone is ready for the

same degree of exploration at the same time.” The bell rang, and a moment later she watched as the entire class seemed to enter at once.

## Emanuel

*It’s almost like they intentionally did that.*

*I have to imagine they did. It’s the only probable way for that to happen.*

*That’s true.*

“Okay class, in case you didn’t realize it, we have two Program participants this week. We will not be changing to a different subject, and we will not be using the highly suggestive scenes some of you may have heard about.” Emanuel smiled as the class let out a collective groan. “Neither Emanuel or Allison felt comfortable doing them, and to be honest, I don’t like them either. Now, if any of you want to do them, you can volunteer for the Program this week, and I will include the scenes. Remember that I will need a guy and a girl for that to be possible.”

“But, those scenes are all about sex. Isn’t it anti-Program not to include them?” a student asked.

“No, if anything the scenes can damage the cause as much as help it. Emanuel, I take it you have more to say about this?”

“Yes. Although at first glance it may seem like the scenes, in all of their detail, would support the Program’s aims. However, such graphic scenes have existed for decades – that’s all pornography is. The difference is that pornography has typically held a very negative stigma. The scenes that are being suggested are designed to not have that that stigma, and to take away the turn on factor pornography has had.”

“Isn’t the point of the Program to get us more comfortable to our own bodies and sexuality?” the student asked.

“Yes, and thus take away the special, almost forbidden factor that heavily contributes to that voyeuristic tendency. Think about it – would a woman’s body hold the same sway if you were used to seeing it?”

“But aren’t you and Allison kind of mandated to do them then? You are Program participants.”

“That may be true, but those scenes would more likely harm us than help us right now. Don’t forget that the Program is primarily designed to help those participating in it.”

“Do I have any volunteers for the scenes?” Emanuel watched as eyes looked around.

*Just as I figured. Nobody's brave enough.*

*Sweetheart, I feel the urge to call them all cowards. Do you think it would be wise for me to do that?*

*Sure, why not? Might give one or two the push they need.*

“May I say a few words to the class?”

“Go ahead Allison. I think I know what you intend to say, and it will sound better coming from you then from me. I only ask that you stand and face the class while you do so.” Emanuel watched as Allison stood up and noticed a fire light in her eyes.

“I had hoped that at least one of you would volunteer for the Program. Sure, it's not the easiest thing in the world to do, but so far it's been worth it. But I guess if you want to remain voyeuristic, secretive perverts like our parent's generation, it's your choice.”

“Class, I can see that you have some questions you're itching to ask. We'll start with *Taming of the Shrew* tomorrow, and you can use this time to ask any questions you'd like of Allison and Emanuel. Once they've turned their desks around, you can start one at a time. Allison, Emanuel, remember that you don't have to answer a question if you don't want to.”

“Okay, girl, second row, green shirt.”

“Isn't it hard being naked like this?”

“At first, it was really hard and very scary. But, it's not so bad now” Allison replied.

“Aside from the fact that I've been hard all day for one reason or another, it's no more awkward than showering after a game. Truth be told, I don't think it would matter as much if we were all naked right now.”

“Uhm... Mrs. Sneider, would you allow a student to be naked in the class if he/she wanted to?” the girl asked.

“Of course. Not only is it your right under the new laws, but I was thinking of offering extra credit to any student willing to read naked. Oh, and I talked about this to Mr Litski earlier, and any student is free to attend school naked for as long as they wish, without being held to Program rules.” Emanuel watched as the girl quickly stood up and shed her clothes. “Will anyone else be joining Ms Larae?”

*Allison, precious, are my eyes deceiving me, or are the three that just stood up guys?*

*They're guys alright.*

“Any more questions?” Emanuel asked.

“Yeah. Is it weird putting on clothes at the end of the day?” the now naked girl asked.

“Oh, yes. Definitely weird. If it weren't for the fact that I'm sure I couldn't get away with it at home, I'd spend all day naked.”

“I don't know if I'd go that far, but it certainly is odd to feel something against your skin again” Allison added.

“Does it feel odd having other people touch you?” a raven haired boy asked.

“Depends on who's doing the touching and how gentle or rough they are” Emanuel replied.

*No fair! I was going to say that.*

“And his touch must drive you crazy” another said.

*Was that sarcasm in his voice precious?*

*Yeah, the guy must think himself to be real funny.*

“Lenny, you might want to think twice about speaking of such things so lightly. You may never get laid if you continue like that.”

*Not a teacher to mess with, huh?*

*Agreed precious.*

“Those who wish to get dressed again should do so now – the period ends in a few minutes. Allison, Emanuel, if you would like to leave early, go ahead.”

## Allison

Allison looked expectantly at Emanuel as she grabbed her bag and sat up. “Ready?” She smiled as he got up and smiled back. “Just one more class, and we're done for the day sweetheart.”

“Not quite. At least, as far as my schedule is concerned.”

“Oh, right. You have try-outs today.”

“May have try-outs. Coach may decide to let me go. In that case, I’ll have to deal with my dad.”

*My poor Manny. I wish there was someway I could help you.*

*If I think of one, I’ll let you know.* “Does Lesummer have any other special award winning recipes to spring on us?”

“Possibly her peach cobbler, maybe a tort. Nothing beyond that.” The loudspeaker came to life.

“Allison Kirse and Emanuel Lopez, please report to the Vice-Principal’s office.”

“I wonder what we’re wanted for”. A moment later she added “Any thoughts Manny?”

“Huh? I guess we’ll find out when we get there.”

*Manny, sweetheart, what’s bothering you?*

*I’d rather not talk about it right now.*

*Okay... I’ve never seen him this preoccupied before. It’s almost like he’s anticipated something really bad has happened.*

“Good. You two are here. Emanuel, the varsity baseball coach wants to talk to you. He’s waiting for you on the field. Allison, Mrs. Luden wants to have another session with you, and Mrs. Benerdon has ordered it. She’s also going to be sitting in on your session.”

“Wait, is the even legal? Doesn’t that breach client-patient confidentiality?”

“Yes, it does, but neither of them particularly cares about that Allison. Emanuel, you should head to the field now – you can leave when he’s done with you.”

*Good luck sweetheart.*

*Thank you, you too precious.* “Sir, would you be able to lift the pda rules for now?”

“For this room, sure. Within reason of course.”

*Your lips, on mine, now.*

*Of course precious.* Allison leaned in and felt the electricity as their lips met. A moment later, she felt the world start to fade.

“Okay, that’s enough for now.”

*Aww... I was enjoying that.*

*I can see that precious.*

“You may want to keep that blush going Allison. Mrs. Luden will certainly have less to say as a result.”

## Emanuel

“Let me know how your session goes, okay precious?”

“Of course. The same with you.”

*I hope Coach only has a few questions for me. Maybe he... nah. He wouldn't, would he?* A few minutes later, he noticed the doors to the field.

“Do you think he’ll fall for this?” he heard a figure whisper nearby.

“Of course. He is Romeo after all. Romeo always does what’s honorable. And it’s not like he has Mr. Hero to help him.”

*Those two are moving faster than I thought they would.*

“Do you think Luden will do her part?”

“I’m sure of it. After all, if she doesn’t, she’ll have the prince’ breathing down her neck if she doesn’t.”

*Precious, beware. Luden and Benerdon may be in league with dumb and dumber.*

*Thanks sweetheart. I’ll be careful.*

*It’s only the two of them. I know they’re there, so I’ll be fine as long as they don’t have a gun.*

“Do you have the piece?”

“Yeah, my dad never locks it very strongly. I couldn’t find any bullets for it though. He must use it as a scare piece.”

“It’ll do.”

*Hmm. At least it’s not loaded.* “Coach?”

“On the field. Come on out.”

“Okay” He entered quickly, noticing Coach down on the ground, his hands tied behind his back, and Tony lying on the floor nearby.

“Run while you can. Those two...”

“Relax Coach, I know about them. In fact, they’re right behind me.”

“Huh? Lie down now, or I will blow your brains out.”

“Okay, getting down now.” Emanuel smiled as they moved closer. *They think I’m harmless. Freddy’s moving to the front, and Mike’s staying behind me. On 3, 2, 1.* Emanuel quickly jumped up, kicking strongly out in a roundhouse, taking the two down. “I won’t cause you two any damage – it’s not my way. But stop trying to harm those I care about. Otherwise, I will use whatever force I have to in the future. Are you okay Tony?”

“A little injured, but I can help you tie them up.”

“Please do. I’m going to untie Coach. You okay Coach?”

“Yeah. Weren’t you afraid of their gun?”

“I overheard them talking. It’s empty.”

“A scare-tactic... Give me a second to call security.” He watched the coach walk towards the emergency phone and dial it. “Security? This is Coach Fulton at the baseball field. There are two students here I need picked up... One attempted, one successful assault... No, both are secured... Okay, thank you.”

“How long?”

“Three or four minutes. Tony, they’re bringing the nurse along to make sure they didn’t do anything serious.”

“Thanks Coach.”

*Precious, how are things on your side?*

*Well, she's pushing me to discuss only negative experiences so far, but nothing too bad. She's tried trapping me once or twice, but I caught it. Thanks for the warning. How are things by you?*

*Tony is a little injured, and the idiots attempted to use an empty gun as a scare tactic, but otherwise I'm okay.*

*A gun? When did they have the time to get that?*

*I'm not sure, but Freddy grabbed it from his dad's drawer at some point today. They're done for though. They'll be suspended for sure.*

*So that leaves me to deal with Luden and Benerdon.*

*Not quite precious. I can still help you from where I am.*

*Aww, thanks sweetheart. Luden just got an odd look on her face when I blushed just now.*

*Well, you can tell her the truth on this.*

*Hee hee...*

*Security's here. I'll stay open in case you need me.*

*"Are you okay Mr. Lopez?"*

*"Tony is the one who may be injured."*

*"Where did they hit you?"*

*"Once in the leg, a few times in the ribs, and twice in the face."*

*"Nothing seems wrong facially, and the leg feels okay, but that rib feels a little tender."*

*"It does hurt when you touch it."*

*"I think you should get that x-rayed to make sure it's nothing serious. Come with me and I'll write everything up and call the ambulance."*

*"Okay"*

*"Emanuel, how did you know where they were going to strike?"*



“It’s part of my training. It’s taken a couple of years to develop, but it tends to come in handy.”

“What exactly is the nature of it?”

“Kind of extra-sensory in a way. It’s mostly the ability to ‘feel’ so to speak where people and objects are around you.”

“Does it take long to learn?”

“To the extent I can use it? Several years. For basic use? a couple of months”. Emanuel watched a familiar look cross over the coach’s face. “I’d recommend against what you’re thinking. Sensei doesn’t have the space for the rest of the team, and only takes people who are serious about studying and want to study for themselves – not because an authority figure ordered them to.”

“I can understand that. I feel the same way about anyone who plays for me. You may as well stay here and wait for try-outs to start.”

“Mind if start stretching Coach?”

## Allison

“Ms Kirse, I really can’t help you if you don’t answer my questions.”

“Ms Luden, I don’t believe you can help me anyway.”

“And why do you believe that dear?”

“You haven’t once asked me about anything besides my parents and Emanuel. Furthermore, you are convinced that I can get nothing positive out of this experience. Finally, you’re allowing Principal Benerdon to be in the room during what should be private between me, you, and anyone I choose to share this with.”

“Please, Allison, ignore me. I’m only here in a supervisory sense.”

“Principal Benerdon, I can’t. Besides, I hardly see the point of starting a new topic with only two minutes left before the day ends.” *You’re right sweetheart, they’re up to something. Benerdon’s claiming to be doing a supervision, but I can’t believe they work like this. And, they’re getting very frustrated that they have yet to succeed. Just like I’m sure the other two feel right now. Thanks again for the warning, I’m not sure I would have been able to stop them without it.*

*You’re very welcome precious.*

*Do you happen to know when the day ends?*

*About thirty seconds or so.*

*Perfect.*

*Have good try-outs sweetheart.*

*Thank you precious. RING!!!!!!!*

“Well, there’s the bell. My mom will be waiting for me.” Allison closed the door and started towards Mr. Litski’s office.

“I don’t know Mrs. Benerdon. I’ve never seen such rapid change before. She could just be faking it.”

“Deborah, what did I say about being formal after school hours?”

“Sorry Gloria, it’s an old habit, that’s all.”

*Impossible? They consider such change impossible? Maybe they’re right. Maybe I should cancel the shopping trip today. But, what would Manny think about that?*

*I think you’re forgetting the most important thing precious. Only your opinion really matters here. Not someone who’s never learned what she needed for her field, or someone who’s afraid of change.*

*True, I forgot about that. Thank you sweetheart.* Allison let her mind blank as she grabbed her clothes and quickly got dressed. *One thing for sure, clothes feel really odd after being naked all day.* She quickly got on the bus, letting her mind drift. What seemed moments later, she notice her home come into view.

“Your stop Ms Kirse. I hope the Program’s treating you well.”

“You could say that. Thank you.”

“Before you go, I heard from my cousin that in other schools they allow the participants to strip on the bus, which allows them to avoid that strip show.”

“Split river allows that?”

“As far as I know, they can’t stop anyone who wants to. State and National law and all that.”

“Thank you for the information.”

“Enjoy the rest of your day Ms Kirse.”

“You too.” *That could make tomorrow less stressful.*

“Good, you’re home. Have you thought of where you’d like to go shopping?”

“Actually mom, I’m not sure. I want clothes that fit better, but I still want to look respectable.”

“I know just the place. We can head out now if you’d like.”

“What about my homework?”

“You can get to that later. You’ve received nothing but straight A’s so far – homework can wait for an hour or two.” Allison quickly climbed into the car. “How was your day?”

“I don’t think you could handle me telling it mom.”

“Give me some credit. I’m no stranger to sex. Your father and I used to go at it several times a night.”

“Mom, unless your next sentence is about how you stopped after Sarah was conceived, I’d rather not hear it.”

“And some say the Program is not needed” she said with a sigh.

“You don’t understand mom. I know you and dad do, but I’d rather not think about it. Not until I’m married with kids anyway.”

“Try me anyway, I’m not as easily shocked as you might believe.”

“Since you insist. Mostly it was normal for the Program, poses, my breasts got most of the attention. I did give and receive some oral though.”

“Really? Anyone in particular?”

“Manny and Laura.”

“Any... special... feelings when she did?”

“No mom, I’m not a lesbian if that’s what you mean.”

“Just asking. We’d accept whatever you are of course. Did either of them complete the job?”

“Both, Manny a couple of times and a few smaller ones from the others who touched me. Actually, is it normal to faint after an orgasm?”

“He’s that good? You’re very lucky. It’s taken me years to train your father how to do that.”

Alison sighed loudly “Mom... please. Is it possible to fall in love after only knowing each other a day?”

“Of course. How do you feel when you’re with him?”

“Peaceful, like I could remain with him for the rest of my life happily. At the same time, excited and horny. His touch sends electric shocks through my body, and we connect deeper than I have with anyone, even George.”

“Sounds like love to me. Next thing you’ll tell me is that you almost can read each others' minds.”

“Actually, we can. I know it’s hard to believe, but it’s true.”

“If that’s the case, don’t let him get away. Do you need any advice Allison?”

“I could use some actually. I’m afraid I’ll do something wrong and he’ll just up and leave.”

“Remember three things about relationships – one, they take open and honest communication. Two – they take work, and contrary to what movies and TV say, true love is never easy. Finally, love, and therefore relationships, need forgiveness and acceptance from both people. Oh, look... we’re here. Tell me more about this boy.”

“Like what?”

“What he does, etc...”

“Well, he’s an important member of the baseball team. I’ve seen his name on the deans’ list and he’s a black belt in the marshal art he practices.”

“Aside from the black belt which I assume is recent, he already told me everything else. Tell me things he didn’t tell me, things he’d be afraid I’d judge him for.”

“Really mom, he’s not that kind of guy. He’s more likely to think something’s not important and not mention it. The only thing I can think he’d leave out is that he’s taking Home Ec.”

“That’s a rare find. Sometimes I wish your father could cook.”

“You could always try to teach him. Wow, this place looks huge.”

“It is. Let’s start over here.”

“That’s kind of cute.”

“The cut is even right for you. So, when’s the next date?”

“Tomorrow for dinner. We’re having a double date with Emily and Tony”.

“I remember Emily, but who is this Tony?”

“One of Emanuel’s teammates. He’s helped me out a few times. How about this one?”

“Cuts’ wrong. Try this one instead. Helped how?”

“Oh, right. I didn’t tell you everything. Well, the experience hasn’t been all good. I’m sure the school told you about yesterday. Tony helped me earlier today when two of their teammates were thinking about the same thing, and reported them despite their threat to have him lose his place on the team. This one?”

“Try it in a darker tone. And what happened to these boys? Do I need to threaten the school?”

“No mom, the first group is facing assault charges, and the second tried to get revenge afterward, but were stopped again”. *Is Tony okay sweetheart?*

*Yeah, he won’t be playing this season, but he’s looking forward to tomorrow.*

“By Tony again?”

“No, Manny actually”.

“Try this one. You’ll need new jeans as well, and maybe some fancy underwear”.

“Can I get some skirts and maybe a dress?”

“Sure, the prices here are reasonable”.

*Wait, Manny, won’t we need to reschedule the date? Isn’t Kempo tomorrow?*

*We’ll be fine. The dojo is near the restaurant. We can if you’d like to.*

*I would, but I’m not sure Emily can.*

*Sensei does have a shower room and space to change in, and I can bring you a duffel bag to carry your nice clothes in tomorrow morning.*

*Right, Vincenzo's has a dress code. I almost forgot about that. We'll go straight from there then. How are try-outs going?*

*Boring, but necessary. It's not looking good though. Nobody so far is good enough to replace Tony, and we need to replace those two idiots as well.*

*I'm sure your coach understands.*

*Yeah, but it's still hard.*

“How about this one mom?”

“Full length would be better for right now, but grab that for spring or summer.”

“Mom, can I study the art Manny does?”

“And how much will it cost me?”

“Nothing beyond the uniform, if that.”

“How does the instructor pay his rent?”

“Second job and donations.”

“Okay, but on one condition. Your grades must be kept up. If they start to fall, you stop.”

“Okay”

“So, where's the date happening?”

“Vincenzo's. Why do you ask?”

“Partly to see what kind of taste he has, but mostly to figure out what kind of dress you need.”

“Can we make sure it's wrinkle resistant as well?”

“Why?”

“We're going straight there from the kempo class.”

“You’ll need a small make-up kit as well then.”

“Just for the date? Isn’t that kind of wasteful?”

“In general. It’s always good to have one just in case. Ah, that’s perfect.”

*Any luck so far sweetheart?*

*Yes and no. A couple of people good enough to replace the idiots, but no one with close to Tony’s talent. One good thing though. The rest of the team has figured out that it is unwise to force themselves onto a participant.*

*Any particular reason why?*

*Not the one you might think. Coach made it clear that if he hears even a rumor that such behavior happens again, that player will be black listed from the team. The rest of the coaches will apparently follow suit.*

*That’s good to hear.*

“I think that should be enough Allison. You know what to do.”

“Of course mom. I think I should start with the dress first.”

“Remember that you shouldn’t wear a bra under it.”

*This is rather difficult to zip up. “Well?”*

“Perfect.”

“Are you sure it doesn’t show too much cleavage?”

“Positive. Enough to make sure he won’t look elsewhere, but it also covers enough. Try the skirts next.”

“Well?”

“A little too long.” What seemed like moments later, Allison stepped out in the final outfit. “Good. We should check out now... your father will be home soon, and I’d rather not hear him complain about dinner being late.”

“Okay, just give me a second to get changed.”

*Could you keep yourself open precious? We managed to fill all the slots, and Coach is sending us all home early.*

*Sure. If it'll cheer you up at all, you'll love my new wardrobe.*

*Really? And when do I get to see this?*

*Our date tomorrow night.*

*I can't wait.*

“Two hundred seventy dollars ma'am.”

“Is that a lot mom?”

“Actually, I'm getting off easy. Your sister typically costs me at least four hundred, for only half the outfits.”

## Emanuel

*I wish Dad could be like this park. Still relatively whole and unhurt. Unchanged even. Am I ever going to get my old Dad back? Especially now.*

“Hey! You okay?” Emanuel looked over at the voice as the rider rode up next to him.

“Yeah, just lost in thought at the moment. I have to know, why were you so cold to Allison today?”

“She's not right for you. She'll hurt you.”

“You're not giving her a chance. Why? What do you have against her? This isn't like you.”

“I can't tell you. Not yet anyway.”

“Kara, you know I normally wouldn't push, but we're embu partners and I need to be able to trust that you're not holding something in that could hurt either of us.”

“Fine. This isn't how I planned it would be, but... I like you. I mean like you like you. Ever since we were young. As long as you've dated scum, I've felt like I had a chance still. But she seems really nice, and she's the first person you've really been happy with.. That scares me... a lot. Leads me to think this will never be more than a childhood crush.”

“I half-hoped that wouldn't be the reason. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you're my best friend, and I need to be honest. I've never held any romantic feelings towards you.”



“Not even physical attraction?”

“Well, I do find you attractive. And I hope we’ll always be best friends.”

“I can’t say I’m not disappointed and a bit sad, but thank you for being honest with me. I suppose I should apologize to her then.”

“I’d appreciate that. Out of curiosity, did you tease her when you were younger?”

“Probably. I was a bit wild back then. I’ll add that to the apology. Are we good then?”

“Yeah. Oh, she’s coming to tomorrow’s lesson.”

“Will you be wanting to switch partners then?”

“Maybe later on. I’m sure she’d be more comfortable with Ken as a partner for now.”

“True, and he needs a new partner anyway.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow then.”

“Okay.”

Moments later, his home came into view. *Hopefully Dad’s still out or asleep right now. I’d rather not deal with him right now.*

“There... there you are. I have some words for you young man” he heard a slurred voice rattle off.

*Great, he’s home and drunk.* “I don’t want to talk to you while you’re drunk. I have homework to do and dinner to make. We will talk when you’re sober.”

“Was... was I not clear? I am still your fa... father, and I demand that you hear me.”

“No dad, and if you try to stop me, I will defend myself.”

“Then you’ll need to get through me.”

“Fine, since I have to, I will.” *He’s going to step out of the way. He always does.* Emanuel stepped forward and brought up his fists. *All I need to do is get a little closer and... there. Now, just grab my bike, and I’m good.*

*Are you okay Manny?*

*Yeah, I was afraid for a moment that I may actually need to hit my Dad.*

*Have you tried suggesting therapy to him?*

*Several times. Every time he's insisted he's fine and I'm the one who needs help. Anyway, I've got some homework to do, and I feel like getting an early night tonight. I'll see you tomorrow.*

*Okay. Good night then.*

## Allison

“Allison, honey, are you okay?”

“Yeah, I'm just concerned for Manny.”

“May I ask why?”

“His dad went a bit nuts when his mom died, and has gotten worse recently.”

“Sounds scary. Were you just... communicating with him now?”

“Yeah, why?”

“You seemed to glow strangely for a moment.”

“Interesting. No one else has mentioned anything yet.”

“Well, as your mother, I can see things others tend to miss.”

“Only because you know me so well.”

“Is it safe to assume you want him at your eighteenth party this week?”

“Of course.”

“Have you put any thoughts into any special ideas for it?”

“Not really. Let me do my homework and I'll try to think of some.”

“Okay. I'll call you when dinner's ready.”

What seemed minutes later she heard “Dinner!” As she entered the dining room, she realized something was different. Her sister, normally very chatty, was silent, and her

father seemed very nervous. Halfway in, he started to open his mouth as if to say something several times, then closed it again.

*It's almost as if he wants to ask something, but he's too afraid to. Oh well.* She let her mind start to drift.

“Allison, are you okay?”

“I’m okay mom, just a little tired. I think I’ll call it a night.”

“Okay sweetie. Sleep well.”

*Well, today turned out much better than I had guessed it would.* As she lay down, she let her mind drift back to the events of the day. As she finished, she couldn’t help but feel as if something was still wrong as the black took over.

## Emanuel

Emanuel stirred in his bed. *Ugh, Dad’s still trying to keep me awake, isn’t he? If only he knew my thoughts could do that for him... If I don’t start getting answers to these questions soon, I may start going crazy. Maybe Sensei could answer some of them. I’ll have to ask him tomorrow. Hopefully I can get enough...* he thought as sleep finally overtook him.

.....  
Wednesday Morning  
.....

## Allison

“Manny, where were you? I needed you, and you said you’d help me anytime.”

“My patience is gone. You need help so often now. I don’t have the energy for it anymore. I just can’t.”

“But... you promised. Doesn’t that count for something?”

“Maybe at one point.”

“But...”

“Enough. I’m leaving. Don’t ask me to stay.”

“No... please. I can change. Honest. I really can.” A blaring noise suddenly filled her ears. “What is that noise?”

“Wake up!” she heard a female voice shouting.

“But I’m not asleep. Really.”

“Allison, sweetie, you’re having a nightmare.” Allison felt the room fade and noticed her bedroom appear a moment later.

“Huh? What time is it Mom?”

“Time to get up. Can I ask what that was all about?”

“Something I shouldn’t be worrying about.”

“That’s often the case. Breakfast will be ready in fifteen minutes.” Allison nodded her head and wandered into the bathroom.

*Manny wouldn’t do that, would he? Besides, it’s not like I’m completely dependent on him. I handled yesterday pretty well. Ouch... too hot. Okay, that’s better. Now where’s that soap? Ahh... there it is.* She quietly started to lather her body, wondering what her father so badly wanted to ask the night before.

“Oooh... no, I don’t have the time right now” she exclaimed as her soapy hands made their way down her breasts. “Besides, I’ll have more than enough orgasms today.” *Sweetheart, are you awake?*

*Yeah. Even if I wanted to sleep late, I couldn’t.*

*Any particular reason?*

*Mostly things I’m not comfortable discussing right now. Dad’s screaming all night didn’t help either. I’ll see you at school, okay precious?*

*Yeah.* “That’s odd. He’s normally much more willing to talk to me.”

*Maybe he doesn’t like me anymore.*

*No. I refuse to believe that.* She reached for the nearby shampoo bottle. *When he is comfortable enough to speak with me about whatever it is, he will.*

“Allison! Phone for you!”

“Be right down mom!” She quickly rinsed the shampoo from her hair, turning off the water as she opened the door. *Maybe he decided he’s ready. Now, where is that hair tie? There it is. Hmm... jeans or a skirt? Jeans will survive the duffel bag better, but a*

*skirt will probably look nicer. But, a skirt is more likely to be stolen. “Sarah, would a skirt or jeans work better for today?”*

*“Jeans. It’s too windy for a skirt.”*

Allison quickly pulled on a pair of white panties and blue jeans, a white lace bra and simple pink t-shirt. *There. Conservative, but still pretty. Manny, are you okay?*

## Emanuel

*He’s finally asleep. I don’t know much more of this I can take.*

*Manny?*

*Yes precious?*

*Are you okay? I felt your presence, but you seemed preoccupied.*

*Dad finally fell asleep. He’s been up all night yelling, and I barely got any sleep as a result. Anyway, I’ll see you at school, okay?*

*Yeah.*

A feeling of dread passed through Emanuel. *Huh? I haven’t felt dread this strong since... uh oh. I’ll talk to Sensei about this before I do anything else.* He dropped his thought wall for a moment. *Precious, I may be a little late... something came up that I need to take care of before school. I’ll do my best to be on time.*

*Can I ask what it is?*

*I’m not at liberty to say actually. Sorry.*

*I understand. Good luck.*

*Thanks. “Okay, there’s my duffel, and there’s the spare, but where is my book bag? Right... already on the bike.”*

## Allison

*“Good, you’re down. Say a quick hello to Grandma and eat up. The bus should be here in about ten minutes.”*

*“Okay mom. Hi grandma... I’m good... School’s going okay... Yes, I am in the Program... No, not out of choice... It’s a graduation requirement now... That wouldn’t work Grandma... I’d need to move to another country, that’s why... No, they have it*

too... I don't know, Pakistan maybe?... Yes Grandma... Not yet Grandma... Not for that reason. I do have a boyfriend... No, he respects my wishes... I don't believe that anymore... Grandma! How could you say that?... That's enough Grandma, have a nice day."

"Which one did she use?"

"The W word."

"I tried to tell her times are changing, but you know how people can get as they get older."

"Yes mom, you've told me a million times."

"Exaggeration's not nice kiddo. Eat up."

"Yes mom."

*But, what if Grandma's right? What if the Program is designed to make whores out of us all?*

*No. What would the government have to gain from a nation of sexual promiscuity? That can't be their reason.*

*Of course that's not their reason. There's only one possible reason: to put doubt into people's minds about religion, and thus lead to other evils like cloning take over. As she thought this, she felt herself start to slip.*

*No, I can resist this. I don't need... she thought as she felt the walls come up around her. No! I want those pancakes she thought as she watched in horror as her body pushed the plate away.*

"Are you okay kiddo?"

Allison watched in shock as she nodded her head. *No! Mom, can't you tell something's wrong?*

"If you say so."

*She knows...but she knows there's nothing she can do.*

## Emanuel

"Thank you Sensei. Your wisdom has helped me again."

“Kenshi, you know I consider it a great honor to help my students. I have a strong feeling she’ll need your help soon, and I trust you will select your words and actions with great care.”

“Of course Sensei. Thank you again.”

“Make sure you are not late for school.”

“Of course. I will see you this afternoon then.” *Allison, precious, I’m on my way.*

*Thank God. I need you Manny.*

*What’s the matter?*

*I don’t know. I somehow slipped into my safe place, but it doesn’t feel safe any more. It feels like a prison now.*

*I’ll get there as soon as I can. Where are you now?*

*On the bus, but it’s no more than five minutes from school.*

*I’m at least ten. Try to hold out as long as you can.*

*Okay, but I doubt I’ll last long once the strip show starts. I feel like I’m going crazy.*

*What you’re feeling would drive most people crazy.*

*How did I deal with this before?*

*You didn’t. That’s part of why it was a safe place before.*

*Oh... that makes sense. Try to hurry, it’s my turn to strip, and my body isn’t moving for some reason.*

*I’m just approaching the building.*

## Allison

“Allison? Are you okay?” she heard a familiar voice ask.

*No George, I’m not okay!* she thought as her head nodded.

“Allison, why is the crowd getting antsy? Why are they even here?”

*I’ll be right next to you in a few seconds precious.*

“Miss Kirse, if you refuse to strip down, we can and will do it for you” a security guard said.

“That will not be necessary. I can help her.”

*Manny!*

“Allison, you can’t really allow this stranger to touch you like that.”

*He’s not a stranger George. He’s my Program partner and boyfriend.*

“I don’t mean any disrespect, but what gives you the right to dictate Allison’s behavior?”

“I’m her best friend, and have been since we were young. And who are you?”

“Emanuel, her Program partner and boyfriend” *Oh no... we just went through this with Kara.*

*Manny, beware. George has attempted to beat up anyone who even tried to flirt with me.*

*I can hold my own, and I’ll do my best not to hurt him.*

*Thank you sweetheart.*

“Mr. Lopez! You and Miss Kirse better start now.” Allison watched George wander off as she felt a hand touch her shoulder.

*Try to relax precious. The sooner we strip, the sooner we can get somewhere quiet.*

*Where maybe this can be broken?*

*Exactly.*

Allison felt her body tense up and freeze for a moment. Suddenly, she watched as her left arm flexed upwards. Her right followed moments later. She felt the temperature drop as her shirt was lifted gently over her head. She felt a tug on her bra straps, and a moment later, an easing of the tension. She felt two small bounces as Emanuel gently lifted the bra off. *By the way precious, I love the new jeans on you. They fit your curves very nicely.*

*Thanks. They’re coming off next I’m guessing.*



*Once I take my shirt off. She felt her arms lower and settle against her sides. She felt a tug on her jeans and heard the zipper being pulled down. The wind hit her legs a moment later as she felt the denim slide down. She watched each leg get lifted as the denim was pulled gently off and placed down again.*

*I don't hear any noise from the crowd.*

*They're too fixated on the fact that your face looks kind of catatonic. Although, there are a few guys with nasty looks in their eyes.*

*So they want a live sex doll? Pigs.*

*Agreed. Ready for your panties to come off?*

*Yeah. Could you do me a favor?*

*What do you need?*

*Be careful not to do what you did yesterday.*

*Because sexual touch might make it worse?*

*Exactly. Allison felt a gentle tug at the side of her panties. Are they done yet?*

*Almost... Uh oh.*

*What now?*

*Somebody alerted Benerdon. She just arrived.*

*How does she look?*

*Fake look of concern. I've spotted a smile or two though. We're done.*

*Good, let's get out of here.*

*Let's make for Litski's office... Benerdon is starting to follow us.*

*Guide me then.*

*Okay*

*"Mr. Lopez! Miss Kirse – I'd like speak with you for a moment."*

*Great... we need to comply, as much as I hate the idea.*

*Not necessarily precious. Class does start soon.* “Is it important Mrs. Benerdon? We need to get to homeroom.”

“It can wait until Allison’s session with Ms. Luden.”

*Thank you sweetheart.*

*Not a problem precious. We’re here*

Allison watched as their homeroom teacher looked up at them. “Miss Kirse, Mrs. Benerdon has requested to have a meeting with you and Ms. Luden right away. I have a pass waiting for you.”

*You’ll remain open to me, right?*

*Of course precious.*

## Emanuel

Emanuel shook his head as he watched the two boys talking in the corner. “Are you nuts man? She’s a zombie.”

“I know. I don’t have to worry about her feelings that way.”

*What a jerk.* “Do not be talking about my partner and girlfriend like that. It’s disrespectful to any girl, and I will not allow you to talk about her that way.”

“How can you date her then? It’s not like she can respond to you” the first boy replied.

“We have our ways of communicating.”

“You can do what you like to her, right?” the other asked.

“I respect her too much to do that.” *Stupid pigs. No respect for women.*

*Zombie comments?*

*Yeah, they sicken me. At least I haven’t heard any animated blow up doll comments yet.*

*I have. Benerdon just made one.*

*What did Luden think?*

*She just laughed.*

*I take it you're standing outside the door?*

*Just entering. The body's kind of on auto-pilot.*

*We'll break it as soon as possible. Did they spot you yet?*

*They got very quiet very fast. I don't believe they realize we're communicating. And now Luden's beckoning me to sit down. She's asking me if I'm okay! Can you believe that?*

*Can I assume she received a head nod?*

*You'd assume correctly. They're smiling when they think I'm not looking. I should be out soon.*

*Good. I'm afraid Jenkins will really focus on you today though.*

*Maybe she'll give a different diagnosis than Luden has.*

*Maybe I can ask her about some good psychologists if you wish.*

*Please! The sooner I get someone outside, the sooner I can stop seeing Luden.*

*Any idea when they're letting you go?*

*Luden looks she wants to keep me all day, but Benerdon's eying the clock uneasily. And Litski's errand girl just walked in.*

*A rescue attempt?*

*Looks that way. Benerdon's starting to squirm a bit. I'll see you in Psych.*

## Allison

*Three... two... one...*

“Very well, you may go now Miss Kirse. I'll see you at our normal time.” Allison felt her head nod.

*Finally free of that wretched woman.* Allison smiled as she noticed the blissful quiet of the hallway. Suddenly the bell rang, and Allison watched as the rushing crowds parted before her. *Not again!*

*What are they doing now?*

*Leaving me plenty of space, what else? It looks like I'm Moses, and they're the Red Sea.*

*We need to get you back to normal soon then. How close are you to the room?*

*Thirty seconds maybe. You?*

*Just arrived. Apparently, Litski wants to see the two of us after Psych is over.*

*Maybe to allow us some alone time before Luden's second try?*

*Hopefully.*

"Allison, good. Please sit down here in the front."

*You were right sweetheart.*

"I understand you've had a difficult time recently with a condition you know little about. I may be able to help, but I'll need to run a few tests. All things I can do during class time. Is that okay with you?"

Allison watched in horror as her head shook. *Have you told her about our gift?*

*Yes, and I think she's accepted it as possible.*

*Let her know I'm giving my permission for the tests.*

"Are you sure Allison?"

"Ms. Jenkins, she wants me to let you know that you have her permission."

"Your gift I take it. I need to test it first. Emanuel, please come here a second."

*Why is she pulling out a blindfold?*

*To the test our gift.*

"Now, what is the image on this card I'm showing Allison?"

*Looks like one of the Greek gods. Aries I think.*

"Aries, the Greek god of war."

"One more."

*It's a... lolcat? The cheeseburger one.*

“The cheeseburger lolcat.”

“Very well, you can translate for her then. Oh, and before I forget...” Allison watched as Ms. Jenkins removed the blindfold and mentioned to Emanuel to sit down as the bell rang. “Is everyone here? Good. Now, do either of you want relief?”

“I’m fine.”

Allison shook her head.

“Then let’s start. As some of you may have noticed, Allison is in an unusual state right now.”

“Yeah, she’s a zombie!”

“Zack, that is an inappropriate thing to say. She is not a zombie, nor is she walking around in a coma. Today, we will attempt to diagnose what is causing this state in her. Before anyone asks, she has given me permission to do so.”

“How do we do that?”

“We’re going to start with some simple questions, and then move onto a few simple tests.”

“But, how will she answer? She doesn’t seem able to speak.”

“Body language and other non-verbal communication will do for a lot of them. For the more complicated answers, her boyfriend will be able to help. He knows her well enough to fill in what we cannot interpret. Now, Allison, I want you to answer truthfully. Are you able to understand me?”

She nodded her head.

“Good. Is today Thursday?”

She shook her head.

“Good. Are you in the Program?”

She nodded her head.

“Good. As you can see class, she understands what I’m asking, and has the basic knowledge we expect people to have. Now, I’m going to ask Emanuel to assist me. Please touch Allison where I ask you to. Allison, if you feel him touching you, nod your head. If not, do nothing. Emanuel, please touch her left shoulder.”

Allison felt her body stiffen.

“Okay, now touch her right breast. So far, no response. The base of her spine please.”

Allison watched in horror as nothing changed.

“Gently squeeze her left butt cheek several times. Still no response.”

*I wish I could feel this Manny. I should be getting turned on by being around you, but nothing's happening.*

“Now, let's test your motion detection. Follow my finger.”

Allison watched the finger move from left to right and back several times.

“Catch this ball.” A small red ball came toward her, and Allison watched as her hands reached out to grab it. “Stand up and walk to the back of the room.” Allison walked forward, avoiding the outstretching legs of Zack.

“Zack, if you try again, I will send you to Mr. Litski's office. Allison, come back and sit down again.”

Allison noticed the chair had moved back a little and made for it, sitting down.

“As you can see class, Allison's perception of movement and space is functioning normally. However, she doesn't seem to feel anything. There is one last thing we need to check. Allison, please play with yourself.”

*I'm trying to, but my body won't let me.*

“Interesting. Allison, are you happy in this state?”

Allison watched as her head nodded. *No, I'm trapped. I don't want this.*

“Ms. Jenkins, she's actually really distressed.”

“I agree. Her eyes tell me that much. This is most likely depersonalization disorder, a condition found in the dissociative family.”

“So she's not a zombie?”

“Correct Zack. Depersonalization often looks like comatose or zombie-like behavior. However, unlike a coma patient, the person sometimes feels trapped in their

body, as if they're mind is contained in a prison, a realm where they once may have felt safe. Does this sound about right Allison?"

*Yes!*

"Another key thing about this disorder is that it sometimes looks like dissociative identity disorder, as can be seen by Allison's body seeming like a different personality. The difference here is that the person knows exactly what's going on."

"What's the cause of it?" a girl asked.

"Most of the time, some serious, long term trauma in the past that hasn't been dealt with. The trauma is too hard to deal with, so the effect is similar to post-traumatic stress disorder, except that the range of experiences and feelings the affected person avoids gets bigger and bigger until it encompasses everything."

"How do they survive then?" another girl asked.

"Depending on how strong their self-preservation instinct is, it could be relatively easy for them – they could hold down a basic job and have the skills to live a basic life. Some need significant help and end up spending most of their lives in a psych ward."

*This can be stopped before I get that bad, right?*

*Of course. I got the name of someone good you can see. The dependent factor is how hard you're willing to work.*

"That's all for today class. I want you to think about this type of disorder and imagine if you were affected by it. Write up your imagined experience."

"Let's go precious." *Do you mind if I think in private for a few moments?*

*You'll tell me whatever it is later?*

*Yeah. I just need to figure out how.*

*Oh no... Is he going to break up with me? Will he use the 'let's be friends' or the 'I need space'?* Allison felt her mind start to go crazy as they walked in silence.

"I wanna touch your tits!"

*Great, just what I need...* She watched as her head nodded.

"Awesome! Who said zombie's aren't hot?" Allison tried to glare at the boy.

*I'm not a zombie you ass!*

*We're almost there precious. "That's enough. We have somewhere to be."*

*"Aw... but this is my greatest fantasy."*

*"Too bad kid. Find someone willing to act like a zombie then."*

*"Fine. You win." Allison watched the boy skulk away.*

*"A few more doors, and we're there precious."*

*Good. I'm about to go completely crazy here.*

*Any idea what you need me to do to help you?*

*Not really.*

*Hmm... We'll figure it out.*

*"Good. You've arrived. Take however long you need, but afterward I'd like to speak with you Allison."*

Allison nodded her head.

## Emanuel

*"Feel free to use the back. I imagine you two would like some privacy."*

*"Thank you sir. Let's go precious." Emanuel watched sadly as Allison walked emotionlessly to the nearby couch and sat down. "Any ideas yet?"*

*Maybe you can start with touching? Oh, and could we stick to thoughts?*

*Of course. Touch like hugs and massage or sexual?*

*Sexual. That's what triggered it this morning.*

*Okay. Anything particular?*

*Can you try to do what you did in art yesterday?*

*I can try. Spread your legs a little please.* Emanuel watched as Allison's eyes reflected a deep sadness.

*I'm sorry sweetheart. The only thing I can control is my eyes.*



*Then I'll need to do all the work.* Emanuel gently pulled her legs apart.  
*Interesting.*

*What?*

*Although your feelings are being blocked, your body is actually turned on.*  
Emanuel smiled for a moment, and started gently rubbing his finger gently up and down her vaginal slit. A few minutes later he looked up and noticed the sad look had gotten stronger. *Nothing precious?*

*Yeah. Maybe your mouth will work?*

*Maybe.* Emanuel slowly started his way down Allison's body, kissing as he went. Finally he came upon her vaginal opening. He started to gently lick around her clitoris, drifting directly over it a few minutes later. *Well, that's doing something for your body. Any feelings out of it?*

*Still nothing.*

*Uhm... what else then?*

*I don't know. I'm out of ideas.*

*Are you sure sex was what set it off?*

*Well, there was the... impossible.*

*Please tell me about it. I have a feeling it's important.*

*Will you tell me what you've been thinking about if I share the nightmare?*

*I had been meaning to tell you soon anyway. I need to speak it aloud though.*

*Okay.*

"I love you. I truly love you. I want to try to always be there for you, to help you as much as I can." Emanuel watched happily as the coldness seemed to melt away. His smile grew as her mouth started to open.

"Hold me... please" she said softly, tears starting to escape from her eyes.

"I'm happy to." Emanuel's smile grew even larger as they seemed to melt together. "What was your nightmare about?"

"About you leaving me, and me getting stuck in a never ending pattern of getting worse and worse. I love you so much. I'm afraid to lose you."

“Whatever comes our way, we’ll take it on together. Right?”

“Right.” Emanuel watched as Allison looked up at him for a moment.

“As right as this moment might seem now, I guarantee you it’s not.”

“Why?”

“You know why.” He watched silently as her face fell for a moment.

“Yeah... I know. Can we stay like this until it’s time to meet with her?”

“Of course.”

Emanuel looked out of the corner of his eye and noticed the door had opened.  
“Allison, I take it you’re fully with us again. I just need to speak with you for a moment, and you can go back to your cuddling.”

“Just me?”

“If you need Emanuel near you, he can be. I’ll get to the point, seeing as you have your meeting with Ms. Luden soon. I’d like to know, if you’re willing to tell me, what they said yesterday.”

“During the session, nothing out of the ordinary. They did mention something odd after it though. I’m not sure it’s of any use.”

“You’d be surprised what can be useful.”

“Well, as soon as I closed the door behind me, I overheard Ms. Luden mention not believing such rapid change possible. She was just loud enough that I’m sure she meant me to hear it.”

“I’d agree with you, but it would be very difficult to convince the school board on your word alone. Regardless, you should be especially careful around those two now.”

“I don’t think they’ll be able to catch me off guard like that again.”

“Good enough. You both should be on your way then.” Allison grabbed Emanuel’s hand silently and slowly walked toward the door.

## Allison

“Do you think they’ll try again precious?”

“Of course. Seeing as my greatest fear is out in the open now, I don’t see them succeeding.”

“Hey! It’s the zombie girl. Let’s have some fun” a nearby boy said.

“Not a zombie. I don’t appreciate the name.”

“You said she was a zombie. Zombies can’t talk. I’m out of here” another boy said. Allison smiled as the group slowly scattered.

“Couldn’t you just act like a zombie for me?” the boy asked.

“No, that’s not reasonable.”

“Aww... Fine, I’m not interested then.” Allison watched the boy leave with a pout on his face.

“We’re here precious.”

“Into the fire then.” *Benerdon’s in there again.*

“Please come in Miss Kirse. Mr. Lopez, you can head to your next class.”

“With all due respect Principal, I’ve been granted leave to be here.”

“I insist that he sits next to me. Otherwise, I will not speak a word after this to either of you.”

“Very well Miss Kirse. If you insist. Remember, I’m not here.”

“Of course Principal”. Allison looked up at the clock, and upon looking at it what seemed moments later, realized a half hour had passed.

*How many times is she going to ask these same questions?*

*As many times as is necessary to get the answers she’s looking for most likely sweetheart.*

“Let’s try this from a different angle then. Any events of note from your childhood? Relatives that disappeared for mysterious reasons and the such?”

“Well, there was my uncle Martin. I remember we were really close up until I was eight. Then he seemed to stop coming around.”

“Have you seen him at any family functions?”

“Actually, he should have been at my grandmother’s sixtieth last year. And I don’t remember him being at Thanksgiving or Christmas for sometime.”

“What are your memories of him? Anything that stands out?”

*She’s awfully professional today precious.*

*I know. She sounds like she knows what she’s doing today.* “Well, I remember he was very into hugs and the such.”

“Anything else?”

“He was particularly fond of touching my leg... I never thought much of it.”

*That doesn’t strike you as a little odd precious?*

*I tend not to think about it. You’re right though. It is a bit odd.*

*Anything else Ally?*

*I know mom and dad refuse to talk about him. He also seemed rather fond of my chest.* Allison felt her eyes close and felt her mind start to wander.

Suddenly, she saw herself sitting on her uncle’s lap. “Ally, can you make uncle happy again?” Allison watched as her younger self lifted up her shirt. “Good. You know what to do next.” Allison watched in horror as the events continued to unfold.

“Martin! We’re back early”. Allison watched her uncle’s face drop in horror as the door opened. She watched the shock appear on her mother’s face and the fury on her father’s.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing pervert?! Get out of my house now!!”

“Robert... It’s not what it looks like. She consented.”

“She’s eight, and my daughter. OUT NOW – or I will hurt you.” Allison watched as her uncle jumped up and ran out the door. Her mom fainted a moment later as Allison fell.

“Are you okay sweetie?” Allison watched as her younger self got swept up into her father’s arms.

“Miss Kirse – did you hear me Miss Kirse?”

“Huh?” Allison’s eyes opened. “What did you ask?”

“Never mind.”

“Actually, I just remembered something”. Allison watched as Ms. Luden’s face lit up.

“Yes?”

“I know where my problems stem from.”

“Really? And that is?”

“The abuse. It came from Uncle Martin.”

“Why didn’t you mention this before?”

“I didn’t have access to it until now.” *Thank you Manny.*

*For?*

*For helping me to face my fears. For helping me to face things that are unpleasant and hard.*

“Miss Kirse, if you’d like, I can remove your obligation to complete your week in light of this revelation.”

“I’ll finish my week Mrs. Benerdon.”

“As you wish. You can both leave now if you wish.”

## Emanuel

“Are you sure you’re okay with this precious?”

“With telling Luden or completing the week?”

“Staying on.”

“Of course. I want to prove to myself that those acts from long ago can’t control me anymore. And I want to stay by your side.”

“And how are you dealing with this revelation?”

“Surprisingly well... ready for a boring history class?”

“The teacher can’t be that bad.”

“Well, I was kind of distracted on Monday. It’s all stuff I already know anyway.”

“Ms Kirse, I trust you will be zoning out today as you did Monday.”

“Maybe ma’am.”

“Will this become a habit for the rest of the year?”

“Probably only for the rest of the week.”

“I’ll hold you to that. Would either of you like relief?”

“I’m good actually.”

*Are you sure about that Manny?*

*Yeah. After all the time we’ve had alone today, doing anything in front of people feels odd.*

*Same here.*

“How about you Allison?”

“I’m good as well.”

“As you wish. Take your seats and we’ll start.” Emanuel felt Allison’s hand grasp his as his tiredness caught up with him. He saw an image form in front of his eyes a few moments later – one of him and Allison watching their kids tearing the wrapping paper off a large pile of presents one by one. Suddenly, a bell started to ring in the background.

“Did I forget to reset the alarm?”

“No, it’s time to wake up. Class just ended sweetheart.”

“Huh?” He watched the image fade as the classroom came into view. “Oh... to lunch then?”

“Yes, to lunch my sleepy one.” He smiled as they made their way silently to the cafeteria, holding hands the entire way.

.....  
Wednesday Afternoon  
.....

“Are you sure you heard right?” Emanuel heard a familiar voice ask as they stepped through the double doors.

“What do you mean?” another familiar voice asked back.

“I don’t hear any cooing coming from them”.

“Nobody ever said lovebirds coo all the time.”

“Ha ha you two. That’s one of your more original ones.”

“Glad you enjoyed it Emanuel” the first replied.

“Manny, do you know these two?”

“Yeah. Allison, these two jokers are Luigi and Mark. Guys, this is Allison.”

“Uhm... hi. Are you teammates of Manny?”

“Yeah. I take it whatever was bothering you earlier was taken care of?”

“Meaning?”

“I think Mark’s referring to your entrapment earlier today, precious.”

“Oh. Yes, I’m feeling much better now.”

“Glad to hear it” they replied in unison.

“Anyway guys, we have only a half hour to eat before we can be interrupted. I’ll see you in practice Thursday.”

“Of course. Nice meeting you Allison.”

“Nice meeting you too Luigi”. Emanuel watched as the two walked away. “I take it their jokes aren’t funny?”

“No, they’re usually funny. Their material is usually more clichéd, that’s all. They’re good guys.”

“Did you bring the extra duffel bag?”

“Yeah. I’ll give it to you when we sit down okay?” Emanuel scanned the tables, spotting Tony and Emily sitting down at a nearby one.

“Sure”. *Manny, why is Tony naked?*

*I'm not sure. Whatever the reason, it seems Emily is too.* “Did you guys get drafted into the Program or something?”

“Nope. We’re just doing this to support you two.”

“Ok. How’s the leg feeling?”

“Not great. Thankfully, not bad enough to keep me from making our double date tonight. Feeling better Allison?”

“Yes, thank you. Where are the others?”

“Laura will be joining us shortly. It looks like the other guinea pigs are mingling with the clothed people.” Emanuel noticed Laura step behind Tony.

“Very astute of you Tony. That’s because Frauhold instituted a policy that Program participants are not allowed to sit alone.”

“But, you see Laura, we are not Program participants yet”.

“That doesn’t help much. We need some clothed people to not be in violation of the policy.”

Emanuel looked up, noticing Kara and George sit down next to them. “I don’t think that will be a problem. Laura, Tony and Emily meet my best friend Kara and Allison’s best friend George”.

“Allison, this is completely undignified. You shouldn’t be forced to be naked right now.”

“George, I know you mean well, but I kind of like this experience. Besides, I have my friends and boyfriend to help me get through the hard parts.”

“You mean he wasn’t lying to me earlier?”

“He wasn’t lying to you. Besides, without him I wouldn’t be able to speak to you right now.”

“Whatever.”

*Does this storm-off mean he’s given up?*

*Unfortunately, no. He’ll regroup his thoughts and try again.*

*Is Kara laughing because she’s figured out what we already know?*



*Most likely.*

“Uhm... Allison... I’d like to apologize to you for my recent behavior. I was jealous of your happiness with Emanuel. And, I’m sorry for anything I did when I was younger.”

*Did you wrangle this apology out of her?*

*Actually, it was all her idea.*

“Thank you. I accept your apology. The duffel you promised me sweetheart?”

“Oh, right. Here you go.”

“Turn around for a moment? I don’t want to ruin the surprise of the dress.”

“Of course.”

“Oh, wow. You’re in for a treat man”.

“Tony, no spoiling the surprise.”

“How could that ruin it? I expect what I said to enhance it.”

“I hope for your sake that you’re correct.”

“I recommend less talking and more eating. You two only have ten more minutes before we become fair game.”

“I’m almost done, and Emanuel shouldn’t need too much longer”.

“Precious, can I turn back around?”

“Of course. Laura, do be careful – ice is known to be slippery.”

“Of course. That’s why I wear ice skates though.” Emanuel relaxed as he heard the two girls giggle.

“Maybe they were abducted by aliens and switched for the two sitting there.”

“You mean aliens really exist?”

“Amanda, stop putting such ridiculous things into my partner’s head. You know how trusting she is. Barbara, haven’t I told you before to take what Amanda says with a handful of salt?”

“Well, yeah, but it wasn’t my fault this time. This packet doesn’t contain that much salt.”

“Barbara, it’s just an expression. It means to not automatically believe everything she says.”

“But Lucas, where else can I get my fun from?”

“That’s not my problem Amanda, and you know it. Why don’t you just get a normal hobby like everyone else?”

“Lucas, isn’t there a rule against us all being this close together?”

“During the no-touch part of the lunch, sure. But, I figure it this way Emanuel – having us all nearby when they can make requests makes it easier for them to do so. At the same time, we get better crowd control.”

“Well, it looks like you’re right this time.” Emanuel watched as at least twenty people quickly surrounded them. He noticed their eyes focus on Allison. “Let me guess... you all want to touch the ‘zombie’ right?” *Do you want any help dealing with this crowd precious?*

*Yes please.*

“Maybe they do, but I have a request for the red head” the lone girl answered.

“Me? What could you want from me?”

“Three things: First, your name, second, to play with your breasts for a few minutes, third, to get coffee with you sometime this week.” Emanuel watched silently as Laura’s cheeks became the color of her hair.

“Laura, yes, and when did you have in mind?”

“Friday, after school?”

“Okay, but only if you tell me your name as well.”

“Shelly. Time to play.”

## Allison

Allison watched interestedly as Shelly made her way through the crowd and sat down next to Laura. *Now, what can I do to get these freaks away from me? Maybe... No, that would only dissuade a few of them. Allowing whatever they want to do would be Just as bad. Perhaps...* Suddenly, Allison felt a familiar tingle start to run through her body.

*Wait a minute... Manny isn't touching me, yet something's turning me on. Actually...* “Manny, I need you to get me off NOW!”

“As you wish. Anything in particular?”

“Eat me” Allison looked over her shoulder as Emanuel knelt down behind her.

“Turn around so I can precious.”

“Oh right”. Allison quickly swung her legs out. “Are you okay sweetheart?”

“Yeah. You have one hell of a kick though.”

*Is that bad?*

*You'll learn how to control it. It looks like some of the freaks have left.*

“Oh... right there. Don't stop.” Allison felt a wave of pure pleasure start to form as another familiar urge emerged. *Manny, it feels like I'm going to squirt again.*

*Are you asking me permission?*

*Yes.*

*You don't need to. Warning me is nice though so I can prepare for it.*

“I'm... I'm cumming Manny!” Allison watched as a clear liquid started to leak from Emanuel's mouth as the wave peaked what felt like minutes later. Allison heard screams of freak and weirdo echo through the crowd.

“Wow. Can you do that too Laura?”

“Uhm... Yeah...” she answered nervously

“Cool. You'll have to show me how later.”

“Sure.”

*Manny, did I cum too much for you to swallow?*

*Don't worry about it precious. My main concern is your happiness.*

*Wait, where did the crowd go?*

*The strength of your orgasm must have scared them off.*

“Ms Kirse, what a surprise. I didn’t think you’d be one of us.”

“What do you mean by that Mrs. Frauhold?” *Where did she come from?*

*Not sure, but I imagine she’s here to make sure the new rule is being followed.*

“Why, a squirter dear. Not many women ever become comfortable enough to allow themselves to experience the sheer power of such an orgasm. Most women don’t have a partner as willing as yours either though.”

“Is it really so hard to find men who enjoy making their girlfriend feel good?”

“Yes, as strange as it may seem to you Mr. Lopez. Ms Kirse, don’t let this one go.”

“I don’t plan to.”

“Would you like to get on our way to art precious?”

“Ms Kirse, surely you wouldn’t deny yourself the chance for more pleasure by leaving early?”

“Actually Mrs. Frauhold, I would prefer to get to class a little early. I’d like to repay the favor to Manny.” *Did I just say what I think I did?*

*Yes precious. I think we should leave before she comes up with any more objections. “We’ll see you guys at the restaurant later.”*

“Restaurant?”

“Tony, would you mind enlightening Mrs. Frauhold?”

“Happily.”

*Thank you sweetheart. I’d rather not get caught by the rush of gropers.*

*I understand. We should probably walk a little faster.*

*Why?*

*Large crowd behind us. Feels kind of threatening.*

“We want the zombie! We want the zombie!” the crowd started to chant.

*Great. I figured that’s what they’d want.*

*The demonstration in the cafeteria wasn't enough to persuade them?*

*Morons. Want me to deal with this precious?*

*Please.*

“Back off. The zombie thing wasn't funny the first time, and still isn't funny. Now go before I report you all for harassment.”

“Zombie! Zombie! Zombie! Zombie! Zombie!” the crowd continued.

“Thank you for trying sweetheart, but they won't listen to you it seems. I should try. Okay, listen up you idiots. I will not go back into that state, nor will I pretend to be in that state just so you can get off. Either find some other girl who's willing to and leave me alone, or give up on the idea and get help.”

“Zombie! Zombie! Zombie! Zombie!”

*Precious, I think the only way to deal with these idiots is to bring them past Litski's office and let him hear their screams. He might be able to do something about them. Just make it clear they're bothering you as we pass it.*

*It looks like that's our only option. How much further is his office anyway?*

*Forty or fifty feet maybe?*

*Good. I don't think I can take much more of their chanting.*

*Not much further now.*

“Enough of that you freaks! If I hear one more chant of that word, I'm going to rip off your arm and shove it down your throat so far it'll come out of your ass!”

*Whoa... you weren't kidding about not being able to take it, were you precious?*

*Yeah... It's driving me absolutely crazy. Please, hold me back if I try to make good on that promise.*

“You ten – in my office NOW!”

“But, what about the zombie?” a voice in the crowd asked.

*Resist the urge precious.* Allison felt Emanuel's arms wrap tightly around her.

“No buts. In here now before I bring you all up on charges off harassment. Allison, Emanuel – please be on your way.”

*Manny, let me go so I can seriously hurt that one!*

*No. Resist it.* Allison felt her body get turned around as Emanuel’s lips gently met hers. A moment later she felt a calm settle over her.

*How did you know that would help?*

*I didn’t. I took a risk, and I’m glad my guess was right.*

“When we get to art, I have a lot to repay you for. Thank you.”

“I hope you ten realize it’s only due to Mr. Lopez’s quick thinking that any of you are unhurt right now. I also hope that you realize how much trouble you could all be in for harassing a Program participant. In fact, as punishment for your actions, starting now you are all in the Program for one week – and this does not count as your required week. Strip down now – I will see it that your clothes will be in the appropriate place by the end of the day.”

*Wow. I didn’t realize he could get that loud.*

*I know Ally. I think they got off easy though.*

*Maybe. Hopefully this gives them some perspective on how we feel. Did we get here this fast yesterday?*

*I don’t believe so. Then again, we had our minds on other concerns yesterday.*

*True.*

## Emanuel

“Ah, right when I expected you two. The back and couch are open to you if either of you needs relief.”

“Thank you Mrs. Rose. Where do you want me precious?”

“On the couch will do nicely. Sitting if you would, facing me.”

“You have an idea I take it?”

“Of course. Now just sit back and enjoy.”

“As you command, my precious”.

*Good. You're hard enough for me to go straight into it.*

*Are you sure about what I think you're going to do?*

*Yes, I'm sure.* Emanuel watched as Allison quickly stuck a few fingers inside her vaginal opening and moved them about for a few seconds. *That should be enough.* He watched in surprise as she grabbed his now hardened penis with that hand and rubbed a few times. *Now a little for up top.* He watched further as she dipped the hand back in and put a large amount of juices in between her breasts.

*Huh?*

*Just watch and enjoy. No thinking or questions.*

*As you command.* He watched as she leaned her body forward, closing her breasts around his penis as they connected. *Oh...* He smiled as she started lifting and lowering her body while keeping her breasts together. *What gave you this idea precious?*

*If you must know, I thought about what we did yesterday, and I realized that I'm big enough to pull this off. Besides, guys are supposed to like this. Are you?*

*Very much. Is this what sex is likely to feel like?*

*If popular culture has any truth in it, yes, only more warm and wet. We'll know for sure when the time comes.*

*Are you getting anything out of this?*

*Actually, I am feeling turned on again. Is that strange?*

*Well, popular culture would say yes, but I think it's fantastic.*

*Yeah, because to you it means it'll happen more often.*

*I'll admit that's a bonus of the situation. You know in my mind your happiness comes first.*

*I know. That's part of why I love you. And you know I'm happy to make you happy.*

*That's part of why I love you too. I'm really close.*

*Cum on them like you did yesterday.*

“Allison... I’m... cumming!” Emanuel watched as white ropes quickly covered Allison’s breasts, feeling the wave of pleasure pass as he did.

“Well well... you two certainly aren’t afraid to experiment. I see the Program is having the intended effect.”

“Yes Mrs. Rose, although it hasn’t exactly been smooth sailing.”

“Growth rarely is Allison. Am I right in guessing neither of you wish to clean up?”

“Yes. Should we just sit here until class starts?”

“Actually, I’d like you to get into your pose. Emanuel, fold your legs in front of you on the couch facing the door. Allison, sit facing him, also with your legs crossed...”

“And look into each others' eyes?”

“Why, yes. How did you know?”

“It’s a very classic lovers pose.”

*I didn’t figure you for that much of a romantic Manny.*

*This also happens to be a position in Tantric traditions.*

*As in Tantric sex?*

*As in Tantric philosophies in general. Tantric sex is just about extending those general ideas into the realm of love making.*

*Oh... can we maybe... try it at some point?*

*We’ll need to do a lot of prep work first, and it takes complete trust in each other to achieve. We can work on some of the prep if you’d like some time.*

*I’d like that. I’ve heard the orgasms in it are unbelievable.*

*Precious, you’re aware that the point of Tantric sex is not the orgasm, right?*

“It’s not?”

“What’s not Allison?”

“Nothing”



“Ah, the secret messages lovers often send non-verbally. Don’t let me stop you two.”

*If only she knew how right and wrong she is. Ally, Tantric sex is about sharing energies. Sessions of Tantric sex can go on for hours or days even if done properly, without either person climaxing once.*

*So, no pleasure?*

*Oh, there’s plenty of pleasure to be found in them. Its focus is on the feelings of the moment, and not the big ending.*

*So, it’s kind of like one big orgasm that builds and builds, and ends when you want it to?*

*To some degree. The climax isn’t the important part.*

“Class, get out your materials and start drawing. You have twenty minutes.”

*Then, if the climax isn’t the important part, what is?*

*The sharing of each others bodies.*

*Oh, so it’s one of those journey more important than ending things.*

*Exactly.*

*And how do you know so much about this?*

*Well, I was curious and did some research.*

*Typical male thoughts.*

*I may be different in a lot of aspects, but I am still a guy. I do have guy desires and curiosities.*

*I know. Tone is kind of hard to tell with this.*

*Oh, you were joking... yeah, it is.*

*So, what else am I going to learn in Kempo?*

*Besides what I’ve already mentioned? Kicks and punches, grapples and locks, dance like combinations called Embu, and some Japanese.*

*Oh, okay. Are Embu hard to learn?*

*To learn the steps, no. To get the timing right yes. Yesterday two of my fellow students were performing theirs, and one of them fell a second behind the other. As a result, he wasn't able to respond to a particularly hard kick and injured his knee in the process. You won't need to worry about them for a while though.*

*Why?*

*You only need to perform an Embu when trying for the next stripe or rank. It shows you have enough mastery over one set of techniques to learn the next.*

*Is it really that hard to get the timing down?*

*Yes and no. Part of that comes from trusting your partner. Then, establishing the rhythm is much easier.*

*Do you think I'll ever get good enough to become your partner?*

*At some point, sure. For a while though, you'll probably be working with Ken.*

*I take it he's the uninjured of the two you spoke of earlier?*

*Yes. Paul was a second behind from the start, and that hurt him when they moved into the hard strikes.*

*Any thing else?*

*Two very important things actually. First, you'll learn when to fight and when to avoid conflict altogether. Second, how to draw strength from within yourself while still being open to help from others.*

*Could you teach me whatever oath it is you say?*

*Of course. It starts with 'In attaining this Art, we pledge to affirm the founders'*

*Meaning?*

*To recognize those who laid down the ideals we follow.*

*Oh, okay. Please continue.*

*'To be honest with our teachers'*

*That makes sense.*

*'To respect those ahead of us, to not disdain those behind us'*

*So, look up to those who know more, and not think lower of those who know less?*

*Exactly. 'To give as well as receive help, to cooperate, and to give ourselves to contributing to the Way.'*

*I understand the first two parts of that, but not the third.*

*Basically to continue on the traditions.*

*Oh. Is there more?*

*Yes. 'We resolve to settle with our pasts and practice with purely focused hearts as if we were newly born into this world.'*

*Understandable.*

*'We pledge to train in this Art only to help people, never for personal reputation or profit.'*

*Hence the reason your Sensei doesn't charge. Anything else?*

*That's it for the oath.*

*What did I catch you saying then?*

*You probably tried to reach me during the creed or one of our meditations.*

*Please teach me them too.*

*We should probably wait for the next pose for the creed – it's kind of lengthy.*

*How about the meditation then?*

*Okay. 'I am my own refuge and source of strength. On whom may I rely if not myself? With a wisely disciplined self, I find a truly rare and precious fountain of strength. By doing evil, I contaminate myself. By not doing evil, I purify myself. Purity and impurity come from within, and others cannot purify my heart.'*

*That doesn't make a lot of sense to me.*

*It's a very eastern idea. The concept is based upon the idea of Dharma – the idea that our souls are like a crystal clear lake.*

*You mean like a mirror?*

*That's another way of looking at it. Evil actions make the water or glass dirty and harder to see through.*

*Wait, see through? Doesn't a mirror reflect images?*

*Not the soul's mirror. It shows the true self, the inner being. Anyway, evil actions make it harder to see this image. Keeping away from them cleans up the mess, and allows the true self to be seen easily. This is the great source of strength that's referred to.*

*That seems very different from the system I was raised in.*

*What sect is your grandmother?*

*Catholic.*

*That was going to be one of my guesses. Regardless of that, it's helped me many times to keep from giving up during a hard situation.*

*Yeah, I can understand that. Still, it seems a long way from the idea of a vengeful God who imposed ideals that no one beside himself can follow.*

*The Catholic god has always seemed a bit odd to me. I mean, the idea that you have one life to get things right seems odd.*

*I more find it odd that the salvation granted can be rendered moot by leaving certain sins un-confessed before dying. Shouldn't saving someone from the effects of sin mean that protection is permanent?*

*I suppose.*

*"Pencils down. I'll leave the final pose up to you two."*

*"Do you have one precious?"*

*"Actually I do. All you need to do is stand up."*

*"Okay."*

*Allison watched Emanuel quickly uncross his legs and stand up. You may get a laugh out of this one sweetheart. "We're ready."*

*"Start drawing then class."*

*"But, they have the roles wrong again" a girl complained.*

“No, this is right.”

*Heh heh... reverse of your typical proposal scene... good thinking.*

*Yeah, I thought it would be a fun one. Do you think some day you might be the one kneeling in front of me?*

*Someday, yes.*

*Question – how did you figure out my grandmother is the religious one?*

*Well, you mentioned on our date Monday that neither your mom or dad is particularly religious, and you wouldn't have chosen the words 'system I was raised in' if you came to the beliefs on your own. Someone had to have taught you, and your grandmother was the only other option that I knew of.*

*Okay, that makes sense actually. What did you mean by 'I suppose'?*

*Do you want the short version or the long one?*

*The long. We have the time after all.*

*As you wish. I remember going to church when I was very young, maybe around seven or eight. But, then my grandfather passed away suddenly – and his death hit my mother hard. Apparently he hadn't liked my mother's choice in churches. Basically, he made it clear that as long as she was a Protestant, he'd never talk to her.*

*So it was either a go back to being Catholic or nothing at all?*

*Yeah. He was also convinced she damned herself by her choice. It didn't help that my father was only mildly religious either. So, rather than seeking help, she stopped going. And, since my dad was never particularly willing to go, I never went back after that.*

*Did your grandfather know about your mom's cancer?*

*I have to believe so. Why else would he have shunned her so badly when she became a Protestant? Anyway, I started questioning what I had been taught about then, and mom's death and dad's reactions ruined Judeo-Christian beliefs for me.*

*So you once believed?*

*I was taught... I don't know if you can call it true belief if it's that easily shaken off. Isn't true faith supposed to be unstoppable?*

*At least that's what I've heard. I guess we're just a pair of agnostics then?*

*Technically I could be considered a mix of Buddhist and Hindu beliefs. I would consider myself more agnostic though. I take it you've come to question what you've been taught as well?*

*Yeah. I don't believe I told you, but Monday night was the first time I didn't feel compelled to pray before going to bed.*

*Compelled? Any idea by what?*

*Fear. It always felt kind of wrong that fear was the only reason I'd pray at night, but then again, I hadn't really felt at peace for a long time. It was the only way I could at least try to get to sleep, and even then it didn't fully stop the feelings that prevented me from recuperative sleep.*

*And how did you feel Tuesday morning?*

*Better than I had in a long while. A little nervous about how the whole strip-show was going to go, but beside that pretty much on top of the world. Because I finally felt safe being myself.*

*Yeah, I know the feeling. As much as I put on a 'completely whole' image, I've only recently started feeling truly safe with letting some of my insecurities show.*

*"Pencils down. Would either of you like to see some of the class's work?"*

*"Yes please." Sweetheart, I'm curious to see how those girls from yesterday drew the second pose.*

*I'm more curious to see the one guy's rendering of that. So?*

*They got most of it correct.*

*Most?*

*Yeah, they put their own heads where mine should be.*

*Funny, the guy did something like that too. Only, he imagined what he'd look like in your place and drew that instead.*

*Did the other guys swap out your head for theirs?*

*One did. The other turned the pose into something pornographic.*

*Does he want to pass this class?*

*Apparently not.*

“You two can head to your next class.”

“Thank you Mrs. Rose. Ready precious?”

“Yes.”

## Allison

*Look precious – one of the idiots from earlier.*

*Wow, he’s certainly popular... I can see why actually.*

*Well endowed?*

*That’s putting it lightly.*

*Wow... I think we actually did him a favor.*

*Perhaps, but only if he doesn’t bring up the Z word anymore.*

*You never know precious, he may find someone who actually likes that kind of role-play.*

*Hmm... I hope for his sake you’re right. Do you think we have time for you to tell me the full story you promised yesterday?*

*Unfortunately, no. We’re here.*

“Again? How is it we’re here so fast again?”

“Good question.”

“Please, come in you two. Allison, you’ll be reading Katherina, and Emanuel will be Petruchio.”

“Which act Mrs. Sneider?”

“Ah, yes... thank you for reminding me Allison. Act two, scene one where Katharina and Petruchio first meet.”

“This looks like it’ll be fun.”

“I had hoped you and Emanuel would be good enough sports to read those parts. Oh, before I forget, would either of you like relief before the class gets here?”

“Have you spoken to Mrs. Rose?”

“Why do you ask Allison?”

“She likes to ask us the same thing”.

“If it means more class time for me to focus on, all the better. And, yes, I did speak with her yesterday – she gave me the idea.”

“It’s fine by us”. *Manny, do you need any?*

*Actually, I’m still good from earlier. You?*

*Same here. I’d love for you to do what you did at lunch, but I don’t want the pillow to get wet and sticky.*

*Yeah... that would make sitting on it rather uncomfortable. “We’re good at the moment.” I think I’ll be ready next period though.*

*Same here.*

“As you wish. I am curious to see an actual woman squirt though.”

“Uhm... how did you find out about that?”

“I did talk to Mrs. Rose yesterday. I was curious about that scream I heard as I was sitting here.”

“Oh... maybe tomorrow then. I’m still satisfied from lunch though.”

“Today as well? You are the real deal then. I must make sure Ms. Jenkins knows about this.”

*What!* “Uhm... no offense meant, but does Ms. Jenkins really need to know?”

“Allison, you can’t keep that a secret for long from any of your teachers. Especially if the Program Representative knows about it.”

*So does this mean I’ll forever be known as ‘that girl that squirts’?*

*At least it’s a better title than ‘pencil guy’ or ‘pinky’.*

*Do you really think some poor guy is going to get one of those labels?*



*There's bound to be someone at some point in the year. More likely, we'll see two or three. Looks like the class is waiting outside the door again.*

*So they did do that intentionally.*

“So she does know. You’ll never be able to get rid of that name now” Allison heard Mrs. Sneider remark.

“I was afraid of that. How did you know Frauhold found out?”

“Your face gave it away. Look at it this way – it’s a better name than say pinky.”

“Pinky? You mean someone already has that name?” Alison responded.

“Yeah, someone from the team actually. I will not mention who though.”

“Thank you, Emanuel. You’ve just confirmed what I suspected all along” Mrs. Sneider responded. Allison watched the smile that crossed her face.

*Was anyone on the team in that group of boys earlier?*

*Yeah, pinky and butterfingers.*

*Butterfingers?*

*He has a tendency to let the ball slip out of his glove.*

*I didn't take you for a gossip Manny.*

*I'm not – it's just that the names fly around the locker room so often that they slip in automatically sometimes.*

*Oh.*

“And three... two... one. Class, next time, anyone I see waiting for the bell to ring will get five points off their final grade. I know your reasons, and they’re disrespectful. Open the books on your desks to Act two, Scene one. Follow along with Allison and Emanuel. You two can stay at your seats. Start where I told you before.”

“But, doesn’t this go against you picking on the naked students?”

“No Ms Larae, it does not. I picked them because I feel they will enjoy reading the characters I selected for them. Please start now.”

“Gladly”. Allison watched Emanuel pause and begin. “Good morrow, Kate; for that’s your name I hear.”

“Well you have heard, but something hard of hearing: They call me Katharina that do talk of me.”

“You lie, in faith; for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst; But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate, For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate, Take this of me, Kate of my consolation; Hearing thy mildness praised in every town, They virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded, Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.”

*So, she's an independent woman being sought after by someone not afraid to use trickery and manipulation to get her.*

*Very interesting relationship dynamic.*

“Moved! in good time: let him know that moved you hither Remove you hence: I knew at the first You were a moveable.”

“Why, what's a moveable?”

“A join'd stool.”

“Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.” *He's not going to make it easy on her, is he?*

*Don't count her out yet though.* “Asses are made to bear, and so are you.”

*Quite an exchange of wit between them.* “Women are made to bear, and so are you.” *What do you think she means by bear?*

*Not sure, too many things it could mean.* “No such jade as you, if me you mean.”

*I take it she doesn't intend to have children then.*

*That seems to be his meaning of the word.*

“Skip down to where Katharina slaps Petruchio. No need to act that out unless you wish to.”

“I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike me again.”

“So may lose your arms: If you strike me, you are no gentleman; And if no gentleman, why then no arms.” *Wow, a no-nonsense sort of girl.*

“A herald Kate? O, put me in thy books!”. *One might almost wonder why he gives her so much ammunition.*

*True, but he handles her well. "What is your crest? a coxcomb?"*

*"A combless cock, so Kate be my hen". Another attempt to get her to say yes.*

*"No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven." And back and forth and back.*

*"That's enough for now. Take a few moments to think about the characters – feel free to read forward if you wish."*

*They make quite a pair, don't you think precious?*

*Yes. A lot like that couple on SNL.*

*The couple that shouldn't be? I'm inclined to disagree.*

*Why?*

*There is no wit between them, just angry yelling and nasty comments.*

*Katherina's comments may have intelligence behind them, but she's still very rude for the social structures of the time.*

*But at the same time, she's merely strong willed. It may not be socially acceptable, but she's not outright mean like the wife. I'm not saying the husband is any better.*

*Manny, sweetheart, did you read the whole scene with her sister Bianca? The girl is just plain mean... even if her remarks are witty and well thought out.*

*What do you mean... oh. That's what I get for not reading all of the scene.*

*"Now, what are your thoughts about Katherina?"*

*"She's a bitch."*

*"Lenny, that's not a nice thing to say".*

*"Actually, I can see why Lenny might think that."*

*"And why is that Emanuel?"*

*"Not only are her comments toward Petruchio completely uncalled for, especially within the culture she's part of, but she has a reputation for being that way towards suitors."*

“I agree. In addition to what Manny said, the scene opens with Katherina torturing her sister. So, although Lenny’s choice of wording should have been rethought, he has the right idea.”

“Anyone disagree with Allison and Emanuel?”

“Yes Mrs. Sneider. Katherina is merely trying to maintain what limited freedom she’s earned.”

*That’s a decidedly feminist perspective of the character, wouldn’t you agree precious?*

*Yes. That kind of enthusiasm can be very scary sometimes.*

“Oh my, look at the time. Class, I just remembered I have an urgent meeting to get to – you may all leave early.”

*That’s out of the ordinary.*

*Isn’t it sweetheart? I wonder why Nancy suddenly felt so uncomfortable.*

*Probably anticipating some flaming comments about the Program.*

*That makes sense.*

*Be on your guard precious – There’s a group with nasty intentions nearby.*

*How nearby are we talking?*

*Ten or twenty feet maybe.*

*I think I can see them now – the group hanging out by the bathroom, right?*

*Yes. Looks like they’re not the only group.*

*Another one focused on me?*

*Actually, this one is probably focused on me. See that group of girls to the right a couple of feet?*

*Them? Wait, isn’t the one in the middle the man-killer?*

*Looks like you’re right. I think that is her.*

“Well, well. Look who it is girls – my ex. And with his little slut in tow. Was I not woman enough for you?”

“Ladies, don’t listen to the venom this one drips. The reason I dumped her was because she saw me as a jock, not a fellow human like I wanted to be seen. Sarah, don’t you know you’ll never meet someone nice as long as you keep acting like a bitch.”

“Wait, did you just call me a bitch?”

“No, I said you’re acting like a bitch. There’s a big difference between acting like something and being something.”

“I’ll make you pay for calling me that word”.

“I’m sure by now you know the penalties for harassing a Program participant. Would you like to continue, or leave now and we’ll forget that little threat ever happened.”

“That’s it slut. I was going to spare you, but now I’ll take care of you first. Spread ‘em – now. Girls, make sure he can’t go for help.”

*I think we’re in trouble precious. They’re merely blocking me from getting to you or away – I can’t use any of my training until they actually try to hurt me.*

*Don’t worry about it. If she tries anything funny, she’s in for a huge surprise.*

“Good. Now, this will hurt – but you’ll learn to enjoy it.”

*A surprise?*

*Litski’s standing about five feet behind you.*

*Oh, that kind of surprise.*

“Ms Landers, hand that dildo to Emanuel and come with me now.”

“Mr. Litski, this is not what it looks like. She asked me to do this to her during second period.”

“That would be impossible, as Allison was in my office during part of that time, and the rest of the time can be accounted for by the Principal. You can’t talk your way out of trouble this time.”

“Fine, but I better get my vibrator back before the end of the day. I just bought it.”

“That will also be impossible. School policy states that items used to harass other students become school property under my control. Allison, if you’d like to keep it, you

may. The rest of you girls, head to class right now or I will consider you accessories, and you will receive Ms Landers' punishment."

"Thank you sir." *Wow, my first sex toy, completely free.*

*I had hoped to be the first to give you one, but you know what they say.*

*Yeah. You can still get me my first vibrator. Besides, you've had the honor of many more firsts, and you'll get the most important one.*

*True. We should be on our way then.*

"Looks like those boys decided I wasn't worth it once Litski showed up."

"Actually, they left as soon as you mentioned the price the freaks paid for their deeds."

Allison reached out, gently grabbing Emanuel's left hand. *I'm so lucky I found my Manny.*

*And I that I found my Ally.*

*How far is Home Ecc from here?*

*Not sure. Actually, we're here.*

"The eye-candy is early I see. You must be Allison. Class, please welcome Allison."

"Oh, I can see why you're taken... she's very pretty."

*That's the black haired girl you told me about?*

*Yeah.*

*Ask for relief, and pick her.*

*You are aware you'll need to pick another girl if you wish help.*

*Not necessarily. I could always request you.*

*That would be a little difficult position wise.*

*None the less, it's possible.*

*True.*

“Now, would either of you like relief, and if so would you like help?”

“We’d both like relief, and I know who’s going to help me.”

“Are you okay with that Emanuel?”

“Yes.”

“And who would like to help Emanuel?”

girl. Allison watched several hands shoot up and Emanuel pointed at the black haired

*She likes you.*

*What gave it away, her smile or the look in her eyes?*

*Her smile. How did you know she does?*

*She asked me if I was taken on Monday.*

*What did you tell her?*

*That I was. So, how are we going to do this?*

*I’m horny enough that your fingers should be enough. Could you stick them inside a little bit this time though?*

*Sure. Do you want me to stop at your hymen?*

*Please. I want to save that for when we have sex.*

*Okay. “Do whatever you’d like short of stripping and riding me.”*

*“Okay. I want to save that for my future husband anyway.”*

*Good. I’d have had some choice words for her if she was ready to experience you that way before I get to. Ohhh... that feels really good sweetheart.*

*She’s trying to deep-throat me. I don’t think she’ll be able to succeed though.*

*You never know. I didn’t think I’d be able to.*

*Yeah, but you persisted until you did. Damn... “I’m so close.”*

*“Me too... a little faster Manny.”*

*Faster you say? I have an idea.*

Allison felt a finger start to circle around her clitoris as the other two continued to thrust in and out. *You're... evil... you know... that, right?*

*Is it evil to make you... feel good?* “I’m cumming!”

*Wow... wait, is she swallowing?*

*Looks that way. I thought the numbers said only 20% of women swallow.*

*Well, lucky you. Two of the girls you’ve played with like to.*

“Good, no clean up required it seems. Everyone, put on your aprons and start on today’s assignment. Allison, you’re going to have to work with Emanuel... I’m afraid we don’t have enough stations for you to have your own.”

“That’s not a problem”.

“Remember, no horseplay or foreplay though. If you want to do that in the kitchen, do it on your own time and at your own risk.”

“Of course Mrs. Lesummer.” *So, what are we making this time?*

*Apple pie? Is that really that hard to make?*

*Harder than you might think. A lot of elements to mess up.*

“Precious, would you mind preparing the crust while I mix up the filling?”

“Why, because you need more brute strength to make the filling?”

“Actually, I think you’d need more to roll out the dough. I want the filling job so I can cut the apples.”

“Fine... be sexist if you must.”

“A lover’s spat already? That’s a new record in my book.”

“Lover’s spat Mrs. Lesummer? You must be mistaken. Couldn’t you tell the sarcasm in my voice?”

“I wasn’t sure if I was hearing that correctly. I rather my class not be the one to break up relationships.”



“After all we’ve been through so far, it will take a lot more than a simple argument to break us apart.” *Manny, we shouldn’t play like that anymore.*

*Did we get the black haired girl’s hopes up again?*

*Yeah.* “Are you done with the filling sweetheart? I have the bottom crust all ready for you.”

“Just finished actually.”

“Mrs. Lesummer, they have an unfair advantage.”

“Jennifer, do remember he did beat all of you on Monday by himself. Besides, it’s not like I don’t grade fairly – his chocolate cake was the best of all the class.”

“But... it’s still not fair.”

“Don’t let anyone tell you life is fair Jennifer. Shouldn’t you be focusing on you baking?”

“Sweetheart, can I have the knife for a moment? I want to try something.”

“Of course. May I ask what?”

“Just watch and see”. Allison quickly folded the second piece of dough into twelve equal portions, cutting each piece as neatly as she could. “Manny, would you lay these across vertically, equally spaced?”

“I think I know where you’re going with this.” She watched as he quickly did as asked. “Should I do the horizontal, or would you like to handle that?”

“That part takes a woman’s touch... I should do it.”

“Woman’s touch... as you wish.” Allison quickly placed the horizontal pieces, weaving them in between the vertical ones.

“Isn’t it pretty this way sweetheart? Could you pass the melted butter please?”

“Of course. I take it you need the brush as well?”

“I could always just use my fingers, but I suppose the brush will be faster.” *Butter does make a decent lubricant after all.*

*Yes, but Lesummer did say no foreplay.*

*I know.*

*I like playing with you too. So, how long do you think this should take to cook?*

*Twenty minutes maybe.* “Do you think we have enough time for the man-killer story now?” Allison smiled as every other girl looked in their direction.

*You did that on purpose, didn't you?* “I think I have enough time. Anyway, as I told you before, it started two years ago. We began dating in September, maybe October. Remember though, this was before she acquired the man-killer name. Things go smoothly for the first two weeks – we went on a few of your typical type of date, you know; coffee, movies, that sort of thing. Towards the middle of week three, we went on what would be our final date... I believe it was to a local museum. Her favorite artist was being featured that day.”

“Another few minutes.”

*Are they still looking over here?*

*Some of them yes, but I know everyone's still listening. Continue.*

“Thursday comes around, and I drop her off in front of her second period class. Math if I'm remembering correctly. Anyway, I turn around the corner, when I start to overhear her talking to her friends. One of them asked 'are things proceeding okay?'. I remember being shocked by her response. 'As expected, I've got almost everything I need. And he's completely oblivious to it all'. The bell rang at that point, so I was unable to hear anything else – I doubt that particular conversation went on any further anyway. So I wait until we'd normally meet up on our way to third – we shared English then, and I acted as if I heard nothing. I wanted to know more before I made any decisions.”

“Wait, why?” Allison heard a nearby girl ask.

“I thought you ladies were listening in. I considered the theory that she was planning a special good surprise, and didn't want to jump to any conclusions from one overheard conversation. Anyway, as we walked, I noticed one of her friends come up and whisper something in her ear. I acted as if I didn't notice it. As the friend left, I noticed Sarah pinch her right butt cheek. Of course I asked what that was about.”

“And... what did she say?”

“Mrs. Lesummer, I didn't think you'd be interested in this story. She was silent for a few seconds, and I could see sweat starting to appear on her forehead. She finally responded with 'oh, that's just our way of saying see you later'. I didn't point out that she hadn't pinched back, nor did I reveal catching a glimpse of the annoyed look on her friend's face. You know, the 'are you trying to blow our cover' annoyed. During English I noticed another friend pass a note that contained what looked like a map of the field for the next day's homecoming.”

“Take it out and put it on the rack, then please continue.”

“Done precious. The final piece of evidence I needed I got when she opened her bag to put away her books. I noticed some super glue and a tube of icy hot. I realized she was up to no good. The note fell, and I noticed scribbled on it an x under the bleachers. I broke up with her a few minutes later, while we were the only one’s left in the room. She didn’t take it well, especially when I managed to accurately guess her plan.”

“Which was?” the nearby girl asked.

“Some of you look like upper class-men. You should know it at the very least.”

“Actually, we only know what we saw. It was never made entirely clear just how she did it to the poor guy though” another girl asked.

“I think that should be kind of obvious by now. She knew which way we were going into the locker room for halftime. She knew that particular spot was well secluded, and that it would be very easy to pull someone in without it being realized by anyone on the team. So she schemed to pull me in there on our way in, offer me a quick hand job to take some of the stress off, and planned to have me hold onto my balls while I did. Then she planned to pull out the icy hot and liberally coat my penis and balls with it.”

“So, what would that have done?” the same girl asked.

“She put the super glue on his sides as she pulled his pants down, to keep his hands stuck. And icy hot is known to cause great pain to certain areas – the male groin included. Somehow she got her new victim in time, and before I could warn the guy, she hit him with it. Anyway, from what I understand she used so much icy hot that his testes got so injured that he’s unable to produce anymore sperm. Worst of all, the icy hot also over sensitized his penis, so that he orgasms whenever touched for more than minute.”

“Oh, that’s why she got the name man-killer.”

“Yes precious. Poor guy hasn’t been the same since.”

“I heard she just got put into the Program as punishment for attempting to assault a participant.”

“Wow, news travels that quickly here?”

“Apparently so precious.”

“Wait, Allison is the one she tried to assault?”

“Yes Mrs. Lesummer, and only because she tried to stop Sarah from getting the revenge she wanted on me. I actually pity her.”

“Why? After what she was planning to do to you, I’d expect you be happy she got drafted.”

“No Jennifer. She’s pissed off so many people here, she’s going to be picked on worse than Steven has been in his three years here.”

“Steven?”

“You may know him as pimple face or dork-wad.”

“Oh... why didn’t you say so in the first place Emanuel?”

“Because, Jennifer, he’s still human and deserves to be treated better than that. Despite his poor social skills and poorer hygiene.”

“I hoped you learned two important lessons today class. Firstly, that all people deserve some respect. Secondly, to always pay attention to your baking first, then whatever stories happen to be going on at the time. It looks like only Emanuel and Allison, Jamie and Kayla even finished their pies on time. Kayla, you clearly burned yours.”

Allison watched as Mrs. Lesummer went around to the remaining finished pies, tasting them in between sips of water. *Do you think we did good enough for the A sweetheart?*

*Yeah. Jamie’s looks a little undercooked to be honest, and smells like she forgot the cinnamon.*

“Emanuel and Allison get the A. Jamie, are you sure you included every ingredient?”

“I’m sure Mrs. Lesummer.”

“You forgot to mix in the cinnamon. Any particular reason why?”

“I was wondering why you’d put something spicy into a sweet dessert, so I left it out.”

“Uhm, Jamie, the cinnamon may be spicy on it’s own, but when put into things containing natural sugars, it helps to pull out the sweetness better.”

“Well put Allison. You may go now class.”

“Precious, would you mind cutting a piece and putting it on that plate?”

“For Mrs. Lesummer? Of course not.”

“Good. I can finish wrapping up the rest of it if you’d like to bring it up to her.”

“Gladly”. Allison carefully carried the plate as she made her way to the teachers desk. “For you Mrs. Lesummer.”

“If you two continue this, I’m going to need to start skipping on dessert. I take it you two are anxious to be on your way.”

“Yes actually. We have a limited amount of time to get to the dojo precious.”

“Is there room on your bike for both of us and all of our stuff?”

“It’s stronger than it looks. We should be okay.”

“Actually, would you mind if I don’t bother putting on my clothing until we get there? I don’t want to put clothes on yet.”

“I was actually considering doing the same thing. We’ll need to slip into our uniforms before we enter the dojo though.”

“Out of respect for the teacher?”

“Exactly.”

“Is there anything else I should know before meeting the teacher?”

“Did you read the pamphlet I gave you?”

“Yeah.”

“There’s a few things not mentioned in there, but I can tell you them on our way over.”

“Okay.”

.....  
Wednesday Evening  
.....

Emanuel

“Mainly, there are two important things to know about meeting Sensei for the first time. First, when you step through the curtain separating the outer area of the dojo and the inner, put your hands together near the upper middle of your chest and wait there until he acknowledges your presence. Secondly, shoes, socks and other belongings go in the cubbies before the curtain. Besides that, the obvious things: when addressing him, speak in a polite tone of voice and call him Sensei.”

“I was nervous there was going to be more to it than that.”

“Things are never quite as bad as you initially think they will be.”

“I can’t help it if I’m nervous though. I want to make a good first impression.”

“No need to worry about that. Sensei has the sometimes unnerving talent of being able to discern a person’s true nature no matter how good of an actor they are. He’ll like you the moment he meets you. He will give you one piece of advice if you choose to continue studying though.” *As soon as we step through those doors, we should be safe.*

*Here’s hoping.* “And that is?”

“Don’t let our relationship negatively affect your training.”

“Meaning?”

“Don’t let anything that happens in the relationship get in the way of your training.”

“Oh... that makes sense.”

“Would you like me to bring my bike over, or should we walk through the crowd together?”

“As tempting as the former is, I’d like be swarmed as a result.”

“As you wish. It’s right this way” he said, pointing toward the nearby bike rack with one hand, grabbing Allison’s hand with the other. *Look out precious... the freaks are back.*

*Great. Just what we need right now.*

*Don’t worry. Just keep on walking, we’re almost there.* “Sorry, no requests. School’s over and we don’t have the time.”

“But... you two are still on school grounds... you have to comply” one of the boys said as the group quickly surrounded them.

“True, but so do you. Remember, you are all in the Program now.”

“Uhm... never mind then. Let’s go guys.”

“Yes leader.” the rest of the group replied.

Emanuel watched the group quickly retreat. “I was hoping that would work.” Emanuel closed the distance to the bike, Allison’s hand still in his. He quickly grabbed her bags. *Okay, this one there, then... that should work. Now for mine and...* “Ready precious?”

“Yes. How did you know how to get all the bags to fit?”

Emanuel climbed onto the bike. “General strength with spatial challenges and the training I suppose. I’ve never really thought much about it.” Emanuel felt Allison climb onto the bike, wrapping her arms around him as he started to peddle. “Precious, is there something wrong?” he asked after a few silent minutes passed.

“I’m trying not to focus on the wind hitting my body. Riding naked is very uncomfortable.”

“Agreed. Next time we need to go somewhere, we put on our clothes first.”

“Yeah. How much further is the dojo?”

Emanuel quickly glanced at his surroundings again. “Not too much further. Two or three minutes maybe?”

“Good. Is it bad that I’m still nervous?”

“About meeting Sensei? Not really. I remember I was all nerves when I first met him. You have nothing to worry about. You have my word.” Emanuel felt Allison lay her head on his shoulder. *There’s the Chinese restaurant, so one more block.* “Brace yourself precious... I’ve never attempted to park my bike here with two people on it before.”

“Okay.”

Emanuel felt her grip tighten. *Good, no traffic around. That should make getting to the other side of the street easy.* Emanuel quickly maneuvered across the street, and in one motion came to a stop in the nearby bike rack. “We’re here.”

“Really? This doesn’t look like a dojo.”

“Really. It looks a lot more like a dojo inside. I promise.”

“Uhm... won’t your Sensei mind that we’re naked?”

Emanuel felt Allison's arms loosen as she stepped off the bike. He quickly followed suit, securing the bike with its lock a moment later. "I don't believe so, but if you wish you can wait in the changing area after I dress, and I can bring your uniform to you. Or, you could always quickly pull on some of your clothing from this morning."

"I'll take option one. How thick is the curtain?"

Emanuel quickly grabbed their duffels from the bike, slinging his over one shoulder and grabbing hers in the other hand. "It's one of those beaded ones, but they're close together. You have nothing to worry about. Are you ready precious?"

"I suppose."

"You'll be fine. I promise". Emanuel watched the nervous look lessen a little as Allison grabbed his hand again. He quietly started on his way into the dojo's entrance hall. "See?"

"Yeah... I still wish it was solid cloth though."

"I didn't realize you were in the Program Kenshi Emanuel. You may enter with your special friend now if you'd like."

"How did he know we were... oh, right."

"Precious, obviously Sensei isn't bothered by our nakedness. Do you want to just enter and get your uniform?"

"But what about the other students?"

"The only other student here right now is Kara, and she's already seen you."

"May I ask your name friend of Kenshi Emanuel?"

"Allison, Sensei."

"I appreciate what you are doing, but it is not necessary until you decide to study here. Do you wish to watch a lesson first, or would you like to jump right in?"

"I'd like to jump right in please Sensei."

"Very well Kenshi Allison. I will send Kenshi Kara out with a uniform that should fit you. Kenshi Kara, please assist Kenshi Allison."

"I think a medium should fit you. Here Kenshi Allison."



Emanuel watched Allison quietly grab the uniform that made its way through the curtain. "Thank you Kara."

"For future reference, within the dojo, it's always Kenshi, then the person's name. Don't worry if it takes you a little while to get used to it, Kenshi Allison."

"Thank you Kenshi Kara. Manny, why does the word Kenshi keep coming up so much?"

"I'll tell you inside the changing area. I'd suggest you wear a bra under the uniform though."

"Right. Hand me my duffel please?"

Emanuel quickly handed Allison her duffel bag, then reached into his for underwear and his uniform. "That room is the changing area."

"Oh... it's not bad. So?"

"Right. Kenshi is the word for student. It's a term of respect."

"In the same way you use Sensei for your teacher?"

"Our teacher, but otherwise correct. That really does fit you well."

"You're only saying that because it's form fitting."

"Is it wrong for me to think you're beautiful?"

"No. How do I bow again?"

"Just like this". Emanuel put his feet together and brought his hands together at chest height. "Then bow, and hold it until Sensei says to be seated."

"Okay. And I do this as soon as we step through the curtain?"

"Correct. It looks like Ken is near." Emanuel quietly put their bags inside one of the cubbies.

"You mean you feel he's arrived."

"Same idea." Emanuel watched with concern as Allison stood before the curtain. "If you're still nervous just repeat what I do." Emanuel stepped through the curtain, raised his hands together, and waited. He watched Allison do the same a second later.

“Please sit down and prepare your spirits Kenshi Emanuel and Allison. Kenshi Emanuel, please guide Kenshi Allison in anything she needs to know.”

Emanuel bowed quickly and found an empty spot on the mat near Kara. He watched Allison take the spot next to him. *This preparation is fairly simple. Breath in and out slowly, focusing on each breath as it enters and leaves your body.*

*Won't Sensei be angry that you're not speaking this to me?*

*Even if he doesn't know exactly how, he'll know I'm giving you all the information you need. Just continue to focus on your breath until it's time for us to stretch and say the oath.*

“Kenshi Ken, please sit and prepare your spirit. Kenshi Allison will become your partner until Kenshi Paul recovers.”

“Yes Sensei.”

*When did he come in?*

*He stepped through the curtain a few moments ago. He seemed kind of confused about the additional duffel bag though.*

*Hopefully it all makes sense to him now. How much longer will we be doing this?*

*As long as Sensei deems it necessary. Have patience precious.*

## Allison

Allison felt her body finally relax what felt like hours later.

“Kenshi, we will start the lesson with stretching.”

*Huh?*

*Did Sensei catch you off guard?*

*Yeah.*

*Then you know you were properly prepared. Follow what I do.*

*This stretch seems familiar.*

*Have you ever taken Yoga?*

*Yes. Why do you ask?*

*Similar preparatory practices. After all, the point is to get the muscles ready.*

*True enough. Ouch.*

*You okay precious?*

*Yeah. I'd forgotten how much stretching can hurt.*

*It's better than getting injured. We're almost done anyway.*

*Good. Then what?*

*Well, since Ken needs the refresher, and you're new here, Sensei will probably do a review of the basics. Then, if there's time, he may teach me and Kara something new.*

*I hope there's time then.*

*"Kenshi, that's enough stretching. Kenshi Ken grab a blocking pad, Kenshi Allison pay attention to what Kenshi Kara and Emanuel show you."*

*Allison stood up and moved over to where Ken was standing with a foam pad. Is this typical sweetheart?*

*Not really, but it makes sense that Sensei would ask this of us. After all, how better to show that we know what we've been taught than by teaching it? Make sure to pay equal attention to where Kara will be hitting me, and how she does it.*

*Okay. Allison watched Emanuel and Kara bow toward each other. Is that the normal foot position to use?*

*Indeed.*

*Allison watched as Kara's arms started to punch Emanuel in alternate strikes. Wait, that doesn't look like punching I'm familiar with.*

*Martial arts techniques are very different from ones found in your average street fight. Do you see how Kara's body turns as she punches, and sounds kind of like a snapping noise?*

*Yeah.*

*That allows all the moving energy of the body to be put into each punch. They're much stronger and precise as a result. Oh, and they're a lot harder for the average street brawler to stop too.*

*Why?*

*You know how street brawlers sometimes wind back for a punch?*

Allison watched Kara stop. *Yes. Why is that important?*

*Because, it's a lot easier to see that coming than the quick punches you just saw. Now you try... don't worry about hurting Ken.*

*Okay. Allison mimicked Kara's motions, and felt a small vibration as each punch landed on the pad. Is this small aftershock normal?*

Allison watched Emanuel nod his head. *Think about when you learned about forces in physics. It should make sense.*

*Oh, right. When should I stop punching?*

Allison watched Emanuel in thought for a moment. *About ten more should do.*

Allison turned her attention back to the punching and counted down each one. *Three... two... one.* She stopped for a moment and breathed in and out a few times. *Now what?*

*Blocking of course. It's not good enough to know only how to attack. Allison looked down for a second. No need to punish yourself for not knowing that.*

*But, I should have realized that.*

*Remember the oath? We come into this assuming we know nothing. Therefore, you have nothing to worry about.*

Allison felt a pout appear on her face. *If you say so.*

Allison watched Emanuel turn towards her and lightly shake his head. *A pout? Precious, a smile is far more becoming on you. Now, watch what Kara does as I take the lead and attack.* Allison watched Kara's arm move to block each punch Emanuel aimed at her.

*I think I get it. Does that work the same way for kicks?*

*Nope. Kicks get deflected away from the body. Although, with training you can learn to deflect or even step out of the way of attacks. Think you can try it?*

Allison smiled. *It looks easy enough.* Allison looked at the large pad Ken was holding. *Do I need that pad?*

Allison watched him shake his head. *That pad is too big for that kind of training. She watched his finger point towards a smaller set of pads nearby. Those fit on your arms, and are much better suited for the job. Go ahead and grab them.*

Allison walked over to the wall and grabbed the small arm pads, then made her way back to in front of Ken. She caught the slightest look of confusion on his face as he attempted to force a smile. “Are you ready Kenshi Allison?”

She smiled back, realizing just what he was confused about. *He hasn't picked up on our gift yet, has he?*

Allison watched Emanuel smile at her. *I doubt most of the people around us have picked up on our gift. Sensei's probably the sole exception right now. Are you up for a little wager?*

*Sure. What are the conditions?* “Yes Kenshi Ken.”

Allison felt a punch hit her chest. *Pay a little more attention to his strikes. You'll see the motion he makes when he's readying a punch. I'll tell you the terms after you finish with this.* Allison focused all of her attention on Ken, and raised her arm as the next punch came flying in.

*Yes! Got one!* Suddenly, another punch landed right in her solar plexus. Allison doubled over for a moment. *Ouch... that actually hurt.*

Allison stood back up and looked over at Emanuel. She watched him shake his head with a pained look on his face. *Remember something precious... when in combat or training never take your focus off of your opponent or partner. Just be glad that punch wasn't at full strength.*

Allison felt a look of shock appear on her face. *That was pulled?*

*Yeah. Not well, but enough that it wasn't the best he could have hit with.*

“Are you okay Kenshi Allison?” she heard Ken ask.

Allison breathed in and out a few times, then turned back towards Ken. “Yes Kenshi Ken. Please continue.” Allison resumed her footing and watched Ken do the same. *Okay, focus on Ken.* Allison watched the next punch snap towards her stomach, and moved the pad just in time. *Only a few more, and he'll be done.*

*Watch out precious. Sometimes Ken decides to be fancy and do the last few in rapid succession.*

*Okay.* Allison watched Ken's right hand come flying in towards her stomach, and quickly moved the pad into position. Suddenly, just as the right hand started to pull back,

the left came flying in. *Ahh... this is what Manny meant. If I shift the pad just a little to the right... got it!* Allison smiled as Ken repeated this pattern two more times, slowly enough to give her time to move the pad into the proper position. Allison's smile brightened as a surprised look crossed Ken's face.

*Uh-oh... Ken shouldn't have done that. Sensei is standing up and heading towards you two.*

*Do I need to do anything?*

*Not until he gets to you. Just remain respectful and bow towards him like you did to Ken.*

“Kenshi Ken, that was a very disrespectful thing you just did. Maybe your old partner was used to it, but a new partner demands care until you are used to each other.” Allison watched Ken bow with his head hung low.

“Understood Sensei.”

Allison watched the Sensei turn towards her. “Kenshi Allison, you did very well in blocking those punches. However, I feel it unfair to ask you to continue today with a partner who does not understand the caution one takes with a new partner. Therefore, I will end the lesson early today. I hope you will return and learn more with us.”

Allison smiled and bowed. “Thank you Sensei. I will definitely return another day.” Allison's smile broadened as the look of worry left the Sensei's face. She watched him turn once again towards Ken.

“Kenshi Ken, as your action reflected poorly on yourself and this dojo, I feel an apology is called for towards Kenshi Allison. Understood?”

Allison watched Ken bow with his head low again. “Yes Sensei.” She watched him turn towards her. “Kenshi Allison, I should not have treated you as if you were my last partner. I am deeply sorry and ask your forgiveness.”

Allison's smile brightened even more. “I accept your apology.”

“Very well Kenshi, you may all leave. Kenshi Ken, I would like you to stay behind so I may discuss something with you. Kenshi Allison, the shower room is in the back of the changing area.”

*Now what sweetheart?*

*Reverse the process we did coming in. Bow when we're at the curtain, then step through.*

## Emanuel

Emanuel glanced again up at the clock in entrance hall. *It's a good thing Sensei allowed us to finish early. She's been in that shower for a half hour now.*

*Yes, so? Getting ready for a nice date usually takes longer.*

*Not when all you really need to do is quickly clean your body. It's not like your hair needed washing.*

*Actually, it did. Besides, I'm fast for a girl.*

*Really? And I suppose you're almost ready then.*

“Finished actually”. Emanuel turned around and couldn't believe his eyes. He attempted to open his mouth, but somehow couldn't. He watched the smile that crossed Allison's face. “Speechless huh? Mom was right about this one.”

“She certainly was. You look gorgeous my precious.” Emanuel looked again at the dress Allison was wearing – a sleeveless, full length, skin tight black dress that managed to show just enough cleavage to catch his eyes.

“You mentioned a wager earlier?”

Emanuel looked quickly at the clock again. “I completely forgot what I was going to propose earlier. Besides, we should be on our way – we're due to meet Emily and Tony in fifteen minutes.”

“Best not to keep them waiting then. By the way, you look very handsome yourself.”

Emanuel felt himself blush a deep red. “Thanks.” He smiled and grabbed Allison's left hand with one hand, and his duffel with the other. He smiled as a smile appeared on Allison's face, and started towards the door.

“Manny? Do we need to ride the bike there? I don't know how comfortable I'd be riding like this.”

“Not at all. We can make it there in ten minutes walking. I'll just need a moment to secure the bags in the basket. Give me a second, okay?”

“Okay.” Emanuel turned towards the bike and carefully loaded both bags into the basket, then reached into his bag. *Now where is that spare rope? Right, in the front pocket.* Emanuel took the rope, folded it in half and fed the folded end through the handles of the bags. *Now, it goes under the bags and through the basket, then back*

*around and through the bight. Pull tight, feed each end under it's nearest side and finish with a square knot.*

He smiled. "Perfect." His eyes traveled quickly to Allison's eyes, which were wide open in amazement.

"Where did you learn how to do that?"

"You know the town dock right?" he asked, watching her nod her head. "The last two summers I worked there. Naturally I worked out by the boats a lot, and I managed to pick up a few tricks with ropes and knots." He paused for a moment, than continued "Actually, I'm surprised you didn't see me there."

He watched Allison look down for a moment. "I haven't been down there in years" she answered nervously. "Is there anything else you need to do?"

Emanuel smiled and grabbed the right handlebar of the bike. "Nope. Would you mind grabbing the other handlebar? I don't know how steady I can keep the bike by myself." He watched a smile appear on her face as she did just that and started to walk. He smiled back and started to walk as well, finding himself lost in her eyes.

Suddenly he looked up and noticed the restaurant approaching. "We're here already? Didn't we just start walking a few minutes ago?" Allison asked, her face turning towards the awning.

His smile deepened. "Seems that way, doesn't it? I'm just amazed we didn't accidentally hit anyone as lost in the moment as we were."

"That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard. It's kind of hard to miss a pair of people walking a bicycle like you were" Emanuel heard Tony quip.

Emanuel spun around, face to face with Tony and Emily, less than a foot behind him. "When did you guys get here?"

"We've been behind you for the past ten minutes, trying to get your attention. Talk about being lost in lala land."

Emanuel sighed lightly. "Fair enough Tony. Incidentally, you both look very nice." He turned back towards the bike and started to undo the knot.

"Nice rigging job there. One question though – why didn't you finish it off?"

Emanuel glanced back at Tony. "Why bother? That would have just created more work for me to do to untie it."

"True enough."



Emanuel finished untying the knot, then quickly recoiled the rope. *He was hoping for something more in that answer, wasn't he? Very odd... I'm sure I'll find out later.* He dropped the rope back into its pouch, closed it, and lifted the bags out of the basket, handing one to Allison. "Go in ahead of me, I need a minute to lock up the bike."

*Manny, is Tony acting a little strange right now?*

*Yeah. I didn't know he knew how to work with rope. Could you keep an eye on him until I'm done out here?*

*Of course.* He watched Allison grab his bag as well. *Might as well get both checked in at once.*

*True. Thanks precious.*

## Allison

Allison quickly made her way towards the maitre'd. "Ah, Signora Kirse, benvenuto. Would you like to check your bags?"

Allison smiled and held out the bags. "Yes please. How is your family Giovanni?"

"Molto bene" he said, pausing for a moment. "Forgive me signora, I forgot you do not yet speak Italian."

Allison chuckled. "You worry too much Giovanni. I do now know Italian, even if it is only rudimentary." She smiled as the door opened and Emanuel made his way toward her. "Giovanni, this Emanuel, my beloved. Manny, this is Giovanni."

Allison watched Emanuel smile. "It's been too long Giovanni."

"Indeed signore. How is your father?"

Allison watched a frown settle on Emanuel's face and reached for his hand, gripping it lightly. "Not well. He never did recover after Mom passed."

"She is missed by many. Forgive me, I fear I have held you too long. Enjoy your date." Allison felt her face start to grow red. "Don't think me a fool signora. I've been in this business for many years."

"Right. Let's go find Emily and Tony" Allison said nervously, looking into the main portion of the restaurant. "Ahh! They're they are, right in the back" she said, sliding her hand up to Emanuel's arm and started walking rapidly.

“No need to pull so hard precious.”

“Took you long enough. Did you get lost in lala land again?” Emily snarked.

Allison glared at Emily. “Very funny. We were merely catching up with Giovanni.”

“Whatever. Hurry up and decide what you want... I'm hungry.”

Allison glared again. *So, any favorites here?*

*Not really. Unless they've changed chefs recently, I remember everything being pretty good.*

*How about we try today's special?*

*Actually, that sounds like a good idea. I'm sure it's nice and fresh.*

Allison looked up as their waiter approached, and look at Emanuel and Tony. “Buona sera signore. Are you ready to order?”

Tony answered first. “I'll have the penne summer salad.”

The waiter turned to Emily. “Signora?”

“I'll have the ravioli with the red sauce.”

“And you Signore?” he asked, looking at Emanuel.

“We'll have the fish special” Emanuel answered. Allison watched an odd smile appear on Tony's face.

*Manny, did you catch that smile from Tony just now?*

*No, what kind was it?*

Allison thought for a moment. *Almost one of those “aha” or “I knew it” ones.*

*Hmm... I'm sure I'll find out before too long what he's thinking about.*

“Anything to drink?”

Allison watched Emanuel look around at everyone. “Is water okay for everyone?” She watched Tony and Emily nod their heads.

“Va bene.” Allison gripped Emanuel's hand under the table. A few moments later, she looked up in surprise as the waiter approached with a bottle of wine and four glasses. “A gift from Signore Giovanni to celebrate your first dates here.”

Allison looked at the bottle questioningly, then turned toward the waiter. “Does he do this often?”

The waiter thought for a moment. “Mi dispiace. I can not say either way – I am too new here. I will be back shortly with your food.”

Allison looked at Emanuel and Tony. “Huh... Do either of you know the quality of this bottle?”

Tony smiled. “From the look of it, that's the house White Zinfandel. It's actually quite good.” Allison watched Tony pour some into the four glasses, handing one to everyone. He lifted his and began “To an enchanting and enlightening evening.”

Allison watched Emanuel lift his. “Salute”. Allison followed suit as Emily did, and noticed Emanuel look down at his watch.

## Emanuel

Emanuel looked down at his watch again. *Five minutes and counting.*

*Sweetheart, what are you doing?*

*Measuring how long this awkward silence is going to go on for.*

He watched her sigh loudly. *Rather than timing it, why don't you do something about it?*

*Fair enough.*

Emanuel started to open his mouth when Tony spoke up. “So, interesting week we've had so far, huh?”

“Right... and I'm sure you're looking forward to your Program week” he heard Emily quip back. He watched Allison glare openly at Emily.

Emanuel sighed. “Really guys, do we need to discuss Program stuff now? I think Allison would agree with me that that's not proper dinner material. Aren't you more interested in getting to know each other?”

He watched Tony's head drop a little. “Sorry... it was the best I could think of at the moment.” Emanuel watched as Allison continued to glare.

“Yeah... I'm sorry I jumped on you like that. Old miss-conceptions are hard to get rid of.”

*She's not being sincere, is she precious?*

*Yeah. Let me see if a private chat helps to change anything.* “I need to check my make-up. Care to join me Emily?” he watched her ask, a slightly evil smile on her face.

A grimace appeared on Emily's face. “Sure...”

Emanuel watched Allison get up. *You girls sure are effective. She looks like she's about to go in front of a firing squad.*

*That's not entirely inaccurate.*

Emanuel watched Tony nervously watch the girls walk away, and breathe in. “Are you Allison's Dom?”

“Allison's what?”

“I take that as a no.”

“Really, what do you mean by that? I'm not familiar with the word.”

Emanuel watched Tony's nervousness return. “I'm not sure of the best way to explain it... but here goes nothing. You know how during the main season, when Coach says run five miles one week, we do? How whatever he says we respect and do?”

Emanuel nodded. “Yeah.”

“Well, that's kind of what being a Dominant is like. Their submissive has given control to them over some or all of his/her life.”

“Ah, okay. Just out of curiosity, what led you to think that?” He watched Tony breath a sigh of relief.

“Your skill with that rope earlier, and the fact that you ordered for her earlier.”

“Well, the rope work I picked up down at the docks”.

Emanuel watched Tony slap his forehead. “Right... I should have remembered about that. And the other thing?”

*Precious, do you mind if I let Tony in on our gift?*

*Not at all. I'm still working on Emily anyway, so you have a little time.*

*Good enough.* “I don't know if you'll believe me, but here goes. We're able to communicate telepathically with each other.”

Emanuel watched a look of incredulity appear on Tony's face. “That sounds a bit... crazy... but I suppose I can accept that.” The look remained.

“You want proof of some kind, don't you?”

“Yeah.”

“By the time we finish tonight you'll have your proof.” *You about done precious?*

*Yeah. We're on our way back. How did Tony take it?*

*He's a bit skeptical and expects proof by the end of the night.*

*Same sort of thing that we did with Emily?*

*Yeah... and I know exactly what will work too. By the way, I found out what he had suspicions about.*

*Really? And that was?*

*He thought you were my submissive.* Emanuel watched as their waiter returned with their food. *By the way, the food has arrived.*

*Yay... What the heck is a submissive?*

*Ask him later... that can be the proof.* Emanuel watched the waiter finish placing the plates on the table.

“Enjoy your meal.”

“Grazie.” Tony replied.

Emanuel watched the girls return. “Ooh... the food's here. Let's dig in” Emily remarked.

*And after all that I said... Oh well, it's her loss if she doesn't talk to Tony.* “Looks delicious.”

“That it does. Let's eat everyone.” *Let's see if it truly is.*

*How so sweetheart?*

*If it's good, there shouldn't be any conversation for at least ten minutes... maybe more.* Emanuel glanced down at his watch, then turned to his food.

*Any idea what type of fish this is sweetheart?*

*I think it's salmon. There's a spice here I can't quite place though.* He looked down at his watch again. *See what I mean? It's been ten minutes so far, and not a peep from either Tony or Emily.*

*How about what we're doing? Wouldn't this count?*

*Not really... we don't need to stop eating to communicate like this. Besides, even we stayed completely silent for the ten minutes.*

*Okay, fair enough. Any ideas how break the silence?*

*I might have something. Give me a second to figure out how to word it.* Emanuel turned to Tony. “Now, I know a lot about you, and Allison knows a lot about Emily. Why don't we share some old stories to help acquaint you two?” *I predict Tony will love the idea, and Emily will hate it.*

*She's not giving him a fair chance & doesn't know what she's missing.*

*I have a few stories that might catch her attention.* Emanuel turned towards the girls. “Here's one for starters. Do either of you remember the Shakespeare class that was proposed last year?”

He watched Emily's eyes raise a little. “Yeah” she said, pausing. “I was part the group that established the petition for it. We got enough signatures too... stupid Benerdon went and vetoed it.”

“Right. Well, I remember the day Tony spent half of practice talking about nothing but how excited he was for even the possibility of the class. In fact, I believe he was the first to sign the petition.”

Emanuel smiled covertly as Emily's eyes lit up. “Really?”

“Yeah, He was seriously pissed off when Benerdon pulled her little stunt.”

“Let me guess – that very day he nearly destroyed a perfectly good practice dummy.” Emily responded. Emanuel shivered at the venom the sentence was saturated with. Suddenly, he heard her exclaim “ouch!”, then mutter almost inaudibly “stupid bitch.”

*Uhm, precious, what did you just do?*

*I promised if she acted up again, I'd put my heels to good use.* He watched an evil smile flash on Allison's face for a few seconds, only to be replaced by more glaring at Emily.

*I don't think it helped. She looks more surly than before.*

Emanuel watched the glare turn into a frown. *Yeah, I think this is the best we can hope for the night.* "I'm feeling kind of tired. Perhaps we should get dessert to go, and call it a night."

Emanuel watched the pained look on Tony's face. "I suppose so." Emanuel looked up and watched their waiter return.

"Was the meal to your liking?"

Emanuel smiled. "As always."

## Allison

Allison looked up at the waiter. "Is the dessert display accurate today?"

"Indeed signora. Would you care to take a look?"

Allison smiled. "Of course." She watched as Emanuel shot a quick glance at Tony.

"I think I'll join you."

*Do you want anything sweetheart?*

*I'm fine.*

The waiter pointed towards a glass case on the wall. "This way signore."

Allison followed quietly, watching Tony's pained face grow worse. "I really fucked up, didn't I?"

Allison patted him on the shoulder. "Not at all. You were understandably nervous. Emily's just being bitchy and stubborn, that's all."

She watched a confused look appear on his face. "Then why did Emanuel suggest I join you?"

"You and he were talking about submissives earlier. What is that?"

She watched the shock appear on his face. “Holy shit... he wasn’t kidding. That’s actually pretty cool.”

*Precious, Emily’s heading out on her own. I tried to reason with her, but...*

Allison sighed. *I figured she might try that. Don’t worry about it.* She pointed to a dessert. “I’d like a piece of that, to go please.”

The waiter smiled. “Certainly signora. Signore?”

“I’d like that, to go as well”

“Benissimo.”

Allison watched Tony turn towards her. “Let me guess” he paused “she left already”. Allison nodded her head. “Oh well.”

*He’s really bummed about Emily sweetheart.*

*I’m not surprised. Do you have your desserts yet?*

*Yeah, we just got them. Is there anything else we need to do?*

*Nope, we’re all paid up, and I have the bike ready to go. Oh, did you get a chance to give Tony his proof yet?*

Allison smiled. *Yeah, but he hasn’t explained it yet.*

*Remind him then.*

“So, you never told me just what a submissive is...”

She watched a look of embarrassment replace Tony’s frown. “Oops, right” he paused in thought. “Basically, he or she gives control one or more areas of his or her life to someone else.”

She smiled. “So you took our gift as that? Interesting.”

“If you want to know more, I have a few books I can lend you two.”

“Maybe. Let me see what Manny thinks.” *Manny, sweetheart, Tony has offered to lend us some books on that submissive thing. Interested?*

*It’s worth maybe looking into. Would you be okay with that?*

*So long as we play that by ear. I mean, it sounds interesting, but...*



Allison rounded the corner to the coat check, just in time to see Emanuel smile by the bike. *I understand, not a problem.*

Allison smiled at Tony. “We’re interested in your offer.”

“Okay. I can bring them to school tomorrow. Get home safe you two.”

Allison smiled, and quickly sat on the bike behind Emanuel. “You too... and don’t sweat about Emily too much. Hopefully she’ll come around soon.”

She watched a half smile quickly cross his face. “I’ll try.”

*Ready precious?*

*Yeah. Do you anticipate any problem with your dad?*

*Hopefully he should be asleep by now. If not, hopefully he’ll be too busy drinking. Anyway, Emily aside, did you have fun?*

*Yeah. How about you?*

*Yeah.* “I almost can’t believe the week is half over” she heard him state.

Allison wrapped her arms around Emanuel. “I don’t know about that. This week feels like it has dragged on.” She felt a tense silence lapse for a moment.

“Precious, I’m sorry. What I said came out a bit insensitive.”

“Don’t worry about it sweetheart. I know how you meant it.”

She felt a sigh of relief from him. “That’s good.”

Allison watched the buildings go by for awhile, and then closed her eyes. “I wish I could stay like this forever.”

“Me too, but we’ll get to your house before too long. We’ll just have to look forward to tomorrow.”

“True.” *Then I might as well enjoy this as long as I can.* Allison felt the world start to disappear.

What seemed moments later, she heard Emanuel say “We’re here precious.”

“Already?”

She watched him turn around and face her. “It’s been nearly twenty minutes precious.”

She smiled weakly. “I forgot how much time tends to fly.” She paused for a second. “You’ll see me to my door, right?”

She watched the smile light up on his face. “I wouldn’t have it any other way.” He stepped off the bike slowly, grabbed her bag, and offered her his right hand. “Ready precious?”

She smiled and took his hand, climbing off the bike. “Yes sweetheart.” She wrapped her left arm with his right, and started towards the door. As they reached the front of it, she watched as he stopped her and put down her bag.

“Tomorrow then” he said, as she felt herself get pulled close to him. She felt the world disappear again as they kissed tenderly. What felt like moments later, she felt him pull away from her. “I’ll let you know when I get home, okay?”

She felt her smile brighten. “Of course.” She watched as he walked back to the bike, climbed on, and headed off. Suddenly the door opened.

“Okay young lady, inside” her mom said with a small smile on her face. “Can I assume it went well?”

Allison looked puzzled for a moment. “For the most part, yes. How did you know?”

Allison sat down across from her where her mom had settled at the table. “Only good dates end with ten minutes of kissing.”

“We kissed that long?”

She watched her mom chuckle slightly. “Ah... the bliss of young romance. What went wrong?”

“Emily. She couldn’t get past her prejudices, and hurt a decent guy in the process.”

“Hopefully she comes around. What did Emanuel think of the dress?”

Allison smiled. “He was speechless.”

“Perfect. How did the Kempo class go?”

She smiled again. “I enjoyed it. Can I continue studying?”

“As long as your grades stay up and it's okay with the teacher.”

Allison leaped up from the chair, ran around and hugged her mom. “Yay!” Allison started towards the stairs.

“Wait a second... before you head upstairs to do whatever homework you have...”

Allison turned back, slightly surprised. “Actually, I don't have any today” she said, pausing. “What is it mom?”

“You were acting a little strange this morning, but you seem okay now. What happened?”

“Remember what I was telling you about Monday?” Allison watched her mother nod her head. “Well, Ms. Luden had the right ballpark, but the wrong disorder.”

“And you were affected again this morning?”

Allison nodded her head. “Yeah, only this morning I felt trapped, not safe. Only Manny managed to help me out of it.”

“And do you know the cause of this disorder?”

“It's called depersonalization disorder mom. And yes, I do. Did Uncle Martin ever do anything to me when I was eight?”

Allison watched a look of pain appear on her mom's face. “You remember that?”

“For the first time, yeah. Although I still haven't remembered what happened after you fainted.”

“I didn't come to for a good hour or two, and was still in shock for awhile after that. I would need your father to help fill in the blanks. Anyway, I'm afraid bringing up more details might trigger that feeling again.”

Allison frowned. “That's possible. Maybe it would be better if Manny is around when you guys tell me more.”

Allison watched her mom smile. “It seems we owe this young man a lot. When can we expect this talk then?”

Allison paused for a moment. “Maybe Friday after Kempo? I'm pretty sure he has practice tomorrow.”

“That sounds fair. What would you like to do for your birthday?”

“I haven't thought about it. Maybe a small party?”

“Here or somewhere else?”

“Is there room in the budget for a restaurant?”

She watched her mom smile. “I think I know the perfect place. And perhaps you'd like him to spend the night afterward?”

Allison felt herself blush deep red. “Yeah... Are you sure dad won't mind that?”

“It sounds like you might really love this boy. Besides, I'm sure I can soothe any worries your father might have.”

*Manny, would you like to sleep over the night of my birthday party?*

*Of course. I didn't know I was invited.*

Allison felt herself smile brightly. *Of course I'd invite you. I haven't mentioned it yet because mom just got me thinking about it now.* She paused for a second. *Are you almost home?*

*I just pulled into the driveway. Thankfully, dad seems to be asleep.*

“So?”

“What do you think the answer was mom?”

She barely picked up on the low laugh her mother laughed. “Don't forget to ask him about our talk.”

*Oh, before I forget again, mom and dad can fill in some of the details of what happened with my uncle. I'd like it if you could be there to support me when they do.*

*When did you have in mind?*

*Friday after Kempo?*

*Sure. So should I bring a few days worth of clothing with me?*

*Yeah. Although, who knows if some sort of mandatory outreach may come up.*

*We'll cross that bridge if and when it happens. Anyway, the sooner I get to sleep, the less chance I risk of dad waking up. Sleep well my precious.*

*You too sweetheart.*

“It must be nice being able to communicate as easily as you two can”.

Allison smiled. “Yeah. Is there anything else we need to talk about tonight?”

“Nothing that can't wait. Sleep well sweetie.”

Allison started back towards the stairs. “You too mom.”

She quietly climbed up the stairs, letting her thoughts start to drift. A few minutes later, she climbed into bed. *Good night Manny.*

*Good night precious.*

*I wonder what tomorrow will bring?* she wondered. Finally, she felt her eyes close as peace overtook her.

.....  
Thursday Morning  
.....

Emanuel

Emanuel heard a shrieking noise suddenly start. *I guess it's morning.*

*Good morning Manny.*

Emanuel sat up and glanced at the alarm clock. *Good morning precious. You're up early.*

*I know. For some reason, I couldn't wait to start the day.*

Emanuel smiled and started towards the bathroom. *That tends to happen when life starts going well for people.*

*That makes sense. Would you mind if I ask a stupid question?*

*Why would I? Go ahead, I'll do my best to answer.*

*Okay, I know that guys can sometimes wake up horny. Would it be abnormal for a girl to?*

*Not at all. Why, did you wake up horny this morning?*

*Yeah. Emanuel swore for a second that he could feel Allison blush. I have an idea that might help.*

*I'm listening.*

Emanuel turned on the water and stepped into the shower. *I'm sure you've heard of phone and cyber-sex before. How about we try to do something like that, but using our gift instead?*

*Telepathic sex? It's worth a chance I suppose.*

*Have you showered yet?*

*No, but I'm about to start. Why?*

*The shower should be the perfect place to try.*

*I should have figured. Can you lead me through this? I've never done anything like this before.*

Emanuel smiled again. *Sure.* He reached for the soap and quickly lathered his body. *First, imagine that I'm standing in the shower with you. I'll do the same.*

*Okay, now what?*

Emanuel rinsed off the soap. *Imagine that I lean forward and kiss you as I reach for the soap. Lather yourself up, imagining that I'm the one doing it.*

*I think I'm starting to get it. You soap me up, lingering at my neck and shoulders. You make your way down to my breasts, gently and lovingly massaging the soap into them. You continue down, but avoid my pussy. Instead, you linger around my inner thighs and then make your way down to my ankles. Emanuel felt a pause. Am I doing okay?*

*You're doing amazing. How does the water feel as you rinse the soap off?*

*Wonderful. I'm dripping wet right now. I begin begging you to let me orgasm.*

*Heh heh. I whisper 'I think I've teased her enough' just loudly enough for you to barely hear it. I smile coyly.*

*I look hopefully at you.*

*My smile widens, as my fingers linger near your clitoris. "Tell me you need my fingers" I whisper into your ear.*

*I start to do as you say.*

*You get as far as 'your' when I start to rub circles around your clitoris.*

*I let out a loud gasp, then feel myself start to get lost in the pleasure.*

*I let two fingers start to work on your pussy itself.*

*My mouth makes an O shape as my orgasm becomes imminent. I feel it hit moments later as a loud scream leaves my mouth. As it subsides, I start to fall forward.*

*I smile, catch you, and hold you tight.*

*Have you cum yet Manny?*

*Not quite, but I'm pretty close.*

*I recover a little, drop to my knees, and take your hard penis into my mouth. I begin to suck firmly yet lovingly on it.*

*Emanuel started to stroke his penis. I look you in the eyes, and announce that I'm about to cum.*

*I continue to suck, taking you in as deep as I can. As your orgasm starts, I quickly focus on swallowing every drop.*

*Emanuel felt his orgasm start, as burst after burst of cum hit the shower's tiles. I moan lowly and gently stroke your hair as I finish. I help you back up, again pulling you tight. Are you okay precious?*

*Yeah. I'm glad we have a shower with doors though.*

*Emanuel quickly wet his hair and applied shampoo. Sounds like you had one hell of an orgasm.*

*Yeah. I have the feeling I might have been kind of loud though.*

*I guess you'll find out soon enough. Emanuel quickly rinsed out the shampoo, cleaned up the tiles, and turned off the water. He stepped out, drying himself as he did. I'll see you at school then.*

*Yeah. See you soon sweetheart.*

Allison

*Allison looked longingly at the clothing on her bed. Does it really make sense to put something on that I'm only going to wear for a small fraction of the day? It would certainly be less embarrassing than having to strip in front of the entire school. She took*

a quick glance in her closet, then noticed her bathrobe. *Easy to take off, but good coverage for on the bus.* She paused for a moment. *Are you dressed yet Manny?*

*No, why?*

*I have an idea I'd like to try, and it would be easier if you could try it with me.*

*Bathrobes instead of normal clothing, right?*

*How did you know?*

*I just had a feeling. I'm up for it.*

*Yay! Bathrobes it is then.* She reached into the closet, grabbed the terrycloth robe, and quickly threw it on.

“Allison, Sarah! Breakfast is ready!”

“Coming mom!”. Allison grabbed her book bag and quickly made her way downstairs to the kitchen.

She watched her mom shoot her a questioning glance as she entered. “Is there a reason you're not dressed yet?”

Allison smiled. “Actually, I am dressed. I figured, what's the point of wearing complicated clothing I'd just need to remove again in a little while? Anyway, what's for breakfast?”

She listened to her mom chuckle. “Looks like you have your appetite back. French toast and scrambled eggs... the rest of the toast will be done in a minute or two.”

Allison licked her lips. “Yum. Did you have a chance to talk to dad last night?”

“Yes, and I managed to convince him to let Emanuel stay a few nights.”

Allison smiled, then took a bite of toast. “I don't know how you convinced him, but yay!”

“I'm sure you don't want to hear the details. Also, don't forget to think about who else you want to invite.” Allison watched her mom move the last pieces of toast to a nearby platter, then look at the clock. “Sarah! Wake up already and get your butt down here!”

Allison continued to enjoy the toast and eggs, noticing her sister come through the doorway a few minutes later, fully dressed.



“Yeah, I know... I'm dressed early. Well, it's damned hard to sleep when someone...” Allison shrugged off the glare that suddenly came her way, “is screaming like a banshee. I wouldn't be surprised if you woke the neighbors.”

Allison blushed deep red. “Surely you must be exaggerating dear sister”. She turned back to her food and resumed eating.

“That's a bit harsh Sarah. Your sister wasn't that loud.” Allison heard the odd inflection on the second 'that'.

“Mom!” she protested, the blush growing two shades deeper.

She watched her mom sigh deeply. “What is so wrong with being vocal during that? Anyway, you both only have a few minutes before the bus arrives, so hurry and eat.”

*Was I really that loud? Allison wondered as she finished her last piece of toast. Manny, how loud am I when I orgasm?*

*They heard I take it.*

*Yeah... Sarah compared my scream to a banshee's.*

*Don't let her bother you. It's a younger sibling's prerogative to over-exaggerate. Anyway, I love the way you react... that's all that should really matter.*

*You're right.* Allison quietly stood up and brought her dishes to the sink. “Breakfast was delicious mom”.

She watched the bright smile appear on her mom's face. “I'm glad you enjoyed sweetie.”

Allison quickly threw on her socks and shoes, grabbed her book bag, and walked to the door. “I think I hear the bus outside. Later mom!” She opened the door, made her way to the bus, and quietly boarded.

“Good morning Ms. Kirse. You're dressed awfully odd today.”

“I figured I might as well make the show as quick as possible today.”

“Makes sense to me.”

Allison smiled and quietly made her way towards an empty seat, settled down, and let her thoughts start to drift.

Emanuel

Emanuel noticed the school as it came into view. *I'm so glad I didn't have to deal with dad getting out. Are you off the bus yet precious?*

*Yeah. It just pulled away. Are you close?*

*I should be there in a few minutes at most. How is the crowd looking?*

*Surprisingly, seems smaller than yesterday. Whether that is really the case or not I'm not sure.*

*By the way... I do not advise wearing a bathrobe while cycling.*

*It's that annoying?*

*Yeah. I'll be by you as soon as I lock up my bike.*

Emanuel pulled into the bike rack, got off, and quickly locked up the bike. *Uh-oh precious... Benerdon alert.*

*I see her.*

Emanuel quietly snuck up on Allison, wrapping his arms around her. "I wonder if she's going to say something about the robes?"

He watched her turn her head to face his. "Probably. By the way, you're way too good at that."

He smiled and leaned in for a quick kiss. "Lots of practice, that's all. You look gorgeous in that robe".

He watched her smile mischievously. "You're only saying that because you want to get in my pants."

"Me, use an old trick like that? I have easier methods of doing that." *I missed you.*

*Me too.*

"What is the meaning of this Ms. Kirse?"

"Principal Benerdon, you don't approve? Does it really matter what we wear to get here, as long as we're adhering to dress code by the time we enter the building?"

*Wow precious, I'm impressed.*

*Keep watching then... I'll only impress you more.*

“How can you expect to get the most out of the Program if you're taking shortcuts like this? Perhaps you're not really as committed to change as I thought you were.”

*Well, that's right out of left-field. Wasn't she doubting your ability to change just a few days ago?*

*Yeah. It seems like she's trying to switch tactics. It won't work though. Watch this.* “Actually Principal, if the ability to put on a show will help my growth, then the robes are the best option.”

Emanuel watched her point towards a spot by the doors. “Prove it.”

*Do you need any assistance with this one?*

*I'll be fine. Just follow my lead.* Emanuel let himself be led to the empty spot. *Turn towards me.*

*Okay.* Emanuel turned towards Allison.

“Why, hello there handsome” he heard her say demurely, slowly baring her left shoulder, then her right shoulder.

*Whoa... where'd this come from?*

*I'm still a bit horny. Anyway, just enjoy it sweetheart.* He watched as she continued to lower the robe, slowly revealing her bare breasts. “Do you like what you see handsome? I think you do.” He felt his penis begin to get hard as she undid the rope belt, and slowly pulled the robe down to her ankles. “Mmm... that's quite a tent you have there... let's see what you're trying to hide.” He smiled as she quickly undid his belt and removed his robe as well. He noticed Tony in the gathering crowd, and glanced over at him, who quietly grabbed both robes and headed towards the clothing boxes.

*Thank you sweetheart... now, I know you're going to enjoy this.*

Emanuel watched her lick her lips, drop to her knees, and take half of his hard penis in her mouth. He let out a small, barely audible moan as she started to suck him, taking more and more of him each time.

*Put your hands on my head and stroke my hair.*

Emanuel smiled, and gently laid his hands on Allison's hair. *You really like that, don't you?*

*Yes. I'm sorry Manny, but I don't think I can swallow all of you this time.*

*Is that what you were trying to do? Do what you can, and don't worry about anything else.* He felt her start to speed up, her head bobbing up and down at a rapid pace. *I'm almost there Ally.*

*Good... cum in my mouth this time.*

*Okay.* Emanuel forced his eyes to stay open as his orgasm hit, sending his cum straight into Allison's waiting mouth. *This is fantastic precious.*

*Are you about done?*

*Yeah. That should be the last of it.* He glanced over at the crowd. *Did you notice that crowd?*

*There was a crowd? Never mind that, how did Benerdon react?*

*The shock on her face is priceless. I take it you enjoyed yourself as well.*

“Very much so sweetheart.”

Emanuel looked at the steam of people entering the building. “Was horniness the only thing that inspired your wonderful gift?”

He watched her smile. “No... I did want to do something nice for you. But a good portion of it was horniness.”

“Still horny?”

“Yeah... perhaps...?”

Emanuel smiled. “Of course. You know I'd love to. Anyway, what did you think of this morning?”

He watched her smile grow, now tinted with a slight blush as she grabbed his right arm. “I loved it.”

“So, what did you guys do this morning?” he heard Tony ask. He looked behind him, and noticed Tony, Kara and a few others trailing behind them.

“When did you guys sneak up behind us?” he asked, primarily looking at Tony.

He watched Tony smile. “About three minutes ago. When you guys drift into lovers land, you really get lost well.”

“Very funny. If Allison wants to tell you, maybe you'll find out. My lips are sealed on it for now.”

He watched Kara turn to Allison. “So?”

“My lips are sealed too. Manny, do you think we could do that for real soon?”

“I'd love to.” *Friday perhaps?*

*Yeah, Friday sounds good.*

Emanuel felt Kara tap him on the shoulder. “So who's idea was it to wear the bathrobes?”

He watched Allison turn towards Kara. “Completely mine. What did you all think of it?”

The grins on their faces told Emanuel everything he needed to know. “I'd say Tony was in awe, Kara is awaiting the day she has someone she can do that for, and our fellow compatriots might be looking to upgrade us to full membership. Am I right?”

He bit back a chuckle as they all exclaimed in unison “How'd you know?”

He melted a little as Allison giggled. “My sweetheart is just that good.” He leaned in for a kiss, drawing Allison close to him.

Again, he heard in unison “Get a room you two.”

Emanuel broke the kiss, then grabbed Allison's left hand. “We have homeroom to get to precious. We'll see you guys later”. He watched them walk off. *Ally precious, be alert. Benerdon's heading toward us again.*

*Thank you sweetheart.*

“Surely you both must be aware that public displays of affection are against school and Program codes. I'm going to have to report this to the local Program committee.”

Emanuel watched Allison spin around to face her. “With all due respect Principal, that makes no sense. Sexual activity, even to full vaginal is allowed, but simple things like holding hands or kissing are not? Can you explain to me why this is?”

Emanuel watched Benerdon start to sweat as she stuttered. “Well... that's just... always the way it's... been here. That's always the rule has worked, even before the Program was introduced. Who am I to... to change that?”

*Ha! I have her now.* “From what I understand, such a rule does not exist on county law books. Therefore, as Principal, you have the right to change it should you wish.”

*Precious, when did you learn that?*

*Sometimes Dad reads the local laws for fun. I don't understand it, but he shares interesting tidbits like that sometimes. I never thought one of them would come in handy.*

*I'm impressed.* “I'm sorry Principal, but we really do need to get to class.” *Quick, let's go before she comes up with something else to try to stop us.*

Emanuel grabbed Allison's hand again and quickly but quietly made his way to their classroom. *Phew, made it just in time.* Emanuel watched their teacher look up briefly, mark something down, and motion for them to sit down. A few moments later, the loudspeaker crackled to life.

“Good morning students. Today is a practice day for the baseball team. Also, all Program participants are required to report to the Vice-Principal's office during their lunch period. That concludes the morning announcements.”

Emanuel turned towards Allison. “What do you think Ms. Frauhold wants this time?”

He watched Allison panic slightly. “Maybe she has some new rule to add, or is going to encourage us to extend our naked time outside of school?”

“That would be the most likely reason”.

Emanuel watched the teacher stand up. “You can all head to your next class early – I have somewhere I need to get to.”

*She looks a bit pre-occupied precious. What do you suppose is bothering her?*

*Maybe something to do with that official looking note on the desk?*

Emanuel glanced over and noticed the school seal on the note. *That seems as good a guess as any. Do you mind if I try to get a closer glance at it on our way out?*

*Not at all. I'm a bit curious myself.* Emanuel watched Allison squint trying to get a better look at the note. *On second thought, don't bother – it's something from Benerdon's office.*

He gulped. *Why do I have a bad feeling that it has something to do with you?*

*I don't know, but I have it too.*

*Both of us? That doesn't bode well. Let's hope we're both wrong.*

*Yeah. We have a little extra time – do you want to take our time getting to Psych?*

*I'd prefer to get there quickly – I'm starting to get a little tired of all the requests. What would you like to do?*

*Well, considering everything that's happened the past few days, I'd like to enjoy myself a little more than I've been able to.* He caught the pleading glance she sent his way.

He smiled at her. *As you wish my precious.*

*Yay!* Emanuel nearly fell as she suddenly leapt onto him with a great hug. *Thank you Manny!*

“Not to sound ungrateful... but what was that?”

“I think it's called a ‘glomp’. Emily mentioned seeing girls do this a lot while she was at her aunt's.”

“Ah, okay. Shall we be on our way?”

*Are you sure there's nothing you'd like to do while we're like this?*

*Hmm... actually...* Emanuel smiled, reached around Allison, grabbing her in a strong hug. He leaned forward slightly, inwardly smiling as his lips made contact with hers.

“Are you guys merely being openly defiant of the no PDA rule, or do you just not care?” he suddenly heard Kara remark.

He sighed as Allison hastily disengaged from him. “You know how I feel about that particular rule” he replied.

“Yeah, that was pretty obvious. You guys spent close to a minute lip-locked” she replied.

Emanuel looked up at the clock quickly. “I suppose we did” he replied, before turning towards Allison. “We'd best get going...”

“Otherwise we'll need to hurry to Psychology.” *I'm glad it was Kara who caught us, not a teacher...*

Emanuel gently took Allison's left hand, and started to walk towards the door. *I completely agree. I'd hate to be yelled at for such a ridiculous rule.*

Emanuel shrugged quickly and continued to walk. *Uhm... Manny?*

*Yes precious?*

*It looks like people are giving us a wide berth again. Do you suppose it's anything to do with the notice?*

Emanuel took a quick look around them. *You're right, it almost looks like they're the red sea, and we're the ancient Israelites.*

Allison smiled. *Then one question remains... where's Moses?*

*Maybe there is no Moses. Maybe they're still a little weird from yesterday? He paused for a moment. Or perhaps... I think I sense someone following closely behind us. He quietly focused. I know that breathing... and those footsteps.*

*Oh?*

*Yeah... "Kara, while I appreciate whatever you're doing back there, we really don't need the protection."*

*"But, I thought you two would be tired of getting requests by now, and I don't want anything to come between you guys."*

Emanuel turned around and drew close to Kara. "While I'd be more than happy to see this week over today" he began to whisper "Allison actually wants a chance to enjoy herself. Besides, we've already talked about this, and having a little fun for the remainder of the week is not going to lead to us breaking up."

*"Oh... okay. But if she ever cheats on you and hurts you..."*

*"Yes, I know... I can handle myself you know. Anyway, isn't your next class the other way?"*

*"So?"*

*"So shouldn't you instead be on your way there? I wouldn't be a good friend if I advocated behaviors that would get you in trouble. Don't worry, we'll be fine."*

Allison

*Manny, was it your intention to distract Kara?*



*No... why do you ask?*

*Allison glanced around again. Because it looks like the boys are starting to get closer... in a much bigger pack than I am comfortable with at the moment. Can you wrap up your conversation? I could use some support here.*

*Sure, give me a second. Allison continued to glance around. I think I just heard said pack whisper, asking 'can the zombie come out and play'. And I'm sure that some of the pack are the idiots from the other day.*

*Crap. Okay, as soon as I can convince Kara to go to class I'll dash over to you.*

“We have a request” she suddenly heard one of the boys say. “We want you to become the zombie again.”

“I've said it before – that's not a reasonable request.”

“Okay, then pose like a zombie” she heard one of the naked boys suggest.

“Again, no... and I thought you would have learned your lesson by now.”

She watched the crowd look at each other, than turn towards her. “Zombie, zombie, zombie, zombie” they all started to announce in unison.

*Not this shit again. Manny!*

*I can't get to you... the crowd's managed to surround you.*

*That's not good... and they're not listening to me. Wait... I think I hear a familiar voice.*

“Henry, I think the lady is in a great deal of trouble. Would you run and inform the Vice-Principal of the situation?”

“Tis' the right thing to do. I go with the speed of a lion Richard.”

*It's the Shakespeare boys!*

*Should I still try to force my way through?*

*Yeah. Whatever help they can bring will still pale in comparison with your support.*

“Gentlemen, no amount of chanting 'zombie' will ever change the mind of a lady as fair as this one. If thou seekest zombies, there are significantly easier methods of obtaining them.”

“Like?”

“Video games, blow-up dolls, movies... I am certain if you put your mind to it, you may be able to determine many more ways than what I have just mentioned”.

*Well, that's an unusual method... I wonder if it'll work.*

*We can hope Manny... we can hope.* Allison glanced around. *It looks like most of them are buying it.*

*Yeah, and it looks like some of the already naked ones are wising up too.* Allison felt a familiar and comforting hand touch her shoulder. *In fact...*

Allison turned around and smiled. *Just enough people for you to get to me?*

*Indeed. I count at least a dozen idiots still chanting though.*

Allison watched one of the boys turn towards Richard. “Tell me, genius, how would you approach a bitch like her?”

*Is he aware...*

*That Litski is within earshot? I doubt it.*

“First of all sir, I would advise caution when using that awful word. At best it applies to lady dogs... at worst to the nastiest women in the world. Second, one can never be sure when an authority figure is close enough to hear the filth you seem so fond of speaking. Finally, you will find that ladies are more likely to consider one's requests when you have considered their feelings on the matter, and have made the request politely. I shall demonstrate.”

Allison watched the crowd part to allow Richard to draw close to her. “Lady, should I address any requests to the gentleman standing next to you?”

She glanced over at Emanuel, and smiled as she saw the grin appear on his face. “I thank you the courtesy kind sir, but she is perfectly capable of making her own decisions.”

“I find it wise to act with caution in an unknown social situation. To the matter at hand though – Lady, if time permits, would you permit me to play with your breasts?”

“If we had more time before the bell, then you would have a definite yes. I'm not sure we have the time though.”

“You should Ms. Kirse, and if not, the three of you can use these passes if the request would make you late. Try not to take too much time though. The rest of you are coming with me.”

Allison smiled. “Thank you Mr. Litski. In that case Richard, your request is granted.” She smiled as the remaining boys sulked away and Richard smiled.

“Thank you Lady. Perhaps, sir, you would be willing to provide suggestions and advice on how to better please her? I imagine that, as her special one, you know very well how to please her.”

“Again, I'm honored that you turn to me for this, but she knows her own body better than I do.” *Precious, is there a reason beyond the obvious as to why he would believe this?*

*He asked a few days ago if he & his companions were any good. And... I basically said yes, but you're better.*

Allison watched as a smile of understanding crossed Emanuel's face. *Ahh... that makes more sense.* She watched Emanuel pull Richard close to him. “Noble sir, it seems you may seeking advice under a false belief” he began to whisper. “If you believe you lack the technical skill to please her as I can, then you are probably wrong. Skill can be taught, but skill is the not the fundamental thing that renders me as number one in her book.”

“Then pray tell good sir, what is the difference?” Richard whispered back.

“Our emotional connection. Because of our love for each other, anything pleasurable the other does is that much more incredible.”

Allison watched Richard's face reflect his new understanding. “Ah, so it is not from some deficiency on my part. That is something of a relief”. She watched him turn towards her. “There is something the lads and I discussed earlier. Would the Lady permit me to try it?”

“That depends... is this something within the bounds of the original request? And please, call me Allison.”

“Indeed Lady Allison.”

“Then you may try it.”

Allison watched Richard approach her, then turn quickly towards the other two boys. “Lads, I hope you will be watching. I want there to be no debate as to whether our discussion twas true or not.” Having said that, she watched him turn back towards her. “Lady Allison, I will now begin.”

She watched his hands start to gently touch around her breasts. Every couple of passes around he would gently squeeze one of them. Allison started to feel herself eagerly await those squeezes.

*He's doing a good job keeping you on your toes.*

Allison let out a small moan. *That he is... it doesn't help that every time his fingers brush the underside of my breasts it feels really good.* Allison gasped as his left fingers moved upward and gently stroked her areola. *Where did he think of that?*

“Are you okay Lady Allison?”

“You just caught me surprise Richard. I assure you – that feels really good. And please, just call me Allison.”

“I will try Allison” he replied, letting his hands resume their track around her breasts, occasionally allowing a few fingers to trace around a nipple.

*Manny... he's being evil...*

*No, he knows what he's doing. I would have never thought about doing that.*

Allison gasped again. *You better be taking careful notes... or else.*

*Duly noted.*

Allison heard little moans escape every time his fingers found their way to an areola. She watched a few moments later as his head began to descend towards her right breast. *He's going to suck on my nipples, isn't he?*

She heard a loud moan escape as his tongue darted around her areola. *So... good...* she thought as her balance started to give way. *Quick Manny, I feel like I'm going to fall.*

*Understood.* She felt her legs give out, only to be caught in Emanuel's arms.

She watched Richard start to pull away from her left areola. “I'm okay... whatever you do, don't stop.”

“Really, don't. I have a good grip on her – she's not going to fall.”

Allison watched as his hands continued to dart from breast to breast, and his tongue seemed to have a mind of its own. Finally, what seemed like hours to her, she felt a familiar build up peak. She let out a loud scream as an orgasm hit her, and was sure she would have fallen if not for Emanuel holding her.

A few moments later, she managed to catch her breath. “Please, stop... I don't think I can take another one.”

“Good sir, will the Lady be okay?” she heard one of the others ask.

“I'll make sure she gets to our next class safely. Out of curiosity, which of you came up with the idea to lick the areola?”

Allison watched the other boy speak up. “'Twas Richard. He suggested that one could achieve the same results with the finger tips and tongue that one gets with firmer touches. We disagreed... but clearly he was in the right.”

“Clearly. Richard, thank you... you made my precious one very happy just now.”

*You know that I'm expecting you to try that, right?*

She watched the knowing smile cross Emanuel's face. *Of course... I think I'll have you sitting down when I do though.*

“I am most glad you enjoyed yourself Lady Allison. 'Twas most kind of you to allow me to try something untested and unknown to you.”

Allison smiled at him. “It was my pleasure. Some day you are going to make some girl very, very happy.” She watched him smile, then motion to the others. *I hope we're not too far from Psychology.*

*Not far at all actually. In fact, I think I can hear Ms. Jenkins from here.*

Allison focused her attention in the direction Emanuel was facing. Her eyes quickly focused on Ms. Jenkins talking loudly to a student in the hallway. “Yes, I know what she suggests. I don't feel it necessary, so you should stop wasting both your time and mine, and be on your way.”

“But this is an order from her. Surely you can't disobey a direct order?”

*Uhm... this doesn't look good precious.*

*Indeed. I wonder what is going on?*

“I can disobey if I feel I have good reason to. And I have two of them – first, I know all about that condition, and the report she's sending around has too many falsehoods for my liking. Second, that note is in direct violation with confidentiality laws – and before you suggest it, no, I feel that action is inappropriate as well.”

“Very well, you had your chance. I'm afraid I'll have to continue as I was then.”

Allison watched the wicked smile appear on Ms. Jenkins face. "I'm afraid you won't be doing that either. The orders you are laboring under are illegal, and thus I have every right to send you the Mr. Litski. Go there straight away – I'll know if you do anything else."

*Do you think he'll really go?*

*He has to... Ms. Jenkins was loud enough that Mr. Litski must have heard, because he's on his way here.*

"Ms. Jenkins is correct. Young man, you will come with me now – and don't try anything funny with that note either."

*Curious to find out what that was about precious?*

*I have a bad feeling I already know.*

Allison looked up and watched Ms. Jenkins make her way toward them. "Ms. Kirse... Mr. Lopez... I'm afraid I have some very bad news."

Allison sighed and responded "Does it have to do with the content of that note?"

Allison watched her teacher's face fall. "Yes... the Principal seems to feel it appropriate to warn all of your teachers about your 'dangerous condition' and is requesting that you be removed from each class."

"How much of what she's spreading is true?"

"I'm afraid Ms. Kirse, enough of it. Enough, at least, to lend the portions she has greatly exaggerated to seem reasonable at first. She's suggesting that you are a very real danger to yourself, and to everyone around you."

Allison shuddered. "Surely you don't believe her? And hopefully you caught her errand boy before he could do too much damage."

"Mr. Lopez, I know too much to believe the lies she's penned. Unfortunately, I fear she has more than one errand boy taking care of this, and I am afraid you may have to deal with others believing her."

She gulped nervously. "No wonder our homeroom teacher ran out so quickly."

"I refuse to follow instructions like these, so consider yourselves welcome in my class."

"Wait, ourselves? Does the note mention me as well?"

“It does Mr. Lopez. She calls you 'a dangerous accessory' and 'Allison's enabler' and I suspect she intends to try to bring up disciplinary actions against you.”

“How about for me?”

“She suggests that having you committed to a psychiatric ward would be the most appropriate course of action.”

*See, at least someone here acknowledges that you're crazy and dangerous. You should be put away* she suddenly thought.

*No! Benerdon is merely trying to make things worse, and then will use me as an excuse to shut down the Program. Besides, Ms. Jenkins wouldn't allow someone truly dangerous to stay in her class.*

“You disagree with her, right Ms. Jenkins?”

“Correct Mr. Lopez. Allison may find outside help useful, but she is hardly having enough difficulty to warrant being committed.”

Allison heard the late bell suddenly ring. “Does she have that kind of power though? Can she really have me committed against my will?”

“Fortunately, no. She can recommend it, but for the school to take official action, she needs the signatures of two psychologists. There are only two in the school, and I refuse to sign such a statement unless it is actually necessary. And her other possible course of action is equally impossible.”

“What other course of action?”

“She could try to have you suspended on account of being a 'potential danger to self/others'. Unfortunately for her, suspensions and expulsions must carry both her signature and Mr. Litski's... and I am certain he will only sign such orders when it is actually necessary.” Allison watched her start toward the door. “Have either of you received relief recently? There is an experiment I'd like to run, but it would be smoother if the subject wasn't recently satisfied.”

“I'll be good for a while.”

She watched a knowing smile cross her teacher's face. “I thought that scream was yours. Emanuel?”

“Allison took care of me before homeroom started, but I've had enough recovery time to go again.”

Allison watched Ms. Jenkin's smile turn devious. "Good. Allison, we'll repeat the experiment with you tomorrow."

Emanuel

"Experiment? I wonder if she's going to try what I think she is."

"And that is?"

"Something to explore the emotional component behind arousal. I've heard of a few variations on the actual experiment, but the end result is usually the same."

"I guess we won't find out until we actually enter the classroom."

Emanuel grabbed Allison's hand and stepped into the classroom. "Class, today we are going to try a small experiment. The look on Emanuel's face suggests to me that he knows what the machine next to me is for."

"Should I just take the seat next to it?"

He watched her devious smile return. "That would be most helpful. Allison, I'll need your assistance. Please tie this blindfold around Emanuel's eyes."

Emanuel sat down, and watched the world go black before his eyes. "Now, I just need to place a few electrodes, and we'll be just about ready to start. Oh, and I'll need two volunteers. You two will do. I need you three to be silent until I tell you to speak up."

"Emanuel, pay attention for a second. Three different people, one of whom is Allison, are going to be touching you in a number of places. I'd like you to try and figure out which of them is Allison. Do you understand what I've asked you to do?"

"I do." *Precious, I'm going to temporarily put up a wall. I don't want our gift to unfairly bias the results.*

*As long as you can take it down once you've made your guess. I want to see how this affects the results.*

*Okay.*

"Class, I expect you to be paying full attention. Is everyone ready?"

"Yes Ms. Jenkins" Emanuel answered.

"Good. For the first round, I want you to restrict yourselves to non-genital touch. Person number one can start."



Emanuel felt a smooth, delicate hand begin to wander about his body. *It almost feels like whoever this is has wanted to touch me for a long time, but doesn't know where they want to touch first. I wish they would make up their mind.* Emanuel suddenly felt the hand settle into a pattern, starting from his neck and making its way down to his ankle. *Hmm... this isn't bad.* He felt the second hand begin to mirror the first. *Not particularly arousing, but kind of nice. It doesn't feel like Allison though... I wonder what she looks like.*

“Number two, please start.”

Emanuel felt both hands seem to draw down his body, the fingertips dancing as they moved. *This is more like it... she definitely seems to know what she's doing.* He felt the hands continue to dance. One of the fingers gently brushed the back of his ear as it made its way to his hair. Emanuel let out a small moan. *Okay, that felt really good.*

“Interesting. Okay, number three, it's your turn now.”

Emanuel felt one hand gently start trailing its way down his arms. *Kind of calloused and a little rough... did Ms. Jenkins pull a guy into this? Although, I suppose a girl could have callouses too.* He felt the hand seem to disappear for a moment, then land heavily on his pelvis. *That was a bit of a jump. Whoever this is, they really don't know what they're doing.*

“Okay, that's enough for round one. For the second round, genital touch is allowed, as is the use of the mouth and tongue. However, should you choose to use your mouth, I ask that you refrain from going for a blow-job. Number one, you may start.”

Emanuel felt the hands go straight for his penis and begin stroking it. *Well, they seem to know what they're doing, but that was a bit sudden. Now I really wonder what this girl looks like.*

“Class, notice how quickly the meter jumped when genital touch began. This is not unusual for men.”

Emanuel felt the hands give way as a tongue darted out and gently licked the head of his penis. *Whoever this is, they are no Allison. Still, they seem to have some skill.* Emanuel felt an odd wind pass over him. *Wait, something doesn't feel right.* He focused for a moment and noticed three guys nearby radiating immense amounts of hatred. He turned his attention to the person in front of him. *Number one is a guy?*

“Very interesting. Class, write down what you think led to this sudden drop in the graph. Emanuel, please hold all of your responses until the experiment is done.” Emanuel felt the hands resume their previous stroking. “Hmm... I think that is enough number one. Number two, please start.”

Emanuel felt the hands start at his cheeks, then begin slowly making their way down. *Ah, nice and patient... that's more like it.* As they passed near his nipples, he felt the fingertips gently squeeze and twist them. He let out a loud moan as their teeth gently bit down on one of them. *This has to be Allison. Only she's comfortable enough to try something like that.* Finally, the hands found their way to his penis. He felt one of the hands gently close around it, and begin to stroke it. *Definitely Allison...*

“Very interesting. Okay, number three, you may start.”

Again, Emanuel felt the hands go straight for his penis. *Is this girl just impatient? Now I know Allison has to be number two. And I'm sure this person has no idea what they're doing.*

“That's enough number three. Before we progress to round three, do you have an idea yet which of them is Allison?”

“I do Ms. Jenkins.”

“Good. Before you tell me who, you can ask one of the three people to sit down. I'd like you to give a good reason if you choose to do this though.”

“Of course. I'd like number one to sit down. Even though he is definitely better than the girl who is number three, I feel a bit weird about a guy touching me there.”

Emanuel heard an audible “Aww...”

“I don't know how you figured that out Emanuel, but Tad, please sit down. So, is Allison number two or three?”

Emanuel smiled. “Definitely number two. Number three doesn't seem to know my body at all, but only Allison would know about the spot behind my ear.”

*Was that what gave it away?*

*No precious... your patience and willingness to explore was what let me know it was you.*

“Somehow I get the feeling you're different enough from the average man that this experiment was biased from the start. Very well then, Allison, please remove his blindfold.”

Emanuel closed his eyes in preparation for the blindfold to come off. Once he felt it get lifted away, he opened his eyes to see the huge smile on Allison's face. “Ms. Jenkins, may I...”

“Might as well. I want to see how that affects the readings.”

*What do you have planned precious?*

*This.* Emanuel felt Allison's lips plant themselves on his in a passionate kiss.

*Ohh... that.*

“As you can see class, there is clearly a more intense reaction from Allison's kiss than Marta was able to elicit. Normally I would ask both of them to try giving him a blow-job, but if that was the response a kiss got, then the results would be skewed heavily in Allison's favor. What can this tell us?”

“Emotional connection plays a big part in human arousal?”

“Correct Tad. Emanuel, would you be willing to let Marta and Allison take turns at giving you a blow-job? I would like to see if my suspicions are correct.”

*Precious, how do you feel about this?*

*If you want to indulge her, I have no problem.*

*Okay.* “I'm willing to allow that.”

“Marta, you may go first.”

Emanuel watched a girl with bright blonde hair kneel in front of him. *Ah, calluses... probably from a musical instrument.* He watched his penis start to disappear into her mouth. *Okay, she's not bad. A little shallow perhaps, but not unskilled.*

Emanuel watched the line on the machine rise slowly. “I think that's enough for now. Allison, it's your turn.”

“Yes Ms. Jenkins.”

Emanuel smiled as Allison kneeled in front of him and smile up at him. *I was waiting to do this.*

*Oh?* he thought as Allison took most of his penis into her mouth.

*Yeah... seeing Tad work on you was starting to get me horny again. I was hoping you'd drop Marta instead of him.*

*I might have had those boys not passed outside the classroom.*

*Was that what gave him away?*

*Yeah... if they hadn't radiated the hatred they did, I wouldn't have tuned into my surroundings. I almost thought Marta was a guy actually.*

*Hee hee... I can see why. Tad's hands certainly look more girlish than hers.*

*They feel like it too... I'm almost there precious.*

He watched the smile that attempted to cross her face. *Cum in my mouth when you're ready.*

Emanuel let out a loud grunt. *I'm cumming!*

“It is as I thought class – Marta elicited normal reactions, while Allison's were through the roof. The period is going to be over soon, so please come up to the front and grab the question sheet off my desk – once you have a copy, you can leave. Answer them in light of the data collected today for homework.”

Emanuel watched her turn toward Tad and them. “I'd like you three to stay here for a few minutes. Once the rest of the class leaves, I have a few questions to ask you.”

Emanuel looked around. “I don't think we're going to have to wait long. Most of the class is already gone.”

“That doesn't surprise me.”

Emanuel watched as the last students left. “You had questions for us?”

“Indeed. Tad, did that answer the question you hoped it would?”

Emanuel watched the boy nervously turn toward him. “Yes Ms. Jenkins. It confirmed my crush. I get the feeling it will never be more than that though.”

Emanuel felt bad for a moment. “I'm sorry Tad, but you're right. You do have some skill, but I am thoroughly straight.”

“At least you have the decency to tell me outright. I hope someday I find someone who cares for me like Allison seems to care for you.”

Emanuel smiled. “I'm sure you will.”

“Right then... Emanuel, how did you know that I had chosen a guy as one of the three? I thought I was pretty good about keeping my selections a secret.”

“With all due respect Ms. Jenkins, it was out of your control. You did everything you could. I just have some training in being aware of my surroundings even when I can't see.”

“Did you try not to use it?”

“Yes ma'am. Three boys passed through the hall setting my alarms off though, and I caught enough of a glimpse of Tad to realize that his shape was all wrong for a woman. If it helps, I thought Marta was a guy at first.”

“Really? I guess the odds were stacked against me from the start then. Is there anything else I should know about that might bias tomorrow's experiment?”

“Only that our gift might affect a few things. I can put up a wall to prevent that from happening though.”

Emanuel watched a look of surprise cross Ms. Jenkins face for a moment. “Your gift?” she asked, puzzled. Emanuel began to open his mouth when she smiled. “I would appreciate that. You three can be on your way then.”

*She forgot about our gift?*

*Apparently so precious. I guess ultimately she is a woman of science.*

What felt to him like moments later, Emanuel stopped in front of the door to the indoor gym. “Well, here's my door. Will you be okay getting to gym by yourself precious?”

“Yeah... the only things I needed to fear before are either gone, or by now should have learned better.”

Emanuel smiled. “Good. Let me know if you need any help.”

He felt himself start to melt when Allison smiled back. “I will.” He leaned forward and gently kissed Allison on the lips. *Yay!*

*I'll see you later.*

Emanuel opened the door, and headed into the locker room. “Nice of you to join us Mr. Lopez. Your girlfriend isn't around to save you today, is she?”

“That's kind of unfair Ms. Kerna. It's not our fault that the higher-ups seem to like us so much.”

“Now that is a funny way to define 'like'. From the way this notice is phrased, it would seem that she sees you as persona non grata.”

“Maybe that's because she sees me as a meddling kid. Do you honestly believe what she's written there?”

He watched her grab a sheet of paper from her clip-board. “Here – read this and tell me whether I should believe her.”

*Apparently Benerdon is even sending notes to teachers that I only have.*

*Does her conniving know no end?*

*Apparently not. Anyway, here she claims I'm some sort of delinquent who is seeking to undermine her authority and inspire rebellion. Also, she's claiming I'm some chauvinistic pig who is only with you to control you.*

*To what end?*

*To make you so dependent on me that you become my slave.*

*That's just slanderous.*

*I know. She's really trying to run a smear campaign here. Any notes sent to your teacher?*

*Yeah... something to the effect of 'she's a budding sex addict who will disrupt your class by seducing them into having sex right on the field.' She's suggesting that I be removed for their class's sake, and my own.*

*See if you can get a copy of the note.*

*I already did. Of course, the track coach doesn't believe a word of it.*

*I'd be disappointed if he did.*

“So?”

“I'd wager a no.”

“That's what I thought. So she's still the conniving, sneaky bitch I remember her being in high school.”

“You knew Benerdon in high school?”

“Gloria was the nastiest, most evil gossip Split-river High knew of. Not to mention its biggest prude as well. I'm certain she's trying to sabotage the Program here, and you two are caught up in her evil, sadistic plans.”

“So we're not the only ones who suspect that?”

“No. It's a good thing for you both that Mr. Litski is here... otherwise, I'm afraid she would have succeeded by now. Anyway, go put your safety gear on, get out there and start stretching.”

“Yes Ms. Kerna.” *Wow... so Benerdon was always this evil... How are you doing precious?*

*Better than expected. Coach has allowed me to use athletic tape, so that hopefully when we start running it won't hurt as much.*

*Good. I don't think I'd be able to survive volleyball if I wasn't allowed to use the cup.*

*I bet the girls are awfully disappointed about that.*

*Too bad for them. At the very least, the cup discourages most of them from aiming at me all the time.*

*The boys all look sad that I'm not bouncing all over the place.*

Emanuel heard a familiar tweet. “Okay, that's enough stretching. Teams will mostly be the same as yesterday. Marcia, change places with Emanuel.” Emanuel heard cheers erupt from his new teammates, and groans emerge slowly from his old ones. “What's this I hear girls? Surely one boy shouldn't be the deciding factor when figuring out which of you wins.”

*Do I really make that much of a difference?*

*Well, you are stronger...*

*Yeah, but they should have better stamina than me, and better finesse.*

*Stamina I can see, but finesse? Sure, as a baseman you typically need a lot of power, but surely you need at least some control.*

*True. That's strange, they all seem to be avoiding me.*

*Maybe they want to prove they don't need you to win.*

*Maybe.* Emanuel caught the ball coming toward him out of the corner of his eye. *There – she's not paying attention.* Emanuel leaped up, and spiked the ball right into the only hole in his opponents' defense.

“Come on girls! Did none of you see that hole? Are you really letting a man get the better of you?”

“But he's stronger and faster than all of us...” he heard them all chorus together.

“Is that what you all think? Sure, I may physically be stronger, but I'm willing to bet at least some of you are faster than me. And I'm sure you can pay as close attention to what's going on as I do.”

“See girls? That's his only secret – he's focused on the game! Surely your eyes are as good as his.”

Emanuel heard a rousing cheer break out from amongst the girls. *Maybe once they start taking this seriously they'll see we're not that different.* Out of the corner of his eye, he suddenly noticed one of the girls on his side call for a time-out.

“I'm supposed to say 'let's huddle up' or something like that, right?” she asked.

“More or less. You want to talk strategy, right?”

“Right. What exactly do you keep seeing that the rest of us keep missing?”

“It's simple. I look to see who on their side is paying attention to the ball, and who isn't. The holes are the ones who aren't, and are the easiest to surprise. Also, if you drive the ball low and fast, they have less time to react.”

“Oh... that's not so hard. Let's throw them off girls – if we stop ignoring Emanuel and work as a team, we'll have this game without any problem.”

Emanuel heard the other girls start to murmur to themselves. “Are you that unwilling to work with me? Would it help if I gave you an incentive?”

“Go ahead... we're listening” another one quipped.

“If you girls can prove that you can work together as a team, then I'll give you priority for requests in the showers later. If you do that and we win, then I'll extend the offer for the rest of the day.” *Precious, is it okay if offer the girls on my team rule three priority if we win today's 'game'?*

*As long as you don't neglect me. I'm still quite horny from psychology.*

*Of course. All you need to do is ask for a volunteer, and I'll be happy to help.*

*Then have fun. I expect to hear all about it though.*

*Of course.*

Emanuel heard the murmuring increase. “Okay, its a deal” the first girl replied. “Go team on three... one... two... three...”



Emanuel shouted with the girls “Go team!” *I'm impressed... that was pretty close to being in unison.* He quietly looked over at Ms. Kerna and noticed the small smile on her face. *Ah... so she's not the raving extremist of a feminist she pretends to be. Interesting.*

*Really?*

*Yeah. I think she just puts on that exterior to try to inspire the girls to look past their old notions. I think she really wants to see equality wherever possible. Is the tape helping?*

*A little. My breasts aren't bouncing as much, but the tape isn't quite doing the job my bra would.*

“That's more like it girls! Score: four-zero blue team.”

*Looks like we may win this after-all.*

“Now serving – red team!”

Emanuel watched the ball fly up into the air, and come screaming for the cup. *Great, now they start gunning for me.* He ducked low, and popped the ball high into the air again, glancing at a girl as he did.

Emanuel watched the girl pick up on the cue, and slam the ball down into an empty space. “Now serving – blue team!”

*That means it's my turn to serve. Hmm... they're all focused on me... if I set it up just right...* Emanuel tossed the ball up and hit it into a gentle curve, ending just over the net. One of the girls scrambled to return it. *Now, if my team does what I hope they will, we have this point.* Emanuel grinned as a girl leapt high into the air, bringing the ball down into enemy territory hard and fast.

“Five-zero, blue team serving... nice teamwork girls!”

Emanuel surveyed the opposing team. *Ah ha... another one not paying attention...* Emanuel tossed the ball up again, aiming its gentle arc toward her. He watched as she looked up in time to see the ball about to hit her in the face. *Please duck... please duck...*

*Another one not paying attention?*

Emanuel heard the whistle blow as the girl failed to duck. *Indeed, and the ball just knocked her square in the face.*

*I hope you didn't do that on purpose.*

*Not at all... I was aiming for the ball to drop in front of her, but apparently there was just a little too much power behind my serve.*

“Mr Lopez, I'm hoping that was just an unlucky shot.”

“That's exactly what it was Ms. Kerna. Is she okay?”

“She looks like she'll be okay. Narisa, pay more attention to the game than to your nails, or you'll be getting hit again.”

Emanuel watched the girl roll her eyes and respond, her voice thick with boredom - “Yes Ms Kerna.”

“Anyway, six-zero blue team. Blue team still serving.”

“But, shouldn't it go to us since he followed us? And shouldn't the point not count?”

“Ordinarily yes Paula... but this was due to your own teammate's negligence, not any malice on Emanuel's part.”

“But...”

“No buts Paula. The referee always has the final call. Now, let the game resume.”

Emanuel glanced around again. *One would think after a hit like that, the whole team would be paying full attention.*

*Are any of them?*

*Nope.* Emanuel nodded at another girl upfront, and smiled as he got a knowing glance in return. He served the ball up high, well short of the net, and watched as it started to come back down. *They saw it go seemingly wrong... and now they don't think its a threat. They're in for a surprise.*

*What did you do now?*

*I served it high, slow and short.*

*Why?*

*So that one of my teammates can spike it down once it's at the right height.* Emanuel watched as the girl leapt into the air and brought the ball down hard, right into another hole in the other team. *And she did just that. If the game continues the way it's going, then I'll definitely need to keep my promise to them.*

“Seven-zero blue team... blue team still serving.”

Emanuel watched as the other team all started to watch his teammates. *Okay, plan B then.* He served the ball up fast, and spiked it down hard, aiming right into the middle of four girls. He watched as they almost collided with each other in an attempt to return it.

“Eight-zero blue team. Red team serves.”

Emanuel rotated position, preparing for the worst. He watched as the ball came straight toward his penis again. He dropped and returned it high, towards one of his teammates. He shook his head in shock as the ball was returned back and forth a few times, somehow always aimed towards him. Finally, he spotted an opening point, and smiled as one of his teammates almost immediately scored on it.

“Blue team serving. Get it together red team!”

Emanuel watched the next two points work the same way – no matter who managed to return the serve or a resulting volley, the ball always seemed aimed at him. And every time, his teammates patiently waited for an opening, then scored. He looked over as Ms Kerna blew her whistle again.

“Remember red team – they get one more point, and it's game over.”

Emanuel heard the entire red team grumble under their breath. He could almost see steam coming from their ears. *In their anger, they're all distracted...* He watched as the girl serving set up a fast ball. *She's going to spike it right into their middle, isn't she?* Sure enough, moments later Emanuel watched the ball fly over the net and land with a loud thud right in the middle.

“That's game! Eleven-zero blue team...” he heard Ms Kerna announce with exasperation in her voice. He watched her turn toward his team “Blue team, you can hit the showers early, and leave when you're all done. You all did well.” He then watched her turn toward the other team. “You six, on the other hand, are to stay right here. I'm very disappointed with you all.”

Emanuel felt himself get suddenly lifted up by his teammates, and watched as they carefully carried him into the locker room. After they had put him down gently, the blonde who had called the time-out gave him a big hug. “Thank you... if you hadn't pulled us all together, we wouldn't have done so great.”

“You five have just as much of a part in this victory as I did. You gave it your all and paid attention – and that allowed me to set up the shots I was able to.”

He watched the blonde start to strip, revealing her large B breasts and trimmed pussy. “I hope you're ready to make good on your promise.”

He smiled wearily. “Just go easy on me... I am only one guy with limited tools to work with.”

He watched a red-head take off her shirt and bra, letting her large breasts free. “Is there anything we can't request?” she asked.

“Yeah... no sticking your fingers in my ass, and I want to save my first time having sex for my girlfriend.”

He saw the frown appear on her face as the two brunettes stripped. “Aww... I was hoping you might be available.” He shook his head, and watched as she took off her pants and panties, showing her hairless pussy.

Emanuel saw Tina remove her shirt and bra, letting her beautiful breasts free. She quickly covered them up as she removed her long black hair from its ponytail. “You didn't know Cosette? He's dating one of the other naked students... I think she's his partner as well.” He watched her pants and panties come off in one tug next. “Come on, let's get your socks and shoes off, then you can start with me while they finish getting ready.”

Emanuel quickly shed his socks and shoes, then followed Tina into the showers. “First, what is your request. Second, how did you know about Allison?”

He watched an evil smile appear briefly on Tina's face, then get replaced by a look of confusion. “I would like you to wash me, and to make sure you get me off in the process – do whatever you think you need to.”

Emanuel reached for the soap she had carried in, and poured some on his hand. “That was a pretty quick response. Why the look of confusion then?” he asked as he soaped up the back of her neck, and started on her back.

“I've never heard of Allison prior to the Program starting. Why did you chose to date an unknown...” he heard her pause, then continue “especially an unknown who is primarily famous now for acting so strange?”

Emanuel finished her back, gently squeezing her generous butt as he made his way to her legs. “I'm certain Allison never wanted to become famous, and those behaviors were completely out of her control.” He began to soap up the front of her legs, continuing “But you said 'primarily famous'... what else has she become famous for?”

He couldn't help but notice the smile that suddenly graced her face. “Why, her scream. I don't know whether it's that you are really good, or if she's just really loud.” He

brushed his hands just past her labia, smiling as she let out a small gasp. “Hey – you didn't answer all of my question...”

“Why am I choosing to date her, right? Can we really choose who we fall in love with? Besides, I never liked dating the popular girls to begin with... they never wanted me for who I was, just my popularity.” He smiled, and began to slowly cover her chest with soap. “Allison's the first girl to like me for me, and who sees me as more than just a popularity boost or a means for revenge.”

“So the rumors about you being the man-killer's intended target are true! I hope this Allison knows how lucky she is to have snagged you.”

Emanuel watched Cosette and a brunette enter the showers out of the corner of his eye. “Tina, is there something about him that makes him so special?”

“Right, I keep forgetting that you're merely a freshman Cosette. You see, Emanuel Lopez was, until recently, one of the most eligible and hardest to land single men in all of the school...” she began, as Emanuel began to slowly but thoroughly soap her breasts. He smiled as she began to softly moan.

“And he seems to be quite a good lover too. Can I be next?” Emanuel heard Cosette ask with nervousness in her voice.

“Sure Cosette. Would you be willing to turn the water on? A warm temperature should do... I'd do it myself, but my hands are full right now.” Emanuel smiled, then returned his focus to Tina. He began to gently squeeze her left breast, and at the same time began to circle his hand slowly around her right breast. He tensed a little as cold water his back, but relaxed as the water reached a comfortable temperature.

“Now, let's rinse you off.”

“But... you haven't gotten me off yet” Tina protested.

“I won't leave you hanging... I just don't like the taste of soap.” Emanuel watched Tina blush a deep red and step forward without any hesitation. As soon as the water had rinsed all the soap off, Emanuel pulled her out of the stream a little, lifted up both of her breasts, and began to suck gently on her left nipple.

“I was hoping...” he heard her begin to say as a moan interrupted her “that you would do this.” Emanuel moved his right hand up, and started tracing around her nipple. Also immediately, Emanuel heard Tina moan loudly. “Please... stop teasing me... and... just go down on... me already” she managed to get out in between moans and short breaths.

Emanuel lifted his head from her breast, smiled, then knelt on the floor. *Her legs are already open and waiting...*

*Wait, isn't the period only half-over?*

*Yeah, but the 'game' was a shut-out in our favor, partly due to the stupidity of the other team. They're probably getting grilled and drilled, while we were given the rest of the period to shower.*

*Someone's asked you to go down on them, haven't they?*

*Yeah... do you mind if I do?*

*As long as I get to be the first to make love to you, no. Were you teasing the poor girl?*

Emanuel shuffled forward a little, then began to lick around the entrance to Tina's vagina. *Kind of.* Emanuel smiled inwardly as Tina began to shake and started to scream.

*Well, don't tease her any more than you already have.*

*Don't worry... I've 'gone for the kill', and she's screaming quite loudly.*

*More loudly than me?*

*No, but loudly enough that I'm sure the red team can hear it.*

*That's gotta be really awful for them.*

*Yeah, but if they had focused on the 'game' a bit more, and not defaulted to 'take out the male' tactics so quickly, we all might still be playing.*

*Karma?*

*Yeah.* Emanuel suddenly heard Tina scream very loudly and shake violently. *She just orgasmed, so...* He quickly stood up, wrapping his arms around Tina just as she lost her footing and began to fall.

“Whew, thank you... I thought I was going to hit the floor there for a moment. Could you help me sit down in that corner?”

“Not a problem.” Emanuel quietly led Tina to the corner and slowly let her down. “I can see why Allison screams as loudly as she does. You're something else.”

Emanuel felt himself blush. “Thanks.” He turned toward Cosette. “So, what's your request?”

“Uhm... I'd like to ask for what Tina got, but I'm not sure I could handle it. The farthest I've ever let a boy get was playing with my breasts through my clothes.”

“We can take it one step at a time if that would help you feel more comfortable. Would you also like me to help you wash up?”

“Uhm... I already did that...”

“I wasn't aware that having your finger buried half-way up your snatch counts as cleaning yourself” the brunette quipped.

“Vanessa! He didn't need to know that...”

“Like that would have stayed a secret for long. Listen carefully – you have a chance to experience Emanuel Lopez's undivided sexual attention. Most girls won't have an opportunity to experience a sex-god like him.”

Emanuel turned toward Vanessa. “I knew my team buddies were spreading stories, but I wasn't aware they went that far.” He turned back to Cosette. “Where would you like me to start?”

“Uhm... would you show me what... what having your breasts played with should feel like?”

Emanuel smiled gently. “Sure.” He gently reached for her left breast, giving it a gentle but firm squeeze. “How's that?”

He watched her blush. “That feels good.”

“Then maybe you'll like this.” Emanuel started to stroke the underside of her breasts, occasionally moving along their sides and tops.

“That... that feels really... good...” he heard her say in between breaths.

“Would you like me to play with your nipples?”

“You can... try.”

Emanuel moved his left hand away, and up towards the appropriate nipple. He gently squeezed it, then began to rub around its surface.

“That feels kinda nice... is it supposed to be arousing me?”

*Well, not every girl's nipples can be as sensitive as yours I suppose.*

*New girl?*

*Yeah, a cute freshman. She also seems kind of new to all this.*

“Uhm... would you... finger me? I know it feels good when I do it... maybe it'll feel better if you do it instead.”

“Sure. I'll start with one, and I can add more as you'd like me to.” Emanuel knelt in front of her, and slowly inserted his pointer finger into her vagina and began to thrust it in and out.

“Yes! Please don't stop!”

*I guess she's one of those girls who does better with direct stimulation.* “Would you like to try something like what Tina got?” he asked as he continued.

Emanuel was caught by surprise by the look of lustful passion that shone on her face. “Yes... please, I feel like I can't take it anymore.” Emanuel smiled and lightly licked at her clitoris. “Oh my... YES!!!!!!” he heard her scream.

*Did the girl you're playing with just scream 'yes'?*

*Yeah... how did you know?*

*I heard it loud and clear out here.*

*Do you mean that...*

*Yes, she's louder than me. Is she okay?*

*Yeah... she just collapsed from her orgasm, but that doesn't surprise me.*

*You were able to catch her I hope.*

*One of the other girls apparently saw this coming, and beat me to it.*

Emanuel stood up, grabbed Cosette, and gently laid her down on the ground. He looked around, and noticed the other brunette and the blonde were now in the room. “So, who's next?”

He watched the blonde start to open her mouth, only to quickly close it again as Vanessa stared at her. “Uh uh Jane... I've been patiently waiting for my turn, and there is no I'm letting you steal it from me.”

“Can't we share him? Just watching that has made me incredibly horny.”



Emanuel smiled nervously as Vanessa seemed to think about this idea. “Well, okay... but only if he thinks he can handle two of us at once.”

Emanuel gulped. “As long as what you want me to do doesn't violate the rules I said before, then I'm willing to try.”

Emanuel watched as both girls simultaneously leapt into the air. *For smaller breasts, Jane's bounce quite nicely...*

*Someone should do a Program on the science of bouncing breasts... If someone were to, do you have a diverse enough sample to help them with their research?*

*Yeah... Vanessa's are at least a double-D, and Tina's are pretty big too.*

*Should I be worried?*

*Not at all. While it's been fun so far, none of them have compared to you.*

*So, which girl is next? Jane or Vanessa?*

*Both actually. I'm not sure how I'll handle it, but think I can do it.*

*Well, don't leave them waiting too long... for two girls to be willing to share you, they must be really horny, and you don't want to know what a horny girl will do to get her needs met.*

Emanuel looked into their eyes. *Yeah, I don't want to know.*

“Are you this much of a tease to Allison as well?”

Emanuel smiled. “No Vanessa... surely you won't begrudge me a few moments to think about how I can properly take care of both of you at once.”

He watched her pout for a moment. “I suppose that would be unfair to you and ultimately bad for me too. Fine, but try to think quickly... you have no idea how horny I am right now.”

Emanuel glanced down at her finely trimmed pubic hair, noticing the glistening on the nearby skin. “On the contrary, I may have some idea. Do either of you have a particular request?”

“Uhm... This might sound weird, but could I start by playing with you instead?” Jane asked softly.

“Jane, don't tell me you're one of those weird girls who gets off getting other people off” the other brunette cut in.

“Is it really that weird Betty?” she replied. Emanuel watched her turn towards him. “You don't need to allow me that if it's too weird for you.”

“Really, it's not...” Emanuel began.

“Don't listen to her Jane. Some guy will be very lucky some day.”

“Vanessa's right, and the request doesn't bother me at all.” Emanuel walked over to a nearby bench and sat down. “If you both come over here, we can start.” He watched Vanessa all but run over, while Jane approached more cautiously. “Good, stand in front of me.” They quickly obeyed.

Emanuel began to kiss the underside of Vanessa's left breast, while he gently massaged Jane's breasts. Jane gasped, and reached a hand down to start playing with his penis. He slowly kissed and licked around both of Vanessa's breasts, making sure to stay clear of her aureole and nipples.

“You evil... bastard... quit teasing me and suck on one of them already!” Vanessa shouted, as Jane took her free hand and squeezed Emanuel's hand on her left breast harder.

Emanuel merely smiled and allowed the tip of his tongue to briefly lick Vanessa's left areola. He watched her legs start to tremble and threaten to buckle. *And since Jane seems to be asking for it...* He smiled, and increased the force of his massage slowly. A few moments later, a low moan escaped from her mouth.

*What was Jane asking for sweetheart?*

*More pressure. Although, if she keeps up what she's doing with her hand, I won't last much longer.*

*She's one of those girls, huh?*

*Yeah. Looks like I better pick up the pace with Vanessa though.*

*Remember what I said earlier...*

*Of course precious.* Emanuel began to suck on Vanessa's right nipple, and watched with surprise as Jane began to kneel on the floor. *What is she doing?*

*She's probably decided that she wants to give you a blow-job. I don't blame her – it's quite fun.*

*I'm glad you enjoy it.* Emanuel gasped as Jane took all of his penis in her mouth in one motion. *She's good.*

*Oh?*

*She just deep-throated me in one motion.*

*Wow... that is impressive. You're by no means small.*

*I suppose you've seen a wide range of sizes over the past few days, haven't you? Well, this does free up my hands.*

*Stop teasing the poor girl already.*

*All right.* Emanuel parted Vanessa's outer lips, and leaned forward.

“It's about time you...” Vanessa started as Emanuel began his assault. “Ohh... I can see why she... she... she screams as loud as she... d... does.” *And now...* Emanuel smiled inwardly, and began to hum softly.

“YES!!! Eat me you sex god!” she screamed. “YES!!!” she screamed one last time as her body shook and her legs began to collapse under her.

*Not good... she's going to fall backwards, and I can't catch her in time.*

*I'm sure one of the other girls will do that for you.*

Emanuel watched with relief as Tina caught her and laid her down next to Cosette. He motioned to Jane to stop for a moment. “Am I not doing it right?”

“No, what you're doing feels amazing. I just want to return the favor, that's all. I'm going to lay down, and I'd like you to sit on top of my face.”

He watched a knowing smile cross her face. “Oh, you mean a 69, right?”

Emanuel merely smiled and laid down on the floor. He watched as Jane's shaved vagina slowly approached his mouth. He gasped again as her mouth once more swallowed his whole penis in one motion, and began to moan as she began to suck. *If I want to get her off before I go, I need to work fast.*

*69?*

*Yeah. She seems to have had a lot of practice at this.* Emanuel began to lick with all the urgency he could muster. He listened as she began to moan. *No good... even if I blow her out of the water, the resulting moans will send me over the edge just as fast.* He felt the longing begin to build just as he heard Jane's muffled scream. He quickly freed his mouth and shouted “I'm almost there!” To his surprise, he felt her keep going despite the orgasm rocking through her body. He felt his release hit a moment later. A few

moments later he watched as another orgasm wracked her body. He laid there for what seemed an eternity, until she got up.

“Allison is a very lucky girl... I hope she knows that.”

“Vanessa was right about you too... someday you'll make some guy very happy.”

He watched the broad smile light up her face as she made her way to the still on shower head. Slowly, he got up and looked toward where Betty last was. *Where did she go?*

“She said something about being turned off by you three. I suspect she's already well on her way to her next class by now.”

Emanuel shook his head. “Thank you Tina. Oh well, I suppose it's for the better anyway... I feel all worn out after that.”

He watched the sparkle that lit up in Tina's eyes. “Surely you have enough energy left let us clean you up, right? I mean, you can't go out like that, and I highly doubt the red team will want anything to do with you after that awful defeat.”

Emanuel smiled lightly, then shook his head. “Maybe tomorrow. I don't want to over sensitize anything, and I'm sure to have a very horny girlfriend waiting for me later.”

Emanuel swore he could see disappointment in her eyes. “Oh well...”

“Blue team! Finish up in there, and feel free to leave for your next class.”

Emanuel quickly soaped up and rinsed off. “But, there's still five minutes until the bell rings coach. Isn't the red team supposed to have their chance at me?”

He watched as the coach appeared in the doorway. “Technically yes, but until I see a change in their attitude, they don't deserve to have any of that fun. Don't worry, I'll take any heat that might result from this decision.”

“If you say so.” *That was unexpected.*

*What was?*

*Coach Kerna is letting us leave early. How about you?*

*All of the boys seem too tired to play at all. It's not fair.*

*Don't worry... you just need to wait until History, then I'm all yours. Can you head out early as well then?*

*Yeah... I'm on my way to Luden's office now.*

Emanuel rounded a corner. *Me too. I'll see you in about a minute.* Emanuel rounded the last corner and smiled as Allison came into view.

*Manny!* Emanuel heard as he watched her break into a run towards him, a big smile on her face. Within a few moments her arms were wrapped tightly around him.

He smiled down at her. "I missed you too. Are you ready for whatever Luden has planned today?"

He watched an uneasy smile cross her face. "Rationally, I can't think of much that she can do or say to top yesterday. But somehow, I'm still a bit worried."

Emanuel pulled Allison in closer. "The worst she can bring up are doubts about the speed of your change, and that can't catch you off guard again. Besides, I'm here to support you however you need me to."

He watched with joy as Allison smiled. "As long as you're by my side, I should be able to handle anything."

Allison

Allison snuggled in closer. "I know you two are out there... you might as well come in now."

*Does Luden sound a little depressed to you precious?*

*Yeah... almost like something is weighing heavily on her.*

Allison grudgingly separated from Emanuel and quickly strode for the door, opening it as she reached it. "Is something wrong Ms. Luden?"

Allison watched as a look of fear briefly appeared on Luden's face. "It's nothing. Anyway, Principal Benerdon has an important meeting, so she won't be around for a little while." Allison watched her glance over at her desk quickly.

*Do you have any idea what Luden just looked at on her desk Manny?*

*Yeah... it looks like another notice from Benerdon's office. She's definitely up to something.*

"Did you also get an unusual notice from the Principal Ms. Luden?"

Allison watched as a look of shock appeared on her face. “Mr. Lopez, do you mean to say that other people have gotten them too?” Allison nodded her head, and watched as Emanuel did the same. “Close the door behind you for a moment.”

Allison quietly closed the door. “Several of our teachers have received something from her today. Our homeroom teacher looked quite disturbed by what he received.”

She watched Luden's eyebrows raise for a moment. “Oh? I don't suppose you were able to obtain a copy of that memo?”

“No, but I got a copy of the memo the track coach received.”

Allison watched her eyes light up. “May I see it Ms. Kirse?”

*Should I let her Manny?*

*Only if she's willing to let us see the one she got. If we need to sweeten the deal, I can show her the note that Coach Kerna got as well.*

“I'd like to see what she sent to you in exchange.”

She watched the look of uncertainty cross her face. “I don't know... it contains very private information...”

“Manny also has a note you can look at as well.”

Allison noted the unmistakable look of greed that suddenly shown on Luden's face. “That sounds like a fair deal.” Allison collected the note from Emanuel.

“Okay. Here you go Ms. Luden.” Allison silently exchanged the two notes for the one in Luden's hand. *Interesting... Benerdon is threatening to fire her if she doesn't cause me to melt down.*

*That's not surprising.*

*That's not all. Apparently Benerdon is encouraging her to do the same with future participants as well.*

*But, what are the odds that, out of six randomly chosen students, at least one is going to have significant psychological issues?*

*Out of the entirety of the student body? Very small. Do you think that she's up to no good in the selection process?*

*Possibly... technically, any involvement of hers beyond removing someone from the list because of exemption is illegal.*

“It seems her plans are running deeper than I first realized. I knew she was a capable schemer, but I never imagined she'd go this far.”

Allison felt her mouth shift into a look of surprise. “Do you also know her from before you started working here?”

“Myself and Coach Kerna were in the same graduating class as Gloria... I thought she'd have grown out of her malicious tendencies by now.” Allison watched her glance over her shoulder at the clock. “But she's been the topic of conversation for too long now. I'd like to try to pick up where we left off yesterday.”

Allison silently grabbed Emanuel's hand and led him to the couch. “What more can be said about it? I've not had the time to re-evaluate the events of my life in light of what happened then.”

“Do you know if charges were ever pressed against your uncle?”

Allison blinked. “Not that I know of.” *Dad might be able to answer that. I wonder why she's asking?*

*I imagine abuse falls under the rules for mandatory reporting.*

“Well, if they weren't, then technically I'm obligated to report this to the police. But if they were, I wonder how the process might have affected you up to this point.”

“Considering I managed to block that memory out for most of the past ten years, I'd imagine he got off with a light sentence, if one at all.”

“Think for a moment about your parent's typical behavior. Would they likely have been the kind of people to do what is right by the law, possibly at the risk of your mental health, or would they have held back, looking out for your health first?”

*Manny, I'm not sure how to answer. I know they care about me – mom claimed she and dad allowed me to be put in the Program in the hope that I'd grow from it. But at the same time, if not for you, that decision could have left me worse off than I was before.*

*It sounds like they made a calculated risk, like any good parent would. Maybe they hoped that the benefits of this would outweigh the potential bad?*

*That does sound reasonable, and they've always looked out for me elsewhere.* “I'm not sure to be honest. They could be either – besides, I don't completely trust my perception of my parents.”

Allison watched Luden's eyes light up. “And why is that?”

“Prior to a few days ago, I was always overly critical of my mom. But that last few days have shown me how supportive and loving she is – just how awesome of a mom she really is. If my perception of my mother was so off before, I wonder how off my perception of my father is.”

“And how does that make you feel?”

*She sounds like an actual therapist right now.*

*So you're surprised by that too precious. Have you given any thought to what she just asked?*

*Not really.* “I don't know... I haven't really though about that part of it. All I can say for sure is that without Manny, my fear would have gotten the better of me by now.”

Allison watched a look of understanding appear on Luden's face as she began to mumble “so that's why...” Suddenly Allison heard the door open.

“The meeting ran longer than I expected. I hope you haven't been waiting too long.”

*Great... I was hoping she wouldn't be able to make it in time.*

*I know Manny... hopefully Luden grows a back bone, because if Benerdon insists on sitting in today, I won't speak another word.*

Allison heard her start with some anxiety – “Mrs. Benerdon, I know that you are concerned for Ms. Kirse's health, but from the look of discomfort on her face, I don't think she'll be able to share anything useful if you observe today. Perhaps it would be a better use of the time we have if Ms. Kirse is in an environment she is able to share in.”

*Well, its a start at least.*

*Be fair to her precious... her job is on the line here. That has to be terrifying.*

*True, especially when your boss is a woman like Benerdon.*

“But Ms. Luden, I must observe every session. As your supervisor, it is my judgment that alone this is too much for you to handle. If you must insist in this being handled alone, I'll have to find someone else who I think is qualified to do so.”

*Meaning, do it my way or you're fired.*

*Precisely precious.*

“I'm sorry, but I must insist. My client's comfort takes priority here.”



“Then consider today your last day at this school. I hope you will be able to find someone else as understanding as I have been.” Allison watched Benerdon begin to close the door. “Oh, and if you're not packed and out of here by 3:15 this afternoon, I will be forced to have security escort you out.”

*More like someone as crooked.*

*Agreed Manny. That was awfully strict of her. But at least Luden did what was right.*

“Ah well, this was bound to happen eventually. I should have realized that anyone willing to hire someone with my qualifications for a job like this wouldn't be trustworthy.”

“Then why didn't you get the necessary degree to legitimately do work like this?”

“That was my foolish pride Mr. Lopez. I shouldn't have tried to take the shortcuts I have. They weren't worth the fear I've had to deal with all these years.” Allison watched Luden quietly get up and lock the door. “I suppose we can finish up the session if you're comfortable doing so.”

“Will locking the door really stop her Ms. Luden?”

“Not really Ms. Kirse. But she's bound to be seething mad at the moment, and will cool down too late to do anything about the rest of the period.”

“To be honest, that's all I'm really ready to talk about anyway.”

Allison watched as Luden walked to her desk, and pulled out a stack of papers. “Then perhaps it's time I did what I should have done years ago. Would you two be willing to join me in a visit to the Vice-Principal's office?”

Allison nodded her head, and watched as Emanuel did the same. Allison stood up, gathered her things, and walked with Emanuel toward the door. *Manny, do you think anything will come of this?*

*Who knows? All I really expect is that Benerdon will intensify her efforts against us.*

*Do you think Litski is likely to get caught in the cross fire?*

*Probably, but she can't fire him as easily. He legitimately has his job, and can complain to the board of ed if she tries anything.*

*True. How long is left in the period anyway?*

*About fifteen minutes I'd guess. Why do you ask?*

*Well... I'm still really horny and Litski's let us use his back room before.*

*By the time we get there and resolve any important business, it'll likely be time to head to History. But I promised to take care of you then, and I'm not about to go back on that promise. Can you wait until then?*

*I'll try. Do you think this will be enough evidence to possibly get rid of Benerdon for good?*

*What we have, probably not. But that stack Luden has seems pretty thick, so it might be enough. Wait, can you hear that?*

Allison focused her hearing for a moment. *It sounds like Litski's trying to get someone to calm down. I don't recognize the other voices though.*

*Well, we're almost there, so we'll find out who it is soon enough.*

“I don't care what your records indicate! I personally delivered the exclusion form to the local Program office myself!” she heard an irate male shout.

“I trust that you did Mr. Puffer. Unfortunately, our records do not indicate ever receiving notice of that from them.”

“Mr. Litski, how is that even possible?”

“I have suspected something illegal is happening here, but I don't have the evidence to prove it yet. The moment I get enough, I assure you both that I will do everything in my power to ensure that the guilty party gets what is coming to them.”

“Fine... but if I hear even a rumor that you are sleeping on the job, I'll...”

*He sounds exceedingly angry.*

*That he does precious.*

Allison watched the door swing open as the Puffers stormed out, and came face to face with Allison. She watched his face soften. “You were supposed to be our son's partner, right? Do you know how lucky you are to have found someone who kept you from going to pieces?”

“I do Sir. I'd be in your son's state now if it weren't for Emanuel. I hope that Edward recovers soon.”

She watched his face soften even more. “If only you could have been that girl for him. Oh well... I appreciate the sentiment.” She watched him turn toward Luden. “And you! I know you played a part in all this, and I will see you pay the consequences if its the last thing I do.”

“Mr. Puffer, I wish I had some way to make amends for what I've done. I promise you that I will do whatever it takes to become an ally and advocate for students like your son – hopefully that will at least prove my repentance.”

Allison watched the anger return to his face. “I'll believe that when I see it...” Allison watched as the woman next to him tugged on his shirt sleeve, and gave him a glance that suggested they should leave before he said anything else.

*That was one hell of a dodge, don't you think precious?*

*Yeah... now we see if Luden's willpower holds out.*

“Looks like I have a lot to atone for...” Allison heard her begin, then sigh. “Might as well face the next firing squad.”

Allison heard a curious voice emerge from Mr. Litski's office “and what will I be shooting one of you three for? You might as well come in where we can conduct this in private.” Allison followed Luden and Emanuel into the office. “Ms Kirse, please close the door behind you.”

Allison nodded and closed the door. “So, Ms Luden, what do I owe this visit to?” Allison watched as he then turned toward them. “You may both take a seat.”

Allison sat down silently. “Vice-Principal Litski, I've come here with proof of the Principal's interference with the Program – including the Puffer's exclusion form, and the psychologist's report on Edward's condition. I'm prepared to hand them over to you, and face whatever consequences I've earned for my part in it.”

Allison watched the look of surprise jump onto the Vice-Principal's face. “Oh? This was not what I expected... Very well, I'll take those documents.” She watched in silence as he scanned the pile of documents. “Very interesting... so my theory was correct. Although, I had no idea her hands were in this many pockets, or that her plan was this well thought out.” Allison watched as he turned to them. “And how did you two come into possession of these last few memo's?”

“Through our teachers. I suspect there will be more for us to try to get a copy of as the day goes on.”

“Thank you Mr. Lopez. This is most... disturbing. Do you know if any of your teachers so far have bought her lies?”

“We suspect that our homeroom teacher does... we can't think of anything else that would have caused him to leave homeroom early, especially with the panicked look on that was on his face.”

“Anyone else Ms Kirse?”

“No, they all seemed to either dismiss the memo's outright, or know something about Ms. Benerdon that we didn't.”

“Right, I forgot that a few of the teachers here went to school here with her... Anyway, if you can collect any more of these memos, that would greatly aid my investigation.”

Allison smiled at Emanuel. “We'll do our best sir” she responded.

“Very good. Third period ends in a few minutes, so if you'd like to head to your next class a little early, you may.”

“Thank you sir.” Allison replied in unison with Emanuel, and stood up. *If we get to history early, can we ask if we can start on relief early as well?*

*More time to make you feel good? Of course we can.*

Allison made her way to the door, her arm wrapped around Emanuel's. She let her mind begin to imagine what Emanuel might do to her once they got to History.

*We're here precious.*

*Already?*

*No students around to make requests certainly speeds up the trip, doesn't it?*

*No kidding.*

“Ah, you two are early... good. Could I speak with you for a moment?”

Allison quickly entered the classroom. “What is it ma'am?”

“I received a disturbing memo concerning you two. However, despite the fact that you both seem to find my class boring to the point of sleep, I find the memo's contents hard to believe.”

“Is it from the Principal's office?”

“Yes Ms Kirse... how did you know?”

“All of our teachers have received something from her office today, and every memo so far has contained nothing but lies. May we see what you received?”

Allison watched her think for a moment. “And why should I?”

“Because the Principal is trying to run a smear campaign against us, and we promised Vice-Principal Litski that we'd do our best to pass any other memo's we found out about onto him.”

“I suppose... but first, why is it that you've both managed to zone out in my class?”

Allison watched Emanuel speak up. “To be fair ma'am, it's not just your class. My math class was shaping up to be similar. Besides, it seems like every AP class is doomed to have its first few weeks act as nothing more than a review of the standard class. So far, it's all information we know like the back of our hands.”

“Then perhaps you'd be willing to teach class for the rest of the week? If you can prove to me that you know the material, I'll be willing to let you take this memo to the Vice-Principal.”

*Well precious?*

*As long as we're not covering the history of the Program, or what led up to it, I could do that by myself.*

*Well, if we do get that topic, I can take care of it. Besides, surely you know at least something about that.*

*Yeah, but not nearly enough to teach it.*

*Then if that topic comes up, you cover what you do know, and I'll fill in the rest.*

“Very well, we'll do it. What is today's topic?”

“The history of and influences of the Program.” Allison let out a sigh.

*It's like we're at the whim of some evil author, and I gave him/her the perfect bait.*

*Yeah... don't worry though, I'll fill in what you don't know.* Allison watched Emanuel turn to the teacher. “Is this really your choice of topic, or is the local office putting pressure on you to cover this now?”

Allison heard her sigh. “All forced Mr. Lopez. I'd prefer to cover the causes and influences of the Program as they naturally come up. But you both seem to understand the nature of the powers that be.” Allison watched her look them up and down, then focus

on her. “Incidentally, you look very turned on Ms. Kirse. Seeing as you're early enough, I can let you have a little more time to get relief.”

Allison smiled, turned toward Emanuel, and grinned. “Please?”

She chuckled as he laughed. “Of course.” *Sit down, and I'll begin.*

Allison smiled again, and sat down on a nearby chair. *You wouldn't tease a poor, horny girl, would you?*

*Not too much* he started to think as Allison watched him kiss her left shoulder. She heard soft moans begin to escape as he slowly kissed down her body. She gasped as his hands slowly followed, making a wide zig-zag pattern.

*You evil bastard.*

*Why? Because I want to enjoy the extended time we have?*

Allison glared at him. *Precisely!*

*Then perhaps this was more what you had in mind?* She gasped as his head abruptly rose to her breasts and his tongue silently moved across her areolae. She began to open her mouth as a small wave of pleasure began to sweep over her.

Time began to blur for her as the pattern was repeated twice more. *You're really evil.*

*Really? Would somebody evil do...* Allison suddenly felt his tongue begin licking up and her slit. *This?* Allison felt a massive wave of pleasure start to build. Moments later, she felt it peak and crash over her.

Emanuel

“I hope you didn't break her Mr. Lopez. Otherwise, you'll be teaching alone today.”

Emanuel licked his lips and smiled. “She'll come around in a minute or two.”

“I certainly hope so. Well, at least I know the rumors are all true.”

“What rumors ma'am?”

Emanuel watched her smile as Allison opened her eyes. “That you have the makings of an excellent lover, that she's really loud and squirts for that matter.”

*That was intense Manny. Did I make a mess again?*

*Not at all precious. Do you still think I was being evil?*

Emanuel watched Allison look embarrassed for a moment. *Well, yeah... but if evil Manny means more of that... then never stop being evil.*

*Still horny?*

*A little, but I think I'll be okay for a period or two. You look like you could use some relief though.*

Emanuel smiled at her, then looked at the clock on the wall. *I wouldn't say no, but I think we're out of time. Besides, I suspect you're entertaining evil thoughts yourself.*

Emanuel watched the devious smile that crossed her face and gulped. *I wasn't yet, but...*

*Damn it...*

“Okay class, settle down. Clearly I no longer need to offer Ms. Kirse relief, and unfortunately we don't have time to allow Mr. Lopez any.” Emanuel watched a smile cross her face. “On more serious issues, a large number of you seem to think this class is one to sleep in. Normally, I'd be powerless to see what the cause is, but the Program has given me a few options. Therefore, today and tomorrow you will not be taught by me, but by Ms. Kirse and Mr. Lopez.”

Emanuel watched as the class cheered. “Do not think of this as a chance to ogle either of them though. I will be paying attention to what they cover, and will be giving you all a quiz tomorrow and Monday.” Emanuel watched as half of the class shifted uncomfortably in their seats. “If I am not satisfied with the results, we will resume the traditional teaching method. If I am, I will use more student teachers in the future.”

Emanuel watched her turn back to them. “While you are both free to use whatever techniques you feel would be most appropriate, understand one thing: I have little patience for tomfoolery. I expect you both to conduct yourselves as teachers, not sexual shock artists. Understood?”

Emanuel glanced at Allison, then nodded his head. “Yes ma'am. We'll make sure that our behavior is appropriate.” He turned toward the class. “For the next two days, we'll be covering the causes and influences of the Program.” He watched with annoyance as a few boys jeered from the back. “Ma'am, do we have all the rights a teacher normally would?”

He watched her think for a moment, then smile. “Sure.”

He smiled, then turned toward the boys. “One more disruption out of you, and you four will be spending the rest of the class naked. Further misbehavior may result in the culprit being temporarily drafted into the program.” He paused. “Legitimate questions are one thing, but disrespect will not be tolerated.” He turned to the rest of the class. “Now that that's out of the way, let's begin. How far back do you think most people would look when dealing with the history of the Program?”

He watched a few hands go up, and pointed to a short brunette. “Yes?”

“About twelve years ago, with the election of President Clinton.”

“I suspect many people would date it back to when the national bill first took effect, but that's as good a date as any. However,” he paused, and turned toward the board and Allison “to truly understand the conditions that caused the Program, we need to go further back.” *Let's start in the 1950's, and go from there. Do you think that general time period well enough?*

*Yeah. Mind starting a time-line on the board for me?*

*Not at all.* Emanuel quickly drew a line across the board, and marked both ends with a vertical line. *Ready when you are.*

“A good year to start would be the 1950's” he heard Allison begin. “This decade is often considered the height of traditional gender norms... or at least, what were traditional norms until recently. Men held down jobs, and women acted as the keeper of the home. It is also true that homosexuality was considered a psychological disease at this point in time.”

Emanuel watched as several people gasped in shock. “Yes, unbelievable by today's standards. This decade represents the last, unquestioned years of the old gender norms. However, things began to change toward the end of the decade.” Emanuel drew another set of vertical lines close to the left pole. “Two key events played a large part of this change. The first was the rise of Communism in Russia, China, and the surrounding countries. Communism's rise and ideology scared America's politicians, and began to increase tensions between the two camps. Eventually, the Cold War began – a war that consisted primarily of political and ideological battles, as well as races to increase the scientific knowledge of the countries involved.”

Emanuel smiled as she continued. “The Cold War led to what was known as the McCarthy era, a period in which Communism was regarded as the great threat to America. As a result, a large number of performers, activists and artists were labeled communists and black labeled. This scare era came to an end, but left a great deal of damage done to the country.”

“The Cold War continued into the 1960's, but by this point the people's faith in the government had been shaken. A counter-culture began to develop in the latter half of



this decade – one which called for greater freedom and rights for groups that had been ignored so far, as well as for the abolition of war. This was the Civil Rights era, and it is here that the women's rights movement first began to gain momentum. Over the next ten or so years, a great number of changes began to occur. The most important two for our discussion were the free love movement, and the development of the birth control pill. Indeed, the former would not have been possible without the latter.”

*Are you noting this down Manny?*

*The important pieces anyway. Keep going if you can.*

“The pill opened up a number of opportunities for women, particularly where sexual freedom was concerned. This period might have continued for longer, had STD's like Hepatitis and AIDS not appeared toward the end of the 1970's. Regardless, this era served to forever make it impossible for women to fully return to the ways of the 1950's and before. Cultural norms had shifted, and many women had begun to view themselves as equal to men. Modern feminism also got its start in this era. It is from this era a number of the Program's ideals originated.”

Emanuel watched as Allison picked up a yo-yo that was sitting nearby, and let it unravel. “Of course, such a swing to the left” he watched her flick it to the left “necessitates a return swing to the right. That's the way history's always been, and it proved true here too.” He watched as the yo-yo swung to the right, then back to the left again. “The conservatives attempted to regain control several times over the next twenty years, and succeeded in turning the clock back to some of the old norms. However, neither side managed to completely take control of the government during these years, so ground was difficult to keep for long.”

He watched Allison gesture towards the time-line. “That brings us the year 2000. The liberals managed to not only get their presidential candidate elected, but they also obtained majority positions in Congress and the judicial system. Thus, they began to attempt to right everything they felt was wrong. The first thing to be adopted was an equal rights amendment for the gay and lesbian community, establishing much needed protections. Then, toward the end of that year, the cures for most of the world's STDs were discovered. A vaccine for HIV/AIDS followed shortly after this.”

*I think that's all I can cover for now.*

*I'll take over then. Would you mind taking care of the time-line while I do?*

*No problem.*

Emanuel stepped away from the board and handed Allison a piece of chalk. “As a result of these advancements, the primary thing which had held back the sexual revolution of the 1970's was rendered moot. So the following year saw the passage of the Equal Protection Act and the Natural Sexuality Act. The EPA provided equal protection

for both genders, while the NSA established a new focus for society – a drive to see sexuality redeemed from the bonds it had been held in for the past three millenia.”

He turned toward the board. “2002 saw three important developments occur. The first was a federal repealing of the state held indecency laws. Second, birth control saw two new forms emerge – the tri-monthlies, and the annuals. Both of these developments allowed for the final development to happen – the first test run of the Program. Four years of testing and refining in different schools around the country allowed for the federal bill to pass which established the Federal Office of Social Awareness. This bill is what established the Program as a national requirement for all publicly funded high schools.”

“The authors of the bill recognized the difficulty some schools might face in adopting the Program, so they provided a six year period in which the new mandate was to be slowly adopted. That is why Old Splitriver is just getting the Program only now.”

“There is a very recent development that needs to be noted. Just last month, a bill was passed modifying the indecent exposure laws repeal. As a result, effective tomorrow, men of all ages can be naked in public places – rather than just women and men under 21, as the bill worked before.”

He watched Allison finish the time-line. “Of course, the course of history is never completely smooth. But the recent bumps leading up to now will need to wait until tomorrow. For homework, look at events leading up to the 1950's and write a small essay on how a few of those may have influenced the Program's current state.”

Emanuel watched as the remaining students closed up their notebooks and packed their bags. *Are we really that impatient? At least half the class started packing up at least a few minutes ago.*

*Apparently so. How do you think we did?*

*We'll need to wait until the bell rings to find out. It shouldn't be very long though.* Suddenly, he heard the bell ring, and watched as the class emptied in a matter of a seconds.

“You both did a good job. I only noticed a few sleeping students, and you covered more than I expected you'd be able to. I'll admit I hoped you would give more than a brief overview of the 50's to 90's, but that's the historian in me talking.”

“Thank you ma'am. We might have been able to cover more, but there wasn't much else that directly aided the Program's development, and the bumps will make for an interesting class in their own right.”

He watched her smile. "I hope you're right. Anyway, I'm satisfied that you both know your stuff, so I think you've earned the memo today." Emanuel watched Allison walk toward her and take the memo.

*Anything interesting on it precious?*

*Yeah... Benerdon is claiming that we live to throw classes into chaos, and that we've only passed previous classes because we cheated.*

*More slander... we should drop this off to Mr. Litski on our way to class.*

*True. It'll be safe in his hands, and we don't know who else Benerdon has working for her.*

"You both have lunch next, right? You should probably be on your way."

Emanuel nodded, grabbed his bag, and headed toward the door. *Ready precious?*

He watched as she grabbed hers and hooked her arm into his. *Ready. Have you had a chance to take a look at the books Tony lent you yet?*

*Just a small one. I thought we could thoroughly look at them together sometime over the next few days. One of them does look pretty interesting though.*

He watched her face light up. *Oh? Which one?*

*It's called "the Loving Dominant", and it's supposed to be about approaching that kind of a relationship in a loving way. I glanced at it, and we may need to look at a few of the others for some of the technical knowledge though.*

*Are the activities dangerous or something?*

*The ones we probably don't have the equipment for, probably. The ones we can do shouldn't be too risky.*

*We should have some time after the party on Saturday. Oh, did you notice?*

*That we've made it to Litski's office? Yeah. Let's quickly hand of the memo, and be on our way.*

"Mr. Litski? We have another memo for your file."

Emanuel watched him look up at them and stand. "Ah, thank you Ms. Kirse." He watched as he made his way over and silently grabbed the paper. "Don't you have lunch now?"

“Yes sir... we just wanted to get this to you as soon as we could. We should be on our way now though.”

“Very well Mr. Lopez.”

*Why is it that when I actually want people around to make requests, there are none?*

*You're right precious... the halls are unnaturally quiet. Normally we'd run into at least a few stragglers. I wouldn't worry too much about it though.*

*Why?*

*Because we're both bound to get a request or two at lunch.*

*True... especially if I allow myself to have a bit of fun first.* Emanuel suddenly felt the fingers of her free arm brush his penis.

*Evil woman...*

Emanuel heard her laugh. “Just wait until we get to the cafeteria. Then you'll really be calling me evil.”

“Then I guess I won't have long to wait.”

He watched her look up and notice that they were in front of the double doors. “It's funny how quick that trip is sometimes, isn't it? Oh well.”

.....  
Thursday Afternoon  
.....

Emanuel began to step through the doors, when he suddenly felt her free hand wrap around his penis and squeeze gently.

Allison

“Are you particularly hungry now Manny?”

Allison watched him pause in thought for a moment. “No... why do you ask?”

She smiled, squeezed a little harder, and led him by the penis into the middle of the cafeteria. “Do you trust me?”

She watched him nod his head, then pause, a worried look on his face. “What do you have in mind?”

She smiled. “Nothing that goes against the rules for reasonable requests.”

*This is going to be payback for earlier, isn't it?*

She let an evil smile appear on her face. “What makes you think that?” *So, should I continue? If you let me, you need to take whatever I have planned.*

Allison watched him think nervously for a few moments. “I may regret this later, but...” he paused for a moment “go ahead.”

Allison let the smile grow, then turned toward as many students as she could. Raising her voice, she shouted out: “Could I have everyone's attention for a moment?” She smiled as most of the cafeteria turned to face her. She lowered her voice and continued. “As most of you know, the man standing next to me is Emanuel Lopez, my partner. He was most evil earlier, teasing me when all I wanted to do was orgasm. I think it only appropriate to return the favor now. But all alone won't be nearly as much fun as if I had some help...”

*What have I gotten myself into?*

*Only what you've earned. Don't worry, I'm sure you'll enjoy it.*

Allison watched as a number of girls and guys came forward. She quickly glanced over them. “Girls only this time. Sorry boys.” She smiled as a few more girls came forward, noticing Kara amongst them. *Are any of these the girls you played with during gym?*

She watched him glance at the group. *Yeah, Jane and Cosette.*

Allison pointed to Kara and a tall red-head. “You two can join me, as well as Jane and Cosette.” She watched as Emanuel gulped when he saw the selection. *Which girl is Cosette, and which one is Jane?*

*Jane is the blonde, and Cosette's the red head.* She watched as he seemed to pause for a moment. *Do you really think Kara is such a great choice?*

*I think this will make her day, and I suspect she'd never make a request by herself. Besides, what harm can this really cause?*

Allison turned towards the girls and began to whisper. “Okay, here's how this is going to work. For the next twenty minutes, we're going to have fun with Manny's penis. Anything short of penetrative sex is allowed. The only other condition is, if he is at any point close to cumming, the girl who was playing must stop, and go to the end of the line. The next girl in line will let Manny cool down for a few moments, then begin again.”

She watched the smile light up on Kara's face. "What happens when the time is up?" she heard her whisper back.

Allison smiled. "If anybody besides me is currently up, my turn begins immediately. I want to see if we can knock him unconscious with this, and I'm likely the only one who can effectively do that."

She watched as all four girls pouted at once. "But... why? And how will we know? He could be sneaky and try to hide when he's close."

Allison shook her head and sighed. "Kara, you should know why. And I can tell – there is no way he can hide anything like that from me." She glanced toward Emanuel, then turned back. "Are we all in agreement?"

She smiled as they all nodded their heads. *Oh Manny...*

*What do you want me to do now?*

She smiled innocently. *Merely be honest with me about how everything feels.* She looked up at him with her best sad puppy face. *Oh... and warn me when you're close to cumming.*

She watched him try to resist. *Damn it... where did you learn to do that?*

*Well, I was a little girl once...*

*And because I'm an only child, I never had a chance to become resistant to it... fine. But you madam... are pure evil.*

She smiled innocently again. "Who, me?", then turned toward the girls. "Okay, let's begin." She pointed to the red-head. "I think the order should be you, Cosette, Jane, Kara, and myself."

"But... why can't I go first? Why does Cassie get that privilege?"

Allison shook her head again, and began to whisper in Kara's ear. "Because I suspect that, despite having access to other Program boys this week, you've not made a single request, and have the least experience of all of us here. I suspect you were saving your first touching for Manny. By going before me, you have a chance to pick up a few things first."

"I suppose you have a point."

*You may want to sit down sweetheart.* Allison watched him sit down at a nearby table, smiled again, and turned toward Cassie. "Begin when you're ready."

Allison watched Cassie approach Emanuel and kneel in front of him. She watched her gently run her left hand's fingertips up and down the length of Emanuel's penis, while her right hand massaged his balls. *And I thought she'd start out more intense.*

*More intense? It's a good thing she's being gentle with her right hand, or I'd be screaming in pain right now.*

*So, she has the pressure there just right?*

Allison watched Emanuel gasp as Cassie closed her left hand around his penis and began to pump up and down. *You could say that...*

Allison grinned, and watched as Cassie began to alternate her grip, switching between a closed hand and open fingers every once in a while. *How's that feel?*

*Different... good, but a little different.* Allison watched as Emanuel's eyes began to close, and his breathing sped up.

*Soon?*

*Yeah.*

“Next!” Allison motioned to Cosette. She watched Cosette quickly step forward, shedding her shirt and bra. *Wait, is she?*

*Going to do what you think she is? Maybe. I'm surprised she's so willing to take off any of her clothing though.*

*Nervous freshman type?*

*That's the vibe I got before at least.*

Allison watched Cosette kneel down and stick a hand underneath her jeans. The hand emerged a few moments later, slightly shiny, and went straight for Emanuel's penis. She watched Emanuel smile as Cosette rubbed his penis a few times, then positioned it in between her breasts.

“What inspired this Cosette?” she heard Emanuel ask.

“Well, what you did felt so wonderful earlier, and I wanted to do something nice in return. Does this not feel good?”

Allison quietly knelt next to Cosette and began to whisper in her ear. “I'm certain it feels very good to him – he seemed to like it when I tried it a few days ago.”

“Oh... that's good to know.”

Allison stood up and glanced up at the nearby clock. *Five minutes down...*

*And how long are you girls going to be teasing me for?*

Allison stuck out her tongue at Emanuel. *If I told you, it would ruin the surprise.*

*Evil woman.*

Allison smiled and glanced over at Cosette again, noticing the smile on the girl's face. *Good, she's enjoying herself too.* Allison continued to watch, noticing the smile begin to widen. *Is she about to orgasm?*

*Yeah... and I'm starting to get close too. You should probably stand behind her.*

Allison moved behind Cosette, and started to open her mouth, only to be cut off as a loud scream left Cosette's mouth. Suddenly, she felt Cosette thump into her.

*Wow... she really is louder than me.* Allison motioned to Cassie to come by her. "Help me get her somewhere safe. Jane, you're up next."

"Do I need to..."

Allison nodded her head and helped sit Cosette down at the table Emanuel was at. "Huh? Wasn't I just in front of Emanuel?"

Allison smiled and handed Cosette her clothing. "Yeah, but you orgasmed from what you were doing. Your breasts must be really sensitive."

She watched Cosette smile nervously. "I guess they are. Is that odd?"

"Not at all. Besides, it's nice when doing something nice for someone else feels good."

Allison watched Cosette glance over at Emanuel and Jane. "It's not like I could do what Jane is about to."

Allison turned around in time to see Jane deep throat Emanuel in one motion. "Wow... I didn't think that was possible to do with someone as big as Manny." Allison watched as a familiar face came over.

"And I thought you were loud sis" Allison heard her sister say.

Allison watched a nervous smile appear on Cosette's face. "Was I really that loud?"



Allison smiled, glanced over at Emanuel, and patted Cosette on the shoulder. “I didn't think anyone could be louder than me. Don't worry about it... I'm sure you'll find someone who will love that about you.”

Allison watched Cosette lean in close to her. “Can I claim you as a big sister? I don't have anyone who I can go to about stuff like this.”

*Cosette is sweet. Nervous, but I suspect after what she did, she won't have any problem finding a boy friend.*

*Yeah. You should tell Jane to stop really soon.*

“Jane! It's Kara's turn.”

“Aww...”

Allison turned back to Cosette as Jane stood up. “Are you sure? Like Manny, I'm a senior, so I won't be around after this year is up.”

“I'm sure.”

“Okay then.” Allison looked up at the clock again. *Fourteen minutes down.*

*Evil...*

*How's Kara?*

*Surprisingly good. She's trying to deep throat me, but without much success. Oh, why is Cosette still topless?*

*Good question.* “Cosette, is there a reason you haven't put your bra and shirt back on?”

She watched the look of confusion move over Cosette's face. “I haven't?” Allison watched her look down, then back at Allison. “For some reason, I feel more comfortable this way... at least, around you.”

*Wait until Mrs. Frauhold hears about this. We'll probably be put up for some sort of award.*

*And knowing our luck, if we win, we'll be required to accept said reward naked.* Allison glanced over at Emanuel and Kara. *Kara looks quite happy.*

*Agreed. She's actually kind of talented with her hands.*

*Oh?*

*There's something nice about the gentleness in her touch... it feels a little like when you're touching me.*

*A little like?*

*Yeah. The sensation is much more intense and noticeable with you.*

*Good.*

“Um... big sis? Is there a history between them? You were looking a bit worried there for a moment.”

Allison breathed in and out for a second. “You could say that. Kara and Emanuel have been Kempo partners for years, and apparently she's had a crush on him for a long time.”

“Oh... that makes sense. Why did you choose her then?”

“I suppose I wanted to allow her to have some fun, and if she didn't have any this week I doubt she'd try with anyone else.” Allison paused, and look up at the clock again. “Besides, no matter how good she is, our emotional bond means much more to Manny than anything physical.”

“I wish I had someone like that.”

“What's holding you back?”

“Part of it is that I'm new to Split-river, and I really don't know anybody yet. A few boys have asked me out, but...” Allison heard her voice start to drop to a whisper “they've all been freshmen too. And... I'm not really into boys my age.”

Allison responded back in a whisper. “How much older do you like them?”

“About... your age. All the boys in my classes do really dumb things, and that just isn't attractive.”

*I'm getting close again.*

“I might know someone who you might like. Would you like me to introduce you a little later?” Allison smiled as a great grin appeared on Cosette's face. “Anyway, it looks like it's my turn now.” Allison turned toward Kara. “My turn!”

Allison watched Kara hesitantly disengage. *Eighteen minutes down. Are you ready for me?*

*More than I'd say. You're driving me crazy with all of this teasing.*

Allison giggled, kissed him full on the lips, then knelt down in front of Emanuel. *Good... Don't worry, I won't let you be teased for too much longer.* She gently wrapped her right hand around his penis, and placed her left hand at his neck. She slowly began to explore his body with that hand while keeping the other one completely still. She smiled as that hand met her right one. *And... time!*

Allison grinned again and plunged her mouth onto Emanuel's penis, getting about half way down it. *Okay, relax and...* She took a deep breath, and plunged the rest of the way. She felt his hands suddenly come to gently rest on her head.

*Where'd you learn that?*

She began to move her head up and down. *I thought about it, and figured that might be the trick to it. Anyway, whenever you're ready to cum, feel free to.*

She started to hum. *Good... because I'm about to...* “Now!”

Allison waited a few seconds, then pulled her head back, letting some of his cum settle on her tongue. *Yummy. Do you still think I'm evil?* She pulled her head up the rest of the way and swallowed as she felt a few spurts hit her breasts. *Manny?* She smiled as all she got was black.

“Did we succeed?”

Allison turned toward Cosette and the girls. “Yes, I think we did.” She looked down at her breasts. “Looks like I failed to get it all. Did any of you want to taste Manny's cum?”

Allison watched Kara smile and scoop some off with her fingers. “Hmm... not bad.”

“Um... may I just lick some off?”

She smiled again. “Of course Cosette.”

Allison gasped softly as Cosette gently licked up the remaining cum. *That's kind of hot precious.*

*Conscious already? Oh well, I suppose even a little blackout time is something.*

*You deliciously evil woman you... I didn't think you'd go that far.*

Allison sat down next to him. “So?”

She watched him smile. “That was the most intense orgasm I've had yet.”

Allison smiled back. “That was the intention. Anyway, let's get our food and eat before the crowd descends on us.”

“I may need some help getting around for a moment. My legs still feel like they're made of jelly.”

Allison motioned to Kara and Cosette. “Cassie already left, but she says she had fun. I think Jane is on the hunt for one of the other Program boys. Did we turn him into jelly legs?”

*Mrs. Frauhold is approaching us precious.*

“Did you two forget this morning's announcement?”

“Oops... sorry Mrs. Frauhold. I'm guessing you wanted to say something to us?”

Allison watched a smile cross her face. “Precisely Ms. Kirse. As soon as Mr. Lopez is able to support himself, I'd like you two to come you two to follow me.”

“Can we grab something to eat first?”

“I wouldn't bother Mr. Lopez. There is pizza waiting in the Vice-Principal's office for both of you.”

“Oh, okay. Can I conclude one thing first?”

Allison watched her look up at the clock. “Better yet, I'll help Mr. Lopez get over to the office. As soon as you conclude your business, make your way over as well.”

Allison nodded her head. *Manny, I want to introduce Cosette to Tony. I know he may still be hurting from Emily, but I think they might get along really well.*

*It's worth a shot. Can you handle both of our bags?*

*Sure.* “Come on Cosette.”

A moment later, Allison spotted Tony sitting at a nearby table. “Hey Tony. I want to introduce you to someone. This is Cosette.”

“Oh?” Allison watched him look Cosette up and down, then shoot a glance at Allison.

*He seems to think she could be another Emily.*

*That image is fresh in his mind Ally. Hopefully he gives her a fair chance.*

*For her sake, I hope so... she looks smitten.* “Cosette is a freshman, and could use some trustworthy friends. I had thought that you two might get along.”

Allison felt Cosette tug at her arm. “Big sis, did something happen to him lately? He looks suspicious of me.”

Allison whispered back: “Manny and I went on a double date with him and a friend last night. She was awful to him and might have broken his heart. He's really sweet though. Let me see if I can break through his stubbornness.” *Manny, Tony's being rude. What should I do about it?*

*Try to reason with him one more time. If he doesn't respond to that, slap him upside the head and tell him it's from me.*

Allison turned back to Tony. “Would it kill you to be polite to the girl?” She watched him shrug his shoulders. “Fine. By the way...” she paused and smacked him, “that was from Manny.”

She watched him shake his head. “You're right, I was being rude.” Allison nudged Cosette forward. “I was hurt by a date last night, but it was wrong of me to let that lead me to disrespect you. I'm sorry.”

Allison watched Cosette sit down across from him. “I think you're handsome.”

“And you're very cute. Are you half in the Program?”

Allison watched her blush and laugh. “No, I gave the Sex God a tit-job earlier, that's all. What happened to your arm?”

“That title's reached the freshmen already? I didn't think it would spread that quickly. Anyway...”

*It looks like that worked. Do you need to do that often?*

*Very rarely actually. I think this is the fourth time he's earned a smack.*

*Wow. Let me quickly give Cosette my number, and then I'll be on my way.* Allison pulled out a pen and scrap of paper, and quickly scrawled her number on it. She tapped Cosette on the shoulder and handed it to her.

“What's this big sis?”

“My number, in case you need to talk during non-school hours.”

Allison watched Cosette leap up and hug her. “Thank you big sis.”

Allison smiled and headed toward the doors to the hallway.

*So?*

*She seemed happy at least. I guess we'll need to wait and see.*

*True. Try to get here quickly if you can.*

*Okay. Assuming no stray RR's I should be there in a few minutes.*

Allison picked up speed, and before she knew it, she was at the door to the Vice-Principal's office.

“Ms. Kirse, you're finally here. The others have already left, but it's okay. I have a few things to tell you, then you're both free to go.” Allison quietly entered, put down the bags, and sat next to Emanuel.

“First, you should already know about the outreach part of the Program. We are encouraging you to continue your nudity at home and in public places. If you decide to do this, Program rules only apply if the location posts one of...” Allison watched her pause and point to a sign “these signs.”

“Do businesses have the same rights our teachers do?”

“No Ms. Kirse. They can offer discounts or other special services in exchange for nudity or sexual activities, but you can ignore those offers if you chose to. Any other questions about the outreach arm of the Program should be answered by the pamphlet you were given on Monday.”

Allison watched her turn around , then turn back a moment later. “The second thing deals with the forms in my hands. As you may know, each school has the right to establish its own small rewards for exceptional participants. What aren't well known are the state and federal awards that are given twice a year. As luck would have it, there is a new set of awards being offered this year to schools just adopting the Program now, and their first participants.”

“That is what these forms are for. We think that you both have the potential to win a few of these awards. Allison, we would like to nominate you for 'Greatest Transformation Due to the Program' and 'Top Recruiter for the Program'. Emanuel, you could be up for 'Most Supportive Partner' and 'Ideal Program Participant'. We'd like to nominate you both for the 'Cupid's Targets' award. The smallest of these awards carry decent prizes, like technology packages or vacations. Your individual nominations all come with significant scholarships to most colleges in the country.”

Allison watched her hold out the forms. “Of course, without your signatures on these release forms, the nominations alone don't mean much. If you would be willing to sign them, and perhaps take a few suggestions on how to improve your chances of winning, we think it would be worth your time and effort.”

*Is this worth it sweetheart?*

*Depends on the suggestions. But a chance to get serious college money is really tempting.*

*Yeah. I'm sure Mom and Dad have been saving for awhile, but this would allow me to go just about anywhere. And Grandma had said she was willing to help, but I doubt the colleges she would accept would take the scholarships.*

*Gotcha. I want to read over the legalese first, and see exactly what we're releasing the rights to.*

“They're just standard issue release forms – the right to print and use your stories, interviews, and photos/videos in future Program literature. If you want time to review them yourselves and return them tomorrow, that's fine.”

“Is that all Ms. Frauhold?”

Allison watched her shake her head. “No Ms. Kirse. I'm a little disappointed that I had to hunt you down. However, I am impressed by what I saw.”

Allison felt herself blush. “How much of it did you see?”

“Most of it. I came in halfway through the first girl's turn. Was that exchange your idea, or Mr. Lopez's?”

Allison smiled. “All mine. It was a lot of fun.”

“How did you feel about it Mr. Lopez?”

Allison watched Emanuel begin to open his mouth, then pause. “Well, the girls' touches were pretty good. It was a little awkward having Kara be one of them, but the smile on her face was worth it.” *Hopefully that decision doesn't hurt us later...*

“Interesting... By the way, it looked like you fainted for a moment from your orgasm.”

Allison smiled. “Yeah, I did.” *Don't think I won't get you back for that by the way.*

Allison let herself pout. *I thought you'd like it.*

*I did. Now that I've had a taste of how that feels, I want to do it to you more often.*

Allison smiled. *Not too often please. Sometimes an ordinary orgasm would be nice.*

“So the rumors are true...”

Allison looked at Ms. Frauhold. “What rumors?”

“That you two can have complete conversations without saying a word.”

Allison watched Emanuel gulp nervously. “What leads you to say that?” she heard him ask.

“The expressions on your faces spoke to some detailed understanding passing between you. What puzzles me is that most of the time you weren't looking at each other.”

*Should we precious?*

*Why not. She's onto us already.* “We seem to be able to communicate telepathically. That's how we do it.”

Allison watched her face light up. “Interesting... do any of your teachers know about this? How about the administrators?”

Allison paused in thought. “Our psychology teacher knows, and Mr. Litski may have his suspicions, but that's it. We haven't told anyone else but a few trusted friends, nor do we intend to tell anyone else.” she heard Emanuel reply.

“Good. You both have a good sense about people – that will serve you well in life. Anyway, you have about fifteen minutes until the end of the period. You should probably eat while you have the chance.

*I hope the pizza's still warm.*

*Me too precious.*

Allison reached for a slice from the nearby open box and silently bit into it. *Nope, cold. At least it's not cold school pizza.*

She smiled as Emanuel laughed. *True, that would be awful. Any idea what your mom has planned for your birthday?*



*We're going out to a restaurant. Mom hasn't told me exactly which one yet, but I don't think it'll be a very fancy one.*

*Who else are you going to invite?*

*Normally, I'd invite George, but he's been kind of weird this week.*

*Do you think it's possible that he has a crush on you?*

*Maybe. Other than him, I think Cosette, Laura and Tony would be a good mix of people.*

*Sounds good. Do you think your mom might encourage us to engage in outreach?*

*She might, but I'm not sure Dad would allow it. Although, if Laura and Cosette join in too, that would probably change his mind. She paused, grabbed another slice, and started on it. Your birthday is coming up soon as well, right?*

*Yeah, on Sunday. I'm not looking forward to it though.*

*Why? Won't that allow you to access your bank account?*

*She watched him shake his head, and grab the last slice. Not until Monday, when I can fill out the appropriate paperwork. Besides, once that happens, I'll probably need to find a new place to live.*

*Right, because of your Dad. Maybe my parents would be willing to help?*

*I wouldn't want to impose on them. Besides, wouldn't your Dad have a problem with that too?*

*I'm sure after everything you've done for me, he won't.*

*We'll deal with that if the time comes up. Anyway, I think it's about time for us to go.*

*Okay, I just finished anyway, and I'm curious what fun poses Mrs. Rose has in mind for today. Suddenly, Allison heard the bell ring as they stepped through the door.*

*Which do you think is more likely Ally? Something sexy or something romantic?*

*Probably romantic, but the class will likely mutiny if she doesn't give them something sexy.*

*Then hopefully she gives us something both. The sexy is nice, but that alone just feels like it's missing something.*

*True. How close are we to the room?*

*Not too far. I think we might have some RR's approaching though.*

Allison watched as Kara and a pair of boys approached. "We'd like you to pose for us, and let us play with your breasts" she heard them say in unison.

*Twin effect... that's a little creepy.*

*Agreed Manny. "What did you have in mind?"*

She watched the shorter one smile. "Legs apart, with your chest forward, and your butt out."

*I was expecting another zombie request.*

*Me too Ally.*

Emanuel

Emanuel watched Allison strike the pose, defiantly resting her hands on her hips. "Like this?"

He watched them nod their heads enthusiastically. "How about our other request?" he heard the other one ask.

*"You have three minutes."*

He watched them nod again, and begin to play with a different breast each.

Emanuel watched Kara turn toward him. "I want to give you another blow-job, and I want you to cum in my mouth."

He turned to Allison. *Should I let her Ally?*

*Do you think you have enough time?*

*Maybe.* He looked up and down, and felt his penis start to harden. *Are those two any good?*

*Unfortunately, no. The shorter one's too gentle, and the taller one is just a little too rough.*

*I'll take proper care of you later.* He turned back to Kara. "I can only give you three minutes. Is that okay?"

He watched her pause in thought for a moment, then nod her head. He watched as she smiled, knelt down in front of him, and silently pulled up her shirt and bra.

*Am I interpreting her look properly?*

*It looks like she hopes you find her breasts attractive.*

Emanuel looked at Kara's large B breasts. *Well, they are pretty. Yours are better though.*

*They better be.*

Emanuel smiled gently at Kara. "You're breasts are pretty." He watched a smile break out on her face. Suddenly, she plunged her mouth forward, taking half of his penis at once. *She's been busy practicing.*

*She must really want to make you happy. How is she?*

*Better than before. I don't think she'll be able to deep throat me though.*

*You're big... I'm impressed that I can sometimes deep throat you.*

Emanuel watched as Kara struggled to get the last half of his penis in her mouth. "I'm larger than average... don't worry if you can't take all of me at once." He smiled as she began to relax a little, and began to hum.

*Is she humming?*

*Yeah... and it feels really good. She must have been taking notes earlier.* He looked down at Kara again. "I'm going to cum soon..." Suddenly, he felt his orgasm begin to peak. "Cumming!"

*Do you think she'll be able to swallow all of your cum?*

*Considering the job you did earlier, there should be less than normal. But, if she's not used to it, maybe not.* He felt the last of the orgasm fade. *Looks like she did it.* "You can stop now Kara. Anything more, and it'll start to hurt."

He smiled at her as she pulled her head back, swallowed, and smiled. "I didn't think I'd have enough time. Was I any good?"

*Do you think she's asking what I think she is?*

*Yeah. Give her the truth Manny.*

“If you're asking if you're as good as Allison, then no. But, that's a standard you should never feel the need to strive for – she's the love of my life, and that plays a huge part in how good she makes me feel.” He watched the pout appear on her face. “You were quite good... I didn't expect I'd be able to go from not turned on at all to ready to orgasm so quickly.”

*Now that's a smile. I'm sure my pose was part of the quick turn around.*

*Yeah, a big part of it. But there was genuine passion in her action too, and that played a large part of it as well.*

He watched her stand up. “Are my breasts really as pretty as hers, or were you just saying that to make me feel better?”

*She doesn't quite get it, does she Ally?*

*Apparently not.* “Time's up boys.” He watched them pout and wander off as Allison turned toward Kara. “Listen. You could have the most gorgeous figure in the world or have the greatest sexual skill, and it still wouldn't be enough to equal the effect our love for each other has. Don't torture yourself with standards that are not yours to meet. He finds you attractive, and you have considerable skill – isn't that enough?”

Emanuel watched Kara turn away for a moment, then turn back. “You're right Allison, but I don't want to accept that truth. It means I've lost.”

Emanuel motioned down the corridor. “We need to get to class, but we can continue this conversation while we do that.” He watched Kara nod her head and begin to walk next to them. “Have you tried thinking about it a different way? Rather than having lost me, you've opened the place for your own true love to come into.”

He smiled as the thought sunk into her head. “Yeah... But does that mean I can't have fun with you anymore?”

Emanuel turned to Allison. *After this week is up, how do you want to handle other people?*

*Well, part of me wants to have sole ownership of you, but there will be other participants, and we could miss out on a lot of fun that way. I think I could be comfortable with allowing occasional play with selected others outside of the Program.*

*Others like Kara and Laura?*

*Yeah... and possibly Tony as well?*

*Well, I do trust him, so that could work. We'll need to work out the specifics, and no amount of play happens without the other person knowing about it, and approving it.*

*Agreed.*

“Until this week is up, you have your normal Program rights. After that, we'll have to play the rest by mutual agreement.”

Emanuel watched Kara pause and turn toward Allison. “You're willing to share him? That's awfully generous of you.”

He smiled as Allison smiled. “We'll need time to figure out the exact rules later, but yeah, I'm willing to share him.”

Emanuel watched in surprise as Kara stripped off her shirt and bra, and hugged Allison. “Thank you. I don't know that I'd trust anyone else with a lot of my first experiences, and if you're reactions are any sign, I'd hate to miss out on a lover of Emanuel's caliber.” He watched her stuff the shirt and bra into her bag. “That freshman girl can do this, so why shouldn't I be allowed to, right?”

He watched Allison smile. “It's weird. A few days ago, I couldn't imagine going around naked, especially in school. But now, it feels much more natural.” *What would you think about me inviting Kara to my party?*

*I think your Mom might look at you funny, but if you feel like you're friends, then why not?*

“Kara, would you like to come to my birthday party tomorrow?”

“Are you sure? Don't you have friends you're closer to that should get an invitation first?”

Emanuel watched Allison pause in thought. “I don't have many close friends, and you've proven yourself as more of a friend than most of the people I once called a friend. So yeah, I'm sure.”

“Okay then... I'd be happy to come. When will you have the details?”

“Tomorrow. I'll make sure to pass them onto you before the school day is over. Anyway, our class is in here.”

“Okay. I'll see you both later!”

*We're a little later than usual precious.*

*Yeah. That was important though.*

*Agreed.*

Emanuel peered into the room, and watched as their teacher's eyes caught his. "If you two had been any later, I might have started to give some credence to the principal's memo."

Emanuel nudged Allison forward. "Oh? And what does this memo have to say about us Mrs. Rose?"

He watched her eyes light up. "She's been a busy little bee, hasn't she?" He heard her pause for a moment. "I'd like you two to perform a special pose for me. If you do, I'll give you the memo."

*What do you think she has in mind sweetheart?*

"What poses did you have in mind Mrs. Rose?"

"I should probably give you two a choice of poses, since the first may be too..." he heard her pause again "personal." Emanuel watched her point to the couch. "Your first choice is to take a love making position – any one will do. But, you can't merely simulate making love..." he heard her pause again "actual penetration is required for this option."

*I don't want my first time to be in front of the class Manny.*

*Agreed. Tell her then.*

"Mrs. Rose, I'm still a virgin, and I'd rather my first time is private."

"Then that leaves option two: a series of three poses, two blatantly sexual. The first will have Allison grabbing you by the penis Emanuel, and seeming to lead you somewhere. The other two will involve one of you settling down, about to give oral stimulation to the other."

"Can we actually stimulate each other while in the poses?"

Emanuel watched her smile. "I was hoping you'd ask that Allison. That will present a challenge to the class, but maybe a challenge is what they need. However, if you chose to do that, I can't offer either of you relief now."

*Are you sure about this precious?*

*One-hundred percent. Besides, how often will the class have to draw someone in the middle of an orgasm?*

*True.*

"Any more requests Allison?"

“Just one more. I'd like it if we can do a fourth pose.”

Emanuel watched her eyes rise in interest again. “What did you have in mind?”

He watched Allison smile. “Manny standing behind me, holding my breasts like a bra would.”

*Just holding?*

*You can play a little if you want to.*

“That should be in line with Program standards. Okay, I'll allow it. Complete these four poses, and the memo is yours at the end of the period.”

Emanuel watched as the class entered. “Assume the first holding position.”

“Which one?”

“You holding him Allison.”

Emanuel watched her turn towards the class. “You will have four poses to draw today, two of which will involve movement. What moment of these poses you choose to capture is up to you, but you may want to draw the non-moving parts of the body first, then fill in details that are changing.”

Emanuel gasped as Allison's hand grabbed his penis and pumped it a few times.  
*Was that necessary Ally?*

*Totally. If you're not partially hard, I don't really have a good grip, do I?*

*You're still evil. Anyway, I'm really proud of you.*

*For?*

*For continuing to change and grow. I'm sure you've surprised a lot of people with the progress you've made over the past few days.*

*Good, let them be surprised. I like the new me, and I don't want to go back to the old one.*

*I like the new you too.*

“Their faces keep changing Mrs. Rose. We can't draw them this way.” he heard a student complain.

“Deal with it. Consider it practice for the other poses.” Emanuel watched her glance up at the clock. “You have five more minutes with this pose.

*Does your mom know that we have Kempo tomorrow?*

*I'll make sure she's taken that into account.*

*Which pose do you think she'll have us do next?*

*Which one would you prefer sweetheart?*

*The one you suggested. I doubt either of us is turned on enough to make the oral positions possible.*

*I can see her having you go down on me, or trying my request. I don't think she wants to challenge the class that much... at least, not right away.*

*Right, my head doesn't need to move as much as yours does.*

Emanuel watched the teacher glance up at the clock a few more times, then face the class. “Pencils down.” He watched her turn toward them. “For your next pose, I'd like Allison to sit facing the class. Emanuel, you should be in front of her, down on both knees.”

*Sweet revenge... “Mrs. Rose, could I have a pillow to kneel on?”*

Emanuel watched a large pillow fly at him. “That request is reasonable.” He watched her turn toward the class again. “Once they are in the position, you may start.”

*Please don't make me faint again. You won't have anyone to pose with if that happens.*

Emanuel knelt down on the pillow. *All right... I'll save that for another time.* Emanuel smiled and parted Allison's labia. He watched as the teacher flashed him five fingers.

*What does she mean by that?*

*It means I have to wait five minutes before I can start moving.*

*And you've called me evil... she must be a mastermind.*

*Oh? Is the anticipation too much for you to bear?*

He smiled as Allison blushed. *Yes damnit! I can't help it... my imagination is filling up with images of you're going to do and how wonderful it's going to feel.*



*As soon as she gives me the okay, I'll start. Oh, and could you try not to shout-think in the future? I didn't think this could carry volume, but somehow it does.*

Emanuel watched the blush disappear and be replaced by a look of concern. *I'm sorry Manny, I didn't realize our gift works that way. You're not mad that I got frustrated, are you?*

*You have every right to be frustrated.*

Emanuel paused, and noticed a thumbs up from the teacher out of the corner of his eye. *Ready precious?*

*Please... eat me...*

Emanuel smiled. *As you wish.*

He began to slowly lick up and down Allison's slit. *Even better than I imagined it.*

*So you wouldn't mind being woken up this way?*

Emanuel felt Allison's legs tense. *That would be a wonderful way to wake up.*

*Good.* He smiled inwardly as Allison began to moan.

“Mrs. Rose, surely he shouldn't be...” he heard a student start to complain.

“Can it. You all wanted a sexual pose... it's hard to get more sexual than this.”

Emanuel began to hum, and heard Allison's moans become louder.

*You evil... magnificent bastard you... You're determined to make me squirt again, aren't you?*

*Not at all. If that does happen, all the better. Besides, if I was truly evil...*

He watched Allison's eyes light up. *You'd go for my...* Emanuel nudged his tongue up a little higher *clit!* He smiled inwardly again as Allison began to scream. Suddenly, he felt her body shake as a piercing scream leapt from her mouth, and the warm liquid of her orgasm began to hit his face.

*Please no more. I don't think I could take another one of those.*

Emanuel stopped, swallowed, and smiled up at her. *You taste wonderful precious.*

*And you are fantastic. I think I'll need a few minutes to recover from that.*

“Class, fill in any last details.” Emanuel watched Mrs. Rose turn toward them.  
“You can take a short break.”

*Sit by me Manny.*

Emanuel stood up and gently sat on the couch next to her. *Content precious?*

He watched her merely smile, then lean in suddenly as their lips met in a kiss.  
*What do you think?*

Emanuel felt her disengage from the kiss. He smiled and grabbed her hand.

“Allison, are you recovered enough to stand yet?”

“I believe so Mrs. Rose” Emanuel heard her reply, then watched her stand up.

Allison

“Good. Assume the other holding pose. You may include some movement if you wish.”

Allison watched Emanuel stand up and wrap his arms around her stomach. *We should probably face the class for this position.*

*I was thinking of handling this one from the side, but that makes more sense.*  
Allison turned to face the class, and felt Emanuel's hands ease their way up to her breasts as he turned with her.

“But Mrs. Rose, he's covering her breasts! Isn't that against Program rules?”  
Allison heard a student complain.

“Not at all. If she was covering her own breasts, that would be one thing. Even if a pose called for that, I have the last call on what is appropriate for this class, and I approved this pose.”

Allison felt Emanuel's hands widen slightly and close again, trapping her nipples in between his fingers. *Are you trying to appease the hyenas Manny?*

*Nope. It's more fun to play this way.*

“You have five minutes to draw this pose class. Begin.”

Allison gasped softly as Emanuel gently squeezed her right breast. *You tease.*

*What, you want me to go straight for the kill? Even if I wasn't supposed to be a bra for you, surely you wouldn't begrudge me my own fun.*

*But I'm already starting to get horny again, And don't think I can't feel your penis poking me back there.*

*Allison felt her breasts get squeezed a little harder. Interesting... Sarcasm can be transmitted this way too... Besides, do you honestly expect him not to respond when I'm this close to you?*

*Not at all, if my reactions to your presence is any indicator of normalcy. Allison felt Emanuel's fingertips brush across the skin of her breasts. Please, please play with my breasts some more. Allison smiled a moment later as Emanuel began to squeeze her breasts more frequently.*

Allison closed her eyes, and let herself focus on Emanuel's touches.

“Pencils down.”

*Has it really been five minutes Manny?*

*Apparently.*

*Do we really need to stop now? I'm still horny.*

Allison felt Emanuel give one last squeeze before he gently pulled his hands away. *Unfortunately, yeah.*

Allison watched Mrs. Rose turn toward them. “Last pose. Allison, feel free to use the pillow if you want to.” She watched her turn back to the class. “You will have ten minutes to draw once they're ready.”

Allison knelt down on the pillow. *Looks like she's giving the class five minutes of non-movement again Ally.*

*Good.* Allison wrapped her hand around Emanuel's penis.

*Are you sure you're not the mastermind here, and Mrs. Rose is your puppet?*

*Positive. At worst, we're equals.*

*And at best?*

*Colleagues.* Allison glanced over at Mrs. Rose, watched her shrug, and then give a thumbs up. Allison smiled and looked up at Emanuel.

*Has it been five minutes already?*

*More like two.* Allison licked her lips, took a deep breath, and in one motion took most of Emanuel's penis into her mouth.

*You're getting quite good at that precious.*

*It's fun, and you taste good. Are you suggesting I shouldn't be trying to improve my skills?*

*Not at all. I was just making an observation.* Allison began to lift and lower her head. *So good... by the way, it looks like one of the hyenas is unhappy with this pose too.*

*Oh? A guy or a girl?*

*Girl. One of the brunettes in the back.*

“Just to be clear class – any more complaints about movement in the poses for the rest of period will result in the complainer spending the rest of the day in the Program. Further complaining will add time to that punishment.”

“But Mrs. Rose, how are we supposed to draw them when her head is moving so much?”

“Remove your clothes NOW, then bring them up here. You can collect them from the Vice-Principal's office at the end of the day.”

*Wow, I didn't think anyone could anger Mrs. Rose that badly.*

*Me neither precious. At least the girl seems to realize that she's lost this battle.*

Allison paused for a moment, came up for a breath, and took as much of Emanuel's penis in her mouth as she could.

*Are you...*

*Yes. I've done it before, and I want to do it again.*

Allison smiled inwardly as she heard Emanuel began to moan softly. *Just one more inch precious... oh, it feels so amazing.*

*Got it! Am I good, or am I good?*

Allison began to suck again. *You're more than good. You're fantastic!*

“Two minutes left.”

*Fantastic? I'm just getting started.* She took a deep breath through her nose, then began to hum.

*So close... so amazing... you ought to be called a sex goddess.*

*Give me your cum Manny.*

Allison reveled as Emanuel screamed out. *Pull back a little if you want to...*

*Yay!* Allison pulled her head back a little as Emanuel's cum began to pour into her mouth. She waited a few moments until it stopped, pulled her mouth off completely, and swallowed. *Yummy!*

“Finish any last details class, then pencils down.” Allison watched Mrs. Rose step over to them. “I’m impressed. It looks like the Sex God met his Goddess.”

*Do you think this name will stick Manny?*

*Amongst the teachers? Maybe. If Tony hears about this, for sure.*

*That makes him sound like a gossip.*

*The name will spread amongst the team, and then to the rest of the school. That's just the way things seem to work here.*

*How about pinky and butterfingers? Why didn't they spread so much?*

*Good things of the team spread like wildfire. The bad tends to be suppressed.*

“Are you able to stand Emanuel?”

“Yes Mrs. Rose. Can we see the classes' work?”

“Of course. I expect you're curious to see what moments they chose to capture.”

“Indeed” Allison replied in unison with Emanuel.

Allison stood up, helped Emanuel up, and walked toward the students desks. *Interesting. Only the dedicated artists chose to capture our orgasms.*

*Interesting indeed precious. It also looks like most of the class had some difficulty capturing the motion. Any gross misrepresentations in the ones you're looking at?*

*A few. The normal things – my breasts are too small or big, your penis is incorrect, that sort of thing.*

*Any misplaced heads?*

*Surprisingly, no. I guess the motion made that too difficult to try. I've seen enough.*

*Me too. I'm more curious about what the memo contains.*

*I want to ask one of the artists for a favor first though.* Allison walked over to the student. "I have a request I'd like to make of you."

Allison watched the guy look up. "Oh?"

"Manny and I are up for some special awards, and your drawings of our poses today could really give us a leg up toward winning. Would you allow us to use them for that?"

"Would they be published?"

"Probably. Is that a problem?"

"Only if I don't retain the rights to them."

"If we can get a formal statement for that, would you be willing?"

"Sure."

*Smart thinking precious.*

*Do you think the school or Program office would be willing to do that?*

*I don't see why they wouldn't. We might be the subjects of the work, but we're not the ones who own the rights to the work.*

*Good. Do you think we did enough to earn the memo?*

*Let's find out.*

Allison watched as Emanuel held out his hand. She smiled, took it, and started toward the front of the room.

"I didn't expect you two to go through with the motion. You did a good job."

"Good enough to meet your expectations Mrs. Rose?"

Allison watched her smile and hold out the memo. "Yes Allison. It's all yours."

Allison grabbed the paper and quickly scanned it. *Apparently we're con-artists who pretend to be model students, only to turn around and do everything in our power to covertly screw up our teacher's plans. Oh, and we're both whores who've fucked half the school... most of those times have been right out in the open.*

*Wonderful... she's getting really desperate now.*

*Yeah. "Thank you Mrs. Rose."*

"May I ask what you've done with the others? I assume she's sent a lot of these around."

Allison watched Emanuel begin: "She's sent one to each of our teachers so far. The Vice-Principal has most of them currently, and we intend to hand over the rest of them at the end of the day."

"She's playing a very dangerous game it seems. Anyway, if you ever need a letter of recommendation, let me know."

*Awesome! That'll be good for both the awards and college apps.*

*Don't forget job applications precious.*

*Right. "A set of letters might help our chances for the current Program rewards."*

"You're up for the new awards? Of course, Ms. Frauhold wouldn't miss a chance like this. I can have letters ready for you tomorrow."

*We really need to read that fine print now, don't we Ally?*

*Yeah. Allison glanced up at the clock as the bell rang. I wonder what Mrs. Sneider's memo will say?*

*Me too. "Ready?"*

Allison reached down, grabbed her bag, and threw it on her shoulders. "Ready." She smiled as Emanuel grabbed her hand, and began toward the door.

Allison watched the crowds begin to part as they started down the hallway. *Is Kara behind us again?*

*No. I think everyone is just admiring us.*

*Admiring?*

*Yeah. If I'm reading the intentions right, there is a lot of curiosity, a little jealousy, and quite a bit of... Allison felt Emanuel pause reverence?*

*From who?*

*Mostly girls, but some guys too.*

*One of them is coming our way.* Allison watched the girl stop in front of them and look at Emanuel.

“Rumor has it that you've found your goddess. Is the girl next to you her, or are you accepting acolytes?”

*Acolytes? When did you become the head of a cult?*

*I think the more important question is how did the goddess language catch on so quickly? “And if I was accepting acolytes, what would they do?”*

Allison watched the girl begin to sweat a little. “They'd wait on you, ready to meet your every need. In exchange, they'd get to experience the pleasure only you can give them.”

*So you get a harem, while they get access to you? I don't like the sound of this.*

*Neither do I. If earlier today taught me anything, it's that I can barely handle two girls at once... I doubt I can handle any more than that.*

Allison felt jealousy begin to rise within herself. *Is that your only objection to it?*

She watched the panicked look that crossed his face. *Not at all. A harem turns them into sexual objects, turns me into a sexual object, and is incredibly disrespectful to you as well.*

*Then nip this in the bud... fast. Before any other girls get the same idea.*

*I don't think I can dissuade her with normal logic. I may need to use the goddess idea.*

*And get me a cult following too? Are you sure that's a wise idea?*

*I believe it's our only option for now. We'll need some time to figure out how to downplay the god/goddess designation without hurting too many people.*

*Okay... I hope this works.*



“The rumors are correct... Allison fulfills me in a way nobody has ever been able to.”

Allison watched the girl's smile drop. “Is... is she taking acolytes?”

*Let me handle this one sweetheart.* “Why do you want to be my acolyte? Is it to learn how to please Manny, or do you plan to learn for the sake of someone else?”

She watched the girl begin to sweat more profusely. “Uhm, well... uh... I...”

*She's trying to figure out what answer we're looking for, isn't she Manny?*

*Definitely.*

“You're looking very flustered. I'm going to guess you want to learn how to please Manny.” Allison watched the girl nervously gulp and nod her head. “I'm sorry, but that is not a good reason to take on an acolyte.”

Allison watched the girl lower her head. “It's selfish of me to hope that I can replace you, isn't it?”

Allison nodded her head. “Yes it is. And it's not fair to you either – you could be missing out on the person that's right for you while you're pining after Manny.” Allison glanced up at a nearby clock. “We don't have much time to get our next class, but if you find someone special and want some pointers, I'd be happy to help.”

Allison watched the girl smile again, nod her head, and step out of the way.

*You handled that well precious.*

Allison started to walk again. *Thanks. Do you think that will solve the problem?*

*Probably not. The jealous people are still present, but a lot of the curious people have moved to reverence.*

*So, they could start chanting any minute now?*

*Yeah.*

*We should hurry along then. I don't know what I would do if they started to chant 'goddess'.*

*Agreed, but I think it's too late for the titles. We've been branded the school's sex-deity couple, and that probably won't fade for a long time.*

Allison picked up speed and began to make her way to Drama with great determination.

*We're almost there Ally.*

*Yeah, just a few more doors to pass, and we're safe. Are they still following us?*

*Yes, and that chant is starting to get very annoying.*

Allison smiled as they finally reached the door. She darted through and made her way to the seats up front.

“So I see part of the principal’s memo may have come true. You two obviously inspired the idiots chanting 'Choose me sex deities'. So, one question remains – did you intend to inspire them to this point, or are they simply being mindless high school sheep?”

*I'm guessing now we're supposed to be agents of intended chaos through worship.*

*Mrs. Sneider's question would seem to imply that Ally.* “Do you honestly think we want this kind of attention Nancy? It was bad enough when I was merely the Sex God... and this is all kinds of ridiculous.”

Allison watched a grin spring onto Mrs. Sneider's face. “I didn't think you two were the plotting type. Anyway, how long have had that particular name Emanuel? More importantly, did you do anything to earn it?”

Allison watched Emanuel pause in thought for a moment, then respond. “A friend of mine on the team started it about two years ago. He meant it as an innocent jest at the time – the closest I'd come to sex of any type was making out. Following my first two exes though, it quickly spread outside of the team. The Program hasn't done anything to cool its use either – if anything, my actions may have finally earned me the name.”

“And you Allison? Based on your blush, I'm guessing the name is new.”

“Only an hour old at this point. I imagine it came about because of what I've done to Manny.”

Allison watched her eyes light up. “Oh? Not just for dating him? What have you done sexually that has been so phenomenal?”

“Well... from what I've seen, Manny is normally quite quiet. I managed to make him scream. And I suppose knocking him out with an orgasm, even if it was only for less than a minute, is still something of a feat.”

“You're being far too humble. I've had my suspicions that it was possible to knock a man out cold that way, but I've never managed to succeed. And I've been told I'm quite good.” Allison watched her turn toward Emanuel. “I heard a very loud male scream last period. I don't suppose that was you?”

Allison smiled as Emanuel nodded meekly. “She's very good at what she does.”

Allison heard her chuckle. “I'll take your word on that. Anyway, if that's the way this developed, I wouldn't count on it dissipating for quite a while.”

“We've come to that realization already. It would either take us graduating and getting away from Split-river for twenty years, or someone better to come along” she heard him reply.

“You're wrong about the first route. You two will be legends for a long time, particularly if you win those awards Ms. Frauhold has you up for. As for the second, I've met a few people with skills on your level – and they've been practicing for decades. With your raw talent, age can only make you more legendary.”

“More legendary? That's the last thing I want. Is there any way help that fade Nancy?”

Allison watched her shake her head. “Not that I can think of Emanuel. Suddenly down playing your skills will only get you labeled as fakes, and lasting fame is better than lasting infamy.” Allison watched her glance at the memo. “Anyway, I'm satisfied that this memo is merely slander on the Principal's part.”

“May we see the memo in its entirety? I don't know how the Principal keeps coming up with something new each time, but I'd argue that she has a very creative mind.”

Allison watched Nancy raise her eyebrows for a moment, then turn back toward Emanuel. “So my memo isn't the only one? What's happened to the others?”

“Most of them are in Mr. Litski's hands, and we'd like to give him the rest by the end of the day. She's playing a very dangerous game with the student body, and if we can help stop that game, it would be wrong of us to do nothing.” *Let's not forget that you were supposed to be one of her guinea pigs Ally.*

*True. She didn't count on your interference though.*

*It's a good thing she didn't.*

“I had intended on seeing what the Vice-Principal had to say about this anyway, and you two delivering it will save me the walk and the time.” Allison watched her grab the memo off the desk and hand it to Emanuel.

*Interesting.*

*Oh? What does it say?*

*We already knew about the sowers of chaos part. Apparently, that's part of our master plan to take over the school.*

*That's it? She couldn't come up with anything more believable?*

*Apparently not. "Thank you Nancy. I can't believe how outlandish these are getting." I'm guessing that the last memo will claim that the Vice-Principal is somehow in cahoots with us.*

*That makes logical sense.*

*"Will either of you be needing relief today, or can we get straight to today's play once the rest of the class gets in?"*

*Are you okay from last period precious?*

*Nope... considering how you teased me last period, why bother asking?*

Allison watched him smile. "I'm good, but I believe Allison could use some."

Allison nodded her head. *Please don't knock me out again.*

*Okay. Was I imagining the disappointment on her face by my answer?*

*So I wasn't misreading.*

*"You may start as soon as the bell rings."*

Allison led Emanuel to their seats and watched as he slipped the memo into his bag. *I think the class is doing their hall thing again sweetheart.*

*You could remind Nancy about what she can do under the Program rules. Their behavior is disruptive to class after all.*

*True.* Allison quietly stood and made her way to the front. "You know Nancy, you have every right to temporarily draft the entire class into the Program whenever they do that. You may want to start with nakedness for the period though, and then go from there if anyone becomes really disruptive." she whispered.

Allison watched a smile creep up her face. "You may want sit back down before I make use of this information" Nancy whispered back. Allison nodded, and sat down in

one of the class facing chairs. “Anybody who is not in the room by the time the bell rings will spend the entirety of the class naked.”

She watched as the doorway was suddenly jammed with students trying to force their way in. *Okay, so I understand why you sat down precious, but why there?*

*So that we can waste as little time as possible once the bell rings. I want you to have as much of the five minutes as possible.*

*Then I should just sit next to you, shouldn't I?*

*Indeed. Oh, how much of the class do you think can make it through the door in the next thirty seconds?*

Allison watched Emanuel quickly stand. *Maybe another quarter of it.* She smiled as Emanuel grabbed a pillow from the desk, and knelt in front of her. *Might as well waste no time if we can.*

*I like the way you think. I think I'll keep you. How much more time?*

*Five seconds. Any requests?*

*Yeah. Could you play with my breasts a bit, and do that thing with my areola?*

*Gladly.* Allison watched him smile as the bell rang.

“Okay... the rest of you entering strip as soon as your inside, and bring your clothing up to me. Emanuel, you can start.”

Allison smiled as Emanuel began to lightly trace his fingertips around her breasts. *This wasn't... what I had... in mind.*

*No, but your breathing says it's working just as I had hoped.* She gasped as his mouth became level with her left nipple, and he began to lick around it.

“Mrs. Sneider! He's covering her breast!” she heard a student complain.

“Strip now Lenny. Any more complaints about how they approach their relief will extend that punishment for the rest of the day, and then beyond.”

*Keep that up, but... please... finger me...*

*As you wish.* Allison felt Emanuel insert two fingers inside her. She heard her first moans begin as he bent them and began to move them.

*Manny... are you... aware that some of the naked girls are... fingering themselves?*

*Really? Interesting.* She watched his eyes smile as his tongue licked its way to her right areola, and begin to lick around it. She gasped as an orgasm began to build.

*I'm so close... don't stop!*

*Not until my five minutes is up.*

Allison felt her eyes close as the orgasm peaked and exploded over her. *Please... eat me.* She felt his fingers slow down, and gently pull out as his mouth began to kiss its way down her body.

*As you wish.* She smiled as he looked up from in front of her crotch, and began to moan again as his tongue began to work its magic.

*Why... are they... coming so close... together now?*

*Probably because you were so horny before. No more questions like that now... I want you to just enjoy it all.*

Allison gasped again as his tongue briefly touched her clit. *Okay... you don't need to tell me twice.* She felt a low scream begin to build in her as the second orgasm began to crash over her.

Emanuel

Emanuel glanced up at the clock as Allison's fourth orgasm hit. *There should be time for one more.* He smiled as Allison began moving her hips again.

*So good... I don't think... I can take much more.*

Emanuel smiled inside, and began to hum softly. He listened as her screams began again, louder than they were before. *Are you...*

“Yes, and don't you dare” he heard her pause to breathe “stop!”

*I wouldn't dream of stopping.* He felt her muscles contract once more as her legs grabbed his head. He looked up a moment later, just as a final, loud scream began from her mouth. *And here we go...* He felt her whole body shake as the warm liquid began to fill his mouth. “MANNY!” he heard her scream as a dozen other female voices screamed. *Wait... did I just do what I think I did?*

He felt her body begin to relax. *Yes, you are now a conductor of orgasms. We'll never be rid of our titles now.*

*Actually, I may have just earned a new one.*

*What gives you that idea?*

*Just the look in Nancy's eyes.*

“Wow... that was quite a five minutes... maestro. I'm sure the class is wondering...”

Emanuel watched Allison sit up. “How many times I orgasmed? I lost track at three.”

“It looked like at least five” he watched one of the naked girls in the front row reply.

*Is she right?*

*Yeah Ally, that last one seemed like number five. Unless there were a few smaller ones that I couldn't tell happened. Anyway, are you okay to stand up?*

*I could use some help.*

Emanuel stood up, and held out a hand for Allison. “So, what play are we doing today Nancy?”

“Around thrice more, by Frank O'Neil. He's one of the more famous playwrights from this century. The play is a semi-autobiographical piece, written during about several of his relationships.” Emanuel watched her get up and begin handing out print-outs. “We'll be dealing with the first act for the rest of the week, and then starting on the second act next week.” He watched her glance out at the class. “I'll need a few volunteers for a moment.”

He watched a dozen hands go up. *Most of them are clothed though Ally.*

*Except for the three girls. I suspect they actually want to be naked.*

“That'll do. I need you three boys to bring five seats up with you, and put three of them in line over there, with two facing that line. You'll all sit, and” he watched as she pointed to one of the girls “you'll lay on top of their legs. You four represent the bar.”

“Does it matter which way?” he watched the girl reply.

“Face down is preferable, but face up will work. The four of you will make a pair of windows with your arms, one by the board, and one near the actual windows. You...” he watched her point to one of the guys “will be a lamp standing near where Allison and

Emanuel are seated now. The rest of you will be the door, in-between the bar and where Emanuel and Allison are.”

“Which of us are the frame, and who is the actual door itself?” he watched one of the boys ask.

“Ms. Larae will be the door itself. You two will stand back to back, about an arms length apart. Ms. Larae will stand against one of you with her arms out, her hands touching the other one. Okay, assume positions.”

Emanuel watched them take their positions, noting that the 'bar girl' was face up. “No Ms. Larae, you need to be back to back with the other boy. Your hands are your hinges. Now, I also need two other readers – one will be the bartender, and the other will be Mary.” Emanuel watched her point to a boy and girl. “You're roles should be obvious. Emanuel, you will be reading Franco, and Allison will read Annette. Start at the beginning of Act one.”

Emanuel opened the packet to the appropriate page. *It looks like we start at the bar.* He got up, and sat in the right hand chair in front of the bar.

*Well, you do anyway sweetheart. I come in a little later.*

“Everyone in position and... action!”

“What'll it be today Franco?”

“Jack on the rocks” he said, then paused. “Make that a double.”

He watched the boy reach under the 'bar', bring up a pretend glass, and begin pouring into it. “What happened this time? You normally wait at least an hour before pulling a double.”

*I think he touched her butt as he did that.*

*And she looks like she liked it precious.* “Met that girl Pam the other night. What a disaster.”

“How bad?” the boy asked, placing the 'glass' on top of one of the girl's small breasts.

“Gulf oil-spill bad. I don't mind the crazy ones, just so long as they don't show their baggage on the first date.”

“How much baggage?”



Emanuel took a chug of the 'drink', then placed it back on the girl's stomach. "Enough to bury a large elephant. She was one of those clingy types, not to mention the crazy ex still being around."

"Oh? When did he show up?" the boy replied, pretending to wet a rag.

"Not he, she. And about half-way through the date. See this black eye?" he noted, pointing to his eye.

The boy nodded his head. "Yeah. A gift I'm guessin'" the boy said, as he began to wipe down the 'bar'.

Emanuel heard the girl moan as the boy's hand brushed her breasts. "Yeah, precisely. I'd swear she was a body builder, just from that punch alone." He picked up the 'glass' and drank the rest of it. "Gimme another double."

He watched the boy mix another 'drink' and place it on the girl's breast. *I think she wants you to touch her.*

*Are you okay with that?*

*Yeah.*

"Thanks" he said, picking up the 'drink', letting his hand briefly touch the breast as he did. "I just wish I could find a normal girl for once. Not one of these crazies." He took a chug of the 'drink', placed it down on the breast, and let his hand rest on the 'drink'.

He heard a moan come from the 'door' as Allison stepped stepped through it. "Hey, that one's kinda cute."

"Don't even... She's a bag of trouble you want nothin' to do with."

"How do you know?"

"I've heard most of her stories too. Leave that one be."

Emanuel picked up his 'drink' again, and downed the rest of it. "Okay. One more, and I'll switch to somethin' else." He put down the 'glass', watched the boy grab the girl's breast as he picked it up, and mixed one more double. He watched the girl smile as the new 'drink' was placed down.

"You're early Annie, what'll it be?" the boy asked as Emanuel watched Allison sit down next to him.

"The usual." he heard her reply.

He watched the boy grab another 'glass', pour something into it, and hold it by the girl's other breast.

*What's he doing?*

*Just watch Manny.*

He watched the boy gently squeeze the breast for a few moments, then pretend to stir the 'drink', just before placing it down on her pubic mound. "One rum and coke."

*That's slightly awkward placement.*

*Not for her Manny. I know for a fact she's bi.* "Thanks Eddie. You wouldn't believe the night I had."

"Oh?"

"The bastard tried to come home high last night. Didn't think I'd smell it on him. Anyway, I was waiting for him to try this."

Emanuel picked up his 'drink' as Allison picked up hers. He smiled a little as the girl moaned softly. "So?"

"I had the cops waitin' for him. Best of all, the idiot had almost a full dime bag on him."

"Guess he won't be comin' around for a while."

"Yeah, you could say that. Who's the cutie next to me?"

Emanuel watched the boy look up for a second. "Ask him yourself. I've got things to clean."

*He's good... he's barely looking at his packet.*

*I'm guessing he knows this play Ally.*

*Makes sense.* "I've never seen you around before cutie. What's your name?"

"Franco. How come I've never seen you here before?"

"I usually come in closer to midnight. What's your story?"

Emanuel finished the rest of the 'drink' and placed it back on the girl. "Just another date gone wrong, that's all. You?"

He watched her smile. “Celebrating. Finally free of a thorn that's been in my side for too long.” He watched her put her 'drink' down. “Eddie! Gimme two more.”

“Only one for now. Don't want it going flat on you.”

“The other's for Franco silly. Make 'em nice and strong.”

“Okay. Comin' right up.”

Emanuel watched the girl's face as he prepared the 'drinks'. *He's not kidding. She's close.*

*With the amount of touching she's gotten so far? I'm not surprised.*

“So, where are you from Annie? That accent of yours isn't from around here.”

“Georgia. Moved up here a few years ago for a job, haven't wanted to go back since. You?”

Emanuel picked up his 'drink' as Allison picked up hers. “Born 'round the corner, been here my entire life. Never did find the courage to get out of here. The job's kinda kept me here.”

Emanuel took a chug as Allison did, then placed his 'drink' down, letting his hand rest on the girl's breast. He watched Allison follow suit a moment later. Suddenly, the girl's body shook for a second.

*Guess she was closer than I thought.*

*Indeed Manny. Must have been a good one too.* “If you could move, where would you go?”

“Further north. No further than Boston.” Emanuel turned toward the 'door' as it moaned open. “Crap... I didn't expect Mary to show up here. Not until much later anyway.”

“Is that the girl from last night Franco?”

Emanuel quickly drank the rest of his 'drink', then turned toward the boy. “Worse – she's the ex.”

“Get outta here fast then. You can clear your tab later.”

“Too late Eddie... she saw me.”

Emanuel turned to the naked girl. "I thought I told you to get outta town last night loser. If you wanted seconds, why didn't you ask?"

He turned to Allison. "Could you help me out here? The only way I'll get through her alive is with another girl on my arm" he pretended to whisper.

"Sure. I'll follow your lead."

He turned back to the girl as she was looking at her lines. "You've got nothing to worry about Mary. I'm completely over Bernadette. Annie's my girl now."

"Oh yeah? Prove it, or I'll make your other eye match."

Emanuel turned back to Allison. *It's a good thing we're together, isn't it?*

*Yeah. This would be kinda awkward if we weren't.*

Emanuel leaned in and quickly kissed Allison.

"That's it? That ain't proof." Emanuel watched her step forward, her hand clenched in a fist. He watched Allison mouth 'amateur', and kiss him in earnest. "Good enough. If I ever see you near my girl again..."

"You'll kill me, right?"

"Right."

He watched the boy glance toward the 'door' and begin to slowly wipe down the 'bar' again.

*She's still horny?*

*Considering where she's laying, are you really surprised Manny?*

*True.*

Emanuel stood up, put his empty 'drink' down, then helped Allison up. "We should be going now. It's getting late, and you have work in the morning Annie."

He watched Allison look confused for a moment, then quickly finish her drink. "Yeah, we should." He watched her smile and brush the girl's lower lips as she put down her empty 'drink'.

*Was that necessary?*

*No, but it was fun.*

*Like the fun you intend on having with our door?*

*No, that's the fun your character has. She's decided that her breasts are the door knob.*

Emanuel got to the 'door', and gently squeezed her right breast, opening her.

*She's really liking her part of this, isn't she?*

*She'll like it even more later on. The door really doesn't get used much in Act one.*

“Since we're going out, why don't you show me your place?” he heard Allison purr as they stepped through the 'door'.

“Sure.” He grabbed her hand, stumbled forward a few feet, then back around as Ms. Larae switched sides.

“You really meant around the corner. Won't you show me in?”

Emanuel pretended to fumble around in his pockets for a key, inserted it into her breast, grabbed her nipple, and gently twisted it. He watched her smile and gasp, then begin to swing open.

“It's awfully dark in here. Where's the light switch?”

Emanuel pointed to the 'lamp'. “There's a lamp next to the couch. You'll need to turn it on directly... for some reason the switches don't work in here.”

He watched Allison walk over to the boy, grope around his body, and eventually pull on his arm. “That's much better. Have you tried calling an electrician?”

He watched her sit down on one of the chairs. “I told the landlord about the problem years ago, but he's never taken care of it.” He pushed the 'door' closed, and gently twisted her other nipple.

“The neighborhood can't be that bad.”

“I don't want Mary finding her way here and barging in. So, where were we when she interrupted us?”

He watched her motion toward the other chair. “Why don't you sit next to me, and we can talk some more.”

Emanuel stumbled over to the chair and sat. “Where do you work?”

“For one of the big companies downtown. You?”

“The lumber yard uptown. The pay's decent enough I suppose.”

He watched as she inched her chair closer. “You know, I really felt something in that kiss of yours.” He watched her smile and pretend to unbutton her shirt. “It looked like you felt something too. Don't you want to see if that spark was for real?”

He smiled and looked nervously at her breasts, imagining them in a bra. “Are you sure we should? I mean, I don't have any condoms here or anything like that.”

He watched her smile, then pretend to take off the rest of her clothing. “Don't worry about that. Just close your eyes and relax.” He watched her get a little closer and lean over to kiss him.

“And end of scene! Nicely done everyone. I'm afraid that we don't have time for the next scene, so everyone can take their seats.” He watched the bar girl smile and stand up as the rest of the scenery broke itself up.

“Now, I imagine a lot of you are very disappointed with the end of that scene, but remember that this play was performed only a decade ago. A certain amount of nudity had become acceptable by theater standards by then, but blatant sexuality was still frowned upon.”

“And what about the whole condom argument Mrs. Sneider? Haven't they phased those out almost completely?”

“That is true Ms. Larae, but back then the most reliable birth control was still either condoms or the monthly pills. Shots may have been in development, but their FDA approval was still a ways off.”

“How about using people as the scenery? Was that a common thing?”

“No Lenny. A few members of the avant-garde had tried experimenting with it, but with little success. I want to ask those of you who were scenery, especially Ms. Larae, the bar and the lamp, what you thought of the experience.”

“Well, I only wish the door got a little more action, but it was quite fun.”

“You'll have plenty more action in acts two and three.”

Emanuel watched the bar girl stand up. “It was a lot of fun, but I suspect that's only because of the standards of the Program. Otherwise all that touching would be an immense invasion of privacy and personal space.”

“And you, our good lamp?”

“I'm just glad it was Annette that was supposed to turn me on... it would have been weird having a guy do that.”

“Well, actors have done stranger things in the name of their art. Any last comments before the bell rings?” Emanuel looked around the room, and noticed only blank stares. “Okay then. Anyone who was scenery should remember their places for tomorrow. Otherwise, only those who have clothing up here need to see me before they leave.”

“Mrs. Sneider, can we leave our clothing with you if we want to spend the rest of the day naked?”

“Yes Ms. Larae. I'll make sure it gets to the Vice-Principal, and you can pick it up from him at the end of the day.” Emanuel glanced up at the clock as the bell rang. “Class is dismissed.”

Emanuel put away the packet, then picked up his bag. “Shall we precious?”

“Yeah.”

He stood up and was walking toward the door when he felt a hand grab his arm. “I have a request to make.”

He turned around and smiled. “Yes Ms. Larae?”

“First of all, call me Michelle. And my request is that you finish off what you started in drama.”

*I thought you left her horny.*

*Yeah, clearly I was having a little too much fun.* “Is there anything in particular that you'd like me to do?”

He watched the smile light up on her face. “I want you to eat my pussy. If Allison's any indication, you're damn good at it.”

*Is that okay with you precious?*

*Yeah. You did tease the poor girl mercilessly after all.*

“Nancy, could we use one of the front chairs for a moment?”

“What for Emanuel?”

“A request. It'll be easier in here than out in the hallway.”

He watched her think for a moment. “Okay, just make it quick. I don't want any of you to be late to your next class on my account.”

*With how primed she is, this shouldn't take long at all.* “Okay, Michelle, if you'll just sit down here and spread your legs, I can begin.”

*Do you want the pillow Manny?*

*No thank you.* Emanuel knelt down, took a deep breath, and began.

*How is she?*

*A little sour compared to you. A little too hairy as well.*

“Oh... so good...”

He heard her begin to moan. *Are your hands free Manny?*

*Yeah... why?*

*Because she's playing with her breasts, and I'm sure it would feel even better if you were the one playing with them.*

*Ask her if that's okay. If so, then sure.*

“Uhm... Michelle? Manny could do that for you if you'd like.”

Emanuel felt his hands suddenly get shifted up to her breasts. *I guess I have my answer.* He began to gently squeeze them.

*You should hum as well Manny. If she wants the whole treatment, why not give it to her?*

*You're being very generous precious. Are you sure you're okay with that?*

*Yeah. I want to see what someone's face looks like when you're doing that.*

Emanuel chuckled a little, then began to hum. He smiled inwardly as her moans suddenly turned to screams.

*Wow... so that's what happens.*

*Satisfied precious?*

*Yes. And it looks like she'll be in a moment.*



Emanuel felt her body begin to shake as her legs clamped his head in place. *She really doesn't want to let me go.* He gasped for a second as a liquid started to flow into his mouth. *She's a squirter too?*

*Really?*

*Yeah. I wasn't expecting that. And it feels like her orgasm is just about over.*

“Wow... so that's what your tongue can do.”

Emanuel stood up, and offered her a hand. “So I've been told anyway.”

“Wait, why is your face wet? Did I do that?”

Emanuel watched Allison extend a hand as well. “Yes you did. Welcome to the club Michelle.”

He watched as she slowly stood up. “Wow... would you teach my boyfriend how to do that? He tries hard, but I tend to feel like falling asleep whenever he's at it. Even sex is kind of unfulfilling.” He watched her turn toward Allison. “Is he that good at sex too? Maybe you two have some pointers you could give me?”

*Uhm... do you want to be the one to tell her, or should I?*

*I'll handle this Manny.* “I don't actually know to be honest. We haven't had sex yet.”

“Are you...”

“Yes. We both are, and our first time will be special.”

Emanuel watched a grimace appear on her face for a second that quickly became a smile. “Good. If his talent at the foreplay is any clue, I'm sure it will be.”

*Her first time wasn't so special was it Ally?*

*Or very good for that matter. It's shameful that still happens.*

*Agreed.*

“What's your next class Michelle?” he heard Allison ask.

“Shop. Near the Home Ecc room.”

“That's the class we're off to. Would you like to walk with us?”

Emanuel watched the smile appear on her face. "Sure."

He smiled, grabbed Allison's hand, and started toward the door. "Have you told your boyfriend about any of this?"

He watched her turn to him. "About the chances I've taken to explore? No. About how insufficient he is at anything related to sex? No. I've faked more orgasms than I can remember trying to keep from hurting him."

"And in the process you've built up his ego. He probably thinks he's the best lover out there. If you're not enjoying yourself, it's better to say something than to lie so he can save face."

"Or is there another reason you haven't told him?" he heard Allison ask.

Emanuel watched her face blush with embarrassment. "Is it that obvious?"

*What did you pick up on that I didn't?*

*That they're having other problems as well, and fixing their sex life will be a temporary patch at best.*

*Ah...*

"How could you tell?"

"Woman's intuition. Do you want fix whatever is going on?"

"Not really, but I don't want to break it off either. Is that bad of me?"

"Singleness kind of sucks, but it'll be better for you in the long term. Does he seem interested in making it work?"

"Not as far as I can tell. He seems to prefer spending time with his buddies than with me."

"Then, if neither of you is really interested in your relationship, isn't in a better use of your time trying to find someone you want to make it work with?"

*Have you considered becoming a counselor precious? You've got a pretty good sense for people, and seem pretty talented at getting them to open up.*

*Maybe. There's definitely a need for good counselors.*

“You're right. I'll talk to him and see if he wants to make this work. If he isn't, then I'll end it right there and allow myself to truly be back on the market.”

*Well done precious. And that talk allowed us to make it to Home Ecc unscathed and early.*

*You'd think the student body would be more interested in two naked girls.*

*Guess not. It is Thursday though, that may be playing a part in it.*

“Anyway, thanks counselor. I look forward to being your door tomorrow.”

*Gee, so now I've obtained a new title as well?*

*What makes you think maestro is going to stick?*

*Trust me, it will. “See you tomorrow then.”*

“Well maestro? I have a notice you may want a look at.”

*Did Mrs. Lesummer just call me maestro?*

*Yes Manny, she did. Let's not keep her waiting.*

Emanuel silently made his way into the classroom and dropped off his bag before walking to the front. “So, what does her memo say this time?”

“I suspected this wouldn't be the first. Particularly when her errand-girl said it was for my eyes only.”

“Her errand-girl?”

“Yeah. I think her name is Sarah. It's funny though... she was clothed a few days ago, but since yesterday she's been naked.”

Emanuel shook his head in disbelief. “My ex is the Principal's errand-girl? And she's had the position for a few days now?”

“Yes. Since Monday in fact.” He watched her pause in thought for a moment. “Wait... she's the man-killer?”

Emanuel shook his head. “Yes. How long ago did she deliver this memo?”

“About five minutes ago. You must have just missed her.”

*Crap. She could have over heard the counselor bit.*

*Yeah... and Benerdon would be a fool not to try to use that against us.*

*Fortunately, we can spin that to our advantage as well.* “Could we see this memo? The rest have been slanderous lies, and I expect this one isn't any different.”

“Out of curiosity Emanuel, would you be wanting to deliver this one to Mr. Litski? Because that would give the memo some credence.”

“Well, yes. We've passed most of the memos onto him already. He's going to use them as evidence of the game she's been playing.”

“Oh? And what other evidence does he have?”

“A large stack of papers from Ms. Luden. I'm guessing she's claimed Mr. Litski is our accomplice in taking over the school?”

“Right on target. But, I think I'd like to hold onto it until the end of the period. If you can prove the other part of it false, then I'll let you have it.”

*Great... so we have no clue what she's accused us of, and knowing her it's something that we could do by accident.*

*Don't worry precious. Knowing that she's tailored them to each class where possible, the other condition is probably an attempt to burn down the school by 'accident'.*

*So our best bet...*

*Is to make sure nothing goes wrong with today's assignment.*

Emanuel glanced up at the clock as others started to enter the class room.

*Is the bell due to ring soon?*

*Yeah precious.*

Emanuel watched the final person enter as the bell rang. “Good afternoon class. Before you all take a look at today's recipe, would either Emanuel or Allison like relief?”

*I'm good Manny, but if you're ready for more, I'd like some more play time.*

*Sounds good to me. “I'd like some.”*

“Any volunteers to help him?” Emanuel watched a few hands go up. “You're going to choose Allison, aren't you?”

“Yes Mrs. Lesummer. She's simply the best.”

“Very well. You two have five minutes.”

He smiled and brought Allison up to the front. *Are you planning on taking your time precious?*

*If by that you mean stall and tease, no. That'll wait for tomorrow.* Emanuel sat down and smiled as she knelt down in front of him. *Yummy... a delicious treat.*

Emanuel began to open his mouth as Allison swallowed his entire penis in one motion. *How'd you do that?*

*Don't know. All I do know is that I wanted to try. Why, complaining?*

*No... merely surprised.*

*That's what I thought.* Emanuel gasped as Allison began to hum. *I guess you weren't fully hard yet. Oh well.* He smiled as she began to slowly raise and lower her head. *Tell me when you're close.*

*Okay. You've become really good at this.*

*It's fun.* Emanuel closed his eyes and began to focus on the sensations.

*I'm almost there precious.*

*Cum for me.*

“Cumming!”

He smiled as Allison took the first few shots in her mouth, then suddenly pulled it off and pointed his penis at her breasts. *This way I get to taste you, and get your cum where I want it.*

Emanuel smiled, leaned down, and kissed her.

“Eww... didn't he just?”

“Jennifer, is there something wrong with kissing your significant other after they've done something nice for you?”

Emanuel broke off the kiss and helped Allison up. “Thank you Mrs. Lesummer.” *Precious, did you accidentally turn on our oven before we came up front?*

*No, why?*

*Because it looks like ours is on, and Jennifer is is crumpling up some paper to put in it.*

*I'll stop them. Take your time to recover.* Emanuel watched Allison sprint to their station and slap the paper out of her hands. “What made you think we wouldn't realize what you were up to Jennifer? Are you one of Benerdon's spies?” he heard her ask.

“No... some girl named Sarah just promised to pay may a lot of money to start a fire in your oven.”

“It looks like I was wrong to doubt you two. Take the memo from my desk and head back to yours.”

“Thank you Mrs. Lesummer.” Emanuel quickly grabbed the memo and started toward the back.

“As for you Jennifer... I'm drafting you into the Program for a full week. That's the price for your little stunt. Strip and bring your clothes to my desk, or I'll ask your classmates to assist you.”

“But... that's not fair. You can't do that.”

“I can, and if you're not naked in the next minute, It'll be two weeks.”

“But... but...”

“You're lucky Jennifer. If this had happened before the Program, you'd be facing suspension or worse.” Emanuel watched a minute pass on the clock. “You'd better strip now. If you don't, every additional minute will mean another week. Everyone else, you can flip over today's recipe card and begin.”

*What do we have today Manny?*

*Todd Lesummer's 'Almost completely from scratch' double-fudge caramel brownies.*

*Sounds good. I'll start melting the caramel while you start on the fudge.*

Emanuel grabbed the large chef's knife and began chop up the large block of chocolate into small pieces. “Small enough precious?”

“Try to make them even smaller. They'll melt faster that way.”

Emanuel chopped each piece in half. “Better?”

“Perfect. We'll need a cup of that to make enough fudge for both the main batter and the frosting.”

“Okay. I should have that in a few minutes. Do you have the time to pour the necessary milk?”

Emanuel watched her glance at the caramel's pot. “Yeah. Half a cup, right?”

“Correct. After I've got this melting, what should I do next?”

“Start measuring the dry ingredients for the batter. I can keep an eye on both pots once their thermometers are in.”

*Is she still dressed?*

*Yeah. At this rate, she'll be stuck in the Program at least a month.*

Emanuel poured more chopped chocolate into its measuring cup. *Just a little more.* “Want me to cut some up for us to eat?”

“You can do that once the brownies are in the oven. Do we have enough?”

“Yeah. That should be a cup. Is the heat on under its pan?”

“Uh huh. Pour it in, and I'll watch it.”

Emanuel poured the chocolate pieces in, then turned back to the recipe. *Let's see, flour, sugar, baking powder, cocoa powder. Okay, combine them all in the bowl then.*

“Are you ready with the dry ingredients? Both the fudge and caramel are almost ready to combine in.”

“Yeah. Let me quickly add the oil and eggs, and I'll be ready for them.” *A third of a cup of oil and two eggs. Check. Stir it all up and...*

“I need to get these off the heat before they burn Manny.”

“Give me three quarters of the fudge first, and I'll stir the caramel so it doesn't burn.”

“Okay”. Emanuel watched Allison pour most of the fudge into the bowl, and the pot with the rest on a cool burner. “Hand me the caramel. How much of it is going in?”

“Most of it. Just save a little for the top.”

Emanuel watched her pour the caramel in, and put the nearly empty pot to the side again. “Could you stir this Manny? It’ll be easy to start, but we’ll need your strength after a little while anyway.”

“Sure. Could you grease the pan then?”

He watched as she nodded her head, and reached for the stick of butter. *Stir at least fifty times huh. How much time has passed so far precious?*

*Ten minutes. Why do you want to know?*

*Partially to make sure we have enough time to let the brownies bake and cool. Partially to figure out how long Jennifer is going to spend in the Program.*

*Two and half months? How long is she going to remain stubborn for?*

*Probably until the end of the period.* “If you just strip now, you’ll only have to do two and half months. Wait too much longer, and Mrs. Lesummer may draft you in for the rest of the year.”

*Anything?*

*Nope.* “Batter is ready to go into the pan. Ready?”

Emanuel watched Allison nod her head. “Try to pour it as smoothly as you can.” He nodded his head and slowly began to pour the batter.

“That should be it. Would you like to level it out and pour on the rest of the fudge and caramel precious?”

Emanuel watched her smile. “Gladly. Did you preheat the oven?”

“Before I started measuring the dry ingredients. It should be ready about now.”

“Good. Pop the door for me.” Emanuel opened the oven door, watched as Allison slid the brownies into place, and closed it.

“That should cook for about twenty-five minutes. Is there any fudge left for eating?”

“Yeah. I poured what remained into that small bowl. Let’s enjoy it, then quickly wash up whatever dishes we can.” *Have you given any more thought to your birthday Manny?*

*A little. I think regardless of whether or not Dad kicks me out that day, what I’d like most is to spend it with you, Kara and Tony.*



*Anywhere in particular?*

*Hanging out downtown perhaps? It might be kind of nice to hit the arcade for a little bit and then grab some pizza or something... maybe see a movie.*

*Sounds much simpler than my plans.*

*I'm glad you didn't ask about going to a bar. I know the drinking age is back down to eighteen, but...*

*With your father's problems, I understand you wanting limited exposure to alcohol.*

*I'm just afraid that if I start drinking more than the occasional glass of wine I'll get addicted like him.*

*You've handled a lot of the problems that were thrown at him a lot better than he did. I don't think you'll be turning to alcohol to deal with your problems. You're far too strong for that to happen.*

*Thanks. I still want to be out of that house before I seriously consider trying anything harder than wine though.*

*You've been trying to get him to quit, haven't you?*

*I tried for a few years, and if I was to come home even a little bit drunk, I'd only be reinforcing his destructive habits. How he's managed to hold down his job is beyond my understanding.*

*That's a good point. Could you hand me the fudge bowl? That should be the last dish for us to wash.*

*Sure. I wonder what Mrs. Lesummer is going to do with what remains of the chocolate block.*

*Good question. It looked like everyone else just had the cut up chocolate.*

*She probably gave us the block because we have each other, and everyone else is effectively alone. "Mrs. Lesummer, what do you want us to do with the rest of the chocolate we have here?"*

*"Wrap it up and have Allison take it home with her. That small chunk is not enough to do anything with in my kitchen."*

*And she probably keeps much more expensive chocolate in stock anyway. What did the memo say?*

*Only that we were planning on setting a small fire, and stopping it at just the right moment.*

*So that we would be declared the heroes of the school?*

*Precisely. How much time is left on the timer?*

*Five minutes.*

*That's not good for Jennifer, is it?*

*Not at all. That's almost half of the year spent naked.*

*Ouch.*

*“Jennifer, I can give you one last chance. If you strip now, you'll only be in the Program for the time you've accrued. If you're not naked in the next five minutes, then you'll be spending the rest of the school year in the Program.*

*She's a senior, isn't she?*

*Exactly Ally. So if she doesn't get naked soon, she'll be attending graduation naked, as well as prom.*

*And any senior trips.*

*Yeah. Those would still count, wouldn't they? And I hope she's on the annuals.*

*If not, that could get really awkward for her. Her only hope is to be on the exempt list.*

*Not very likely. If she was, she would have spoken up about it a long time ago.*

*Timer's beeping by the way.*

*Good... we'll get to try tasty brownies in a few minutes. Wait a minute... Jennifer just earned a whole year in the Program.*

*Emanuel watched Allison silently pull out the brownies, and put them on a cooling tray. You're right. I pity her.*

*People will get tired of her really quickly, and that'll be torture.*

“Jennifer, starting tomorrow, you will be in the Program for the rest of the school year. The Vice-Principal will have the remaining details for you. Everyone else, your brownies should have been out of the oven by now. If not, take them out now.”

Emanuel watched as she began to come around. “In for too long... not long enough... did you even get them in the oven?”

*Sounds like a lot of the class had a hard time with this one Ally.*

*Yeah. Jennifer's getting an F for sure though.*

*Did she even try to start hers?*

*Nope.*

“Not surprising Jennifer... oh, those look good. If they taste as good as they look, you two have an A for today.”

*They should be cool enough in a few moments.*

“Do you know the trick for cutting clean, even brownies Ally?”

“No. What is it?”

“Take a glass of warm water, and dip your cutting knife into that before slicing into the brownies. That way, the temperature of the knife is closer to that of the brownies, and it cuts more nicely.”

“Could you get me a glass of warm water then? I want to try that.”

“Gladly.” Emanuel poured a glass of warm water and handed it to Allison.

“I hope you ladies were listening to Emanuel on that one. That is a very useful trick.”

Emanuel watched Allison begin to cut the first row of brownies. *Wow... it really does work. Who did you learn this from?*

*Mom. Dad never was much of a baker, but he's always had one hell of a sweet tooth. How are they?*

“Really good. Well done Allison and Emanuel.”

*Do you think anyone else came close Manny?*

*Maybe Jaime. There are no illogical ingredients to trip her up this time.*

“Not bad Jaime. They could have used a little less time, and perhaps a little more of the fudge.”

Emanuel watched as she went around to everyone else with baked brownies. “And once again, Allison and Emanuel have the best example of the recipe. Feel free to take yours home as usual. Class is dismissed.”

*Did you put a few aside for her precious?*

*Yup. Two of the corners, since she seemed to go after one of those as her taster.*

*Good. Here she comes.*

“For me again? And you gave me corner pieces too. How'd you know those are my favorite part?”

“You could have chosen from any section, and you chose that when you tasted ours the first time. Is that a note you want us to deliver?”

“Indeed it is Allison. I wish I didn't have to do this to Jennifer, but her actions could have been charged as attempted arson, so she could be dealing with far nastier consequences. Anyway, could you deliver it to Mr. Litski? I want to make sure he gets it, and you two are probably the safest way to assure that. Beware though, I suspect that the Principal has more active cronies than just Sarah.”

“That wouldn't surprise me.”

“Do you need to run out and get your clothing? She may try something with them next?”

“A few of our friends are likely waiting by them, and Ms. Frauhold likes us, so I imagine she'll keep an eye on them as well. Besides, the worst she can do is ruin a pair of bathrobes.”

“So the reports I heard about today's show were true... was that your idea Emanuel?”

“Actually, it was Allison's. We should get to Mr. Litski's office while we have the chance. Emanuel stuffed the note next to the memos, grabbed his bag and the brownies, and slipped off his apron. “Ready Ally?”

“Yeah. The sooner we get this done, the better.”

Emanuel grabbed her hand, and proceed toward the door.

*Do you have your senses on Manny?*

*Yeah. People with malicious intent along the most direct route, more than I can take out alone if they turn hostile. But, they've left the slightly longer routes seemingly open, so we should be fine as long as we avoid the main hallway.*

*Just let me know where to turn.*

*Gladly.*

Emanuel started down the nearby hallway, then made the first right he came to. *A left, right, then one more left, and we should be fine.*

*Can we take the direct path back once we've dropped off all the papers?*

*We can ask Mr. Litski to lock up his office and walk with us, but I'd feel safer walking around them, not through them.*

*Okay. How many more turns?*

*Just the last left. Looks like the flunky near his office is facing the wrong way, so it should be too late by the time he realizes our presence.*

*Good. Is this the left?*

*Yes. A few steps, and we'll be right there.* Emanuel stopped in front of the door, and pretended to knock on the open door. He smiled as the Vice-Principal motioned for them to enter and close the door behind them.

“Any more memos?”

“Yes sir. She's onto us now. We had to dodge quite a few of her flunkies just to get here without being harassed or worse.”

“Then it's a good thing I assigned some of security to wait here for you, and a few others to guard the clothing boxes outside.” Emanuel nodded and handed the stack of papers to him. “Wait, there's another piece of paper in here – one that's not from her office.”

“Oh, right. That's an official notice from Mrs. Lesummer, informing you that one of our classmates has been drafted into the Program for the rest of the year.”

“That's a pretty steep penalty Mr. Lopez. Does the deed merit it?”

“She attempted to set a fire in Home Ecc and blame it on us. Admittedly, it wasn't her idea – one of Benerdon's cronies bribed her into it, and she was too stupid to ask what could go wrong.”

“Is that it?”

“No sir. She then refused to strip close to thirty-five minutes, despite being warned that each additional minute would get her another week. She was given plenty of chances to deal with a less severe punishment.”

“This sounds pretty lenient to me. I'll run it by Ms. Frauhold before I go, and it should all be finalized by tomorrow. Ted and Gary will escort you to the boxes with your robes while I add these memos to my safe. I need to wait for a Ms. Larae to show up and claim her clothing.”

“I suspect she may volunteer for the Program sir.”

“And why do you believe that Ms. Kirse?”

“Just a vibe I got from her earlier today.”

“Ted, Gary... make sure nobody tries to stop these two from getting to their clothing, or from leaving school grounds. If someone does, you have permission to treat them as hostile and use your tasers as needed.”

“Yes sir.” Emanuel heard the two grunt in unison. “Come with us please.”

*That was nice of him.*

*He suspected Benerdon would get this desperate precious. Considering how much help we've given him so far, I doubt he'd want to lose us due to her interference.*

*Just one more day, and she won't be able to bother us again.*

*At least on this level. And once she fires Luden, she won't be able to enforce the counselor visits.*

*Very true. Do you suppose Ted and Gary have their tasers out? The cronies seem to be melting away from us.*

*Either that, or they realize their mission was a failure, and harassing us won't do them any good. Emanuel glanced up, and noticed the double doors to outside approaching. We're almost there.*

“Wait! Stop, or I'll fire both of you!”

*Benerdon... the only person who could get in our way.*

*Yeah, but she doesn't realize something Ally.*

*That is?*

*Their radios are tuned to the one I saw in Litski's office. Anything she says, his will pick up, and I noticed it on full volume.*

“You don't have the power to ma'am. We answer directly to the head of security, who answers to the Vice-Principal.”

“Fine. I just want to talk to the two students with you. Just for a moment.”

“What is it Ms. Benerdon? I have baseball practice to get to, and the school day officially ended only a few minutes ago.”

*Cheeky Manny... very cheeky.*

“Why have you two tried to thwart me at every corner? What do you have against my plans? I'm only looking out for the health of the school.”

“And which of your actions had that health in mind?”

“Why, choosing students who would create a black mark on the Program. They'd eventually get picked anyway, and by then even more harm would have been done. And so what if I hacked into the selection system and rewrote a few students' exempt status? It's not like I did any real lasting harm to any of them.”

“Oh? Edward's hospitalization is not lasting harm? Your attempts with the counselor to push me to instability did not have the potential to become lasting harm? Do you know that it's only because of the man holding my hand that I'm able to speak right now? That because of him, I've grown in ways I could not have even thought about?”

“Uh... uh...”

“Did you think that revealing my condition to all my teachers was a kindness? That wresting me away from the closest thing I've ever had to a support system was a good idea? Did you even think at all, or were you merely acting out of fear!? Is that all you are? A coward who is unwilling to even think about how to adapt to the new society that is to come? You sicken me. Stay away from me... I never want to hear your voice ever again!”

Emanuel watched Allison turn to him. *I need to go, before I feel tempted to say anything else, or do something rash for that matter. We'll talk later, okay?*

*Okay.* “I love you Allison.”

Emanuel smiled as she leaned in and kissed him. “I love you too Emanuel.” *Have a safe practice.*

*I think you stunned Benerdon too much for her to try anything for at least a little while. Let me know any new details about tomorrow and Saturday.*

*Of course.* “Let's go Gary.”

Emanuel watched Ted turn toward him. “Sir, should we grab your clothing, then get to the baseball field?”

“Would you be willing to pick it up later, and drop it off at the field? If we leave for the field now, I might be able to make it in time for practice to start.”

“Gladly sir.”

.....  
Thursday Evening  
.....

Allison

Allison quietly made her way toward the box, breathing a sigh of relief as she realized the lock was still on it. She turned to Gary. “Do you have the key?”

She watched him shake his head and turn toward the right. “No Ms. Kirse, I do. Can I convince you to leave your robe in there until tomorrow?”

Allison turned toward Ms. Frauhold. “If I had worn normal clothing today, maybe. I intend to use my bathrobe tomorrow morning though.”

“Very well. I'll unlock your box for you.” Allison watched as she turned to Gary. “Where is your partner and Mr. Lopez?”

“Ted is escorting Mr. Lopez to the practice field first, and then he will come to claim Mr. Lopez's robe and bring it to the field afterward.”

Allison watched her pause. “I hope he's smart enough to wait until he leaves school grounds to put it on.”

“Manny knows the rules as well as the rest of us Ms. Frauhold. I'm sure he wouldn't be stupid enough to try to circumvent them...” she paused, “especially with only one day left to our week.” *Have you met with any obstructions on your way to practice Manny?*



*Not yet, and we're most of the way there. Is Ms. Frauhold out by our boxes?*

*Yes, and she tried to convince me to leave my robe in the box until tomorrow.*

Allison watched as Ms. Frauhold quietly opened both of their boxes. *Tried huh? What were your objections?*

*Just that I had plans for it tomorrow morning.*

*Plans? Mundane ones like wearing it after a shower, or special ones?*

*Both. But the special ones are a secret.*

*Then I won't pry any further. By the way, Ted is on his way back now.*

Allison reached into the open box and grabbed her robe. *Good... it looks Ms. Frauhold is impatient to leave.* She silently put it on and tied it closed. *Truth be told, having the robe on again feels a little weird.*

*You could always just not wear it home.*

*I think I'll do just that.* Allison smiled, took the robe off, put her bag back on, and began to walk toward the waiting bus. *I think I just saw Ms. Frauhold smile a little.*

*Such smiles can only improve our chances of winning those awards.*

Allison smiled. *Very true. Oh, don't forget to pack a few days worth of clothing tonight.*

*To bring with me tomorrow, right? I'll make sure to add that to my kempo bag. Don't forget yours tomorrow either.*

Allison quietly stepped on the bus and watched the driver looked at her, shook his head, then looked again. "I thought you'd be dressed Ms. Kirse. What happened to the girl who was so afraid of nudity on Tuesday?"

She smiled and sat down in the front. "She's gone, hopefully for good." *I may need a reminder tonight. Could you give me one later?*

*Sure. I need to go and focus on the new players for now though.*

*Okay.*

"Oh? I know the Program is supposed to change people, so I guess it actually works."

Allison sat down in one of the front seats. “Only if the people around you are supportive. Otherwise I can see a lot of potential for harm in it.”

She watched the driver close the doors and begin to drive. “That statement is true of any institution or program in life.”

“You have a good point.” *I guess wisdom can be found anywhere... she paused even from the most unexpected sources.*

*You mean the quiet, seemingly uneducated types?*

*Yeah.*

*I heard a proverb once that says: “The truly wise rarely speak. When they do, their words have greater value than pure gold.”*

*Do you remember who said that?*

*Not at the moment, but true wisdom transcends whoever first articulated it. False wisdom is always forgotten by time.*

*And true wisdom lasts forever?*

*In one form or another, yes.*

*How are the new players?*

*None of them compare to Tony's level of talent, but with time and practice they should turn out decent. Allison felt a pause. Correction, they need a lot of practice.*

*Didn't you when you started?*

*Yeah, but it feels like a few of them lack the discipline to really put in the effort. Hopefully Coach can teach them it.*

*He's taught the rest of the team, right?*

*Yeah... she felt another pause. It's just... I have a bad feeling about three of them.*

*Are your bad feelings usually right?*

*Unfortunately, yes. Thankfully, they don't happen often.*

*Then hopefully this is one of those times where it's wrong. Anyway, I'm just about home.*

Allison watched as the bus pulled up in front of her house. “Would you like me to wait for a moment so you can get dressed Ms. Kirse? Just in case your folks are easily shocked by this sort of thing.”

She smiled and shook her head. “I want to see how my mom responds.” *That, and I don't feel like putting on any clothing until tomorrow.*

“If that's what you want, who am I to stop you.” Allison stood as the doors swung open. “Have a good day Ms. Kirse.”

She nodded, grabbed her bag and robe, and smiled as she left the bus. “You too.”

*Really precious? That's quite brave of you.*

Allison hopped toward the door. *Not really. The only person I'm not completely comfortable seeing me naked is Dad, and but he won't be home for another hour, so I have time to change my mind if I want to.*

*Sounds like you thought this through. Have fun.*

*I intend to. Get home safe once practice is over.* Allison reached for the door knob and began to turn it. “Mom, I'm home!” She opened the door and stepped into the kitchen.

“Good. Your father is going to be a little late getting home from work, so dinner is going to be later than usual” her mom said as she cut up carrots.

“That's okay. I can wait a little longer.”

“How was your...” Allison watched her mom turn around “day?” Allison smiled at the surprised look on her face. “Do you realize you're still naked?”

“I guess I'm getting used to nudity. It feels pretty good.”

“So the Program is actually doing what it's supposed to?”

Allison half shook her head, put her things down on a seat, and sat down at the table. “Kinda. Today was good, and I wouldn't have met Manny if either of us wasn't in it this week, but that isn't the whole picture. Without Manny's support, and the support of my new friends, I would have broken down days ago.”

She watched her mom smile. “We really owe him a lot, don't we? I never expected you to be this outgoing again.”

Allison blinked in surprise. “You mean this isn't a recent development?”

“Prior to the incident, you were one of the most outgoing little girls I've ever seen.”

“Is that what they're calling it these days? I'd call it starting an orgy.”

Allison turned her head around and glared at Sarah. “Sarah!”

“Orgy? When did this happen?”

Allison spun back to her mom. “She's exaggerating. It wasn't an orgy.”

“Then what actually happened?”

Allison smiled sheepishly. “I just wanted to see if I could make Manny faint from an orgasm.”

“And?”

“I succeeded, if only for a moment.”

“So why is your sister convinced it was an orgy?”

Allison smiled. “Because I had some help. Four pairs of hands worth.”

“Is that why the Program Rep wanted to talk to you?”

Allison watched her mom's face drop. “What did you do?”

She rolled her eyes. “Nothing wrong. She wanted to discuss a few Program related things. Some of it was meant for all of us participating this week...”

“Some?” she heard her mom interrupt.

“Well, the school wants to nominate Manny and I for a handful of Program related awards. Some of the rewards are substantial, and she provided us with release forms that she claims will help our chances of winning.”

“You sound like you're uncertain about signing them. Why?”

Allison opened the bag and pulled out the form. “I don't understand the legalize it's written in. You were pre-law, right Mom? Maybe you can translate it for me.”

She watched her shake her head. “I was pre-law for all of a year. It was too cutthroat for me though, so I never went very far in that program.”

“But, didn't you and Dad meet during that year?”

“That's true, but Columbia also had a very strong IT program. So I was able to switch and pursue my tech degree and still stay close to your father. My programming business also payed the bills during your father's internship.”

“But didn't you quit that field when Allison was born?”

Allison watched her mom shake her head. “The full-time office job? Yes. But I was able to keep my own private practice even while you were both infants. Resources did get a bit tight for a couple of years, but by the time I needed to really cut down on jobs, your father had already begun to work full time.”

“Really?” she heard her sister ask.

Allison turned to her sister. “What's really funny about that is where Dad's the company lawyer...” she paused “the very firm Mom first worked at.”

She heard her mom laugh. “It's a good thing too. His hours have been a lot more stable because of it. The biggest case he's ever had to deal with dealt with a patent dispute.”

“So, I'm better off showing the form to him then?”

“Yes. He probably deals with at least a dozen release forms a month. He could tell you for sure if there's anything fishy in that one. Until he gets home though, there is one thing we should talk about.”

Allison watched Sarah scratch her head in confusion. “My final guest list, right?”

“That's part of it. Your father was more resistant than I thought he'd be to the idea of Emanuel sleeping over tomorrow. I just managed to convince him it's a good idea.”

Allison glanced at the look of discomfort on Sarah's face, nodded in agreement, and turned back to her mom. “I don't want to know how you did it, but thank you mom.”

She heard her mom sigh, then chuckle softly. “At least I got a little gratitude. Anyway, if you two decide tomorrow night is the right time, don't let us disturb you too much.”

“Mom!” Allison shouted in unison with her sister. “We really didn't need to know that.”

She watched her mom shake her head. “Think about this for a moment – what's worse – knowing about it in advance so you can try to drown out the noise; or us catching you both by surprise?”

Allison paused for a moment. "Mom has a point. At least this way you can make sure you have fresh batteries."

"Not you too sis... how did you know about that?"

Allison smiled. "Just because I was prude until this week doesn't mean I don't know what a vibrator sounds like. And you're not exactly quiet either. Anyway..." she paused, turning back to her mom "I know who I'd like to invite on Saturday."

"Aside from Emanuel, how many other people are on this list?"

"Just four. Laura, Cosette, Tony..."

"And George?" she heard her mom interrupt.

Allison shook her head. "No... not this year. He's been a little too over protective and jealous this week. And Emily's out too. The last person is Kara."

"The little brat from down the street? I'm surprised you want to invite her. Oh, and who is this Cosette?"

"Kara apologized for her bratty behavior yesterday, and she's proven to be a truer friend than Emily ever was..." she paused. "As for Cosette, she's kind of a little sister figure, and she and Tony may become a couple soon."

"A little sister in what sense? The upperclassman helping a younger student sense?"

Allison nodded her head. "That's precisely it."

She watched her mom think for a second. "That's fine then. What details will they need?"

"Time, place, and any special requirements."

Allison watched her smile. "I have two places in mind. One will allow almost any dress code, while the other will require more bravery on your part."

"Bravery?"

"Yes. I know that your nudity doesn't need to be restricted to school and home. And, while nine people is affordable at the diner, the same party only fits the budget at the Friendly's if their nudity discount comes into play."

"How exactly does the discount work? Is it one of those blanket deals?"

Allison watched her shake her head. “No, they take five percent off the bill for each topless girl, and ten percent for each fully naked person under thirty. Even getting the bill cut by twenty-five percent would be enough to make it a viable option.”

“Well, seeing how Laura volunteered for the Program this week, Tony's been naked in solidarity for us, and both Kara and Cosette spent some time topless today... I can see a fifty percent discount happening. Is there a limit on how high the discount can go?”

“I don't believe so. I think businesses with policies like that get significant tax breaks from the government. Anyway, that much of a discount would definitely make it affordable.”

Allison smiled. “Then I feel brave enough to go there. Do we need to arrive naked, or can we strip upon getting into the restaurant?”

“I think you need to enter naked. You could always wear your robe over like you did this morning.”

*Manny, are you up to spending my birthday dinner naked? If a few of us do that, Mom can probably afford Friendly's.*

*Complete with ice cream?*

*Probably.*

*I believe the whole school gang would go naked for ice cream. Is there a significant discount for nudity?*

*Ten percent per naked person, five percent for topless girls.*

*That is significant.*

“What time should I tell people?”

“Let's say six.”

“Okay.” *Manny, do you mind if I bring up the possibility of you staying here while I'm talking to Mom?*

*I'd rather bring that up tomorrow.*

*Okay.*

“I'm guessing there's one more thing to discuss tomorrow, isn't there?”

“Yeah... I promised Manny I'd let him lead that conversation off though.”

Allison watched her look up at the clock. “I should start dinner, and you both have homework to do.” She watched her mom turn back toward her. “Oh, and I'll send your father up to your room when he gets home.”

“To look at the form, right?”

“Right.”

Allison smiled, stood up, and grabbed her things. “Should I get dressed before dad gets home?”

“I'm sure he'll be uncomfortable with your nudity, but he'll need to get used to it for Saturday. So, only get dressed if you want to. Anyway, go! I need to prepare your father's favorite meal if Saturday is to work at all.”

Allison nodded her head and quickly made her way up to her room. *Is Tony helping oversee the practice too?*

*Yeah... why?*

*Let him know about his invitation for Saturday and about the discount.*

*What time on Saturday?*

*6pm. I'm going to do some research for history tomorrow.*

*Have fun.*

Emanuel

Emanuel sighed and turned to Tony. “We're we this bad when we started?”

“I was, but I've never seen worse discipline in my life. It'll take a miracle to get these guys anywhere near decent. If only those two idiots hadn't been so stupid.”

“How is the injury anyway?”

“Still hurts like crazy. The itchiness of the bandages don't help either.”

Emanuel turned to one of the players. “What did I say about that shortcut?!”

“That it'll only hurt me and the team?” he heard the player respond sarcastically.



“Right. Do I need to disturb Coach now?”

Emanuel felt a hand rest on his shoulder. “I thought this was a job I could leave you two with. Clearly I underestimated the stubbornness of those idiots.” He watched him point at a few of the players. “You three, fifteen laps around the field... NOW!”

Emanuel turned to face the coach. “I'm sorry Coach. I...”

“You were doing fine Emanuel. It's not your fault they have the self-discipline of sock puppets. In fact, you two can hit the showers and go home for today.”

“Yes sir.” Emanuel watched Tony begin to walk toward the locker room. He grabbed the nearby robe and started after him.

“I kind of pity those three. I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end of what Coach has in mind for them.”

“Neither would I Tony. Do you need help with the bandages before getting in the showers?”

“No thanks. I barely did enough to need one, and Cosette's waiting to help me with that anyway.”

Emanuel shook his head. “You let her wait for you?”

He heard him chuckle. “Even if I had said no, she's be waiting anyway. She promised she had homework to keep her busy, so I didn't really press the matter.”

“It sounds like she's quite smitten with you.” *Ally precious, apparently Cosette stayed behind to help Tony. Would you like me to let her know about the party too?*

*Sure. That'll leave only Kara and Laura to tell tomorrow. Oh, and if she wants to have a little fun, I don't have a problem with it.*

*Has your mom said anything about me sleeping over tomorrow night?*

*Let me just leave that at she convinced dad.*

*Enough said. I don't want to know how.*

*Neither did I, but she hinted at it anyway.*

“Hi handsome” Emanuel heard Cosette say shyly as they approached her. “I didn't realize the Sex God would be with you.”

“Well, there's not much we can practice this early in the season. Were you waiting long Cosette?”

Emanuel watched her blush. “No. Since Allison's my big sis now, does that make you my big brother?”

“Only if you want it to.” Emanuel watched a big smile appear on her face. “I'm guessing that's a yes.”

He watched her run forward and throw her arms around him. *I think I've gotten a little sister.*

*Cosette?*

*Yeah. You know those long, happy hugs?*

*Uh huh.*

*She's giving me one now, and of course my penis chooses now to respond to her.*

*Is she still topless?*

*Yeah.*

*I'd be worried if you didn't react that way. Especially when you're that close to a pair of breasts like hers. As I said earlier, have fun... I really don't mind.*

“Uhm, big brother, do Program rules still count right now? I want to play a little, but I want to upset big sis.”

Emanuel smiled. “I'm still on school grounds for a school activity, so yes. And don't worry about Allison...” he paused “she's assured me she's okay with you playing a little.”

“Really?”

“Did you just check with her using your gift?”

Emanuel nodded and noticed the confused look on Cosette's face. “Yeah. Cosette, I'll explain what Tony meant in just a moment. First, I have something Allison wants you both to know.”

He watched Cosette break the hug and begin to untie Tony's bandages. “What is it big brother?”

“Saturday is Allison's birthday, and both of you are invited to the party. It'll be held at the Friendly's at 6pm.”

“Didn't they adopt a new policy concerning public nudity?” he heard Tony ask.

Emanuel nodded. “Precisely. Allison and I will be naked for it. If you two are willing to join us in nudity, it will mean a forty percent discount instead of a twenty percent one.”

“Count me in man. Are you willing to join me Cosette?”

Emanuel watched her look down at her pants. “Can I only be topless?”

He nodded. “That will mean a thirty-five percent discount instead, but sure. However, consider one thing – the higher we bring the discount, the more likely we can all get ice cream as well.”

“Nudity for ice cream?” he heard her pause “okay.”

*Two more naked people for the party.*

*Mom will be happy to hear that.*

“Do we need to bring a gift? I don't know big sis very well yet, so if we do I'll need help choosing one.”

“I don't believe so. To be honest, I'm not sure what to get her myself.”

Emanuel watched as the final piece of bandage came off Tony. “Don't worry about that Tesa. I have an idea that can come from both of us.” he heard Tony say to Cosette.

He watched her seem to melt, then turned to Tony. “Would this idea have anything to do with the books you lent us? If so, such a gift should probably wait until after we eat.”

“Yeah. Have you had a chance to look at the books yet? If not, my idea might now work so well.”

“Not really. Just what is this idea?”

Emanuel watched Tony nod at Cosette, who quickly took off her pants and panties. “It's a toy bag starter kit. Nothing too crazy, just some silk rope, a soft blindfold, and a few other mild things. I promise, nothing scary or advanced.”

“That should be okay. If we don't want to use something in the kit, do we have to?”

“Not at all. Ignore any items you don't want to use. Out of curiosity, are Allison's nipples particularly sensitive?”

Emanuel started toward the shower. “Yeah. Why do you ask?”

“I have an idea for something you can get her. It'll be a private gift, but I know a good store in the mall where you can find it. We could head there once we're all clean and dressed.”

“Just what do you have in mind?”

“Do you trust me? I promise it won't take long to show you. Besides, I want to pick up a pair for Cosette anyway.”

“Wait, is this going to require any piercing to happen? That sort of thing would require her express permission first.”

Emanuel watched him motion Cosette over as he turned on the water. “Nope, these don't require anything to be pierced, but have a somewhat similar effect to nipple piercings.”

“Sir, can I play with both of you at once?” Emanuel heard Cosette ask quietly.

“Wait, is she...”

“My sub? Not yet, although that may change soon. We are dating though.” He watched Tony turn to Cosette. “Tesa, you may use your discretion. You remember the limits, right?”

“The same rules as before for big brother, and nothing past third base for you. Am I right sir?”

Emanuel watched a smile appear in Tony's face. “Very good Tesa. Repeat your safe words, then you can start.”

*Interesting. Highly structured, but the respect I'd expect of a relationship is still there.*

*What's happening?*

*Tony and Cosette seem to be playing out a dominant/submissive relationship.*

*That was fast.*

*It looks like this is just a trial.*

“Red means stop and yellow means slow down. Am I correct sir?”

“You are. Please begin Tesa.”

Emanuel watched as Cosette turned to him. “Big brother, can you please play with my breasts for a moment?”

“Is that request okay Tony?”

“Right, you're not used to this. I'm allowing her to decide how she gets the job done, as long as she follows the pre-discussed rules. So if I don't correct her, as long as the request was respectful and you're okay with it, it's okay.” Emanuel watched him turn to Cosette. “Tesa, treat any request from Emanuel as if it came from me. And don't forget to see what he'd prefer you to call him.”

“Yes sir. I'm sorry I forgot the protocol sir.”

*She sounds disappointed.*

“It's okay Tesa. You're not used to it yet.”

*I guess this is an instructional phase.*

“Yes sir.” He watched her turn to him. “Is it okay if I keep calling you big brother? I can use another term if you'd like.”

Emanuel paused for a moment in thought. “Big brother feels a bit weird in instances like this. I'd prefer Sir Lopez.”

“As you wish Sir Lopez.” Emanuel watched her lean forward, emphasizing her breasts with the pose. “Please play with my breasts a little Sir Lopez.”

Emanuel glanced at Tony, then back at Cosette & smiled. “I'll play with one of them. You'll need to ask Tony to play with the other one.”

He began to stroke the underside of Cosette's right breast. “Please sir, please play with my other breast.”

Emanuel watched Tony glance at him. “You have something up your sleeve, don't you?”

“Not really. I'll explain my motivation later.”

“Ah, so that's it...” Emanuel watched him pause and begin to mirror Emanuel's motions on Cosette's left breast. “I think I may share Tesa with you more in the future.” Emanuel merely smiled as Cosette began to moan loudly. “You're a very lucky girl Tesa.”

He watched her smile. “Thank you...” he heard her breathe heavily “sir.” He watched her head turn to face his. “Please stop playing sirs.”

Emanuel stopped as Tony did. He watched Cosette dip her fingers into her vagina, move them around a little, and then remove them. “I hope you like what I'm about to do Sir Lopez.” He smiled as she grabbed his penis with her wet hands and pumped it a few times before kneeling in front of him. He gasped as she held her breasts together and slid his penis between them.

He smiled as she began to lift her body up and down and began to moan again. Emanuel heard himself begin to moan. “Am I... meeting your expectations Sir... Lopez?” he heard her ask in between hard breaths.

“Yes.” He turned to Tony. “Are there any limits I should know about?”

“Yeah. Don't ask her to take anything that would leave lasting marks. Oh, and feel free to call her Tesa if you want to.”

“That feels kind of wrong. Would Tess be okay instead?”

“Sure” he heard Tony respond. Emanuel watched Cosette smile.

*So, what's going on there?*

*You could say I'm getting a crash course in how a dominant might treat his/her submissive. Complete with hands on training.*

*From Tony?*

*Yeah, and apparently Cosette is flirting with the idea of becoming his submissive.*

*So, what do you think? And what is she doing?*

*Well, she's giving me another tit-job, and it feels really good. As for the model Tony's teaching, I'm kind of impressed. Emanuel gasped again as Cosette began to speed up. And I'm getting close to cumming.*

*I'm sure that will make her very happy.*

“Please tell me where you'd like to cum Sir Lopez.”

“Breasts...” Emanuel paused as he felt the point of no return happen “now!”

He watched her pull back quickly, grab his penis, and point it at her breasts. He smiled as the cum began to hit them, and a grin appeared on her face. *You're right Ally, she does look very happy.* He felt his breathing normalize as the last spurt hit her.

*Good. She's a sweet girl, and she deserves a bit of happiness.*

Emanuel watched Cosette look up at him, now holding her breasts up. “Did I do a good job Sir Lopez?”

He smiled. “Yes Tess, you did.” *I think I've finally figured out part of what she gets from this.*

*Oh?*

*She seems to like making people happy, and this frees her to only having to focus on that. I imagine that as long as she has a partner who she trusts to meet her wants and needs, she can focus on him or her.*

*Maybe we ought to look at those books soon. That sounds like an interesting idea to explore.*

“Tesa, rinse off, then sit in front of me.”

“Yes sir.” Emanuel watched her stand and walk under the water while Tony turned toward him.

“I think you're starting to understand her interest in this. If you want to focus on getting clean for now, feel free, but you should hang around in here until we're done.” he heard Tony pause. “There is one more important thing for you to see.”

“Sure. Based on what I've seen and experienced, I think Allison may like this, and it doesn't hurt to find out as much as possible before I make up my mind.”

*Dad's home. I'm going to ask him about the forms.*

*Okay. Let me know what he says.*

*Of course.*

Allison

Allison heard the door knob click as the door began to open. “Your mother said you wanted me to...” she heard her dad begin as it fully opened. “Uhm, sorry. Let me come back when you're decent.”

“It's okay Dad. I don't mind. Anyway, the legal form on my bed is what I want you to look at.”

Allison watched him blink and pick up the form. “What do you want me to look for?”

*He's blushing Manny. My dad is embarrassed to see me naked.*

*Not surprising. I can understand why he might feel that way.*

“Anything unreasonable or unusual. I just want to make sure the government isn't trying to cheat us or something.”

“Why were you given release forms anyway?”

“Well, if we sign them and cooperate, our chances of winning a few state level and beyond awards will greatly increase; some of those could get us serious scholarship money.”

Allison watched her dad begin to read the form. “Let's see... right to use, publish and print any Program related pictures, videos or stories... grants priority for interviews, right to any royalties from published media... right to edit any media intended for use...” she watched him stop and look up.

“So?”

“Aside from the editing clause and the royalty clause, it's your standard government contract. There's nothing you can do about the royalty clause, although it does allow others to keep their rights...”

“Like the drawings of a classmate?”

“Correct. You can opt out of the editing clause without penalty, and I advise you to do just that. You don't want to let some of the crooks out there turn you into complete propaganda pieces. Other than that, this is one of the most fair release forms I've seen in awhile.”

“So it's worth signing?”

“Definitely. Especially if the rewards are as good as you've claimed.”

*So Ally?*

*There is a clause about editing that we should opt out of, but it won't hurt us if we do.*



*Good to know. How about the rest of it?*

*Worth it. Dad says it's one of the fairest forms he's seen in awhile. And he deals with a lot of these. How's the lesson with Tony going?*

*He just finished with Cosette a little while ago. They're engaged in what he calls aftercare.*

*Aftercare?*

*Tony says that he needs to let Cosette down from her head space slowly. Otherwise, she'll crash back to normal, and that is apparently really unpleasant.*

*How does he keep that from happening?*

*He says it differs from person to person. All Cosette seems to need is a long hug and some water.*

*Interesting. Tell me more later, mom's calling us for dinner.*

*Okay.*

Allison smiled. "Coming mom!"

"Are you sure you want to head down for dinner like that sweetie?"

"Yeah. After being naked for most of the day, putting on clothing feels kinda wrong." *Let me know when you get home safely.*

*Sure. Tony wants to show me something at the mall, so it may be a bit late.*

*Okay.*

Emanuel

"Feeling better Cosette?"

"Yes big brother. Did you have as much fun as I did?"

Emanuel smiled. "I did. We should get to the mall soon though..." he paused. "Tony and I still have homework to do."

He watched Tony nod as Cosette finished re-wrapping the bandages. "The same store that will have what I want to get for your toy bag will have the jewelry I'm thinking about. I can make another trip for the other stuff later if you want to keep this short."

Emanuel finished drying off and put on his shoes. “Actually, I’d prefer to watch you make your selections. Call it curiosity.”

“Sure. I’m ready to go when you two are.”

He watched Cosette pull on her panties and pants, then put on her shoes. “I’m ready too.”

“Let’s go then.”

“Do you want to put your bike on top of my car? The racks up on the roof should still be in good shape.”

“Sure. It’ll beat riding it naked.”

Emanuel began to follow Tony. “So, what did you think of the whole experience?”

“Having control over Cosette felt a little odd, but otherwise good. Will it be that odd with Allison?”

“Probably not. With the emotional connection you two share, it may be really intense, but really rewarding. Your gift should make things interesting too.”

“Big brother, what is this gift? I thought you said you weren’t sure what to get big sis.”

Emanuel turned to Cosette as Tony attached the bike to the roof of his car. “Tony’s referring to the telepathic connection Allison and I share. We can ‘hear’ each other’s thoughts. Although, lately emotion, volume and tone of voice has been starting to come through as well.”

He watched her eyes light up. “Wow... that must be a very useful gift.”

“Most of the time. Sometimes we need a thought to be private, and keeping them that way isn’t easy.”

*So, why are you going to the mall anyway?*

*It’s a surprise.*

*No fair.*

Emanuel smiled. *Pouting are we? I promise you won’t need to wait very long to get the surprise.*

*Oh, all right...*

“They're doing it again, aren't they Tony?”

“Clearly. Once you two are in the car, we can be on our way.”

Emanuel quietly climbed into the car and sat in one of the back seats. “How much is the jewelry likely to cost?”

“At most thirty-five dollars for the pair. Most pairs should be around twenty.”

“Okay, that shouldn't be too bad. How fancy do the styles typically get?”

“It depends. Some of them are very simple, while some are plated in other colors with gem stones. You should be able to find a style that Allison should like without a problem.” Emanuel heard him pause as the car pulled into the parking lot of the mall. “So, any interest in joining Cosette and I for another scene? I know she'd like it if you did.”

“Please big brother...” he heard her plead.

“If Allison is willing to join me next time, certainly.”

Emanuel watched a big smile appear on Cosette's face. “Please ask her as soon as you can big brother.”

“Sure.” *Ally, Tony and Cosette want us to join them one of the next times they play. Any interest?*

*Normal play, or the kind you joined them for today?*

*The latter.*

*After we've had a chance to look at the books first, and maybe tried it for ourselves in private.*

Emanuel watched as Tony parked and began to get out of the car. “Let us have the chance to read the books Tony lent us, and maybe try it ourselves, then sure.” He watched Cosette smile again. “So, how far into the mall is this shop?”

“Not very. Under old rules, such a place would never have been allowed in a standard mall, but that just shows you how much of an impact the new laws are having.”

Emanuel nodded and began to follow Tony. “Just like we couldn't be naked in a public place prior to the new laws either. And now, just look at how many stores have nudity discounts.”

“Yeah.” He watched Tony point to a somewhat plain store front with open windows. “That's the place. It used to have black windows from what I understand, so the current presentation is an improvement. Anyway, you still need to be eighteen to actually buy anything, so I'll pay for whatever you decide is right for Allison, and you can give me the money for it later.”

“Thanks man. Does that mean Cosette and I won't be able to enter either?”

“That's the way it used to be, but not anymore. Now you only need id to actually purchase most of what they stock. Although, I hear a law to bring that age limit down to sixteen is in the works.”

Emanuel stepped into the store and watched an employee come up to them. “Welcome to the Alternate Sex. This week we're having a special sale.” He watched the man point to several sections. “Everything in those sections is half off, and we're running a trial run of the newly proposed sixteen as adult rule.”

“Does that mean...”

“Exactly what you think it does sir. You only need to be sixteen to purchase any adult toys or novelties this week, not the normal eighteen. Can I help you find anything?”

Emanuel watched Tony shake his head. “I've been here before, and I can show my friends around. Thank you for the offer though.”

He watched the man quietly bow and walk away. “Was he wearing a dog collar around his neck?”

“It looks like one, but no. That collar is designed for people. I wonder if his dominant is around, or if that is simply one of their rules... anyway, the nipple jewelry is this way.”

“What purpose does a collar like that serve?” he asked as he began to follow Tony to a fancy display.

“It helps show that he belongs to someone else, and I imagine is a nice reminder to him to obey whatever rules his dominant told him to.” Emanuel watched Tony point to a section of the display. “Allison doesn't strike me as the kind of girl who would want overly fancy jewelry, so something from this section would probably work.”

Emanuel nodded his head and began to look at them. *Wait... that's it!*

*What's "it"?*

*Surprise related precious. You'll find out later.*

“Ah, the eternity knot shield. That one is very popular amongst the married couples that come here. But you look a little young to be married sir. Wouldn't this friendship knot be more appropriate?”

“That's nice, but I have a good feeling about this one.”

“Very well sir. Just so you know, as long as you don't open the packaging, you can get a refund or exchange of equal value, no questions asked.”

Emanuel smiled as Tony came over. “I should have figured you go for that one. Allison's nipples should be big enough for that to fit properly.”

“So, just how do these work?”

“It's very simple. They simply slip over the nipple, and apply gentle pressure as long as they stay on. I've heard it helps to play with the nipples first though.”

“And how well do they stay on?”

Emanuel watched the employee return. “They should be able to stay on indefinitely sir.”

Emanuel nodded and turned back to Tony. “So, show me the toys you intend to put in the bag for Allison.”

He followed Tony as he walked to a different portion of the store. “First, this is the small bag everything is going into. It'll have plenty of room should you wish to expand the collection later on.” He watched him grab a large coil of rope. “Fifty feet of red silk rope. That should be enough for you to do most simple bondage, and the stuff is really soft.”

Emanuel felt the rope. “You're right. That is amazingly soft. What's next?”

“A black silk blindfold. It won't completely block out vision, but it should be comfortable for extended wear.”

“What would you use?”

“Leather ones like these. That inner pocket allows them to almost completely block vision, but still be comfortable. They are a bit scary looking though. Anyway, next is a pair of simple leather wrist cuffs. These should fit Allison if I'm remembering the size of her wrists right.” Emanuel's eyes drifted to the nearby collars. “That's something

you may want to come back for on your own time. I don't know how big or small Allison's neck is, and collaring someone is a serious thing.”

“Good to know.”

“Finally, a soft leather flogger.” Emanuel watched Tony hit himself in the arm a few times with the red and black item. “Yeah, this should be good. Used lightly, it'll be a nice sensation. Used with a lot of power, and this will pack a decent sting.”

Emanuel watched Cosette bring a heavier looking flogger and a pair of oddly shaped scissors to Tony. “I know you'll want the shears, but can we also add this one? It feels kind of like a back massage.”

He watched Tony try the heavier flogger. “You're right Cosette. This can be quite nice. I'm certain it could also pack a really nice thump if used right.” He watched Tony turn back to him. “The heavier leather on this will have a very different feeling from the lighter one. And the scissors are EMT safety shears... these babies can cut through leather with some ease, so use them in case you need to get some rope off quickly.”

“Do any of the books you lent us have instructions on what to do with all of this?”

“Yeah. One of them even has some patterns for making your own toys. Anyway, remember that you can ignore anything here that looks too scary.”

Emanuel nodded and brought his selection up to the counter. “That'll be twenty-two dollars sir, and I'll need to see some id.” He pulled his id and debit card out of his wallet, and handed both to the cashier. “Thank you sir. If you need to exchange or return this, please be sure to bring your receipt when you do.”

Emanuel nodded, put in his pin number, then added the small gift bag to his school bag. He watched Tony check out. “We really should be on our way Tony.”

“Sure. I hope you guys have fun with all of this.” Emanuel nodded and started towards Tony's car. “I'll drop you off on my way home.” Emanuel let his mind wander as he got in the car. “We've arrived. Do you need any help getting your bike down from the roof?”

He shook his head. “I'll be fine. Have a good rest of the day you two.”

“You too big brother.”

Emanuel stepped out of the car, pulled down his bike, and quietly walked it to the back door and inside. *I'm home Ally.*

*Yay! Don't forget to pack extra clothing for the next few days. Just in case.*

*Thanks for the reminder.*

He settled down and began his homework. When he looked up at the clock, he noticed it had become very late. *I'm going to pack for tomorrow precious, then go to bed. I'll tell you more about what happened today tomorrow.*

*Okay.*

*Don't forget your gear for kempo tomorrow. I'll make sure to bring the books with me as well.*

*Good. Sleep well Manny.*

*You too Ally. Good night.*

Emanuel quietly packed the duffel and set it aside. He changed for bed, turned off the light, and climbed in. *Hopefully the next few days go well.* He felt his eyes close as sleep overtook him.

.....  
Friday Morning  
.....

Emanuel looked around the empty, all white room. *Someone went through a lot of trouble to keep this space as clean as possible. But what use is an all white room with nothing but a window you can't see out of, and a door that doesn't open?*

Suddenly, he heard a deep, male voice echo in his head. *Look out the window. Once you have your answer, the way forward will open.*

Emanuel walked to the window, noticing that the sky was now visible. In the distance he noticed a bright and shining city filled with trees of every size and color. From the center of the city he heard music like he'd never heard before. *It sounds like ten-thousand full-sized professional orchestras and choirs all performing in one space. Yet it feels like the music a person serenading his lover might play in private. How can anything be so grand and majestic, and so heart-felt and intimate at the same time?*

He paused for a moment. *Wait, that's how mom used to describe praise. If that's the case, then this can only be one place. And the function of this room is to prepare one's self for what comes next.*

Emanuel heard the door swing open. *Precisely. Go forward... someone waits for you with a message.*

He walked back to the door and looked in. He saw a comfortably decorated room with several couches. Sitting at one of them, he noticed a person with long, curly black

hair. *Just like mom's hair was.* He continued around the couch and felt his heart tense up as he came face to face with the person. *It is mom!*

He watched her smile. "It's been far too long pequeno. I'd heard that you grew into a fine young man, and that's certainly true."

Emanuel sat down next to her. "I take it you don't have a way of looking earthward then."

He watched her look down. "No, we do have a way. I've just never felt right using it after abandoning you and your father."

"Mama, why didn't you tell us sooner about the cancer? Dad and I could have helped you through it."

"I thought I could handle it on my own. I depended too much on my own strength. And I learned too late that I should have asked for help." He heard her pause. "I see that same thought in you. Please don't make the same mistake I did."

"What do you mean?"

"I know that your father's gone crazy because of his grief, and I know that he plans to get rid of everything that reminds him of me..." he heard her pause again, "including you."

"So do I mama. I've saved enough money to get me through for at least a few months, and I can begin working part time to raise the rest."

Emanuel heard her sigh. "That's exactly what I mean. You don't need to take that path yet. You have people who are willing to help you."

"Do you mean..."

"Yes, your future wife and in-laws, as well as your other close friends."

"So that desire isn't crazy?"

He watched her smile. "Not at all. From what I understand, you and her are meant for each other." He watched her look down again, then back up. "So please, accept the help others are waiting to give you."

"Can you help dad at all?"

"No. I've tried to, every chance I've gotten, but he refuses to even listen. I believe he needs to hit rock bottom before he will."



“Will something like this happen again mama?”

“Only if the message is important. Visits like this are supposed to be rare. And I fear we don't have much time left for this one.”

Emanuel heard a loud crash. *Was that the sound of glass breaking?*

“He's awake I'm afraid. Can you forgive me for what I've done?”

“Of course mama...” he paused, “I hope someday dad can too.”

Emanuel watched her stand up, and motion for him to do the same. “Me too pequeno.” He stood up and felt her pull him in for a hug. “I have always loved you, and I always will.”

He felt a few tears escape his eyes. “I love you too mama.”

He heard the screaming begin: “Wake up you little brat, and unlock this door right now! This is MY house, and you have no right to keep me out of any part of it!”

*Great, he's sober enough to speak clearly, but drunk enough to try something stupid.*

*Go, and do what must be done.*

Emanuel watched the room begin to fade. *Will I be able to return here again?*

*In time. For now, your place is in the world you know.*

He watched his mom begin to fade.

“I'll miss you mama.”

*As long as you want it, there will be a place for you here. Go, and keep living well.*

*I will.*

Emanuel watched as the room finished fading, and his room came into view. He quietly climbed out of bed and walked to the interior door. *I need something that can block it, in case he does anything... but what?*

He looked around, and spotted a nearby tall, heavy dresser. *That should work.* Summoning all his strength, he pushed the dresser in front of the door. *That should hold him until I can figure out a more permanent solution.*

*What's wrong Manny?*

*Dad's drunk earlier than usual, and the only thing keeping him from breaking down my door is the dresser I just pushed in front of it. I don't know how long that will keep him out though, so I need to come up with something better.*

*How strong is your exterior door?*

*Emanuel walked toward the bathroom and quietly stripped. Strong enough. It's survived storms before, so I doubt he can get through it. I'm more concerned about him breaking through the connecting door... He paused and felt the water's temperature warm up at least, until I can find somewhere else to live. Once I'm out of here, he's free to do as much damage to the house as he wants to.*

*Even though it's your house too?*

*As strange as it might sound, yes. He can damage the house all he wants, but he can never damage the memories I have from it.*

*How long do you expect to have before he forcibly kicks you out?*

*Maybe a week at most. But that week will be utter hell.*

*If you need to get out sooner...*

*I know. I'll ask tonight.*

*Emanuel felt a surge of joy briefly from Allison. What changed your mind?*

*I'll tell you once we get to school... I'm not certain this is something I can tell anyone from a distance. He reached for the soap, and quickly lathered up.*

*Okay. Do you mind if I masturbate a little before then? I woke up kind of horny.*

*He smiled and rinsed off the soap. Not at all. Have fun.*

*Would you like to join me?*

*Emanuel reached for the shampoo, poured some on his hand, and began to wash his hair. Not today. I'm not really in the mood right now, and I want to get away from here as quickly as I can.*

*Aww... he felt her disappointment. I understand.*

*He reached for conditioner. Actually, I think I could use a few minutes to myself. Do you mind if I go blank for a little bit?*

*I'd rather you do that and be emotionally present later than have your half attention now.*

*Thanks. I'll see you later.*

Emanuel breathed in, quietly pictured a wall in his mind, and breathed out as the wall formed. Silently, he massaged some conditioner into his hair. *Why didn't mom try speaking to me earlier? Was I not ready until now? Am I truly ready to leave this place...* he rinsed off the conditioner *or should I try to fight a little harder?* He reached for the soap, and began to lather up.

Emanuel heard another crash. *No, it's definitely time. The sooner I can be out of here, the better. Thankfully, I don't have much to pack... a few boxes, and maybe a suitcase should be enough.* He quickly rinsed off, then shut off the water. *With help, that shouldn't take long.* He heard another crash as he stepped out of the shower and began to dry. *Considering how violent he seems to be today, I might not have long. Maybe I should see if Tony can assist me with getting the important stuff out now.*

Emanuel reached his bathrobe and slipped it on, only to hear the sound of splintering wood. *I definitely need to call Tony.* He scanned the room again. *There ought to be something stronger I can use to block the door.*

His eyes stopped on a pile of concrete blocks in the corner. *Those will work much better. I'll need to get them in front of the door for them to be truly effective though.* Emanuel quietly closed his eyes and focused his attention. *Okay, he's walking away from the door, and it feels like he'll be gone for a little while. That should be enough time to swap them out.*

He quickly pushed the dresser aside, and began to stack the blocks. *If I build this like I would a wall, then he should have a very difficult time getting through. And I can put the dresser in front of them too... that should make them all but impossible to move.*

Emanuel breathed a sigh of relief a few minutes later. *There. That should do it. And he's still not near the door, so I should have time to quickly pack a few things.* He scanned the room again. *Okay, I have four boxes, and a reasonably big suitcase. That should be enough. All I need to pack is my books, a few special items, my hard drive, and my clothing.*

He started moving about the room, quickly loading up two boxes with books, and a third with other items. *Wait... I shouldn't forget the video games.*

A few minutes later, he stepped back to survey the room one last time. *That should be everything. With a little bit of help, I think everything can make it out in one trip. And I should have just enough time to make it to school before the strip show starts. All I need is my duffel and backpack, and I'm set.*

He'd just tied the duffel to his bike when he suddenly heard "Youch!!! I'll get you for that you little shit!"

*Guess he tried to break the door down again. Good thing I made it out as quickly as I did... Time to ride.* He began to pedal, and imagined the wall coming down. *Ally?*

*Feeling better Manny?*

*A little. I was able to reinforce the barrier I set up earlier, and literally left just in time to hear Dad testing it.*

*So you're on your way?*

Emanuel glanced up at the street sign. *Yeah. I should be on time for the show to start. How was your shower?*

*Good... but not quite as good as if you were doing it for me.*

*Was it enough to satisfy your horniness?*

*Mostly... he felt her respond with a sense of expectation.*

*I know what you want to hear, but...*

Her disappointment hit him like a ton of bricks. *Oh... boo. And I was going to try to inspire you too.*

*You're free to try, but I'm not sure how much that'll help.*

*Is that a challenge?* He heard her reply playfully.

*Only if you want it to be.*

He felt her smile. *Challenge accepted,* she giggled.

*Did you just giggle?*

He felt her pause for a moment. *How did you know that?*

*It came through the telepathy. It's growing faster than I expected it to.*

*Me too. What will we pick up on next?*

Emanuel glanced up at the nearby street sign. *I have no clue.* He sighed, and stopped for the red light. *Almost there.*

*Good. Oh, did you sigh just now?*

*Okay, so that wasn't just me. Have you also been picking up on my emotions?*

*Only when I concentrate on it, but yeah. I think the mental training you've done for Kempo makes anything beyond the basic thoughts easier for you.*

*Quite possibly. Remind me to teach you the energy reading technique sometime... that should help you with the other telepathic stuff and it's useful on its own anyway.*

*What does it involve again?*

*Well, it starts with the understanding that everything has energy of its own, and that we can tune our brains to recognize that energy. With practice, it's possible to not only figure out who is nearby, but their intentions as well.*

*Because evil intentions change the way the energy feels, right?*

*Right. Someone who's happy feels very different from someone who's nursing a vendetta. The hardest people to tell are the ones who are apathetic.*

*Why?*

*He smiled and waved to her as he pulled up to the bike racks. Their energy is the lowest, and can easily be confused for walls. Mostly because most of their energy is being kept bottled inside or used up not caring about anything.*

Emanuel chained the bike and started toward where Allison was standing. "Are you wearing that bathrobe properly, handsome?" she asked seductively.

He smiled and replied "Why don't you find out for yourself?"

He watched her walk slowly toward him. "Don't mind if I do." Emanuel felt his heart begin to beat faster as she closed the distance, lightly bit her lower lip, and gently pulled down the right shoulder of his robe. "Right so far... do you know what the prize is for wearing a robe correctly?"

He felt a familiar twitch. "I'm afraid I don't. Perhaps you'd consent to tell me?"

Her smile widened, and he watched her pull down the left shoulder. "As tempted as I am to tell you..." he watched her pause and begin to loosen the belt "I think it's better for you to find out for yourself..."

Emanuel watched as she continued to loosen the knot. But just as he felt it was about to come undone, he watched in surprise as she suddenly knelt on the floor, grabbed one end in her teeth, and quickly tugged on the belt.

The robe fell open and tumbled to the ground. He felt his breathing deepen as she giggled sexily. “Just as I had hoped handsome.” He watched her slowly stand. “Now it's time for your...” she paused “reward.”

Emanuel watched her silently but slowly undo the belt of her own robe, all the while keeping an arm tucked around it. “Are you ready handsome?” He nodded as the robe began to fall open, revealing mostly bare skin.

*Is that?*

“Why don't you see for yourself?”

He stepped forward, reached out his arms and slowly pulled the robe off her shoulders, catching a glimpse of two black bands as he did. As he cleared the robe past them, he felt Allison gently release his hands from the robe and pull him in close for a kiss.

*You tease...*

He felt a hand gently grasp his semi-hard penis. *I don't feel him complaining.*

Emanuel felt her suddenly pull back, stroking his penis in the process. When he looked again, his eyes focused on the black lace that almost fully covered Allison's breasts and mound. *Just see-through enough to get a glimpse, but...*

*Enough coverage to leave them guessing. Unless, of course, you want to see more?*

Emanuel gulped. *I don't know how you managed to make a thought sound seductive, but...*

He heard her giggle again, and slowly dance toward him, shedding her panties as she did. *I'll take that as a yes.* She continued toward him, letting one breast spill out of the bra. *So, do I win?*

Emanuel nodded his head. *Please, let me finish taking that off.*

He watched an evil smile temporarily cross her face. *Since you asked so nicely. But there's a price to pay for that privilege.*

Emanuel smiled and slipped the bra off the rest of the way. *Would the price be... he paused, reaching for her breasts, this?*

He heard a soft moan escape her lips. *Yes! Please, squeeze, caress, lick... whatever you do, just do something!*

He laughed lightly and began to run figure eights around both breasts for a few moments, before lowering his mouth to the left breast. *You mean, like this?* he asked, as his tongue began to trace around her areola.

“Yes! Just like that!” He heard her moans begin to get louder as she again reached for his penis and began to play with it. He felt it harden more as she began to pump slowly back and forth.

*Then perhaps you'll like this.*

He let his free hand drop and begin to caress its way down to her pubic mound. “Yes, pl... please... finger me...”

“As you wish.” He let his hand brush her mound and clit before moving down to her waiting slit. *Nice and wet already.* He dipped a finger in, then brought it back up to his mouth. *Yummy.*

*Don't you dare tease me.*

*I wouldn't dream of it.* He returned the free hand and began to slowly finger her.

“YES!!!” Her moans became screams, and Emanuel smiled as she began to buck her hips against his hand. At the same time, he felt a familiar sensation begin to build.

*Cum for me Allison.*

*You too... Manny... almost there!*

With a sudden, high-pitched scream, he felt Allison's body begin to shake. *Me too!*

*I can feel it landing on my stomach. It feels so... warm.*

*As does yours my precious.*

Suddenly, he noticed Kara and Laura nearby.

“Do you two need any help?”

“Thanks Kara. I'm a little dizzy, and I'm sure Allison is too.”

He watched her smile. “Not a problem. We'll help you to your boxes so you can get your clothing locked up. Then we should get going...” he heard her pause “your little show took most of the waiting time.”

Emanuel lightly giggled, and grabbed his robe from the floor. *Are you okay Ally?*

*Yeah. Tony and Cosette are keeping me up, but wow was that satisfying.*

He smiled. *Good. I'll fill you in more about this morning when we have a little bit of privacy.*

*Okay.*

By the time he'd reached the lock boxes, Emanuel's balance was starting to get back to normal.

“Mr. Lopez, would I be correct in guessing that show was all Ms. Kirse's idea?”

He nodded and gently put the bathrobe in an open locker. “Certainly Ms. Frauhold. Actually, I suspect my Ally is rapidly becoming more comfortable with nudity.”

Emanuel watched her turn toward Allison and ask, “Is this true Ms. Kirse?”

“One-hundred percent. The robe and lingerie were the first articles of clothing I've had on since yesterday.” He heard her pause. “And I only put these on this morning.”

He watched a smile began to cross Ms. Frauhold's face. “And the show?”

A devious grin flashed on Allison's face. “He challenged me.” He heard her pause again. “I won.”

“Have you two thought anymore about what we talked about yesterday?”

*The release forms... right.*

Emanuel watched Allison open her backpack, and glance at his. “Yes Ms. Frauhold. I have the signed form right here.” He watched her pull hers out, and hand it over.

“And you Mr. Lopez?”

He pulled out the form and held it out. “Right here Ms. Frauhold.”

“Fantastic. Let me just look these over real quick.” He watched her scan the forms. “May I ask why you both opted out of the editing clause?”



“We don't mind our actual deeds and pictures being used to accurately portray us and the Program. But we don't want to be turned into some piece of false propaganda.”

He watched her pause for a second. “I can see how some people in the office might abuse such power. Hopefully this won't affect your odds of winning too much.”

“If that's the only reason we lose, then the awards are not worth it.”

*Hey Ally, do you notice someone who is surprisingly absent?*

Emanuel watched her look around, then deposit her clothing. *Benerdon. Do you sense her hiding anywhere?*

*No. Either she's really apathetic, in which case I couldn't pick up on her energy anyway, or she's not here at all. And I don't know whether that should worry me or not.*

*I'd be more worried if she was here. I can only hope that we scared her out of anymore funny business. But I doubt her cronies have any qualms about acting without orders.*

Emanuel pointed towards the main doors, and started to walk. *Cronies we can avoid, or report to Mr. Litski. And since you and I are... he paused old hat to many of the students, the threat of getting drafted into the Program...*

*And becoming fresh meat, right?*

*Right. That threat should be enough to keep them at bay.* He paused again. *I wonder if our homeroom teacher is feeling better today.*

He felt Allison suddenly stop him, and tap him on the shoulder. “Doesn't look like it.”

Emanuel looked where she was pointing. “Dark room, closed door, and an official sign? Seems like you're right. Straight to Psych then?”

He watched her nod as the halls continued to empty. “Is this private enough?”

“For that talk? I suppose so. Anyway, I'm still not sure what to make of it, but...” he paused “I think I had a conversation with my mom this morning.”

He watched a puzzled look appear on her face. “Wait... isn't she...”

“Yes. That's part of why I'm not sure it really happened. I'm sure Ms. Jenkins could suggest an alternative explanation to a temporary visit to heaven.”

He smiled as Allison grabbed his hand. “And did this conversation have anything to do with your change of heart?”

Emanuel nodded. “Yeah. Whether I came to the realization on my own, subconsciously, or my mom was looking out for me, I know I can't make the same mistake she did. I need to accept help when it's offered, and I can't keep going around thinking I'm all I have.”

“That's a hard lesson to learn, true.” He noticed her smile and felt her squeeze his hand. “You've said you'll be here for me; well, as long as you'll have me, I'll be here for you too.”

Emanuel smiled, pulled Allison close, and kissed her tenderly. “Thanks.”

“Are you sure there's nothing else?”

“Is it that obvious?”

He watched her nod. “Yeah. Something else from the conversation? Or from afterward?”

Emanuel chuckled. “Both. Real or dream, mom said that we're meant for each other. This just helps prove that.”

He watched her head nod in understanding. “You mean, kind of like soul mates?”

“Yeah.”

“And the other thing?”

“I'm not sure where I found the strength, but I packed everything of value. So if and when the time to move comes, I'm prepared to do so.”

*Even though you wish you didn't have to, right?*

*Right. But Dad's grief has poisoned him, and nothing short of losing everything will make him realize that. And if I'm leaving, I want it to be on my terms as much as is possible.*

“Is that why you packed earlier?”

He nodded. “Yeah. At the very least, I can guarantee getting out everything that's irreplaceable or really important.”

“Good. Do you suppose we missed any important announcements?”

Emanuel shook his head, then pointed to a nearby door. “Probably not. Anyway, we're here a bit early it seems.”

“Does Ms. Jenkins even have a homeroom class?”

“No, I don't, so please come in now if you'd like to. I have a piece of news to tell the two of you.”

*News? I really hope it's nothing to do with Benerdon.*

Emanuel nodded his head. *Me too precious.* He gently squeezed her hand and resumed walking toward the door.

“Once you're in, please close the door.” Emanuel nodded, stepped through, and closed the door behind him. “Most of the staff is unaware of this, but rumors of it will eventually start making their way around. And once that happens...” he heard her pause “you two might start getting some trouble.”

“Trouble Ms. Jenkins? Over what?”

“Over being the reason that Mrs. Smith quit, Emanuel.”

“Who's Mrs. Smith?” he heard Allison ask.

Emanuel watched her shake her head. “Your homeroom teacher. Also, she's the reason why our AP Chemistry class passes so many students...” she paused again “despite so many students failing the AP exam.”

*Uh oh Manny. Her 'bird' students may look to take this out on us.*

*You mean despite the fact that we had nothing to do with it?*

*That's why Ms. Jenkins used the word 'rumors'. And judging from the way the crowds have behaved so far...*

*I don't know if I'd take it that far precious. We might lose some of our 'followers', but I firmly believe that a lot of them will make their decisions with a different set of organs in control.*

*That's the last thing we need.*

*Tearing the school apart in a civil war? True. I don't think it'll come to that though. Especially since the 'birds' can only account for a small percentage of the student body.*

Emanuel watched as Ms. Jenkins began to stare in disbelief.

*Why is she staring at us Manny?*

*Probably because we're clearly having a full conversation, and she can sense it.*

“Did you forget about our gift again Ms. Jenkins?”

He watched her shake her head and breathe in slowly for a few seconds. “No. I'm just having a hard time believing that you two can actually hold full conversations without having to ever say a word.”

*Should we tell her Manny?*

*Why not?*

“It's progressed beyond even that actually. Now, we can sometimes transmit emotion and some muscle movements as well.”

Emanuel watched her jaw drop for a split second. “But, that should be impossible... especially in such a short period of time.”

“Ms. Jenkins, I'm not sure why it's developing this quickly either. But honestly, I'm not about to question something that helps me get communicate more clearly with Allison.”

*Or as covertly when the secrecy is valuable.*

He felt her giggle. *Agreed.*

“Will you two be able to control it for the sake of today's experiment?”

“Yes. I'm sure I mentioned a technique yesterday that effectively does just that, and I should have no problem guiding Allison through it.”

*Even in the small amount of time we have before class starts?*

*Even in that time. Want to try it now for a little practice?*

*Sure.*

“Okay. Start by closing your eyes, and quieting your mind for a few seconds. Once you've done that, picture yourself sitting in a blank, white space.” He watched her nod a few seconds later. “Good. Now, picture a wall appearing in front of you, brick by brick. As each brick falls into place, repeat a simple mantra.”

“Do the specifics of the mantra matter?”

“Only in that its focus should be on the aloneness of your mind and self. The wording should be your own though.”

He watched her sit in silence for another few moments, then nod again. “Good. Keep letting the wall build until you can't see past it. You'll know the right moment to stop it instinctively.” He waited another few moments, watching Allison's facial expressions become more and more focused.

Finally, she seemed to relax. “Good. I'm going to try to send you a word. If you hear it, respond to it.” *What should I use...* he paused. *Ahh, that'll work.* He focused intently for a few seconds and thought loudly *Bacon!*

Emanuel waited for a few moments, smiling when a full thirty seconds of silence passed. “Good. Now, dismiss the wall.”

*How was that Manny?*

*Seemed good to me. Did anything make it through?*

*I thought I heard something that vaguely sounded like bacon for a second, but it was so low I couldn't be sure.*

*Not bad. My word did pierce your wall, but only barely.*

*Did I fail then?*

Emanuel smiled. *Not at all. Your wall might have had a few minor holes in it, but considering the fact that I mentally shouted bacon means it should be strong enough to deal with thoughts at normal volume.*

He watched her smile, and then look toward the door. *The rest of the class is starting to enter.*

*Now would be a good time to sit down, and re-establish the wall. It should be a little easier this time.*

*Okay.*

Emanuel smiled and turned back to Ms. Jenkins. “Should I sit down for now?”

He watched her begin to attach the electrodes. “You can put your bags down at the side and stand there for now. Or, if you want relief, then take one of the front seats.”

Emanuel quietly nodded and headed for the side of the classroom. "Allison did a fantastic job earlier, so I think I'm good for now." He watched as the last few students shuffled in, just as the bell rang.

"Okay, take your seats everyone. Today we'll be repeating yesterday's experiment, but with Allison as the subject. Emanuel, you know what to do."

He nodded, grabbed the blindfold, and quickly tied it around Allison's eyes. *Flex your fingers twice if you can hear me.* He quietly waited for a response.

A few moments later, one still hadn't come. Emanuel watched as Ms. Jenkins glanced at him for a second. He nodded his head and stood in front of Allison.

"Good. Now, I need two volunteers."

He watched as hands shot up. *Every guy except for Tad... that's not surprising. But that many girls too?* He quietly watched as Ms. Jenkins scanned the class. *She's probably going to pick only one of the guys, and make her other selection from amongst the girls.*

Emanuel continued watching her eyes scan the room. "Lets see... you" she said, pointing at a slender guy; "and you." pointing at a short, but curvy brunette.

"Okay, the rules for round one are similar to yesterday. Non-genital and breast touch only. We'll start with..." he watched her point to the other guy "you, number 1."

Allison

"Begin."

Allison felt a pair of hands touch her shoulders. *The shoulders first? Really?* She tightened her focus on the sensation as the hands began to slowly travel down her arms. *Whoever this is has very rough hands, and clearly has never done this to a girl before. He's barely touching me at all.* She felt the hands briefly touch her stomach before beginning to travel back up.

"Interesting. It's already been a few minutes, and we're seeing almost no response. Number two, your turn."

Allison felt the rough hands pull away as a new pair of hands touched her back. *Ohh... those are some soft hands.* The hands began to slowly massage her back muscles. She breathed in as her tension began to melt away. *Whoever this is has the right idea. But is it Manny, or possibly a girl? Ms. Jenkins did choose Tad yesterday, so it's entirely possible she chose a girl for one of them.*

She felt the hands massage move down to her legs, keeping the same pressure. *Ooh... that's unexpected.*

“Now we're starting to see a response. Allison, would you like number two to continue?”

“Yes please.”

“Very well, please continue.”

Allison smiles as the hands reached her ankles and started back up again, running along the insides of her legs. *If this person isn't Manny, he better be paying attention.*

A few moments later, Allison felt the hands reach her inner thighs. *Stupid rules... this evil person is just being a tease.*

“Okay, person three, please begin.”

*Bigger tease. That was just starting to get good.* Allison felt the second pair of hands pull away, while the third rested gently on her head. She smiled as they started to gently brush through her hair. *If this person does what I think they will...*

A moment later, she felt a single finger briefly brush past her ear, as the other hand slowly made its way down. *Yes...* She smiled again, and felt a soft moan briefly escape as both hands lovingly stroked her neck and cheeks. *No doubt about it, these hands are Manny's hands.*

“Very interesting. Number three, you have a few more minutes before we move onto round two.”

Allison deepened her focus even more as the hands continued to slowly stroke her face and hair. She felt a sudden jolt of pleasure as they touched her shoulders, and began to glide down her sides. *Yes... please. Don't forget my legs.* As they continued to descend, she heard another very soft moan escape her lips. *That's perfect...*

She felt the hands begin to glide up her inner thighs. *Almost there... please don't tease me more.*

“And that's round one. Number one, you're up again. Breasts and genitals can be touched, and you may use your mouth or tongue, but avoid oral stimulation of the genitals themselves.”

*No... that evil, evil woman.* Allison felt the first pair of hands return, and immediately fasten onto her breasts. *Definitely not Manny, or a girl for that matter.* She felt the hands begin to squeeze slightly roughly.

“Class, you can see how a partner can reduce arousal. Number one, please stop. Number two, you may begin.”

*Thank you Ms. Jenkins. I couldn't take much more of that.* Allison felt her breathing begin to deepen again as the second person's hands started at her inner thighs, and began to move northward.

She let out a slightly louder moan as they lightly brushed the underside of her breasts, and continued around to the top. *Much better. Now if only they'd...* Allison let out another loud moan as a set of fingers drew a circle around her areole. *Not quite what I was hoping for, but close.* She felt her breathing continue to become more labored as the hands continued to roam, only ever briefly touching either her breasts or thighs.

“As you can see, Allison is starting to get very aroused.” She felt the hands suddenly stop and pull away as the final pair of hands gently cupped her cheeks.

She felt those hands gently stroke her again, before they began to slowly journey down her body. The first gentle kiss came a few moments later, right on one of her cheeks. The kisses, too, began to move down her body, always landing where a hand had been just a few seconds earlier.

She let out a sudden moan as a few fingers brushed an areola on the way down. *In just a few seconds* she began to think as the kiss was planted on the top of her breast *his lips will be there instead.* A few seconds later, she felt the kiss begin to land right next to it. The lips started to lift, and she felt a sigh of disappointment begin to escape. Suddenly though, she felt a tongue dart out and briefly make contact with both areola and nipple. She heard the sigh quickly shift into a loud moan.

She smiled as the pattern continued, deep moans now frequently interrupting shallow, hurried breaths. She felt a kiss land just inches away from her clitoris, and began to anticipate when his mouth would finally make it there.

“Okay, stop” she heard as the lips lifted. “Before we go to phase three; Allison, can you identify which person is Emanuel?”

*Evil bitch...* “Number three, who you so cruelly stopped. And can I send number one back to his seat?”

“Certainly. Ned, please return to your seat. Emanuel, you can remove the blindfold; you and Clara can now each take a turn at finishing the job. No restrictions.”

Allison looked forward as the blindfold came off, and was greeted by Emanuel's smiling face. She leaned in and pulled him into a passionate kiss.

When she finally let Emanuel go, she turned to Clara and whispered “You have two minutes before I insist on changing back to Manny. Can you do it?”



Clara nodded her head, smiled, and whispered back: “Of course. Watch me.”

Allison watched her kneel, and felt her hands settle on the outside of her legs. *Okay, your two minutes begin now.* She watched the hands quickly run down to her shoes, then move back up the inside. *Not bad... I suppose.* She felt her legs open farther, and watched as Clara moved in closer.

*Going for the kill, are we? It won't work. I want Manny, not you.* She gasped as Clara's tongue darted out and made contact with her clitoris. *No... no matter how good you may be at that, you cannot compare to my Manny.*

She felt the tongue repeat its motions a few more times. *Nurgh... I only need to hold out for ten more seconds.*

“Now, this is getting really interesting. That was an unexpected spike and consequent drop in arousal.”

*And that's time.* “Give up Clara. I want Manny” she whispered again.

Allison breathed a sigh of relief as Clara stopped licking. “Is it time already?”

She nodded, and waited for Clara to stand before beckoning Emanuel over. “Please hurry Manny” she whispered.

She caught a brief glimpse of his smile as he leaned in and kissed her again. “Wow! Look at that spike!”

*This wall be damned. I want to hear Manny's thoughts again.* Allison focused and banished the wall. *Begone foul wall!*

She felt him break the kiss, and heard him chuckle. *Ready precious?*

*More like over ready.*

She watched Emanuel look into her eyes and whisper, “I love you Allison.” Suddenly, she felt a massive wave of pleasure begin to crash through her entire body. As the wave peaked, she opened her mouth and let out a loud scream. Her eyes lost focus as the wave finished crashing, and she felt herself slump back in the chair.

A few moments later she felt her eyes begin to readjust. *Are you okay precious?*

She looked forward and saw Emanuel's gently smiling face. *Yeah. How long have I been out of it for?*

*Only about a minute.*

“Are you okay to answer a few questions Allison?”

Allison watched Emanuel sit down next to her. “Yes Ms. Jenkins.”

She watched Ms. Jenkins turn to the class. “Before I ask my questions, do any of you have any questions?” Allison watched as no hands went up. “Really? Okay, after Allison has answered my first question, everyone can come up for the question sheet. Make sure to turn in your completed sheet from yesterday too.”

*What do you suppose her first question is going to be Manny?*

*Something related to the nature of either an arousal drop or spike probably.*

“What happened during Clara's last round to cause such a pronounced spike and drop? Did it have something to do with her being a girl?”

“Oh, that...” she paused “not at all. The spike was because Clara's genuinely good. But I didn't want her to get me off.”

“Why?”

Allison smiled. “Because she's not Manny. I suspected from the first round that she was a girl.”

“One more question, then everyone can leave. I can understand Emanuel's importance accounting for part of why one touch set you off. But there was something else, wasn't there?”

“He didn't actually touch me, but yes; there was something more. Firstly, he whispered that he loves me. Secondly, our eyes were staring at each others. It felt almost like our souls were linked together at that point.”

“That could be considered a type of emotional connection. A very strong one, of course, but an emotional connection none the less. Allison watched her turn to the class. “Scientifically speaking, we can't prove the existence of Allison's phenomena as she described it. But both Allison and Emanuel are merely two of many cases that show the strong evidence for emotions playing a big part in the arousal process.”

Allison began to watch as the classroom rapidly emptied. “Allison, Emanuel; could you two stay back for a moment?”

She watched Emanuel nod. “Sure.”

A few moments later, Allison found herself alone with only the two of them. “I have two more things to say. First, you two have been fantastic helpers this week.

Colleagues of mine at other schools have told me some real horror stories about their first program participants, and I'm glad you were my first."

Allison watched her quietly close the door. "Second, please don't think some of my earlier comments in any way invalidate your experiences today. As a psychologist and teacher, I can only teach as true that which we have evidence of being true. But..." she heard her pause "as a fellow human being, I know exactly what you were talking about. I've felt that with my lover before on occasion."

"Even the no touching part?"

Allison watched her shake her head. "No, I can't say I have. But I have heard of the phenomena before, and considering everything else that's true of you two, it makes sense to me that you'd have it." She watched her glance at the clock. "What is your next class?"

"Gym."

"Then you should still be able to get there on time."

"Thank you Ms. Jenkins."

Allison watched Emanuel start towards the door. "Before you go, I have a small extra credit assignment you can do. Once your Program week is up, if you write up a summary of your experiences and do some growth analysis, I can give you a few extra points on your final grade."

"How many?"

"As much as ten, depending on the depth and quality of the analysis."

*What do you think sweetheart?*

*Sounds good to me. We could use the assignment as a chance to debrief ourselves a little.*

*Okay.* "When would this be due, and how long does it need to be?"

"Somewhere between three and six pages, and I can give you about a month."

*Sounds perfect. But we should be on our way precious.*

Allison reached down, grabbed her bag, and smiled at Emanuel. *I'm ready.*

She watched him smile back and proceed to the door. *So, track again?*

*Probably. Yesterday wasn't so bad to be honest.*

*Wait, are you saying what I think you are?*

*She smiled and wrapped her arm around his. Yes. I think I'm starting to get used to running without a bra. In fact, I might make that a permanent change.*

*Oh?*

*I know, not something you'd expect to hear from me. I'm not saying I plan on becoming a full fledged nudist or that I'll be topless all the time. But I'm starting to like feeling of my breasts being free.*

*It's your body after all. Nobody else should have any real say about what you wear or don't wear. "Isn't this your door?"*

*Allison looked up at the double doors. "You're right. Thanks, I would have walked right past it." She gently squeezed his hand. "I love you Manny."*

*She watched a huge grin flash on his face. "I love you too Allison." *Have fun in gym.**

*You too. I'll see you later.*

*Allison opened the doors and stepped through them, feeling her nipples harden immediately as she did. *I wish our track was indoors.**

*Me too, and I've never had to run it naked.*

*Allison quickly made her way to the locker room. *And you never will.**

*Not unless I want to anyway. *And that is a small blessing.**

*Allison dropped her bag into a locker, closed it and locked it. *At least today is the last day I have to deal with cold, naked running.* She stepped back out onto the field, and headed toward the coach. *Although, I don't remember the gym uniforms helping all that much.**

*Out of curiosity, before we met, how did you deal with the girls uniform? I don't remember those shirts being very generous.*

*Simple. I intentionally bought shirts two sizes too big. And even with those, I still felt like I was exposing too much of myself.*

*Allison found an open spot on the track and began to warm up. *Then you must have really hated showering afterward.**

*That's for certain. Very early on, I mastered the art of the quick shower. That made it better, but not by much. She paused to be perfectly honest, I still hated gym despite those... she paused again 'solutions'.*

*She heard the whistle blow, stood up, and began to jog. How long did it take to retreat into your safe space back then?*

*Maybe two months into freshman year. Not very long in the scheme of things.*

*That's in the past now. You never need to enter that place again.*

*She smiled. Yeah. With your help, hopefully I never will again. I've missed too much because of that prison.*

*Did you have time to get some athletic tape applied?*

*Allison rounded the last bend before the start line. Nope. I'm going to try it without the tape first. If it's too much, I'll pause and have it put on then.*

*Sounds like a plan.*

*She crossed the start line, and heard the whistle blow again. Well, now I get to see if was right or wrong.*

*Allison began to pick up speed.*

*So?*

*Well, I'm not at full speed yet, but so far it's not bad.*

*Not bad? Does that mean there's some discomfort?*

*Allison finished picking up speed. Some, yes. It's nowhere near what it was a few days ago.*

*She felt him smile.*

*Sounds like you're getting used to it then.*

*Yeah. Would you be willing to join me on runs like this in the future?*

*Maybe. I'll probably need a bit of time to get used to the sensation myself.*

*I'm surprised you're even considering it. How's your class going?*

She felt him grimace.

*About as well as you might expect. She's got us in the same teams as yesterday, and it looks like the other team is making the same stupid mistakes.*

*Really? You'd think they'd have learned by now. Is your team at least playing smart?*

*Thankfully, yes. Although, I suspect a few of them have ulterior motives.*

*Oh? I hope you're not suspecting poor, innocent Cosette.*

*She's the only one I'm certain doesn't. But Tina, Vanessa and Betty all have that glint in their eyes.*

Allison crossed the starting line again. *Betty?*

*Right, I never mentioned her by name. There were two brunettes yesterday. Betty is the less curvy of the two.*

*What happened to her yesterday?*

*She left before her turn came up. Something about Jane's fun turning her off apparently. She felt him pause. Although, she doesn't seem to be putting in the same effort today that she did yesterday. It's almost like she assumes we can do this without doing anything.*

*Is the other team playing that badly?*

*Most of them, yes. One of the girls is actually trying though. She felt the pause. Come to think of it, she's the only girl I've not been on a team with yet.*

*Interesting.*

*Yeah. And if Betty continues to play this bad, I suspect Coach Kerna will switch the two of them.*

*Does she have the glint?*

*She heard him chuckle. More like the full fire. If Coach Kerna does switch them, then there's no way we'll lose today.*

Allison glanced over at the nearby fence. *I seem to have attracted quite an audience today. I wonder why?*

*Maybe it's because you're wearing too many clothes?*

She laughed. *I think you may have something there. But, are you sure it has nothing to do with the way I'm bouncing?*

*Probably not. I mean, they must have seen bouncing breasts before, right? Surely another pair wouldn't mean much.*

She laughed again. *I'm glad you speak sarcasm fluently. Any change in the teams yet?*

*Finally. I think Coach Kerna was holding out for the other girls to wise up, but she finally gave up. I guess eight straight points of stupidity was all she could handle.*

*Did the other team manage to score anything?*

*One lucky point at the very beginning. Since then, it's been a shut out. She felt him pause. And I wouldn't be surprised if one of them pulls a stupid foul and loses that point too. How many laps have you gone?*

*Starting number four now. And I'm managing to keep pace with most of the class. That is, aside from the few people who are also on the track team.*

*I'd be impressed if you could keep up with them under normal conditions.*

*And there goes the foul.*

*What happened?*

*Paula spiked a shot right at Marcia's face. It's a good thing Marcia has fast reflexes, or we'd be down a person.*

*Wait, she needed to dodge the hit? You've made it sound like they have the aim of storm troopers.*

*Ha ha... most of them do. It seems Paula can aim true when she wants to though. Oh, and Marcia didn't exactly dodge the shot.*

*She returned it?*

*Quite stylishly at that. I wouldn't be surprised if she's on the team.*

*Who's serving?*

*Cosette. She doesn't have a lot of power, but her finesse is impressive. I can easily see her getting the last two points we need.*

*Do you think Coach Kerna will let you off early again when she does?*

*Not this time. I anticipate another game. But that one shouldn't take very long. I'll let you know if anything out of the ordinary comes up.*

*Okay.*

*Allison turned her eyes upwards toward the trees. Have the colors of the leaves always been this vibrant? Of is it that my senses have been muted for too long? She glanced down at the track. The colors are definitely more vibrant than I remember. What else have I missed because of that prison?*

*She slowly breathed in and out for a few moments. I can feel my muscles tense and relax with each step. I can feel the light shock as my feet hit the ground and lift off. I can even feel my own breathing.*

*Are you okay Ally?*

*Yeah. Were you trying to reach me?*

*For about a minute now. I felt a wall, but it didn't feel like your last one.*

*Oh?*

*This one was much more stable and smooth. Out of curiosity, what were you doing?*

*I don't know. I intentionally breathed in and out a few times, and found myself hyper aware of my body and its every movement.*

*She felt a stunned silence from him.*

*Wow... are you aware of what you just did?*

*No. Something good I hope.*

*Something fantastic. You unintentionally practiced one of the meditations used to train for the sensing skill I use.*

*Allison smiled. Really?*

*Yeah. And that's not even the first one.*

*But, how does what I did help the others?*



*Simple. We first need to learn to sense our own energy before we can focus on others'. And we learn ours by observing our own movements and learning how they work.*

*I see. It's easier to pick up someone's whole energy when you're used to reading the small amounts used in your own movements.*

*Precisely. And you've started to learn that process entirely on your own. I'm impressed.*

*She felt the smile widen. I'm guessing you have news of note?*

*Indeed I do. The second game ended about two minutes ago. Marcia swept the other team with eleven straight points.*

*Did they get to serve at all?*

*Nope. The game took all of four minutes.*

*She felt her mouth drop. If she's not on the team, she needs to be. Or was the other team's moral that low?*

*Probably a combination of both. Needless to say, she's got first dibs once we hit the showers.*

*With a performance like that, I'd say she earned it. Knock her out if you can.*

*I don't think that'll be hard. From what I'm seeing, her own imagination has already done a lot of the work.*

*Have fun!*

*She felt him smile.*

*Thanks. How many laps have you done?*

*“Two more laps, full speed!”*

*Eight so far, and only two more to go. Full speed unfortunately.*

*Said speed hasn't been bad so far, right?*

*Allison smiled. True. Have you gotten into the showers yet?*

*Just. Marcia's giving me that 'don't you dare tease me look'.*

Allison laughed. *And are you going to?*

*I think you know the answer to that question.*

*You evil man you...*

*I love you too.*

*Don't tease her too much.*

She heard him laugh. *I won't. She wanted the full treatment, so I'm merely fulfilling her request. She just didn't specify where she wanted me to start.*

*Out of curiosity, what do you plan to do to her?*

*First I'm going help her wash up, but I'm going to take my time rubbing the soap in and rinsing it off. Of course, I'll spend more time on her arms, legs and back... but I'll touch her breasts and what not just enough to keep her on edge. Then, once all the soap is off, I'll return to those parts and take my time having fun. By the time my fingers even glance her clit, she'll be so primed that that'll be enough.*

Allison felt a familiar heat return. *You're supposed to be getting her off, not turning me on!* she thought, equal parts annoyed and amused.

*Is it my fault that your imagination is as good as it is?*

*It's not imagination if I've experienced it before.*

*True. But to be fair, you did ask first.*

She sighed. *You're right. You'd better be ready to take care of this later though.*

*It would be my pleasure.*

Allison breathed in. *Only one lap to go, and it won't be long before I can have Manny's touch... only a little while longer.*

She looked down at the track, then looked back up a few moments later. *I know I shouldn't ask, but I have to know. Are you still teasing her?*

*No actually. She started orgasming the moment I began soaping up her breasts, and only just stopped. I just finished rinsing her off too.*

*Too much stimulation?*

*No. Apparently her breasts are so sensitive that the combination of the anticipation, teasing, limited touch and water was enough to send her into one last screaming orgasm. You know, before she fainted and needed to be caught.*

*Don't let that go to your head.*

*I wouldn't dream of it. But I am thinking of what I'd like to do for you once we get to English.*

*Allison felt the heat return even stronger. Damn you and your teasing ways... I was already horny enough to begin with.*

*Don't worry. I won't leave you hanging.*

*Do you mean what I think you do?*

*Yes. Once English starts, I'll do whatever you ask.*

*Allison leaped in the air for a second. Yay! And we're almost done with the last lap, so then...*

*Shower, then English... right?*

*Right! And what a class it'll be.*

*Wait... aren't we no longer in that class because of the whole Luden situation?*

*Allison crossed the start line. You're right. So do we go to her office first, or somewhere else?*

*I don't know, but her office is probably our best bet.*

*Grrr... I have to wait longer then.*

*“That's all. Hit the showers, then to your next class.”*

*Worst comes to worse, we go to Litski's office and ask if we can use the back room again. I'm sure he'll understand considering the circumstances.*

*Hopefully. If not, I may just be tempted to have you work your magic right in the hall.*

*“Can we help you wash?” Allison heard a few boys ask.*

*“I'm sorry, not today.”*

“But you look like you're feeling really horny. We can help you with that” one of them insisted.

*Ugh... I don't want one of you. I want Manny.*

“No thank you. There's only one person I want at the moment. Maybe later today you can make another request.”

“But, surely we can do just as good of a job...”

Allison watched as Tony approached them. “Are you three giving Allison trouble? Because I know exactly who she's talking about, and I know none of you is anywhere near his league. Continuing to ask won't help make your case either.”

“Fine” she heard the leader hiss. She watched them walk away, and heard one of them whisper 'slut'.

*Did that little shit just call me a slut?*

*What!?*

She watched Tony begin to open his mouth, and shook her head at him. “First of all, that's not even the right word to describe what I think you're feeling. Secondly; never, ever call a woman that word unless she asks you to.” She paused, and continued “just because I'm horny doesn't mean I have to let you feel me up. And you'd better apologize for daring to assume I owed you anything, as well as for calling me that awful name.”

“See boys” she watched the leader say as he turned to the other two “this is the problem with feminism. It's given women ideas that they never should have entertained, let alone heard. And it's caused little prudes like her to think they can talk back to a man.”

Allison began to speak when she felt Tony's hand touch her shoulder. “Please, let me. I doubt he'd listen to you, but I may still carry some authority.”

She nodded her approval. “Okay, listen up little punk. I don't know who taught you that garbage, but that is not how you treat a lady. A true gentleman respects the women around him and treats them as the equals they are.” She watched him pause. “You're lucky I'm the one who heard you say that; if my father, or any of the coaches heard that, you'd be in deep trouble.”

“Oh yeah? What could they ever hope to do?”

“Besides taking a belt to your ass? Whatever they...”

Allison tapped him on the shoulder and interrupted “Um... Tony...” as she pointed behind them.

She watched him turn around slowly. “Ah, thank you Allison.”

“Mr. Girardi, Ms. Kirse, go take your showers and let me handle this. Mr. Ortiz, you're coming with me to the vice-Principal's office.”

“Yes sir” Allison said in unison with Tony, before beginning toward the showers again.

“As for you two, don't let me see you hanging out with Mr. Ortiz again. His attitudes are an artifact of an age that should have died decades ago. He's the very definition of bad company.”

Allison heard them hastily assent and watched as they quickly walked past her. *Ally, what just happened?*

*Well, an idiot called me a slut and said something to the effect of me not knowing my place. The coach just happened to be in ear shot when the kid decided to get defiant with Tony, and apparently the coach heard everything.*

*What punishment did he decide on?*

*I'm not sure. He's bringing him to Litski's office though, so it's got to be pretty severe. Who are you on now?*

*Vanessa. Tina's decided she can wait a little while longer, although I don't think it will be long before she playing with herself.*

*Would I be crazy to ask what you're doing for Vanessa?*

*About what I did yesterday. I suspect Tina will want the same. Will you be okay?*

She quietly found an open shower head and began to soap up. *Yeah. Tony's right next to me, and people seem to be ignoring me again anyway. I suspect he's part of it, but in this instance I'm not complaining.*

*Well, if you do want to field a few requests, remember that he's a good guy. Ask, and he'll stop whatever he's doing to keep the other boys away.*

*The only one I want to do anything with right now is you. And you better not let those girls wear you out.*

She rinsed off and headed toward the towels.

*Should I not allow any requests then?*

*As long as they involve you doing something for the girl, they'll be fine. But please nothing that will keep me from having my fun with you.*

*Sure.*

Allison quietly dried off, put on her shoes, and fetched her things from the locker. *Okay then. I'm on my way to Luden's former office. I'll let you know if I find anything relevant.*

*Thanks.*

“Do you want me to walk with you Allison?”

“No thank you Tony. I should be fine from here on my own. Thanks for the offer though”

“Okay. You're welcome.”

Allison smiled, waved, and started for the counselor's former office at a brisk pace. She found herself there a few minutes later. *Wait, did I somehow ignore requests again? She thought back to the trip. No. Nobody that I passed tried to stop me, and I heard enough snippets of conversations. Then why didn't I have to turn anyone down?*

*Simple. You put off an aura that said 'something more important'. Even if they didn't realize it consciously, everyone was able to tell that you didn't want to be interacted with.*

*That would be handy to master.*

*It's really not that hard to do. Look busy and disinterested, and people will tend to ignore you.*

*Makes sense. Oh, there's a sign on the door.*

*What does it say?*

*'All students wishing to see the counselor should report to the Principal's office. All students who have appointments with the counselor should go to their classes as normal.'*

*I have the feeling that was never passed on to our teacher though. We shouldn't expect a warm welcome.*

*What do you suggest then?*

*That's on my way to you, so I'll stop in en route. If I get the okay, I'll let you know. Otherwise I'll simply continue on my way.*

*Should we meet at the vice-Principal's office then?*

*Sounds good.*

Emmanuel

“Are you sure you don't have the time Emanuel?”

“I'm sorry Betty, but I have somewhere I need to be, and something that I need to check on the way there.” He picked up his bags and started towards the door.

“But my request is reasonable!”

“And I would have had the time if you hadn't started playing so sloppy earlier. It's your own fault that coach needed to switch you out with Marcia.”

He watched her begin to follow him, still completely naked. “But, Marcia's just a better player. There wasn't anything I could do.”

Emanuel opened the door. “Yes, there was. You could have tried to play. You didn't, and ended up on the team that got penalized for not taking the game seriously. Marcia's ability has nothing to do with that.”

He stepped through the door, and watched with surprise as she followed. “But, what about your promise from yesterday?”

He sighed and shook his head. “That applied to yesterday, not today. And you would have had your chance if you chose not to disappear during Jane's turn. You were supposed to be next.”

*She's still following me?*

“But, what she did was so...” he heard her pause, “weird and wrong. It's not right for girls to get off from sucking the guy off.”

“Do you mean to say that it's only proper for girls to get pleasure from receiving things like oral sex?”

“Precisely. Guys work the same way too.”

*Ally, Betty is following me, still naked from the shower, because I wouldn't agree to her request.*

*Really?*

“Then how does intercourse fit into that theory?”

“Clearly, the guy is receiving the sensation of being inside the girl.”

*Damn it... she does have a point there. But there has to be more to it than that.*

“How about guys that like getting girls off?”

“They're sick too. There is nothing sexy or arousing about doing something you're not getting any physical sensation for.”

*Just because of that?*

*Well, now it's because she's trying to defend why she left during Jane's request yesterday.*

*Why?*

*Something to do with people who get pleasure from giving it being sick and wrong. It strikes me as a very selfish, egotistical view of sex.*

*Agreed.*

“You're starting to see it my way, aren't you?”

“No. In fact, I'm one of those people you consider to be sick. There's something arousing about the sounds a girl makes during that sort of play, as well as the scents of her body.”

“Eww... I didn't realize you were a pervert too.”

Emanuel watched her walk away in disgust. *Well, that worked. And just in time to reach the classroom.*

*How'd you do it?*

*I told her I was one of those 'sick' people. Even if she had wanted to, she couldn't have hidden her disgust.*

Emanuel peeked inside the open door. “Ms. Harner?”

“I thought you and your girlfriend no longer had my class. Why are you not with Ms. Luden instead?”



*Huh. No anger or venom like I was expecting. “She was fired as of yesterday, and there's a sign on her door that says we're supposed to come here.”*

“I heard nothing about that, nor will I accept that as the truth unless I hear it from either Mr. Litski or Mrs. Benerdon personally.”

*Ally, could you ask Litski to confirm the new situation to Ms. Harner.*

*Sure. Does it need to be in person?*

*Yes.*

Emanuel waited for a few moments. “Well Mr. Lopez? Aren't you going to go get one of them?”

*We're on our way. He's not happy by the way – this appears to be Benerdon's idea.*

*I'm not surprised. “I suspect that Mr. Litski is already on his way here.” She's panicking a little. I think she was bluffing.*

*And you just called hers. We should be there in about a minute.*

Emanuel watched the hallway, and noticed Allison and the vice-Principal appear at the end. “In fact, there he is now. See for yourself if you don't believe me.”

He watched her get up from the desk and join him in the hall. *She's really panicking now. I can feel the worry pouring off of her.*

“Mr. Lopez, please stay out here with Ms. Kirse. I need to talk to Ms. Harner in private.”

“Yes sir.”

Emanuel watched him go through the door with her and close it behind him. *If only we could hear what them.*

*If he starts to shout, we'll have no problem with that.*

A minute or so later, he watched the door open and the vice-Principal emerge. “You two will spend today's class in my office, and the rest of the semester in the library. At least, until a new counselor is hired. We can talk about the rest of the situation in my office.”

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to be continued

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