Naked In School - Laura

by dotB

Chapter 1 - Introduction & a letter

It seems that another of the Jennings girls is going to have to take off her

clothes to go to school, but you know what? I don't think this one minds doing

that very much. Of course, like anyone in the Jennings family, life wouldn't be

normal without something going a little off kilter, just so there would be

something to make the whole family's life interesting. I wonder what the school

administration was thinking of, I mean, remember what happened when Susan was in

the program? Well, without further ado, here is Laura's account, I'll try to use

her exact words and phrases:

 Laura Jennings

 336 Elm Street

 Oak Bay Heights

 Mr Bentley

 English Eleven Class

 Freemont High SchoolThis evening, at our Sunday evening family barbeque, my

sister Susan came over to stand just behind and between my best friend Deirdre

and me, then she announced to us and to my family that the two of us would be

enrolled into the N. I. S. Program starting first thing Monday morning. It came

as a complete surprise, but you know, it shouldn't have. You see, I should have

thought that something like this would happen, because this is the way my life

goes, it just seems that I have to do things of this sort.Look, I can explain,

here's a perfect example: if you're reading this, then you've asked me to write

a report on my week in the program and I've handed you this letter. And of

course, even if you don't want to do it, you're going to be comparing my report

to what my sister Susan wrote in her report about last week about her week in

the program. So ... just how is that fair huh? Sure, I'm a little over a year

and a half older and two grades ahead of her, but I'm stinking dull normal,

while she's a frigging genius. I admit, she stepped into a bloody mess, so she

really had something to write about. But, look at her, she took about two days

to rattle the cage of everyone who is involved with the Program. And she rattled

that cage hard, hard enough to change the way the whole dang thing is run for

now. How can I compare to that, huh?I'm supposed to be the big sister right? How

do you think I feel right now, knowing that because of what my little sister

did, I'm going to have an easier time of this than she did? And I have to write

about my week, after what she did? She managed to function through the worst

part of her loss of her frigging boyfriend, who committed frigging suicide for

cripes sake, and she still had enough brass balls to take on the whole damn

Program selection committee. Not only that, but she talked my Bible punching,

overly devout, stubborn as hell, Mother into being on her side and just for fun,

she added the whole rest of my family, including my father. Yeah, my father, the

man who had almost walked out of our life and who is now back in it almost full

time. And it's all because of Susan, how can I compare to that, huh? And do you

know what else she did? Because she got us all involved, we've gotten used to

being nude around the house. Around the house? Hell, she's even gotten me to

walk out of the house, out onto the street, bare, starkers, completely, utterly,

absolutely NAKED even down to my pinky toes. Right out there for the world to

see, in front of everyone, so they could see my fat flabby thighs and my big fat

saggy tits. And guess what, she made me realise that it's my body and I like it

and to HELL with what anyone else thinks. And she didn't do it with just me, she

included my best buddy, Deirdre, as well. So now Deirdre is more comfortable

with her body too, a damn sight more comfortable with her body than her parents

have ever made her feel.Oh yeah, remember I was talking about my uptight, Bible

punching Mama, well guess what? This morning, Mom let Susan sleep in, but she

woke the rest of us kids up early, got us all ready, and took us to her fussy,

psalm singing, verse quoting, oh so perfectly politically correct church and we

all sat together, right near the front. And guess what, we didn't even have a

handkerchief between the bunch of us. No dresses, no pants, no shirts, no

blouses, no skirts, no bras, no knickers, no nothing, nothing but our

Sunday-go-to-meeting hats and our Sunday shoes and socks, oh, and a tiny hand

purse, so we could carry our offerings for the collection plate. And I wasn't

embarrassed, instead I was proud. So what if the church elders didn't like it

and had a coniption fit, we went dressed the way God made us, like Adam and Eve

dressed in Eden. And take a good guess why we did that, come on, please guess

... that's right, because Susan pointed out the scriptures to Mom and Mom took

it to heart. And those perfectly politically correct church elders? Why, they

asked us not to come back until we could dress like 'normal people'. Hey, if the

creationists are right, and we are all descended from Adam and Eve, why

shouldn't we dress like our ancestors did when we worship the God who created us

all?Oh, did I tell you that our house is a nude zone most of the time? Mom

decided she liked it that way, and around our house, Mom is the boss. You

weren't here the other day, when all the other 'wise-men' from the Program

selection committee were here, but that was the first time Mom decided we were

all going to be nude and I'll tell you something. Even if I didn't feel very

comfortable about it then, I was sure a darn sight more comfortable than most of

the members of that committee were. To be honest, that night I actually enjoyed

myself most of the time, but then mostly, I enjoyed listening to Susan speak. I

wish I had taped that, I might have been able to quote parts of it in this

report to you, I'm sure her words were a lot more eloquent than any I would

normally use. Susan just peeked over my shoulder and she's laughing like crazy,

she says she's no hero, she claims she just has a bad temper and a stubborn

streak a mile wide. Besides, she says the reason she helped Deirdre and I get

ready for this week is because she loves us both and she knew if it had happened

to me without warning, I'd have been a basket case. Guess what, she's right and

I love her too, or anyway, or whatever!So Mr Bentley, since you've read this

far, I think you realise that I'm not going to try to compete with my sister, no

frigging way! I'll write your darn report but it won't be like Susan's, so don't

bother comparing them. Mine will probably be dull and boring in comparison,

exciting things just don't happen to me. If anything exciting ever did happen to

me, I'd probably die of heart failure, so be prepared to yawn a lot. If you are

passing out grades on these reports, I imagine Susan will get an A+ as usual and

I will get a C-, so what? Ho hum, I'm just dull normal, every day ordinary, not

too bright me. So what? You do what you gotta do, and I'll do what I gotta do

and in the end, I hope we'll both be satisfied.Oh, one other thing before I

forget, if I do happen to meet a guy during my week in the Program and we hit it

off, Susan says she will help me tame down my writing. I do tend to get carried

away with my descriptions and I would not want to write a graphic porn story or

something. (She just showed me how she wrote part of her report, when something

'interesting' happened to her and she cheats!!) (I've already heard the 'blow by

blow, lay back in bed and brag to your big sister before going to sleep'

details, so I know she cheats!)SO Mr Bentley, it's Sunday evening and I haven't

even been officially entered into the program yet, but I'm sitting here writing

this letter to you, because I know that you'll ask me to write a report at the

end of English class tomorrow, just because that's the way my life goes. I won't

give you this until after you do ask, but I'll bet I don't bring it home

tomorrow night. If you want to include this letter in my report, fine, but call

it my protest about writing a report, even before I do write the report, okay?

Monday's Report

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laura02Naked In School: Laura ©2003/04

by dotB

MondayI hate the frigging alarm clock, it's noisy and it always interrupts a

good dream, every frigging time. I finally managed to wake up and slap the damn

shutoff button, then I happned to look over at Susan's bed. She was laying there

wearing a grin that I could have merrily wiped away with a hammer. She's turning

into a bloody morning person and I'm not!"What's so damn funny?" I managed to

mumble around the fur on my tongue. "Rise and shine, dear sister mine, today's

the day, the boys will play, you will be nude, for fingers rude, to make you

squeal, as they cop a feel." She snickered, and then the little bitch leaped out

of bed so she could beat me to the bathroom.I'd forgotten that Deirdre was

sleeping over and laying on the air mattress between Susan's and my bed, so when

she giggled from somewhere below and beside me, I damn near jumped through the

roof."Now what do you think is funny." I grumped, slightly less grouchy, after

all she is my best bud."You and Susan, you two are my private Abbot and

Costello." She giggled some more."Oh Christ another frigging morning idiot." I

sighed."But you are, I never know what to expect," She laughed scrambling to her

feet. "In the morning, when you get up, you act like the straight man, but by

afternoon, you're the funny one."I lay there looking at her blearily. "Do you

know what day today is?""Monday, so?""And what happens this Monday, my darling

Deeds.""We get Naked!" She grinned. "And for once I may actually get the nerve

to let a guy touch me.""Deeds, you do not have a choice. Remember the pamphlet?

There's this mention in there of something called a 'reasonable

request'.""Define that for me." She grinned. "Who makes the choice?""Probably

it's decided by the teachers." Susan broke in.Susan must have had a jet

propelled shower. Suddenly she was standing there, already looking clean all

over and drying her hair with her favourite towel. Which also happens to be my

favourite towel, damn it. I saw that damn towel and I forgot my discussion with

Deirdre, I was taking a deep breath to chew out Susan when she reached over to

the top of the dresser and tossed me a package."Special delivery, from Aunt

Rachel." She shouted, and ran back out the door.The package turned out to be a

paper bag and in it was another fucking towel, just like the one she had been

using, but new and maybe even softer and fluffier."Damn!" I snapped."What are

you mad at now?" Deirdre frowned at me. "I'm pissed off because I was building

up a nice mad at Susan and now she's somehow gone and done something nice again

and fucked up my mad. I swiped that darn towel she was using from Aunt Rachel,

one time when I was visiting her, and Susan likes it as much as I do. I bet

Susan went and asked her if she'd give me another one, just so we wouldn't have

to fight over it.""Probably," Deirdre suddenly started pushing me down the hall.

"Now get in the shower before I see the tears in your eyes because you were

being bitchy and you feel bad for wanting to chew on her butt."So I used the

bathroom and I showered. I was just getting out of the shower when Deirdre came

in. I scooted, towelling off on the fly, leaving her alone and realising there

was one nice thing about nudity in the house, I didn't have to worry if anyone

saw me. I walked to my closet to get my clothes for the day and I paused, then

turned and looked at Susan, who was back in the room and sitting on her bed. Oh

shit, she didn't look happy."And what the dickens is the matter with you?" I

tried to sound grouchy but I don't think I managed."I have to wear clothes." She

sighed. "And I didn't ask Jimmy about what time he goes to school. I forgot. Do

you think he goes directly after he delivers his papers. I don't even know where

his paper route is and ....""Whoa, whoa." I growled, then I grinned. "I'll trade

you, I'll wear clothes and you can go naked, even if we don't look alike or go

to the same classes, maybe Mr Taylor and the teachers won't notice.""I kinda

think after my activity the last week they just might notice, I think I've

brought a little attention to myself." She sighed. "I guess I can live with

wearing clothes but I really don't know what to wear, and what about

Jimmy?""Susan, Deirdre didn't loan those sun-dresses to you, she gave them to

you, and if you look out the window, there's this lonely looking paperboy

leaning against his bike. He's looking hot and sweaty like he just peddled his

route at sixty miles an hour, and he's staring at our house like it was a candy

store window and he was broke."I think almost every girl has tried to keep a guy

guessing when they first start dating, but not Susan. She leaped up, threw the

window open and leaned out, naked as a jay bird, yelling at Jimmy to go shower

and get ready, she'd meet him at his house in a few minutes. Maybe she has the

right idea, she got an instant grin and a bit of a blush as Jimmy hollered "ALL

RIGHT!" and hopped on his bike to pedal off down the street as if he'd been

shot.How do you maintain a morning grouch when your little sister hugs you like

you just saved her life, and then dances around like she was going to a party

instead of school? Was this the same kid that for the last four years moped and

grouched around on Monday mornings until she was almost always late for the

school bus, sometimes even having to make Mom drive her because she did miss it?

It couldn't be, could it? Did going naked for a week do that to people? If it

did, I wasn't sure I really wanted to do this crap! Aww, let's be honest, I

REALLY didn't want to do this no matter what.By the time that Deirdre came back,

towelling off from her shower, Susan had her hair done, a tiny touch of lipstick

on and was dressed in that pretty blue sun-dress. She leaped up and hugged

Deirdre, thanking her for about the ninety seventh time for giving her those

dresses."Hey, are you wearing anything under that?" I asked."Of course not."

Susan giggled, grabbing the heavy box of books and homework that I'd had to pack

home for her, then almost running downstairs.Deirdre and I agreed that in our

case it would be smart to dress the same way, so it wasn't long before we were

down at the breakfast table. I had on a tank top and a skirt and Deirdre had a

long sun-dress on that fit her like a glove. It seemed that Susan was already

gone, I had to grin at that and Mom just shook her head."She plans on walking to

school, carrying that bloody box of books you brought home for her, the one with

all her heavy books." Mom sighed."Mom, she's got a guy to carry them." I

sighed."Oh, she wouldn't ask him to ..." Then Mom grinned sheepishly. "Knowing

Jimmy, she won't have to ask will she?""Ump um." I mumbled around a mouthful of

toast and marmalade, pouring a small glass of orange juice.Deirdre was looking

daggers at me, so I tossed her a slice of toast."Eat," I ordered, "You're going

to use energy fighting off the mob and I don't want you passing out at my side.

I know you usually like to get to school early, but there's no sense in it

today, we'll be herded straight to Mr Taylor's office anyway."She got the

strangest look on her face, a combination that looked at first almost like fear

and then like desire. They warred across her face for a second, then she simply

sat down looking resigned. "I wonder who will be with us?" She sighed."Well,

since we both read that new pamphlet the school sent out, and going over the

group choice idea that Dad proposed ... since we seem to be fairly well adjusted

to our school environment, I bet we get a couple of real doozeys." I

laughed."Ohmigod, do you think so?""Hey, look at what I have for a sister, she

took the shit they threw at her and turned it into roses, I'll bet they think

because I'm older than she is that ...""Laura, are you complaining about what

Susan did?" Mom demanded."No Mom." I grinned at her. "I'm bitching because I'll

bet the selection committee has jumped to the conclusion that because I'm one of

the Jennings family, then I and my buddy Deirdre will be able to move mountains,

clean up polluted rivers, and still be fresh as a daisy, ready to party at the

end of the week.""Laura, you're a pessimist." Mom smiled wryly."We'll see." I

grunted, glancing at the clock. "I guess we'd better go, Deirdre is about to

have a bird.""Oh Laura!" Deirdre muttered, but she beat me to the door.The

surprising thing was that when we got to school, we weren't told to go directly

to Mr Taylor's office."Maybe Susan got it wrong," Deirdre grinned. "Let's go to

home room.""Hmph, when have you ever seen her wrong about bad news." I argued,

but went with her.Mr. Winslow, our home room teacher saw us come in and waved us

to his desk. "Good Morning Miss Jennings, Miss Smythe." He smiled. "Have you two

been warned that you are in the Program this week?""See, I told you." I grinned

at Deirdre, then looked back at Mr Winslow. "Were we supposed to go to the

office?""Oh no, you did quite right coming to home room." Mr Winslow smiled

again. "Each of the students selected is now expected to check in with their

home room teacher first and then be given a hall pass. Your next stop will of

course be the school nurse, Miss Carver. After she has seen you both, you will

then meet with Dr. Panoslovski and Mr. Taylor, as well as the other selectees

for this week.""Can you tell us who else has been selected." Deirdre asked in a

whisper."Oh my, I'm afraid I can't. There is quite a list, you know. The

committee has actually expanded the numbers who are enrolled each week, along

with the other changes that were implemented." Deirdre was opening her mouth to

ask another question when I got impatient."Come on Deeds." I said sharply,

grabbing her hand. "If there are a lot of people in the program, and if I'm

going to get jabbed with a needle, I want it to happen before the crowd gets

there."We practically ran down the hall to the health care room and Nurse Carver

was actually surprised when we literally burst in the door."Oops sorry." I

panted as she looked at us. "It's just that I don't want to have too many people

see me get a needle.""I see." She grinned. "I take it you are both in the

program.""Unh huh, I'm Laura Jennings, this is Deirdre Smythe." And while I was

talking I was whipping off my clothes."My, you certainly seem eager." She

grinned at me as she handed me a box for my clothes and another one for Deirdre.

"Just call me Anne, by the way."It's not that I'm eager." I sighed. "I just hate

getting needles and if I flinch and scream, I don't want many people to see me.

I figure there's going to be a lot of kids in here and I want to be all done

before it gets crowded."She smiled and waved us into an examination room. It was

tiny with barely room for all three of us to stand, so I sat back against the

cushioned examination table with it's paper covering, and Deirdre moved to my

side."I imagine the shot you are talking about is the anti-preg shot ..." Nurse

Carver grinned. "... so you can be protected, just in case?""Unh huh." I sighed,

then blushed. "I don't expect to need it but ...?""Better to be prepared than at

risk." She smiled handing me a pen and a form. "Now, until you sign this I can't

administer the shot, so if you'd sign on the bottom line .... We'll fill out the

rest later, that way I can get the shot done quickly, before anyone else

arrives.I took the pen and set the form on a small table beside the exam table

to glance over it before I signed it. As I did, she picked up my other arm and I

felt her press her fingers down softly, then swab a spot with alcohol. I knew

the shot would come as soon as she was done with the swab and I was carefully

concentrating on signing the form, but she seemed to be wiping more than needed.

I turned to look at her, wondering if there was a problem, only to see her toss

a disposable needle and syringe away."No shot?" I asked in surprise as she

smiled at me."All done." She grinned. "I zapped you as soon as you started

signing. Most people don't concentrate very well on two things at once.""But

needles hurt!" I protested, handing her the form as she reached for it."Not if

the person giving the needle knows what they're doing and if you're

concentrating on something else." She smiled. "Now hop down, Deirdre's

turn.""Oh, my parent's will kill me if I have the shot." Deirdre protested.

"They want me to ....""Deeds, it's just a bloody precaution." I growled. "They'd

be a lot more uptight if you got knocked up, now wouldn't they?""Well, yeah."

She admitted."So? This is just a matter of protection, like a shot against

measles. Call it an immunization shot if you want. This way if some guy has just

jacked off and then touches your pussy with sperm on his fingers, you don't have

to worry."She got the strangest look on her face. "That couldn't happen could

it?" She wheeled on Anne, her face looking panicked."Well... it is rather a

stretch, but I suppose, in the right circumstance ..." Nurse Carver said

slowly."Shoot me." Deirdre snapped, snapping her arm out right in front of the

nurse. "There's no way I'm taking any chances. I don't want to be fucked up by

some stupid thing like that. If I get pregnant, I want to know why.""Sign here

please." Deirdre was handed another form and leaned forward to sign it.I watched

Nurse Carver this time. It was so fast that it surprised me. She picked up a

cotton pad in one hand and swabbed Deirdre's arm for an instant, then shifted

the pad slightly and pressed harder, at the same time she pressed the needle

into Deirdre's skin almost under the pad. Then she wiped over the same spot with

the swab and dropped both the swab and needle into a container. I looked at her

and grinned."That was neat!" I told her."Thank you." She smiled. "It just takes

practise.""What does?" Deirdre asked."Giving an injection as painlessly as

possible." The nurse answered. "Now let's go back into the other room and I can

ask you two a few questions for my files. Then you can go on talk to Dr. Stan

and Principal Taylor as well as meet with your group.""It's done?" Deirdre

asked. "My shot I mean."Nurse Carver just smiled and nodded, turning to lead us

back into the other room. After a few moments of answering questions and filling

out forms, she told us to go down to meet with the others in the Home Ec. room,

which was empty this period. Before we left though, she asked us both to drop by

later in the day and gave us slips to give to our teachers so we could come to

see her.Outside her office, we compared notes and saw that Deirdre was to go in

to see her the first period after lunch and me just before we went home. Since

we were carrying the boxes with our clothes, as well as trying to get used to

walking down the hall nude, I was glad the Home Ec. room was close. Still, I

think Deirdre was happier than I was to get inside a closed room. Inside the

Home Ec. room, it was almost chaos. That's when it really dawned on me just how

much of a favour Susan and Mom had done for Deeds and I by getting us used to

the idea of being nude. There were girls almost in tears, trying to hide

themselves as they undressed and guys trying to hide themselves, at the same

time as trying to stare at girls and, well, you get the picture. Meanwhile Dr.

Stan and Principal Taylor were trying to calm people down and sort out the

various groups at the same time. I simply couldn't help giggling. My giggle set

off Deeds and she joined me. Now if you want attention in a room full of people

who are uncomfortable, just start to giggle. If you want to draw even more

attention, have your buddy join you. In about two shakes of a dead lambs tail we

were the center of attention and strange as it may seem it was fun. Don't ask me

why, maybe I'm a bit of an exhibitionist, but I just grinned and threw my

shoulders back, standing proud, if I had to show my tis, then damn it, I was

going to show them as best I could! Deirdre wasn't quite as brash as I was, but

she didn't try to hide either, so I guess we put on just a bit of a show. But

you know, it calmed down all the rest of the kids. Some of them giggled and most

of them still seemed embarrassed, but none of them were trying to hide as

much."Hello Laura, Hi Deirdre. You two might as well come over and join your

group." Mr Taylor said loudly. "I believe you already know Jason Walker, he's

going to be your peer advisor since he's been through the program previously."I

hadn't noticed Jason before, because he'd been sitting down, but seeing him and

knowing he was going to be part of our group certainly made me happier,

especially when I saw the two guys sitting beside him."The other two members of

your group are going to be Damien Latimer and Lee Chen." Mr Taylor went on,

introducing each of them as well. "I believe you know them as well?""Yes sir." I

said weakly, trying to smile. "Hi guys."Deirdre just nodded. I felt pretty let

down myself, I mean, sure I'd joked that we'd end up with a pair of social

misfits, but these two? OH GOD!"Well, since you all seem to know each other,

I'll go see if I can sort out a few more of the groups. You can just chat

quietly amongst yourselves until Dr Panoslovski and I address the whole room.

Alright?" And with that, Principal Taylor moved away.I watched him go and then

turned back to the guys. There they were, a dream boat - who was spoken for, a

skinny kid - who was the biggest nerd in the whole school, and a Chinese kid -

who came across as a muscle bound jerk. Both Damien and Lee Chen had their hands

in their laps, covering their willies."You can't do that guys." I growled at the

two of them."Huh?" Damien almost drooled as he stared right at my tits."You

aren't allowed to hide behind your hands." I growled even louder. "Look! See,

you can see both of my tits." I pointed with the first fingers of both hands.

"And you can see my pussy too. Now, move those damn hands. I don't want our

group to get chewed out because either one of you is chicken."Deeds giggled

first and then she gasped. I'm not sure if I gasped, but I do know I drew a deep

breath. Okay, I'd seen several guys that I thought were fairly big around the

school, I mean downstairs - in the plumbing department, and Jason was no slouch

himself, but right now, both Damien and Lee Chen almost gave him a run for his

money. Okay, so maybe Jason wasn't as excited because he'd seen us and several

other girls nude, but wow, they sure were! I mean it was very obvious they were

male, even sitting down.I don't know how Damien could blush so bright red and

still have enough blood in his frail body to ... well ... to handle the load.

And Lee Chen had such a bulky body but somehow I didn't expect that he'd be as

bulky "down there"."Holy Shit." I whispered, then turned to Deeds. "I think we

just drew three aces kid."Which brought a giggle."Naw, 'We three kings of orient

are ...'" Jason sang softly in that lovely deep voice of his.That made even me

giggle."Those are some gifts you're packing." Deirdre astounded me by saying, as

she blushed bright red.And that broke everyone up, we all started to laugh and

really relax."Well, talking about packing ..." Damien started to say"Don't you

finish that sentence." I interrupted, laughing hard. "Not now anyway."And yet he

knew I wasn't mad at him, that I was just kidding. That's when I made up my

mind, maybe this wasn't such a bad group after all. It was funny, both Deirdre

and I were usually a bit reserved around most people, but with this bunch, when

we said something it was usually a bit risque and I noticed we weren't as quiet

as usual. Everything anyone said in the next few minutes seemed to be loaded

with double entendre. Okay, maybe Deirdre was still fairly quiet but when she

did pipe up, it was with a zinger. Maybe the most quiet one was Lee Chen, but

then he hardly ever spoke aloud anyway. To my surprise, we were getting

along.Then Principle Taylor called us all to attention. He stood at the front of

the room and ran through the dos and don'ts of what we could and couldn't do for

the next week and what we could say 'no' to, then he called on Dr. Stan. (Oop's

I guess I should be formal, make that Dr Panoslovski.) All he really did was to

let us know that if anyone had a problem, they should come see either him or

Nurse Carver. That's when he really got most of the girls attention, because he

started to talk about the idea of every girl having an anti-preg shot, well, he

called it a conception control injection. Almost instantly you could see girls

getting antsy and lining up to rush down the hall to Nurse Carver's office. In

fact when he did say they could go, Deeds and I were almost the only girls left

in the room, the only other girl was Diane Belmont, Jason's main

squease.Actually she gestured to us to join her, so Deirdre and I excused

ourselves from the guys to go over to her."Hi, did you two already have your

shot?""Unh huh, we did that before coming here.""Good, then I won't have to

stand out in the hall alone." She grinned. "Principle Taylor wants to talk to

the guys alone for a minute. I think he's going to tell dirty jokes or

something."She was giggling as she lead us to the door."He isn't, is he?"

Deirdre said, looking back at the guys."No." Diane laughed softly as she closed

the door behind us. "Actually I talked to him about the dork who was supposed to

be Susan's partner last week. I think he's talking to them about how rough this

week can be on the girls and how they need support from their group. I don't

think you guys have to worry, not with Jason in your group.""I was going to ask

about that, how did both you and Jason happen to get selected together?""We

volunteered." She grinned. "Actually after helping Susan deal with crap last

week and then having your family support us when we needed it, we thought it

might be fun. And we feel we kind of owe a debt of sorts, so we're paying it

back.""I hope you aren't expecting anyone else to be like Susan.""Oh I hope

not." She giggled. "Or like your Mom for that matter. Hey, did she get you guys

that phone she was talking about? Mom's having mine hooked up next

week.""Actually I think Daddy pulled some strings and called in a favour or two,

ours is supposed to be installed either today or tomorrow." I grinned."How did

he do that?" She asked.I didn't get a chance to answer her because the door

opened and all those yummy nude guys came pouring out. Okay, so pouring is a bad

word, dribbling is more like it, or maybe sneaking. I wanted to see and they

were trying to hide by walking sideways or facing each other, it wasn't fair.

What is it about guys and their dorks anyway? Is there this direct connection

between the size of their most massive hard-on and the size of their pride? Take

away a guys pants and you turn the tiger into a scared kitten.And yet listen to

me talk. Me, the gal who boastfully puts down my sister for having small tits

and yet bellyaches because mine are heavy enough that they swing and droop a

bit. Me, who worries about my tummy roll or the fact that I have a bulge on my

thighs. I guess we all have our ego thing huh? And if I worry about being too

heavy, think about Deirdre, she's skin and bone and still she diets. But I'm

getting off topic. Diane got separated from Deirdre and I, but that was okay

because, looking at the clock, it was almost time for our next class anyway. We

had started to go toward our next class when I heard our names called. Looking

back, I saw Damien and Lee Chen hurrying our way. "Can we walk you to your

class?" Damien asked politely."Unh, I guess." I managed to mumble and to my

surprise, Deirdre grabbed Lee Chen's arm."Huh?" I said staring at her."He makes

me feel good." She giggled and Lee Chen grinned.I looked at Damien and he looked

at me, both of us rolled our eyes and started walking again. "Oh great." I

thought to myself. "I get stuck with the nerd." Then he floored me."Would you

get mad if I said you were gorgeous." He whispered, so quietly I could hardly

hear him even though we were walking side by side, I mean real close

together."HUH!" I mumbled again, turning and staring at him.I'm sure that about

then my eyes were about the size of saucers and you could have driven a semi

trailer truck into my mouth."I think you're beautiful." He blushed. "I always

did.""But ...""Oh I know, I'm homely and I'm little and I'm not very good at

talking to people and ..."I could see the tears in his eyes and I didn't know

what to do. I realised he had a crush on me and I really didn't want that, but

what could I do? We had to get to class and yet I had to take the time to talk

to him, first; because he wasn't a bad guy and second; because he was supposed

to be my buddy for the week. My head was spinning. What would Mom do? What would

Daddy do? Hell, what would Susan do?"Look, you've surprised me." I blurted. "And

we need more than two minutes to talk about this. Meet me at lunch, in the

cafeteria, right after the next class?""Have lunch with you? Sure!" He burbled,

almost stumbling over his feet because we were still walking."Hey, this isn't a

date at the Waldorf or something. It's just a school lunch for cripes sake." I

grinned at him, I couldn't help it, he made me think of an eager little puppy

dog. "That's okay" he answered and his voice squeaked.And that's when a kid

stopped me to ask if he could touch my breasts. I happened to glance at Damien

and his mouth was open, he was starting to blush and something inside me just

clicked."You've got to wait your turn, Damien just asked me." I answered him,

turning so I faced Damien directly.I didn't know what was going to happen, but I

just had to find out, don't ask me why. I was watching Damien's eyes and they

were staring into mine, so it was literally a surprise when I felt his

fingertips actually touch me. And I jerked. I know, I shouldn't have. I should

have known his hands would have been cool because I should have guessed that he

was the kind of guy who's palms would sweat and then get chilly. But his finger

tips were ice cold. So he barely touched me and I jerked away. He looked like

he'd just stabbed me then he yanked his hands back and ran off like he'd been

shot. I was left standing there, feeling like shit!I don't know if I let the

other kid touch me or not. I do know that by the time I got to class someone had

touched not only my breasts, but my pussy as well, however I couldn't tell you

who. I was in a blind stupid funk, angry at myself and annoyed with the damn

world again. I know I had to go sit through a Social Studies class, but I don't

remember what we did that day. All I was doing was worrying about lunch and

whether or not I would see Damien there. At least I managed to calm myself down

by the time class ended.Deeds knew me well enough to know I was still a bit

upset, but she came up to me at the end of class and touched my arm. "I asked

Lee to make sure Damien came to lunch." She smiled as we headed for the

door."You saw what happened?""Unh huh, what was it, cold hands?""Unh huh, like

ice." I nodded. "And to top it off, I think he's got a crush on me, so I think I

just ruined his day, maybe his whole year.""Are you feeling okay." She grinned,

reaching out a hand to touch my forehead."What do you mean?""Old hell for

leather, damn the torpedoes, Laura, is worried about a nerd?""That nerd is one

of our group." I growled. "And even if he's nuts to think I'm so bloody special,

he is a pretty nice guy.""Okay." She grinned."Not special nice, but nice enough

to not be made to feel like an ass.""Okay.""Look, I've never had anyone have a

crush on me before, what do I do?""And I would know?" She giggled. "I'm the one

who gets crushes remember, not causes them.""So, have you got a crush on Lee

Chen?""Nope, I don't think so, not really, but I do like him." She smiled,

calming down a lot. "But he's so BIG." I said, spreading my hands apart in what

I hoped was an expansive gesture."I know, and he's Chinese. Mom and Dad would go

bananas.""But ..." I just stared at her."I know, maybe he's not what I want for

a boyfriend, but I think he and I are going to be friends, good friends. For

some reason, I just like him. Besides he knows a lot about healthy diet, he has

too, he's a weight lifter and he has to stay strong."I just stared at her,

Deirdre was worried about a healthy diet? What had happened, had I stepped into

the twilight zone? That's when I saw Lee and Damien standing at the door to the

caf. I took a deep breath as we walked toward them and I saw Damien trying to

look anywhere but at me.I decided I had to speak first, so I took another deep

breath, but Deirdre beat me to it. "Damien, lift your hands up, palms toward

you." She ordered.He stared at her, but he did it and she grabbed a hand,

slapping it against his chest with the fingertips on his nipple."Gee whiz, don't

do that, my hands are cold." He squawked and then I could see comprehension hit

him."OH!" He squawked again as he stared at me. "Oh, I am sorry.""Well, I'm

sorry too. I didn't really mean to do the long jump when you touched me." I

managed to smile and not break into a big grin. "Now do you still want to sit

and talk?""And eat please." Lee said quietly. "I need my carbohydrates.""Okay,

and eat too." I did grin at him. "Maybe the two of us can shame our friends into

eating a little bit as well.""Oh, I eat lots, my Mom kids me that I have a tape

worm." Damien said loudly as we joined the line."Eeew." A girl in front of us

said. "What a thing to talk about at lunch."Just then Jason came over and I

instantly thought about fifth wheels, but to my surprise, Deirdre whispered

something to him and he winked as he left. Damn, I owed her big time. But I

guess between him coming over, and the girl in front of us being upset about

tape worms, no one felt like talking right then, at least not until we were all

seated and eating. I managed to sit next to Damien, although that wasn't really

hard to arrange, and I waited until we were well into lunch before I started to

talk quietly to him."Look Damien, I'm not used to having someone tell me I'm

pretty and I have to guess you might have ... well, sort of a crush on me." I

whispered, being as smooth as a bull moose as usual. "Uhh, I guess, sorta." He

mumbled, blushing bright red."Well, I don't know what to do." I grinned. "I've

never had a guy like me that way before.""But ...""Wait a minute." I

interrupted. "I want you to know that, well, I think it's a great compliment and

so far, I like you, but I'm not sure if we'd make a good couple. I'm sure we can

be close friends though.""But you were going to let me feel your ...." He stared

down at my chest and blushed."My tits? Why not, any guy in the school can feel

them this week, so why shouldn't I let you cop a feel too?""But does that mean

that maybe I could touch you ... down there.""Well, in your case, only on one

condition." I grinned."What?" He squawked. "Anything, anything at all.""Only if

I can touch you too.""On my pecker?" He squeaked. "I'd ... I'd explode.""Oh I

don't think you'd explode." I giggled. "But I might make you cum.""I ... I ...

OH SHIT." He moaned."What's wrong." "You just did." He groaned softly."I did ...

what?""You made me cum, all over and I don't dare move or people will see." He

hissed. "I think I even sprayed the bottom of the table.""Oh God, I'm sorry." I

snorted, trying to swallow a giggle. "I'll get a napkin." I scrambled out of my

seat."Get a bunch ... Please."Luckily the four of us were somewhat isolated from

the rest of the crowd at a table in a corner, and Damien's back was to the room,

but Deirdre and Lee were having as much trouble trying not to laugh as I was. It

wasn't that I was unsympathetic, it was just that what had happened was so damn

embarrassing for the poor guy that I had to either laugh or cry. I got a whole

bunch of paper towels and hurried back to the table, trying not to draw any

attention to myself or our group and I made a big deal out of wiping the table

with one napkin while passing the rest to Damien. "Thanks." He sighed, grabbing

them."I guess it would be a bad idea for me to offer to help, huh?" I couldn't

help teasing."Not unless you want to go for more napkins." He snorted and then

he actually laughed weakly."Well, at least you won't have to ask for relief at

the start of the next class." Lee said with a straight face."I dunno, he's got

ten minutes to recover." I giggled. "I'll bet a dollar he's hard when lunch time

is over.""Don't bet with her, you'd lose." Damien snorted. "I already am.""Wow,

maybe we should get to be close friends." I kidded.And then he floored me.

"Suits me." He said and then he shrugged as if it wasn't important. Just after

that he excused himself, saying he should clean up before class and he walked

away, pausing at a garbage can to toss all those dirty napkins into it. All I

could do was stare after him in surprise. Both Deirdre and Lee thought it was

funny, but I didn't. Now I didn't know what to do or even what was going

on.Anyway, after lunch, I had English. That's right Mr Bentley, that's when you

told me I'd need to write a report and that's when I handed you my letter that

I'd written last night. That made you raise your eyebrows, didn't it? And did I

see you smile when you were reading it, or was that just a gas pain from some

bit of badly digested lunch? It doesn't matter, I managed to survive your class,

then I had to hurry down to see Nurse Anne.I didn't know what to expect, but she

actually spent a little time talking to me about cleaning up after sex, "Just in

case." she said. Now I'd already had a talk to Mom about this, but I was polite

and I listened and she did give me a few tips I didn't know already. So I

managed to survive the rest of the day, but I was sure ready to leave when it

came time to go home. Do you know I was actually bored part of the time?I went

down the hall to wait for Deirdre, then we got our clothes and stepped outside

to get dressed. Damien was waiting for us, along with Lee Chen and Jason. I

didn't think it was fair, because they were already dressed when we got there,

but Deeds and I didn't have much to put on, so it really didn't matter."Look

guys, does everyone have to rush home?" Jason asked as we wandered out into the

school yard. "Diane and I had a talk at lunch and we were thinking that maybe

each group should have a chat about their day after school each day, just to get

any problems out in the open. What do you think?"Everyone either made

noncommittal sounds or shrugged. I know I didn't want to embarrass Damien by

bringing up the lunch time episode and I didn't really want to talk about the

episode with his cold hands."To be honest, today seemed like a normal day for me

in some ways." Lee Chen sighed. "I mean most of the kids still seem to look at

me like I was some kind of thug , well, except for you guys. Do you know that

not one girl even asked to touch my dick?""All the more for me." Deirdre grabbed

his arm. "If you want some touching done, you just have to ask."This new side of

Deeds astounded me, and I think all the others too."But you're white." Lee said

quietly."So?""Look, my dad would kill me if he found out a white girl was after

me.""Huh?" Jason grunted. "I know people look at Diane and I strangely, but

...?""Hey, prejudice happens on both sides." Lee growled. "What does your family

think of you being with a white girl?""Mom is white." Jason grinned, then

sobered. "The one who get's uptight is Mrs Belmont, Diane's mother. Diane won't

tell me the whole story, but I think she and her mother had a big fight about

it.""Hey, just a minute, back up." Deirdre broke in and she turned to Lee Chen

shoving her face in front of his. "You were upset because other girls didn't

touch you, but when I offer, you get uptight?""Well, yeah, but you're

different." He muttered. "It's just not the same.""Just why is it bloody

different? Don't tell me it's because I'm white either, there are mostly white

girls in this school." She demanded."Unh, you like me and I kind of like you

too, so ...?" Lee floundered."Jesus Christ, it's not like I asked you to marry

me for fucks sake!" She looked like she was going to cry, but she was angry,

perhaps the angriest I'd ever seen her."Oh shit." Lee said quietly. "I just

can't let myself get involved with a white girl. My father would disown me. He's

upset now because I have to walk around nude and the idea of having someone I

know really well touch me would just be too much. He'd go ballistic.""What? That

doesn't make sense. A strange girl could touch you and that would be okay, but

if I do it, he'd go off the deep end? Just because I know you well?

Why?""Because he's real traditional Chinese and some of his ideas are medieval

or maybe even older." Lee sighed and sat down on the edge of a bike rack.

"Please, sit here and let me explain, okay?""I'll stand, thank you." She said in

a tone so cold that it sounded brittle."Suit yourself." He sighed. "Okay, to

explain; my family history goes back for hundreds and hundreds of years, we can

trace a direct line from father to son, all the way back to the Tong dynasty.

Thirteen hundred years ago, an ancestor of mine was an advisor to the emperor

and my family has great pride in our forefathers. We have always been either men

who work with money, or great warriors, sometimes both. My father is a good

accountant and I am studying to become one. Like I said, my family is

traditional and I ... well, I have to live with it. Look, I'm almost expecting

him to insist that I go through with an arranged marriage and .... "He paused

and simply held up his hands. "I can see you don't understand.""No." Deirdre

sighed. "I can understand family pride. My mother is proud of the fact that her

family fought in the Revolution and Daddy is proud that one of his relatives

came over on the Mayflower. But I know something about families that have been

around that long, no matter what family it is, there are always black sheep and

skeletons in the closet. Ask your dad about the not so nice members of your

family for me would you?""But we wouldn't keep track of those." Lee stared at

her."Bingo." She smiled, almost sadly. "Laura, can we go?""See you tomorrow

guys." I said as I joined her and started to walk away."Meet you here? Before

school?" Damien called."Whatever." Deirdre answered. "G'nite."I could tell she

was still uptight, so I let her stew for a while, not saying anything. Finally,

about a block from home I sighed and I stopped, letting her carry on walking if

she wanted to. She went ahead for several feet and then turned around."Okay, so

I'm pissed." She said shortly. "You get annoyed too.""Unh huh." I agreed."And

you sound off.""Yep.""And you yell.""Yep, but you aren't letting it out. You're

stewing in it.""So what, I do that.""Yep, and I get the drunkard's breakfast

from you.""Whatta ya mean?" She spoke so fast that she slurred her words."I get

hot tongue and cold shoulder." I snapped back.She drew in a deep breath and I

waited for her to explode, instead, she almost drooped."I'm not going to win

this one am I?" She sighed deeply again."What, the discussion with me or the

lover's quarrel with Lee.""Lover's quarrel! Are you nuts?""Have you or have you

not got a crush on him?" I grinned. "At least you like him, and he admits he

likes you too.""Yeah but ....""Okay, maybe it's not a lover's quarrel yet, how

about "liker's" quarrel.""Ohhhwa." She groaned."Hey, at least you know where you

stand, I've got a guy who has a huge crush on me, who cums all over himself when

I talk to him, but he's walks away when I say we can be friends." I sighed. "Now

what can I do about that?""Yeah." She snorted. "We did get a pair of winners

didn't we.""I'll trade you problems.""Unhh, no! I like Lee, a lot, dammit." She

snapped. "And even if I can't see any way to get to him right now, I'm willing

to be patient.""Good." I grinned. "Now I know a woman and her daughter who have

one hell of a reputation for changing people's minds. Let's go see them?""Who?"

She asked in surprise."Mom and Susan." I giggled, then I ran the rest of the way

home, barely beating her to the door."Why did you run?" She panted when she

caught up to me in the front hall as I was stripping off my clothes."Because I

wanted a few minutes with Mom before the smaller kids get home." I answered,

then I called. "Mom? Oh Mom? Where are you?"She answered from the kitchen, so we

went to see her and we told her about our day. She laughed through part of our

story and almost cried in other parts just like we did, but she didn't have any

brilliant ideas at the moment. Then she apologised about the new phone, it

wasn't going to be installed until tomorrow. That's when the twins and Penny

showed up, which put a stop to our chat and then Susan came in. Of course she

wanted a blow by blow description of what happened to us all day long. So we

went up to our bedroom and we told the story over again. Actually while we were

retelling it this time, I sat at the computer and typed it out. Susan had an

idea about Deirdre's problem. She went to class with Yen, Lee's sister, so she

suggested to Deirdre that she could find out more about him and his family, then

maybe she could even plant a few ideas in his little sister's head. Deeds turned

her down. Oh, she didn't mind if Susan found out a few things, but she drew the

line at trying to use his little sister as a go between.It wasn't long before

Mom called us to eat. Then while Deirdre and I did the dishes, Susan went for a

walk with Jimmy and the smaller kids drove Mom nuts for a couple of hours until

she put them to bed. In fact, it wasn't long before we went to bed as well.As I

lay there, I decided that most of this afternoon had been a bummer and this

evening had been boring. It actually had felt almost like a regular day. "Yep."

I sighed to myself. "Susan has excitement in her life, and I have mostly

boredom."End of Chapter - to be continued.

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laura03Naked In School: Laura ©2003/04

by dotB

Chapter ThreeI woke up early, which was a real surprise because I didn't sleep

well. I'd had weird dreams, really weird dreams. I mean I was making love to

Damien in one of them, that's the one that woke me up. And I just lay there for

a few minutes, trying to decide if I was nuts or what. Hey, it was strange

you've gotta admit, I had hardly even heard of the guy until yesterday and here

I was dreaming about him?I was sure it was almost time to get up though, because

I heard Mom in the shower. Did Laura tell you that mom sings in the shower?

Well, she does, and you can tell what kind of mood she's in too, just by the

song she sings. This morning she was singing "Independence Day", the song by

Martina McBride, so I jumped to the conclusion that Daddy had annoyed her some

way. Then I thought about it and I wondered, maybe that wasn't what she was

singing about?So surprise of surprises, I got up, showered, and went down to

talk to her, a whole half hour before I normally would have even thought about

rolling out of bed. Curiosity will do strange things to a person and make them

do strange things too."Well, good morning. What happened to get you up early?"

She said in surprise as I walked into the kitchen."I got woken up by a strange

dream and then heard you singing in the bathroom. Are you pissed off with Daddy

or something?""Umm, no, what was I singing?""Independence day.""I was?" She

stared at me in surprise as she handed me a cup of fresh perked coffee. "Let's

see ... I was thinking about how you girls were both growing up and ... Oh, I

think I understand. I guess I was thinking of you two acting like grownups,

maybe even lamenting it a bit.""You don't want us to grow up?""Oh no." She

smiled. "I love the way you are growing up. I think it's just that ... well,

you'll always be my little girl and I'll always want to have an answer for your

questions. The thing is, now you've grown to the point where sometimes I don't

have answers for your questions because I've never had the problem you're

dealing with.""Sometimes my questions have to have my own answers." I grinned.

"So I try to base my answers on what you've taught me and what I've learned from

others. You needn't worry, okay?""I know that." She smiled. "Now what's this

about nightmares waking you up?""It wasn't exactly a night mare." I giggled. "I

was having a very erotic dream that was so weird it woke me up.""Oh!" She said

in surprise. "And who was the featured actor in this melodrama?""Besides me?" I

giggled. "That's the strange thing, it was Damien, the guy I was telling you is

such a nerd and so strange.""Who just happens to have a crush on you and is in

your group too, right?""Well, yeah, and I don't know what to do about it.""Hmm,

it sounds to me like perhaps your subconscious has made a decision or is it just

asking questions too?""How would I know, I'm not Dr. Stan." I sighed. "I really

don't think making love to Damien would be the answer. At least not now.""I

think that's a wise decision." She grinned. "You did talk to Nurse Anne, didn't

you, just in case?""Yes Mom!" I sighed. "You know, it's funny but I'm more

worried about Deirdre than I am myself.""Sometimes friends do that, but why does

she worry you?""I think she wants Lee, and I think he wants her, but I think if

they get together it will hurt them both.""You can't live her life for her dear,

just like I can't live your life for you. All you can do is offer advise and if

she gets hurt, help her to recover.""I know." I sighed deeply. "On top of

everything else, her folks will be back tomorrow.""Yes?""Well, Deirdre has

changed, just in the last few days. She's eating and she's not so worried about

her weight and ... well, I'm afraid that they're going to criticise her again

and she's going to go right back to being the old Deirdre.""Well, she is their

daughter and you can't live her life for her."That's when she came over and

hugged me. Susan is right, there's something special about a hug from your Mom.

It may not take the fear or worries away, but it makes everything more bearable.

After that we chatted about a few other things that weren't important and then I

heard the alarm go off up in Susan's and my room. "I'd better go talk to Deeds

and Susan." I told Mom, then headed upstairs."Hi guys." I said walking in and

sitting on the edge of my bed."You're up early." Susan mumbled as she yawned and

stretched."Unh huh, I had a weird dream." I smiled, then looked down at Deirdre.

"How are you doing, Deeds?""Great." She grinned at me. "I lay here and thought

about Lee last night and decided I'm going to surprise him. Him and everyone

else too.""You aren't going to do something stupid, are you?" I frowned."I don't

think so." She smiled, and it was that damn Mona Lisa smile that she uses when

she get's stubborn."You aren't gonna tell me what you're gonna do are

ya?""Nope!" And she used that same damn smile.And Susan pissed me off by

giggling."And what are you finding so damn funny?" I snapped at her."You being

annoyed because there's a secret that you can't find out about." She giggled,

then the damn whelp threw a pillow at me.While I was ducking the pillow, she

rushed off to the bathroom, I guess she was thinking that she was beating me to

use it. I just tossed her pillow back on her bed and sat down at the computer to

finish off my first day's report for Mr. Bentley, so I was sitting there calmly

when she came back and Deirdre went out."Have you decided what to do about your

devoted fan?" Susan asked as she skinned into a tight black t shirt and

jeans."Not really." I sighed, then grinned. "Maybe I'll give him a hand job at

lunch time though.""I thought the school frowned on that sort of thing happening

in the lunch room. I mean, wouldn't they think it was unsanitary?""Maybe they

do, I don't know." I grinned to myself, knowing I had her going. "I guess if I

gave him a blow job and swallowed ...?""You wouldn't?" She gasped. "Not in front

of everyone?""Well, wouldn't that be better than having him spray the bottom of

the table?""Darn, I don't even know what the guy looks like." She giggled. "I

wish my lunch time was at the same time as yours.""You could see what he looks

like this morning, I think we agreed to meet up at the main door of the school

to undress.""I'm not sure if I want to be there or not." She sighed. "I imagine

I'll be with Jimmy and if some girl is undressing in front of him, I want it to

be me.""What? Are you that insecure with him already?""Oh no." She grinned

wryly. "It's just that seeing people undress might get through to us and you

know what all the monitors are like about anyone actually displaying

affection.""Now that's a pile of crap." I snorted. "I can jack a guy off while

he fingers me or we can give each other blow jobs, but if I hug and kiss him, I

get a detention. It's totally stupid.""Oh yeah." Susan chortled. " And who do

you want to hug and kiss? Damien?""Oh sure." I snorted. "Now, that would be

stupid.""Huh? Do you really think so?""Look, he's already got a crush on me,

anything I do with him has to be purely physical and he has to know that. If he

thinks I care about him, even a little bit, I'll have a case of full blown

infatuation on my hands.""And that would be so bad?" Susan asked."Yes it would

be damn it, it's bad enough now for cripes sake. I don't want to hurt him

deliberately, it's bad enough that it's accidental."She cocked her head off to

one side and stared at me intently with a strange expression on her face. "Gee,

the program changes everyone doesn't it?" She said after a few seconds. "Even

you."Then before I could even ask her what she meant, she ran off. I just shook

my head and signed the short report I'd written for Mr Bentley and slipped it

into a folder to give to him, then while I was touching up the little bit of

lipstick I wear, Deirdre came back into the room. "What do you think?" She asked

as she stopped to stand in front of me with her legs slightly spread."About

what?" I asked in confusion."Well, I shaved." She giggled, "Not everything, but

..."Then I saw it. She had shaved. Not completely, but now there was only a

small triangle of short dark hair down on her ... well where her bushed used to

be. To make it more blatant and noticeable, the triangle pointed downward like

an arrow. At the moment, just thinking about it must have had her excited too,

because that arrow was pointing to a pair of puffy looking lips. I couldn't help

it, I giggled."Oh Wow." I crowed. "That ought to raise some eyebrows. What will

your parents say?""Huh, the last time they saw me naked was when I learned how

to pull up my own pants." She snorted. "They decided I should be 'independent',

so they let me look after myself as soon as I could."I just shook my head in

sympathy, not wanting to say what I really thought of her parents. Then I

thought of a way to change the subject since I'd been the one to bring up her

folks."Say, would you mind if I did that?""What? Shave your beaver?" She

giggled, instantly changing moods. "What will your Mom say?""What can she say?

Haven't you noticed hers?""Yes, but ... she had a reason.""So do I. I'm acting

in support of a friend, only there's no way I want to have an arrow pointing

down like an invitation.""Two arrows? Pointing up? Sort of at your boobs?" She

giggled."If I could I'd do a smiley face." I grinned."I don't think we have time

this morning." She said, pointing at the clock. "Not if we're going to eat any

breakfast before going to school.""You want breakfast? Susan is right, being

naked in school does change everyone.""Pfffaa." She snorted, then grinned,

grabbed her clothes, and ran downstairs.I pulled on shorts and a halter and

followed and heard my Mom chuckling as I started downstairs. When I got to the

kitchen she turned to me with raised eyebrows."Well?" She looked at my shorts

pointedly. "What did you do to yourself?""I didn't have time, darn it. Not if I

want to eat before school." I said, grabbing a slice of french toast and rolling

it around a banana."If you really want to do a bit of shaving, I'll offer you a

ride to school." She laughed. "I'll even offer to get out the lawnmower I

used.""Lawnmower?" I almost choked on a bite of banana toast."Well, that's what

your Dad used to call his old electric shaver, he left it here when he moved

out, I used that." She grinned, then she got a thoughtful look in her eyes. "But

maybe you shouldn't use that, come to think about it, it might make you late for

school.""Why would that make me late?" I frowned a bit. "Wouldn't it be

faster?""It vibrates, silly." Deirdre whispered with a giggle. "I kinda wish I'd

have thought of that.""Maybe after school Mom, I think Deirdre wants to get

there a bit early.""I'd rather you did it now, if your mom will still give us a

ride." Deeds whispered softly. "I'm feeling a bit like a ... I don't know,

exhibitionist ... and sort of lonesome, maybe?""It does put you on show." Mom

grinned. "And I think that arrowhead is even more suggestive than being

completely bare.""So where is this 'lawnmower'?" I asked, cramming the last of

my banana toast into my mouth."I'll get it for you, but I think you'd better do

it in your bedroom, Penny still needs to get ready and I don't think I want her

to see you shaving while she's in the bathroom."So Deeds and I ran back up to

the bedroom, giggling loudly. As soon as we were back in the bedroom, I stripped

again, then stood in front of our full length mirror trying to decide what I

wanted to do. I already had trimmed some so I could wear a bikini and not have

hair hanging out but I simply couldn't make up my mind what else I wanted to do.

"Deeds, what should I do?""Zip, right off." She giggled, wiping her hand in a

gesture."The whole thing?" I squeaked. "What's wrong with shaving the whole

thing?" Mom grinned at me as she came in with her hands full. "Don't you think

it makes my ... box look sexy?""Yeah, ... but you've got a guy and ...""... and

if you shave, you might get one." She grinned. "Besides, it grows back, maybe

too darn fast.""Oh my, it makes me wet just thinking about it." I sighed. "I

mean it's so, so ...""Sexy." Deirdre giggled. "I know, I want to touch myself

all the time, ever since I did it.""Well, you can't take all day." Mom said

quietly. "Here's the electric razor and the scissors I used, plus I brought you

some cream to lessen the irritation afterward." She turned to Deirdre. "You did

use something after you shaved, didn't you?""Moisturizing cream." Deeds

nodded."I suppose that will work." Mom nodded. "This cream is supposed to be

better though, it does reduce the burning, itchy feeling for me."I was trying to

stand in front of the mirror on a towel and trim my longer 'fur' back with a

pair of scissors and was going slow because I had to try to move my hand

backward to what I saw in the mirror and it isn't easy."Could Deirdre or I help

with that?" Mom asked. "You're taking so long you'll make yourself late.""Would

you?" I blushed, turning slowly. "I know I'm supposed to be independent but I

don't even trim my bikini cut very often and I'm so scared of hurting myself

..."Mom took the scissors, suggested that I spread my legs and squat slightly,

then in only a few seconds had the worst of my already short hair trimmed down.

To my surprise, she didn't even pause before she picked up the electric

razor.She turned it on and looked up at me with a weird grin. "I'm just going to

buzz over you quickly because if I spend long, you're going to get too excited.

Now, this is going to leave a bit of stubble behind, but since you're not too

dark down there, it won't be real noticeable. You can touch it up later

yourself."And then she turned on the 'LAWNMOWER' and I knew the instant she

touched me what she meant about getting too excited. She didn't even start near

my clit and yet I felt the buzz right there! I guess standing the way I was the

skin was stretched tight or something because the vibrations were pure ecstasy.

Unfortunately they were unsatisfying as hell because Mom hurried so much.(I

refuse to describe the next few moments, not in a school report, let's just say

that when she was done, I hadn't orgasmed ... yet. I raced to the bathroom and

slammed the door closed so I could have some privacy. I was frustrated as

hell!)When I hurried back to the bedroom to grab my clothes, Mom must have

picked them up because they were sitting on my bed and the special cream was

sitting on top of them. I almost went back to the bathroom and started all over

as soon as I started applying the cream, but I forced myself to stop and get

dressed. Then as I walked downstairs, I found that a seam of my shorts was

stirring me up. I'd always liked those shorts before, because they 'felt good',

but I hadn't realised how much sensation just a little bit of hair blocked. I

was biting my lower lip by the time I walked back into the kitchen.Mom looked at

me inquiringly for a second, then grinned. "Shorts too tight?" She asked."Not

too tight exactly ..." I managed to mumble. "But I'm glad you're giving us a

ride to school, I think I'd go nuts walking all the way."Both Mom and Deirdre

laughed, but I noticed that on the way to the car both of them walked

differently than normal and both of them were wearing shorts too.\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

I was actually glad when we got to school, riding in the car was as bad as

walking, every bump or turn made those damn shorts shift and I was going nuts. I

don't think Deirdre was having it any better than I was and I think we were both

setting off Mom, she had the strangest smile on her face and was wriggling in

her seat too. Mom had hardly gotten stopped at the school when I slipped out of

the car and thanked her for the ride. Deed's was right behind me. I would have

yanked off those darn shorts right there and thrown them into the car but Mom

wasn't waiting around, she drove off before I had a chance and even before Deeds

and I had a chance to close the car doors. Both doors slammed shut from

acceleration as she sped away. "Look what you started." I looked at Deeds and

giggled."She gave me the idea." Deeds answered, giggling just as much. "Now

where are the guys?"I turned and looked at the front steps of the school. Damien

was there, but I didn't see Lee. Then I saw Lee's sister, Yen coming our

way."There's his sister." I said needlessly"Oh darn, I bet Lee's sick or

something." Deirdre sighed."Hi." Yen said as she came up to us. "Lee asked me to

tell you that he's sorry but he won't be here this morning.""Is something wrong?

Is he sick or what?" Deirdre asked."No." Yen fidgeted for a few seconds, then

sighed. "It's Daddy, he doesn't think it's right for us to be naked in front of

white people. He's very old fashioned.""But the school could hold his grade

transcripts." Deirdre said in a shocked tone."I know, but Daddy is trying to

find a lawyer to fight the school board." Yen sighed. "Lee tried to argue with

him and even I did a bit, but he's made up his mind and I don't know what's

going to happen. Anyway, you guys better hurry or you'll be late. Maybe I can

get Lee to call you later.""I'm staying at Laura's." Deirdre said as Yen backed

away."Okay, I'll get the number from Susan." Yen called, actually running

off."Weird." I said quietly as we walked toward the front steps."Not that weird,

the Chinese are a very traditional people and they stick to their customs.""Not

that, the fact that she ran away like she did." I sighed"She was probably going

directly against her father's order to even talk to us." Deirdre defended her.

"And there are other people who's families are Chinese coming to this school, so

she might be worried about being even seen with us.""I guess." I sighed. "Hi

Damien.""Hi Laura, Hi Deirdre. Did you hear about Lee?""Yeah, we heard." Deirdre

paused and then without any fuss she began to strip, almost as if it really

didn't matter, like taking her clothes off to go inside was sort of ho hum.Oh

WOW!" Damien gasped as he saw her almost bare pussy. "Was that for Lee?""Yeah,

it was but he's not even here." Deirdre sighed."May I touch you?" Damien

whispered."Sure, why not." The total lack of emotion in her words floored me,

even Damien caught it and his hand paused, inches from her crotch. Then he stood

up and looked at me, I just shrugged my shoulders, damned if I knew why Deirdre

was so bloody listless and uncaring, but I decided right then that she'd better

go see Dr. Stan very soon. Instead of drawing more attention to Deeds, I decided

to draw the attention to me.Stepping up next to Damien I grinned and whipped off

my halter top, tossing it in a box."Your turn." I grinned at him."Okay." He

yanked off his t-shirt and grinned at me as he followed my lead."Now, my turn."

I grinned at him. Bending forward, I grabbed the waistband of his shorts and

pulled them down, grinning up at his stunned face as I did it. When he stepped

clear of them, I tossed them aside and smiled."Your turn." I whispered. "But no

funny stuff, okay?"He nodded and sort of squatted down as he slid my shorts

downward and I really couldn't see his face well but I heard him gasp. His face

lifted and his eyes had a haunted look."Laura, that isn't fair." He

wheezed."What's not fair, that I shaved?""No, because you made me promise not to

do anything.""I said no funny stuff." I grinned at him. "You could ask to touch

it if you want.""Can I, please." His voice was so quiet that I almost couldn't

hear it over the clamour of the other kids around us as they realised I was

shaved bare.When I nodded, his hand reached out so slowly that I was scared he

wouldn't reach me before the bell rang. Then his touch was so light that I

almost screamed at him to press harder. Two fingers, just two, ran slowly along

my labia starting at the bottom and I swear he had a generator hidden somewhere,

there had to be sparks! Major sparks! I felt like I was on fire and his fingers

moved so slow! It took forever for them to reach my clit. I could feel the

moisture building inside me and the tension building all through my groin. Then

he paused, near my clit but not touching it. He looked up at me and he got this

wonderful smile on his face and ...... He lifted his damn hand! ... I was

drawing a deep breath to scream at him to finish the job when one finger reached

out and flicked ...... just once. I swear I know what the Liberty Bell must have

felt like when someone rang it so hard that it cracked. My whole body reacted,

Hell, I think I exploded. If an orgasm during sex is like that, then I know why

the French call it 'la petite morte!' I'm sure I died a little bit right then

and right there. To be honest, I don't remember much for the next few minutes. I

do remember being almost dragged along the hall. I don't think my feet were

working, at least I couldn't feel them if they were. And I remember someone

saying a litany about being sorry and repeating it over and over. But in actual

fact the first clear thought I had was when I was in my home room and staring at

Mr. Winslow."Are you alright Miss Jennings?" I heard him say, and it sounded

like he was talking from inside a cloud somewhere."Mmm Hmm." I remember

mumbling. "Jus' fine."I'm not sure how I made it to my first class. Shucks, I'm

not sure how I made it through the whole morning. I kept seeing Damien's face

twisted into a shy smile and I kept seeing the fascination in his eyes. Then

too, I kept feeling those two gentle fingers. I'll bet I left a puddles

everywhere that morning, one each place that I paused for more than a minute. I

do know Deirdre dragged me into the washroom before lunch to wash my face and

clean up my ... well my whole crotch ... and even my legs. It was when she was

helping me clean up that I really came back to my senses. She was on her hands

and knees, swabbing me down with a damp paper towel when I finally realised what

was going on."Oh wow, thanks Deeds." I whispered, reaching down to touch her

hand."Well, are you finally back to somewhere near normal." She almost growled,

looking up at me."Sorry." I couldn't help but giggle. "I think he got through to

me.""Well, duh." She tried to sound grouchy, but had to grin. "Just what did he

do? I'm afraid I was inside my own personal little rain cloud until you

collapsed against me.""He just touched me gently." I grinned stupidly holding up

my hand with my thumb and two fingers folded. "With two fingers.""Up inside?"

She stared at me open mouthed."Unh uh, just gently up the outside, on my lips."I

sighed. "And then he flicked my clit with one finger.""That's it?" Her eyes were

almost as big as her mouth and it had fallen wide open."Unh huh, what with

shaving and then those tight shorts, I think maybe I was a bit wound up and he

found the trigger.""Or else he has magic hands." She giggled."God, I hope not."

I blurted. "Huh, I hope for your sake that he does." She grinned. "Now come on,

he's meeting us for lunch."The washroom door is only a few steps from the

cafeteria, so when we came out the door, I could see he wasn't alone. I paused

and waited for Deirdre to look up and see that Lee was standing there too. When

she didsee him, she squealed like someone had poked her in the butt with a pin

and launched herself down the hall at a full gallop. It's a good thing Lee is a

big guy and strong as a bull, she was in mid leap and going as fast as she could

move when she got to him. Even Lee staggered backward a step or two.It took a

hall monitor, Damien, and me to peel her off of him. Talk about a Public Display

of Affection and darn if the hall monitor didn't let her get away with it. All

he did was warn her not to do it again.She was still holding onto Lee's hand,

which was allowed, and they headed for the line-up, leaving Damien and I

standing there looking at each other."I owe you one." I managed to say quietly,

grinning like a fool. "And don't you dare do anything like that again before I

have classes, I don't know what went on this morning at all.""I'm so sorry." He

was whispering again."I'm not, it was bloody marvellous." I giggled, grabbing

his hand. "Let's go eat, I think I need it.""I guess that makes us even for what

you did to me at lunch yesterday." He managed to mumble."Like hell." I laughed.

"You could still talk. Multiply what you felt like by a hundred and you might be

starting to get close to what you did to me."I saw an empty table at the back of

the room and turned to him. "Look, there's a table way at the back, could you

grab me a burger and a coke, please, and I'll go save it for us.""Uh, okay." He

stammered, staring at me like I was from outer space."Don't make a big deal of

it." I snorted. "Lot's of people pick up lunch for each other."Then I hurried to

the farthest table in the room, because I had an idea of what I wanted to do. I

was already planning ahead, so I plopped down on the seats that would put

Damien's and my back to the room, leaving the seats facing the room for Deirdre

and Lee. Most of the time, the seats at the back of the caf were full of people

who were studying and today was no different, they were all full except for the

table I was at and everyone around me seemed to be cramming for some test or

other. To this day I don't know why that one table was empty, except perhaps

that good luck was on my side for once.All those people around us meant that

we'd have relative privacy as long as we were quiet, which was just what I

wanted. It only took a few minutes and the other three nudes joined me back

there and everyone took their seats just the way I wanted them to. When Damien

handed me my burger, I thanked him and then hurriedly dug in, not wanting to

waste much time on eating."So Lee, what went down this morning?" Damien asked

quietly.As Lee was explaining about his father and about Chinese attitudes in

general, I noticed that Deirdre was polishing off her sandwich as quickly as I

was gobbling my burger. In fact, I don't think either of us had ever eaten so

fast and I raised my eyebrows questioningly at her when Deirdre glanced my way.

She just grinned and kept on polishing off her food. She was done her last bite

before I was and she grinned at me as she licked her lips and wiped her hands on

a napkin.Both Lee and Damien were concentrating on their food, so she spoke

quietly to me. "I overheard you talking to Susan this morning and I think you

had a tremendous idea for dessert, would you mind if I joined you?""I'd

forgotten I said that, but I was actually thinking about it myself just now." I

giggled. "I wouldn't mind a bit."I glanced sideways and frowned, Damien was

sitting right up close to the table."Guy's, could we try something?" I

asked."Hmm, what?" Damien looked up at me."Just shift your chair back a bit and

turn slightly to point toward the middle of the table, like this" I said,

turning my chair slightly toward him and pushing back a bit.As soon as he moved

his chair, I leaned forward and reached out my hand to bring the tip of his cock

to my lips. As I kissed the round glans, Damien moaned, but at almost at the

same instant I heard Lee gasp so I knew Deirdre was busy as well. Then all I had

room for in my mind was how I could make Damien happy while discovering as much

as I could about giving a blowjob.My first discovery was that he hadn't really

been hard when I had bent forward but his body soon reacted to my lapping tongue

and sliding hands. Then I discovered that he was leaking precum and more

important, I found out I didn't mind the taste at all, in fact it seemed almost

tasteless, but it had a pleasant effect on my tongue. I'd touched a cock before,

so I knew to expect it's spongy yet hard texture but I'd never been this up

close and personal so to speak. This was my first ever blow job and it was a

payback for what he'd done to me that morning as well as ... well, just ... as

well as, okay?I don't think Damien could have asked for relief in the morning,

or if he did, then being around Deirdre and I had put him on a hair trigger. I

had hardly gotten all of the head inside my mouth and was just working my tongue

around it when I heard him grunt and he pushed his hips up and toward me. I knew

what was coming and I thought I was ready for it. ... HAH! ... once more Laura

was completely wrong.Okay, from what I'd heard in the locker room, I was

expecting a mouthful, maybe two or three ... What I got was a couple of

tablespoons of his cream.Again from what I'd heard in the locker room, I

expected it to be slimy, salty, and awful tasting ... What I found was that it

tasted and felt like lightly salted heavy cream but flatter somehow.What I

expected was that his cock would suddenly swell ... What I found was if it

swelled, it couldn't have been much, I never noticed it.But most important I

expected him to have an orgasm and that's it ... What I found was I had a

flashback to the morning, not as big, not as drastic, but REAL NICE!I was still

enough in control that I licked him clean and sat up slowly, then had a sip of

coke before I turned to Damien."There, I think that should be a decent down

payment for what you did for me this morning." I managed to smile.I swear his

eyes were crossed and he looked like he was made out of soggy wet string as he

grinned a loopy grin back at me."Paid in full." He gasped, looked at the half

eaten sandwich in his hand and tossed it carelessly on the table.That's when I

heard a wheeze from the other side of the table and looked over at Lee. He was

staring down at the back of Deirdre's head as it bobbed up and down and his

mouth was wide open in astonishment. I swear Deirdre was humming, then he moaned

so softly I almost didn't hear it and Deirdre's head seemed to disappear. I know

he didn't force her head downward because his hands were still resting on the

table as if he was going to get up or something, so I guess it was her idea to

try to take him deep in her mouth. Then he jerked several times before he sighed

softly and simply slumped in his chair.A moment later Deirdre lifted her head

and I could tell she was licking her lips but I couldn't really see. A moment

later she sat back in her seat and smiled over at me. "They tell me that the

thing about eating Chinese is that you find yourself looking for another nibble

or two inside of half an hour or so." She said in a stage whisper. It was so

predictable that she'd say something like that, and yet it cracked me up, Damien

chuckled, and even Lee managed a lopsided grin."I hope not." He sighed. "I have

weight lifting in the gym after school and I think a second time like that, with

weights later, would kill me."Deirdre looked at him, then at Damien, and finally

at me. "I'm not sure if I should be happy not to be as wiped out as everyone

else or if I should feel left out.""I'll bet you get your turn." I grinned and

winked at Lee who smiled back and I think he even tried to nod. Just then I

heard a voice I recognised. "There you four are, you've been hiding on me."

Jason said from somewhere behind me, I turned to smile at him. "Well Laura, you

look much better than you did this morning, I'm glad you're recovering." He

grinned at me."You saw me this morning?" I asked, and felt myself flush."He

helped Damien drag you to home room." Deirdre giggled."Good thing it's not now."

Jason looked at Damien. "What's wrong old son.""He's suffering from the same

problem Laura had this morning, so is Lee." Deirdre crowed as she giggled."Wow,

this is a lot faster crowd than I thought it was." Jason grinned, shaking his

head slightly."Just circumstance." I sighed. "In Damien's case it was payback, I

haven't a clue why Deeds jumped Lee.""Just like the guy said about the mountain,

because he's there." She giggled again.Both Damien and Lee were sitting there

like wet sponges, absorbing it all and doing nothing except grinning silly

grins."So you guys are making out okay?" Jason asked."We're making out ... just

fine now." I grinned.Jason opened his mouth to ask something just as the two

minute warning buzzer sounded, so we all had to rush to get to class and he

never got to ask whatever it was.My afternoon classes were boring on Tuesdays

and it ended with English and Mr Bentley. As I walked in, I dropped of the

folder with my report about Monday on his desk and just carried on to my seat.

To my surprise there was an envelope already lying there with my name on it,

When I opened it, my letter that I'd written on Sunday was inside and it had a

little post-it note stuck in one corner."Decent start - B+ so far." was all that

was written on the note. I looked up at Mr. Bentley in surprise and I swear he

winked and his face does not crack if he smiles, no matter what the rumours say.

I don't know why I find English class boring, but as I sat there that afternoon

I got to thinking about it. It wasn't really Mr Bentley or any of the other

teachers I've had, it's just that reading and writing have always been part of

what I do. So I just seem to be sitting there listening to the teacher trying to

teach me stuff I already know, then I get bored. At least it was the last class

of the day. When Deirdre and I met up with the guys outside, I was actually

surprised that Lee was there and already had his clothes on."I thought you had

weight lifting?" Deirdre said to him."I do. Downtown." He said shortly.He

astonished all of us by scooping her up into his arms and walking toward the

front gate. Out on the street, there was a gorgeous Corvette hardtop sitting at

the curb and he set her on top of the hood. Then to everyone's surprise, he

pressed her legs apart and moved forward between them to kiss her.I didn't know

what to expect, was he going to do something more than kiss her? Or had he just

carried her outside the schoolyard because he didn't want to get called fon the

spot for a PDA? Damien, Jason and I simply stared from the steps of the school

like we were rooted to the spot.After a moment, they broke the kiss, her arms

reached up and snaked around his neck and I heard her say something as she

hugged him tightly. He laughed as he set her on the ground, spun her toward us

and patted her bottom, then he opened the car door and hopped in. "I'd give you

a ride home, but I have to get downtown to the gym and I can't be late. G'night

everyone." He said loudly out the window as he drove off.None of us had gotten

dressed yet and all of us were simply staring after him. We'd been ignoring the

crowd around us but as Deirdre was slowly coming back, some kid made a rude grab

for her tit. Now Deeds has been taking judo for several years and I think she

could probably have tossed the kid like a sack of beans or maybe broken his arm.

Instead, it was like she flowed ... right out of the way of his reaching arm.

Since he was grabbing for something that wasn't there, he lost his balance and

she just ignored him as he fell to his hands and knees behind her. Jason had

jumped forward to help her and even Damien was on the move, before they both

realised there was no reason to do anything, Deeds was untouched and the kid was

on his hands and knees, probably feeling pretty damn foolish. It even surprised

me, I wasn't expecting her to move so smoothly after just having been thoroughly

kissed and fondled in front of everyone.Damien turned and stared at me for some

reason. "Wow, what else is gonna happen today?""Don't ask me." I sighed, then

held up those damn tight shorts. "I guess I've gotta put these things on and

walk home even if they're why I got into trouble today in the first place.""I

think that actually might have been my fault." Deeds said as she walked up. "But

I'm not looking forward to walking home in tight shorts either."She giggled

loudly and stretched slowly then looked me square in the eye. "I think I feel

almost like someone else did earlier today.""Rub it in." I grinned at her. "Go

ahead, I think it was worth it, even if we both have to walk home.""Sorry guy's,

I'm riding with Diane in her little car." Jason smiled. "Which reminds me, I'd

better go find her.""If you guys don't mind riding in an old Toyota station

wagon, I could give you a ride." Damien suggested then grinned. "And it would

suit me fine if you were still nude.""Sounds great to me." I grinned."What do

you say Deeds?""Umm, wonderful." She purred and I could see her mental mailing

address was still cloud nine. Since she wasn't really with it, I scooped up our

clothes, grabbed her by the arm, and turned to Damien."Okay, where's this car of

yours?""Just a second, I'd better get dressed.""Why bother?" I grinned. "Deeds

is staying with me, and when we get to my house, I'm going to want you to meet

my Mom. Since our house is a nude zone right now, you'll just have to take 'em

off again."Damien's reaction was predictable, he stared at me for a second with

wide eyes, then shook his head and simply accepted it. You know, if I'm not

careful, I could get to liking that guy.\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Okay, so will someone explain something to me, what is it with guys and their

hard-ons anyway? I'll give you an example from that afternoon and maybe you can

explain to me what goes on.We ride to our house in Damien's car and there are

two of us, Deirdre and I, along with him, both of us are nude and it's bright

daylight, he's showing no hard-on. Mom meets us in the hallway, in sort of semi

darkness. Sprong, he's at half mast and trying to hide it behind me!Mom suggests

we have a coffee, so we move to the kitchen and he manages to hide his hard-on

under the table as we tell her about our day. When I talk about what happened

right off the bat in the morning and later about lunch time, I can understand

him being hard. At those times, that bloody thing is almost set to drill through

the table, but later it rises and falls just a little bit, like a conductor's

baton on a gentle piece of music, but all the time it's gradually shrinking

some. Then Jimmy and Susan come in and of course they've stripped in the hallway

and I introduce them to Damien. That damn thing tries to act like a hydraulic

jack, trying to lift the table. Susan of course has to hear about our day too.

That damn thing is back to conducting a waltz.Mom asks everyone what they want

to eat and I suggest we invite Damien to stay. We sit chatting for a minute

while Mom tells us that the phone is now installed in our room and I suggest to

Damien that we call his folks and ask if he can stay for supper so we have an

excuse to use the new phone. Bump, bump, bump, he's working on lifting the table

again. He nods, but I can see he doesn't really want to get up, so I change the

subject and tell everyone about Mr. Bentley's class and about the grade I got on

that letter I gave him. Damien appears to me to be calmed down and I suggest we

go phone his folks. He nods, so we slide out of the breakfast nook and Susan

suddenly notices my 'new look' and she reacts by wanting to ask a ton of

questions. Damien of course is standing by now and I see him turn. As I'm

talking to Susan, Deirdre and Mom are chiming in, but as well I'm keeping an eye

on 'things'. At that point, that damn thing swells up bigger than I've ever seen

it before and it turns purple!I think I shocked everyone in the room, including

myself, about then. "That looks painful." I said looking down and drawing

attention to where I was looking. "You quite obviously need some relief! Excuse

us everyone."I now Susan, Jimmy and Deirdre gasped and I think Mom might have

tittered when I pushed Damien and his flaming blush down the hall to the

downstairs bathroom."What are you doing?" He protested feebly as I pushed him

inside. "Sit." I ordered, flopping the lid down on the toilet, then pushing him

back and dropping to my knees as I pressed his legs apart. "Now scoot forward to

the edge, I need room to move around."I'm not going to describe exactly what

happened, but I will say it was much more satisfying to play around when we were

alone than when we had been in the cafeteria. Somehow though, it didn't seem to

take as much out of him, he was still quite alert. Afterward as we both stood

up, he spun me around, pushed me back and down onto the seat, then he knelt

between my legs. "Your turn." He growled.WOW! What happened in the morning

wasn't a one time thing and his tongue is just as potent as his fingers were,

but this time I managed to still remain functional and it's a good thing too.

When we came out of the bathroom, Mom was waiting for us. I suddenly realised

what I had done and I wanted to sink through the floor. She silently motioned

for the two of us to follow her and she led us back to the kitchen.Deirdre,

Susan, and Jimmy were still there, still sitting at the table and Mom gestured

for us to sit down, then she leaned back against the kitchen stove and let her

eyes roam over all of us."Laura, you are old enough to engage in that kind of

activity, in fact all of you are, however that act was too blatant for this

household." She said quietly. "I realise that all of you have suddenly

'discovered' sex and you've found out that playing around is fun, however there

are three young children and a single mother in this house too. If Frank and I

can be circumspect about our sex lives, you can learn to be just as discrete, is

that understood?"I nodded and I think everyone else did too, but at that time I

felt about six inches tall and damn silly. As I was hanging my head and

blushing, I felt Damien's hand creep over and squeeze mine, then Deirdre's hand

pat my leg."Sorry Mom, I got carried away." I mumbled."I realise that, and I

even sympathise with you to a point." Mom smiled at me. "Luckily the younger

children aren't home and I think now might be the time for me to lay down some

rules about conduct."She paused and I admit, I squirmed like I was going to be

paddled, I just knew she was going to be fair but firm and I deserved to be

chastised."First; no petting where the little kids can see you. That doesn't

mean short kisses and hugs or holding hands, it means obvious sexual pets and

pats. I'm certainly not against you showing affection as you all know.""Second;

I think that even if the school doesn't stop you from doing it, I don't feel

that the kind of activity Laura and Deirdre were engaged in today should be

encouraged. Damien, I know you didn't know that Laura would react the way she

did, but now that you do, I think you should try to restrain yourself from

repeating it in a public place. Laura, I think that stunt you pulled in the

lunch room shouldn't be repeated either and Deirdre, while you're staying with

us, I'd like you to follow the same rules. Susan and Jimmy, you two are younger,

so I think you might want to think really hard about it before you do any silly

stunts in public.""Third; Susan and Laura, what happens in your room is your

business as long as the door is closed and no one outside of your room is being

disturbed by what you are doing. However, since there are two of you staying

there, well three right now with Deirdre, I'm going to insist that you don't do

anything that bothers anyone else who is there. In other words, if one of you is

studying, the other shouldn't be disturbing her by making out wildly. And all of

you had better remember, there's a lock on that door, if you don't want to be

disturbed, use it, but don't lock out someone who needs to come in."All of us

nodded and tried to smile. I mean it wasn't like she was being unreasonable, not

at all. After all, she had said that our room was ... HOLY CRAP, she had

literally said that we could ... I looked at Susan who was grinning so hard it

must have hurt.Just then the telephone rang and Mom went to answer it. The five

of us looked at each other and all of us grinned sheepishly. Then Deirdre sighed

deeply."I just wish my folks were as understanding." She said quietly. "When I

go home tomorrow ..."Deirdre paused as Mom came back into the room. Mom was

scowling but as she saw us, she shrugged her shoulders and tried to smile.

"Deirdre, I have some bad news and I hope, some good news.""What?" Deeds

whispered and I grabbed her hand."Well, your Dad has a bad ear infection, so he

isn't allowed to fly for at least two weeks.""Is Daddy going to be okay?" Deeds

asked quietly."Oh yes, they think he's going to be fine, but the thing is, your

Mom asked if I thought you should stay with us until they get home or if they

should fly you out there to be with them." Mom grinned. "I hope you don't mind,

but I practically insisted that you stay here and she agreed with me."Deeds

leaped to her feet and hugged Mom who hugged her back just as hard.As they were

hugging, I was thinking about Mom's scowl when she had first come back into the

room and about what she had said to Deirdre. I knew that if it had been Mom

calling us, to let us know that daddy was sick that she'd have wanted to talk to

each one of us. On top of that I knew Deirdre's parents. I was betting that the

conversation didn't go one bit like Mom had said, I was betting that it was one

continuous bitch session by Mrs. Smythe and that she was just as glad not to

talk to Deeds.Knowing I couldn't ask her about it then, I asked if Damien could

use the phone to call his folks."You've got a phone." She grinned and winked.

"Take him upstairs and use it. Just close the door so the noise the rest of us

are making won't disturb his conversation."I just stared at her for a few

seconds and then I grabbed Damien's hand and practically dragged him upstairs,

slamming the door behind me and for the first time I can remember, I locked

it.He was staring around the room like he was in a zoo or something. Of course

with all the stuffed animals Susan and I had collected over the years, maybe

that's what it looked like. I just giggled."None of the animals bite." I

snickered as I picked up the new phone and handed it to him. "Now, do you want

to let your family know where you are?"So he called home while I stood by at his

side, carefully not touching him, just watching the way he moved when he was

talking. His Mom talked loud enough that I could hear her voice and she sounded

nice. Actually when she found out he was at a girl's house, she sounded almost

excited and told him he should be home by eight so he could get his homework

done. After they said goodbye and he turned to look at me, I felt kind of shy. I

think I bit my lip and maybe even blushed a bit, I know he blushed."Laura, I

know we're here all alone and I know what your Mom said, but could we just talk,

and well maybe look at each other." He whispered.Oh man, I just melted. I mean,

it was like he was reading my mind. I guess it was a perfect opportunity for us

to make out, but really all I wanted right then was to get to know him better,

so we sat there on my bed and we talked for the next half hour or so. Then we

went back downstairs and joined everyone else in the living room.No one even

made one hint or asked one question to find out what we did. I was stunned by

that, then I realised we had just adopted a new code of conduct in our house and

I decided if others were going to treat me that way, I'd return the favour. When

Mom went out in the kitchen to finish fixing supper though, I excused myself and

joined her.As I gave her a hug, she leaned over and whispered in my ear. "I

thought you said he was a geek and that you were going to steer clear of

involvement?" She teased.I just blushed and giggled.I helped Mom and by the time

Daddy and the smaller kids came home, we had a supper made. Mom had invited

Jimmy's mother over too, so it was almost like a party. I think even Daddy was

impressed with Damien but I never really got a chance to ask him because right

after supper, he had to go back to do some work.When Damien had to leave later,

I walked him out to his car and kissed him goodnight right there, in the street.

He was dressed and I wasn't but I didn't care. When I went inside afterwards,

Mom just grinned as I went upstairs to do my homework.Deeds and Susan were real

quiet for the longest time, all of us were trying to hurry to get our schoolwork

done for the next day. It wasn't until we had said goodnight to everyone and

were all laying in bed that we talked a bit, but to be honest we didn't even

gossip for long before we fell asleep.End of Chapter - to be continued.

Wednesday's Report

................ Return to Story Index ...............

. B

laura04Naked In School: Laura ©2003/04

by dotB

Chapter Four - WednesdayI slept like a log but when I woke up, I was wide awake

even though I knew it was still early. It was comfy in bed and I snuggled there,

listening to Susan's soft snorts that almost became snores, then to Deirdre's

deep sighing breath, and my mind went off on a tangent, wondering if Damien

snored. I lay there thinking about all the things that had happened the day

before and I simply had to giggle, I was so happy about the way everything had

gone. I was thinking about how I felt when Damien had first surprised me with

his tongue and I was feeling a bit aroused, then my mind began to play around,

leaving my body to catch up. By the time I realised what was happening, my left

hand was inside my baby-dolls, pushing the top up around my neck, then that hand

was sliding and kneading, tweaking and twisting my tight nipple, sending an

instant sensation of heat and desire to my belly. My right hand was suddenly

pushing down my knickers as I kicked off the covers, then my knickers were gone,

kicked away wildly as well .... Now I could lift my knees, spread my thighs,

make room between them for ...?If I squinted I could almost visualise Damien's

face, as if he were looking up at me from between my wide spread thighs. My hand

dropped to cover my mound, hiding it from his gaze, like I was teasing him to

act. Ohhhh ... I felt my soft flesh, realised that I was now bare and I giggled

as I remembered what it felt like when I lost that hair. I rubbed gently,

feeling the soft stubble. Right then and there I decided I'd have to shave

closer, I wouldn't want Damien to get a whisker burn on his cute cheeks ... or

on his wonderful tongue .... My mind slid off again, remembering his tongue ...

my fingers began to move, almost of their own accord.One of my fingers was

teasing, rubbing very gently on the flesh on either side of my hard little bud

but not quite touching it. My finger was gently alternating, first upward on one

side, then around the top ... almost ... but not quite touching and then it

moved downward on the other side. Like his tongue, it paused and then began to

retrace it's path, gently moving the other way. My breath was coming in gusts

and my mind was teasing me with visions of Damien laying between my wide spread

thighs and it almost seemed that it was him gently using his tongue to tantalise

me. I closed my eyes and tried to keep myself quiet, but I was so close ... oh

so close. I needed something, oh my I wanted something but ... what? Damien? His

tongue? Or ...? Was I ready for ... that? Just the thought almost curled my

toes.My hand moved, down, hesitated, up, then down again and a finger dipped

slightly into the warm wetness, flashed back upward and my wet finger folded

soft flesh aside, now grazed and tantalised the tight little bundle of nerves

that was the core of my thoughts, the former target for Damien's searching

tongue. His tongue had been wonderful. But this morning, even my fingers felt

good. Oh yes! It felt so good ... oh sooooo goooood ... my finger found it's

target and I teased it, caressed the tight little lump gently ... almost like

Damien had done with his tongue ... I needed more, I just had to have it, my

finger dropped down, pressing open my folds, it entered, teased, backed out,

danced back to the nexus of my throbbing desire, moved faster, pressed

harder.Back and forth, faster, deeper, harder. I needed both hands, I wanted

more, more! More outside, where every touch sent another demand to my spiralling

desires; more inside, where it was so warm and slippery and ... almost

satisfying, but just ... not ... quite. My fingers couldn't seem to move fast

enough, hard enough, deep enough. around and over, back again, as well as in and

out, over to one side, then the other, twisting, thrusting, curling, kneading.

Then I felt my orgasm building ... higher and stronger than ever before. It was

pulsing, surging, almost there ... almost ... oh yes ... almost ... just a

little more ...."Oh please lover, please Damien, I need you!" My mind pleaded

silently."Oh yes ...""Oh please ..." "Oh Damien ..." "Oh more please ..." "Oh

please ... I need it now ...""Oh yes ... Oh yeah ...""Oh, Harder baby ...""All

the way ...""Oh yeah ..."- - - -"OHHhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"- - - -I think I erupted!I

know I squawked.Perhaps I even squealed.Maybe I might have screamed.I do know I

collapsed, totally worn out.I could hear people talking, people moving.I

remember looking up and seeing Deirdre and Susan staring down at me. I remember

smiling lazily, my body feeling like it weighed a hundred tons. Both Deirdre and

Susan were talking, asking questions, but it seemed like they were talking from

down inside a barrel and far away, I couldn't make sense of what they were

saying.My body was still pulsing softly, I could feel it both inside myself as

well as around my own fingers. I lifted my head and looked down, yes, I still

had two fingers inside and I could see my lower belly moving, under my hand my

mound was throbbing slowly as it clasped my fingers lovingly, over and over. I

moaned softly as another gentle tremor ran through me and my body clamped

tightly for a brief instant. I flopped back, my feet finally dropping down to

the bed, my knees falling open, my thighs splaying widely as I relaxed

completely.Then I heard other noises than Deirdre and Susan's voices. Was that

running feet?The door slammed open and Daddy was inside our bedroom, demanding

to know what was wrong, why was I screaming? And then his voice stopped short

and he was staring at me. And I was staring back at him!He was nude and holding

the door with one hand, framed in my vision by my wide spread thighs but I

couldn't seem to move, it was like I was paralysed. His eyes seemed rivetted on

my hand and the two fingers that were driven up inside me. I moaned softly,

wanting to do something but seemingly unable to even move so much as an eyelid.

Then I saw it. His body and his stance made it obvious. There, seen through the

open space between my thighs, I watched as what had been short, soft and

dangling suddenly wasn't. It grew, it filled, it hardened, it lifted, it stood.

My own Daddy looked at me and got a ... wow, it was huge! At that instant it was

driven into my brain that it was my body that had made him aroused. It felt so

wrong and yet so deliciously naughty. I'm ashamed to say that another small

orgasm rocked my body and I gasped loudly. My gasp must have been tremendously

loud - before that the only thing moving in the whole room had been Daddy's cock

as it lifted up into a stiff salute, but after my gasp things started to

happen."Daddy, go away!" Susan yelled and suddenly she was moving between us,

standing so he couldn't see my hands, couldn't see my body.Then Mom was coming

in the door, shoving Daddy out and I was blushing. Oh God, was I blushing! I was

still tired but I was scrabbling to hide. I wanted to die, I was so ashamed.

Deirdre was pulling a sheet over me and I was turning over, my legs now clamped

tightly together as I tried to bury my head in my pillow. Then Mom was leaning

down and gently running a hand on my shoulder."Careful Honey, let me see that

hand." She whispered, catching my right wrist in her gentle fingers. "Susan, go

get a bit of warm water, a washcloth, and a towel please."I didn't realise what

Mom meant, was there something wrong? It didn't matter anyway, I was so ashamed

and yet at the same time I was still so turned on."It's okay honey, you didn't

do anything wrong." Mom was saying quietly, her hand still stroking my arm

gently. "Don't worry Honey, everything will be okay."It wasn't that I was

worried, I just felt so ... so ashamed ... and I didn't really know why. One

minute I'd been day dreaming and the next minute I'd been playing with myself,

then the minute after that I'd been staring at my own father and ... so that

explained it, that's why I was ashamed. Because I'd been turned on by Daddy and

Daddy had been turned on by me. And although no one had ever said the exact

words to me, I knew it was wrong, badly wrong, horribly wrong. Nice girls didn't

even think about that. Good girls certainly didn't want to have their Daddy ....

Oh my God, what was I even thinking?There I was crying on my pillow as Mom

cuddled and cleaned me up, but why was she cleaning me like I was a kid? What

was wrong? Then I remembered my fingers, two fingers, two fingers deep inside

me. Oh God. Fuck was I ever a dumb bitch!"Oh God Mom, I'm so sorry!" I managed

to mutter."Oh Honey, you didn't do anything wrong." She crooned softly. "Some

women just make a bit more noise than others.""But Mom, Daddy came in." I

moaned. "And he saw me.""Your father should know better." She snuggled against

my shoulder, then chuckled. "After all, he's heard me often enough and you are

my daughter!""You don't make ..." And then I thought about, maybe Mom did make

noise sometimes."Oh sweety, most of the time I have my head buried in the

pillow." Mom actually giggled. "In the pillow?""Unh huh, but sometimes I forget

the pillow and just yell." She said quietly. "Especially if no one else is home,

it just feels better somehow.""When no one else is home? You mean just you and

Daddy?""Sometimes." She chuckled. "But you have to remember, I and your Dad just

got back together, there was a long time when he wasn't around and I didn't have

any male friends over here either."I actually turned and stared at her and she

was grinning at me, then she astounded me by lifting her right hand and waggling

her fingers."Sometimes 'the boys' still visit, if Daddy isn't around when I feel

..." She broke off and I noticed she was blushing a bit.I just lay there and

stared at her for a minute and she got a silly grin on her face as her hand

slowly dropped down. Then my mind went back to that instant when Daddy had been

staring down at me and I cringed. Still, I knew I had to tell Mom."But Mom,

making the noise wasn't the worst part." I sighed softly. "I mean Daddy ...

well, he saw me and ... he ... he reacted ... and I ..."She waited for me to

continue and her eyebrow raised, then when I couldn't find the words to tell her

she spoke. "You mean he got an erection?"I just nodded my head and bit my bottom

lip, knowing that was at least part of it, but certainly not all of my

problem."Almost any man would have." She smiled. "When I came into your room,

you looked like an open invitation for sex. In fact I remember using a very

similar pose when your Dad and I were on our honeymoon, so it's not really a

surprise that he had an erection. Actually, if you're normal, you might have

reacted to that too?"I just nodded, I couldn't tell her that I had another

smaller orgasm just looking at Daddy, I didn't dare."That's not surprising." She

grinned. "When your father is 'ready for action' he looks pretty damn good. I

know he sure turns me on.""But Mom!" I protested. "He is my father. I shouldn't

... he shouldn't ... we shouldn't ... I mean I can't ....""No honey, maybe you

shouldn't and maybe you can't." She said quietly. "But I don't think there are

many young women your age who haven't thought about it. I mean getting 'down and

dirty' with their fathers, it's a very common fantasy. As long as it remains a

fantasy, for both the father and the daughter, it's not a problem. It's when

either one takes action that people get hurt."When she glanced over at the other

bed, I realised that both Susan and Deirdre were still sitting there and for an

instant I felt embarrassed, then I realised that they'd seen everything, why

shouldn't they hear everything too."I think Susan had a discussion about

something similar with your Aunt Rachel. Didn't you Susan?""You and Aunt Rachel

share too many secrets, but yeah, we did and she said about the same thing."

Susan giggled. "And Mom, Daddy does look pretty good, when he's ... well, like

you said 'ready for action'.""Huh, I've sure never felt that way about my

father." Deirdre said firmly."No, I don't suppose you have." Mom sighed. "But

your relationship with your father is a rather unusual one.""What relationship?"

Deirdre snapped."Exactly." Mom smiled. "But let me ask you a question, and

remember, this is hypothetical. If you were on an isolated island where you knew

that you would have no repercussions and the only other person there was Laura

and Susan's father, what then?""No repercussions at all, like no chance of

getting pregnant, or anyone being hurt, or anyone finding out""Yes, let's say he

and I had split completely and both of you were single.""Then I wouldn't even

worry a lot about getting pregnant." Deirdre giggled, then got a strange, almost

shocked look on her face. "Oh Gosh! You mean, I'm mentally substituting Laura's

dad for mine?""Perhaps, it wouldn't be the first time that sort of thing has

happened.""Wow, maybe I should talk to Dr. Stan, huh?" Deirdre actually looked

worried."Oh I wouldn't worry about it." Mom grinned. "And actually I think Frank

will find that to be quite a compliment.""Your not going to tell him?" Deirdre

looked shocked."Perhaps, but probably not now. Actually, since it's still quite

early and ..." She glanced at her wrist watch. "Oh my, do you know what time it

is? It's only five thirty in the morning." "Laura, you got an early start on the

day, gal." Mom got an almost wicked grin on her face and she winked at me. "And

you don't have to worry, you're not strange or unusual, you were just caught in

a very hormone laden situation. Now I think you should try to catch some more

sleep, in fact all of you should get some more sleep."She leaned forward and

gave me a short hug, then tucked the covers around me and smiled. "More snooze

time ... all of you."I sighed and watched her go out the door, then turned my

head and glanced at the other bed. Deirdre and Susan were still sitting there

quietly and both of them were watching me."What?" I snapped, feeling like a

goldfish."I just wondered, did it ... well, did hurt?" Deirdre whispered and

Susan nodded her head."If it upsets you to talk about it, don't worry, but I'm

sure curious." Susan added quietly.It really didn't surprise me that they asked,

I think we'd all heard horror stories about how much it hurt! I just lay there

for a moment though, and I think I frowned, then I know I sighed."Sorry, I was

too involved in feeling good to remember, but if you want to know, it's a bit

uncomfortable down there now, it sorta stings. In fact, excuse me, gotta run!"

And I hopped out of bed and scooted down the hall to the bathroom.I know I

wasn't gone long, but by the time I got back, both Deirdre and Susan were laying

down again and at least seemed asleep. There I was, wide awake and feeling

sweaty but I couldn't even have a shower because I knew it would wake Mom and

Dad. I'd already ruined enough of their sleep, but I was wide awake. Now though,

since I was still warm and sweaty, the room felt chilly, so I slipped on a robe

and slippers, then went down to the kitchen and made myself a cup of instant

coffee. After that I went out and sat on the porch step just in time to see

Jimmy peddling by on his way to do his paper route."Hi Jimmy." I called

softly."Whoa. Hi Laura, whatcha doin' up at a quarter to six in the morning?" He

asked as he skidded to a halt in the street in front of our house."Just things,

I couldn't sleep." I sighed."Aww, too bad." He shook his head. "Sorry I can't

stay and talk, I gotta run.""That's okay Jimmy, I'll see you later.""Okay, see

ya." He answered and peddled off. I sat there for a while, just trying to enjoy

the feeling of the morning and the songs of the birds, simply trying to clear my

head but not really managing. I was so spaced out that eventually I realised I

had a cold cup of coffee in my hand, I hadn't even drunk it and I really hadn't

accomplished anything about clearing my mind either. I poured out the crud that

the cold instant coffee had become and decided that it was late enough that I

could make a pot of real coffee. So, hopping to my feet, I went back inside.I

didn't get to make the coffee. The coffee maker was already perking away but no

one was in the kitchen which really surprised me. I glanced around into the

dining room and the living room, but no one was there either. Then I realised

that I was hearing quiet voices from outside on the patio and recognised the

tones of Mom's and then Dad's voice. I glanced at the coffee pot and saw that

the coffee was almost ready, then I tried to hear what was going on but couldn't

and curiosity was suddenly killing me. I knew I was going to have to face Daddy

sometime and I decided it might as well be now, after all the longer I put it

off, the longer both of us would stew over it. You've heard the term; 'face the

music'? Well, that's what I decided to do and I decided to try to skim over it

as quickly as I could too. I grabbed a tray, the cream and sugar, spoons, and

two more coffee mugs, then as soon as the coffee was done, I took the whole lot

and headed for the patio. First I peeked to be sure I wasn't going to be

interrupting anything too embarrassing, then when I saw that they were just

sitting on the old bench and talking quietly, I stepped out."Good Morning,

coffee is served." I smiled, then blushed as I looked at Daddy."Hi." He grinned

and coloured slightly. "Before anything else, I apologise for bursting in on you

like that, this morning. Your mother was just telling me off for forgetting how

old you are.""Forget it." I giggled, really blushing now. "I shouldn't have made

so much noise either. I've been thinking, the worst that happened is that we

made each other embarrassed.""Well!" Mom looked at me in surprise. "I thought

you were so upset ...""I was." I giggled in embarrassment, setting the coffee

tray down on the corner of the picnic table and pouring all three coffee mugs

full, then handing them theirs. "I couldn't sleep though, so I've been thinking

instead. I decided that neither of us was really too badly out of line. I can

live with having made another stupid mistake.""The only mistake you made is

being noisy." Mom laughed softly. "And that's a matter of genetics, we talked

about that.""Hey, don't you go putting down my parents." I giggled again. "I

kind of like them both."I think both of them would have commented, but just then

the phone rang and rather than let it wake anyone up, I ran to grab it."Hello."

I answered, glancing at the clock, it was five after seven."Hello, could I speak

to Laura please." It was Damien."Hi Damien, it's me.""Oh good, I got hold of

you. Look, Lee is here with me and he's got problems.""Pardon?""Okay, here's

what happened. His Dad told him not to go to school yesterday, but he went

anyway. Last night his Dad kicked him out of the house, so for now he's staying

with me.""What ? Why did his Dad ...?""I don't know!" Damien interrupted me.

"Something about losing face, or at least that's what Lee thinks. Look, I can't

talk long, Lee's in the shower and I'm just calling to let you know so you can

tell Deirdre. Warn her that we might be late and please tell her not to mention

to Lee that she knows, okay?""Okay, I guess. Look is there anything we can

do?""I doubt it, unless you can figure out a way to change his old man's mind.

Look, I'll see you at lunch, okay?""Okay, I'll miss you this morning." I

sighed."Yeah, I'll miss you too." He sighed as well, and then he was gone.Mom

and Dad were both standing behind me when I turned away from the

phone."Problems?" Mom asked."Sorta." I frowned. "You remember I told you about

Lee and the stuff about his father being traditional Chinese and all that?""Ah,

and now his father is creating another problem?""Huge!. "I threw my hands up in

the air. "He threw Lee out of the house I guess and for now Lee is staying with

Damien.""Oh boy." Dad shook his head. "I knew that the problems with the program

weren't over.""Well, this one isn't really our problem." Mom said quietly."Unh,

really? Deirdre is still staying here isn't she? And isn't she a bit involved

with this Lee kid?" Dad asked quietly."Yes." Mom sighed softly. "You're

right.""Unh, guys, let's all try to stay out of this one unless we get asked

huh?" I said quietly. "From what Damien said I don't think Lee wants too many

people to know about it and it is his business after all.""He doesn't want

help?" Dad asked quietly."I don't think he wants most people to know and I think

it's a culture thing Dad." I shrugged my shoulders. "Now I've got to tell

Deirdre and warn her not to even let Lee know that she knows. Damien called when

Lee was in the shower, so Lee doesn't know he called."I heard Mom say something

to Dad, but I was already on my way up the stairs. In the bedroom, both Deirdre

and Susan seemed to be sound asleep so I quietly sat down on the floor next to

Deirdre and shook her shoulder."Deeds, wake up babe, we need to talk." I said

quietly with my lips next to her ear so I didn't wake Susan."Mmmm, whazzat?"

Deirdre mumbled softly."Deeds, it's about Lee. I have to tell you

something.""Huh? What aboudim?" She rolled over to look at me and blinked

sleepily."Come on sweety. Wake up and let's go wash your face. I think you need

to be more awake to hear this.""I'm awake." She sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Now, what's going on.""Shh, quiet or we'll wake Susan, it's only just after

seven.""I'm already awake." Susan mumbled. "Besides we get up in a few minutes,

now what's going on?""Yeah, come on, what's important enough to wake us."

Deirdre demanded."Oh shit." I sighed. "Damien just called and Lee is staying

with him for now. Lee's dad went ape-shit over Lee being in the program, he

didn't want Lee to go back to school. When he found out Lee went yesterday, he

threw Lee out of the house.""What? He threw him out?" Deirdre squawked in

surprise."Oh man, I can believe it." Susan said quietly. "Lee's sister, Yen,

told me her father was a real strict character, almost an ogre. She said that if

she or Lee did anything he didn't like, they'd be in real trouble.""Whatever." I

sighed. "Look, Lee doesn't want everyone to know about this. In fact we're not

supposed to know about it, so we can't even talk to him about it until he says

something to us, okay? I just thought Deirdre should know, so she can be a bit,

I don't know, extra forgiving or something if Lee acts weird in some way...?""Oh

man, the poor guy." Susan said quietly. "And poor Yen too, I'll bet she's a

wreck.""Oh for fucks sake!" Deirdre swore. "That's so fucking stupid! Lee was

just obeying the law for cripes sake. He has to go to school and since our

school is part of the program, he has to go nude."I'd never seen Deirdre so

angry and I just stared. She thought for a minute, her face creased in a deep

frown, then she stared into my eyes."Do your folks know?" She demanded."Yeah,

they know about as much as I do, they were there when I took the phone

call.""Maybe they can help. Let's go see if they have a minute to talk." She

said shortly and rolled out of bedIn a minute all three of us were in the

kitchen with Mom and Dad. Deirdre looked like she was about to explode as she

looked at them."Can Lee's dad do that?" She blurted. "Throw him out when he's

still going to school I mean? Isn't there a law?""It depends on how old he is,

if he's eighteen, there isn't anything even a judge could do. Before that child

services might get involved, but if he's eighteen he's legally an adult in many

ways. At that point, legally, his father is no longer totally responsible for

Lee's care." Dad said quietly. "Now I can't say the same for moral

responsibility, but the law doesn't cover that.""Oh, he's eighteen alright."

Deirdre sighed. "It's just not fair.""No, I guess it isn't and until Lee

actually tells you about this, you aren't even supposed to know what's going

on." I reminded her."Yeah, and that makes me see red too." Deirdre

snorted."Well, maybe he and Damien are trying to do something already." I said,

trying to calm her. "Damien did say that they might be a bit late for school

this morning and for us not to expect to see them until lunch.""Oh great."

Deirdre snapped and headed back upstairs. "Come on Laura, let's get ready and go

huh, I want to talk to Mr Taylor before school starts.""Get moving Laura, that's

a good idea." Mom said giving me a gentle push on the shoulder. "Deirdre needs

your moral support if nothing else."So I rushed upstairs after Deirdre. Even

though she was in a hurry, she agreed to take the time to shower and clean up

before we left, then Dad surprised us by offering to drop us off at school. Mom

handed both Deeds and I a bagel and a glass of orange juice as we hurried out

with Dad. To my surprise, Deeds actually polished them off like she was

hungry.We were really lucky with our timing, as Dad pulled up in front of the

school to drop us off, Principal Taylor was just heading across the parking lot

and Dad saw him. "Principal Taylor, do you have a moment?" He called out the

window as Deeds and I slipped out of Dad's pickup."Why hello Frank. Certainly,

do you have a problem?" Mr. Taylor answered, turning and walking toward us."We

don't, but one of the boys in the program does, one of the boys in Laura and

Deirdre's group.""Ah, you must mean Lee, I imagine. I've rather expected some

problem would crop up there." Mr. Taylor sighed. "What seems to be the

trouble?""Lee's dad kicked him out of the house. And he's staying with Damien

for now. And they may be late for school this morning. And Lee didn't even want

any of us to know about any of it. And it's not fair. And we thought maybe you

could help in some way." Deirdre rattled off quickly."I see." Mr. Taylor sighed

softly. "Well, if it's supposed to be so secret, maybe we should talk in my

office?""Look, I have to go to work." Dad said quietly. "You've got my work

number and Linda's home number if you need us in any way, don't you?""Of course

I do Frank, and thank you for the offer, although I don't know yet what we can

do." Mr. Taylor answered. "Now girl's, shall we go to my office and you can

repeat what you know just a little slower so I can be fully abreast of the

situation."So I waved goodbye to Dad and followed Deirdre and Mr. Taylor into

the school. Deirdre and I were still in the program, so even though we were

early, we paused at the door to take off our clothes. "Oops. I'm sorry girls,

but it's nowhere near class time yet and ... well, I'd prefer if you left your

clothes on for now. I may be your principal, but I am human and if you two are

nude when we're talking, it's quite possible that I might be distracted."I

stared at him for a minute, then glanced at Deirdre and I broke into giggles. I

couldn't help it, even if I knew my giggling was bugging Deeds. I mean, talk

about a compliment! Mr. Taylor dealt with nude students all day and he was

telling us we'd 'distract' him? WOW!"Oh for Christ sake Laura, quit thinking

with your gonads. This isn't the time to have your mind in the gutter." Deeds

snapped, but she was blushing, so she caught on too.I didn't want to upset her

any more than she already was though, so I quit unbuttoning my blouse, bit my

lip to keep quiet and followed Deeds and Mr. Taylor to his office. The phone was

ringing even while he was unlocking the door and he hurried to pick it

up."Hello, Principal Taylor here, may I help you? ... Oh hello Jason, how can I

help you?"Deeds and I found a seat and waited quietly."Why yes Jason, as a

matter of fact I have heard about the problem. If you see Lee, don't mention it

to him, but Deirdre and Laura know about it as well. In fact, they're sitting in

the office with me right now."I looked at Deirdre and she tried to smile, but it

was rather anaemic, so I reached out and took one of her hands in mine as we

waited. Mr. Taylor stayed on the phone with Jason for a minute or two more, but

we really didn't catch much of the conversation since Mr. Taylor wasn't saying

much at all. Then he hung up the phone and looked at us. "As you probably

guessed, that was Jason Walker, your peer advisor. Lee called him from Damien's

house last night, some time after Lee's father literally disowned him. It seems

that Damien and his family have taken Lee in and this morning it seems Damien's

mother wants to try talking to Lee's father. Now, what can you two add to the

story?"Deeds looked at me so I sighed and told Mr. Taylor exactly what Damien

had said and then added the story Susan had given me about what Lee's sister had

said."I see. Well, at the moment there doesn't appear to be much that we can

do." Mr. Taylor sighed. "At least I can't see any reasonable course of

action.""Well, could you at least warn Lee and Damien's teachers that they might

be late? Jason's too, if he's involved." I asked."Oh absolutely, Laura. That

goes without saying." He smiled. "Now, is there anything else I can do for

either of you?""Well, could you guess why Mr. Chen is such an ogre?" Deirdre

snapped. "What's got his shorts in a twist?""Well, I'd have to guess, but I

think it's cultural." Mr Taylor sighed. "I think Mr Louie is living by

eighteenth century standards in a twenty first century world, in fact he might

be living by even earlier standards than that. Just as an example of his

standards, take his name and Lee's name. Lee's father's name is Chen Louie, but

his son, Lee, is Lee Chen. If you wanted to go to the next generation and if Lee

had a son named Charles, his name would be Charles Lee. That fact alone is

enough for us to realise that he is a very tradition bound individual.""I really

don't care about that, but Lee's father is being so unfair." Deirdre almost

cried."Well, by Mr Louie's standards, Lee is being extremely rebellious. In his

world, children don't have a choice about many things, a patriarch's word is the

law. That's the way he's lived his life and that's the way he feels his children

should live theirs.""Well all I've got to say is this isn't China and it's not

the middle ages." Deirdre snarled. "I think he's an anachronism.""Perhaps." Mr

Taylor smiled. "Now, I think I should do some work and I think it's about time

for you two to go to the front door and doff your clothing for the school day.

What do you think?"Since there wasn't much Deirdre or I could do, we left him

and went to be good little girls who were involved in the program. However to be

honest, neither of us were really in the mood for it. After that, at least for

me, the morning crawled. I was anxious to talk to Damien and Lee at lunch and

lunch time just seemed to take forever to come. Finally I found myself walking

out of the last class before lunch at Deirdre's side but as we went out the door

of the classroom, she broke into a sprint toward the lunch room. All I could do

was follow. When I caught up, she was wrapped around Lee like an octopus around

a free meal, I just looked at Damien and grinned, then leaned forward and

touched my lips to his lightly."Hi Sexy." I grinned at him and he stared at me

in surprise."M-me? S-s-sexy? Are you n-nuts?" He stammered, his eyes as big as

saucers."Come on, I'll explain." I grabbed him by the arm, leading him toward

the lunch line and away from Deirdre and Lee. When we were in the line, I looked

up at him and grinned. "I happen to find that guys who go out on a limb for

their buddies are sexy, okay? Now, I think we need to find a seat away from

everyone so you can tell me all about what's going on, don't you?""I guess." He

sighed. "Since today is pizza day, let's each grab a couple and go sit outside,

okay?""It'll be faster if we split up, I'll get us each a milk and you get me a

cheese pizza, okay? I'll wait at the door."Only a few minutes later we were

outside and sitting on a bench under the trees outside the school. He'd grabbed

four of those six inch mini-pizzas and I swear he'd inhaled one before we even

found a seat. I just looked at him and snuggled at his side, taking one of the

others. "Those last two are both for you." I grinned. "Now, before you stuff

yourself with more pizza - give, make with the elucidation, tell me what

happened.""Okay, but I'm gonna eat and talk too, I'm starved." He sighed. "Last

night, about nine thirty or so, Lee called me and he was real upset. First off,

he told me he was stuck at the gym and that his car was gone. So I offered to go

down and give him a ride."He took a bite of pizza and paused as he chewed and

swallowed."So I got down there and Lee was waiting outside for me. It turns out

his dad had taken his car and kicked him out of the house because he came to

school after his dad had told him not to. I knew Mom wouldn't mind, so I took

him back to my house and told him he could stay in the spare bedroom for the

night."He paused again and took another huge bite and as he was chewing I

grinned at him."Look dufus, why don't you eat first and talk later, we've got at

least twenty minutes left." I chuckled and snuggled up to his side.He didn't

argue and to be honest, he did a great imitation of a starving wolf, literally

gobbling those mini pizzas in a few bites for each one. I'm not sure if he even

chewed much and after he was done, he washed it down with the last slug of the

milk."That feels much better." He sighed softly. "Now where was I? Oh yeah, I

took Lee back to the house and told Mom what had happened so she made us a snack

and told us he could sleep in the spare bedroom next to mine. She suggested we

get my sister Polly to call his sister and at least tell her where he was, so

she wouldn't worry. So Polly called and when Lee's dad put his sister on the

phone, she handed the phone to Lee. Lee talked to his sister, explaining things

from his side and he suggested she call him back after his dad went to bed.""I

thought we should call you guys and Jason, but Lee didn't want to worry Deirdre,

so we just called Jason to let him know what was up. The Mom sent Polly and me

to make up the bed in the spare bedroom because she wanted to talk to Lee

alone.""I wonder why?" I asked."Oh, that's easy." He smiled. "Mom's a lawyer and

I think she made a few suggestions that she didn't want us to hear.""Your mom is

a lawyer?""Yeah." He grinned. "Didn't you know that? Heck, she's the assistant

DA. I thought everyone knew that.""I didn't. Suddenly I feel a lot better about

Lee.""Just because Mom is a lawyer?""Yes screwball. He's staying with you right?

So ... he's got your Mom right there to advise him if he wants to do anything,

she'll keep his ass out of a sling."He looked at me for a second and then he

broke into laughter. "That's about what she said to me. The funny thing is, his

dad took away his car right?""Yeah, that's what you said.""Well the thing is,

it's Jason's car. He bought it and he paid for it himself. His dad did cosign

for it, but Jason made each and every payment himself and it's completely paid

off. Mom says he could charge his dad with theft if he wanted to.""Oh man,

family fights can get so dirty. I hope it doesn't come down to that.""Well,

Mom's going to check up on it today and maybe call his dad to talk."We were

interrupted then by two of my close friends, Monica and Francine. They told me

that they'd been a bit leery of coming over to see me when there were a bunch of

students around but they wanted to know how I and Deirdre were finding the

program. I just grinned and gave them a thumbs up sign, then introduced

Damien.Since I was still snuggled up tight against his side, Monica almost

frowned as she asked. "Are you two ...?""We're getting to be close friends."

Damien volunteered easily with a big grin as he wrapped an arm around my

shoulders. "Which suits me fine, I think she's pretty darn nice.""And he's not

as much of a geek as we were told either." I grinned. "Besides, if I make

friends with him, I can probably get free legal advise if I ever need it.""Well,

he sure looks like a ..." Francine's gaze slowly dropped down, then paused for

an instant and she blushed."Well, that's a side benefit, just a little extra." I

laughed."Quite a bit extra I'd say." Monica giggled.I'm not sure where the

conversation would have gone after that because the warning bell for class rang

and we all had to rush off. Not before Damien and I had shared a quick hug and

an even quicker smooch, then we agreed where to meet after class.The afternoon

didn't creep quite as slowly as the morning had, but to be honest, the day as a

whole seemed without a doubt to be the slowest day of school I'd ever put in. By

the time Deirdre and I met the guys, I was antsy as all get out, I just wanted

out of the school as fast as possible. Damien offered to give us a ride home

again and since Lee was riding with him, that made Deirdre exceptionally happy.

She and Lee piled in the back seat of Damien's car and I hopped in the front,

then turned at looked back at Deirdre snuggling against Lee."Say Lee, are you

working tonight?" I asked."No, my boss heard about my problems and gave me a few

nights off." He said quietly, then he sighed. "Damien told you what's going on

didn't he?""Some." I answered quickly and got a funny glance from Damien so I

patted his leg to let him know that I was fishing. "But if you want to talk,

I'll listen.""You'll get a chance. I called and asked your Mom if I could bring

Lee over to your house." Deirdre said quietly. "Since I'm sort of part of your

family for now, I thought that you should all know what's up.""That makes sense

to me, Mom's pretty cool at giving good advise." I answered."Huh, you ain't so

bad either." Deirdre snorted. "Your whole family has their heads screwed on

right, not like my folks." "Oh Deeds." I sighed, looking at Damien and rolling

my eyes.He winked back at me. "Damn, and I always thought this guy was a geek

who didn't have a clue about people." I smiled to myself. "Now I think he's

caught on to Deeds already."I was still thinking about that when he turned onto

our street and I saw Aunt Rachel's car in front of our house and Dad's truck

parked in the driveway beside Mom's car."It looks like we've got a full house

Deeds." I said quietly.She lifted up and looked, then shrugged her shoulders.

"It's only Rachel and your Dad, that looks like just family to me."I looked at

Damien and it was my turn to shrug. If Deirdre and Lee didn't mind having Dad

and Aunt Rachel hear about Lee's problems, it wasn't my business. After we went

inside it took several minutes before we had managed introductions all around.

Lee actually accepted the idea of nudity around the house quite willingly and I

noticed Aunt Rachel glancing at both he and Damien after they had stripped, then

she winked at me. Darned if it didn't annoy me a bit which really surprised me.

"Getting jealous?" I asked myself. "More like gotten, let's face it, I'm human

too."I decided the best policy was just to grin at her and snag Damien's arm and

then I looked around. That's when I noticed that Mom, Dad, and Aunt Rachel all

looked a bit different than normal, I suppose 'rumpled' would best describe it,

like they'd been working and had been interrupted. Either that or ... and I

mentally shook my head ... no, not Mom and Aunt Rachel. "Don't even go there." I

thought.But then Mom looked at all of us and smiled. "Let's all go in the family

room and have a coffee, I think we've got a few things we need to chat about."It

only took a few moments and we were all sitting around, actually Deirdre and

Lee, Damien and I were all sitting on the couch while my family were in

armchairs but it was still comfy. We were hardly sitting when Susan came in and

Mom invited her to join us, so she plopped herself on the arm of Mom's chair.Mom

looked a bit unsure, but she looked at Lee and smiled. "Lee, I know you didn't

really want everyone in town to know about your situation, but we have heard

part of it and we'd like to say that we're here to help if we can.""Thanks Mrs

Jennings." Deirdre smiled as she sat by Lee, holding his arm. "Actually, I think

Lee wanted you all to know the whole story, didn't you Lee?" "Yes, I think

that's a good idea." He sighed softly. "Since Deirdre is staying with Laura,

your going to hear it eventually, so you might as well know the whole truth

now.""What you've probably heard is that Dad kicked me out of his house." He

held up his hand as everyone but Damien and Deirdre drew a deep breath. "I sort

of expected it in a way, I was going directly against his wishes and in my

family, you just don't do that. Damien and his family have given me a place to

stay for now and ...""Hold it guy." Damien interrupted. "You know Mom and I

already had a talk about this, there's no darn 'for now' about it. That room

next to mine is yours as long as you need it or want it."I just turned and

stared at Damien and Lee, then I had to giggle. The two of them were the

antithesis of each other, one tall and thin, the other shorter and as muscular

as you could get. Even with his shorter height, Lee could have made two of

Damien and yet Damien was the more forceful. "Okay, so I have a place to stay,

thanks to Damien and his family." Lee smiled and tapped Damien on his shoulder

with his fist. "On top of that, I still have my job at the gym, but Dad has my

car and I ...""Um, sorry to interrupt." Dad smiled. "I talked to Principal

Taylor this morning and he'd heard about that from Jason, so I took it upon

myself to call my lawyer and then to call Damien's mother, Jocelyn. Now, since

my lawyer is Chinese and Jocelyn is involved on a personal level, we made a

small arrangement. Your car is now parked at Damien's house.""What!" Damien and

Lee both said at the same time."Mom thought it might take a while." Damien

added."Well, I did say my lawyer is Chinese." Dad grinned. "I don't know what he

said, and I don't really want to know either. I do know that he also made

arrangements for you to get your clothes and things out of your father's house

sometime.""Wow, thank you Mr Jennings." Lee smiled at Dad. "Yen and Damien

helped me get a few clothes and things this morning, that's why we were late for

school, but it would be great if I could get some of my other stuff.""Yen and I

talked at school today." Susan smiled. "If I'd known you were going to be here,

I'd have asked her to come over. She and I thought that if your Dad tries to

keep her from seeing you, you could meet her here once in a while.""Oh you

people are wonderful." Lee looked almost like he was about to cry. "Thank

you!""Didn't I tell you." Deirdre crowedEveryone chuckled at her, then Mom

cleared her throat"Okay everyone, on top of that, we have a little surprise for

Laura, Susan, and Deirdre." Mom grinned. "This morning I and Frank had a chat

and he agreed with me. We decided that Laura and Susan each needed a separate

room more than Penny and the twins did. But we did feel a bit weird about

putting Penny and the boys in the same room even if they are young, so Frank

came up with a solution. Since the twins room was quite large, we've put up a

temporary wall as a divider. We've moved Penny's bed in there and put the twins

bunk beds up as bunks. Then we swapped the spare bed with Susan's, so she now

has Penny's old room and Deirdre can sleep in the spare bed in what is now

Laura's room. We moved all of Penny's things, but Susan and Laura, it's up to

you to sort out who get's what from your old room and you need to move Susan's

clothes."I just stared at Mom and Dad, wondering if it was because of what

happened this morning but it wasn't the right time for me to ask. I couldn't

have anyway, Susan's squeal about having her own room and her dash across the

room to hug Mom and then Dad would have interrupted that. Of course I had to

thank them too, and then Deirdre got in on the act, thanking them for getting

her off of the floor and teasing both Susan and I about stepping on her. Which

wasn't really true, we'd just come awfully close a couple of times when we'd

hopped out of bed.By the time we were all done thanking them, I think Mom and

Dad were quite happy for us to go upstairs and start to sort out our mess. Dad

had even run an extension on our phone line so Susan and I each had a phone even

if we did share the same number. The first thing Susan did was to call Jimmy to

let him know and to invite him over to help her move her stuff, With the help of

Jimmy, plus Damien and Lee, it didn't really take that long to get Susan's

things sorted out and moved, even though Danny, Donny, and Penny had gotten home

and insisted on 'helping' too.After we got all of Susan's things moved, Damien

and Lee had to leave, so Deirdre and I walked them out to the car. Since we

didn't bother to put on any clothes, the guys were holding our bare skin and I

have to admit that I really liked being kissed and hugged when Damien could

touch me like that. I suppose part of that was because others could see us and I

remember wondering if I was just a bit of an exhibitionist.Aunt Rachel stayed

for supper and although she teased each of us about our guys, she also had a

compliment about each one too. Penny and the twins were actually quite excited

about the change in their rooms, which really surprised me until I thought about

the idea that they just liked change. At their age I probably would have felt

the same way. "Gosh, does that mean that I'm really growing up?" I wondered,

then grinned to myself when it realised it did.Later on it felt weird to be

sitting in 'my' bedroom with just Deirdre there when we were doing our home

work, I guess I was missing Susan's teasing. I did call Damien and we talked for

a while, then I passed the phone over and Deirdre and Lee talked too. I actually

chose that time to go chat with Susan for a bit, just to give Deeds some privacy

and man that seemed strange, being in 'Susan's' room.Once I was almost ready for

sleep, I had a quick shower and took the time to shave my puss a little closer

than before. I found that doing it myself wasn't as difficult as I'd expected it

to be. Of course I ended up practically sitting on a mirror, but just the

thought of being nice and smooth for Damien's fingers and tongue made that

worthwhile. Afterward while I was talking to Deeds, I found that she shaved each

morning now, right after she showered. Somehow, discussing things with her

wasn't the same as arguing with Susan though.In fact, going to bed without Susan

to kid and argue with seemed really wierd and I knew it was going to take some

getting used to. It actually took a long time for me to get to sleep.End of

Chapter - to be continued.

Thursday's Report

................ Return to Story Index ...............

. B

From: "Dark Dreamer" <Nowhere@nohow.com>

Subject: STORY: Her Brothers' Slut! - MM/f, BDSM, INCEST

Date: 14 March 2004 23:16

A young woman develops an interest in kinky sex, but who is she going to

trust to tie her up and abuse her but her own brothers.

The next day when I saw my brother parking his car I ran upstairs,

leaving behind a little note, and a ski mask. The note was clear and

short. It said that he should put on the ski mask, come upstairs, tear

my clothes off, and rape me.

For the occasion I had on one of my old bras and an old pair of knickers,

a T-shirt, and a pair of gym shorts I never wore. My heart was pounding

in my chest as I waited for him to show up.

I stood by my dresser and pretended to be brushing my hair while I

waited. Every little creak and noise I heard made me gasp and look

around. He was sure taking his time.

Then the door to my bedroom was flung open, smashing into the wall with

a bang that startled me and made me scream. I whirled to see Rob wearing

the ski mask.

He stalked towards me as I stared at him in pretended fear.

"I'm gonna fuck you, bitch," he growled.

I jumped away from him but he grabbed me. I wrestled away and tried to

crawl under the bed but he caught me by the ankle and dragged me out

from underneath.

He jumped on top of me, rolling me roughly onto my back. I tried to

punch at him but he pinned my arms to my sides and pressed his legs

against them to pin them there as he sat straddling my body and leering

down at me.

"You sure look like a tight little slut to me," he sneered, his hands

sliding up my belly and onto my breasts.

"Let me go!" I cried.

"Shut your mouth, slut," he ordered.

He gripped the front of my T-shirt and ripped it open, then grabbed my

bra and tore it apart, baring my breasts.

I let out a cry of shock as he tore my clothes off, my mind humming with

sexual desire as he sank his fingers into my soft round flesh. He

squeezed them hard, then bent and bit down on one of my breasts.

I cried out again, writhing beneath him, but he only laughed.

"I'm gonna fuck your tight little cunt, baby," he said.

He shifted his position atop me to get at my lower body, and I rolled

and kicked out at him, getting him in the stomach. For a moment I was

free, and tried to get to my feet. He jumped me, his arm going around my

throat and jerking me back hard against his body.

I gasped, finding it hard to breath as his arm pressed hard against my

throat. His other hand groped one of my breasts as he bent me backwards.

"Think you can get away from me, you stinking little whore," he growled

cruelly. "I'm gonna stuff my cock down your mouth and drown you in jism!"

We were on our knees, my body pressed against his. I gurgled helplessly,

thrilled by his words as he turned and flung me belly down over the edge

of the bed. His arm jerked away from my throat and he grabbed my shorts

in both hands, ripping them apart, tearing them right off me.

His hand jammed in between my thighs and squeezed my pussy hard, then he

ripped my knickers off.

"Ahh, lookit this fur pie," he sneered, gripping my bare mound. "Nice

soft, cunt meat for the taking!"

He grabbed me by the hair and jerked me back, hard enough that I yelped

in pain. He flung me on the floor and knelt between my splayed legs,

undoing his pants and jerking them down.

"Ready for it, bitch?" he growled. "Ready for my bone?"

He pulled out his hard erection and waved it at me, then pressed it

against my pussy opening. I started to twist away and he grabbed me by

the throat, forcing me back down flat.

"Don't move, whore, or I'll beat the shit out of you," he hissed.

He gripped my thighs and dragged my bottom a little closer, then let my

legs drop again and pressed his cock firmly against my moist, warm pussy

crack. He thrust in hard, then dove atop me. His cock drove deep, and I

cried out in pain as he crushed me to the floor and buried his cock in

my quim.

He mashed his lips down hard against mine, his hand seizing a thick hank

of my hair and jerking my head back as he crushed my breast painfully

hard with his other hand.

He humped hard and fast, tearing his cock around in my belly as I gasped

and cried out in dazed pleasure and pain. I tasted blood on my lips as

his mouth crushed mine. His hips almost bounced against me, his cock

tearing in and out of my burning fuck opening.

"Fucking whore!" he growled. "Stinking bitch! Take my cock, bitch! Take

my cock! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Fucking whore! Fucking cheap fuck-hole!"

My insides were burning up, and every time his cock stabbed up into me I

felt a startling blast of jagged heat. I gasped and grunted and moaned

as he fucked me hard, hardly able to think as my mind spun under the

crackling sexual heat pouring through me.

I bucked and shook, my legs bouncing on the floor as he hammered his

cock down into me with unrestrained violence and energy. He pulled back

and grabbed the backs of my legs, then jerked my legs up and slammed

them back against my chest.

He shifted his grip down along my legs to just above my ankles,

straightening them and slamming them back over my shoulders. I cried out

as my back ached, as my bottom was pulled into the air. He laughed and

pounded his hips down against my bottom with furious heat, my bottom

springing up and down under the hammer blows of his muscular hips.

Fire raced through my mind and I cried out as I came. A shockwave tore

through me, reverberating back and forth inside my body as I thrashed

and bucked and my mind spun. The universe turned out and I basked in the

luscious, glorious pleasure slashing through my body.

Nothing existed by the pleasure and the hard furious pounding of his

hips against me and his cock inside me.

I slowly came out of it, groaning as my eyes fluttered blearily. My body

continued to shake under the hard pounding Rob was giving me, and I

groaned as I tried to focus my eyes on him so - so high above me.

I felt my insides turning over, twisting and roiling in desire and

burning sensual delight. I could hardly think with the waves of lust

still washing over me. His cock was just - ramming down my pussy tunnel,

pistoning in and out and like a jack hammer.

I came again, a long, warbling groan of ecstasy escaping my lips as I

felt him increase the temp of his movements even more. My head jerked

spastically, unable to even move because my ankles were jammed against

the sides.

Then he stopped, groaning, his cock buried in my bubbling stewpot. He

slowly let his weight off my ankles, letting them rise, letting my

bottom ease back towards the floor.

He let my legs up and then dropped them on the floor. I lay unmoving,

groaning weakly. He grabbed my breasts roughly, squeezing them, then he

gripped my wrists and jerked my hands up together on my belly.

He reached down to his pants, which were around his knees then, and

pulled out a tie from the pocket. He made me press my hands together

like I was praying then wrapped the tie around them several times before

pulling it up between my wrists, to bind them even tighter together. He

tied off the tie then got to his feet, pulling his pants, shoes, and

shirt off.

He gripped one of my wrists and jerked me up to my feet then forced me

back against one of the tall corner posts of my bed. He lifted my hands

up above me and held me there as he tied the tie off, then stepped back,

eyes hungry, my body taut, as he looked me up and down.

"I bet I could sell you to a pimp for some pretty good money," he said

with a sneer. "Hot cunt meat is always worth money."

He cupped my pussy and squeezed it hard enough to make me wince.

"You'd probably even like that, wouldn't you, slut? You'd get to fuck

ten or twenty guys every night, get to give blow jobs in alleys and let

bums come in your face."

He walked out of the room for a minute, leaving me standing there,

struggling weakly, my wrists bound immovably against the post. It felt -

weird, but exciting, my bare bottom pressed back against the cool, round

wood, my arms held high above me, my chest rising and falling rapidly.

He came back with a small box in his hand, then set it down on the bed

behind me.

"Tell me where you hide the money, slut," he demanded.

"No!" I cried.

He squeezed one of my breasts until I gasped in pain.

"Show respect for your betters, slut girl," he growled.

He seized my hard pink nipple and pinched it, pulling it out from my

body, making my breast pull out in a narrow cone as I winced and

squirmed in pain.

He let it go, then reached behind me to the box and pulled out - an ice

cube. I stared at it as he held it in his fingers.

"Where's the money, bitch?"

"Fuck you," I gasped.

He pressed the ice cube against the center of my chest, then slid it

under my left breast. I gasped and tried to twist away, then kicked out

at him, knocking him back. He moved in again, pressing his leg against

mine to pin them back to the bed, then he rolled the ice cube around and

around my nipple.

He slid it over to my other breast, rolling it all over it. The ice cube

was melting, and the cold water trickled down my breasts and onto my

belly. He laughed as I gasped and squirmed, sliding the cube down my

belly, then up the side of my ribs and under my arm.

"Talk, whore! Tell me where the money is."

"No!"

He slid the cube right down onto my pussy. I gasped and squirmed, trying

to kick out at him as he forced it through my pussy lips and his fingers

jammed it up into my pussy tunnel.

"Stop! No! Oohh! Don't! Take it ooout!" I cried.

His fingers pushed up my pussy tunnel to the knuckles, shoving the ice

cube high inside me.

"Maybe that'll cool your hot little pussy off, tramp," he snickered.

He stepped back and I tried to shake the ice cube out, lifting my feet

one at a time, dancing in place as the cube shifted slowly inside me.

"Ohhh! It's cooold! It stings!" I whined.

"Tell me where your money is and I'll take it out!"

"Fuck you! Bastard!"

He laughed and got something else from the box. It was a candle. He took

out a lighter and lit it, then waved it slowly back and forth in front

of my eyes.

"Ready to change your mind?" he grinned.

"What are you gonna do?" I asked warily.

He put the candle near my nipple and I swallowed nervously.

"Don't you dare burn me," I said.

He tilted the candle and some wax dribbled off and onto my nipple. I

yelped in pain as the hot drops stung my nipple.

"Ready to be an obedient little whore?"

"Bastard!"

He tilted the candle again and more wax dribbled onto my nipple. It

hardened almost instantly against the straining pink bud. He shifted the

candle to my other nipple, and again stung it with wax that quickly

built up around it. My nipples burned a little, but there wasn't any

real pain.

He crushed the hard wax, breaking it away from my first nipple, and

baring it, then dribbled more wax onto it. He blew the candle out, then

reached into his box and pulled out something else. It was a banana. He

took out a little jar and rubbed some gooey cream onto the tip and top

of the banana, then pressed it against my pussy hole.

I gasped as he lifted one of my legs up and jammed the banana into my

pussy. The creamy stuff was slippery, and he was able to force the thick

banana halfway up me without much difficulty.

He pumped the banana into me as he held my leg up, leering at me as I

panted and groaned. He shoved it up deeper, and I groaned as my body

began to throb with pleasure once again.

"Yeah, lookit the little slut get off on the banana," he sneered.

"S-stop iiit," I groaned.

"I can do anything I want to you, whore," he said. "Anything at all."

He let my leg drop and abruptly turned me around to face the bedpost. He

slapped my buttocks, making me yelp in pain.

"Talk, bitch. Tell me where the money is," he demanded.

He pulled on my hair, making me cry out, then he slapped my buttocks

again, then again. The banana was still stuffed deep into my pussy hole

as his hand cracked against my bottom, and my pussy squeezed and sucked

on it as the fiery sexual lust built up higher and higher inside me.

Every time he slapped my bottom I jerked forward, and the post mashed up

between my legs. I groaned and humped against it deliberately, grinding

my snatch and the banana against the hard wood as Rob slapped my bare

buns red.

"Wish I had a bull whip," he said. "That'd put you in your place, little

whore."

I raised one of my legs, curling it around the bedpost as I ground

myself against it. My pussy burned higher and hotter, and I grunted with

pleasure each time his hand cracked against my bottom. My pussy was

throbbing with lust, and my mind was starting to spin out of control.

Rob stopped, then reached above me, untying one end of the tie, then

pulling my wrists higher still, forcing me up onto my toes. He tied them

there again, and I tried to curl my leg around the post. Rob jerked it

down, then he jerked my hair back again.

"Maybe you need more than just a spanking, you whore," he growled.

I didn't know what he meant at first. I was floating on a wave of

pleasure and wild, dark, thrilling sexual heat.

Then something cracked hard against my bare behind. It wasn't his hand,

and hit harder. I cried out in genuine pain, twisting my head around to

see him holding his belt, doubled up in his fist.

He swung it down against my bottom and again I cried out, the pain sharp

and biting.

"Owwww! Stop it!" I cried.

Again the belt lashed across my buttocks. Again there was a blast of pain.

"OWww! No! Stop! Agghh!" I cried as the belt whipped against my buttocks

again and again.

I pulled at the ties, but they held fast. I danced and jumped from foot

to foot, unable to do much because of how tight I was stretched. The

belt bit into my buttocks, hurling me forward against the post

repeatedly, mashing the end of the banana into the wood as I cried out

in pain.

Rob jerked back on my hair, pulling my head way back as he bent over me.

"Is this what you need, slut?" he demanded. "Is this what turns you on?"

His hand gripped my pussy, jerking on the banana, rubbing it against my

hardened clitty. Steam fairly poured from my pussy, almost as hot now as

my buttocks. Before, everything had been completely safe, a game that

was under my control. Now that belief in control had gone and with it a

sparkling, hot sense of danger, of helplessness.

Rob bit down on my throat and squeezed one of my breasts hard, then drew

back and slashed the belt across my bottom again.

I cried out in pain and pleasure both, my pussy mashing into the wood as

the belt hurled my hips forward. The pain was not as raw now. My bottom

throbbed with heat, and the heat seemed to shield me from the biting

ache. What would he do?! Anything he wanted! I couldn’t stop him!

Again and again the belt lashed across my buttocks, and now, without

that sharp pain, I started to concentrate more on my pussy, more on the

pleasure coursing through my veins.

I raised my leg again, curling it around the post as I mashed my pussy

and the banana against it. The belt cracked across my buttocks

repeatedly, and my mind spun as the orgasm roared upwards to explode

inside my skull.

The orgasm hit as Rob shifted his aim. The belt hit right across my

shoulders, almost knocking me breathless. The next blow hit the middle

of my back, then my lower back. I was - it - It was like all my

fantasies had come to life, like I was really being whipped, and the

orgasm roared through me like a freight train.

It was more powerful than any I had ever experienced. It rocked me to

the core of my being, sending my nervous system into meld-down as I

screamed in pleasure.

I totally lost it, mashing my pussy against the wood with all my

strength as Rob beat my buttocks and back with the belt.

I trembled and shook, my mind paralysed by the stunning force of the

climax that was shaking me. It went on and on, a prolonged firestorm of

sexual gratification that threatened to burn out my nervous system with

its power.

Never before had I experienced anything like this. The orgasm seemed to

last forever. I couldn't breath, couldn't think. I quivered like a leaf

in a windstorm, my left knee drawn back as my pussy bounced and vibrated

against the post and the belt cracked down on my back and bottom.

Rob stopped, and my orgasm slowly faded. I was almost insensible, my

mind burned out from lack of air. My face was pressed against the post,

my eyes closed as I groaned weakly.

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