Alandra Naked in School ­ Monday (14682 words)

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Part: 1

Summary: School troublemaker Alandra Cabrera finds herself forced to attend school naked after she is drafted into a new sweeping social program.

 May wasn't bottomless for the first time all summer. In fact, she was wearing my skirt.

 Senior year started out a bit strange. Friday before classes we had a mandatory assembly. It was announced in a letter sent out in mid break. We were to dress under the old dress code, the one before the new nudity rules. Everyone had to be there and I knew from May that they'd gone as far as calling the student's who hadn't sent back the response letter.

 We were in the second year of what everybody was calling 'The Program'. I never paid much attention to News, so I couldn't really say what it was all about. Last year though, I started seeing naked women all over TV, then down at the mall, and finally in school.

 That was how my crew and I saw it; all these naked kids in school, even the boys. You didn't see any men running around nude, but boys under 21 could dress down, so to speak. It was pretty cool at first; we had a hell of a time making fun of the kids who got dragged into it. Apparently their parents had consented to it all. After a while though, we got used to it. May and I had even tried going nude at the Mall a few times. That was cool. We got a lot of cheap stuff and even got away with stealing a video game by letting the store clerk fuck us. Should'a been Rubin getting screwed on the shop counter in front of everybody, it was his game after all; but we were the ones who got caught.

 So Friday we were all gathered in the big auditorium. Of course we sat in the back of the balcony like always. My skirt was an ill fit for May. She'd burned all her bottoms over summer after declaring herself a half nudist -whatever that meant. As far as I could tell, it meant seeing her pussy on display everywhere we went, even though she still always wore a top of some kind.

 She was pissed off over losing her newfound freedom, and kept scratching herself as if she had an allergy to my skirt. Rubin, Rick, Kevin, and Marcy where there too of course; the whole gang, delinquents according to principle Harrison. Everyone thought it weird to see May in clothes, and we were all edgy over the assembly.

 It began with Principal Harrison giving us the usual routine. 'Welcome back, hope you enjoyed your summer, it's nice to see all these bright young faces', and all that kind of shit. I looked over to Marcy and Kevin "Think we could get outta here?"

 "I doubt it" Kevin said.

 "Yeah" May added, "Looks like they've got monitors on the exits."

 "Oh well, wake me up if it gets interesting." I slumped back to doze off and there was a teacher on us in seconds, snapping her fingers.

 "Miss Cabrera. Miss Cabrera! You WILL pay attention young lady." How do they always know my name? She looked us all over "That goes for the rest of you as well."

 It did get interesting though. They told us all kinds of stuff about 'The Program'. It would start up again Monday, with a lot more students. It was a graduation requirement now, so parental consent was no longer a part of it. Over summer they'd torn down the walls between the girl's and boy's locker rooms, and mixed in the showers. They did the same with the restrooms, making them all unisex or something.

 "To promote openness," some naked Asian lady had said. May told me she was Filipino, but I couldn't tell the difference. A little darker than May maybe, but there aren't too many Asians out here. Principal Harrison had introduced her as Ms. Magante, a representative from the Program offices. She was probably early thirties, thin, with full breasts and a shaved pussy. All she wore was a waist chain with some kind of stick dangling from it. I wasn't quite sure what it was from where I sat.

 "It's kinda like how you look Mexican" May said; by way of explaining the difference between her Chinese and this lady's Filipino looks.

 "Yeah whatever." I said. "I'm Spanish, not Mexican."

 "That's what I mean." May said.

 Kevin grinned at me and I shrugged. "Rubin's the Mexican..." The teacher from before glared in our direction so I let it drop.

 We sat through another three hours of what they kept calling 'The New Deal on Society'. I could almost hear the politician at the end of that line. Something about the end of STDs, changing morals, social openness, self awareness, getting in touch with humanity, and a bunch of other crap that sounded like something my Pa would come up with around a big reefer. I felt like gagging on it all, it was so much bullshit. But hey, if it let May be naked, and let me get my hands on all those boys, who was I to complain?

 May perked up when they covered voluntary Program participation. The new dress code allowed for nudity; and you could get Program credit for it. The rules were different for boys and girls -2 units for a girl, 1 for a boy. That figures, more of that boys and girls are different crap I'd been hearing lately. Boys could only demand relief if they were in the regular program. Stay nude long enough and you got exempted from the regular program. You had to follow all the rules, and do it for at least 30 school days.

 When it was over we all took off for the mall. May was out of my skirt the moment she hit the door to the auditorium. She had a half halter on still, and her own waist chain like the Program lady. We laughed watching her; scratching her butt red "How do you guys stand wearing all that?" she asked.

 "Don't you remember? Miss Nude High wannabe..." Marcy called out.

 Kevin just gave her a good swat on the behind "Hey, I figured it was already red anyway." He explained. I could tell by her pussy she liked it, or at least the attention; her lips were all puffed out and colored up.

 "You been shaving down there?" I asked. May was sitting in the back of the city bus, her legs spread out like a boy.

 "A little, keeping it trimmed. But it doesn't get all bushy like you white girls." She ran her fingers through it, spreading her labia to demonstrate the thin fur. May had no sense of shame.

 "Hey I saw this Japanese girl in a video who..." Kevin began before seeing everyone stare at him. He shrugged "Well she was... all hairy and stuff. You can't say it's just a white thing May." He looked around at us all "What? It was my brother's, you know he collects stuff like that."

 "Sure..." we all said.

 "Yeah Right..." Rick stated before punching him in the arm.

 "Hey my bush isn't all hairy." Marcy called out.

 "Yeah like we'll ever see it." Rubin said.

 "Well it ain't." she said. Marcy was as white as they came, Swedish stock or something like that.

 "You might see it..." I began.

 "Like, what're you talking about?" Marcy asked.

 "Well, you might get picked for the Program." I said.

 "But my parents..."

 "You heard what they said?" Rick started. "They don't need parental consent anymore."

 "What?!" Marcy and May said.

 "Like you care." I said to May, poking her belly button.

 "Yeah, they were saying something about ensuring proper moral decency." Rick said.

 "That's bullshit, a few years ago they'd be saying the same thing about keeping us clothed..." I said.

 "Yeah, my brother got busted for fucking his own girlfriend when he was in high school..." Kevin said.

 Rick shrugged. "Hey, that's what that chick said..."

 "The Filipino?" I asked.

 "Yeah..." Rubin began "She was pretty fine..."

 We all gave him that stare.

 "What? Ok, for an old chick... Like you didn't notice Kev."

 "Then again she was white from uptown..." Kevin finished, still musing on his brother.

 We killed time. It was the weekend before school started. Really started that is. So we all hung out at the mall, and over at the Albatross cafe, or down by the park watching May show off her pussy to any guys she could chase down and making jokes about it. None of us thought we'd get selected, not even May. They wouldn't pick us right? They wouldn't pick a gang of troublemakers, an interracial gang? Not in this town. Principal Harrison had been trying to get rid of us since day one. Oh he never said it, but I knew better.

 No, they'd never pick any of us for the Program.

 Monday came and I got ready for school. I'd told Pa about the assembly, but he already knew. They'd sent a letter and then called all the parents while we were there. "They said they'd put you in a foster home if I got in the way."

 "Well I'll deal if they put me in it then."

 "It's a grad requirement now isn't it?" he said.

 "Yeah, but only for the kids starting this year." The twins chose that moment to come in. Manuel and Rosa, they were starting their freshmen year today. "Too many kids to put us all through it."

 "Too many for what?" Rosa asked.

 "The program. I'm just saying I might not have to do it like you guys."

 "Hey we're out of milk again." Manuel said. "I think it'll be cool when I get selected."

 "Maybe we'll get picked together." Rosa said.

 "You know you guys ­are- brother and sister..." I started.

 "Ew gross, I ain't talking like that." Rosa said. "No milk again?"

 "I'll get some on the way home tonight." Pa said.

 "So what the fuck am I gonna eat?" Rosa muttered.

 "Watch your mouth young lady." Pa said.

 Rosa just rolled her eyes "Yeah, yeah, yeah... We 'least got any toast Manuel?"

 "I'm on it." He said.

 "Well I gotta go. I'll get something at school." I said. "can't be late after all." I added with a touch of sarcasm. The twins had to go too, but didn't seem to be in any hurry. I was gonna meet the gang first anyway.

 "No cutting this year young lady. Those Program people are getting serious, no telling what they'll do..." Pa said. He'd given up telling me to watch my grades years ago. Maybe that's why I didn't bother anymore...

 I put on a basic white tee and jeans, grabbed my bag, slipped into my sneaks and took off on my bike. Only Kevin had a car, but he was always talking about getting busted for driving while black. Like this was LA or something. So it mostly just sat on his street.

 Just getting to campus was a bit of a shock. The clothes box was gone from north entrance along the main road. I figured maybe they just moved it over to the other one on south side between the buildings and the fields. The metal detectors were still there, and we all passed through with ease, everyone wondering who the nude kids would be this week. My locker was gone. In fact, all the lockers were gone. It was just empty walls all along the building. I heard they'd done that in the big cities to stop drugs, but we'd never had those kinds of problems here. "That sucks. Now we gotta carry all our books." I said to Marcy as she just stared at the spot were her locker had been last year.

 "Man Rube... told ya not ta bring all that weed up with you from Mexico" Rick said.

 "Yeah right..." Rubin answered good naturedly "Aren't you from Canada or something, where they all smoke that stuff. Maybe they just thought you'd be trying to stash it."

 "Hey Rube, we gotta go. Look there's May... guess we got our first nude student."

 May was coming down the hall in her birthday best. Looking like the only kid on campus happy to be back in school. She joined us on our way to Study hall. "Right on sister." I called out.

 "You said it girl." She called back, beaming with pride over a gathering entourage of worshipping freshmen in her wake.

 I just shook my head and went to class. That was May... Who would've figured a girl who'd been so shy would get so into her body like that.

 "Ah, miss Alandra Cabrera is it?" the teacher announced as we entered the room.

 "Yeah..?" I looked up at the clock; I hadn't heard the final bell yet. "I'm not late am I?" There were only a few kids in the class anyway, three boys and another girl; a girl in a Muslim headdress or something in fact. Man was she in for it... May and Rubin pushed past me and sat on the other end from her.

 "No, but you're wanted over near the south entrance." He said. "Here, take this with you."

 "A hall pass?" I asked.

 "Sort of. Go to the bungalow." He said.

 "Bungalow?" I said. I didn't recall any bungalows on our campus.

 "You'll recognize it." He said as he waved me on.

 "What's that about?" May asked.

 I shrugged. "Got me... I'll tell you 'bout it at lunch." I said.

 I left as they took their seats, 'berka girl' staring at May like she had the plague.

 Sure enough there was a new bungalow outside the entrance. Right about where they'd put that clothes locker last year. It looked big enough to hold a class. I stepped inside to find myself in a room with a bunch of other kids and that lady from the Program ­nude as the day she was born. Up close, she looked pretty good. I smiled at the site of her shaved pubes. I'd started doing that myself over the summer; after me and May had gone to the mall nude. My smile deepened as I thought of something I had there she clearly didn't. Then I realized something.

 Me. Here. In this room with these kids and her. It could only mean one thing.

 "Aw shit..."

 It was her turn to smile. "You must be Ms Cabrera. Nice hair, do you dye it?"

 "Naw, it just grows like that." I shook my dirty blond locks. "Are we..?"

 "In the Program? Yes. We're just waiting for Mr. Harrison and Ms. Mitchell. Why don't you stand over there with your fellow students."

 I joined the group, looking around me. The faces were a mix of eagerness and abject horror. I counted twenty people including myself. Eleven girls. We were split by class. There were two boys and two other girls in the senior section, with me making up the third girl. Somehow I'd managed to be the last one there.

 The principal and Assistant Principal, Mr. Harrison and Ms. Mitchell; arrived a few minutes later. They came in with an unarmed cop and Mr. Roquette, one of the gym teachers. Mr. Harrison opened the lid on what looked like a metal dog house on a post box pole with wheels, and then gave the keys to the program lady, Ms. Magante.

 "Morning kids, I trust everybody was at last Friday's assembly?"

 One of the freshmen girls raised her hand.

 "Yes, miss..." Harrison looked over a list "Forney is it?"

 "Um... I missed the assembly cause our flight got cancelled."

 "Oh yes, I got your father's message. Well young lady, you and your fellow students have been chosen for participation in a very special program."

 "The Program? But my mother signed to keep me out."

 Harrison looked over his clipboard. "I see..." He looked to Ms. Magante and I swear I caught a disapproving note in his eyes. "There've been some changes since your mother enrolled you last June. I'm sorry but, participation is mandatory."

 I had to ask "What if we refuse?"

 Ms. Magante looked displeased. Mr. Roquette flexed but stayed leaning against the wall. The cop was motionless.

 "I'm sorry young lady, but that is not an option. If we have to, we can strip you. If for some reason you fail to participate, you cannot graduate." Ms. Mitchell commented.

 "But I thought the graduation rule was only for them." I waved to the freshmen.

 "Once selected, it applies to you as well." Harrison said. "On the plus side, for today at least, you're all excused from your first class."

 Yeah right, that makes up for it. I rolled my eyes but he ignored me.

 "We know this is a shock for many of you, so we've given you this hour to get undressed." Harrison said.

 "And ask any questions you may have" Ms. Magante said.

 "Put your clothes in the locker. You can keep your shoes." Ms. Mitchell began as she started to hand out pamphlets. "This covers all of the rules in detail. In short, you must remain nude during all school activities until next Monday. You cannot take any action to cover yourself and must participate in class when requested. You are also subject to any reasonable requests by your fellow students. Page three should help you in judging what the Program considers reasonable. You are encouraged to keep a journal of your experiences and there is extra credit if you share it with your fellow students afterwards."

 I raised my hand. "Yes Miss Cabrera?" Ms. Mitchell said.

 "Is there going to be a test on this?" One of the guys chuckled at my comment. Ms. Mitchell was about to respond when Ms. Magante cut in.

 "Additionally," Ms. Magante said "you are encouraged to experiment during your time. Society is changing, and we want your generation to be more sexually aware and open. You will not suffer the oppressions of your parents' generation." I could swear I caught Harrison roll his eyes. He looked just like me last time I got called into his office. 'Cept I was the only one who caught him. "You are only allowed to spend up to five minutes every three periods in a private bathroom stall. Since the lockers and bathrooms are now mixed, the old rule of using the other gender's facilities is no longer in place." She paused to gauge all our reactions "Furthermore, you may not gather together in groups of more than three nude students. I was pleased to see a few voluntary participants this morning on my way in. The rule of three includes your being with them as well. We want you to mingle, to gain exposure with the clothed student body. It's vital they share in your experience."

 Well that might make it hard to hang with May, I wonder what would happen if more'n three nude volunteers hung out together...

 Ms. Mitchell picked up from there. "Consider yourself on display at all times while on campus. Other students may examine you as they please as long as they stick to those reasonable requests we mentioned." Yeah right, everybody knew from last year just how unreasonable the Program defined reasonable. "We know you will find the experience to be very arousing, which is perfectly normal. For the boys, the constant erections can become quite painful, so you may ask for relief during the first few minutes of class. The pamphlet details all of the rules of this."

 I raised my hand.

 "Yes... Miss Cabrera? What is it?" Harrison said

 "What about me, Can I ask for relief?" A couple of the girls giggled and one gave out a loud "Yeah, what about us?"

 "No. The Program feels the heightened sexual tension you will feel will help you to open up more. In short, it will bring you to the point of having to seek release." Ms. Magante said.

 "But you just said I couldn't." I said.

 "You can't use class time like the boys, but we fully expect you will find ways." Ms. Magante said.

 "So why do the boys get to?" I asked.

 "Boys and girls are different, with different needs." Ms. Mitchell said. "The boys will need release to avoid painful long term erections."

 Yeah right, I thought. It's probably really just to get us all used to seeing guys get their rocks off.

 "Well, if there aren't any more questions, you should all begin to disrobe now." Ms. Mitchell said.

 Well, there it was. They'd soon all know something about me that I was pretty sure was against some school rule. I started with my tee, putting it into the locker they gave me. I paused to look around the room and watch a boy drop his shorts and underwear in one motion. Oh well, he was descent, but not as big as that guy from the video game shop.

 "Miss Cabrera? Is there a problem?" Mr. Harrison came over to watch me.

 I looked up at him, wondering what he looked like under that suit of his. He wasn't bad for an old guy, though not really my type.

 "No, I'm ok." I took off my sneakers and set them aside. Then I dropped my jeans, leaving me in socks, a bra and knickers. Harrison's eyes went to my crotch and I saw his eyebrows rise. Well, here it comes. Might as well get it over first.

 I dropped my knickers revealing my shaved bush. At this point, half the kids were nude and a number of the boys sported nice hard cocks. Half of me was thinking of what I'd do if I could get my hands on a few of those. The sight however, left my vulva puffed up and reddened with desire. But that wasn't where Harrison was looking. He was looking at my clit. It stood out prominently, in its constant state of arousal thanks to a nice gold ring with a stone poking through the hood and rubbing against it.

 I'd used a fake ID to get that, and I was quite proud of it. It was my birthstone.

 "What's this young lady?" He came up to me and put his hand down to pull on my ring, then ran his finger along my clit causing me to shudder.

 "It's um... a clit ring."

 "I can see that, but what is it doing on you?"

 Ms. Mitchell came over. Mr. Harrison still held my clit in between his thumb and forefinger. I was a scared and in ecstasy at the same time. "You'll have to take that out young lady." She said.

 "I..." I began, but Ms. Magante cut in.

 "I don't think that's a good idea." She said.

 "What do you mean? I know full well you can't get one of these if you're under eighteen." Ms. Mitchell began. "School policy is clear on this sort of thing."

 "Young lady, when did you get this?" The entire room was watching now as Ms. Magante pushed Mr. Harrison's hand away and brushed her own fingers over my clit, causing my knees to wobble.

 "Last month, it's been in for five weeks since Sunday."

 "So it's only just healed." She looked to her co workers. "We can't make her take it out; it might close over and scar this early on. It's already there, the damage is already done." She let me go then. "It's kind of pretty anyway. I was thinking of getting one myself last year."

 Ms. Magante waved Mr. Harrison and Ms. Mitchell away. "Well, I'm sure you two have things to do, I need to start their orientation now."

 Orientation?

 Mr. Harrison took a look at me then turned to leave. Ms Mitchell looked at Ms. Magante and said "Lunch Yasmine?"

 "Sure, see you then." And they left.

 As the door was closing I heard Mr. Harrison ask Ms. Mitchell "Do you really think it will scar?" To those words I unclipped my bra and peeled the cloth away, dropping it into the box. When I looked up the cop was watching the bounce of my tits. I looked away, not wanting to know what was on his dirty old mind.

 All I had left was my socks and my clit piercing. I looked around, everyone was putting their shoes back on, and so I took my socks off and put them and my shoes into the box. Ms. Magante raised her eyes at me, but didn't comment. I knew the rules said you could keep your shoes, but it didn't say you had to. No point in following the pack.

 All I had left was the little gold ring piercing through the hood of my clit. I didn't even have a cross on or a hair pin like most of the other girls.

 So that was it. They stripped us and locked away our clothes. Mr. Roquette pushed the locker into a corner.

 "Ok everyone; I want you to sit in a circle, boy girl boy girl." Ms Magante waved us all around till we were sitting in one big pow wow with her at the head. She sat Indian style opening her pussy up to everyone, much to the excitement of several boys. I caught the cop sneaking glances of his own, what was he doing here?

 She went around the room, having us tell our names and grade. She also made us list off one hobby, one dislike, and one good thing about the person next to us, the one who'd spoke just before we did.

 I said I was Alandra Cabrera, a senior. I liked working on cars, I didn't like people who were stuck up, and I thought the boy next to me had really nice abs. The guy after me liked my breasts. He said they looked firm, not too big and not too small, with a pretty curve. He actually got me to blush. She asked us what we thought of this situation. I said I thought it was kind of invasive but neat at the same time. She told us we'd get asked that question again at the end of our week. We had to tell everyone if we were a virgin or not. I think a few girls lied. One even got caught at it when a boy said he'd had sex with her. I figured what the heck and said I'd been with a couple boys. "It was ok, but I don't see why it's such a big deal."

 Ms. Magante said that was one of the program goals, to make sex not be such a big deal anymore. But I think she meant it in a different way than I did.

 One girl looked at me like I was a slut. "Hey I haven't been with half as many people as my friend Rubin, and nobody calls him a slut."

 "Boys and girls are different." She quoted the Program mantra at me.

 "Yes, but not like that." Ms. Magante said. "We want boys and girls both to open up more." Yeah, like you're doing I thought looking at her slightly spread labia.

 All in all she made us feel a little better about being in the Program, about having to step out that door and go to classes nude.

 When it was over she told us the clothes bin would be outside before and after school. This was her office and she'd be available during first and last periods and for a little after school. She was to see the Program goals through and watch out for us. Personally I think she was just there to spy for the people who made all these new rules.

 On my way out I ran into Mr. Harrison. "Young Lady, open your bag."

 Oh well, there goes that. I opened my bag, and he took my cigarettes away, a well practiced ritual for us. But I was off. I ran from the bungalow into the halls of the school just in time to hear the bell ring and see a flood of kids make their way out of first period classes.

 Everybody was stopping to take a look. The others were all ahead of me and I could see the visual assault already in motion.

 "Hey! That hurts" "Ew, he came all over me." "No squeezing." "Sure, that sounds reasonable." It was a chorus of voices and strange activity and I had to get through it.

 One boy came up to me and made to grab for my clit ring. "Wow, check out what she's got!"

 I grabbed his hand and looked it over "Don't even think about it with those hands..."

 "Hey it's a reasonable request, I just wanna touch it." He said.

 "Wash your hands first; you've got grease on them." I said as I pushed him away. There was a gap in the hall and I cut through to run across the quad over to 'A' building where I had civics. Everyone cheered to my bouncing tits as I made my way across. I saw Rick coming out of 'B'. He took one look at me and dropped his bag like a village idiot.

 "See you at lunch Rick!" I waved and ran off to the site of his shit-faced grin.

 I ran up the stairs to civics class. Third floor, room 312A.

 "Ah, Miss Cabrera I presume?" The teacher said; Mrs. Jacobs according to the blackboard.

 "How is it that everybody knows me?" I asked. Surprisingly enough, I was the first one there. I guess the others were still distracted by the scene downstairs.

 "They told me you'd be nude." She said. "Could you sit up here?" she tapped her desk.

 I shrugged but took a seat on her desk, dropping my bag to the floor. "Well one of my friends is a volunteer. You never know who might show up nude. Do I have to do anything?"

 A few students wandered in. I saw some smiles and a little giggling. I knew some of them, but most people in my track didn't take Civics. "Hey Alandra; looking good." One boy said, before sitting right up front where he could get a good look.

 "Well here I am." I spread my arms out for him. "Nice to see you too Max." I remembered the rules and spread my legs a bit, leaning back on my hands. Silly rule; requiring me to flash people.

 Kevin came in and took the seat next to Max. When he saw me he gave a thumbs-up and a big smile. I pouted my lips and blew him my best Marilyn kiss, causing Max to scowl. Kevin was black, so people didn't like us being together. We played it up like we were lovers, even though we were just friends.

 When everyone was in, and the bell rang, Mrs. Jacobs started her lecture. At first I wasn't sure why I was up there; she just went on about typical stuff. She told us about the class, gave us books, a homework list, and a short overview of the subject. That led to me being where I was.

 "So, since this class is about the rules of society; and as Ms. Cabrera here is demonstrating, the rules have undergone some big changes recently; we'll start the semester out with a discussion of the new Program." She started handing out copies of the pamphlet I'd been given, and a little reader she'd put together with news articles, speeches, and essays.

 "A class in civics is at times also a class in current events. You won't find this in your history books, and certainly not in the civics textbook; so I've put together some of the key events. Read up to page ten for tomorrow. For today, I'd like to begin with an open discussion of what each of you thinks this Program is about, why it's happening, and how it will affect the way America does things."

 With that, we were off. I was just a sideshow, something to keep the eyes looking forward. We spent the class discussing Program history. From the end of STDs, mandatory vaccination, to the passage of the ERA and its change on the differences in decency laws between men and women.

 "If we have an ERA now, how come everyone keeps saying Men and Women need to be treated differently?" Max asked.

 It was a good question. Mrs. Jacobs had us debate it for a bit before giving her own answer. While men and women now had equal protections, society had come to recognize their fundamental differences not as inequalities as our grandparents had, but as simply differences requiring balanced but tailored treatment.

 To me, it sounded a little fishy; but that was the spin they were putting on it. I was wondering how they managed to justify the laws letting only women over 21 be nude, or even something as simple as only boys being able to demand relief.

 Mrs. Jacobs went on to discuss the "Great Society" measures of the 1960's. How the liberals of that time had chosen to take small steps -steps which could be torn down one by one as society was gripped in the fear of AIDS and a growing conservative backlash. Already there was talk of a 'New Great Society'. She showed us a few slides of congressional debates. This time around a strong radical left movement had gone straight for the throat of things; shooting for the most extreme of measures they could find and pushing it through in a time of euphoria over a new sexual revolution. The aim, as Mrs. Jacobs saw it, was to finally break the back of America's puritanical roots. "Even if a conservative movement takes hold again; they will be unable to reverse the clock on a change so drastic. Free love isn't just a mantra anymore; it's become the law of the land."

 I recall giving her something of a sideways glance. She was sounding a bit like that Ms. Magante earlier. It all sounded a bit like an attempt to brainwash us. But with Max and the other boys staring down my pussy, I was getting a bit hot and bothered and having trouble really focusing on the message. Funny that I kept looking at Kevin.

 Civics class finally wrapped up and I was excused from the desk. Someone ran a finger through my slit when I bent to get my bag; but they were gone by the time I turned around. Too bad; I kinda wanted them to finish what they started. I went through the halls looking for somebody with a 'reasonable request', but everyone gave me space. Odd how they always bother you when you want to be alone, but never when you need attention.

 My next class was Creative Writing. That's the thing about being a senior, no matter what your track; by this time, its all electives and blow off classes. As I rounded a corner of the halls I thought I saw a naked boy enter the classroom. He looked a little familiar. Making my way in, I placed him as the boy who'd liked my breasts in orientation. I sat across from him, up at the front of the room. I usually liked sitting in back. Another girl came in nude and sat on the other side. She hadn't been in orientation; she was a volunteer. Sandra I think. This would get interesting, with three of us.

 The teacher was a Mr. Turner but he didn't get very far. The boy next to me was sporting a rock hard erection and raised his hand the moment the teacher came in. Mr. Turner looked over the three of us and grinned. "Yes Mr. Williams?"

 "I uh... I need to..." Ray Williams began.

 "He needs relief." I said.

 "And I'm going to help him." The other girl said, beating me to it. Darn that little bitch...

 She smiled over at him, licked her lips, and then bit into the lower lip as she glanced down at his cock.

 "Oh man..." he said.

 I glanced across him and gave the other naked girl a dirty look. Yes, this would definitely get interesting.

 "Well come on up here you two. You can start as soon as the bell rings." Mr. Turner said.

 The last of the students made their way in. All eyes turned to them and I found myself momentarily ignored. She didn't look half as good as I did...

 The naked girl began fingering herself, and I could see at least two boys rubbing against their jeans.

 The moment the bell rang she attacked; wrapping her hand around his cock and pumping in a nice steady motion.

 "Oh yes..." he said, but he didn't last much longer. Mr. Turner was slow on getting a tissue, so when Ray was almost there the girl ducked down to catch it on her chest. He gave a soft "oh..." as his penis twitched and shot a load from her tummy to her breasts. Mr. Turner offered the tissue and she used it to wipe the mess in, like lotion.

 "Do you need to go clean up?" the teacher asked her. She nodded no and returned to her seat. The whole scene left me sexually frustrated.

 From her seat across from Ray; Sandra shot daggers with her eyes at me. There was a challenge in that look.

 Mr. Turner started by having the three of us come up to recount our morning. The class had to write a one paragraph story or poem on that theme. Mr. Turner said it wouldn't be graded; he just wanted to see where we were each at.

 When we left I saw Sandra take a card up to Mr. Turner and get it signed. What was that about?

 I had gym next. I was curious to see what they'd done with the lockers. Most seniors are done with physical fitness, but I'd stayed in for Gymnastics as an elective. I'm no star athlete, but it was fun and kept me fit. With all this nudity going around, I didn't dare get fat. I hear nudists say it's all about body acceptance, but in high school; the few fat girls who'd been through the program last year had gone through hell. The popular kids ate them up, so did some of the meaner kids. Being outcasts ourselves, my crew and I mostly left 'em alone.

 I had to run down a set of stairs and around the corner of 'B' building into 'C', then out the south exit past Ms. Magante's bungalow on my way across the alley to the gym and fields. On my way over a boy stopped me at a corner to feel my ass. I rolled my eyes and caught my breath then let him go ahead, trying to ignore him. He asked if I liked it so I just said 'Yeah, sure, whatever; look I gotta get to gym." His fingers ran through my crack and poked up at my slit before pulling away.

 "It's wet." He said.

 "Hope you had fun." I yelled behind me as I took off, hiding my growing horniness. I doubt I'd recognize him if I saw him again. I did see May disappear up a flight of stairs just before I jumped out the exit. On the way across the alley I could see a few men in the distance outside school grounds watching in from the fence of the main field. Probably hoping some girls would show up for something out there. One of them pointed me out, but they were pretty far away and I was gone into the gym before the others could do more than a quick glance.

 One thing about nudity, not much need to change. I did stop at a shower to quickly rinse out my pussy. I didn't see that boy's hands. At least he didn't penetrate, but this is the last week I'd ever want an infection; some of those freshmen still haven't learned to bath daily.

 Gym teacher was a Ms. Janine Moore. Last time I had P.E. it was Mr. Roquette, for general P.E. in my freshman year.

 "Well, look who's here." It was Sandra from writing. Great, I had her two periods in a row. We were the only nude students this time, but that didn't last. Ms. Moore came out of her office nude as the day she was born and told everyone to strip.

 "There will be no gym uniforms for this class. As I'm sure everyone knows, girl's physical training is mandatory nude. That holds for boys as well in gymnastics."

 I raised my hand. "I thought it was just sports that were nude for girls?"

 "Gymnastics is a sport." She looked at the two of us who were nude. "Which one of you is Ms. Cabrera?"

 "Me." I answered. "But I meant, isn't it just for sporting events?"

 "Well it was, but it doesn't make much sense to practice in a uniform that isn't used for events so that's been changed. Gymnastics, like swimming; benefits from the freer body movements of nudity. So we added boys as well."

 I shrugged and let it drop, like I really cared anyway. I was already nude...

 "Ok class, hurry up. Put all your clothes here." she held up a sack "You'll get gym lockers tomorrow. Ms?" She looked to Sandra.

 "Beckett. Sandra Beckett. I volunteered for the Program ma'am."

 "Yes... well that includes you too. Put your shoes in the bag." I didn't have any shoes, so I was already set to go.

 Everyone stripped and we did some basic stretches. Ms. Moore asked us each in turn about our level of gymnastics experience. You could tell with some of the kids. There were two guys who looked like those muscle men in cartoons with huge upper bodies and little tiny legs. Three of the girls were well toned; though balanced throughout unlike the boys. The rest of us knew the very basics. It was fun seeing all those bobbing cocks as the boys did their tumbles and a few attempted cartwheels. Judging by the way their eyes locked when it was our turn I'd say we girls gave them a real show as well. Was this school or a mandatory strip joint? Whatever, it was fun; something I hadn't said about school since I was eight.

 After class in the showers the boys all went to one end, the girls another. I went over to the boys end, got right in the midst of them and began soaping up. "Hey Sandra, aren't you forgetting something?"

 She gave me a blank look from were the girls were trying to hide behind each other, despite having been nude in front of all these boys for the last hour.

 "Program kids have to shower with the other sex. Now get over here girl. Henry here needs something to fill his hands." I gave the boy next to me my bar of soap. "I'm sure it's a reasonable request, right Henry?"

 It's good to be quick in the showers sometimes, I was rinsing off before Sandra had even found her way. She came over and submitted to Henry. The mean look in her eyes changed to ecstasy as he went to work. Darn, I didn't think he'd actually be good at it; I got jealous as I finished rinsing. I gave a boy a few quick strokes and a wink and went to towel off.

 Poor Henry got a little too into his work and came all over Sandra; so they had to start all over again. The last thing I heard as I left was her screaming out "Oh God yes!" Well, that backfired.

 Lunchtime, I crossed back into 'C' and out the other side of the hall into the quad, scanning for my friends. I stepped up on the concrete mini wall alongside those steps going down into the quad so I could see better. And be seen better it turns out.

 Our school is shaped like a big square donut with an open area in the middle we all call 'the Quad'. The north, west, and south sides are buildings 'A', 'B', and 'C'. They're all actually one building. The east end holds the auditorium on it's north corner, then the cafeteria, then the administrative section in a little square that gives the whole thing a sort of 'Q' shape. The north entrance faces a busy road, but the south entrance faces an alley and then the gyms. I think they put the boys and girls strip box together on the south side to keep non-students from making trouble.

 So standing there in the quad, up on that mini wall, I was visible from all sides and almost every classroom that faced the inside. I quickly heard Kevin's voice shouting my name, then shortly after May's. It didn't take long for the rest to gather but before they'd reached me I'd had to pose for two boys and let one girl feel my clit ring.

 "Hey guys, we gonna eat out here? Let's get something quick before the line's too much trouble."

 Everyone just gave me a blank stare.

 "What?" I said.

 May said the obvious. "Your naked."

 "Really? Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Where'd my clothes go?! Like, I didn't notice." I said with faked panic.

 Kevin jabbed my tummy. "Get off it A.C." A.C. was my nickname.

 I shrugged and looked at May. "I got programmed when they called me out of study." I tugged Kevin's arm and got us walking.

 "I thought your dad signed a non consent letter?" Marcy asked -her face a bit paler than usual.

 "He did. You know my dad. He thinks it's all some right wing conspiracy to force all the gay kids to go straight." I said. "Or something like that."

 "That don't make any sense." Rubin said, shaking his head.

 May reached straight for my clit and brushed my ring. "Nice, when'd you get it?"

 I looked at Rubin "Hey, I never said I understood Pa..." Then looked to May "After we went to the mall that one time..." A look of complex memories crossed her face. We'd been forced to have sex on a store counter to get out of shoplifting. We never told the gang about it, even though we'd been trying to get a video game for Rubin's birthday. "I went back the next day to that salon we saw."

 "Purrfect Pussy?" she asked.

 "Yeah, they put it in, and showed me how to shave off my bush and keep it trimmed."

 "I been there." Marcy blurted out. We all gave her a look. "Well I have."

 "One of these days Marcy... one of these days I'm going see that pussy of yours." Rick said.

 "Yeah..." I added. Marcy just rolled her eyes.

 We made our way through the lunch line. May played interception on the boys trying to come over to get a look or a feel of me. Not because she wanted to keep them off of me, but because she wanted them on her. When did she become such a slut anyway?

 Everyone had questions for us. Kevin wanted to know why May always covered her breasts. She thought they were ugly cause they were small, but he said he loved what he saw. May and Marcy wanted to know if the piercing hurt. I showed them how it went into the hood. "This kind is a vertical clit hood piercing. The ring is 10 gauge, they can size you."

 "Is that?" Marcy began, her face inches from my crotch.

 "Turquoise. My birth stone." I said.

 "What's it feel like?" Kevin asked as he gently tugged at it.

 "It feels great." I sighed to Kevin's touched and he jerked back. "They told me I'll get used to it eventually. But for now, it's like there's somebody rubbing my clit all the time."

 "That's why you're so... puffed up." Rick said.

 I blushed a bit as I looked at myself. "Yeah... and being naked like this with everyone checking it out doesn't hurt any... I feel like I need to get fucked."

 "Well..." Kevin and Rick began, "we're here if you need us."

 "Oh wow; my own personal service station. Yeah right boys." I could see from the bulge in their jeans they were definitely up to something, but it wasn't going to be that. Was it? We'd all been friends since middle school, a gang of sorts at times; we'd kept it cool by staying just friends despite the obvious possibilities. Everybody thought the boys were gang-banging us daily, but the truth was none of us had ever fucked each other.

 "What is this shit anyway?" Rubin asked looking at his tray.

 "Tastes like Tofu." May said.

 "Must be connected to all this Program shit." Rick offered.

 Lunch looked dangerously healthy, something I'd never seen at school before. It looked like something Pa would come up with. Real veggies, not frozen, and a tofu burger if May was right. It sure wasn't meat. Apple slices for desert. No jello, no soda, no candy, no meat, and no grease.

 "I'm packing tomorrow." Rubin said.

 I shrugged. "Relax, it's won't kill you. It looks healthy."

 "That's what I mean, what the point of food if it doesn't kill you?" He said as we all laughed.

 "Hey there he is." I heard Marcy call out. She was pointing to a geeky kid across the Quad playing some kind of card game with a few freshmen. "Back in his element I guess."

 "Too bad he didn't volunteer." May said.

 "Yeah... could you believe it?" I stated.

 "Who?" Asked Kevin as he looked. "Oh, 'The Horse'."

 The kid in question was a junior; he'd been Programmed last year in the last week -his freshman year. It'd taken him into instant stardom with the girls. He was hung like a horse; it was almost uncanny on a 15 year old frame. Half the boys gave him an eerie respect; the other half had tried to kill him.

 "What's his name again?" I asked.

 "Um... Saul I think. Saul Peterson." Rubin said. "Man... it just isn't fair. A geek like that. He could get any girl in school with that thing."

 "Almost any girl." I amended.

 "Oh come on Alandra, I remember you looking too." Marcy said.

 "That's not the same. May's right though, why'd he cover up again?" I said.

 "Probably got scared of the attention." Rubin offered. "Remember what that football jock did to him over at the park."

 "That guy was always a jerk, good thing he graduated." Marcy said.

 "Oh my God!" I heard behind me. It was my sister Rosa.

 "Wait'll Pa hears about this!" And there was Manuel, her twin.

 "Hey guys, liking High School so far?" I tried and failed to switch the subject.

 Lunch passed to the twin's constant questions and it was time to get to class again. A few freshmen had made to check out me and May while we were eating. If the boys didn't wave 'em off, other kids did. We had a rep after all; one fight in our Freshman year and we'd gone unchallenged since. People figured it was best to leave us alone when we gathered. As usual, I could see Principal Harrison or Ms. Mitchell watching us in shifts; waiting to pounce.

 In the halls before class was another matter. As soon as I broke from Rubin I could see them coming in, like circling sharks; boys hungry for a 'reasonable request'. Considering my next class, I figured it could only get worse.

 I stopped to pose for a boy, but pulled away when he took out his penis. There were a few girls last year who let the boys rub their cocks along their slits. I wasn't so sure I wanted to be in that category. Chances are I would by the end of the week, but this guy was a bit much for Monday. I did let him put his finger in me and tug on my clit ring; which felt good and got me all horny again before I went to class. Darned boys...

 Metal shop; as expected, I was the only girl in the class. I loved cars and mechanics, and this was the closest thing the school offered. Pa said they used to have an Auto shop in the old days, but modern cars were too computerized for a high school course to handle. It was mostly lower track kids with no college plans. That was me in some ways. I'm smart sure, but I don't pay much attention and I don't really study much.

 I wanted to ask for relief, but that wasn't an option for the girls. It crossed my mind to sit in the back and rub myself to satisfaction, but that wasn't going to happen. The moment he saw me the teacher; Mr. Carson, called me up to the front of the class.

 "Ms. Cabrera, how wonderful, you can help us demonstrate the equipment." I looked around the room, 20 boys and a teacher, all their eyes locked on me and solid bulges in the pants of almost every male in the room; including Mr. Carson. Great...

 He started me off with safety gear. I had to hold up everything for the class to see and let the boys come up for a closer look. I doubt he'd ever had a more successful lecture on shop safety. Even with these guys, guys like Rich and Mark who never paid attention to nothing. You could quiz them all on it and get perfect scores.

 We were just moving on to the tools when the classroom door opened and Ms. Mitchell came in with a shy girl in tow. She looked familiar...

 "Mr. Carson; I'm sorry to interrupt but Jennifer here has been added to your class. She just got back today."

 Mr. Carson looked up and glanced at Jennifer. "Ms. Mitchell, this class might not be appropriate for just filling out..."

 "Um, actually sir I asked to be put in here; I love sculpture; I'm working on getting an art scholarship." Jennifer interrupted.

 "Then you should make a fine addition to the class." Mr. Carson beamed at her. I could almost hear him add 'especially when your turn in the Program comes up.' There was going to be a lot of slime in this class, and it wouldn't come from the can of grease pressing into my naked leg.

 "Hey that's where I know you... I dated your brother last year, Anthony..." I stepped forward to take her hand.

 "Alandra?" She said. "What happened to you?" She looked me up and down, taking in my long legs and stopping on my breasts. She smiled, or perhaps drooled "No wonder Anthony liked you..."

 I shrugged.

 "Young ladies, I'm sure you can catch up later." Ms. Mitchell said. "I'm sorry to interrupt you Mr. Carson, can we talk for a moment?"

 They stepped outside. I used the time to catch up with Jennifer and fill her in on my status with the Program. She'd just returned from a vacation in California. Her brother Anthony moved away over the summer, the other two brothers were still in the house. "Wait'll I tell them about you."

 'Oh great.' I thought, 'A family affair. They're gonna want to share. I seem to remember it was something like that which led to the breakup between me an Anthony. Something about his younger brother, a friend, and their great dane.' A couple of boys smiled and one shifted his pants at the sight of my shudder.

 When the teacher returned I went through the basic tools and then the signup procedures. Mr. Cason had me hold everything up like a Game show model as he went through the works describing operation, safety, and buddy procedures. Everyone had to have a buddy for the class to watch them when they ran any equipment. Jennifer looked to me at this, but Mr. Carson said he'd work up a list to ensure we each got a chance to work with different people.

 We didn't do any actual work that day, and when the class got out I made my way to Algebra with Jennifer in tow. She stuck to me for the first hallway asking some rather personal questions about sex with Anthony. 'He was ok.' I said, I didn't mention the dog I'd had to turn down; I think it was her dog. As I made my way to go she stopped me one last time at the intersection of A and B buildings.

 "Oh Alandra... I just wanted to know..."

 "Yes?" I said, watching her eyes trail down my body.

 "Can I touch it?" she asked.

 It was a reasonable request, according to my Program pamphlet. Darn these rules... A number of students stopped to watch.

 "Jenny, I'm not a..." I began. She wasn't the first girl to feel me today, but the way she watched me made it different.

 "I just want to feel it, I know you let Anthony." Some of the kids who remembered her brother gave me that knowing look. In their eyes she'd just confirmed the school's opinion that I was a regular slut, even before this whole Program thing.

 "Very well..." I stood feet apart, arms folded over my head, and chest thrust out.

 Jenny put her middle finger over my clit and ran it gently over to the ring, which she took in her fingers and gave a light tug. She followed through by running her fingers down my slit and pushing her way gently into my vagina. That was enough for me. I managed to turn a building sigh into a shudder and stop my hips from thrusting out as I reached down and pulled her hand away. "That's enough Jenny. I have to get to class."

 She pouted, but I ignored her and pushed past to a nearby restroom. That couldn't have been a 'Reasonable Request' could it? I mean, I wasn't a dyke or anything...

 In the restroom I went for a stall and sat down. They'd removed all the doors to promote openness, but I didn't care. Everyone saw me already anyway. I was wet, and I could smell it. I had to wipe down before my next class; I had to get rid of the feeling of her fingers in me.

 As I finished up I saw a girl go by in one of those head scarves Muslim women wore. She looked familiar; I thought I'd seen her that morning before being sent to join the Program. She was busy at a sink when I stepped out. As I came up beside her to wash my hands she stopped and stared at me in complete horror.

 "Hi." I said, ignoring her stare.

 "Why..?" She began. She cast a quick glance over my body then lowered her gaze to the sink.

 "Why am I naked? You don't know?"

 She shook her head negative.

 "I'm in the Program." I said.

 "The what?" she answered. At which point I heard the bells ring and a hall monitor came in to herd us all to class. I just shrugged and went out, it was a warning bell, and I had a minute to make it to Algebra. She hurried on ahead of me; I had a few pushy boys to deal with.

 "I'm late..."

 "But it's a reasonable request..."

 "Not if I'm late to class it isn't, now get your hands away from my cunt or I'll rip your nuts out." This seemed to be a growing pattern. It'd probably wear off by mid year like it did last semester, but I was in it all now. Boys could be fun, but they could also be a real pain.

 Still I managed to get in just under the final bell. I took the only seat left and as I sat down I noticed the girl from the restroom was sitting to my right; Rick and Marcy where behind and in front of her. Extending my hand I greeted her "Hi, I'm Alandra. You have Study, Period 1? May didn't explain it?"

 She was clearly struggling to not look at me below the neck. "Fatima. You had clothes this morning... You mean the oriental girl? I didn't get a chance to talk to her."

 "It's ok, you can look; everyone else does. It's the..."

 "Miss Cabrera, would you come up here please." The teacher called out.

 I got up, but before I made my way to the front I gave Fatima my Program pamphlet. "Here. This'll help."

 "Miss, do you have something to share with us?" the teacher asked.

 I looked at the board behind him, reading off his name. "Um, it's just my Program pamphlet Mr. Dennison. I don't think Fatima got one."

 Mr. Dennison looked to confirm, after which the class got under way. As I went through a series of demonstrations, getting chalk all over me; I could see a growing look of horror on Fatima's face. She clearly hadn't known about the Program, and the concept obviously disturbed her. I wondered how the school might deal with that; didn't Muslim women have to stay covered or something? The Program didn't seem to care anymore about consent, and I could see things getting ugly if she got selected.

 When it was over I stopped her on the way out and introduced her to Rick and Marcy. They had to go in a different direction so I walked with Fatima.

 "Hey, stop by the Albatross after school; my friends hang there. You look lost."

 "Albatross?" she asked.

 "It's a cafe near the mall." I told her how to get there as we walked. For once the boys steered clear of us, or rather; of her. Go figure. I grew up beating half these kids to a pulp and they still jumped me all day long. She just showed up in a headscarf and they made a clear path for her. Maybe it was the contrast between us. We parted at the stairs with her promising to try and meet me tomorrow at Albatross, I had to go up to biology and she had to go to art class. As I left, I thought I saw Ms. Mitchell shaking her head at the sight of us.

 Biology was with a Ms. Lippmann. Did all bio teachers have suggestive names or something? Ms. Hooker was gone, and now a Lippmann...

 She was late, but her name was on the board. A few boys whistled when I came in, one even clapped. The rumors of biology class with a naked student had long made their way around school. This one had two, as I noticed May already in the room standing next to Kevin and idly stroking her pussy. The buzz in the room was on Ms. Hooker though; we'd all heard she'd been let go; now we had confirmation. Rumors ran from her running off with a student to being in prison for her special classes. Everyone knew a couple of girls had filed complaints over that. There'd even been two pregnancies.

 I sat up front with my friends to my sides and told the boy behind me that yes; he could feel my breasts. "Why don't you come over and sit in my lap?"

 "We're in class Joe, maybe later ok?" On any other week I would've kicked his ass for the way he said it.

 "Ok... wow, they're soft." He was squeezing me from behind, a little rough and not too pleasant.

 "You've never felt tits before?" I asked. "Here." I took his hands in mine and guided his actions into a gentler rubbing. "Just keep that up for me will you?"

 He did, and I was just getting into it when a nude naturally red haired woman walked in. Natural, or with matching dye that is. Despite a lush red pubic bush her cunt still managed to peak through enough to clearly make out her lips and the bulge of her slightly extended clit. Her only clothing was a belt from which a small purse dangled on her left hip. She looked freshly showered. "Sorry I'm late class; I had to meet with Mr. Harrison." She took us all in and then focused on me and May. "My name is Ms. Sandra Lippmann; this is my first semester here, I'm originally from Chicago. It's good to see we have Program students. I'm sure you've all noticed my attire by now." A few boys snickered. "Oh. Do we have some additional volunteers?" Silence.

 "This class will have a sexual component, and I've just been told that we will be doing that for the next two weeks." She shrugged. "I don't think it's a good idea for the first week of school, but rules are rules."

 Ms. Lippmann opened her folder and pulled out a roll sheet with what looked to be a seating chart. "As I call roll, I'm going to pointing each of you to your assigned seats. For now I want everyone to get up and go stand back by the lab tables, take your seat when I call you." She called us all out, splitting the class in two and putting each group in a boy-girl-boy-girl pattern.

 Interesting, I noticed we had exactly twelve boys and twelve girls on my side of the room, but only four girls and two boys on the other.

 After the final seating with me next to Kevin I found myself called up to the front to sit on her desk. "Spread your legs a little please, Ms. Cabrera. Are you limber?"

 "I've been in gymnastics, enough to do splits." I offered.

 "Good, that may come in handy."

 I spread my legs, but not so far that I couldn't dangle them over the table's edge.

 "Oh, what's this?" She went straight for my clit ring and tugged it slightly forward, causing every boy in the class to lean forward for a better look. "I see you shave, I prefer a more natural look, but this is useful for demonstration. Are these allowed?"

 "Um..." I said.

 "Well never mind, it's not like you're hiding it."

 Ms. Lippmann began what sounded like a prepared speech: "Over the summer your parents were all sent consent forms. For those of you in the main group the next two weeks of biology for this period will be a course in practical sex education. We will cover, and practice, technique as well as contraception and social issues." She turned to the six remaining kids "You six will be spending that time in a more traditional sex education seminar presented by nurse Magee."

 Isn't that what Ms. Hooker did? I thought. The boy behind me raised his hand and asked that very question.

 The teacher looked nervous. "We're not going to discuss Ms. Hooker."

 I raised my hand "I thought the program didn't require consent anymore?"

 "I think you'll find this very different from the core mandatory Program." She answered.

 She pulled out six hall passes and gave them to the six students who would not stay with us. "Report to nurse Magee's office. She'll have you for the next two weeks and then you can rejoin us. Do you know where it is?"

 One boy nodded and answered: "I've been there before; it's right next to the office."

 "Very well, Josh? You can show the others."

 When they were gone she continued by reaching over and spreading my labia. "Since there are no freshmen in this class, I'm sure you've all seen this before. Today we'll go over some anatomical basics to prepare you for the sex-ed portion. Now I need a boy for a male model. Can I have a volunteer?" Silence. "I can just as easily select one of you at random... how about... you." She looked at her seating chart. "Mr. Jacobs, Fred, come on up here and disrobe for us."

 She took us to the lab tables in the back arranged so she could stand in between; with the class forming a semi-circle around the whole event.

 Ms Lippmann began with Fred's penis. He was uncircumcised which seemed to bring out some excitement in her. She took the shaft in hand and began to lightly stroke him as she described the basic characteristics and functions of the male sex organ. "Once it's hard, the penis is ready for insertion. Mr. Jacobs, do you feel ready?" Fred was practically drooling, his eyes darting from her hand to my pussy, her pussy, our breasts, and so on.

 "Yes, Fred definitely looks ready." She said as I giggled, along with a number of girls. She turned to face the gathered students and began; "male arousal, as you can see, is a fairly obvious event."

 Despite that high point, the class was fairly benign. Ms. Lippmann gave us the standard sexual anatomy lecture with me and Fred as props. May joined us and we were poked and prodded from every angle with lots of hands on participation from the class.

 At the end, Fred and I were pretty worked up. Ms. Lippmann stroked him till he came for her into a tissue, but left me quivering as I walked from class to gather my clothes and meet the gang. Somebody was going to get fucked if I had anything to say about it...

 May came with me and sure enough there was the bin outside Ms. Magante's bungalow. With the boys and girls dressing in the same place now, a mixed crowd had gathered around it.

 We pushed through and saw a number of boys and girls getting dressed together.

 I found my stuff, pulled it out, and started to walk away; thinking to avoid the crowd.

 One look told me I'd just end up dragging them with me, so we sat with the other kids to get dressed and get grass on our butts.

 As I sorted my clothes May pulled a halter top out of her book bag and put it on, sighing with relief as she looked down at her covered breasts. "I don't know what the big deal is girlfriend, you're still showing what counts." I cupped my hand into her pussy then let go.

 May shrugged. "I dunno... I don't have..."

 "Tits like mine?" I hefted them for emphasis then quickly dropped them on a cheer from some boys around us. "No big deal May, you'd look silly with these on you anyway."

 "Hey why don't you girls pose for us?" one boy called out. May stood to face him and ran a finger through her slit. I rolled my eyes and looked around, spotting Ms. Mitchell at the school door watching us. Oh well, I began to stand as another girl stopped dressing and put her hands over her head. She'd managed to get her knickers on at least. The final bell rang though, so I looked at the boy and told him "Next time maybe, if you're fast enough. I'm on my time now." And I squatted down to get my bra. If Ms. Mitchell hadn't been there I probably would'a tried to get him to fuck me.

 I saw Ms. Mitchell shake her head and go inside as I was clasping the bra together. May was still posing, and in fact letting a different boy run his penis along the outside of her slit. I got dressed, thankful for the distraction. I left my shoes off though, stuffing them in my bag. Barefoot had felt nice.

 "May, time to go." The boys gave me an annoyed look. Actually, so did May, but she stepped back from a finger pumping in her vagina and followed me as we left campus.

 "God May, you're such a slut..." I said.

 "I know..." she giggled back. "Isn't it fun though?"

 "Yeah... wait'll my Pa hears bout today." I said.

 "Yeah... wasn't he against all this?"

 "He thinks it's some kind of anti-gay conspiracy."

 She just looked at me like I was crazy and I shrugged. Even I couldn't explain Pa.

 "We're not waiting for the twins?" She asked, in reference to my siblings.

 "Naw, they know how to get home, let's just hit the cafe early." I said.

 We walked to Albatross where the gang would meet us soon enough. May got a lot-a cat calls. People were getting used to all the nudity, but still finding it something to take advantage of. For her part, May smiled, waved, and posed at every boy who passed us by. I'd had enough of being on display for one day. I don't know how May could stand it, let alone thrive in it.

 I don't know why or exactly when we all started hang'n there. Albatross was just a worn-in cafe near the mall, in the middle of the old town center. Pa always said it used to be real busy here before the mall opened. "Malls were a conspiracy by a right wing corpratocracy to destroy communities where people could organize resistance and participate in a non commercial existence". At least according to Pa... But then everything was a conspiracy to him.

 We just liked the place. Old couches pulled off street corners, dim lighting, and the feeling of sudden poetry stalking you in the corners. It wasn't cool, it wasn't in, and it wasn't Starbucks. So it was us. Bill ran the place, a big guy with tattoos and Hell's Angel posters behind the counter. Pa said he'd been there for decades, so he probably wasn't a real biker; but he looked the part. Cept when he smiled, which he did a lot for us.

 And he didn't try to run May out. When the nudity thing first got started a lot of places gave discounts for girls coming in undressed. But the novelty wore off, and most of the discounts did as well. You could catch naked people anywhere now, so the draw was lost. Some places with food started adding 'no clothes below the waist ­ no service' signs, and they didn't mean socks. Most of em just charged you for a seat cover. But Bill just shrugged and said something about 'kids these days'.

 We got there first. The gang usually gathered there after school to smoke a few and shoot the breeze. "You're early" Bill didn't even look up when we came in. I lit up a cigarette and took my usually spot. May sat straddling the arm of the sofa and waited for me to pass the cig on.

 Bill just started working on our sodas. Why bother with the order when you're in there almost every day. "How's school?" He asked.

 May started chuckling, till I gave her the smoke. "Interesting" I responded.

 "I hear they're picking up the pace on that Program thing. Any you kids get pulled in?"

 I raised my hand like I had a question and Bill just smiled and muttered something I couldn't hear.

 "Also heard they're bringing it into middle schools this year; still voluntary for them though." Bill added, and then turned his head to the door.

 "You heard right." She said. It was Ms. Magante, dressed in nothing but a pair of knee high leather boots and a belt from which dangled a long pink plastic rod with a bulb on the end.

 She caught Bill's attention fast, as his eyes roamed from her pussy to her breasts, then politely settled on her face with a "Can I help you ma'am?"

 Ms. Magante looked above his head to the menu, thought for a moment, and ordered a mocha with a sandwich. "It's nice to find a real coffee shop out here..."

 "Where ya from?" asked Bill.

 "California. I just transferred out to manage the Program for the school district here."

 "Really? Why bring in someone from so far away?" Bill asked.

 "We're actually federal; you guys are just the test case. First place we got all the legislation lined up." She answered as he prepped her food.

 Bill stopped for a moment and looked straight to her crotch then answered "Well so much for state's rights, but I certainly approve."

 Ms. Magante looked over to our table. "You kids can smoke in here?"

 We'd hid the cig the moment she came in, but some people have a nose for it. Bill and I just shrugged.

 "Alandra, right? Alandra Cabrera. You're in the Program this week." She said as she came over to sit across from us. She took a seat in a casual way, letting her legs spread out and giving me a clear view into her vagina as her lips parted just so. Even May couldn't pull it off so smoothly, but she looked like she was taking notes.

 "Yeah, actually we're both in this week, but May's a volunteer." I answered.

 "Oh." She looked at May and licked her lips as she focused on the light down covering May's bare pussy. "Did you get your paperwork for that? You need to get all your teachers to sign off to get credit."

 "Um, what if one of them refuses? My history teacher wouldn't sign; she said it was exploiting women." May said to my surprise.

 "I'll take care of that." Ms. Magante's voice went cold for a minute, then she smiled at us and continued "You've chosen to dress again Alandra, but May here... you're still half nude."

 "May's always like that." I said.

 "You should try it more. The Program seeks to create openness and body awareness. We can't make you outside of school, but I really encourage it."

 "I've done it at the mall, and it doesn't bother me much like it does the other girls, but I prefer my clothes."

 "Well give it some thought then. And May, why halfway?"

 May just shrugged. I knew she didn't like talking about it, she thought her breasts were ugly and too small. I decided to change the subject. "Is that a vibrator? I thought I saw it at the assembly."

 "Oh this?" Magante answered as she picked up the plastic rod. It was dangling from her belt by a small chain that looped into a fastener a couple of times, so she could pull it free but then tie it close again. "Yeah. Never leave home without it."

 "You carry that around, out in the open like that?" I asked.

 May leaned forward for a closer look.

 "Sure thing girls, I get pretty worked up being on display all the time. It's nice to get a little relief whenever I can." She answered as the hand not holding her coffee slid into her slit and idly stroked away.

 "But in public?" May asked.

 "Sure. I could get a nice cock in me, but you can't live on one food alone." Magante said.

 Wow I thought, you'd never hear one of my old teachers talk like that. This Program was really shaking things up.

 "So what's it like? I've never used one." May asked.

 Ms. Magante looked us over, an idea forming in her head. "Tell you what, I'll let you girls use it if she takes off her clothes." She said, pointing to me.

 "Well that ends that." I said, but May had a pleading look in her eyes.

 She went for my top and said "Come on A.C. I wanna try it out. Besides, poor Bill over there is just aching to see your clit ring. Aren't you Bill?" She called out.

 Bill looked up and straight into my eyes, muttering something. If Magante hadn't sat with her back to him, I doubt he'd have been able to get anything done.

 "Ok... Ok..." I said, letting May strip my t-shirt away as I unbuttoned the jeans. When I had them all the way down Ms. Magante flipped a switch on the back of her dildo, filling the room with a low hum. Bill chose that moment to come over and wipe a few tables, or more likely, to get a better look.

 "It's ok Bill, you can watch us." I said. "You've seen May enough times anyway." But never May getting fucked; by a Dildo no less. Her own hands sure, she was a constant masturbator after all.

 "You'll really like this." Ms. Magante said to me, pointing the thing straight at my clit ring. But she moved to where May sat on the arm of the couch. From where he was Bill had a straight on view of her ass and naked pussy poking out from behind. I had a quick mental image of him ramming into her, but with his bulk it was just all wrong. No doubt the same image was filling his own mind. "Why don't you scoot forward a little May?" She looked back to Bill and smiled when she caught him watching her pussy. "Can you bring us a wet towel please?"

 Ms. Magante had May spread her legs then went to work with the Dildo, stroking it up and down, holding it on May's clit, and finally pushing it in to fuck her with nice steady stroking motions.

 For her part May was in ecstasy. She let out a low purr and began to hump back against the dildo.

 That was when Kevin and the rest of the gang came in. "Shit!" Kevin said. "Now that's what I like to see." He was near Bill, where he could see straight into Ms. Magante's pussy and watch her fucking May with the Dildo. I tried to gesture who it was, but Kevin couldn't make out my signals.

 May let out a scream, then a series of humming "oh"s as she came. She finished with "I've gotta get me one of those." As Ms. Magante pulled the Dildo away May lay back against the couch stroking her pussy. Magante looked around at my group of friends and sat back, wiping her Dildo clean. The look on Kevin and Marcy's faces when they realized it was her was classic.

 "Hey A.C., why ya naked?" Rubin asked.

 I filled them in as Magante went back to her coffee. In the back of my mind I remembered she'd wanted to use that thing on me. She seemed really interested in my clit ring, something I filed away as we all sat and caught up on the day. After a few minutes Ms. Magante excused herself, saying something about maintaining a proper student faculty relationship. May's pussy might argue it was a little late for that. We brought out the cigs again when she was gone.

 I never did put my clothes back on. They got lost somewhere. Bill or Magante must have taken them at some point. At least I kept my sneaks. After a few minutes though, I didn't even notice it. Sure the room was a little colder and I could feel it from my boobs to my cunt every time someone opened the front door, but on the whole it was actually relaxing to be nude among friends. Maybe May was on to something. Kevin really seemed to like it; I kept catching him looking at my pussy in a way he didn't look at May. That was the only thing that made me nervous, but not in a bad way. It confused me.

 We all left together. Walking home naked was interesting. It was dark out so people driving by didn't see details, but those on the street sure liked what they saw. I was a little nervous at first, the street isn't school and it isn't the Mall. But with the gang all here it was easier to relax. I kept my shoes off; it just felt funny having them on and nothing else. We all split a few blocks from home, but I didn't see anyone between there and the house. I wondered what Pa would think. I know he kept me out of the Program last year.

 In fact the twins and Pa were in the living room when I came in. Pa was finishing up a joint and Manuel was trying to kill something on the TV screen with Rosa telling him he needed to hit Y, then B, B and left. Something like that at least.

 "Young lady, where the hell are your clothes?" Pa said.

 "You won't believe what happened to me today." I said as I dug into my bag and pulled out the Program brochure.

 I didn't need to explain much further. Pa took the brochure but his eyes were on my clit ring. "Looks like we have something else to talk about as well." Shit I remembered, he didn't know I'd gotten pierced...

 There wasn't much point in getting dressed now that everyone had seen the goods, but I went upstairs anyway. When I came down in my PJs and a T the twins had left and Pa, done with his joint, was flipping through the brochure. "Looks like we've been targeted." He said.

 "Selected Pa, I got selected for the Program. It's supposed to be random or something. They use a computer."

 "Didn't they have a glitch with that last year?" He asked.

 "Yeah, two girls got chosen when they were only doing one. They made em both stay in it though. They're doing a lot of people now though."

 "Yeah whatever, look you don't have to keep with this after school you know..." He said.

 "Yeah, well I had my clothes when I left school..." Oh that was a great line to send your Pa.

 "And...?" He said.

 I shrugged. "Things got kind of strange at Albatross. I think maybe Ms. Magante has them."

 "Magante?" He asked.

 "Oh she's the Program official." I answered.

 "I see..." he said. "Well, you don't have to stick with it if you don't want to. Don't expect us all to join in at home; you know what I think of this crap."

 "Pa it's just a social program. It's all to improve our body awareness or something." I said.

 "Yeah well that's what they tell you. I studied social engineering at Berkeley; I know how these games work." He said.

 "Ok Pa, I'll think on it. It's kind of nice though. A bit nervous, but a bit freeing. At least around the crew." I said.

 "Freeing... Like that?" He pointed to my crotch. "When did you get that?"

 I shrugged. "Summer..."

 "You know how I feel on tattoos; this is even more permanent." He said as I just shrugged again. "Well next time at least talk to me first. You've grown into a beautiful woman; you don't need artificial enhancements like that."

 I figured it was better not to get into a discussion of how it made my clit feel when it rubbed against me, so I left it at that.

 Dinner was the microwave over a call to May. We talked about the day. Her parents were into her joining the Program, they decided to try nudity in the house, but hadn't gotten her shirt off yet. She wanted to go the Mall after school tomorrow, so we made a date.

 In my room I took my clothes off again and sat down in front of my mirror. That was me, that was my body. I wondered just why it drove boys so crazy, I wondered why Kevin seemed to be looking at me differently now. It'd been a long day and I was horny as hell, so sought relief. Nice and slow, working my way through it in the bath to get all the tension out before bed.

Part: 2

-----------------------------------------------------------------

 Tuesday morning came and I realized I hadn't done any homework. Not that I had much, just some pages to read for Civics class. With my luck and my current condition I'd get called up to recite the major points of it all...

 I had some time, so I decided to give that pamphlet on the Program a good look. I'm not much for reading, but this looked to be something I'd better get a grip on. I found it down in the living room, next to the fish tank. Pa'd done a bunch of diagrams - trying to connect the points and find the conspiracy I suppose. Kinda made me wonder if he'd forgotten to take his meds last night. The last section was what I really wanted, where they went into those 'Reasonable Requests'. It started with a full page spread of a girl I remembered from last year -I think she's a senior now too, but she's not in my track-. She was standing there with her hands over her head, her breasts pushed out, and her legs spread wide. A boy was fingering her pussy. People said it was her fault the Program got so sexual to begin with, she set the bar for us all or something, but I figured they'd planned it this way. It all read pretty much like I expected. Reasonable seemed to stop just short of fucking. 'Penetration with a sexual organ' as the pamphlet called it. That and oral sex. They could demand just about anything else, though a girl who was a virgin could keep free of 'other forms' of penetration, which wasn't as clearly defined as it should'a been. If the boys got their hands on this, I could be in for an assault of dildos by the end of the week...

 At least it had a section on hygiene. After that one kid on Monday with the greasy hands, and given metal shop class; I'd need some veto power. Maybe this would finally get some of the boys to learn what a shower was.

 One interesting note, as far as I could tell, fucking and oral sex where allowed -anywhere but during class- you just couldn't be made to do it. Oh... I think you could do it as part of relieving a boy, and maybe as a class exercise. That all wasn't so clear. The readable part ended with a note about sex education classes being under special rules not covered in the pamphlet -that made me wonder what we were in for in Biology. After that, I found about 5 pages of confusing legal mumbo jumbo with about a million circles and diagrams by Pa all over it... Even if I could'a understood it, Pa's notes made it unreadable. I guess Pa's right about one thing, in the end it all comes back to the lawyers.

 I had to decide on what to wear. A strange thing to consider since it'd be off me the moment I hit campus. So I thought about the day. May wanted to hit the mall, and she'd probably try to get me to go nude, but I'd probably be sick of it by the time school got out. I choose a half top shirt and a short skirt. No underwear, so even if I did manage to keep my skirt after school, I could still flash it when I chose to. No shoes though, it actually felt nice to feel the ground under my feet, even if it was mostly concrete.

 The twins came down in matching jeans, black shirts, and red bandanas tied in their hair. "Yo you try'n to look like wannabe Nortenos or something? You're gonna have to take those out at school, Harrison'll think it's gang colors..."

 "What-ever..." Rosa said. They didn't change. Good thing this wasn't California, or they'd learn about faking gang colors hard.

 Pa came down and had some toast with coffee. I kept an eye out, counting his pills. He took both sets, so I figured he was just being Pa with all those notes. I didn't say anything.

 We left before Pa, he always went work 'bout an hour after we went to school. The twins and I walked to school and met up with Rick on the way over.

 "Nice threads A.C. But why bother?" Rick asked.

 I twirled the skirt for him and shrugged. "May 'n me are gonna hit the mall today."

 "Be careful, she's trouble these days..." Rick said, making me wonder if he knew what happened to us over summer 'cause of Rubin's birthday.

 "Yeah... huh." Was all I said as we walked to school.

 We met May at the bungalow. She came early to 'entertain the troops' and was out there posing for a small crowd of freshmen. She stopped to wave when she saw us coming.

 True to their word, the clothes box was there, outside the bungalow. Some kids where standing around or leaning against the wall, waiting for victims. When I approached a few of the freshmen moved in for a good look, but everyone else backed off -knowing better than to anger me.

 "Hey Alandra." One boy nodded over, familiar looking but not enough to know his name. I think he was in metal shop with me.

 "Ain't she the girl with the shaved cunt?" One idiot behind me called out, before getting shoved forward by his friends. His chest came into contact with my palm, but I didn't bother turning to look at him. Rick stared the kid down as I began to undress.

 "You boys can watch, and I'll think about maybe a little more, but don't get pushy." I said.

 "Come on A.C., its all good fun." May called out as she came up beside me.

 "I'm surprised May." Looking her over I found May bottomless as always, yet wearing a thin pink sweater that she proceeded to peel off. "Why do you bother?"

 May smiled at me and shrugged before running off to dance for some boys before the bell caught up with us.

 "That's May for you." I heard Rubin say from behind before I was grabbed in a bear hug that somehow seemed to focus on squeezing my tits.

 I squirmed free of Rubin and spun around. "Hey we gotta get to class."

 First period was me, Rubin, and May in study hall. Fatima was there waiting for us. That's "one of those classes they make because the government puts more money in prisons than school", or so Pa says. Way I see it though, there's a teacher in here watching us, but he don't say shit even though he gets paid either way. So there's gotta be some other reason.

 Mr. Jackson was the man in charge, and he just had us introduce ourselves and talk about our summers. He had us all call him Donald. He was the portly sort, and came glued to a steaming cup of coffee that was making me and May thirst in his direction. A fact not lost on him, though I think he got the wrong idea as to why, giving how we were the only naked kids in the class.

 "Alandra, May; do you..." He blushed and looked at something on a clipboard. "Oh. Only boys, well then... Is... is there something..."

 "Nah, we're ok." May said.

 "Shit I could use a smoke and a cup o' Joe." I said.

 "Eh-hm... Language Alandra..." Mr. Jackson said.

 "Oh shit! I mean... oops. Sorry..." I rolled my eyes but he ignored it. Some teachers went on this whole respect power trip if you rolled your eyes, but Don seemed cool, I figure he only cared about the words 'cause he had to.

 When it came around to us, May talked about going bottomless all summer, how seeing the Program last year and the new laws had changed her life. She went on this grand speech about it till I reached over and tweaked her nipple, Rubin matching me on the other side. "Ow!" she called out, then fake slapped us as Fatima looked on in horror.

 "So Alandra, since you were so eager to interrupt; what'd you do over the summer?" Mr. Jackson asked.

 "Nut'n much. Just hanging out with the gang." I said.

 "Any thoughts on this Program?" He asked.

 I shrugged. "It's kinda weird, sometimes I like it, but sometimes it's a pain." I said.

 It was nice having a class we could chat in, but I took the rest of the time to read for my civics class instead. I had to read those ten pages on the Program. There was some pretty fucked up shit in there, the kind of stuff my Pa would come up with from the looks of it.

 "What'cha reading?" May leaned over and asked.

 "Civics class. It's on the Program." I said.

 "You? Doing homework? You ok A.C.?" she said.

 "I don' wanna look stupid if I get called up. Probably will what with all this." I gestured over my naked body.

 Before class got out I asked Fatima if she still wanted to meet us at the cafe after school. She seemed nervous so I told her where to find us at lunch. "We kinda stand out."

 "I can see that." She said, looking at me and May while trying not to -look- at us.

 "Not for that reason, but yeah, it certainly helps." I said.

 The halls, like always, were a mess of people trying to grope the naked kids.

 "Hey I washed my hands." Someone said.

 "Huh?" I looked around, not placing at first. It was the boy from Monday, with the greasy hands. I grabbed his hand away and looked it over. "That you did, well I suppose it -is- a reasonable request." I wasn't really feeling horny just yet. Spooked was more like it, after reading that civics pamphlet. Just the same I stood with my legs apart and my hands wrapped behind my neck. He ran his hands over me.

 "Wow, you're really smooth. A lot softer than I expected." He said.

 "What do you mean?" I asked.

 "Well you guys have a rep after all..." he said.

 "Don't believe everything you hear." I said.

 "You shave it everyday?" He asked.

 "I try; otherwise it's not so smooth, itches." I said.

 "What's this like?" He asked, pulling on my clit ring.

 "Don't tug on it like that." I pushed his hand away. "I like it, it keeps me sensitive, and it looks pretty." I said.

 "Go figure." He said. "I'm Calvin by the way; see ya 'round." And we separated. I pushed through a small crowd and made my way to Civics. By the time I got there I'd been touched in so many publicly private ways I was worked up despite my mood.

 This time I wasn't first to class, but near last. Despite that I actually did get to sit down, between Kevin and Max. We usually sit in the back, but Kevin said there wasn't anything left. Wouldn't matter much this week -I expected to get called up again all week- but it would after that. Mrs. Jacobs did roll call and moved a few people around as she had us put all the desks in a circle with the middle of the room bare. "We'll leave it like that for the rest of the semester. This class is going to be about discussion. Ms. Cabrera; why don't you come up here and sit on my desk again?" With that she moved to the side and stood next to a podium. I shrugged and got into place.

 "I want to start the class today talking about rules, and the consequences of breaking them. I'm sure most of you have noticed this." She said this as she pushed my labia apart and framed my clit ring for the class. "Is this a violation of the totally nude policy, or of the school dress code? If it is, why can the naked students still wear shoes?" She looked around the room and Kevin raised his hand.

 "Yes Mr. Douglas?" she said.

 "I think it's beautiful, and plenty of people have earrings, so I don't see any problem." He said as Mrs. Jacobs moved on to a girl -Laura- on the right side of the room.

 "Isn't there a sanitary issue though? Doesn't the school dress code ban nose and tongue piercings? That's certainly a whole lot more -personal-."

 "Good points both of you. Alandra, do you have any opinion?" She asked.

 "Isn't the point of all this to be more sexually open? I read those ten pages you gave out, that was pretty big in there." I had to get that in so she didn't think I was slacking. "This makes me pretty sensitive, even before I took my clothes off, it tended to get me worked up. The dress code don't say anything about piercings that are usually under our clothes, and my pamphlet for the program said I could keep my earrings on. I know Mr. Harrison had issues with it, but I don't see the problem. If anything it only helps me 'get with the Program'".

 The class went on like that, she moved through the dress code for clothed students and the code for naked students, trying to get us to discuss the parts that seemed to be in conflict. So this is what civics was all about... I was learning not to just object to stuff, but to figure out why it was wrong, and what I oughta do about it. Some of the kids though, I could see it was the first time anybody had ever asked them to question anything -much less an adult doing it. And if the reading she'd given us was any clue; she was using the new Holy Grail of education to do it. If she didn't put a spin on all this she'd probably be out of here soon.

 On the way to Writing class I couldn't avoid the hands, they were everywhere. On my boobs, up my cunt, even in my ass once -gotta wonder about some people. Something about this time of day and me just wasn't right. Yesterday I'd skated through the crowds despite wanting it bad, today I was spooked over the Civics lesson and I couldn't keep the hands off me.

 So by the time I made it to Writing I felt like a frustrated bitch in heat. I beat Sandra, but not Ray. I'd seem a girl with her hands on him just before he'd stepped in -ahead of me. Good. She'd run away giggling, leaving him frustrated -even better. When I sat down I reached under and across the desk and gave his dick a good squeeze. "My turn today." I said with a wink.

 "Yes Ma'am." He said with a nervous smile. Sandra came in just then, her eyes following my withdrawing hand. She glared daggers at me as she sat down.

 "Thanks for the shower." She said. "Henry's pretty talented."

 The little bitch would get hers, but not today. We all looked up to Mr. Turner, who I could've sworn was wiping drool from his face. "Ray needs relief." I said, grabbing his dick again.

 "Well..." Mr. Turner said, gesturing to a chair by his desk. Ray got up and I followed him to the front. He sat in the chair, but I pulled him forward. My tits were on fire from the last guy to feel me up in the hall, so I had an idea I'd seen in a porn flick. I squeezed them together 'round his cock and tried to jack him off, but it was a lot harder than it seemed in the movies. Ray didn't seem to notice the trouble; he was trying to pump away into my tits.

 "Woohoo! Right on A.C.!" I heard from the class somewhere. I grinned back and gave a good Marilyn kiss, then went back to work. I was just thinking that this wasn't really all it was made out to be -I've sensitive boobs, but this just wasn't doing it- when Ray shot a little spurt out onto my chin.

 "Oh yeah..." he said. I pulled back and finished him off one handed, letting him cum all over my chest. Mr. Turner looked like he wanted to clap; the class just hollered and did so anyway. I wiped myself down with some tissues and followed Ray to our seats. Sandra gave me a nasty look, so I pushed up and shook my boobs for the class, then sat down.

 "Well, so class begins..." Mr. Turner said. "I trust that was educational in some manner. Now I'd like to break you all down into groups of..." He counted heads. "Seven it looks like and we'll go over ideas for the paragraphs and poems I assigned yesterday." He split us up, one naked student in each of three groups. The kids in my group each read off their paragraph, when it came to me I realized I hadn't written anything, so I just shrugged.

 "I forgot -this Program has my mind on other things."

 "I'll bet it does." Saul Jackson said with a leering look at my pussy.

 "You better write somethin' A.C., it's due by end of class." Mary Blyne said. So I sat there for the rest of class coming up with something quick and fending off questions about the program. I could see Mr. Turner watching me, and shaking his head when he thought I didn't notice. They always think I'm stupid, or don't want to learn. They just don't know what it's like, and I wasn't really lying -this Program did have me a little off my game.

 Still, I got my piece done, writing a little thing on how Mr. Harrison found my clit ring.

 After writing I was off to gym, getting well felt up along the way - that got me cooled into a mellower turned on state from where I'd been after civics and the goof up in writing. I stopped long enough to let Ricky Montico finger me off to a nice smooth cum.

 I sped through the lockers and stepped into the Gymnasium -being barefoot and naked I didn't have anything but my book bag to drop, and I wasn't up for fucking any of the boys who offered. Something was going on; the class had almost twice as many people as before, with 12 new boys all in jock straps, and a new girl - naked like the rest of us had to be for gymnastics. Ms. Moore was looking at her clipboard and scratching her head.

 She looked up and told us to all sit in a circle on one of the mats. I called out "Why're they wearing straps?" pointing to the new boys.

 "I was just getting to that." She said. "We've had a bit of an upset class, the wrestling class and gymnastics classes were under enrolled, and" she looked over her clipboard again "it looks like Mr. Jackson is taking an unscheduled leave of the school."

 'Fired huh?' I thought. He must've pissed off Ms. Magante and her Program people.

 "So the school has decided to mix the courses. I was on a girl's wrestling team myself when I was your age," she looked over at the new girl "so I suppose I'm qualified."

 One of the guys in our class piped up "I didn't know they even had a class for wrestling."

 A boy in a strap said "Beginning, if we do well, we might make the team next year -before this that is." He shrugged, but also shot a dagger look at the new girl. I think I had an idea what caused Mr. Jackson to leave...

 "So why the straps?" I asked again.

 "Um... Well, we don't want any 'accidental' penetrations." Ms. Moore replied. "Mixed athletic events may be nude now, but high contact sports like wrestling still allow the jock strap as an option."

 "So they can take 'em off?" I asked.

 She looked at her clipboard again, flipped a few pages, and then said "Yes -if both contestants agree. Apparently full nudity gives both an extra 'Advancement' and 'Team' point - harder to get a handle."

 "Well, I can think of one thing to grab onto." Sandra said, causing nervous laughs from all the boys.

 "What about us?" One of the boys in my class asked.

 "When you wrestle, you can wear a strap, on Gymnastics days, its full nudity for everyone. Soon as I call roll we'll go get new straps for all of you. The school's paying for uniforms now - as most events don't even allow them."

 With roll called from two separate lists, I noticed there were three absences on the wrestling side; two boys and a girl. None on our side, ever since the Program started absences for anything were rare; nobody wanted to miss the naked kids, and nobody wanted to be drafted in midweek to join them. Then she had us all do our basic stretches while she took the boys from gymnastics and got jock straps for them. Apparently today the whole class would do wrestling. First she had us all pair off in boy - girl groups, and I noticed all the wrestling boys avoided the new girl. Everybody stayed away from me. Ever since that fight in freshmen year people gave me room for stuff like this, and after the rumor last year that I'd knifed a kid across town -which was true by the way, little punk deserved it- I'd been given double space by all but the new kids.

 "Well this isn't working, why don't you two pair off then." Ms. Moore said. The poor girl looked at me in terror, and she had more muscles than half the boys.

 I just shrugged and said "Hey its class, I won't bite, too hard."

 Ms. Moore had us get into an assortment of basic positions, and I figured out pretty quick why Kevin used to call it a faggot sport - till I kicked his ass for using that word. I was getting a faceful of this girl's cunt with every twist and turn we went through. I could feel her breath on me down there, and it was getting me all hot and bothered. When I looked around, I could see the whole class was worked up, and we weren't even really wrestling -just posing.

 "Hey your ring is really nice, where'd you get it?" Melinda, the girl I was paired with, asked after a few minutes.

 "You like it? Purrfect Pussy -in the Mall- but watch out for Mr. Harrison." I said.

 "Why?" she asked.

 "He didn't like it... tugged at it when I stripped like he was gonna yank it out." I said.

 "Ouch." She said, but with my face in her pussy -Ms. Moore having us pose for a pin- I could see it make her wet -interesting. Then I got a wicked idea, I checked to see nobody was looking and then I did it. I bent down just a fraction and licked my way down her slit, drinking up the building wet spot.

 She gasped and jerked under me, "Wo-aaah!"

 "Oops." I said, "I slipped a little, sorry 'bout that."

 She knew better, but she covered for me "So'kay. Kinda hard holding these." Ms. Moore let us all get up. We tried a few standing maneuvers, and then the class sat around to talk for a bit. We were gonna switch off everyday between the two courses, to keep things fair and balanced. After sitting there with a face full of pussy all day, none of the guys had any objections about getting thrown into a wrestling class, but a few girls did grumble and complain.

 End of class and shower time. Even though it was all mixed now, the girls and boys went to separate ends. Melinda walked over to the boys end, grabbed one of the gym guys when the wrestling boys all moved away from her, pulled him to a wall, leaned against it and got him to just start pounding into her pussy right then and there. He got real into it lifting her off the wall and carrying her around on his dick -but the whole time she had her eyes locked on me. I was a bit stunned, me of all people, but I got felt up by the two guys who'd been paired with each other. Sandra for her part looked at us both, tisked, and sucked off Henry. When he came, she pointed it at me so I had to re-shower as she left. Melinda and I were both late getting out of there, but it was only lunch after that. She'd cum on that boys cock without ever getting his name, but I was just worked up like hell from two boys who'd not been good enough to get me off. All they'd managed was to splatter me, adding to Henry's mess.

 "Those wrestlers have clumsy fingers." She said, as we left for lunch.

 "Yeah... Well, see ya tomorrow." I said as we went our separate ways. I had to find my crowd. I was thinking of fucking Kevin right then -they say black guys have big cocks after all, funny I'd never seen his- but I put it aside as I found everyone in the quad.

 "Hey A.C., you look tense." May said.

 "I need a fuck." I said... "Why can't I ask for relief, that's what I wanna know."

 "Like, no shit man." She said. "I just -like- let em fuck me in the halls between classes. I've been fucked three times already today."

 "Like, God May, you're disgusting." Marcy said between sodas. "Hey A.C., what'cha think of this Program, now 'n your in it?"

 I rolled my eyes. "Everybody's getting off but me. Like I'm the one in this thing, when do I get my turn?"

 "Well you could just have at it." May offered, to nods from Rubin and Kevin. Only Marcy looked shocked, Rick was looking around for something.

 "Here." He said, handing me a hacky sack.

 "What the fuck am I supposed to do with this?" I asked.

 Rick shrugged. " I dunno, I figured, you know..." He pointed at my crotch, and then gestured a finger going in and out of an ok sign.

 May, Marcy, and I just looked at him shaking our heads. "You need a girlfriend." Marcy said.

 "Doesn't he though..." May said, as I gave him back the hacky sack. "Like, just use your three best friends."

 I looked around confused till she held up three fingers pushed together and said it again. "Three best friends a girl has." And promptly began fingering herself -right there at our spot in the Quad.

 "God May, you've got like, no shame at all..." Marcy said.

 "That's why I'm the one getting off." She said, as she started building up a rhythm. I figured what the hell, and joined in with my own 'three best friends.'

 I think my eyes glazed over a bit, but not enough to miss Kevin, Rick, and Rubin drooling at us. Looking down, I knew why guys wore those baggy pants - I couldn't see a thing till Kevin shrugged and dropped his. "Wow Kev, you been hiding that on us all this time?" It was fairly nice, but it wasn't the biggest cock I'd seen. That belonged to Saul 'the horse' Peterson, who was over in some corner in an anime shirt arranging a pile of cards on a bench with his geek friends. He was probably the only kids in the whole place not watching us.

 As the three of us were getting into it, some girl I didn't know joined in lifting her skirt and pushing a boy's face into her crotch. Then another boy got up the guts to join Kevin -and in moments had a girl giving him a hand job- freeing him to return the favor. The three of us though, in our pack like that, nobody would touch us. That's when Marcy got this look in her eyes and just reached over and grabbed a hold of Kevin -jerking him off. 'What the fuck?' I thought, but then I came. I could feel the day's tension drain from me as I worked my way down to a smooth landing with some slow steady caresses. When I looked around, I saw Harrison and Ms. Magante watching us from the cafeteria windows. She was pointing right at me and he was shaking his head. 'What..?' and Kevin shot his load, all over Marcy's arm and my leg.

 "Oops." He said. "Man I needed that. Thanks Marce."

 She just looked at her arm and said "Eww..."

 When I looked around again Harrison and Magante were gone. I saw about ten kids who'd joined in. That first boy was locked in a French kiss with the girl he was still working on -and who was stroking out a stream of cum from him right at that moment. Saul was over in his corner still oblivious and playing that geek card game.

 "What a waste of a good cock." May said, seeing who I was looking at.

 "Yeah like no shit... I gotta clean up." I said.

 "Me too." Marcy added.

 "See you in English." May said to Marcy.

 "What was that about?" I asked Marcy as we walked in the halls.

 She shrugged. "I dunno, when I saw it I just had to touch it. It was kinda fun."

 That's when we heard voices coming around the corner.

 "...just saying they make a good test case." She said.

 "They're troublemakers; you should see the file I have on those kids." He said, Harrison I think.

 "I have -remember. They're perfect. They match to an inner city profile, but out here we can control them better - learn what'll work when the Program goes national." She said as they started to round our corner.

 "Shit." I whispered as Marcy pulled me into an empty classroom.

 "Was that who I think?" she said.

 "Did you hear something?" Harrison said as they passed in the hall outside.

 "I don't think so..." she said, this close I pegged it for Ms. Magante.

 "I think it was." I said. "I think they're talking about us..."

 "Us?" Marcy said.

 "Yeah, you think she just happened to stop into Albatross yesterday? I keep catching her watching me too. Who else you think 'fits the inner city profile' in this school." I said as we stepped into the hall and made for the restroom.

 "Man A.C. you're sounding like your dad." Marcy said.

 "Yeah well... think about it." I said.

 We washed off. The girl with the skirt came in. "Shit, it's ruined." She said, looking over her cum stained skirt. "This wash out?"

 "Fuck if I know." I said. "Why'd you join us?"

 "I dunno, looked like fun." She said.

 "Just keep it wet, work some soap into it. If it sets, try some vinegar." Marcy said as I stared at her in surprise.

 "Thanks." The girl said.

 "Where'd you learn that?" I asked.

 "Three brothers... guess who does -like- ALL the laundry..." she said. "Didn't take too long to figure what all the spots in their t-shirts and underwear were."

 "Oh. Yeah..." I said, but that was just gross when I thought about it.

 "Well, it's too wet to wear now." The now skirtless girl said. She'd stripped down like May often went - t-shirt and no bottom, not even knickers. She stuffed the skirt in her bag and left.

 "And so another May is born." Marcy said with a grin.

 "Looks like." I said, as the bell rang. "See you in math."

 "Yeah." Marcy said, as we split in the halls.

 So I was off to Metal Shop -wouldn't that be fun- a pack of horny guys with no style and a teacher just looking for an excuse to get his hands on my pussy. And then there was Jennifer. Something just wasn't right about that girl and her family, and I'm not talk'n about the fact that I think she's a lezzie either -given my background I had no place having an issue with that. But the way she'd looked at me, and the stuff her brother'd tried with the dog...

 "Hey Alandra; looking good today." Jennifer said as I walked into the room. About half the class had beat me in, and she patted a stool next to her.

 "Hi." I said, taking the spot. I was pretty sure Mr. Carson would stick me with the boy he figured I'd be most likely to try and fuck at some point he could see, so there was no point avoiding her now.

 Sure enough Mr. Carson came in and had us pick partners out of a bag of names -but I caught him slip my name to a boy who turned out to be his nephew Raymond. Nobody else saw it, but Rick had shown us all that sort of thing back in sophomore year. Mr. Carson was an amateur, if I knew him better I'd set him up for poker with Rick, just to see his face when we took him for everything. Raymond wasn't so bad though, well-toned muscles on what I took for working class Anglo features. I could live with this, Jennifer didn't look too happy, but not too upset or anything. She got some guy I didn't pay much attention to.

 Raymond was the sort of guy who expects to do everything and have the girl sit around and coo at him and his greatness. I could tell he was having real trouble with that and his desire to see the naked girl get her move on. So I put it on. "What's a matter Ray, you drop this?" -Bend at the waist, not the knees; great way to get a guy to trip over his own feet. I'd dropped the nail anyway. By the end of class Raymond was a mess, it was fun, but I pick my fucks. I didn't like Carson trying to pimp me out.

 I let the first guy I found feel me up in the hall. "Hey Ray, looking for something?" I called out as he stopped and stared.

 I think I heard him mutter something like "Man, she -is- a bitch." As I walked off to Algebra. Whatever, like I care what he thinks.

 Marcy and Rick beat me to class; they were sitting with Fatima talking about something as I walked in. She tensed then forced a smile as she saw me. "Do you... Can you, um, get relief?" She asked.

 "Huh?" I said.

 "In history, just before this class, there was a boy." She paused. "It was so big... and she... when he asked for relief Jennifer was chosen, she used her mouth." Fatima said.

 "Girls can't ask for relief." I said "Did you read the pamphlet?"

 "Most of it, but father took it." She said. "My uncle and he argued for hours last night."

 I figured she was going through a lot just seeing us like this. "Hey, it's kinda fun though." I said. "We missed you at lunch."

 "I had to see the nurse." She said.

 Marcy's eyes got big and she said "You got the shot?"

 "That's a surprise." Rick said.

 "The shot?" She asked. "They wanted to see my immunization records." Fatima pointed out a Band-Aid on her arm. "We don't immunize for AIDS back home."

 I thought about that as class began. Pa once told me one of his 'friends' had died of AIDS.

 Naturally I was called up for 'chalkboard duty'. It's not easy writing that big, and I kept getting chalk on my breasts. Funny how that didn't happen when I had a shirt on. Mr. Dennison seemed to enjoy it. "You're my only naked student this week Alandra. It's too bad I can't keep you all day." Yeah I'm sure it is. He kept squirming in his chair. Other than that class went fine. Fatima said she'd meet us after school at the cafe to go to the Mall.

 I had chalk on me as I left, but no time to shower at the gym. Rinsing off in the restroom I walked in on two guys I didn't know jacking off together. They had a shocked look when they saw me, trying to hide it. "What're you...?" they began.

 "Mixed bathrooms guys -besides, I'm in the Program." I said.

 "Oh..." They finished tucking away the goods.

 "You guys better watch it; queers get their asses kicked if the jocks find out." I was standing blocking the door, and somebody pushed to get in -causing the boys to jump. "I won't tell, but between class? You're timing's fucked."

 "We didn't hear the bell." One of them said.

 "Cutting class? You'd end up like this" I swept a hand over myself "if you get caught."

 "You really won't tell?" One of them asked.

 I shrugged. "Naw, why bother. Someone pisses me off and I'll fuck 'em over, but I got nothing against queers." Someone pushed on the door again.

 "Hey who the fuck's blocking the door?" I heard May call from the other side, so I let her in.

 "They were just leaving." I said.

 "What's up?" she asked. "They messing with you?" she glared at the boys as they ducked past us and into the hall, off campus she would 'a had a knife out by now ­ thinking I'd been attacked.

 "Naw, but I'd bet somebody's gonna beat them down soon." I said.

 "Whatever... what's with the chalk?" She brushed a bit off my breasts.

 "Oh! Yeah, I need to rinse this off. That pervert Dennison had me at the board." I said as I started trying to clean up a bit.

 "I need a smoke." May said as she rinsed something out of her pussy and straightened her hair. We made our way to class.

 Biology promised to be interesting; Ms. Lippmann had moved all the desks and cleared out half the floor. She had pillows stacked there. When we walked in half the class was sitting on the floor in a semi circle and she was idly stroking her red bush as she read something. "Why don't you two sit up here." She said without really looking up. "We'll start in a moment."

 Kevin was the last in, and he sat next to May and I. "Hey." He said.

 "Hey." We followed. "You coming to the Mall?"

 "Sure why not?" He said.

 "Ok, we might as well start." Ms. Lippmann said. "I need you all to sit boy girl boy girl." As we did that she continued. "This is going to be a special sex education seminar, for the next two weeks. As part of that we have a number of special activities. First I need to know if there are any virgins in here?" two girls and three guys raised their hands. "By tomorrow you won't be. If that is a problem, or if any of you have issues with sexual contact with anyone else in here; I need to know now."

 'Wow.' I thought; this was getting real.

 "I ain't doing no fag sex." One boy said, followed by a couple of "Yeah"s.

 Ms. Lippmann looked up for a second, and then said "Oh. Yeah, the program only calls for heterosexual studies. We will discuss homosexual lifestyles, but even the Program can't mandate activity there in current society."

 "You mean someday they might be able to?" I asked.

 She shrugged. "Who can say? If you asked me four years ago if I would be teaching a class like this I would have had you committed. Now, does anyone have any issues? If they do I need to know now so we can move you to the other class. This is also your one chance to go against the papers your parents signed, but you will have to explain it to a school councilor."

 A girl got up and she and Ms. Lippmann went into the hall to talk.

 May leaned over "What's with her?"

 "Beats me." I didn't say anything more, though I think I know why she left. She had a thing for Marcy last year -probably didn't want any guys in her.

 Ms. Lippmann came back, alone. "So everyone else is ok. We don't have an even match anymore, but I think I can compensate." She said it with an eager look. Ms. Lippmann was looking forward to this. "I need everyone to remove their clothes and put them in the boxes over in the back, then return to the circle. There was a bit of complaining, but everyone knew discipline these days would have you nude for a whole day or week, in addition to Program time.

 When we were done she joined us in the circle, where the girl had been. I looked around the room at a sea of hard cocks. Kevin was to my right. "Ok now, everyone raise your right hand." We did. "Now, take that hand and for the girls, I want you to wrap your hand around the shaft of the boy to your right. No Mary, not Adam's arm, his penis, like this." She grabbed the penis of Mark to her right. I shrugged, then grabbed Kevin's dick in my hand. He gave me a nervous smile.

 "Now for the boys." She said. "Cup your hands over the vulva of the girl to your right." Keith, another senior, put his hand over my pussy. I could feel myself wetting him. Kevin had his hand on May. "Now that we're all comfortable." Ms. Lippmann gave a wry smile. "I want you all to spend a few minutes feeling what you're holding. Enjoy yourselves and get to know it well. She began jacking off Mark's cock, causing him to release a light moan. Adam to her left was running his fingers up and down her pussy. Keith's middle finger went straight in me as he pinched my clit ring with his forefinger and thumb.

 We went on like that, as Ms. Lippmann gave us instructions on how to masturbate the person next to us. Within minutes some of the boys shot off into the center of the room, and then the girls -me included- began to squeal as the whole room erupted in surreal orgasms.

 Then she had every boy in the class get up and move down two places to the right. I didn't know either guy on my sides now. May had her hand on Kevin as we did it all over again, although a lot slower paced this time.

 When it was all over, most of us girls had cum several times, and almost every guy had come twice. I think one boy had gone off three times. Even Ms. Lippmann came a few times. Then we had to clean up the mess in the middle of the circle. She made the girls do it while the boys wiped off in the two lab sinks -typical. "That class; was to let you all see and become acquainted with each other sexually. Masturbation is a normal human behavior I'm sure most if not all of you have tried. It is of course, even better shared. Tonight I want each of you to try it alone, and then write up a paragraph comparing that to this experience in class. Tomorrow we'll begin intercourse."

 'Intercourse?' I thought. That's pretty quick.

 She went to her desk and grabbed a stack of papers. "Read these, we will have a short 5 question quiz at the start of class tomorrow." She looked around the room. "Girls, have any of you not had a birth control shot?" When two girls raised their hands Ms. Lippmann gave them each a slip. "I will need that returned tomorrow and signed by the school nurse." One of the girls sat two to my left so I glanced over. It was just a note to get the shot.

 Ms. Lippmann went into a lecture on the more common modern sexual behaviors. "Some of you are probably wondering where all the biology charts are. We'll cover the anatomy and hard science next week. The first week is psychology." Funny thing was, after getting finger fucked like that, after I'd cum three times, it was amazingly easy to relax and stay focused. Usually me and May or somebody'd be goofing off through half the class.

 Now that I thought about it, this whole week I was paying more attention than I usually did -though the sex sure made it easier to relax.

 At the end of class, everyone but May, Ms. Lippmann, and I got dressed. She ran us right up to the bell, so everyone was late leaving but it was the day's end anyway. As we went outside a boy stopped me and May for a feel. We just stood there and let him have his way - he tried to finger fuck us both for a bit but grew bored when we didn't really respond. "I feel like I'm high." May said.

 "I know what you mean." I said. We weren't virgins, but class had been different than sex usually was. It left us feeling kinda off our game in a good way, if that made any sense.

 "Dare you to stay nude." May said, as we hit the clothes bin by Ms. Magante's bungalow. She was there too, watching us with a smile and a clipboard.

 Magante jotted something down then looked up. "Hey girls; having fun?"

 "We're about to." I said.

 "Going to the Mall." May said. "I wanna buy me one of those." She pointed to Ms. Magante's dildo, still hanging on the little belt chain that was all the woman wore.

 I picked up my clothes but May grabbed my arm. "Dare?"

 "Only if you do." I said, thinking about the trouble I'd gone to selecting my outfit that morning.

 "I dunno..." May cupped her breasts, lifting what was there with a worried look in her eyes.

 "Hey nice tits!" Some boy called out.

 "Sure." She said with a smile. If I'd seen that boy, I would've given him a free fuck right on the spot. It was just what May needed to hear.

 So we dropped our clothes back into the bin and headed out.

 "I'm locking this up soon..." Ms. Magante called out as we ran away giggling to find Kevin.

 I turned around and yelled back "No prob. Ms. M. we'll get em tomorrow!"

 "Maybe." May said in a lower voice.

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 It's amazing what kind of trouble you can get into...

 We met Kevin at his car, dropped our bags in the trunk, and got in. May and I sat in the back. I got my knife out from the seat pocket and put it in my purse. "Ya better get yours too May."

 "Oh? We don't need those..." She said.

 "Hey I ain't going to the mall naked without a defense." I said.

 May shrugged "Who's gonna bother us, everybody's naked these days."

 "Yeah... remember last time, that guy in the game shop?" I said. She took out her switchblade and pocketed it away. May had one of those fake designer purses. Hers had a nice little side pouch near the top for stuff she might need quick ­ like mace or a knife.

 "You two are crazy." Kevin said.

 "Hey why'd you drive today?" I asked.

 "Didn't; just left it here after assembly on Friday." Kevin pointed along the street. "No parking limits here; and we can stash shit just outside Harrison's reach."

 We stopped off at the Albatross for a quick smoke. Bill waved us in with a friendly smile. Fatima was there, along with Marcy.

 "You're nude!" Fatima said as Bill cocked an eyebrow.

 May just shrugged and I pointed at her with my cigarette. "Her idea," I said.

 "But you can't...?" Fatima began.

 "It's ok. Girls can go nude." May said.

 "So can guys, till they're 21." Kevin added. "Not my thing though."

 "Yeah what's up with that?" I asked, and he just shrugged.

 "So much for the 'New Equality' huh?" Kevin said.

 Fatima was nervous with the idea of us being naked; I gathered there'd be a lot of trouble if we did it where she was from. We didn't stay at the café long, Rick and Rubin weren't coming.

 Kevin zipped us over to the mall ­ him and Marcy in front, and me and May in back with Fatima between us. I learned a little more about her ­ how strict it was at home for her, but how her uncle seemed to believe she needed to adapt to western ways if she was to live here. For her part Fatima didn't know where to look, between my breasts and May masturbating she was a mess.

 The first sign of trouble was right in the parking lot. Two guys returning to a car next to us saw me and May get out, then Kevin, and it started. "Hey Boy, what'ca doing with my bitches?" one of them called out.

 "Yeah, bitches like that ain't for you boy." His friend matched, as Marcy was getting out. Fatima hadn't moved. The first boy made a grab for May, and the second moved in on me.

 "Fuck! The bitch cut me!" May was always fast, and she'd cut into his arm before I'd even pulled out my own knife.

 "Fuck off assholes!" I called out, waiving my knife. Kevin and Marcy stepped forward.

 The jerks backed off and left, but not before saying "You bitches better learn who you belong to, ain't right to be with one of them."

 "I don't understand." Fatima said.

 "Racists, some people just don't get the modern world." Marcy said. Kevin looked mad, in a quiet way.

 "We're not even white, 'cept for you Marcy." I said. My parents were both born in Spain, I guess if I didn't live in America I'd be considered white with my blond hair, but here they called me a spic with my 'olive dark' and native Spanish.

 May shrugged "White guys always think they own us."

 "Assholes come in all colors May." I said.

 May shrugged. "Yeah, well..."

 As we entered the mall I finished "Besides, Rick's white, so's Marcy."

 "Yeah, and you're all my bitches, you too Kevin." Marcy said as we all laughed.

 The mall was getting stranger. Outside we saw two small groups of protestors. On the one hand we had a batch of nudists, using the sidewalk to demand nudity for men. Half of them were naked bearded old guys, and I do mean old. Across from them a church group of some kind, holding up signs that began with 'Fallen, fallen is Babylon...' or something like that. Fatima said the church crowd looked more covered than women in her home country, and colder than the meanest radicals. Fortunately they were small groups. With only a mall, we didn't exactly have all that much of a civic heart here.

 Inside was a whole other world. Mall security checked our bags ­they gave Kevin and Fatima the full drill while ignoring May, Marcy, and I. Of course, we were the ones with knives... Past the door it was like malls always were ­ teens scoping each other out and women shopping. It was too early for the bored husbands, but I doubt they'd be bored at the mall these days. So many of us were dressed light ­ or less ­ even the nudists would blush in there.

 I'd not paid much attention to fashion over the summer, spending more time with the gang stirring up trouble. It was quite a change. More than a fourth of the women were in some way topless ­ something like a corset seemed popular, with an undercarriage pushup bra that put you on display. For the better-shaped women there were plenty of silken shirts with high collars but an oval cutout for the breasts. Some of those where just sleeves and collars that ended just above chest level. Many women were also bottomless in part or full. From garter straps and stocking to even chaps or gowns and skirts with creative cutouts or inverted V openings ­ all designed to highlight and display the pussy and sometimes ass. The strangest thing though, was a group of teens from another school with their knickers all down to mid thigh, and clipped to stay there.

 "What's up with that?" Marcy asked.

 "I hear it's European. 'Knicker-girls' or something ­ saw a webpage on it." May said.

 "Seems hard to move in." I said.

 "I dunno, I think I like it." Kevin said, making a visual beeline on the shaved cunt of one girl, which was being diddled by her boyfriend right there in the middle of the aisle.

 "You would." Marcy said.

 Fatima just gasped. She was doing a lot of that.

 In almost every store, the women on staff were uncovered. At the least topless, and most were bottomless as well. A good number had stylized pubic hair and piercings, which reminded me of something. "Hey, we should go check out Purrfect Pussy." I said. "They did my piercing."

 "I'm not..." Fatima and Marcy said in near unison.

 "Relax guys." May said. "It sounds fun, maybe I can get one of those dildos Ms. Magante has."

 "Yeah, like that one." I said, pointing to a woman in a stand labeled 'Living Doll' who was slowly pushing a dildo in and out of her companion's pussy. They were decked out in some kind of satin and vinyl the shop was peddling from a nearby stand.

 "Whoa!" Kevin said. "They can do that in public?"

 May shrugged. "Hey, I fucked two guys in the halls between 3rd and 4th period today. Magante even smiled when she saw us."

 "Yeah, I hear they're changing a lot of that stuff." Marcy said.

 "...wasn't my only fuck too..." May continued, half to herself.

 "The Program." I said. "It's not just about school, and not just about going naked. They want us to be more sexual too."

 Of course not everyone was naked, and I could see plenty of shocked and disgusted looks. Not just the old people too ­ not everyone liked the way things were changing, and we got nasty comments even from a few teens. "Keep it at school bitch;" seemed to be the favorite. We had to hold May back from a mouthy black girl at once point, she didn't like being called Kevin's "little chink fuck machine".

 We stopped in 'Girl Pop' - a teen accessory shop. They had two boys working there who had leather 'X' harnesses over their chests, and shiny cock rings, finished with black leather boots and solid hard ons. We saw a very angry faced father pull his middle-school daughter out of the place before we hit the door ourselves.

 "Doesn't that hurt?" I asked one, tugging on his shaft after he fitted my clit-piercing with a little cartoon kitty character.

 "Naw, we get regular relief and several breaks. Viagra keeps me going. We're not allowed to cum on the merchandise, but the girls like it when we cum on them."

 "Really?" I asked, as I took up a rhythm to jacking him off.

 "Yeah... Most of em do." He said, before putting two fingers in my pussy.

 "Hey no fair." May said. "Let me have him."

 "You won't get in trouble for this?" I asked, as Marcy and May moved in to keep anyone from seeing. Kevin had Fatima across the way in some old bookstore.

 "No way. It brings in customers. Janice tells us to 'overindulge'." He said, before I built up a pace too fast for talking.

 He worked my pussy over good, and after we'd both cum I looked around to see a couple girls watching, and one sucking on the cock of the 'greeter' boy who worked the door. She was one of those 'Knicker-girls', and I could see a little black cartoon animal jingling on the end of her pussy ring. We'd been at it a few minutes, and it was twice as crowded as it'd been when we came in ­ if not more.

 "Wow!" I said. May and Marcy agreed. May was idly diddling herself ­ but she was always doing that. Marcy looked like she needed to get fucked ­ if only she'd shed some of that clothing. I bought that toon-kitty, and kept it on my pussy. The boy I'd done took a break after ringing me up.

 We met Kevin and Fatima in the bookstore. They seemed to be full of old books mostly. A sign outside said something about no discounts for nudity, and the old guy behind the counter repeated it as we came in. "Hey didn't that one girl from school work here before she graduated?"

 "You mean the one who got kicked out of home for going into the program?" Kevin asked as we all joined up.

 "Yeah... I think so." May said.

 "Here." Fatima said as we left, handing me a package. "It's my holy book, but in English. So you can understand us."

 "Uh... thanks." I said. I didn't read much, but maybe I'd try to humor her. I think she wanted to fit in, or at least have someone accept her ­ even if it took a bunch of freaks like us.

 "I got one too." She said. "At home, the only one we have is in Arabic, but nobody speaks that. Father just memorizes the sounds and recites it. My Uncle and he argue about that a lot."

 "You mean your father's never read this?" Marcy asked, pointing to my new book.

 "He has, he can recite the whole thing, but not in a language he knows." She said. "I want to understand it, like my Uncle does. Father will be furious."

 "I don't understand..." I said.

 "A translation loses true meaning ­ it's not the real words." She said.

 "But, the real words have no meaning unless you can understand them." May said.

 "Tell that to my father. My Uncle's been losing that argument for years." She said.

 "Why doesn't he just learn Arabic?" I asked.

 "I dunno." She said. "I want to. Maybe I will someday."

 It must be tough to be her, I thought. This is definitely not the right place to be for someone with her background. I didn't know anything about her people except what they put on TV ­ and all of that was bad. "Does it bother you? Us?" I gestured to May and myself.

 She thought for a moment. "It's shocking to me. But I can accept it. I don't think I'll be joining you though. Father would die at the thought."

 "He won't have a choice soon." Kevin said. "The Program's gonna catch up with us all eventually."

 Fatima and Marcy both looked distressed at the thought of that.

 We sat in the food court and ate for a bit, watching one of the 'Knicker-Girls' we'd seen near the entrance fuck the boy who'd been diddling her before. They just sat down on a bench in the middle of the aisle ­ she in his lap. He just casually put his cock in her and she began to ride him. A few very jealous looking guys in their twenties passed them by, with a look that spoke miles about the rule against adult men going nude. Their friends stood around chatting, then wandered off to a shop, and came back later with some bags. One of them held up a skirt that had a cutout for her breasts and opened in the front just above the navel ­ so that all that connected in the front was a collar up top and a single button below the tits. The others clapped and giggled. She stripped and tried it on ­ without removing her knickers from around her thighs. It was pretty sexy, and seeing them all gossip like that while their friend got fucked was kinda surreal ­ especially when skirt girl moved forward to get her tits fondled by the girl having sex on the bench.

 I finally broke from staring when I heard a soft gasp next to me ­ May'd just cum from masturbating.

 "Have a good one?" Marcy asked.

 "Yeah." She said, as she leaned on me.

 "You're too much May." Kevin said.

 "Hey let's go check out that pussy place." May said.

 "Purrfect Pussy." Marcy said.

 "Sure. You guys?" I said, looking to Kevin and Fatima.

 Kevin shrugged, Fatima looked confused.

 As we left the food court we heard a woman call out "Well! This is hardly the time or place for that sort of thing young lady!" Looking back we could see a rather stern looking woman staring down the fucking couple. Just as I started to turn away she dodged back as the boy let his cock pop out and spurted cum all over the place.

 "I wonder how Mall security deals with that?" May asked.

 "They don't mind the fucking, but you'll get busted for leaving a mess." Marcy said, leaving me to wonder how she knew.

 "You'd think they'd stop it, seeing how that lady reacted." I said.

 "Naw," Kevin began "Look around, look at who's been watching." I did, and it was all women and teen girls like us ­ half of them drooling. "This just brings them in more; sure it scares off a lot of the old fashioned set..."

 "But I guess they're getting chased out everywhere these days..." May said.

 "Your country has gone mad..." Fatima said. "It's just crazy."

 "Yeah..." I said. "But it's kind of fun too, and it's not hurting anyone."

 "It's like this everywhere these days. Japan, Europe, South America... I saw a thing on TV about it." Kevin said.

 Purrfect Pussy. The sign out front had a kitten curled up in a nude woman's lap, with little 'purr's coming out of it in a comic book like lettering. Two unusual chairs sat in a window display, but neither nothing nor anyone was in them when we arrived. Entering put us in a small foyer with those 'waiting chairs' you get at a dentist or a salon blocking sight of the interior. There was a young woman maybe only a few years older than us dressed in a gown with cutouts for her breasts and opening at the navel on down to show off pubes shaved and dyed like a tropical fish above a bare slit that seemed to have lipstick of some kind on it. She was sitting behind a glass desk next to the curtains that led in further when we walked up, but stood as soon as the bell on the entrance gave us away.

 "Wow! I love your pussy." May said. Even Fatima had her eyes on it, with a shocked yet fascinated look in her eyes. May and Nancy ­ according to a nametag above her breast ­ moved towards each other. I can't believe you managed to dye all that detail in there." She said as she bent over and ran her hands over Nancy's pubes.

 For her part, Nancy not only didn't step back, but pulled her gown open further and cocked her hips forward. "We take a lot of care getting just the right look. I can show you our booklet with a selection of styles?" she said.

 May was just about to put her tongue to the woman's nether lips when she stood up and called out for the booklet. Kevin looked to the wall behind the desk and said "Well, I think me and Fatima'll go wander over to the bookstore again or something. See you guys in an hour?" The sign said something about customers only inside.

 "Uh, Yeah. Sure" Marcy said, and they were off.

 We looked through the book for a bit, although May and Nancy kept exchanging glances ­ the kind that said 'lets go fuck somewhere'. I don't think I'd ever seen May react to another woman like that before. As for the book, it was full of pubic hairstyles, genital piercings, and finally the section that pulled May away from the distraction of Nancy ­ the dildos. They were shown in what could best be described as 'in-use' photos.

 A woman came out from behind the curtain ­ naked from head to toe save for a waist chain. "Marcy dear... So nice to see you again, and you brought your friends, how wonderful. I can give you all a 20% discount. You too Marcy, just like I told you a referral on..."

 "Oh that's ok." Marcy cut in. "You know, I should go watch over Kevin and Fatima." She grinned "A black and a muslin without 'whitey' escorting them ­ they're bound to get busted for something." Marcy quickly ducked out and away before anyone could interrupt.

 "Yeah no shit." May said, oblivious to something I was starting to wonder about ­ just what was up with Marcy anyway? May looked down at the book. "Do you have any of these I can check out?" she said, gesturing over a page of dildos.

 "Oh certainly. I'm Marylyn by the way." She put out a hand for May to shake. "We have fuller displays inside ­ even in today's new age most of our clients like the privacy of a divided room."

 I knew all this, I'd had my first shave and piercing here only a little more than a month ago, but I let Marylyn fill in May while I tried to figure out how she knew Marcy.

 "Huh?" May asked me as we passed through the curtain. "You say something A.C.?"

 I think I'd muttered something to the effect of 'gotta see that girl's pussy...' but I just shrugged. "Thinking."

 "Say, what's with the chairs in the window?" May asked.

 "Oh. On weekends and peak hours it's 50% off for anyone who gets 'done' there instead of inside." Marylyn answered. "Best advertising you can get is letting people see it."

 May touched my clit "Even..."

 "Oh no, we only do piercings inside, everything else though..." Marylyn frowned "Did you get that here?" She said looking at my clit ring.

 "Not the kitty; but yeah, the piercing." I said.

 "Funny, you don't look old enough." She said. I just shrugged.

 On the other side of the curtain there was no Nancy for May to drool over. No ­ it was much better than that. A row of those funky chairs, two massage tables and a counter full of 'toys'. There was a woman being 'trimmed' in one of the chairs by a stylist ­ as naked as Marylyn. The buzz of a razor was matched in tune to a low moan from its victim ­ whose pussy was puffed out and red with passion. Marylyn went over to the counter. "I've got a full range of pleasure aids. We just got this new one that comes with a small remote, but you'll probably want something simple if it's your first."

 Little masturbation May was like a kid in a candy store. That girl loved her pussy, and behind the glass of the counter was every way one could think of to spoil it. Simple plain dildos, ones with these little forked things down near the base, ribbed ones, ones shaped like cocks, even in assorted colors and flavors. 'Flavors?' I wondered at that. I also saw an assortment of strange metal balls alone or on chains, and in different sizes. Some of those said they'd vibrate. "What's with the...?" I began, pointing to one of those forked dildos.

 "It gets your clit." Marylyn said. That seemed a little too complicated for me.

 "I think I'll stick with something simple." I said.

 "Me too." May said. "Maybe just one that vibrates a little."

 We ended up selecting a matching set in a black and white spiral pattern with a slight curve. We could hang them on chains or cords ­ like Ms. Magante did, and it just seemed best to keep it simple until we knew what our money was going into.

 May wanted a new styling, and since it wasn't busy on a Tuesday afternoon Marylyn set her up. Those chairs sure are strange ­ kind of make you think of a cross between stirrups and a dentist's setup. But they let May just sit back and relax with her cunt up in the air right where Marylyn could comfortably work away. She lathered May up and proceeded to gently massage her labia as she asked "So how would you like it?"

 "Oooh... Just like that actually." May started. "I mean, number 34 looked nice, could I get that in a hot pink and blue?"

 "The crossed arrows? Blue on the tips I take it." Marylyn said "And down here?" She ran her hands over May's slit where only a little down of fur covered her lips ­ not like me before I'd shaved.

 "Bare. I want everybody to see as much of my cunt as possible." May said.

 Marylyn worked May's pussy like a true artist. Lathering her up, she massaged her into cumming, and then went at it with the razor ­ removing all the hair until there was a simple pattern of two crossed arrows. Then picking up on a vibe, Marylyn gave her something I certainly hadn't received when I'd been here last ­ she went down on her, orally, until May was screaming out her release.

 I could see sweat pouring off my friend's body, and the site got me rather worked up as well. I decided to try out my purchase, and sitting there in a waiting chair I took my pleasure.

 When I looked back to May and Marylyn, I could see the beautician carefully dabbing in little bits of dye in just the right places. "There you go." She said. "Trim it often, probably every few days. Otherwise it'll itch ­ especially when you put your knickers on."

 "That won't be a problem." May said.

 "Yeah, she's been bottomless for months." I said. "I think she'd itch even without shaving by now."

 "Well. That's very brave of you." Marylyn kissed May's clit and continued "If you're careful shaving the shape should hold for some time, get a friend to help." She nodded back in my direction. "We don't charge as much for touch ups if you keep them regular enough."

 Thinking on how she'd managed to get May to cum twice, I didn't think it would be hard to get the girl back in here.

 "Well you're all set then." And then Marylyn bent forward and put her tongue right into May's vagina ­ nice and deep from what I could see ­ and kept it there for a good couple seconds. "I just love your taste; we should trade diet secrets sometime."

 We left, with May and Nancy sharing strange looks. I had a feeling May would be back sooner than she needed to.

 "You turning gay on me?" I asked.

 May shrugged. "Bi I guess. I like my pussy so much; I started thinking maybe I'd like another one."

 I laughed at that, there was a strange sort of sense to it that I guess worked for May. Then she looked down at me and my piercing so I said "A reasonable request is a reasonable request, but don't get any ideas."

 May shrugged again, but the look in her eyes got me thinking about what it'd be like ­ being with another girl. I wasn't in any hurry to try it out, but the idea didn't gross me out or anything ­ unless it was with someone like Jennifer from metal shop. It was just kind of there ­ you might know candy tastes good, and still not crave it.

 "So how was it?" May suddenly asked.

 "Huh?" I said.

 "The dildo silly. How was it?" She asked again.

 "Oh man... Not as good as a good fuck... But... wow, talk about a fun toy." I said. That reminded me that I forgot to wash mine off before we left the salon. It was dangling from a chain on my waste and I even I could smell it, unless that was May...

 "Yeah, that's what I felt like after Ms. Magante did me with hers yesterday." May said.

 We found the others in the food court again. They where talking about religion or something when we got there.

 "Hey guys." I said.

 "Check out my pussy!" May yelled out, hoping up on the table and spreading herself open ­ getting us quite a bit of attention. "Isn't it neat?"

 Kevin ran his hands along her lower lips. "Pretty and smooth, just like A.C.'s. A guy could really get to like having pals like you two."

 May actually thrust her hips a bit to get Kevin to rub her down a little.

 "God May, do you ever stop?" Marcy asked.

 "She fuck'n came twice while we were in there." I said. "Funny, they didn't suck my cunt like that when I got my piercing."

 "Wow, she must've liked you May." Marcy said, in a voice that said she knew what she was talking about ­ but only I seemed to catch it.

 Fatima looked a bit nervous -a bit pale- so I changed the subject. "So what'd you guys do?"

 "Oh, clothes, the music shop, and we saw those 'knicker-girls' again." Kevin said.

 "They sure walk funny" Marcy said, imitating something like a penguin.

 "I don't get it." Fatima said. "It's like they're taking the nude thing, and making it neither sexy nor even natural. It's like they're going for obscene."

 "Fashion." I said. "People do crazy stuff to fit in or look cool."

 "Makes me think of something I saw in one of my brother's comic books." May said. "He's got all these Japanese panty fetish comics he bought online."

 "Whatever..." Kevin said. "We should get our brothers together."

 "Nah, your brother'd just try to fuck May." I said. May got this sweet little 'who me' look on her face, save that she had one finger in her pussy while she did it...

 We left the mall, Kevin dropping us home one by one. "Have fun?" I asked Fatima as we dropped her off.

 "Yeah. It was very strange, but exciting." She said.

 "Don't be a stranger; you're welcome to join us again." Marcy called out, and we drove off. May used her new dildo to do herself in Kevin's passenger seat.

 "Hey if you're gonna leave a mess; at least have the decency to offer me a taste." Kevin said as she finished. May wiped her slit and offered him up the finger. "Damn, you do taste good." Kevin said.

 May gave herself another swipe and offered her hand to us in the back. "May, come on..." I began, but Marcy went for it. She didn't say anything though; she just licked it up and then giggled.

 Getting to my house I got my school bag from the trunk and waived Kevin goodbye. He'd already dropped off all the others. Inside the twins where at it with video games again - some naked girl casting magic spells in a city full of like naked fantasy creatures. "Who'd they get to model for that?" I wondered aloud.

 "It's 3D graphics idiot." Manuel said. "Hey where's your clothes?"

 "Yeah why you naked?" Rosa said.

 I shrugged. "May dared me. Left em at school."

 "You gonna be a slut like her?" Manuel said.

 "Fuck off twerp." I said, heading for my room.

 "You see that thing on her cunt?" Rosa said behind me.

 "A pussy for a pussy." Manuel said with a laugh.

 "Alandra?" I heard Pa call from the kitchen.

 "Yeah." I called back. I peaked in to look at him, but he was reading something.

 "I'm going out with Dan tomorrow night; make sure the twins stay out of trouble will you?" He called over his shoulder.

 "Sure Pa." I said. I came up behind him and kissed him on the cheek. "I got a little homework, then I'm off to bed." It'd been a long day.

 "Homework...?" He muttered as I left. He'd been doing diagrams again ­ in the newspaper.

 I put Fatima's book on my nightstand when I got in my room. Maybe I'd look at it later. I wondered about her, I didn't know the first thing about her culture. She seemed nice, maybe too nice for us.

 Yeah, I had to read ten more pages of that Program stuff for civics, and jack myself off for biology. Talk about a fucked up strange homework assignment... We were supposed to read something for Algebra, but I forgot what. I lit up a cig and went to reading.

 The Program stuff went into more detail. It talked about a plan for changing society. Mrs. Jacobs had put in a bit of stuff from the 60's through the end of the 20th century. It was kind of like her lecture on Monday - showing us how nearly all of the small steps of the first "Great Society" during president L. B. Johnson's days had been undone by conservative backlashes in the three decades after. In the opinion of whoever wrote this stuff, the America of 2000 was more conservative than it was in 1960 ­ even if it looked more liberal on the surface. It was something about less tolerance for non-conformity.

 But wasn't this whole Program just a new way of conforming? I wondered what Pa would think of this crap.

 The second half talked about finding cures for the last STDs ­ like herpes, and the end of the AIDS threat. Even though the world still had many people alive with the disease, vaccination had stopped its spread in all but extreme societies. I thought a bit about what Fatima had said about her homeland, and the friend my Pa said he had who'd died of AIDS. That reminded me of... and I actually cried for a bit. I don't think too many people knew someone with AIDS anymore, I don't even know if the school knew about it.

 But I had to finish this shit. Supposedly the end of these threats had served as a trigger. Like putting a crack in a dam, social pressures crashed up against the conservative status quo ­ one crack in the right place let the whole thing smash through. In only the last few years, sudden change had once again gripped not just America, but most of the world at large.

 Mrs. Jacobs had some statistics on now versus then. Things like marriage going down in hetero couples, but up in gays. At least until the vaccines came out ­ now it was down for everybody. Or a whole new vision of gender differences ­ a bunch of stuff showed what people though about men and women before and now. Sexual harassment was more common before, and yet people said men and women where the same. Now harassment was down, and yet they claimed differences.

 Some companies where even making female workers go nude ­ especially in jobs like retail. She had a chart on inter office romance ­ there was a sudden spike about a year and a half ago ­ when the right to female nudity went federal ­ but it was leveling off now. Something about a Constitutional right to self-expression in your own body, that's how they'd put in nudity for women all over the country. I wondered why it didn't apply to men if we supposedly had a gender equal rights amendment now. And if it was a right to self-expression, how was it they could make me go nude?

 At the end of it all -on the last photocopied page- Mrs. Jacobs made a note asking us to think about whether or not we agreed with the assumptions in the articles. Some of it made sense to me, but a lot of looked like bullshit somebody wrote 'cause they couldn't figure out what really went on.

 That was Civics homework I guess. I got out my new dildo and went to work for biology. I thought of the boy in 'Girl Pop' who'd fingered me, I thought of the 'knicker-girl' who'd fucked her boyfriend in the aisle, even Marylyn going down on May. The dildo had a dial, and I put it somewhere in the middle and let it work its magic in me. It felt good to just let it sit there for a while ­ slowly working through me with its vibrations. I could feel them moving up to my clit, where the little plastic kitty on the end of my piercing rattled around over my hood.

 I left it like that, while I tried to read the paper's she'd given us. It was about 'sexual consent' or something ­ how to get past the confusing signals of each gender and make sure your partner is willing and understands your desires. The sort of stuff nobody's figured out since time began, but for which Ms. Lippmann has a stack of buzzword answers. Well maybe, it was hard to focus with my pussy being massaged like that ­ I set the dildo to a slower vibration, it was like getting a nice long slow fuck, but without the in and out. Pleasant, but different from what I was used to.

 I looked at my pussy "I wonder if I could sleep with that in me like this?" Time to take out the little kitty charm ­ didn't want that snagging on my sheets in my sleep. I put it next to my alarm clock. My clit ring was still there ­ the kitty didn't exactly match with my birthstone, but it was kinda fun anyway.

 Back to Ms. Lippmann's papers; 'The Lippmann Report'. I could see Pa coming up with a conspiracy for it, I even put together a visual of Ms. Lippmann testifying before some mysterious committee, till she tried to fuck them all.

 I giggled, and the vibrations in my cunt seemed to triple. "Oh... shit!" I came; it was sort of a quickie and more silly than satisfying. "Focus..." The dam paper was kind of boring. 'Learn compassion', 'Put yourself in their place'. Some of this shit reminded me of Samantha ­ our caseworker at Social Services. She said crap like that all the time.

 There was a note at the end that worried me a bit 'Friends make the best long-term lovers ­ they understand each other and can keep it going beyond sex.' Not sure if I agreed. I thought of my crew and the idea of us mess'n around. Kevin, Rick and Rubin where like brothers to me ­ even more than Manuel, my real little brother. I couldn't fuck those guys anymore than I could my own blood.

 Whatever, I just needed to pass her little quiz ­ so I finished reading. I wrote out a little paragraph on the experience with the dildo. My new 'toy'... settable to my mood ­ sort of.

 I went to sleep thinking of my crew, wondering how senior year would turn out for us. Somewhere just before I fell asleep I realized I'd not yet put any clothes on since getting to school that morning, and that dildo thing was still slowly vibrating away down near my crotch.

 [To be continued...]

Title: Alandra Naked in School - Wednesday (24,481 words)

Author: Tenyari

Part: 3

-----------------------------------------------------------------

 I woke up early Wednesday morning, to find the batteries dead on the dildo. Oh well, that was no surprise. I couldn't remember if it was in me when I fell asleep or not - I doubt it - but it was on the floor when I woke.

 I looked through my drawers, trying to find something to wear. Everything felt confining - a weight on my shoulders, a pull against my legs, and itch here or there - that sort of thing. So instead I just went out into the living room and sat down. The box to the game the twins were playing was still out; something called "Tenyari's Tale". According to the box you played a redhead who woke up in a strange world - trying to find out who you were and if you really belonged or not. I don't know why she was naked, but it seemed to be part of some new 'ND-X' teen label - nudity and sex. Go figure, the Program was even invading video games. I flipped on the TV to see some naked newscaster telling me it would be a little colder today outside. Well fuck, I still couldn't figure out what to wear - none it felt comfortable.

 Remembering something from my reading last night, I went to check Pa's pills. We always kept them in a little day divider. No skips, no days missing. Not in either set. Still I figured I'd watch when he got up to make sure.

 That got me thinking - so far this week I'd been doing all my homework. I never did shit like that. Well, I did most of it, but still... I guess this Program was working in one way - I didn't want to get called up and be the stupid naked chick in front of class.

 There was mail on the counter, still unopened - a letter from Social Services that might be important. I looked on the calendar we kept by the fridge; an appointment with Samantha Thursday. How long had the letter been there? Opening it, it was pretty much a reminder. Fuck it Pa, you gotta stay on track of this shit. The rest of the mail didn't seem important so I just pushed it aside for a bowl of cereal.

 Rosa came in while I was eating. "Shit Alani - you gonna keep strutting 'round like that?"

 "Fuck off Rosa... Eat something will ya?" I said. "Here." I passed her the cereal.

 "Pa bought milk?" she asked.

 "No stupid, it's from my own tits!" I said hefting them up, and she made a face like she believed me. "It's in the fridge..."

 Rosa poured a bowl and sat down. "You went to bed early last night."

 "Long day. This Program shit wears you out." I said.

 "Looks fun to me. You shoulda seen May in the halls yesterday..." She said.

 "I heard..." I said.

 "I can't fuck'n belief it, she used to just sit there." Rosa said.

 "Shy May... Not anymore I s'pose." I said with a giggle.

 "Hey..." Rosa began.

 "Yeah?" I said.

 "What about you? That stuff got you psycho yet?" She asked.

 "I ain't been fuck'n 'round if that's what you mean, but it does get you worked up." I said. "What's with this new video game?" I pointed to the living room.

 "I think Manuel likes it more - it's mostly T'nA" She said.

 "No shit. I saw it last night." I said.

 "The graphics on that get pretty real." She said, poking a finger through a hole she made with her other hand and giving me a dirty smile.

 "Program shit." I said "It's gett'n into everything." I finished my bowl. "Your up early." I said.

 "You woke me up. 'sides, maybe I can get past Manuel's save in the game before school." She said, heading out to the living room.

 I figured I should shower and get ready. I thought about May while I was in there, but then a song came on the radio and I thought about Pa. It was some old song from the 80s. Culture Club, I knew the band 'cause Pa liked them a lot.

 We love and we never tell

 What places our hearts in the wishing well

 Love leads us into the stream

 And it's sink or swim

 Like it's always been

 And I keep on loving you

 It's the only thing to do

 When the angel sings

 There are greater things

 Can I give them all to you

 'Victims' was the song's name. Pa said it was about AIDS - 'fore anyone knew why everybody was dying so fast.

 "Hey, you fuck'n off in there?" I heard Rosa call in from the living room. I'd slammed my fist into the shower wall - the song made me think about things we tried to ignore. I waited till the water washed away my tears before getting out.

 "You ok?" Rosa asked when I came into the hall. Manuel was standing there in his underwear, just waking up.

 "I was thinking about..." I said, looking down the hall past them.

 "Oh." She said. I think she'd heard a bit of the music, cause she just left back to her game.

 "What?" Manuel asked. "Hey you done in there?" he said.

 I waved him through.

 "Put someth'n on dammit. You look like some kinda slut."

 "Fuck off Manuel; I don't need your shit right now." I said. I went into my room and sat down. It was still pretty early, but I got my bag ready and looked outside - slightly overcast, the news bitch was probably right.

 "Damn Rosa, you're kick'n my ass in this thing." I heard Manuel call out a few minutes later. I just sat on my bed thinking.

 Pa was still asleep when I left. I opened the door. "Shit, it's cold."

 "Yeah well, so the naked slut says." Manuel called back.

 "Fuck you twerp, get your ass to school." I said, going back to my room. I got a coat and put it on, along with some sandals - stuff I could drop easy enough. I picked up the dildo, shrugged, and wore it like Ms. Magante did - on a waist chain. Maybe I could get some batteries before school. When I stepped out again the twins were already a block down. I didn't bother catching up. I ran into Rick and Rubin at the corner some of us all met up at before school.

 "Yo A.C." Rick called out. Looking at my tits he added; "I see it's still hang'n well."

 "Hey guys." I said.

 "You looked pissed." Rubin said, handing me a smoke. "Twins?" and he nodded his head down the block where they were walking away.

 I shrugged. "Not really, only kinda."

 We walked for a bit, then Rick said "My sister gets on my nerves sometimes..."

 "Hey how'd it go last night?" I asked Rubin, remembering he'd had a date with some chick we ran into over the weekend.

 "I fucked the bitch and her friend Gina." he said.

 "Damn," Rick said "How do you do it?"

 Rubin shrugged. "Been getting easier since this Program kicked off."

 "You gonna see her again?" Rick said.

 "It's just pussy." Rubin answered. "Like I give a shit."

 "Hey!" I said; just as the wind blew open my coat.

 "Not like you A.C., you're... you know what I mean." Rubin said.

 "She does have a damn fine cunt though." Rick said, cupping his hand over my pussy where the coat was open.

 "Hey..." I said again, shooting fake daggers at them with my eyes. They both shoved me around a bit, and I punched Rubin in the arm. It's good to have a crew like that; my mood was a lot better by the time we got to school - even if I felt my clit was gonna freeze off from all the times my coat blew open. We did manage to hit a 'stop and rob' on the way there and get a set of batteries. I got a spare set as well - never know...

 We didn't meet up with Marcy till just before we hit campus. Everyone followed me to the south entrance. We were still a little early, but in time to see May's first fuck of the day. Some guy I didn't know was doing her doggie style on the lawn, despite the cold. I think he was a junior and also in the Program - he looked kinda familiar. Ms. Magante was just watching them along with everyone else. There weren't any other teachers or staff around.

 "Oh... yeah, fuck me man! Harder!" May called out as we walked up.

 "Yo what up May?" I said, acting like nothing was going on.

 "Shit..." Rick said, adjusting his pants. "You gotta stop making me think of you as a pussy May."

 May tossed her hair back. "It's fuck'n cold guys - we had to warm up."

 I laughed. May always made sense in some twisted sort of way. "Figured I'd just keep the coat till we had to go in." I said.

 "Fuck that" The guy said.

 "No... Fuck this!" May said, pounding back at him. "It's a lot more fun."

 "Oh shit yeah!" He yelled, cumming in her. He pulled out, thanked her, and got up, going over to his own crowd and high-fiving a buddy as they all laughed.

 "Ah man... I didn't cum yet." She said as she rolled over and began working her pussy with her new dildo - worn just like me and Magante's. "Damn battery died last night." She added.

 "Here." There went my spare batteries. "Mine kicked out last night, left it on after I fell asleep."

 May looked tired. "Sleep? Oh yeah... I didn't get to sleep till 3 last night, when it kicked out on me." She paused in her ministrations to put in the batteries.

 "Your parents didn't say anything?" Rick asked, casually watching her work her pussy.

 "I think I need to get laid again." Rubin said, looking around for 'stray cats' as he called them ­ lone girls that were easy pickings. Rubin always said 'guys try to talk each other into getting laid, but girls try to talk each out of it ­ go for the loners'. I'm not sure, but he might'a been right ­ I didn't really start getting laid until I started hanging out with the guys, even though it wasn't them I was fucking.

 "Fuck... Her parents?" Marcy said. "They probably watched; the whole family together, all naked in the living room." May just smiled back. Thing was, Marcy was probably right. I know May's mom worked nude, and her parents had some kind of 'modern understanding'. If Rubin was looking for pussy, he could probably get it there - not that he ever would.

 We saw Kevin coming up the alley about ten minutes before bell and went to meet him. "Yo Kev', I need to drop my coat in your car." I said, and we all wandered off the school. I put it in the trunk, along with Rubin's smokes and my sandals. "Shit! Let's get inside. My nipples are cold." I said. They were sticking out like acorns, and about as hard. The guys watched as I tried to rub some warmth into them.

 "Not that cold." Rick said.

 "You're not the naked chick." Me and May said as we got our bags, went through the metal detectors at the gate again, and ran back to school.

 They wouldn't open the main door yet; so we sat around for a few minutes outside, watching people come in. This was the part where the naked kids tended to put on a show for everyone and people had all kinds of requests - but it was cold and even May was giving people hard looks before they got too close. Instead she sat in Rubin's lap and let him wrap her in his coat. I did the same with Rick. Kevin and Marcy huddled in to help us stay warm. The bell hadn't rung yet so fuck the Program rules. We learned Ms. Magante had at least one item in her wardrobe - a trench coat which she didn't bother to close in the front.

 "What're they gonna do in winter?" Marcy wondered.

 "Fuck if I know. I hope I don't get picked then." Rick said.

 A lot of the freshmen nudes were getting felt up - not tough enough to stare people off in the cold. I saw Ricky from the halls yesterday fingering one of the girls. He had a talent for that - I think word was spreading. "I don't get it." Rick said in my ear. "Most guys have to chase a girl down to do an 'RR' on her, but they line up to chase him down."

 "Who would you rather get a blow from, Jenny Larson or Mary Blyne?" I asked.

 "That's a no brainer." Kevin called over.

 "Yeah no shit, give me Jenny any day." Rubin said.

 "Well that little geek's our Jenny." I said, pointing to Ricky who at that moment was ramming his fingers into the freshman girl hard and fast. For her part, she was reduced to gasping squeals and leaning on him for support. "That's probably the best cum that little girl's ever had." Rick was going to have a little wet stain on his pants... watching that was getting to me.

 "What? Ricky? Damn that kid knows to work it. Slow when it needs to be slow, fast when it needs to be fast. Hard or soft - he just seems to know better than my own hands," May said.

 Just before bell some kid got it in his head to fuck around with us. He grabbed my bag and made a run for it laughing. I was on my feet in seconds as he ran for the west gate. I heard Ms. Magante call out behind me as I followed him. Whoever he was, I was just itching to pound him into the ground. Fuck the cold, I was hot with anger. He got almost to the gate, laughing his little punk head off and teasing me with the bag, when Harrison came around the corner with a teacher I didn't know and stopped him cold. I heard the first bell ring.

 "I'm not late." I said to Harrison.

 Harrison just took my bag and dropped it there, then grabbed the kid and hauled him off with a look at me. "You're lucky I was here." He said, and not to me. Harrison knew the drill but the freshman punk didn't. "Do me a favor - forget his face." He said as he passed me by.

 "Who's face?" I said. We both knew I could outrun that kid. I was just waiting for the gate. Off school grounds I could beat the kid into a pulp - and as long as nobody called the cops, the school couldn't do shit.

 Wouldn't be the first time either. Harrison tossed the kid loose outside the south entrance and continued walking in. "Turn up the fu... the heat in here Mr. H." I said, as I passed by Harrison on my way in the main door. "I'm gonna freeze my nipples off..."

 He just looked around for a second then said; "Oh."

 I heard Ms. Magante add from somewhere behind me "That's a good idea, we can't have any Program kids catching colds."

 I actually did manage to get in to class before the last bell. May and Rubin were waiting for me just inside, and we walked to class together.

 So we all saw her together. Fatima was dressed almost like a normal teen. No long dress, just jeans and a long t-shirt. Not the kind most girls wore that showed off your belly, but a tuck in. She still had a head scarf on though.

 "Hey..." May said.

 "Yeah, what's up?" I said, and she looked at the ceiling. "No. Why're you wearing that?"

 "Father found the book I bought. My uncle and he had a fight." Fatima smiled. "They made a compromise. Uncle's the older one. My brother and I get to take Arabic class."

 "You've got a brother?" Rubin asked.

 "He's only ten." She said. "Uncle also said we need to live more like Americans. We need to learn to be comfortable here, but without giving up who we are. Father says we shouldn't give up anything, that any change is too much." She looked at her clothes. "Uncle won."

 "Well it's nice, but those jeans barely fit you." I said.

 "My cousin's." Fatima said.

 From there study hall was just study hall, till I noticed her wince when she moved in her chair. I raised my hand. "Don, we need to go to the bathroom." I said, pointing to me and Fatima - who looked confused. Mr. Jackson, Don, had been trying to find a good angle on May's cunt. I'd caught him watching and he knew it, so it was no problem getting a set of hall passes. "Come on." I said, grabbing her arm.

 "May, spread your legs more..." I whispered as I left. She just grinned, catching on quick.

 "Ok. What's going on?" I asked when we got in the restroom.

 "I don't...?" she began, until the door started to open.

 Some kid peeped his head in and I said; "It's closed."

 He started to come in anyway, saying "I think I may have a request." As he looked at my clit ring.

 I shoved the door on him. "It's closed." I said.

 I heard something about 'bitch' on the other side of the door, but I ignored it. I just stared down Fatima with a hard look till she broke. "I... My father..." She began, before turning her back to me and lifting her shirt. I saw bruises in long lines.

 "Fuck..." I said. "What are you going to do?"

 "I don't know... Uncle talks to him. Says it's not like the old country, he can't do this anymore. Uncle says they'll take me away." She said.

 "They will. You tell anyone this shit and you're history." I said. "Fuck!"

 "You shouldn't say that word..." She said as she lowered her shirt.

 I laughed. "You think your uncle can deal with it?"

 "It's getting better, but when he saw the book he was furious." She said.

 "But, I thought it was your holy book? Like a Bible?" I asked.

 "Yes. But he feels it's heresy to translate it. He's very... traditional..." She said. "Uncle stopped him, and then they went to talk." She looked me over and continued "They chose to send us to school to learn Arabic, but also let me keep the book. Uncle showed my father his own translated copy. He says we can't expect people here to understand us if we don't translate our book for them."

 I nodded. "Makes sense. My Pa says they used to do mass in Latin, people just came and did the rituals, but nobody really had any understanding or real faith."

 "Father says he never needed the words diluted. He feels we should only hear it as it was written." She said.

 "Yeah, well, you can find Catholics who still think that too." I said "But it don't do anyone any good unless you know Latin. Or Arabic I guess."

 We went back to class. Figured I'd tell May later, and she had the sense to let me.

 After class the gang split in the hall. "Hey, can you pose for us?" The voice was familiar; I turned around to see two guys and a girl. The guys were dressed normal, but the girl had one of those oval cutout shirts to leave her tits out. "It's me, Calvin." The familiar voice said, and then I recognized him as the boy with the greasy hands who'd cleaned up on Tuesday. Today he was clean again, and he smelled like vanilla perfume. I guess I really got to him.

 I assumed the standard 'Program position' with my legs slightly spread and my hands up behind my head to push out my tits. "You get that at the mall?" I asked the girl.

 "Yeah, isn't it nice?" She said, as she lifted up her breasts. Calvin's other friend put a hand on each of our breasts.

 "You're both so soft." He said. "Wow. They feel so wonderful."

 "If you think that's cool, get a load of this." Calvin said, as he ran a finger through my slit, then into my vagina.

 "You don't mind?" The girl asked.

 "It's the Program." I said, holding my position but cocking my hips forward. "You can wear that?" I asked her.

 "Can I touch it?" the girl asked. "The dress code lets me go nude; I figure this is less than that."

 "Sure, I don't mind." I said. She wasn't like Jennifer. She looked more like a girl who'd never seen another girl's pussy up close. She reached down and spread my labia, then looked in close.

 "Wow." She said, "I didn't know it looked like that in there."

 I had to giggle at that. "You've never used a mirror?" I asked.

 "No." she said, putting a finger inside to trace along it, causing me to shudder.

 "What's this for?" Calvin's other friend pointed to the dildo.

 "Oh..." I sighed. Then to the girl; "well, give it a try; get to know your own pussy." Then I got an idea. "Invite them along." I dropped my hands to point at Calvin and the other boy. "As for that, it helps a girl get 'relief'."

 "I think that Program lady has one." Calvin said. "What do you do with it?"

 I wondered if these kids had brains. "Put it in me." I said, not meaning it as a command, but the girl took it that way. She took it from the other boy and pushed it up against me. "Gently, you've got to work it in."

 "Oh." She said.

 "Haven't you ever...?" I began, then realized she was just as inexperienced with her body as these boys were.

 "You mean like this?" She ran it along me -gathering wetness- then slowly slid it in.

 "Oh... Yeah... exactly like that." Then the first bell rang for next period. "Shit. Well guys, gotta get to class." Break between classes was a little longer this year, but we couldn't just stand here forever. We broke apart and I ran for Civics. I think Magante would've been proud to see that encounter.

 It was time for Civics with Mrs. Jacobs, and I didn't even bother sitting down. I was a little late so I just went up to her desk and she just smiled and patted down a spot for me to sit. "Don't make a habit of it Ms. Cabrera." Was all she said about my tardiness.

 "I got held up on an 'RR'." I said.

 "'RR'?" She asked.

 "One of those Program 'Reasonable Requests'." I answered.

 "Oh. Ok." She looked me over, then added; "Well I wanted to go over last night's reading. But first, it looks like Ms. Cabrera has supplied us with another topic once again." Mrs. Jacobs picked up the dildo hanging from my waist chain. "Oh!" she said, dropping it. I grinned as she went for a tissue. "I... see..." she said.

 "Yeah; 'RR'." I said back with a giggle. "Unfortunately they didn't finish." The class broke out in laughter.

 "Well... Class, what do you think? Seems we have two questions. First, do you think this 'toy' serves as a violation of the nudity Alandra is supposed to be adhering to? Second, should Program activity be allowed to interfere with class time - such as Alandra being a little late due to a student's request?"

 A girl in the back raised her hand and started in with "I think it's disgusting, and it's not jewelry or a bag or anything I remember reading as allowed. Unless she uses it to store a tampon..."

 At which she was interrupted by a bunch of boys calling out "Ew..." and "Gross..." or "That's sick..."

 "Class let her finish." Mrs. Jacobs said.

 "I think she means that unless it was some kind of case to hold things I needed, I shouldn't be allowed to wear it like this." I said.

 "Yeah..." the girl in back said.

 We discussed that for a while, with most of the class feeling I was in violation, until Kevin pointed out that Ms. Magante wore one. After that everyone was unsure.

 As Max put it "Doesn't she basically represent everything the Program's about? If she wears one, I just don't know."

 "She even uses it during school, on herself of course." I said.

 "Are you sure?" Mrs. Jacobs said in surprise.

 "She told me so." I said. "Look, if she tells me to take it off I will, but until then it stays right here." I said, holding it up. I noticed it had managed to dry.

 "Well yes, but it does pose an interesting question on the details of rules. As you can see class, a lot of times a rule might seem clear but get confusing in actual practice." Mrs. Jacobs said. "Now about my second question, should Alandra, or any Program participant for that matter, be excused from minor violations if the only reason it happened was following another rule - such as with the Program's 'Reasonable Requests'?" She even wrote that one on the board.

 "Kevin, can you write that in my notebook?" I asked, getting down long enough to kick my bag over to him - he was sitting in the circle facing me; 'cunt's eye view'.

 Max raised his hand and said "You know, half that so called Reasonable stuff isn't at all reasonable."

 "No shit..." I said, then saw Mrs. Jacobs raise her eyebrows at me and said; "Uh, I mean, like yeah. The stuff I get asked to do seems pretty wild."

 "And it's getting worse." A boy in back I didn't know called out.

 "People are fuc... um, screwing in the halls." The girl from before said. "It's just gross."

 "Yes well, the Program does seem to be escalating." Mrs. Jacobs said. "But that's not our question."

 "So on the rule thing, I don't think you can just say it. I think it depends." Kevin said.

 "Couldn't she have told them she had to go to class?" Max said. Thanks Max...

 We sent that question back and forth for a while, and I was pretty sure I'd get busted for being late at the end of it, but Mrs. Jacobs never put a tardy mark by my name, instead she thanked me for providing the discussion. Go figure.

 We actually did get to talking about the reading. So I guess doing my homework wasn't a waste. Especially when I found she was making sure I said something on every question.

 We talked about the nudity laws, and their supposed Constitutional background. After the ERA passed there'd been a challenge in several states over different dress codes - how men didn't have to wear shirts but women did. Actually that had started years before, and supposedly even in the 1990s women could go topless in states like New York - even though most of them neither knew about it nor desired to. With the new law, there was a segment that strove for rigid equal standards, and they sort of lost control over their own movement. In short order the challenges went to grounds of self expression and even freedom from religious laws. So now women had somehow ended up with a supposed 'right' to be nude, but men had been clamped down upon as a 'sight offensive and harassing' to women. Kind of a liberal backfire against another liberal faction.

 Kevin raised his hand at one point. "I'm sorry Mrs. Jacobs, but that's just complete bullshit. If we're equal in the law now, we should be actually equal. This men and women are different crap from those Program Liberals is just f'd up."

 "Well... I'll excuse the language Mr. Douglas, this time; 'cause I understand you're emotional over this. Perhaps we should look more at the whole idea of different but equal."

 She went pretty far into the past on that one. Before the 1960's separate but equal had been the word of the day to keep the races apart. Everyone had believed it bullshit then, and personally I thought it bullshit now. "Perhaps in time this case of it will go the same way that one did." She added.

 The Program Liberals had argued the difference was provable - just look at basic biology. I could understand that if you needed to account for pregnancy or someth'n, but not on a social issue. Mrs. Jacobs said; "Society has long found the female form to beautiful, but the male form to be shocking and even 'dangerous'. Even as women were oppressed it was felt to be because of that beauty."

 I had to raise my hand, and being right next to her on the desk I pretty much just spoke up "But, isn't this doing the same thing? I read last night that some women even have to go naked now ­ like in stores. That just seems like oppression all over again."

 "Yeah..." Kevin said, and a bunch of boys gave him nasty looks. "I'm just saying, sure I like it; but A.C.'s right."

 "And what about this relief crap?" I asked. "I get pretty worked up like this, being on display and getting 'handled' everywhere I go. Boys like Ray in my writing class get to get their rocks off and use class time for it. Me, I gotta suffer."

 "Yeah, it's not fair!" A girl I think named Brenda called out.

 "I'm telling you, I could use a good fuck right now." I said.

 Mrs. Jacobs thought for a moment, then pulled out some of her literature. "Well according to the teacher's guidelines on the Program," They got separate guidelines? I had to get my hands on that; "the desire is to get you girls worked up. It says that we've done a lot to repress female sexuality in past, and the Program felt that forcing up tension levels while denying release would create something of a breaking point in the participants."

 "That's fucked up." I said. "I mean... sorry. 'Bout the language. It's still fu.. it's not right."

 "Well as 'f'd up' as it might seem to be," she began "it does seem to work. We've had several cases of girls loosening up their inhibitions quite severely as a result of Program participation."

 And then she went in for the kill "Just look at the first set of participants - some of them went on to be quite wild. I believe one even went in for a 'group activity'" Interesting wording I thought, why not just call it a gang-bang. "And don't you have a friend?" Don't go there Mrs. Jacobs... "What's her name?" She looked at a memo of some kind. "Ah yes, Ms. Mei Hua Qian I believe?"

 "Don't even..." Kevin started, looking mad.

 "You talk'n bout May?" I said. "Shit, you people are passing notes on her? You think it's a good thing that a girl has absolutely no thought to who and when she fucks?"

 "Damn..." Max said, and I could see drool forming in the back of his mind.

 "You stay the fuck away from May." Kevin said to him, although we both knew it was pointless. May had lost control, but I don't think we even thought about it until that moment.

 Mrs. Jacobs looked a little shamed; I guess that's why she let us get away with the language.

 Something occurred to me "It's like a drug." I said. "What's she gonna do when she can't get a fix?"

 Mrs. Jacobs said "Well, that's the goal of the 'New Great Society'; at least as far as what we've seen so far. I guess some of you take issue with it." She was standing next to me, and where nobody could see behind us she squeezed my hand. I guess she understood - she just couldn't risk her job by admitting she had the same concerns.

 Discussion continued, going to other aspects of the Program, but I could see me and Kevin both weren't paying as much attention. Mrs. Jacobs picked up on it too - and went easy on the questions she sent my way - only asking stuff I could answer without thinking.

 As we all left after the bell she called for me to stay a moment. "Alandra; I'm sorry. I thought..."

 "Why? Don't we have any privacy?" I asked.

 "We were told you were all proud of May, and her participation." She said.

 "What the hell's going on?" I asked.

 "Here." She handed the memo over. I looked at it; it was Ms. Magante talking about the successes of the Program, using May as one of her examples. "You didn't read that, understand."

 "Is it really like that?" I said.

 "Thirty one teachers were 'let go' in the district last year, all for disputing the Program. We just lost our wrestling coach yesterday morning. I don't plan on being next, even if I agree in his case." She said. I gave her back the memo.

 Fucking Civics class. It was amazing stuff, but it always spooked the shit out of me.

 In the hall of course, I got assaulted by the usual sea of hands. Naturally being the only one spooked at this time of day, everyone else was horny, touchy, and demanding. I got felt up good and hard, then they discovered what the dildo was for, and how to turn it on, and I was done for. If I'd not been so wound up from Civics class I might have had my game - I might have been able to put a stop to it, or at least take faces for later. It may be an 'RR' this week but that didn't mean I couldn't kick your ass at the mall next week.

 But that wasn't to be. Not only that but I could see Ms. Magante watch as she passed me in the halls - a feral smile on her face. At least that's how I took it.

 By the time the bell rang I was seconds away from my third cum. I ran off to Creative Writing, feeling like an angry bitch in heat.

 And I ran right into Ray outside the door. I pounced on him. Ray's dick in hand, I pulled him into the room whispering something to the effect of "You need relief."

 "Looks more like you who needs it." He said back. I just turned and smiled, he didn't look like he had any objections.

 Sandra was already there, up front waiting for him to get in, I wasn't about to give that bitch a chance to get what was mine. "I'm going to help Ray with his relief again today." I called out.

 "Ray?" Mr. Turner asked. Ray just shrugged with a smile, looking down at the hand that held his cock - my hand. "Well then, as soon as the bell rings."

 "No fuck'n way! It's my turn." Sandra said. I started pumping Ray's cock to better claim my prize - but not too fast as I had my own needs in mind.

 "It looks like the matter has already been decided, Ms. Beckett." The teacher said. She looked mad; I could see a fight coming, but not now. She took her seat.

 I let go of the dick I had hold of, sat on Mr. Turner's desk and spread my legs wide. I could do splits, so I got them all the way out there as I pushed my hips forwards. "I think you know where that belongs." I said, pointing to Ray's cock.

 There were gasps from some of the other girls in class, and a few boys were like - "no fuck'n fair man, that's hella wacked." Mr. Turner spurted something about going too far, but I told him to check the pamphlet.

 Not that I was about to wait or anything - most guys can barely last more than a minute or two; but with a five minute max I wasn't going to gamble on Ray. I was in this for me and I wanted to cum on that dick. As soon as he was close enough I grabbed his ass one handed and pulled him in, then quickly slid his cock where it belonged with my other hand.

 Once I had him in me discussion was over. Ray's dick took charge of the situation and he started stroking away. "Fuck yeah..." I said. "Make me cum..." I needed it bad, after that run through the hallway. I was pissed off, turned on, and in need of a release of my own.

 Ray picked up his tempo, grunting into me as his hands came down to run tenderly along my hips - which felt absolutely wonderful, like he was guiding the sensations in my pussy up my body. I moaned and shut my eyes briefly, content to be finally getting fucked after three days running around naked.

 "Ms. Cabrera, this relief is for Mr. Williams not you." I heard Mr. Turner say. I wanted to flip him off and say as much, but I just grunted in tempo to a shove from Ray.

 "I think he's doing well enough;" someone in the class called out to mixed chuckles and giggling.

 "Why the black guys get all the fine chicks? Shouldn't be any niggers in the Program..." I heard from somewhere else. Black? If I remembered right Ray was only a quarter African American. He was lighter than me... I looked up but couldn't place the voice; otherwise it would'a been ass kicking time after school.

 "I want to know who said that." Mr. Turner said in a hard voice, but no hands went up and nobody was about to tattle. "As for you two, three minutes left." He said, looking down at Ray's cock pushing into my pussy. He had a longing look on his face, and I almost lost my build up when I imagined not Ray, but Mr. Turner in his plaid suit and combed over hair pounding into me. But then I looked up and saw Ray's green eyes glazed over, and those wiry muscles and strong abs flexing as he worked my pussy with his cock.

 I pulled my legs in from the split and wrapped them around Ray. "Come on Ray; shoot it in me, nice and deep. Get it all the way up me." That would get him going; guys went for shit like that.

 Then he reached down and touched my clit. Or more precisely, he gently tugged and diddled my piercing - sending me up and over. I'd hit my plateau, and I was riding it for all I could. I screamed out my release as I came on his cock. I could feel the contractions in me tugging on Ray, and that sent him over. "Oh fuck!" He called out as he shot a load of his cum deep inside me. We still had time, or so I guessed, so Ray kept pumping in me at a slightly slower pace as he calmed down. When he pulled out he turned around to the class and said; "Now that's what I call getting relief."

 I stood up and most of the class clapped and cheered. Only Sandra had a scowl on her face, and she wasn't the voice I'd heard earlier. Several people had their hands down under their desks working away, and even Mr. Turner was adjusting his pants. I sighed and got off the desk, but I paused in front of Sandra before sitting down. I reached into my pussy getting my fingers nice and wet with Ray and my juices, then flicked it in her face and said "This was you wanted?" I sat down, feeling a lot better. Sandra however looked furious.

 I don't think the class ever really recovered from that moment. Everyone was pretty distracted and while Mr. Turner tried to talk about some short story project he wanted us to do almost everyone was just looking at Ray, Sandra, and I with hunger in their eyes. Maybe giving and getting relief like that wasn't such a good idea after all, though it sure was fun.

 At the half hour he put us in the same groups we'd had the day before, and told us to talk about what kinds of stories we liked to read. Everyone in my group was talking sex, and hands kept wandering over my body from anyone close enough to reach - whether I was looking or not. They'd back off anytime Mr. Turner looked our way, but otherwise I got felt up pretty good.

 Not that I really minded. After fucking Ray I had a strong calming mood going through me, and all the hands just felt soothingly sensuous. They started in my cunt and tits, but even my legs, arms, and back got something of a massage. I kind of felt like a cat being petted - I guess I'm a pussy after all. It really helped me get past the spooking I'd faced in Civics. Near the end of class I was just sitting there almost purring with a smile on my face as Mr. Turner passed back our writings from Tuesday.

 I read the notes he made as I left. He said I had potential and seemed to understand structure, but that I needed to get my homework done at home, not in class.

 Go figure huh?

 After that it was off to gymnastics - fortunately not wrestling today. Sandra and I both had the same class twice in a row, so we kind of got stuck in the halls together.

 "Bitch." She said, "he was mine today."

 "I didn't a see a signup sheet taped to his dick." I said. "'sides, you've got Handy Henry."

 Coming out of the building to cross the alley we heard a slapping noise, only to see Ricky Montico sitting on the bench by the gym with a naked freshman bent over his lap. Not the same one as this morning, although that girl was standing next to them. He was spanking her!

 "What the fuck?" I said - then saw the look on her face as he went for her cunt with his free hand.

 The other girl called out "Come on, it's my turn Jenny..."

 "You got him this morning." Jenny called back as we passed. Ricky looked up to check us out.

 "Who's your friend A.C.?" He asked.

 "This bitch?" I said, but Sandra stopped to chat as I made my way inside.

 Melinda was already there, standing between all the gymnastics guys and getting into her birthday best. "You don't have to be on this end." I said, grabbing the cock of a boy next to her just as he stepped out of his clothes and idly pumping away at it.

 "You kidding?" She said. "I wouldn't miss this for the world." She reached over and put a hand on my clit, lightly brushing my piercing. "I, uh, saw you at the mall last night."

 "Oh?" I dropped the cock and looked at her "Why didn't you come over?"

 "Um..." She let my clit go and thought, "Well, your gang was all there, and I..."

 "We won't bite. Well, May might, but I have a feeling you'd like the way she bites." I said.

 "Yo you ain't gonna finish me off?" Some cock with a guy attached to it said.

 "Hey we're having a conversation here." I said, still keeping me eye on Melinda as she finished undressing. "Hey can I put this in your locker?" I offered my bag and the dildo I kept on the waist chain. She took the dildo with wonder, and tossed it and the bag in with her stuff.

 "You've gotta let me try that out later. May's your Chinese friend right?" She said.

 "Yeah," I said; "that's May."

 "Let it go Mark" someone, I think one of boys who'd diddled me in the shower yesterday, said. "She'll be good for it later."

 There was a pause, then Mark said. "Sure. No offense, catch ya later A.C."

 "No prob." I said, then to Melinda as the boys walked off "Guys always think it'll fall off or something if they can't cum. Ready for Gymnastics?"

 She laughed. "Sure. It's not really my thing, but I'm game if it's fun."

 "You'll like it." I said, as we went into the gym.

 Ms. Moore called roll from two lists, I learned Melinda's last name was something like Nogas - she told me she was Polish when I asked later. Sandra was late, and got busted for it. She looked freshly fucked though, so I doubt she gave a shit. Ms. Moore gave a speech on gym safety and proper use of the equipment. She assigned some of the kids who'd been in gymnastics before as regular spotters for the equipment and various exercises.

 "Is that the girl who..?" Melinda started.

 "Sandra Beckett. Yeah, she's trying to start shit with me. Didn't know she'd been in gymnastics before." Ms. Moore had just picked her to be a spotter on the uneven bars for the next couple weeks, along with some girl named Carly I didn't know.

 "What's up with that?" Melinda asked.

 "Got me." I said. "She's got some kinda Program complex going - want's to be super slut or something."

 "Better watch out on the unevens." She said.

 "If she tries shit, she'll get what's coming." I said. "Me and my crew'll fuck her up good."

 Ms. Moore has us do stretches, and then went through some basic goals of gymnastics. I got a lot of looks helping Melinda do splits. She talked about developing posture, strength, endurance, balance, and a bunch of other shit. Then she had all the girls line up at the balance beam and put the boys on the mat around it. We had to walk across and back over the beam with our arms out while she noted our balance and made corrections. I got through easy, but Melinda fell halfway back and was caught by some of the boys ­ who'd been told to spot us and keep anyone from getting hurt.

 "OK that's enough of that; let her go now." Ms. Moore said to the three guys who'd caught Melinda and decided it was time for a thorough inspection of her injuries. Not that I think she'd bruised her tits falling on her butt...

 "Aw, do they have to?" Melinda said, getting up. I rolled my eyes; I needed to introduce this girl to May.

 The guys did do a good job of spotting though ­ all those naked girls walking above them sure got their attention. Not that it was any different when they had their turn on the beam. As for Sandra, she went across the beam perfectly, and did a flip of some kind coming off. Her need to show me up there won over her desire to fall into the arms of the boys below.

 Ms. Moore, in what I guess was an effort to get us 'into it' did her own walk on the beam, and fell into a hand stand with splits halfway across, rolling out of it to stand on the beam again. Wow, that was pretty cool I guess. When she did the splits every guy in the room and half us girls locked eyes onto her cunt ­ which was spread wide open even if way above us sitting on the mat.

 When class was over we hit the showers. Just like last time most of the class split apart by sex, but a few of us hung out in the middle. Sandra, Melinda, me, and a few other girls along with twice as many guys. Most of them were acting kinda creepy... Sandra let Mark take her from behind ­ doggie style ­ while she leaned towards the shower wall. Henry grabbed a new girl for the day. Melinda and I took one of the gymnastics boys who wasn't too top heavy and put him on the floor. I rode the saddle while she sat on his face.

 We were close to a drain and I could see somebody's 'mess' stuck in the grate. "Ew..." I said.

 "Guess we're not the only class gett'n it on." Melinda said, though since we had lunch after we had more time.

 Ms. Moore walked right by it all and didn't even bother to slow down. She just called back "Have fun kids, I'll see you all tomorrow."

 "Oh... hmn... shit yeah." Sandra called out in orgasmic response. I guess we really wouldn't get busted for this kind of shit; cause Ms. Moore just giggled back from somewhere down the hall. I'd have to take PE again in the spring.

 Melinda kept moving close to me, and once I was really into it riding that cock she reached across and went to town on my breasts. "Oooo, he's got a good tongue." She said. What the hell I figured, and matched her. I even let her kiss me ­ tongues and all. That was weird, as I'd never tongued a girl before. Maybe May was on to something...

 I had a brief thought of keeping Melinda for myself, but let it pass quickly. May would love to meet a girl like this, and she was cool enough that I could handle hang'n with her too.

 I think the dick we used went by the name of John or something. Whatever, we'd see him in class tomorrow. He'd probably want a repeat, and I'd probably let him now and then ­ for class at least, as long as he didn't get any stupid ideas about ownership.

 At the locker I grabbed my bag and put my little waist chain back on. Melinda looked at me, looked at her clothes, and then said "Fuck it" tossing her skirt in her bag and leaving the rest behind.

 We walked out nude together. I invited Melinda to go with us to lunch, figuring on introducing her to May. We smacked right into Saul Peterson as he came running around the hall. A pile of books with monsters on the covers and funny looking dice went scattering all over the floor. As Melinda went to help him I could hear my sister Rosa laughing from somewhere back where he'd come from. Manuel's voice followed with "Fuck'n geek. Got him good."

 Saul looked up at us, spooked, then scurried away when he saw me. Melinda called out "Hey your books!" and he snatched them and ran.

 "What a waste." I said.

 "Him?" Melinda said. "Show me a guy that knows how to use what's he's got and I'll show you a girl with a strap-on."

 "A what? I dunno..." I said. "Like, some of them..."

 "Yeah, like maybe. But him, like ­ give that thing to me and I'd put it to good use." She said with a giggle and a gesture.

 "He's a fucking cunt tease, that's what he is. I hear some girl actually did try to jump him during his week." I said, as we came out into the quad. "Damn it's still hella cold out here."

 "That was me." She said as she shivered. "I figured it had to be good for something. Hung like a freak'n horse and too fuck'd up scared to use it." She paused. "Not that I'd like, give up my cunt for one of those thingies though."

 I laughed. "No shit. Hey, there's the gang." She tensed up so I added; "They're cool, only May bites but like I said..."

 "I'll like how she bites, yeah what'd you mean by that?" She said.

 We all hooked up and hit the lunch line. I introduced Melinda just as Fatima came timidly into the line. "She's kinda like you May..." I said; looking at the 'X' pattern of the arrows May's had made out of her pubes. "If you get my meaning..." Rick went and brought Fatima over to us ­ nobody questioned our letting her cut in.

 May and Melinda took one long look at each other then broke out into the biggest grins I'd ever seen. It was weird, May almost squealed and then ran into Melinda's space and they got all touchy feely.

 "What the fuck is that?" Kevin asked.

 I shrugged. "Secret lezzie handshake or some shit."

 "What?" Marcy and Fatima said, but I didn't answer.

 "What's a lezzie?" Fatima asked. Marcy leaned in whispering something in her ear and her eyes got really big. She had a look of pure shock, as if the idea had simply never occurred to her.

 "This shit again?" Rubin said as he got to the food. "That's three days in a row."

 "What?" May asked, not yet up to the food.

 "It's more of that veggies and tofu ­ they put it in spaghetti this time." He called back.

 "Man that's hella fuck'd up." Rick said.

 We found a spot inside and all sat down to eat, save that May sat in Melinda's lap ­ actually they sort of struggled over who'd get to sit in who's lap, and May won. I figured they'd like each other but that was just weird. Melinda put her hands idly in May's lap, claiming a new toy. "My ass is fuck'n cold." Melinda said.

 "You get used to it." I said. "Though I wish Harrison would turn the fuck'n heat up in here. Sticky chairs 'r what really piss me off."

 Rick pulled out a bag of M&M's and gave a chuckle as he looked at May and Melinda before tossing one down. He passed them over to May as Melinda said "Hey maybe we M&M's could use some R&R." while looking down at his crotch.

 We tensed for a bit, and Rubin said; "Bad news to fuck friends ­ messes shit up."

 "Yeah but she ain't a friend." May said.

 "Huh?" Melinda said, with a confused look.

 "You're not a friend, you're gonna be my bitch." May said as Melinda laughed.

 "No shit, pass this ass like a good joint." Melinda said. "I'll fuck you all."

 "Where the fuck did you find her?" Kevin said.

 "PE." I said. "They mixed the wrestling class in with us, and she came along with the pack."

 "It's like having two Mays." Marcy said.

 "Hey there's nobody like me." May said.

 "No shit." Melinda said, grabbing May's dildo and shoving it right in the girl ­ getting her to gasp. Fatima paled and moved behind Marcy. It was gonna be a strange year if these two stuck around. Melinda pulled the dildo out of May and dipped it into her own cunt.

 I saw the twins in line, but they didn't come over. They sat with some naked freshmen girl I only barely remembered from Monday and took turns hassling her.

 "That you're sister Rosa?" Rick asked.

 "Yeah. Her and Manuel on the other side. The girl between them suddenly stood up and brushed a red spot on her ass. Manuel looked like he was laughing.

 "You've got a sister here?" Melinda asked, still dipping the dildo in and out of her and May.

 "Twins. They're freshmen like Fatima." I said.

 "Damn you two, stop that." Kevin said, looking at May and Melinda and shifting his seat. "You three are just too distracting."

 "What'd I do?" I said. Oh right, I'm naked... I looked and confirmed what I felt, a bit of wetness.

 "Fuck this is too much, I need to pee." May called out getting up from Melinda's lap. She unclipped the dildo and said "Enjoy."

 "I'll go with you." I said.

 "Uh..." Melinda began, till Marcy jumped in.

 "So, where's your crowd?" She asked.

 Melinda shrugged as May and I walked away. "I transferred in late last year from Boston. Still getting used to things out here."

 "She seems to be doing fine." I said to May as we hit the hall.

 "Thanks for that." May said, and then went quiet.

 "Thanks for what?" I asked.

 "For Melinda, how did you know?" May said.

 "Know? That she was bi like you? You should'a seen how she looked at me in class." I said.

 "That I was look'n. We don't exactly stand out..." She said. "She said you started it - that you licked her." May spread her labia for emphasis, I was caught. Then she added; "I've wanted to try since last year with that rumor."

 "The Program girl and her friend?" I said. There was a rumor that some girl last year got her boyfriend to do a three some with her fat friend - but people figured the guy was just there to make it 'look normal'.

 "I've been curious, but you can't just ask anyone." May said. Coming from her that was a shock.

 "You might be surprised who else is like you." I thought of Jennifer in my metal shop class. "What about last night?"

 May shrugged as we passed the first restroom -we never went in there anymore, not since freshmen year- for one at the end of the hall. "I don't know -she just seemed to know."

 "Maybe she saw the way you were looking at the counter girl."

 "Was it that obvious?" She said.

 "I was waiting for the two of you to get it on... It was like you was scream'n it out." I said.

 "Still I can't imagine you shy to chase a fuck." I said.

 "It's different; people beat up fags, er gays." She said, switching words when she remembered how I didn't like that first one. "Nobody gives a shit if I fuck a boy..."

 We hit the restroom. "Still... And you two hit it off so fast I..." I shut my mouth, but the sobbing coming from the end stall had already stopped - a girl's voice. May and I exchanged knowing looks, remembering why I didn't go in the restroom near the cafeteria anymore. Rape is a horrid experience. It's even worse when everyone takes the word of the school 'valedictorian' and his two friends over a scared no account spic girl who's already been in three fights. Course when 'somebody' stabbed his kidney in the movie theater while his girlfriend was going down on him a week later they tried to pin it on me...

 This bathroom used to be a boy's stall before they mixed them this year - only three days ago. "You ok?" I called out.

 "Go away!" a girl's voice called back, white and young from the sound of it.

 "Fuck that." I said. "I ain't going nowhere till I know your ok."

 "Just go away... You can't help." she called back.

 "Open the fuck'n stall door before I have to come in there and kick your ass." I said.

 May added "She'll do it. Kicked my ass freshmen year for look'n at her wrong."

 "You remember that?" I said.

 "Fuck yea; you gave me a black eye. All I was trying to do was get in the door." she said.

 "Well you did give me lip." I said.

 May smiled "No shit. Took you forever to come up with a reply to that." The stall door opened.

 "I'm ok see. Now go away." She still had her clothes, and didn't look beat up. She had a little note in her hands and tears on her face.

 I stepped in so she couldn't shut me out. She was a blond white girl, looked like a freshman. "What's that?" I asked, grabbing the paper away.

 "Hey, I need that!" She said, standing up and reaching. May played interference as I moved back to read.

 "This is one of Ms. Lippmann's notes isn't it?" I said. It looked like the note you needed for the sex seminar, but it wasn't signed.

 She nodded. "I've got bio after lunch. We're supposed to do that stuff after she finishes it with the last period class."

 "Yeah." I said "I'm in that." I grinned, "You'll like it, but you need to get this signed, and they want a copy of your parent's driver's licenses to check the signatures."

 "But I can't." She said.

 "Is this all?" May said. "You fuck'n wast'n our time over some note from mommy?" May looked mad. "I oughta fuck you over, fuck'n baby. Get your ass back to preschool."

 "No shi..." I began, but the girl cut me off.

 "No... You don't understand. My dad won't sign it either way. You gotta get it signed yes or no or they hold you back." She said.

 I shrugged "Why won't he sign?"

 "He..." She started sobbing again. "He wants to film me..."

 "What?" May and I both said. I had a picture of her dad with a camera in the biology class.

 "He... wants me to fuck his bowling team, and film it..."

 "What the fuck!?" May said.

 "That's hella fuck'd up..." I breathed out. "Look, let's go talk to Ms. Magante. I had to talk to her anyway."

 "But I'm not in the Program..." She said.

 "We're all in the Program..." I said. May grabbed her hand, her need to pee forgotten. But I didn't want May around when I saw Magante. "May, go check on Melinda. She's still scared of Kevin." I gave her a look, and she nodded.

 We where in the hall - halfway there - when the girl spoke again; "I can handle it. You'll just get in trouble..."

 "Mandy..." I got her name off the note- "I've been in trouble since I came to this school. You don't know who I am?" I always forget that it takes time for a rep to spread to the freshmen. She was quite until we found Ms. Magante. We got lucky; she was just leaving her bungalow with a stack of papers.

 "Ms. Magante, can we talk to you?" I said.

 "Well," she paused, "Alandra? I'm a little busy right now, but the office is open for counseling before and after school and during first and last periods."

 "No, Yasmine." She was taken back by me using her first name - students didn't do that. "We need to talk now." And I passed over the note I'd taken from Mandy.

 She briefly looked at it and then made to pass it back. "It's one of the notes for the sex seminars in biology. I approved them myself; all she needs to do is get it signed and bring it to her teacher. I don't see the problem."

 "The problem," I began "Is why her father refuses to sign." I stepped towards the bungalow. "This should be private." She got the hint ­ time to do your freak'n job lady.

 I had Mandy fill her in. In short order she had Mr. Harrison and the police on the way. While at sixteen Mandy was old enough to consent ­she sure seemed more than a year younger than me-, this sort of thing was wrong no matter what kind of spin you tried to put on it.

 "I have something of my own I need to talk to you about Ms. Magante. I'll wait outside." I stepped outside just as Harrison was making his way in.

 "What have you done this time?" He asked.

 "Not me." I said, pointing inside. I sat down on the steps to the school to wait. There were a few people milling about ­ some kids came out here for lunch since you only had to cross through the middle of 'C' building. Mostly a pack of semi lost freshmen on one end trying to figure out who was going to be who's friend and a group of black juniors on the other comparing various Program girls to the character in that "Tenyari's tale" video game. I figured they'd get to me soon enough given where I sat, and let thoughts of that keep me off of thinking about what Mandy was going through.

 A boy or two came by and asked me to pose. I just stared down the first ­one of those freshmen, but I'd cooled off by the second and he had me showing him an up close of my labia and clit ring when a cop car pulled up. Two women got out and gave us nasty looks before going into Magante's bungalow ­one a cop and I guess the other a social worker. I flipped off the cop, not caring much for them ­Pa called 'em pigs. Weren't they in for a surprise...

 There was a brief bit of shouting from inside, then quiet. Twenty minutes later, my patience running thin, the cop, social worker, and Mandy all came out and left in the patrol car. Mandy gave me a worried look when she left. Yeah I fuck'd up your life, but it was pretty fuck'd up to begin with. Way I figured it, even foster care was better than the deal she had.

 Harrison and Magante came out and said a few words as I got up and walked over. I passed a couple locked in a tender kiss at the bottom of the steps and wondered if the rules on 'Public Displays of Affection' had changed. Last year you could touch and feel for the Program, but if you put emotion into it you got busted under the old PDA rules. Talk about fuck'd up stupid.

 I went in as Harrison was leaving. "Should I stay?" He turned to ask Ms. Magante.

 "No." I said, and she nodded. He gave me an annoyed look but left anyway.

 "Well that was a mess..." She said, looking past me. "Now that, that's what The Program is all about." She pointed to the couple at the base of the steps.

 "She going to be ok?" I asked, then followed her gaze; "It wasn't last year."

 "A glitch. It isn't just about sex you know... We want people to become more loving." She paused, then shut the door behind me. "Certainly not like Mandy's situation. Social services will place her, once everything is confirmed. I waived her requirement on the signature ­ she can pick which herself when she comes back." Magante said.

 "Is that all you think about?" I asked.

 "Watch your tone young lady. The administration has been very tolerant with you from what I hear..." She said.

 "As if... what the hell are you up to anyway?" I said. I didn't give a shit what she thought of my tone, or what she did about it. "I keep seeing you around, you show up at our cafe, and now I'm hearing announcements about my friends."

 "What are you talking about?" She asked.

 "I hear you telling the teachers about May. Holding her up like some kinda prize. You don't know shit about May. You don't know shit about what she's going through."

 "Watch your tone Alandra. May happens to be a perfect example of what The Program stands for. She's a liberated woman." She said.

 "Liberated? Fuck liberated. Fuck my fuck'n tone!" I got mad, and slammed my hands on her desk. She stepped back. "May hasn't a fuck'n clue what she's doing. She's a fuck'n addict ­ she can't stop fuck'n. She could get hurt! She's got no fuck'n disc... thought, whatever... She can't even fuck'n think 'bout who she fucks. Any boy with a cock and she's on it. What if she caught something? What if she gets raped? Where the fuck is your Program then?"

 "It's impossible for her to get raped if she consents to everything." Magante said in a huff.

 I just looked at her like she was from Mars. "You're as fucked up as she is. What gives you the right to talk about her? At least she has an excuse. You're supposed to be the adult here." I spun around. Fuck this shit, I was going to storm out of there and I didn't care what they did this time.

 Only I didn't get far. May was standing there in the doorway, and I could tell she'd heard more than enough. "I..." I began, but she slammed a fist into my gut ­ hard.

 Make no mistake, I'm the tough bitch in our gang, but when May gets into it she can out punch Kevin. I went down, out of breath and the taste of blood in my throat. "May... you don't understand..." I started, holding my stomach.

 Magante ran around her desk, but May dropped down to me first. At that moment I was thinking that if she was going to mess me over ­ it was her right. I'd violated her as much as Magante had by not talking to her first. But she hugged me and said "A.C. ... I'm sorry..."

 I struggled to catch my breath and said; "No, I deserved that... But damn May, if you heard. They're fuck'n with you May, just like mi Papá always says."

 "Dammit you two... sit down." Magante said. "And no punching." She looked at May. "Too much like me when I was your age..." I guess that got my attention, what'd she mean by that? She locked the door and sat on the ground next to us. "Look, we do mean well... And yes, The Program gets carried away sometimes."

 "Carried away... No shit..." I said. May took me into her embrace, so that I was somewhat sitting in her lap as she guiltily brushed over my sensitive stomach.

 "What the fuck is going on?" May said. "Why you talking about me?"

 "May, you're out of control. Do you have any idea who that guy you fuck'd this morning even was?"

 "... Which one?" She said, making my point.

 "But Alandra, this is what The Program seeks, Ms. Qian has freed herself of sexual limitations." Ms. Magante said.

 "Freed herself? The guy who fucked her barely bothered to say thanks. She was just a hole to him, he laughed about it. No respect in that shit. How's she free if people just use her?"

 "He laughed?" May asked, looking clearly distressed.

 "But isn't it beautiful that she's opened herself so much." Now that could have many meanings I thought, noting our nakedness. "She's even moved on to girls." Magante noted, as May's hand had strayed a little to low and was idly massaging my labia. I let her, if it kept her cool, with anyone else, at any other moment, it would have been very sexual.

 "Don't you dare mention that again to anyone." I said.

 "I don't see why." Magante said. "It's such a beautiful thing for a girl's sexuality to open up so much."

 "Fags..." May started until I tensed. "Queers get beat up."

 "What?" Magante asked. She was probably wondering who could possibly kick May's ass. Or maybe she just didn't get it.

 "We can't always be there. If they get her alone..." I started, but I don't think she was getting it. "Look, last year they tried to cut it off of a boy in the Program when he came out. This isn't California Ms. Magante, you better learn that fast."

 "Cut it...? People should be proud of their sexuality and freedom of expression. They should revel in it like Ms. Qian here." Ms. Magante said.

 "Huh... Reality check... Look at the jocks out there." I looked at Magante; "You're so proud, parading May around like some kind of trophy, but you didn't pick her for your Program, you picked me and the others. She's not your game, she needs help!"

 I don't need no..." May began, but the tears in her eyes told me she was starting to put things together.

 I hugged her as Magante said "I knew all about Mei Hua before I selected you."

 "You planned this? You fuck'd her, us, up on purpose." I was mad, and if not for years of conditioning I would have slugged her.

 "No, not like this. But opening up more, yes." She said. "I read your files before I chose you Alandra. I know how shy Mei Hua used to be."

 "It's May." May said.

 I got up, pulling May with me. She gave the bruise on my stomach a guilty look but clung to me. "You've got something to think about." I told Magante. "We'll take care of our own, like always."

 "Like always?" she said, and we left.

 "We late for class?" May asked as we entered 'C' building.

 "Yeah, but I ain't taking lip for it." I said. The halls were empty.

 I walked into Metal Shop, ten minutes late. "You better have a good excuse young lady." Mr. Carson said. Am I the only person who hated that phrase? Young lady my fuck'n cunt you asshole.

 "Talk to Ms. Magante." I said, and sat at the stool next to Raymond.

 "You won't be working with Ray today Ms. Cabrera. Since you proved so uncooperative yesterday I'm giving you a new partner for now. Perhaps you'll learn to get along better with your fellow classmates." Un-fucking-cooperative? Cause I won't suck your nephew off? I was pretty damn polite to that slime ball yesterday. He stuck me with Jennifer ­ who was overjoyed to get me. So that was the game...

 Jennifer proved too much for my patience, which was worn pretty damn thin by Ms. Magante at lunch. Every time I turned around there was something coming at my pussy or ass from behind. She even wrapped her arms around me and squeezed my tits. And she was giggling through the whole thing. When her hands moved down to my stomach the hug hurt and I gasped. She misread it, and I had hands in my pussy after that.

 Mr. Carson and his nephew just watched the whole thing with smug smiles. Several of the boys kept adjusting their pants through the class ­ which mostly had something to do with learning to safely cut sheet metal. Eventually when no one was looking I took a sharp hole punching tool and slammed it down into the table between her fingers. "Oops... I missed." I said. She was quiet for the rest of the class, and Mr. Carson kept looking over trying to figure out why she suddenly started keeping her hands to herself.

 When class was over, as I left he said "If you continue to be uncooperative I'll have to report it to the administration. We'll see how you like a second week, or even expulsion." 'Try it asshole' I thought. Ms. Magante was misguided, but this guy was a pure slime ball. If I didn't do something he might get out of hand.

 In the halls after class she followed me for a bit and asked "Is something wrong Alandra?"

 "No fuck'n..." I paused. Sure she was a bit sleezy and not what I wanted. Well, it was really her brothers that were sleezy... No wonder she was a lezzy. "Sorry... It's not you. Just stay away for a bit will you? I've got some fuck'd up shit to deal with and it's better I not take it out on you." That was kind of a first for me, last year I would've just told her to fuck off, or off campus I would'a beat the shit out of her just for being there.

 People figured out quick that it wasn't time to ask me for a 'Reasonable Request' and I made my way to Algebra pretty much untouched and unbothered. I did see Harrison talking to Magante in the hall a few doors from class. She saw me and gave me a guilty smile. The scary thing was that I think that woman really did mean well.

 I got into Algebra early, and Mr. Dennison gave me a kindly smile which held nothing of the sort of people I'd been dealing with since lunch. "Can you handle the chalkboard again today Ms. Cabrera?"

 "I'm really not feeling too well, but I guess so. It'll get my mind off things." I said.

 "Is everything ok?" He asked.

 I just smiled back and said "Thanks for asking." Other kids started making their way in, so the matter was dropped.

 "Hey A.C.. Where'd you go at lunch?" Marcy asked as she came in with Rick.

 I shrugged "We had to help a girl we found in the bathroom. Took her to Ms. Magante." My look told them there was more, but the class didn't need to hear it. The rest May could say when we were all at Albatross.

 When Fatima got in she sat down with us, seemingly a lot more comfortable with my nudity. "The boy in history asked for relief again." She started "Mother always said it hurt when men went in there." She looked down at my pussy, "but the girl who relieved him didn't seem in pain..." There was a mix of shock and curiosity on her face.

 "Shit, whoa... the teacher let them fuck for relief?" Rick asked.

 I smiled and said "Sure, it's kinda fun." Everyone looked at me. "Well I had to give Ray Williams relief ­somehow-." I said.

 "You little bitch." Marcy said with a grin.

 "It didn't hurt?" Fatima said.

 "No, it feels fuck'n great. I needed it bad..." I said.

 "Father would call you a whore. Back home he'd have the men kill you." She said, but then smiled at me with respect. I wondered what her uncle would say ­ she seemed to live between some conflict among those two.

 The final bell rang and I went up for chalkboard duty. The talk of sex with friends had me wet again. Mr. Dennison noticed it with a sniff and a smile, but didn't say anything rude like Mr. Carson probably would have. It was funny ­ every time I finished writing something on the board I'd turn around to face the class and all the heads would raise from my butt up to my breasts, then back down to my cunt and finally onto the board. Near the end of class I even hefted up my tits for them when I spun around. I would'a spread my pussy but I didn't want to get chalk in there.

 "You're dripping." Mr. Dennison said, putting a finger to my labia and wiping up a bit of the mess.

 "Ooo..." He blushed and wiped his hand on a tissue when I said that, and the class broke out in giggles. Fatima looked like a cat had jumped down her throat.

 After class in the hallway I took a slow pace, hoping to get bothered by people looking to check out the naked students. Sexing me up was a good way to cool my temper ­ While Algebra had helped, all the numbers and 'x' and 'y' bullshit was confusing enough to keep me from really getting what I wanted. Mr. D. had been trying to convince us that 'x' was more important to math than numbers ­ whatever, like all I could tell was it was a pretty good way to get chalk all over the naked girl's tits. Namely me ­ still it was fun and he was nice when he leered.

 So after I broke with Fatima at the stairs I let the first two boys to come along have their way with requests. They wanted me to spread apart my lower lips, and they wanted to know all about my piercing. I told them a little of how I got it, but I don't think they were too cool with my suggestion that men could get em too. "So what's it feel like?" one asked.

 "It's like someone's touching my clit all day. Like sometime's it's a bit fuck'n too much. They told me that wears off after a while. You get used to it." I said.

 "How long you had it?" The other asked, as he rubbed my clit between his fingers. "Man she's getting pretty wet."

 "Bout a month. This is the first week I can fuck safely..." I said, and they got real interested. Next thing I knew I was bending over on the top of the stairs and one of them was pounding his cock into my pussy from behind. Fuck it, I figured I'd be getting more of this in biology, but I might as well get my share here too. Too bad the little prick came in only fifteen seconds...

 His friend wanted it to, but the bells started ringing. "Hey you fuck'd Joe..." He pleaded.

 "Sorry, maybe next time, gotta get to class." I said.

 "Damn..." He said. "I got dibs on the next one." I heard him tell Joe as we ran in opposite directions for class.

 Biology with Ms. Lippmann. People were stripping as I came in. May was already on the floor in the circle she had us sit in, idly pumping her dildo in and out of her pussy as she watched Ms. Lippmann direct the rest of the kids. I sat near May, though we had to do it boy ­ girl ­ boy ­ girl. Kevin stripped and sat across from us. I guess he was thinking that if he managed it right in the next few weeks of this sex seminar we wouldn't have to fuck each other. Somehow I doubted Ms. Lippmann would let us get away with that. One of the things we had to agree to too not get put in the other Sex Ed class was to fuck anyone else in the class - as long as it was hetero sex. That was kind of fuck'd up funny, the queers and the bible thumpers all got put together by this Program.

 We all sat together in a circle and took a short written quiz Ms. Lippmann passed around. One sentence answers and not multiple choice, so I was glad I'd read up last night. There was a new girl ­ Tammy ­ who'd switched around with the last period to keep boy-girl numbers even. Other than May and me the kids in here only took their clothes off for this class, and everyone knew we were here to fuck each other ­ so it was a room full of hard cocks and feminine odors. With my shaved pussy everyone could see I was all puffed up ­ something Ms. Lippmann was happy to point out until she found May's new crossed arrows pubic hair styling. After that we had a short discussion on 'genital fashion' and several girls wanted to know how to get to Purrfect Pussy.

 I told them I got my clit pierced there, but that you'd need a fake ID to get it done. Ms. Lippmann gave me a look at that. "Oops..." I said, "Guess I'm not supposed to say that." But she just laughed it off along with everyone else. I did tell everyone that if you got one you couldn't have sex till it healed. "You've got to be careful even with touching yourself or peeing."

 "Yeah I'd get one... but I don't think I could go more than a day without a fuck." May said. To everyone but me she smiled. Me, I could read her better, and I could see a tension in her hands that said she really meant it... I reached behind the boy between us and patted her, for which I got a guilty smile and a look at my stomach ­ which was still kinda sore.

 We were a rough group, and May hitting me wasn't the first time my crew and I had tossed it up in some way or another. Shit, we came together in a fight. Freshman year Kevin and I tore into each other in the quad, and by the end of the day somehow May and Rubin got added in ­ but that was off campus ­ for a four way bloody fight. A lot of people remembered that, but they forgot the people we beat up were each other. That second fight happened outside Albatross, and it ended when Bill grabbed Kevin and me in one arm each and tossed us inside the place. He made us all sit there till we'd made peace over whatever we was fight'n about. Yeah Bill's big, and he looked even bigger when I was just 15, and he had fighter's knuckles ­ if you know what I mean.

 We kept coming back; Bill was the first adult to show us respect. Never did figure out why we didn't get busted over that fight in the quad...

 Ms. Lippmann was giving some kind of lecture on sexual intercourse and its importance in a relationship. She was also talking about changing... um... morays? I was trying to figure out what fish had to do with anything, but she said it had something to do with social rules and she spelled it wrong, she wrote 'mores' on the board. Whatever. She said sex was becoming a much more open matter ­ something you could do among friends (Kevin, May, and I all gave each other looks) or even strangers with little of the worries people used to have.

 I had to raise my hand "But isn't that still dangerous? I mean if I fucked one of my crew, we'd get all messed up with feelings n' shit. ...I mean, stuff. You know... Ain't it best to have some bounds?"

 "At one time yes, that's what people thought and it was true. But relationships are changing. Sex gets in the way of friendship because we link it to possession, and we link possession to romance. In the past to love someone meant to feel ownership of them. Society's changed though." She said.

 "That sounds cool," a girl I knew as Nancy said; "but I don't know if my feelings can just change that fast."

 "Yeah..." I said. "Once you fuck someone, you start expecting stuff..." It was hard to figure out exactly, but things just changed when people became fuck partners.

 "Well, we do hope to help you get through that here, and learn to be more open." Ms. Lippmann said. She paused looking and May and I and then continued; "I'm sure the two of you have opened up quite a bit since the Program came into your lives." At least she'd been a lot more diplomatic about that than Mrs. Jacobs had been this morning. Kevin still tensed, sensing something he wasn't quite sure of yet.

 "Yes." I said; "I can see that. But we like gotta have limits too."

 We talked on it a little more, but Ms. Lippmann cut it short to get on with the 'active' part of the lesson. "It might seem like we're skipping right to the heart of things with this, but I want us to get past hang-ups and then work our way back up to this." She had all the boys lie down and then told the girls we each had one minute to get the boy to our right 'ready' using mouth or hands. The boy to our left was to do the same to us ­ making one long chain.

 As for Ms. Lippmann, she sat in the center of the circle and timed us. The boy to my right smelled nice so I took him orally. The guy on the left looked better though, so hopefully I'd get to fuck him. He was also working wonders on my clit with his tongue... So I wanted to thank him intimately. Just as we were really getting into it though, Ms. Lippmann clapped her hands and had all the boys get up and move two girls down to the right. Talk about weird... I looked around and noticed that if she did that two more times I'd have Kevin. "Oh shit..." I muttered with a glance to him, he shrugged.

 She had us fuck. There's really no other way to put it. She gave us five minutes and missionary position ­ plain and simple. I had no idea who the boy on top of me was. "Hey what's your name?" I asked as he got ready to enter me.

 "Jake. You're Alandra right?" He looked a little nervous, but excited as well. "Sorry 'bout this..." He said.

 "About what? We're all here by choice." I said. I guess that was true. More like our parents all volunteered us for this sex thing, but then we had a choice to leave it for the other class regardless of what they said. He was hesitating, and the clock was running, so I grabbed him by the ass with my legs and pulled him down into me. "Oh!" I said, matched by a grunt from him. At least he was decent looking.

 The room was full of the sounds and smells of sex. I turned my head and saw May getting it from Joe ­ the guy who'd wanted me in his lap on Monday. She seemed to be enjoying herself though, and gave me a smile when she caught me looking, followed by a nod down. I glanced over and saw Ms. Lippmann in the middle of the room, masturbating with a dildo as she watched the orgy around her. "Sucks to be her." May called over. No shit I thought.

 Just as Jake was getting really into it, and I think - about to shoot his load - Ms. Lippmann called time. "Damn..." I said; Jake wasn't the only one who'd been close. She had all the boys move two girls down again and I ended up with another familiar face ­ Fred who'd been stripped on Monday for demonstration. Ms. Lippmann told the boys to lie on the floor mats, and I didn't waste a second tossing him down and riding his cock for all I could get out of it.

 I'm not sure what the fuck we were supposed to be learning outta this, but I didn't really give a shit anyway. Ms. Lippmann was giving some kind of lecture about the whole thing, but I doubt I was the only one not paying attention.

 I'd been close before, so I used Fred to reach my plateau and stay there as long as I could. I had five minutes with him, and then Lippmann'd stick me with Kevin and we'd have to make a decision.

 Fred wasn't the most skilled I'd had, so it didn't last that long, but you get what you can I guess. "Hey you're not related to my civic's teacher are you?" I asked Fred as I came down on his cock.

 "Hmnn... Uh? What? Oh, yeah... my aunt teaches here. You got her?" Fred said.

 "She's got some fuck'd up ideas." I said.

 He frowned, then sort of grinned as he pushed his cock up into me. "Yeah, she and my dad are always arguing over stuff."

 We fucked in silence, to a steady rhythm as I looked over and watched May go wild on some guy neither she nor I knew the name of. I guess we'd know soon enough ­ we'd all had to say our names on the first day, it was just a matter of remembering the shit. May was rocking herself on him, rolling her pussy back and forth every time she came down.

 I copied the move. Damn why'd I never think of that? Especially with my clit piercing it was like... It fuck'n sent me to a new level. I tried working the inside of my cunt -like when I came- and Fred's eyes shot open in amazement.

 "Whoa! What the fuck is that?" He said.

 "You never had a girl do that?" I asked.

 "Shit no... Never had a girl on top before. They just lay there." He said. Funny, I was thinking the same thing about guys ­ some of them just lie there, or do nothing more than in and out. Most of em finish before you can cum, and then just leave you there like they did you some kind of favor...

 "Don't have to be on top to do it. How many?" I asked, pulling up on him and getting close. "mmm..." He was watching my pussy, watching ­I suppose- the way it tried to cling to his cock as I pulled away.

 "Huh...?" He said, not really paying attention to me, or at least to the part of me that counted.

 "Oooh, up here." I said, picking up my tempo which only caused him to not look up. "How many girls you had?"

 "Not many, hnnn... There was, like, Maya last year ­ she was 'Programed' and in my gym class. Then I dated Natalie till she started using, Susan over summer, and now today." He said. I remembered Natalie; she was some kind of ecstasy junkie.

 Shit, I was only his fifth; counting the five minutes he'd done before being sent to me. "Well you'll get more pussy -oooh- soon." I said. He came, spurting into me as his eyes opened wide and locked on the joining of our bodies. I sped up for all I was worth; trying to get everything I could before he went limp and pulled out.

 "Time." Ms. Lippmann called. "Oh shoot, will you look at that... Ok class looks like we're done for today, finish up if you have to." She was grinning ear to ear at that. I guess she'd come at some point, 'cause she was done with her dildo and just standing there.

 Fred just said "That was cool," and went to get his clothes.

 Kevin came over. "That was close." He said.

 "No shit." I said. "Yo May, hurry it up will you." She was still riding hers. I gestured at Fred "If he wasn't so new I'd kick his ass for leaving me on edge."

 "New?" Kevin asked.

 "To sex. Or least variety... I'm five, she's four..." I said, pointing to a girl who was just coming down from being worked over well by a boy who'd decided he still had a reason to 'finish up', unlike Fred...

 I sat down on the floor next to Kevin as he got dressed. All I had to do was put my waist chain back on. I was watching May and trying to decide something I couldn't quite put my finger on. She finished just as Kevin buckled his belt. Ms. Lippmann stopped watching and started gathering papers.

 "Seems I always get the wrong ones..." I said without looking up. "Guess I could finish off with this..." I held up my dildo.

 "What was that?" Kevin said, crouching down to me. His eyes dropped to my pussy for a second before hitting me at eye level again.

 "They 'fraid of you." May said, coming over.

 "What about you?" I said.

 She grinned "I made em afraid not to finish me."

 "You two are fucking crazy..." Kevin said, as we all walked out of class.

 On the way out I saw Ms. Magante at the door stop Fatima and exchange a few words. That made me think of something. "You need your clothes back Ms. Cabrera?" She asked as I came up to her. "I put the ones from yesterday with your stuff from today."

 "No... I wanted to ask you about her." I said, pointing to Fatima who was standing in the alley between the classes and gym looking both ways ­ like she was trying to decide which exit to use.

 "Well I can't discuss private matters of other students." She said, talk about hypocrisy.

 "No, I guess you can just send them out in memos to everyone?" I said back with a little ice in my voice. "Look, she's one of us now, and we look out for ours. You be careful with her."

 "Are you making a threat young lady?" She asked.

 I though for a second, I guess it did sound like that didn't it. "No, I'm just saying, Me, May, the rest of the gang ­ sure we can take this Program shit. But look at her, if the Program didn't kill her, her father would."

 "I'm aware of her situation if that's what you mean. Separation of church and state prevents me from making a special case though." She said, then paused. "But don't worry... I don't intend to let the Program get ripped apart by the controversy that would cause..." She turned to walk inside.

 "Hey..." I called out, halfway down the steps.

 "Yes?" She looked back.

 "I think you should look into Mr. Carson..." I said.

 "Metal shop?" she asked.

 "Yeah, he's trouble..." I said.

 "I'll look into it." She said.

 "Oh, you said something, 'bout us being like you..." I said.

 "Yeah." She held up her arms. "Look close next time. I had them lasered off, but you'll see it if you look. Gang tattoos." Then she turned and went inside, calling over her shoulder "You kid's got nothing on me and what I've done..." I remembered something on TV a few years ago about Filipino gangs in California, or was the Vietnamese...? They were supposed to be ultra violent, even the girls were brutal killers. That made me wonder just where she'd risen up out of... But then, TV has a way of overdoing shit...

 "What was that about?" May asked, pulling her shirt from yesterday out of the box. Melinda was standing next to her, still naked.

 "She a fuck'n gang-banger..." I said.

 "Who?" Melinda asked.

 "No fuck'n way..." Kevin said. He handed my coat over, and kept rifling through the box. A couple naked freshmen were standing around wondering how to get past the 'big black jungle mother-fucker' blocking their way... I just grinned at the silliness of it, knowing just how polite Kevin was to people who simply asked.

 "Yo Kev. I can wait, let the kids through." Actually it was colder than this morning, but I figured the kids were more spooked than me. "Aren't you gonna get dressed?" I asked Melinda.

 "Naw, like my clothes are in the gym anyway." She said.

 Kevin looked behind him and said "Oh... Here, you guys look through this." He handed over half the clothes to the freshmen. "This bin's just not easy for a crowd to go through."

 "I think they want to make it take us time." May said, before running off to do cartwheels for a group of boys. She stopped in a hand stand and let two of them use her dildo on her pussy until she fell.

 "Ooh that looks fun!" Melinda said and ran off after May.

 "How can she do that...?" A freshman girl asked me as I put on my coat.

 "That's just May. 'sides; it keeps them off us..." I said. "This one yours?" I took a pink blouse from the pile and gave it to her. I thought I'd seen her in it that morning.

 "Yeah thanks. Where the heck did my knickers go..."

 Kevin looked around then said; "There..." He pointed to the top of a light pole, which had a set of knickers dangling from it.

 "Fuck..." she said, and some boys on the edge of the group bust out laughing before running off when I stared them down.

 After another minute we figured they'd run off with her skirt too, so she had to go home bottomless. "You got friends?" I asked as the twins came over.

 "No..." She said; looking a little frightened at the idea of walking home alone, nude.

 "We can take her." Manuel said.

 "Like fuck you can." I said. "I saw you punks at lunch. They looked caught.

 "We promise to be good." Rosa said.

 "I'll kick your asses if I hear otherwise." I said, then asked the girl "What's your name?"

 "Um... Cindy. Who're you guys?" She asked.

 "Alandra, but just call me A.C. This is Kevin, you've seen May." I pointed over to May, who had some boy sucking on her cunt right then. Melinda was watching it with a smile, but fending off people coming up to her. "This is my brother and sister..." I pointed to the twins. They pointed to each other and called out their names, then grabbed her by the arms and started walking off. When they got halfway down the alley I could see Rosa's hand on Cindy's ass, and Manuel doing something on the front side. I was about to go to do something when she went weak in the legs, but Kevin stopped me.

 "Looks like they're getting along just fine A.C." He said. I was wondering if my sister was gonna end up bi like May, or if this was just some kind of twin thing, sometimes they were just a little too close...

 We finished gathering our stuff. I got my little 'cartoon pussy' charm from in my bag and put it into my clit ring, then put my clothes in my bag and just wore my coat for the cold. Marcy, Rick, and Rubin joined us as we left ­ the whole gang. We passed by Fatima on the way out. "What's up?" I asked.

 "Father was supposed to pick me up today." She said.

 Melinda offered her a cell phone. "Here, call home and check."

 "Yeah we can wait." May said.

 She did, and it looked like her father had been delayed getting back from INS. Some kind of refugee application thing I didn't quite understand. I guess they call it 'Homeland Security' now... As if...

 We offered to walk her home; it was just past the cafe. I wondered why she'd needed a ride in the first place, but didn't press it. Seemed better to take things slow with Fatima ­she was pretty different from us, but we were 'bout the only people who'd give her the time of day. Fact is, on the walk over there I saw people looking at her in fear, like Kevin always said whites did to him. Some women even crossed the street to avoid us ­ or so it looked, unless they wanted to walk on the other side for one block to see the vacant lot rather the Albatross cafe, old diner, and hair salon on this side. Unless they'd meant to turn around, recross, and follow until they reached the salon all along... I dunno, it could'a been Kevin...

 People are so fucking stupid...

 Front door to Fatima's. Her uncle was a decent looking man, though his eyes were bugging out at the site of May, Melinda, and me standing back behind the rest of the gang. Hands in the pockets, I pulled my coat closed. May made to hug Fatima as she parted from us, but I held her back with a look of caution.

 "These... are your friends?" Her uncle said.

 She just nodded quietly. "We watch out for her." Kevin said.

 "I see..." Then he said something in whatever language it was they spoke, and Fatima nodded and went inside after smiling back at us. "Why are they undressed?" He asked, gesturing over us girls in the back.

 "It's the Program." I said. "We have to be like this at school."

 He looked around, May shrugged, and Melinda said "Well, yeah... but we can do it anywhere now too."

 "You're not exactly the friends I would pick for my niece..." Her uncle looked us over as best he could; trying not to see the three of us who were naked below eye level. "But maybe you're the best for her in this place."

 "What is the meaning of this?!" I heard from behind me before being suddenly shoved aside as a man who looked a lot like Fatima pushed though us. He'd grabbed May by the arm and was dragging her forward. Wrong move, she was a half step away from attack, and if she'd had a knife we'd be in trouble.

 "I have guests, treat them as such." Fatima's uncle said.

 "This is no guest, this is a whore." He jerked May's arm, and Kevin stepped in grabbing a punch May was sending before the man saw it. It wasn't lost on the uncle though, from the look in his eyes...

 Kevin pulled them apart and said "You owe the lady an apology." Fatima's father simply huffed and stormed past her uncle to enter the house.

 "We should go." I said, without stepping from around Rubin. "Tell Fatima I'll see her in school tomorrow."

 He just nodded and then shook his head with a slight grin as we left. I gather the two men saw eye to eye on the properness of us being nude, but her uncle was just more willing to accept that this land played by different rules... Rules he and his family would need to at least learn to be able to deal with if not agree with.

 Not much longer we stopped off at Albatross to see Bill. He looked at Melinda and said "Another one?" before shaking his head and chuckling. He prepped our sodas and coffee, and Melinda asked for tea. Rick passed a cigarette around. "Saw you kids pass by just a moment ago."

 "We was walking a friend home." May said. I took off my coat and put it on the chair, making myself the third nude girl - only Marcy had covering below the waist. May had her blouse on though.

 "This gonna be a permanent thing?" Bill asked, gesturing over May and I, then giving Melinda the once over. She was new pussy, even if young, so I guess he just checked her out from male reflex.

 "Maybe..." I said.

 "Cause if it is, I may have to get more fitting couches, or 'least something I can change out the covers on."

 "May leaving spots again?" Rick asked.

 "May's always leaving spots... You kids ever notice you're the only ones who ever sit there? Though sometimes I get a perv in here who goes over after y'all leave..." Bill said.

 "Ew gross." Marcy said.

 "No shit." May said "A decent guy'd come over and lick it out of me while it's still fresh."

 "May..." Rubin said, rolling his eyes.

 Melinda straddled May's usual spot on the arm of the couch. Rubin was about to say something when May just sat right on her leg. "Can't have you wetting the furniture anymore." Melinda said.

 Kevin reached over and touched Melinda's slit before saying "What's the use? Now you're doing it." Melinda tensed a little when he did it, I could tell from May shifting, but then she did her best to act like it was normal for a guy to finger her slit.

 If she kept showing up naked, it would be. Especially if she starting hanging with May.

 We sat around and chilled for a bit, talking about the day's events. People came and went, a lot of the men checking us out. Wednesday was always one of the busy days, though not as much as open mic on Thursdays.

 "Hey china-girl, come over here and give some of that to a real man." Some guy with coffee and his friends called over.

 "Yeah!" One of the others called out. "I'll take the little senorita, Joe can have the redhead."

 That's how I like 'em" the one I guessed to be Joe said. "These little cunts are street legal now aren't they?"

 "Fuck off old man." I said. He had to be forty, or more. Bill started paying attention.

 "That's just gross." Marcy said. She was saying that a lot lately.

 "No shit." May said. "Even I wouldn't do some grampa..." Melinda smiled. "And the red's mine." May reached down past her legs and slipped a finger into Melinda's cunt. Our guys just sat there in silence. But we knew they were all just waiting for the signal.

 Bill knew it too, so he cut it short. "Look guys, keep it cool." He said to the men. "My regulars aren't for sale."

 "Hey no fuss man, you can't blame a guy for trying." The guy who'd started it all said. And that was it. They stayed through their drinks, and what I could hear of their conversation covered us being naked, the Program, and how 'chicks were getting easier'. I also managed to figure two of them were married to wives who had no idea they were out cruising like this. Men...

 Some college girls came in not long after - three of them in states of undress. The brunette had on thigh high stockings and cute little pumps ­ and nothing else. Her pussy was shaved like me. The other two had dyed blond hair above and below. One in an open leather jacket, belt, and boots, the other with a shirt made from beaded strings going across, revealing everything underneath. The last girl was also barefoot like me and my girls. They ordered and sat, playing footsy with each other's cunts until they got some lucky fool trapped between them. He couldn't have been more than a year older than them, and he looked rather pleased with himself when he got pulled into their circle.

 They made him play with their pussies for a bit, then they left together. The girls had their hands in their victim's shorts, so you could figure where that was going. Those old guys should've stayed a few minutes more.

 "Now there's a lucky bastard." Rick said. Melinda looked at him and grinned.

 Eventually we left. We were halfway down the block when we saw them. "Yo Mitch, didn't I tell you to get your fuck'n ass outta my turf?" Rubin called out.

 Mitch and his buddies ­ we'd been having trouble with them for a year now. They picked a fight with us in Albatross way back. Something about Kevin bumping one of them, or the other way around. Bill threw em out and told em to stay out. Later we kicked their asses and hadn't seen em but nowhere other than the mall since. Well maybe they'd kicked some of our asses a few times too... They went to school across town from us, all five of em: Mitch, Jason, Paul, Ken, Belinda. Belinda had no bottom on and one of those collar shirts that ended above her bared breasts, and Ken was wearing biker chaps leaving his cock out. Maybe they'd just been pissed that our guys had more girls hanging with them than they did...

 "It's the spic, and his nigger." Ken I think it was who said that.

 "They got a new cunt with 'em too." Jason said. A couple of people started crossing the street.

 "Maybe we should show her around some..." Belinda said, tossing her head towards the vacant lot. "She sure looks ready for it." Melinda got nervous and moved behind Rick and May. She wasn't used to our world yet, and I was wondering if it was a good idea to bring her into it.

 May and I both had knives in our hands. So did Rick.

 Kevin was going for something in his bag when Bill showed up on the street. "Didn't I tell you kids not to come back?" They looked at us, then at Bill in his huge biker best.

 "It's cool." Paul said. Then a girl I didn't know came out of the diner and joined them ­ putting her clothes back on and looking between our two groups. Paul looked over the street, with people going here and there. "We'll finish this later." He called back as they walked off.

 "No good punks..." Bill muttered. "You kids stay safe." He told us as he went back inside his cafe.

 "What's in the bag?" Rubin asked Kevin as we walked away. Kevin opened his bag, and I realized it wasn't the same one he brought to school. Inside was a Glock 17 ­ a gang banger's gun.

 "Shit Kevin, where they fuck did you get that?" Rick asked.

 "My brother." Kevin said.

 "Fuck Kev, you bring that out, it'll take things to a whole new level." I said. He looked at my knife, making me realize how stupid I sounded.

 May and Melinda were locked in a whispered conversation as we made our way out of there. Melinda looked frightened, and I had to wonder again just what I'd gotten her into.

 "Is it always like this?" She asked.

 "No, not really..." Rubin said. "You guys are attracting a bit of attention though."

 "Hey!" May said. "We didn't bring Mitch's crew out."

 "No but he's right May, not everybody's used to naked chicks yet." I said, thinking about the old guys in Albatross, and the guys outside the mall yesterday.

 "I wonder what they was doing?" Rick said, peering into the diner as we passed.

 "Something with that girl I suppose." Marcy said "Probably trying to get a job if she was naked." We could see them about a block down, getting into a blue Impala.

 "Oh get like fuck'n real..." Marcy said.

 "Yeah, like they think they're 'gangstas' or something ­ driving that old thing." Kevin said. They took off in the car, flipping us off as they passed by. I could swear I saw one of them holding a gun... There was trouble in that group.

 "Needs a new alternator." I said, hearing the engine pass.

 "How can you tell?" Melinda asked. I just shrugged.

 "You could put A.C. here on that radio show, car... something or other." Kevin said. "She always fixes my car."

 There was a look in Melinda's eyes as she gave my naked body a once over. May got a devious look and grabbed her up. "I know what you're thinking..." She teased, dipping a finger into the redhead's pussy.

 "Oh!" Melinda jumped, and we all bust out laughing. I got a mental image of myself naked and covered in grease ­ monkey wrench in hand, then shook my head with a smile...

 We stopped at the park, down a few blocks, to sit and smoke. May and Melinda were chatting off by a tree when Rick asked me "So what's the deal with her?"

 "She got added to my gym class. Figured May and her would connect."

 "Yeah well..." He looked over at them, catching them giggling over the dildo May was wearing. "What's up with May? Is she...?"

 "May's gotten... complicated." I said as I wrapped my coat in closer. Why the fuck weren't those two getting cold?

 "And she's...?" Rick began.

 "Complicated too I guess." Marcy cut in. "Ew... now they're kissing."

 "It's not bad." I said. "She's a good kisser." Marcy slipped and fell off the bench, Rubin and Rick just looked at me. Kevin was staring off at the dark shadows in the trees. "What? She got me in the shower after gym."

 "I dunno..." Marcy said.

 "Well, I still prefer cock. Same with them I think." I pointed over to Melinda and May, who were back to giggling and walking our way. Melinda was swaying her hips seductively. She gave us a look ­ gauging for effect I suppose.

 "Hey guys, what's up?" May said. "Yo pass that over Kev." Kevin passed over the joint, and May took her turn with it.

 Melinda sat on the bench below Rick ­he was up on the table with me- and leaned back into him. "You guys're all right. Not like any of the shit people say about you."

 "Don't believe everything you hear." Kevin said.

 "Aren't you guys cold?" I asked, looking at May and then Melinda.

 "It is getting cold..." May said.

 Melinda moved up and sat in Rick's lap. "Guess I'll have to find a way to keep warm." She said, pulling Rick's hands around and dropping them in her lap inches from her crotch. Rick grinned. She spread her legs just a tad; he got the hint, and began to touch her. Marcy squirmed.

 "You need a boy Marcy." I said.

 "No shit..." She said. "All these naked people walking around, getting it on, all this shit is just too much."

 "So go with it." May said, pulling her shirt down just a tad with a shiver.

 "Fuck, not like that." Marcy said. "Sorry May, but I couldn't do this naked shit."

 "Ooo that's it..." Melinda said, obviously in a different place. Rick was playing with her clit.

 "What if you get picked?" Kevin said. "For the Program."

 "Fuck no." Marcy said.

 "Hey with those tits you'd do great." Melinda said, coming back to focus for a second.

 "Ain't gonna happen." Marcy said, and then paused. "But I guess I'll deal if it does."

 "We got your back." Rubin said.

 Melinda's legs spread out till she bumped me on her left. "Oops." She giggled, then "Oh!" as she brought them back in.

 I got up and went over to Kevin and May, giving her a little space. "There's goes the no fucking friends rule." Kevin said... Rubin and Marcy joined us, and we went quiet enough to keep Rick and Melinda out.

 "It'll work itself out." I said. "I think she's really just looking to fuck us all."

 "I dunno..." May said. "I think she wants more."

 "Not from me." Marcy said. "I mean, like, she's cool and all, but I ain't a dyke."

 "Me either." I said, though really I was starting to think about keeping my options open. Not a dyke that is, but I wanted to try that kiss again.

 "I mean I think she needs friends..." May said.

 "Yeah, like, I figured that too." I said. I looked back to Rick and Melinda; he had one hand in her lap and the other working her tits. "Yo Rick! Get laid already will you?" Guy didn't seem to take the hint, no wonder he never got much.

 "I keep telling him..." Rubin started. "You gotta take the moment. Opportunity might knock, but it ain't gonna open the door."

 Behind me I heard a zipper, then some shuffling, and duals grunts of pleasure. "It's about time." Marcy's eyes got big ­ I figure she got laid even less than Rick, and from where she was sitting she could see it all.

 "Pass me that." She said, reaching for the joint May had. "This shit's getting expensive."

 "No shit." Rubin said. "Where'd you get it Kev?" Kevin pointed at me. "Oh."

 "It's cool, we got extra." I said.

 We sat for a while passing the bud to the sounds of Melinda and Rick. Marcy kept squirming over on her bench - after a while I just couldn't take it anymore and I had to look back.

 Melinda was still in his lap, facing us. She smiled when she saw me, and blew a kiss. She was riding him, and I could see it moving in and out. Rick's jeans where piled on the ground below him.

 "Shit..." I said.

 "Had to look, didn't you A.C.?" Marcy said. This shit was gonna make it hard for us all too just be friends...

 "Now you know how we feel." Kevin said. "Seeing you naked this week, getting it on with people..." When had Kevin seen me...? Oh... Bio class...

 "Yeah but..." I began.

 "But nothing. Got fuck'n used to May, running 'round all wild 'n shit. But now you too..." I knew what he was saying 'May's so crazy it's easy to dismiss her, but you, you were normal...'

 I remembered Tuesday at lunch, when Marcy'd jacked Kevin off. "Ok... But I can't do shit 'bout the Program."

 "Just not used to thinking of you as a bitch." He said. "But now I can't stop seeing it."

 "No shit..." Rubin said. "A.C., you're one fine piece of ass... but before this week, you was just one of the guys."

 "Well fuck!" May said, "What about me?" She spread her legs for emphasis, putting a hand down in there.

 "May... you're so... whatever. All wild and shit... It's easy to laugh it off and not pay attention. But if you make us think about it, shit'll get all messed up." Rubin said.

 "Yeah." Marcy said, "You're like, a force of nature or something."

 "Well fuck..." May said, taking a puff before passing me the joint and going over to Rick and Melinda.

 "See what I'm getting at?" Kevin said.

 "Yeah, what's gonna happen when she goes after us?" Rubin said. "Me and Kev always divide up the bitches..."

 "I don't fuck what he fucks." Kevin said. "But Melinda's got her own plan."

 "So don't fuck her." Marcy said.

 "Heh... Look at that shit..." Kevin said, pointing to Melinda, who was riding Rick and frenching May on the bench behind me. "Even A.C. wants a piece of that..."

 "What?" I said.

 "Oh come on A.C., you're dripping it all over your coat there, and I can see how you look at her..." He was right, seeing them - hearing them - fuck behind me was getting me all bothered up. And it wasn't Rick I was thinking about - it was that kiss Melinda'd given me in gym...

 "... When she kissed me..." I said.

 "Fuck..." Marcy said, in a whisper.

 "I'm just worried. She's gonna want to be part of the gang - and I think she's cool and all. But she's also gonna want to fuck around with us, and I'm gonna want to do it." Kevin said. "And with you and May naked, it's just gonna start changing shit."

 Rick took a drag on the almost smoked out joint, then added "Last shit we need - for me and Kev to start competing over you three like you was bitches."

 I opened my coat and spread my legs, saying "Well, it's been here all along..."

 "Yeah, but it was different before." Kevin said - eyes locked on my puffed up clit. "Yeah we always talk shit about who we score on. So I know you and May, and even Marcy, fuck around. I know I could'a been on your lists... but it wasn't in my face before."

 "Even when May started this whole bottomless trip, she was just so wild about it..." Rubin said. "That we laughed it off."

 "So we never thought about how it got us hard." Kevin said.

 "Yeah... you too huh?" Rubin said.

 "This is fucked up..." Marcy said.

 I thought for a minute, lit a new joint, took a drag and passed it. "Well, we could toss her..." I gestured behind me. I liked Melinda - she was cute and fun like May, but I'd toss her in an instant for me crew.

 "No... She's nice, she'll be fun. And... It's too late to go back." Rubin said.

 "Not with you in the Program." Kevin said. "Not with what we both know's gonna happen in bio."

 "What? What's going on in bio?" Marcy asked.

 "We got this fucked up sex seminar thing going. Lippmann's got us all screwing around for the next two weeks." I said.

 "Shit, that sounds kinda fun." Marcy said.

 'Yeah, cept me and A.C. are in it together with May. Sooner or later I'll get paired with one of em." Kevin said.

 "So we'll deal." Rubin said, putting out a hand. "We're a crew - lifers."

 "Deal with what?" May said, back from fooling with the fucking couple behind us - damn Rick was lasting pretty long for a guy with so little action.

 "We were just talking about the shit in bio." I said.

 "Oh... that mess..." May said, and we all put our hands together, promising to try and keep the friendship even after sex entered the picture - hoping to avoid any of that possessive or competitive bullshit...

 I heard Rick finish; he yelled out as he came, and managed to get Melinda off just after. Looking back I saw her get up, hug him, and then come running over. She took the joint and gave it a long drag. "Now that was a good fuck!" She said. "I can't believe you guys never did any shit with each other. You gotta try him out Alandra - way better than what's his name in gym..." Everyone gave me a look at that.

 "It's complicated..." I said, to her and them. Rick came over, his pants back on. He took a drag and we all sat around in silence. May held Melinda - who was all fucked out and clearly showing it. She was rubbing something into her belly that I could only guess used to belong to Rick. More of it was dripping out of her onto May's leg where she straddled her.

 After a while the mood shifted - the night was over and we left. The gang split at the usual spot - our morning intersection - and I found myself walking home with May and Melinda in tow.

 "Wow..." Melinda said. "What a night."

 "Hey where you live?" I asked. Turned out she was at the end of a cul-de-sac a block over from me. I remembered the jerks that used to live there; they were always trying to pick fights with the twins. Another block over was May's place, so we could all hook up easy.

 We came to my turn, May 'offered' to walk Melinda home, and I doubted one of them would ever make it home tonight. "Hey..." I said, then pulled Melinda into me and started a kiss. She felt for my pussy while we were at it, and slid two fingers into me while a third got to my clit. It was soft and sensuous, like nothing I'd ever felt before. Well, before that morning at least. But it was over, too quickly... "Yeah..." I said.

 "Well, see you tomorrow A.C." May said, sensing I had something on my mind I wanted time for.

 "Um..." Melinda began, pointing to me as May grabbed her arm. "Oh, ok." She said. I guess she picked up on the vibe, whatever it was. I watched them walk away, wondering just what it was about her kiss that made me wonder if maybe going for a girl might not be such a bad idea...

 Sure enough, they both turned down Melinda's cul-de-sac together. I turned around and went down to my house.

 Pa said he came out here 'cause he got sick of living in apartment complexes, but the place we had wasn't much more than one. Stepping inside I saw the twins at it with that video game, and on the couch behind them was Cindy ­ the freshmen who'd lost her clothes. She was passed out and still naked, and I could see white film all over her stomach. Her blouse was gone. Manuel still had his cock out, sitting there on the floor. When he saw me he wiggled the damn thing at me while he and Rosa bust out laughing.

 "Hey. What's up with her?" I asked, taking off my coat and tossing it over Pa's chair along with my school bag.

 "She's all fucked out." Rosa said, lifting a skirt to show off her pussy. "Me too..." she added. I don't think I'd ever seen the twins naked since I had to change their diapers, so it was kinda weird.

 "You didn't...?" I looked between the two of them.

 "No stupid, Manuel fucked her and she ate me out! God A.C., you're fuck'n gross..." Rosa said.

 "Well... Hey you can't just leave her there." I said.

 "Her parent's are coming by." Manuel said, not really paying attention, he was too busy getting his little video game girl to get fucked by a bunch of fairies or something.

 "No, you gotta hit the 'A' button to get her to go down on him!" Rosa called out. I had a mental image of May running around with video game buttons painted on her belly, trying to get all the guys - and girls too I guess - to press her 'A' button...

 "When?" I asked; they just shrugged. Fucking unreal, they didn't even seem to care about the girl they'd fucked.

 "Hey... wake up." I gently shook Cindy.

 She came to kind of groggy like. "What's?"

 "It's ok girl, let's get you cleaned up. Your parents are coming by to pick you up." I said.

 "What... who? Oh Shit!" she called out, looking up, sitting up.

 "Yeah, come on." I offered my hand.

 "My clothes...?" She asked. She seemed almost drunk, or maybe a little high, but I didn't smell any of Pa's weed.

 "Remember, you lost em at school..." I said.

 "Oh... Oh yeah..." She said, following me into the bathroom. We both got into the shower together. I took the little 'pussy cat' charm out of my clit ring and started to lather up, then offered her the soap, but she just hugged me.

 "This Program got you all fucked up?" she asked. "I've never been so horny..."

 "Yeah..." I said. "It really puts some strange shit in your head."

 She crouched down to look straight at my crotch. "Hey I didn't get to see this up close before, did it hurt?" she touched my clit ring, then lightly rubbed along my slit.

 "Yeah, at first. But it feels good now. They said I'd get used to it eventually, but I dunno, it's like, something's always rubbing me down there..."

 She put a finger in me, and started to stroke it in and out. I stepped back, as much as I could in so small a space. "Uh... I'm not..." I began.

 "Oh! Oh... I'm sorry. I'm not either, but..." She started.

 "Yeah, the Program... It's ok." I said.

 "I just... Before I was in I didn't, well I never looked at another girl so close before, and your ring is so pretty. Is that turquoise?" Cindy said.

 "My birthstone, yeah." I said.

 "You two fucking in there?" I heard Rosa call out from the living room.

 "Fuck off!" I yelled back, but I doubt she heard me.

 "They treat you ok?" I asked.

 "Yeah, like, it was fun actually..." she said. "Manuel was all over me, and I was all over Rosa."

 "I could see ­ Manuel all over you that is." We giggled over that, then I asked "You ok with just being fucked like that?"

 She finished soaping up on top, and moved to her crotch. "Well, I guess so. I... I was a virgin till yesterday... It's still kinda scary."

 "It's always scary, but if you're horny enough you forget that for a little." I said.

 "My friend Carrie said it's not scary with her boyfriend." She said.

 "Love... Or some kind of shit, I got a friend that'll fuck anything. But I think even she's scared of herself. What happened to your virginity?" I said.

 "I got fucked silly." She said with a laugh.

 "They are fucking in there!" I heard Rosa yell out from the other side of the door. "You're such a dyke Alani!"

 Hey, I wasn't the one who got my pussy worked over by another girl... "You know what I mean Cindy..." I said. She was done soaping up, and trying to rinse out her pussy ­ trying to get enough of Manuel's cum out that her parent's didn't freak I guess.

 "Yeah... Swim class, during free swim Joel had a 'request'. He's kinda cute and I always wanted him to ask me out back in middle school. Coach Roquette said whatever I was ok with was fine ­ so I let him inside me. Coach said the filters would clean out the pool pretty fast... It only hurt for a second, then it was amazing." She said.

 "I'm jealous." I said. "I've never done it in water."

 "Yeah, I'm sorry, but your brother's got nothing on getting fucked in the pool." She said. "What was your first?"

 "You don't want to know." I said, feeling suddenly tense as the last of the soap rinsed off me.

 She picked up on my vibe. "It was bad, wasn't it?"

 "I got attacked..." I said, and we dropped it as she gave me a hug. I didn't tell her where, or how, or what happened after ­ she didn't need to fear the school the way I used to.

 When we'd finished the shower we stepped out into the living room. I didn't bother going to my room to put anything on, though it did suddenly occur to me that I'd not had any reason to join her in that shower...

 "Hey you got a call." Rosa said.

 "Who?" I asked.

 "Fuck if I know. Check the machine." Rosa finished.

 The machine gave its speech. "Hi, it's, uh... Jenny. I was... Um... Well... I'd like to, maybe, go out sometime. You know... Oh, my brother's gonna be in town this weekend, I told him we had metal shop together. He couldn't believe they put you in the Program. He was like 'A.C., in the fucking Program. I gotta see that shit!' Say um... how long did you have to, um, you know, not do it, after you got pierced... I was thinking... Well, never mind. Hey give me a call, or maybe I'll just see you in class... Bye..." And she ended it with a kissing sound. Fuck, I didn't need Jenny complicating things. She just made me think of a real mistake of a boyfriend. I wonder if she knew how creepy her brothers were... She must've got the number from Anthony. I had a very uncomfortable image of me over showing up naked over there, and being greeted at the door by her brothers and that great dane of theirs... I think Anthony said something about going into making films... There was no fucking way I'd be going over there without backup.

 We sat in the living room and she struck up a conversation with the twins. I watched as the three of them played the video game ­ it was kinda funny watching a naked girl play a game about a naked girl.

 "Yeah like that." Manuel said, pointing to the screen. "I've managed to find three of her cum scenes, keep hitting A, then X, no... up and down. Yeah, there she goes. Hey Rosa, she found a new one!" the little 3D redhead on my TV was cumming for all her digital worth on the cock of some guy that looked like a fantasy barbarian with pointy ears ­whatever. I wondered how they did the voices for these things. I'll bet that geek Saul played this thing. I'd have to ask Melinda if she'd ever managed to get his cock inside her or not.

 I looked at the game's manual for a bit ­ there was a section on the 'educational' part of the game. Instead of playing you could watch 'instructional videos' with your friends, or so the guide said. There was a 'National Program Seal of Approval' on the back page, which made me think of some of the shit in civics class.

 "You just gonna sit there like some cheap ass whore?" Rosa asked. "Pa'll be home soon."

 "Whatever..." I said. "You might wanna put your pants back on soon Manuel." Cindy was jacking him off and giggling, so I don't think he was in a mood for that at the moment. I didn't really care for seeing my brother get off, so I got up to check on Pa's meds. "Cindy, we don't need you taking another shower..."

 "Oh... Yeah..." I heard her call back. Pa'd taken all his meds, from what I could count, so I put my coat and my bag in my room and went through some tunes till I heard the front door opening.

 When I stepped into the living room, Pa was there with Dan. Manuel had put his pants back on, but Cindy was still there completely naked and currently playing the video game.

 "Alandra, where are your clothes? We're not doing the 'outreach' part of that Program."

 I just shrugged. "Yeah Pa, I know, I'm just comfortable like this for now." I gave Dan a hug. "How's it going? You guys have fun?"

 "Yeah. So they drafted you for this Program thing?" Dan asked.

 "Yep." I spun around for him, Dan was safe. "Check it out. Pretty fu... strange."

 "Well I'm sure you're making hell for all those boys." Dan said.

 "Rosa, who's your friend?" Pa asked.

 "Um... Cindy. She's in that stupid Program too." Rosa said.

 "Hi Mr. Cabrera." Cindy waved from the screen, then looked from Pa to Dan and back in a curious sort of way.

 "Her parents are picking her up soon." I said. I think they were coming soon.

 "Uh, at 9 I guess." Cindy said.

 "Well, where are your clothes?" Pa asked.

 "Some boys got to the bin and took them before we could catch em." I said.

 "Very well, but this isn't going to be one of those naked families Alandra." Pa said.

 "Well, give me a call ­ maybe we can get together on the weekend." Dan said to Pa.

 "Sure. Let me walk you out." Pa said, and they were back out the door.

 "What's the deal with your dad?" Cindy asked.

 "He thinks this whole Program thing is some kind of conspiracy." Rosa said.

 Cindy laughed. "My mom's the same way."

 Pa came back in, gave us all a once over, then left for the kitchen. I followed him in.

 "Hey..." I said.

 "Hey, so how's school?" Pa asked.

 "Fine... It's kinda weird." I said.

 "Don't let that Program thing get to your head ­ you know they're just trying to brainwash you." Pa said, rolling up a joint.

 I pointed to the living room. "Her parents should be here soon." Pa put the joint away. "Yeah, but... well, I tried to get dressed this morning, and it all felt so confining. I just wore my coat ­ cause it was cold." I said.

 "Just make sure it's really your choice." He said.

 "Sure Pa." I kissed him on the forehead. "May's got a new friend... She might come over..."

 Pa chuckled. "See, that's what I mean... May's a sweet girl, but they got to her somehow..." He had a point. "Even I can see you've grown into a beautiful young woman Alandra. Take care with that." I turned to go and he gave me a pat on the behind as I left.

 Cindy's parent got there not ten minutes later. Her mother was a bit shocked to see the girl naked, till I explained things. "Cindy you should've asked to borrow something."

 "But mom... It's fun being naked." Cindy said.

 "Well, it's just not right... at your age too..." Her mom said. Pa kept amazingly silent, but I could tell her mother didn't like a man his age seeing her daughter nude. Little did she know... I was just glad the video game was off when she came in.

 "Hey." I began. "Put an extra outfit in your bag tomorrow. You can bring it over just in case." That seemed to soothe her mother, and I figure Cindy was smart enough to know I wouldn't make her wear it anymore than I would let someone make me get dressed if I didn't want to.

 Cindy gave me and Rosa naked hugs. What a feeling ­ she was soft all over me. But the hug in the shower had been even better ­ wet and soft. Her mother didn't seem to catch the effect in our nipples, and I crossed my legs to keep her from seeing me swell up down below. When she went to hug Manuel 'mom' tugged her away and said "Well, we don't want to keep dinner waiting. It was nice meeting you." She shook Pa's hand and they exchanged forced smiles.

 "Now there's a girl that needs to be naked." Pa said, as soon as she was gone. I looked at him in surprise. "Her mother..." He said, going back to the kitchen and lighting up his joint.

 "Hey we got anything to eat around here?" I asked into the air, rooting through the fridge. I popped some frozen burritos in the microwave and passed around the results. After that I went upstairs and read a little shit for civics class.

 The civics homework talked about changes in the workplace. There was shit in there about women who worked with the public being able to be put under nude dress codes. It was argued out in the courts as 'a company's right to ensure it's employee's maintained a professional appearance conductive to business' ­ which I guess meant they could get us to show off our pussies to bring in more customers. Apparently dress codes had been legal for decades, but in the past had always gone the other way ­ to keep people looking conservative. Whatever, I guess I'd better get used to being naked, cause I'd probably have to some day if I wanted a job. May's mom already had to go to work nude, so I sorta knew about this already.

 The second half of the reading talked about prostitution, both male and female. Mrs. Jacobs put in notes about several states overturning prostitution laws in the last few years ­ many of those also put strict health rules, but that was breaking down with all the STD and AIDS vaccines. Some of them even regulated pimping and brothels ­ allowing companies that sold sex. Pa would say it was just a way men could ensure a hold on the money. He said prostitution was the original form of female empowerment ­ giving girl's economic control over their sexuality. Pa said it'd been illegal for so long not because anyone was hurt by it, but because men wanted control over sex. But that was Pa ­ but I imagine Ms. Lippmann and Ms. Magante would agree with him.

 I didn't see myself ever selling a fuck, so I'd never really given it much thought. Way I saw it, with all this Program shit the cost of a fuck was gonna go down pretty fast. Maybe that's why they were legalizing it ­ now that it really wasn't worth all that much. Or whatever.

 Maybe they just wanted... Hmm... Mrs. Jacobs had an interesting page on some companies that were hiring women as 'sexual consultants' - putting a certain amount of sexual activity into their contracts, as long as the main job was about serving the other people in some way. Like secretaries. Maybe that's what this legal prostitution was all about.

 Mrs. Jacobs said they'd only managed to do it with certain types of jobs. All the more reason for some girls to get an education I guess. If prostitution was legal, was it sexual harassment to hire a woman to have sex with you, your customers, or your other workers? Was it harassment to make it part of her job, and not all? Was it harassment to refuse to hire her unless she was also a prostitute? What about men? They were all trying to figure out just how much sex they could make a person be hired for.

 It was clear that a boss couldn't demand sex if the woman hadn't been hired for it. It just wasn't clear what kinds of jobs you could add it to and call it a reasonable part of the job.

 Way I saw it, I was probably fucked either way ­ the only kind of work I'd ever be able to get would have me dishing my pussy out to the public or to old guys in suits... I guess I'd have to sell my fucks someday after all...

 The male prostitution stuff was a lot tamer looking. Just as legal now, the men weren't finding many jobs demanding sex yet. The only examples she had in the reading were a few personal assistants and trainers. There was some weirder shit going on out in San Francisco, but there was always weirder shit out there from what Pa said.

 Mrs. Jacobs ended it by saying the Supreme Court was looking at a woman in a state where prostitution was illegal saying she had a fundamental right to freely employ her own body. It was something about freedom of religion, privacy, and contract. Mrs. Jacobs wanted us to think about that, if we thought she'd win. If she did, prostitution would be legal in the whole country.

 Pa had said he thought this Program shit was some kind of conservative sneak attack. If you figured people wouldn't want sex, you could figure that being forced to have it to keep a job might send a lot of girl's back home ­ as housewives. It could also make it hard for lesbians to get work. Pa would love reading this shit. Personally I think that was a bit much. I doubted that idea the moment it hit me, but you never know.

 If teaching was all about spooking the shit out of kids; Mrs. Jacobs was a natural. This shit looked even more fucked up than what I read yesterday, and I could only guess what class would be like tomorrow.

 The rest of my homework was five math questions, asking me to figure out what 'x' stood for. I think I got some of them. I'd never been one for homework, but if I was gonna be up there at the front of class, I'd better not look stupid. I could slack off next week ­ what could they do after all? Make me go naked? I'd probably already be naked. Mr. Turner had wanted us to think about some kind of short story, but nothing was coming to me, so I just tried to go to sleep.

 I kept waking up though, visions of all the sex I'd had or seen earlier rolling through my mind. That, or me in a giant office somewhere with glasses on and thousands of old guys lined up to fuck me. I needed to tell Mrs. Jacobs to lighten up on the reading. Fuck that, I needed to tell the world to slow the fuck down with this Program shit...

 Somewhere in the middle of the night I got up, played with my dildo for a while, and sighed myself back to sleep finally settled down. My last thought was that I'd had the thing on when Cindy's mom showed up ­ stuck to my waist chain where both her and Pa could see it... I wonder what they'd thought of that...

 [To be continued...]

Title: Alandra Naked in School - Thursday (29,883 words)

Author: Tenyari

Part: 4

-----------------------------------------------------------------

 I must've really tossed and turned when I slept last night. My sheets were on the floor, the vibrator had rolled off the bed and was by the door, and my favorite teddy bear was under my left foot. I'd had him since I was three, he was missing an eye, I'd glued on a new mouth when I was in Kindergarten, and added a clip-on fastener to his back in middle school.

 An idea hit me, I took the little 'cartoon pussy cat' charm I'd bought and held it up to Teddy's missing eye. A little big, but it would sorta fit. Getting a needle out of my desk I quickly sewed it in place, kissed it, and then clipped Teddy to my bag. Maybe later I'd sew a clip there, so I could take it off and 'wear Teddy's eye' on my pussy. That gave me a fit of giggles, and I heard Pa call out "You up Alandra?"

 "Yeah!" I yelled back. I yawned; fuck I was tired. There'd been a lot of shit to deal with yesterday. I stretched and stepped out into the hallway. The twins weren't up yet, from the sounds of things, so I took a morning piss, brushed my teeth, and went into the kitchen.

 "Alandra..." Pa began, then looking up from his morning coffee; "where are your clothes?"

 "Oh!" I hadn't even noticed I was nude. Fuck it I figured, "I dunno, what's the point?"

 "Well you should consider putting something on." He said.

 "Take your pills Pa." I went over and kissed him on the forehead, got a bowl of cereal and sat down.

 "You gonna put milk on that?" He asked.

 "Oh, yeah..." I said, going to the fridge. He followed me with a look.

 "So how's this Program been for you?" He asked.

 I shrugged. "Fine enough. It's pretty wild shit." I said.

 "Don't swear hon." He gathered up the proper pills, I handed over a glass of water, then sat down with my milk. I counted them all out as he took them. "No trouble then?"

 "Nothing really. Just a lot of sex." I waited for a reaction. "They've got me fucking like a mad bunny..." Still no reaction... "I got fucked..." I started counting off fingers, still no reaction. I poured the milk, spilling a little onto my tits. How rudely appropriate...

 I looked up, and just stared at him for a moment. Finally he put his cup down and said "Alandra you've been sexually active for, what, three years now? I'm well aware of what this Program does."

 "Yeah... well, you could try giving a... never mind." I sighed and ate a little, looking down at my shaved cunt and wondering. "Hey, why'd you put me in that sex seminar anyway, if you think the Program is... well, whatever."

 "It seemed wise, you're gonna explore anyway, find your sexuality. Perhaps it'll give you some guidance, especially in light of the Program." He said.

 "As if..." I said. "She's just got us fu- having sex. We talk about it a little, but it's mostly just gett'n off in class."

 "Well, perhaps. It might develop more. Give it patience." He said. I stood, my bowl finished. He looked up and focused in on my pussy. "Why ­did- you get that?"

 "I dunno." I said. "Just because." I briefly touched my clit ring. Put where it was, it left my clit exposed and on permanent display. If I didn't know better about Pa, it probably woulda made me nervous having him stare at it like that. "It seemed fun at the time."

 "You got it because you knew people would object, didn't you?" He said. I didn't answer, so he said; "Alandra, you need to focus your energy ­ find a purpose for yourself. Rebellion is a good thing, but not if it doesn't go anywhere." Who was he to talk?

 I put my bowl in the sink, and heard the door to the twin's room open. "Yeah well, I been thinking... Maybe that's a good thing about this Program, it's got me thinking on sh-, stuff."

 "You still acting like some naked slut?" Rosa said from behind me. I caught her hand just before she was about to pinch my ass.

 "Shut up Rosa." I said. Then to Pa "We've got an appointment with Samantha tonight. Don't be late Pa."

 "What time?"

 "4:30, she's coming here." I said. "Read the mail." I gave him the stack from yesterday. "It's on the calendar too." I pointed to the calendar we kept by the fridge.

 I started to leave for the bathroom, but Manuel came out. "Damn Alani; you giving up clothes or what?"

 Hmm... Was I? "Fuck off Manuel" I said as I passed him.

 "She's such a bitch." I heard him say as I got to the shower.

 "Don't talk like that about your sister." Pa said.

 I showered, listening to the radio. They said it'd be a little warmer today, and then it was all music. I sat on the edge of the tub and shaved off a little pubic stubble. Rosa came in as I was toweling off. I guess she figured I didn't need privacy anymore. "Hey Alani? What'd you think of Cindy?" She asked.

 "She seemed cool. You like her?" I asked with a grin.

 Rosa stopped cold for a second, half undressed for her own shower. "Ew! Not like that..."

 "Hey you're the one who fucked her, not me..." I said.

 "Did not! She just sucked on my pussy... Manuel fucked her." she said.

 "Rosa... How do you think girls fuck each other?" I said as I walked away leaving her standing there.

 In my room I clipped my dildo onto the waist chain. I put a leather belt into my bag though, for after school. I figured they'd call that clothing if I tried to wear it. I got a silly idea and put my sandy blond hair into two pig tails then otherwise naked and barefoot I grabbed my shoulder bag and walked out.

 I passed Rosa in the hall on my way out. She whispered to me "Does that make me a lezzie?"

 "No. I don't think so." She looked relieved. "You like boys?" She nodded ­ she was 15, the same age I'd been when I had my virginity forced from me. "Consider it an experiment." I said, walking on.

 "But... I want her to do it again..." she whispered to my back, before going into her and Manuel's room. The place was too small for us to each have a room, so Pa sorted us out by age ­ the twins got stuck together. They never objected, even when they hit puberty, so it just kind of stayed that way. Personally I always thought it was a little too close to incest, but I also didn't want to give half my room to the little bitch next door...

 Rosa was still naked when she went in from the shower, but that didn't stop Manuel from following her in to get dressed. Whatever ­ twins. On the other hand, I'd been showing my stuff all week anyway, so who was I to question it.

 "See you later Pa." I yelled from the doorway. He called something back but it met the door.

 A block down I looked to the end of the cul-de-sac, wondering who'd be coming out of that door. They'd probably wait for me here if they came out first, rather than our usual spot. So I stood waiting.

 "Hey mamacita! Give me some of that loving!" some guy called out from a car as he passed by honking his horn.

 "Fuck off!" I yelled back, and they slowed down to a stop looking for trouble.

 "You talking back to me bitch?" he called out. They looked maybe college age ­ two guys, probably students at the junior college across town.

 I pulled my knife from my bag. "You wanna know what's it like to be a woman?" I called back. "Get out of that car and I'll kick your ass white boy!"

 "Hey come on Ray, it's not worth it. We're gonna be late." The guy in the passenger seat called over.

 "Fuck that Jim. Damn naked bitches need to get what they got coming." He opened his door, but I heard the sound of a shotgun getting cocked behind me, and he stopped cold.

 "You punks get out of here!" some old lady called out, pointing her gun at the car. Shit, I could'a taken them, but I guess that put a stop to it. They sped off. "Young lady, you should put something on." She called out to me.

 "I'm in the Pro-" but her door slammed shut on my words. Whatever lady... Thanks anyway.

 My gaze followed past her corner house, and at the end of the block I saw first May, and then Melinda step out of Melinda's house. They held hands as they came walking up. When they got to me they were freshly showered, with matching ribbons in their hair. They were both naked, but May had a new t-shirt on. "She insisted" Melinda said, tugging on the shirt. "I gave her one of my crop tops." May shrugged and smiled at me.

 Their pussies were swollen and red. "You guys just finish fucking or what?" I said, looking down at them.

 May got weak in the knees, squirming down and sighing out "Yeah..." Melinda just blushed, so that her cheeks and chest matched her cunt ­ which was redder than the light bush above it.

 They split and each took me by one arm as we marched off towards school - three bottomless barefoot girls giggling down the sidewalk.

 "So...?" I asked.

 "Yeah?" May said. Melinda's hand strayed to my butt.

 "Are you fuck'n gonna tell me about it or what?" I said

 "May's an even better fuck than Rick." Melinda said. Hmm...

 I looked over at May, who was beaming with pride and a sexual after glow. "May's fuck'd a lot more."

 "I know what I'm doing." May said, like she was telling you the time of day.

 "May's the best little mother-fucker I know." I said, causing Melinda to giggle.

 "Hey! I'll fuck a lot of people, but I don't fuck my mom!" May said, leaving us all in laughter. Then she whispered in my ear; "You should try her out."

 Melinda whispered into my other ear; "I want you."

 I stopped ­blushing hard- causing them to stumble. "Slow down guys, too fast for me. I'm not ready to fuck another girl." Melinda looked disappointed, so I kissed her.

 I'd meant it for the cheek, but the little bitch turned and got me lip locked. I was snared and helpless. Her tongue was in me, softly strolling through my mouth. Her lips were full, soft and sensual. May and Kevin were the only people I knew with fuller lips, but I doubt either of them could kiss like this. I felt my arms drop, and my knees go weak. Then she broke away and I gasped. "I'll say she's ready." May called out to Melinda's giggles. No shit, they had me, I was just too scared to try. What if this shit ran in the family? I didn't want to be a lezzie.

 "Fuck me..." I sighed, not meaning it literally. But I grabbed her head and pulled her to me, going for another one. We kissed again. It was pure bliss, I never imagined a kiss could be like that ­ guys always just sort of rampaged around in there like it was a fight then moved on. Somebody put fingers in my cunt, and when my mind said 'hey, that's a girl doing that' I told it to fuck off. But the hand left anyway, and I whimpered into the kiss, until it came back, traveling up my stomach soft and slow to cup my breast.

 Then a car horn honked, and I was back on the street looking around while May and Melinda giggled.

 "I was looking for pussy, but I guess you three'll do!" Kevin called out from inside his car. What was he doing driving it anyway? Kevin almost never drove.

 "Yo Kev!" May called out, running around the car to claim shotgun.

 "A.C.?" He asked.

 "You... You gotta..." I stammered out, pointing to Melinda. She walked over to the window, leaned in, took his face and kissed him. I had a straight on view of her ass and vulva sticking up and pointing back at me. What the heck, as I walked up to the car door I poked her in the pussy, giggled, and got in.

 "Hey!" she bumped her head up in the car. "Ow!" She looked around with a grin, then got in and scooted me over.

 "Well good morning to you too..." Kevin said to Melinda. "What's got you all fuck'd up A.C.?" He asked. I just shrugged as Melinda kept scooting me over till she was in the middle. She spread her legs so he'd see her pussy if he checked the mirror. Was I the only one who noticed how good she kissed? What the fuck was that about?

 "Hey Kev, what's up with the car?" I asked.

 "Had to get some shit out of it last night after we split. Just wanna drop it back at school." He said. I wondered what that was about.

 We got to school pretty early. Kevin parked his car across the street; we stashed our knives in the usual spot. He had a few extra boxes in the trunk today, but I didn't ask about it. Melinda paused for a second, then took a skirt out of her bag and tossed it in with the rest of our stash. We shared a smoke off campus until the rest of the gang arrived, then made our way through the metal detectors, down the alley, and towards south gate.

 Ricky Montico was there on the steps outside the entrance, with a crowd of boys around him. Boys? What was that about? I and my gang approached to figure out the deal.

 He was getting twenty questions, and more, on just why the girls kept coming to him to get him to make 'requests'.

 "Well it's easy," I said; "Ricky's got magic hands."

 "What the fuck does that mean?" a younger looking boy asked ­ freshman most likely.

 Ricky was trying to explain how to touch a girl, how to get her going and wanting to come back for more. The guys around him though, they just didn't seem to be getting it, most of them were getting distracted by the site of naked May, Melinda, and me ­ even though May still had Melinda's shirt on.

 "Hey Ricky, how about a demonstration?" I said as I kicked his legs apart and sat between them. I tossed my bag to May, stuck my tongue out at Melinda ­ why did I do that? - and leaned back into Ricky. I took my legs, spread them, and dropped them up over and around Ricky's.

 "Morning A.C. Gentleman, pay attention." Ricky began. Guys always had to act like they were putting on a show... He went to work on me. Ricky started by brushing up my arms. "We've got time right?" He asked.

 "Ten, fifteen minutes." May said, standing to the side.

 Ricky brushed me softly, moved up to my cheeks, and down to my neck ­ petting me like a favored pussy cat. "Meow." I called out before giggling.

 "Fuck man, do her cunt." Some boy called out. I glared at him.

 "Watch and learn." Melinda said.

 "But he's supposed to get her off." The boy said. She just rolled her eyes, some guys were hopeless.

 "Shut up Jay." A boy next to him said. Ricky massaged my neck and then moved slowly down. He brushed my sides, skipping my breasts to come in at my belly and move up. I closed my eyes as he cupped my breasts. I heard Melinda sigh ­ right then, she wanted to be me. Well I got here first, so 'nyah'.

 Funny how someone like Ricky can do that. He ran circles around my breasts, slowly moving in, then away before he got too close. "Oh Ricky, get on with it will you?" I begged, not really wanting him to listen to me. He continued for another minute or more, before moving in. He ran another few circles around my areola before deciding my nipples needed pampering. "Oooh!" I gasped out, when he'd finally gone for the kill with a gentle squeeze.

 He was giving some kind of speech "Notice, gentlemen, how I waited till she was 'just right' before..." Some sort of bullshit like that, with his 'gentlemen' thing. Ricky may be a natural, but he was still a stupid kid with an overgrown idea of himself.

 "Oh shut up already..." I said in a whisper. Truth is his dumb speech was probably doing me and every other girl in this school a favor. If even one of these guys got it, things might be a lot better around here...

 His hands left my breasts and I gave a pleading sigh as they moved up to my neck, then down my sides. He came in around my belly, and ran a circle over my navel before traveling down. Then the little bastard skipped where he belonged and went for the insides of my thighs. "You little fuck..." I said in a low growl.

 "Hey man, she wants it already." The boy from before said.

 "Shut the fuck up Jay." His friend said. Yeah Jay, shut up ­ what do you know?

 If I could have spread my legs more I would have. He moved up my inner thighs and around my pubic mound, but kept clear of the target. I was raining puddles on the front of his jeans, or at least, with my eyes shut I knew I sure had to be...

 "You see gentlemen, a girl makes love with her mind, not her body ­ you have to build her up." Ricky said. How right he was I thought, at least for me. But this was hardly love...

 That was when he finally went in. I gasped, and my eyes popped open as he ran a finger up my slit. One tiny finger, one brush, and it set me on fire from the anticipation. I saw Melinda with her eyes locked on my cunt, along with a pack of boys I didn't know. My crew wasn't there ­ they'd given me space. Rick and Rubin were by the bins, but I didn't see anyone else. I thought I heard May grunt from somewhere behind Melinda, which wouldn't surprise me. I closed my eyes again.

 He waited a full second ­ have you ever noticed how long a second really is? ­ before touching me again. Both hands, running up and down my slit a few times, then one down below cupping me as the other brushed through my clit and tugged on the ring. "I can't believe how smooth you are A.C." He said as he gently spread my labia apart.

 "I touched it up this morning." I said as he brushed along the inside.

 "Heh... I bet she's not a natural blond." Jay said. I wondered if I should put a face to that voice, so I'd know whose ass to kick later on. He's was probably a freshman though, maybe he'd learn something if I gave him a little slack...

 "Jay..." the same kid as before began.

 "Yeah Jay, shut up." I finished. Shaking my hair I added "It's all real." People often thought it was fake, cause I was so tanned. If not for my hair they'd all think I was Arab and not Spanish ­ a Spanish beauty was how Pa put it once, when he was trying to make me feel good about not being like the other girls in kindergarten.

 Ricky's fingers were in me then out again. "Hey..." I muttered. He went in again, with one more finger. This time he didn't come out, rather he started up a pumping rhythm broken every now and then by his other hand on my clit. A moment of that and then he took his hands out and cupped my mound, tugging it around in circles before penetrating again. Ricky kept up an irregular pattern. Thanks to the Program I'd seen enough guys jack off to know they usually just found something and kept at it till they came, but Ricky varied when he did me ­ seeming to guess just what my body needed at any one moment. When I got really hot and heavy I started to buck back on his hand, and he took that as a sign to pick up the speed and strength of the three fingers in me. I remembered something from yesterday morning, were he'd rammed his fingers into a freshman girl so hard it almost looked like he was hitting her. But it's a whole different thing when you're building up to your peak, and that's where we were. I screamed out, gasped, and rocked my hips wildly as he brought me up, held me there, and then sent me over.

 Then he was running his hands along my side, over my chest, down my breasts, and finally hugging me over my belly. He rocked gently side to side as I regained my breath and slowly opened my eyes. I looked at a crowd of boys, all of them clearly in need of some kind of relief. "That boys, is how you make a girl cum." I said, getting up, turning around and bending at the waist to give a Ricky a thankful kiss on the lips.

 "My pleasure." Ricky said. I knew he was hard, but he didn't ask for anything.

 "Need help with this?" I asked, rubbing the front of his jeans.

 "Can I?" Melinda said from behind me as she put a hand on my ass. I looked back and thought about it.

 "Sure." I said and then turned back to Ricky, "if it's ok with you?"

 He just smiled and shrugged. I moved out of the way as she got in my space. Melinda unzipped him, and together they managed to get his jeans down. She turned to face the crowd as she sat down upon him ­ going straight for the kill and not spending any time on foreplay. The bell would ring soon, and there really wasn't a moment to lose. She looked at me with an odd look in her eyes, as if she wanted something. "A.C.?" She asked.

 I didn't understand, so I just said "I gotta find May." I left her there, hearing behind me the sounds of sex. May wasn't far, only the other end of the steps where she was sitting on the step-post at the end of the cement railing with her hands behind her holding her up as she leaned back. There was a senior I knew as Tom... something or other, in front of her. He was one of the boys in the Program this week; I hadn't given those boys much attention, and barely knew who they were. But there he was ­ holding her legs up around him as he rammed his cock into her to a small audience of mostly boys.

 It figures I guess ­ with May around, this whole scene took on a different nature, though I guess I started it today. May was blinking and gasping in time to his thrusts, making little 'o's with her mouth. I'm sure it was really getting the guys going ­ a few of them were even going at it by themselves. If I'd stayed there, I would have been a target to their 'RR's, so I looked around for the rest of the gang. Kevin and Marcy were out by the fence across the alley, keeping an eye on the scene. Rick and Rubin must've been lost in the bins still; hassling somebody.

 "Damn A.C., what the fuck's that all about?" Marcy asked.

 "You'll see when you get picked." I said. "I need a smoke. Ricky's got damn good hands..."

 Kevin looked off to the gate. "No time." He said.

 "Yeah, well fuck, guess I'll get by." I saw Cindy come up, dressed in a long brown and yellow stripped frilly skirt with a matching yellow blouse. "Hey!" I called out as she started to pass.

 She looked over, smiled, and walked up to me with a morning hug. "Where's Manuel and Rosa?" she asked, looking around.

 "Fuck if I know." I said. "I left early."

 She opened her bag, showing me a bikini. "I did what you said, my mom made me, but I managed to talk her down to this."

 I laughed at the outfit, it was a pretty nice thong affair ­ it was just funny that this is what amounted to well dressed. "Well, you only gotta wear it if you wanna." I said. "Better strip, bell's gonna ring soon." Then to Kevin "Check her out, not bad."

 Kevin watched, as did I, while she pulled away the blouse, handed it to me, than dropped the skirt. She was naked and barefoot underneath. I gave her blouse back, and she bounced off to drop it all in the bin. When she came back she said; "It's a hand-me-down. If those jerks take it it'll be on my mom."

 "Hey." I said, seeing the twins come up the alley. I pointed them out and she gave me a quick kiss on the cheek before running off.

 "Yeah I'd fuck her. She got a thing for Manuel?" Kevin asked.

 "I dunno, I'm not sure which one of them she's got a thing for..." I said.

 "Ew..." Marcy said. She let out a long breath and looked around before saying "What the fuck? What's with all this lezzie shit? Program's messing shit up."

 "I don't know Marcy..." I thought about Melinda and her kisses. "I don't fucking know..."

 The bell rang and we started in. I saw Rick and Rubin come out of a crowd near the bins. They waved as they went in. Melinda showed up out of nowhere. "How was Ricky?" I asked. She looked like she was about to cry, shook her head, then grabbed me and pulled me in for a kiss. I tried to pull back, seeing people stop to look. "Hey..." I started, but she had me the moment we made contact. I melted again as her tongue made love to my lips.

 "What the..." I began dizzily when she let me loose.

 She had a teary smile on her face as she said; "See you in gym." She poked a finger in me below, licked it, and ran off.S

 "A.C.?" I heard May say nervously to my left. She looked freshly fucked. "Something's up." We walked together towards Study, ignoring a few boys who asked to stop us for an 'RR.' I heard Kevin tell one of them they'd missed their chance outside, but he left to make his own way to class. I pulled May into a restroom just before class. "You need to wash up." I said.

 "You too." She said, pointing down to my crotch. We cleaned off without saying much, then left.

 When I asked why Melinda was sad May just looked at me and shook her head.

 In study Rubin and Fatima were already there. We joined them. Fatima looked very different ­ she had jeans and a t-shirt like yesterday, but for her head she'd gone down to a bandana tied over her hair, which was long, black, and flowing out behind.

 "Wow!" May said. "You've got lovely hair." It went well with Fatima's dark skin ­ she was darker than Kevin.

 "Hey." I said. "How'd it go last night?"

 "Father was very angry to learn about my friends." She said. "But uncle said he trusted you." Well her uncle was a fool... "He said we had to accept those who accepted us ­ even if they were different."

 "Yeah well, I guess that makes sense." Rubin said.

 Don came in and took roll. He had two extra cups of coffee, which he dropped on my desk. "Thanks Mr. Jackson." I said, passing one over to May.

 "I was thinking about the other day. Nice pig tails." He said. May scooted down in her desk and spread her legs ­ to give him a good view. Some kind of reward I guess. We kept talking. A few of the other kids had groups of their own, but about half of them just sat through study trying to find something to do.

 Halfway through the period May leaned over and whispered in my ear. "I think Melinda likes you." What?

 "Yeah well, I like her too." I said.

 "No... That's not what I mean." She said back, keeping her voice real quite. She sighed, then said "But I think... I, well, I think I like her."

 Oh shit. "Yeah well, like, it'll figure itself out." I said.

 "What about you?" She asked.

 "Um... May, it's just, well. You know... I'm just not like that May." Even if I could deal with other girls, even if I did try sex with them, I'm just not sure I could really get into one. May sat there for a bit thinking, so I said; "May, we hardly know her. She's fun yeah, and maybe you think she's a good fuck. But, well ­ you're both new to this."

 "Yeah..." She said after a minute. "We were lezzie virgins." Were, that was the key word there. May was on something new, just as she was spinning out of control with sex. It wasn't the best time for all this. For the rest of the class I had visions of May and Melinda fucking all night long stuck in my head. I found myself absent mindedly stroking away with the dildo.

 Just before bell, Rubin called out "Smells like fuck'n pussy around here. You guys are driving me fuck'n nuts." Fatima just looked confused, not quite getting what was going on.

 "See you at lunch?" I asked her as we left.

 "Ok." She said; seemingly glad to have people to be around.

 I walked through the halls after study on my way to spook class. Civics, the class that was driving me nuts with all the shit I was learning. I wondered for a second; if I'd taken that my freshman year would I have been a different kind of student ­ more like those college track kids? I wasn't stupid after all; I just didn't give a shit. This place had always felt like a waste of my time.

 I saw a boy ahead of me who was in the Program getting inspected. Two girls had him in the position and one of them was fondling his goods. He was pretty hard and looked proud of himself. As I passed them I leaned over and whispered to the second girl "Give it a taste." Her eyes got big, then feral.

 "Oh shit yeah!" I heard behind me from the boy. I giggled as I moved on.

 "Hey Alandra!" It was Calvin, I finally remembered his name. I turned to say hi. At the beginning of the week this punk had really ticked me off. Now he was clean, polite, and seemed to have picked up a girl. The same one from yesterday, only her outfit was even wilder than before. It consisted of stockings, low heels, and a shelf top corset - leaving her breasts and waist bare. Her pussy was shaved like mine.

 "Hey you two." I looked to the girl "Love the outfit ­ real sexy. Did you try my idea?" I asked.

 "Yeah. Calvin and Paul came over and we all had a blast." She said.

 "Her pussy is so beautiful." Calvin said; putting a finger right into her like it was the most normal thing to. These days, it almost was. "Hal and I shaved it for her."

 "Oooo... it felt so good." She said squirming down, pulling Calvin's finger out of her.

 "Hey I never got your name?" I asked her.

 "Sandy, like your hair." She said. "I can't wait till my week in the Program!"

 "It looks like you're almost there already." I said. "They don't mind?" I asked.

 She shrugged. "I'll keep pushing it till they push back. 'sides; I got knickers and a bra in my bag, in case they make me change. Or I'll just strip."

 "My kinda girl." I said, giving her a hug. "I'll see you kids later." Those two would'a been virgins till they were twenty or more if not for this Program...

 She giggled, but Calvin said "Kids? We're fifteen."

 "Why's everybody call her a bitch anyway?" I heard Sandy say as I walked away.

 I turned around and called back "People get what they expect!" When I turned back around I saw Mr. Harrison standing in the hall, watching me. Something was different about his look today ­ like he was checking me out. I sashayed my hips past him, stuck out my tongue then looked down and said "Yo Mr. H, how's it hanging?" He just shook his head and turned to go. I thought I saw a bulge in his trousers, and I remembered something from my reading last night as I wondered how long it might be before he got a naked secretary...

 One with extra duties...

 I guess that's how the world was going. I let a boy feel my tits for a minute then stepped into Civics class. About half the kids were there. Kevin gave me a nod as I went up to the front. "You still need me up here?" I asked.

 "Yes, that would be nice Ms. Cabrera." She said. She looked to the dildo for a moment.

 "It's dry today." I said with a light giggle.

 "I'm sorry about yesterday..." She said in a whisper once I was up on her desk.

 As the rest of the class filed in I saw Max. He gave me the once over before sitting next to Kevin. I heard him say "That May's one fine fuck..." as he gestured rudely with his right hand.

 "Mrs. Jacobs?" I asked, getting her to turn towards me. In a flash Kevin slapped Max from behind his head ­ hard.

 "Ow! What the fuck?" Max called out.

 "We told you to leave her alone..." Kevin said. Mrs. Jacobs turned around to look, but only saw Max rubbing the back of his head. Everyone else was eyes forward. She turned back to me, rolling her eyes.

 "I don't suppose you had a question?" She asked. I shrugged. She looked over to a stack of papers, and I drew a finger across my throat as I stared hard at Max. If May couldn't control herself, we'd do it for her as best we could. "So did everyone do the reading?" Mrs. Jacobs asked. Most of the class nodded, said yeah, or whatever. "Good, then let's begin."

 She used a pointer to get me to spread my legs then told the class there might come a day when all the women might face dress codes like this at work. "If you'll recall from the reading, many public service jobs are requiring female employees to 'show some skin' under the guise of 'professional appearances' and 'creating a friendly customer environment'. I imagine you've all been to the mall lately?"

 "Yeah, it's like hella wild these days." A boy in the back said.

 "I saw a woman dressed in a jacket with a tear-drop open bust and no bottom, only stockings on her legs and high heels." One of the girls said. "I could never dress like that."

 "Well, what about this?" Mrs. Jacobs said, pointing her chalk pointer right at my crotch. "The Program will make you wear a lot less."

 "Yeah, but she looked more naked than nude..." The girl said. "It made you look..."

 We talked about the new fashions and the new spin on the law. Mrs. Jacobs noted that fashion had long had two goals ­ make you look ready for work or ready to fuck. She didn't exactly say it like that, but that's what it boiled down to. With women going nude, fashion had to find a purpose or die. So it was changing to draw you in even more, as well as make you look ready to fuck at work.

 "How does that go with the school dress code?" I asked. "We can be nude, or we can be clothed, but how wild of fashions can we wear?"

 "Like this?" She said, picking up my dildo. She ran it along my slit for a second before putting it down. "This obviously has only one purpose."

 "Yeah, but I was thinking more like actual clothes, like that lady at the mall. There's a few girls dressing like that at school now too." I said. In my freshman year they'd let you wear most street clothes, but a skirt too high or a shirt too low might've got you sent home. Last year they started stripping some of us, but it wasn't till this year that we started seeing the wild stuff.

 "That's a good question." Mrs. Jacobs said. We talked for a bit about wearing stuff like lingerie to school, or maybe a bathing suit, or just bottomless like May did off campus. Some kids thought it was worse than being nude, others didn't see why anyone would care with someone like me running around in my birthday suit.

 Eventually Mrs. Jacobs noted that someday, even she might have to go nude. "Several of my teachers already are." I said.

 "But they don't have to yet, and the men can't." She said "Except for some PE classes." Then she tried to shift it over to sex. "On Monday I said 'Free love is the law of the land now', but it's not exactly that is it?" She held up last night's reading.

 "It's more like sex has been accepted into the economy." I said.

 "Sex has always driven the economy." She said. "But I know what you meant." She took the dildo and placed it at the entrance to my vagina. "Is it ok?" She asked, "If I use you to demonstrate something?"

 "Sure." I said; just don't get me off I mentally added. What with the way May, Melinda, and Jenny were acting I was close enough to being accused of being a lezzie as it was.

 She started to rub it along my slit, picking up a little of the wetness I'd built thinking about those new clothes, then she put it right into me, all the way up to the handle. She flipped the little vibrate switch, and I bucked on the table.

 "Whoa!" A boy called out.

 "Now class, I have Ms. Cabrera's permission, but think of a world where I didn't need to ask. Or imagine if she worked for me, and I'd put this little activity on her contract. Or maybe I worked for her, and had to do this to her whenever she asked me to." Mrs. Jacobs said as she pumped the dildo in and out of my pussy in a smooth casual motion.

 "No fucking way." Brenda who'd spoken up yesterday said. "I'd never do that."

 "You might have to soon, if you want a job." Mrs. Jacobs said. "Prostitution's legal now in over half the states and it could go all the way soon. Remember the reading..."

 "But that's only for whores." Brenda said. "I ain't no whore."

 "But what is a 'whore' young lady? What does that mean anymore?" Mrs. Jacobs asked. "If you're a secretary and it's your job to make sure the executives are comfortable, in a world where sex is casual might it be included? If Max here could go on the street and buy a woman's services for a few hours, why not let him hire her full time for his office?" Mrs. Jacobs said.

 "Yeah. That's what I'm going for!" Max said. "Give me some pussy."

 "Or maybe I'll hire Max, to service my office. Or maybe we'll get him for the lady's of the bridge club in the retirement home." Mrs. Jacobs said, causing him to shut up and look worried. "Oh nurse?" She said, batting her eyelashes at him. The class broke out in laughter, I would have too, but that dildo was still vibrating in my cunt, and she was still stroking it in and out.

 "That's fucked up." Max said.

 "But it makes my point." She said. "It's not that love is free, or that's its part of the economy, it's that it could very well be on your job description someday." She made a sweeping gesture over the entire class. "What I'm doing to Alandra here..." She pulled it out of me, and I instinctively pushed up to keep it from getting away before realizing where I was. "What I'm doing, could be something you see everyday in the office of the future. The Program's changing us; the world you young people inherit will be very different from the one I was raised to occupy."

 Just then I noticed Ms. Magante standing in the doorway, watching us. "She right." Magante said.

 "Yasmine. Can I help you?" Mrs. Jacobs said.

 "No that's ok. Mind if I observe?" Magante said walking into the room.

 "Go right ahead." Mrs. Jacobs said as she gestured over the room.

 "Poor girl, you were getting close weren't you?" Magante said to me before moving to the back of the class, half the boys turned to watch her naked ass sashay away from them. The other half were still locked on the site of my open cunt.

 I whimpered a little in frustration at the lack of the dildo, and then sighed. "Oh!" Mrs. Jacobs said. "Sorry about that."

 "Next time don't turn it on, unless you mean to do me..." I said.

 She looked a little flustered as she laid it down next to me, still on its chain. Then she went back to the lecture. She filled us in on that woman who was suing her state for the right to use her body as she wanted. How it got to the Supreme Court on appeal, and how we'd know the result by summer, if not sooner. The woman had claimed her right as an extension of privacy, property, and something called 'liberty of contract' that Mrs. Jacobs said used to be a big thing after the Civil War, but was mostly not used anymore.

 "It makes a lot of sense when you put it that way." Kevin said.

 "Yeah..." A girl in the back said.

 "But," she started, and I noticed Magante sit up "People often ignore the larger consequences of the choices that support their side." Mrs. Jacobs looked at Ms. Magante.

 "And do you think there are negative consequences?" Ms. Magante said.

 "I'll let the class make up their own minds on that. On the surface, sure; she should be able to use her body as she wants. It's long been said that prostitution is a victimless activity."

 A girl I didn't know raised her hand and said "But what about the families? Of the guys I mean. What about his wife?"

 "If you think the government cares about the family, why is adultery legal?" Mrs. Jacobs said.

 "Uh... Hmm..." the girl said. She didn't have an answer for that, nor did I actually, I don't think I'd ever thought of that.

 "No, prostitution has traditionally been illegal because it represents economic power in something women have that men don't, something they want. Men have been trying to control pussy since the day they realized they didn't have one. It's power over them." Mrs. Jacobs said. Ms. Magante smiled at that, and it left me thinking, but I could see Kevin frown. "You might say adultery gives men power over the sexual relationship, as a converse."

 "What about wives who cheat?" I asked.

 "That still gives a man sex without making an investment." She said. Maybe if I thought about it I could answer that, but I didn't have any ideas just then.

 "But the Program frees us from all of that." Magante said, as she got up to leave. "Well I have rounds to make, other Program kids to check on. See you at lunch." She said the last part to Mrs. Jacobs.

 "Well, that's the intention." Mrs. Jacobs said. When Ms. Magante left she added "and the road to hell is paved with good intentions." I gave a chuckle at that.

 I looked around the room, idly holding the dildo in my hands despite it being wet with my own juices. At least I wasn't the only one getting spooked by this class from the looks of it. "She's got a point though." I said. "It's been getting easier to just 'go with it' over sex stuff lately." Easier for me at least... Of course I wasn't college bound, so I'd already begun to accept that I was going to end up as somebody's whore...

 "Perhaps." Mrs. Jacobs said as I licked a finger. So that's what I tasted like, strange... "Class, keep reading, and I'll see you all tomorrow. As for consequences, think about how legal prostitution could affect your future careers. Especially today, there's a lot more at stake than the job of a street girl." A few seconds later the bell rang.

 In the halls I watched some of the other kids, they looked spooked. "Man that class is some fucked up shit." Kevin said.

 "Like yeah." I said. "I think of it as 'spook class'. Mrs. Jacobs has some wild ideas."

 "I dunno." Kevin said. "Most of what she's said is true..."

 Maybe he was right... Either way, we soon split and I found myself standing in the hall, all worked up from when Mrs. Jacobs had gone after me with my dildo. I looked around, nobody was coming up to me at that moment so I just sat down against a hallway wall, spread my legs, turned on the dildo, and went to getting my relief.

 Now last year if I'd seen one of the Program kids ­ even another girl ­ jacking off in the hallway, I would'a probably bust out laughing at her. Fuck that, year before last I probably would'a given her shit for it.

 But there I was. I guess I understood it now; this Program can get you seriously worked up after all. "Is she allowed to do that?" I heard an adult voice say down the hall. "Isn't relief for boys only?" I looked over to see two teachers talking between classroom doors.

 "She's between classes." The woman of the pair said. "Yasmine was talking about this yesterday, you should'a been in the teacher's lounge at lunch."

 "I heard about that. She used one of those too didn't she?" the man said. I didn't know those two.

 "She keeps it on a belt at her waist. Oh, looks like my kids are coming in; catch you at lunch?" The woman said. I sped up my pumping with the dildo, and stuck my tongue out at them.

 "Sure Krista. Hey, she's got a belt like Yasmine's." The man said.

 "Yeah, I've got a Chinese girl fourth period that wears one of those." The woman finished, stepping into her classroom behind a pack of kids.

 I sighed and picked up my pace. "Hey can I help?" A boy said. I waved him down to me.

 "Take this." I said, handing over the dildo. "And fuck me with it."

 "Stand up." He said. "It'll be easier." He helped me back up, then stepped in close and put the dildo back into me. "I'm Reggie by the way." He added. I smiled at him and he added "Yeah... it's short for Reginald, my parents thought they were being classy... Go figure."

 "Faster." I said. He picked up the pace. "Turn that little knob up." He set the dildo on 'maximum', and the vibrations shook me mad while he rammed it in and out. "Harder! Ooooh..." He gave it to me fast and hard, I stumbled, caught myself on his shoulders, and came.

 "Damn..." He said. "You're pretty hot." He took out the dildo, turned it off and let it drop to my side after wiping off some the wetness.

 "Thanks..." I said. He licked his fingers where he'd wiped it. "I got worked up good last class... demonstration..."

 "Too bad I missed it." He said. He put his fingers in my pussy, wiping up more of my wetness before licking it off. "I love the taste of pussy," he said; "but there's no naked girls in my classes."

 "Oh... Use your tongue next time." I said, kissing him on the cheek and heading off for writing class. I had to make a path around a small gathering of mostly boys.

 Ray was already up at the front of the class when I walked in just as the bell rang. Sandra was just getting ready to sit in his lap, and was facing the class. "I got him today." She whispered icily to me. I took my seat, only a foot or two in front of them.

 The bell rang, and Mr. Turner just said "Five minutes, then we have to get down to the real reason the state sends you all here." Or what used to be the reason I guessed. Sandra descended upon Ray's cock, then grabbed his hands and pulled them up to her breasts. "Oh yeah!" she called out as she started to bob up and down on him. She wrapped her arms up and around the back of his neck as she looked straight at me and stuck out her tongue ­ rocking back and forth.

 Ray grunted, and bucked up into her. The kids to my sides reached over under my desk and touched my thighs. They both jumped when their hands met as they tried to go down for my pussy, but then they worked something out and my labia where being spread apart from both sides. I just spread my legs and stuck my tongue back out at Sandra ­ who could see almost as much of my game as I could of hers. It felt very strange having two hands on my cunt ­ their rhythms didn't match ­ still it was good, and soothing after my cum in the hall. I watched Sandra fuck Ray, and let the boys to my sides get me off. One of them was where Ray usually sat, so I'd miss that in a little bit. Whatever...

 There was something strange about Ray until I figured it out and suddenly yelled "Hey! You shaved your balls!" Several kids cracked up and Ray got beat red for a second. His cock popped out of Sandra.

 "Fuck, Alandra..." She said angrily as she reached down, grabbed his cock, and stuffed it back inside herself.

 I giggled back "Running out of time Sandra..." Actually she had plenty of time...

 "At least I can give him staying power." She said as she pulled up. I watched her pussy try to cling on him ­ it was only the second time I'd watched someone else fucking up this close, and it was pretty intense.

 "Yeah well, maybe he just can't get off with you." I said. Mr. Turner passed down the aisle to my right, causing the boy who was fingering my clit to pull away.

 "Looks like you have your own problems... A.C." she said.

 "Keep it cool you two." Mr. Turner said. "Girls..." he muttered as he passed back.

 "You know, when I fuck, I at least get into it. Ooo, Uh, gasp... that kind of shit." I said.

 "Ms. Cabrera..." Mr. Turner said.

 "Sor..." I began, but he cut me off.

 "Aht! Not a word more out of you young lady." Mr. Turner said. So I stuck my tongue out instead. Then I let out a gasp, as the boy on my right went for my clit again right as the boy on my left found that special spot on the inside of my vagina. I gave Sandra a dirty grin. Mr. Turner gave me a look, but then my eyes shut as the boys in me got busy.

 Mr. Turner pulled away the hand of one of them "Relief, according to this pamphlet, is for boys." I opened my eyes to see him glaring at the other kid, who pulled his fingers out of my pussy. "It's already enough of a class disruption..." He said, looking at Ray and Sandra.

 Sandra let out a gasp, as Ray grunted. She started panting ­ the little bitch was cumming, while I was stuck there boiling on the edge. I saw Ray thrust up hard into her, then hold it. He was cumming too. Sandra reached down and popped out his cock, pointing it at me. Ray spurted his mess all over me and my desk. He missed my bag, but only because it was under the seat. Good thing I hadn't taken anything out yet. When she let go his cock bounced up and spurted her in the face, neck, and down her breasts.

 "Uh... Sorry about that..." Ray said.

 Mr. Turner grabbed her by the arm and pulled her up off of him. "You two clean up, then come back and get into your groups." We left as he assigned everyone into discussion groups, but not the same one's we'd had before.

 I got up and went for the restroom, Sandra in tow. "Bitch..." she said, when she got in the hall, beating me to saying it.

 In the restroom I grabbed a pack of those hard paper towels they use, wetted them down to make em softer, and wiped myself off. I felt a little gross ­ cause it was her work that put it all there. She did the same, only she used her tissues to rub it in. "Why didn't you just use Mr. Turner's tissues?" I asked.

 "Fuck off." She said. I got the feeling she only came in here to pick a fight. She could blame me and get me suspended. I took some more tissues, got them wet, and made for the door. She was wiping out the drippage on her leg.

 "You are like, so not worth it bitch." I said, stepping back out. She made to push me, but I sidestepped and she got the door. "If you want a fight, you'll get it, but not now." I said behind me.

 When I got back to class the chairs had been moved into groups. Mr. Turner pointed to one and told me it was mine before saying; "Wipe up your desk first." My desk was empty, and still up at the front.

 "She should have to do it." I said.

 "You provoked her Ms. Cabrera..." He said.

 "As if..." I muttered, wiping up the mess. I dropped the wet paper towels into his wastebasket, got my bag, and joined the group I was assigned to. Sandra came back in and he pointed her over to another group.

 Neither of the boys who'd been working me over were in my group. In fact he'd sat them with Ray. I only got one boy, and he was pretty geeky looking, timid, and kept sneaking leering looks at my naked body before chuckling away. All the girls gave him space. I looked over and noticed Sandra got two boys ­ the little bitch ­ but hers were both fat and seemed to be passing each other notes.

 We had to talk about story ideas. The boy at my table kept talking about naked cartoon women from Japan being attacked by strange monsters... I was ready to kick his ass, and I figured the other girls'd join me. His binder had all kinds of anime shit on it, so I figured he was one of those. "You know Saul Peterson?" I asked.

 "Oh yeah, we game together." He said. Game? Whatever...

 "Listen Carl, toss that shit, clean up, and act nice. Maybe you'll get some of this from somebody." I spread my legs a little. I wasn't gonna bother fixing him, but maybe I could get him to not be such a pain to sit next to. A girl on my right rolled her eyes. Yeah, ok, so it was hopeless...

 A lot of the stories were kind of erotic, though most of us had romance ideas. I had something I'd dreamed up last night ­ something about a naked girl on a psychedelic journey with her philosophical teddy bear. I held up my teddy bear that I'd clipped to my bag.

 "That sounds weird, any idea what you'll do with it?" Mary said. She'd been in my group Tuesday, and it was good to keep her.

 "I dunno, it just hit me last night." I said.

 "Oh he's got a little pussy cat for a left eye." Kirsten, to my left, noted. "Just don't name your character Alice."

 "Yeah, I sewed it on this morning. It was a charm I bought to wear on my clit ring." I said. She'd been handling it, and when I said that she snapped her hand back. I smiled and said "I'm gonna make it clip on later, so I can change it out." Alice huh? I guess she had a point, my idea sounded a little like that story. Carl just said something about the teddy bear growing tentacles, then snorted out a rude laugh. Yeah, he needed an ass kicking.

 We continued talking and exchanging ideas. There was a goth chick, Briana, who was working on an idea with hanging ghosts following the people who refused to love them in life. Weird. Kirsten wanted to write about her first experience "I wonder what Joe will think?" She asked.

 "Change the names." Mary said. She was going to write something about a southern gentlemen and his mistress in a land where everybody was nude. I figured she'd read too many romance books...

 At the end of class Mr. Turner told us we had a week to write a paragraph on our idea, and that we'd spend the time from now till then talking about getting organized.

 I walked out, with Sandra behind me. The little bitch got stopped by two boys with an RR who started finger fucking her. She was way too loud about it, especially when I looked back. I passed Ricky on my way into the gym, and pulled him with me to the wall by the south entrance. "Do me quick!" I demanded. "Little bitch left me all worked up."

 Ricky didn't waste any time, he looked me up and down before glancing up at the clock and saying "Damn..." then he pulled his right hand away from his fly and put it where I needed it ­ pumping two fingers in and out in rapid motions as his thumb somehow managed my clit.

 "Oh! Fuck... thanks Ricky, you're an angel." I said, coming on his hand. I gave him a kiss, promised to return the favor, and ran for the gym as the first bell rang.

 I ran into Melinda ­ in the literal sense, smacking right into the poor girl as I came around the lockers. "Ow!" we both cried out. I lost my anger the moment I realized who it was, and gave her the dildo and chain "Put that in your locker." I said.

 "Hi A.C." She was beaming with sunshine in her eyes as she took it from me, licked it down, tossed it in her bag, and threw it all in a gym locker. She put her own combination lock over it "Last year the janitor ripped me off at my old school ­ stole a cross my grandmother brought over from Poland and my mother's earrings..."

 "He got away with it right?" I said.

 "Yeah." She said, before moving in to hug me in a kiss. There was something about this girl's kissing I just couldn't explain ­ I was lost in a strange bliss until a series of catcalls erupted around us, along with a few comments about 'lezzie bitches'.

 "Fuck off guys..." I said. "We're just girls." Yeah, sure girls touch more than boys, but not like that. But maybe these idiots would fall for it, if she'd just stop squeezing my ass.

 "We got wrestling today." Melinda said with a mean grin, pounding her fists together as we walked into the gym. "Maybe we'll get paired up again. I owe you one" She said, licking her lips. Owe me one? For what? Oh... I blushed deep red remembering what I'd done on Tuesday.

 Ms. Moore came out in the altogether ­ she'd shaved down there, like me. "Wrestling today class. You boys will have to put your straps on." She addressed the last part to a group of boys who were fully nude, holding their jock straps in their hands.

 One of them raised his hand "I thought we could go without them if we wanted." He said.

 "That has to be mutual ­ between you and your partner." She said "You can work that out once I assign you for today." She pulled up her clipboard and looked over something. "I'm going to be pairing you off in groups of two for twenty minutes before switching you out. We'll do that most wrestling days." She called roll, pairing us off as she did. The two boys from wrestling who'd missed Tuesday were still out; in fact they'd been cut from the class. The girl was back though ­ one Cassie Martin ­ and she was all muscle and nearly no tits. Henry got her and she pulled off his jock strap and told him to lose it.

 Melinda got stuck with Sandra "Oh shit..." she told me as Sandra drew a line across her throat staring at us.

 "She's gonna get an ass kicking," I said, "If she fucks with you."

 "I wouldn't mind if she'd fuck with me, it's the rest of it that worries me." Melinda whispered in my ear. Then I got paired off with some kid named Alan Capp. Sandra laughed at the similarity in our names.

 "Hey." I told him, as we sat down on our mat. He looked frightened, I think he was a junior ­ around long enough to know my rep.

 "Hey uh..." he began.

 "Relax, it's class, I got no shit with you." I said. I tugged on his strap, thinking of the guys in the locker. I'd show em I wasn't a lezzie. "You can lose this." I said. He smiled then pulled it off to reveal his eagerness. He might be scared of me, but I was still a naked chick telling him to roll around with me.

 Ms. Moore had us get into a starting position of our choice. She told us we'd spar on our own today, to get a basic hang on things. She'd walk around and check us, blowing the whistle every two minutes to time the periods of the matches. She wanted to get an idea on how to shape her lesson plan ­ see what we needed to learn. She told us to try and pin, and hold for three, then get back into a new starting position with a switch of the bottom / top. Even the language of wrestling was kinky...

 I held out my hand in a fist "Rock, Scissors, Paper?" We tossed for it, and I won with scissors to his paper. "You're on top first. Offensive." I said, winning wasn't my goal.

 "Funny, that's what I was gonna pick if I won." He said as he got into the optional position that reminded me a lot of doing it doggie style ­ he was behind me with his hands on the small of my back, I could feel his cock pressing up against me. I looked over to Melinda ­ she and Sandra were in the neutral position. Neither of them planned to give any ground, they were working on causing trouble.

 "Ok class when I blow the whistle begin." She blew, and Alan slammed his cock into me. I gasped out in shock, but not surprise. That was exactly what I'd wanted. I went down and he pinned, his cock buried to the end in my cunt.

 "Pin me too fast, and you'll miss all the fun." I said.

 He pulled back, then rammed back in. "Uh!" He called out, "Yeah, guess so."

 Ms. Moore looked over and shook her head with a smile. "Put up a fight girls." She said. Girls? I looked around and saw Henry doing the same thing to the new girl across the room. A couple kids had paused to look. Melinda took her opening when Sandra looked at Henry. In a second she'd slammed the girl to the ground ­ hard, even this far away I heard the wind knocked out of her. Remind me not to wrestle that girl when she was mad.

 Alan started pounding my pussy, calling out the count of the pin a lot slower than he was supposed to. I wasn't gonna stop him either. When he hit three he pulled out. "Hey!" I called.

 "Sorry..." He said. "We gotta keep it going." Good point, I didn't need him cumming to fast. Or maybe he meant something else...

 "Guess I'm on top now." I said. I tried the standard offensive position ­ to his side with my arm loosely around him. The better to flip him with, if he was smart. "We supposed to wait for the next whistle?" I asked.

 "Like, I dunno." He said. I looked around for Ms. Moore; she was helping two kids figure out a position of some kind. Beyond her I saw Sandra locked in a very uncomfortable looking pin by Melinda. With her wirey muscles and speed, Melinda knew her game ­ maybe she'd be able to hold her own with the gang after all. Sandra didn't look happy.

 Ms. Moore saw me looking and came over. "I see you two are having fun." She said. I felt something dripping down my leg, making it obvious just how much fun I was having. "What's up?"

 "Do we need to wait for the whistle?" Alan asked.

 "Normally yes, but you can free spar if you finish early." She said.

 "Don't you dare finish early." I said, causing them both to laugh.

 "I mean a match... Just restart anytime I blow the whistle." She blew it then and wandered off, and I flipped Alan before he could get his bearing. I jumped on him and pinned his arms down, then rode his cock, counting off as slow as I thought I could get away with.

 Looking over to Melinda and Sandra I saw a bruise on Melinda's leg. Sandra must've kicked her when they had to start over. They were circling around, looking for openings. And not the kind Alan had found on me.

 Suddenly Cassie screamed out and then started panting. I looked over to see Henry pull out from a pin and shoot his load all over her back. Was this PE or an orgy?

 Whatever it was, it was freaking strange. I managed to ride Alan through to my own cum, and let him shoot it deep inside me, before we got paired away at the twenty minute break. The next guy I had kept his strap on and played mean. I had a feeling he didn't like all these girls and Program shit messing with his sport ­ or maybe he was gay.

 Then I got Melinda... She kept trying to pin me in a sixty nine. Sandra and she had pretty much come inches from beating the shit out of each other ­ doing everything they could get away with to have a fight without hitting. "She is a bitch." Melinda said when we paired up. She'd just finished getting fucked by Mark, but I knew those bruises weren't from him.

 "She got you pretty good here." I said, brushing along her thigh.

 "She kicked me... But I slammed her and twisted that bitch all out of sorts." Melinda said. I looked over and saw Sandra ­ I didn't see any bruises or cuts, but she was in pain, and she kept holding her side. "Made her pull a muscle by pinning her wrong." Melinda noted. "Now stop moving, so I can get you..."

 "As if!" I said, making to get out from under her. I don't know how, but she kept me down even though we both knew I was stronger. "How you do it?" I asked.

 "Girl you got no sense of how to hold yourself. Let me pin you, and I'll show you." She said.

 "What? If you can't pin me, what the fuck can you show me?" I said, but I knew what she meant ­ she could pin me easy, but she wanted to pin me a certain way, and that I wasn't letting her do.

 "Come on A.C...." she begged.

 "Not in front of everybody..." I said. "Ok, after school, but only for a minute."

 She pulled back, sitting on her legs with her hands on her knees. I got up. "Ok, you gotta go like this..." She began, as she started to talk to me about how to get someone where you wanted them ­ how to turn their body against them.

 Ms. Moore came over and asked us why we'd stopped sparring. "She's teaching me shit." I said. She had me reaching around her in a way she said would always let me flip her, like she'd done to me earlier. Ms. Moore observed for a second before letting us continue ­ telling Melinda she might need her help on later lessons. "I think she's glad to have another girl that knows this stuff." I said. "Where'd you learn?"

 "I was on the team at my old school back in Boston." Melinda said. We heard Sandra sigh, Henry had pinned her in a sixty nine and he definitely wasn't keeping his head up. But the class didn't last much longer than that.

 It was a little more subdued in the showers ­ since so many of us in the middle had had our release wrestling. As usual nearly all the boys from the original wrestling class stayed on one end, along with about half the gymnastics boys. They were busy showing off their muscles ­ I figured about half of them would end up gay. All told only eight of us mixed together, and that did include Sandra, as well as the new girl Cassie. I did make Alan soap me up ­ he owed me that. Melinda tried to do it, but I pushed her off onto Henry and told him to "Wash my spare pussy." Not sure where that came from, but it sounded funny at the time.

 Henry was almost as good as Ricky Montico, but it was clear to me he wasn't what Melinda really wanted.

 We got our shit at the locker, and I put my chain back on. "Maybe I should get one of those." Melinda said about my dildo.

 "Yeah, all the sluts have them." Sandra said in passing. She left before I could say anything back.

 "Such a bitch, what's she got against you anyway?" Melinda asked.

 "Fuck if I know, she volunteered and thinks she's gotta show me up." I said.

 "Not a smart game to play." Melinda said. I just shrugged as we walked off to lunch.

 The gang was all there, even Fatima. Marcy and her were laughing about something and pointing at Rubin when I walked up.

 "What?" Rubin said. "What?" They just giggled off behind me as Rubin said "Women... can't live with em, can't live without em..."

 "I dunno Rube; you do pretty fine living with them..." I said. He just grinned at me.

 We got in line, more of that healthy shit ­ some kind of fried vegetable and tofu dish with a choice of no carb noodles or brown rice on the side. "What is this shit?" Melinda asked May.

 "Fuck if I know. It almost looks Chinese, but not like anything mom makes." May said. They were holding hands in line behind me. For drinks we had milk, OJ, or cranberry juice. I took the cranberries and the noodles. Samantha once told me cranberries were good for keeping out infections, and that seemed wise given the Program... May and Melinda took one of each side, and mixed them when we all got to the table.

 "Hey isn't there a rule on how many kids can be naked together?" Marcy asked.

 "Uh... I think so." I said.

 "It's three, but only if you're in the Program ­ so we've only got one." May said, lightly squeezing my left tit.

 "No I think it's three, Program or not." Rick said.

 "Well fuck me... what if we all wanted to get naked, we couldn't hang out?" Melinda said, picking up a noodle that'd dropped in May's lap and sucking it in seductively. May squealed at the sight and tried to bite the last of the noodle before it went down, causing them to kiss.

 "Ew, stop that you two." Marcy said. May just pouted at her.

 "She's got a point May." I said.

 "Yeah, well you kissed her too." May said. Melinda stuck her tongue out at me.

 "Well... Just keep it cool, don't let it go too far where they can see you." I pointed across the quad, where some of the jocks tended to hang. They're the most likely to be gay; but also most likely to gay bash because they couldn't deal with their own feelings ­ like those wrestling punks in gym.

 Thing about jocks ­ they didn't fight often, but when they did it just made no fucking sense. We might fight and get rough a lot, but we did it for reasons. They were just mean, we were just watching out for our own.

 Ms. Magante passed by and I called her over. "Yo Ms. M, how's that rule of three work?" I asked.

 "Rule of three?" She said.

 "Like, you know; how many naked kids can be in a group?" Marcy said. "If they ain't all in the Program."

 "Oh. Well, we want the Program kids to mix around. But I don't think it applies to kids who just go naked." She said.

 "What about volunteers like me? I mean, I get signed off and I get Program credit, so do I count or not?" May asked.

 "You know... I don't know. Let me check on that. Tell you what; don't worry about it for now." She said.

 "Well there's only three of us anyway." I said. "And she ain't in the Program no ways anyhow." I pointed at Melinda. I also looked close at Magante's arms, and sure enough I saw the faint scarring that stays behind when you get tattoos removed. I wondered what they used to look like.

 Magante looked down at her dildo, and then noticed the matching set May and I had. She smiled and said "You kids stay out of trouble" as she twirled her dildo's chain in one hand and walked away. She went across the quad and I saw her stop by the twins. They had Cindy between them, and another naked girl next to Manuel. Her butt looked familiar, though it was red like she'd been spanked ­ I think she was the girl they hassled at lunch yesterday. Magante said something to the two naked girls, looked back to me, said something else, and walked on.

 Manuel had his hand down the front of the lap of the girl I didn't know, and she was rocking back and forth with her hands on the table. It seemed better not to watch my brother getting it on, so I looked back to my gang.

 May got up and went over to the twins, she bent over at their table ­ with one knee bent and her hips swaying from side to side as she chatted about something. You could see everything poking out from behind. It was kinda funny, I got to thinking about cats ­ how they always lift their tails and put their asshole right in your face... I guess I looked like that too this week...

 "What's she up to?" Melinda quietly said.

 "The twins..." I said. "My little brother Manuel and my sister Rosa." I pointed them out. "The two in clothes..." I added.

 "Oh, yeah. I remember them." She said. I guess I'd introduced them at some point, but I didn't recall when. May pointed at Cindy, said something with a laugh to Rosa, and then kept chatting. When I looked back to the gang I saw Kevin staring right at May's behind.

 "What up Kev?" I asked.

 "I was just thinking..." He said.

 "I'll bet you were." Melinda said, jabbing him in the ribs.

 "No... Well, actually, yeah." He said, looking at me.

 "Yeah..." I said. "I've been thinking about that too..."

 "Maybe we should... you know... At least on our own terms?" Kevin said

 "What the fuck are you two talking about?" Marcy said, causing Fatima to look away from her and up at us. Melinda just shrugged and pointed back and forth between us.

 Rick said "I think they're talking 'bout their Bio class. Right?"

 "Yeah." Kevin said.

 "That's some fucked up shit." Marcy said with a shake of her head.

 "No shit." Rubin said, though he had more of a wishful look to his eyes.

 "What?" Fatima asked. Marcy leaned over to whisper to her, and she got a shocked look in her eyes as she darted her vision back and forth between Kevin, me, and attempts to not look at May's anus.

 "So..." I said. "Yeah... On our terms at least." I took Kevin's hand and put it in my lap.

 "No... No fucking way..." Marcy said.

 "Shit we talked about this last night, but I figured we could wait." Rubin said.

 "Talked about what?" Rick asked.

 "When we was fucking, they had a talk." Melinda said, causing Rick to blush. "May told me 'bout it last night..."

 Marcy had a puzzled look in her eyes so I said "May slept over at Melinda's."

 "Yeah..." Melinda said, beaming with pride. "Sorry Rick, but she's a better lay than you."

 "Ew, fuck..." Marcy said. Then she looked at Kevin's hand in my lap as I spread my legs just a little wider. "Wait, what the fuck are you two doing? Now?"

 "I'd rather not have Lippmann set the terms." I said.

 "Yeah..." Kevin said.

 I looked at him and said "Just feel around, get to know it. I'm not just your 'hommie' anymore; I'm a girl too now." Then I reached over and unzipped his fly. Sure Marcy had jacked him off on Tuesday at lunch, but that was different ­ it was just a random thing. Still, I guess she did start it.

 "Aw fuck." Marcy said.

 "Well, you did start it..." Rubin said, echoing my thoughts.

 "Oh... well..." She shrugged, unable to explain why Tuesday had happened. I ran my hand up the length of Kevin's shaft. Not bad I thought. I knew he was a decent fuck ­ word of that shit spread in its own way. Now I guess I'd really know.

 "Guess I'm not just your 'hommie' either..." Kevin said.

 "Yeah, now you've got one of these handy things." I said, trying to make humor of an uncomfortable moment.

 "What the fuck?" May said from right beside me. My hand jerked away and I looked up. Kevin's hand left my pussy, where it was just beginning to explore.

 "Bio..." I said. I saw Magante across the quad watching us. She had Lippmann with her and was saying something. Shit... even if we might've gotten lucky before, I figured it was rigged now. I nodded, and May looked back.

 "Fuck..." She said. "Oh well..." She sat on Kevin's other side, scooting Marcy out of the way. Kevin looked between us both, wondering what to do next. May's hand took his cock where I'd been moments before. "Well..." she said, looking down at her pussy. Kevin put a hand on her and put his other hand back on me. I grabbed his balls, brushing May's hand above me.

 "Fuck..." Rick said. "Let's get out of here." He looked over the rest of the gang.

 "No!" I called out. "Stay. Together." I took his hand in my free hand, and nodded to everyone else. They all held hands and made to block anyone from outside. "You too Fatima." She looked scared, but then joined hands with Marcy and Rubin. Melinda was next, and after her Rick completing the circle.

 It was weird, not really erotic and only Kevin ever got off ­ guys cum easy. But it was us, on our terms. We set the rules, not some fucking teacher, and we stayed together. Even when Kevin spurted not one of us let go. He got all over Melinda and even splattered Rubin's shoes. May and I were sweating when we stopped, but we let ourselves calm down ­ fanning it away with our hands. Then we all did the most fucked up hippie bullshit and had a group hug. People were watching us like we'd gone nuts. More than one kids said we musta been on drugs. But things were changing on us, and we had to deal. But we had to do it on our terms.

 "So it's true after all. The little slut and her gang do fuck all over the place." Sandra said from behind me. She was on the steps to A building with a friend or two I didn't know. What a stupid bitch, she was standing there asking me to kick her ass.

 "Fuck off Sandra. I don't wanna fuck you over, but I will if I have to." I said.

 "What? A spic slut like you? You couldn't do shit to me if you wanted bitch." Sandra said.

 "Who the fuck is this?" Marcy asked.

 "Some little bitch - got it in her head to start talking smack." I said.

 "Fuck you 'AC', or is it EZ?" Sandra took a step forward, but then I heard Harrison.

 "Young ladies..." He said. I turned around and looked in front of me; he was coming up from across the quad. "There's no fighting - on school grounds..."

 That was an interesting way of putting it. He looked between us, then passed Sandra and her group on his way into the building. She turned around and followed him in.

 "What a bitch." May said.

 "I don't get it." I said. "She knows I could kick her ass. Melinda tossed her around good in PE... It's like she wants to get hurt."

 "Or she's just trying to get you to start it." Rick said. "So they can bust you."

 "Say May, what was up with the twins?" I asked, changing the subject.

 "I wanted to know who their new friends were." She said.

 "Well the one on the right's Cindy, but the girl on the left, she's just stupid." I said.

 "Kitten" May said. "Why'd you say stupid?"

 "Manuel's just messing with her." I said. "What the fuck kinda name is 'Kitten'?"

 "Fuck if I know... Her ass ­was- kinda red..." May said.

 "Maybe she likes it that way." Rick said.

 "Nobody knows what they like at that age." I said, and I looked at Fatima, who was that age. She looked at me with a curious expression.

 Lunch was over, and I had to split from the gang and head to Metal with that freak Carson.

 "What's gonna happen A.C.?" Marcy asked me as we walked together. Her class, English, wasn't far from mine.

 "Huh? Oh... We'll figure it out. Don't worry Marce... It'll all be good." I said, I wasn't so sure, but I said it anyway.

 "We've been together so long though, and now this... Plus Fatima and Melinda..." She said. Yeah, I'd met May when I was eight, Marcy and Rick in middle school, Kevin and Rubin since the beginning of freshman year. No sexual tension till this week; despite May. Well, last night the guys did admit she'd been getting them worked up...

 "You know, sooner or later they're gonna strip you too." I said. "You wanna deal with all this shit during your week?" I figured I could handle it best of anybody. Marcy'd go nuts if she was in my place right now.

 "Yeah..." She said. "See you after school." We split at the door to Metal shop; she made her way up the stairs.

 "Well, glad to see you managed to grace us with your presence on time today young lady." Mr. Carson said. He pointed to a stool next to his nephew. "Let's see if you can learn to be a proper Program participant today. I hear that's been getting around these last two days." He pointed right at my pussy, not even bothering to be subtle. I gave him a mean look and sat down.

 "Don't roll your eyes at me young lady, or we'll be having a talk with Mr. Harrison." He said. This little shit was asking to be done in...

 "Yo babe." Raymond said as I sat down, but then started up fast. He'd put his finger on my seat after I'd turned around ­ so he could poke me in the ass. He almost got me a little closer up front.

 "Cool it." I said.

 We started off working on some kind of box contraption. Mr. Carson passed out plans that showed how to work the metal into shape, build a hinge for the lid, and make it all look real nice. It's too bad this guy was such a jerk, because I loved working with tools, I loved shop work. Way I figured it, becoming a mechanic might be my only way of not getting stuck as a rent-a-pussy someday - especially after that shit in civics. But if Mr. Carson got his way, it would be my path to getting pimped out.

 Raymond tried to take charge of everything, and took every chance he could to brush up against me. Ten minutes into the class he stopped and told me "Hey, I got a request. Put this in your cunt and do it till you cum ­ I wanna see you cum."

 "What the fuck?" I said. He was holding a rather cold looking metal rod, fashioned into a crude dildo like shape. At least it was ­ hopefully ­ smooth. Glancing beyond him I saw the door to the class slightly ajar. Jennifer was over there with her work partner laughing at some comment he'd just made. He was holding a hammer like he was gonna hit himself in the head with it, and had his tongue out like a goofball.

 "I seen you do it with that." He said; pointing to the dildo I kept on my waist chain. "Now get to it. I'm gonna cum on your tits." He started to pull his cock out.

 "No fucking way jerk." I said.

 "Hey, it's a request, and I gotta right to make you do it. You're in The Program." He said.

 "Bullshit." I said, "It's called a Reasonable Request ­ as in what I feel ok doing. And I don't want that shit in me."

 "Well then take this shit in you." He said, holding his cock out.

 "You get that thing one step closer to me and I'll hack it off." I said, grabbing the only tool on the table ­ a screwdriver. Lot of good that would do...

 "What's the meaning of this?" Mr. Carson said, coming over. Several kids stopped what they were doing. Jennifer glanced over ­ a mix of eagerness to see me getting it on and fear over seeing me forced battling it out in her look. He grabbed me by the arm, taking the screwdriver away. "Do as your told Ms. Cabrera. Or I'll report you for a Program violation. I can do that you know."

 "That's quite enough!" the sudden voice of Ms. Magante said. "You, hallway" she said, pointing to Mr. Carson.

 "It's about time." He said. "I trust you got my memo." They stepped outside. The door slammed shut, and the initial calm speech suddenly turned into a shouting match ­ obscured by the low hum of idle power tools in the shop.

 "Well, now it's time for you to get busy." Raymond said.

 "I don't think so." I said.

 "Lay off man." A kid I didn't know said, trying to put himself between us.

 Raymond raised his hands and stepped back. "I can take him." I said.

 The kid just snorted. "You're a girl, and look how big he is." I rolled my eyes.

 Jennifer came over "You ok?" she asked.

 "Yeah, it's all good." I said.

 Everybody stood around, not knowing what to do. I looked at the plans on my table ­ it would've been a fun assignment, but either Mr. Carson or me wasn't coming back. I started to walk over to the doorway but it opened before I got there. Ms. Magante stood there. "Class dismissed for today." She said. "Be here tomorrow though." What, she was just gonna let us wander the halls? "You, you and you, shut everything down." One of the kids she picked was Raymond. "The rest of you hang out in the quad until the bell rings. If I hear any of you missed your next class your asses will be mine." She actually swore.

 "Well fuck..." I said, in the hallway.

 "You wanna talk?" Jennifer asked. "I called you last night, did you get my message?"

 "Look Jenny..." I said, then shook my head and changed direction, walking not to the quad but over to C building. "Just leave me alone ok." I could't deal with her, not with this shit, not with what I had going on with my crew, Melinda, the Program... Not with what her brothers were like. Can't these bitches figure out I'm not a lezzie? I heard her sob as I walked away, and when I looked back I could see a tear running down her cheek. Damn...

 I needed a shower. I felt dirty, but I wasn't sure why ­ I wasn't the one who started that shit. I went in the gym, whoever's class it was they were out on the field, pools, or whatever right then. I got under a nozzle and just let the water run ­ just let it wash away all the anger and confusion.

 What was going on anyway? May'd been nearly naked all summer and it hadn't bothered us. She'd never made any passes on me and I knew she was bi. What about Jennifer, had she ever done or said anything back when I was dating Anthony? Why now? Maybe it was the Program, I don't think she'd ever seen me naked before it, and certainly she must've seen me this week getting worked over by somebody at some point. Melinda... she was just chance I guess ­ odd timing, with me in the Program on the first week of school.

 I wonder if Melinda would've ever talked to me if I hadn't been in it? Probably, we had 'naked gym' together after all. And I guess it was me who started it with her. Shit was just getting too complicated. At least I still had control, not like May. What the fuck was I gonna do about May?

 I was sitting on the floor of the shower with my head in my hands when he showed up. "Ms. Cabrera, what are you doing in here?" Mr. Harrison said.

 "Huh... Mr. H..." I muttered without looking up.

 "Didn't Yasmine, Ms. Magante tell you to wait in the quad?" He asked.

 I got up, water still running down my naked body, I gave him a look. "I ever do what people tell me?" I said.

 "Not as long as I've known you... Not since you were ten. Alandra..." He said, taking a step forward. We first met when I was ten, in his bedroom where I was trying to find something valuable after breaking in... I got a long lecture from Pa and the beginning of my time with Samantha ­ our social worker.

 "I don't feel too good Mr. H." I said with my eyes downcast.

 "I know, Yasmine told me. Rest assured Mr. Carson is out of here." He said, grabbing my shoulder. Something about the look in his eyes...

 "You've been watching me Mr. H..." I accused, stepping into his space. What the fuck I was doing, I had no idea...

 "Alandra..." He said, but then he grabbed me and pushed me back against the shower wall, causing the water to spray across his suit.

 "You fucking asshole!" I said, clawing at his back. He pulled his cock out of his pants. Old guy cock... and then it was in me.

 "Shit!" He said, the first time I ever heard him cuss. "You little bitch..."

 "Shut up and fuck." I said, and he slammed into me ­ hard. I grunted from getting tossed against the wall, but I wrapped my legs around him. It felt really strange fucking a guy with clothes on. Not just a guy, but Mr. H... At least the suit was soft like silk.

 It didn't take long; he came in me and I unwrapped myself. He put me down gently, muttering "What..." to himself.

 I looked at him, trying to figure out the same thing. He put his cock back in his pants, and said "I never..."

 "Shit Mr. H..." I said, straightening my hair then brushing my sides as if I had clothes to fix. He took my arm gently.

 "Alandra..." He started, looking as confused as I.

 "Well, this changes shit..." I said.

 "Get to your Algebra class Alandra, the bell's gonna ring soon..." He said, not even pausing to guess at my schedule in a school with so many students.

 I grabbed my bag and we walked out of the gym together, me in front of him. I heard somebody say "Did you see who that was?" from the other end of the gym as we left. Outside the gym we stopped and looked at each other. He had water all over his shirt, and I was still wet from the shower. I could feel his cum trying to escape down my leg. Insurance. He made to say something, I did likewise, but the bell rang. I turned and ran into the building, even though it was just the bell to let out the last period.

 Nothing happened on the way to Algebra. I kept all hands clear. I stopped in a bathroom just before going in and wiped up my pussy. Then I put the tissue in my bag. Insurance... I still wasn't sure what had just happened.

 Mr. Dennison was his usual cheery self. He patted his desk as I walked in, unaware of the events of my day. "Hi." I said.

 "I don't know why they say you're trouble Ms. Cabrera; you've been a perfectly wonderful participant so far. I'd just like to thank you for going along with all this. It really helps the kids keep eyes forward with you up here."

 "Yeah... but do they even know there's a chalkboard up here?" I said.

 He chuckled. "Probably not. Got me there I guess." Then he took a second look at me. "You ok?"

 "Yeah... I guess so. Rough week" I said. No fucking way was I gonna tell him what just happened...

 "Program hard on you?" He asked.

 "Yeah, and no. It's just stuff. Program put it all on the same page if you know what I mean." I said.

 "Well hang in there or out there or whatever." He said, smiling at me. "I won't lie and say I don't mind seeing you up here naked ­ it's quite a thrill actually, but I want it to be fun and engaging for you as well as the class. If you need to talk to someone, I'm here for you."

 "No, that's ok." I said. I got my gang... It's funny, in a way Mr. Dennison was just as much a pervert as Mr. Carson, but the way he presented it made it cute. He was harmless, and cared about me being comfortable with it. I got up and gave him a light hug saying "You're really sweet Mr. D."

 The rest of the class was sitting down by then, so I just went for the board. Fatima, Marcy, and Rick all sat up front ­ usually me and my gang went to the back so we could do shit, but they were there for me now. When the bell rang he had me write up a bunch of equations. People always had to pause when he asked them to read one, and even more when he asked them to explain it. I smiled at him and he grinned back. I was right ­ unless they had to understand the board they spent the whole class looking at it, but never seeing it. They just saw me. Maybe I was even getting in the way of learning, or maybe not. It made it fun, even for me. When people are being fun about checking you out... well, it's kind of a thrill. Like it made class a game or something.

 I started getting chalk on me, the board and the erasers were just too dirty. I made the mistake of dropping one of them on the chalk-rail, and a cloud of chalk blew up in my face. When I turned around everybody burst out laughing, so I just smiled and did a curtsey. Marcy held up her tits through her sweater, Fatima just gasped. Looking down I could see it all over my breasts, arms, and legs. My face was probably just as bad. I made sure to do it again a few minutes later. This time I slapped one of them against my thigh as if I was just shifting my weight and forgetting it was there...

 Rick coughed. I spun around and said "Oops..."

 "Yeah right." He said, reaching over to wipe a line of chalk off my belly.

 "Alandra... You're a mess." Mr. Dennison chuckled after telling me to write up a bunch of 'x' and 'y's with numbers around them. I did it up high, so that I had to reach up on my tiptoes. When I came down my tits had left two lines along the board going up and then down like some strangely written 'M' with a lot of wiggle on top. I turned around and everyone laughed, including me. I needed that after Metal shop and Mr. Harrison... I needed to get silly to calm down.

 Five minutes before class was over Mr. Dennison told me to go clean up. "Thanks for today's lesson." He said as I left. Didn't he mean for helping with the lesson?

 Showers again? Fuck no, not after last period. I hit a restroom not far from class, took one look in the mirror, and burst out laughing. A hall monitor popped her head in and said; "Only five minutes for you." I rinsed my face then poured the water down me as much as I could. No towels to dry off, I tried the paper stuff but it didn't do much good for my hair...

 I think I got most of it off before I left, but I was cold when I hit the hall. I shivered my way down towards Bio as the bell rang and kids flooded the hallway.

 I ran into May on the way to class, she was getting felt up by some kid I don't think either of us knew while two of his friends watched. "Is that all you guys got?" I asked.

 "Hey, it's another one." The boy whose hand was going down her ass said.

 "Hey A.C." May said.

 "Hey." I said. I looked at the two boys standing there and said; "Well?" They just looked down at the floor and stepped back. "Don't be so shy." I said.

 "Yeah" May said. The boy feeling her up had reached under her from behind and had his hand coming up to the crossed arrow cut of her bush. "Oh! Give her a try."

 I waved a hand in front of the floor where one of the boys was looking. "Hello... wet naked chick here... wake up." He got spooked and stepped back then looked up with a weak smile.

 "I... uh... It's just..." He shrugged.

 I leaned in and whispered "Would you rather he was naked?" I jerked a thumb over to his fellow shy friend ­ who had that clean cut look I knew gay guys went for.

 "Huh? No. Fuck no. I just..." He said.

 "Then give me that." I said, taking his hand and putting on my boob. "Learn something." I said. He looked like I'd given him an electric shock as his hand jerked back then slowly came down on me again.

 "Is it... is it ok?" He said.

 "Is it fucking ok? Fuck yeah, I put it there." I said. Friend three was still looking at the floor so I said "Up here" and reached under his chin to lightly pull him up. "You guys are freshmen aren't you?" They nodded.

 "It was Bud's idea to touch her." Number three said.

 Bud was fingering May's pussy from behind, and grinning. "This is fun." He said, in that stupid way boys talk sometimes.

 "Damn straight." May said.

 "Geez May; where'd you get these three?" I asked.

 "Bud's in my last class." She said.

 The first bell for class rang so I said "Ok boys ­ homework: grab some Program girl and fuck the shit out of her. I'll find you tomorrow and if you haven't I'll kick your asses. And I'll make sure the girl admits to it too..."

 "What about you or May?" Bud asked.

 "Yeah well, if you find me first before this time tomorrow, I'm game." I said.

 We left them as we ran for class. "Think that'll work?" May said.

 "I dunno, but maybe they'll be more afraid of me than they are shy..." I said. "Cute guys like that shouldn't be allowed to be so shy."

 "Yeah... fucking cunt teases..." She said and we laughed.

 Orgy class with Ms. Lippmann, or Biology or something... Kevin came up behind us as we got to the door, giving May and I a quick slap on the butt before stepping between and through us. We grabbed him and started to tackle him before realizing we were in the middle of the classroom not more than three feet from the teacher.

 "Cut out that horseplay you three." Ms. Lippmann said. I bumped against Kevin while straightening out my bag, noticing he was rock hard. May and I sat down where we guessed the circle would form as everyone else stripped. Once Kevin was naked he sat between us.

 "Think it'll be today?" He asked.

 "If not today - definitely tomorrow." May said.

 "Yeah..." I said. "And you can be sure she'll sick you on whichever of us you miss this week next week. I saw her and Magante talking at lunch when we was..."

 "Oh..." He said. "Well, no hard feelings?"

 May and I giggled, getting the same idea together as we looked to his lap. "I dunno, looks like you're already feeling hard." I said. May flicked it with her hand.

 "Hey!" Kevin said, putting on a fake hurt face."

 "I mean it on the horseplay you three." Ms. Lippmann said, but the look in her eyes was good natured.

 "So uh, yeah... No hard feelings, no jealousy." May said.

 I put out my hand and she took it, then Kevin held both our hands. We all exchanged a look, then let go.

 "What's up with you guys?" Nancy, after Jake on May's right said.

 "We got business." I said. "Personal."

 She just nodded and looked around the room for something else to pay attention to.

 "Why don't we start with a quickie?" Ms. Lippmann said to the class, taking a seat along the circle across from me. She had a way of sitting that was very lewd, and I was getting an eyeful. She flipped a coin and then said "Girls, turn to the person on your right." I could swear she looked right at me and Kevin with a feral look in her eyes.

 "Shit..." I said. Kevin and May exchanged looks before she shrugged and turned to Jake.

 "We gonna do this?" He said to me.

 "We got a choice?" I said.

 "I could leave; go to the regular class - me or the both of you." He said.

 "Stay." May called out over her shoulder. "It was gonna happen eventually." It was? I guess so with the Program, or did she mean just as a matter of life?

 Ms. Lippmann didn't interrupt our little chat. She actually waited, then announced; "I want the boys to enter the girl with you from behind ­ what you know as 'Doggie style'. You've got 5 minutes, and then we're going to discuss the three positions I've put you all in, before we move on to some serious discussion about STDs. If you cum, and you can still go, switch position."

 I got on my hands and knees and put my butt in the air ­ in Kevin's face. I felt the tip of Kevin's cock at my entrance as he put his hands on my butt. It was similar to what happened in gym, but oh so different. This time it meant something and I was scared shitless. In fact I started to shake from a case of nerves. "You ok A.C.? Kevin asked. Its cool girlfriend, it's all cool." The word was used as a friend, not something romantic. He petted my behind, like soothing down a cat's fur. Calming a pussy... I gave a nervous chuckle.

 I Heard Jake say "Hey, what're you doing?" beside me. I looked to see May leave him and come over to us.

 "I'll do it." She said, and I felt her hand come up under me and take Kevin's cock. She pushed it into the lips of my entrance and said "Calm down guys... Ready?"

 "Yeah..." I said, looking down between my legs. She had her other hand on Kevin's butt, and she shoved him slowly forward and into me. Kevin took control of himself, letting his cock get buried in all the way.

 May went back to Jake, feeling as if she'd been a part of it - part of the 'virginity' of our friendship being taken. I can't say it was like any other fuck I'd ever had. Just like with Mr. Harrison it felt completely wrong, horribly frightening, and yet deliciously pleasurable and somehow maturing all in the same moment. It felt... as if this was the second time in my - adult - life that I'd been fucked, as opposed to all the shit I'd done as a kid, as some wild teenage girl.

 Kevin began to pump into me with a slow steady rhythm ­ trying for all he could to do me right. Ms. Lippmann was watching us, making mental notes from the looks of it. They'd finally done it, finally found something to put in between our gang, and now they wanted to see what would happen.

 I tried not to pant; I tried not to enjoy it. I tried to act like Kevin and I were just hanging out. I could tell he was torn between trying to be casual, and wanting to make sure he did his duty for me as a man. I gave in to the pleasure, letting out a long sigh as my head dropped down. "Kevin, just go with it man." I said. "Let it happen."

 He grunted into a thrust then said on his pull back "Just... trying to keep it real A.C."

 "It's already too fucking real Kev." Involuntarily the walls of my vagina clamped down on him ­ trying to keep that cock from escaping. She had her own plans. "Just fuck me Kevin... Just fuck me like I was some bitch." We could deal later.

 He picked up the pace, and the pleasure started to blind out everything else. Yeah, I could tell, a part of me had wanted this for three years. That same sense told me he was no different. We'd all played at just being friends, but when you put three girls together with three boys ­ well, there's bound to be shit even if it stays buried.

 I lifted my head and looked back at Kevin, watching him pound into me. His own gaze was across to May, watching her get fucked by Jake. After a spell he caught my look and glanced down with a sheepish grin. His hands came off my butt and patted me on the small of my back. "Damn A.C., you feel good." He said. I let out a gasp right as he finished that, my eyes wincing shut and my mouth going into a little 'o'. He had a funny look on his face when I looked back... It was that look guys gave me when they got into what I was doing on the end of their cocks. "Don't get any ideas..." I said. "It's just classwork."

 "I can't help it A.C., you just... shit... you look so cute when you fuck." Kevin said. He pumped into me a little faster. I brought a hand up and over to my clit, then caught myself when I realized it. I wasn't sure if I really wanted to cum on the end of his dick...

 I grunted from his thrust and said "Say that again and I'll kick your ass." But I took that hand and starting doing my clit, even though it left me unsteady.

 He started to slam into me, and I fell. Kevin popped out, so we had to pause and get it all out worked out again. "Do my clit." I said, keeping both hands on the ground.

 He tried to, but he had trouble keeping it going against his desire to pound my pussy. After a little bit he gave up and just started slamming me as hard and fast as he could. We were both panting and grunting like it was a fight. It almost was. Years ago I kicked his ass, now he was pounding mine. He even spanked me a few times, enough that I could feel the heat of it. It sent me over the edge and I came with an incoherent scream. Then I just held my ground panting and nearly crying in pleasure for as long as I could hold my peak.

 Finally I felt it ­ I felt his cum shoot up into me, deep into my belly. He let out a loud growl and pushed me down flat on my stomach before lying on top of me and fading down to slow steady strokes as his manhood softened up.

 At least he'd lasted long enough to get me off. Eventually he stopped thrusting. Into my ear he whispered "You ok A.C.?"

 "Fuck if I know." I said back and then sighed, letting my whole body relax as I felt his weight on top of me. I looked over to see May taking it missionary style. They must've finished up their first fuck a while ago. Kevin and I just relaxed for a bit. Ms. Lippmann came over, about to say something, but she thought better of it when he gave her a look... I could see her juices dripping down her leg, and her right hand looked wet.

 Kevin didn't get off me though. He brushed my hair lightly and said "Shit..." After that we just stayed there in silence enjoying the weight of our bodies - thinking about it.

 "Ok class." Ms. Lippmann said. "Now that you're all well and goodly fucked. I want everyone to sit up and get back into the circle." We did, looking around me people looked sleepy, that or just very relaxed. Some of them took a little time, trying to get in one last cum. May and Jake were the last of those, and she kept fingering herself after they were done. Most of the class actually were idly playing with themselves ­ not in any hurried manner, more it seemed, to keep the feeling from going away. Mostly girls though - a lot of guys seem to lose interest after they cum...

 Lippmann went over the positions we'd tried. She asked people what they liked most. The guys mostly liked doggie style. The girls seem to like it only when they didn't know the guy so well ­ it put a block on false intimacy. "I like missionary or on top with my boyfriends." Nancy said. Kind of the difference between a hard fuck and making love I guess. I didn't know how I liked it just yet; I guess it varied for me too.

 "From behind is great, but I cum too fast that way." Jake said. A couple guys agreed with him.

 Lippmann asked us about satisfaction ­ had these fucks been good for us? "Not really." I said, looking to Kevin to make sure I didn't insult, I added; "it's just too rushed, too physical."

 "But sex is just fucking anyway ­ it's just physical." Joe said.

 "No it's not..." Nancy said, and most of the girls agreed with her. I noticed several boys who looked really confused at that.

 "That class; has been the basic problem of the sexes for as long as we've been in this world. But we'll consider that tomorrow" Lippmann said. "Now you have your experience to use in judging what will come next."

 After a little more discussion Ms. Lippmann pulled out some papers and passed them around. "We're going to talk about sexual health ­ specifically the issues behind STDs." Ms. Lippmann gave a brief introduction on several of the things that used to plague sexual freedom. She told us vaccines for nearly everything known were commonly available today in the western world, but not always everywhere else.

 "A friend of mine said they didn't give the shots back in her home country." May said. Ms. Lippmann noted that some places couldn't afford it, but most who refused did it for moral reasons. Much like early opposition to birth control in the USA ­ they felt that making the consequences of sex go away would just make people have more of it.

 "Which is probably true" She said. She told us it was important to keep our immunization shots up to date, especially if we ever did any international travel, or had sex with recent immigrants or foreign tourists.

 "They don't have to get shots at the airport?" A boy asked.

 "No, and not everyone comes in by plane, or even legally." Ms. Lippmann said.

 "But they have to get them when they go to school. Right?" I said, thinking of Fatima.

 "Yes, but it takes about a week for everything to run through the system. If your friend had shots Monday, she could have sex safely by next Monday." Ms. Lippmann said. She knew I was talking about Fatima ­ though I doubt that girl would be losing her virginity anytime soon.

 Then she talked about cure rates. If you somehow did manage to catch one of the STDS, most of it could be cured. But not all of it, and I started to get worried when she paused at me while looking around the room.

 She told us about Herpes, saying most but not all strains could be cured, thus why it was important to stay immune. She mentioned the history there, how it had taken so long to find a cure; and it was likely a lot of people without medical insurance still had it. Everyone in the public school was vaccinated though.

 That was when things got really uncomfortable. My family has a secret, and it was nobody's fucking business but ours. She moved on to AIDS.

 She simply said; "Then we have AIDS, one of the worst health crises in modern history, it still plagues many parts of the third world ­ especially where traditional religion plays a strong role. We have an immunity shot for it, and every child attending school in America ­ public or private ­ has to get the shot. But there's still no cure, there are still thousands of people right here in the USA living with AIDS. People like..." I tensed, and May and Kevin's mouths dropped. We all knew exactly what she was about to say. I started to open my mouth to stop her, but it was too late.

 "People like Alandra's father professor Cabrera." She said.

 It was out. Now everyone knew. My father had AIDS, and now the whole fucking school would know. The kid on my left visibly scooted away from me. Kevin started to get up, a look of pure murder in his eyes. I grabbed his hand. He was going for Lippmann. I got up, tried to say something and found myself speechless. I shook; Ms. Lippmann had the look that said she knew she'd made a mistake.

 "You fucking bitch!" I yelled out then stormed out of the classroom. I ran actually. I sat down in the hall, crouched up in ball, and cried. It was only the second time I'd ever cried at school ­ where somebody could see me. The first was after the rape in freshman year. Only May and Marcy had seen that. I couldn't stop myself; I just let it rush out of me, sobbing and shaking on the floor of the hallway.

 "A.C. ..." I heard Kevin say before he started brushing my hair.

 "We got your back A.C." May said. They were on opposite sides of me, Kevin still naked from Bio. I looked up and went into May's arms in a hug. It wasn't just being outed that got me. It was the whole fucking day with its ups and downs, it was the fear I always held inside ­ the fear that my Pa would just die someday. That he'd forget his meds and become immune to them, and I'd have to watch him waste away.

 Mr. Harrison came by. He looked down at us. Kevin looked up at him and said "What the fuck's your problem?" Mr. H. just looked back for a minute, shook his head, and went into Ms. Lippmann's class.

 "Let's get out of here." I said.

 We got up and walked off campus ­ hopping the fence. Kevin was still naked, and I felt strange seeing the mix of our juices drying in his pubes. He gave me a look, but couldn't meet my eyes. We stopped at his car. "Shit man. No keys." He said. He banged his fist against the rear passenger door and it popped open. He got in and got out cigarettes.

 We smoked in silence for a few minutes; finally May said "It'll be ok A.C." She looked back at the school. "Fuck this place man..."

 "Too much shit today..." I said. A few minutes later I saw Lippmann and Harrison go into Magante's bungalow. She had a bundle of clothes in her hands ­ probably Kevin's. "You might be in the Program." I said, poking him in the arm and pointing.

 "Shit..." He said.

 "Nice package by the way." May said, looking down at his cock. Kevin just shrugged and took a drag on his cigarette, but his flaccid cock twitched and started to grow just a little. May and I both just stood there watching it rise, smoking and not saying anything.

 "Shit..." Kevin said. "Don't look at me like that..."

 "Sorry." I said. "Hard not to now..." Now that I know what it can do...

 "Fuck." May said, dropping her cigarette. "Sorry Kev." She said. She squatted down in front of him and took his dick in her mouth, giving him a blow job right there in the street without saying another word.

 "You look good like this." I said to him. "You should try it more often." He gave me a strange look. "I mean naked, not that." I pointed to May's silent bobbing head. She was working up quite a rhythm on his dick ­ pulling out to lick it every now and then, then going back down deep. "Well... I suppose that's good for you too." I said.

 Ms. Lippmann walked off campus with Ms. Magante. They came up to us. She had Kevin's clothes in her hands. "I... I'm sorry Alandra. I wasn't thinking." Lippmann said.

 "Yeah well..." I let it drop; figuring my angry look was enough. If I hadn't been so conditioned I probably would'a done to her what May did to me the day before ­ punch her hard in the gut. But there was just something about teachers that made it impossible to deal with them like normal people.

 She put Kevin's clothes into the back seat, where the door was still open. Both of the women made good to ignore May giving him a blow job. May just kept at it, creating for me a zone of privacy in her own special way.

 "We should talk." Magante said.

 "Later." I said; curling and uncurling my fist. I took a cig from off the hood of the car and lit it, my last one done.

 "That's really not good for..." Lippmann started, but Magante jabbed her in the side.

 "Yeah well, whatever." I said. "Like it matters..."

 "Later then... when it's cooler." Magante said. She tugged Ms. Lippmann away and they went back on campus.

 May pulled her mouth off Kevin and jacked him off for a bit, then she went back in and a moment later he grunted, sighed, and came into her throat. She got up, didn't say a word, and took another cigarette. There was gravel from the road stuck to her knees.

 Ten minutes later we watched everyone come out of the building after the bell rang. I could see the twins way down by the south entrance, on the other side of the fence, waiting for somebody. I saw Fatima too, but she didn't see us. Kevin started looking at his clothes, so I gave May a look and we started edging away - around the sides of the car.

 He caught on, so we made a mad dash. I tackled him as May ran for the door and jumped in. She grabbed his jeans, shirt, and underpants and ran out into the street. Kevin was all over me, trying to get loose. So I grabbed him by the dick and started tugging ­ which really distracted things. "Hey!" He called out, "What're you guys doing?"

 "I've been like this all week." I said, "Your turn now!" I grinned at him, so he grabbed my tits, getting me to jump and let go of his dick. He ran after May. She laughed and started running down the street.

 Then we heard the single blurt of a police siren. You know how they let off just one beep to get your attention. The car was about a block down, turning onto the street alongside the west side of campus ­where we were. From here I guessed all they saw was a big black naked guy chasing after a small Asian woman... Visions of Abner Louima flashed through my head as both May and Kevin stopped stone cold. The car slowly advanced ­ that slow crawl cops use to freak the shit out of you. Like gang-bangers cruising for a drive by.

 May got between Kevin and the cop car, I looked in Kevin's car, trying to see if that gun was around anywhere anybody could see - not sure if I wanted it where I could reach it, or wanted it far away where they'd never find it.

 But then a cop leaned his head out the passenger window and called out "Mei Hua, is that you? How's your dad doing?"

 The tension dropped in an instant; May brightened up and moved up to the car window. I could see a bunch of the kids near the gate to school watching us. Probably expecting trouble still. "Cletus!" May said, leaning in to give him a naked hug. Cletus? Talk about a hick name... I thought I remembered her saying something about her dad's fishing buddy being a pig... talk about luck.

 Then she got that look in her eyes... "Um, Cletus? I need to report a theft. Somebody stole his clothes." She pointed at Kevin, who opened his mouth in surprise. Cletus grinned at May, in on some joke the two of them knew better than me and Kevin. "You'll need to take this into evidence." She said.

 "So, any witnesses?" Cletus asked.

 "I saw her." May said. "She was about this tall..." She put her hand on her head, "And Chinese I think." She giggled, "And she's very cute." May spread out her arms "And she's completely, and I mean completely, unarmed... But very dangerous." She smiled at the cop and gave the kind of pose you just don't give to a friend of your Pa.

 May you are so stuck on yourself...

 "Hey!" Kevin said, "That's my stuff."

 "I'm sorry son, I'm afraid I'll have to take this as evidence." The cop grinned at us. "Mei Hua, tell your dad I said hi. Stay out of trouble." He took Kevin's clothes from May and tossed them in the back, after that they drove off. I could see them laughing as they went.

 "Shit May!" Kevin said.

 "I got you good." May said, tackling him and then punching his arm.

 "That was fucked up..." I said. "Damn May - that was too fucking good..."

 "I liked those jeans..." Kevin said in a sigh.

 "Here." May said, handing him his wallet and keys. "Now you have to be naked like us."

 "Naked out of School." I laughed. "Hey look on the bright side, now the cops don't have any reason to frisk you."

 Kevin rolled his eyes. "You guys are too much." Then he looked at me, and then at May. A long sort of very male look...

 "I dunno May, looks to me like he's still armed and dangerous." I pointed at his cock, which was hard again. Kevin wasn't used to being naked, so I guess it was too much for him.

 "Looks like." She said. "Somebody might have to disarm that again..."

 "Well if I'm naked, then no more shirts for you." Kevin said to May.

 "What? Oh shit, I gotta get Melinda's shirt." She said, she started to turn to go back to campus, but then I smiled at her and she paused. "What?" Somebody grabbed her from behind by the tits, clamping down and giving them a nice good squeeze.

 May looked down at a pair of female hands covering her breasts. She squealed in delight as Melinda said from behind her "This shirt enough for you? Damn I love these tits." May turned her head as Melinda began to massage her breasts. Melinda was still naked ­ I remembered she'd tossed her skirt in Kevin's car. "I was standing out there wondering where you guys were. Then I saw the cops. What'd they want?"

 "They know May's dad." I said. Melinda got a surprised look so I added "Fishing buddies or some shit."

 "She's right May; you got the finest tits I've ever seen." Kevin added, apparently not keeping up with the conversation.

 "Naw-uh!" May said in an almost childish way. "Look at hers." She pointed at me. "Mine are too small."

 "Yeah but look at these..." Melinda said, taking May by the nipples. "These are fucking huge!" The rest of the gang came up, with Fatima in tow, and the twins hanging with a naked Cindy on the edge. "Hey! Doesn't she have the best tits you've ever seen?" Melinda asked tugging on May's nipples.

 "Ew..." Marcy said. Rick looked flustered, not wanting to answer the question about one of his friends.

 "Perfect shape, great bounce. May, they're perfect." Rubin said.

 "But you always take the big girls, like Marcy." May said.

 "Shit I take whatever's easy." Rubin said. Which definitely wasn't Marcy. "If you weren't my friend, I'd fuck the shit out you as much as I could."

 May got the wrong look in her eyes, the hungry sort of look... but she smiled. "Ok... Ok... I'll leave the shirt. But you guys are just fucking with me and I know it. My tits are ugly."

 I rolled my eyes. "Whatever May... I'll bet even Marcy likes em." I looked at Marcy, hoping she'd get past her hang-ups with girls for a just a second and say the right thing.

 "They are nice..." She said. "May you make me jealous, guys are always checking you out. And not just cause you're so wild."

 "Whatever..." May said.

 "Hey. Kevin. Where're your clothes?" Rick asked.

 "Evidence." May said, leaving her and I busting up laughing. Kevin just sighed.

 "I've been robbed." He said.

 "Did they take your bags too?" Fatima asked, trying very hard to look at anything but Kevin.

 "Oh Shit!" I said, stopping my laughter.

 "We gotta go back and get em..." May said.

 "I ain't fucking going in there" I said. May and Kevin looked at me and shrugged. End of discussion.

 "Hey Alani, we got an appointment with Samantha." Rosa said.

 "Yeah stop fucking around, she's gonna be at the house soon." Manuel said.

 "Oh, yeah. Look guys, I'll see you later."

 "We're going to the mall 'round 5 or 6." Marcy said, tugging on Fatima's arm. "She seriously needs a fashion makeover..."

 "Ok. I'll meet you guys at Albatross?" I said.

 "Sure." May said.

 "Uh..." Cindy said, looking at Manuel and Rosa.

 "Come by later?" Rosa asked, putting a finger into Cindy's vagina and pumping it a few times.

 "Oh I'll definitely cum..." Cindy said.

 "Hey where's that skirt you had?" I asked her. She just pointed back to school, where I saw it hanging from a wire, and shrugged.

 "Maybe 6" Manuel said to Cindy, pinching her butt.

 "Come on guys." I said to the twins. "Don't want Samantha around Pa without us there." She'd get nosy...

 "Maybe I can find Kitten." Cindy said, turning back to the school.

 My gang turned to head away from me. Melinda grabbed May in one arm, Kevin in the other, and said "Let's go fuck." Fatima stumbled, but managed to catch herself and fall in with Marcy. Rubin just laughed and Rick smiled and didn't say anything.

 "See you guys in a bit." I said.

 "Wanna hit the park?" Rubin asked.

 "That works." Melinda said, and they took off as the twins and I started walking. I was thinking about what I'd say to Samantha so I was completely surprised when Sandra came up on me, several of her friends in tow. I couldn't read the looks they gave me, but Manuel got edgy, sensing trouble.

 Sandra just stood there and looked at me for a second, then she said; "I heard about your father..." After that she just turned around and walked away. I guess she decided it was time to make peace. I didn't say anything; I just watched her walk away.

 "What was that about?" Rosa asked.

 "My bio teacher, Ms. Lippmann; she told the class about Pa. It'll be all over school by tomorrow."

 "Aw fuck!" Manuel said.

 We walked home in silence. We managed to beat Samantha there, but it was close. We were only home five minutes - helping Pa clean up - when the doorbell rang.

 Samantha came by about once every three months, give or take. Social Services wanted to make sure we were doing ok in light of Pa's condition. Not the AIDS, the other condition, the one he took his other pills for. It was also part of the terms I'd been stuck with after breaking into Harrison's place seven years ago, being suspected of knifing that rapist in the theater ­ I didn't do it, but nobody believed me ­ and a couple other fights I'd been in. She didn't know about the shit May had gotten me into at the mall over summer.

 Last time she'd shown up, she'd had on a business skirt, but been topless outside of a light open jacket. At 30 something she still had decent breasts and seemed glad to let the world know about it. This time she was a picture of something wild. She had a little white hat, kind of like a fisherman's hat with the wavy brim all around it. From there to her hips she was nude. Covering her bottom she had on little white skin tight mini shorts ­ so tight they left a camel toe at her cunt, and garter straps were clipped to them. They were pink, going down to match her pink stockings that went all the way down her long legs to her white platform pumps. Her hair was dyed pinkish white like an albino and cut to shoulder length, and I'd swear she'd had work done on her tits to lift them and make them perkier. That or I'd never noticed it before ­ they didn't look fake. I wasn't sure if I wanted to laugh, touch her all over, or shut the door on her. Manuel made the choice for me. "Fuck'n eh..." He said, grabbing her by the arm and dragging her into the house.

 Pa just looked out from the kitchen at her briefly and said "Coffee?" I think he was the only one of us not somewhat turned on by her, and it was kinda bothering me that I wasn't on his side of things.

 "Sure. You have cream?" She said. Manuel looked right at her nipples and didn't bother trying to hide it. I stepped on his foot before he said something stupid and juvenile.

 "Uh... Samantha... Can you wear that to work?" I said.

 She looked at me in my nakedness. Oops. "Are you sure you're the right one to ask?" Then she smiled "I'm actually overdressed if you ask my boss. But he doesn't object as long as I keep it sexy. They're not pushing it on your teachers as much yet, but the state's trying to get all female employees 'into' the new way of thinking."

 "Yeah May's mom works nude." I said. "What about older people?"

 "Well, any woman can go nude, but our supervisor isn't so keen on that. If you don't look good, they tell you to dress up to keep it professional." That just didn't sound right to me. Anyway Samantha took a small notepad out of her purse, then turned to the twins and asked "So how's high school?"

 "Oh Man..." Manuel said. "So much fucking pussy..."

 "Mani..." Rosa said. "Yeah, it's a blast with the Program. We made a new friend, Cindy. And there's Kitten"

 "She likes getting spanked." Manuel said. I wondered what Kitten's deal was.

 "She's in the Program too." Rosa said. "Her and Cindy both."

 "No boys?" Samantha asked, looking at Rosa.

 "Boys just want me to give em relief." Rosa said.

 "Many young women would love the opportunity..." Samantha said. I wondered if Rosa was going lezzie, or if she was just doing it to keep up with Manuel. Pa came back in, handing over coffee to Samantha and me before sitting down with his own. "I noticed you're not doing the outreach part of the Program." She said to him.

 "I don't agree with it. I think they're up to something." Pa said. Shut up Pa, we don't need you going on one of your trips in front of her.

 "You know I'm in the Program?" I asked.

 "I called the school this afternoon, to see how you three were doing." She said. "Ms... what's her name...?"

 "Magante?" I said.

 "Yeah, that was her. She had a lot to say, about all three of you." Samantha said. Really? So it wasn't just me being watched.

 "I'm surprised." Pa said. "Why do my kids warrant so much extra attention? School's only been in for a week."

 "Oh... Well I gathered she's a busy sort, keeping track of all the families in the Program, not just you." Samantha said.

 "So that's how it is..." Pa said.

 "So yeah... School's ok. I haven't been cutting class this year. I even did my homework." I said, shifting subjects.

 "Yes, I heard you've been able to keep up so far. That's not just because you're on extra display is it?"

 Well, yes, it was. "No." I said. Samantha looked at the box to the video game on the coffee table next to her cup. Tenyari's Tale, that naked 3D fantasy thing the twins were into. She raised her eyebrows at it and idly pushed the box around.

 "Well, from everything I hear you've managed to stay out of trouble, even where it's tried to track you down." She said. What did she mean by that?

 I just took a sip of my coffee. She spilled a little on her left tit and said "Ooh." Manuel was locked on the site of her wiping it away with a finger, and then licking the finger clean.

 She used my bedroom to talk to each one of us one by one, lasting until 20 to 6. She got to me last, right after Manuel. The first thing she said was "You just had sex."

 "Huh?"

 "Before coming home, there's cum on your thigh, and I know the smell." She said, casual reaching for my pussy.

 "Well... yeah. That was hours ago." I said, crossing my legs and noticing a bit of cum dangling on her left tit.

 "Who with? Was it consensual?" She said, looking at my crotch and making a note on her pad.

 "None of your business... and yes, I guess..." I said. "That Manuel's?" I pointed to her tit.

 "You guess...?" She said, ignoring my second question, but wiping it off.

 "Program..." I said.

 "Oh." She jotted something down again. "Well how are you on birth control?" She asked.

 "I take the tri-monthlies. I'm due in a week." I said.

 "Not the annuals? Most girls your age take the yearly shot." She said.

 "Yeah well, Pa wouldn't have it. And yeah, I know it's my choice, but I like keeping the peace. He says the annuals were made to sterilize poor women and women in prison." I said.

 "Hmm..." She jotted something down again. "Well, he's actually right. Look up Norplant implants on your computer. The annual we use today is a mild form of that ­ a small dose of Levonorgestrel." The problem with people like Pa is they were right just often enough to make em think they were always right...

 I looked around the room in a rhetorical manner "What computer?" I said.

 "You still don't have a computer?" She jotted down more notes.

 "What're you writing?" I asked.

 "You can't expect me to not note down such a discrepancy." She said.

 "Yeah well, Pa believes they watch you if you use Computers." I said. "I can use the library at school." If I could find it... Not sure I'd ever been over there.

 "Well, if you're on the tri-monthly you better get a pregnancy test. Likewise if you ever switch to daily or monthly pills - keep up with those tests." She said.

 "We've got two kits in the bathroom. I bought an extra one." I glanced out the doorway, down towards the twin's room. "Rosa's coming into her own now..."

 "Well good." She made another note.

 She went on like that for a little while, asking me about the family, about school, about my fighting, whether I was smoking pot or anything else, and how I thought things were going. I did my best keeping my cool and covering where I had to.

 She also asked me a bit on the changes at school and in society. "So how do you feel about being naked?"

 I sort of shrugged and said "it don't really bother me. Feels kinda nice long as it's warm. And it makes it easy to get fucked."

 "Well it's good to see you adapting well. I've had a little trouble with some of my charges." She said, noting my comments in her pad.

 After she left Manuel said to Rosa as they set up their video game; "She got fine tits... she let me cum all over them."

 "You got all the fun..." was Rosa's reply. I just shook my head. What the fuck kind of social worker was that? I checked in my room to make sure she hadn't found my stash. Pa's was legal so I didn't worry about that.

 I had to go meet up with the gang, and it was running late. "I'm heading out Pa!" I called as I took off, naked. He said something as the door shut, but I didn't catch it.

 A few catcalls and twenty minutes later and I was on my way into Albatross. It was open mic night, but that didn't kick off until eight. The gang was all there, with Melinda and Marcy engaged in a conversation with Fatima. "No fucking way!" Melinda said, following it up with a giggle, in response to something Fatima had just said with a gesture. May was at the 'bar', if you could call it that, talking to Bill. Kevin was standing next to her still nude, and Rick and Rubin where watching some girls sitting up by what passed for a window.

 "What up Kev?" I asked, coming up to him and May and looking down at his quickly rising erection. He smiled back at me. "No clothes yet?"

 "So I was, like, 'and she's completely unarmed...'" May said to Bill, causing him to laugh.

 "No chance to go home. You?" He said.

 "It grows on you." I said.

 "Yeah... Kinda nice though ­ feeling a breeze all over." He looked down. "Man A.C. I usually don't like being around a bitch after I... Well... you know..."

 "Hi A.C." May said, kissing my cheek.

 I kissed her back "Hi." Then I looked to Kevin "Yeah..." I started, then he touched my pussy and came away sniffing.

 "Hm..." He said.

 "Something I should know about?" Bill asked, handing me an Americano and some half n' half.

 "Bio class..." May said, pointing to me and Kevin.

 "Shit they never had anything like that when I was in school..." Bill said. "Crazy world..."

 A girl came in and sat with the two by the window. All she wore was a pink hat, a matching thin sarong ­ so thin you could see her pussy peeking out below - and a set of high heels. They giggled a bit and pointed at Rubin and Rick, who lifted up cups of coffee, but then the new one pointed at Kevin.

 "Well, that's that." Kevin said, going over to join the guys.

 "Oh man, get that thing out of my face!" Rick said to the sight of Kevin's dick.

 May and I went over to join Marcy and the others. "So we going shopping?" I asked.

 "It looks like I'm not the only one needing new clothes." Fatima said, looking at May and I. She seemed to be getting comfortable with us being nude, but I wondered how she was handling Kevin.

 "Oh I'm fine..." I said.

 "I could use..." May began, rubbing her tits.

 "Not for you. No bitch of mine is wearing anything!" Melinda said busting out laughing. May dropped down into her lap and they started kissing ­ it was all tongues, and I was not having an easy time keeping my eyes off them.

 "Ew, not around here guys..." Marcy said. Fatima kind of lost her cool, looking at her coffee, then me, them, and around the place trying to figure out what to think.

 Melinda caught me looking, and waved a little finger at me... I tried to find something else to look at, but I keep feeling her kiss in my mind. "So... Uh, Fatima..."

 "... Yeah?" Fatima said.

 "Um... any idea what you'd like?" I asked. Her eyes darted between Kevin and Melinda.

 "Oh... no... I mean clothes." I said. She blushed.

 "I... I dunno..." She said, I found myself getting up, and dropping into the big easy chair May and Melinda where sharing. Marcy darted over to where I'd been before, but swapped the chair out after she caught something in it. Ok... so I was wet...

 "Oh..." Melinda said.

 "Hey our outfits match!" May said, and even Fatima laughed. What was I doing sitting over here anyway?

 The front door opened and I heard Harrison say "So you've been here before?" Then he looked inside as he came through and stopped short at the sight of us ­ looking at me. Magante bumped into him from behind then stepped around ­ naked as always. Bill up at the counter gave him a look. "Hey Bill." He said.

 We all went dead silent. They knew each other?

 "No fucking way..." May whispered. I noticed Harrison and Magante were holding some familiar looking backpacks.

 Harrison got himself together and went up to Bill, they started talking. Magante looked at us before joining them at the 'bar'.

 We were all still just sitting there watching. The girls by the window looked like they were trying to figure out why the guys they'd been flirting with suddenly started ignoring them.

 See, we'd been coming here since freshman year two years ago. Now as high school seniors Albatross was our safe spot, and we'd just learned it had a connection to Harrison. I was thinking I knew why Bill had dragged us in that first day, and maybe why Kevin and I never got busted for that fight. Like maybe Bill had just been helping Mr. H. with his new job as principal at the school...

 "...want to make sure the Program goes off well. Excuse me..." Magante said over her shoulder as she took the bags and started walking towards us. She caught my gaze and followed it to Harrison who was still watching me in shifting glances. Now why was she looking at me like that? "Brought your bags..." she said, sitting across me in the chair I'd been in, next to Marcy. The guys decided to move over near the girls by the window, and struck up a low conversation.

 "What's up with them?" Marcy asked, pointing to Harrison.

 "Cousins." Magante said. Then she gave me a really deep look. "Was it...?" She started, then stopped and looked back to the 'bar' before watching me. I nodded, looking at my gang. "Was it consensual?"

 I thought for a moment, unclipping Teddy from my bag and holding him in my lap. Marcy looked at Mr. H and her jaw dropped. May crossed her legs as I said; "Yeah... How...?"

 "The way you looked at each other..." She said.

 "Fuck..." Marcy said.

 "When I was your age, he would go to jail for this, consent or not. Now, he could lose his job." Magante said.

 "Um..." I said, taking my belt out of my bag and putting it on. I liked the look, so I clipped the dildo to it and tossed the thin chain in my bag.

 "You'll be ok, don't worry." She said.

 "No... don't report him, please. I know it seems like we hate each other... maybe we do... but it's more complicated than that." I said.

 "Shit A.C. He's old. What the fuck were you thinking?" May said. I didn't answer - what the fuck had I been thinking?

 "Still, he's in a position of authority, he's violated the trust of that." Magante said.

 "It just wasn't like that. Don't get me wrong, I still don't like him, but now we can be adult about it... And I don't get that much..." I said.

 "Hmm..." she said.

 "You know, I first met Mr. H. when I was only ten, breaking into his house. He had me arrested. We've been on bad terms ever since. This kind of balances it." I said.

 "I read that in your file. You sure?" Magante said.

 "Yeah, something's different now. Just... let it go please. Trust me; I fix my own issues..." I said.

 She just nodded and sipped her coffee. We let it drop and the table fell into silence. Melinda was brushing my hair while May twirled her pubes. Fatima and Marcy just exchanged looks and then waited. Before Magante left she said "There's a lot more to you than you think Alandra..."

 What did that mean?

 "Well at least you got your bags back..." Melinda said.

 Up at the 'bar' Magante gathered Harrison and they left, waving to Bill. Cousins huh? I checked my bag as soon as they were gone; the tissue with Mr. H's cum was still in there. I had my insurance.

 We sat around chatting for a little bit, the guys went and hit on those girls, and a few minutes later they all got up together. "Hey guys, see you later." Rubin called over as they made for the door. The girl in the sarong was jacking Kevin off as they walked out.

 "Have fun." May called back with a laugh.

 "Looks like Kevin's already started." Melinda said.

 "Yeah no shit." Marcy said.

 "I... just can't believe it..." Fatima said. "I keep seeing it, but I can't believe it... You're all crazy..."

 "Yeah, but it's fun ain't it?" I said, and she blushed before looking down. We were going to drive that poor girl over the edge eventually...

 People started coming in and settling around. It was a little after seven and open mic started in an hour. "You kids can stay." Bill said "But keep cool." He served beer during open mic, and we knew better than to sneak some and get him busted. Better to do that elsewhere ­ 'never piss in your own backyard' or something was how they put it.

 Sometimes open mic was fun ­ get to see all the soccer moms and office dads come out and try to be somebody, try to forget who they were for a night and fake at cool with some really funky poems and usually bad music. Sometimes one or two of them were pretty good. When it was all good we'd help out Bill with keeping the place flowing. He had a lady named Janice who came in to run the mic ­ one of those liberal types in the African clothes and tie dyed skirts despite being a middle aged white woman. I wondered how she'd dress now, with all this nudity going around. Last week she'd gone topless for half the show.

 Melinda slowly ran her finger along my slit and then diddled my clit a few times as she whispered in my ear "Remember your promise?"

 I sat up, a little surprised, then said "Yeah, but here? Now?"

 "Why not? Teddy can watch" she said, giving me a kiss on the neck. I guess I shouldn't have sat in her lap alongside May. She took my teddy bear off my knee.

 I was about to melt, when Marcy said "Ew..." I mean, she was kissing my neck...

 I looked up and saw Bill; he was wiping that cup he always wiped when he wanted to look busy. He thought it made the place look like one of those bars in movies ­ keep the lights low and sit there wiping the same cup clean over and over... That had to be the cleanest cup in the world by now... What it really meant was 'I'm busy, no I'm not sneaking peeks at you, I'm the big guy over here who's doing something else...' "Not in front of Bill..." I said.

 "Why? May tells me she always..." Melinda began.

 "Yeah, but that's..." I started.

 "What?" May said, a little angry. "That's just May? Like I'm crazy or something?" May looked down at the floor, not meeting anyone's gaze. She was probably watching the same coffee stain I was...

 "Let's get a refill." Fatima said to Marcy, and they got up.

 "No May..." I said.

 "I... I'm sorry... I... Aw shit..." May said. She wasn't talking to me though... I think she was talking to herself... She took Teddy and hugged him to herself, her eyes a little wet.

 "Maybe later would be best..." Melinda said.

 "Yeah..." I said. I wasn't sure I wanted to do it, but I did promise, and I suppose I ought to try it someday.

 We were silent for a bit. Fatima and Marcy came back after taking way too long to pour half n' half. They smiled at us when they got back.

 "We gotta go." May said. "Fashion makeover." She tugged on Fatima's jeans.

 "Well have fun." Bill said as we hit the door.

 "He really your cousin?" I asked.

 "Yep. He went to college, and I came here. We weren't that close till he took the job at your school." Bill said.

 Hmm... "Well, catch you later." I said, stepping outside. We passed Janice on her way in. Her outfit was the normal routine, save that her skirt opened in the front to reveal an aging somewhat chubby pussy. Whatever gets you going I guess. We said hi and bye before heading off. As usual, Fatima looked scandalized.

 The mall wasn't too busy, only a little more than Tuesday. No guys in the lot to hassle us this time ­ which was good, cause it'd been one of those days where any one of us could have made a real mistake if given the reason.

 "Hey is that the place?" Melinda asked, pointing to the door of Purrfect Pussy. Nancy was in the display window, where they had those two chairs, doing something to get one of them ready. I guess peak hours where coming up. That or they were making sure they were ready for the weekend.

 "Yeah" I said.

 "I wanna get a heart design shaved in." She said. Then she reached for and touched my clit-ring, adding "Maybe one of these too." May whispered something in her ear. "Oh... well nevermind. Maybe later."

 "What?" I asked, shifting my stance to deal with a sudden feeling of being wet.

 "No sex for a month..." May said.

 Fatima looked up from doing her best to ignore the store in front of us, and Marcy rolled her eyes. "Oh. Get it during finals." I said.

 "Hey, good idea." Melinda said, perking up.

 "We can come back for the shave, let's find something for her to wear." Marcy said.

 "Yeah..." I said. "Those jeans will never do Fatima."

 We hit one of those teen places with designs from all over. Half the place looked like skateboard and music t-shirts for the guys; the other half had some good shit though. But I doubt Fatima could ever wear some of it ­ a lot of open bust shirts, crotchless bottoms, and so on.

 The girls working the shop looked even more nude than us, and three of us didn't have a stitch on. They were all lace, latex, or fake silk, and all designed to show them off- to make you look. Two guys were on shift as well, wearing low jeans and leather 'X' harnesses with pockets into which they had store shit ­ like those price tagging things. Not much eye-candy for the girls I guess...

 I found something like a lacy ankle length cloakish gown ­two buttons up on the neck collar and it fanned out to almost expose the nipples, but not quite, by your waist it was more on your hips than anywhere else ­ open front. The sleeves where long and also fanned out at the cuff. With the lace though, it didn't matter ­ you could see right through anyway. "Hey Marce, this one's for you." I gave it to her.

 "As if..." She said, putting it down and picking up a pink blouse. "Here, try this on." She gave it to Fatima, along with some hip-hugging bell bottoms.

 It took us an hour, but we found three affordable outfits that would get Fatima, if not somewhat nude, at least fashionable. Three years ago this shit would have been wild, now it was what the bible-girls wore. I guess that was sort of fitting...

 When you put her in those tight hip-huggers, a half-top, smart sneakers, and pig tails like mine Fatima was actually pretty sexy in a dark South Asian sort of way. She looked happy, though she wouldn't keep the pig tails. She took them down and put her bandana back in, so we ended up buying a full set of scarves in different designs... I wasn't gonna make a point about her showing so much waist and still insisting on a covered head, if she could 'forget it' I would too.

 Oh, I bought that cloak thing, not sure why though.

 We went back to Purrfect Pussy, and got Melinda signed up for a shave. Fatima wouldn't enter the store, nor would Marcy, so they agreed to meet us in the food court. Nancy looked a little jealous to see Melinda with May, but she handled it professionally ­ I don't think anyone but me picked up on it. Besides, she had to be at least 20, old maid territory... I guess you had to be at least bi to work in a place like this without going nuts. I know if you asked a bunch of guys to shave each other's balls there'd be a fight in there somewhere... And Marcy would faint if she saw what went on in here and I'm not talking about the extra service Marylyn gave ­ the shaves alone would do her in.

 Melinda got her heart, and only 'had' to cum two times to get it. May got a little jealous, and sat there fucking herself with her dildo. On a whim I bought a second dildo ­ non electric, just a slight curve to the semi soft plastic and a lot of ribbing. I put it in the bag with my cloak. I had a plan, but I wasn't really sure it was a good idea. I had them gift wrap it and I put a little card in there saying 'consider it a safety'.

 On our way to the food court I saw one of those knicker-girls again ­ in a halter top with her knickers down at the knees. Not the one getting fucked last time, but one that had been with her. She had a boy toy on her arm. His fly was open and she was stroking him when she saw us. She stopped and came over; "you know Mitch?" She asked.

 "What's it to you?" I said. May looked guarded, but Melinda just looked confused.

 "Hey, ease up, I'm just asking. I think he was talking about you guys at school today." She said.

 "Yeah we know him, what'd he say?" May asked.

 "He said, and this is how he said it, not me... He said 'I'm gonna put a cap in that nigger they got with them'" she said. "You guys watch out, I hear he owns a gun, and people say he's fucked up." Her eyes searched us to see if we got it, to see if we understood.

 It was no different than what they say about us though... "Thanks for the warning." I said, and we walked on. Why is it everyone always wants to go for the black guy? Kevin once said that anytime something bad happened and there was a black guy on the scene it was assumed to be him, but if anything good happened they assumed he'd been given an unfair hand by somebody else... -We're only responsible for ourselves when we fuck up- Something like that...

 We got Chinese and met Marcy and Fatima out on the food court. Fatima was saying something about it being a sin to eat pork "It's in the bible, trust me..." She said. Marcy was finishing off a hotdog with a guilty look on her face.

 "Leviticus 11:7." I said between bites of Chow Mein. "Pa went off on a trip once, thinking the pork industry was a communist conspiracy..." Till I found his meds...

 "Yeah, that's the part all you freaks got ­ the Old Testament right?" May said, pushing some eggplants around disappointedly. "Mom makes better."

 "Hah." I said. "Something like that. We could ask those freaks outside about it." The bible crowd from Tuesday was still out in the lot. Malls are private property, so you had to protest outside. "Here try some of mine." We swapped plates; I wasn't in the mood for stir fried beef anymore anyway.

 "Like they know shit." Melinda said, getting rice on her tits. "Most of those guys can't quote shit that's actually in there." Yeah... she'd do fine with us with that attitude. "How do you use these anyway?" she held up her chopsticks and looked at May. May gave her a fork.

 "Not bad girl." Marcy said, looking at Melinda's new pubic-cut.

 "I... I didn't know you liked..." Melinda began, dropping the fork.

 "Ew... No, I just mean I like the design, but they cut it too low, it..." Marcy said, sipping her soda down to the bottom.

 "Oh... Yeah. I wanted the heart to end with my clit." Melinda said, spreading her labia to show it off and getting Marcy to find something else to look at.

 "Hey those knicker-girls are back." She said, tossing her head to look behind us. They were passing on the walkway across from the food court and didn't see us.

 "A little bird told me Mitch is gunning for Kevin." I said, looking across at the girl who'd spoken to us. Fatima looked confused, but Marcy got it.

 "He got something against Kevin?" Melinda asked, finally getting her rice down. I gave her a tissue to wipe up her tits.

 "They always go for him..." May said. "People think if we're a gang, of course Kevin's behind it all..." She paused. "They call this shit Chinese?"

 Melinda slouched down and looked out over the mall for a minute. Then she asked; "So... are you guys a gang?"

 I shrugged. "If that's what you call friends..." If you looked up gang in a real dictionary, one that said what words really meant, it would probably say any group of poor kids that hang out together. Pa once said a gang was a 'mini political economic something or other without state sanc... approval or... whatever." He'd been reading one of those books of his again...

 "Everyone at school says you are." Melinda said. "Missy in Geometry said, like; I'd get in trouble if I kept with you guys."

 "Yeah well... You probably will." I said. May gave me a warning look. "Well..."

 Melinda shrugged. "Nobody's gonna tell me who my friends are."

 "You're not half bad." Marcy said. Even Fatima smiled. It's good to have friends after all.

 We left the mall, heading back to Albatross to get our bags. When I got a chance I slipped my little gift into Fatima's shopping bag. I wasn't sure, but I had a feeling she'd need that if she was gonna keep true to her faith and still hang with us. Unless she wasn't allowed self relief... I had no idea.

 Things were still going with the mic when we got there. Some people had our spot so we hassled Bill behind the counter. When you hang at a place as much as we did, you sort of end up getting to do what you want. We tossed our shopping next to our school bags in the back and settled in.

 "How'd it go?" Bill asked. So we filled him in on our shopping trip. He got a little distracted when Melinda hopped up on the counter and spread herself out to show her new 'hairstyle', and I used that to make sure Fatima didn't find her gift too early. I managed to slip it back in there before we were done though.

 There was a lot of distraction after all ­ with all the old people hanging around reading poems about the woes of driving a minivan, their cat, bad latte, or some shit like that. It always seemed pretty meaningless. "Everybody's gotta have an out." Bill once said.

 We were sitting around working on sodas and watching people make fools of themselves when May got a look on her face and jumped up running to the restroom saying "Aw shit..."

 "What...?" Melinda said.

 "May always comes on sudden like that..." I said, looking at the calendar Bill kept by his events board.

 Melinda thought for a second then said "Oh... oh wow... that sudden?"

 "Yeah... she's been irregular since summer." Marcy said.

 "Since the whole bottomless trip." I said, looking down at my own bare body.

 "When do you guys get it?" Melinda asked.

 "Usually next week." Marcy said. "We used to all go off together..." She looked toward the restroom.

 "Two weeks away for me." Fatima said.

 "Mine ended Sunday." Melinda said, following Marcy's gaze. "Well that fucks up our plans..." Marcy gave her a look, trying to figure out that last bit.

 "May'll be ok. She doesn't cramp much at least." I said. Bill was just figuring it out... At least he was back to cleaning that cup of his, so I imagined he'd managed to find something about us to make him nervous. Men...

 May chose that moment to return. "Fuck..." She said, holding a hand over her belly. Bill got a clean towel ­ more of a rag actually ­ and passed it over without a word, just an odd blush. "Thanks." She said, looking down.

 "You're not gonna put anything on?" Melinda asked.

 "I don't own anything to put on." May said, rifling through her bag. She came out with a tampon, putting it in behind the counter to keep the poetry crowd from getting bothered up...

 "I don't know how you do it May..." Marcy said.

 May just gave a weak grin. "No guy's gonna wanna fuck me now..." She put the rag on a stool and sat on it.

 "You could use a break May..." I said. "And there's always these." I held up my dildo.

 "Or these." Melinda held up her fingers.

 "Ew..." Marcy said.

 "Isn't that unclean?" Fatima asked. This time it was May's turn to look confused ­ I don't think she understood the idea that any woman could think anything coming out of her pussy would be anything but wonderful. On the other hand she'd gotten used to guys steering clear during that time.

 One of the teachers from the school recognized us, I didn't know her though. She was sitting in our spot, with a sheer panel gown on ­ only the front panel was pulled aside leaving her open. When she saw us she came up to Fatima and said something I missed. Fatima said her piece back and the woman went away shaking her head. Turned out she was one of her teachers, wanting to know why Fatima was with us.

 After that we stayed around till things died down. Marcy and Fatima left not long after ten. The last of the crowds probably cleared out a little later. Melinda'd made a call home, so things were cool for her.

 The three of us took off, waving goodbye to Bill. He used to worry about us girls going home late, but not much anymore. Guess he figured we could handle trouble. Fortunately we didn't have to. We all went to my place.

 I walked in on Manuel spanking a naked girl in his lap on the couch as Rosa and a naked Cindy where playing video games. It was pretty crowded here...

 "Ow!" The girl cried out. Rosa and Cindy giggled. The poor girl's bottom looked pretty red, but she wasn't struggling, just panting.

 "Is that Kitten?" May asked.

 "Hey A.C., May. I know you?" Manuel asked a shocked looking Melinda. I introduced her, and found out the girl was indeed Kitten ­ whose butt I'd seen next to the twins at lunch. I still couldn't get over that name... I hope she really liked sex...

 "Don't you guys need to go home?" I asked.

 Cindy looked up at the clock and said "Oh shit! I was supposed to call and hour ago." I gave her the phone and after a bunch of 'but mom!'s she seemed to have it sorted out. Her mom was on the way and would give Kitten a ride as well.

 "Better put that bikini on." I said.

 Cindy gave me a hopeful look and said "Shower first?"

 I blushed as May jabbed me in the ribs. "Uh... no. I'm busy." I said, so she grabbed Kitten away from Manuel and they hit the bathroom.

 "Wait a sec" Kitten said, getting her stuff ready. Strange girl, she still hadn't said a word to me...

 "You guys fucking around pretty good?" May said.

 "Naw, she's a virgin." Manuel said.

 "Kitten?" Melinda asked, and he nodded. That wouldn't last, with a name like that.

 "Hey me too." Rosa said. Not to girls I thought. "That girl called again. It's on the machine."

 I hit the button, May and Melinda standing around me.

 It was Jenny all right. "Alandra? A.C.? Um... I'm sorry... I... I want to talk to you. I... I just want to see you. I just... I dunno. I hope your ok. I... Oh damn it... Don't be mad at me, please... Don't hate me... I just don't understand... Can you call me?" She was sobbing through the whole thing.

 "Who's that?" May asked.

 "Anthony's sister." I said.

 "Oh... Oh man..." May actually crossed her legs. I'd told her about that great dane of theirs and what her brothers had wanted me to do... Melinda looked confused, but figured it wasn't her place to say anything; she just grabbed May's hand and gave it a squeeze with a concerned look at the machine.

 "I dunno, I gotta figure out some way to deal with her." I said.

 "Yeah..." May said.

 "She not bi... She's all lezzie, in a family of rude boys..." I said to Melinda.

 May took Melinda to my room. As I followed I saw Manuel enter the bathroom.

 "Your Pa out?" May asked when I hit the room.

 "Fuck if I know." I said. "He might be crashed out..."

 Melinda sat on my bed. "Kinda small for three..." She said before smiling. "Guess we'll have to get cozy."

 "You're gonna collect on that promise aren't you?" I asked, knowing full well I was about to lose my lezzie virginity. I might as well see if I could enjoy it - should'a never licked her pussy on Tuesday during wrestling. But I guess if I hadn't, we wouldn't have all hooked up with her later.

 She patted the bed next to her and smiled at me. "Relax" she said. I looked between her and May, took off my belt and the dildo hooked to it ­ all I'd had on - set down my bag in the usual spot, and sat by Melinda. May tossed her pack and dildo down as well, by Melinda's bag. She stretched out ­ causing Melinda to pause and watch ­ then sat down on my chair with a yawn.

 "Sorry A.C." She said, rubbing her belly "It's a little sore. You got any weed?"

 "Sorry?" Oh... "That's ok; two of you might be too much for me right now." I said, handing her my stash. So she wanted to do me too... I'd wondered. She looked at it for a minute then put it on the nightstand.

 Melinda pulled me in for a kiss. I stained my bed, but didn't care. I felt her push my legs apart and brush along my thighs.

 I heard May get up and leave. A minute later I heard her say "Get lost kid" from the bathroom.

 "Ew, that's gross." I heard Manuel say, which broke me and Melinda out of the kiss in a fit of laughter.

 "Hey I warned him." She said when she got back. "Little perv was watching his girlfriends shower behind the screen..."

 "I'm not sure if they're his, or Rosas, or what..." I said.

 Melinda looked at me, the hand in my thighs stopping. "Oh. Ooh..." She smiled in a feral way.

 "Hey don't even think that." I said. "You wanna tap this ass then you ain't gonna be doing my sister. She still needs to figure shit out."

 "A lot like you..." May said. I gave her an annoyed look - cause she was right.

 "Yeah well she ain't gonna figure shit out just talking." Melinda said, and then her lips were on my boob. May sat down on the other side and took my hand in hers. She started brushing my hair to take away the fear of what was coming. I squeezed her hand, then suddenly tighter when I felt a hand on my pussy. It was good to have friends.

 "I don't get guys..." I said.

 "Huh?" May asked, brushing my hair out of my eyes and giving me a puzzled look.

 "Guys. They're never scared, they just jump right in." I said.

 "Maybe..." May said. Who the fuck was I talking to? May jumped in to. But I knew better, I knew she was still scared.

 "It's ok sweatie..." Melinda said, coming up for a quick kiss on the lips again. Sweatie? Did she call -me- that? Better hide the knives and guns... May giggled. The pressure on my pussy started moving. She just took to pushing down and making slow circles at first, while she kissed me up and down. Somehow I ended up lying down on the bed with them on each side of me.

 You know, it really did feel good. She was soft, gentle, and slow. She worked me up with tender kisses from head to toe. She only stopped a few times to kiss May ­ who kept running her fingers through my hair the whole time. Melinda's fingers, magic that they were, kept working along the outside of my pussy. When I couldn't stand it anymore she slowly spread my labia and lowered her head down for one quick yet gentle kiss upon the opening of my vagina. Then she backed off and lowered her hand into my slit ­ running along the length of my inner labia up to my clit and down again. "Oh... Oh yeah..." I gasped out. Then it was "Oh! Oh no no..." as her tongue hit me down there. "Oh no..." I giggled; then gasped out "Oh yes. Fuck yes."

 I opened my eyes to see May grinning down at me. "You're loving this aren't you, you little bitch." I said up to her. She just stuck out her tongue and pulled down an eyelid, then went back to my hair.

 Melinda's tongue was all over me. I'd had guys down there before, but high school guys barely know how to use their cocks, let alone their tongues. Every now and then, at just the right moment, her fingers would brush over my clit, squeeze her, or give a nice little tug.

 Then she switched, tongue on clit, and fingers in my cunt - fingers that went deep into me searching around. "Oh!" I screamed out, and heard a thump outside the door. I opened my eyes to see May getting off the bed.

 The fingers in me sped up and as I looked over May peered outside and said "Get lost twerp." Then she came back to bed with a big grin saying "Rosa... you should'a seen the look on her face."

 "Shit... Oh... oh yeah..." It was hard to focus on anything beyond my vagina. "Uh-huh..." I gasped out. Melinda found whatever it was she was looking for in there, and started working it over good.

 "Oh yeah." She said with a laugh. "I got her spot all right." Then she clamped her lips back down on my clit. I was whimpering. Then I was cumming. Fuck was I cumming... Whatever she found down there, I sure liked it.

 "Is that her G-spot?" May said.

 "What?" I asked, only half there. Melinda was working me over good ­ fingers ramming into me hard, and then finding that spot, then back to ramming. All the while she was sucking and licking at my clit.

 "You don't know?" Melinda said. "That's what you get for fucking boys..."

 "No I know..." I tried to say, but then suddenly it felt like I was peeing, and Melinda bounced back, laughed, and jumped in. It was only for a second. "Ooops" I said.

 "What?" May asked, looking down at my pussy.

 "She's a squirter." Melinda said before licking me up and down my slit.

 "Oh that sounds gross..." I said. Squirting piss when I cum? I'd never done that before.

 "It's not like its piss or anything." May said. "Hers tastes pretty good." She nodded at Melinda, who was working to build me up to a second ride on the miracle bus.

 "You'd know..." I panted out to May. Melinda popped her head up. "Hey!" I called out.

 "Damn straight." She said. Then she started shifting around, and next thing I knew I was dealing with a face full of pussy. "Your turn" She said.

 That wasn't part of the promise... And wasn't this promise only supposed to last a minute? But, it didn't stop me, and yeah ­ hers did taste pretty good, strange, but not bad. Or maybe I was just worked up.

 We must've gone on like that for an hour before collapsing in exhaustion. The last thing anyone said was Melinda; "Shit, I forgot my homework..."

 Later that night the door opened a crack and I saw Pa peek in. He started to turn away but stopped, spun around and took a second look, counting the three girl heads sticking out from the blanket. We were all wrapped up nice and tight in my twin bed, and it was wonderful. I was barely conscious, but I saw him shake his head and walk away. I slid my stash of weed back into the drawer.

 I guess I wasn't scared anymore, but if that was true, why did I cry myself to sleep?

Title: Alandra Naked in School - Friday (36234 words)

Author: Tenyari

Part: 5

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 The monkey flying next to me on my right looked over to the one on my left and said "Isn't she cute like that?"

 The monkey on my left said "She left her pigtails in; it makes her look so peaceful and cuddly."

 "Hah. A.C., the meanest, toughest bitch I know, she'd kick our asses if she heard us call her cuddly." Right monkey said, as we banked over a cloud. I flapped my arms, but I seemed to be having trouble turning at anything but in extreme slow motion.

 "Is she dreaming? I read your eyes move like that when you dream." Left monkey said. Something started to shake me; I think it was the branch we were sitting in. Weren't we flying though? Things got hazy and then faded away as my eyes began to open.

 "Quit monkeying around guys." I said, waking up slowly to find May on my right and Melinda on my left. They were lying on their sides propped up on elbows and looking down at me.

 "Hey sleepyhead" Melinda said, bending down to kiss me on my forehead.

 "Wow..." I said. "I feel like I slept for days." May and Melinda exchanged a quick kiss above me then smiled down as Melinda began to brush up and down my thighs with her leg.

 "Isn't it wonderful?" May said. "So much better than sleeping alone."

 "What time is it?" I asked, trying to look past her to the alarm clock.

 "Twenty to six. Way early." Melinda said, school didn't start till seven thirty; I'd beat my alarm by almost fifty minutes.

 "Uh... Sorry 'bout the sheet." May said, looking down. I followed her gaze to see the results of her overnight flow.

 "It's ok. I've had my days before" I said, lowering my head back down. It really did feel good, being wrapped up in people you cared for. I pulled them down to me for a hug and some light kisses.

 After a few minutes May pulled up and said "Uh... I gotta clean. You got any tampons?" She glanced at the door.

 "Oh... Just pads..." I said.

 "Shit... well we'll just have to manage" May said.

 "You know, you stay naked you're gonna need tampons," Melinda said.

 We found ourselves in the bathroom, rummaging around. Pa and the twins were still asleep, so we kept it quiet. "Shit I gotta brush my teeth." Melinda said.

 "Here." I ripped open the packaging on two more brushes. "Maybe we should find a place for them." I said, assuming that there'd be a bit more sleeping over going on from now on.

 "Whoa... What's this?" May asked, pulling out one of my pregnancy kits.

 "Just in case" I said.

 "Aren't you on the shot?" Melinda asked, putting a hand to my cheek and raising her eyebrows.

 "Oh! Yeah, but the tri-monthly shot. That's to make sure it doesn't wear out too fast." I said.

 "Fuck A.C., that's risky" May said, "Why not the annuals?"

 "I dunno..." I said. "Pa's not too keen on them."

 "So you're good right?" Melinda asked.

 "Yeah, I've been doing this for a year" I said.

 We brushed our teeth, and worked our way through the shower, getting the floor pretty wet thanks to Melinda - who wanted to shower together with both me and May in a stall that barely fit two. She insisted on washing me from head to toe, and did the same for May - who washed her while I cleared out my bladder - we had to take turns there too.

 After that we sat in the kitchen over cereal. May sat on a towel I got for her, and we all had them wrapping up our hair, but were otherwise still naked. I figured we had another forty till anyone else woke up, so we just relaxed.

 "Why'd you guys wake up so early?" I asked.

 "I dunno..." Melinda said, "but I'm not tired anymore."

 "Me either" May said. "You got anything for cramps?"

 "Third shelf, over there" I said. She got out some pills and took them with the milk in her bowl.

 "Maybe we can hit a place on the way to school" Melinda offered, "since you only got pads."

 "Yeah" May said. "I think that one place is open all night anyway - the 'stop and rob'."

 "Stop and rob?" Melinda asked.

 "Yeah you know, convenient, open all night, not enough security, cash in the register - those places are always getting knocked over" I said with a grin.

 "Never heard it called that before" Melinda said, spooning a little sugar into her bowl.

 "Wow you like it sweet" May said.

 "I like it all sweet baby" Melinda said - reaching over with her foot and poking my clit ring.

 "Hey!" I said, "Watch those toes lady." But I just smiled back at her.

 We had fun, just chatting it up about life, boys, and shit - even a little on girls. They wanted to know how I felt about last night after all. "I dunno... Yeah it was fun but... I dunno." I looked between them, between their hopeful glances. "I'm sorry guys, I just don't feel the need. It don't pull me that way, not like the need to have a cock in me. You know what I mean?"

 A somewhat saddened looking Melinda said "Yeah... Well, I tried."

 "Oh no... No, no girl, you were great. That was fucking great sex, and I loved having you both in my bed - that I want more of. But... well, lezzie sex just isn't something I feel a need for. I can accept it, enjoy it maybe, but it don't pull me."

 "Oh..." May said, a little less hope in her eyes.

 "Oh May..." I began, "Come here girl." I pulled May, and then Melinda, into one big long naked hug. I didn't want them upset with me - May was one of the most important people in my life.

 "Ow. What gives?" May asked, pulling away from the hug. "A.C.?" she reached up to take a tear I hadn't been aware of.

 "I'm sorry, I was just thinking... about us." I looked at May. Melinda looked between us, something on her mind. "May... May I love you, but not like this." I swept my hand down over my body. "Not sexually May, but you know..."

 "Yeah..." May said.

 "I'm... I'm in the way of something aren't I?" Melinda said, looking out of place.

 "No. Girl you're just great right here with us" I said, turning to kiss her. I may not be a lezzie, but I knew there was something special in our kisses, something I very much did desire.

 We locked lips, and her tongue came out to softly dance with me. It was so gentle, not like any guy I'd kissed. She could be fierce going down on me, but her kisses were something else.

 "Shit it gets me worked up when you two do that..." May said. We broke apart giggling. Melinda gave May a kiss, and on a whim I kissed her nipples - soft and gentle like.

 "Hey you guys, we got time for another shower?" May asked when Melinda broke away.

 "Oh, yeah maybe we should cool down" I said.

 So we talked about shit for a while. May and Melinda both wanted to know about Kevin, so I told them what it was like. May also wondered what might happen with her in Lippmann's class, and I said I didn't feel good going back in there.

 "What happened anyway?" Melinda asked.

 "We didn't tell you?" May said before looking at me.

 I put a finger over her lips and said "Let me say it. You're gonna hear it at school anyway. Lippmann let everyone know about my father."

 "What's wrong with your dad?" Melinda said.

 "He's... he's got AIDS" I said. She looked at me in a nervous sort of way so I kept going "Hey, I'm clean, so are the twins. We've had our shots. But Pa got it a long time ago."

 "Oh man... He ok?" Melinda asked.

 I looked down, clenching a fist. "I... I hope so." I felt May petting me down on my back, followed by Melinda, so I looked up and said "Hey, it's cool. We'll get by."

 "I got your back A.C." May said. "Anyone at school says shit; they'll have to deal with me."

 I heard a noise, and knew it for Pa waking up. Melinda looked up, which made me think of something. "I'll be right back" I said, and I ran off into Pa's room.

 "Alandra?" he said, sitting up in bed. Pa was in his underwear, scratching his head and looking from me to his alarm clock. "You're up early." He looked me up and down, then to the door. "Still not wearing anything?"

 I stepped over to him and whispered "Pa... Her name's Melinda, she's in my gym class - she wrestles - she's Polish or something, and... she's kinda May's."

 "Wrestling? I thought you had gymnastics" he said.

 "It's... I'll explain later. Look Pa, act like I told you all about her, like I was all happy about it. Please?"

 "Uh, sure. What do you mean May's?" He focused out for a second then said "Oh... when did that happen?"

 "Uh... May says it's been a while, but she only told me the other day" I said. "Thanks Pa," and I ran back out, shutting the door.

 "What was that about?" Melinda asked when I got back.

 "I just wanted to make sure it was cool... I forgot to tell Pa you guys were sleeping over." Pa once said the best lies are the ones that are really true, but in the wrong context.

 May looked down to her pussy and said "I think your towel's ruined... Sorry."

 "Don't worry May... But what about school?" I said.

 "Yeah no shit, how do they expect volunteer girls to do an entire month anyway?" Melinda said.

 "I've got a red skirt you could borrow" I said.

 "No fuck that. They probably didn't even think about it" May said, then she grinned and added; "I'll show em. I'll just have to bring the towel to school with me."

 "Hey today's your last day right?" Melinda said to me. "You gonna stay nude after?"

 "I dunno. Not always. I tried to put something on Wednesday, but it felt wrong." I shrugged and said "so who knows."

 "But you bought that shawl thing yesterday" May said. Pa appeared at the door to the kitchen in thrown on PJ's and the remains of a tornado in his hair.

 "Maybe I'll try it on" I said. "Hi Pa."

 He looked us all over and said "All three of you huh? Hi Mei, and you must be Melinda, Alandra's told me all about you."

 Just as I thought, she brightened up and shot me her own personal ray of sunshine as she looked over. "Yeah... We've got class together" she said, and then shyly went for the last of her cereal.

 "Wrestling right?" Pa said, starting up coffee and rooting through the fridge. "Mei Hua, you're not in the Program also are you?"

 "Oh no" May said. "I'm in the volunteer Program. It gets me out of getting grabbed in... I was gonna be naked anyway."

 "It's just me and May" I said. "Melinda's just having fun."

 Pa just shook his head and said "Girls will be girls..."

 We sat around and talked some more. Melinda was a little nervous in front of Pa at first, but she relaxed when she saw how harmless he was. After a few minutes she was even laughing and rolling her eyes along with me and May at his various conspiracies, though I don't think she managed to tell when he was making fun of himself or being serious. Even I couldn't always tell.

 When Pa stepped out to take his shower I gave her a hug and whispered "Thanks for being cool about my Pa. You're such an angel."

 "He's not bad. And if anybody at school says shit about my bitch or her Pa I'll kick their ass" she said with a giggle.

 I punched her arm and said "Right on girl."

 "Damn straight" May said.

 "Girl, there ain't nothing straight about me." Melinda said, and then latched her lips right onto May's boob.

 That was when Rosa walked in, stopped, and said "Oh!" I looked at her and winked.

 May just said "Hey twerp, have fun last night?" She was holding Melinda's head to her tit and smiling up at Rosa.

 "I should be asking you that," Rosa said.

 "Fuck'n eh!" Manuel said, coming up behind her. "A whole pack of naked chicks..." Melinda looked up.

 "Hey watch it little brother," I said. Rosa was in her knickers, but no top. Manuel just had a pair of tented boxers.

 "Hey I could take care of that," Melinda whispered in my ear with a nod to Manuel's boxers.

 "Don't even think it," I said. "You picked me, and that's all the ass you get from this family."

 "What?" Rosa asked. "You guys fucking around again? They was at it forever last night..." She said that last part to Manuel.

 "She -has- gone lezzie," Manuel said, taking the cereal box from the table.

 "Fuck off twerp" I said to Manuel. "'Sides, it ain't nothing Cindy and you haven't done," I followed up to Rosa.

 "Oh... really?" May said, giving Rosa a look that made her blush.

 "Like whatever..." Rosa said, getting her own cereal.

 "Come on guys, let's get out of here," I said, tugging on May's hand.

 Back in my room we got our shit together. Thinking about May's words earlier I put on the shawl I'd bought at the Mall - that cloak like gown thing. There really wasn't a good name for what it looked like - long lacy and sheer with cornet sleeves and closing only at a mandarin collar around the neck. Unless you were flat chested the angle in the front would open it up just below the nipple line. It was all white, and made from soft cotton. I wore it like a jacket, putting on a strapless bra and white hip hugger bell bottoms - keeping barefoot. "We'll see if I can stand to wear shit," I said. May just rolled her eyes, but rooted through my drawers till she came up with a blouse holding some cartoon penguin on it.

 "What the fuck's with you two?" Melinda said, still keeping to her lack of threads "You're the ones in the Program, and I'm the one who's naked."

 "After a week of this shit, after Wednesday, I wanna see how I feel" I said, trying not to show how much the outfit itched. I'd never really noticed how much jeans kept you from moving freely before.

 "So we done yet then?" Melinda asked.

 "This expensive?" May asked, tugging on the blouse she'd put on.

 "Don't worry about it" I said - May kept losing those things. Maybe she'd get em back later, but I figured it was likely the last I'd see of that shirt.

 "Here, take this with you." I gave her a new mini towel - something to sit on. I thought for a sec, then gave her three of them just in case. "Can you grab that dildo?" I asked Melinda. She reached to pick it up, but saw the book Fatima had given me lying next to it on my night stand.

 "What's this?" Melinda asked, flipping through it.

 "Fatima gave me that, it's her holy book translated," I said.

 "Hey check this out, they got Adam and Eve too," Melinda said. She read for a little and then add, "Hmm... that's funny, it says here they were created together to love each other, not Adam first."

 "Really?" I said, glancing over and taking my dildo from her other hand. Didn't seem right to have those two things together.

 "It's like that in the Bible too," said May. "There's two stories or something, but those religion nuts always ignore the one that makes them equal."

 "I can't find the second story in this book," Melinda said, putting it back down. "It only seems to have the equal one."

 "You'd never guess, considering what's happening in her home country," I said. Pa always told me about shit like that, about what they did to women. Of course, he said they used to do worse here - like clitoral castration of women who played with themselves.

 "Yeah well, that's religion for you," May said. "Try to tell me half the shit from history is ok by the Bible too..."

 We spent a little time in my room freshening up, then left. I told Pa 'later' through the bathroom door - he said something back but I didn't catch it. We did that a lot.

 We hit the street. The twins were still getting ready, and we were way early. It didn't take long to find an open 'stop and rob', we paid for sodas and some stuff for May. "Isn't it cold out there?" the guy at the counter asked. There was a headline on a newspaper that caught my eye - the case of that woman suing over prostitution or something. It talked about what her lawyer said to the judges. I bought it and bagged it for civics class; Maybe Mrs. Jacobs would like it.

 Or more like, it would get me out of trouble for whatever our homework had been.

 "Since when you read that shit?" May asked.

 "Since I didn't want my ass handed to me in Civics while I'm still in this Program..." I said as I closed up my bag. I spun teddy around so he wasn't facing the bag and lifted it back onto my shoulder.

 "Carrying all this shit is fucked up" May said, hefting up her own bag.

 "We lost the lockers back in Boston before I even got there" Melinda said. "Gangs or some shit way back. You get used to it."

 We didn't see the rest of the gang till we hit Kevin's car outside the gate. They were smoking and standing around - even Fatima was there, saying something to Rick as we came up.

 "Yeah, three times a day" she said. "They ring all these... I guess you'd call it tower bells... and everybody goes at it." She was dressed in the hip-huggers we'd found for her at the mall and a halter top that left her naval bare, all finished up with a smart pair of low heels and a yellow flowery bandana covering her hair.

 "Man that would drive me nuts" he said back.

 "That's cause you got no religion" Kevin said, shutting the trunk to his car and stepping around. It was my first site of him, and I realized he was still nude.

 "Kev, that wasn't the -only- pair of jeans you owned was it?" May asked.

 "You know, I got to liking this shit" he said by way of reply. "If you bitches can get away with it, then fuck em if they try to stop me."

 "Hey I ain't fucking nobody 'less I want to" Melinda said grinning.

 "Aw you know what I mean" Kevin said, passing me a cigarette.

 "Thanks." I took a few puffs then handed it to Melinda with a questioning glance.

 "It's ok, I don't smoke" she said.

 "Good for you" May said, taking a drag on her own. "Weed?"

 Fatima looked over at us, a little bit shocked at the question. "Uh... not much" Melinda said.

 "What gives with the outfit?" Marcy asked me.

 "Hey, Program's almost over for me" I said. "I might need this later."

 "So you going back to clothes then?" Kevin asked.

 "Somebody's gotta wear the pants around here" Melinda answered for me. Taking Kevin's cock in her hand she added "nice."

 "You see." Kevin said as Melinda began jacking him off. "There are certain benefits to this nudity shit."

 "Yeah, you should'a seen him last night." Rubin said. Fatima blushed and turned away, leaving me to wonder just what she knew.

 "Oh yeah..." Kevin leaned back against his car as Melinda picked up her tempo.

 "Gotta make sure you're ready to face the day" she said. I think Melinda somewhat shared May's sense of how to make sure everyone liked her - but with a little more control.

 "So what happened last night?" May asked, finished with her cigarette. Ms. Mitchell, the vice principal, passed us by and stumbled with a double take at the sight of Kevin.

 "Haven't seen her since Monday..." I muttered.

 "What?" Rick said. "Oh yeah. I heard she got sick or something - cold, fever, that kinda shit." Rick lived next door to one of her cousins or something.

 "So last night, after we left Albatross, we just sort of talked shit in the park..." Kevin began.

 "Yeah, but they wanted to fuck." Rubin said. Kevin started thrusting his cock into Melinda's palm.

 "That one girl was already doing you before you guys left." I said.

 "Yeah, Amanda - she was fucking wild." Kevin said. "She kept trying to get me to do her in the ass, but you know how that goes."

 "Ew..." Melinda said, dropping Kevin's cock and sniffing her hand.

 "Naw I didn't do her like that" Kevin said. "'Sides, I shower every morning anyway."

 "Oh." Melinda blushed, then grabbed his cock and started going at it again.

 "Once you pack shit, you can't pack anything else..." May said, rolling her eyes. The one thing May would not do is take it in the rear - once they got in there they weren't clean, and she didn't want an infection. I agreed.

 People are gonna think that's how Pa got what he got... But he got it from... well; he got it from -Her-... The one person in his life he tried not to be gay over, and that's when he got AIDS. That's why I'd never touch anything more than weed.

 "So, you guys had fun then?" I asked.

 "Oh, oh shit..." Kevin called out. Melinda quickly sidestepped and he shot his load into the street. "Thanks girl... that really takes the edge off."

 "No prob..." Melinda said, smiling at the softening cock in her hands.

 "So yeah, it was cool. We fucked em in the park, a few people hung around we didn't know - but it was cool." Kevin said.

 "Hey man, you get their numbers?" Rick asked. "I forgot to ask."

 "No... shit I didn't even think about it." Rubin said.

 "Amanda said she might drop by the cafe again sometime" Kevin said.

 "I dunno man..." Rubin began "I'm not too keen on some random hook up crowding my space."

 "Yeah..." I said. "I can see that."

 "So what'd you guys do?" Kevin asked. When I blushed and traded glances with May and then Melinda he said "Oh..."

 "Ew..." Marcy said.

 "Well come on... I had to try it out." I said. "But I'm still a cock girl..."

 "You know that just sounds weird..." Marcy said.

 Eventually we figured it was time to head in. I made a quick decision and kept my clothes on for the bins and the crowd - but I grabbed May first and stripped my penguin blouse off her. "Kev,' toss this in the trunk." He did, and we passed through the metal detectors at the start of the alley. They rolled those out every morning for us to go through, and rolled them back inside after the bell's rang. North entrance had a shack for them, and I wondered if they'd do that for these ones before it got rainy.

 People were milling about the south entrance, and I saw a group of Program girls gossiping near the bins - still dressed for now, except for Cindy and Kitten who were naked and holding hands on the edge.

 "Oh... My... Like, it's been so..." one girl was saying.

 "Like yeah!" another interrupted, "I've cum so many times this week..."

 "Yeah... I had like, three guys in me so far. I feel like such a slut" one of the seniors, a redhead named Kelly McPherson, said.

 "It's been fun, but my boyfriend dumped me when I got picked," another raven haired senior said, I didn't know her.

 "What the fuck?" Kelly said, casting her face into a scowl.

 "He said I shouldn't be showing off his property to other guys. Called me a slut so I kicked his balls and he dumped me," raven hair said, kicking out her foot in reenactment.

 "Well you showed him," Kelly said.

 "Yeah, so yesterday I fucked a guy in the showers right in front of him," raven hair said as she grinned.

 "Um... I... I got spanked a lot." Kitten said. She and Cindy were sort of facing me, but none of them saw me. I could see her blushing all over.

 "Oh my..." one of the juniors said.

 "But... oh wow... it gets me all wet." Kitten said.

 "She's such a freak," Cindy said, patting Kitten's behind.

 "You know what I heard..." the Kelly said, half covering her mouth as they all leaned in. I looked around and saw a pack of impatient boys waiting for the strip show, and trying to decide if they should just move in on the two who were naked already.

 "May..." I started.

 "Hey don't look at me, I'm on the rag. I can try though. Come on Melinda, let's go have fun." She took Melinda by the hand and went to play interference as I sat on the bin behind the girls and let my ears wander.

 "Well... I heard that girl Alandra got gang banged by like, twelve black guys yesterday during sixth period..." one of the freshmen girls said. Where the fuck did that come from? I don't think we even had twelve black guys who all knew each other at this school. There was Kevin, and if you were a white supremacist there was Ray, but he most people considered him white since he was only a quarter black, and then I think I saw a freshman kid, and well... there were those three guys outside Magante's bungalow yesterday.

 "Oh... they're such animals..." One of the juniors said.

 "I heard she's a lezzie." The other freshmen said.

 "I heard she's got AIDS" a junior girl who hadn't spoken before said.

 "I heard she killed a guy her freshman year, for asking her out," the girl with the gang bang rumor said.

 "As if Kristy." Cindy said to the freshman. "I know her... she's really nice." Well thanks girl. I was actually surprised nobody had figured out I was sitting right behind them all. On top of the bin, I was like, really fucking obvious...

 "Yeah right... everybody who's anybody says she's a total bitch. She'll kick your ass just for asking the time of day," Kelly said.

 I hopped down and stepped in, right next to her. Cindy got a big smile when she saw me, everyone else just kind of squealed and stepped back as I asked "Anyone got the time?"

 "Oh shit!" Kelly said, looking like she needed a priest for last rites or something.

 "Hey you know; it's not nice to talk shit about people. And I don't got AIDS." I said. "Hey Cindy, the twins around?"

 "Uh... haven't seen em yet." She said.

 "Is she really ok?" freshman Kristy on her left sort of half whispered to Cindy.

 "Hey it's not like I ever killed anybody or anything - not even for asking me out..." I said.

 "Oh... you heard all that..." Kelly looked like she wanted to run.

 "Hey relax... I'm used to it. And no, I didn't get gang banged by anybody. Now why're we all still dressed?" I asked.

 "We was just talking, waiting for it to get close enough to time" Kristy said.

 "Yeah. No sense in getting naked too soon." The raven haired senior said, trying to pretend she wasn't nervous.

 "I think it's fun," Kitten said.

 "You oughta hang with May." I said, as I unbuttoned the collar on my shawl.

 "Oh wow, I love that jacket you got." A junior said, as she started working on her blouse.

 I looked around, to see who was watching us, and then shouted out "I just bought this, and if it ain't here when I get out after school I -will- find out who took it, and you -will- not like what happens!" I then took off my bra and held the two in my hand as I started in on my jeans.

 "Say why'd you get dressed again?" Cindy asked.

 "I dunno; I figured it was the last day, and I wanted to see if I could stand to wear this shit after it was all over." I started to swish my hips so I could get my jeans down - to the catcalls of some boys behind me. I guess May and Melinda couldn't manage the whole crowd...

 Somebody tried to poke a finger in my ass. I spun myself around and grabbed it, twisting hard. "Hey, ask first asshole!" We both went down - I'd only meant him to fall, but I was tangled in my jeans.

 "It's a reasonable..." He began.

 "It ain't fucking nothing if you don't ask perv..." I'd let go of his finger in the fall - I didn't need to get busted for breaking some jerk's hand.

 May and Rubin were suddenly at my side. I was on top of the guy, and squirming to get loose. "Fucking jeans..." I managed to kick them off and get up.

 "You ok?" Rubin asked.

 "I'm gonna remember you." May said, glaring at the boy. He scurried off in fear. I could see Ms. Mitchell staring to walk over, but Harrison stopped her with a hand on her shoulder. They started talking.

 "Some people think they got a right to do whatever the fuck they want..." I said, grabbing my jeans, bra, and shawl and folding them up together. I was naked now - no knickers, so I just tossed it in the bin. The other girls were standing around in surprise, glancing at me and my friends. Probably wondering how Rubin got there so fast, or how May even noticed when she'd been busy blowing some Program guy only a second before.

 "Always keep your eyes open," I said to them.

 Melinda walked up and said "What's up?"

 "Some jerk tried to handle A.C. without asking," May said.

 "Wow that was stupid..." Melinda said.

 "No shit..." The senior girl said. "No offense Alandra, but I'd be afraid even invited."

 "Well, too bad for you. You're missing out on this," Melinda said, and she grabbed me up and kissed me, right there in front of everybody. It very obvious that not only had she not asked, but I'd not cared - this one had a previous invitation.

 "Ain't she got AIDS or something?" I barely heard a girl say - I was lost in that kiss. Every time Melinda kissed me the world seemed to stop, and every time I wondered if I might end up a lezzie in the end, or if I could just settle for kisses.

 "No she doesn't!" Kitten's voice chimed in. "Stop talking shit about people you don't know."

 "Yeah, but my friend's got her in biology, and he said the teacher even said she got AIDS." One of the boys from the crowd said.

 "I don't have no fucking AIDS!" I yelled out. "Anybody says different, they'll regret it." I noticed Harrison watching, so held back the actual threat.

 "Yeah stupid," some boy said. "Besides, that was her father Ms. Lippmann was talking about." I looked over, he was from my class, but I didn't remember his name. He gave a weak shrug and said "Well that's what the teacher said..."

 "Yeah..." I began. "No point in lying... It's true" and I stormed out of there and up to the building.

 "You dropped something." Harrison stopped me just as I passed him. He handed me a pack of cigarettes and pointed at my bag. It was open when I checked, and we could both see my small bag of weed. "Here..." He just put the cigs in my bag without saying a word, blocking the view from Ms. Mitchell and everyone else. "I'll assume that's your father's, and return it to you after school ok?" He took the weed.

 Yeah, if I got caught with that I'd be out on my ass most likely. Must've fallen in last night. I think we both knew it wasn't my Pa's medical stash. Harrison was actually covering for me.

 "Oh... yeah. He gets a little distracted sometimes," I said, and then walked past Mr. H. and off to Study Hall. I heard bare feet behind me - May as it turned out.

 "Man that's fucked up," she said as we walked through the empty hallway.

 I stopped. "Wait, the bell didn't ring? We're not supposed to be in here..."

 "He didn't stop us," May said. "Everyone else is still outside." She looked me over with a serious questioning stare and then said "there something going on between you and Mr. H?"

 "Besides yesterday? I think he's starting to understand..." I said. We sat down on the cold floor outside of study hall. At least May had the towel she borrowed to put her butt on. I'd sit in her lap, but it'd probably make her cramps worse.

 "Or maybe he's afraid you'll tell" she said. I thought of the paper towel I'd kept - the one with his stuff on it.

 "Man they need carpets in here, or something." I squirmed around, trying to get my naked butt comfortable on the cold tile floor. We just sat there for a few minutes waiting in silence. May moved to hug me and I said "I wish he'd let Melinda in."

 She looked up from the hug, into my eyes, and said "Yeah... I really like her."

 "Me too." I said.

 "She's sweet on you" May said, looking down at the tiles on the floor.

 "I know..." and we fell back into silence. Naked hugs are really nice, even between friends. All that skin to skin contact, like people were meant to be. Her tit was resting on mine and I could feel her breathing. I yawned as I calmed down.

 When the bell rang Melinda was the first person to reach us. "Shit, they wouldn't let me through" she said, as we all hugged.

 "Yeah, I gotta add you to the list they keep" I said.

 "They gotta list?" she said, and May and I broke out laughing. "Oh..." she said, joining us.

 I grabbed her butt then gave her a light spank before saying "You gotta get to class girl, before you're late."

 Mr. Jackson passed us outside the door. "Morning girls" He said. He was holding three coffees in a little tray. How cute.

 "Morning Don." May said. I just nodded my hello.

 "I'm gonna miss this week" He said and then went inside.

 "Men are such pervs" Melinda said.

 "Yeah, but some of them are nice about it" I said. "Now you run along. I'll see you in gym."

 "Oh ok..." She started to turn, but then came back and gave May and I light kisses. I watched her butt bounce as she ran off, but not in the way May did. May looked hungry.

 Just before we went in I saw the twins pass by with Cindy. "And she was like..." Cindy said, mimicking the way I'd grabbed that boy's finger as she spun around. They didn't see me. The twins were too busy watching Cindy with lust in their eyes, and she was too busy showing off.

 Once Fatima and Rubin were there we all settled in to hanging out. Don gave me and May coffees, and sat down next to us. "I heard what happened Alandra, if you want to talk to someone, I'm here."

 "Thanks Don. I'll be ok" I said. Everybody wants to talk - you'd think this was a psych ward or something. Still, I appreciated the concern, and smiled up at him.

 Fatima reached over to rub my back. I wondered what she thought of the little gift I'd given her the other day - I had my own dildo strapped to the chain on my waist, just like May. I figured I'd let her bring it up, in her own time if at all.

 "Marcy was saying it just wasn't right what that teacher said about you yesterday" she said. "When we walked home, she got very mad about it."

 "Yeah, Marcy's got my back" I said. Those two were spending more time together - I guess cause they were the only clothed girls in the group.

 "Got your back?" She looked at my backside.

 "It means she's loyal, she sticks up for her friends" May said.

 "What does she stick up? Does she put it somewhere?" Fatima asked.

 I giggled, that could be so easily misheard. "Uh.... she helps, and won't let people say bad things about somebody she cares for."

 "Oh..." She held her pencil up, I guess trying to understand how the analogy worked. Then she suddenly blushed very hard and looked at me. Yeah, she found the gift all right, but I think she was drawing the wrong analogy. So I said "I don't know why they call it 'sticking up'."

 "Huh..." May said, sipping on her coffee. Fatima gave it a thirsty look so May offered her some.

 "We drink a lot of coffee at home, but it's stronger than this." She said.

 "Espresso?" Rubin asked.

 "Um..." Fatima tried to search her English. "No, just coffee, but dark. We call it 'Monsooned'."

 "You should tell Bill that, over at Albatross. He'll make it however you like, and if you've got something special there, teach him - he likes to think he's some kind of chef or something" Rubin said.

 "Well, it takes special beans..." she said. "But I'll keep that in mind."

 "This is just grocery store pre-ground stuff" I said. "Don probably gets it from the teacher's lounge." At which Mr. Jackson looked up at us. "Right Don?"

 "Huh?" Mr. Jackson said.

 "The coffee, where's it come from?" May asked

 "Oh, they brew it up in the teacher's lounge" he said.

 I waited till he wasn't paying attention and said "see?"

 We sat through the rest of the period, chatting about stuff like that. I split with the gang in the halls after class, heading on my way to Civics, and wondering what homework I was supposed to have done.

 I passed Sandy, Calvin, and Paul in the halls "Hey guys, what class you got?" Calvin and Paul had their dicks out, what the fuck was up with that? I looked at their pants, and it looked like they had something with the crotch cut out - almost like chaps, but it still had a butt. Sandy was in heels, stockings, a garter belt, and the cut out shirt from Wednesday that left her tits out. Other than that all she had was her bag.

 "We got English with Mr. Jackson," Calvin said.

 "How long's it take to start growing back?" Sandy asked, rubbing her shaved mound.

 I shrugged, "I shave mine every other morning. Touch up you know." She reached over and felt along my pussy. "Mr. Jackson's cool, I just had him for study hall."

 "It's still smooth. Mine too, but I'm worried it'll itch soon," she said.

 "We'll just have to shave it again," Paul said as he started to feel her pussy. "You know his niece Marcy? She's pretty hot..."

 Sandy let out a little gasp as his fingers entered her, saying, "I love it when they do that. Isn't it great to be naked?"

 "Well you aren't really nude," I said. I reached over and grabbed Calvin by the cock, stroking him casually I added, "You kids turned out nicer than I thought when I met you Monday."

 "No, but I am naked, where it counts," she said. She had me there.

 "Hey we're not kids," Calvin said.

 "Yeah, sorry," I said. He was what, fifteen, the same age as the twins. But I could humor him. His cock was getting hard in my hands and he started to pump his hips.

 "Hey, let's go fuck in the bathroom," Paul said.

 That was pretty blunt. I could've told em 'why bother', I'd been fucked in the halls already and nobody gave a shit. But maybe that was cause I was in The Program. So I just said, "sorry guys, I got to get to Civics. Maybe I'll see you at lunch." Then to Paul, "Marcy should be there."

 "We got an assembly today, but maybe after that," Calvin said.

 Assembly? "They're gonna do those again?" Last year they did assemblies at the end of Program week, once a month or so.

 "Yeah..." Sandy said. She took both boys by the dick and dragged them off. I watched them enter a bathroom, and then started off to Civic.

 "Hey can I...?" somebody said.

 "Sorry, gotta get to class. Catch me later ok?"

 "She is a bitch, isn't she?" someone said.

 "Yeah well, she's got AIDS anyway, you don't want to touch her," a third kid said behind me. Some girl.

 I spun around and shouted, "I do not fucking have AIDS! Say that shit again and somebody's gonna get their ass kicked." Then I stormed off to Civics.

 I walked into 'Spook Class' without a single fucking idea what we were supposed to do today. "Psst, Kev, what was our homework?" I asked him as we met at the door. He was still naked too.

 Kevin shrugged and said, "You know, ten more pages of that stuff she gave out. Women's rights stuff - women and the new laws."

 Shit, that might have been interesting.

 "Miss Cabrera, can you come... oh! Mr. Douglas have you decided to volunteer for the Program? Why don't you both come up here?" Mrs. Jacobs said.

 "Uh," Kevin began, but then he just kinda shrugged again.

 "Hey," I said, "you asked for it letting that thing out." I grabbed his cock and wiggled it around for kicks.

 "Hey!" He said, pushing off my hand. "I'm not in... you keep that up when I can't get relief..."

 "No different than me," I said.

 "Which is a good place to start," Mrs. Jacobs interrupted. "Because today we're going to talk about the differences gender plays in society under the new rules of the Program." She looked around the room, then right at me and said; "I trust everyone did their reading for last night?"

 I gave a weak smile, at least I had that newspaper - I got it out of my bag.

 "Oh yes, thank you. I listened to that on the radio last night," Mrs. Jacobs said. She took the article and asked if she could pass it around. I didn't mind, I only bought it to keep her off my back anyway. "There's no time to really read that now, I'll make copies for Monday. I'd say it's pretty likely laws against prostitution will be found unconstitutional given the Court's recent statements."

 She started talking about the legal arguments, how they'd gone on about bodily freedom, the victimless nature of sex, and a woman -or man's- right to economic control over their possessions, of which the body was the most sacred.

 "Given that all the government can come up with as a defense is state's rights and traditional values, it'll probably go down. State's rights are important in our system, but civil rights have outweighed them since the last liberal court of the 1960s," she said. "Though by European standards, even that Court was conservative."

 She then switched topics a bit, and asked us what we thought of the differences between men and women with the new nudity laws.

 Kevin straightened up and said, "I think it's completely fucked up... I mean, it's just not right that after I'm twenty one, I can't go nude."

 "Yeah..." I said, taking his cock in hand, "What the f... what's with that? I think it's beautiful."

 Mrs. Jacobs was looking at Kevin's cock, as was I, so we missed whoever said, "Yeah, a nigger-lover would..."

 We both looked up and she said, "Someone in here is in for a rude surprise the day I figure out who said that." Kevin just shook his head, he'd been watching my hand on his dick too I guess.

 "Yeah well... why is it only women?" he asked.

 "They just want to exploit us," a girl said, Polina I think.

 "I dunno, I don't feel exploited," I said. "I've got a lot of power like this."

 "Yeah well, wait'll you get raped," she said.

 I gave her a really hard look, and she squirmed in her chair a bit. Then I said, "I've already been there, and I had my clothes on at the time."

 "As if, everyone knows you lied about that," a boy said. His voice sounded familiar. Mrs. Jacobs and I both looked at him, but I think Kevin missed it, so I stopped stroking his dick. Poor boy was getting distracted.

 "You are so..." I began.

 "Alandra!" Mrs. Jacobs interrupted. "Mr. Michaels, that was out of line. Not only that, but I'm pretty sure it's not the first thing you've said today. Get your things; you're off to Mr. Harrison's office." He left, and she made a quick call to the office to let them know he was on the way.

 "He's so dead..." I said to Kevin.

 He just shrugged and said, "not worth it."

 "So we were on the subject of safety, exploitation, and..." Mrs. Jacobs said.

 "Um," I interrupted. "What's the word my Pa always uses... empowerment. Yeah. I feel like I'm gaining something by losing my clothes."

 "What do you mean?" Max asked.

 I spread my legs and started running my fingers through my slit, then pinched my clit. "Look," I said. "I've got you. And I don't feel any shame doing this anymore. It's my pussy, and I'm gonna enjoy it - my way." I started doing myself, right there in class - slow and steady so I could stay focused.

 "I don't need to be naked to turn guys stupid," Polina said.

 "Oh god, I'd just die if somebody saw me doing that!" another girl blurted out before blushing hard. Her friend pushed her shoulder and she just sank into her chair thinking about what she'd admitted.

 "Yeah well, but like, I feel freer now," I said. "Free over my body, free to make choices on my terms. It's hard to explain." I was pumping two fingers into my pussy, and I had the attention of everyone in class - guys and girls.

 "I know it just feels wonderful," Kevin said. "Being like this is just..." He lifted up his hands. "I just think it's messed up that men can't do it, that as soon as they think I'm an adult, I have to wear clothes."

 "Men look silly naked," Max said. I shook my head, looking at Kevin -who was absolutely beautiful the way he was. I thought about some of the other boys in the Program. Sure, some of them looked silly, but some of them looked like gods. "It's what I always hear..." Max looked at me. "I mean, you look beautiful Alandra, when you do that. But when guys in the Program jerk off it's just funny."

 "I dunno," I said. "I think that's just cause we only used to see naked guys in comedy. Kevin here's sure of himself, same with half the guys in the Program. It makes them look great, at least to me."

 "Well I think it's going to take a new generation to see it that way," Mrs. Jacobs said. "Yes, the burden's on women - to be naked. But you could also say the power's on women - to get to be nude."

 "Yeah," I said. Kevin shook his head in agreement.

 "But this whole dress code in offices, and prostitution thing, that's just wrong," Brenda said.

 "It's a change," Mrs. Jacobs said, "and all changes come with a bit of struggle and a bit of shock." She touched her pointer to my clit ring. "Not every girl's going to end up a sex worker. If you're trained as an accountant, you're an accountant." I pulled my fingers out of my pussy to see what she would do.

 "In the reading, it looked like it was mostly service jobs that had to be naked now," a girl said. Mrs. Jacobs pushed the pointer just a little into my slit.

 "Yeah," Brenda said, "It'll only be those kinda jobs that get hit with this sex stuff right?"

 Mrs. Jacobs agreed, though she corrected that service jobs was a term that applied to all sorts of work, but what we would probably see is jobs where you 'serve' someone - like a secretary, personal assistant, or even sales rep. Jobs like that might get sex added into the contract. "Where they think it will help the bottom line, or executive morale."

 "How does that all work, if we're supposed to have equal rights?" I asked.

 "Well, men and women are not the same," she started, as her pointer started moving up and down the length of my pussy.

 "Not that shit... er, not that again," I said. "All that means is they're ignoring the equal rights."

 "Maybe," she agreed. "But if you remember from Wednesday, the first top free laws for women came out of equal treatment."

 "But wasn't that an argument that men and women weren't different?" Brenda said.

 "Yes. Obviously women's rights are going to become a lot more complicated with these changes. What empowers and what demeans? Often the same thing with who makes the choice being the only difference."

 "Like if I choose to go nude, versus being told to go naked," I said.

 "Exactly," she said.

 "But I'm being told to undress now," I interrupted.

 She stroked the pointer along my pussy and then said, "now, I've been rubbing you for the last few minutes, was that your choice or mine?"

 "Uh..." I said. She lowered her arm, so that she could slide the pointer into my vagina just a tad as I cocked my hips forward. It was more like a 'pencil-dick' - it didn't really feel like much, I just thought it was fun.

 "I'd say her choice," Max said.

 "I dunno," Kevin said.

 "Well, now it is my choice," I said. "But..."

 "But before, I didn't ask, and you didn't say anything," she said.

 "I just figured it was part of the lesson," I said with a shrug, "So I stopped masturbating to let you do it."

 "But I still didn't ask," she said, pulling the pointer out of me. "Do I have to ask for a 'Reasonable Request'?"

 Oh... now I think I got where she was going. "Yes, you do. And, I can say no. Just like I was saying before - my sex, my pussy, my control. You should have asked me."

 "Exactly. The Program is putting all of you in a constant sexual situation, and the Reasonable Request, while for your fun and learning, is also teaching all of you to take charge of your own bodies in an active manner," Mrs. Jacobs said. "Both to get you more sexual, and to get you talking about it with each other."

 I wondered if she'd been given a Magante lecture after yesterday. She sounded a lot more Program friendly today. "I guess so," I said.

 "Well, that's one way to look at it," she said. "It's up to you if you agree with that."

 She went on from there, talking about how women would have to be strong under the new laws. Companies would do what they could to push profits regardless of people.

 Pa once said that 'governments, no matter how horrid, always in some sense have to answer to their people, but here in the real world companies run things, and they're beholden only to money - which, as Pa put it, was the 'tool of Satan.' Wasn't so sure if I could agree with him, but it made a certain sort of sense sometimes. Way I saw it, money had no morality, and that probably made it even worse than something which was actually evil - at least evil had a goal you could understand. If the Program came to people's jobs, it would be all about trying to use them for greed.

 She had us discuss whether the change was increased oppression, or increased liberty. I kinda felt it was both. She said that we'd just have to make sure the liberty side won out, that that would be a matter of how we put it all to use.

 When class started winding down, when there was maybe ten minutes left, she stopped the lecture and had me stand up at the front of the class.

 "Today is your last day in the Program, anything special you'd like to say about it?" she asked.

 "Um... It's been fun, and strange. I'm not sure if it changed me," I thought about sex with May and Melinda then said, "No, it's changed me all right." I'd probably get asked how, so I came up with, "it's got me thinking more, and wanting to be more involved." After I said it, I realized it was actually kinda true. I was asking questions now, in ways I never did before. I wasn't lashing out as much anymore.

 "Well, since this is a Civics class, and participation is key, and I want you all to think outside of the box, I'm going to give you a chance at something not part of the Program for you," she said. She pointed her pointer at my pussy again and said, "Would you like to ask for relief?"

 Oh shit yeah, this could be fun. I looked at the clock; we had maybe eight minutes, so I said "shit yeah. Who wants to fuck me?"

 Kevin looked at her, but she said, "No Kevin, this is a chance for everyone to see the situation reversed. You're going to have to sit this one out. I want you to sit there." She had him sit in the front, where he'd see everything. What was that about? It's not like he was in the Program.

 I looked around the room, about a third of the boys and three girls were waving their hands. I would'a figured more, but that AIDS rumor was probably keeping hands down. Max and Brenda were both among the hands, so I looked at Mrs. Jacobs and said, "can I pick two to help me out?"

 "Hmm... sure, why not?" she said.

 I looked at Max again, pausing until he caught my stare. "Know what, I think I'll just take one. Brenda, you asked for it, I want your tongue on my clit" I said, then smiled at them both.

 Max gave me a dirty look. Kevin just leaned back and smiled after whispering something about May to Max. He gave me a thumbs up and Brenda looked at me nervously, I guess she didn't think I'd actually pick her.

 "Come on girl, you still game?" I asked, spreading myself open for her. What the fuck I was doing, I'm not sure I knew...

 Brenda came up and looked in my eyes, then down to my crotch. "What's it taste like?" she asked in a whisper.

 "Don't worry," I said, running my hand through her hair and using that to pull her down to me. I heard her take a deep sniff, then felt cold fingers on my pussy.

 She giggled and said, "This is weird. It smells funny."

 A couple giggles broke out in the room, and at least one girl said; "Ew, gross."

 "Cause I'm worked up," I said. "You get used to it."

 She gave me a funny look, and I realized that sounded like I went down on girls a lot. "It's soft," she said, finally touching me.

 "Don't you?" I began.

 "Yeah, but that's different. When I touch myself..." her fingers spread my lips apart and she breathed out "wow, that's what he was talking about." I wondered who she was talking about.

 "Well hurry it up, we're on the clock here guys," Mrs. Jacobs said.

 "Yeah, get busy girl, I can't stay wet forever," I said.

 She looked up with a blush and said, "What should I do?"

 "Try kissing me there," I said. Funny, I'd almost said 'it', but that wasn't 'it' no more, that was me - my pleasure to have.

 She did, and I relaxed as she held the kiss, then quickly darted her tongue in before coming back and going for a lick all along my labia. Maybe it was last night, the way May and Melinda had worked me over, maybe it was not wanting Max to get any, or maybe I was starting to like this... Whatever, I wondered why I'd chosen a girl to give me relief.

 The look on Max's face was enough to make me sure of my choice. He was flustered, and a little annoyed. I winked at him, then took Brenda by the hair and gently held her close. "You like that?" she asked into my pussy.

 "Oh yeah..." I breathed out. "That's just right girl, keep that up." She was flicking her tongue along my clit, and going for licks right into my vagina.

 "This is fun!" she called out. "Not like doing a guy at all."

 "Um..." I started, then sighed and closed my eyes.

 "No, not like that," she said. "Guys are fun too, just this is different." And then she pushed her tongue in as deep as she could, twisting it all around trying to drink me up from the inside out.

 I didn't last much longer than that. It wasn't as good as May or Melinda, but it got the job done. I went up and over, and she held me there for a little working my clit, then worked me down by petting my tummy and stroking my sides. After a nice long sigh I looked up and saw the class. The girls were all looking a bit nervous - like they wanted to know what it was like, but also found it a bit gross or a bit scary at the same time. All the guys but Max and Kevin just looked like they wanted to fuck something. Max was pissed, and Kevin just grinned and gave me a thumbs up.

 Mrs. Jacobs used that as a moment to survey the class, "so, how did that make you all feel?"

 "It was nice to have things turned around," I said.

 "I think its bull," Max said. "She didn't need to get off, she didn't have blue ball. She doesn't even have balls."

 "Blue ball my ass," Kevin said. "There's no such thing and you know it."

 "Guys just make that up to get their girlfriends to do 'em," Polina said.

 "Well yes, but do you really think that's why relief is for boys only?" Mrs. Jacobs said. "Remember what I said before - with women we need to push them past sexual barriers by making the tension too much to bear. But with men, there's often no such need. However giving them relief only ups that tension with the girls while making the boys more and more open about expressing themselves."

 I sat up and looked around before saying, "Maybe, but I don't like it."

 Mrs. Jacobs looked at the clock, "We've got two minutes, any last questions?"

 Brenda raised her hand, and when picked she asked, "I was wondering about jobs with sex. If I refused to let that on my contract and if they refused to hire me because of it, what could I do?"

 Mrs. Jacobs smiled and said, "good thinking. Not much in some fields I'm afraid. But in any professional field if they couldn't say why sex would help with the duties you were expected to fill, you'd have a sexual harassment lawsuit lined up. Remember that if they demand sex of women workers, but not of men in the same fields, chances are you can find a harassment issue in there."

 "But what about this whole 'men and women are different' thing?" I said.

 "Well, yes, but that has its limits. I suppose we'll just have to see as the laws shape themselves. For all of you, I'd just say; join a union. At least then you'll have someone backing you," Mrs. Jacobs said as I got up off her desk. Brenda looked at me and blushed.

 I was just trying to figure out what sex had to do with being a secretary or waitress, talk about serving the public.

 "My pa says unions are like big gangs, in a good way; somebody's always there to watch your back and make sure they don't take you down without a fight," I said.

 "You could say that, it's not that simple, but that's about right," Mrs. Jacobs said.

 In the halls after class Brenda stopped me as a number of the girls made a wide space around us. "Am I 'gay'?" she asked. "I liked that a lot."

 "Fuck if I know," I said. "Do you like guys?"

 "Yeah... but, now I want a girl to do me," Brenda said, she had a hand on my arm, and I could feel her shaking.

 "You're not gay if you still like guys," I said.

 "Um... could you, maybe someday," and she looked down at my clit ring, lightly brushing it with her fingers.

 "I'm not a lezzie either," I said. "I'm not really even bi, I just..." I just what I thought. Anything I told her would be bullshit, cause I wasn't really sure anymore myself. What, I'm not bi? Then why did I let May and Melinda do me last night? Why did I do them? Even May on her period? Thinking about it was making me wet again. "I... I dunno," I said. "See you Monday!" And I got myself out of there.

 I had to pause halfway to Writing. A simple posing, requested by some boys, I had to comply under the Program as they never asked to touch and there was still plenty of time. Not that I minded, they were nice boys and they said a lot of nice things about my body without ever being vulgar. "You're so pretty, I love the shape of your waist," and even, "the Program has made me see just how beautiful women are." That last boy told me he took art this semester after seeing so many naked women over the summer and from the Program last year. He wanted to express the beauty he saw - 'show women just how wonderfully men saw them,' or something. It was kind of sweet, if a little patronizing. I gave him a little kiss and was rewarded with "everybody says your mean, but you seem so nice today."

 I was feeling pretty good when I came around the corner to Creative Writing. The first thing I saw was a girl kneeling in front of Ray with his cock in her mouth. She was working pretty fast and pulled out to lick him. "Oh yeah!" he called out as she looked up with a grin. The 'money shot' as they call it - and let me tell you, they only do that on porn to turn the guys watching the shit on. He started shooting all over her face and hair, getting it everywhere. At first she smiled, then it got over her eyes and she started to grimace. Ray just kept shooting his wad onto her and grunting.

 When he was done he just said "thanks babe," and after stopping himself short of patting her on her cum soaked hair turned and walked into the classroom.

 She got up, her eyes closed and her hands reaching out. "Ray?" she said. I ran over to her and took her hands. "Can I open my eyes? Will it sting?"

 "Uh... I dunno?" I said. I'd never thought about that before. "Probably not, but it might get messy. Let me help you." I walked to the restroom and helped her wash her face.

 "Where'd he go?" She asked.

 "He was done," I said. I looked into her eyes to see what she was thinking, and to make sure none of it got in there.

 "Done? What about me? Hey... Do I know you?" She asked.

 "Guys... I'm Alandra," I said.

 "Oh, yeah..." and she tensed. "I've heard about you. Why'd you help me?"

 There was a boy watching us, or rather, watching my pussy, so I said "You need something?"

 "Can I touch it?" He asked.

 "Not now," I said, then to her, "Nobody else was. You know, why'd you let him go for your face like that?"

 "Oh god, you saw that?" She asked.

 "Yeah, sure. Me and fifty other kids. At least..." I said "Guys just think they want that from watching porn, but trust me, suck on it while he cums next time - you'll stay cleaner and he'll cum better."

 "Hey you guys are gonna be late for class," the boy said.

 "Yeah let's go," I said. To the boy I said, "Catch me when I'm not busy sometime ok?"

 "Uh, sure," he said.

 When I walked into Creative Writing Ray was sitting there in his chair with a smug look on his face and a limp cock dangling between his legs. Sandra was glancing at it angrily, with a look that said 'who the fuck broke my toy?'

 I knew who, but I just kept my mouth shut and sat on the other side of Ray. Sandra shot me an accusing look and I was just about to play it up when I decided to test the peace I though she'd offered yesterday, "Don't look at me," I said.

 "Ms. Cabrera, while you're in The Program we all have every right to look at you as much and in any way we want," Mr. Turner said, proving just how un-cool he was. "Mr. Williams, it doesn't look like you'll be needing relief for once, so perhaps we can get started. Class, we've had a number of sexual 'demonstrations' this week, thanks to our two Program participants and our volunteer. I expect we will continue to see Ms. Beckett for the next month attired as she is today, and if any of the boys are selected perhaps we'll see some repeat performances. For today, I want you all to pick something from the week's sexual events and write on it until the end of class." Mr. Turner looked the three of us over before continuing. "You three come and sit up here, facing the class."

 "What's that about?" I whispered over to Ray as we moved our desks.

 When we were done he continued. "Think about seeing these three and what they've shown us this week. How did it make you feel? What about it stood out most for you? Which coupling was most erotic to you? As a last writing option, you can create a sex scene for something involving these three that did not happen in class, but write it as if it had." Then he looked to the three of us and said, "Your assignment is the same, but I want you up here for the class to see in order to help with their imaginations."

 So I sat there writing, along with everyone else. It took me a while to come up with something, but eventually I wrote about my feelings the first time Sandra beat me to Ray and the competition between us over him. As I wrote it I realized how stupid it was, given that I didn't even really like Ray, and I said as much at the end.

 When class was over Mr. Turner collected all our papers, quickly checked them off, then passed them back out. "Take that and revise it over the weekend. Don't worry too much about that, because once you're done there what I really want you to do is write a short sonnet from it. If you don't know what a sonnet is," and he looked right at me, "you can look it up on the internet."

 Yeah right, I'd need a computer for that. Maybe I could ask May.

 In the halls I found myself walking along with Sandra. "So you didn't get him?" She asked.

 "Naw, some girl gave him a blow job in the hall," I said. "He came all over her face and just walked off."

 "Guys..." she said. "What a jerk."

 "Yeah, that's what I said," I said.

 "Peace?" she gave me a long look as we stopped on the steps of the south entrance near the alley that cut through between the classes and the fields and gym.

 "Sure," I said, "I'll call off Melinda."

 "Oh god, she's a tough one," Sandra said, looking down at a scratch on her hips.

 "Yeah, who would've thought, she doesn't look it. I'll bet she could even kick my ass," I said. I wasn't about to say she'd already done it - in my bed no less, with her tongue.

 "Too bad we never did Ray together..." Sandra said.

 Where did that come from? "Well, he's not the only guy around," I said.

 "Excuse me girls?" a woman's voice said to our left. I turned and saw a naked woman with a pair of overalls draped over her shoulder. Oily overalls to match the grease stains on her face.

 "Yeah?" I said. I was a little annoyed at the interruption, but I liked the look of her - another girl not afraid to get her hands on grease work.

 "I'm looking for the administration building. I just got called in to substitute for..." she looked down at a piece of paper, "Mr. Carson's class."

 "Oh!" I said.

 "Yeah, I was told he's been let go, and they needed someone to fill while they looked for a replacement," she said while looking us over. "I love your piercing," she added to me.

 "Thanks," I said. Looking into her bush, I could see a faint glint of metal shining through - she had her own clit piercing.

 "You don't look like a teacher," Sandra said.

 She leaned in conspiratorially and said in a soft voice, "Actually I'm not, but don't tell anyone. They know, but I'm still working on my teaching credentials. I can sub though."

 "What're you planning to teach?" I asked. Pa'd told me how the whole credentials thing worked once.

 "Art, hopefully at the junior college, maybe metal shop or auto, but they never hire women for that." She that last bit with a frown on her face, one I knew well for she must've stolen it right off my face.

 "You start today?" Sandra asked.

 "Some of it," she said. "They've got an assembly or something after lunch, but he had an eighth period class I'll be taking. Might get to sixth if the assembly breaks early. I already missed the morning stuff, they were calling around all day from what I heard. I'm Jodi by the way, Jodi Waters. No relation to the singer."

 "The who?" I said. Sandra furrowed her brow in thought.

 "No, Pink Floyd," Jodi said.

 "Huh?" Sandra and I said together. Something about a flood?

 "Never mind," She said.

 "Well, I hope you're still here on Monday," I said. "I'll be in your class."

 "Oh!" she said, looking suddenly very nervous. "You're not..."

 "So they did tell you," I said.

 "What?" Sandra asked.

 "You think we had trouble," I said to Sandra, causing the woman to look us both over, "Mr. Carson didn't know the meaning of the word 'request'." For emphasis I ran my hands up and down, gesturing over my body.

 "Oh..." Sandra said.

 "Yeah, they told me that too, as a woman they said I'd have a class that might need an attitude adjustment," Jodi said.

 "Oh, administration is just down that way," I said, pointing down the alley past the overpass bridging the gym into the second floor of 'C' building. "You'll have to go around the corner."

 I watched her ass as she walked away, and Sandra sort of watched me. I guess she was unsure what to make of our new peace. "Good muscles," I said. "She must work out."

 "Why would a flood be pink, and how can anyone stand all that grease?" she said, I guess unaware that I was just like Jodi - except maybe the part about floods.

 Sandra split with me before the gym. We saw Ricky spanking Kitten really hard on the bench right out front. "Something I gotta do," Sandra said, before walking up to join them.

 Melinda was there in the gym waiting for me, and as I walked up she took me to her and gave me one of those kisses that took everything else away. I fell hard onto the bench in front of her locker and gasped out, "what the fuck..."

 "Hi," she said. Then she sat down next to me, leaned in as I put down my bag and whispered "you can deny it all you want, but you'll still come back for the kiss won't you?"

 I unclipped my dildo, put it in my bag which I held out and said, "Put that away will you?"

 She got up and put it in a locker, next to hers, and then as she shut the lock she said, "I heard about your civics class."

 "Oh," I said. I wondered if she'd get jealous, but she just smiled down at me. She probably thought she was managing to turn me - managing to get me to 'realize' who I really was if I remember how Pa put it.

 Was she?

 Sandra passed us on her way in to the gym, Melinda curled up a fist but I covered it and said to her in a quiet whisper; "she's trying to make peace now."

 I turned and watched her go by, her naked butt red with several hand prints. "You gonna let her?" Melinda asked.

 "For now, see if she's being real," I said.

 "She was trying pretty hard before," Melinda said as Sandra tossed her bag into a locker, put a lock on it and turned to look at us from across the room and a pack of boys. The boys were making it hard to get a good look, dividing their gawking between us. Clueless, they still didn't seem aware of the fight that'd been around them all week.

 "Yeah, maybe she's just got a new plan," I said. "Or maybe hearing about my Pa, she felt I wasn't who she thought she was taking on."

 "She thought she was taking on a stuck up bitch," Melinda said, and I turned to give her a good look. "It's what they say about you - mean bitch, always picks fights with people. Bet she thought she could score points taking you down."

 I looked over to where Sandra was pressed against a locker as a boy massaged her pussy. "Yeah well, if that's what she thought, she was probably right."

 "You're still my bitch though," Melinda said, lightly pinching my nipple.

 "Dangerous game to play girl," I said, talking about Sandra and Melinda both. "If I'd met you a week ago..."

 "Guess I got good timing. Come on," she grabbed my wrist and pulled me up. Holding hands we walked into the gym like two giggling school girls.

 Ms. Moore had a novel idea for getting boys to do splits. She paired us off with them and had everyone touch heels and hold the hands of their partners. With our legs spread out as far as we could go, we would try to stretch and if possible, go to a perfect split. Of course, if we could do so, the boys would manage to pull their dicks right up to our pussies.

 Yeah that got them motivated. I had some guy named Darrel I'd not paid any notice to before. He tried and tried as hard as he could, but he couldn't do it. "Maybe by the end of the semester you'll make it," I said. As for me, I was pretty limber, something you get from being a fighter, and I didn't have much trouble. He couldn't keep his eyes off my pussy spread out before him. When Ms. Moore had us take a break I let him touch it, and he pumped his fingers into me for a good minute before we had to get up and try out the uneven bars. The guys had to be kind of careful there, or so it seemed. They looked frightened about catching their dicks on the bars. Just to give him a hard time, I jacked off the boy in front of me in line, keeping it going until he had to go on the bars.

 Or at least I tried. Ms. Moore caught me twice. "Stop that Alandra, I don't want any spills on the mats. You can do that in the showers after class." It wasn't like he tried to stop me.

 In the last few minutes of class Ms. Moore called us all together on the mats to tell us about the assembly. "You'll get 15 minutes for lunch, use it well. Program students," she looked at me as well as Sandra, "will have to sit up in the front. The rest of you will have seating by grade. The assembly is going to run into sixth period as well."

 We left for the showers, and the boy I'd last jacked off in line came right up and got between me and Melinda, thrusting out his hips. "I'm ready," he said.

 I shoved him out of the way and stood next to Melinda. "I think he needs to be washed," I said, pointing to a boy hiding himself in the 'boys corner.' "You, need help over there?" I waved him over and giggled with Melinda as he brightened up and came bouncing over like a little puppy dog.

 "Hey! You gotta make me cum!" the boy from the line said, stepping forward to present his cock.

 "Learn some manners, or better, just fuck off," Melinda said to him.

 "I wasn't talking to you lezzie," the boy said.

 "Yeah? Well you're talking to my bitch," she said. Sandra looked up at that and arched her eyebrows, but Melinda and I just giggled as we started to soap down the shy boy together.

 "Fucking cunts," the boy said as he walked off towards Sandra.

 "Don't even think it," she said, talking a step towards Henry who gladly put a hand right on her left boob.

 Line boy looked back at us, or rather the boy we had between us and said, "I'm gonna kick your ass Ira."

 "Don't mind him," I said, rubbing soap into Ira's balls. "We'll take care of him."

 Melinda looked up and said, "We will? Oh, sure." She took Ira's hands and said to him, "Can you see if my pussy's dirty?"

 Being a guy, all he had to say was, "Shit yeah!" With lines like that, guys deserve to lose us to lezzies... Ira went to it on Melinda, running his hands all over and into her pussy. "Man it's so soft. I didn't think it'd be so soft," he said.

 "You've never done this before?" I asked.

 "Nah," and he looked down, "girls usually don't like me." Ira looked up at Melinda and said, "thanks for letting me..."

 "No, thank you," she said to him, kissing him on the forehead and almost making me jealous.

 It wasn't that we, or rather I, wanted Ira; I just wanted to be rid of the other asshole. We let him go for a few minutes, but we didn't want to miss lunch. I took his dick and jacked him off as hard as I could, figuring that once the boy came we could be done with him. It didn't take long, and when he started to buck I pointed it at the drain and let him go.

 "Oh... you girls are great," Ira told us when he was done.

 "Hey, don't be shy," I said before swatting his butt and sending him on out of the showers. We rinsed off and followed him out.

 "Well?" I asked.

 "No, he was pretty 'fumbly' down there, but I figured I'd encourage him anyway," Melinda said.

 "Figured that," I said, taking a towel and patting her down. I might not've been so nice. When I was done she took it from me and dried me off.

 When she got our bags she put my waist chain back on me, and I took 'teddy' and clipped him on to a little loop on the dildo, even though he was half as big. Then she grabbed my hand and said, "Let's find May."

 We found the gang pretty quick, in the usual spot. A few boys tried to stop us for posing requests, but Melinda told them she wasn't in the Program and pulled me away before I or they could get a word in. I wondered if I could get busted for that, or how they even kept track of these things. Melinda was just a girl without any clothes, sure to confuse a lot of people. I was in the Program, and May was a 'Program Volunteer.' Too many fucking categories, too easy to get messy with.

 May was trying to get Rubin to pull his pants down, and kept tugging at his belt. "Come on Rube, you gotta join us," she said as we walked up. With him sitting, it wasn't going to be easy.

 "Hey," I said over to Kevin as he turned away from a set of girls to watch us approach.

 "Hey," he said back, cupping his hands over our pussies and then trailing his fingers over as he pulled away. "You know him?"

 I looked over to see Paul chatting with Marcy, who was trying not to look at his cock sticking out of his jeans. "Oh, Paul, he's a freshman I keep bumping into in the halls. Got a thing for Marcy or someth'n."

 "You guys hungry?" Rubin called over, looking around May as she practically rubbed her tits in his face stumbling around his belt.

 "Spoilsport," May said. "Yeah, guess we gotta eat before this assembly bullshit."

 Fatima came running up, moved over to Marcy and then burst out with "Oh!" at the sight of Paul. No matter how much she saw, it never seemed to stop shocking her.

 "Ah!" Melinda and I both jumped as somebody goosed us - getting all the way into my vagina from behind. I spun around with murder in my eyes, but it was just Rick. "Hey watch it man!" I said; giving him a light stomach punch before hugging him to show it was all cool. I checked his fingers anyway, even though it was Rick, to make sure was clean.

 "What's up?" he said, watching me examine his hands.

 "Don't do that again," I said. "Ok, you're clean. Like I told his friend" -pointing to Paul- "on Monday, I don't need an infection."

 "Who's he?" Rick said, pointing in the same direction.

 "Freshman with a spot for Marcy; met him in the halls Tuesday. Friend of a kid with dirty hands who tried to Program me on Monday," I said to Rick's nod.

 "Man just shouldn't wear pants like that," he said, shaking his head. A naked Kevin raised his eyes looking at Rick who continued with; "So he's got it for Marcy, huh? She could use a good fuck if you ask me."

 "I dunno, those pants seem to be working just fine for him," I said to Rick, nodding over to where Marcy was giving Paul a blowjob as Fatima tried to act like the world didn't exist.

 Melinda licked her lips and said, "Too bad she's straight, I could so help with that." Rick looked down at us, and I realized she still had my hand. Blushing I stepped away, and Melinda seemed to shrink just a tad.

 "Hey guys," May said, taking Melinda's hand for herself and tugging. "We gotta get in line." She had Fatima in her other hand, who was trying to walk without looking. I noticed Paul had left, and wondered if Marcy would hook up with him again or not.

 "Poor little freshmen," Marcy said when she came over, wiping her hand across her mouth.

 "You know he's got it for you," I said. She just shrugged.

 With me packed in the middle, behind Kevin and the guys, and May and the girls behind - we managed to get through the line and get our food without any hassle or RR's. The food was the same shit as all week - but only half as much. I had some kind of veggie burger and a salad. May's burrito didn't look any better "Shit man, can't they even put lard in these beans?"

 "My English teacher said there's a big beef industry protest in Washington right now," Marcy said.

 "Yeah, I saw that on TV this morning," Rick said.

 "Don't they still sell to the fast food places?" I asked.

 "Not as much," Rick said, "and they're pissed over losing the schools."

 "What-fucking-ever..." Melinda said. She didn't catch Marcy, Kevin, Rick, and Rubin stop and look at me, nor me and May glare them back. Before, we'da never let some new kid talk like that to us, but she was different. Somehow I had a feeling that if it was Fatima, Marcy might stick up for her the same. Fatima in fact gave me a look and then nudged Marcy, who took a bite of her burger and grinned.

 "Let's get this shit over with," I said. "They want my ass up front or something. You too most likely." I looked over to May.

 "Cool," she said. May always liked being the center of attention, being on display. At least since the Program began, I still remembered the quiet May - the one who sat on the edge of our group watching me or Kevin until it was time to mix it up - to kick some ass with somebody like Mitch's crew. She was always my girl, my best friend, but there was a time she'd only talk when we were alone. Now you couldn't shut her up no matter what. Like, the girl would just run into any crowd and make a scene of herself. "Shit," May said. "What about my tits?"

 "Huh?" Rubin said, "Why?"

 "Everybody's gonna see em..." she said in a low voice.

 "May," I began, pinching onto her nipple, "they've been on display all week."

 "Yeah, but, not in front of everybody," she said. I looked out across the quad and all the kids milling about, what the fuck was she thinking anyway?

 Kevin just said, "May..." and made a sweeping gesture over the whole place.

 "It's not... It's not the same," she said in reply, scooting her butt back on the stone bench and hunching her shoulders down.

 When she moved her arms up to cover herself I cut in and said, "you're in the Program May, no covering. Remember that pamphlet." Her period must've been getting to her. If it was me, I'd be worried about -that- showing.

 With Lunch over we made our way across the quad to the local theater that doubled as our assembly hall. I'd seen teachers milling in there all through lunch, figuring they were getting the place ready. Magante must've gone in way ahead, and Ms. Mitchell was manning the door.

 "You're late," she said in a cold voice to me and May. "I understand you're a volunteer?" she looked over at May.

 "Late?" I said, looking behind us to the clock above 'C' building. "We still got one minute till lunch is over." None of the other kids had a made a move on the place and people were still hanging out in the quad.

 "Don't get smart with me young lady," she said. "Program students were supposed to report five minutes early."

 "Well, I didn't hear nothing 'bout that," I said. "Sides, I was sitting right over there..."

 "Don't make excuses with me, now get in there." She looked over the rest of the gang, stopping on Kevin and Melinda. "I don't have you two in my volunteer list."

 "We're not in it," Kevin said.

 "Don't talk back," Ms. Mitchell said to him. Melinda rolled her eyes so she added, "young lady... I'm warning you. You kids will have to get in line and wait." She motioned casually with a wave in my direction and said, "You two get in there, I'll deal with your tardiness and disrespect later."

 Inside and past the door May said, "What a bitch."

 "Yeah, I think she surprised Melinda." I said.

 "Poor girl, she's in for now, hanging with us," May said.

 We walked down the aisle and came up to a group of naked kids. I saw Sandra among them, along with everybody else who'd been in the Program meeting on Monday. There were only three more volunteers, and all but one of them girls.

 "You're late," Ms. Magante said; she had a sheen to her and smelled like a fresh shower. Her pussy was swollen, making me wonder...

 "Nobody told us we had to be here early," I said, hoping I didn't have to go through a repeat.

 "It's true," Sandra said. "Ms. Moore didn't mention it in gym."

 "When did that bitch start sticking up for us?" May whispered to me. Sandra gave her a wary look.

 "Remember yesterday?" I leaned in and whispered back, then nodded to Sandra.

 "Well, how did you know then?" Ms. Magante said to Sandra.

 "Ms. Mitchell stopped me in the lunch line when she saw I was nude," Sandra said.

 "That bitch," I said, and then quickly waved my hands and head no in Sandra's direction when she looked at me. I sort of half pointed behind me back to the door.

 Ms. Magante looked at her clipboard and whispered something, I think it was; "can't disagree with you there." She looked up to the group and said, "As I was saying, I need all the boys sitting here in the front" - she gestured over a roped off section - "and the girls in those chairs on stage."

 "What?" I said, or rather blurted out.

 "Program rules," she said. "Once a month we'll gather all the Program kids since the last assembly and hold a beauty contest with the girls."

 "That's fucked up," May said, cocking her hips as she put her hands on them.

 "Don't talk like that on campus, I don't wanna be forced into writing anybody up," Magante said, "for some stupid shit like a swear word. Now, I need you all to get to your places. For the girls, you're going to have to tell the school a little about how it made you feel to be in the Program. After each of you gives a little speech, we move on to voting. Before that I'll be talking a little about the Program, and afterwards the Principal will have some words for the school."

 Why did she look right at me when she mentioned him anyway... She better not say nothing.

 "Must be part of that whole 'girls and boys are different' bs," I said to May as we followed the line up onto the stage. The chairs were arranged in one long single curved line and I ended up sitting between Sandra and May.

 "It's cool?" Sandra whispered over to me as we watched the school file in.

 "Sure, but watch out for my gang until I can speak to them," I said back before poking May in the arm to get her attention.

 "They're all looking at my tits aren't they?" she mumbled back. The look in her eyes worried me - wide and open, staring at the whole school as they watched her.

 "May, it's cool ok?" I said.

 She looked over at Sandra and said, "Yeah sure" with a roll of her eyes that really said 'you need to explain that shit to me.'

 As we watched, I saw my gang all come and sit just behind the Program boys. As soon as they did I saw Rick put his hands down in Melinda's lap - given her state of undress and the sudden look on her face it was obvious she wasn't going to be paying much attention. But then Kevin on her right sat up straight all sudden like; looking over to Marcy on his right. That lasted for a minute until a teacher came over and said something - causing them all to slouch down and nod their heads.

 Principal Harrison came out and tapped the mike a few times before saying "Good afternoon everyone and welcome to the end of the first week of school."

 As he was saying that some geek with a camera came around and gave us little slips of paper - some kind of ticket or coupon to get a free photo journal of our week in the Program. Wait a second, they'd been photographing me? I watched as he moved away from us all and started going with his camera from the edges of the stage, wondering just what pictures he had on me, or worse, on May.

 "Somebody needs a busted camera," I muttered.

 "It's digital, perv's probably already got it online," Sandra whispered back.

 "Damn, she's right," May said.

 Ms. Magante passed us and went over to the mike. Harrison stepped back, giving her nude body a once over that lingered on her ass. Was he banging her too, or just hoping to?

 "Wonder what she's gonna say?" Sandra whispered into the air. I just shrugged. It might be cool, but it wasn't chummy.

 "Hello everyone," She said into the mike. "We're going to do this monthly, but the period will change around to be fair on your classes. I want to talk to you about the Program and about school in general, and then we're going to have us a little contest." With that last bit she smiled and then turned to look over all us girls.

 I looked out across the assembly, into a theater that could seat maybe three or four thousand. It was almost full. I hear they say you can't see the audience when you're on stage, that the lights blind you to them. Well either my eyes were very good, or that was complete bullshit - I could see faces all the way to the back row. With fifteen naked girls and Ms. Magante showing her stuff up here, everyone was paying attention - or at least all the boys. Little thing I'd learned from Pa - even gay men liked looking at pussy, they just didn't admit it and knew how to get away with it better. I felt like crossing my legs for the first time all week.

 Ms. Magante was saying some shit about how the Program would foster greater communication, lower stress, and promote healthy sexuality. I didn't catch it all, cause I wasn't really paying attention and I was thinking of that new shop teacher. She was sitting a row over from the Program boys and I could swear she was playing with herself.

 Magante said something about only having two suspensions for fighting since the Program began, and half the eyes turned to me and May up here - the second one had been us after all, late last year when we jumped some kid who gave us lip. May gave me a low 'high-five' and stuck her tongue out at the assembly. Some of the boys up front giggled, or whatever you call it when boys do it, and Magante paused for a second as one of the other senior girls ­ Kelly McPherson ­ gave us an annoyed look from behind those perky tits of hers she was trying to get everyone to see.

 Just to give her shit I winked at her, rubbed my clit, and licked my lips. The little bitch stuck her nose in the air as all the Program guys in the front started swiveling heads back and forth, but then she stopped and looked down at herself. As Magante continued she started doing herself right there on the stage in a really slow steady pace.

 Ms. Mitchell started to go over, but Harrison held her arm and they started whispering at each other with scowls.

 "...which will then encourage people to take better care of their bodies, promoting physical health and fitness for everyone. So you see, the Program goes beyond just being Naked in School," Magante continued from something I hadn't heard. "We're building a new society, a new way of looking at life, without sexual oppressions, without the inter gender conflict that comes with that, and one focused on a freer expression of love and equality throughout our culture. This is just the beginning kids, as you grow into adulthood you'll likely see more and more changes. We as a nation are trying to change ourselves, to become focused less on ourselves, less on the ethnic and familial bondings of our tribal past that breed conflict, and more on the greater society ­ on the human race as the protectors and providers for our planet rather than its cancer."

 Wow, she was laying the shit on thick, but she seemed to be reading from something, and with the odd glances I got of it I could see print and a letterhead. This came down from on high. Pa would love it, I was seeing one of his conspiracies in action.

 "What is this bullshit?" May whispered over.

 "Fuck if I know," I said. "I think..." but then I saw Ms. Mitchell looking over at us so I just nudged May and nodded my head over.

 "...Well, with that, let me hand you all back over to Mr. Harrison," Magante finished. Damn, I needed to pay attention more often. With that, from behind the podium where only us girls, Harrison, and Mitchell could see she dug a finger right into her slit just as she turned and used the same hand to shake Harrison's. She didn't so much walk as saunter her shaking ass off to the opposite end of the stage from Ms. Mitchell, who was just shaking her head and rolling her eyes.

 Mr. Harrison followed her with a gaze as half the boys in the auditorium shifted around, then he took the mike off its stand and started pacing.

 "We're going to have a little contest. I'm sure you remember them from last year. The rules are simple; each girl will walk back and forth across the stage, and then come up to the mike were she will get one minute to tell us what she thought of being in the Program and convince you to vote for her. Now we're going to keep it simple, and do a vote by clapping afterwards. Ms. Mitchell will handle that," Harrison said. "Why don't we start on this end?" and he moved to a freshman girl I didn't know. "Kristy, are you ready?"

 "Uh... um, yeah. I guess so," she said nervously. She paced the stage. Small underdeveloped breasts, a budding red bush, and big overgrown nipples. I saw Melinda lick her lips and tug on her own nipples. That explained last night and what she did to May, who was managing an Asian's best version of a blush right then. Probably thinking of the same thing I was. Kristy tried her best to play beauty pageant, giving some speech about love, world peace, and fuzzy animals. When she was done she tried a naked curtsy -which looked really odd and out of place- and we started going down the list. Cindy and Kitten both fumbled through trying to say something, but people cheered Kitten anyway as they saw the red of her rear. When they got to Kelly I figured out why she'd started doing herself. Her pussy was puffed up and red and every guy close enough to see sat up at attention, even Kevin, Rick, and Rubin. After pacing she took the mike and sat her ass down on the stage, doing the splits to show her cunt off as she started in and finished herself off ­ cumming right there in front of everybody. All she said was "pick me," while dry humping the stage. Then she got up sauntered over, and gave the mike to the next girl.

 May didn't do any somersaults or anything, she just paced through and then said "yeah, you know, whatever."

 That put the mike in my hands. I took it, gave May a pat on the shoulder when I noticed the look on her face. Poor girl had cramps-which she didn't usually get that bad-no wonder. I gave Harrison a dirty look, and he returned one that looked a little frightened. No, I wasn't going to spill the secret, I just did a quick pacing and then said "that good enough?" I looked out over the school and spoke into the mike "You know, this is totally full of it. Why aren't the guys up here? Am I the only one who thinks this different but equal stuff is total sh... stupid?"

 I gave the audience a hard look, and I noticed something. Something that made me think about the week and every time we'd gone out. "You know, they keep talking about some new society, some great change or something, but looking at all of you, you all look pretty much the same as ever. My cunt's been out here on display all week, I've fucked..." Ms. Mitchell gave a cough and I looked at her. "Well, that's what its called. I've been with a lot of you, more than normal for sure. I've noticed my share of naked people at the mall or on the street. Sure, we're the first people you see nowadays, but honestly; most of you are still clothed." I shrugged. "Sure, some sh..., stuff has changed. But most people are just trying to cope with a few freaks and those of us forced to be naked." I looked at Mr. H and said, "well, that's all I got." I sat down and watched the rest of the girls go through it.

 Sandra gave me a look, the sort that said 'what am I supposed to follow that with?' She did a few wrestling poses and splits and then just said, "hey, pick me if you want, or don't."

 It went on, most people ignored my outburst. Kelly was pissed at the end when she didn't get picked. Some junior name Marianne got picked. She was the girl who'd said I had AIDS at the bins before school. She had a shaved pussy like me and the biggest tits in the crowd-the kind that made you wonder how she stood up. That figured I guess, and she actually did say some nice stuff about school spirit for those who cared, all while diddling herself for the boys. Mr. H gave her a light swat on the behind when he congratulated her, and since she'd been going at it again her fingers kind of popped out as she said "Oh!" when he did it, causing several of us girls to giggle.

 That man was having just a little too much fun with all this. Still, who could blame him, it's not like I was complaining about the attention or the naked boys. Or even, girls like Melinda.

 Just before the assembly broke Magante took the stage again with a set of signs she put up on a projector screen. "I'm sure you've all noticed a few women on the streets taking advantage of the new laws on nudity, as well as teens such as yourselves. You should also know that any place that is private property does not have to allow you to go nude, and some of them can require you, women like me, and even men to go nude or more." A lot of people started murmuring at that, and I could see a surprised look on Harrison's face.

 "Ever since the beginning of the idea of a home, if I owned it I could make anyone who came over take off their clothes. Of course, before today most people would just," and she held up her fingers in quote signs "avoid the crazy lady's house," but now with the Program and the new laws nudity and nudist hangouts are going to start getting more and more common." She turned to point at the giant screen above and behind those of us on the stage.

 "This sign means a place is Program friendly. If you see it, you can expect to be allowed to go in nude and get a clean spot if you're expected to sit down." The sign looked just like the picture on the Program Pamphlet, but done as a drawn graphic. "If it has a plus sign over it," the image changed to match, "it means the place follows Program rules. Students in the Program will be required to stick to the Program rules while in such a place ­ which includes reasonable requests from anyone within the same general age range as you. However it is illegal for anyone over twenty one who's five years or more older to touch you sexually."

 "Huh?" I blurted out. What about the age of consent changes?

 "Age of consent has changed, but not to let the adults jump on you kids, just to keep you from getting arrested for jumping each other. When I was your age, half the boys in my school should have been sent to prison for what I let them do." She paused for nervous laughter from us all. I saw Harrison shifting around nervously and casting glances my way. I still had that tissue at home, just in case...

 "Ok, now, if a place has this sign but with a red slash like this," and the picture changed again, "it means nudity is not allowed inside. It's private property folks, and we can't force them. They don't even have to put up this sign, but if they don't I encourage you to keep hassling them until they make it obvious where they stand. I know I sure will." She paused for a bit then went on. "Everywhere you go that's public or government owned is Program Friendly. A few public places might end up becoming Program Mandatory as well. I think the local library and City Hall both are." She looked back at us on the stage before saying; "Remember, your Program week ends at the beginning of school Monday morning, not at the end of the day today. Anyplace that puts up the sign with the plus can get a list with pictures from the regional Program office. I know I sent one over to the mall here in town this morning."

 Oh shit... the mall? Well, I was planning on staying mostly nude anyway, but the requests might be a bitch. A lot of people knew we hung out at the mall. I wondered why City Hall though, who the heck would be going there?

 "Some places that are mandatory are places none of you might ever go, but remember; I'm in the Program everyday I go to work, and you may not have noticed it, but I'm subject to the same reasonable requests as the kids I manage, but instead of all of you, it's your teachers and the rest of the staff here that get me." A lot of people laughed at that. Me, I knew I'd seen her looking freshly fucked or showered a few times, and maybe that answered it. She added; "A lot of jobs are even requiring nudity for some of their workers, and they can use one week a year of the Program rules for that as well, even though the men can't be nude in public." She shook her head at that last part. "I'm only in it everyday because I -am- the Program as far as all of you are concerned."

 I wondered what would happen if a company tried to use more than just a week. She put up a graphic with all three signs on it, and then Harrison took over to give some parting crap about school spirit, having a great year, cheering the fucking football team, studying your ass off, drugs, and respecting each other and especially the naked students before letting us all go.

 The assembly broke halfway into sixth period, so they only gave us half the usual time to get to class, five minutes, normally ten since the Program started. I met with the gang outside before splitting off for the remains of Metal shop, but all we had time to do was say 'well that was weird' to each other before splitting all across the school.

 Walking across the quad, I saw Bud banging into Kristy doggystyle in the doorway to 'A' building. Friend three looked up from the other side of them and nodded to me, so I figured I could forget about them.

 We only had maybe 25 minutes of class for Metal when I got there, so the sub wouldn't exactly be doing anything other than an introduction.

 Ms. Jodi Waters was written on the board when I walked in, and she was standing there naked and looking us all over a bit nervously. "Sit down anywhere you want," she said to me as I came in. That was new, and I really didn't have any idea where to sit, so I just took a blank table across from Jennifer's. Close enough she could say what she had to, but far enough she couldn't handle me. For her part Jennifer was so drawn to the site of Ms. Waters that she barely noticed me enter.

 A few more people walked in, and a guy paired up with Jennifer before she had a chance to get her things and join me. I noticed Mr. Carson's nephew watching me with a mean glare from across the room. "Hello everyone, my name is Ms. Jodi Waters and I'll be filling in for next few weeks, maybe longer if they don't find a full timer."

 "So Mr. Carson is gone?" The boy paired with his nephew said without raising his hand.

 "Well I haven't really been filled in on that, they just called me this morning," Ms. Waters lied. I only knew that for a lie from what she'd said to me earlier outside the gym.

 "Man, that's messed up. He was the only teacher who knew how the Program's supposed to work," the same boy said. Carson's nephew Raymond nodded. I quietly put them both on my kill list.

 "Ok everyone, I'm sure this is a bit of a shake up for all of you, but we're going to get through it. There's not much time for a class today and I was called at the last minute so I don't have your lesson plan yet. Can anyone tell me what you were working on?" Ms. Waters said, scanning the room with her eyes.

 I raised my hand and when she picked me I said, "we were building boxes, he had the plans over there yesterday." I pointed at a drawer behind her. Raymond's look to me got even meaner. What, was I supposed to let her fail?

 "Ok," she dug around but came up empty. "Well, they're not here today, maybe we can..."

 The door opened, and Ms. Magante walked in. The two of them gave each other the once over and smiled. "Sorry to interrupt," Magante began, then moved over to Ms. Waters and addressed her directly. "Hi, I'm Yasmine," she said.

 "Jodi", Ms. Waters said back. They shook hands.

 "I put all the materials the students had out yesterday in cabinet 'B'. Here are the shop keys, sorry I missed your meeting with Harrison earlier," Magante said. "Stop by my bungalow later on will you?"

 "Certainly," Ms. Waters said. Magante left us after that, with a glance to me and then Raymond.

 "Well I guess we're in luck," Ms. Waters said. She opened the cabinet and called us over to identify whose project belonged to who, raising her eyes when I never went to claim anything and Raymond was the only one to claim a project as solely his. She put sticky tabs with names on them for each project. Then she counted the lesson plans mumbling something about making extra copies.

 "Are we gonna do any work today?" Jennifer asked.

 "No, I think today I'll just have each of you tell me what brought you to this class." She looked up at the clock and added, "there's not much time for anything else."

 We went around the room, with Jennifer mentioned her interest in sculpture, art, and cars again. Me, I was an auto mechanics nut, which it turned out was the same for Ms. Waters. A couple of the boys were the same, and we all complained about not having auto shop anymore. Ms. Waters told us what I already knew; with cars being so computerized they couldn't afford an auto shop in a public school. Raymond just said "...'cause..." when it came to his turn, and didn't elaborate. I could tell he was working up a plan to get even for what, in his mind, I had done to his uncle.

 After that class was pretty much over, and she sent us on our way. Jennifer tried to come up to me, but Raymond cut her off and got in my space with; "your ass is dead bitch."

 "Funny, I was thinking the same thing," I said, but then Ms. Waters stepped into the hall and looked at us. Raymond backed off, and I turned around and walked away. She'd looked like she wanted to chat with me, and if she wasn't my teacher I would'a wanted to do the same. A big improvement over Carson, as long as Raymond didn't spoil it.

 I ran into Rick, Marcy and Fatima in the halls on my way, about halfway to Algebra. They were chatting at the bottom of the stairs in the middle of 'C' building.

 "I need a piss," Marcy said. "Come with?" she added to Fatima and I.

 "I'll catch you guys in class," Rick said. The restrooms were all mixed these days, and most guys would'a tried to come along to get a view.

 That made me think of something. "Hey they took off the stall doors didn't they?" I said.

 "Not at the one on the end of the hall," Fatima offered.

 "Oh yeah," I said. I took Marcy's hand and we made our way through the crowd. People were giving me space, I think what I said on stage made them a bit angry at me.

 We came in off the quad from the east end, near where administration met 'C' building, right on the corner of the bathroom where May and I'd met Mandy on Wednesday.

 "Well shit!" Marcy said as we all saw the rope around the 'Wet Floor' sign. I peered in, and it looked like somebody'd ripped out half the bathroom.

 "Ladies," a male voice said from behind. Turning I saw a guy maybe about Magante's age in jeans, stained music t-shirt, and a yellow hard hat. He had a half eaten sandwich in one hand. "They finish up in there?" He nodded off in the general direction of the theater.

 "Uh, yeah," Marcy said, looking up at him. "What the fuck's up in here?"

 He was looking straight at me, or rather moving from my tits to my cunt and back. "Huh? Oh, yeah ­ sorry about that. Contract was supposed to be done before the school year but we got held up at City Hall. We're putting in bedays and squatting toilets for you naked kids." He gestured at my pussy. "Nice ring," he said, stepping over the rope and picking up a powered screwdriver.

 "Well shit!" Marcy said again.

 "Hey, they removing the stall doors in here too?" I called in.

 "Yeah," he said. "Then we're gonna put these things in about half the restrooms and the gyms," he followed with a wave to an open shipping crate. "Should be mostly done by Monday."

 "What's a squatting toilet?" I asked the others as we walked away.

 "I think it's just a fancy hole in the floor, so you don't touch anything ­ you just squat down," Fatima said. We found another restroom on the second floor, Marcy had us stand around the stall with our backs to her to keep people from watching.

 "Hey girl, am I gonna be staring at your butt again all next week?" Marcy called out.

 "I dunno, I kinda like it," I said.

 "You should wear something after the Program," Fatima said. "It's..."

 "Yeah, but, well... we're all different," I said with a shrug.

 We got to class just as the bell rang, with the others taking seats Rick had held. Mr. Dennison smiled at me as I sat on his desk facing him with my legs slightly spread. "You want me?" I asked, then realized how that sounded in my current state of undress and added with a blush, "up on the board?"

 He gave me a stick of chalk and told me to have at it, adding a little pat on the behind to get me going. Men... We did a review of the week's lesson, and I got chalk all over myself again. Fifteen minutes before class was over he sent Marcy and some other kids to get a couple small towels wet. "Looks like we need to clean you up," he said. I watched them come in with the towels and thought, the little pervert planned this didn't he? He knew I'd make another mess.

 He let me pick two boys to wipe me down, and made sure to help them out. One of them paid too much attention to down below, so I took his hand off the towel and put his finger in me myself. "If you wanna do it, do it," I said as he started pumping my pussy. I staggered over and laid down on the table.

 "Add another finger," I told him, "and speed it up." I started bucking on his fingers, and looking to my side I saw Fatima turning away in horror. Poor girl, she was gonna see a lot more than this before the year was out. I'd have to talk to her, make sure she knew just what kind of friends she'd made. Mr. Dennison was rubbing my tummy with a towel so I reached up and tapped his arm to get his attention. "This is getting out..." I started, then moaned as the boy pumping my pussy added his thumb to my clit.

 Mr. D stepped back, looking me over. "You want them to stop?" he asked. I shook my head no and he added, "consider this a gift, for being a fun sport this week." He moved away and addressed the class, "OK everybody, class is over, you can watch or you can go."

 At that point I realized the boy on my tits was Rick. "Hey there," I said, cupping his dick through the jeans.

 "Hey," he looked in my eyes, then took my nipples in his fingers and gave a light tug right after the boy on my pussy worked all four fingers in, no longer able to keep his thumb on my clit.

 "Oh... Oh shit!" I turned my head and saw Fatima pulling Marcy out of the room. I was left to trusting Rick, and I guess Mr. D if things got out of hand. Speaking of which, there'd been a third boy at some point, and I tried to to find him from my position lying there on the table.

 The boy pumping me pulled away, and I saw the last boy moving in with his dick poking out. "No," I said, pushing lightly with my foot.

 "Come on baby, you know you'll like it," he said, still stepping forward.

 "She said no," Mr. D and Rick said together, both in those stern voices guys use when they're about to start pushing their way.

 "OK, OK," he said, backing off with arms up. He looked kinda funny with his dick still hanging out, till I realized he was gonna try to rape me if the others hadn't objected.

 "Mr. D," I said, sitting up. "I'm done." I took a long hard look at the third boy. Clayton I think, if I remembered his name right. He was going on my list, one notch higher than where I'd put Raymond.

 About half the class had cleared out, and the rest started getting up when I did. "You cool?" Rick asked, putting a hand on my thigh as he stood next to me while I sat on the edge of the desk. Mr. D was picking up chalk, and Clayton and the other boy were gone.

 "Sure, but he's on the list," I said as I leaned into Rick, "But not right away."

 "Consider it done," he said. We had a system like that, give it a few weeks and somewhere, at some time off campus Clayton would let his guard down and we'd jump him. Beat the shit out of that punk and teach him a lesson in respect. If somebody put you on the list only they could take you off, and unless they did any one of us could get your ass. Which reminded me of something. "Oh, Sandra's off."

 "Yeah, I saw you talking to her. Figured something was up," he said.

 The bell rang, so I gave Mr. D a hug and we made to take off.

 "I'll miss your new wardrobe," he said. "Maybe we'll get lucky in here again next week." His gaze moved over to a spot where a couple girls I didn't know sat.

 "I might stay this way," I said, then sauntered out of the room with a good bit of ass wiggle just to work him up. I'll bet he was wishing men could beat off in public like I could after that.

 "I'll see you after school?" Rick said as we parted in the halls.

 "Sure," I told him, not like it was even really a question, the gang always got together Fridays. "Albatross!" I called, then spun around to the sight of a boy getting sucked a few feet away by some gothy girl in a skirt while 'skirtless girl' from lunch on Tuesday watched them and didled herself, being still bottomless. In fact, she'd gone the way of the knicker gang in fashion with her knickers clipped at mid thigh.

 "Getting in a good last day?" I asked the boy as I walked by. Skirtless gave me a familiar nod.

 "Oh yeah, but if I cum anymore I'm gonna be sore," he said. Now that's a funny problem to have I guess.

 I saw Jennifer on my way to biology. Halfway down the hall she had this haunted look as she stood there and watched me as I walked up. I didn't have much other option, she was in my way. "Hey," I said, hoping to get past without much hassle.

 She held her head down, not looking at me, and just kind of sighed out, "hi..."

 I took her chin and lifted her head up. "Look, not everybody can be together OK? Hang in there... and, get away from your brothers."

 "Can I?" She started something, then sort of dropped off.

 "How about a hug?" I took her in and held her for a minute, not stopping her when she started to squeeze my ass, nor when her hand went down through the crack and onto my pussy. Not exactly Program standard, but I figured I'd let her feel good for a bit. When I pulled away I saw May standing in the hall a few feet away, unusually untouched by any guys at the moment. "You're a full on lezzie, aren't you?" I asked Jennifer in a whisper.

 She nodded her head. "What am I gonna do?" she asked. I had a feeling her brothers might get really nasty when they figured it out.

 "Hang in there girl. Friends?" I said.

 "Sure." But the sad look on her face betrayed her. This one was trouble, and she'd probably be that way for me for a while.

 "What up with her?" May asked as we walked into biology and sat near Kevin. One of the other girls in class was tugging on his cock while he fingered her. Everyone else was getting undressed.

 "Jennifer?" I nodded to the door. "I think she's in love with me."

 May put a finger to her lips, pausing for a bit before saying simply, "huh."

 I sat down in my usual spot to the right of Kevin. May had to edge the girl working his dick away to get her spot.

 "Hey! That was going good for me," he said to May.

 She just took his cock in her hand and started pumping it hard. He ended up spurting out into the middle of the room just as Ms. Lippmann sat down a foot from where it landed, grinning at us.

 "Well, I see some of us are ready," Ms. Lippmann said, before giving me a guilty look. "Why don't you two continue. Kevin, May come up here. I want you to ride him till one of you cums," she said to May. Given that Kevin had gone soft, that might take a while. "Then Kevin, you mount her from behind."

 Man she was getting crazy or something... She got up and took a dildo off her desk, running it along the lips of her pussy. "Come on you two, get on up here. The rest of you form a daisy chain."

 "A what?" a guy on the opposite end of the room said.

 "Everyone turn to the person on their left and get in a position where you can orally sex them," she said. "When we've all cum, we'll talk about the week and then go on to a lecture on the difference between men and women."

 May went up to her and whispered in her ear. "Oh..." Ms. Lippmann said, then whispered something back and waved Kevin in close.

 I saw him nod and shrug, and then say "Yeah, course I knew."

 They whispered some more and I saw May shaking her head no with a serious blush. I got up and went over. "What's up?" I asked

 "Alandra you need to sit down, we're having a private conversation," Ms. Lippmann said.

 "Uh Uh! I don't think so, you owe me one. What are you doing to her?" I said, taking May to me.

 "She wants me to model my period," May said into my ear.

 Most of the other kids weren't paying us much attention. A couple kids not making nice with a teacher might be news most days, but she'd had them start fucking with each other first.

 "We're doing sex-ed after all. Talking about menstruation was scheduled for next Wednesday, but we have a perfect opportunity here," Ms. Lippmann said, a little louder than I would have liked when I saw a couple girls look up wide eyed for a second.

 I shook my head and said, "Can't you people leave us alone? Why'd you call her up to the middle anyway?"

 Ms. Lippmann gave an instinctive shrug and said, "you two seemed to be headed that way," she nodded to May and then Kevin. "Its a good way to lead in for the activity I'd planned."

 "She don't wanna be a demonstration, she doesn't have to," I said to Ms. Lippmann, giving her a hard stare.

 "Fine, but don't push it Alandra. I may owe you, but I won't let you run all over the class," Ms. Lippmann said after looking me up and down.

 "Cool, I can deal with that," I said. "May, go sit down."

 "But it would really help to have a model for this. A lot of girls are gonna get hit with May's situation. Especially when we start getting more month long volunteers," Lippmann said.

 "Yeah what's up with that?" I said. "Why not make it three weeks, or allow a week off or something?"

 Lippmann shrugged and said, "your guess is as good as mine. I think they wanted to see how we'd deal with this situation. This volunteer thing is new, May's the first girl to be on her period for it."

 "You know, I could do it," May said.

 "May..." I gave Lippmann a nasty look, "well, you've managed to press your point. I ain't gonna forget that."

 "May, why don't you have a friend help for this?" Ms. Lippmann said, looking at me. Pushing it, or trying to cool it down, I wasn't sure.

 "A.C.?" May said with a look at me.

 "Fine," I said, to Lippmann. "What do we gotta do?"

 "Kevin, go run to nurse Magee's and get the other students, this lecture can be mixed." She gave him a swat on the behind, a quick note, and said, "hurry! We've missed five minutes already." She then looked around the room and called out, "Class! Class! Change of plans, today we're going to cover one of the basic facts of the reproductive system, and we thankfully have a live model for it." Lippmann went around the room clapping her hands and getting people to pull apart. She was really gonna do it.

 It was a strange class to be sure; Lippmann had to run around digging out some charts and notes she'd planned for next week. After the other kids arrived and got over the shock of seeing us all naked we got going. The guys were definitely -not- turned on by the sight of May in her condition. That was a first, she was usually a magnet for their attentions.

 Still, they seemed to learn a lot, and even we picked up a few things. it seemed there was less spookiness going around at the end of it. A lot of people were talking about sex during your period, or at least Lippmann was trying to get them to.

 Most of the guys seemed to find it gross, but Kevin surprised me with; "I'd do it. Not that I'm -into- that, but I could deal with it." After that a couple other guys nodded, but some of the boys and girls both still thought it was gross.

 Lippmann had said though, that for many women it helped with cramps, and for some it was even more intense. That all got May's attention, and she started watching Kevin closely. "Go for it," I told her. "He said he'd do it, maybe it'll help."

 Ms. Lippmann had me posing her all through the class, posing while she pointed stuff out and talked about differences. Not that there was much to see, May must've cleaned herself before class. At the end of it she had me put a new tampon in her - a couple times actually, till we managed to show off the process to everybody, and then we went to wash up.

 "Why'd she wanna see that?" May asked me after using a wet paper towel on herself.

 "Ow, doesn't that scratch? Shit if I know," I said. "Maybe she wanted guys to see what it's like."

 "Yeah, but that just spooks them. Doing it like that. They need softer towels, gotta get these so wet they're useless. You done?" She said as I pulled away from the faucet.

 "I hate these automatic things, they're always shutting off if your hands aren't just right," I said. "Give me a second." I grabbed one of the scratchy towels, recycled paper.

 "I'm packing my own towels next week. Sides, then I don't have to sit on those cold chairs," May said.

 "Good idea." I nodded and we took off.

 When we got back the other kids were still there. Lippmann has us sit down in the circle, and the kids who'd been with Nurse Magee were all stuck in a bunch on the other end whispering to each other and pointing in turns at the rest of us naked kids. Comparing features from the gestures I saw.

 "I want everyone to get into groups of six and talk about what we've seen today and what we've learned this week," she told the class. She sat down with the clothed kids who'd been away, and I heard her asking them how it was going over with the nurse.

 My group had May, but not Kevin. The three guys with us scooted away from May, like they could 'catch it' if they got too close. If anyone was going to 'catch it,' it would be me next week.

 "What about you, when do you get it?" Krista, the girl with us asked me.

 "Can't we talk about something else?" one of the boys, Rich, said with a quick glance at May's crotch.

 I ignored him and confessed to next week. Krista claimed for week after that, and asked me what I'd do in class.

 "Oh shit, this goes for two weeks doesn't it?" I said. "Maybe I'll get lucky; it usually comes later in the week."

 "So wasn't this week just wild?" the boy to Rich's left said, trying for a new subject.

 "Yeah man, I can't believe they let us fuck all these bitches," Robert, the last boy said. That got all three of us girls to stop and give him a nasty look. "Hey I'm just being honest." Rich rolled his eyes looking at Robert.

 "Learn some respect," May said.

 "Yeah, no shit," Krista said, then turned to cut all three guys out of our circle. We tried to ignore them after that.

 Lippmann eventually came over to check on us, so I just asked her what we were up for next week. "What'll we do when the rest of us hit our cycles?"

 "You know I'm gonna have to think about that. It's rather odd that May was the only one this week," Lippmann said. She left us for the next batch after that.

 "What's up with that?" Rich said. "What'd she mean?"

 "What? Weren't you paying attention?" I said.

 "Man that whole class was gross," he said, dismissing us with a wave.

 "Like I said, I dunno what Lippmann was thinking," May said, waving a hand in the air. "There's no point, guys are just stupid. Get what you need from 'em," she made a gesture of sex, "but don't expect 'em to ever have brains."

 "Huh," Robert said. "And they say we need to learn respect."

 "Whatever," May said.

 "She's just PMS'ing," Rich said.

 "How could I be Pre-MS'ing if I've already got it?" May said.

 "May..." I said, seeing that look in her eyes, the one that said it was time for a fight.

 May put up her hands and said, "I'm cool, dunno about caveboy here though."

 "Whatever," Rich said.

 "Pussy ain't got no brains man," Simon, the last guy with us, said. "Say we think with the head below, well, at least we got a head..."

 "Hah, no shit man," Rich said.

 "Well I'll tell you one thing," I said to May. "With an attitude like that, all the pussy in the world won't help him."

 Class wrapped somewhat anticlimactically. We'd all heard of Fridays in bio from last year, with Ms. H., and before May happened it seemed Lippmann would continue tradition. Maybe next week, when this whole seminar ended, or whenever we got another Program kid.

 That was it for a week of school, running around with my ass on display for this Program. May, Kevin, and I made our way out and over to the bins. We were a little late getting out of bio so there was already a crowd milling around and making a scene when I got there.

 Marianne, the girl who'd won at assembly, was on the steps holding court, with a crowd of boys gathered around trying to compete for her attention. "What makes her so special?" May said to me.

 "Fuck if I know, I've never seen her before today. She's a junior right?" I said.

 "Yeah," Kevin said. "She's in one of my classes. I think she's on the student council too. Part of the 'in' crowd."

 "Whatever, little wannabe goth bitch if you ask me," May said. She was clearly in a mood.

 "That's just cause she's naked," Kevin said, not picking up on May's mood. "Her hair's just black far as I know."

 "Well, I gotta find my shit, see you guys at the car" I said as I went for the bins. I watched May and Kevin disappear into the crowd. May wasn't up to her usual antics, and Kevin cleared her space while getting his goods handled by the girls on hand.

 "It better all be there too," I said, reaching the bins. I gave a few kids gathered around nasty looks, and got a space cleared for me. I found my shawl. I'd tied all my stuff together, but it was all that was left intact. Somebody'd cut my bra and jeans in half and run off with the left side of each. I should have left it all in Kevin's car, those jeans were expensive. "Ok, who the fuck cut my stuff?" Suddenly everybody had somewhere else to look. I grabbed a kid at random, some geek I'd seen around; "You wanna live, you're gonna talk."

 "Hey man, I don't know what happened, honest," he said.

 "Is there a problem here?" Ms. Mitchell said from over my shoulder. Where the fuck did she come from? When I turned around the geek was gone.

 "Yeah; look what happened to my clothes," I said, holding up my jeans.

 "You should be more careful," she said. "And if you threaten another student I'll have you suspended. I should have you expelled."

 "Hey I'm the victim here, who's gonna pay for this, and what the hell am I supposed to wear?" I said, tossing down my ruined jeans.

 "Don't you sass me young lady," she said. "And pick that up."

 "Yeah, sure." I bent over to get my clothes and somebody must've come out of nowhere cause I got goosed good. And when your naked, that's a fucking finger all the way up your ass. I spun around fast to see the backs of a group of laughing boys. "You fuckers are dead!" I yelled out, jumping up.

 "Young lady, that's it! You're suspended for a week, and if I have my way, Mr. Harrison will expel you," Ms. Mitchell called out.

 "But, they fucking goosed me," I said.

 "I didn't see anything," she said.

 "Well, I did," Ms. Magante said stepping around the other woman. "And you can ignore that suspension Alandra." She gave Ms. Mitchell a look, more of a stare down.

 "Don't you contradict me," Ms. Mitchell said.

 "Then do your job," Magante said. "As for her, until she leaves the campus she's still in the Program, and that's my turf. You leave my Program kids alone."

 "We'll talk about this later," Ms. Mitchell said turning around but glancing over her shoulder.

 "You can bet your pretty little ass we will," Magante said to her back. Ms. Mitchell just gave her cunt a nasty look before walking away. "She's a bitch isn't she?" She said to me as Ms. Mitchell left.

 "Uh..." I began.

 "Don't answer that, at least not here and now. You gonna be ok without that?" She pointed to my ruined jeans.

 "I'll get by, I'm hanging with the gang anyway," I said, noticing her wince at the word gang.

 "Have a good weekend," Magante said to me.

 "Sure, will do," I said. I wanted to ask if she'd gotten what she wanted out of us, if her little test case had gone like she wanted, but I figured now wasn't the time. Not after she'd saved my ass.

 I put on the shawl, and looked in the bin to see if there was anything left I might like, but then thought better of stealing some other girl's clothes.

 On my way out I checked the bike bins. I'd left my bike there on Monday and figured maybe I could toss it in Kevin's car or something. It was there, but minus the front wheel and seat and with the words 'AIDS Lezzie Bitch' sprayed onto the side. Fuck it, I just left it there and kept going. It was old anyway, and they got the grammar wrong.

 "Hey where's your pants?" Rubin asked when I got to Kevin's car.

 "Fuck if I know, this is all they didn't shred," I said holding up the ends of the shawl. "Ms. Mitchell got in the way before I could find out."

 "Well it looks good on you," Rubin said. "But it might look better with a garter and stockings."

 "Perv," I said, punching his arm.

 "Hey, I've been staring at that pussy of yours all week, I can't help it if I like what I see," He said, reaching down to tap my clit ring.

 "Yeah well," Well what? I was about to say 'don't get any ideas' but it seemed like we were all too far gone for that now. Besides, Rubin was already putting a finger up my cunt and I hadn't bothered to stop him. "Hey, let's get out of here," I said.

 "You need anything to wear?" Kevin asked?

 "What, you keeping clothes from your conquests in that trunk now?" May asked.

 "Yeah, after I leave em out by the river, I keep trophies," He said. "No, of course not, I was just thinking if we needed to hit a shop or something."

 We all gave him a look, like 'where did that come from?' Rubin licked his finger and grinned, so I jabbed him in the ribs with my elbow.

 "What? Oh, there was this detective movie on last night... got my humor on strange angles today," Kevin added.

 "Look, I do not want to know," May said.

 "I'm cool," I said. "Rube's got a point ­ y'all have seen me all week anyway. Actually, I'm not sure I want to wear anything anymore."

 "Rube? Yeah no shit," Melinda said, coming up to snuggle into me. "I could almost burn my clothes and be done with it, it's so much cooler naked like this."

 "Hey... that's an idea," Kevin said. "Tomorrow night, lets all burn the wardrobes."

 "What?" Rubin said, looking up from a huddle with May. "You guys are nuts."

 "Hey I already burned all my shit last summer," May said.

 "Cept for your shirts, May," I said, poking her left nipple.

 "Hey. Yeah, Kev, can I get that shirt out of the trunk?" May stepped over to the back of the car.

 Kevin starting digging through his bags but I interrupted and said; "hey that's my shirt, leave it there."

 "Aw come on A.C., you got that thing on," May said.

 "Not really," Melinda said, still on my side. "The weave's so wide you can even see her nipples. Heck, they're poking through." And she reached in and tweaked one of them. I was about to step back and say something when she jumped in and planted one of those kisses of hers on my mouth.

 I was lost, with that soft tongue of hers and the skin to skin of our naked bodies. I felt her hands match the caress of the kiss with one on my ass. I think I let out a sigh. "Shit girl, you're so easy," I heard Rubin say. "All you gotta do is kiss A.C. And she's done for?"

 "No, that's just Melinda," May said. "She does that to A.C. every time."

 "Hey I ain't going lezzie!" I said. "She's just..." I began.

 "Yeah, so anyway, what the fuck we up to?" May said.

 "I dunno, suddenly we got too many people for my car," Kevin said, tossing his pack in the trunk. I gave him mine, as did just about everybody else but Melinda.

 "My mom will kill me if I leave the pack," Melinda said.

 "Well, Rick's meeting us at Albatross. Figure Marcy and Fatima will be there too," I said as May stripped my shawl off and put it on.

 "Doesn't cover my tits either," she said, but she didn't give it back.

 We actually ran into Marcy only a block away, coming away from a car that I think belonged to Fatima's uncle. "She had to go to prayers or something," Marcy said. "She's gonna try and meet us at the cafe."

 "Cool," Rubin said. "She's a character, but not bad."

 "I thought they just pulled out a blanket and did that wherever?" I said.

 "Naw, they just gotta face a certain way, but wouldn't you rather do it at church?" Marcy said. I guess that made sense.

 "Shit, could you imagine if she had to do a week in the Program?" May said as we started walking to downtown.

 "She won't," I said. "Not if Magante has any sense. That'd blow this whole thing wide open in a nasty way."

 "Yeah, but it's a graduation requirement for the new kids," Melinda said. "She won't have a choice."

 "They'll figure something out. Life is all about who can make the better excuse." I looked at May, "Right May?"

 "Yeah, my mom said something like that," May answered. "That's how it works downtown. But if your dad's right, they'll make a beeline right for her."

 "Oh yeah, whatever is the worst case ­ that's the one that's true. Especially if it doesn't make sense," I rolled my eyes. Still, Pa had a point sometimes. "They might come up with some kind of transfer rule or something to get her out of it."

 "She's a freshman though?" Kevin said, bumping Marcy as he tried to sidestep something somebody's dog left on the sidewalk. "Damn, people need to clean up their shit."

 "No shit," Marcy said. "Yeah, she's a freshman."

 "But she might not have been where she came from," I said. "If there's a will, there's a way ­ and there's no way they want her in the Program."

 "You know," May said. "There's a lot more people with her religion out there. Even if Magante skips her, it'll all go crazy over somebody else somewhere else."

 "Maybe they'll go home schooling or something, like all those Bible thumpers do," Kevin said.

 We walked for a bit. Marcy thought we were out of our fucking minds when Melinda told her about the clothing bonfire we were planning. We figured we'd do it in one of the parks out of town tomorrow. She declined to come with, she was going over to Fatima's for dinner ­ that ought to be interesting.

 "Yeah, no shit. I'm kinda scared of that father of hers," Marcy said. "But she said he told her it was o.k."

 "Maybe he ain't all bad," Kevin said.

 Two blocks down, just hitting the shops, and we were trying to move through a gaggle of people when Marcy saw him. "Hey ain't that Paul, with Mitch's gang?" He was walking away from us, headed in the direction of Albatross with a naked girl on his arm in the literal sense. He had his left hand going up under her butt and cupping her cunt from what it looked like back where we were.

 "We ought-ta kick his ass," May said. Rubin looked at her and pounded a fist into his other hand. That was it, and they broke into a run after Paul with Marcy, Kevin, and I following behind and Melinda standing there looking like she didn't know what to do.

 Just as Rubin was on him Paul started to spin around and say something like "What the...?" The girl let out a scream as May tackled her aside and kicked paul behind the knee. He dropped as Rubin hit him from above in the head.

 "Fucking punk," Rubin said. "Told ya to stay the fuck out of here."

 "Shit," Paul began, trying to back arm May and block a rib punch from Rubin. The girl had come to a skid in the street and she was just getting up to check a scratch on her arms and left breast. Kevin and I came up on her.

 "What the fuck," she started getting up so I grabbed her hair and pulled her head back.

 "This doesn't concern you bitch," I said, the shoved her face down.

 "Hey, leave him alone!" she called out. Paul was down and May and Rubin were kicking him, then we ran as people began to start looking around.

 "You fuckers are dead!" I heard her call out as we pushed through a crowd.

 "Man, that was fucking great," Rubin said after we rounded a block.

 "Maybe those ass holes will stay away now," May said. I didn't think so, but at least we got one of them back for last time they jumped us.

 "Oh man I'm so fucking jacked up," I said. My nipples were hard as rocks, and I could feel a flush in my cunt. May looked the same, and Kevin was rock hard.

 "What the hell was that all about?" Melinda asked. She didn't look turned on like us.

 "Fucking period," May said. "I could use a fuck right now."

 "Yeah, no shit. I hear its better for girls on their period," Rubin said, giving May a long look.

 She stopped, we all did, and gave him a god stare back. I was about to say something when she broke out a big grin and said, "Fuck man, I could go for doing you. But not now, I ain't cleaning this shit off your dick."

 "Hey I'm just saying that's what I read," Rubin said in defense.

 "Wow May, you actually turned down a fuck," I whispered into her ear.

 "It's just the period," she said back.

 "That's fucking gross man," Marcy said. "That Program's got everyone all fucked up."

 Rubin glanced over at me so I said; "Hey I ain't second on anybody's list. Even if I could use a good fuck right now."

 "Damn shame to let this go to waste," May said, grabbing Kevin's hard cock and jacking him off as we started walking again.

 "Oh man," Kevin said before letting out a long breath of air, "this nudity shit has some great fucking perks." He spurted all over the sidewalk half a block down, not lasting very long at all.

 "We ought-ta measure that for distance," May said, causing us all to laugh.

 We'd run around a corner after tossing Paul, so we were a block off from our usual path to Albatross, on that street Pa called the old downtown ­ full of closing shops in perpetual clearance sales, furniture places, and a used car dealership.

 "Wait, what the fuck is that?" I said, seeing the pack of kids hanging out in front of the old theater. They were all in costumes, like it was Halloween, but with a lot of fluff, lace, or science fiction rings.

 "Oh, that's just cosplay," May said.

 "Cause-what?" Melinda asked her, following my gaze. "Looks like it could be fun."

 "Geeze A.C., where have you been," Kevin said. "Cosplay. They've been doing it in Japan since like, the dinosaurs or something. Starting picking up in California and New York last year."

 "But what the fuck is the point?" I said, looking over the outfits and non outfits.

 "You dress up like your favorite character in a manga, comic, band, or whatever," May said. "But with a little twist of your own."

 "Yeah, but some of them aren't wearing all that much," I said. There was a group by the back standing and sitting around a bus stop bench that were mostly nude. Dressed kinda like May and I, but with clown makeup on, their hair in overdone ponytails, and one had stockings, an open bust corset, and some collar thing with sleeves. "They sure as hell don't go to our school, do they?"

 "Maybe, maybe not," May said. "They could look like anybody else out of costume."

 "..." Marcy said. She kinda had that pause and look that made me wonder.

 "Something you ain't telling us girl?" I whispered over.

 "No, nothing. Me? Nothing," she said. But her eyes where on the third of what looked to be five groups, a small pack of 'Little Bo-Peeps,' or whatever.

 "So that pink hair's probably a wig?" I asked.

 "Yeah," May said. "I read all about this shit in a magazine last month. You should see what it looks like on the coasts. Central Park gets thousands of these kids on the weekend, same with Golden Gate in San Francisco."

 "Kinda like goths or something," Kevin said. "The naked kids are from a Japanese manga." Kevin read that shit. "Something about a school in America where the kids go nude."

 "Hey!" I said, lifting up my tits. "That sounds familiar."

 "Yeah, but in the comic, they all got weird names like Juliet, Donatello, or stuff in Japanese, and they wear the makeup," Kevin said, gesturing over them.

 What's with...?" I started.

 "The stockings? I think she's the headmistress or something." Kevin said.

 "What's a headmistress?" Melinda said.

 "I think it's like a principal for white people," May said. Melinda just shrugged her white shoulders and May added, "the rich ones. Japs got something like it too."

 I jabbed her in the ribs, she knew better than to use a racial slur around me, and she just rolled her eyes. May's family was from originally Nanking like, five generations ago or something, her mother had even worse words for the Japanese.

 "It's freak'n weird man. That's all I gotta say," Rubin said.

 We were just about past them, and I caught the bo-peeps looking back at Marcy like something was up. "You gotta go talk to your friends?" I whispered over.

 "Huh?" She said, jumping up startled. "I... uh later, that is. Hey, I'm not into that shit!" Well she could deny it, but the boys in little sheep hats with their cocks hanging out were looking at her like they knew her pussy pretty well.

 "Yeah, whatever," I said.

 "Oh my, those are some randy looking sheep," Melinda said. "Check her out." She pointed to a bo-peep with an open front skirt that was leaning back into the arms of her friends while one of the sheep boys kneeled in front of her with his head buried in her crotch.

 "Shit I could use some of that," I said, running my fingers through my slit. "I'm still all wet."

 "Oh man, I did not need to see that. Too much visual, fucking guy's ass crack is all on display," Rubin said.

 "Come on, you see that every day with the Program guys," Melinda said.

 "No, Rube here's eyes can't look below about here," Kevin put a hand to his sternum, "when there's a naked guy around."

 Rubin intentionally looked down at Kevin's dick and said, "That ain't true man, I ain't no homophobe."

 "Dude, you are seriously making the wrong fucking point," Kevin said, looking with extreme intent at my pussy.

 "Oh, yeah. Hey... you know what I mean man," Rube said. "Come on, let's get out of here."

 "What's with the bo-peep theme anyway?" I said, looking at Marcy. She opened her mouth then thought better of it.

 "Some porn cartoon with a card game to it I think," Kevin said. "Creamy Peepy Sheep, or some shit. It's on one of those Program friendly channels and they got a video game too."

 We just looked at Kevin for a bit, so he added, "hey, I watched a little of it over summer. Got bored, and the animation was pretty good."

 "Yeah, Kevin, ok..." I said.

 We kept walking, heading around towards our usual block. "Man, after yesterday, I am so gonna kill Bill," May said. "Can you believe he never told us about Harrison?"

 "Yeah no shit," I said, as we came up to the cafe. There was a new sign on the door, a graphic of a naked man and woman holding hands inside a blue circle with a '+' in the center above their heads ­ just like Magante had described. "Shit! Bill's gone Program" Everybody just shrugged, it kind of figured anyway, although I didn't want to be taking no Program requests in my hangout, and I doubted May did either.

 Albatross had a mild crowd when we got in. Bill looked up and gave us a timid grin, lingering over Melinda and I a bit longer than he should have. He had Rick sitting across from him, they'd been talking.

 "Damn, I'm telling you this Program sure has its perks," Rick said to Bill as we came up.

 "Yeah, I can see six of them right here," Rubin said, jumping in as he gestured over us girls before poking Melinda's left nipple.

 "You owe us one Bill," I said.

 "What happens in Albatross stays in Albatross," He said. "My cousin knows I won't spy for him."

 "Yeah, but you two have some kind of arrangement don't you?" Marcy said in a hot voice, sitting down next to Rick.

 "Hey! The seats changed!" May said behind me. I turned around and sure enough most of the table seats had a sort of vinyl look to them, and Bill had moved aside a corner section near our couch people used to ignore for a bunch of new bean bags. The couch itself was the only one in the place without something new to it ­ still the same old removable fabric cover. All the other couches had gone vinyl like the tables.

 "Except ours," Kevin noted.

 "I figured that'd keep people from trying to claim it," Bill said. "Look guys, after you came in that first time he asked me to keep you out of trouble. That's all, and I've never spied on you."

 Came in? Bill had manhandled kevin and I off of the street and forced us to sit down until we cooled of from fighting each other. "Did he ask?" I said.

 "No, but I wouldn't if he had," Bill said. Bill started prepping our usual orders and added, "and I won't deny you girls have been good for business." He looked straight at May when he said that, then at the new, and I noticed, easy to clean, furniture.

 When we went to our couch I pulled her onto my leg, with Melinda on the other side up on the couch arm where May usually sat. Everybody else but Rubin took the seats around us. Rubin sat on May's right. "You guys notice anything special about the new furniture?" I said.

 "Yeah, easier to clean spills," Melinda said.

 "Not just any spill though," Marcy said, grabbing Kevin's dick. "Think he got the idea after last night?"

 "The open mic? Why would that change things?" Melinda asked.

 "A lot more naked women than the last time," May said. "I thought I saw one getting fucked over there where the broken table used to be." She pointed to the new bean bags.

 "Yeah, but he couldn't get all this furniture that fast. You ask me, I think he's been planning this ever since you started going bottomless," I said, looking to May.

 "You figure this is gonna be like one of those fuck clubs they got in San Francisco?" Rubin said.

 "Didn't they close those down in the 1980s?" Kevin said. "When people started dying of AIDs in that city by the tens of thousands?"

 "Pa says it was more like about 8,000 a year there," I said. Melinda was about to say something, looking at me, so I cut her off and said, "That's not where he got it, not how he got it. Oh, and it was the bath houses they closed, the sex clubs came later in the 90s ­ a members only kind of thing I think. Pa always thought they were a way for the feds to track people with deviant sexual interests, or I would'a never heard of it."

 "Well I guess it only figures," Rick said. "With all the naked chicks and shit, I even saw a girl getting fucked at the bus stop on the way over here."

 "Cops don't do shit about that?" Marcy asked.

 "Only if they catch em," May said. "With no clothes on, it's pretty easy to get in a good fuck before anybody catches you."

 "Yeah, the guy still had his pants on, just pulled it out through his fly and she sat on him," Rick said.

 "It's only a fine anyway, kinda like getting a parking ticket," May said. "I got a stack of them at home. But they can't stop us from fucking in here, only Bill can do that."

 "I wonder if you'll have to pay those to get your driver's license?" Melinda said, looking at May, who just shrugged.

 "I'm pretty sure he saw that woman last night," Marcy said, referring to Bill I presumed.

 "Huh, too bad I missed that," I said. "But what does Bill get out of it?"

 "Are you kidding?" Rick said. "Look at him, Bill's a fucking voyeur. You three are a dream come true for him." Rick waved a hand over May, Melinda, and I. "Kevin just kinda helps with the ambiance I guess."

 "Hah," Kevin let out, then downed his coke and went over to a table with a girl in chaps and no more. In a second they had their shoes off and were playing footsie with each other's genitals and flirting away. I wondered what had brought her in here alone.

 "Kevin cuts a good figure," Melinda said.

 "He's not a bad fuck either," I said. "Just helps give Bill more girls to look at I guess."

 "Man I could use a fuck," May said. She gave a look to Rubin and put her hand in his lap. "That offer still good? I'm going nuts over here."

 "Fuck yeah," Rubin said, and I felt a wetness as she slid off of my leg and into Rubin's lap. Melinda got up bending forward to get a napkin off the table, giving me an eyeful of her pussy and anus. That was something I'd never thought I'd ever think was cute before... Then as she fell back she slid back into my lap, wiped a little of May's blood off my leg, and draped her legs over mine leaving her spread open wide for the guys across from us.

 Bill started cleaning that cup of his and Melinda's back pushed up against my breasts.

 "Oh please..." Marcy said. "Are you, like, batting for the other side now?" she looked at Melinda and I.

 "No," we both said, then I added, "but I guess I'm making a one person exception." Well, two actually, hearing May next to me starting to breath hard.

 Rubin had managed to slide his trousers down, and was finger May while his cock poked out between her legs. She was trying to stroke it, but the position was a little awkward.

 I reached over and took Rubin's hands away from May's pussy, dipped the tissue in my water and wiped them off a little, then placed them firmly on her breasts. "Guess I'm done drinking that."

 "You guys are gross," Marcy said, getting up to bother Bill.

 "She's got a point," Melinda said.

 "Don't go telling dyke shit about me now," I called to Marcy. She waved a hand over her shoulder to let me know she'd heard as she reached Bill's bar.

 I looked to May and Rubin. "Everyone can see you, and it'll be only a second till they figure out May," I said. "Go over there."

 Rubin got up, lifting May into his arms and trying to step out of his pants. Before he tripped she struggled free and dragged him by the dick over to the bean bags. We watched as he kicked off his pants while May laid down on one of the bags that had sort of a back to it and spread her legs out in a big 'V'. Rubin laid into her and starting thrusting his hips. At her first grunt the entire cafe went silent and every head tried to look over.

 "Shit, no fucking foreplay?" Melinda asked, as if I'd know. I just shrugged.

 Bill had a big grin on his face as an annoyed Marcy tried to explain something. A couple people left in something of a huff, but even more of them moved around to see if they could get a better look without being too obvious about it. If they wanted a really good look, about the only places they could go would be among us on Rick's side of the table, or over by Bill where you had a good look at the whole place. Otherwise our couch sat there just after a short dividing wall and the bags were in the area between it and the far corner to Bill's right ­ opposite end of the place from the door and one of the few places you couldn't see one bit of from the windows. We used to hang back there ourselves before that old table broke and Bill started using it like an open storage closet.

 May was letting out those loud little 'Ehs' like she was already cumming, and the girls in the window had gone back to their chess game, but were grinning from ear to ear like they'd just found the best kept secret in the city. Kevin passed over my field of vision with the girl in chaps on his side, and they laid down right next to May and Rubin with her getting on top of him and grinding into kissing and foreplay.

 "Damn..." Rick said. He was going to say more, but Melinda reached a hand over to him gesturing for him to come forward. As soon as he did she pulled him down into her crotch and I could feel his breath floating up under her ass as he kissed her pussy. She leaned into me, turned a little, and tried to start a kiss.

 "Not in front of Bill," I said, looking over to the counter.

 She gave me a look, with her brows furrowed and her pupils narrowed in accusation, so I gave in. It was a bit awkward, but we managed to work it out. I massaged her breasts while Rick did her pussy and she gave me one of those amazing kisses of hers, making me wonder if I could cum from just being kissed. Not likely, but it made me wonder.

 Over at the bar with Bill, Marcy was looking flustered and left out. "Hey Rick..." I said after breaking from the kiss.

 "Huh?" He looked, a distinctive sheen visible around his mouth.

 "Hey!" Melinda said, giving me that look again.

 "Go talk to Marcy. Fuck her if you can, she needs it bad..." I said. I picked up a new napkin to wipe his face but then got another idea. "Go into the bathroom, wait thirty seconds and come out dabbing a napkin on your face. Get a little water up here," I touched his forehead, "but don't wash off. Get in close for the smell." Rick turned to go with a confused look on his face as Melinda patted his behind.

 "What was that about?" she asked when he was gone.

 "I'm betting on something. If she smells sex, as long as she doesn't know it's you, he might be able to get her," I said.

 "As for you, I need you down here." I patted the couch and pushed her off me, working her over to lie down. That las kiss, and the fight... I was worked up. If everyone else was going to fuck there wasn't any way I was gonna miss out. I was beyond caring if they thought I was a lezzie or not, all I wanted was for her to suck every last drop out of my cunt.

 "Oh!" Melinda said with a giggle. "Now that's more like it." I had her pinned in a sixty nine, and the smell coming off her from down there was intoxicating. I don't know if it would work on Marcy, but it sure worked for me. I dove right in and kissed her where the lips were spread wide open from arousal.

 "Shit, I think I can taste Rick's spit on you," I said, causing Melinda to giggle before she pulled down on my butt and gave me a peck on my clit-ring.

 Glancing up I saw Rick and Marcy talking close, with her hand in his lap moving back and forth. "Oh baby, keep that going will you?" I said, before going down to stay.

 She'd taken a finger to push back my clit-ring while the tip of her tongue brushed me there, slowly, back and forth while her thumb pressed up against the entrance to my vagina. As she worked, she built her pace and I did my best to match. The taste of another girl was still new to me, and so far she was the limit of my experience thanks to May's condition. Melinda had me for skill, but I knew what and where I wanted it, and I did my best to give her that.

 She shuddered when I kissed her clit, and her work on my pussy took a stronger turn when I tried sucking on it. Just before she clamped her legs around my head I noticed Bill watching us, and the girls with the Chess game had moved from the window over to the bar to get a better look. There didn't seem to be many other people left, I guess a live sex act was the sort of thing most people found in poor taste. Bill might need to get a new crowd, other than us and his open mic group, people into having public sex shoved in their faces over coffee probably weren't as common as I'd thought.

 Whatever. A week ago, yeah, I would've killed somebody for watching me. Heck, I'd have done them in for suggesting I'd let a girl fuck me, let alone that I'd do her back. I reached down to unclip my dildo, thinking I'd use it on her, but I found a hand already there, trying to figure out how I'd managed to fasten it.

 "Here, like this," I said, unclipping it as she took it from me.

 "I need to get me one of these," she whispered, taking the toy and touching it to me where it counted.

 "We'd have to go back to Purrfect Pussy," I said back, tracing my fingers along the line of her pubic shave ­ where she'd had the heart design put on her.

 "I love how you clipped your little teddy bear to it," she ran it along the length of me and the added, "but it all kind of gets in the way from this position."

 She pushed my butt up just a bit, right as I was trying to get her clit between my teeth. Next thing I knew she was pushing the dildo into me and rubbing the little ring on my clit-hood. "Oh shit!" I called out, as we squirmed about threatening to fall off the couch.

 "Yeah baby! Fuck me baby! Pound that pussy!" I heard the girl with Kevin call out from over by the bean bags, adding to the orgiastic comedy.

 "Damn bitch, damn..." Kevin called back, but I wasn't really trying to give him my attention, not with Melinda and that thing in me.

 I gave Melinda what I only meant for a light tongue lashing across her slit, and man was that a mistake. She started to moan, and I could feel her let go of the dildo in me as she shuddered and went limp. I had her, she was probably already worked up from Rick after all, and I dove in hard to finish her off. She tried to clamp her legs around me, but I pinned them down hard, called out "One!" and dove in working my tongue to penetrate her as well as I could.

 "One?" she got out between the moans of her orgasm.

 "Two!" I called out, sensing she was just past the crest of her peak. She bumped her head up into my crotch, and tried to lick me there. I squirmed to keep her down, and put all I had into holding those powerful wrestler's legs of hers down.

 I dove my tongue back in, licking up her slit and then sucking her clit into my puckered mouth.

 "Oh, shit! Oh, oh, oh!" she called out.

 "Three!" I yelled out in triumph, then I let her legs go and flipped over so I was lying face up on top of her with my cunt right in her chin.

 "Three? What the fuck?" she said.

 "The only way I'll ever beat you at wrestling," I said, and then we both broke out in laughter.

 "What the fuck?" I heard Rubin say, looking up from the bean bag where he was still pumping into May.

 "What's so funny with you fucks?" she called out from beneath him.

 "Hey, you kids watch the language!" Bill said. I looked over and there he was, between Rick and Marcy ­ who were busy frenching.

 "Better not tell her what she's kissing," Melinda whispered over to me, before kissing my pussy.

 "I'm ok," I said, lightly pushing her head back. The mood was gone, I could always get off later. "Where'd that dildo go?" Looking around, I saw it on the floor next to couch, teddy sticking to the side.

 "Guess we gotta clean that off before using it again," Melinda said. "Now get off me."

 "Fuck no girl, I got you pinned," I said. About a half second later, somehow, I was on the floor with her pinning me. "Shit!" I said, as she lowered down to give me one of those kisses of hers. I was done for.

 We got up, to the envying eyes of the chess girls, and took our space on the couch. "Check that out," I said. "Some more pussy for you?"

 "Nah," Melinda said, giving them the once over. "They like to watch, but those two'd never go for fucking another girl."

 "You know em?" I said, giving them a better look while pretending to watch Bill watching Rubin fuck May.

 "No, but I can tell," she said, then flinched slightly when she saw me do the same. What did she mean by that? Did I 'look' like a lezzie? I guess I couldn't really deny being bi now, after that, at least with her.

 And May.

 And Cindy didn't look half bad when I thought about it. I could see why the twins liked her and Kitten.

 Sandy was kind of cute too. Shit... I was bi, or at least fucked up. I better make sure Rosa brings home a boy soon...

 We sat there watching Kevin and Rubin fuck May and some noisy girl I didn't know. When Rubin finished they had an awkward moment as he realized his dick was covered in May's flow, so we sort of helped him get into the restroom without anybody else seeing it. For her part May looked totally spent and totally relaxed. "Fuck I so needed that," she said afterwards, sitting on her beanbag after having wiped it down. Bill had started to tell her not to worry, that the Vinyl meant he'd just hose em all down at the end of the day out back, at least until her saw the nature of the mess. After that he just got nervous like guys always do over it.

 "Yeah, you haven't been fucked in almost a day and a half or something right?" Kevin said. The girl he'd fucked was sitting straddling his leg with her pussy rubbing him. She still had her chaps on, and I thought the look actually worked for her. Kevin had that look like he was wondering when the bitch on his leg would figure it out that we were done with her.

 Seeing them, I giggled, thinking of how silly they'd look if it was Kevin in the chaps. I need to tell that boy to start shaving his ass if he's gonna be walking around naked all the time.

 "What?" he said.

 "I was just thinking," I said. "Fashion shit, nothing you'd like trust me."

 I saw Fatima walk in, wearing the dress she'd had on Monday, complete with full head wrap. She waved at us but passed on into the restroom.

 Bill came over with a pack of papers and looked at May and I, "You kids are in that Program right?" We nodded and he added to May; "You'll have to take that shawl off then. I signed up for Program Plus and well, Yasmine's in here enough to notice."

 "Yasmine?" May said.

 "I think you know her as Ms. Magante," Bill said as May took off my shawl. "She sent all this over," he wiggled the papers around in his hand, "along with a website to track who's in it and if they give me trouble."

 "Man, I was getting used to having my tits covered again," she said.

 "So what's in it for you Bill? We're almost always like this anyway," I said, trying to get a look at his papers.

 "Tax write-off," he said. "I'm required to give Program kids and women 20% off, and regular naked kids and women 10% off. But it comes straight out of what I pay in taxes, not my own profits. I've actually gone plus X though."

 "Plus X?" May asked.

 "Yeah," Bill sat down in one of the chairs across from our couch, "Plus X," he pointed to May's pussy, which she had spread out on display, "means I allow sex and nude men in the place, even beyond Reasonable Requests and Presenting. Can't let nude men in though, unless I close the curtains. I have to carry these," he held up the papers and I could see they were pamphlets kind of like for the Program but shorter.

 "Let me see one of those," I said reaching over as he gave it to me.

 "What's that?" Fatima said from behind Bill. This time she was back in the sexy hip huggers we'd got her to buy the other night, the outfit she'd had at school, complete with bandana in her hair. Melinda smiled and waved her down into a chair beside us.

 "That tells anyone who comes in what's going on. Covers my ass legally. I also gotta display that sign in the window," Bill said, pointing over.

 "Hold up a sec, what's Presenting?" May asked, right as I flipped over the pamphlet and saw it written out.

 "Says here," I began, "that you gotta consent to displaying yourself in whatever position best makes what they want to see easy to see. Check it out," I held up the page, which had a diagram of a woman on her back spread eagled so you could see even her asshole while she held her labia open.

 "Don't we already gotta do that with the RRs?" May said.

 "Yeah," I said.

 "Why are they taking this so far?" Fatima said, waving over the pamphlets.

 "But I can't ask an 'RR' of you kids," Bill said. "I can ask you to Present though. Presenting forbids touching, even if you ask me to. You Present across age lines, but you do the Reasonable Requests with your own age group."

 "Age lines?" Kevin asked, trying to peer over at the pamphlet I had. Bill gave him another one.

 "Yeah, a fellow adult for someone like me, or someone within five years if they're twenty one or older. That's your age group," Bill said. "They'll have city employees in the Program too soon. And there's a form to get your business involved as well, but it's only women for the adults."

 "What about all that age of consent shit we heard about?" May said. I started thinking of what Harrison and I did. I'd thought that was legal now, but here Bill was telling me his cousin belonged in prison cause I was still seventeen.

 "Didn't you pay attention at Assembly May?" Kevin said. "They told us the same shit there."

 "Well yeah, before the consent laws changed, Rubin would go to jail for having sex with you May, even though you're both the same age," Bill said. "They always busted the boy, not the girl. It's even says it that way on the books in some states."

 "Yeah man, shit like that happened to my brother just a few years ago," Kevin said.

 "But teens have always been fucking around," May said.

 "Not legally though May," Melinda said. "Most people didn't bother busting them, but they could have."

 "Say what about what they did with us at Purrfect Pussy?" May said. Bill raised an eyebrow.

 "Yeah," I said. "That don't make any sense. Those woman even wanted to fuck us on the public chairs."

 "Let me see that pamphlet," Bill said. "I think I read about that. How old were they at Purrfect Pussy?"

 "I dunno, late twenties maybe. I think the lady who runs the place is old like you," I said.

 "Thanks, old huh? Don't go sending me off to a home just yet girls," Bill said, while his eyes scanned the little booklet. "Here we go, more of that men and women are different crap."

 "What?" Melinda and I said together.

 "Women on women is open season for anyone after puberty. Guess they figured women aren't predators," Bill said.

 "That's bullshit," I said.

 "Yeah," Bill agreed. "But I don't write this crap." He got up but let us keep the two pamphlets, muttering something like 'what the fuck ever happened to Brown v Board of Education' as he walked away.

 "I don't what I'll do when they pick me," Fatima said.

 "Yeah," Kevin said. "That'll be a mess with your father."

 "Not just him, I'm not sure I could do it," Fatima kept her eyes to above the neck looking back at Kevin. Too bad she'd missed the action a few minutes ago. Or maybe it was for the best.

 "I don't think you need to worry," I said. "I don't think Magante's going to let you in."

 "But don't I have to to graduate?" She asked.

 "Yeah..." May said.

 "Yeah, but she runs the thing, she can make exceptions, sign people off, or whatever. Who's gonna know," I said. "Last thing she wants is trouble."

 "Well, if it isn't me, it will be someone else like me somewhere in this crazy land of yours," Fatima said.

 "That's what you were saying earlier," Kevin said, looking at May.

 "Yeah, it's gonna blow sooner or later," May said.

 "Well, I hope it doesn't blow with me," Fatima said into a cup of coffee Bill handed her. "Marooned!" She held up like a wine toast with a smile on her face.

 "When'd you ask him?" I said.

 "I didn't, guess he just guessed I'd like this," Fatima said.

 "Bill's like that," Kevin said.

 I looked back over to the counter Bill was moving behind. Marcy and Rick had moved over a bit, but were talking with heads together.

 "Hey check this out," May said. "Sign out front is supposed to have a little 'X' stickered on it if a place goes Program Plus X."

 "Here it is," Melinda said, holding up a sticker that had just fallen out of Kevin's booklet. She got up and went over to Bill's bar. I watched her ass as she moved, before I realized what I was doing.

 Bill took the sticker, slapped his forehead, then went to mess with his signage. I watched the swish of Melinda's crotch as she came back over, until I caught her watching me watch her and I blushed.

 "Fuck A.C., you got it bad," May whispered into my ear.

 "Got what bad?" I said, but she just jabbed me with her elbow as Melinda and her giggled and Kevin and I looked stupid. Thing was, I knew May was sweet on Melinda, but to me she was just a new friend and a piece of ass.

 The Friday evening crowd started to show not long after, so we took off for the park with a bit of weed. Friday's at Albatross isn't poetry night or anything like that, but it gets the people who want to start a weekend without getting drunk. It gets those few people in this town who want to pretend they're big city intellectuals drinking coffee in a cafe. You don't go to one of the chain coffee houses for that you know.

 Leaving, Kevin had a bit of a moment with the girl in the chaps. She tried to tug on his arm and they had a heated whispered exchange. She went from asking to angry to sad, until Kevin just pulled off and walked away. We all laughed at her then turned our backs as Kevin said; "girl wants to be more than a bitch, she's gotta fuck my mind and not my cock."

 "Yeah, fuck a bitch for her cunt, but love a woman for her spirit," Rubin said.

 Fatima gave them both the look Melinda had given me earlier, with the eyes narrowed and the brows in mean. Only Marcy and I caught it from what I could tell. Marcy whispered in her ear until she started nodding.

 I looked back, seeing the girl stand there with tears in her eyes and that confused look, all I could think of was Jennifer on Thursday. I wanted to go back and say something, tell her she'd be ok, I wanted her to be Jennifer so I could fix that too, but not with my gang here.

 The park was a lot quieter, just us and a few people walking by now and then. Kevin passed out some weed and we all just sat there for a while watching each other and passing the smoke, skipping Fatima. Melinda kept quiet, sensing it was a make or break moment for her.

 "Well fuck," I said. "That was different."

 "Yeah, what now?" Rubin said, while one of his fingers idly traced the line of May's slit.

 "Shit, it'll work out," she said, passing a smoke to him and breaking up the touch.

 "Nothing's gonna break us up," Rick said. "So we've got sex in the mix now, we've had tougher shit before."

 "Yeah," Marcy said. "But don't make me watch that lezzie shit anymore." She looked at May, then me, and finally glanced over Melinda who shifted nervously and scooted her naked butt an inch away from mine.

 "It's been a long week," I said, "but I'm glad I got pulled for the Program." I grabbed Melinda's arm and pulled her back over. "Glad I met you," I said looking at her, "and I really like this naked shit now that I've tried it."

 "Yeah me too," Melinda said back in a quiet voice directed to May and I. Marcy looked away, looking to Rick. I was gonna have to do something about this, do something to keep from losing Marcy over Melinda or Melinda over Marcy. Now, I -could- just toss Melinda right? Before this week it had always been Marcy, May, and I. But she just wasn't taking the sex between the girls well at all.

 "Hey Marce, what'll you do if they pick you next week?" Kevin asked. Fatima watched Marcy very closely.

 "Oh fuck, I guess I won't have a choice," she said. "I'd have to show it off for a while."

 "Its not so bad, you get to fuck a lot," I said. She gave me a look so I added; "guys. You get to fuck a lot of guys."

 "Speaking of which," May said looking around the group and then at me, "You still haven't fucked Rick and Rubin."

 I grinned, feeling a little aroused at the idea as I spread my legs and ran my dildo along my slit saying; "no I haven't have I? Anyone wanna fix that?"

 "So wait, was that Rubin and Rick, or was it Rubin or Rick?" Kevin asked.

 "I vote for Rubin and Rick," Marcy said.

 "You vote? What about me?" I said.

 "Shut up girl," May said. "I second Marcy's vote."

 "Hey wait a second here! Nothing goes in the ass ok?" I said, placing my hand down between my legs as if to block access.

 "hey, no covering up for the Program girl!" May said, pulling my hand away.

 "Oh yeah, that includes you too then," I said, tugging on my shawl which she'd put back on. "Come on guys, help me get this off of her."

 May fell back on her back sideways on the bench covering her chest and kicking her legs.

 "Isn't she so cute sometimes?" Melinda whispered over to me from my other side.

 "So what's your vote?" I asked. Melinda got a little quieter before shrugging.

 "Well that's two votes for both. May..." Kevin said.

 "Oh fuck it," May said as she handed over her shirt to me.

 "What am I gonna do with this?" I said, putting it down on the picnic table. "See, look at those tits, aren't they cute?" I said, poking one of May's nipples with a light touch. She was probably a little over sensitive after all given her condition right now.

 "Cuteness is a state of mind," May said. "I can be cute anytime I want." and she stuck her tongue out at me like some silly cartoon character.

 "You do have great tits May," Rick said. "Nice and perky with some amazing nipples."

 "Man I can't believe we're talking like this about each other," Rubin said.

 "Shit man, we've been staring at May's pussy for months now," Kevin said.

 "Yeah, but not those wonderful little tits of hers," Rick said.

 "Little!" May started, "that's the word isn't it. They're so fucking small, not like Marcy or,"

 "Marcy's fucking huge May," I said. Marcy gave me a look, the kind that said shut up A.C. Fatima, for the first time I'd noticed, scoped out Marcy's chest and shrugged.

 "...or even you. Even you've got normal tits," May said, grabbing one of my boobs and giving it gentle but quick squeeze.

 "But May, you're all different, but I like it all," Kevin said.

 "So I just wanna know, who the fuck is gonna fuck me?" I said. To drive the point home, I took my dildo and pushed it up against my entrance, edging it in just slightly as Teddy dangled around my hand. "I'm not gonna have to settle for Teddy's cock am I?" I wasn't all that wet or anything, so it wasn't just going to slide in or anything, but I wanted to make it clear where the attention needed to go.

 "Oh my... You're really going to?" Fatima asked. I gave her a nod and wink. She swallowed something and looked around.

 Rubin came over and scooped me up in his arms, saying; "Hey Kevin, you got a blanket in your car?"

 "Good idea," May said. "Otherwise she's gonna have a mess of splinters.

 Kevin ran over to his car and popped the trunk. "I'll put it on the grass!" He called over as he started to come back with a blanket.

 "Hurry it up man, she's getting heavy," Rubin said.

 "Hey! That's no way to charm a girl," I said.

 "How about here?" Kevin said as he put down the blanket.

 Rubin put me down and moved between my legs, which I spread out wide for him. He unbuckled his pants and started to get undressed as everybody else gathered around. The whole gang sitting around us, everybody except Fatima - if she was one of us - was there. Rick took his own pants off a little quicker and got up on my chest with his dick in my face.

 "Hey, get that ass out of my face," Rubin said. "Last thing I want is your ass for a view."

 "Yeah, get over here," I patted beside me, and tugged Rick over, grabbing his dick when he got there and tugging on it to get him hard.

 I felt Rubin's cock pushing up against me, then he pulled back and said; "she's not wet enough."

 "Well do something about it," Marcy said, shoving Rubin.

 "I am, I am," Rubin said, then he moved down to run his tongue along my slit. I heard Fatima gasp.

 "Oh yeah, that's it," I said. Well, it wasn't as good as Melinda, but if there's one thing I've figured out it's that guys need a lot of encouragement to perform.

 Rubin worked me up, and he was actually not all that bad at it. He got his tongue in there as far as he could, moved around a bit, came out for my lips, then a little clit action before going back in again. Yeah, I was wet enough after that. "Ok man, now fuck me you asshole before I kick your ass again."

 "You never kicked my ass, I kicked you ass," Rubin said, slamming his cock into me.

 I bucked back on him and said, "Yeah? Well I'm gonna kick your ass now." I clamped down hard on his cock with the muscles inside.

 "Whoa!" he said. "Damn girl."

 "Yeah that's right punk, you're gonna cum when I want you to, your ass is mine now!" I said, I started jacking Rick off faster to keep him hard. I would'a sucked him off, but I was busy messing with Rubin as he tried to pound my cunt.

 "Oh yeah bitch, I'm gonna make you cum good and hard," Rubin said. Good and hard? Whatever. Guys...

 "You can try," I looked down and added; "little man..."

 "Ooooh, she got you good Rube," Marcy said as her and Kevin hi-fived above me.

 "Fuck you A.C.," Rubin said, pounding into me a little harder. "slippery ass cunt's too used to get me off anyway."

 "Oh you know he didn't go there," May said.

 "Fuck me, huh? Isn't that what your weak ass is trying to do?" I wrapped my legs around his back and pulled him in harder, then I grabbed Rick's dick, pulled him in, and put it in my mouth.

 "Guess one's not good enough for her huh?" Melinda said.

 "Oh shit!" Rubin yelled out. I felt him tense as he shut his eyes and pulsed his release within me.

 "See? I got your ass," I said. All too quickly he was out of me. May reached down there with something and wiped me off, and then Rick took Rubin's place, starting slow until I clamped him down with my legs and bucked back hard.

 "Oh... No..." Fatima gasped out.

 "She got you fast man," Kevin said as Rubin started doing up his pants.

 Rubin shrugged and said, "she's good. Tough little bitch." Marcy shook her head then glanced up suddenly.

 "Who the fuck?" She started.

 I looked over to where her eyes had gone. Five guys were coming over, one them already had his equipment out and was jacking off. "Shit man, I'm getting a piece of that," he said.

 I started to sit up, pushing Rick out of me, but before I'd even managed to get far at all Kevin flashed metal.

 "Private party," Kevin said, holding his glock in one hand. May and Marcy had knives in their hands - when they needed to be, those two were damn fast.

 "Fuckers!" the guy said, but they backed off and started walking away, and I heard him continue with, "shit like that gotta be shared."

 "Hey, that girl one of them terrorists?" one of them said from a distance.

 "Told ya we gotta be packing to come in this park at night," the last of them said as they started to fade from hearing.

 "Well I'm glad they weren't," Kevin said, putting his gun back down near the blanket. I hadn't even seen him get it out of his car earlier.

 "Give me that," Fatima said to Kevin, "I'll show them who's a fucking terrorist." Everyone just looked at her. It was the first time she'd ever sworn. Kevin put a leg over his gun and Marcy patted her back.

 Rick looked at me and I looked at him. "Well shit," we said together, then he started doing up his pants as well. The mood was gone.

 "Make it up to you later," I said to him.

 "Hey it's cool," he said, then glanced at Marcy. May nudged me in the arm, gave me a grin, and a nod between them. Something must've clicked when we sent him over with Melinda's juice on his lips back at Albatross. I suspect Rick had only tried to fuck me for the group, tonight at least, what he really wanted was Marcy.

 Marcy pulled Fatima into a huddle, talking her down until she stopped clenching her fists.

 "Man I get shit like that all the time, but I guess it's new to her," Kevin said.

 "Yeah..." May said, glancing between them.

 We sat around and talked for a bit after that. Rick and Marcy moved to a table a little away from us and started kissing. Fatima sat with them for a bit, but finally came back over. Last year, those punks had been us. I remembered us following around some girl from school who came here on her Program week one afternoon with a couple of guys daring her to do 'outreach'. That was before you had a few naked people around everyday as normal, before even May had stripped. We'd given her shit, but not too bad.

 "I need to start keeping this thing loaded," Kevin said, pushing his gun around on the blanket.

 "Should I get one too?" Fatima asked.

 "That's just asking for trouble," I said.

 "Yeah well, trouble has a way of finding me anyway," he said. "What I'm worried about is Mitch and his crew, or those guys from the mall parking lot on Tuesday."

 "You think Mitch'll be trouble?" Melinda said.

 "Yeah," Rubin said. "You might want to think twice about hanging with us."

 "We're cool with it if you take off, we won't hold it against you," Kevin said. He glanced between Melinda and Fatima.

 "Hey!" I said. "That's my bitch you're talking about." Melinda jabbed me in the arm but followed it with a smile.

 Kevin gave me a funny look, and May nodded at him.

 "What?" I said. "You know what I mean..."

 "Yeah," Melinda said. "I think they do."

 "No I'm not a lezzie, I'm just saying..." I started, but it wasn't worth it.

 "You guys are crazy, but I trust you," Fatima said.

 "Yeah..." Melinda said, looking at Fatima.

 "Shit! They are huge!" Rick suddenly called out from over away.

 We all glanced over and then broke out in giggles and laughter. Rick had his hands up Marcy's shirt. She always wore loose shirts so guys had to guess, and she'd finished her PE requirement before any of this Program shit.

 "See, guys just want huge tits, no matter what they say," May said.

 "That isn't true," Rubin said. "I prefer small like you. Besides, in a few years Marcy's gonna have back problems." I slapped my forehead when Rubin said small to May.

 "Man can you imagine that. That's fucked up," Kevin said.

 "Yeah, it is..." I said. I'd seen how bad Marcy's mother had it. She was all bent over already. Like some old granny, and she wasn't even forty yet.

 We finished off the last of the weed talking about how we'd deal with Mitch's crew if they came around again and watching Marcy jack off Rick till he shot his load into the grass. After that she sat there licking his dick for a good two minutes, and gave him a blow job when he got hard again. Then it was time to split. We piled into Kevin's car and stopped off downtown again, a few blocks from the theater we decided to walk around for a while.

 "Hey, that's the girl who warned me about Mitch," I said, pointing to a group of bottomless girls wearing their knickers around their thighs. "That one, among those 'knicker girls'."

 "I still say that looks hard to walk in," May said.

 "They look like they got caught peeing and had to run away," Fatima said. That was a strange thought.

 "Yeah, but man they look fuckable," Kevin said. To emphasize, his dick got hard and pointed itself straight out. Guess a naked guy has a particularly effective way of driving his point home.

 "No shit," Rubin said. "I'd like to bend her over and..." he made a gesture, slapping one palm against the other in an 'X' shape. "Bam! Fuck that shit."

 "And I told my mother she was wrong that all American men are sex pigs," Fatima said. We looked at her, then bust out laughing.

 "Oink," Rick called out. Fatima giggled at him.

 "Guys..." Melinda said. "Still, I'd do her if she let me."

 "See, she's the lezzie," Rick said. Melinda gave him an unfriendly look.

 "Your dick didn't seem to mind on Wednesday," She said.

 "How do they keep them up anyway?" Rubin asked, pointing over to the knicker girls. They were standing around talking to a woman in nothing but heels and stockings and her clothed male companion who was stroking the clit of one of the knicker girls.

 "Little alligator clips on the ends of cut hair bands," Marcy said. "You take the clips and sew them onto the ends of the band, then you clip it to the front and back of your knickers after you pull them down to the right spot."

 We gave her a look.

 "What?" Marcy said. "Ok, Ok... I asked one of the girls I hang out with on Sundays in chat last night."

 "Who does she hang out with on Sundays?" Melinda whispered in my ear.

 "I dunno..." I said. Marcy was never around on Sundays, but I'd never given it solid thought before.

 After we passed the knicker girls we came around to the theater again, and there were even more of those 'Cosplay' kids out now.

 "Friday crowd," Marcy said. I could swear I saw a few of them nod at her.

 "That shit is weird," Kevin said.

 "So says the naked guy with his dick pointing out," Rubin said.

 "I dunno, if I got me a Bo-Peep like that," Rick pointed to a girl dressed as little Bo-Peep but with the front of her skirt open to show off her shaved pussy and her corset low and open busted "I'd dress up like one of those sheep too."

 "Really?" Marcy said, then grabbed him by the arm and started to fall back a little.

 "Something up with Marcy," May said in a quiet voice only Melinda and I could hear.

 "Yeah," I said back.

 "Hey guys, we're gonna take off," Marcy called out from behind.

 "Catch you later," Rubin said.

 "Fuck her ass good and hard," Kevin said, looking to Rick.

 "It's a plan," Rick said back, and they turned to walk back away from us, and and away from the direction of either Marcy or Rick's houses.

 "Guess you won't be finishing up with him tonight," May said to me.

 "So what now?" Kevin asked.

 After hanging in Albatross and then the park, it was getting a little late. It might have been Friday, but there just wasn't much going on.

 "You know, I feel kinda let down by the Program," I said.

 "What do you means?" Kevin asked, looking around the group, only Rubin and Fatima had any clothes on making us seem like perfect Program advocates.

 "I mean, Program Fridays are supposed to be a big thing, but not much happened at school today. My week's over, and come Monday it's just another day. naked or not, I'm done with it and not much happened," I said.

 "You got a lot of sex," May said, probably thinking of her own week more than mine, even though yeah, I did get a lot of sex.

 "You met Fatima and me," Melinda said, and I had to admit, that had been the best thing about the week so far.

 "Yeah, but for the Program itself, I'm just not so sure," I said. "Mostly, I just noticed how the more everything's changed, the more it's like it always was."

 "Huh..." Rubin said.

 "It was always this crazy here?" Fatima said.

 "Like what you said at Assembly?" Kevin said.

 "Yeah, I mean, a few of us are going naked, and even fucking around in public, but most people are just trying to pretend like nothing happened," I said. "Look around." I paused for effect, and let everyone scan the street. We were halfway between the Mall and Albatross, in a part of downtown that was often busy on a Friday night.

 Nearly everybody had clothes on. A lot of them were watching us like we were freaks. A couple men looked like they wanted to eat us, which I guess was understandable. A few people were giving Kevin and Fatima the hard glare. I saw a naked woman in a movie ticket booth, and a few in the window of a restaurant waitressing in just little caps, belts, and stockings. There was a woman on a date with a long coat open to reveal her naked body underneath. But everyone else was clothed. We were away from the teen hangouts. Away from the Cosplay kids and even the Knicker Girl gang, or whatever that group was. We weren't actually in the mall, where most of the sales staff was naked unless it was men. I couldn't find a single shop with a Program Plus sign like Bill's, though one had a the Program Accepting sign, and one Restaurant had the no nudity inside sign.

 "People are just trying to ignore this whole thing," I said.

 "You think the Program will just get forgotten?" May asked.

 "I dunno, but it's not as amazing as they try to make it sound in school," I said. "Except for those waitresses, most of these people don't have to be naked and aren't likely to try it out."

 "That's a good point," Kevin said. "But I tried it, and I didn't have to."

 "Only cause we stole your pants," May said.

 "And I wouldn't be naked right now if the Program hadn't made me try it out," I said.

 "Yeah well, you remember Bill said they were working up to doing it at offices," Rubin said.

 "Yeah, my mom already has to go nude downtown at the courthouse," May said.

 "Well I dunno," I said. "It's shaking shit up, but not as much as they're making us think in school."

 By that time we were rounding a corner and on our way back to Kevin's car.

 When we piled in, minus and Rick and Marcy, it was time to figure out what to do again. "I dunno, I wanna get fucked again so bad, but I'm tired and sore," May said.

 "Well, why don't I drop you off then May?" Kevin said.

 "Drop us off too," I said, meaning Melinda and I.

 "What about you Rube?" Kevin said. "Fatima?"

 "I should get home, my father's going to be angry this late," Fatima said.

 "I can hang, that dick of yours is bound to dig up some more pussy if we hit a few more places."

 "Yeah, let me tell you man, this naked shit works great for getting laid," Kevin said.

 He dropped off May, and Melinda and I got out there as well. Then he drove off with Rubin riding shotgun and Fatima in back.

 "A Black, a Mexican, and an Afghan, now if they aren't asking to be profiled by the cops I need my head examined," May said.

 "No shit," Melinda said. I just shook my head, hoping those three got home safe. "I thought you said he didn't drive that thing often," Melinda added.

 "Fuck if I know," May said. "Maybe he changed his mind."

 "Oh shit! I left my shawl in the trunk," I said.

 May patted Melinda and I on our asses before saying "You get her again tonight A.C., until this is over;" she looked down to her crotch, "I'm pooped."

 "One sec," I said to Melinda and pulled May aside. "You ok?" I asked her.

 "Yeah..." May said, but her eyes were cloudy. "You're the one she wants."

 "Yeah, but you're the one who wants her," I said.

 "A.C., you want her more than I do, you just won't admit it," May said, poking a finger at me between my breasts.

 We each kissed her goodnight, with plenty of tongue on Melinda's part, and then said goodbye.

 "Everything's cool?" Melinda said to me as we watched May's butt go into her house.

 "Oh... yeah..." I wondered if she'd heard any of that.

 "So I haven't seen your house yet," I said.

 She took me by the hand and we walked a block before turning onto her cul-de-sac. Her place at the end was small like mine, and had a couple of Melinda-like looking adults sitting on a couch when we came in, dressed casually but normally.

 "Guys, this is Alandra. A.C., these are my parents," Melinda said.

 "Uh, hi," I said, acutely aware of being naked for the first time all day as her father stared into my pussy like he was pounding into me over that coffee table between us.

 "Oh hello, we've heard all about you," her mother said, jabbing her father in the side and getting him to nod and smile at me. I glanced at Melinda and she just gave me a smiling shrug.

 "We're going to my room," she said to them, and started to push away with me.

 "Honey can we talk for a second," her mother said. Both of her parents were eyeing the dildo I kept on my waist chain around my hips, Teddy still clipped there. I was just thinking 'oops, should've ditched that with Kevin or into her bag'.

 "Ok. Hey A.C., just go in the second door on the left," she pointed me down a hallway.

 Her room was typical. A lot of pink, a few stuffed animals, but mixed in with some posters of women body builders in leotards and a wrestling maneuvers poster. There was only one guy poster, pulled from a random hip hop boy band and placed where you'd see it from the door but could ignore it if you were in the room. She had a framed picture above her desk of a wrestling team around a trophy. She was in the front kneeling and off to the left. Most of them were guys, but she wasn't the only girl. It looked like some high school team in Boston and there were a lot of black kids, not like here where Kevin was a noted minority. I didn't see any hispanics, unless some of the white kids were Puerto Ricans, Spanish like, or something like that.

 "No ma, it's not like that!" I heard Melinda say a little louder than she probably intended.

 "I'm just a little concerned honey, you should date some boys to be sure," her mother passed the door in the hallway. I'm not stupid, I know I was meant to hear that one. Melinda popped in a second later, looking a little worn out and rolling her eyes. I busied myself pretending I was looking at an old poster of some group called 'The Spice Girls' that dated to somewhere in the 1990s.

 "Hey," she said. "Oh I got that at an old poster shop in Boston, they were big or something for like, two weeks or whatever."

 "Huh, yeah, I think I've heard the name," I said. "I like that," I said, pointing to a slogan that said 'if you wanna be my lover, you gotta get with my friends'.

 "So," she said, sitting down on her bed and resting an elbow on the desk beside it near a computer screen. She gave me a look, waiting for something. She looked so cute sitting there. It wasn't sexy, I don't think I found her sexy like a guy would. But it was cute.

 "Yeah... Um," I looked around the room. What was I getting myself into. Last night was one thing, I'd made a promise after all. But then we'd followed it up all day today acting like we were some kind of couple. And now here I was, and I knew her parents weren't as cool with this lezzie shit as she tried to be.

 "Hey you wanna," she started.

 "You got a phone?" I said. "I should check up on the twins and shit."

 "Oh. Yeah hold on a second," Melinda said, bouncing up and out of the room. On her way back I heard her say to someone out there, "maybe, she might."

 "What's that about?" I asked.

 "They wanna know if you're sleeping over," Melinda said, handing me the phone. "Are you?" Her eyes had a wide searching look.

 I just shrugged and dialed my place.

 "¿Que?" Rosa said on the other end.

 "Pa home?" I asked.

 "Naw. Where you at?" Rosa said. In the background someone gasped and moaned. It sounded like that girl Kitten.

 "What's going on over there?" I said.

 "Manuel's popping her cherry. Can't have a name like that and be a virgin you know," Rosa said.

 "No shit," I said.

 "Hey, what'll I do with this?" I heard Cindy call out. It was a full on pussy fest over there as far as Manuel must've seen it.

 "Oh, put it in plastic wrap, I still got mine in my diary," Rosa called back.

 "You on speaker phone?" I said.

 "Hi A.C.," I heard Cindy say. "Hey where's the plastic wrap? Should I wash it first?"

 "Above the fridge!" I called into the phone. "What the fuck is she doing?" I said to Rosa.

 "She's got Kitten's cherry", looking to keep it somewhere for the memory you know," Rosa said back.

 "Did I hear that right?" Melinda said over my shoulder.

 "I think so," I said. Then to the phone, "Look tell Pa I'm out. Melinda's Ok?"

 Manuel chose that moment to grunt out and start saying shit like "fuck yeah!"

 "Oh! Is he coming in me?" Kitten called out. "Is that what that is?"

 I figured it was time to hang up.

 "Your sister keeps her hymen in her diary?" Melinda said to me.

 "No, she's a virgin," I said. "My cousin did it though, think she got the idea there. The twins are a little fucked up in the head."

 "You?" Melinda said. Every muscle in me tensed up and she instinctively stepped back.

 "I was..." I unclenched my fists and took a long breath. "No, I was raped. My first time, it wasn't special and I don't need anything to remember it."

 "Oh, oh... I'm sorry," Melinda pulled me in to her and we sat on her bed just hugging for a few minutes.

 After a while she pushed me down before laying down beside me. "Hey..." she said.

 "What's..." I began, but she put a finger over my lips to shush me. Then she kissed me, soft and gentle on the forehead and then lips, but without any tongue.

 "Tired?" She asked me. I just nodded as she wrapped me in her arms. "It's ok..." she said.

 Eventually we fell asleep like that, without any sex. The last thing I was thinking was 'I'm not a fucking lezzie, but it feels so good to be here.' At least I didn't cry myself to sleep this time.

 [To be continued...]