Naked in School – The Heather Collection

Course: Human Sexuality in the Modern Age.

Module: Social Acceptance.

Level: Basic.

Credits: 10 credits.

If you go into an average school or college or university now, you will find around half the students naked. There are even rooms set aside where they can explore their sexuality in private, though most don't bother to use them, such is their openness. If you go into town to shop, many of the shops will be staffed by naked people. Many of the shoppers, especially those who are younger, will be nude or wearing stunning creations to show off their bodies. In cinemas, it is hard to believe that young people used to hide at the back in the dark to "make out" as nowadays it is more common to "make out" in front of the screen, providing an interesting distraction for the rest of the audience if the film is boring.

But it wasn't always that way. The openness and acceptance we take for granted today did not always exist. There have been many learned journals written and many documentaries made about how the introduction of the "practical course on the acceptance and promotion of all aspects of human sexuality", known more simply as "The Program," began the change of attitudes which eventually spread throughout this country. Many of them have focused on the philosophy of the program and the genuinely positive effects it has had on our society.

I have seen none which showed the trauma and turmoil it caused when it was first introduced, except for one brief account about the failure of the program in the first British school in which it was attempted.

I was privileged to be the headmaster (see cultural notes) of the second school in which the program was introduced and the first in which it was considered to have been a success. It did not feel like a privilege at the time; it felt more like a poisoned chalice. The headmaster of the first school had soon found his career at an end. I was determined that that fate was not going to befall me.

If I was less than sympathetic at the start of the program to the problems of the naked participants, it was out of fear that any laxness on my part would lead to the failure of the program and to the loss of the career I loved. In the accounts which follow, I suspect that the writers may have been too kind about my role in the events that unfolded.

Due to society's attitudes at the time, perhaps it was inevitable that the girls would have a much harder time in the program than the boys. Certainly at first it caused great division and distress, especially for the female naked participants. Even the term "naked participants" rather than simply "participants" came from the second week, when the first girl in the program stood up in assembly (see cultural notes) and said, "You are all participants in the program, it's just that some of us are going to be without clothes."

It is with a mixture of admiration and some pride that I present the complete journals written at the time by the girls themselves showing what it was actually like to experience "The Program" in those earliest days. In just three years since they were first published in this form, they have rightly become collectively the first module in any course on human sexuality in the modern era.

Some students on this course have complained, as have a few academics who surely should know better, that there is too much repetitive coverage of some of the events of that turbulent fortnight, that the narrative would be better served by editing the original journals. A year after the events these journals tell, I made the same mistake and asked a reporter from the school magazine to re-edit them for publication as a special issue of the magazine. She read the journals over the weekend and returned them to me saying that she wouldn't change a word. "Whatever their faults," she insisted, "they should stand as they were written, in the heat of the moment".

Not only is a complete record of the events important, however, but also are the reactions and emotions of each of the five young women involved. An appreciation of exactly how they felt as the fortnight unfolded and how they perceived their fellow participants is an essential component of this material and the reason for the accurate reproduction of all five journals.

Named after the first girl in the Program, the journals together are called simply, "The Heather Collection."

Prof. J.D. Reynolds, B.A.(Hons), M.Sc., Ph.D.

Naked In School Program - UK Pamphlet

http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/Program\_Pamphlet\_UK.htm

Practical Course on the Acceptance and Promotion of All Aspects of Human Sexuality

WELCOME

PACK

FOR

STUDENTS

(Version for Participants)

WELCOME

You have been selected for participation in the Practical Course on the Acceptance and Promotion of All Aspects of Human Sexuality, otherwise known as the "Naked In School Program" or "The Program".

The Program has been carefully designed to help you become more comfortable with your body and your sexuality, to treat others in natural balance as both individual people and sexual beings, to learn to harness your natural energies, and to behave in a more mature and morally conscious manner. By becoming more comfortable with your body and sexuality, it is hoped that your sexual tensions will be in general diminished but more focused when appropriate. This is your opportunity for rapid personal growth.

Please familiarise yourself with the Rules of the Program found on the following pages. There will be no written examination; however, compliance with each of the rules is compulsory. Failure to comply will result in penalties as determined by your school administration and/or the local Program officials.

Section A.

Compulsory Nudity

1. For the duration of your time in The Program, you must remain naked in school.

2. That duration shall be from the start of school on the Monday on which your participation is announced, until the end of any school activity on the following Sunday. If your participation is deemed unsatisfactory due to absence (whether for illness or truancy), your participation will be extended in one week increments until satisfactorily completed.

3. This compulsory nudity will continue within the confines of the school during school hours, and shall include all activities organised or sponsored by the school, whether within or without the school premises, during or after normal school hours.

4. School activities shall include but are not limited to:

(a) Sporting Events, whether as spectator or participant,

(b) Theatre Productions of the Drama Department,

(c) Social Events of all kinds,

(d) Concerts, Recitals, or Performances by the Music Department.

5. No clothing other than shoes and socks is permitted at any time, nor shall any participant attempt to cover or hide any part of their body with their hands or arms, nor with books or book bags or other devices. Long hair arranged as concealment may be rearranged up on the first offence, but may be trimmed to prevent concealment should a subsequent offence occur. Participants who continue to attempt to conceal themselves with their hands may have their hands restrained.

6. Participants are required to stay in public areas of the school. All use of changing rooms, washing or toilet facilities and all gym preparation (showering, removal of jewellery, shoes, et cetera for participation in physical education or athletic activities) shall be performed in the facilities provided for the opposite sex. If facilities have already been mixed in the school the participant is to remain accessible to the opposite sex where possible.

7. The Program does NOT expect participants to risk their health or safety. Appropriate safety equipment may be worn if required under certain circumstances, for example:

(a) Lab Safety Aprons in shop or chemistry classes,

(b) Athletic padding or helmets for contact sports,

(c) Taping for stability, such as ankles,

(d) Cups and jockstraps when required,

(e) Back braces while lifting, including weights in gym,

(f) Gloves of appropriate types for rope climbing or laboratory safety,

(g) Menstrual pads or tampons.

8. In schools which have Army Cadet, Sea Cadet, Air Force Cadet or Combined Cadet Units, training activities with those units are not considered as school activities and are exempt from both the Compulsory Nudity and other Program Requirements, but this exemption applies to training activities only and not to social activities. The unit Commanding Officer and not the school administration will have the final say in the case of any dispute as to whether a particular event is a training activity. However unit commanders are encouraged to require nudity from Program Participants for training activities where it is reasonably possible.

Section B.

Class Participation

1. Participants in the Program must be expected to assist teachers and instructors in the performance of their lesson plans. Participants shall cooperate with their teachers.

2. Because of the educational value of said assistance, teachers and instructors may ask for participation and demonstration beyond that described under Reasonable Requests. Participants may not decline unless the request involves sexual intercourse, the insertion of a foreign object, or would result in physical harm or pose the danger of imminent physical harm to themselves or their classmates.

3. These requirements in no way conflict with the participant's right to wear appropriate safety equipment as described in Compulsory Nudity. Teachers have been instructed to remain cognizant of the welfare of participants. If a participant feels that their health or safety, or that of their classmates is being jeopardised, it is not only their right but their responsibility to point out that jeopardy to the instructor.

4. Examples of activities which may require significant active involvement include, but are in no way limited to:

(a) Posing for art, photography or cinema classes,

(b) Serving as a live training aid for health, biology, physical education or sexual education classes,

(c) Acting as a research subject for Sociology or Psychology classes.

5. Where the participant is involved in a school-related extracurricular activity, as has been previously stated under Compulsory Nudity, the participant shall remain nude. In addition, the director, advisor, or instructor for that activity may request additional activities similar to those above. Activities which are subject to these rules include but are not limited to:

(a) School magazine or newspaper articles and photographs,

(b) Yearbook photographs,

(c) Chess Club, Debating Team, and all similar clubs,

(d) Athletic Teams,

(e) Band and Choir.

Section C.

Reasonable Requests

1. Participants must comply with Reasonable Requests. Participants are to consider themselves on display for any student who expresses a desire to examine the nude form in any way, and must cooperate in that examination, providing only that it does not interfere with class time without the express permission and supervision of the teacher or instructor of a class as described in Class Participation.

2. It is up to the individual Program participant to determine what is reasonable, given the following guidelines:

(a) A student is only required to comply during school hours on school grounds or while engaged in a school activity on or off campus. If a school activity runs to after school hours the student must still participate while 'present for' or 'part of' the activity, providing that it does not interfere with the activity.

(b) The Program Participant is the sole judge of the reasonability of any request that involves physical contact. Any attempts to coerce the participant into physical contact beyond what the participant finds reasonable will result in disciplinary action by the school administration in accordance with the judgement of local Program officials.

(c) Posing and other acts, which entail no touching, are always required to be agreed to if they will not interfere with other school activities.

(d) Participants are strongly encouraged to allow touching for the purposes of education and promoting a sexually aware environment. School administrations may create incentives for students who do so at the judgement of local Program Officials.

(e) No student shall ever be required to insert a foreign object into any bodily orifice as a part of a Reasonable Request or Classroom Activity.

(f) No student is ever required to submit to oral sex or penetration with a sexual organ as a part of a Reasonable Request.

(g) No student is ever required to have his or her freedom of movement restricted as a part of a Reasonable Request.

(h) Students do not have to comply with a request while eating lunch. There is an exception to this if the student takes longer than half the lunch period to eat. Beyond that limit they must follow Reasonable Requests.

3. Participation in the Program shall not be construed by others as license to abuse the Participant. Attempted sexual assault or any other assault will still be met with the full weight of criminal law.

4. Disagreement over what constitutes a reasonable request shall be referred to the Headmaster, who may in turn refer it to the local Program officials. Participants are advised, however, that frivolous attempts to skirt the intent of the Program may result in detention (which is a school sponsored time) or in additional week(s) of participation in the Program.

Section D.

Requesting Relief

1. While in no way dangerous or harmful in a medical sense, it is recognised that a sexual tension in either sex or erection in boys can be uncomfortable and distracting from lessons. For this reason, Teachers and Instructors have been advised that it shall be deemed a reasonable request on the part of participants to seek relief during the first five minutes of class time. Teachers and Instructors have been further advised that this event may be abetted by other students or participants or the instructors themselves (if no student is willing), and should be integrated into the educational nature of the Program.

2. Teachers may not force a Participant to take relief, but may, and are in fact encouraged to, inquire if relief is desired or necessary.

3. Considerable leeway is granted to the Participant in the nature of the relief granted, provided that no coercion is involved and that all participants are willing. No student shall be singled out or otherwise pressured to assist; however, teachers may create general incentives to encourage assistants.

Section E.

Selection and Volunteers

1. Students are selected for the Program with an attempt to maintain fairness. Selection will be done in a manner that will endeavour to ensure the greatest participation of the student body. Local laws may vary on this, but in the majority of districts the aim will be to ensure all non-exempt students complete one week in The Program before fulfilling their required time in school.

2. Students may choose to volunteer for the Program at any time. If you desire to volunteer contact your school's administration. You will then be enrolled in the Program normally.

3. Certain exempt students (such as in the case of a treaty or diplomatic issue) may not volunteer without first clearing their exemption.

Section F.

Outreach

1. In keeping with the philosophy of the Program, Participants are strongly encouraged to continue their nudity, and hence, their exploration and expansion of personal limits, outside the compulsory boundaries discussed in these rules. To further that encouragement, all laws relating to Indecent Exposure have been repealed by Statutory Instrument for everyone under the age of 21 years within areas where the Program is in operation. For the present you are safe to assume that this is within thirty miles of your school. You are also protected from liability when you are involved in a school organised or sponsored activity regardless of the distance from your school. However deliberate attempts to cause danger to others by, for example, posing explicitly on bridges above motorways may make you liable under other laws, including Behaviour likely to cause a Breach of the Peace.

2. No participant shall be refused service at any establishment for complying with the intent of the Program. However some establishments may at their choice require you to furnish and place a towel down anywhere you are seated. Merchants have been encouraged to support all aspects of the Program in any way possible.

3. Participants are also strongly encouraged to find ways to extend the benefits of the Program to others.

4. Nude individuals, including fellow students who choose a nude lifestyle, are not subject to the rules of the Program and should not be treated as such.

Section G.

Exemptions

1. Local Program officials may make exemptions for students unable to participate in the Program. These exemptions will not be given lightly and will be limited to matters of health, impending relocation, excusable absence, diplomatic status, international treaty, prior participation, and matters to be determined by the National Board.

2. Where possible an exemption will merely result in rescheduling to another date. Students who have previously completed participation may not be selected again against their will. Students who do not qualify for an exemption must complete their week in the Naked in School Program, once selected, in order to complete their studies.

3. If you believe you qualify for an exemption please bring it to the attention of your school's administration in order that the local Program officials may be contacted to review your case and make a decision.

Section H.

Disciplinary Action

1. Failure to comply with the rules of the Program may result in disciplinary action. The exact penalties shall be determined by school administrations. Acceptable forms of punishment are as follows:

(a) Detention may be used in keeping with normal school policy.

(b) Corporal punishment may be delivered to the bare buttocks only.

(c) Students may be 'drafted' into the Program for one day on a summary basis by teachers. School administrations may extend this to a full week or any portion thereof.

(d) If deemed necessary, suspension and even expulsion may be used.

2. Criminal acts by or upon Program students will be dealt with by local law enforcement. Note that sex crimes by or committed upon participants will dealt with using the utmost severity under the most recent sentencing guidelines.

Legal Information

This pamphlet is condensed from the Human Sexuality Promotion Regulations, a Statutory Instrument passed by affirmative resolution by both Houses of Parliament under the authority of the Human Sexuality Promotion Act.

Prepared by the Department for Education and Skills.

The Heather Collection http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/collection.htm

Volume I - Week 1

Heather, Shelley, Laura, Suzie & Samantha's stories

Don't forget that cultural notes are a separate document, as is the UK Program Pamphlet

INTRODUCTION

Introduction by Prof. J.D. Reynolds, B.A.(Hons), M.Sc., Ph.D.

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If you go into an average school or college or university now, you will find around half the students naked. There are even rooms set aside where they can explore their sexuality in private, though most don't bother to use them, such is their openness. If you go into town to shop, many of the shops will be staffed by naked people. Many of the shoppers, especially those who are younger, will be nude or wearing stunning creations to show off their bodies. In cinemas, it is hard to believe that young people used to hide at the back in the dark to "make out" as nowadays it is more common to "make out" in front of the screen, providing an interesting distraction for the rest of the audience if the film is boring.

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Heather part 1

MONDAY

You wouldn't think that being late for school could change your life. I was a good student, not ever so clever like some. I had to work hard to get good grades, and I was certainly never late for school. There was a flu epidemic in our town and I'd had it, so I'd missed school most of the previous week. I had recovered, but was still very tired and I guess that's why I overslept. It was mum's day to start work early so she wasn't there to wake me up and my younger sister thought it was funny to let me oversleep. She yelled at me as she went out the front door. It was quarter to nine.

I had a good excuse not to go in. I'd had a sick note from my doctor and nobody knew I was better by now. But we had a big test later that week and I couldn't afford to miss any more lessons.

No time for a shower, I dragged on my uniform and ran out the door with my bag, then realised that I'd forgotten my key and tried to stop the door slamming shut. Damn, too late.

From the main gate I could hear singing. Good, school assembly (see cultural notes) was still going on. Nobody would notice that I was late. But as I entered the main door a teacher stood there. "You're late," he said unnecessarily, "Report to the headmaster's office." (see cultural notes) When I got to the office, his secretary told me to sit outside, where there was a row of chairs for use by anyone unfortunate enough to be summoned. Until now, I'd never been one of them. He had a reputation for strictness and anyone waiting here would be nervous. I was no exception.

I heard the noise as everyone left assembly and soon the headmaster appeared. "Come into my office, Miss?"

"Hoover," I said as I followed him. He seemed distracted. "Take a seat, Miss, er.." "Hoover, Heather Hoover, sir." "Yes, Miss er Hoover, take a seat and please read this pamphlet all the way through. At the end I will answer any questions you may have. The two who were selected for this week are both off sick with the flu, so I left instructions that anyone who came in during assembly would take their place. It looks like it's only you, which is a shame, but that's how it will be."

"Selected for what, sir?" I asked. I still hadn't taken the pamphlet out of its envelope. "The Program. You can read all about it in there," he replied before starting to write something on a report card on his desk. I sat down and took out the pamphlet, little knowing that my whole life was about to change.

When I saw the naked pictures on the front I must have squealed because he looked up momentarily then went back to what he was doing.

I read the "Welcome" page without really understanding it, but the next page hit me between the eyes. "For the duration of your time in The Program, you must remain naked in school. My sharp intake of breath must have been loud as the headmaster looked up again, briefly. I carried on reading, but most of the rest was a blur. When I closed the pamphlet I felt myself let out my breath. I hadn't realised that I'd been holding it. The headmaster picked up his phone and said "Tell Mrs. Wright and Miss Taylor that they may come in now." The door opened a few seconds later and our two female P.E. teachers came in.

"Take off your clothes and put them in this box," Mrs. Wright said. I didn't move, I was numb. This couldn't be happening to me. One of them said something about having to undress me, but I just didn't react. All I could think about was the laughter when some girl's boobs popped out in gym and now I was going to be naked?

I didn't resist as they took off my clothes. This wasn't me. I was watching someone on TV. Or I was having a weird dream. When I suddenly felt a nipple rubbed by the material as my bra was removed I suddenly "woke up". Before I had time to think my knickers were down. I was pushed gently back into my chair while they removed my shoes, socks and then my skirt and knickers from around my ankles. They put my socks and shoes back on. Then the headmaster spoke.

"You can go to your first class now, don't forget the pamphlet." Miss Taylor opened the door and I walked out like a zombie, towards my next class.

When I passed some boys they stared, then one of them whistled. They started to follow me. Something in me snapped. I ran. I didn't even know where I was running, but I ran. Thankfully they didn't follow. I charged through the double doors at the end of the corridor and ran outside onto the playing fields. I didn't even notice the rain until I slipped over in the mud on the football pitch. That gave me an idea. I plastered mud over my boobs and... pussy (there, I said it). Then I ran again.

Past the football pitch, at the far end of the cricket field, there was a small hut, where the cricket stuff was stored. Although it was locked, it was easy to force the window and get in that way. So that's what I did.

Four hours later, that's where they found me, huddled in a corner, with dried up tears on my face, mud over a large part of my body and shivering with the cold. The sun had come out and five boys had come to get the cricket gear out. "Wow" was their reaction. One went to fetch the cricket master while the others just stood there, looking at me. I tried to cover myself with my hands and ended up just turning my face away and closing my eyes.

The cricket master stormed in. "What the hell do you think you are doing young... I won't call you lady. Boys, get out of here. One of you go and fetch Mrs. Wright.

They must have found Miss Taylor first as it was she who came to get me. "I don't know how you teach your girls to behave, Miss Taylor, but this is disgusting. I'm going to report..." He didn't have time to finish. "Shut up," said Miss Taylor. I'd never heard her speak so loudly before. "Boys, leave us. Mr. Thompson, I assume you were away for the staff meeting last week?"

"Yes, I had the flu."

She explained about the program and I watched his eyes open wider, then his face go deep red. He turned to me and spoke, "What's your name, young lady?"

"H.. H.. Heather Hoover sir."

"I owe you an apology, Miss Hoover. Heather. And I'm sorry." Somehow the gentleness in his voice made my eyes well with tears again when I didn't think I had any left. "I apologise too for the behaviour of the boys, but they didn't know either and when a group of boys find a pretty young lady naked in their hut, well, they will just have to learn to treat you with respect." I wasn't numb any more, except with the cold. I had heard every word and he'd called me pretty. I'd never thought of myself as that. Of course he was only being kind, but it was nice to hear.

"Would you wait here for a minute while I speak to the boys? And take this to dry yourself and put round you. You look like you're freezing." He handed me a hand towel, not very big. Miss Taylor stepped forward and took it from me and began to rub my arms and legs with it making me warmer.

Mr. Thompson came back in. "Miss Taylor, I suggest that you take this young lady to the showers and get her clean and warm her up. Then take her to the school kitchens. I'm sure that they can find her some food as she's missed lunch. And Heather," he added, turning to me, "If you have any problems with anyone, any of the boys, or girls or staff come to that, come and see me. You hear me?"

"Yes sir," I said, knowing that I wouldn't.

When Miss Taylor took my hand and led me outside, it seemed like half the school's male population was outside even if it was only one class. They were all silent, though I saw some eyes open wider and a few smirks. The five boys that had found me stepped towards me. One of them said, "I'm sorry we scared you, but Wow!" I felt myself go even redder as his eyes dropped to take in all of me. Most of the mud had been rubbed off and I felt his eyes staring at my breasts and then my pussy.

When we got into the school I turned to go into the girls showers, but Miss Taylor took my hand and said, "No. The pamphlet says that you have to use the boys showers." They were empty thank god, and she turned the water on. It began to run really hot (or it felt hot to me) and she handed me some shampoo. "It belongs to one of the boys, but I don't suppose he'll mind. Now when you've finished your shower, come to the kitchens and I'll get you some food." She left me alone. Alone and naked in the boys showers. If this was a nightmare, when was I going to wake up?

The shower was caressing my body in a way I'd never really felt before and I didn't notice the time. I was drying myself when suddenly the door opened and a whole class of boys came in and began to strip off their football kit. When they saw me, one said something like "woar", another "is this our prize?" and a few came to grab me. I ran out the door, but not before a few hands managed to grab my boobs and someone slapped me on the bum.

Outside were some girls. Most looked shocked, then one said "SLUT", loudly, and the chant of "slut slut slut" echoed in my ears as I ran down the corridor.

I was only vaguely aware of the stares as I went into the kitchen. Miss Taylor had arranged for some food for me and after I put the first forkful into my mouth I suddenly realised how hungry I was. I hadn't had breakfast after all.

When Miss Taylor came back for me she had my bag with my books in it. "Time for your next lesson. You'll be a little late, but Mr. Wright will understand." I knew that he would. Mr. Wright, our biology teacher and our PE teacher's husband, was as unlike her as anyone could be. He was kind and softly spoken, yet had the respect of everyone there without question. Whether it was just him or the thought of what Mrs. Wright would do to anyone who gave him any trouble, I don't know.

"Here she is, Mr. Wright," said Miss Taylor and gently propelled me into the room and went out, closing the door behind her. I felt 29 pairs of eyes on me, and ran to my desk. In my rush, I tripped and fell on the floor. I heard a few laughs and a few mutterings, some sympathetic, some not.

"Come up here please, Heather," I looked up and saw him looking at me. "As you know from the pamphlet, teachers may use anyone in the program to help illustrate their lessons." I didn't know. I didn't remember a thing from the pamphlet, but I nodded dumbly. I stood where he told me to and he gently turned me round to face the class. This was awful.

"As you know, we were studying the mechanics and chemistry of respiration, but as we are going to be seeing rather a lot of Miss Hoover this week, you might as well study her now."

Mr. Wright had always been so kind. How could he be doing this to me? "As at least half of you seem very interested in her more private areas, we will look at them now." I wanted to die.

"Now can anyone tell me the purposes breasts serve?" A girl put up her hand "To feed a baby, sir." A boy shouted out, "For us to look at, sir."

"You are both correct. Other mammals have breasts but none quite so prominent as these." At that moment mine had never felt more prominent, even if they were tiny. "The reason is that they are used to attract and sexually arouse the male." He went on about this for a while but I didn't really register much until he started talking about pubic hair. But then it got even worse.

"The labia are divided into two, inner and outer, to protect the vagina. Now I know that you know what the vagina is used for. Yes, fucking, Mr. Lindon, and report to me after school. The vagina is used for sex.

"The labia on every girl are different, some more prominent than others, not always the same size and often, as in this case, mostly hidden by pubic hair. Turn round please, Miss Hoover."

"The buttocks are muscular and usually well padded, more padded in some cases than others." There was some laughter. "They are used by some monkeys for sexual arousal and are still an area of arousal for human males. You can turn round again and go and sit down." I did so quickly.

"How many of you boys found Miss Hoover standing here naked exciting?" The odd hand went up. "Okay all you boys come up here and face front. Hands by your sides." This time it was the girls' turn to snigger. Every one of the boys had an erection and most were trying not to show it.

"It is a natural reaction, especially when you are young. Some girls think it is an insult, but it isn't. You should take each of these," Mr. Wright turned to me and smiled, " hard-ons as a compliment, Miss Taylor. I know that you don't think you are very pretty, but we have 15 solid proofs to the contrary. Boys, you can sit down." They went back gratefully.

"Tomorrow we will study the woman's anatomy in more detail." Oh my God! "But for now, I think Miss Hoover deserves a round of applause." I couldn't believe everyone was clapping me, even the girls, and there were a few whistles too.

"Now. BEFORE you go to your next lesson. You have seen Miss Taylor and all of you have had a good look. As you know she didn't choose to be part of this program, but she has been very brave. When you leave this classroom, I want you to do two things. One. If you see anyone hassling her, stop them if you can, and report it to a member of staff. This program is meant to celebrate the beauty of the human body and to explore sexuality, not to sexually abuse the participants. Two. Leave her alone." He almost shouted that last part.

Now I understood why he had done what he had done. From this class at least there would be less staring. They'd seen me, all of me and that was all there was to it, wasn't it? But what did he mean by studying woman's anatomy in more detail?

The next class was almost easy. Many of the biology students were in physics too so after a few initial gasps and looks, it was almost like a normal lesson.

I spent most of it worrying about what Mr. Wright had said about studying woman's anatomy in more detail. Yet ironically the thing he said which I would have worried about more if I had known, was his last sentence, "Leave her alone" as none of those who knew what was going on came near me the rest of the day, making me feel worse than ever.

The end of the lesson came surprisingly quickly. As I was leaving, the teacher told me that I had to go back to the headmaster's office.

Walking back through the school corridors was a nightmare I will never forget and I cannot even describe how I felt. Some tried to grope me, most avoided me and stared. One girl even spat at me.

"I am afraid that I made it harder for you than it needed to be, Miss Hoover," said the headmaster when I was called into his office. "I thought it would have been easier for you if I didn't make a formal announcement about it, but it caused confusion, and, I hear, some unpleasantness. I will put that right tomorrow."

"Have I really got to go on with this?" I didn't say "sir". After all what could he do to me that was worse than this? He didn't correct me, though I'm sure that he noticed.

"Yes, until you arrive here next Monday morning. Now I come to something less pleasant." LESS pleasant? "I hear that you went missing for four hours today, missed several lessons and lunchtime. That will NOT be tolerated, do you understand?"

"Yes sir."

"I will re-read the headmaster's manual about the program tonight and tomorrow afternoon, after the last lesson, you will report back here for my decision."

"Yes sir."

"Your clothes are in this box. You may get dressed now. Just inside the main entrance hall you will see a pink box. Tomorrow morning when you arrive, you will put all your clothes in there and lock the padlock. Someone will unlock it for you at the end of the day. And don't think about not coming tomorrow. You know the new rules about missing school. The police will be called and you will be brought back. I see from your records that you are a good student. Don't let this week damage your entire future."

I had already dressed by the time he was finished. Everyone had gone when I went out, apart from one younger boy who had stayed, hoping that I'd still be naked.

I half walked, half ran home and ran upstairs and flung myself on my bed. If I thought I had no tears left, I was wrong. I didn't want to talk about it to mum or my sister, so I went to bed early. Perhaps tomorrow morning I'd wake up and this will have been a nasty dream.

Heather, part 2

TUESDAY, early morning

I woke up early if the fitful dozing I managed to do could be called sleeping. The pamphlet had various website addresses in it so I booted up my computer and went online. I certainly wasn't going to get any more sleep. I found out that this program had started in America, well it would wouldn't it? It had been tried briefly in a small school in England, but had virtually caused a riot there and it hadn't been continued.

I read about the two in that school and wished I had the courage to resist as they had. But they had others supporting them and they were in a small school of a few hundred. I went to a large comprehensive school (see cultural notes) of over 2000 pupils. What chance did I stand? Most of the students don't even know me, let alone care enough to support me. I guess they'll all know me better soon.

And where was my best friend Laura? I hadn't seen her all day yesterday and I'd been too upset to speak to anyone last night. She was older than me and would leave school in a few weeks' time. It would have been easy for her, I thought bitterly. She'd started making some money stripping in pubs and for photographers, but then, she had the boobs for it.

What would she say if she were here? I'll ring her now. I crept downstairs, picked up the phone and dialed her number. After a while a sleepy voice answered. It was her mother. "Heather? Do you know what time it is? What are you doing ringing at this unearthly hour of the morning?"

"Please Mrs. Townley, I have to speak to Laura. It's about school and it's really important."

"You can call her later, it's far too earl..." I guess she heard my sob and realised that something was badly wrong. "It's alright, dear, I'll go and get her, but don't keep her too long, she's still not at all well." She put the phone down on the table before I could say "Thank you".

"Heather? What is it? Mum said you sounded really upset!"

"Do you remember that thing on TV about naked in school they tried a while ago?"

"Yeah. I thought it was great. Those stupid kids making a fuss like that. Anyone would think it was something terrible. Why?"

"They've started it again, but HERE. They gave me this pamphlet to explain it all, and, and..."

She cut me off. "Ha! That'll be a laugh. I might even volunteer."

"You don't volunteer, you get selected, and it's me. Laura, I can't do it. I hid in the cricket hut most of the day yesterday until they found me. I'm not like you. I'm not pretty, my boobs are non-existent...."

She cut me off again."You are, and they're not. Look come round and see me now and we'll talk properly."

"But your mum said..."

"Don't worry, It's okay. Come round and bring that pamphlet."

"I can't. It's too early for a bus."

"My God it's five thirty. No wonder mum was freaked. Hang on. MU-UM," I heard her call. She put the phone down and I heard her run upstairs, then a minute later, back down again. "Okay, wait there, Mum'll come and fetch you. See you soon." She hung up.

Mrs. Townley was outside in ten minutes. She must have bombed it. I got into the passenger side and said, "Thank you so much for picking me up."

"It's alright, dear, Laura explained." Was EVERYONE going to know I was in school naked all day?

Laura met me at the door and grabbed the pamphlet out of my hand. "Come up to my room." I raced after her.

"I can't do this, Laura. Yesterday in Bio I had to stand and pose. Today he's supposed to be doing woman's anatomy in more detail. I'm not a model, I'm just me. All I do is study."

"And get a kick out of watching me strip the guys when you come along to my shows."

I almost smiled.

"Yeah but they'd never fancy me like they do you."

"Lots of guys would like you if you gave them a chance."

"Lots of guys wouldn't give me a second glance."

"I bet they will now," she laughed. Her laughter was so infectious that I even laughed a little myself.

She was silent for a while reading the pamphlet. "Hmm. So you can be used as a training aid."

"It happened yesterday in Biology. But at least after they'd all stared at me most of the lesson I got some peace in the next one. But he said they'd be doing woman's anatomy in more detail today, MY anatomy in more detail. I can't do this. I'm not like you. You'd love it."

"Actually I'd be terrified," she admitted. "When I strip it's my show, under my control. I do what I want to do. It's usually the guys that are terrified, not knowing what I'm going to do to them next."

"SEE?" I almost shouted. "If you couldn't do it, how can I? I might as well run away, as far away as I can."

"I said I'd be terrified, not that I couldn't do it. How do you think I felt on my first show, when I got dragged in by Julie during her show when I thought I'd only gone to watch and learn?"

When I didn't answer she went on. "I thought I'd die. I froze. I was shit scared and I knew that everyone knew it, at least that's what I thought." I never knew that. I couldn't imagine Laura being scared of ANYTHING. "Then when Julie led me around and let the guys start undressing me, I must have looked like a zombie. Then I saw the look in their eyes and noticed a few of them with bulges and I thought "That's for me," and I started to relax. By the end I didn't want to stop and Julie almost had to drag me away."

"It was funny yesterday when Mr. Wright made all the boys stand up and we could see they all had hard-ons."

"THERE," she almost shouted. "I told you so. Don't tell me you don't get a little thrill out of all those boys being turned on by looking at you."

"I never thought of it that way. I was too busy feeling terrible. And it'll be worse today."

"No it won't. Take your clothes off."

"What?" She repeated herself.

"Look, you're going to have to strip for the whole school later. You might as well get used to it now." I did as I was told. This was almost worse than yesterday.

"Okay sit on the bed, facing my mirror. No, not like that. Sit down properly. Now put your legs wide apart." She didn't wait for me to comply, she grabbed a knee with each hand and pulled them apart. I could see myself in the mirror. She sat down on the floor in front of me, but to the side slightly. Her face was about a foot from my pussy. "Now hold your pussy open, no, not like that." She moved my hands away and pulled my lips wide open. Even in the mirror I could see a lot more than I wanted to. She must have been able to see every detail.

"It's just your body, we all have one. No one part of it is dirty or shameful, no matter what some people might say. Actually you've got quite a cute little pussy."

"LAURA!" I squealed and actually giggled. But I still closed my legs with embarrassment.

"Now it says here you have to comply with reasonable requests."

"What's that mean?"

"If a boy, or a girl come to that, wants you to do something, you have to do it."

"NO. I can't." I was breathing faster and felt myself panicking.

Laura read a bit more of the pamphlet. "Wait, it isn't as bad as you think. You have to pose how they want. But you don't have to let them touch you, or touch them. And you don't have to have sex with them. But although they can't force you to allow touching, it says here they encourage you to agree to that."

"I couldn't," I whispered.

She didn't answer me, but put a hand out to touch my nipple. I shied away, but she put it back, and gently stroked my breast, then moved to the other one. I closed my eyes trying not to think about the strange sensations she was causing.

She started to play with both my nipples and I shuddered.

"Was that so bad?" she asked.

"No, but it's you."

"Fine, if you're going to close your eyes when someone touches your boobs, imagine it's just me in my room. Now come and get some breakfast." I went to pick up my clothes. "NO, leave them. If you're going to be naked all day, you can get used to it now."

"But your mum!" She grabbed my clothes and ran downstairs. I had no choice but to follow her.

Mrs. Townley was eating breakfast. She looked at me and smiled. She said simply, "Have some breakfast. You look like you need some food inside you."

Somehow it was almost worse when people tried to be kind. After breakfast I got dressed again and Mrs. Townley insisted on driving me to school, stopping off at my house for my school bag. Mum was a little surprised as I introduced "Laura's mum" but said nothing, other than "Have a nice day at school" as I went out the door. YEAH RIGHT.

Even though Mrs. Townley drove fast, I was almost late. I took a deep breath and got out of the car, then walked through the gates and the yard and opened the big front door. Day 2 had begun.

Heather, part 3

TUESDAY, school

If I thought having to strip yesterday in the office was bad, it was worse today. A few boys from my class were hanging around to watch me strip. I decided if I was going to do it, I'd get it over with quickly. No performance from me. I closed my eyes and pulled my blouse off so quickly that I heard some of the buttons go. I actually fumbled over the bra and was shaking so much that I couldn't undo it. Can you believe that? One of the boys sniggered and I pulled on it, breaking the catch. I pulled my skirt and knickers down in one go and put everything in the box and took hold of the padlock.

If I locked the padlock, my clothes were gone for the day. If I left it open and things got too bad, I could run back and get them. But then someone would probably steal them anyway and I'd have to walk home naked. I took a deep breath and clicked the padlock shut. No going back now, Heather.

The bell rang for assembly and I got more than a few looks as I crept in at the back before too many people could see me. Even so I caused a commotion as quite a few of the others were turning round to see me. I could feel myself going red. I was learning that in some situations you have the weirdest thoughts. I mean did you know that if you blush when you are naked you can blush all over?

Our school is very old-fashioned in many ways and we still had hymns at assembly. I knew I was fairly safe as anyone disturbing assembly was severely punished. For the first time I wanted this assembly to go on forever. The usual routine was couple of hymns, a reading and then onto announcements. I had a sudden terrible thought. What if they talked about the Program?

Of course my fears came true. The headmaster stood up after the routine announcements, and said "Now I have a special announcement. I know there have been whisperings in the corridors about a nude girl here yesterday, so to put a stop to some of the wilder rumours I have heard, I am going to explain. We have been selected by the Department For Education and Skills to take part in an experiment introduced from America, where it has worked quite successfully. This program was tried out in another school in England where it failed. It will NOT fail here. To explain more about it, I will hand over to Mrs. Wright."

Nobody stirred as she took the microphone. Even at a distance Mrs. Wright had a "nobody messes with me" kind of aura about her. "As I understand it, the intentions of this program are to ensure that all pupils are comfortable with their own body and their own sexuality." Some nervous shuffling. I froze. "Some of you, especially some boys, think that all that matters is your own desire and the girl doesn't matter. As you know, there were a few cases of date rape last summer and I know that some of you girls are scared to go out alone at night. That is one reason why we were selected for this program. At the other extreme, many of you are so nervous about your own sexuality that you are failing to enjoy all it has to offer. The program is meant to strike a balance, to ensure that you learn to make the most of your own sexuality while having respect for others."

"Each week a number of students will be selected at random to attend school naked. This is compulsory and there will be severe penalties for anyone who avoids school to get out of their responsibilities in the program. At each of the exits is a pile of pamphlets and you will each take one as you leave. Read it and read it well. But this week we have selected only one student. Miss Hoover, would you come up here please." I just KNEW she was going to say that. Ever have a nightmare where you just knew all the terrible things that could happen and then they did? But this was real. "Miss Hoover?"

I edged out to the side and walked up to the front, I don't know how. At the foot of the steps to the stage, I stopped, unable to lift my foot to the step. I bit my teeth and tried to imagine that I was Laura, the powerful one, at the centre of one of her shows. It helped a little and I found myself on the stage. "Face the school please". I turned to face them all and my fantasy failed. This wasn't a show, I wasn't Laura, this was SCHOOL. These kids were the ones who knew me, I had to see them every day, and I wasn't Laura, I was me. And I was stark naked in front of over 2000 people.

Mrs. Wright had carried on talking, but I couldn't tell you what she said. When the kids started to go blurry I closed my eyes and her voice went fuzzy too. When I heard shuffling I opened them to see everyone streaming out of the hall. "Thank you, Miss Hoover, you may go to class now. Because this assembly has made us late, you do not have to stop for anyone as it is already class time."

I didn't say a word. I was too numb for talk. I walked to my class, oblivious to the stares although I heard every snigger and whistle like it was amplified in my head.

I was relieved to be back in a classroom with only about 30 people. My relief faded when I remembered WHICH class it was.

I'll say one thing for Mr. Wright, he didn't make a big deal out of it. Just said "Ah, there you are Miss Hoover, just lie on the table here and put your feet on these two side tables" as if it were a perfectly normal thing to do. Exactly as I expected, that left me totally exposed. Laura had always spoken of being proud of what she did and the power it gave her. I didn't feel powerful. Even though it wasn't my doing, I felt like a slut. I lay there as Mr. Wright's voice droned on, not hearing a word, just feeling more and more miserable with each second that passed. I was terrified I'd start crying and knew I'd be teased if I did, yet I could feel my eyes beginning to water.

It's funny the little things that save you in a situation like this. I had an itch on my shoulder and as I turned slightly to scratch it, I caught sight of one of the boys' faces. His face was red but he didn't look excited or anything like that, he looked scared. Mr. Wright had them all doing a quick sketch of my private parts and labelling them, so they all had a pen in one hand and a pad in the other. The boy who looked scared was holding his legs together tightly, trying desperately to hide the fact that he had a hard-on like iron. I looked around and some of the other boys were equally embarrassed. Most of the girls just looked uncomfortable. Every now and then one of them would glance up and catch my eye and turn their eyes away quickly. THEY would turn THEIR eyes away, not me. Right now at least, they were more scared than I was, or some of them were anyway.

"Miss Hoover, MISS HOOVER." His words dragged me back to the lesson from my musings. "Can you hold yourself wide open now, so that we can study inside your labia." My first reaction was anger. The first time I'd actually felt at all okay with any of this and he'd spoiled it. Why don't you use a speculum then you can really see everything? I thought. I was about to yell it at him, and thankfully had second thoughts. If I'd said that, he might do it.

My misery back, I pulled my lips wide open. "Now girls, you probably don't actually know your own parts that well, so each of you take a turn and study closely." The girl nearest me knelt down into front of me a bit like Laura had done, but she came closer. I could feel her breath on me and an unexpected shudder went through me. Mr. Wright pointed out each part, then the girl's place was taken by another, and another. The others didn't come quite so close, thank God.

Then it was the boys. "It smells," said one. I shrivelled up inside and let go of my lips. "Is it a bad smell?" asked Mr. Wright. "No, it's funny," said the boy.

"Next boy, open wide again, Miss Hoover. You'll find that each girl has her own scent, and when you are lucky enough for a girl to let you, her own taste."

The boy leaned forward as if to smell me. God, I felt gross. Suddenly I screamed as I felt a tongue lick over my exposed pussy. The shudder I'd felt when that girl breathed on me was nothing to the lightning bolt which went through me then. I clamped my legs together so fast it was lucky I didn't break his skull.

"He licked me," I shouted, sitting up and putting my hands between my legs for protection.

"And you didn't like it." He said as a statement, though I knew it was a question.

"No, yes, NO!" I said.

"We'll come back to that in a moment."

He turned to the boy, "DO YOU KNOW WHAT SEXUAL ASSAULT IS?" The boy just looked scared. He carried on in a voice like hardened steel. "You can all read your pamphlet again for the rest of the lesson. Subjects on the program have things that they have to do, like exposing themselves however any of you want. But if you want to touch them, you ASK FIRST. It is their decision and their decision is final. I do not want a repetition of this in my class or anywhere else. Does everyone understand?"

I was shaking like a leaf. I wasn't sure what I was more scared of, his anger, even though it wasn't directed at me, or that it suddenly occurred to me that between lessons I was an easy target with no teacher there for protection. Or was I scared of that lightning bolt of sensation as I felt his tongue on me? He's said we'd come back to my reaction and I was very glad that he seemed to have forgotten.

When the lesson finally ended a boy came up to me. "Helen?" he said nervously. "It's Heather," I replied. "Oh, Heather. I didn't get to see. Can you..." his face reddened, "Can you..."

"You want me to hold myself open so you can see properly?" I said softly. Why was I helping him?

"Yes please."

I lay back and held myself open as far as I could, even exposing my clit. I felt his breath on me and I suddenly burst out laughing. How ridiculous this whole situation was. Here was I, naked, spread out on the table like an opened gift with a boy's face inches from my most private parts and he hadn't even known my name a minute ago.

He probably didn't know why I was laughing, but maybe laughter is infectious as he started laughing too. I laughed until tears were running down my face and my sides hurt. Perhaps I would survive this week after all.

I went out into the hall. "I have a reasonable request. I want you to show me your pussy." I walked to a chair and spread my legs. "No, really open." I held myself open as before. "Now bend over and show me your arsehole." I was beginning to hate him. "Hold your bum open." "It's a reasonable request." I pulled my bum cheeks apart. As I began to get up, another one wanted to see, and another.

As I bent over to show my bum for what seemed like the 100th time, a hand groped my pussy. I turned to try to see who it was and hit my head on the wall, hard- OW! He was gone, running into the distance, while others still gathered round to look at me.

Another trick was to come up behind me and grab one of my boobs, or to feel my bum or crotch as they walked by.

I was beginning to feel bruised and sore.

Later on that day, when I left the dining hall, a whole load of boys started grabbing at my breasts. After pushing hand after hand away, I simply gave up and let them pull and tweak them to their hearts' content, while I died inside. They were pinching my bum as well, but at least I could protect my pussy. None of them even noticed the tears streaming down my face, but then, none of them looked that high. I wasn't a person any more. I was the school sex toy.

"Leave her alone!" someone shouted. "What the hell do you think you are doing?" Whoever it was started dragging some of them away but was pushed away. "Look at her face!" he shouted. To my amazement they did. The one right in front of me looked in my eyes and his face changed colour. Literally. From pink he went white in an instant. I didn't think it was possible. He took his hands away. "That's enough," he shouted. His mates hesitated, looked at him and backed off. They drifted away, leaving me standing alone with one boy in front of me. It was the one who had shouted to leave me alone. I reached out for him and literally collapsed into his arms, sobbing until it hurt.

The afternoon lessons went quickly and easily. Between the lessons I tried to stay in one class until the bell went for the next, so I could run to the next one. It made me a little late, but I avoided reasonable requests. Reasonable to who I wondered.

After the last class a boy stopped me and asked to look at me. "Touch yourself," He said. I did. "Put your finger in your pussy and wank yourself."

"No. That involves touching and putting things inside me. I won't do it. It isn't a reasonable request."

At that point the headmaster appeared, looking for me. "Ah, Miss Hoover, I just..." he paused. "Is there a problem here?"

"She won't put her finger in herself and wa... er masturbate to show me. And I'm not asking to touch her and it's not a foreign object so it's a reasonable request."

I looked at him trying to appeal. "Even if it's touching myself it's still touching. And a finger is a foreign object to my pussy. It's my right to say no."

"I'll have to consider it overnight. Come to me after assembly tomorrow morning."

"And anyway, I've been grabbed and groped all day. I feel bruised all over. Whatever happened to ME giving permission? I haven't given ANYONE permission to touch me and that hasn't stopped me being the school sex toy. Why don't you just tie me to a table and let them all gang rape me? You might as well because that's what they'll be doing by the end of the week."

"Do you know who these boys are?"

"No, there were too many."

"I will speak with people at assembly. I want this program to succeed, but it is supposed to teach more than openness about sex, it is supposed to teach you to respect each other."

"Then it isn't working."

"Hmmm. We will see what we can do about that. But I was hoping to catch you coming out of your last class. We have the summer fair on Saturday. You may not know it, but takings haven't been so good in recent years, so I've told the organisers to think of ways they can use you to raise more money. See if you can think of ideas yourself."

As I turned to go, "Miss Hoover. I will stop this abuse you are getting, but you said that you haven't actually allowed anyone to touch you?"

"No."

"The program does say that you should be encouraged to do so. It will familiarise them with a woman's body to learn how it should be treated and help you to relax and enjoy your sexuality."

I didn't answer. I walked to the entrance hall. His delaying me had allowed a whole group of boys to gather to wait there for me. Luckily a teacher was standing by as well and gave me the key to the padlock. I saw the boy who had saved me earlier. "Hi. I didn't thank you for stopping them earlier, or for letting me cry on your shoulder" (literally I thought). "What's your name?"

"Tony."

"I'm Heather, also known as local sex toy. Do you want a reasonable request? You can touch me if you like."

"Are you sure?" I wasn't sure if he even wanted to or was scared of looking gay in front of the other boys.

"Yes."

He took a breast in each hand and gently ran his hands over them. I almost closed my eyes, but after today I didn't think I'd ever dare close my eyes in public again.

Then he bent down and lightly kissed each nipple and simply said "Thank you, Heather" and turned to go.

Somehow the atmosphere changed and nobody else asked me to do anything, so I thankfully got dressed. I'd broken my bra in the morning, so I left it off and my blouse hung open with half the buttons missing, but I was past caring and just wanted to go home.

"Where were you this morning?" asked Mum.

"I was upset and went to ask Laura's advice on something."

"About the program?"

"Yes. Wait, what do you know about the program?"

"I had to agree that you could be on it. Apparently while it's just a trial, parents have the right to refuse. Later it will probably be compulsory."

"How COULD you? How could you DO that to me?"

"You're so shy, Heather. All you do is study, and watch Laura strip and I can see you wishing you had the nerve to do that. I watch you go inside yourself when boys are around. This will help your come to terms with yourself and sex."

"Mum, you're talking crap. I never want to talk about this again. You have no idea what it's like, no idea." Before my anger turned to tears, I ran upstairs.

For the second night running I went to bed in tears. I read more online about the girls' experiences in America. The first girl had let them do anything to her and ended up being seemingly hated by those that had to follow her. It seemed like every girl ended up being a sex toy.

The boys just wanted to grope me.

Half the girls already thought I was a slut and those that didn't still avoided me.

The headmaster wanted me to let them do more to me.

Laura wasn't at school, she was still ill.

And Mum was the one who had put me into this in the first place.

Nobody understands and nobody cares. I am completely alone.

Heather, part 4

WEDNESDAY

I woke up determined to be hard as nails all day. Nothing was going to touch me, emotionally anyway. We didn't speak through breakfast. Even my sister seemed to know not to say a word. As I tried to go out the front door, Shelley barred my way. She was just over a year younger than me and already had bigger boobs. I pushed her roughly out of the way and she fell down the steps. I'm ashamed to say I didn't stop to pick her up off the gravel drive but walked past her. "Sis," she called. I ignored her. "I just wanted to say I love you."

By the time I turned round I could feel tears running down my face. Not even at school yet and already in tears. "I'm sorry, Shel. It's just so hard. I just want to get away and I can't."

I hugged her so tight she cried out "Hey, I'm breakable." We walked to school together. "You'd better go in ahead of me. I don't want you to have to watch this."

"Oh no. I watched you on stage yesterday and you made me proud. I couldn't have stood up there."

"I didn't have any choice, Shel. I'm in the program and they can virtually do what they like with me."

"You looked hot though. Half the boys in my class wanted to meet you."

"Yeah, more than meet I bet."

"Well a few remarks were quite erm, detailed."

"Seriously, Shel. When I strip off, I'm gonna get groped everywhere and I don't want you to have to watch me trying not to freak out."

"Is it that bad?"

"Worse."

"OK sis, I'll go in first."

I waited a minute then followed her in. I heard the usual catcalling, but nobody was looking at me. I took off my clothes and walked to the box to put them in, pushing through the mob. Standing by the box, naked as the day she was born, with guys' hands all over her, was Shel. "I can't help you the rest of the day, but I can distract them now for you." I was stunned. She was standing there with her legs apart with god knows how many fingers rammed up inside her and trying desperately to look brave, but only succeeding in looking like a frightened rabbit.

I picked up her blouse and skirt, her underwear had disappeared. Someone got a little rough and she slipped over, spreadeagled on the floor. I bent down and lifted her legs to put her skirt on and handed her the blouse. I felt a couple of fingers rammed into my pussy and one in my arse, but I didn't even care as I helped her do up the buttons. "I'm afraid you've lost your underwear."

"Shel, you are the most incredible wonderful and brave sister a girl could have. But you can't do this for me, you'll get into trouble. But just knowing you're there for me makes it a whole lot easier, okay?" People seemed to be drifting away from us.

She nodded as I hugged her. I turned to let her go and came face to face with HIM. The one who'd led the mass groping yesterday at lunch. On either side of him were the others from his group. That's why everyone else had drifted away. "You can do what you like to me, but leave my sister alone. She's not in the program, she was just trying to help me."

"We don't want to touch you," he began, "No, I mean we´re not going to touch you. We came to apologise for yesterday. I know nothing I can say can make it right, but I'm really really sorry. All we, I, thought about was here was a hot girl naked and available. All I could see were the bits I grabbed. I didn't even think about you being a person. You were just a body until I saw your face and the fear in your eyes then I wished I'd never been born. And I know most of the others feel ashamed of what we did." His voice and eyes had been dropping steadily but now he took a breath and looked me straight in the eye. "I don't expect you to forgive us, but if you ever need anyone to help out you can count on us." From behind his back he brought out a bunch of flowers. They were rather battered but at that moment they were the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen.

We were interrupted by the loud ringing of the bell for assembly. It was taken by Mr. Wright. At the end Mrs. Wright took over. "I've heard rumours of some very unpleasant incidents yesterday involving our naked young lady."

"Some young lady," a girl's voice shouted.

"If I find out who that is, you'll be joining her. I am going to remind you of this once, and it had better be only once, that you treat anyone in the program with respect. You do not touch them AT ALL, unless they give you permission to do so. Sexual assault is still sexual assault even if she is naked. It will not be tolerated. You are dismissed."

I went into the Headmaster's office happier than I had been since this thing started. I had discovered that my sister was more wonderful than I'd ever thought. The group I had feared most suddenly wanted to be my friends, though I wasn't sure I trusted their motives. And now Mrs. Wright had laid down the law to protect me.

"I've been studying the program rules and taking legal advice. The pamphlet is quite specific, "No student shall ever be required to insert a foreign object into any bodily orifice as a part of a Reasonable Request or Classroom Activity." Fingers are not objects and in addition to that your fingers are not foreign objects. Therefore for both boys and girls masturbation IS a reasonable request." I'd been half expecting this, given what I'd read on the net, but I'd still hoped that maybe I'd be spared it.

He went on to say, "As far as anyone else touching you there, the pamphlet does say "No student is ever required to submit to oral sex or penetration with a sexual organ as a part of a Reasonable Request." It does not say any other body part, such as fingers."

"But what about the bit where it says "The Program Participant is the sole judge of the reasonability of any request that involves physical contact"? Has that suddenly been taken out?" I argued.

"That is to prevent someone from forcing you to do anything when you think something is unreasonable but there is nobody to ask for advice. It goes on to say that disagreements about what is reasonable are referred to me, and I can refer them to local Program officials, when they are appointed. Until then it is left to me to decide on any disagreements myself. I have to bear in mind that the intent of the Program is "to help you become more comfortable with your body and your sexuality" and to encourage you all "to treat others ... as sexual beings, to learn to harness your natural energies." As touching one another, even intimately, is an essential part of being a sexual being, I would have to say that trying to avoid sexual touches would clearly be what the rules call a "frivolous attempt to skirt the intent of the Program." You understand my position?"

He continued, "Now you probably heard the announcement that we will take a hard line on anyone who mistreats you, but touching and being touched IS an important part of the program. And the program rules say that we are to encourage you to take part in that aspect."

"This program failed once before in England because the selected students were unwilling to accept their responsibilities to make it work." He paused significantly. "I've been looking at your marks."

Whew, that was a quick change of subject. What was he up to now?

"You're trying to get into University next year, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Your marks are barely adequate. You cannot afford a single week with lower marks than your average or your chances of finding a place are slim. And your marks for the first two days of this week have plummeted." (see cultural notes)

"You try suddenly being the school joke and sex toy and see if your work keeps up to standard."

"I'll ignore the lack of respect this ONCE, because I've found a way in the program to help you. We are able to give discretionary marks for your participation in the program, according to how cooperative you are and what your attitude is like. Throw yourself wholeheartedly into this program and I'll see you get enough marks to get you admission into any university in the country, maybe not Oxford or Cambridge, but any other."

"You mean become the school prostitute and I get to go to university?" I said bitterly.

"I didn't say that and I didn't mean that, young lady. All I'm asking is that you try to be a willing participant in this program and make it work, instead of trying to avoid it as much as you can."

He seemed to have finished so I turned to leave, but he had another bombshell for me.

"Before you go, I've been looking in the program rules. It says, "If your participation is deemed unsatisfactory due to absence (whether for illness or truancy), your participation will be extended in one week increments until satisfactorily completed." Because you were absent for a large part of the first day, you have to complete this week and do another week. You will be in the program until the end of next week. It will give you time to adjust to the requirements of the program. Now you can go."

I'd gone into the office almost happy and now this. By tonight I'd have been over halfway through the week, the school week anyway. Now the program stretched ahead of me like a life sentence. And not only that, if I didn't "cooperate", my whole future was down the drain.

My first lesson of the day was Art. It was taught by a hunk by the name of Mr. Claymore. The joke among the girls was "he can be mine any day." (Claymore is the name of a rather nasty type of mine.)

"Thank you for joining us finally, Miss Hoover."

"Sorry, I had to see the headmaster."

"Oh okay. You can sit down. We are finishing the study of light and colour by using different coloured lights on this bowl of fruit, so if we can have the lights off please."

I didn't believe it. Art class. The one class I really expected to be posing the whole time, and not only wasn't I going to have to pose, the lights were out and nobody could even see me.

Glad? No I bloody wasn't. I'd have given ANYTHING to make Gerald Claymore notice me, even if it meant having the whole class measure me inch by inch with their fingers. The one class I was actually glad to be naked in and it was dark and I was sitting meekly at the back.

On my way to the toilets after Art, I ran into Tony. "Hi, He," he said. Let me tell you that nobody calls me "He" or "Het" or any other abbreviation for Heather if they don't want me to totally blank them. But after yesterday he could call me every foul name under the sun and I wouldn't mind. "How's it going?" he asked.

"The headmaster says that masturbation is a reasonable request and that if I want extra marks to go to Uni I have to let people grope me."

"The headmaster said THAT?"

"Not exactly, but that's what it means."

"But after what Mrs. Wright said this morning I thought nobody could touch you unless you said it was okay."

"That's just for show. People have to ask, and I have to give permission, but if I don't, bang goes my chances to go to Uni."

For the zillionth time, I was crying. And for the second time in two days, I was crying on Tony's shoulder. But the lesson bell went and we went our separate ways.

In History we were studying women's rights. This was taught by a large middle-aged man called Mr. Moor. If there was any more of him he'd fall over.

"If we've progressed so far with human rights, how come I can be stripped, paraded around and forced to exhibit like some animal and basically be told if I don't let half the school grope me I can't go to university?"

"I haven't made any secret that I am not a supporter of the program although I see nothing in the program that tells you that you have to be groped against your will."

I read the bit from the pamphlet "Participants are strongly encouraged to allow touching for the purposes of education and promoting a sexually aware environment. School administrations may create incentives for students who do so at the judgement of local Program Officials."

"What that means, sir, is that they can basically screw up my academic record by putting me in this program, then offer to rescue it as an 'incentive' to allow touching. And did you know I can even be forced to masturbate as a reasonable request?"

"No, I didn't know that. But if as a society we are to be more open and accepting of sexuality, instead of making it something dirty and hidden and looked down upon, it must be brought into the open. You've been given a wonderful chance to experience so much in a short time, which could enrich your own future development as well as your sex life now and in the future."

Less than 20 minutes later I was to regret that conversation. One of the boys in the class came up to me afterwards and said "I've got a reasonable request." (I was learning to HATE THAT PHRASE.) He wanted me to masturbate in front of him.

We walked back into the classroom and I lay on a table, stuck a finger in my pussy and rammed it in and out trying not to think about what I was doing or that I had a growing audience, one of them with his eyes inches from the said finger.

To my surprise he took my hand and stopped me. "It's okay. I'm sorry. You can stop." He looked upset. "What's wrong? Didn't you like it?"

"Yes but I want to learn how to do it. My girlfriend is fantastic at handjobs, we haven't done anything else yet, but when I try to do her, I do it all wrong. I'm either too rough or too gentle. I really want to make her cum."

"What's your name?"

"Roy."

"Well, Roy, it's me that should be sorry. I was treating you like a jerk. Would you like me to show you properly?" His eyes lit up. "Okay. Firstly, don't forget that the whole area is sensitive, you don't have to go diving straight in..." I told him to start just stroking the labia, then to gently open them, don't go straight for the clit at first. I showed him everything nearly bringing myself off. I stopped and he looked up puzzled.

"Would you like to try?"

"Can I? Really?" I nodded and just had to smile. Whoever had him for a boyfriend was luckier with boys than I was.

He'd been studying well, but he was a little too gentle. "It's okay, I won't break, honest."

When he stuck his finger in me the classroom disappeared. Forget university. Forget the program. Forget School. Just let me stay here with this finger doing all those things in my pussy for a lifetime. When he used his other hand to touch my clit I can't describe it. I'd had orgasms before, but this was intense.

I realised he was looking down at me with concern on his face. "Are you okay?"

"Oooh yesss." I gasped "That was incredible. If your girlfriend doesn't want you, ask her if I can borrow you, in fact ask her anyway."

"Thanks, Heather."

"No. Thank YOU." He even helped me up and believe me I needed it.

I staggered into the next lesson, maths.

"I can see you've been enjoying youself, but why are you late?"

"I'm sorry, sir, I was helping with a lesson demonstration."

"Okay. ARE you okay?"

"Oh YES SIR!" The whole class laughed at that.

"Yes, I rather think you are. Someone had suggested that we use you to measure to work out the volume of irregular solids, but perhaps you'd better sit down."

I did. I couldn't concentrate on the blackboard though, or on what he was saying. I still didn't believe that I'd actually had a positive experience in this damned program. Somebody hadn't just been using the program as an excuse for using me in their own masturbation fantasies. And I'd been able to help someone, or two someones. Maybe more as we gathered quite an audience for our little show. And on top of that the most mind-blowing orgasm ever.

Of course the rest of the day wasn't as good as that. After lunch I was asked to masturbate again. I was actually still pretty turned on from the last time, so soon I was in my own little world. I came to as something hit me in the eye. Ow that hurt. I was surrounded by guys all wanking over me. They had cum all over me, it was even on my finger that I was still rubbing into me. As I gasped another wad of cum landed across my face and some went into my mouth. I sat up and felt it running down my body. My hair was full of it.

Only day 3 of 14 and I'd let god-knows-how-many guys wank all over me. As far as I could remember no one had touched me, yet I felt dirtier and more used than if I'd been gangbanged.

I ran to the showers trying to ignore the disgusted looks on some of the girls and the shouts of "Slut" and "Whore". I had to use the boys showers so they followed me in there. I let them clean me as I shampooed my hair with some shampoo that one of the boys gave me. It had a masculine smell but anything was better than the way I smelt and felt at that moment.

One boy stuck a couple of fingers up me, brought them out and licked them and said "Yum."

"You're supposed to ask."

"May I?"

I laughed.

"May I?" "May I" came from all around me. "Okay, but be gentle, I'm a little sore down there."

Most of them were gentle. As the warm water continued to wash over me and other hands continued to massage my head, my shoulders, my neck, my back, my breasts I felt a strange calm.

I don't even remember the lessons that afternoon, but I suppose there were some. The times in between I spent being examined or probed or massaged by one guy after another, or should that be ten guys after another. Some were gentle, some just wanted to see how many fingers they could stuff in me and how far.

They couldn't say I wasn't cooperating now. Any more cooperation and they'd have to stick a red light outside every bathroom and charge admission.

I picked up the padlock key and got to the box to find someone had superglued it. The maintenance staff had gone home. It was walk home naked or try to hitch a lift. Somehow I didn't think hitch-hiking in the nude would be the greatest idea known to man.

About a third of the way home, already with a rowdy following who prodded and grabbed at me at every chance, I saw a flashing blue light. Thank God, the Police.

"I am arresting you for behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace. Step into the van." He opened the back door of the van "The rest of you clear off unless you want to be arrested too." He slammed the van door shut before I could recover from my shock to explain.

Heather, part 5

WEDNESDAY evening

Let me tell you the hard seats in the back of police vans really are hard when you're naked, especially when you aren't exactly well padded like I'm not. How could the program tell me we are supposed to go nude outside school when I can be arrested like this?

We arrived at the Police station and the van doors opened. I was led into a side entrance. "Wait in this interview room while the sergeant comes to get your parents' details." He left and I heard a key turn in the lock.

It's got to be about the only time so far this week I didn't cry. It just seemed so ridiculous. It was less than a minute later when a somewhat red-faced sergeant came running to open the door with the police constable behind him. "Young lady, I'm sorry. He only transferred here yesterday and we haven't had time to tell him about the Program yet."

"The Program?"

"Go and get this young lady a cup of tea, then I'll explain it to you." The constable went off looking totally puzzled.

"What's your name, love?"

"Heather Hoover."

"It's okay, Heather's enough, unless you want to make a claim for false arrest."

"No. Actually he got me out of a nasty situation. A crowd were pestering me when he came along. Some idiot superglued the lock on my clothes box at school and it was too late to get someone to saw it open."

"Pestering? Are you alright?"

"Not as bad as at school."

"It must be tough being the first one in this area."

"Yeah."

At that point the other cop returned with my tea. "Please will someone tell me what this is all about?"

"This is a Program Area," the sergeant said, "which means that anyone under 21 and any woman of any age can go naked anywhere they want to. Additionally unless they are really causing a disturbance the same goes for sexual activity. Anyone actually IN the Program is specifically encouraged to go nude in public."

"And I didn't really give you a chance to explain, did I?"

"No, but you saved me from that crowd, so I'm not exactly cross about it. And I didn't WANT to walk home naked, some idiot put superglue on my program clothes box."

"Sorry, now you're losing me. Program clothes box? And what is "In the Program"? This is all new to me."

"Why don't you let Heather finish her tea and she can tell you all about it while you run her home. And put the heater on in your car, the poor girl looks frozen. Would you like a blanket, love?"

I nodded and he got one from the storeroom opposite.

The drive home was short. His eyes were bigger than half the boys at school as I told him about the program. As we pulled up, he insisted on pulling right into our driveway. Mum came out to see what was going on as he asked me "How did you get picked for this then?" "It's supposed to be random but the two who were picked were off sick with the flu so they picked whoever was late into school."

I heard a gasp and Shelley ran indoors. I hadn't noticed her behind mum. "Sorry, officer, I have to go. Thanks for the tea and the ride home."

"Girls!" I heard Mum mutter as I raced indoors past her, leaving both adults bemused.

I ran upstairs to find Shelley sobbing uncontrollably on her bed. "It's my fault, it's my fault. I've done this to you." She sobbed even more violently and could no longer speak. Then she ran to the toilet and knelt over it and started throwing up. I knelt beside her and held her close, stroking her hair.

When she finally calmed down, she said, "No wonder you shoved me away this morning. I wouldn't have pushed me down the steps, I'd have pushed me under a bus. How can you still love me after what I've done to you?"

"Shel, it was a silly prank and any other day it would have meant nothing. You had no way to know what would happen, none of us did." I shrugged my shoulders. "It was just one of those things."

"It's still my fault."

"Shel, look at me." She lifted up her head. "Let's get you in the shower and clean you up." She cleaned her teeth first, then we jumped in the shower together. "You know not all of it has been bad. Some people have been gentle like this." I began to wash her all over. When I came to her pussy she winced and when I bent down I saw that it was red and sore. "Is this from this morning?"

"Yes, some of them wanted to see how many fingers they could get up me and when they couldn't get all four fingers in they just started shoving harder. I bled on them though." I cursed myself inwardly for not noticing at the time. "I'm not a virgin any more," she whispered.

"Yes you are, fingers might have broken your hymen but that doesn't mean you aren't a virgin. It just means that you won't bleed the first time, that's all."

"Really?"

"I thought you'd done it though, with boys I mean. I mean you spend lots of time with them. And I've seen some hickeys."

"No, I've never gone all the way. Will you have to this week?"

"No, but the program seems to be set up to make it almost impossible not to."

"Sis, I'm going to see the headmaster tomorrow. When I tell him what I did, he'll have to take you off the program and put me on it."

"No. All you'll do is get yourself into trouble. Or maybe he'll put you on it as well, but once you're on, you're on. No excuses, no going back. And I've got enough to cope with without worrying about my crazy sister all week as well!"

"Why crazy?"

"Shelley, what made you do what you did this morning?"

"You were so unhappy. I just wanted to make it easier for you."

"You did."

"It was awful. I was so scared and it hurt so much, and I've had three showers since and I still feel dirty. But it stopped them all going for you."

"Yes it did, and I'm really grateful."

"Great, then I'll do it tomorrow too and Friday."

"Shelley, this morning was the bravest thing I've ever seen, but you've just topped it. You're the best."

"It's settled then. I'll do your morning strip and that'll make it a bit easier for you."

"After this morning, you'd do that for me? I can see how sore you still are." She nodded. I shook my head in disbelief.

"Thank you. You're amazing, you know that?"

"And now I know it's my fault, I'd do more if I could."

"I know, Shel, I know, but NO, you can't do this."

"Why not?"

"It's against the rules. We were lucky this morning. Nobody seems to have reported us. You could get me an extra week if they find out, and two weeks is enough."

"TWO?" she almost screamed at me. "WHY TWO?"

"When they first stripped me, I ran away half of Monday, so this week wasn't completed properly so I have to do an extra week."

"That's not FAIR," then in a quieter voice "Sis, I'm so sorry."

"I know."

"Was it bad today?"

"Yes and no. It was pretty bad being told I had to masturbate for people. It was awful knowing that the only way I can get the marks I need to go to Uni is to do well in the Program, which seems to mean let them do whatever they want with me."

"Yuk!"

"Yeah, but the first one I had to masturbate for was great. He wanted to know how to do it to his girlfriend. He was so sweet I let him do me."

"You mean you let him..." Her eyes opened wide.

"No, I just let him masturbate me. And he was FANTASTIC. He had my toes curling up. You masturbate sometimes, don't you?"

She turned pink and said timidly "Yes."

"Well let me tell you, this was a zillion times better than that. If I could lay there for the whole two weeks, I'd be in heaven. Actually I'd probably die of pleasure."

"What else happened today? I want every detail." So I told her and she listened quietly, except for another "yuk" when I told her about my cum bath and giggling when I told her about my disappointment in art class. She thinks he's hot too.

"Please don't tell mum about what I did this morning."

"Okay, just promise me you won't do it again."

We went downstairs together. I still had to face mum after last night.

"How was school today?"

"It was better. I had to masturbate for this really nice kid that wanted to know how to do it to his girlfriend. In the end I let him do it to me and it was incredible."

"The program is bringing you out of yourself. It's not so bad. That is what it is for."

"That might be what it says, Mum, but really it just makes me the sex toy of the week for the whole school. All the fine words about reasonable requests. It's a fancy way of letting any guy play with me so he can jack off afterwards." I glared at Shel, pleading her with my eyes not to mention the cum bath.

"I think you might be exaggerating a little, darling. I know how shy you are."

"No she's not, mum. Look." She pulled down her pyjamas and mum could see her thighs covered in tiny bruises and a still obviously sore pussy.

"What? How? I thought it was just your sister on the program?"

Shel suddenly realised what she'd done and went back into scared rabbit mode.

"Mum, you have the most wonderful bravest daughter I could ever have for a sister. She knew how bad it was for me and yet she sneaked ahead and stripped off and let them all grab at her to distract them from me when I arrived. And even after all that, until I explained that she could get me an extra week, she wanted to do it all again, tomorrow and Friday."

"Heather, I wanted something to give you confidence. I never thought it would be like this."

"You should read some of the stories on the net about it in 'Merica, Mum. Some of them had it a lot worse than Heather."

"I'll go to the school tomorrow and withdraw my permission and get you taken off."

"No, mum. My marks weren't great before. I might have just got into a university. Now they are wrecked, I need the marks I get from this program to get into a good Uni. I have to complete this two weeks and I have to do well."

"Two weeks?" I explained again.

"You know, Heather, however terrible this program is, it IS giving you courage. A few days ago you'd have run away and given up all thought of university rather than face this."

"A few days ago, I DID run away. That's why I've got two weeks."

"Come here, both of you." We ran to sit on her lap, one on each leg, like when we were little. "You're both really brave and I'm proud of both my girls." She stroked our hair for a while.

"Now let's get you two something to eat and I think you both need an early night. Can you start dinner, Shelley. I want a word with your sister in private."

She went out to the kitchen.

"Heather, I have a confession to make. When you were so upset last night, after you'd gone this morning I went and found your journal. So I know some of what you've been through, though I thought you were exaggerating. Of course I haven't read today's episode yet, though I think Shelley knows all about it." I grinned.

"Mum, I did some things today, I'm not proud of. If you read my journal, please don't say anything about it unless I bring it up. "

"I put you in this program. Whatever you have to do to get through this time, I will be proud of you. I want you to know that you aren't alone and never will be while I am on this earth."

"Or Shelley after this morning," I laughed.

"I can't be there with you through this. You say I can't stop it and I'll accept your decision on that, for now. But I am here afterwards. If you need someone to cry on, to yell at or just to wash you down, I'm here. And I meant what I said, I am really proud of you. I have confidence that you'll get through this. Now let's get in the kitchen before Shelley burns everything."

Mum. If you're reading this (and you shouldn't be) I love you. And you have no idea how good it makes me feel that you have confidence in me.

Goodnight.

Heather, part 6

THURSDAY

Arriving at school I gritted my teeth and walked in, this time hand in hand with Shel. As I took off my blouse, she started to take hers off. "No, Shel. You can't help me with this."

"Just try stopping me." Around us a chant of "strip strip strip" had begun. Hands were pulling at my blouse and skirt. I had to let go of Shel and take off my own clothes before they were ripped apart. That was the opportunity Shelley needed. She ran away from me and stripped off the rest of her clothes. To save time, she'd worn no underwear.

"Come and get me, boys," she yelled out, "I'll do more than she will." Most of the boys did run over to her. Luckily one of the teachers came out at that moment.

"What is going on?"

The crowd disappeared in seconds flat leaving me still pulling down my knickers and Shel sprawled obscenely on the ground. She got up. "It worked again, Sis." She sounded pleased.

"You will both be called to the head's office over this later. Now get on to assembly."

It was my first assembly this week where the program wasn't even mentioned. On the way to my first class I had my first "reasonable request" of the day. "I want to finger you." What the hell, I thought, after yesterday what was one guy's fingers? "Okay."

What I hadn't expected was the sharp pain as he shoved a dry finger up my ARSE. "Bend over bitch," he growled, pushing me down as he rammed his finger (thankfully only one finger) in and out of me.

"Anyone else wanna go?" he shouted.

Luckily I was saved by the lesson bell. I picked myself up off the floor and ran to class. SHIT! It was Sex Education. This was another change this term. Previously Sex Ed. was taught as part of Biology. Now half of the biology lessons were changed specifically to Sex Ed., at least for the first few weeks of the program.

It was taught by an obnoxious woman called Ms. (nobody knew whether she was Miss or Mrs. or would dare to ask) Gordon.

"Lie on the front table and put your feet in those stirrups. I think we can't restrain you, so they won't be tied, they are just there to support your legs."

"Now because this is a lesson, we can exceed the normal reasonable requests in the program, although she cannot be made to have sexual intercourse without her consent."

"I'm Heather, miss."

"Sorry?"

"I'm Heather, not she."

"For the sake of this lesson you are a live demonstration model. Names don't come into it."

I didn't argue. I just hoped this lesson would be over soon.

"In last week's lesson we were discussing oral sex. Seeing as we have someone to practice on now, I think we should take advantage of that."

OMG It took me a few seconds to realise what she was saying. Wasn't oral sex counted as intercourse? Somewhere vaguely in my memory I remembered seeing an old film of an American president saying "I did not have sex with that girl" after she'd given him a blow job. But there was no point disputing this. I'd already got the message. When it came to the program any appeal wasn't going to work.

"Who wants to go first?" Nearly all the boys' hands went up and so did a couple of the girls'. I hadn't THOUGHT of THAT.

The first boy didn't waste time getting down between my legs. He roughly held my lips apart and gave me a great big lick. If this was oral sex, forget it.

"Now remember, you are trying to bring the girl you are with to orgasm. Don't worry, class, a girl can have many orgasms one after another, so those of you later on will still get a chance." Yeah, I thought, and leave me a wreck unable to walk to my next lesson. She called time on the first boy and another took his place. I relaxed, if they're all like this, having too many orgasms is NOT going to be a problem. I giggled slightly at the thought and he took that as a sign that he was doing the right thing.

By the fifth or sixth boy (I wasn't actually counting), Ms. Gordon was getting impatient. "Some girls need more stimulation, try sticking a finger or two in her at the same time." I was still sore from yesterday, so the only stimulation THAT was going to give was pain. I gasped. I suddenly realised that she was filming this as she did a close-up of my face.

To be fair to the boys, some weren't bad, but with worrying about Shelley and having to see the headmaster later, not to mention having it all recorded on some damned tape for posterity, it would take a miracle to turn me on.

"Let's see if the girls can do any better." One of the girls stepped forward. Her name was Diana and I knew her slightly. She didn't waste any time and started by flicking her tongue lightly around my clit as she eased a finger into my pussy and gently scratched on the front wall.

"That seems to have hit the spot." Ms. Gordon was delighted.

I might be a rarity but I'd never THOUGHT of going with a girl before. And now here I was with a girl doing things to me I'd only dreamed of. She stuck her tongue right into my pussy as far as it would go, helped by two fingers which were holding me wide open. Some of the class were bent over trying to see, others were watching me on a big screen.

She was playing me like an instrument, bringing me close to cumming, then letting me down, then bringing me back up again. Surely she must be out of time by now? She took her fingers from my pussy and gently introduced them up my bum. This was different from before. Everything she did seemed to hit a nerve. Much more of this and I was going to...

I screamed and shook violently as I came, gasping for breath.

She was followed by some of the other girls, a few didn't want to do it, so they didn't have to. Some brought me to a small orgasm but nothing like as intense as before.

"We've still got some time left so let's see if the boys have learned anything."

A boy stepped forward and began exactly as Diana had done. He wasn't as skilful at bringing me to a point and letting me down as Diana, but he was pretty damned good bringing me to a shuddering orgasm. How many was that today?

A few others had a go and we were nearly out of time. "Okay, if any of you boys want relief, you can relieve yourselves over her." Nearly all needed a release, and I could understand that. I would have protested but I was too exhausted to speak.

I was left a sweaty and cum-soaked mess, unable to move. In the break between lessons I literally crawled to the showers, turned them on and lay down letting the water run over me.

The next lesson was Cookery, or it was supposed to be. I walked into the middle of a food fight with cream flying everywhere. Some landed on my right boob and I was lifted by four boys, put on a table and they began to put spoonful after spoonful of cream and chocolate over me. Needless to say my boobs and pussy got the most and both got lots of licking. I was so wound up after the last lesson that it wasn't long before I was shuddering to yet another orgasm.

One guy put whipped cream on his dick and put it in front of my face. I licked the cream off, trying not to touch his dick too much. Of course that idea caught on, so I spent the rest of the lesson licking cream off dicks while other tongues were busy inside my creamy pussy.

After lunch I was surrounded again, This time a girl wanted to examine me. I was helped onto a table again - Why don't they just put wheels on one of these tables and wheel me around? It would save time.

She had her fingers in me for a while, then theatrically brought them out and sucked them into her mouth. "Yum," she said, making everyone laugh, including me. Then she went down on me. GOD she was good, not as good as Diana, but good enough. She stopped for a moment just as I was about to reach a peak. The bitch.

She stood up properly, yanked her knickers down and threw them to the watching boys. Then she climbed onto the table and over me, lowering her face to my pussy once again and shoving her bare pussy into my face. I might be inexperienced, but thick I'm not. I tentatively stuck out my tongue and licked her outer lips. "Mmm," she sighed, so I guess she liked it. I opened her up and licked again. Her pussy tasted different to mine, but I had to admit I liked it. It didn't take long before we both came, together which surprised me. Then she lifted my legs bending me in two, without taking her tongue away from my pussy.

I felt another tongue around my arse, my buttocks were pulled apart and the new tongue pushed its way into me. I'm running out of superlatives for orgasms but this one was incredible.

"Let me do that to you," I begged, as soon as I got my breath back.

She crouched over my face, held up by boys on either side. I wasn't so shy this time, I held her wide open and stuck my tongue right into her Arse. I soon changed to having my tongue in her pussy and two fingers in and out of her arse. She came violently, squirting me with her juices. She crouched down further and wiped her wet pussy all over my face. "That was great, thanks." She flashed me a smile and left.

I was brought back to semi-reality by a guy asking "Can I fuck you?"

"No, Not today." WHAT was I saying? "But you can come on me if you like."

So I was again surrounded by guys. This time they all tried to aim their cum at my mouth and I tried to catch it. I caught some, but most ended up on my chin or boobs.

At the end I scooped up as much as I could in my hand and made a show of pouring it into my mouth and swallowing loudly. Some people looked disgusted but I was past caring. If I had to be the school slut, I was gonna be a good one.

But apart from that Thursday was definitely girls' day. Our performance in class and in the dining hall had got around and it seemed like every girl who had ever thought about going with a girl wanted to try it with me. Finally I suggested they came after school and waited for me.

One exception. I saw Tony between lessons. "Tony, have you ever had a blow job?"

"No."

"Would you like one? Only we're doing oral sex in Sex Ed. and I know I'm going to have to give some and I'd like my first one to be someone I like."

"Can we go somewhere private?" I shook my head. "I'm not allowed."

So I knelt in front of him and took out his cock. I kissed the end of it and began toying with the little gap in the tip. I licked up and down it, even sucking his balls into my mouth. Then I opened my mouth wide and pulled it into my mouth, sucking as I worked him in and out. I pulled it out and said "Fuck my mouth like the slut I am!" He put his hands behind my head and rammed his cock into me, hard. I nearly choked.

I was caught by surprise as jet after jet of his cum hit me in the back on the throat. I struggled but I swallowed every drop. I wonder how many boys' cum I've eaten today?

After school Shel and I had to go to the Head's office. He was not happy. "It is totally against the rules to get someone to help you," he stormed.

"She didn't!" yelled my sister.

"You don't have to shout," he said. He looked at her already tear-stained face and said more gently, "I think you'd both better sit down and tell me about it."

I tried to begin, but he stopped me. "Let's hear what your sister has to say. What's your name?"

"Shelley. And it's me that should be on the program not Heather. She's been ill and I was supposed to wake her up. I was just joking and let her oversleep. So it's my fault she was late. You should have me on the program and let her off."

"I don't want to be let off," I said.

If I shocked myself, that was nothing to the look of shock and disbelief on the faces of both the Head and my sister. "It's been horrible at times and sometimes I wished I could just die rather than be here. But I've learned more about myself in four days than I have in my whole life. I've learned I can cope with anything. I don't think I'll ever be scared of people again. I've learned I can do things with my body and with other people that I never even dreamed about. I've learned that I like sex and I like it a lot." My sister looked at me questioningly. "No, I'm still a virgin, but I don't think that I will be for long."

"Then why get your sister to help?" he asked. Shelley answered before I could.

"It was hell for Heather the first few days. Even before I found out it was my fault, I wanted to distract them at least so she could get into school without half the boys in school trying to ram everything up her and twist her boobs off. Look at what they did to me!"

She lifted her skirt and pulled her legs wide apart. The bruises on her thighs had darkened an ugly red and her pussy was still swollen and badly bruised.

He looked shocked. "You don't seem as bad, Heather."

"No. Apart from one incident at lunchtime on Tuesday, the worst times are first thing in the morning, when they are all waiting for you. They didn't know about it on Tuesday so that was okay. Wednesday Shelley did, what she did. A few people rammed fingers in me while I was helping Shel up but most were already going to assembly."

"So why did you let her do it again today?"

"She didn't," protested Shelley, then caught his eye. "Sorry."

"LET her? I made her promise not to. Have you ever tried to stop Shel doing something once she's set her mind on it? You've seen how I can't even answer a question when she's around. It's like stopping a hurricane." They both laughed at that.

"Shelley." He spoke firmly. "You are right that I shouldn't punish your sister for what you did. But you are NOT to do it again. Do you promise me?"

"No sir. Especially now I know it's my fault she's on this program. I can't help her the rest of the day, but you'll have to tie me to a tree to stop me, and even then I'll scream to get them to come to me instead."

"You really love your sister, don't you?" She nodded.

"Well how about if I promise to be there myself tomorrow morning to stop things getting out of hand, will you promise me not to do it again?"

"Okay. My pussy hurts so much I don't want to do it anyway."

"That's settled then. You can both go home. The box has been fixed by the way and it will be checked before you leave school each day. I had a report from a rather angry constable about you having to walk home like that. Now I want to ask you both something. Just between us okay?"

We nodded and he continued. "I believe in the program. The things you said about what you've learned prove that it has a place here. But it was never intended that anyone should suffer the abuse you have. I hope that you believe me. If I had the power I would suspend the program until these problems were all solved, but I don't. And I don't have the power to take Heather off the program even if she'd let me. But I want you both to think of anything we can do better and especially anything we can do to stop future participants being abused. My office is open to both of you, you don't need an appointment. Now go home."

"I can't. I've got some people waiting for me." I smiled.

Shelley came with me to the dining hall. She watched closely as the first girl licked my pussy. "I wanna go," she demanded. I must have looked shocked. "Not with you, silly," She lay on the table next to me, lifted her skirt and held my hand. Some of the girls didn't want to lick Shelley when they saw the bruising, but she had her share of girls.

We were there nearly an hour holding hands, with girls taking turns licking us and having us lick them as they squatted over us.

When they were all done, I turned to Shel and kissed her. I meant it as a sisterly kiss, but I found her tongue dancing into my mouth and I responded. Oh dear!

When the kiss was done, I took her hand again and we walked to the showers and very gently washed each other down.

"I love you, Sis," we both said at once and hugged.

"I forgot to say something else the Program has done." I looked into her eyes and smiled.

"What's that?"

"It's made us so much closer and shown me what a great sister and super friend I've got. I don't think I could have done this without you, Sis."

She smiled. "Superslut, you can do anything."

"SUPERSLUT? Is that what they're calling me now?"

"Well if you've got to be a slut, it's better to be a superslut." She grinned as only she can.

We opened my clothes box. She put her clothes in the box and we walked home naked, hand in hand.

Shelley part 1

MONDAY

Hi, I'm Shelley and I'm not in the program, but my big sister is. Normally it's only people IN the program that write a journal, but anyone who knows me will know that I can't stay silent for long.

We are a fairly normal one parent family. Me, Heather, that's my sister and our Mum. Sis and I fought a LOT and when we weren't fighting we were teasing or playing tricks on each other.

I usually got the best of the teasing 'cause I've got more confidence than is good for me (as Mum always says) and Heather wouldn't say boo to a goose. She's not painfully shy or anything like that, but you can see her envy her friend Laura, who's a part time stripper and model.

It's Heather I envy. She's the one with brains in our family. Okay she's not brilliant, but she's the one with sense. She studies hard and knows what she wants. I know what I want, go for it without thinking and fall flat on my face.

I also envy Laura, not because she's got money or a body to die for or anything like that, though I'd love to be able to turn men on like she does, but because she's Heather's best friend and I want to be. I love my big sis like mad, but could never tell her, we're just not that close.

MONDAY morning

Got up as usual. Decided to play a joke on Heather by only waking her up with a shout as I left for School. If she's hungry all morning till lunchtime it'll teach her to finish all the ice cream yesterday evening without leaving ME any. It's not fair that she can eat anything and stay like a bean-pole, while I only have to look at a chocolate cake and put on 10 lbs.

Weird stories at school about some girl wandering around in the nude. God, some people will do anything for attention.

TUESDAY

Wonder what's up with Sis? She came running in last night, slammed the door and wouldn't speak to us. Then this morning she got up and went out really early. I think it was Laura's mum's car outside when she went out. Something's wrong. I wish we were close. I feel rotten that she can't talk to me about whatever it is.

SHIT SHIT SHIT. Went to assembly (see cultural notes) and they told us about something called the program. I was just thinking that I'd just DIE if it happened to me, and then Heather walked onto the stage. Naked, yes N - A - K - E - D. No wonder she was upset last night.

This pamphlet is incredible. When you're in the program you get forced to pose and spread your legs to let everyone look at you. You get groped. It doesn't say that, but that's what it means. One boy from the year above was even going round saying he'd licked that slut out in Biology. In English I got the assignment to write this journal. The program, sister's point of view. Well my point of view is it stinks.

I saw Heather at lunch today. She was being poked and grabbed by a whole gang of boys. Even from where I was I could see she was crying. I was going to run over and pull them away, but a boy tried that. Then he shouted at them and they stopped. I'm glad she didn't see me looking, that would probably have made it worse, if that's possible. Or maybe I was just a coward.

I'm ashamed of myself tonight. I didn't go home from school, I went to the town library. I even did some studying. Anything rather than face Heather. No wonder she didn't talk to me last night, but went to Laura this morning. Some friend I'd be. She's hurting like mad and I'm too scared to even see her.

When I got in this evening, Heather had already gone to bed. I found the open page of her journal. In big letters it says I am completely alone. I was about to read the rest of it when Mum called me downstairs for supper. When I went back upstairs, she'd obviously woken up and locked it in her bag. I watched her sleep for a while. Even sleeping she was restless and looked upset. And I'd failed her badly, first at lunchtime, then by avoiding her this evening. I didn't even back her up when Mum told me about the row she had with Heather. Some sister I am.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast was awful. Nobody said a word. There was so much I wanted to say to her and I didn't. We don't walk to school together so she got her things ready and headed for the door. I couldn't stand it any longer. I ran in front of her, blocking the door. I hadn't expected to be pushed down the steps. Ow that hurt. I had to say something. "Sis, I just wanted to say I love you." Oh God, well done Shel. As if she hasn't got enough to deal with you made her cry. We hugged, big style as Laura would say.

I tried to make light of it as we walked to school, together. I told her how proud I was and how hot she looked. Then she told me to go in ahead of her. She was about to get groped all to hell and she was worried about how I'd feel? I looked at her pleading with me and I just felt so much love I wanted to burst. A crazy idea came to me. I wouldn't fail her this time.

"Ok, Sis," I said and ran ahead. I went to the box where she had to put her clothes and stood by it. I undid my blouse and dropped my skirt. I shut my eyes trying to pretend I was just in my room at home, but the noise was too much. Someone undid my bra and pulled that off of me and two guys yanked my knickers down. The jeering got louder, then someone shoved fingers up me. FUCK that hurt.

I wanted to run, but hands were all over me, grabbing, pinching. Someone even had a finger up my arse. But it was working. I could see Heather coming and nobody had noticed her. DON'T let her see how you feel, I thought.

"I can't help you the rest of the day, but I can distract them now for you." I said trying to grin at her. I didn't realise until afterwards that tears were streaming down my face, so I wasn't going to fool anybody. The pain was getting worse and I could feel blood. Those fingers had gone right through my hymen. Someone pushed me harder and I fell on the floor. Heather handed me my blouse and lifted my legs to put my skirt on me. Someone obviously shoved inside her hard because she nearly fell on me. She said something about underwear and told me I was brave. If only she knew how I'd let her down.

I saw fear in her eyes as she saw some of the larger boys come up to her. Then one of them gave her flowers, can you believe that?

I heard rumours she'd been gangbanged. Others said she'd given blow jobs to a hundred boys and they squirted their cum all over her. While I was at the library I found out about this program and the awful things girls in America had been made to do. And now it was poor Heather.

WEDNESDAY evening

Somebody do me and the world a favour and kill me. Heather was late back from school. She came back in a police car, naked. Mum went out to meet her and I was behind. Then I heard this. The Policeman's just asked her how you get picked for this program and she answered "It's supposed to be random but the two who were picked were off sick with the flu so they picked whoever was late into school."

I know I'm a coward but I ran inside and threw myself on my bed. All I could keep saying or thinking was "It's my fault, it's my fault." Everything Heather was going through was my fault.

I ran to the toilet and started throwing up. She knelt beside me and hugged me. How could she DO that? We talked, I mean really talked for the first time and she didn't hate me.

She washed me in the shower and she was so gentle. She tried to wash me down below, but I was too sore, even though she was gentle. I told her I wasn't a virgin any more after this morning. That's not true she said, but I don't feel like a virgin any more. I just feel dirty.

She thought I'd been with boys. We really didn't know each other did we? I asked if she'd have to lose hers this week, really wanting to get her to tell me about the gangbang.

She was still a virgin, but thanks to me she wouldn't be soon. All she wanted to talk about was how brave I'd been this morning. Yeah right. I get her into this hell, I let her down on Tuesday, avoid her Tuesday night, do one thing, which just meant standing there trying not to cry on Wednesday and she thinks I'm wonderful. She tried talking me out of doing it again, then dropped a bombShel.

She's got to do TWO weeks. TWO weeks of the program, how can anyone be that cruel?

I made her tell me everything. No secrets any more. Wow! She has Gerald Claymore for Art. I Wish. We giggled over that.

I begged her not to tell Mum about this morning. She wouldn't understand.

Damn right she wouldn't. She wouldn't believe Heather when she told her how bad it was. So I showed her. I yanked down my pyjamas and showed her. Oh SHIT. So much for not telling her.

Heather was wonderful. She told Mum how brave I was to stop her getting angry at me. Mum wanted to take her off the Program, but Heather said no, she needed the marks or something.

We cuddled up on Mum's lap like we haven't done for years, then they packed me off to the kitchen to cook. They must really need time alone if they're willing to suffer MY cooking.

I went to bed that night a total mix-up. Guilty - God I felt guilty.. My pussy still hurt like hell. But Heather and I are real sisters at last. I just wish she wasn't paying the price for it. But if she thinks she's doing it alone, she's got another think coming.

Heather, part 7

FRIDAY

"You go ahead, Shel, and get into school before me. I have to do this alone."

"No way - slutsisters together forever," she laughed. I laughed with her.

"No. Shel, I need to do this alone today. I need to do this. Don't take that away from me." Our eyes met and she understood.

Of course it didn't quite work out the way I'd planned. Crossing the field that was our shortcut to school, someone grabbed me round the throat from behind.

If this part of my journal isn't in great detail, please understand that it's not that it's difficult to write about, though it is. It's that everything is a bit of a blur.

At first it was a mixture of fear and hilarity. I was surrounded by about half a dozen guys all wearing brown paper bags. Even though I knew what was going to happen, they still looked ridiculous.

They tore my clothes off and I was more pissed off at my best blouse being ruined than afraid. Then I was slung down on the grass, my legs forced apart and one of them was inside me. I don't remember any pain, I don't remember my hymen breaking, by that time the fear had kicked in and that's almost all I remember.

I was picked up and thought "Only one of them?" They forced me down onto a second guy. You think the stupidest things in situations like this. All I could think about was the incredible idea of a rapist liking the girl on top. I think I actually laughed. I was shoved rudely forward flat over him and I suddenly realised what they were going to do.

I DO remember the pain as one of them forced his way into my arse. It would probably have been worse if I hadn't had so many fingers up there the last few days, but it was bad enough.

One of them twisted my head to one side, slapped me hard on the cheek and shoved his cock in front of my face. "Suck it, bitch, and do it good if you know what's good for you."

When they had all taken their turn I lay flat on the grass. One of them turned towards me and I thought he wanted to go again and I sat up ready to give another blowjob. He shoved me back down roughly and began to piss on me, laughing as he did so. A couple of the others joined in, but one of them said, "Hold her head." They pinned my head down by my hair and I closed my mouth and eyes.

That got me another slap. "Open your mouth, bitch, and you watch what's happening. This is what teasing sluts deserve." I watched as he sprayed my face, aiming most of it into my mouth. Another one aimed at my eyes and hair and it was soon drenched. I couldn't keep my eyes open all the time and I began retching.

Everything happened quickly after that as the one above me was floored by a punch. Suddenly police were everywhere, and behind them Dr. Reynolds (the headmaster) and Shelley, looking more shocked than I felt.

Later, as she and the school nurse were washing me down and cleaning my teeth after the usual specimens had been taken, I learned that the headmaster had got impatient and asked Shelley whether I was coming. "She was determined to come alone, sir. I KNOW she didn't chicken out."

He'd called the police and had a hard time convincing them to launch a search for a girl who'd been missing for only ten minutes, but then I know how persuasive he can be.

The rest is history. It took them only a few minutes to find me. The boys were too stunned to run or resist and were led away in handcuffs.

A blanket was put around me, but it felt uncomfortable so I took it off. They led me to the headmaster's office. Quite a crowd had gathered there in stunned silence.

In the office, the headmaster turned to Shelley and said, "Would you please go down to the gym and ask for one of the new school tracksuits in Heather's size? Then we can call your Mum."

"You can't," replied Shelley. "Right now she'll be halfway to Delhi."

The headmaster looked curious, so she went on, "She's a software engineer and their biggest client had a problem, so she had to leave at 3 o'clock this morning."

"Okay, go and get the tracksuit anyway and we'll figure out what to do." Shelley left, leaving the two of us alone.

"When Shelley comes back with the clothes," he said. "The Program is over for you." Hardly hearing him, I nodded. He went on, "I was going to get someone to drive you home, but I don't want you going home alone. Is there anyone else who can come and look after you?" but I wasn't really listening or thinking.

The phone rang. "The Police need a number so they can inform your mother."

"We've got it at home somewhere, but she won't get there until tonight."

Shelley seemed to take an age getting the tracksuit and we sat in an awful silence as the minutes ticked by.

When she finally returned, she handed me the tracksuit and I pulled on the trousers, then slipped the top over my head. I caught my reflection in the mirror behind his door. Did I really look so scared and dejected?

This girl in the mirror seemed like a stranger that I didn't really know. I looked into her eyes and the terrible events of earlier came rushing back at me like an express train.

As the awful images forced themselves into my mind, I watched like it was happening to someone else. Then I saw the eyes of my reflection again. They stared at me, with a glazed expression as if every scrap of life had been squeezed out of them. I recoiled from my reflection like I'd been slapped. "No!" I screamed out in desperation.

Shelley was at my side in an instant but I barely noticed her as I pushed her away. All I could see was the utter defeat and complete despair in the eyes of my own reflection.

This felt all wrong. I suddenly felt seized with a determination that this wasn't going to be me. I wasn't going to be that girl in the mirror.

"NO!" This time I shouted it. I realised that both Shelley and the headmaster were looking at me with concern. "No," I repeated firmly, "I'm not going to do this." Their concerned expressions turned to disbelief as I took off the tracksuit top. "I am not going to let them win." I stepped out of the tracksuit bottoms before saying, "I am staying in the Program."

Both of them stared at me, their mouths wide open. I had a sudden impulse to say something about "catching flies" like Mum used to say to us, but before I (or Shelley!) could speak, Dr. Reynolds shook his head sadly. "I'm afraid that's out of the question, Heather. I don't think you realise how hurt you are, mentally I mean. Sometime soon, maybe this afternoon or tonight, or over the weekend, or one day next week, it's going to hit you, hard, and when it does I don't think you'll want the extra stress the Program puts you under."

"Sir, I can't let it end like this or they've won. I can't go through the rest of my life with the memory of... this morning being the climax of this week." I stared at him, pleading with my eyes for him to understand. How could he understand? I didn't even understand it myself. He looked at me like I was totally incomprehensible, and said nothing. I could see him struggling to find a reply.

I was trying desperately not to cry, but suddenly my strength was gone and I felt tears begin to run down my face. I felt much more exposed than I had all week and turned away from them, not wanting them to see me like this. I was aware of Shelley putting her arm around me and holding me as I sobbed so hard it hurt.

And then, like the bell at the end of a round in a boxing match, the lesson bell went. I looked up at Dr. Reynolds and saw my pain reflected in the concern in his eyes. "Please don't send me home," I begged.

He turned to Shelley and said, "I think you'd better get your sister cleaned up before you take her to her lesson."

As we left I looked over my shoulder. Dr. Reynolds had removed his glasses and was staring out the window. I think I heard him sigh.

After I'd washed my face and at least looked a little more human, I sent Shelley away. "I need to do this alone, Sis, or I'll never be able to." When she left the showers, I waited alone, desperately trying to find the courage to step outside, but feeling a cold numbness envelop me.

When the bell rang again, I walked down the corridor very slowly, naked, to my next lesson, Geography. Nobody approached me. Nobody. It was as if I had the plague or something. As I walked the numbness receded and some kind of resolve that I didn't recognise, and still don't understand, took over.

There was an audible gasp as I entered the class. I heard a catty whisper, "What a slut. All that and she still wants more."

"We weren't expecting you, Miss Hoover," said Mr Graham, the deputy headmaster, who doubled up as geography teacher for some classes, "Especially like that."

"Can I say something to the class, please sir?"

"Certainly." He looked worried.

"I guess you all know what happened this morning." I looked around me and some were looking at me in amazement, others, mostly the boys, had their eyes down. "I just want you to know I found a great way to avoid reasonable requests. I walked down here and nobody even came near me."

I took a deep breath before continuing. "I'm going to tell you now what I told the headmaster. I've had the most incredible time of my life the last couple of days. If I stop now, my lasting memory will be," I paused again and gulped slightly. The class shifted their gaze uncomfortably. "My memory will be what happened this morning. I don't want that to be the main thing I remember from this week. I'm a little sore, so please be gentle, but apart from that... I beg you... treat me the same as before, I... I..." I couldn't go on and I broke down in tears.

There was silence. Nobody moved. It hadn't worked. I knew absolutely I was right, but it hadn't worked! They couldn't cope with this any more than I could. I looked around, trying desperately to find someone to help me. A girl came up to me. She had tears running down her cheeks too. "I just called you a slut. I'm sorry. I didn't understand."

She kissed me and our tongues intertwined. Then she kissed down my neck and gently sucked a nipple into her mouth. "Tell me if I'm doing this right, I've never done this before."

"You're doing this perfect."

Suddenly there was no one else in the room but the two of us and I reached to unbutton her blouse and she looked scared. I pulled my hands away. She took them back. "It's okay." I undressed her totally. Even after yesterday I wasn't mainly into girls but I was into her. She was HOT. I had knelt down to remove her knickers so I reached up to fasten my mouth on her right nipple and she closed her eyes.

Then she pushed me back down flat and she kissed everywhere, all over my body. I tensed as she opened my legs, but she didn't stop, thank god. Having her tongue on me and in me was the most exquisite experience of my life, up to then anyway. I shivered in an incredible orgasm.

I slowly became aware of the rest of the class. Everyone else had been watching in awe. I can't think of another word to use. One of the boys came up and stood at my side bending to my breasts. He looked at me for permission. "The more the merrier but I tell you, you've all got some competing to do after her." Those around me laughed and she blushed a cute pink.

She stood up and came and held my hand as other mouths took the place of hers. I had hands and mouths on every part of me, all gentle, all caring and I felt like they were washing away the memory of this morning.

We didn't get a lot of Geography done that lesson, in fact we didn't stop all morning. And the whole time she stood next to me holding my hand and I didn't even know her name. I finally asked her.

"Suzanne, though everyone calls me Sue or Suzie."

"Which do you prefer?"

"Suzie."

"Well Suzie, thank you for the most amazing experience of my life. Can I return the favour?" Her eyes widened nervously, but she nodded.

I got up. I mean I actually managed to get up. While we'd been talking I'd still had boys and girls stroking me and licking me, but they moved away. "Lie down." I did what she'd done to me, although a little quicker. When my tongue darted in and out of her hole, she screamed. I mean literally screamed. I looked up to see what I'd done wrong and she grabbed my head and forced me back into her pussy.

When she finally stopped convulsing, she just said "WOW." No she didn't, she shouted "WOW!"

Looking around I think that's what everyone else was thinking too.

We walked to lunch still hand in hand. I looked around for Tony but couldn't see him. "Suzie, did you even imagine this morning that you'd be having fantastic sex with another girl in school today?" She shook her head grinning. "Or eating lunch naked in front of everyone?"

She squealed. "Oh my god, I'm still naked. I don't believe this." She tried to cover herself up.

"After the display we just put on, I think it's a bit late for that."

She giggled.

At that moment Tony finally came into the hall. "Tony!" I yelled at him.

"I heard about what happened. I can't believe you can go through with this."

"Thank Suzie for that," I said.

"Yeah, I heard about that too," he said, "I think the whole school heard about that." She blushed.

"Tony. Will you fuck me, please? I loved the last hour or so, but I need this inside me." I grabbed his cock through his trousers. He looked unsure.

"In the next few days, I'm gonna get fucked, if I have anything to do with it, and I want you to be my first, at least for proper sex." Now he looked puzzled.

"That wasn't sex out there, that was rape. Right now I need sex."

I knew Tony hated doing anything in public, but he swept everything off the table and put me on it, dropped his trousers then felt to see if I was ready. "Tony. Ready? I've been eaten out for most of the last hour. If I get much more ready I'll jump the nearest guy. Oh, I just did." I actually giggled.

He was gentle as he entered me. I won't pretend it didn't hurt, it did, but the pain eased as he slowly moved in and out, but it wasn't enough.

"Tony, I'm not going to break. Now please FUCK MY BRAINS OUT," I finished with a shout. He did. So much so that some others had to hold the table steady.

He didn't last long after that and neither did I.

"WOW!" I shouted, mimicking Suzie. She blushed and grabbed my hand and squeezed. "Now I'm really not a virgin any more." I burst out laughing and suddenly laughter spread around the room.

It was like a release, for everyone, not just for me.

When I stopped laughing, I thought, "If only Mum could see me now. She'd never believe I was her shy older daughter. She could probably imagine Shel doing something like this, but me? Never."

I got up and said to Suzie, "I've gotta go somewhere."

I ran to the headmaster's office and barged in without knocking and saw Dr. Reynolds about to take a bite out of a sandwich. Instead he put it down and said, "Ah, Heather, there you are. If I can run you home, the police want that number for your mother."

"That's what I came to speak to you about. I don't want them to call her. I want to tell her myself. She'll totally freak if she hears it from anyone else and I want her to know that I'm okay."

"I'm afraid the police won't accept that."

"Look, she's thousands of miles away. She can't get back straight away and she's going to worry herself silly until she can speak to me anyway. We are supposed to ring her on Saturday night to let her know how things are going."

He looked at me for a second, then picked up the phone. "Chief Inspector Allen, please. Yes,... Bob, how's it going?... Yes, that's what I'm ringing about. She doesn't want you to tell her mother, she wants to tell her herself... Well, as she's the only one with her mother's number I think we have to accept her decision... Look, how would you feel if Jackie had been raped and you were thousands of miles away and couldn't do anything? You'd worry yourself sick until you could speak to her yourself to be sure she was okay... Okay, If it makes it easier, I'll accept responsibility... How's the investigation going?... Good."

He put the phone down and turned to me. "I didn't tell him that you aren't going to tell her until tomorrow night, but he's agreed to let you tell her." I breathed a sigh of relief. "And there's some good news. They already have a full confession from one of the boys involved. It is looking like you may not need to give evidence at the trial."

I hadn't even thought about that. But somehow that seemed far off in the future anyway.

The afternoon went quickly, but rather more normally. I had almost the usual number of "Reasonable requests" between lessons.

But the highlight of the afternoon was as I left school. Suzie and I were together, still naked and Shel was with us. When she saw we were both naked, she stripped off too. I was holding hands with two of my best friends as we turned the corner to flashes. If it wasn't half the world's press and TV crews it felt like it.

A woman stepped forward. "Heather, thanks to the Program you were raped this morning. And now they're forcing you to continue. What do you think about that?"

"I wasn't attacked thanks to the program. Do you know how many girls were raped last year in this town? Okay, the program may have made me a target, but I was attacked because some people still haven't learnt the greatest lesson the program teaches, respect."

"If that had happened to me without the program, I'd have been a mess. I'm standing here now because of the program. Oh, and because of Supertongue Suzie here." I loved watching her blush. So, it seemed, did the cameraman.

"The press has painted this school as trouble. I want to tell you that everyone I've met today has gone out of their way to make me feel human again, and respected and loved. I'm not still in the program because I was forced to continue. I'm in the program because I need it, because I chose to remain in it. This school needs the program and so does this town. I share my body when I want to, but I'm not ashamed of it, or of the pleasure it can give me, and others."

"You press may be able to destroy this program, but you will be doing a great disservice to all of us."

I'll give her her due. She let me make that speech without interrupting me once. "And what do you two say about it? Give us your names first."

Shelley was first, of course. "Shelley. I'm her sister. If you'd met my sister Heather last week, she'd have died if you put a mike in front of her, and that's with her clothes on! She's had some rough times, especially at first and again this morning, but I'd say that's score one for the program."

Then they turned the mike to Suzie.

"Oh God, my family are gonna kill me when they see this." I squeezed her hand. "I'm Suzie. What Heather and Shelley said is true. I'm not a virgin, far from it. But I'm ashamed to say that I've never even thought about really giving pleasure before. It's always been about taking pleasure. And most of the boys I've been with have been the same. If it took the program to show me different, then we need this program in every school."

The camera was turned on the woman. "Thank you, girls. Folks, that's not the story we were expecting here today, but maybe these kids have got something we can all learn from."

"And cut," shouted a man.

The woman turned back to us, her eyes watering. "I was raped when I was 19 by just one man. It took me two years of therapy to even go outside again. If the program can help you like that, I wish I'd had the program at my school too."

Suzie walked home with me and Shel. I was supposed to be going out with Laura clubbing tonight. I rang her and she was surprised I still wanted to go. News travels fast. "Can I bring some friends?" "Okay." She didn't ask who.

Suzie rang home to check it was okay and if she could stop over here afterwards. Tonight was going to be fun.

Laura part 1

FRIDAY

Hi. I'm Laura and I just found out that I'm starting in the program on Monday. Although the program has only been running for a week here, I guess that most of you know what it is. Hell, after all the TV reports last weekend and photos of my friend Heather splashed over the front pages of just about every newspaper, you'd have had to be in Outer Mongolia not to know what it is.

Heather's been one of my best friends for as long as I can remember, and my best friend since my best friend Julie was killed. Heather was in the program last week when I was at home with REALLY bad flu.

My mum is disabled. She was hit by a drunk driver in the middle of the day. She never feels sorry for herself or does the martyr bit. She always says that she was lucky that day. YEAH RIGHT. Okay, compared to the two pedestrians he actually killed when he lost control and smashed into the front window of a shop, I guess, but if I were her I wouldn't feel lucky. She had to stop work as a psychiatric nurse, which she loved, because a) the wheelchair doesn't exactly give patients confidence or help her get round an old nineteenth century hospital and b) the accident did something to her which makes her unable to concentrate for too long without getting sleepy. Don't get me wrong, she's as sharp and witty as she ever was, she just can't be that way for too long at a time.

Money's no problem. I thought it would be at first (before my Mum got all that compensation money) and asked my best friend Julie to take me with her to one of her strip shows. I didn't know if I could do it, but it would give us some money and still leave me time to look after mum. To my surprise it was fun. Julie obviously enjoyed it or perhaps I should say got off on it. And it wasn't as sleazy as I thought. Some of the guys were arseholes, but some would come up afterwards and tell her how great she was.

So I went to another one, while I tried to think if I could do this. Suddenly Julie had grabbed my hand and pulled me out onto the floor. I froze up. Unless they wanted the great stripping zombie, there was no way I could do this. So she took me around the floor and let the men strip me. I was wearing a blouse and one of them undid each button painfully slowly. He slipped the blouse off my shoulders, threw it to Julie and there I was in a little lacy see-through bra. One of the others wasn't quite so gentle with my skirt and ripped the catch trying to get it undone. It just got dropped on the floor and that was the last I saw of it. When they saw my equally see-through knickers two of them lifted me high up off the ground and spread my legs apart. Up to that point it must have been like taking clothes off of a dummy until, until I caught their eyes. My God, they were totally turned on and it was by me. It sounds stupid but until then I didn't realise what an effect I could have on men and it was a total power trip.

The two men holding me bent down to take a nipple in each of their mouths. I was in heaven. "Can we get rid of this?" one of them asked. "Mmm," I mumbled as I nodded. He took a penknife from his pocket and simply cut through it and threw the remains into the crowd. Scratch one brand new expensive set of underwear.

Julie handed him an aerosol can of whipped cream and he put some on each nipple then they bent to gentle lick it off, their tongues playing with my nipples. Apparently I really "worked the crowd" as Julie used to put it. I went round with the can of cream squirting some over my boobs and getting the men to take turns licking it off.

I noticed Julie doing the same, but she was also putting cream on her thighs. I simply HAD to do that. I made a long trail of cream on each inner thigh, from my knees to my knickers. As they licked closer and closer my excitement grew more intense. I realised that I was dripping wet and if my knickers were see-through before, that was nothing to how they were getting now.

One of the men kissed me lightly, right on the wet spot. "More," I breathed. He started licking me through the knickers. It was too intense and I slammed my legs together. "You want me to stop?" he asked. "No, no, please." He laughed and pulled my knickers aside and ran his tongue up my pussy very quickly. "Off." He thought I was telling him to get off. "No these," I said, pointing to my knickers. He smiled and tugged and the flimsy material ripped apart easily. They followed my bra into the crowd. His tongue shot up inside me and everything went black, white, all colours as I shuddered to my first real orgasm. This was NOT like the boys at school I'd been with and I wanted him inside me.

Julie dragged me off the floor and into the changing room. When some of the men protested she cried out "Wait for Act 2." Then she turned to me "You can't let them fuck you. I let you do too much as it was, but you were enjoying yourself so much I didn't want to stop you."

Julie made me dress in her schoolgirl outfit for Act 2. She stayed naked and led me out onto a table centre stage and made everyone stand back so that everyone could see. She put my legs apart and lifted my skirt up. I felt a hundred eyes between my legs. She stroked my knickers then put her fingers in my knickers and up my slit. Rubbing me hard, she had just got me dripping when she took her hands away. She left me like that, with my knickers pulled to one side and my juices which felt like they were pouring out of me. It must have looked obscene. Then she put her fingers in her mouth and made a great show of licking every trace of my juices from her fingers.

She unbuttoned my blouse and pulled my bra up over my boobs and went to work on them, gently stroking one while licking the other, then licking that one while stroking the other. Every now and again she would take her hand and gently tickle my pussy lips. She took my knickers off and held me wide open. "God," I thought, "they can see everything."

She took out a vibrator from her bag that she'd kept hung over her shoulder. It was big. "Don't worry," she said. "I'm not," I replied and I really wasn't.

She oh-so-slowly worked it into my pussy and as I was building up to a cum, she took it out. One of the guys nearby was staring at me open-mouthed, so she put it in his mouth. This went on for a while, she put it in me, each time waiting until I couldn't bear any more, then removed it and let one of the audience lick it. Finally she took it out and stuck it in my own mouth.

She shoved three fingers into me and had me bucking on the table. Then carefully making a show once more of licking her fingers clean, she went down on me. Keeping her head to one side so they could see, she started licking. I think she wanted to stretch it out a bit longer but my body couldn't take any more and with a tremendous orgasm like I've never had since, I just collapsed limply on the table.

She helped me up and I leaned on her arm as we walked back to the changing room to the most thunderous applause.

The boss said that Julie and I would make a great team, but it didn't happen that way.

Two weeks later was the bomb that blew Julie away from me forever. An Irish separatist group, unhappy with the peace settlements in Northern Ireland that had stood for 20 years, had planted a bomb in a car at the back of a club Julie was working in. Apparently they were wiring it up ready to drive the car to a big political rally the next day when it exploded, killing them both. Nobody else was hurt, except for Julie, who just happened to be leaving the club after a show. She didn't know what hit her they said. Killed instantly.

I wouldn't have survived that except for my other friend Heather. She put up with me constantly crying on her shoulder, or bursting into tears if we were out together. She even caught me one night with a bottle of tablets and took them away. I hit her, hard, then burst into tears. She went with me to the hospital.

She even started coming with me on my shows, and loved it. She always squealed when I'd strip the guy I was stripping for (much to his embarrassment and the amusement of his friends). It was so funny to hear her squeal like that, that I started to deliberately turn the guys towards her when I pulled their boxers down. I knew she wished that she could do it, but she was dead timid. But it was fun to have her around.

I guess my story about the program really starts last Friday night. As the whole country must know by now Heather had been attacked and raped outside school on Friday morning. She seemed to be coping with it amazingly well.

I've a bit of experience about this. Mum used to do the big no-no and let some of her patients visit her at home, especially patients struggling to get over a rape. She taught me that it isn't something you just get over and the easier someone appeared to get over it, probably the more they were internalising it. So when Heather appeared to be so fantastic on her TV interview only hours after it happened, I knew something was wrong.

We were going out to Ws nightclub that night and Heather, her nutty sister Shelley and her new-found friend Suzie (who I'd always thought was a grade A bitch) all wanted to go nude. It was legal of course now, but there was no way I wanted to do that. Stripping at shows, which were under MY control, no problem, any day, but walk into Ws naked as the day I was born. That scared me.

But I figured that Heather had enough to cope with and she'd saved my life after Julie was killed. What kind of friend was I if I couldn't do this little thing for her? So I stripped and went with them.

Heather was on a high. Talk about being the centre of attention and lapping it up. This was Heather, my timid mouse working the crowd as Julie would have said and loving every minute of it.

It started tamely enough. She began to kiss the guys around her. I watched as their hands pulled on her bum to rub her naked pussy against their trouser-covered erections. Some of them started to fondle her boobs, as she went from one guy to another.

She took one guy's right hand and placed it deliberately on her pussy. I saw her wince slightly at first, so she was obviously still sore. She opened her legs wider to give him better access and when she closed her eyes and gasped I knew exactly where his finger was. She leaned back and another guy supported her from behind as the first one brought her to what was obviously a shattering climax.

But she wasn't finished with him. She got up and knelt in front of him and undid his trousers. She licked his dick from bottom to the tip, then went back and took one of his balls into her mouth. For a girl who was a virgin until this morning, she was doing great.

Then she took him into her mouth. She couldn't take all of him, but he wasn't complaining. When his face began to contort she took her mouth away and used her hand until he shot his load across her face.

"Who's next?" There wasn't exactly a lack of volunteers. The third guy she did was big, and I saw the determined look on her face as she forced every inch down her throat. She didn't let him cum. She turned around and guided him into her pussy. The crowd went wild.

Another guy bent down to speak to her and she nodded. She turned away from him and started sucking another guy, then the guy who had spoken rammed his cock into her pussy. She nearly gagged on the cock in her mouth, then resumed her rhythm. When those two had finished they were replaced by two more, and two more. Her face and hair were covered with white cum and when guys swapped over I could see it pouring from her pussy.

When she ran out of volunteers, she actually went round to a single guy and pulled him onto the stage with her. She pulled his trousers down, laid him on his back and sat down on his cock, bouncing away until he screamed. Then she got up, leaving him lying there at half mast, and found another one. This one was less willing, but that didn't stop Heather. FUCK this was hot.

A new crowd of guys came into the club and went straight to her. They had her on her back on the floor and started taking turns with her mouth and cunt.

I don't know how many guys she'd had. More in one night than I'd had in a lifetime. Yeah I know everyone thinks strippers are easy or hookers but I'm not. Heather seemed to be really enjoying herself and suddenly I caught her eye. She wasn't there. I don't know how to explain it better than that. I looked into her eyes and Heather wasn't there.

Shelley and Suzie were looking worried too. Actually, Shelley was crying and looked really distressed. I turned to Shelley and said "Can you hold my bag? I've got to stop this. Just be ready to help me get her out of here, fast." She nodded, looking pale.

I went up on stage. "Hey, who's playing with my girlfriend?". That got their attention. Then I turned to Heather and said "Come here baby," doing a cliché licking of my lips. Okay it's crass, but guys love it. I pulled her up and kissed her. I don't mean a quick peck on the cheek either, but a real earth-shattering kiss with tongues and everything. The guys stepped back and I kissed each of her nipples, then started licking and sucking on them. Then I went lower and without warning her, stuck my tongue right in her pussy. She squealed like the old Heather. I licked her to a shattering orgasm, then laid her down and got on top of her into a 69.

I prefer guys, but as you'll have gathered I've done plenty of lesbian shows and they're okay. A girl who knows what she's doing with her tongue is better than a guy any day. But one thing I hate is doing a lesbian show with a new girl. Guys always want a 69. The problem is that when you're in that position you can't see your own bum. If you're not careful some idiot can start ramming a finger up your pussy or arse. So when we're doing a 69, we always, always watch the other girl's bum. No matter how relaxed or orgasmic we're supposed to be, you always cover the other girl's arse, slapping away any stray hands. I knew that Heather wouldn't be doing that. Sure enough I felt a few fingers. And some guy was spanking me, and hard. It was really hurting. Another was slapping me round the face, though thankfully more gently. As I was on top, I could protect Heather.

When I felt a cock forced roughly in my arse I knew I'd have to get this over with quickly and get us out of here before it really got out of hand. Anal sex is okay, but dry without lubricants and a guy who couldn't give a shit is not a turn on. It hurts, a lot.

I licked Heather to another orgasm and faked one myself (I'm good at that) then dragged her to her feet and ran giggling out the fire exit before they knew what was happening. Shelley, god bless her, had started my car and Suzie had the back door open. I pushed Heather in and leapt in on top of her. Suzie slammed the door, and I pressed the door lock down. By that time Suzie was in the front passenger seat and Shelley had the car moving.

We went to Heather's home and Shelley took her into the shower and she washed her while Suzie and I held her up. We dried her and put her to bed. Then we went downstairs and collapsed on the sofa.

I wanted to explain to them how some girls react after a rape, but I was too tired to think. I just said "We're going to have problems with Heather." The other two just nodded, white-faced. We sat there in silence for a while just looking at each other, then finally fell asleep.

SATURDAY

Saturday started awful. Heather was furious with me for stopping her last night. The others were furious with her for being furious with me. Heather stormed off alone, which was exactly what I didn't want her to do. Mum's so good at handling people in a crisis. I just screw it up, I always have done.

I nearly made a complete idiot of myself by going out to the fair with bruises on my bum. No wonder I was sore. Luckily Suzie noticed so I covered the bruises with performance make-up. I owe you one, Suzie.

Heather was doing the dunk tank. I couldn't help her with that and she didn't want to see me anyway, so I wandered around the fair.

Later Heather was in the stocks having custard pies thrown at her. She looked uncomfortable so I walked round the back. Some idiot was fingering her and not gently either. I took his finger away. He looked cross until he realised it was another naked girl. I gave him my best smile and whispered "watch me."

I gently played with her pussy lips, avoiding the areas that looked really sore. Then a little rub on the clit, then gently up and down her wide open pussy. Even the idiot could see that she was getting worked up. I put my finger into her and she gasped, first in climax, then as a pie hit her right in her open mouth. I laughed and said "Hi" to her.

To stop guys fingering her, I asked the guy running the sideshow if we could turn the stocks round, to give people a chance to pie her face OR her bum. More targets, more money raised, so he was happy.

I even took a turn myself and it was quite fun, especially when Heather smeared a cream pie over my bum and let a finger stray you know where.

Afterwards a girl came up to Heather to thank her for teaching her boyfriend how to masturbate her. Hmm. Sounds fun. I'll have to ask her about that little episode.

In the shower Heather apologised. I just wanted her to promise not to put herself at risk again. Then she said "I owe you this too." She started stroking my boobs exactly in the way that gets me going. Now apart from last night in the club, we've never done anything together, but she's been to enough of my lesbian shows so I guess she's been taking notes or something.

When she touched my bruised bum I gasped. It still hurt. When I told her that a guy had been spanking me while we 69'd last night, she looked really upset.

She started to gently kiss each bruise, and said "Thank you" each time she kissed one. It was so sweet and erotic at the same time. Then she bent me over, gently pulled my buttocks apart and stuck her tongue in... my arse.

I know some people think it's disgusting, but I can't help it. A tongue in my arse shoots electric shocks right through me. I nearly died on the spot.

She put a finger in my pussy and continued to lick my arse until I came. Whew, she can apologise to me every day like that!

Then she kissed me on the nose and told me to knock her out if she ever treated me that badly again. I assume she was referring to this morning because she can treat me like she had in the last few minutes as often as she liked.

We had our meeting with the headmaster (see cultural notes) and we all had our say. I wanted to go last so I could add a few things from my experiences stripping.

Then we were told we'd all four be in the Program next week. To be honest I'd been half expecting it as we talked. When you're a stripper you develop a sort of "how to read men's minds" sense. If you don't you end up in trouble pretty soon.

Suzie was upset and scared, even the news that we'd be given a 5% bonus on all our marks didn't cheer her up a lot (see cultural notes). Shelley made a comment about Laura and the slutsisters - makes us sound like a perverted pop group! Mind you, Heather can sure play on my instruments!

He was surprised that we didn't ask for advance warnings in our list of changes. I explained that for anything like this having time to dwell on it makes it harder. It just adds to the stress. We never do that to new strippers, it wouldn't be fair.

The field party was okay. We even did some mud wrestling. I've done it a few times before, but it was still fun.

Suzie was beginning to panic so Heather took her mind off it by sticking her tongue halfway up her pussy! If watching them was kinda nice, what Shelley did next was nicer! She asked me for permission to go down on me. Such politeness. Was I going to refuse? Was I hell.

We got into a 69 and lapped away at each other until we both came. Shelley's a gusher which was fun. Then we realised that Suzie and Heather were sitting watching us.

It's going to be an interesting week.

Shelley, part 2

THURSDAY

Heather tried to stop me stripping with her this morning, but while she was trying to stop her clothes being ripped off, I ran away from her, and stripped off my blouse and skirt. I'd planned this and saved time with no underwear.

"Come and get me, boys," I shouted, "I'll do more than she will." I laid myself spreadeagled on the ground. I was closing my eyes and gritting my teeth expecting the pain, but it didn't come.

Everyone else had gone and a teacher was telling us off. We had to go to the headmaster (see cultural notes) after school. DAMN.

I didn't see her until we were in the head's office. He was almost shouting at Heather telling her off for getting me to help her.

"She didn't," I shouted. I hadn't realised I'd shouted that until he told me not to shout. Apparently I was crying, although I didn't notice it at the time.

He made us sit down and I explained how it was all my fault and it should be me on the program. I begged him to let her off.

"I don't want to be let off," she said. I know it sounds trite but if I'd been standing up you could have knocked me down with a feather.

She went on to tell us what she'd learned from the program and she made it sound good.

He asked her why she'd got me to help her if it was so good.

I interrupted and told him it was my idea and how bad it was in the mornings. Then I stood up and showed him. He was shocked and asked her why she'd let me do it a second time.

"She didn't," I piped up. I was interrupting again. "Sorry."

She explained that she could never stop me doing anything and called me a hurricane. We laughed. Hey I like that. Hurricane Shelley.

He wanted me to promise not to do it again, but I wouldn't until he promised that he would be there to stop things getting out of hand.

We went to the dining hall and Heather had another girl licking her pussy. She was enjoying it so I said that I wanted a go. I lay on the table next to her and we held hands while lots of girls licked us. We licked them too.

Then we kissed and I know it's wrong but I kissed her back with my tongue. We washed each other in the showers and said that we loved each other.

She told me how great I was and that she'd never have done it without me.

I told her "Superslut, you can do anything."

When she asked if that's what they were calling her I nodded, but after all, I said, "If you've got to be a slut, it's better to be a superslut."

I put my clothes in her clothes box by the entrance and we walked home holding hands. I'd finally made friends with my sister and I wanted to burst. Life couldn't BE more perfect.

FRIDAY

I failed her again this morning. Okay I know she made me leave her to walk in alone but I shouldn't have done it. She didn't arrive and both the headmaster and I were worried. He was worried enough to get the police to find her. We heard yelling and both of us ran towards the sound together. She'd been raped and not once. There I said it. All day I hadn't been able to use the word.

We took her back to school wrapped in a blanket and I helped the nurse to wash her in the shower. It was revolting.

I took her to the head's office and he told her that the program was over and he was sending her home. He wanted to call Mum, but I explained that she was flying to India for her job. Mum could have got a promotion if she'd travel more but she hated it when she had to go away and leave us. And now this happens when she's away.

Then the headmaster sent me to the gym find her some clothes. It took ages to find a gym teacher with the storeroom keys, but finally I ran back to the office with a school tracksuit.

When I returned to the head's office, she shocked us both. It started by her getting dressed, but then she just stood in front of the mirror, staring at herself, not moving. She didn't even hear us when we spoke to her.

Then suddenly she almost screamed "No." I realised that she was reliving it all and I tried to hug her. She twisted round and shoved me away. I could see that the headmaster was as worried as I was, when she spoke again. "NO!" she almost shouted. Her voice was different this time, it wasn't scared any more, it was angry.

Then she spoke more normally. "I'm not going to do this. I am not going to let them win. I am staying in the Program." As she said this, she got undressed, dropping the tracksuit on the floor.

You remember my sister? Timid Heather? Timid my arse. She wasn't asking, she was telling and we both knew it. But I didn't understand and neither did the headmaster.

For a minute we both stared at her, unable to react. Then the headmaster told her that that was impossible.

Her reply burned into me. "I can't let it end like this or they've won. I can't go through the rest of my life with that memory being the climax of this week."

Then she began to cry like I've never seen anyone cry before and I never want to again. She turned away from us. This time when I tried to hug her she clung to me like she was drowning. She held me so tightly that it hurt, but after letting her down so badly again this morning she could have asked me to walk on water or jump off a cliff for her and I would have done it somehow.

Finally she turned to the headmaster and pleaded "Please don't send me home." The poor headmaster didn't stand a chance. Nothing he tried to say was going to change her mind, so he gave up and told me to take her to get cleaned up for lessons (her face looked a mess).

When she was ready, she sent me away saying "I need to do this alone, Sis, or I'll never be able to." Feeling a mixture of fear for her and hurt for myself, I left her in the shower.

I saw her briefly at lunchtime, holding hands with a naked Suzanne Peters of all people, one of the bitchiest girls in school and being made love to by Tony. No, strike that, being fucked by Tony. It was hard and she was loving every second. Even I laughed when I heard her shout "WOW" when it was over. I stayed away from her, though, because I knew she needed her space.

I met her outside after school and she was still with Suzanne and both were still naked. I stripped off and joined them. All three holding hands with Heather in the middle walking straight into.. a TV interview.

Oh WOW. (I use that word a lot don't I, but if you'd been with us this week, you'd use it a lot too.)

Heather told them about the program and how it had made her strong enough to cope with what happened this morning.

I don't remember much of what I said when I was asked. If you want to know, it's all in Heather's journal. She cheated and recorded the interview off the telly and got it down word for word.

The three of us went out clubbing with Laura, Heather's best friend, that night. Heather was awful. She had a gangbang on stage and it only stopped when Laura did a lesbian act on her. We snuck her out of the club and drove her home.

(Note, added Sunday night: Apparently Laura is writing a journal too. She describes the sex show they did that night in detail. I was too upset to watch. )

I washed her and we put her to bed. Suzie and Laura and me sat downstairs, just staring at each other. That wasn't Heather any more. I'd just found my sister and I'd lost her again. It sounds selfish but I was crying as much for me as for her.

SATURDAY

Laura and Heather had a row this morning. Suzie and I joined in. I ended up calling Heather an ungrateful bitch and I meant it.

We found out that Heather was helping with the dunk tank for three hours, then the pie throwing target in the stocks. Help I said? The other bitches in bikinis decided it was too cold and walked off leaving Heather to be dunked over and over again on her own dressed in a thin white t-shirt and knickers that went completely see-through every time she was dunked.

When we got there Suzie and I gave her a break. There were plenty of spare shirts and knickers. Shit, the bitches were right about one thing, that water was C.O.L.D. When Heather came back she nearly drowned on her first dunk and we dragged her out. She'd obviously had as much as she could take of that. She apologised for earlier and we hugged and kissed. She went off to find Laura to apologise to and we carried on with the dunking.

How Suzie and I survived the next two hours I don't know. I've never been so cold in my life. Of course the guys loved it. I've got rather prominent nipples anyway, but they had two pairs of nipples you could hang coats on to look at every time we went in that water.

Laura and Heather were working the pie throwing in the stocks. I wished we could swap, but I'd seen Laura's bum after last night and she couldn't hide the bruising with make-up in the dunk tank.

When the daytime fair was over, we had a meeting with the headmaster about improvements to the program. As Heather noted down everything that was said, it would be silly for me to repeat it, you can just read Heather's story.

When he told us the three of us were going to be in the program next week I could have hugged him. I was really hoping he'd say that. It's a bit scary but I love being the centre of attention and this is gonna be wild.

It's weird. A few days ago I hated the program and everything it meant. But it had brought me close to my sister for the first time, made me friends with Laura and Suzie of all people who turned out to be a lot nicer than I'd thought. And it made my little wallflower big sister into someone I could look up to. And best of all, the headmaster had accepted all our suggestions for changes.

Afterwards we went round the party, all four of us hand in hand. I ate far too much, and then we went mud wrestling together. I've always wanted to do that. It was ACE.

We chatted in the shower together. Suzie got nervous so Heather went down on her. Watching them made me feel so much love I could burst. It also made me horny as hell. I knelt down in front of Laura, looked up and said, "May I?"

She pushed me on my back and we got into a 69. Apparently I'm a gusher. She must have liked the taste as she kept me gushing for hours. She wasn't exactly complaining about what my tongue was doing to her pussy either.

We had arranged to ring Mum on Saturday. I sat with Heather while she told Mum about the rape and everything. She DIDN'T mention what she did in the nightclub.

But the amazing thing is, Mum has a boyfriend. She's actually been doing it with a man she's working with out there. I think she thought she'd shock us, but I think it's great. It's time she thought about something apart from work. But as I said to Heather, "You don't think about your own mother doing it, do you?"

We're going to have LOTS to talk about when she gets home.

Nothing happening tomorrow. Roll on Monday. I'm gonna be a Program girl.

Suzie part 1

FRIDAY

Apparently we have to write a journal about our time in the Program. Seems a waste of time as nobody's ever gonna read this rubbish, but here goes.

If you'd have told me a few weeks ago that I'd be going to school naked all next week I'd have laughed at you. If you'd told me last week, when the program started at our school, I'd have freaked.

I suppose I'd better introduce myself. I'm Suzie, real name Suzanne, but I like Suzie unless I'm in a snobby mood. If I'm not the class bitch, I certainly have a reputation as one of them. Boys? They're okay, a bit of fun. I'm not exactly virginal you know even if most guys find me a bit, shall I say, intimidating.

Girls? As friends, if you can call them that, sure. Actually I consider most girls just rivals even if they're weak ones. As a sexual partner? NO WAY. That's gross.

My family? Just my parents. Typical professionals. They love me I guess, I mean parents have to love their kids right? And they certainly spend enough money on me. But I'd trade all my fancy clothes for one real cuddle with either of them.

SHITE. Writing one of these journals is like a truth drug. I'd never admit that to a soul. Thank God nobody ever reads them.

Anyway I was saying about girls. I thought going with a girl would be gross and you'd NEVER catch me doing it. Until last Friday.

A girl called Heather was the first girl on the program. She turned from a scared nobody into a bit of a slut. Then we heard she'd been attacked and gang raped on the way to school and she was going to be taken off the program and sent home to recover. And here she was, less than an hour later, in class, naked, of her own free will. What a slut!

I yelled out "What a slut. All that and she still wants more.". Well she was wasn't she?

Then she made a little speech to the class that went right through me.

"I guess you all know what happened this morning." I looked around. Half the class was staring at her but the other half couldn't manage that. "I just want you to know I found a great way to avoid reasonable requests. I walked down here and nobody even came near me."

"I'm telling you what I told the headmaster. (see cultural notes) I've had the most incredible time of my life the last couple of days. If I stop now, my lasting memory will be" she gulped. This was obviously really hard for her. "my memory will be what happened this morning. I don't want that to be the main thing I remember from this week. I'm a little sore, so please be gentle, but apart from that, I beg you, treat me the same as before, I.. I..."

And she broke down in tears. I'm not exactly new at making other girls cry and it's better them than me right? But this was something else. I looked around at the class and NOBODY was moving. Nobody knew what to say or do. You could cut the silence with a knife or hear a pin drop or any of those stupid clichés. Even Mr. Graham, our teacher, couldn't react. And Heather just stood there, looking miserable with tears running down her face.

I wiped my eyes and realised that I was crying too. I stood up and went to her. "I just called you a slut. I'm sorry. I didn't understand." And I kissed her. I was desperate to get close to her. After what I'd said and what she'd said, I was just desperate to make it right, so please ignore what happened. It wasn't really me. I'm not like that and I'm NOT into girls.

I sucked on one of her nipples and she gave a little gasp. Scared I'd hurt her, I said "Tell me if I'm doing this right, I've never done this before." "You're doing this perfect," she replied. She started to unbutton my blouse and I began to feel panic. She saw my panic in my face and stopped. Hell, no boy I've ever been with would have done that.

I grabbed her hands and put them back on my blouse buttons. I was probably shaking as she undressed me completely. Then she sucked my right nipple into her mouth and I closed my eyes. The sensation was overwhelming. Then I remembered this was supposed to be for her.

I pushed her down and kissed her all over, then got down between her legs. I got more nervous when I realised the view the boys behind me had of me, but I don't think she noticed. I didn't use a finger, she looked too sore, but she sure liked what my tongue was doing to her.

One of the boys came up to her and asked to touch her. She made some sort of comment about competing with me. I felt myself go red. He was gently stroking her breasts and soon we were surrounded. None of them were touching me thank god. After she came, I got up and stood next to her just holding her hand as the others continued to caress her. It might have been dead sexy but all I could feel was a tremendous warmth and love towards her. Nobody ever felt like that towards me in my entire life.

She asked my name and I told her.

Then she thanked me and asked to return the favour. OH MY GOD. I can't believe that I nodded. She laid me down and did the same to me as I'd done to her. When her tongue went inside me I screamed, loudly. She stopped and I shoved her head back down again. When I came down to earth I just whispered "WOW." At least I thought I did, but apparently I shouted it.

We held hands walking into lunch. Then she reminded me I was naked. "Oh my God, I'm naked. I don't believe this." I put my free hand over my pussy, then my boobs.

She said that she thought it was a bit late for that. I laughed.

She started talking to Tony, one of the nice guys. He said about the whole school hearing about our performance in class and I felt myself going red AGAIN. You'll have guessed by now I blush really easily and it's embarrassing. It's bad enough feeling embarrassed without your face telling everyone you are.

She had sex with him, there and then, on the table. And it was gentle, then hard and wild. At the end she shouted "WOW" trying to copy my voice.

I felt myself blush again and grabbed her hand and squeezed. We all laughed.

We spent the afternoon naked. Seeing as everyone knew what I'd done it just didn't seem to make sense putting clothes on. We even walked out of school naked. I was a bit nervous (a BIT?) of that, but if she could do it I wasn't going to spoil it for her. Luckily her sister Shelley came out and when she saw us, she stripped off too. That made me feel better... for about 5 seconds.

Suddenly we were facing cameras and not just little snapshot ones either. Big press cameras and even a tv crew.

They interviewed Heather. When she made a comment about Supertongue Suzie I don't have to tell you I blushed do I? Just take it as read. I've got a feeling that I'm going to be stuck with that nickname. Thanks Heather. But you know I don't mind, not a bit. Would I do it again? You betcha. That morning was the realest moment of my life (Yes I know that's bad English but it was.)

They spoke to Shelley and then me. When they pointed that camera at me all I could think was that my family were going to kill me. Heather reassured me by squeezing my hand. I told them that I was Suzie. I said that what Heather and Shelley said was true.

I said something highly embarrassing about giving in lovemaking (I'd never thought of it as lovemaking before) and that we really needed the Program.

After walking home with Heather and Shelley we decided to go out clubbing together, to Ws no less, and naked, with Heather's friend Laura, who is a stripper.

That night was awful, but not for any of the reasons you might think. We were greeted like celebrities. I think half the people there had seen us on TV and the rest had heard about it. We were the talk of the town. Everyone was falling over themselves to buy us drinks.

Heather was wild, dancing on stage with everyone, then it got horrible. She started kissing and groping the boys and letting them grope her. It wasn't like at school, there was something manic about it. She let them gangbang her. No, she made them gangbang her. Her face, I can't even describe. I just wanted to run out of there. Poor Shelley was scared to death, so I put my arms around her and held her close. I turned her head away so she didn't have to look and she just sobbed into my chest.

I am so glad Laura was there. She knew how to stop this. She got Shelley to hold her bag and pushed her way in. My God she was brave, I could never do that in a million years.

She start kissing Heather and she got them into a lesbian act on the floor, even 69ing. I could see some guys sticking fingers up poor Laura, someone else started spanking her and it looked like one guy had anal sex with her. Laura didn't stop for a minute. I felt a twang of jealousy. Not of the sex, but I know none of my so-called friends would put up with that to try and save me from anything.

Shelley brought me back to myself. "Come on, let's get the car ready, Laura'll get her out the back. Shelley had the car started, I had the back door open, Laura got Heather and herself into the back of the car and I slammed the door. As I jumped in the front seat, Shelley already had the car moving. We raced away and were safe.

We washed Heather and put her to bed. Then we sat around all of us shocked by what had gone on. I was more worried about Heather than I'd ever been about anyone. I was beginning to wish I'd just stayed a bitch.

Amazingly we actually went to sleep.

SATURDAY

Weird day. Started with a big row with Heather about last night. She was moaning about Laura so I told her that Laura got her arse raped in rescuing her. For a second she looked at me as though I'd punched her, then the moment was gone as Shelley was calling her an ungrateful bitch and Heather stormed out. I know it was true, but I shouldn't have said that, I shouldn't have used that word.

In the afternoon the three of us were going to the school fair, even though Heather had stormed out and left us behind. Shelley wanted to go naked, but as we were going out the door, I noticed Laura's bum. It was really bruised from some guys spanking her during their little lesbian show last night.

She said "No problem" and got out some special makeup for covering anything from scars to minor blemishes. She knew how to put it on properly too. "Let's go see how Heather's doing," she said.

I have to say here that I knew Laura before only by her reputation. Hey she's a stripper, that means she's a slutty brain-dead bimbo right. Until last night if she'd spoken to me in school I'd have pretended not to hear her. And until yesterday I'd have been proud of that.

I saw her handle a situation that scared me shitless, take on a gang of guys after only one thing, distract them with what even I could see was a pretty hot lesbian show even though someone was obviously using her bum for target practice, just to get a friend out of trouble she didn't even know she was in. Then Heather had a go at her for doing it and now she wanted us to check Heather was okay.

I know these two have a history but there's not a person alive that would do half of that for me if I was in trouble. I never thought that I'd wish I had a stripper as a friend, but I do now. I have to admit she's worth ten of me. Yesterday morning was probably the only time I've done anything for anyone my entire life and that was only because I felt guilty as hell.

At the fair, they had Heather dressed (yes dressed!) in a white t-shirt and knickers, being repeatedly ducked into water which made then transparent. She was freezing and looked exhausted. Shelley went into the little hut and came out putting on a white t-shirt and knickers. She sent Heather to go get herself a hot drink. Soon Shelley was screaming it was cold. Oh hell. Yeah, give me a t-shirt. I'll have a go too.

FUCK that was cold. What did those idiots do, fill it half with melting ice? Oh shit. I'm sitting up here freezing with nipples sticking out a mile through a t-shirt that make me look more naked than if I didn't have it on. I did a lot more explicit things yesterday but this was more embarrassing, just sitting there being stared at, waiting for the next inevitable splash.

When Heather came back, she took over again, but suddenly she was floundering in the water and choking. Shelley and I jumped in and dragged her out.

"No more for you," I told her, "You've had enough. We'll carry on here. Why don't you go to your other stand?" I can't believe I said that.

She was grateful and even apologised for the way she'd been acting. I just replied "It's Laura you should say that to. We thought they were going to kill her last night when she started to get them off of you." Told you I was a bitch.

We ended up hugging each other till someone asked us to finish our "lesbian lovefest" and get on with the job.

Shelley and I did that for another TWO HOURS. Thank God we had time to thaw out in the showers before the dreaded meeting with the headmaster.

Shelley, Laura and I all agreed that as Heather wrote all about the meeting in detail that you can read Heather's journal for that.

But the big thing I remember from it was the headmaster saying "We need some positive role models, so Shelley, Suzie and Laura you're in the program starting Monday morning."

Shelley was excited, Laura wasn't pleased but didn't seem bothered. Me? Shit scared that's what. I burst out crying and said "Shit, I can't, I can't. I'd die if I went through half of what Heather's gone through this week. Please sir. If you want someone who can make a good job of it next week, pick someone else."

It didn't work of course. Heather and Shelley promised to support me, so I said "Okay," (like I had a choice) "I'll do it. But I'm scared so I'll need you guys."

The only consolation is that he said we'll get an extra 5% on all our marks if we complete the Program successfully (see cultural notes).

This evening was pretty good, walking round naked at the party in the school field. I didn't even think about Monday. We even did some mud wrestling which was kinda yukky but fun. I enjoyed ripping Shelley's t-shirt and knickers from earlier off as the guys cheered. I even grabbed her boobs but under all the mud I don't think anyone really noticed.

It was afterwards I began to remember about the program. Heather said how happy she was that we'd be doing it with her and I just said "I still don't think I'm brave enough to do this," as I could already feel panic building up.

Heather told me how brave I'd been the previous morning and how grateful she was. I was trying not to cry and I wasn't succeeding. She carried on "Anyhow, if you start getting too scared, I'll just lick your pussy and make you scream."

I was so wound up that not even that made me laugh, so she pulled me towards her and stuck her tongue right into me. She was right, I screamed, but she carried on licking. Now if she could do THAT all week, I'd be fine. I wouldn't even care who was watching.

When I couldn't take any more, Heather and I sat in the shower holding hands, watch Shelley and Laura make out.

I'm still scared shitless, but if these three really support me I might get through this in one piece. And maybe by the end of it, I'll have a real friendship like they've got. Anything else I get out of Program week is a bonus.

Heather, part 8

FRIDAY night

After Suzie put the phone down, I remembered there was a call I had to make. "Is the headmaster still in his office?" "Thank God. Can I speak to him please? Tell him it's Heather Hoover."

"Sir? You said that you wanted some input on the program. I know it's the weekend, but can I see you after the school fair tomorrow?"

When Laura arrived to pick us up a few hours later, I said, "Come in. I want to see if we're on the news before we go, and I've an announcement to make."

They all sat round in the living room looking at me expectantly. "We're going to a meeting with the headmaster tomorrow after the fair." Their eyes widened.

"Shel and I were asked to give him some ideas to make the program work better and avoid the nasty bits. I'm going because I was the one in the program. Shell's going because she saw what happened to me from a family perspective. I want you, Suzie, to go because you weren't in the program, but saw it from outside. And I want you, Laura, because you've had more experience stripping than any of us and if you could stop me freaking out on Tuesday, anything you say has got to be worth listening to. Hell Laura, even this morning when I was being attacked I survived by pretending I was you doing a sex show."

"I don't do sex shows!" she seemed offended.

"No. That's a good job. You'd never compete with Suzie and me." Suzie spluttered and turned bright red and we all laughed. "Suzie, you're SO easy to tease."

Laura took us back to seriousness. "What are we going to say to him?"

"I don't know, and I don't want us to talk about it at all. I want him to hear from four different perspectives and if we discuss it beforehand, that won't happen. Anyhow, it's news time."

Laura sat through "my" news item looking gobsmacked. Suzie looked embarrassed, Shel looked proud. "You were great, Sis," she said when it ended.

"I don't believe it," I said, "they kept my whole speech in."

Laura looked at me like I was a stranger and I felt a sudden fear. "Heather, you're a different person to the friend I had last week." My eyes must have shown my distress. The one thing I was sure of was that I needed all my friends, and Laura most of all. I felt a little panic in my stomach, but it went away when she continued, "Better, not just different. It's just hard to imagine timid little Heather standing on TV, naked, giving a speech. You said about making the program work better. If it had worked any better with you I dread to think what monster it would have created!"

"I thought you didn't like me any more." I tried to sound like I was making a joke but Laura saw through that.

"Silly, I love you to little bits. I just wish..." Now it was her turn to get tearful. "I just wish I'd been able to be there for you this week."

"You were. Your little pep talk Tuesday kept me going all day when I felt totally alone. Then my amazing sister on Wednesday, whew. That's something I'll never forget. And as for Suzie today, when everyone was too scared to touch me or even to look me in the eye. I knew your reputation even if I didn't know you."

"Class bitch and lesbian hater," she said for me.

"Yeah. I don't know what it cost you to do that to me this morning, when nobody else would move, but I can't say how grateful I am. I think you just lost both your reputations."

"And gained another one."

"Yeah, the girl who saved Heather."

"If I can end this meeting of the mutual admiration society," said Laura, "We need to get going. What are you lot going to wear?"

"I'm going like this," I said. "Birthday suit special."

"I haven't got any clothes with me, so I guess I'm doing the same," said Suzie.

"Well if you two are I will," grinned Shelley. "What about you, Laura?"

"I don't know if I've got the nerve for this."

"Laura, the great stripper, scared to take her clothes off?" She nodded.

"A show is different, it's in my control and they're people I'll never see again. But going to Ws naked? I don't know. I'd never live it down." Ws is what we called Wind and Waves, the biggest local club. It was called Winds because it was originally a concert hall for a brass band and it had two huge fans which blew a small hurricane through it when it got too hot. The name Waves came about when they added a pool to the club. Combine the pool with the fans and you got plenty of waves. Great fun in summer, but they drained it in winter and covered it for safety.

"You'd never live it down if you went there in clothes when we are all naked," I pointed out.

She stripped off the dress that was all she was wearing. She often joked that the only time she wore underwear was when she had to take it off! "Let's go before I change my mind."

SATURDAY

The club last night was great. Everyone falling over themselves to buy us drinks. In the case of one guy literally falling over himself. (I was very good and tried not to laugh, UNLIKE my sister I hasten to add.)

I flirted with everyone there, well every guy not obviously attached anyway. Talk about the centre of attention.

Okay, I lived up to my new nickname of Superslut and probably most of the girls there hated me for it. I had more sex in one night than I've ever had in my life.

There was this one guy who was so big I never thought I'd get him in my mouth and it took a while, but determination did it. I actually deep-throated him. He looked amazed. I guess nobody's ever managed that before with him. It was a bit harder fucking him though, he nearly split me in two when we did it doggy style. I was still a bit sore too which didn't help.

Another guy asked me if I wanted spit roasting. I'd never heard that term before. Apparently it's one cock in your pussy and one in your mouth. Of course I said yes. I loved every minute of it and it's something I'm definitely going to do again. Just thinking about it gives me a feeling of power over boys, that I can do two of them at once and get so much pleasure for myself at the same time. They'll think they're controlling me, but oh my, will they be wrong.

I never knew that every cock tastes a bit different. Not as different as different pussies, but still a bit different.

I've never had a gangbang before and that was WILD. It's funny. I'm not sure I'd want another one either, not like spit roasting, but I'm glad I experienced it. I guess I'm really stuck with my new reputation after that (something else I'm not sure about, but it's "spilt milk" now, or rather "spilt cum", giggle).

Even Laura thought I was hot and we had a fantastic 69 on the dance floor. I think she was more nervous than I was though 'cause she had to fake an orgasm. Who'd have thought it?

I guess I'm not timid little Heather any more. Pity my tits are so small, I'd love a job like Laura's.

My head is thumping this morning, I'm glad the fair isn't until 2pm. But the others should be awake soon.

"Hi guys, what a night, I've got the coffee on."

Shelley was up instantly, she always can get up easily. I'm always the one that oversleeps, as you know by now.

Laura came out to me in the kitchen. She looked worried. "Are you okay?" she asked.

"Yeah, yeah I am. Wasn't it great last night?"

"No, it was horrible. You were totally out of it and going wild. You'd have fucked every guy in that club if I hadn't stopped you with our little show."

So that's why she joined in. SHIT. That made me feel bad.

"You didn't need to protect me from them, Laura."

"No, I needed to protect you from yourself."

"What the hell gives you the right to do that? If I want to screw the whole town it's none of your business. You weren't there all week when I needed you and now you think you've got the right to tell me what I can do?"

"You wanna know what gives me that right? I love you, Heather, and I always will."

Shit, how can you be angry with this girl?

"Look, Heather, you can hate me if you like, but I probably wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for you. You know how I felt after Julie was killed. I did some damned stupid things and would have done a lot more if you hadn't stopped me. Last night you weren't yourself and..."

"You mean I wasn't timid little Heather any more?" Now I was getting angry, I just couldn't stop it.

"NO, that's not what I mean. Your eyes were glazed over. It's like you were a thousand miles away. I just had to get you out of there. Please don't let's fight over this."

"Then don't rescue me when I don't need rescuing."

"Hi guys," said Shelley as she and Suzie came into the kitchen together. "If you guys have finished fighting can we get our coffee before it gets cold?"

"Sure. Look, what was I like last night?"

"Really?" asked Shelley.

"Really."

"It was awful. It started great and then it seemed like you'd lost all control. Look, you can fuck as many guys as you like, but that was more than that. It was like you were demented. I was scared for you if you must know. After a while I couldn't look. If Suzie hadn't been there I'd have freaked out."

"Till the great Laura came sailing to my rescue," I sneered.

"Yeah," Suzie snapped back. "Till Laura put herself on the line to get you out of there. Those guys were all over her too. One guy was even raping her arse while she was rescuing you with that little lesbian act."

Ouch! I felt like I'd been slapped. "I never asked her to do that," defending myself. "I was okay."

"Listen, I don't know you very well, but you were a long way from 'okay' and I'd die for a friend who'd risk herself like that for me and all you can do is talk her down."

"It's okay," said Laura.

"No, it's not okay." Shelley shook her head at both of us. "Heather, I love you, but today you're an ungrateful bitch. You can go to the fair on your own, for all I care."

"That's fine with me." I stormed out.

I was still angry when I got to the fair, at myself mostly for losing it earlier but at the others as well for not understanding. When I arrived there I discovered I actually had to wear something for one of the things I was doing. It was only a thin white t-shirt and knickers, but it should have been against the program rules.

Apparently the headmaster had given permission and that overrode the rules. It felt weird wearing something. I took them off again until I was needed.

I had plenty of time to kill as I'd arrived so early. I went into the tea tent and got some coffee. There was nobody else around and I sat there thinking about everything the girls had said as I looked at the coffee I suddenly didn't want.

I got up and went out, wandering aimlessly behind the school to the far end of the grounds. Whose memory of last night was right? It had seemed such fun to me. As I closed my eyes I could still see everything vividly in my mind.

Thinking of those final minutes, in my mind I was still licking Laura's pussy and watching her writhing around as some guy was fucking her arse. I'd thought she was bucking in excitement, could I really have been so wrong? The scene played before me over and over, like a tape playing back in an endless loop.

I opened my eyes but that image wouldn't go away. I knew the girls were right. I'd been so crazy that she'd had to rescue me no matter what the cost. In my mind's eye that cock plunging into her arse time and time again was accusing me with every thrust. She'd been no more willing last night than I'd been yesterday morning. And I'd done it to her.

And then this morning, instead of begging her to forgive me, I'd attacked her. Then she'd said it didn't matter. No wonder Shelley had said I was an ungrateful bitch.

I ran to the showers and turned them on really hot. I stood under them and they felt like hot needles all over my body, but they couldn't wash the guilt away.

With a shock I realised it was almost time to get to my first job of the afternoon. How long had I been moping around out there? Feeling suddenly hungry I went to a Hamburger stand and forced a small burger down, the whole thing tasting like sawdust.

Nothing was going to feel right until I tried to make it right with Laura, but she was nowhere to be found. She had promised to come with me, but I couldn't blame her for staying away.

My first job was on the dunking stand. People were throwing balls to hit a target and if they hit it, the girl or guy sitting on the plank was dunked in the water. You've probably guessed, they had me wearing the white t-shirt and knickers so that if I got dunked they'd go see-through. The first time I got dunked I found out how see-through. God I felt embarrassed. My nipples were sticking out like bullets. It felt worse than Monday morning. Okay, not worse, but close. I felt more naked than when I was naked. The material clung mainly to my little tits and my pussy making them stand out as if someone had framed them.

And I got dunked, a lot. The others were all in swimsuits or bikinis, but I made more money than any of them. Guys were asking for me to go up all the time. I was getting really tired and that water was icy cold and it was only the first hour. I had two more to go.

"We have another volunteer," yelled the guy running the sideshow. "Who wants to dunk Shelley?"

Shelley took my place on the plank. I said "thanks" and dried myself off, only to see Shelley disappear into the water for the first time. "FUCK, that's cold," I heard her say. I couldn't help laughing as I went to the tea tent to get a hot drink.

When I got back Suzie had taken Shelley's place. She already looked cold. When she was dunked again, I put on a t-shirt and knickers and took over. Seconds later I was in the cold water yet again. I seized up with cramp and swallowed a lot of water. Shelley and Suzie were in there in seconds and lifted me out. I lay on the grass gasping and exhausted.

"No more for you," said Suzie. "You've had enough. We'll carry on here. Why don't you go to your other stand?"

"Okay," I said gratefully. "Look, thanks guys. And I'm sorry to give you a hard time about last night. If I was as bad as you say I was, then I guess I owe you thanks for that too, and an apology."

"It's Laura you should say that to. We thought they were going to kill her when she started to get them off of you."

We had a three-way wet girl hug.

Now I felt ashamed. Not of what I'd done last night, but of how I'd talked to them this morning, especially Laura.

"If you've finished the lesbian lovefest over there, can we have a girl to dunk please?"

"One girl coming up," said Shelley and cheerfully climbed the steps.

The other sideshow I was to work on was the stocks. You know the idea. Head and hands through holes in a piece of wood while people throw custard pies at you. Couldn't really see the point of doing it naked, but it wasn't my decision.

It was a lot warmer than the dunk tank, so I was happy. But I wondered where Laura was. Some idiot was sticking his finger in my pussy and he wasn't being too gentle about it, but I couldn't do a thing. So I jiggled my bum around to try to play it lightly. But it was making me sore.

Then it was pulled out sharply and a very feminine finger took its place. It tantalised me. Playing with my labia, then my clit, then stroking up and down my entrance. By the time it finally entered me I was ready to blow. I gasped and as my eyes and mouth opened wide, splat! A cream pie straight in the face.

"Hi, Heather." It had been Laura of course. She went and spoke to the stall manager then they came and turned the stocks around 90 degrees. "Roll up! Roll up! Pie this pretty bum! One day only."

I made the mistake of laughing as another pie nearly choked me. Her idea was brilliant. Not only did they get through twice as many customers, but it stopped guys sneaking up and fingering me. One more thing I owed to Laura.

She stripped off her clothes, throwing them into the hut with the money and let me out. "My turn," she announced, handing me a towel to wipe myself down.

We went on like that until the daytime sideshows closed. A girl came up to us. "You're Heather, aren't you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I'm Jane, Roy's girlfriend."

"Sorry I don't..."

"Roy, the one you taught how to masturbate a girl."

"Oh." I must have sounded worried.

"I just wanted to say thank you. I've been trying to show him that for weeks, but it's kinda awkward. Since you showed him it's been fantastic." She took a breath and looked down. "I wish I had your courage. And so do half the girls in my class, no matter what people say about you. Roy's even been getting me to help him show his friends how to do their girlfriends."

"Has it been fun?"

She turned her eyes down again. "It's been amazing. Anyhow, Thank you." She looked back up and kissed me on the cheek and went.

Laura and I went into the school to get a shower.

"Laura, thanks for helping me today. And I owe you a big apology. I guess I was really out of it last night and I'm grateful you stopped me." As I said it, it sounded totally inadequate.

"It's okay."

"No, it's not. But I want to insist on one thing."

"What?"

"The others said you really took a risk getting me out of there. If I do anything as stupid as that again, I don't want you risking yourself to stop me."

"No deal. So you do me a favour instead. Don't take a chance like that again and I won't have to."

"I owe you something else too."

"What?"

"This." I kissed her and began stroking her boobs. I've seen before just what gets her going. I moved one hand down to her bum. She winced. I turned her round and I saw why. Her bum was bruised. And I don't mean a bruise or two. She was black and blue. She had covered them with stage make-up for the pie throwing, but that had all come off in the shower.

"How?"

"Some guys thought it was funny to spank me while we were doing our 69."

"And I was too out of it to watch your bum." I knew the routine. I'd seen enough of her lesbian shows. If you aren't careful in a 69 you get guys coming up and fingering you (or worse) because you can't watch your own bum. Basic rule of a 69 in a show. Don't get carried away and keep idiots off of your partner's bum. And I hadn't. And she'd paid the price.

I gently kissed every bruise, saying "Thank you" after each kiss. Then I bent her over and stuck my tongue in her arse. I knew she liked this, though we've never done anything before.

She almost collapsed on the floor. I put a finger in her pussy and continued to lick her rosebud. We were both tired so it took a while, but soon she started shivering as her climax hit her.

When she collapsed on the floor I got down with her and kissed her lightly on the nose. "You're a real friend, Laura. If I ever treat you that badly again I give you permission to knock me out."

We laughed together.

Six o'clock was the time for the meeting with the headmaster. I think he was a little surprised to be met by four naked girls.

After I'd assured him that I was okay, a question I'd been answering all afternoon (I know most people mean well but it does get a bit old after a while), I explained why I wanted each of the girls' opinions.

Shelley spoke first. "I think it should be made clear to everyone that nobody does ANY touching without permission. And they can't even force a participant to pose. I'm not saying change the rules, I'm saying that if a participant won't do something, the one doing the requesting should have to go to a teacher, not just force them. The teacher can then decide if it's compulsory within the rules or not. And even then, the other students can't physically force them."

"And stripping in the morning. Nobody should be allowed within five feet until the participant invites them. This would stop all the fingers in pussies and arses while you are trying to get undressed, and stop them ripping clothes. And after they are stripped, a teacher should be there every morning to stop things getting out of hand. Also someone should watch the approaches to the school to stop," she hesitated, "what happened yesterday. That's all I can think of at the moment."

He nodded seriously. "And you? I'm sorry, I don't know your name."

"Suzie."

"Ah, the one yesterday who..."

She blushed. "Yes, the one yesterday who..."

"Just about saved my life," I finished for her.

"I think that it's not enough to give everyone a pamphlet and tell them to read it. Everyone should have a lesson to explain it. And they need to know that what's reasonable for one person may not be reasonable for another, or even for the same person later the same day."

"And I think that touching should be banned for the first day. Give a participant time to adjust to being stared at first, rather than freaking her out. It doesn't have to be seen as a negative thing, any more than foreplay is negative before sex." She was blushing again and the headmaster smiled which made her blush even more.

"And you, Laura, isn't it?"

"Yes. Can I go last please?"

"Okay, Heather? I bet you've got lots to say."

"Actually no. Shelley and Suzie have said a lot of the things I wanted to say. But I have got a few things. Firstly, if you want the program to be seen as something positive, don't use it as a punishment. And I know that means that I wouldn't have been selected, but I'm not saying it because of that."

"And I think for next week you need to pick people who are likely to find it positive and cope well with it. I'm not saying you have to do that every week, but after this first week, I think the program needs it."

"Nothing else, but I might think of something."

"And Laura?"

"I think you should always have someone on the program who's done it before, who knows the ropes and the dangers. I mean when I started stripping I always had a more experienced girl with me. And if we start a new girl, I or one of the others goes with her. I don't know if you've read Heather's journal so far, but the thing that hurt me most was that she felt totally alone, with nobody to turn to. If the program is to be positive and not just an excuse for sexually abusing some kids every week, that should never happen again. Sorry for the language, sir, but that was a big fuck-up."

"I agree," he said. "And it was my fault. But that's why we're having this meeting, to avoid fuck-ups in the future."

We looked at him stunned. We'd never heard him swear before. He grinned.

"Anything else?"

Laura continued. "Yes, at least one person of each sex, probably a teacher, should be available as someone to go to. Not for disputes over what's allowed or not allowed, but someone to turn to. They shouldn't be the one to make rulings on what is permitted so they can purely be a point of support for someone who's finding it too tough. That way they can also bring any problems or potential problems to your attention."

"And if a girl's on her period, the program should be postponed until after her period finishes. I know it's part of the natural cycle and all that, but it grosses a lot of people out and girls have enough to put up with without that. And if it starts while she's already doing her week, she should be able to restart at exactly the same time a week later without being forced to do a whole extra week."

"That's it."

"Okay, girls. I agree with just about everything you've said. I especially agree with having to pick people who will find it postive. Suggestions for boys?"

"Sir, what about the ones who were grabbing and hurting me on Tuesday?"

"You know who they are? I wouldn't pick them, I'd expel them."

"No sir, please. Things got weird that day and they got carried away. The next day they were really sorry, freaked out actually by what they'd done and not only came to apologise, but chased everyone else away from Shelley and me. One even brought me flowers."

"The reason I suggest them is that are all friends. They're actually pretty okay guys. They won't abuse the girls on the program and they'll support each other."

"You have thought this through. Okay, That's the boys settled. Jot down their names and I'll put them on starting Monday. Now for the girls? Obviously as you know, you are one of them."

"I've got a few ideas."

"I thought you might. And I suspect you are thinking the same as me. We need some positive role models, so Shelley, Suzie and Laura, you're in the program starting Monday morning."

"Great!" said Shelley excitedly.

"Oh great," said Laura, but not in the same tone of voice.

"Shit, I can't, I can't!" said Suzie, beginning to cry. "I'd die if I went through half of what Heather's gone through this week. Please sir. If you want someone who can make a good job of it next week, pick someone else."

I grabbed Suzie and kissed her. "Suzie, you'll do fine. We'll be there for you."

"Yeah," said Shelley, "With backup from Laura and the Slutsisters how can you go wrong?"

She just stayed looking scared. "Please," I mouthed to her. For a long moment we just looked at each other until finally Suzie gave a big, shoulder-shrugging sigh. "Okay, I'll do it. But I'm scared so I'm really going to need you guys."

"If it's any encouragement, Suzie," said Dr. Reynolds, "At least you'll be earning extra marks for completing the Program. As you might have noticed in the Pamphlet, we can give incentives to persuade participants to allow touching. For the moment, I've decided that means a 5% increase in your subject marks across the board, assuming you complete the Program successfully of course (see cultural notes). That figure might be a little high, but as you have the problems of pioneering the Program, I think it's fair."

Suzie looked a little happier, but not much.

He turned to me. "And that's 10% for you, Heather, as your were the Program Guinea pig." Turning to the others, he said, "I think she's earned it, don't you?"

"Yes," said Shelley loudly, making the rest of us laugh.

"One more thing, " added the headmaster. "I'm surprised you didn't ask for new participants to be warned before they are put on the program. That's been a request in some places."

"I don't think it matters, sir," I said. "It would just give them time to worry."

"That's right," said Laura. "We don't give a girl hours or days to think about being dragged in on her first strip show. If we did, she'd freak out."

"So you'd rather I hadn't told you?"

"To be honest, yes. But we've been hanging round naked all afternoon. It will be easier for us, although if I'm honest I'm a little scared too."

"You?" said the headmaster incredulously.

"Yeah. I control shows. The program is something else, not under my control at all. It's scary."

"Okay, girls. Thanks for your help and I'll see you on Monday morning."

"There is one other thing, sir," I said.

"Fire away. I'm all yours."

I took a moment, I had to get this right. "You can't expect the boys to show us respect if the teachers don't."

"Please explain." He looked serious.

"In Sex Education I was basically told I didn't matter. 'For the sake of this lesson you are a live demonstration model. Names don't come into it.' That's exactly what she said, sir." I had tried to mimic her voice and even the headmaster smiled for a brief moment.

"Then she insisted I let everyone practice oral sex on me because the program said that teachers can exceed the limits of reasonable requests. She didn't even ask me. Even in a compulsory reasonable request they have to ask first, not just tell me. She filmed me having an orgasm without even telling me. Then she told the boys they could relieve themselves by cumming all over me."

For a change it was the headmaster going red and not Suzie. But not with embarrassment. He was furious. "I'll deal with her on Monday. You have my word that it will never happen again."

"Sir. It was me she humiliated. Please let us deal with it. I just wanted to know we had you behind us if she still wouldn't listen."

"You have."

"And one final thing. I'd like to give a talk about the program in the assembly on Monday, before you announce who is on it. And I suggest we keep it secret for now that these three already know."

"Okay. Anything else. Do any of you need a lift home?"

"No sir, we're staying for the evening do, well I am."

The others agreed.

"Sir, thanks. Next week we'll give you a program you'll never forget," said Shelley.

As we went out the door, I heard him say quietly to himself, "That's what worries me."

The evening went pretty normally if you don't count having four naked girls at a party, and it was fun.

We even joined in the mud wrestling when all the bikini girls had finished. We wore the white t-shirts and knickers left over from the dunk tank and all four of us went in together. The cheers when we ripped each others t-shirts and knickers off could probably be heard from London.

In the shower afterwards I confessed, "If he hadn't picked you three, I was going to. I know I've got a lot to do still coming to terms with this last week, especially yesterday, and I'm just so glad I'm going to have you three with me."

"I still don't think I'm brave enough to do this," Suzie said looking really upset.

"Not brave enough? After what you did yesterday morning for me? I can never repay you for that. You made me feel human again." She was getting teary, so I continued, "Anyhow, if you start getting too scared, I'll just lick your pussy and make you scream." So I did.

When Shelley and I got home I noticed the blinking light on the phone that meant there was a message. I picked the phone up to listen. Shit! The message was from Mum. I had forgotten that she was going to ring earlier this evening.

I called to Shelley, "Mum rang. I forgot about what we'd arranged. She's left the number for her hotel and asked me to ring her back however late it is."

"Was it that kind of ask, Sis?"

"Yeah, it sounded like one to me." Our mum never "told" us to do anything but when she "asked" us to do something it was an Eleventh Commandment.

"Shel, I'm going to try to ring her now like she's said. God knows what time it is out there. She's going to want to talk to you as well. Now listen to me. I'm going to tell her about the attack and yesterday at school and the TV interview and what happened today but not about last night. I will tell her about that when she gets home, but I have to do that face-to-face with her. It's not that I'm embarrassed to tell her, it's just that it'll take a lot of explaining. Promise me you'll back me up here, okay?"

"Okay. What do you want me to say?"

"Let's keep it simple. I'll say that after everything that happened yesterday, I was really tired and decided to stay in last night, and my super sister stayed in with me to keep me company. We listened to music and just chilled until bedtime. Can you remember that?" I kissed her on the nose.

"Ew!" She wiped her nose off. "Yeah, that's simple enough." She leaned forward suddenly and licked my nose. "Gotcha!"

"Enough," I glared at her, then smiled. "Okay, here goes." I picked up the phone.

"Wait a minute. Do you want me to stay while you talk to her?"

"Yes please. Hang on, let's get a couple of drinks first. This may be a very long call."

Shelley fetched the drinks while I dialed India. The hotel answered on the second ring and put me through to Mum's room immediately.

"Hello?"

"Is that you, Mum?"

"Heather? How's my big brave girl?"

"I'm fine. Are you sitting down? I've got so much to tell you. Hang on, can we afford a long call?"

"We can take as long as we want. Part of the deal with my firm is that you and I have unlimited phone time while I'm out here and they will pay. So, yes, I'm sitting comfortably. Why don't you begin?"

"I have only one bad thing to tell you, but it is pretty awful." I took a deep breath. "Yesterday morning on the way to school I was attacked by a gang of boys and they raped me." Shelley squeezed my hand tightly.

"Oh my god! Are you hurt? Did they injure you too? Did you have to go to hospital? Oh my dear sweet baby."

"No, I'm not hurt now. I mean, yes, they hurt me down there, but nothing permanent. Shelley was brilliant. I had made her go ahead and she realised something was wrong when I wasn't right behind her. She got the headmaster to call the police and they came right away and caught the boys and arrested them. I don't think any of them got away."

"Are you sure you're alright? Mentally, I mean. I've never asked you before and you don't have to answer now but... were you a virgin?"

"That's okay, Mum. Yes I was, but I'll get on to that in a moment."

"Darling, as soon as we've finished talking, I'm getting my flight changed and coming home."

"No, Mum, you don't need to do that. I really am okay. It was really awful, the worst thing that's ever happened to me, but everything that's happened since has been wonderful. Everyone, at school and my friends, everyone has been so good. I know I'll get a reaction sometime, but right now I feel... protected and safe. It's like everyone is watching out for me. You finish what you have to do out there. I know that matters too."

"Nothing matters as much as my daughters do. If you do need to talk to someone, speak to Laura's mum. It's her job and I know she's very good at it. Promise me that you'll do that, okay?"

"Okay, Mum."

"How's Shelley taking it?"

"She has been the best sister and the best friend I could have wished for. She standing here next to me and I do believe she's blushing."

"No, I'm not," Shelley shouted, "She's lying, Mum."

"You know who's been the best as well, Mum? Dr. Reynolds, the headmaster. I don't think I'd have got through yesterday morning without him."

"That's good. He's always struck me as a good sort, for a headmaster that is." We both laughed at that. "So I suppose he took you off the program then?"

"He tried to." Mum started to say something but I stopped her. "That's right, Mum. I'm still in the program, but that was my choice. I really had to work hard to persuade him to let me carry on."

"But why, darling?"

"Because you were right, Mum. The program has been good for me. It wasn't the program which raped me." I heard a small gasp at the word. "I was on my way to school and I wasn't even naked when they attacked me. It was bad people who are now in jail and will be for a long long time. They were caught in the act and the school nurse got all the.. evidence that the police will need."

"But are you sure, I mean, about the program?"

"Can I be very explicit with you, please?"

"Okay, I don't think you can ever shock me again, dear. Go ahead."

"Well, after I persuaded the headmaster to let me stay in the program, I had to go to class. Everyone was shocked to see me and I asked the teacher if I could say something. I told them I had to stay in the program because otherwise those boys would win. The program had given me lots of wonderful experiences and I wanted to be able to look back to the good things and not the bad things. Does that make sense?"

I could hear Mum crying a little. "Yes, that does make sense. Where has this brave young woman come from? I love you so much, Heather."

"I love you too, Mum. But stop crying, please. You'll get me started if you don't."

"Okay." I could hear her blow her nose. "I guess you're about to come to the explicit stuff now, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. After I made my little speech, everyone just sat there stunned. Then this girl came up to me and kissed me. I mean, she really kissed me. I undressed her and she made the most wonderful love to me. Then I did the same to her. Her name is Suzie and I think I have a new close friend. Now don't worry, Mum, I'm not turning into a lesbian."

While I paused, thinking about how to explain about Tony, Mum replied, "I don't care if you're lesbian, straight, bisexual, whatever. I just want you to be happy."

"At lunch I found a real nice boy named Tony and asked him to, sorry about this, Mum, to fuck me properly. I told him that what had happened to me was not sex and I wanted proper sex from a proper friend. Well we did it, Mum, right there in the middle of the dining hall, on a table in front of everyone. And it was wonderful."

"Oh my, I don't think I could ever do that, not ever."

"Well, maybe if you had the program when you were young..."

That got us both laughing. You know, that was the most beautiful sound I can ever remember, Mum laughing right then.

"Heather, hold the phone so your sister can hear too. I want you both to hear something." I did as she asked. "All this talk about sex. I suppose I better tell you two some news." Shelley and I were transfixed. "Have I ever mentioned an Eric Watson from work to either of you?"

"No," we both said at once and held our breath.

"Well, he and I have come out here together to do this work. He knows about some stuff and I know about other stuff."

"Mum, stop teasing us," Shelley was almost shaking, "Have you two..." "Shut up!" I hissed at her.

"Yes, Shelley, we have. Last night and again tonight. And I hope every night we're out here."

"Mum!" Again we spoke at once. Then Shelley continued, "Okay, Mum. All the details. Please!"

"Alright. I can't believe I'm having this conversation with my daughters, but here goes. Eric has been chasing me for months. Always very nicely, always very polite. Before you ask, he's four years older than me, divorced for a long time and he has one son about to graduate from university. On the plane coming out we were talking and I told him all about the program. It was complete news to him. He's one of those people who's all work and hobbies, he gardens and coaches schoolboy cricket, and he pays no attention to the news."

"So when I explained the program to him, he said he wished he had something like it when he was growing up, maybe he wouldn't have been so shy. He didn't know it but that was exactly the right thing to say. I admitted I was shy too and suggested that maybe we both could do something about our shyness."

"I must tell you about this hotel. It's very old-fashioned. I think we British must have built it back when we had an empire. Eric and I were given adjoining rooms with those double connecting doors. We had a late supper last night and afterwards I dragged him into my room. Girls, I wanted him, I did. But, remember his shyness. He asked me if we were going to spend the night together. I said I hope so. So which room did I want us to sleep in, he asked. The windows work better in my room so that's the one I chose. In that case, he said, and carried me into his room. He didn't want his bed to look like no one had slept in it when the maid came in the morning, so we made love in his bed and then came back to my bed to sleep. Of course we made love again in the morning in my bed, just to even things out, don't you see."

"Where is he right now?" I asked.

"Sleeping like a baby in our, I mean, my bed."

"Mum," Shelley asked, "Are you going to keep seeing him when you get back?"

"Yes, I hope so. Anyway, Heather, I left you being... fucked in the dining hall. What's happened since then?"

"Lots of things. Because of what happened to me there were a whole bunch of reporters waiting for me when I got out of school. A woman reporter interviewed me, and Shelley and Suzie, and the whole interview was shown on the telly last night. I recorded it so you can see your daughters on television when you get back." I didn't mention we were all naked, Mum didn't think to ask.

What she did say was "That'll be wonderful. We've got so much work to do out here that Eric and I haven't had any time to look at television."

Shelley giggled, "I think you mean that you two had other things to do when you weren't working..."

Mum interrupted, "Heather, you have my permission to smack your sister after this call."

Shelley whispered at me, "Don't you dare!"

"So, polite daughter, was that all that happened yesterday?"

"More or less, Mum. Shelley and I stayed in last night. Then today I had to go naked to the school fair. I had to do the dunk tank. They dressed me in a t-shirt and knickers which went completely see-through when I went in the water. Then I was put in the stocks and people threw custard pies at my head and my naked bum. The important thing about today, though, was we had a meeting with the headmaster after the fair."

"Who's we, dear?"

"Shelley and me, and Laura and Suzie. We all had a chance to tell him what we thought was wrong with the program and it sounds like he's going to do almost everything we asked him to."

Shelley grabbed the phone. "And I'm gonna be in the program next week with Heather, Mum. And so are Laura and Suzie. And there's gonna be four boys in it as well."

I took the phone back. "I can't believe how keen she is to be in the program."

"Oh, I can," Mum chuckled. "Well it sounds like you're alright, Heather. Now, are you absolutely certain you don't need me back there?"

"Yes, Mother, I'm absolutely certain. Besides, how could I drag you away from your boyfriend?"

"I suppose there is that." There was that lovely laugh again.

"Do you know how long you're likely to be away?"

"I think we may be flying back Tuesday afternoon, but it depends. Look, why don't we plan to talk on the phone Monday night? Is that okay?"

"Yeah, that's fine, Mum. And will you promise me something? Don't worry about me. I'm doing fine, really I am."

"Easy for you to say. Of course I'll worry about you, both of you, but no more than I always do."

All three of us knew she was lying, but it had to be said, didn't it? We said our goodbyes.

As soon as I put down the phone, Shelley grinned, "Mum. Would you believe it? I mean you don't think about your own mother doing it, do you?"

I ruffled her hair, which she absolutely hates. She went to bed soon after and I sat down to write this journal for yesterday and today. There was so much to write about. But I was so glad I had been able to tell Mum about almost everything. I'll finish the story for her when she gets back, particularly about the nightclub.

Looking back on how I behaved in the nightclub last night now, I'm still not at all sure why I did it. I could say I thought "it was a good idea at the time" but it wasn't really like that. I had been raped, it's always going to be hard for me to say that but I have to accept the fact it occurred, and I think I needed to somehow cleanse myself with something really outrageous that I had CHOSEN to do. My choice, not anyone else's. I know now I freaked out my sister and my friends. Hell, I'm pretty freaked about it myself. But I had to go through with it. No, that's not quite right. I had to go through it, and survive. I think Laura gets that even if the others don't.

So that's how my first week in the Program ended. Who can guess what next week will be like? Certainly not me.

continues in volume 2

http://www.nakedinschool.net/ConsCons/

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I'd really love to hear what you think. I welcome criticism and compliments alike, (okay, I guess I prefer compliments, I'm only human!)

While these stories are in progress, I'd also welcome suggestions and ideas. If I don't use an idea in this story, perhaps I will later.

Chrissy Giles

Email chrissy@chrissygiles.com

The Heather Collection http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/collection.htm

Volume II - Week 2, Monday - Wednesday

Heather, Shelley, Laura, Suzie & Samantha's stories

Don't forget that cultural notes are a separate document, as is the UK Program Pamphlet

Heather, part 9

WEEK TWO

MONDAY - Assembly

A note from Heather:

I know that most of you reading this want to hear about all the sexy things we got up to. I have to warn you that just under half of this chapter is taken up with my speech to the school assembly, which Laura helped me write. If you want to skip it, be my guest. If you like you can go straight to what we got up to afterwards, which I must admit was more fun, but I felt it was important to include the speech in full as it made such a difference to all our experiences in the program.

I didn't oversleep today. For the first few moments when I woke up I felt scared. Then I thought of everything that had happened in the last week and it seemed like a dream, or part dream part nightmare, anyway unreal.

Just to make sure I knew that it was real, at that moment in bounced Shelley, my younger sister. "I'm in the Program. I'm in the Program."

I had to tease her. "No you're not." She looked puzzled and disappointed.

"What you you mean? They haven't cancelled it?"

"No, but you're not in it. At least not for another hour and five minutes."

"You pig." I tousled her hair and we laughed together. I sometimes feel a lot more than a year older than Shelley.

I should explain. Shelley was one of twins. The other died in utero. So Shelley had all the energy for both of them. If she didn't get everything out of life that was possible it wouldn't be by not trying.

Somewhat jealously, I have to admit, she also had the tits for both of them. Compared to my tiny things anyway.

Shelley carried on chattering right through breakfast. I've never figured out how she could talk non stop and still eat.

We walked to school together. About half a mile from school I felt myself tense up. Shelley noticed and grabbed me by the hand.

At the school there was the usual crowd. I had planned how I was going to handle this with Laura, so I was confident. One of the boys approached me and said, "Can we undress you?" I grinned. "Sure, why not?"

After I'd put my clothes in the box and locked it, some of the others crowded round. I noticed a teacher standing in the corner. Half the boys were calling that they had a reasonable request.

"Okay I'll do poses first. Any requests." There were quite a few. "I'm not a contortionist!" I said to one of them, laughing.

"Okay any other requests?" Silly question. I'd deliberately taken time over the poses so I only had to put up with a minute or so of quite rough fingering and nipple tweaking before the bell rang for assembly.

The headmaster took me aside as I went into assembly. "There were five in that group of boys, so we're picking a girl at random too to keep the numbers even." I wondered afterwards why it was so important to keep numbers even THIS week, when I'd been alone LAST week.

I was more nervous of this speech than anything else this week, even though Laura wrote most of it for me. The headmaster introduced me (like I needed introducing). "As you know," he said, "the program was launched here last week. To say that it was a difficult week would be an understatement. This week there will be 10 students, including Heather, on the program, 5 boys and 5 girls. But that is not the only change and to tell you about the changes I hand you over to Heather."

"Hello everyone." I took a deep breath before continuing. "I'd like a show of hands. How many of you want to be in the program? Boys first." Quite a few hands were raised. "Now girls." I glared at Shelley hoping to God she'd keep her hand down or it really would look like a set-up. Not a single hand was raised.

"I'd like a few of you to tell me why. You?" I said pointing to a boy on the front row. "You'll have to speak up so everyone can hear you."

"It's embarrassing."

"Yes it is," I agreed.

"I wouldn't feel safe. I might get raped." one of the girls piped up, then "oh, sorry."

"Don't apologise," I said. "You didn't do it and you are right to be concerned."

Another girl said, "You get made to do things you don't want to do."

"We girls can't win either way," said another girl. "If we don't do what people tell us to do, we get in trouble on the program. If we do, we're sluts."

"Okay," I said. "But most of those things are about changing attitudes. And that is what the program is for. It is to change the attitudes not only of those in the Program, but those around us."

"Hands up how many of you knew me before last week? Okay keep your hands up for a minute. Keep your hands up if you would have thought I could stand up and address the whole school, naked like this and not have any problem about it." Shelley's hand stayed up. Everyone else's went down. "Sorry everyone, my little sister Shelley always thinks her big sister Heather can do anything."

"And actually she's right. The reason I'm in the program this week is because one week ago I freaked out and hid in a cricket hut I was so scared. It was a painful week, but the program has given me the confidence to stand here like this."

"Now I want to make a bet with you. Next Monday, if the headmaster will give me permission, I want to come up here and ask you the same question I started with, how many of you want to be in the program. If less than twenty of you girls put your hands up, I'll take off my clothes and stay in the program the rest of the term."

"As the headmaster said, there are some changes. Your teachers will explain them in detail in your first lesson, but I will talk about some you need to know now."

"There will be no touching on the first day." There was some murmuring. "Yes I heard some of the boys grumbling at that. Don't worry boys, I'm not on my first day. Think of no touching on the first day as being like foreplay. It gets you ready for what's to come."

"Nobody will ever touch a program participant without asking. I don't care if it's something the participant can't refuse. If you don't ask, it isn't a reasonable request. Not only don't you get what you want but you may be suspended for sexual assault. And if you think I'm bluffing, ask the headmaster or try me."

"If a participant refuses something you think or know they must do, you go to see a teacher and that teacher will talk with the participant. If they still won't do it, the teacher can see the headmaster. Nobody, student or teacher, will ever use any force on a participant."

"The program is not a punishment, it is a chance to grow. However, to answer something one of the girls said earlier, if you call a participant a slut, it might just be decided that you need that chance to grow a bit sooner. We all have to learn to accept our own sexuality and our own limits."

"The reasonable requests must be asked for and completed with respect for the other person. The other person is a human being with feelings and is quite possibly terrified. Think how you'd feel if it was you or your girlfriend or boyfriend. And by the way boys, fucking is not a reasonable request and if you want to stand any chance of getting in there, you'd better treat us with respect." That got a laugh.

"That respect is not optional, and is to be expected of both students and teachers. The program is about nakedness and sex. Good sex requires respect from both participants for each other. If you can't learn that, you shouldn't be having sex. And if you haven't learned that, you certainly shouldn't be teaching about sex. Lack of respect leads to people being hurt and girls being raped. Is that really how you want this school to be? So a girl can't come to school without being afraid of what might happen to her? Boys, if you want to finger a girl, do you really want to hurt her? No? Then be gentle. Respect is lesson number one. "

"In a minute I will be calling out the names of the other nine who are privileged to be in the program this week. If your name is called, please come up here. I am calling them up here so you can know them and support them. You all have the job of supporting us through the next week, which will be the scariest, worst, best, most exciting and wonderful week of our lives."

"I am being serious. If a participant needs help, whether it's to stop them being bullied or just a hug or a shoulder to cry on, that's your job, all of you. I don't care if you're the youngest student or the headmaster. The program is for everyone's personal growth, not just the participants."

"I met some wonderful people here last week, who cared me for me at my lowest, including some who surprised me. You are all participants in the program, it's just that some of us are going to be without clothes. It's tempting to see the naked ones as someone you can abuse. If you do that, the program will be a nightmare you all dread. Let's work together to make it work."

The headmaster handed me the list. "Remember to come up here and stand beside me. Shelley Hoover." "YIPPEE!" Shelley ran up the steps onto the stage and before I could stop her she'd stripped off her clothes. The hall erupted into laughter.

"Seeing as my little sister Shelley kept trying to join me in the program last week, it was thought that it was simpler just to put her in it. It's less trouble. Before I call the next name, can I just point out that you have to come up here. You do not have to take your clothes off up here." More laughter.

"Jed Peters, Suzanne Peters (no relation apparently), Stephen Rivers, Laura Townley, Christopher Owens, Lenny Tawn, Gerald Tilling and Samantha Downing."

Suzie stood next to me and Laura next to her. Suzie was blushing of course. So was one of the boys as they came to stand beside us.

"Samantha Downing?" There seemed to be a commotion at the back. I looked at the headmaster. "Just carry on," he said. "I'll find out what's happening."

"One final thing I want to say is just because I might consider a request reasonable, doesn't mean that Suzie has to, or the other way round, or that I have to consider the same thing reasonable tomorrow. The same goes with the boys. Don't assume anything. Ask politely. And a quick tip. Be gentle and you'll probably get another chance. Be rough and you won't, full stop, no second chances."

"So welcome to all of you as particpants in the program week two. Play nice and let's have fun." (That was a Laura line!) The headmaster dismissed the hall.

"Was I terribly boring? Did I say too much?" He reassured me that I was fine. "Samantha Downing will be joining you shortly. She's with the school nurse." My questioning look was answered by "She fainted."

"Okay can you eight come with me. Shelley don't forget your clothes."

I led them into a room behind the stage where they were to undress.

"This is because of last Tuesday, isn't it?" said one of the boys.

"Yeah, all that talk about it not being a punishment is crap," said another.

"No, but before I explain, who is who?" They gave their names. The one who spoke first, the leader, was Jed.

"Last Saturday, the headmaster asked me who I thought could make a really positive impact on the program and who would also benefit from it. He wanted a really good program this week to make it popular and not something to fear. For the girls I was going to suggest these three, but he'd already decided that anyway. I did suggest you boys, but not for revenge. We wanted some friends who could support each other and who could be a positive influence. You helped Shelley and me on Wednesday and I believe that you can make a success of it."

"Yeah right."

"I just bet my clothes for the rest of the term on it. If I was trying to get back at you, do you think I'd have done that?"

"But before anything else, let's get rid of these clothes."

Laura stripped off readily. The boys more slowly. Suzie slower still. She was shaking. "I know I was naked with you last Friday and Saturday, but like that girl, I'm scared of what I'll have to do."

I knelt down in front of her. "May I?" She nodded slightly and I stuck my tongue into her. The boys were somewhat surprised putting it mildly. "I know nobody else can ask to touch anyone except me today, but I suggest we get used to it on each other. But it's voluntary only."

"If Suzie doesn't mind perhaps one of you boys could take over here."

"I don't mind, just someone get a tongue back in me." Stephen was pleased to oblige.

"Now Jed, about last week. I think it's only fair I get my own back." I took hold of his cock and deep throated him. "Oh Fuck," he gasped and in seconds he shot a load down my throat. I looked round to see Suzie and Stephen in a 69, Christopher fucking Laura while she sucked on Gerald's cock and my sweet little sister playing with and lapping Lenny's cock like it was her favourite lollipop.

I gently stroked Jed's cock back to life as I watched Shelley hold Lenny's cock away as it spurted cum all over her face. She put some on her finger and put it in her mouth. "Mmmm" she said delightedly. He laid her down and began to lick her pussy.

I lay down." Jed, fuck me." I didn't need making wet, he slid straight in and started with long powerful strokes. Every now and then he'd slow down to lick one of my nipples, then it was back to that rhythm. I came screaming. When I got my breath back I asked, "Still pissed off that I got you in the program?" and stuck my tongue out at him. He kissed me gently.

"Wait everyone," said Shelley, "I want everyone to watch me lose my virginity."

I was about to say "Are you sure?" then Lenny asked her instead.

"Yeah, and I'm losing it to a really nice guy."

"If you're sure," he said.

"Well if you don't want it, I'm sure I can find someone else. I won't bleed caused I got fingered too rough last week."

With that he positioned himself at her entrance and slowly slid into her. There is something surreal about watching your little sister with cum still all over her face lose her virginity. I saw him pause, then ease himself all the way in. Soon he set up a steady rhythm getting faster and faster until she screamed, "Oh Lenny."

She sat up with a big grin on her face. " Now there's no virgins here."

"Actually," Stephen looked embarrassed. "I've had blowjobs, but never actually."

"Your turn, Suzie," piped up Shelley and Laura together.

"You don't have to," he said, seeing Suzie look awkward

Suzie smiled and kissed his cock. She spread her legs wide. "Come and get it. Slam it in me." He didn't need asking twice. Shelley lay down next to Suzie to watch it go in. "YEAH!" she shouted when he had it all the way in. I pulled her away.

He didn't last long and collapsed on top of her. "That was mmmm," he said.

I heard a noise behind me. A girl was standing there watching us, her mouth open slightly, her eyes open wide. She looked petrified. "You must be Samantha," I said. She nodded almost imperceptibly, unable to take her eyes off of Stephen and Suzie. I wondered how long she had been there watching us, too scared to speak. "You have to put your clothes in this box here," I said.

I sent the others off to the showers. As it was still lesson time, I suggested that they could all use the boys shower together. Laura stayed with me.

Samantha hadn't moved. "I was terrified last week," I told her quietly. "Do you want us to help you?" She had started to fumble with her buttons. "You? Terrified?" she looked up at me briefly for the first time, then went back to looking at the floor.

"So terrified I ran away and hid for hours. That's why I have to do another week. Believe me, it gets better." She didn't look convinced. Laura and I finished undressing her.

"I'm not like you. I couldn't do that. Just the thought of someone touching me," she was beginning to breathe too quickly.

"Nobody's going to touch you today," said Laura. "Now concentrate, watch me, watch my breathing, slowly in, hold it, slowly out. In, hold, out. In, hold, out."

"But I can't bear the thought of the rest of the week. Everyone touching me and, and."

"That's enough," said Laura sharply. Samantha reacted as if she'd been slapped. "Concentrate on today. Nobody is going to touch you today. If they do, tell somebody, tell me or Heather if you don't want to speak to anyone else. Think about getting through the next three hours, most of which is in lessons anyway and come and sit with us at lunchtime."

We walked with her to the boys showers. To my surprise (or maybe not) Shelley was being groped by all the boys. Samantha looked panicky again. Damn, we'd just got her calmed down a bit. "I just wanted to see what it was like," said Shelley cheerfully.

"My turn," said Suzie to my surprise. "I'm dreading this, so I'd better get it over with." I looked at Jed and he smiled. The five of them stroked her all over, taking turns fingering her. "My arse too. I have to know what it's like." Soon they had her screaming as fingers worked their way into both her holes. "Now someone fuck my arse." Samantha couldn't take her eyes off of her.

"Go on, Jed," I said. He carefully smeared some of her juices around her arsehole and his cock and slowly eased it into her. She was breathing short quick breaths, which soon got fast until she did her now-famous "WOW!"

"I wanna do that," said Shelley.

"Sorry Shel," said Jed, "I think we should go back into the changing room. Don't worry, this is only day 1."

"I wanna try everything in the world."

"Yeah but leave something for the rest of the week," I said. She laughed.

Laura and I quickly reached for Samantha's hand. "It'll be okay," I said, with a confidence I didn't feel.

Once we were in the changing room, Jed turned to Samantha and said, "I have a reasonable request." I could see her eyes open wider with the beginnings of panic. "Please sit on the table." She did.

"Would you open your legs please? I want to see your pussy." She froze. "Please, Samantha, I'm not doing this to upset you. Trust me?"

She nodded though we could see tears filling her eyes. "I, I can't move my legs."

"Can I move them for you?" he asked. She nodded again. He took her left leg and moved it so she was exposed, then did the same with her right leg. He knelt down in front of her. I held her hand and could feel her shaking.

"Hmm," he said, his face about a foot from her pussy, "Nice. You have a really pretty pussy, Samantha."

"Th, thank you."

"Now can you sit on that table and show it to my friends?" She got down and sat on the next table and with what looked like tremendous effort, opened her legs.

"Come and look, guys," he said. She sat motionless as they all bent down to look at her most intimate parts. "Can you hold yourself open for me?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Heather, can you show her?" I sat on the table opposite her and opened myself wide.

"I don't know if I can do that," said Samantha.

Laura said, "Let me do it for you." Samantha didn't reply, so, taking that as a "yes", she stood beside Samantha and with two fingers from each hand held her completely open. After a minute or so, Samantha pushed her hand away and said "I can do it." She let us all have a look then said, "Is there anything else I have to do?"

"Stand facing the table," I said, "and bend over holding your bum cheeks open like this to let them see your arsehole."

"But someone will stick fingers up me," she objected.

"Probably," I admitted, "But not today."

She wasn't happy, but she did it.

As the bell rang, she turned to Jed and the other boys and said, "I wish all boys were like you five. You could never hurt anyone."

Jed looked like someone had punched him, and his eyes filled with tears. He turned away and ran out of the room.

Samantha cried out, "What did I say?"

"It's okay," I said, "It wasn't your fault. But you'll have to ask Jed."

I wanted to tell Jed how proud I was of him, but he'd already gone to class. Day 1 proper was about to begin.

Shelley, part 3

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Assembly

I'M IN THE PROGRAM!

I woke up this morning and the first thing I thought of was "I'm going in the program today!". Okay I'd spent most of the weekend naked anyway, but this was different. What is the program? Only the best excuse for a girl to get laid a lot without everyone saying she's a slut all the time.

Okay, halfway through last week I hated the program. And my own introduction to it, trying to help Heather, was a little painful to say the least. But with all the changes that were going to happen it's gonna be great. I must admit though, I wouldn't have volunteered to speak to the assembly this morning like Heather did.

I raced into Heather's room shouting "I'm in the Program. I'm in the Program!"

She said "No, you're not."... "Not for another hour" I said we liked teasing each other didn't I? She's my big sister but I was always more confident than her, but not any more, not since the Program.

I couldn't stop talking about it all the way through breakfast. It's just as well Mum was away because I told Heather all the things I want to do this week, like sex, sex and more sex. I'm mean I know Mum's open-minded, that's why she wanted Heather in the program in the first place, not for the sex, but to give her confidence and boy did it, but I think I might have embarrassed even her! Heather gave a TV interview in the nude on Friday, and her photo and mine and Suzie's were on some of the front pages of most of the newspapers, though they'd deliberately put little black boxes to hide our pussies and boobs. Some of them had more photos inside and they weren't blacked out. We've saved all the newspapers and I wonder what Mum'll say when she sees them.

I couldn't wait to get to school and strip off, till Heather reminded me that nobody was supposed to know I was going in the Program until it was announced in assembly.

At the end of the normal assembly stuff, the headmaster introduced Heather, like anyone didn't know my sister by now.

When she asked who could have believed that she'd be able to stand up there naked and address the school, I had my hand up. She made a joke about me and everyone laughed. Ok, I am her little sister, but they didn't know Heather. She might have been shy, but she never gave up on anything in her life, not like me. She wouldn't agree, but I think she can do anything.

I spent the whole time wishing she'd shut up and read out my name. When she finally started reading the names of who is in the Program this week, she read my name first. I jumped up and started cheering. I ran up the steps onto the stage and almost tore off my clothes. I felt like throwing them into the crowd below, but thought better of it at the last second.

"Seeing as my little sister Shelley kept trying to join me in the program last week, it was thought that it was simpler just to put her in it. It's less trouble. Before I call the next name, can I just point out that you have to come up here. You do not have to take your clothes off up here."

Everyone laughed, including me. I was so happy I didn't care if they were laughing with me or at me. I felt a bit sorry for Suzie. She was blushing (Suzie ALWAYS blushes) and didn't look at all happy. I saw Laura take Suzie's hand to reassure her.

The boys didn't look happy either. One was blushing more than Suzie. I later found out his name was Stephen and he was a virgin. That didn't last long thanks to Suzie.

There was another girl, someone called Samantha, but she didn't come up to the stage.

We went into a room backstage and Heather reminded me to get my clothes. I went back out to get them and did a cartwheel on the stage.

When I got back Heather had got everyone to take their clothes off. Laura got naked, but the boys were slower and more reluctant. Suzie was even slower. I felt a bit guilty about enjoying myself so much when I saw how she was shaking. I was going to help her when Heather knelt down in front of her. She started licking her pussy. She stopped to explain that although today was "no touching", we could do what we wanted amongst ourselves, so long as the other one was okay about it.

She got one of the boys to take over licking Suzie. She had Suzie so worked up she didn't care who was doing it so long as someone did!

Laura was being greedy, being fucked by Christopher as she sucked on Gerald's cock.

Then Heather went over to Jed and shoved his cock straight into her mouth. The look on his face was brilliant. I gotta do that.

I went to Lenny who was nearest to me. "Do you mind?" I took his open mouth to be "No I don't mind," so I took hold of my first real cock. I kissed it on the tip then started licking it as I'd seen Heather do. He said "Please" so I put it in my mouth a bit at a time, seeing how much I could get in and still be able to breathe.

I didn't get it all in, then I sucked on it and started moving it in and out of my mouth. "I'm gonna cum," he said. I wanted to be really dirty like the girls in porno films so as I felt it twitch I pulled it out and pointed it at my face. It squirted out all over my face. In fact some got in my hair.

I put some on my finger and tasted it. Mmm. A bit salty but nice with it. I could get to like this.

He made me lie on the floor and he lay down with his head between my legs. I've only ever had this done to me by girls before, so I hoped he thought I was nice down there. He didn't seem to mind anyway as he started licking me and putting his finger in and out of me. It was kinda nice having a boy do it, different to a girl.

I saw Jed fucking Heather. I sat up and called out "Wait everyone, I want everyone to watch me lose my virginity."

Lenny asked me if I was sure. "Yeah, and I'm losing it to a really nice guy."

"If you're sure," he said. He didn't sound that enthusiastic.

"Well if you don't want it, I'm sure I can find someone else. I won't bleed 'cause I got fingered too rough last week."

"Oh I want it alright, Lie back down."

I lay down but watched as he came close to my pussy. It's a pity I can't look at it from down there. But I could sure feel it. He was really slow and gentle, but it was tantalising. I still felt a bit of pain, so he stopped. "It's okay." He carried on deeper. I felt so full.

He started to pull out and at first I wanted to stop him, then he pushed back in again and I gasped. Out, In, Out, In, getting faster. When I came I felt my vagina gripping his cock and it felt so incredible I just said "Oh, Lenny." He pulled out of me and I could feel his cum running down to my bum.

I sat up smiling. "Now there's no virgins here."

But I was wrong. "Actually I've had blowjobs, but never actually...."said Stephen looking embarrassed.

"Your turn, Suzie," Laura and I both said together, then laughed.

Suzie looked a bit embarrassed herself. "You don't have to," he said.

She answered him by reaching over and kissing his cock. "Come and get it," she said as she opened her legs really wide, "Slam it in me." Hmm. Note to self. Have to remember that phrase.

I quickly raced over to lay down beside her so I could watch it go in. It was ACE. "YEAH" I said when it was all in, then Heather pulled me away.

He didn't last as long as Lenny. "Nice!" he said afterwards.

We suddenly noticed another girl, standing at the door, fully clothed, staring at us looking scared. "You must be Samantha," said Heather. The girl nodded.

Laura wouldn't let me go to class with cum all over my face, so we all went to the boys showers to clean up, leaving Heather and Laura with Samantha.

"I want everyone to grope me so I know what it's like," I said.

"But you know what it's like," said Suzie, who had heard about the previous week.

"I mean when they're not all trying to ram their whole hands into me."

Stephen started by gently stroking my boobs, then my pussy, slipping a finger into me. He might have been a virgin until a few minutes ago, but his fingers knew what they were doing. Whew. I leaned back against the wall with my legs apart. The other boys lifted me away from the wall and joined in, touching me everywhere. At one point I had a finger from each of them up in my pussy. I french kissed each of them in turn. I came too quickly, I want this to go on and on.

Then Suzie surprised us all by saying "My turn. I'm dreading this, so I'd better get it over with." They all began to stroke and finger her. She didn't exactly look like she was hating it.

I noticed that Heather, Laura and Samantha had joined us and Samantha still looked like she was facing a firing squad.

Now the boys were taking it in turns to finger Suzie, and every time she was close to coming that boy stopped and another one would take over.

"My arse too," she said. "I have to know what it's like."

I bent down so I could see their fingers in both her pussy and her arse. She got more and more worked up until she screamed "Now someone fuck my arse."

Jed carefully smeared her own juices over her arsehole and pushed his cock into her. I could see it was a bit painful on her face and so could Jed, so he slowed down even more.

As he moved in and out of her, she began to breathe quicker, then she relaxed totally, nearly falling on the floor, but luckily the other boys caught her. "WOW!" she said. That's what I thought too.

"I wanna do that," I said,

"Sorry, Shel," said Jed, "I think we should go back into the changing room." I must have looked really disappointed because then he said "Don't worry, this is only day 1."

"I wanna try everything in the world."

Heather smiled, said "Leave something for the rest of the week," and laughed.

When we got there Jed amazed me by asking Samantha for a reasonable request. She had to sit on the table and show her pussy. I thought it was easy, but she didn't.

Jed, Heather and Laura had to help her. But she did okay. I wasn't paying much attention to her because I was cross that we'd had to come in here when I wanted to get fucked up the arse. I do know that she must have said something nasty to Jed as he went white and ran out the door.

But now it was time for class.

Suzie, part 2

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Assembly

I woke up this morning with one thought on my mind. I was in the program today. The thought terrified me. I hardly touched my breakfast, but of course nobody noticed.

I hung around the school entrance as Heather came in, so in control she didn't seem like the same girl I'd seen last week.

Everyone else was laughing and joking. Shelley looked like she was ready to burst. Laura had a grim expression on her face. Some of my friends walked past me. "Slut," one called. I guess everyone who hadn't seen me with Heather last Friday had heard about it. It would be hard to miss. After the TV interview on Friday afternoon not only had we been in news reports, but we'd been talked about in documentaries, even joked about by the country's top standup comedians on Saturday Night Live from the Palladium. Both the Saturday and the Sunday newspapers had photos of us naked. One Sunday paper asked if the program was a plot to create lesbians. They'd even altered the photo slightly to make it look like we were standing even closer together than we were.

WHAT had I got myself into by that uncharacteristic reaction to Heather's tears on Friday? I must have been mad. I'd spent most of Saturday afternoon freezing with Shelley, helping Heather out. We'd had that crazy meeting with the headmaster that had landed me in the program, then a wonderful evening of fun together. If I'd lost some so-called friends, I made some others. I guess I don't regret it a bit, well, not a lot anyway. But it is scary.

Not as scary as walking up on stage in front of the school when my name was called at assembly. I never did thank Laura for holding my hand as I stood there.

But if I was scared, it was nothing to how the fifth girl felt. She fainted as her name was called and we didn't see her for a while. That didn't make me feel any better though.

I could feel myself shaking as I stripped back in the changing room. Heather looked puzzled. "I know I was naked with you last Friday and Saturday, but like that girl in assembly, I'm scared of what I'll have to do."

Heather didn't say anything. She knelt down in front of me. Then she said simply, "May I?" I nodded slightly and without any hesitation she stuck her tongue into me. I could see the boys staring at us, but Heather had me too turned on to care within a few minutes. Then she pulled away from me and I felt like I'd been taken to the edge and left hanging.

"If Suzie doesn't mind perhaps one of you boys could take over," she said.

"I don't mind, just someone get a tongue back in me." The boys laughed and the one nearest to me bent down in front of me. "Tell me if I'm doing it right," he said.

He wasn't as good as Heather, but right or wrong, I was soon cumming on his tongue. He licked me clean and I wanted to return the favour.

He lay down on the floor and I joined him. To my surprise, as I took him into my mouth, he began to lick me again. Hands off girls, I'm keeping this one.

I drank every drop of cum he could give me, then collapsed on the floor. He turned round to cuddle me. (I'm DEFINITELY keeping this one!) Heather's little sister Shelley insisted that we all watch her lose her virginity. She's got some guts that kid. She might be nuts but you just have to love her.

Afterwards, when she said "Now there's no virgins here," I was surprised when Stephen coughed and admitted, "Well, actually, I've had blowjobs, but never actually...."

He was interrupted by Shelley and Laura. When you are around Shelley you get used to getting interrupted by Shelley, but this time it was both of them together who said "Your turn, Suzie."

I felt suddenly shy. I'd had oral sex with Heather and with Stephen in front of other people (a lot of other people when I went with Heather!), but actually doing IT in front of people?

Stephen saw me hesitate and said "You don't have to."

I just smiled and bent over to kiss his cock. I lay back, put my legs as far apart as I could get them, held my pussy lips open wide with both hands and said "Come and get it. Slam it in me."

He lay on top of me and I helped him put it into me. He pushed until he was all the way in, much to Shelley's delight who shouted "YEAH" before Heather pulled her away. Because he'd just cum in my mouth he lasted longer than I thought he would, but not long. He collapsed on top of me and we kissed gently. I like this guy.

I suddenly realised that someone with clothes on was watching us and I felt embarrassed. It turned out to be Samantha, the fifth girl on the program and if I'd been scared, that was nothing to how she was feeling judging by the look on her face. She was petrified.

Heather and Laura took charge of Samantha while the rest of us hit the showers. It was still lesson time, so rather than separating, we all went into the boys showers as they were nearest.

Shelley wanted all the boys to feel her up and finger her, so she could get used to it. Christopher started by stroking her boobs, then her pussy, then I could see her gasp as one of his fingers entered her. Then she had all the boys all over her, fingering her until she came. She french kissed each of them.

I surprised myself by saying "My turn. I'm dreading this, so I'd better get it over with." Soon they were having the same effect on me. The bastards, they were playing me, getting me close to cumming then stopping, then starting again. "My arse too," I said. "I have to know what it's like."

Shelley knelt down to watch me as they worked on both my holes. The sensations were incredible. I was going to cum any minute, but I didn't want it that way.

"No, " I nearly screamed. "Someone fuck my arse."

Stephen looked embarrassed. After our little session he hadn't quite recovered, but Jed had. Heather sent him to me. He carefully smeared my juices into my arsehole and over his cock, then slowly entered me. It still hurt, but it was mixed with a naughty thrill. He slowed down more to let me adjust. He began to speed up again and so did my breathing. With a tremendous climax I collapsed. Literally. The other boys caught me before I hit the floor. "WOW!" I shouted. "WOW!" If I ever get a catchphrase it'll probably be "WOW!" Shelley laughed.

Samantha, who'd come in with Heather and Laura without us noticing, wasn't laughing. She was standing there naked looking more scared than ever. Shit. I hadn't intended to make it worse for her.

Jed took charge and took everyone back to the changing room. (Shelley wasn't pleased as she'd wanted to try anal sex too.) I stayed to shower alone and calm down.

When I finally reached the changing room, Samantha was sitting on a desk holding herself open while the boys peered up into her. One of the boys said something to her and she giggled a little.

Then Heather showed her how to bend over and expose her arsehole for inspection.

Samantha made some comment about wishing all boys were as nice as them as they never hurt anyone. Jed looked like she'd slapped him instead of complimenting him and ran out the door.

Oh well. Here goes. Lesson time. Okay girl. Fun's over, now you're on your own.

Laura, part 2

MONDAY, Assembly

I had told Heather last week that I'd be terrified to go in the Program. But now we had the program sussed. No more force, genuine respect and a lot of fun, everything the program should be.

Heather made a great speech at assembly. In a week she'd gone from someone crying in my bedroom to someone who could stand up and speak in front of the whole school, naked. People think I'm confident, but she's amazing.

Actually this morning I wasn't so confident. I read and re-read the Program manual and it just didn't seem to allow for us to have a say. Somehow changing things had been too easy. Could this damned Program really work the way Heather thought it would?

Shelley of course was excited as anything about being in the program. She'll have no problems.

Suzie looked unhappy when we went up on stage. I took her hand. She looked at me nervously. She might have been the class bitch but I was beginning to like her.

After assembly Heather managed to relax Suzie by going down on her. I went over to the hottest looking boy, Christopher, and said, "I have an unreasonable request." He looked puzzled, still angry that he'd been roped into this thing. "Fuck me." His face changed from puzzlement to amazement to lust in seconds. I bent over a desk and held my buttocks wide open to give him a choice. He teased me by putting his cock at the entrance to my arsehole, then eased it into my wet pussy. Gerald was looking at me with a stunned expression, so I reached over, grabbed him by the cock and pulled him towards me. I opened my mouth and pulled him into me. His stunned expression changed to a wide grin.

Suddenly Christopher tensed up and I felt his cum squirting into me.

We changed over. I lay on the desk on my back, and Gerald plunged into my pussy while I licked my own juices from Christopher's cock before sucking it back to life. I pushed Gerald away from me and told him to lie down on the desk. "I've always wanted to do this," I explained. I climbed on the desk and lowered myself onto his cock, then leaned over him. I looked back at Christopher, watching us. "What do you want? An engraved invitation?"

Light dawned on his face and he wasted no time feeding his cock into my arsehole. I'd never felt so full or so horny. It would have been nicer if it had lasted longer, but all three of us were too het up for that. Feeling both of them spunk inside me pushed me over the edge and I came intensely. We lay in a sweaty heap on the desk as I licked both of them clean.

I remember thinking that it was a good idea Shelley hadn't seen us, but she was still busy sucking off Lenny, who at that moment came all over her face. She loved it.

We lay there recovering and watching Shelley give her virginity to a somewhat surprised Lenny. Then Stephen lost his to Suzie.

The room reeked of sex, then Heather noticed a girl standing at the door. She was fully clothed, but the look of total disbelief and terror made it easy to guess that she was the missing fifth girl.

Heather suggested the others went to the showers, while she and I stayed with Samantha. The poor girl needed us to help her undress she was so scared.

"Just the thought of someone touching me," she cried, beginning to hyperventilate. I got her to breathe in time with me, slowly, until she started to calm down. Then "But I can't bear the thought of the rest of the week. Everyone touching me and, and."

"That's enough," I said to her, sharply enough even to shock Heather. It certainly shocked Samantha, who recoiled from me as if I'd slapped her.

"Concentrate on today. Concentrate on the next three hours. You'll be with us again at lunchtime."

We went to see the others, only to see Shelley, then Suzie, being groped by all five boys. Then Suzie asked for someone to fuck her arse. Jed obliged.

Immediately afterwards when he saw Samantha standing there looking even more terrified if that was possible, he made us all come back into the changing room.

I have to say he was brilliant. He helped Samantha to sit on a desk and spread her legs. Heather showed her how to open herself up for examination. Samantha said "I don't know if I can do that," so I held her open while the boys started to look at her. Then she pushed my hands away and did it herself.

Heather got her to bend over and show her arsehole. After Samantha had managed that she turned to Jed to tell him how wonderful he was. "You could never hurt anyone." He paled and ran out of the door leaving a totally astounded Samantha.

But it was time for class, so we headed out. From now on, we were each on our own.

Samantha

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Assembly

Today was the worst day of my life and it's about to get worse.

I couldn't believe that life could be so cruel.

Last week this thing called the Program started at our school. I was ill for the first three days, but I found out about it on Thursday.

If you're in the Program, you have to go around naked the whole time and be groped up by any boy that wants to. Or girl come to that. It's disgusting. Someone ought to stop it. Luckily the girl last week seemed to like it. I saw her running into the showers with cum all over her. Y. U. K. YUK! And I heard that after school she had a lesbian orgy. Finally on Friday at lunchtime I actually saw her having sex with some boy on the dining hall table.

Her photo was in all the papers, she was on the telly, everywhere.

I heard she'd been raped, but a girl like that wouldn't say no to anything, so I didn't believe it. As we came into school this morning I heard girls talk about her having a gangbang at the Ws nightclub on Saturday night. GROSS or what?

I got asked my name as I went into assembly. They don't usually do that.

Then I saw HER, Heather, (that's her name apparently) standing up at assembly, naked of course, telling us how wonderful it all was, based on respect for one another and all lovey-dovey. It might be wonderful for her. But you wouldn't catch me running around school naked, offering myself as a sexy plaything. Stupid Bimbo.

I listened to her ramble on, then she called out a list of names. This stupid kid I know called Shelley ran up and stripped off right there in front of everyone on stage. Everyone laughed. I didn't know she was that girl's sister.

More names were read out and other girls and boys went up there. "Samantha Downing." That's my name. There had to be some mistake. Everyone around me turned and looked at me. Some were laughing. No, this can't be happening to me. I felt a bit lightheaded and everything went black.

Someone was wiping me with a sponge with cold water. "You fainted, Deary," said the school nurse. "I was dreaming. What am I doing here?"

"You fainted when they called out your name for the Program, so they brought you to the sickroom. Have a warm sugary drink to make you feel better, then I'll take you to the others."

I take my coffee without sugar, but I gulped it down. Revolting, but I did feel a bit less queasy. "Take me where?" I asked.

"To the changing room of course. Come on, we don't want you to be late. You've missed most of the first lesson, which is just for you all to get to know each other, but if you miss the second, you'll end up doing another whole week, like Heather did last week."

THAT got me moving. I didn't think I'd survive a week of this, but two weeks? No way!

We walked to the changing room, she opened the door and gently propelled me inside and closed the door behind me. Oh my God. Everyone was naked and they were...

I didn't believe it. They were all sat around watching one of the boys have sex with one of the girls. I've never seen a naked boy before, in the flesh I mean, and now I was in a room with five of them and one was having sex in front of me.

When they finished one of them noticed me. It was HER. "You must be Samantha." I nodded slightly. She said something about clothes, then sent everyone off to the showers except for one girl who looked a bit older, who smiled at me and said that she was Laura. I've heard about her, she's a stripper. What was I doing in the Program with all these, these sex maniacs?

Heather repeated that I had to put my clothes in the box. I couldn't believe I was doing this, but I started trying to undo my blouse. But I was shaking too much.

She was trying to be nice. "I was terrified last week," she said, "Do you want me to help you?"

"You? Terrified?" I said, looking back down at the floor. Perhaps it would swallow me up.

"So terrified I ran away and hid for hours. That's why I have to do another week. Believe me, it gets better."

I couldn't believe that she'd been scared. She was famous after all. I stood unresisting as the two girls took my clothes off.

"I'm not like you. I couldn't do that. Just the thought of someone touching me," I could feel myself panicking again as I breathed more quickly.

The other girl, Laura, stood in front on me. "Nobody's going to touch you today," she said. "Now concentrate, watch me, watch my breathing, slowly in, hold it, slowly out. In, hold, out. In, hold, out." Her droning voice and deep breaths were mesmerising and I felt myself beginning to calm down. Until I thought about all the things I was going to have to do. "I can't bear the thought of the rest of the week, everyone touching me and.. and..."

"That's enough," she almost shouted at me. I stepped back thinking she was really going to hit me. Then she spoke firmly and slowly. "Concentrate on today." She paused. "Nobody is going to touch you today. If they do, tell somebody, tell me or Heather if you don't want to speak to anyone else." She paused again. "Think about getting through the next three hours, most of which is in lessons anyway and come and sit with us at lunchtime."

I walked with them to the boys showers. The little one, my age, Shelley was being groped by all of the boys. "I just wanted to see what it was like," she said, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do.

Then another girl (the girl who had been having sex before) wanted the same. She even let them stick fingers in her bum, then she got one of the boys (not the one she'd had sex with before) to have anal sex with her. It was horrible and I knew they'd expect me to do all that.

When he'd finished having... fucking her, he suggested we all went back to the changing room. That girl stayed to get clean.

Then he turned to me. "I have a reasonable request." Nothing about this sounded reasonable to me. "Please sit on the table." I could do that, and did, but it got worse.

"Would you open your legs please? I want to see your pussy." I was stunned. I'd almost forgotten I was naked I'd been so scared. "Please, Samantha, I'm not doing this to upset you. Trust me?"

Something in his voice made me want to trust him. I nodded, but I couldn't move my legs. I told him, expecting him to be cross.

"Can I move them for you?" he asked. I nodded. He very gently moved my legs apart, not taking his eyes off of my face. Heather took my hand and gave it a squeeze. Then the boy knelt down in front of me. I just knew he was going to touch me... THERE. But he didn't. He was a few inches from my pussy, looking at it and smiling, but in a nice way.

He looked back up at me and said. "Nice. You have a really pretty pussy, Samantha."

I said "Thank you," just like he was complimenting me on my dress, or make-up, or something I'd done.

"Now can you sit on that table and show it to my friends?" I got down and walked to the next table. Then I sat down, and took a deep breath and put my legs wide apart. I couldn't believe I'd done that.

"Come and look, guys," he said. They all did. I felt myself going red. Nobody's ever seen me like that since I was a baby and now five boys were standing around a table, staring at my pussy. (I said it!)

"Can you hold yourself open for me?" he asked me.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Heather, can you show her?" She jumped onto the table opposite me and held her labia wide apart so that I could see right inside her. "I don't know if I can do that," I said.

Laura said, "Let me do it for you." I was too scared to reply, so I let her. She stood beside me and used two fingers from each hand to hold my pussy open. I knew the five boys could see everything. A few seconds later, I pushed her hands away. "I can do it."

Starting with Jed, each of the boys knelt down in front of me and looked into me. Nobody said a word. Then the girls did the same. When they'd finished I let go and asked "Is there anything else I have to do?"

Stand facing the table" said Heather, "Bend over, hold your bum cheeks open to show your arsehole."

"But someone will stick fingers up me."

"Probably, but not today," she said.

Not very much reassured, I did it. Nobody touched me. It was alright.

I knew what Jed and the others had done. They'd tried to get me ready to go out to the rest of the school. They'd made me do all that, not because they wanted to do anything with me, but because they wanted to help me.

As the bell rang, I said to Jed, "I wish all boys were like you five. You could never hurt anyone."

I don't know what I'd done wrong, but he looked at me with a look of agony and ran out the door.

"What did I say?"

"It's okay," said Heather, "It wasn't your fault. But you'll have to ask Jed."

Shelley walked me to my classroom door, then went off to her own class. Now I was REALLY on my own.

Heather, part 10

WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Morning

Running to class (we were a tiny bit late due to the time we'd spent with Samantha), I had two thoughts, one good, one bad. The great thought was I was the only one they could touch ALL day. This could be fun. The bad thought was that I didn't have classes with ANY of the boys I'd suggested for the program, so no fun in classes and no getting to watch them getting "relief". Oh well, I'll just have to have fun with them outside of classes.

"Sorry I'm late, we were delayed with the girl who fainted," I said. My excuse was accepted, but Miss Barrow was not the type to want to waste time in her lessons, so I sat down quickly.

Of course, between classes I had fun. Every boy I passed wanted to feel me up and quite a few of the girls wanted to as well. One of the boys was so cute, I let him finger me to an orgasm.

I went into Maths a bit breathless and red in the face. Mr Wilson grinned at me. "If you were a boy I'd have to ask you if you needed relief, but I think you've already taken care of that," he said.

Gym was next and we were outside. After all the news coverage I wasn't surprised to see some dirty old men with binoculars outside the school grounds looking at me. So I turned towards them and waved, then turned my back and bent over to tie my shoelaces, first making sure that my legs were a reasonable distance apart. I was beginning to understand why Laura thought stripping was a "buzz".

Half the lesson was simply running around the track. I've never been nearly at the front before, but although some of the girls were ahead of me, all the boys were behind me for some reason, quite close behind. I decided to tease them by pretending to trip over, then laughed and sped away as half of them crashed into each other. Some of the girls laughed as well.

After the so-called race, the boys were sent to bring out the hurdles and I sat around with the girls and said to some of them. "Men are so predictable. Get your kit off and you can wind them round your little finger. Watch me now."

As the boys came back I turned towards them, sitting cross-legged. When I caught the eye of one of them, he tripped and dropped the hurdle he was carrying. "See what I mean?" I said, "Everyone sure that they don't want to be in the program?" They laughed.

One of them asked me, "What's it like being in the program?" "Scary at first," I replied, "but once you get used to it, it's great."

"Aren't the boys rough?"

"They were at first, but then the best thing to do is to take their hand and show them what you like. Not only don't you get told off for not cooperating, but you have some fun at the same time."

"Yeah, as we saw this morning," said one of the girls who'd seen me in the corridor just before maths.

"Yup. If the boys can have fun, why shouldn't I?"

Going over the hurdles, I really did trip this time and grazed my knee. Half the boys in the class had lifted me to my feet and back to Miss Taylor before I had a chance to get up on my own. It was bleeding a little and my leg really was stiff. "You'd better report to the school nurse. By then it will be lunchtime."

I tried to stand up and it was a bit painful, so I pretended that it was a lot worse than it really was and that I couldn't stand up properly.

I think Miss Taylor guessed what I was doing, but whether she just thought I deserved the fun after she'd seen me last week, or whether she was just being nice I don't know, but she said, "Don and Jerry, perhaps you can help her?"

They led me off the field and past the showers. "I think I'd better wash the dirt out of it first, don't you? And I might have a shower at the same time."

"But we have to take you to the nurse," objected one of them.

"You'd better stay and help me then," I said coyly. My God, how obvious does a girl have to be?

"My leg hurts a bit, can you wash it for me?"

I turned on the shower. "We'll get wet," said the one who hadn't spoken before. Miss Taylor I'm going to kill you, you picked the two biggest dunces in class to help me.

I turned to him and started to take his t-shirt off. "You'd better get undressed as well then."

Finally! They got the message. Hallelujah!

To be fair, if they were slow on the uptake, their hands were slow too, slow and gentle. They actually did wash me from top to bottom. God it was tantalising.

I took one of each of their hands and put them on my boobs. "You missed a few bits."

They played with my boobs until one of them finally got the nerve to bend down and take a nipple in his mouth.

Then I noticed the time on the clock by the door. "Damn, you have to get me to the nurse or we'll be in trouble." They looked disappointed. "Look we'll continue this later, okay? And I'll show you where else you missed." They grinned at that and quickly dried themselves and me and got dressed.

"Hello, Deary. What did we do?" said the nurse.

"Fell over a hurdle," I replied.

"Thank you, boys, I can manage with her now."

With a look of disappointment that she noticed immediately, they turned and left.

She smiled at me. "I see you've cleaned it up nicely. It doesn't really need one, but I'll just put a plaster on it."

"How's Samantha?" she asked when she was finished.

Whoops, I thought guiltily. I'd forgotten that not everyone was enjoying themselves as much as me.

"She was terrified at first, But when my sister Shelley took her to class, she seemed not too bad."

"That's good, Deary," she said. "Tell her if she has any problems she can come and see me. I'll sort them out"

She would too. She was kindness itself, calling everyone "Deary" fitted perfectly with her character, but more than one bully had wished that he or she had never crossed with her. I wished that I had thought of her this time last week.

Anyhow, off to lunch. Perhaps I'll see Tony again.

Suzie, part 3

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Morning

As I walked down the corridor to class, I was sure that everyone would be able to tell what I'd been doing. I was a little sore and I was glad that today was "no touching". If I didn't walk bow-legged like a cowboy I felt like I was.

My first class was Art, and I have to admit, it was fun and not as embarrassing as I'd expected. Of course, I was the subject, and when I was called up to the front of the class, I was expecting to have to pose for the class and have them all staring at me for an hour.

Anyhow, Mr. Claymore, who most of the girls have one big crush on, called me up to the front as I said, but then told two of the boys to get a huge roll of white paper from the art storeroom, sent some others to get the liquid paints and got the rest of the class to clear the desks away from the front of the class to leave a big space.

"Thanks, boys, now unroll the paper here. Okay, rather than simply drawing Miss Peters, you are going to paint her, literally. Paint designs on her body, which she will transfer to the paper by rolling over it. Don't make them too intricate or the paint will dry too quickly."

One of the boys started by painting my boobs purple and I made two "boob impressions" on the paper. Soon there was very little of me that hadn't been coated with paint. One of the boys tried to paint my pussy until Mr. Claymore pointed out that my pussy would not make an impression on the paper as I rolled over it.

Finally one of them poured a whole tub of paint right over my head and told me to lie down on my back and open and close my legs and move my arms up and down, to make a paint "angel". I forgot that I was giving a show until I noticed half the boys standing so they could see my pussy clearly. Then some of the paint got in my eye, so I had to get up to go and rinse my eyes.

"As it's almost the end of class, you might as well take a shower while you are doing that." He gave me some plastic carrier bags for my feet so that I wouldn't stain the corridor and I walked to the showers.

I was soon joined by most of the boys, wanting to watch me clean myself. If there is anything worse than having to bend over and show your arse while boys tell you you've still got paint there, I don't know what it is, unless it's having to direct the shower hose up your pussy and stick fingers up yourself to try to make sure no paint stayed up there while a dozen boys gawked at every explicit move.

Thank God it was no touching day, or half of them would have helped me, in fact a few offered to do so anyway.

"You've still got red paint on your cheeks," one said, then laughed and continued, "oh no, she's just blushing."

Of course with that my cheeks got even redder. I heard the bell for lessons with relief.

I was in Mr. Thompson's class for English and he was nice. Some of my old friends were in that class and looked at me with disgust when I walked in.

"We are continuing our exploration of the theme of sexuality in literature. We saw how sex or love can cross boundaries of nations or social classes or even enemies, as we saw in Romeo and Juliet. Now we will study how it has crossed normal gender barriers, by studying how homosexual men and women have been portrayed in literature," he said.

"Why don't we just ask Suzie?" said my old best friend Helen. "She's become a dirty lesbian."

"No, I haven't," I shouted.

"Yeah, Supertongue Suzie," said another old friend Sherrey.

I burst into tears, but not for why they thought.

"If you aren't a lesbian, why are you crying?" taunted Helen.

"I'm not crying because you called me a lesbian. I'm crying because... oh I can't explain it."

"Calm down, everyone," said Mr. Thompson. "Give her time. I know this is difficult for you, but this program is supposed to help you come to terms with your sexuality. Try to explain to us why you felt that being a lesbian is something to cry about."

"It isn't," I started.

Then Sherrey interrupted with "I'd cry if I was a dirty lesbian."

"SHUT UP," said Mr. Thompson loudly. "This is obviously difficult for her, and if anyone else interrupts just remember that I have the power to put any of you in the Program for the day and don't think that I won't." He turned back to me. "Please disregard those who are too ignorant to learn anything and continue."

"I'm not a lesbian and I wasn't crying because that idiot called me one. I'm crying because I felt ashamed. I yelled out that I haven't become a dirty lesbian like it was something to be ashamed of. I still love sex with boys, but since Friday I've had sex with girls as well and it was beautiful. Even this morning when I was scared stiff of coming to class naked, Heather went down on me and she calmed me down." (I didn't go into everything else I'd done earlier in the morning!)

"And it's just that saying, no I haven't, felt like I was being ungrateful, and siding with her when she made out it was something to be ashamed of, because I'm not ashamed of going with a girl and I made it dirty when it isn't. Oh, it's no use. I can't make you understand," but some of the girls were looking at me with an expression of almost wonder and I noticed that one of them, a girl called Daisy, was crying.

The rest of the lesson was a bit of an anti-climax after that, and to my surprise I wasn't bothered when my old friends barged past me without even looking at me at the end of the lesson, but after they'd gone, Daisy, the girl that had been crying, came up to me, "Can I kiss you?" She didn't wait for my reply and kissed me on the lips, her tongue exploring my mouth. I felt myself responding.

When I finally extricated myself, I said, "It's no touching today."

"I'm sorry, but I've been feeling, you know, er, attracted, to girls lately, and I was feeling so ashamed about it. And when you said all that, it was like, I don't have to be ashamed or scared any more and I just wanted to thank you."

It should have been me saying thank you. I'd felt like I was so exposed, just for others to stare and laugh at. Could this program really do something like this? Through me sharing my feelings, could it release others too? Is that what this is all about?

If I didn't have my timetable with me, I wouldn't even have known what the next lesson was as I was so deep in thought about the program and what it was doing, not just to me, but to those around me.

It was making some people harder and bitchier than before, but others were beginning to be set free. For the first time I felt like being put on display like this might actually be worth it.

I'd rather a kiss from Daisy, whether it was meant as friendship or something more, than any of the cold false kisses on the cheeks that Helen and Sherrey and I had often exchanged.

I found myself thinking about Daisy and wondering what she'd look like naked and I felt myself get wetter as I imagined teaching her the things we could do.

I had to go to the shower to rinse and dry myself and this time I didn't care if anyone was watching.

Laura, part 3

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Morning

My first lesson was social studies so you won't be surprised to learn what we were discussing. I learned that the official title of "the program" was the "practical course on the acceptance and promotion of all aspects of human sexuality". No wonder they just call it the program!

Our social studies teacher, Mrs. Henderson, was a small, quite elderly lady with a softly spoken voice, unless she got angry, when she traded in her voice for a foghorn and her mild phrases for words that would make a Liverpool docker blush.

"As you know Miss Hoover well, perhaps you can share with us some of her experiences in the Program," she said.

"I was off sick with flu last week, so I didn't see her much," I said.

"But I'm sure that she has talked about it with you."

"Yes, in private conversations," I replied.

"From what I've seen of her this morning, she would appear to believe in the program and the program promotes openness. I am sure that she would not mind you sharing her experiences, especially as you will be helping prepare others for their time in the program."

Put like that, I could understand where she was coming from, and I don't think Heather would have objected, so I began, "The first time I saw her was Tuesday morning before school and she was terrified and thinking of running away. I tried to help her from my experience as a stripper, but this is different. When I strip, I am in control, in the program it seems like everybody else is. I could see why she was so scared."

"When did you see her next?"

"Not until Friday after school and she was totally different."

"How do you account for that change?" she asked.

"Initially the program does the opposite of what it seems to want to do: It isolates you and makes you different and makes you feel very alone. Somehow Heather found the support from others to counter that. That's why she said that we are all participants."

"And how do you feel about being in the program? Many would say it would be easy for a stripper."

"Angry, humiliated and a bit scared."

"Why?" asked one student, "How can you be scared? We saw you on Friday night," said another.

"As I said, when I strip, I plan my routine, I do what I want to do. In the program, realistically I don't have that choice. If any of you want me to sit like this," I sat on the table and spread my legs, "and hold myself open while you kneel inches away from me and look right up inside me, I have to do that. Heather had to masturbate in front of people and let people touch her or grope her."

"After Friday night how can that bother you?" asked one of the girls.

"Friday night was awful. Everyone thinks that Heather got over her rape so easily. It just isn't true and she's going to need a lot of support. On Friday night she just reacted. It was almost as if it wasn't her. If she was going to get fucked, why not just let everyone have her. She freaked out, so I stepped in and got her out of there the only way I knew how."

"We thought you were just being a, being a,"

"Slut?" I finished for her, "like strippers are meant to be? I hated every minute of that show I put on with her."

"Thank you, Laura, you can go back to your seat now," said Mrs. Henderson. "Class, I hope that you'll remember that all the program participants need your support, boys as well as girls, and those who you would think would have no problem, like Laura as well as the more timid ones."

She opened up the discussion and asked each of them to imagine their time in the program, so at least I wasn't in the spotlight all the time. Hey, Laura, reality check here. You don't want to be in the spotlight, while Heather is lapping it up? This program has some weird effects.

When the class ended some of the boys came to me. "We've got a reasonable request."

"Yes?"

"We want to see you wank. You said yourself that you have to do it."

Note to self. Keep mouth shut.

I lay on one of the benches in the corridor, put my right leg over the back and began to slowly play with my pussy. With my other hand I was stroking my breasts which I love. I worked my fingers in and out of my pussy trying to imagine myself anywhere but where I was, lying naked on a wooden bench in a school corridor, frigging myself while a gang of boys watched me with growing excitement.

I thought about the double fucking I'd had this morning.

"She's getting off on this," said one of the boys, "Look at her smiling."

If only you knew, I thought.

Shit, thinking about this morning was too effective, I was going to cum. When I cum, I cum hard and it took me a few seconds to realise where I was.

"Are you okay?" asked one of them. I laughed.

"Want a taste?" I asked him, holding my fingers towards his face.

He pulled a face "Ewww."

"If you don't like that, you'd better learn to pretend you do if you ever want to keep a girl happy."

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you ever gone down on a girl?"

"No. Does it matter?" he asked.

"It might. A lot of girls get better orgasms from oral sex than they ever can from a cock. And I love giving blowjobs. To see a guy lose control and have him in the palm of my hand, er, mouth until I make him cum is a real turn-on."

"But that's different."

"Why?" I asked.

"I wouldn't know what to do down there."

"Ask the girl you're with, or get another girl to teach you." FUCK. Why did I say that? I knew what was coming next.

"Can you show me?"

The bell went for lessons. Whew, saved by the bell, literally.

I didn't have time for a shower and I'm sure the girl next to me knew exactly what I'd been doing. "Been having fun?" she said.

After the lesson, she said, "I wish I could be like you. Not afraid of anything or what anyone thinks. I was terrified all the way through assembly that they'd call out my name, and it'll be like that every week now. I'd probably faint like that other poor girl."

"Samantha."

"How is she?"

"She was fine when I saw her before second lesson, but I haven't seen her since. I hope she's okay. I just hope that everyone gives her lots of support and encouragement."

We walked to lunch together.

Shelley, part 4

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Morning

I left Samantha at her class and ran to mine. Some of the boys whistled when I went in and the girls laughed.

"That's enough of that," said Mr. Holland, my chemistry teacher.

"I don't mind," I said.

"I do. We have work to do. Now, before you were kind enough to honour us with your presence, we were discussing a problem. All of the teachers are under instructions to try to use program participants when we have them in class. That is easy for art and biology, but I could not think of a way to use a naked student in chemistry."

"Oh." My disappointment must have shown in my face as some of them laughed again.

"Don't worry, Miss Hoover, give a class of boys the chance to make the most of having a naked girl in class and they are guaranteed to come up with something. And they have. So, perhaps, Mr. Hastings, you can explain. You'd better come up to the front."

"We want to know the difference in the chemical composition of your er, juices, normally and after you cum, I mean orgasm, you know using your fingers and..."

"Yes, I think she gets the picture."

"Oh, I'm not sure I can do that," I said

"I don't believe it," shouted out Kiera, one of my friends, "Shelley's never shy."

More laughter, including from me.

"No, it's not that, but I just came, rather a lot, and I just lost my virginity, so it wouldn't work."

"Can't we watch her anyway?" said Tim Hastings hopefully.

"No we can't. Contrary to some people's belief, this is a school not a petting zoo. (see cultural notes) Perhaps before the next lesson, Miss Hoover, you can try to restrain your sexual urges?"

"That might be a problem, sir," I said. "When we get to school, everyone will want to touch and play with us, so it's kinda hard."

"Hmm. Perhaps this is a petting zoo. Okay," he continued, "Can anyone think of any other ideas?"

"I can, sir," I volunteered. "Although I can't give a sample from before I came, there is something I wondered, seriously."

"Yes?"

"Well, Laura says that I'm a squirter. What does that mean and what do I squirt?"

"You mean that you want us to analyse it?"

"Hmm. Would that do?" I asked, already getting turned on at the thought that I have to wank in front of the whole class.

He selected one of the boys and one of the girls to hold glasses, one to try to catch any "squirting" and one to hold the glass to catch anything that ran down.

"You must be ready to get in position when Shelley is ready to cum," instructed Mr. Holland.

And so I began. I was already wet from the thought of what I was going to do, so without any delay I simply pushed my middle finger into my pussy. Normally when I wank, I close my eyes, but this time I kept them open, watching the faces of the boys, and girls, as they watched what I was doing. I watched one of the boys' eyes as my fingers got faster and faster. If they could, they'd have grown stalks and popped out.

I slowed down and relaxed, not because I needed to, but to tease them. The boy whose eyes I had been watching glanced up and saw me looking at him, then dropped his eyes again, embarrassed.

I speeded up again and soon began to breathe hard. I felt the cold glass against my pussy lips and closed my eyes as I came with an intensity I'd never known, not even this morning.

I suddenly felt shy and sat up.

"Can I go to get cleaned up please, sir?" I asked.

"Yes, of course," he replied.

I went to the showers and turned on the cold water until my skin was almost numb. What had I just done?

As I dried myself, I pictured the view they'd had. As I carefully dried my pussy lips I thought about my morning so far and smiled.

This might be weird or exhibitionist or even perverted, but it was fun and I liked the thought of all those boys being uncomfortably sat in class because of what I'd just done, probably wishing that they could ask for relief as the boys in the program could.

Back in class I found that only one sample MIGHT be enough and even that was a tiny amount. It would be tomorrow before we would get the results, if they came out at all.

Between classes several boys wanted me to masturbate again. "I'm sorry, I came so much in class, I don't think I could, and if I do it now, I'll make myself sore and won't be able to do as much later." Disappointed, they accepted my answer.

As they drifted away a couple of girls came up to me. "Can you hold yourself really wide open please? I want to see what I am like down there."

"Sure, have a good look."

I lay back and held myself open far enough that they could see everything. "You don't have to stand that far away. You can come close and look inside, it's okay."

They looked shy. "Sorry I didn't mean to embarrass you," I said.

They knelt down right between my legs and took turns looking up inside me. I could feel their breath on my pussy and a shiver went through me.

They got up. One said, "It's different from looking in books and it's hard trying to look at myself in a mirror."

The other said, "Thank you, but I'm glad I'm not in the program. I could never do what you have to do, like let us all look inside you."

"Why not?"

"I'd just die," she replied.

"You'd get used to it. After all, it's just a body, nothing to be ashamed of. Why don't you show each other, so you can both see what you're like?"

"I don't know, it's embarrassing."

"How about if I meet you after school and I can help you?"

"Oh, er, I don't know."

"Well if you change your mind, just meet me at the clothes boxes at the main entrance after school."

"Okay," they both said as they went off.

My next lesson was History and I was actually quite glad that nobody could find anything for me to do. I heard lots of whispering behind me through the lesson but managed to get my work done.

Between lessons I had more requests to show my pussy and had to masturbate once. Then someone wanted to see my arse, so I put my knees up to my shoulders and held my bum open as far as I could. He gently blew on my arsehole! I jerked up, startled.

"I didn't touch you," he said.

"No, I know." I got back into position and he did it again. It was a weird feeling but nice at the same time. Without being asked, I began to touch my pussy again, but had to let go of one of my bum cheeks. "You can hold my bum," I said, "It's okay."

He was a little rough pulling me apart, "Hey, careful!"

"Sorry."

I began to finger myself again, and accidentally knocked him in the face he was so close. I felt his breath in my arsehole again and continued.

This was amazing. I had a guy holding my bum open, blowing gently on my arsehole, with his eyes inches from my pussy as I fingered myself like crazy.

I didn't take long to cum and as I relaxed, he took my hand and sucked my fingers clean.

"Nice," he said.

"Have some more," I said, taking his hand and wiping it over my pussy.

I reached for his trousers, but the damned bell went again.

That lesson I didn't get a lot of work done. I was too horny. The last orgasm hadn't calmed me down, it had made me worse.

Am I a nympho? I wondered.

Samantha, part 2

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Morning

Shelley left me at the door of my classroom and I suddenly felt terribly alone. My first lesson was English language and Mr. Thompson was busy explaining the difference between an adjective and an adverb. He paused as I came into the classroom, smiled, and said, "Welcome, Samantha." I felt every eye on me as I made my way to my seat. A boy from the back of the class whistled and others laughed. "That's enough," Mr. Thompson barked sharply. "Any of you who feel the need to be childish can go and help in the staff crèche for the day and return to this class when you've grown up a little."

There were no other interruptions and he didn't call on me during the class so I had time to think. The others this morning had been totally different to how I imagined them, especially Jed and Laura. Doing those things with them had been awful, but not as awful as I'd imagined. I'd felt safe with them somehow, but now I was alone.

They'd been nice to me because they had to be, but they were all friends and could help each other, not that most of them looked bothered about being naked or sex or anything. I could never be like that. The only time anyone ever paid any attention to me was when I sang, it was the only thing I was good at.

It just wasn't fair. No friends, and I get this to deal with. They were all confident and loved doing things I thought were, well, dirty. Of course Jed was really just trying to get me to let him have sex with me.

My God. Who was I kidding? Jed had the looks to get almost any girl in school and I suspect that he knew it. He could charm anyone into anything, look at how I'd reacted this morning to him. I'd have to be careful or he'd have me eating out of his hand.

As I thought that, I realised that I was being unfair. He hadn't been trying to take advantage of me, he'd just been being nice and then I said something that hurt him somehow. I'd have to apologise even if I didn't know what I'd said wrong.

Feeling more and more confused, I didn't even hear the end of lesson bell. "Miss Downing," I heard my name vaguely, it was Mr. Thompson. "Miss Downing," he repeated, "please stay after class to see me." Shit! What had I done wrong now?

"Sir?"

"Sit down, Samantha," he said gently, then closed the curtain on the window of the door to the corridor. He returned and sat opposite me.

"You haven't heard a word in class. Are you finding it all a bit much?" he asked.

Was that the understatement of the century or what? I just nodded.

"You aren't alone, you know," he said. How did he know exactly what I was thinking?

"The others are all so confident, they were busy having an orgy this morning when I went in there. I can't be like that. And look at Heather, standing up in assembly this morning, stark naked, like it was okay."

"I don't think she'd mind if I told you, but you are actually coping better than she did this time last week."

"Me?" I shook my head.

"The boys from my cricket class found her hiding in the cricket hut, huddled in a corner, crying. She'd tried to cover herself with mud she was so embarrassed. At least you managed to come to class. She missed all morning, hiding in that hut. That's why she has to do a second week."

"How can she be so different?"

"Because she learned that even if some in this school can be bastards," I looked up sharply to hear him use that word, it just wasn't like him. He smiled and continued, "she learned that there were others that would support her, and before you say it, not just her sister." He guessed right again, that's exactly what I was going to say.

"Do you know why the headmaster (see cultural notes) chose the other three girls for this week?" I shook my head.

"Because they helped Heather survive last week when she thought she couldn't. You couldn't have a better group of people to help you through this. And I'll tell you what I told Heather last week, if anyone gives you any trouble, come to me."

"I feel kinda safe when I'm with them, but I can't be with them all the time," I said.

"There are a lot of people you don't even know who are looking out for you," he replied. "I think you might end this week by finding out you have more friends than you ever believed possible."

Somewhere in the back of my mind I heard the next lesson bell.

I looked up at him. He took out a handkerchief and wiped my eyes. "Now I think it's time for your next class. And you might find it goes better if you don't dwell on the program in every class. I can imagine that it's hard, but try to concentrate on the class."

"Sorry," I said sheepishly.

"Remember what I've said."

"I'll try." I had to run to my next class. He'd kept me talking for so long that I'd avoided any "requests" in the corridor.

The next lesson was surprisingly easy, but it was the one after that which I was dreading.

This time the moment I stepped into the corridor some boys wanted me to show them my pussy. I sat down and opened my legs trying my hardest to be a thousand miles away.

Suddenly someone touched me between the legs. His hand was slapped away hard by another boy, who said angrily, "No touching today, and can't you see she's scared enough already?" I didn't even see who he was as he turned and they all drifted away leaving me alone.

Was it that obvious I was scared? I guess it was.

Walking to the next lesson I bumped into Jed, literally. He was running in the opposite direction and knocked me flying. As he apologised, I stopped him and said, "Jed, Thank you for this morning. And I don't know what I said to upset you, and nobody will tell me, but I'm sorry, whatever it was."

He smiled. "You didn't say anything wrong. Don't assume that everything is your fault. You just reminded me, that's all." He lifted me to my feet. "Last week things got a little crazy, and I thought it would be a great idea if the five of us gathered round the naked girl and felt her up. We treated her like our personal sex toy and pushed away anyone who tried to stop us."

I looked at him, shocked. He continued, "Finally someone yelled at me, 'Look at her face,' and I did. She had tears running down her face and was too terrified even to scream for help. I've never been so ashamed in my life. As I told her the next day, we saw a naked body we could have fun with and forgot that there was a human being in there. I never thought I could ever abuse a girl and we did that to her. See, you can forget thinking I'm so wonderful. And stop blaming youself for upsetting me. You just reminded me what I'm really like, that's all."

"You're not really like that. Even Heather adores you, you can see it in her eyes." He looked surprised at that.

"Thanks, Sam. I'll take a look next time I see her. Now we'd better finish true confessions and get to class."

This was the one I was dreading. Sex Education with superbitch Ms. Gordon. Sure enough, the moment I walked into the class, she snapped at me, "You're late, Downing. Now sit on this table." She turned to face the class and continued, "Seeing as we've got someone from the program, we'll take a look at them."

"I was going to do boys' sexual anatomy, but as we haven't got a male participant this week, we'll do girls' instead." She turned to me, "Open your legs." She turned back to the class and said, "open your textbook to page 215."

"Now, as you can see, she has rather more pubic hair than is shown in the book. The fashion nowadays is usually to shave most or all of it, or frequently shave the area hiding the labia and vagina, and making a design from the hair covering the pubic bone. Because Downing is shyer than most girls, she has allowed it to grow naturally, so the parts aren't so visible."

She spoke to me without even turning to look at me, "Now hold your lips open." I closed my eyes and did as I'd done earlier in the morning.

"Now class, one at a time, bring your books with you and try to identify each of the parts. Unfortunately you cannot touch them as we've been informed that this no touching day applies to lessons as well. It would have been better if you could have felt her clitoris yourselves, but we'll have to get Downing to get it aroused to make it stand out."

I was horrified. What did she want me to do?

"Just find your clit and masturbate a little to make it stand out."

I've never done THAT. Luckily I knew where everything was, I wasn't THAT ignorant. But I'd never touched myself like some girls say they do.

I shivered a little as I touched my clit. I noticed Ms. Gordon smile nastily. She was enjoying my embarrassment.

I rubbed it slightly then took my hand away to hold myself open again. As each of the class came and looked closely at what had been my most private areas, I realised that they weren't mine any more. My body belonged to anyone who wanted to see it and tomorrow it would belong to anyone who wanted to touch it. With a flash of clarity I understood how Heather had gone from shy wallflower like me, worse than me, to someone who would have sex with anyone and everyone. If our bodies weren't our own any more, if they'd been stolen from us and given to everyone else, what difference did it make if everyone used us?

Nobody had touched me and yet I felt like I'd been raped. The class had gone quiet and I looked up. I realised that I wasn't lying on the table any more. I was curled up in a tiny ball in the corner crying as I'd never cried before.

Ms. Gordon had obviously dismissed the class and gone without even speaking to me. Most of the students looked away, trying not to catch my eye. A few looked sympathetic but didn't dare approach me.

But now was the time I'd been dreading almost as much as Sex Education, lunch, when I'd be on display to everyone for the first time. Just the thought made me sob harder again and I didn't move.

Laura, part 4

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunchtime and Afternoon

Nine of us gathered together for lunch so two of the boys moved two tables together. It sounds terrible but we hadn't even noticed that Samantha was missing. The boys were beginning to tell us how their morning had gone when a girl came over to our table. "Something's wrong with Samantha. Ghastly Gordon was a bitch to her in class and she's still in the classroom and won't move," she told us.

We looked at each other guiltily. "Some of us had better go to see her," said Heather.

"I'll come with you," I said, "And Jed, she seems to trust you, can you come too?"

We ran to the Sex Ed. classroom with the girl to find Samantha curled up like a ball, still crying.

"What happened?" Jed asked her.

She didn't answer so the girl told us, "Gordon made her sit on the table and hold herself open while everyone took a close-up look. She had to play with herself to make her clit stand out. Then suddenly she freaked and ran to the corner and got like this. Gordon just walked out."

"That bitch needs a lesson," I said. "Sam, listen to me, it's just us here. You're okay now. We're going to take you to the nurse, okay?"

"Why don't they just rape me and get it over with? It couldn't be any worse," she cried. I saw a look of pain cross Heather's face. Samantha continued, "I feel so dirty." She was shaking. She looked up and her eyes looked as if we were going to hit her.

I quickly changed the plan. "Sam, we're going to take you to the showers first, okay? Nobody's going to hurt you." Heather and I tried to lift her, but she was limp, a dead weight.

"Let me," said Jed. "Sam, I'm going to carry you, okay?"

No reaction.

He slipped a hand under her knees and another around her back and lifted her effortlessly. "Blimey Sam, don't you ever eat? You're light as a feather."

Carefully not banging her on the door he walked out of the classroom with her in his arms. A few people were in the corridors and one approached Heather. "I have a reasonable request."

"Not now," she snapped at him. "Are you blind?"

We made it to the boys showers and Jed stood her up in the shower. Heather held her up while I turned on the shower. It was cold. At least that got a reaction from her. Jed passed me some soap and as the water began to get warmer I started to soap her body. I even carefully cleaned in her pussy, rinsing just as carefully.

Jed and I towelled her dry. "Are you okay to walk now?" I asked. She nodded, standing up properly taking her own weight.

"We're taking you to the Nurse, okay?" I said. She walked with us around her to the Nurse. This time a few students came to me for a "Reasonable Request."

"She can't," said Heather, "She has to go to the Nurse with the other girl, but I can do it if you want." She stayed to do what they wanted.

"Hello, Deary, what's wrong?" said the nurse. I quickly explained.

"Let's get you a nice cup of tea, okay?" Samantha nodded.

I said, "Can I leave her with you, Nurse? I want to go to see the headmaster about Ms. Effing Gordon."

She pursed her lips at my choice of phrase but didn't say anything. Instead she shook her head. "He's not here, Deary. He got called down to London for an investigation into the rape last week and all the publicity over the weekend."

Damn. That left Mr. Graham in charge and everyone suspected that he and Ghastly Gordon had a thing going. We'd get no help there.

There was a knock on the door. It was Heather carrying a stack of plated meals. "I thought Samantha might need something to eat and I brought some for the rest of us, too." And I thought I was the practical one.

"I'm not hungry," said Samantha.

"Nonsense, Deary," said Nurse. "You might not feel like it, but you need to replace the energy after your stressful morning. And if Heather's been kind enough to bring lunch for you, the least you can do is try to eat some."

Samantha forced a forkful into her mouth. She was obviously hungry as she ate everything in no time. The rest of us took longer. Jed brought Samantha another plate and she wolfed that down. "Not too quickly, Deary,"

"No breakfast," said Samantha, explaining.

When she'd finished, she asked, "Do I have to go back out there?"

"I'm sorry, Deary, but if you don't, you'll end up having to do a second week."

"When's your next Sex Ed. lesson?" Heather asked.

"Thursday morning," she replied.

"Good. No lesson will be worse than that before then, so that's one thing you don't have to worry about. How have you been coping with requests?"

"Okay, I guess. I hate them, but they've been okay. I'm just dreading tomorrow when they can touch as well," she said.

"Come on," said Jed, "Let's go out together to the dining hall."

"I think you're a bit late for that," said Nurse and sure enough the bell started to ring for lessons.

We all went to our various lessons. I spent most of the afternoon worrying about Samantha, and hardly paid attention to the lessons. Between lessons I did the usual posing, but quickly and abruptly. Nobody said I had to make a performance out of it, did they?

I passed Shelley in the corridor. "Shel, you know Samantha better than we do."

"I hardly know her at all, just because we're in the same year it doesn't mean we share classes or anything. Why?"

"She had Ghastly Gordon and it freaked her out. She seems to have coped with the posing requests, but she dead scared of what's going to happen to her tomorrow. I can't think how to help her."

Shelley thought about it quietly for a minute or two. Then she looked up, her face brightening. "Let's get together this evening. You've got a lounge big enough for all of us, do you think your mum will mind?"

"No, she's cool," I said. "She'd want to help anyway."

"Good, it might be good to have her there. I'll try to catch Samantha and you can invite the others to a petting party," she said. "But nobody mention what it is to Sam."

"Do you think that's a good idea after she freaked out today?" I objected.

"Which do you think is better, a petting party or turning up at school for morning groping?" she answered.

I couldn't disagree with her. "Okay, Eight o'clock okay?"

"Great, See yer." She ran off humming. Was I ever that carefree?

As it turned out, I had a phone call before they arrived for the party and had to go out. Another girl was ill and I had to go and do a show for a sports club. "Don't worry," said my mum. "I'll look after them."

Knowing she would do just that, I went to work.

Samantha, part 3

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunch, Afternoon & Evening

I'm afraid I'm not the best person to be writing what happened next. It's still a bit of a blur of images. I remember Laura bending over me and saying I'd be okay. I said something about rape being better and didn't even notice at the time the stricken look on Heather's face. I seem to be good at upsetting people today.

They tried to lift me up, I remember that. Then I was in Jed's arms being carried down the corridor. Then I remember a shock of cold water and I was in the shower with someone washing me while I clung to someone else. I told you I wasn't the best person to write about this.

As whoever was washing me gently touched my whole body, I began to feel human again. I realised that Laura was washing me and Heather was holding me up. They'd warmed the towels somehow and I've never felt so pampered as when Jed and Laura carefully dried me with the warm towels.

I followed them, not really knowing or caring where I was going.

A few boys asked for reasonable requests and Heather said that she'd do them. I must thank her sometime.

Nurse was her usual cheery self. It's impossible to feel bad when she's around. Soon I was eating a meal, I don't remember what it was, but I remember having two helpings.

Nurse told me not to eat too quickly, while the others looked surprised that I was eating so much. "No breakfast," I explained, not mentioning that I never had breakfast and probably nothing to eat tonight either. I survived on school dinners, which is why I could eat masses at lunchtime and still be thin as a rake, much to the envy of some other girls. If they only knew.

"Do I have to go back out there?" I asked.

"I'm sorry, Deary, but if you don't, you'll end up having to do a second week," replied the nurse.

Heather asked me how I'd been coping with requests.

"Okay, I guess. I hate them, but they've been okay. I'm just dreading tomorrow when they can touch as well," I replied.

Then it was lesson time again.

The first lesson was music. I love music. The previous week had been mainly instrumental, but this week it was my favourite, voice practice. I adore singing and it's one thing I'm actually good at. Not even being naked as I sang to the class could take that away from me, but as I sat down a nagging thought worried me. I couldn't pin it down, but something was bothering me, or maybe it was just a general fear.

I barely noticed the requests in the corridor, I was posing without even thinking.

I actually paid attention in Geography, can you believe that? Not that rock formations at the coast are exactly enthralling, but I was just so pleased to be able to think normally again instead of looking round to check who was staring at me.

The last lesson was Biology. You won't be surprised that I wasn't exactly looking forward to it, but it wasn't nearly as bad as I'd expected.

"This week we will continue our look at joints and musculature," said Mr. Wright. "We looked at the muscle groups supporting and controlling the ankle and the movement of the foot last time, so today we will look at the knee joint and the muscles affecting that."

"Miss Downing, can I use you for this, please?" I got up and walked up to the front. "Now, as you know, in lessons we are not bound by the same rules as reasonable requests, so although today is no touching, as you know from our studies last week, we need to feel the various muscle groups."

I knew it was too easy, and I must have looked upset, because he continued, "However, as you were told that you wouldn't have to be touched today, perhaps I should ask someone else to do this instead. You can sit down."

"It's okay," I said. "I can do it." Did I just SAY that? One minute I'm freaking out when people are looking at me, the next I'm volunteering to be touched? Okay, nothing intimate, but... I guess being ASKED makes a difference. He made me feel like what I wanted mattered.

He smiled at me, "Good girl. Okay if you can stand sideways on to the class, and bend your knee like this."

He began to point out the muscle groups and where they are attached to the bones. "To feel some of these you have to press slightly into the leg, but remember to be gentle or you'll hurt Samantha." He pointed out each muscle on the chart and then on my leg. "Okay?" he asked me.

"I'm fine," I replied, not quite believing it myself. I was more than a little nervous of the students doing the same. Kneeling down to feel around my knee put their faces right at pussy level.

It went surprisingly easily. A few of the boys spent more time looking up than at my knee, but every one of them was careful and gentle. One stroked my leg as he examined my muscles and I was glad when his turn was over as his touch was having an effect on me I wasn't ready for.

After school, Shelley invited me to Laura's that night. We were going to have a meeting about the program, all ten of us. "I don't know if I can get there, I'm not allowed out after school."

"That's okay, tell your mum to ring Mr. Thompson. He'll confirm that it's a proper school activity. And Laura's mum will pick you up in her car at 7.30." She had it all figured out.

Actually, although I'm not allowed out after school, I'd said it partly as an excuse, I didn't want to spend the evening being reminded of school and the program. But what could I say as she'd fixed everything? Damn.

"Have fun slutting around all day?" said Mum when I got home. "Yes, we get told when you are in this program. I bet you're having a great time with all those other sluts. Just as well you can't catch anything thanks to the injections you all have to have." I got this every time I went out, even at weekends. In the end I just stopped going out.

"I've got to go out to a program meeting tonight."

"You know you don't go out on school nights."

"It's an official school program meeting. Here is the teacher's number if you want to check," I said.

Mum still wasn't happy about it, until Laura's mum turned up and confirmed (again!) that it was a genuine school thing. Then she let me go.

"Laura can't come," said Laura's mum. "She has to fill in for someone at work, but the others are coming. I'm going to stay upstairs out of the way, but if you need me, just call. I have strict instructions from Laura to look after you."

Two of the boys couldn't make it either, so it was just 4 of us girls and 3 boys.

"Okay," began Shelley, "Let's take off our clothes." I was going to object but everybody else had already started undressing. After today, what difference did it make?

"Right, we're going to have a petting party," she continued. I didn't like the sound of that. "We take it in turns. First we spin the bottle and whoever it points to is the person we have to touch. Then we pick up one of these cards, which have different instructions. The ones on white paper are tame, the ones on blue paper are more exciting."

"I can't do this," I objected.

"That's what you said this morning," said Heather, "but you did it. And from what I hear, you were fine all day apart from that bitch Gordon."

"Yes, but..."

Jed spoke. "You trusted us this morning. Did it help you today?"

I bowed my head, but admitted, "Yeah."

"Will you trust us now?"

"It's alright for all of you. You're all friends, and you're all happy with, with..."

"Sex," finished Suzie. "You can say it."

"Well, sex and stuff. I'm not like you."

"You mean, we're all sluts and you're not?" asked Heather. For a moment I thought I'd made her angry till I realised that she was smiling at me.

"She's the Superslut and we're the Slutsisters;" said Shelley, running it together as one word. We all laughed at that.

"Not to mention Supertongue Suzie," added Heather.

"No, I mean, I don't know what I mean. I'm just not comfortable with any of this," I answered miserably.

"Sam," said Suzie. "We're not asking you to take part in an orgy. But like it or not tomorrow a lot of people are going to be touching you and feeling you up whether you like it or not. You've got this one chance to try to get used to the idea."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound snotty about you."

"You said we are all friends," said Heather. "This time last week, I knew Laura and Shelley. Suzie I thought was a bitch, sorry Suzie, and I didn't know the boys at all, and from our first meeting I didn't want to know them. Now they are all the best friends I've got."

"I wish I could be like you," I said, feeling close to tears.

"You think you have no friends? Why do you think we are all here if you've got no friends?"

I sat silent, miserable.

"You know your problem?" Heather went on. "You wouldn't recognise a friend if they jumped up and kissed you."

And she did. She turned my face towards her and kissed the tears that were running down my cheeks. They she kissed me ever-so-gently on the lips. I froze, not knowing what to feel or think.

"You might be able to kiss me into forgetting I'm frightened," laughed Suzie, "but it doesn't work with everyone."

Everyone else laughed at that as well and I found myself joining in.

"Okay, I'll do it," I said. "Look in case I freak out or anything, thanks for trying." I looked around at all of them, gulped once and asked, "Now what do I have to do?"

Jed smiled at me, then handed me the bottle. "Why don't you spin it first?"

The bottle pointed at Suzie and I snatched up a card, a white one.

"Read it out," said Shelley.

"Fondle Boobs."

I reached out with a hand and touched her breast.

"Boobs don't bite, you know," she said and I laughed. "Pretend you're just examining them by touch."

I carefully ran my hands all over her boobs and finished by brushing them over her nipples. She gave a slight gasp. "Sorry," I said.

"Don't be," Suzie said, "My nipples are really sensitive since I've been going naked, that's all. Do it some more." She took my hands and put them back against her nipples. I rolled her nipples in my fingers and watched her face to see what she liked and what she didn't. She seemed to like it all!

"My turn," said Shelley to everyone's amusement. The bottle turned to Stephen. "Grope Bum." Stephen turned round. Shelley squeezed his bum, and stroked it, pulling his legs apart so she could run a finger down in between. "Hold your bum open," she ordered. Then she ran her finger down between his buttocks again, this time carefully tickling his arsehole. Stephen barely suppressed a gasp.

"Hey, the white cards were supposed to be tame," he protested.

"Yeah but this is Shelley," said Heather, "and she hasn't got as far as the letter T in the Dictionary yet." We all laughed.

"Stephen's turn next," said Shelley.

The bottle turned to Suzie. "Fondle boobs."

When he'd finished, Suzie said, "Why don't we forget the bottle, except for Sam? We're here so she gets used to this, so when it's our turn, we do whatever we have to do with Sam, and when it's her turn, she rolls the bottle to see who she has to do it with."

"OK," said Heather and Jed together. The others agreed.

"Sam?" Suzie asked.

I sheepishly nodded my agreement. What was I letting myself in for? I asked myself.

Suzie took a card. It was another fondle boobs card. The sensation as she touched me was incredible. She gently caressed my boobs, lightly brushing my nipples each time.

Christopher had another fondle boobs card. His touch was different, rather rougher than Suzie's, but still quite gentle. He startled me by finishing by dipping his head and ever-so-sweetly kissing each of my nipples.

I hadn't noticed that my legs had spread a little wider until Suzie said, "I think you liked that."

"Why?"

"You're all wet." It took me a second to realise what she meant, then I closed my legs abruptly.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," she said. "Christopher, do the same to me." He bent down to kiss her boobs and I watched him play with her nipples, nipping them lightly between his teeth, then licking them quickly.

"Now, see Sam?" she said, "I'm all wet too." She took my hand and wiped it over her pussy. She was wetter than I was.

"Now feel yourself," she said. I did.

"Are you wet?"

"Yes."

"See, all that proves is that you're normal, just like us," she said triumphantly.

Heather was next and she didn't waste time with hands, she just started licking my boobs, sucking on my nipples and playing with them with her tongue.

Then came Jed. "Grope Bum."

"Bend over," he instructed. "And spread your legs apart a little way." He started stroking my thighs, then suddenly grabbed my buttocks and squeezed hard. Then he let go and lightly tickled each buttock. Switching between my bum and thighs was agony, but nice agony.

"Can you hold your bum open for me?" he asked. I actually did what he asked and he gently ran his finger down from my back almost to my pussy. He began smearing my juices around my arsehole and for a seond I was afraid (hoping?) that he'd put his finger in me, I was SO sensitive. Then he stopped. "Your turn," he said.

I don't know what made me do it, but I picked a blue card. "It says play with cock," I said. I spun the bottle and it pointed to Shelley.

She stood up, opened herself up. "Sorry, Don't have one. You'll have to spin again."

This time it pointed to Stephen.

Nervously, I touched it, then ran my fingers down to his balls. I grasped it with one hand and began to move my hand up and down. He moved my hand and placed it differently. "That's nicer," he said, smiling at me.

I stroked him faster while with my other hand I stroked his balls. "I'm going to cum if you don't stop," he said breathlessly.

I didn't stop and I realised I wanted to see if I could make him cum. He came alright, splattering his cum right in my face. Some even got in my hair. I bent down and kissed the tip of his cock.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I went too far."

"Yeah you look sorry," he replied. "Covered in cum with a big grin on your face." I giggled.

"Now it's my turn. And as you did that to me, I think turnabout is fair play, don't you?"

He saw the look of panic on my face.

"Don't worry. I promise not to hurt you and I'll stop if you tell me to, okay?"

I hesitated for a couple of seconds, then I nodded but I couldn't keep a small grin off my mouth or a blush out of my cheeks, I was pretty sure.

"Come over here and lie down on the carpet, and pull your legs apart."

He began to slowly stroke my pussy, then carefully opened me up to stroke inside. He put his finger to his mouth and licked. "You taste nice," he said.

Then I felt his finger slip just inside me. I wanted to close my legs but I didn't. Shelley came and held my hand. I think that meant as much to me as Stephen's finger! I opened my eyes and smiled at her. She smiled back but then that finger got my attention again.

He pulled his finger out and touched my clit and before I had time to react to that, he had two fingers deep into me. For a second I felt a sharp pain. I looked down and saw blood, my blood.

"Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" he asked, pulling his fingers out of me.

"Just don't stop...please."

He put his fingers back. I was a little sore, but not bad, and suddenly he found a spot that made me - Wow!

He saw my reaction and rubbed it again and again.

"No, No, too much." He stopped.

"No, don't stop. Please don't stop!"

They were all looking at me and I felt like they were somehow urging me on. He laughed and he carried on faster and faster until an intense feeling went through me like I never knew was possible. It kept coming and going in waves until finally it subsided. Only then did he take his fingers out of me.

"Is it always like that?"

"NO," said Heather and Suzie together. The others laughed, and so did I.

We all stopped and then I started to giggle again, this time to myself. "What?" Suzie asked. I shook my head. "If my mum could see me now." And that started another round of laughter.

"I'd better take you to the shower," said Heather. Stephen came along to wash his hands.

"I'll leave you two to get cleaned up," said Heather.

I was surprised (and pleased!) when Stephen stepped into the shower with me. Then he began to slowly wash me, starting with my boobs, then down my tummy to my pussy, squirting the shower hose into me, which almost sent me over the edge again! Then he washed my legs.

We dried one another and rejoined the others.

I think the others had been having fun of their own as Shelley especially looked all flushed when we went into the room.

I flopped down on the sofa next to Shelley, but didn't have time to relax, because Christopher came over to me.

"Okay, stand up," he said, "It's now tomorrow morning and you've just arrived at school."

"I don't know if I can stand for long after that." I was talking to Christopher, but smiling at Stephen.

As soon as I was standing (just a little bit shakily!), Jed came up behind me and began to grope my boobs, and not particularly gently. Christopher stood in front of me, then he simply reached down, grabbed my pussy and stuck some fingers up me. I was really glad I was still wet.

"Bend over and show us your bum," Christopher ordered.

I knew what was coming but it still hurt as he pushed a finger into my arse.

"Stop a sec," said Heather and he took his finger out. "Guys will probably do that and it hurts right?"

"Yeah."

"So here's a little secret." I noticed Suzie and even Shelley listening carefully. "Just before you get to the school door, slip a couple of fingers up you pussy," and without warning she stuck two fingers up my pussy, "get them nice and wet and work them into your bum to give it a bit of lubrication." She stuck her fingers into my bum and she was right, it was better. "Okay guys, now carry on."

Christopher put two fingers in me and it wasn't comfortable, but it wasn't bad. Stephen came over and shoved some of his fingers into my pussy, while Jed kept grabbing and pinching my boobs.

They stopped for a moment and gently pushed me onto my back. Jed raised my legs into an obscene position and Christopher and Stephen seemed to be having a finger battle for possession of my holes. Suddenly it struck me as hysterically funny and I started laughing.

They removed their fingers and Jed let my legs down.

I sat up, still laughing. I couldn't seem to stop.

"Thank you, all of you." I managed to say eventually. "I've never laughed so much in my life as I have this evening. I'm still not looking forward to tomorrow, but if I do freak out again, it won't be your fault."

"It's been a pleasure ma'am," said Stephen bowing formally, then spoiling the effect by straightening up and waving his now-floppy dick in my face.

I pretended to try to bite it and we laughed again.

"Don't even think about freaking out," Heather advised. "Just think about the next few minutes, say to youself I can survive this for the next five minutes. Then if it's an awful experience and goes on for longer, think about the next five minutes, and the next, until it's over. Five minutes at a time."

"Okay," I agreed.

"Now, tomorrow, the worst time will be when we get there because they will all try to grope us while we are undressing. There should be a teacher there to stop that happening, but if there isn't, just go along with whatever I do, okay, no matter how strange it seems?"

"Okay."

I went to bed a total mixture of feelings which I still haven't sorted out. That wasn't me this evening, it couldn't be me.

Could it?

Suzie, part 4

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunchtime, Afternoon and Evening

We were all gathered together at lunchtime but I didn't really hear the chatter. My mind was still on Daisy. Partly on the sudden release she'd obviously felt, because of ME. And partly on what I was feeling about HER, or more accurately on what I wanted to DO with her.

Suddenly the chatter stopped as a girl rushed up to us and said "Something's wrong with Samantha." Heather, Laura and Jed left to go and see her. We were still eating, but now almost silently, each in our own thoughts, when Heather came back for some plates of food and left again.

"Am I stupid or something?" asked Shelley suddenly.

"I take it you don't want an answer to that?" Lenny grinned.

"What do you mean?" I asked her.

"I can't understand Samantha," she said. "Okay, she's nervous, but when you're in the program, you're suddenly the centre of attention everywhere you go. People who ignored you last week now want to know you. Sure you have to pose a bit, but she managed that okay this morning, so what's the problem? It's not like anyone's even touched her yet."

"Some people don't want to be the centre of attention. You love it. It scares the hell out of some of us. The only time Samantha is ever noticed is when she sings and then she's safe, up on stage. And it's not just people wanting to know you. It's HOW they want to know you."

Stephen interrupted. "You remember us with your sister last week?"

Shelley nodded.

He continued, "It was like she was just a body, for us to look at and play with. We didn't want to know her, we wanted to use her. You're happy with being used like that, Samantha's not."

"Until today," I said, "I doubt if Samantha even realised she HAD a body," I paused, "Well not one that would ever interest anyone. Now suddenly it's all they see and you wonder why it's scary to her?"

"Not everyone's as free and easy about this as you are, Shelley," said Christopher, "You're lucky. You love the attention, even if it's only guys wanting to feel you up. Not everyone's like that."

"I think," started Gerald, who hadn't appeared to have been listening to our conversation. "I think that unless someone does something, she's gonna crack up or something."

"You make me almost feel guilty for enjoying it," said Shelley.

"That's not it, Shelley." said Christopher. "It's great that you love it, but..."

"Yeah," interrupted Lenny and we laughed, which broke the tension.

"So the program's a bad thing?" asked Shelley.

"No," I said. "Look, this morning I met a girl who'd been scared stiff that she might be a lesbian and that it was something to be ashamed of. Something that came up because I was there, naked, in the program, has helped her to realise that if she is, it's nothing to be ashamed of. She's begun to come to terms with it and who she is, or might be. That's good. But she's gonna need a LOT of support."

"Like Heather had last week?"

"No," I said. "The first few days, nobody supported Heather. It was only when you and the boys started to help her that she started coping. I don't think Sam can survive that long on her own."

"So what do we do?" she asked.

If only solutions were as easy as seeing the problems.

The rest of lunchtime was taken up by a request that Shelley and I touch each other. No problem, I thought, and surprised her with a kiss.

I got her nicely hot by stroking her bum and pussy and had just started kissing her boobs when we were interrupted by the lesson bell.

I had Gym next. Mr. Germaine was not exactly pleased at having a program participant in his gym class. "I hope you won't cause a distraction," was all he said to me.

Could I help it if in every stretching and warm-up exercise, half the boys were busy looking between my legs? It wasn't my fault that one of the boys mistimed his vault over the horse and crashed straight into it because he was looking at me. Okay, perhaps I had turned to face him with my legs wide open at just that moment, but what was I supposed to do? Hide in the corner?

When my turn to vault came, it hurt. No, I didn't crash into the horse, it was my boobs.

To be fair to Mr. Germaine, he was there at once. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I guess these just aren't designed for running and jumping around," I replied.

"Okay. Stick to less vigorous activity for today." He then addressed everyone. "Next time, any girl in the program with larger breasts, bring a sports bra. Whether it covers you or not is irrelevant. This is a safety issue. And I'm the one responsible. If anyone argues, or tells you that you can't, tell them that that's my rule and I've told you that you cannot do Gym without it."

Using the boys showers when they were actually full of boys was quite a novelty. The rule might have been no touching, but somehow there seemed to be a lot of skin to skin contact going on.

I noticed quite a few hard-ons and I felt a bit sorry for their owners. If I wanted it, I could get relief, they couldn't.

It was quite funny. At least half of them were trying NOT to look at me, or trying not to let me see them looking at me.

"Look," I said finally. "You were all staring between my legs the whole lesson. What's the point of pretending not to look now. I'm here, I'm naked. If you want to stare, I'm not bothered, okay?"

Some of them turned round to face me, others were trying to hide their erections.

"I guess some of you are pleased to see me. I'll take that as a compliment, thank you. I have seen a hard-on before you know. What are you lot gonna be like tomorrow when you can actually ask to touch us?"

"What's it like having everyone grope you?"

"I don't know yet. Ask me tomorrow."

"What's it like being naked with everyone staring at you?"

"Kinda scary, but kinda exciting at the same time. I thought it was really gonna bother me, but it hasn't so far. Of course, I'm not sure how I'll cope tomorrow. The thought of being surrounded by you lot all trying to finger me at once is, well, terrifying," I admitted.

"Can we really ask you to do the things they talked about?"

"Like what?"

"Hold yourself open, or wank yourself off, and for us to finger you, things like that."

"Well, today you can't touch me, but you can ask for almost anything, but it doesn't mean we'll always say yes."

"Would you do that now? Wank yourself off I mean? I've seen girls on films, but I've never seen one do that in real life."

"Okay," I sighed. Assume the position. Legs spread, fingers at the ready. I watched them, watching me. It was funny watching them shift positions uncomfortably. Some were holding themselves, or stroking themselves.

"Look, if you want to wank, I'm not gonna be insulted or scared off or anything," I said. "But I'd prefer it if you didn't cum all over me, okay?"

It was kinda surreal, diddling away myself, while watching at least half a dozen of them wanking, their eyes fixed firmly on my fingers going in and out of my pussy.

Some came quickly, but not most of them.

It was almost as if when I came, it gave a signal for them to cum too.

A couple of drops landed on me, but most had stepped back so they missed me. I got back in the shower to rinse off, then quickly dried myself.

Later in the afternoon, Shelley came to tell me that we were gathering that evening at Laura's house to try to help Samantha by having a petting party.

I felt myself go a little damp thinking about stroking Sam and Shelley's cute little butts all evening.

After my unexpected thoughts about Daisy, was I really becoming a lesbian?

When we arrived at Laura's that night, Shelley got us all to undress, then explained how a 'petting party' worked to Samantha. The poor girl was obviously unhappy about the whole idea."It's alright for all of you," she said. "You're all friends, and you're all happy with, with..."

"Sex?" I finished for her. "You can say it."

"Well, sex and stuff. I'm not like you," She replied miserably. This was not going well.

Of course Shelley made us laugh when she said that Heather was the Superslut and they were the Slut Sisters, to which Heather added, "Not to mention Supertongue Suzie." I felt myself going red.

I give up, I've had guys staring at my bits all day, and one comment like that and I'm back to blushing.

"Sam," I said. "We're not asking you to take part in an orgy. But like it or not tomorrow a lot of people are going to be touching you and feeling you up whether you like it or not. You've got this one chance to try to get used to the idea."

But it wasn't helping. Sam was standing there snivelling and Heather jumped up and kissed her.

"You might be able to kiss me into forgetting I'm frightened," I said, unable not to laugh, "but it doesn't work with everyone."

We all laughed at that, including Samantha.

The way this 'petting party' worked was that each of us took turns, starting with Samantha. She spun a bottle and it pointed at me. Then she picked up a card from one of two piles. Her first card told her to grope my boobs.

Whether it was my thoughts earlier in the day, I don't know, but her touch made me gasp.

She took her hands away, "Sorry," she said, looking confused.

I explained that it was just that my nipples were really sensitive after being naked all day and put her hands back where they were.

She was so gentle that I felt like I was dreaming.

My dreaming was interrupted by Shelley, wanting her turn.

We each could choose either a 'tame' card or an 'exciting' one. She picked a tame card the first time, but being Shelley, she was soon tickling Stephen's arse with her finger.

Stephen fondled my boobs next. His touch was firmer than Samantha's had been and I was glad when he stopped or someone would have had to mop the floor.

Much as I liked it, this isn't what we were there for. "Why don't we forget the bottle, except for Sam?" I said. "We're here so she gets used to this, so when it's our turn, we do whatever we have to do with Sam, and when it's her turn, she spins the bottle to see who she has to do it with."

I didn't really expect Sam to agree, but she did.

It was my turn to fondle her boobs. They were cute, a lot smaller than mine and I was so tempted to bend down and take a nipple in my mouth. She was tense to start with, but actually began to relax quite quickly. I couldn't help thinking was this really going to help her with the all-out groping tomorrow morning? Come to that, was it going to help me with the all-out groping tomorrow morning?

Christopher also had a "Fondle Boobs" card. At the end he did what I'd wanted to do and gently kissed her nipples.

"I think you liked that," I said to her.

"Why?"

"You're all wet," I laughed. Damn. I'd embarrassed her. Well done, Suzie.

I told Christopher to do the same to me, then said, "Now, see Sam? I'm all wet too." I took Sam's hand and wiped it over my pussy. "Now feel yourself." ... "Are you wet?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"See, all that proves is that you're normal, just like us," I said felling really pleased with myself.

Heather didn't waste time. She lapped away at Sam's nipples and licked her boobs like she'd been waiting to do that all day. (Perhaps she had!)

Sam was very obviously beginning to enjoy herself, but I thought Jed was pushing it a bit when he got her to hold her bum really open while he gently caressed her arsehole.

I was wrong, because it was her turn next and she promptly took a blue card. They were more explicit, or more exciting as Shelley had put it.

It said "Play with cock." The bottle pointed to Shelley, so Sam spun again. This time it was Stephen.

Her face was almost as red as mine goes as she touched his cock for the first time.

He helped her hold him right and she began giving him a hand job. He warned her that he would cum if she didn't stop, but if anything she sped up.

Seeing his cum shoot over her face was incredible.

After looking surprised she actually bent down and kissed the tip of his cock before apologising!

She didn't look sorry. Like the cat that had got the cream, or the cum in her case.

He wanted to return the favour and she looked scared again, her eyes wide.

He assured her that he'd stop if she wanted and she agreed, her excitement betrayed by the flush in her cheeks and the slight grin on her face.

He stroked her pussy, slipped his finger inside a little then licked his finger. She looked so happy when he told her she tasted nice.

He began to finger her deeply and sweet little Shelley went to hold her hand.

Suddenly we saw blood and Stephen was mortified. "Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" He asked all in a rush.

"Just don't stop...please," was her reply.

He began again and soon had her writhing on the floor. "Go on," we cried.

Her orgasm was so intense I think WE felt it!

"Is it always like that?"

"NO," Heather and I said together. Everyone laughed.

Heather took Stephen and Samantha to the shower and by the time she came back Shelley had demanded that I finish what I'd started earlier in the day and started kissing me. After everything that had happened that evening, it didn't take much to get me responding as our tongues battled with each other.

Shelley put my hand on her pussy, so I pushed her away to lick her cute tits. I put a finger in her pussy and began exploring it until she tensed up. I grinned and began working on that spot until she grew breathless and pink in the face. Then I stopped.

Her face was a picture of frustration until I pushed her back onto the sofa, and pulled her pussy forward to meet my eager tongue. Without waiting a second I flicked her clit with my tongue making her wriggle, then forced my tongue deep into her. By this time she was dripping wet and tasted sweet and delicious. I stopped again, but this time before she could look disappointed, I put a finger in her pussy to make it wet, then slowly worked it into her arse.

Her eyes opened wide, I don't think she'd expected that. I began licking her pussy for all I was worth. Soon she started making little high-pitched moaning noises, then squealed "Oh Wow!" and went limp.

While Shelley lay there relaxed and happy, it suddenly dawned on me that if I liked the girl, I really loved "fucking" her with my mouth and fingers. Yes, "fucking" was exactly what I had been doing. First Heather, then Shelley, then a little with Sam and now this wonderful time with Shelley again. Does that mean I'm a lesbian? I glanced over at the boys and their hard-ons. I wanted them too, a lot! I'm going to have to really think about this, think about what I'm really like, think about what I really want.

Heather brought us back to reality by saying, "This is great, but it's not going to help Sam with what she's going to face tomorrow morning."

So when Sam and Stephen returned from their shower and sat on the sofa, I pulled Stephen to one side (I saw how gentle Stephen had been with Sam and even though I had just been with Shelley I wanted some of Stephen for myself - and soon,) while Jed and Christopher made Sam stand up and started groping her more roughly, Christopher even sticking a finger up her arse.

She winced in pain. Heather gave us a tip - before getting to school lubricate your arsehole with some pussy juice - it hurts less.

Stephen whispered to me "Later," then went to join Jed and Christopher with Samantha. Then all three boys were groping her and she was okay. She wasn't freaking out.

Soon she was on her back as they continued to be fairly rough with her and, amazingly, she started laughing.

I was now less worried about how she'd cope tomorrow than I was about how I was going to cope.

But I didn't have time to think about that as Stephen offered to take me home. I don't have to tell you that I agreed, do I?

Tomorrow could wait.

Heather, part 11

WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunchtime, Afternoon and Evening

As it happened I saw Tony on the way to lunch.

"Hi, Tony."

"Hi."

"I never did thank you properly for your help last week," I continued. "Why don't you come round after school and I can show you how grateful I am." I took his hand and put it on my pussy.

He took it away like I'd burned him. "No thanks, Heather," he said. He was actually turning me down? "Look, I think you're nice, but I don't want to be one of a crowd, you know?"

"I wasn't planning on inviting the whole school, you know."

He laughed slightly at that. "I'd be glad to be a friend, but the thought of sharing you with... I don't know how many others... Sorry, I can't deal with that."

I must have looked hurt because he went on. "You can have as many guys as you like, fuck the whole town if you want, it's your life. But that's not what I want, okay?"

"You saw me Friday night," I said.

"Yeah."

"Was it that bad?"

"If I had sex with you, I'd want to make love to you. And I'm sorry, but seeing that in my mind every time, I just couldn't, that's all."

"I understand, well, thank you anyway," I kissed him on the cheek. "I suppose I should be angry or insulted or something, but I hope you find someone."

He half smiled at me. I could see tears forming in his eyes and I turned away quickly.

Was I going to feel guilty that I was actually enjoying my second week? Like hell I was! If week one was 90% torture, week two was going to be 90% fun if I had anything to do with it.

The stories of the boys' adventures during the morning made me laugh, but soon we were interrupted. Samantha was in trouble. I knew it was my job to help her. I took Laura and Jed with me.

Samantha was hiding in a corner of a classroom, sobbing her heart out. The girl who had come to get us explained that Ghastly Gordon had been pushing her too hard in Sex Education.

Laura commented that "That bitch needs a lesson." Remembering my own experience with GG I could only agree.

Suddenly Samantha spoke bitterly, "Why don't they just rape me and get it over with? It couldn't be any worse." I felt a knife go through me and I know I winced. I think Laura noticed, but Samantha was beyond noticing anything. "I feel so dirty," she said as she was shaking and looking at us with fear in her eyes.

I couldn't think of anything to say, any way to reach through that pain. But if I was out of my depth, Laura wasn't. "Sam, we're going to take you to the showers, okay? Nobody's going to hurt you," she assured her. We tried to lift her, but she was so limp that we couldn't.

Jed stepped forward. "Let me," he said. "Sam, I'm going to carry you, okay?"

Sam didn't even seem to hear him.

He gently picked her up, commenting on how light she was.

Some idiot in the corridor asked me for a reasonable request.

"Not now," I shouted at him. "Are you blind?"

I held Sam up in the shower while Laura washed her.

Jed and Laura dried her so gently I felt a twinge of jealousy, then guilt at feeling jealous.

Laura decided to take her to the nurse. On the way we had more "reasonable requests". This time I stopped to do them, to give Laura and Sam some peace.

Once I'd dealt with them quickly, I went to the dining hall and got a stack of meals on plates and took them to the nurse's office.

For a skinny girl Samantha could really put food away. She cleared her first plate and Jed fetched her another.

Sam was scared of going back out again.

"When's your next Sex Ed.?" I asked.

"Thursday morning."

Good. I'll have time to see the Headmaster before then.

"Good. No lesson will be worse than that before then, so that's one thing you don't have to worry about. How have you been coping with requests?" I asked.

"Okay, I guess. I hate them, but they've been okay. I'm just dreading tomorrow when they can touch as well," she replied quietly.

Yeah, I thought. If being looked at can crack you up like this, God knows what being touched will do.

But my thoughts were disturbed by the bell for lessons.

That afternoon I must admit I felt annoyed that thinking about Samantha was spoiling my good mood. Then I felt guilty for feeling like that. What were we going to do about Samantha? Especially if Laura didn't even know what to do with her.

Of course Shelley had an idea. Leaving school she said, "I've organised a petting party at Laura's tonight." I had plans of my own about getting Jed home, and petting might have been part of it... My thoughts were interrupted as she went on. "It's for Sam. To help her get used to being touched."

I felt more than a little selfish.

But I also felt proud of my little sister. I'd always thought of her as childish, who never thought of anyone but herself. After her actions last week and already this week, I was going to have to rethink my opinion of her.

"Okay. It might help and it can hardly makes things worse. Good idea, kid sis."

Shelley beamed. "You're not the only one with brains, you know."

Until we left for Laura's, Shelley was back to being a kid as she was so excited about the night to come.

Suzie and Samantha arrived last for the party, brought by Laura's mum. Shelley immediately said, "Let's take off our clothes." Samantha hesitated a little, then shed her clothing along with the rest of us.

But when Shelley followed that up with "Right, we're going to have a petting party," I thought that Samantha would die on the spot.

"I can't do this," she said.

"That's what you said this morning," I replied, "but you did it. And from what I hear, you were fine all day apart from that bitch Gordon."

She grudgingly admitted that.

Then Jed spoke to her. "You trusted us this morning. Did it help you today?"

Another faint "Yeah."

But when he asked her to trust us now, she burst out, "It's alright for all of you. You're all friends, and you're all happy with, with..." She couldn't say the word sex at first. Boy, did she have a problem.

"I'm not like you," she concluded.

"You mean, we're all sluts and you're not?" I asked. She looked afraid for a second, as if she'd said something she shouldn't have, so I smiled at her to make her know that I wasn't offended. Hell, one week ago, I'd probably have been saying what she'd just said.

So Shelley piped up, "She's the Superslut and we're the Slutsisters."

I am NEVER going to live that name down, so I responded, "Not to mention Supertongue Suzie."

Poor Samantha just looked miserable and said "I don't know what I mean. I'm just not comfortable with any of this."

Suzie assured her that we weren't trying to get her to take part in an orgy. ("Shame", I thought.)

"You said we are all friends," I said. "This time last week, I knew Laura and Shelley. Suzie I thought was a bitch, sorry Suzie, and I didn't know the boys at all, and from our first meeting I didn't want to know them. Now they are all the best friends I've got." As I said it, I realised that was true, and I felt my eyes watering at the thought. I love these guys.

"You think you have no friends? Why do you think we are all here if you've got no friends?" I continued, but she just stood there, looking even more miserable.

I don't know if it was inspired or whether I just got impatient, but I said, "You know your problem? You wouldn't recognise a friend if they jumped up and kissed you." And then I did.

First I kissed away the tears running down her cheeks. I wished that I could kiss away her misery and fear so easily. Then I kissed her full on the lips. She stiffened up. Great idea, Heather.

Then Suzie spoke, "You might be able to kiss me into forgetting I'm frightened, but it doesn't work with everyone." We all laughed at that and even Samantha joined in the laughter.

It must have lessened the tension, because Samantha suddenly said, "Okay, I'll do it." Then, "Look, in case I freak out or anything, thanks for trying." She looked at each of us, took a breath, then asked, "Now, what do I have to do?"

Jed explained that she should spin the bottle. That would decide who she had to do something to. Then she would pick a card, white for tame, blue for more "exciting", which would tell her what to do.

Her first card was to fondle Suzie's boobs. This was fun, Suzie has REALLY sensitive boobs, and I enjoyed watching her face reflecting the sensations she was feeling.

Shelley spoiled it really, because as Suzie was getting more hot and bothered, Shel decided that it was HER turn.

Although she'd picked a white (tame) card, Shelley hasn't learned that word yet as I explained to Stephen when he protested at her tickling his arsehole with her finger.

"Hey, the white cards were supposed to be tame," he said.

"Yeah but this is Shelley," I said, "and she hasn't got as far as the letter T in the Dictionary yet."

Shelley shot me a look as if she was insulted, then started laughing.

If I have one lasting memory of that party, it was the laughter. Starting with a really tense atmosphere, we spent half the evening laughing together. Do you know how close that makes you feel?

Suzie decided that we should be concentrating more on Samantha. I'm not sure that Shelley agreed with that, but to my surprise, Sam did!

Suzie started by caressing Sam's boobs, and in spite of herself, it was obvious that Sam liked it.

She liked it even more when Christopher did the same and finished by kissing them.

Suzie joked that Sam must have liked that because she was all wet. Sam suddenly got embarrassed again, so Suzie got Christopher to do the same to her, then took Sam's hand and placed it firmly on her (Suzie's) pussy.

"See Sam?" she said, "I'm all wet too." To my surprise Sam didn't take her hand away until Suzie told her to feel her own pussy and she admitted that, yes, she was wet.

"See, all that proves is that you're normal, just like us," said Suzie, obviously pleased with herself.

My turn was next and I forgot to pick a card, I just started licking and sucking on Sam's boobs, then flicking her nipples with my tongue.

Jed upped the ante with the next card. After gently caressing Sam's bum for a while, he got her to hold her bum open while he stroked from her pussy to her arsehole, giving extra attention to her rosebud.

To everyone's surprise Sam then picked a blue card. These were the more explicit ones.

"It says play with cock," she said.

The bottle spun towards Shelley, so she had to spin again. This time it pointed at Stephen.

She knelt in front of him, nervously touching his cock. After feeling around his balls, she began to stroke him up and down.

He warned her that he was going to cum, but she wouldn't stop until he had covered her face with his cum.

She looked absolutely angelic almost worshipping his cock with cum dripping off her face.

"And as you did that to me, I think turnabout is fair play, don't you?" he said.

She looked worried but he reassured her.

As he instructed she lay down on the carpet and opened her legs.

He was so good with her, gently stroking her outer lips, then opening her up to do the same inside.

She tensed up as he put his finger inside her for the first time. I was going to go to her but was beaten by Shelley, who held her hand reassuringly.

Then Sam bled a little. Stephen stopped. "Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" he asked.

Sam's only reply was "Just don't stop...please."

So we heard cries of "No, No, too much." And "No, don't stop. Please don't stop!"

"Come on, Sam," I yelled.

Shelley started to chant "cum, cum, cum, cum," in time with Stephen's finger strokes, and soon Samantha did, spectacularly.

"Is it always like that?" she asked.

"NO," Suzie and I answered, laughing.

I took her to the shower. Stephen followed and I left them alone together.

When I walked in back into the lounge, Shelley and Suzie were kissing, then Suzie pushed Shelley onto the sofa and went down on her, until she came with a loud "Shelley squeal". Even after this morning, it seemed surreal to watch my little sister being made to cum in front of me. But then, I knew only too well what that tongue could do. We didn't call her Supertongue Suzie for nothing.

Then, probably spoiling the mood, I said, "This is great, but it's not what Sam's going to face tomorrow morning."

"Then when she comes back, we'll have to prepare her for that," said Jed.

When Stephen and Samantha returned Samantha looked flushed and pleased with herself.

That changed as Jed and Christopher started groping her roughly, trying to prepare her for tomorrow morning. Stephen didn't get a chance to join in at that point as Suzie grabbed him.

Christopher even made Sam bend over and then he roughly pushed a finger up her bum.

"Stop a sec," I said. "Guys will probably do that and it hurts right?"

"Yeah," she replied with feeling.

"So here's a little secret." I had all the girls' attention. "Just before you get to the school door, slip a couple of fingers up you pussy," and I stuck two fingers up her pussy. She was startled but didn't move. "Get them nice and wet and work them into your bum to give it a bit of lubrication." Then I stuck the same fingers up her bum. "Okay guys, now carry on."

Soon Sam was on her back with Christopher and Stephen fingering her pussy and arse for all they were worth while Jed had her boobs to himself.

Suddenly Samantha was laughing.

"Thanks, guys. I'm still not looking forward to tomorrow, but if I do freak out again, it won't be your fault," she said.

"Don't even think about freaking out," I said. "Just think about the next few minutes, say to yourself I can survive this for the next five minutes. Then if it's an awful experience and goes on for longer, think about the next five minutes, and the next, until it's over. Five minutes at a time."

She looked at me taking in every word. "Okay."

"Now, tomorrow," I continued, "the worst time will be when we get there because they will all try to grope us while we are undressing. There should be a teacher there to stop that happening, but if there isn't, just go along with whatever I do, okay, no matter how strange it seems?"

She agreed readily.

Laura's mother took Samantha home. Stephen and Suzie went off together. Now we saw THAT coming a mile off. I grinned at Shel and said "After all that hard work, I think the boys deserve a reward, don't you?"

She nodded eagerly and knelt down in front of Jed. Then Jed said, "I've got a better idea." He made her lie down, then took her hand and put it on his cock. "You lie here," he said to me, "and take Christopher's cock. Christopher, Shel's pussy is all yours."

With that he began to play with my pussy while I began to wank Christopher. But soon Christopher had to wait for his relief as Jed began to finger my arsehole as well. I knew that I was already so turned on by the whole evening that I wouldn't last long and I didn't.

Christopher had seen what Jed had done to me and began to do the same to Shel. After her fun with Suzie earlier, she lasted a little longer than I had, but only a little.

Then she decided that she wanted to give both boys a blow job at the same time. She looked positively obscene as they alternately pounded into her cute little face.

I had to try that, so I moved across and pulled the boys to me. Having two cocks in my mouth at the same time was interesting but to be honest not the greatest turn-on I've ever had.

So I got Jed to mouth-fuck Shel, while I kept Christopher happy with my hands, at the same time sucking on Jed's balls.

Being a tease, before Jed could cum, I pulled Shel away from him and over to Christopher.

I started licking up and down one side of his cock, so Shel followed suit. Then I couldn't resist any longer, I wanted that cock in my mouth, so Shel was left to use her mouth on Chris' balls.

Again, I stopped before he could cum. I started wanking Jed again. "Cum all over my slutty sister, Jed. Cover that face with your cum." Just the thought of that was enough to bring him off and I watched as jet after jet flew onto Shel's face.

She turned to me with a grin as she grabbed Christopher's cock. "I think my big sister's face needs decorating, don't you?" she said.

He came almost as quickly as Jed had done and soon my face matched hers, disgustingly sexy.

I looked at the cum on her face and couldn't resist licking it off her. With some on my tongue I pushed my tongue into her surprised mouth giving her some of Jed's cum. "Share and share alike," I said.

She returned the favour and soon we were licking and giggling and sharing cum for all we were worth.

With the last drop of cum, I again put my tongue in Shel's mouth, but this time kissed her properly. To say she was startled was an understatement. It certainly brought a grin to the boys' faces, which was what I had intended of course, but it was also fun to find something that actually shocked Shelley!

I noticed the clock. Damn, Laura's mum would be back to take us home any minute, so I jumped up and went to the shower. Shelley joined me and we gently washed each other, smiling contentedly, before getting dried and dressed to go home.

When we got home Shelley raced upstairs to the bathroom before me and I noticed the answerphone light was flashing. It was Mum. In the excitement of the petting party we'd forgotten she was going to call. She said she was probably flying home on Wednesday, but she'd try to call us again tomorrow night. I realised perhaps for the first time for a long time just how much I missed her when she was away. I could hear Shelley singing (squawking!) to herself in the bathroom. She was so happy about the success of her petting party for Samantha, I decided not to tell her we'd missed Mum's call.

It has been a really strange day. Has it really been only Monday? Almost a whole week still to go.

Shelley, part 5

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunchtime, Afternoon and an incredible Evening

Of course I wanted to talk about everything and see if everyone else thought I was a nympho at lunch. But I got there last (stopped for too many reasonable requests) and the boys were already talking about their morning.

Then Heather, Laura and Jed had to go to help Samantha who was panicking somewhere. We sat more quietly and I was thinking.

"Am I stupid or something?" I asked nobody in particular.

"I take it you don't want an answer to that?" Lenny responded.

"What do you mean?" asked Suzie.

"I can't understand Samantha," I explained. "Okay, she's nervous, but when you're in the program, you're suddenly the centre of attention everywhere you go. People who ignored you last week now want to know you. Sure you have to pose a bit, but she managed that okay this morning, so what's the problem? It's not like anyone's even touched her yet."

Suzie answered, "Some people don't want to be the centre of attention. You love it. It scares the hell out of some of us." It scares her too? I didn't realise that! She continued, "The only time Samantha is ever noticed is when she sings and then she's safe, up on stage. And it's not just people wanting to know you. It's HOW they want to know you."

Stephen reminded me of how Heather had been at the beginning of last week. "It was like she was just a body, for us to look at and play with. We didn't want to know her, we wanted to use her. You're happy with being used like that, Samantha's not."

We continued to talk, then suddenly Gerald interrupted. "I think that unless someone does something, Sam's gonna crack up or something."

I almost felt guilty because I enjoyed it, and said so.

Christopher said, "It's great that you love it, but..."

"Yeah," said Lenny and we laughed, which broke the tension.

"So the program's a bad thing?" I asked.

Suzie said "No," and told us about a girl she'd been able to help who'd been scared that she might be a lesbian.

We decided that Sam needed support. As Suzie put it, "I don't think Sam can survive that long on her own."

"So what do we do?" I asked.

Nobody had an answer to that one.

When we'd finished lunch Suzie and I found ourselves the centre of attention again. As nobody could touch us, one boy asked, "Can you touch each other?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, teasing.

He went red and couldn't answer.

"Ignore her, she's just playing," Suzie grinned.

"I'm no..." I started to say, then Suzie cut me off by kissing me on the mouth, hard.

Her kiss soon softened and her tongue pushed into my mouth, while her hands pulled me close to her.

Her fingers began to roam from my shoulders to my bum, and I just stood there.

Her hands moved round to my front and soon found their way between my legs, while she lowered her head to lick my nipples.

Then the damned bell went for lessons, just as she'd got me worked up.

I was so worked up that when Mr Crumpton asked if I wanted relief, I said, "Yes, I think I need it. We had a reasonable request and Suzie got me all worked up and..:"

"That's okay. We don't need to hear the details." Some of the boys looked disappointed. "Do you want to give yourself relief or ask someone else? I think that's still allowed today."

"Ask somebody else."

"Any volunteers?" A lot of the boys' hands went up, but then I had sat with my legs wide open to make sure of that! To my surprise some of the girls' hands went up too.

I picked a shy-looking boy sat near the back. He tripped over the chair in front racing to get up. Everyone laughed.

"What should I do?" he asked.

GREAT. I need relief right now and he wants a lesson.

"Right now I don't care." I took his right hand and almost forced two of his fingers into me. He got the message and began moving them in and out. What he lacked in technique he made up for in energy and enthusiasm. To be honest I was so worked up already that almost anything would have tipped me over the edge, and sure enough, he did.

He looked a little shocked when I came.

"Thank you," I said, breathlessly.

"You're welcome," he said and returned to his seat. I managed to get to mine as well.

Between lessons, Laura stopped me. "Shel, you know Samantha better than the rest of us do."

"I hardly know her at all," I said, then explained, "just because we're in the same year it doesn't mean we share classes or anything. Why?"

"She had Ghastly Gordon this morning and it freaked her out. She seems to have coped with the posing requests, but she's dead scared of what's going to happen to her tomorrow. I can't think how to help her."

I thought for a second, then said, "Let's get together this evening. You've got a lounge big enough for all of us, do you think your mum will mind?"

"No, she's cool. She'd want to help anyway."

"Good, it might be good to have her there," I said. "I'll try to catch Samantha and you can invite the others to a petting party. But nobody mention what it is to Sam, okay?"

"Do you think that's a good idea after she freaked out today?" she wondered.

"Which do you think is better, a petting party or turning up at school for morning groping?" I argued.

"Okay," she agreed. "Eight o'clock okay?"

"Great. See ya."

This was gonna be fun!

Laura and I managed to let the others know. While I was putting my clothes on, I looked around for the two girls from this morning. I'd have been surprised if they had been there. I told Heather about Samantha's Petting Party on the way home. She was hesitant at first, but agreed that it was probably a good idea.

I was really excited until it was time to get the bus to Laura's house. I kept asking Heather if it was time to leave yet until she told me to shut up.

We arrived first, only to discover that Laura had had to go to work. Then Laura's mum went to pick up Suzie and Samantha. The boys arrived while we waited for Laura's mum to return.

"If Sam gets nervous," I told Jed. "You'll have to talk to her, she seems to trust you."

"Okay," he agreed and smiled at me.

The door opened and in came Suzie and Sam.

If Sam looked nervous as she came in, she was more so when I said, "Let's take off our clothes."

While she hesitated, the rest of us stripped off. At first I thought this evening was going to be a disaster before it started, but then she shrugged her shoulders and started to take off her clothes.

I flashed her a smile.

"Right, we're going to have a petting party," I explained. "We take it in turns. First we spin the bottle and whoever it points to is the person we have to touch. Then we pick up one of these cards, which have different instructions. The ones on white paper are tame, the ones on blue paper are more exciting."

Poor Sam looked like I'd just told her she was going to be murdered tonight.

"I can't do this," she said firmly.

Luckily Heather stepped in with "That's what you said this morning, but you did it. You did fine all day until bitch Gordon," quickly followed by Jed, who asked her, "You trusted us this morning. Did it help you today?"

She looked down at the floor and I felt bad for putting her through this. But she admitted that it had helped her.

"Then trust us now," said Jed.

"But you're all friends and you're all happy with, you know..." started Sam. I saw Heather look up to the ceiling, then glance at me. "I'm not like you," Sam finished miserably.

"You mean we're all sluts and you're not." Heather grinned.

"She's the Superslut and we're the Slutsisters," I said helpfully, to which Heather responded, "Not to forget Supertongue Suzie."

If we thought that it might lighten the atmosphere we were wrong. Sam looked even more miserable, if that were possible. "I'm just not comfortable with any of this."

Suzie pointed out that she was gonna get groped tomorrow anyway so she might as well get used to it.

Heather said that she did have friends, that's why we were all there, to help her. When Sam didn't reply, I realised that nothing we could say would help. I was about to suggest we cancel this and go home when Heather went on. "You wouldn't recognise a friend if they jumped up and kissed you."

Then she jumped up and kissed Sam. Just very gently, on each cheek, kissing Sam's tears away, then on the lips. Sam went tense again.

Suzie said, "You might be able to kiss me into forgetting I'm frightened," laughing as she spoke, "but it doesn't work with everyone."

It probably doesn't sound that funny, but it was to us. Soon we were all laughing, even Sam, and I could feel the tension disappearing.

"Okay, I'll do it," Sam said finally. "If I freak out or anything, thanks for trying. Now, what do I have to do?"

Jed explained again about spinning the bottle and picking a card.

It started with Sam having to fondle Suzie's boobs. She must have been okay at it because Suzie gasped with pleasure.

Sam thought she'd done something wrong and said "Sorry:"

Suzie told her she was doing fine, so she carried on.

"My turn," I yelled out before Sam's turn went on all night. They laughed at me. I had to grope Stephen's bum, so I got him to hold his bum open so I could tickle his arsehole.

"Hey, the white cards were supposed to be tame," he said.

"Yeah but this is Shelley," laughed Heather, "and she hasn't got as far as the letter T in the Dictionary yet."

Even I had to laugh at that.

Then Stephen had to fondle Suzie's boobs. By this time, mine were feeling like they needed some attention, but Suzie's next words killed that idea.

"Why don't we forget the bottle, except for Sam? We're here so she gets used to this, so when it's our turn, we do whatever we have to do with Sam, and when it's her turn, she rolls the bottle to see who she has to do it with."

I was surprised (and a bit disappointed) when she agreed.

Now Sam's boobs were getting all the attention, first from Suzie, then from Christopher. While everyone else was looking at Sam, I got in front of Stephen and put both his hands on my boobs.

He was wonderfully gentle and he stroked and tweaked me. When he bent his head down to lick my nipples, I forgot about Sam for a while. Nobody else seemed to have noticed us.

When I looked up, Heather was licking Sam's boobs, using her tongue to play with her nipples.

Then it was Jed's turn, and I was amazed. He asked Sam to hold her bum open for him, like Stephen had for me and he stroked her right there.

I think she liked it because then it was her turn and she picked a blue (exciting) card. "It says play with cock," she said, going slightly pink.

The bottle spun to me. "Sorry, Don't have one. You'll have to spin again," I said.

Stephen was the lucky boy. We could see that Sam was nervous as she knelt in front of him.

Her face was bright red as she touched it lightly. Then she grasped it and began to wank him. She wasn't doing it quite right at first, so Stephen gently moved her hand. "That's nicer," he said.

She began to stroke his balls with her other hand. I think she'd forgetten the rest of us were there. She look fascinated by the cock she was playing with. Stephen was obviously even more turned on than I was because in a very short time he warned her, "I'm going to cum if you don't stop."

She didn't stop and just put her face even closer to his cock. For a minute I thought she was going to suck it, but she didn't. She just waited until it spurted out all over her. She kissed the tip of his cock, then said "I'm sorry."

Stephen commented that she didn't look sorry and he was right. She had a grin on her face that I'd never seen before and cum splattered from her forehead to her chin. She even had some in her hair.

"Now it's my turn." Stephen looked at her with a really sweet look in his eyes. "And as you did that to me, I think turnabout is fair play, don't you?"

Her grin vanished in a flash, replaced by a look of panic.

"Don't worry, Sam. I promise not to hurt you and I'll stop if you tell me to, okay?"

She began to grin again and went slightly pink.

He told her to lie down and spread her legs, then he began to stroke her pussy. He held her open and made his fingers all wet with her juices, then tasted them. When he told her she tasted nice, she smiled happily.

He slipped one finger into her and she suddenly looked nervous again. I moved quickly to hold her hand and squeezed it. She looked up at me and smiled, then she closed her eyes again.

He pushed two fingers deep into her and we suddenly saw blood. "Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" he asked.

"Just don't stop...please," was her only reply.

He carried on, and she alternated between saying "NO more" and "No, don't stop."

I started chanting "Cum, Cum, Cum, Cum," in time with the movements of his fingers, and when she did she sqeezed my hand so tight I thought she'd broken my fingers!

A look of absolute ecstasy crossed her face, and she began breathing hard. I could actually feel wave after wave of spasms going through her, before she finally began to relax.

Only then, did Stephen take his fingers out of her.

"Is it always like that?" she asked, still breathless.

"NO," Heather and Suzie answered together. We all laughed at that.

Sam started to giggle, then commented, "If only my mum could see me now."

Heather took Sam and Stephen to the bathroom to have a shower and they were gone for quite a while.

By this time I was so worked up that I confronted Suzie, "I think you owe me something."

"What?" she asked.

"Well, earlier today you got me all worked up, that damned bell rang and you walked off so I had to ask for relief in class." (Suzie laughed at that.) "So I think you owe it to me to finish what you started." I didn't give her a chance to reply because I kissed her, slipping my tongue into her mouth as she opened it in surprise. She must have been as turned on as I was because she pushed herself against me and we were soon exploring each other's mouths.

I took her hand and put it on my pussy. She broke our kiss and pushed me away a little bit so she could begin to suck on my nipples. As her tongue was tickling my nipples, she slipped a finger into me. Her finger began exploring until it found my most sensitive spot. Then she wouldn't leave it alone until I was breathing quicker and quicker.

I was quickly becoming overwhelmed by the sensations when she suddenly stopped. She pushed me back on the sofa and pulled my legs so my pussy was right on the edge, then lowered her face to my pussy.

Her tongue went straight for my clit sending a shock wave through me, before she pushed her tongue as far into me as she could. That was heavenly.

Again she stopped, this time to briefly push a finger into my pussy, take it out and (Oh my god!) ease it into my arse. Then her tongue was at my pussy again, this time lapping away until I came with a squeal. "Oh Wow!"

Then Heather said, "This is great, but it's not what Sam's going to face tomorrow morning."

"Then when she comes back, we'll have to prepare her for that," said Jed.

So when Stephen and Sam came back, Jed and Christopher began groping Sam roughly, while Suzie dragged Stephen over to the corner of the sofa. Hmm, what's that all about? Christopher made Sam bend over and he stuck fingers up her bum. She winced in pain.

"Guys will probably do that and it hurts, right?" asked Heather.

"Yeah," replied Sam with feeling.

"So here's a little secret," continued Heather. "Just before you get to the school door, slip a couple of fingers up you pussy." Heather promptly stuck two fingers up Sam's pussy, "get them nice and wet and work them into your bum to give it a bit of lubrication." Then Heather stuck her fingers into Sam's bum. "Okay guys, now carry on."

Soon she was flat on her back, her legs in the air, with Stephen and Christopher both fingering her holes for all they were worth, while Jed was groping her boobs.

Sam suddenly started laughing until tears were running down her face. "Thank you, all of you." She looked around at each of us. "I've never laughed so much in my life as I have this evening." I could believe that. I got the feeling that she didn't have that much to laugh about in her ordinary life. "If I do freak out again, it won't be your fault."

"Don't even think about freaking out," Heather said. "Just think about the next few minutes, say to youself I can survive this for the next five minutes. Then think about the next five, and the next, until it's over. Five minutes at a time."

I think by now Sam would have agreed to anything.

Heather warned her that the worst time would be when we get there because they will all try to grope us while we are undressing. "Just go along with whatever I do, okay, no matter how strange it seems?" she finished.

Sam agreed.

Shortly after that, Laura's mum came in to take Sam home. She is so cool; she didn't even notice we were naked, or if she did, she completely pretended not to. She did "raise an eyebrow" though when Suzie told her thank you very much, but that Stephen was going to take her home instead.

Stephen was standing directly behind Laura's mum, and I think I was the only one who could see him punch the air and mouth "Yes!" How I managed to keep a straight face I'll never know.

Right after Sam and her "driver" left, Suzie went off with Stephen, leaving just the four of us. Heather turned to me and said, "After all that hard work, I think the boys deserve a reward, don't you?"

I knelt down with Jed's cock inches from my face, but before I had a chance to touch it, Jed said, "I've got a better idea."

He got me to start wanking him, while he played with Heather's pussy and she was wanking Christopher, who started playing with my pussy.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Jed start playing with Heather's arsehole. She stopped wanking Christopher as she began to tense up. She came quickly. I realised that I'd also stopped wanking Jed, and began again, but at that moment Christopher decided to do the same to me and I had two fingers in my arse and two from his other hand in my pussy. I was still so dripping wet it probably sounded disgusting as he kept working his fingers in and out of me.

If Heather had come quickly, I wasn't far behind. That left the boys, and I suddenly knew what I wanted to do. "Stand together. I saw this in a porn flick once and ever since I've wanted to do this." I grabbed both their cocks, pulled them close and led them both into my mouth. The boys caught on quickly and held the back of my head as they double mouth-fucked me. God, that sounds so-o dirty when I write it down!

"I must try that," said Heather, and knelt down beside me. The boys stepped sideways and put their cocks into my sister's mouth and did the same to her.

After a few minutes she pushed them back to between us and put Jed's cock in my mouth, while she gently wanked Christopher. At the same time, she was sucking on Jed's balls.

Then she moved aside and pulled me across to Christopher. We both began licking up and down his cock, then she slipped his cock into her mouth, so I sucked his balls.

Then she stopped, and began wanking Jed again, telling him cum all over her slutty little sister. I moved my face closer, determined to catch every drop. Seconds later he spurted over my face. I managed to catch some of it in my mouth, but mostly it went over my cheeks and chin.

I grabbed Christopher by his cock. "I think my big sister's face needs decorating, don't you?" He grinned and Heather looked eager. Soon her face was decorated with plenty of white.

Then Heather surprised me. "We can't waste all of this," she said, and began licking it off my face. Then she kissed me, pushing some of his cum into my mouth. Then I licked her and did the same. With the last tongueful of cum she began to kiss me properly as we swapped cum. That seems a little weird now, but at the time it was, I don't know, pretty special. I'll have to think about that.

Then, as quickly as she started, she stopped and jumped up and went to the shower, leaving me wondering what she thought about that as well.

I joined her in the shower and we washed each other, then got dressed to wait for Laura's mum to return to take us home.

On our way home Heather turned to me and said simply, "Well done, Shel." I hadn't done much, I thought, but I squeezed her hand.

The slutsisters had done it again.

Laura, part 5

Program WEEK TWO

TUESDAY

Maybe if I hadn't worked last night, today would have been different. Maybe I'd have reacted differently and been able to cope. Maybe. But I doubt it.

The show at the sports club didn't finish till nearly midnight, and I had a two hour drive home. By the time I'd had a decent bath to get the smell of baby oil off of me, had something to eat and got into bed it was almost three o'clock. In my hurry I'd undercooked the burger I had, but sod it, I was tired.

In the morning I regretted my impatience as I threw up and couldn't face breakfast. So I was slightly late for school, but in time for assembly. Got away with it, thank God.

The guys were all busy with the other girls so I was able to get undressed in peace. As I finished, the bell went, so we went in together.

Samantha looked okay. I guess Shelley's idea had helped. Halfway through assembly I realised that I shouldn't have accepted that booking so far away on a school night. I was already feeling tired and I hadn't got to the first lesson yet.

I had three reasonable requests to feel me up on the way to the first lesson. The first two were okay, but the third was rough, his fingers rubbing my clit like he was trying to sand down wood.

I got into trouble for not paying attention in Maths. I can't blame anyone but myself, I was just too sleepy. But being shouted at to make me notice what was going on and finding everyone else laughing at me put me in a mood and not a good one.

Of course my bad mood wasn't helped by the thought of the next lesson I was going to. Everyone's favourite, Ghastly Gordon and Sex Ed. I wonder if they realised that what would otherwise have been most people's favourite lesson had become the most hated lesson due solely to Ghastly Gordon. She's managed to make everything nasty, not nasty as in sexy or dirty, just nasty as in unpleasant. If they wanted to put us off sex for life, they'd picked the right teacher. Okay, exaggeration. I confess, nothing's gonna put me off sex for life, but if anyone could, she could.

And her treatment of little Samantha yesterday didn't exactly make me feel better towards her. Could this morning get any worse? I didn't know, but it was about to get a lot worse.

I'd been feeling sick since breakfast time and ran to the toilet to throw up again. I splashed cold water on my face. I had to be alert to cope with Gordon. If I'd had any sense I'd have realised that I should have gone to the nurse. I had the perfect excuse for missing Sex Ed. Call me stupid, but I went into Sex Ed., a minute or two late, but feeling confident that I could cope with anything.

Anything, that is, except seeing myself in full living colour being fucked by Gerald and Christopher. It took me a minute to register what I was seeing. This was yesterday morning after assembly, in our private room behind the stage. The one time this week we weren't on public display.

I froze, unable to react to what I saw on the screen. It continued to play. Being mainly intended as a security camera, for when trophies and things were stored there prior to presentation, it was a static camera, and took in most of the room. I could see all the others, but couldn't take my eyes off my own image, near the top right of the big screen.

Now they had finished and I was licking them clean. Gordon stopped the tape. "Lights please," she called out. A boy nearby sprang up to turn on the main lights.

"You needn't sit down. We'll be using you this lesson," Gordon spoke sharply.

I was suddenly aware of the look on the faces of the others in the class, some, about half of the boys, obviously turned on, others, including most of the girls and quite a few of the boys, looking at me with utter disgust.

I could feel my resolve and my strength drain away. Gordon rambled on about the multi-orgasmic ability of girls and how it could sometimes take more than one partner to satisfy a girl. "So it's nothing to feel ashamed of," she concluded.

She was right of course, and everything she'd said had been reasonable, but I felt an anger building up that wouldn't go away.

"The mechanics are not always as easy as it looks, however. Now ideally we'd have her re-enact that scene here in the classroom, so you could see how such problems are overcome." In a million years, I thought. "Unfortunately," she continued, "even in the Program, I can't make her do that. Unless you'd like to get into the spirit and volunteer?" she asked. I shook my head, still feeling an odd mixture of pure anger and numbness.

"Pity. Okay, get on the table in the position you were in yesterday morning." I complied. "Now hold your bum open so I can show the class exactly what I mean." I began to do it, honestly I did, but then something snapped.

"No!" I shouted. "What you did filming us goes beyond the Program. We're human beings, can't you understand that? We have feelings."

"Do as you are told," she replied coldly.

I slowly unpinned my hair and pulled it forward. I have long hair so it covered my breasts easily. I walked over to the video, took out the DVD and threw it on the floor, then stamped on it, and rubbed it on the floor with my foot. I picked it up and bent it with all my strength then put it on the floor again and stamped on it until it finally split, sending plastic flying across the room.

"Show's over," I said, walking to my seat and sitting down, covering my pussy with my hands.

Most of the class were staring at me, and I realised it was mostly with admiration. But Gordon wasn't finished. "Come back here," she ordered.

I got up and stood by the door instead, my hair still covering my boobs and my hands covering my pussy. As she approached I ran out the door and she followed me running faster than I would have believed possible for her.

She grabbed my arm. "To the office," she said, twisting an arm behind my back.

Mr. Graham was in the Headmaster's office when we arrived. "This girl refused to pose and covered herself with her hand and hair, and deliberately smashed a DVD." began Ms. Gordon. "Then when I gave her a second chance and told her to come back to the front, she ran out of the classroom." She paused, then finished, "It's not as if anyone was even touching her."

He looked surprised. "I find this hard to believe of you. Is this true?" he asked.

"Yes but only after she showed the video..."

He cut me off. "I'm not interested in why you did it. The Program is very specific. You are on display at all times and must pose as required. There are five minutes left of this lesson. You can go back to your Sex Education lesson and pose as you are instructed. I will consider what to do later, when I have more time."

"No sir," I said. "I won't be treated like Ms. Gordon treats us. We may be in the program but we deserve some respect. You aren't even interested in what she did."

"I have another lesson to go to. You will remain in the outer office until I return."

I sat miserably in the office for the rest of the morning, awaiting my fate. As lunchtime began, I heard Gordon and Mr. Graham speaking about me, but hadn't been able to catch very much of what they said.

I'd never been in trouble at school before, except after Julie was killed, when I basically cracked up. I missed more school than I attended that year and ignored lessons when I bothered to attend them. I'd been offered counselling but refused it, repeatedly. It had only been when Heather had caught me trying to take an overdose and had taken the tablets away, that I realised that I needed help. In total I effectively missed a year of school. The school was brilliant and allowed me to be put back a year (they didn't have to) so that I could complete my education. That's why I'm the eldest girl in school by quite a bit.

But that year aside, I'd never been in trouble. Apart from being a stripper I was a "good little girl." Well mannered, well spoken, obedient, boring. My good girl image had just been shattered with a vengeance and the consequences scared me.

"Come with us to the dining hall," said Mr. Graham.

I followed, having no idea what was going to happen.

"As you know, Laura Townley is in the Program this week," he announced to everyone. "Participants who cover themselves with their hands may be restrained, so for the rest of this week, she will have her hands handcuffed behind her back." Gordon snapped them on me before I realised what he'd said.

"Furthermore, she covered her breasts with her hair, and continued to do so after being told not to. Therefore in accordance with Program rules, her hair will be cut."

Nurse appeared looking very unhappy. "I will leave it as long as I can," she promised. She carefully measured a length that came to just above my breasts and I felt those scissors cut away years of growth in a few minutes.

By this time I was crying and she was trying not to look at me. She finished and left the room.

"Finally, Miss Townley deliberately destroyed school property. The punishment for this is six strokes of the cane." If I was shocked, the rest of the school were also as a gasp went around the room. Corporal punishment was almost never used here and the worst I could remember was a couple of strikes on a palm for some boy caught stealing.

As I was bent over the table I searched with my eyes for my friends, but couldn't see anyone through my tears.

A searing pain went through my right buttock as Gordon struck for the first time. She waited, deliberately, before delivering an equally stinging blow to my left side.

The third and fourth followed quickly before the pain could subside.

She paused before putting the fifth straight across both buttocks, crossing the lines of the others, making them sting more again.

The sixth was lower, and hit the join of my buttocks and thighs. I'd stayed almost silent up to that point but that last stroke was too much and I cried out very loudly.

It was a minute before I realised that they'd gone. The dining hall was still silent. I couldn't get up with my hands cuffed behind me.

I looked for my friends and saw Heather and Shelley in an animated conversation with Jed, not looking at me.

Suddenly Suzie and Christopher were at my side, lifting me to my feet. "I feel sick," I managed to get out. They escorted me along the corridors and stood me in one of the showers. I felt icy cold water flowing over me and actually felt better, especially when they directed it onto my bum.

It slowly took the heat away and I clung to them sobbing.

They made me return to the dining hall, where I remained standing while Suzie fed me. I still couldn't feed myself because of the handcuffs. When the lesson bell went, she offered to stay with me.

"No, you'll get into trouble."

"It doesn't matter," she answered. How could I have ever have thought this girl a heartless bitch?

"We need to go to lessons," I insisted. "I don't want you in trouble and I certainly don't need any more trouble myself."

"Okay, just remember we love you." She kissed me. I think she'd intended a light sisterly kiss but something took over both of us as within seconds we were devouring each other's mouths.

I pushed her away with my shoulder. "We have to go," I said, then I actually managed a smile as I said, "But we can continue this later."

She beamed at me with something closely resembling a "Shelley grin".

"I'll hold you to that," she said and left.

I followed her out and went to my own lesson.

It seems strange to write that most of the afternoon was really easy, although I remained standing in lessons. Okay, a couple of guys took advantage of my handcuffed state to grope me. One gave me a playful slap on the bum. Pain shot through me and I literally fell to my knees. "My God," he said, "I didn't think. I'm really sorry."

"Fuck off!" I screamed at him. He ran. A girl I didn't know came over to me and helped me stand up again. I turned to thank her but she was gone before I could say anything. I owe that girl, big style.

But apart from that the afternoon was easy. After school I had a drama rehearsal. Luckily I didn't have to sit down for that either.

I went back to the toilets before going home. I heard a strange noise, like a whimper. I looked towards the stall it came from and saw what was unmistakably blood on the floor in front of it.

I kicked open the door and saw Sam sat on the toilet, holding her wrist in her other hand. She looked at me and said quietly, "I've done something silly. Please help me."

I instinctively tried to put my hands over her cut, stopped of course, by the fucking handcuffs. "Sam. Grip your arm just above the cut and at the same time try to put pressure on the cut to stop the bleeding. Lift that hand high above your head. I'll have to get help."

"Laura, I'm scared," she whispered and looked it. Looking at her already pale face, so was I.

I stumbled outside screaming, "Help! Help!" When I saw someone, I yelled. "Get the nurse to the girls toilets. Tell her it's a slashed wrist. Fast!"

I went back and knelt down in front of Sam. She was becoming tired. "Sam, stay awake. Concentrate."

She didn't reply. I stood up and kicked her leg, hard. That made her take notice.

"You must concentrate. Nurse will be here any minute."

She looked at me, "I'm sorry."

"You'll be alright, I promise you," not feeling at all sure.

Then I was pulled away as Nurse and a couple of men entered. I couldn't even see them work, but soon one of the men carried Sam out in his arms.

I opened the fire exit doors and the two ambulancemen took her and in seconds she was whisked away.

I felt overwhelmed with guilt. If I hadn't got angry this morning, I'd have been able to help Sam. If she didn't make it, I knew I'd never forgive myself.

I shuffled mindlessly into the nearest darkened classroom and collapsed onto a chair, wincing from the cuts on my bum but past caring. What could I do? I've never felt so helpless and it was only Tuesday.

After a while, still feeling sorry for myself but with nothing else to do, I went to the clothes box. Inside was a handcuff key, so I had to find someone to undo me. Then I went straight to the hospital.

Samantha, part 4

Program WEEK TWO

TUESDAY

Sorry this section of my journal is late. I couldn't write anything Tuesday evening, so I had to write it on Wednesday.

I woke up early, feeling happy. If that sounds strange to you, it sounds even stranger to me. I never wake up happy. I get woken up by mum yelling at me. Then she finds every little thing that she can to moan about until I leave for school.

School was a refuge from home. But after once bringing a friend home to find mum half drunk and swearing at both me and the friend, I never did that again. It was easier to avoid people and not have friends.

I wasn't much good at school, especially in maths and sciences. When we'd had a maths exercise about running a bank account, everyone had laughed at me, because I'd made such a mess of it. Every time I had to take account of a cheque, I'd added it to the balance instead of taking it away.

So I learned not to be noticed. I was good at that, so good that when someone organised a class party they forgot to invite me. I mean that, they weren't trying to be horrible, they forgot I was in the class. They were so apologetic that they made me feel even worse!

And no, I didn't go to the party. I don't go out any more. Since I started at senior school, Mum became obsessed that I was "slutting around", as she put it, every time I went out in the evenings. If I did go out I spent the evening worrying about the scene when I'd get home. In the end it was just easier not to go out at all.

The only thing I loved was music, any kind of music. Luckily, apart from being invisible, it was the other thing I was good at. I'm told I have perfect pitch and I love to sing. Some of the other girls in the school choir have tried to make friends with me, but I'm the loner. I didn't try to make them understand, it was easier to keep them away.

And now this Program. Suddenly I was the centre of attention almost everywhere I went. I'd had to let anyone look at my breasts or pussy or arsehole all day. Today would be worse as I'd have to let them touch me, or grope me to be more accurate. A total nightmare.

And yet I woke up happy. I had friends. Friends that cared enough to waste an evening to help me, when all I had done was call them nasty names. Okay, we were supposed to support each other but they cared, I could sense that. And suddenly today wasn't the nightmare I'd been dreading. I even smiled at breakfast.

Of course Mum jumped on me for that, "I suppose that stupid grin is because you're dreaming of being with all those boys all day now you have the perfect excuse to be everything you should be ashamed to be."

Not even Mum could destroy my mood this morning. "Mum. I have real friends for the first time and I don't care what happens today." Why did I bother to answer her? I knew she'd twist everything I said against me.

Sure enough. "Boyfriends you mean," she started. "How many have you slept with already?"

I laughed and nearly choked on my cereal. By the time I'd finished coughing it was too late for an answer. And I didn't care. I got up from the table, got my bag, said "Bye, Mum," and kissed her goodbye.

She was too stunned to answer. If shocking her into silence was that easy, I'd have to kiss her goodbye more often.

I was already learning that when you're in the Program, the weirdest thoughts occur to you. I was on the bus and wondering what everyone's reaction would be if I did some outreach and stripped off right now. The thought was so tempting that I decided, "Yes, I'll do it."

I took off my jumper and tie, then started on the buttons of my blouse. I'd undone half of them when I noticed a couple of boys staring at me and chickened out. I was about to do the buttons up again, but stopped myself. No. Let them look. I spent the rest of the journey trying to summon the courage to undo more buttons, but couldn't find it.

Of course when I got off the bus, they followed me. Hardly surprising as they went to my school, so I guess they were gonna see me anyway.

SHIT! I was the first one there. Oh God, don't say I have to do this alone. Then Gerald turned up. He hadn't been at the petting party (as Shelley had called it) last night, so he was surprised to see me with my blouse already half undone. "Hi, Samantha. How are you doing?" he said as he kicked off his shoes and began to unzip his trousers.

I put my jumper and tie into my clothes box and reached for the buttons of my blouse. My hands were shaking as I realised that I wasn't as confident as I'd felt earlier, especially as I was now surrounded by boys who were already chanting, "Off, Off, Off." Gerald was surrounded by so many girls that I couldn't see him. After everything that had been said last night, I was alone.

None of the other girls were here and where was the teacher that was supposed to be protecting us?

The chant had changed. "What do we want?" "TITS!" "When do we want 'em?" "NOW!" I fumbled with a button and couldn't get it undone. "TITS, TITS, TITS, TITS...."

"No you don't," said a familiar voice and my hands were pulled away from my buttons. Suzie, thank God. I breathed a sigh of relief.

She bent her mouth to my ear and said loudly. "Remember, follow my lead, do what I do."

She began to kiss my ear and then moved round to kiss me on the mouth. I kissed her back and the chanting around us died down.

She unbuttoned the rest of my blouse and stroked me as she slipped it off my shoulders and arms, then put it in the box. "Now me," she said.

I pulled her jumper over her head and unbuttoned her blouse. My hands weren't shaking any more. She pulled us together for another kiss, this time her hands running up and down my back. I did the same to her.

Then she pushed me away and turned me around. She had my skirt unzipped and at my feet in seconds, but she didn't stop there. While I was turned away from her she smoothly undid my bra and quickly pulled it off. All eyes were staring at my boobs, so I was glad when she turned me around again and turned her back to me to take off her skirt and bra.

Now we faced each other again and she bent her head down to kiss from my neck down to my boobs. The boys were entranced. I pushed her up so I could kiss her boobs. One of her hands was inside her knickers, then she took it out and put it in my mouth. I could taste her on her fingers.

Now her hand was inside my knickers, her fingers beginning to probe me. I could feel boys pressed up behind me.

"Hey," Suzie shouted. "If you want to see more, you'll have to give us some space." They actually tripped over each other as they backed off a few feet. I couldn't suppress a giggle.

She suddenly stopped and slipped off her knickers. She held them to the nose of the nearest boy, then threw them into the crowd.

If I went home without knickers it would confirm Mum's every thought about me. That was enough to make me want to do it. I pulled them down without another thought. My God! She'd managed to make me wet. They were soaked. A sudden dirty thought crossed my mind and I held them to my nose and inhaled my own scent.

I saw one of the boys that had stared at me on the bus and I wiped them over his mouth and nose. I looked down and felt pleased that he was in obvious discomfort in his trousers. "You want these?" I asked. He nodded eagerly so I pushed my knickers down the front of his trousers.

Suzie took charge again. "Lift one leg up, " she instructed. When I did, she lifted it higher and I fell back slightly. Many hands caught me. Now she was licking me, THERE. I could already feel myself cumming. Then she stuck two fingers into my pussy and withdrew them straightaway then wiped my own juices over my arsehole before inserting them slightly, then taking them out again.

I knelt down in front of her and got my first close-up look at another girl's pussy. I kissed it lightly, then used my fingers to hold her open as I licked her for the first time. I had the crazy desire to force as much of my tongue into her as I could and I felt her body react.

At that moment I was distracted. As I was bent down to Suzie I was basically presenting my other end as an easy target, and of course, it wasn't ignored for long. I felt a finger playing with my clit. That was too much after my orgasm, so I reached behind and pushed his finger into me. At least that wasn't QUITE so hypersensitive.

Poor Suzie. My unexpected pause had lost it for her. I tried my best to rekindle it with my fingers, but the moment had passed. The bell went.

I got up (with difficulty). "Sorry," I said, "I was startled by a guy's finger on my clit."

She smiled ruefully. "That's okay, but you owe me one."

"I'll look forward to it," I replied, shocking myself as I realised that I would.

Maybe Mum knows me better than I thought, I wondered. Maybe somewhere deep inside there really is a slut trying to get out. Just like Heather, I thought, smiling to myself. At that moment I spotted Heather and Shelley for the first time as the boys who had been surrounding each of them drifted away. Shelley looked a right state. She'd obviously been having fun too.

Shelley saw my smile and looked questioningly at me.

This time yesterday the thought of being a slut would have terrified and disgusted me. Now if anything, it amused me.

Another silly thought crossed my mind. If Heather's the "Superslut", Heather and Shelley together are "The Slutsisters" and Suzie is "Supertongue", I wonder what they'll be calling me by the end of the week. And isn't it time Laura had a nickname too?

We were allowed to skip assembly if we needed to shower after the morning groping. It was officially called the Morning Display, but after Heather's first week nobody called it that any more, even the staff.

I certainly needed a shower and wasn't surprised to find the other girls in the boys shower with me.

"You ready for today?" asked Shelley brightly. "You seemed to be okay just now."

"Yeah, thanks to Suzie," I replied. "I hardly got bothered. Somehow I don't think the rest of the day will be quite that easy. But I'll be okay." I flashed her a smile.

As it happens, I was right. In the first lesson I was able to concentrate, and it was Maths of all things. I even answered a question and to everyone's surprise, including mine, got it right.

My first real test on my own came between the first and second lesson. I had hardly got out of the classroom before I was surrounded by boys wanting reasonable requests.

Almost before I'd said "Yes" to the first he put his hand on my pussy. Another wanted to kiss me. Was that a reasonable request? Nothing I'd read mentioned that. Hell, what difference did it make? I was quite glad I'd said yes as it was nice. Not earth-shatteringly mind-blowingly nice, but nice. While he was kissing me, I felt a mouth on one of my nipples, then another on my other. Someone was grabbing at my bum a little roughly too.

The finger was removed from my pussy and others replaced it. Breaking the kiss, I looked down to see three different boys each with a finger in me, the two who were sucking on my boobs and one other.

They were making me a little sore and I backed off a little. The lesson bell went and I pulled away with relief.

Five minutes survived, I thought.

The second, longer, break was more difficult. "Can you bend over and show us your bum?" What choice did I have?

When he promptly stuck fingers into my pussy, I straightened up. "Ask first," I said angrily.

"I want to finger you," he replied.

"No," I said.

"But you have to," he argued.

"You've had one request, it's someone else's turn." I turned to a shy-looking boy and asked him, "Do you have a reasonable request?"

He nodded. "Can I finger you?"

"Yes, if you're gentle."

He carefully stuck a finger into me, looking at me is if I was about to bite him at any moment. "You can be a little harder than that," I told him.

Another wanted to feel my bum. He went straight for my arsehole and tried to put a finger in me. As "feel your bum" seemed to mean stick a finger up there, I told him, "Make your finger wet first."

He licked his finger and began to put it into my arse, carefully, thank God.

While this was going on, another was stroking my boobs with both hands. When he pulled on my nipples I cried out, "Hey, I'm attached."

"Okay, enough," I said. "I need a quick shower before the next lesson. Anyone want to help?" I'd said THAT?

Needless to say I wasn't short of volunteers. I had the advantage of being naked and they were trying to keep their uniforms dry so I wasn't groped in the shower. I did get lots of help drying myself, especially certain parts.

I had Art next and was surprised to be told to choose my own position. I sat on a table with my knees drawn up to my chest, feet together and rested my head on my knees. That is more comfortable than it sounds. Someone clicked with a digital camera and at the end of the session when the photo was displayed on the computer I realised that it wasn't as modest as I'd thought. From slightly to either side of my feet you could clearly see my pussy lips between my legs. After what I'd done this morning did it really make any difference?

We were all gathered in the dining hall, except Laura, and talking about the rumour that Laura had had a fight with Ghastly (Gordon), when she was led into the room by Mr. Graham and Ghastly. There were also rumours of a video.

She looked scared and resigned. Until that moment I'd thought of her as tough as steel, the invulnerable one. She didn't look that way now.

There was a collective gasp when they put her hands behind her back and handcuffed them because she'd been covering herself. Then Nurse appeared with scissors and began to cut off her lovely long hair for the same reason. I have long hair, though not as long as Laura's, and I could imagine my feelings if someone cut mine.

Nurse missed her vocation. She actually made a good job of the cut, much to Ghastly's displeasure going by the look on her face, and left Laura's hair still quite long, but above her boobs.

That was bad enough, but then they bent her over a table and caned her. I could see her gritting her teeth determined not to cry out. I don't know how many strokes they gave her, but on the final one she let out a strangled cry.

Heather and Shelley were speaking to Jed, looking as shocked as I felt. Mr. Graham and Ghastly left the room leaving Laura still bent over the table. Laura looked towards our table, her face streaked with tears. I froze. If they could break Laura like that, what chance did any of us have?

Suzie and Christopher pushed past me and ran to help Laura. They led her quickly out of the dining hall and a buzz of conversation started all around us.

I swear I wanted to go and help Laura, but she'd be okay with Suzie and Christopher, I reasoned. Liar, I accused myself. You just can't handle her pain. It was true. I got through life by trying not to feel. This was too raw. And it was Laura. Not only one of my new friends, but one I thought was like a rock. I didn't even want to think about it.

Nobody approached our table the whole of that lunchtime. The whole school seemed to have gone into shock. Suzie and Christopher brought Laura back and she stood while Suzie fed Laura. None of us said a word. What can you say when there is nothing to say?

No, that's another excuse. I was scared to say anything in case I made her cry again. But she seemed almost zombie-like, going through the physical motions of eating while not really being there at all.

I don't remember anything from that afternoon's lessons, but I didn't get a single reasonable request in the breaks in between them. The shock from lunchtime seemed to have had the effect of making everyone avoid me, and probably the others as well.

I had choir practice after school. My singing was lifeless. Mr. Tyler, the music teacher and choirmaster was understanding. "I know you probably don't feel like singing joyfully today," he said kindly. "I hope you are feeling better on Thursday night."

THURSDAY NIGHT! THURSDAY NIGHT! The words went through me like I'd been hit by a train. How could I have forgotten? I'd been dreaming about it for months. I ran. I ran into the first darkened room I found. Thursday night. Why did it have to be THIS week?

Sorry, I'm rambling. Thursday night was the regional semi-finals of the inter-school choir competition. Not only would Mum be there, but she'd got tickets for neighbours, family I'd hardly heard of. Her daughter was going to be a star. Something I did that she was actually proud of. We'd even be on live TV. And I had the main solo all to myself.

And I'd have to do it naked.

I can't do this, I thought, my mind in a whirl. Why me? Why this week? I could picture Mum's face of disgust reflected in our relatives and neighbours.

I'd dreamed of this for months and they'd ruined it for me. No music producer would take me seriously after this, at least only the ones that thought having a naked singer would make songs sell well. My life was over. Thank you, Program.

I walked to the kitchen in a trance, took a knife and slowly slit my left wrist. I don't even remember any pain. With my right hand over the cut, I ran to the toilets, sat down and bolted the door.

I should have written a note, I thought. Make someone realise what they'd done to me. Nobody would find me until the morning.

At that thought I began to feel frightened and also began to feel the pain. I let out a sob as I watched my life drip away onto the floor. I put my right hand over my left wrist. Seconds later the door came flying open and Laura was there.

"I've done something silly. Please help me," I said like an idiot.

She tried to reach my wrist, but her hands were still cuffed behind her. "Sam. Grip your arm just above the cut and at the same time try to put pressure on the cut to stop the bleeding. Lift that hand high above your head. I'll have to get help."

I did as she said but just knew it was too late, "Laura, I'm scared," I said.

She ran out to get help, but was back in moments. I was beginning to drift away. I was caught in a whirlpool of blood and it was spinning faster and faster drawing me down into the hole in the centre. The more I fought, the closer I got.

In the distance I heard her voice telling me to stay awake, then a sharp pain as she kicked my leg brought me back to reality. "You must concentrate. Nurse will be here any minute."

I looked at her hopelessly, "I'm sorry."

"You'll be alright, I promise you," she replied.

Suddenly there was Nurse and a crowd of people. Everyone was talking at once and then everything became quiet and everything went black. The last thought I remember was how stupid it was to die like this.

I woke up surrounded by bright lights. My wrist was bandaged and throbbed painfully. There was a tube running into my other arm, obviously I was having a blood transfusion. I later learned that they had first given me two units of something they called plasma and this now was the second unit of blood.

"Hi, Deary." I recognised that voice. It was Nurse.

"Hi, Nurse," I said.

"You want to tell me what this was all about?"

So I told her. I mean I told her everything. About my life, Mum, my singing, the choir and how Thursday night was going to ruin my career before it even started.

I learned that the doctors wanted to admit me to a Psycho ward for observation for a week or so and that after that I'd be given a medical exemption from the Program.

I'd never have to do this again. Relief surged over me. It was over.

"I'm going to get a cup of tea," she said smiling. "Your friends are here to see you." After she went out, Laura, Suzie and Shelley came in.

"So you're out of the Program?" said Suzie.

"Yes," I grinned, then felt guilty. "I let you all down."

"No, you didn't," said Laura.

"Why did you do it?" asked Shelley.

"On Thursday night I am singing in the national school choir semi-finals," I explained. "It could make or break any singing career I have. And I suddenly realised that I'd have to do it naked. Nobody would take me seriously after that, not even our choir."

"Why not?" said Suzie. "Do you really think that any serious recording company is going to give up the chance of a good singer just because she happened to have been forced to sing naked once?"

"Especially with all the publicity you'll get them," finished Laura.

"I hadn't thought of that," I admitted.

Laura looked me in the eyes and said, "Sam, I'm sorry. We let you down. I let you down."

"No," I protested.

At that point Heather came in, her eyes were red, she'd been crying.

"You nearly died because I couldn't help you because of those damned handcuffs," Laura continued. "And I had them on because I was stupid. I gave Ghastly Gordon exactly the chance she wanted. And none of us were there for you when you needed us."

"You didn't know about Thursday because I forgot about it and didn't tell you. If anyone was stupid it was me." A thought crossed my mind. "When I come out of hospital, now I'm not going to be in the Program any more, will you still be my friends?"

They looked at me like I had two heads or something.

"Of course we will," said Shelley.

"Do you really think you can lose us that easily?" asked Laura.

"Even if you do make me lose my bet," said Heather.

"Anyway," said Suzie with a grin, "Program or no Program, you owe me one, remember?" I laughed and Suzie had to explain to the others what she meant.

Hey, wait a minute, I shouted to myself. "What bet?" I asked Heather.

Shelley answered with glee. "Heather bet the school that next Monday if she asked how many girls wanted to be in the Program, and there was less than twenty, she'd stay in the Program for the rest of the term."

"And after today, there's no WAY she's gonna win that bet," finished Suzie, grinning almost as much as Shelley was.

"It doesn't matter," Heather laughed, "I'm probably going to lose anyway, thanks to Ghastly Gordon."

"Sorry to ask what you've probably already told the others," said Heather, "but you were doing so well this morning, so why did you do it?"

"I was a soloist in the semi-finals of the national school choir competition on Thursday night," I answered. "And I suddenly realised that I'd have to do it naked and basically freaked out. It's so important to my career and I thought it was ruined forever."

"So what happens now?" she asked.

"They want to admit me to a psycho ward for a week, then I'll be exempt from the Program."

"Will they let you out to sing in the choir on Thursday if you're stuck in a psycho ward?" asked Heather.

I hadn't thought of that. After all this, I couldn't give that up now.

"The school nurse would probably know," said Laura. "She's in the canteen."

"Laura," said Heather, "can you fetch Nurse from the canteen? I think we'd better find out if Sam can still sing."

"Okay," she replied and went off.

"Sorry to change the subject," Heather continued, "But I've got an idea how to get those handcuffs off of Laura tomorrow. But I'll need your help."

She explained her idea and we all thought it was great.

"In case it doesn't work, don't say anything to Laura," she begged.

A minute or so later Laura was back with Nurse.

"No, if you're in hospital, you won't be able to sing at the contest," she said.

"But Nurse, I have to," I protested. "Do I have to stay in hospital?"

"They won't want to let you out until they are sure you aren't going to harm yourself again," she replied. "And anyway, if you don't stay here, you won't get the Program exemption."

Ouch.

Three more days of the Program for a chance of stardom?

No big decision.

"I want to go back to school. I have to sing in that contest," I said firmly.

Nurse shook her head. "I don't think they'll let you out."

"Please, Nurse," I begged, "Explain to them it was just a silly reaction and..."

A man in a dark suit came in.

"What was a silly reaction?" he asked. "I'm Dr. Gilbert by the way, duty registrar for Psychiatry. I have to assess you for admission."

"Thursday night I'm singing the main solo in a National contest. This afternoon I suddenly realised that because it's a school event I'll have to do it naked. I freaked out, panicked. That's all it was."

"All it was?" he asked. "From your notes I see that it nearly killed you."

"You can't admit me. I have to sing in this contest. It's the most important thing in the world to me."

"And what happens for the rest of your week in the Program? How can I be sure you won't try something else?"

"Look," I tried to explain. "I panicked because I thought I'd lose everything if I had to sing naked on Thursday. That nobody would ever take me as a serious singer. As the girls pointed out, if anything it will make companies want me if only for the publicity. Do you really think I'd do anything to give that up?"

He looked at me, his face obviously showing a conflict.

"And Nurse will be around if I need help before then, won't you, Nurse?"

She nodded.

"I'll have to discuss it with your Mother," he said.

"She refused to come," said Nurse. "Sorry, Deary."

"Even if you have support at school, I can't let you go out to a situation where you obviously have no support at home," he decided firmly. "I'm sorry. I can't take that risk."

"Then she's coming home with us," said a voice from behind him.

We turned to see a woman in a wheelchair..

"And you are?" he asked.

"The mother of this one," she said, grabbing Laura around the waist. "And a Registered Nurse, both general and mental illness, with post-graduate qualifications in counselling and about ten years' experience in crisis counselling."

He looked surprised.

She continued, "We've met before, if you remember. I'm on the board of the local Rape Crisis helpline and support association and I spoke at your last conference on crisis counselling."

Now he looked impressed.

"Now, if you can ask the casualty doctors if this girl is fit to go, I'll take her home now."

Dr. Gilbert considered this carefully. I could hardly breathe while I and the others waited silently.

"First, I must make some conditions," he finally responded. My heart leapt. She'd done it, he'd given in.

"Can you arrange to take her to school and pick her up afterwards?" he asked Laura's mum.

"No problem."

"Okay. Now then, young lady," he continued, addressing me. "I'm taking a serious risk letting you go, do you understand?"

I nodded.

"If I let you go, you are still legally under my care and my patient. I am placing you in the care of Mrs..."

"Townley," interjected Laura.

"Mrs. Townley. That solves any objections from your mother." He went on. "After school you go straight home with Mrs. Townley and you stay there and do not go out alone. If you go out, you must be with one of these fellow participants or Mrs. Townley."

He turned to the girls, "Girls, if you go out with Samantha, you will not leave her alone for a minute, agreed?"

"We'll stick to her like glue," promised Shelley. He smiled.

"In school, your nurse will work out a routine for you so that you aren't left alone any more than necessary."

"Okay," I said.

"And there's one more condition." He tried to look sternly at me as he paused but failed. "Get me a ticket for Thursday night."

"Okay, no problem."

"Now I'd better see these casualty doctors and convince them that I haven't lost MY mind. Don't make me regret this decision, promise me?"

"I promise."

"Mrs. Townley, I'd like to see her in my office here at 6pm on Friday night, if you can manage that. Then we'll try to decide what to do after that." I must have looked cross because he continued, "When I said we, I meant you, Samantha, but with our help." I nodded.

Half an hour later they'd finished giving me blood and I was soon on my way to Laura's.

Laura loaned me a night-dress to put on as I didn't have any clothes. After something to eat, Laura's mum shooed us up to bed.

"Mrs. Townley," I began. "Thank you."

"Come here," she ordered. I walked to her chair and she put an arm around me and pulled me down for a hug.

I shared a room with Laura, apparently she often had friends to stay overnight. I wanted to talk about our plans for tomorrow, but remembered just in time that I'd promised to say nothing.

"Laura," I called.

"Yeah?" she said sleepily.

"Your mum's fantastic."

"Yeah, she is."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

Suzie, part 5

Program WEEK TWO

TUESDAY

If I'd woken up scared yesterday, today I woke up excited. I'm Suzie and I'm in the Program.

I woke up thinking about everything that had happened yesterday. The Program had opened so many possibilities to me.

I couldn't help thinking about Daisy and felt myself getting wet imagining (planning?) what I was going to do with her.

Then there was last night and how exciting it had been having cute little Shelley whimpering under my touch, and having Sam's incredibly gentle hands on my boobs.

Sam looked so innocent that I felt an evil temptation to teach her every dirty thing I was learning. Of course she hadn't looked so innocent with Stephen's cum all over her face.

Stephen. That thought made me shiver with pleasure. He'd wanted to walk home naked with me, but I wasn't brave enough for that yet so we just walked, but not straight home.

It was a hot night and we walked down to the river, a known place for couples to make out. Fine by me, and obviously losing his virginity earlier in the day had left him wanting more.

We kissed and I felt him grab my bum so I ground myself on his cock. Then he picked me up and I relaxed in his arms waiting to see what he would do next.

With a tremendous splash I felt the shock of cold water. For a second I thought he'd thrown me in the river, then I realised that he was STILL holding me. He'd simply jumped in with me, clothes and all.

We stood up. "You're too hot," he explained with a grin. "I wanted to shag you senseless, but I want it to last." He bent down to kiss me and I pushed hard, sending him flying into the water while I ran out onto the bank.

Some of the other couples around were laughing. He came out after me and I saw how his trousers clung to him making his cock seem enormous and his shirt emphasised the strong muscles of his chest.

With a shock I realised that my own white top was equally see-through, not that anyone seemed to mind.

Stephen began to unzip my jeans but I protested. "It's one thing kissing and playing and stuff, but we can't do IT with everyone here."

He stopped and called out to those around, "Does anyone have any objections if I take this little tease and fuck her brains out?"

I was somewhere between shocked at his words and giggling at the thought.

"See," he said triumphantly. "No objections," and began to pull my jeans down. Or at least he tried to, they were stuck to me like glue, so he picked me up and gently laid me down on the grass, and tugged at my jeans again. Finally he managed to get them off and I lay on the grass naked from the waist down (I hadn't worn underwear to the petting party, it seemed a bit pointless).

He pulled my legs apart and knelt between them and slowly (so slowly!) unbuttoned my top, then got impatient and pulled me up to a sitting position to pull it over my head.

"Not fair," I said.

"What's not fair?"

"I'm naked and you've still got clothes on." Before he had a chance to answer I stood up and began to unbutton his shirt, teasing him by going even slower than he had and kissing his chest after each button.

"We'll be late for school at this rate!" he complained.

"Guys!" I shouted to our audience. "Always in a hurry. A naked girl undressing him and he's still not satisfied." They laughed.

He took off his shirt and I undid his trousers. They came off easier than mine, leaving him standing in his boxers.

"Hmm, what have we in here?" I said, holding them open, then putting my hand inside and squeezing him gently. He groaned and I yanked his boxers down hard.

"Any of you girls wanna feel of this?" I called out. "He's in the Program so he can't say no." (Yes I knew when I said it that that didn't apply out here, but it was fun to tease him after what he'd just done to me.)

One of the boys pushed the girl he was with, "Go on, I can see you want to."

She got up and came over and grabbed his cock. Her boyfriend had followed her and as she played with Stephen's cock he took the opportunity to put his own hands up her skirt and pull down her knickers. He moved her legs apart and began to lick her pussy. I unzipped his trousers and pulled them down enough so I could fish out his cock and took it into my mouth.

The girl did the same to Stephen and I let go of the boy's cock and pushed him away from his girlfriend for a moment, so I could take over licking her.

Not to be put off, her boyfriend went behind me and began to finger me like crazy.

Finally Stephen stopped us by pushing the girl away. "I'm going to cum and the only place I want to do that is right here," he said, putting his hand on my pussy.

I lay down and spread my legs in invitation. He entered my, by now, sopping wet pussy and began to fuck me, hard. Soon he was filling me with his cum and he got up and collapsed on the grass, leaving me still spreadeagled with his cum dripping obscenely out of my pussy.

The girl hadn't finished though and said, "I've never been with a girl before, so the least you can do is finish me off. She positioned herself over my face so I could lick her pussy, then she bent forward and held me wide open as she began licking the combination of my juices and Stephen's cum from my pussy.

I motioned her boyfriend to come over and opened her pussy for him to enter her. He was so turned on it didn't take a minute for him to begin pumping his seed, firstly into her pussy, then over my face as he pulled out.

I clamped my mouth on her pussy and used my tongue to extract every last drop of their combined cummings.

When we finally disengaged we actually got a round of applause.

The girl looked embarrassed at what she'd just done, and I could feel myself blushing too.

"Hi, I'm Suzie," I said.

"I'm Kimari," she replied.

"Nice to meet you." I grinned at her and continued, "Or should that be, nice to EAT you?"

She laughed.

We all four went skinny dipping to clean off. I got dressed but the wet clothes felt uncomfortable and cold, so I took them off again and walked home naked. Stephen left me at my door with a mouth-sizzling kiss that promised more fun to come. (Should that be more to cum?)

So that explains my good mood this morning. After all if I hadn't been in the Program I would never have really met Stephen, would I?

I thought I'd be first to school, but as I walked in the gate I could hear "TITS TITS TITS TITS TITS" from a crowd of boys. Samantha was all alone and obviously scared. So much for the supervising teacher we'd been promised.

I pushed my way through to find the poor kid, shaking as she tried to undress. I pulled her hands away from the buttons she was fumbling with and said "Oh no you don't".

I feel Sam relax a little with relief.

I put my mouth to her ear and told her to follow my lead. I nibbled at her ear to hide that I was talking to her, then began to kiss her.

I slipped off her blouse and pushed our way to her clothes box to put it in there. When she'd taken off my jumper and blouse we kissed again. I began to run my fingers up and down her back. She did the same to me. Like last night her gentle touch sent a tantalising feeling through me.

I pushed her away and slipped off her skirt and bra, then turned her to me so she could undress me.

I began to kiss her boobs as I'd wanted to last night. She was looking at me with such gratitude that I felt bad. I wasn't doing this just for her, but for me too. I began to finger myself while I kissed and licked her cute boobs.

I took my hand from my pussy and put it in her mouth, much to her surprise, then I slipped my hand into her knickers and quickly found her entrance.

She opened her legs slightly to give me access and I slipped a finger up into her warmth.

I told the boys to give us space if they wanted to see more and they rushed backwards.

I stopped fingering Sam briefly and slipped off my knickers. I held them to the nose of the nearest boy. He made a show of inhaling deeply so I wiped them over his face then threw them to the crowd.

Sam pulled her own knickers down and held them to her own nose, breathing in deeply. She offered them to a boy and put them down his trousers. I'm sure that she had a quickly fondle of his cock while she did it.

"Lift a leg up," I ordered and when she did I pulled her leg higher until she fell backwards into the arms of the boys behind her.

I finally tasted that pussy I'd wanted to last night. Like Shelley she was so sweet and SO wet. I think she was as excited as I was. I alternated between toying with her clit and sticking my tongue deep into her until I felt her erupt beneath my tongue.

Before she had a chance to recover I stuck two fingers deep into her pussy, them wiped her juices over her arsehole and pushed my fingers in her arse.

When I took them out, she knelt down in front of me. She gently kissed my pussy then held me wide open and startled me by slipping her tongue deep into me. My God girl, any deeper and you'll be tickling my tonsils.

Suddenly she stopped licking me and the orgasm I had nearly reached faded away. SHIT Samantha. She apologised. A guy had startled her with his finger in her. She tried to get me going again with her fingers, but the moment had passed.

"You owe me one," I told her.

In the shower Shelley asked Sam how she was coping and she said "Fine, thanks to Suzie," which was nice.

My first lesson was Geography with Mr. Graham, a class I shared with Heather. She'd asked for relief, but ignored my offer and chose one of the boys instead. She was obvious as badly off as I was as she came incredibly quickly.

Then I asked for relief and chose another boy. He went down on me while Heather leaned over and played with my boobs, flicking my nipples with her tongue and kissing them.

I was determined to last longer than Heather had done, so the boy got me to lie flat on the desk and hold my legs with my hands.

Then he stuck his tongue into my arsehole, all the time fingering my pussy. When I came he carried on licking, then moved up to my pussy to drink everything he could. Then he put all four fingers of one hand into me and scooped out the last of my juices and sucked them from his fingers leaving me gaping open and exhausted on the table.

For some reason I didn't get much work done in Geography.

By lunchtime there were all sorts of rumours flying around about Laura and Ghastly Gordon. We found out the truth when she was pushed into the dining hall, handcuffs clipped around her wrists and her wonderful hair cut short.

That was bad enough, but then they caned her. They caned her so hard I thought they'd kill her. I could almost feel every stroke.

Then the bastards walked out and left her crying on the table, unable to get up. I ran to her, and Christopher followed me. We quickly led her out of there.

In the shower I directed cold water at her poor bum, crossmarked with red marks, already beginning to go an angry purple.

None of us said a word as she clung to us crying. It was awful. I wanted to say something, anything, but there was nothing to say.

As well as feeling so bad for Laura, I began to worry for myself. If they could break Laura like this, what chance did the rest of us stand?

When she'd begun to calm down, I told her that she must have something to eat, so we led her back to the almost silent dining hall.

She couldn't sit and couldn't feed herself, so she stood while I fed her.

The lesson bell went but I couldn't leave her.

"You'll get into trouble," she argued.

"I don't care," I replied.

She insisted that she would go to her lesson and I should go to mine.

"Just remember we love you," I told her and we kissed, not gently, but with a tremendous hunger.

When she said that we had to go, but we'd continue it later, I said, "I'll hold you to that."

The school was in the same state of shock that I was, almost as if someone had died.

I didn't get a single request, reasonable or otherwise all afternoon.

A while after I got home, I had a phone call from Shelley. Sam had slit her wrist and was in hospital. She was okay, but we were meeting there.

While Laura was sent away to fetch the school nurse from the canteen, Heather explained a risky plan to help Laura. Shelley and Sam immediately agreed to it, so I had to agree as well, but it scared the life out of me. If it went wrong, we'd probably all be treated as Laura had been.

I knew that I would not wake up tomorrow morning as happy and carefree as I had this morning.

Heather, part 12

WEEK TWO

TUESDAY

If I was proud of my sister yesterday for the way she'd thought of how to help Samantha, I am less proud of myself today. Let's face it, I went with Laura and Jed to help Samantha at lunchtime yesterday because I felt I had to. I went to the petting party last night because I couldn't really get out of it when all I wanted was a good time with Jed. Actually, I had a good time anyway but that's beside the point.

And to cap it all, today I let down the best friend I have in the world and at the time it didn't even bother me.

What's happening to me? Suzie used to be a real bitch and didn't care about anyone. Now she's becoming really sweet, always thinking of the rest of us, while I, if not becoming a bitch, am certainly caring less and becoming someone I don't like very much.

The day started like any other day. Shelley was excitedly looking forward to her first "official" groping as she put it, (how can you have an official groping?) and wondering what she'd be able to do today that she hadn't tried yet.

When we got to school some of the others had already arrived, judging by the crowd and the noise of chanting. We couldn't see who it was though.

I'd have been quite happy to strip off and walk into the Assembly hall unnoticed (fat chance), but of course I was with Shelley. Never one to simply stay in the background, Shelley yelled at the top of her voice, "Okay folks, the slutsisters are here." Shelley looks slight, but when she shouts she could replace a foghorn. I was expecting noise complaints from France any minute.

Once we were both naked, she walked away from me and a crowd formed around each of us. "Can I feel your boobs," asked one of the younger boys.

"Sure," I said. He hesitated, so I took both his hands and placed them on my boobs. He stood there motionless. "They won't break if you rub them or play with them," I said.

He squeezed, a little too hard actually, then ran his hands all over them, then starting pulling on my nipples and rolling them between his fingers.

I pulled his head down to my boobs. "They like being sucked too, you know." He fastened his mouth around one nipple and his teeth scratched me. "Careful. Your teeth can hurt. Would you like my teeth scraping your cock?"

"No," he shook his head.

"Well, try to avoid teeth on a girl's boobs for the same reason. Okay it doesn't exactly hurt, but it's not likely to turn her on. Try again."

He was better the second time. "Remember I have two tits!"

When he went from one to the other, another boy leaned nearer and said, "Room for one more?"

"Sure."

Even in a ridiculous situation like this, having a guy on each boob licking and sucking is kinda dreamy.

But when, after a few minutes the second boy left, I said to the first, "I'd better give some of the other guys a turn, okay?" He gave my nipples one final, very wet lick each and moved back.

"I wanna feel your pussy," called another boy.

Someone had actually done some thinking since last week. There were chairs out here now, so I sat down and spread my legs. The first boy looked longingly but didn't move any closer.

"Why don't you sit down by my pussy and watch me get fingered?" I suggested.

The older boy waited, surprisingly patient as the first boy sat.

"Now first you want to open her up and just stroke her like this," the older one explained. I was a bit amused at the impromptu Sex Education lesson. I smiled at the look on the smaller boy's face, then my expression probably changed. FUCK! This guy was good.

"See this? This is her clitoris. It can be very sensitive." He wasn't kidding.

"Why don't you touch it?" he continued, glancing up at me to ask if it was okay. I nodded.

The younger boy was less gentle, so he said, "Very gently."

I'm thinking, "Sod the lesson, I want your magic finger back," but I was a good girl and said nothing.

He took over again and gently alternated between rubbing my clit and stroking over and between my lips.

He took the younger boy's hand again and put his finger right at my entrance. "Now if you feel here, you can see she's getting wet. That means she's getting turned on, excited."

"Have you ever had your finger in a pussy before?"

He looked awe-struck, "No," he croaked.

The older boy put one of the younger one's fingers into me all the way. I felt myself tense around it. So did he by the look of surprise on his face. He pushed his finger in and out until the older boy said "Now here at the front, inside her, is a sensitive place called the g-spot. Rubbing on that really gets her going. Watch her face, you'll know when you find it."

He found it, but wasn't exactly skilful at getting me going.

"Okay, let me have a go," said the older boy, then to me, "May I?"

"Do what the fuck you like, just for God's sake bring me off before the Assembly bell goes."

He grinned and plunged two fingers into me. I felt so wet that he could have shoved his arm up me and I wouldn't have minded.

With his other hand he occasionally touched my clit while his fingers inside me moved faster and faster and faster.

As I grimaced, the younger boy said, "Stop, you're hurting her."

"No, don't stop," I begged.

As I came, he replaced his fingers with his tongue and it got even more intense.

"Sorry about that," he said. "I couldn't resist and you weren't in a fit state to ask if I could go down on you." I think I managed a weak smile, I'm not sure.

He put a couple of fingers in me again, then turned back to the younger boy and said, "Here, suck on these." The younger boy did as he was told.

"I think you need cleaning up," the older boy said. "Okay," he said as he turned to the younger boy, "You have to clean up after lessons, don't you? So lick Heather clean."

He didn't hesitate and his tongue wormed its way into every crevice. When he'd finished, the older boy had already disappeared so he politely said, "Thank you," and left.

The assembly bell had gone already and I was left alone until I got up and walked (staggered?) into the showers with the other girls.

There must be something about sex that having more of it makes you want even more of it, because by the end of the second lesson I was so horny I couldn't believe it.

A few clumsy fingers up me didn't turn me off but weren't enough to bring me off either. So in Geography, I had to tell Mr. Graham that I needed relief. Suzie was in this class as well and I think everyone assumed that we'd put on another show.

"Any of you boys want to help me out?" I asked. I picked one that I knew was okay and soon his fingers were buried deep inside me. He looked a little disappointed when I came so quickly.

That made Suzie decide that she wanted relief and as she was given relief by a different boy, I kissed her boobs and let my tongue dance around her nipples, so we both had red faces from our exertions when we returned to our seats.

Leaving for lunch, we were laughing about that when the boys arrived from their classes with a rumour they'd heard about Laura smashing something in Ghastly's class and walking out.

Suddenly Laura was being frog-marched into the dining hall. I watched with growing disbelief as she was handcuffed, then had her hair cut shorter, and finally was given six strokes of the cane.

I turned to Jed and Shelley. "Ghastly's got it in for us Program girls. First me last week, then Sam yesterday and now Laura. We've got to find a way to stop her."

"I could think of a way," said Jed grimly, "And if she picks on you again, I just might stop her permanently."

I was so pleased that I kissed him.

"I wonder who she'll pick on next," muttered Shelley, looking worried for the first time this week.

I suddenly realised that Suzie and Christopher had gone to Laura and were leading her away.

"We must try to think of something," I said. "This is getting way, way out of hand."

Jed, Shelley and I left the dining hall early to discuss more privately what we could do. None of us could think of anything constructive.

I couldn't concentrate in any of the lessons, trying desperately to think of something to do. Everyone knew that Mr. Graham would never stand up to Ghastly in a million years and we didn't know how long Dr. Reynolds (the headmaster) would be away.

In the last lesson of the day, I decided that we needed help. But who to turn to? I played the lunchtime scene back over in my mind then realised with a nauseating flash what I'd done, or not done.

I'd been so shocked and so busy discussing what to do that I'd left my best friend lying on the table alone, until thankfully Suzie and Christopher went to her. What was I thinking of? She hadn't needed plans to stop it happening to someone else, she'd needed a friend right then. And I'd ignored her. First, only helping Sam with some resentment yesterday, now totally ignoring my best friend at a time like that.

Then an even worse thought hit me. Yet again Laura was suffering because of me. The headmaster had wanted to deal with Gordon and at our meeting on Saturday I'd insisted that we could deal with it. Me and my fucking mouth! What was wrong with me?

I began crying, but even that felt false, like I was crying for me and not for what had happened to Laura.

At the end of school, I went to the staff room and asked for Mr. Thompson. He was on the cricket field, I was told, so I went out there. He was in the middle of the field as a match was still in progress, so I waited until it finished.

"Sir, I'm sorry to bother you when you're going home, but you said if we had any problems with anyone, we could come to you."

"Yes, of course, Heather. What can I do for you?" he asked. "Come into the pavilion and we can talk in peace."

I followed him into the pavilion and we both pulled up chairs and sat down.

"It's Ghast... Ms. Gordon," I began. He smiled at my accidental use of her nickname.

"I had guessed that."

"I don't even know what happened today, but you were in lunch and you saw what happened. Last week, she was horrid to me, then yesterday she was so bad to Samantha that we found her cowering in a corner unable to move after the lesson...." His face tensed at that.

"And then whatever happened this morning."

He interrupted me. "Actually after lunch I made it my business to find out exactly what did happen this morning." And he told me. I couldn't believe that she'd actually filmed us secretly and then played the DVD in class like that. No wonder Laura had freaked out.

"You may wonder why none of us staff have said or done anything, but you would be wrong." He went on to say, "I won't say what has been said or by whom, but I will say that a number of us have sent messages to Dr. Reynolds explaining what has been happening and expressing a lot of concern."

"And is he coming back soon?" I asked.

"As soon as he can, but the meetings and post-mortems about last week will take another day or two and they won't let him leave."

"We can't wait another day or two. Is there nobody who has the power to help us?"

"Staff wise?" He shook his head. "No. Mr. Graham won't listen to a word said against Ms. Gordon. But do you remember why the Headmaster has been called away?"

"Because of my rape I was told."

"Hmm, partly," he said, "but mainly because of all the media coverage following that. For a short while at least, you are a celebrity. You asked who has the power to help you. Right now, YOU have the power to help you."

"But what should I do?" I cried, still not believing that I could do anything.

"I can't tell you that. But if you think about it I'm sure you'll think of something." He smiled at me.

We walked back to the main building together. An ambulance was speeding away with sirens wailing and blue lights flashing. What had happened?

Two of the younger girls walked past us, crying. "A girl killed herself," one of them said.

"In the Program," added the other.

LAURA! I thought.

I turned to Mr. Thompson in panic. "I've got to go to the hospital," I said. I was shaking.

"Get your clothes on, I'll bring my car round and take you."

The hospital staff tried to keep us out until Mr. Thompson showed his teacher's security ID card, then they told us where to go. He found out that it was Samantha, not Laura, and she wasn't dead. "Have you got some change?" I asked. "I need to make some phone calls."

They took longer than I'd planned and when I got back from organising my plan everything overwhelmed me again and I just cried and cried. I dried my face and went to the ward where the other girls were around Sam's bed. Laura was blaming herself for not being able to help Sam.

Sam said that she wasn't going to be in the Program any more and I felt myself give a sigh of relief. At least that's one girl Gordon can't hurt any more.

Incredibly Sam was more worried that we wouldn't be her friends any more now she wasn't in the Program.

Shelley and Laura assured her that we would.

I tried to lighten the mood by saying, "Yes, even if you do make me lose my bet."

Suzie made some comment about Sam owing her one. Suzie explained briefly what she meant but I think I'll have to ask Sam more about that sometime.

"What bet?" Sam asked me, but before I had a chance to reply, Shelley chimed in with "Heather bet the school that next Monday if she asked how many girls wanted to be in the Program, and there was less than twenty, she'd stay in the Program for the rest of the term."

And Suzie finished with "And after today, there's no WAY she's gonna win that bet." She laughed.

I laughed with her. "It doesn't matter. I'm probably going to lose anyway, thanks to Ghastly Gordon."

"Sorry to ask what you've probably already told the others," I said, "but you were doing so well this morning, so why did you do it?"

"I was a soloist in the semi-finals of the national school choir competition on Thursday night," she answered. "And I suddenly realised that I'd have to do it naked and basically freaked out. It's so important to my career and I thought it was ruined forever."

She continued, "They want to admit me to a psycho ward for a week, then I'll be exempt from the Program."

A thought struck me. "Will they let you out to sing in the choir on Thursday if you're stuck in a psycho ward?"

It hadn't occurred to her either. Laura said that the school nurse was in the canteen, so I sent her to get Nurse to ask her opinion.

While she was away, I explained my plan to get Laura's handcuffs removed.

The others all loved the idea.

Nurse said that it was highly unlikely that they'd let Sam out to sing if she was still a hospital patient. This was confirmed by the Doctor.

Sam begged to be allowed home and finish her week at school, even if she had to be in the Program. Did one concert mean SO much to her?

A long debate with the Doctor was finally decided in Sam's favour when Laura's mum arrived and said that she'd take Sam home with her.

When we got home from the hospital, the lights were on. I ran into the lounge and leapt on the sofa to give Mum a hug. Shel squeezed onto the other end to hug her as well. I cried, "You're home! On the answerphone last night you said you couldn't get a flight until tomorrow!"

"I got a standby," she replied happily, then, "And how are you doing?"

Shel got up. "I'm going to my room," she said. "I think you two need some time to talk." Sometimes my sis can be a pain, but sometimes she can be so understanding.

"Thank you," I mouthed to her.

Mum had taken her shoes off like she always does after work. Now I must tell you that my mother does not "drink" much at all but she will sometimes relax with a glass of wine after a rough day. This time it was a red one.

She took a sip and looked at me over her glass. "Oh dear, sweetie, that's a serious look you've got. Has something bad happened since our last phonecall?"

"No, Mum, it's from before. And I'm not sure really how bad it is."

"Is it serious enough for your own glass of wine? You are old enough to drink wine at home if you want to."

"That's okay. Maybe just a small sip of yours, if you don't mind." She offered her glass and I took a sip. It was a good thing it was a big glass because it was not a small sip. I returned the glass, grateful to her for giving me a chance to collect my thoughts.

"Mum," I began, "You know you said that nothing I could do would shock you? I think you might have been wrong."

"Yes?" she said uncertainly.

"I didn't tell you everything that happened on Friday. I left out a bit."

"You left out a bit," she repeated slowly.

"A big bit," I admitted, then hesitated.

"Is it in your journal? Would it be easier if I read it there?" she asked.

"Yeah, you can read all the details there, but I have to tell you this myself." I stopped, trying to find the courage to continue.

"Heather," said Mum. "Do you really think it's so bad that I would love you any the less?"

I shook my head. "No, but you might not like me very much."

"I doubt it, but you'd better go on."

"On Friday night I went out clubbing with Laura and Suzie and Shel. And... I got a little carried away." I took a breath.

"What's a little?" she asked.

"I had a gangbang on the dancefloor." Her eyes opened wider. "I'm not even really sure why I did it, I just went wild fucking every guy I could drag on the dance floor. I don't even know how many I had."

Mum took a deep breath. "Did you hurt anyone?"

"No, though Laura had to join in to get me out of there in one piece. And I was horrid to her the next morning."

"I hope you made it up to her. It sounds like she was very brave."

"Yes I did, when I realised how stupid I'd been. And Laura was incredible, Mum. You should have seen the bruises she had the next day, and all because I was such a slut." Mum winced at the word.

"I won't pretend I like what you did, but why should that make me like you less?"

"Now everyone thinks I'm a slut. You aren't ashamed of me?" I asked incredulously.

"No. Sad maybe, that you felt the need to do that, but ashamed, no." She hugged me tightly. "Darling, you'd had a terrible experience in the morning. That kind of shock gets you off balance. Don't blame yourself for what you did later. And you worry too much about what people think of you. That's something you could learn from Shelley. She does what she does and never thinks about what others will think of her."

I didn't reply for a while and just felt her arms around me.

Finally I said, "I think it's time I went upstairs and let Shel have a little one-on-one time with you."

"Don't tell me she's got some terrible secret to tell me too."

"If she has, it's a secret from me as well," I grinned and ran upstairs.

I'd managed to not let slip about Laura and Sam and the plan, even if it felt wrong keeping all that from her. If only Shelley could do the same. Just for tonight, we had to act normally.

Later on Shel called me back down and something really cool and amazing happened. She's begged me to not write about it here, but let her "tell the world" as she put it. I agreed, so if you want to read about it now you'll have to look it up in her journal. And yes, I finally did tell Mum what had been happening. Her reaction to that was pretty cool too. Shelley tells me all that is at the end of her chapter six as well.

When I finally got back to my room, the worries about tomorrow continued. I climbed into bed, naked, as Mum had suggested. I suppose the bed clothes felt nice but I really didn't notice.

After we had all left Sam's hospital room, I had wanted to speak to Laura, but I couldn't face her. I knew I'd let her down badly and sometimes words just aren't enough.

It helped to talk my plan over with Mum, but I could see she was as concerned about it as I was. Perhaps if it works tomorrow I'll feel better enough to apologise to Laura. Even if it doesn't, at least it will prove I still care.

But if it doesn't, things will be worse than ever. It's a risk, but if even Sam is prepared to take it, it must be a risk worth taking.

Mustn't it?

Shelley, part 6

Program WEEK TWO

TUESDAY

I woke up already feeling horny, so I don't know what I'd been dreaming about. Today was going to be REALLY exciting, my first official groping before school.

At breakfast I asked Heather, "Isn't it time to go to school yet? It's my first official groping today. The nasty ones trying to help you last week don't count, they weren't official because I wasn't in the Program."

Heather rolled her eyes looking at the ceiling.

"Well they weren't," I said defensively.

She laughed. "They weren't official, so they don't count," I insisted.

I saw a crowd as we arrived at school and at first nobody noticed us. I soon put a stop to that by shouting, "Okay folks, the slutsisters are here."

I walked away from Heather and soon had my own not-so-little audience. I hadn't bothered with underwear and had put on my shortest school skirt, the one Mum normally wouldn't let me wear to school. I went over to the grass and sat down, making sure to keep my knees up and my legs apart.

"Can I touch you?" someone asked from behind me.

"Wait a minute and watch me first." I unbuttoned my blouse down to the last two buttons and began to play with my breasts. Then I reached down to my pussy with one hand and began to finger myself.

I turned to one of the boys and said, "You look like you need a little relief," and undid his trousers before turning to another boy and doing the same. They looked a little startled.

"Come on," I encouraged, "I want a cum bath."

The first one started slowly pulling on his cock. "Come on, boys. I'll lick clean the first one to cum on me."

Now I was surrounded by about a dozen guys all wanking themselves. I even stopped playing with myself so I could watch their different techniques.

I felt a splash of cum land on my chest about the same time as another hit my cheek. "I was first," cried one.

"No, it was me," insisted another.

They looked ready to fight for it, me, until I said, "Okay, I'll clean you both. There's plenty of me to go around."

Others were still wanking over me and I pulled my skirt down and my open blouse together. Any cum that didn't go on my face, I wanted to save on my clothes.

I took one of the cocks into my mouth and licked every part. Of course he was soon hard again, so I turned to the other, licked him like he was an ice lolly until he was so turned on that he pulled my face directly towards him and began to fuck my mouth. As he came (again!) in my mouth I swallowed every drop and I was vaguely aware that the original dozen or so had finished and more had taken their place.

Fair's fair, I thought and turned to the nearest boy and grabbed him by the balls, pulling him to me until I could take him into my mouth.

My eyes were covered so I couldn't even see, so I took the cum from my eyes and wiped it across my forehead and into my hair. Thank God we were excused assembly if we needed a shower.

This time when I felt him about to cum I aimed his cock at my blouse. "Saving it for later," I said, grinning at him.

I looked down at what had been my clean and neatly pressed clothes, still being cummed on. I heard the assembly bell and quickly got up, took off my clothes carefully not spilling anything, then wiped myself down with them and threw them in the box.

As the crowds around us dissipated I caught sight of Samantha. She had a strange smile on her face. I wondered what she'd been thinking, or doing? Whatever it was she'd obviously enjoyed it. I felt pleased that my petting party had been a success. Although it had been fun, if it hadn't prepared her for this morning, I'd have classed it as a failure.

In the showers I asked Sam if she was ready for today. "You seemed to be okay just now," I said.

"Yeah, thanks to Suzie," she replied. "I hardly got bothered. Somehow I don't think the rest of the day will be quite that easy. But I'll be okay." She flashed me a brilliant smile that could light up a miserable winter day. God, if she smiled at guys like that, she'd never be alone again. Although I'd seen her laugh last night and even though we'd shared classes for a few years, I realised that I'd never seen her smile, not once.

I had Design first. The class had already decided that they wanted to design underwear for me. Before I could even sit down Mr. Peterson announced with a chuckle, "I'll have to check the Program rules to find out if she's actually going to be allowed to model this lingerie."

"Perhaps they'd better make sure that it doesn't actually hide anything," I suggested helpfully.

Another girl pointed out, "It won't be finished this week anyway, so Shelley won't be in the Program by the time it comes to modelling it. So we'd better not make it too revealing or she might not want to model it."

"Yes, I will," I promised. "Whatever you make, I'll model it, even at the end of term fashion show if you like."

"Assuming Dr. Reynolds approves that is. The Program's not exactly a challenge for you, is it, Shelley?" Mr. Peterson twinkled. Don't get me wrong, the last thing Mr. Peterson appears to be is gay, but I don't know how else to describe it. He twinkled.

I grinned back at him. Suddenly though I felt serious. Mr. Peterson deserved more than just a grin. "This week, sir, I can do anything and everything. It's like you can dress really slutty at Halloween and hardly anyone thinks you're a slut. It's an excuse to dress like you'd never dare to any other time. Well Program week is sorta like that. I can try everything and most people don't think I'm all that terrible. After all that's what the Program's for, isn't it?"

I looked around at the other girls. "Last week I was a complete virgin. I had thought a lot about sex for a long time but I'd been too scared to actually do anything. I'd kissed a few boys but that was about it." Some of them looked more than a little skeptical. "Yeah, really, that's all I'd done. But this week," I shook my head, "It's all new and exciting and crazy, and sometimes a little scary. But you know, girls, some of the time the boys are just as scared as I am. And besides, it feels really, really good."

"And after the Program? Well, I could go back to being good little Shelley again." I tried to keep a straight face, but couldn't and giggled at that thought. "But I don't think I will."

The room had gone quiet, but I could see that a lot of the girls were thinking hard about what I'd just said.

After a moment Mr. Peterson cleared his throat. "Come on now, everyone. We have a lesson to get back to. Thank you for sharing that with us, Shelley." I like Mr. Peterson.

The class was mainly girls and even after the last week it still felt strange to have a load of girls' hands touching me in what had once been my private places.

But there were two boys in the design class. One measured me just like the girls had done. The other did the same, but then said that he needed a few more measurements.

"I'm making a playsuit that has built-in dildos, front and back," he explained with an evil grin. "So I need to measure you... there."

"This wouldn't be just an excuse to finger Shelley, would it?" asked Mr. Peterson.

"No!" he protested, then, more honestly, "Not completely."

I laughed and said, "It's okay. His won't be the first fingers I've had up me and they won't be the last."

"Okay, but only if you're okay with it."

The boy told me to remain standing, legs a couple of feet apart. "Bend over, I'll do your bum first."

He was prepared, I'll give him that. He carefully covered a finger in gel before inserting it into my bum, then did the same with a dildo. After the initial shock, I took a deep breath and began to breath slowly to relax. He waited for me to say "Okay."

"Tell me when it's too deep," he said.

"That's okay, okay, okay.. That's uncomfortable." He withdrew it a little. "That's fine." He carefully measured.

He got me to stand up straight and aimed the dildo for my pussy. "You can wash it first," I insisted.

"Sorry," he went red. "I forgot."

He ran to the toilets and when he returned he let me inspect it. I could smell the soap.

"You won't need gel this time," I said. Everyone laughed, even Mr. Peterson.

He pushed it slowly into me until I said "Enough," removed it and carefully measured it, then caught me by surprise as he put a couple of fingers into me. He felt around until he found my G-spot. Grinning at my reaction, he removed his fingers and measured exactly how far they'd been in at that moment.

"Just to add a little extra stimulation for the wearer," he smiled.

"Just remember that I'm supposed to be able to walk down a catwalk wearing it. Too much of that and I won't even be able to stand!"

I was disappointed when the lesson was over. Even without the fingers and dildo, it had been fun, and I was really pleased with what I had said. I wasn't thinking about it when I said it but I'm hoping now that, despite everything else, it helps Sis with her bet next Monday.

Of course in the breaks between lessons I had lots more fingers.

After the second lesson, I saw the two girls who'd wanted to see up inside me yesterday. "Can we see you again?" one of them asked.

I went into an empty classroom, sat on a desk and lay back, holding myself wide open. "You can touch me if you want to," I reminded them.

I saw them look at each other. "I wouldn't know what to do."

I took her hand and placed it on my pussy. She stroked me like I WAS a kitten. (Okay, I'm a sex kitten but that doesn't count.)

I took two of her fingers and put them into my pussy, moving them in and out gently.

After not much more than a few seconds, she took them out. "I don't know what to do," she complained.

"Why don't I show you what feels good? Lie down."

She hesitated. She looked at the other girl, who had her hands down her knickers.

"I will if you will," the second girl said.

The first girl lay down and I unbuttoned her blouse and she lay there looking nervous.

I lifted her bra to expose her breasts. "What if someone comes and sees?" she said.

"Well, you're going to be in the Program anyway one day, so why worry? This will be good practice for you."

I caressed her boobs before bending to suck on a nipple. "Hmmm," she murmured.

Continuing to lick and suck her boobs, I let my hand go to her leg, then ran it up to her knickers. When I touched just where she was damp, she gasped.

"You want me to stop?" I asked.

She shook her head violently. I slipped my hand inside her knickers. I said to the other girl. "Why don't you do what I'm doing?"

She looked like she was going to say no, but then came forward and bent her head down to take the unoccupied nipple into her mouth.

After a minute or so, I was about to move down to remove her knickers when the damned bell went for the next lesson and rapidly she pulled down her bra and started to button up her blouse.

"After lunch or after school is better," I said. "More time." Neither of them said anything but they did look at each other intently. Helping your friend with her "homework" can be so much fun, I thought as I turned away so they couldn't see me grinning.

After daydreaming my way through the next lesson, it was lunchtime.

It was unbelievably awful.

The boys were talking about Laura flipping out with Ghastly Gordon and smashing a television or something.

Suddenly there was Laura, being marched into the dining hall by the same G.G. Handcuffs were put on her, then Nurse appeared and began to cut her hair off. Okay, not all of it, but a lot shorter anyway.

Then I noticed that G.G. had a cane. In my first year I had seen one of the older boys caned, for beating up a younger boy, but never since and never a girl.

A loud swish and Laura bucked up hard. I looked away, I couldn't bear to watch. I heard another and another and another until finally Laura let out a cry.

"Ghastly's got it in for us Program girls," said Heather. "First me last week, then Sam yesterday and now Laura. We've got to find a way to stop her."

"I wonder who she'll pick on next," I said, beginning to get really worried.

When I finally looked at Laura, I saw that Suzie and Christopher were leading her away.

We racked our brains trying to think of ideas to stop Ghastly, but nobody couldn't think of anything, short of murdering her, which was a bit impractical.

The afternoon was weird. The whole school was quiet, none of the usual noise. Even the staff were whispering to each other. It was really eerie. I didn't get a single reasonable request all afternoon, not even a pose. I would have been disappointed, but lunchtime had taken away my own interest in it as well.

There wasn't even anyone waiting as I got dressed in the cum-encrusted blouse and skirt. I had been looking forward to the reaction of everyone when I wore those disgusting clothes to walk home, but I didn't even notice if there WAS a reaction. I dropped them on my bedroom floor and ran a bath to relax.

A few hours and one terrible phone call later and I was on the bus to the hospital. Sam had tried to kill herself. The Program had suddenly gone from wonderful and fun to a nightmare come true.

When we were allowed in to see Sam, I had to ask her why she'd done it. She'd panicked because she was scared that singing naked in the choir contest on Thursday night would ruin her singing career.

Poor Sam. She was going to be exempt from the Program now and all she was worried about was whether we'd still be her friends.

"Of course we will," I said.

"Even if you do make me lose my bet," said my sister, who had finally arrived, red-eyed, obviously she'd been crying.

Sam asked, "What bet?"

I answered, "Heather bet the school that next Monday if she asked how many girls wanted to be in the Program, and there was less than twenty, she'd stay in the Program for the rest of the term."

"And after today, there's no WAY she's gonna win that bet," finished Suzie. We were both grinning from ear to ear.

Heather pointed out that if Sam was admitted to a psycho ward she probably wouldn't be allowed out to sing anyway. Sam hadn't thought of that.

Heather sent Laura to get the school nurse, who was in the hospital canteen.

While she was away she explained her brilliant idea to get the handcuffs off Laura and get Ghastly off our backs. It was risky, so I was surprised when the one who was most enthusiastic about the idea was Samantha. Of course she was going to be away, safe in a psycho ward anyway. We agreed not to tell Laura, in case it didn't work.

Nurse confirmed that if Sam was in psycho she wouldn't be allowed out to sing, so she demanded to finish her week at school, even if it meant staying in the Program.

When the psychiatrist came, he didn't want to let her go home. That would probably have been the end of that except that Laura's mum turned up.

She might be in a wheelchair, but she gets things done. By the time she'd finished it was decided that Sam would live with her and Laura for the rest of the week and go to school, where between lessons, we'd all keep an eye on her.

When we got home from the hospital, we were really surprised to find that Mum had got back a day earlier than we'd expected. I went upstairs so Heather could tell Mum about Friday night, then she came upstairs to tell me it was my turn to see Mum on my own.

"Shel," she hissed at me before I went downstairs. "I didn't tell Mum about Laura and Sam, so don't mention it."

"Why didn't you?" I asked.

"If we tell her what's happened, she'll try to do something. You know what she's like. So we'd have to tell her about our plan and she might tell us not to do it."

"I think we should tell her."

"Shel, please."

"Okay, I won't say anything, but you're wrong."

I went downstairs and curled up next to Mum. She gave me a big hug.

"Your sister had a sip of my wine, Shelley. Would you like one as well?"

"Thanks, Mum, but no thanks."

"I'll tell you the same thing I told her. I think you're both old enough to have some wine or a glass of beer here in the house, okay?"

"What about if you're not around?" I thought I better get the rules straightened out.

"That's fine too, but I can trust you not to let any of your friends get too drunk, can't I? Or you, for that matter.

Oops, I knew THAT look. She had just written another Commandment.

She finished the last bit in her glass and poured herself another one. Now that's not unusual but I did think, oh dear, I hope Heather's story hasn't upset her.

She took another sip, a very small one thank god, before continuing, "And what dark secrets have you been keeping from me?"

I guiltily tried to put Laura and Sam and our rescue plan out of my mind.

"None," I said, "except that Heather wanted to tell you about the nightclub face to face."

"Which is why you didn't mention it either."

"She was scared you'd freak out and come straight home."

"I think with Laura looking out for you both, I don't have a lot to worry about."

"Yeah, Laura was brill. And her pussy tastes nice too, not as nice as a cock, but..."

"Whoa," cried Mum. "There are some details I don't need to know, thank you. You're still my little girl and while I might be glad that you are exploring your own desires, I'm not sure I want to know every juicy titbit."

"Oh."

"Would you really like to hear every detail about what Eric and I get up to?"

I thought for a second, then "No, it would be kinda weird."

"Thanks," she laughed. "I might not be a sex-mad teenager, but I'm not THAT weird."

"Mum," I asked. "You and Eric, is it serious?"

"I don't know yet," she answered. "I think it might be."

"Good. It's time you had some fun again, and if you want the house to yourselves, just let us know. And if you want some ideas, we've got plenty."

She laughed. "I think I can remember what to do."

"I wanna try everything, Mum. I wanna do one of the things Heather did as well."

"Not a gangbang?" she asked, sounding shocked.

"No, that was horrible, though maybe with just a dozen or so it might be fun."

"Shelley!" she said firmly. "That comes under the category of things I don't want to have to imagine."

"Oh, sorry."

"But if not a gangbang, then what?"

"I want to try being spit-roasted," I said. "Heather says that's the one thing she remembers that she really liked from Friday night."

"Spit-roasted?" she exclaimed.

"It's when..." I began.

"Yes, I know what it is. That's something else I think you can save for your journal."

Mum laughed when she said about saving things for my journal, but now she was serious again. "Shelley, just because I said I don't need to hear all the juicy details doesn't mean that there is ever anything that you can't tell me, you understand?"

Before I could answer, she went on, "Now, the only thing I want to hear is what my beautiful daughters said on television last week. Would you get Heather back down here please, and ask her to bring the video she told me about?"

I jumped up, turned and ran for the stairs before she could see the huge grin I knew was on my face.

We came straight back down, Heather holding the video in one hand. I had told her that Mum didn't know yet how we were "dressed" on it. Heather had just sighed.

Mum had turned the telly on and sat herself in the middle of the sofa. "You know, neither your father nor I have ever been on the telly. He was on the radio once, one of those phone-in thingies, but that was all."

Heather put the tape in and picked up the remote. "You haven't mentioned Dad for a long time, you know."

"I know." Dad was a civil engineer and he was working in Africa on a railway bridge when he was trapped under a mudslide and a half-built bridge parapet. I was a lot older before I understood all those words but they were burned into my head when Mum read us the newspaper stories. I was six and Heather was seven when it happened. When we were older Mum explained to us that it had taken ages for the insurance money to come through. That was why she had had to go back to work and she stayed working later on to help her deal with Dad's death as much as for the money. It has sorta worked the same for me. I'm no brainbox but I do try most of the time at school and when I don't feel like trying I remember Dad and feel somehow I don't want to disappoint him too much.

All of us were quiet for a moment. We were all remembering Dad. Then Mum snuffled once but spoke very clearly. "I'll always love your father. He was my first love and no one will ever replace him in here." She touched her chest on that side. "But being with Eric has made me realise that it's time to move on, as they say. You girls don't think I'm wrong, do you?"

Heather said it right. "Dad is never coming back. We'll never forget him and we know you won't either. If he could still speak to us, I know he'd.. insist you find someone else. Go for it, Mum." All I could do was nod my head. I don't get speechless very often, but I still missed him and I think I really understood for the first time that I always would miss him but that that was really okay.

Mum sat up and rubbed her hands together. "Let's see this tape then. "Was it really on the main news?"

"Yes it was," Heather said, "On the main BBC news at nine o'clock, about halfway through." With that she pressed a button and the show started. She had to fast-forward through a few minutes of other stuff. Then she slowed it back down to normal and suddenly the woman reporter was speaking.

Mum was leaning forward and then it happened, the gasp I mean. "Oh.. my.. god! You're naked!" And then a few seconds later, "And so are you!" Another gap. "And so's that other girl! ... Is that Suzie?"

Mum slumped back into the sofa. "Heather, please turn it off for a minute. Thank you." Heather and I held our breaths.

She stared at Heather. Then she stared at me. "You vixens!" she shouted and put a hand over her mouth. "You gorgeous vixens!" She took her hand away and her face exploded into an ENORMOUS grin. Then she started to laugh like I have never in my life heard her laugh. She had her arms crossed holding onto her sides and she was rocking from side to side. Heather and I sat there gobsmacked.

"Why didn't you tell me, either one of you?" She managed to get that out between gasps of laughter.

"We wanted it to be a big surprise for you when you got back," I said, "It looks like we were right."

"Oh, you were right, alright." Mum had managed to settle down. Now she was "only" grinning.

"Besides," Heather added, "I was afraid you might freak out in India if you knew about it but couldn't see it for yourself."

"You may have been right about that, actually. You are both forgiven." Then she took a hankie out of a pocket, rubbed the tears from her eyes and blew her nose. She took a big drink of wine and looked at each of us in turn. "Okay, girls, on your feet and get out of those clothes."

"Mum!" we both shouted.

"Now." We both recognised that tone of voice. We stood up and did what she said.

I was just pushing down my knickers when Mum stood up and started taking her clothes off!

She saw us gaping at her and said, "What? You two strip off on National Television (her voice capitalised those words) and you're surprised at me when I get naked in my own house?"

To say that we were speechless is this week's understatement. We just stood there, not speaking, not even moving.

When she was naked, yes totally naked, she lifted her hands way over her head and did a slow twirl. After she was facing us again, she dropped her arms and asked, "Well, what do you think?"

I found my voice first. "You're fantastic, Mum, gorgeous."

Heather nodded and added quietly, "Eric must think he has died and gone to heaven. You're beautiful, Mum."

"Thank you both, very much." She paused. "Now, I think this calls for a toast. Shelley, go fetch two more wine glasses, the good ones from the dining room. There's plenty of wine left in the bottle and I think we should finish it."

I was back before she finished talking. She poured us each a full glass and handed them to us.

Then she raised her glass and we both did the same. "To being free," she said then added, "and in charge of our own bodies." We all sipped.

Then Heather raised her glass again. "To Dad."

"Yeah, to Dad." "To.. Billy." No one spoke for a moment after we drank that toast.

"Now Heather, rewind that tape to the start of the interview and turn the sound up. I want to hear exactly what you all say."

We sat there on the sofa, Mum in the middle and none of us saying anything, until Suzie started speaking.

"She's very pretty, Heather. Is she the one that.. I mean, have the two of you..?"

"Yes, Mum," Heather answered, "She was the girl in the classroom. You know, Mum, if we're gonna be naked in front of each other, then you really are gonna to have to learn to chill."

"I know," she giggled in reply, "Let me try that again. Is she the one that... fucked you on Friday morning and that you fucked right back?" I don't think I've ever seen Mum blush before.

"Yes, Mother, we fucked each other and it was wonderful," Heather spoke slowly and oh so solemnly. Then suddenly we all were laughing and hugging and drinking the wine. And chilling. It was perfect!

We played the tape again. At the end, Mum put her glass down and then an arm around each of us. "We have loads to talk about, about what you all said on that tape and a lot more things as well. But now I think I'm about talked out, and you two have finished your wine, AND it's a school night."

Then she looked at us seriously, but with a twinkle in her eyes. "One final thing. All the time in Delhi, I always slept naked. Yes, yes, I know what you're both thinking but that's not what I'm talking about. I had forgotten how lovely it is to sleep naked, even if you're by yourself. Tomorrow night I'm going to get all my pyjamas together and give them to Goodwill. I'm going to ask you guys one thing, and yes Shelley this is that kind of ask, sleep naked tonight, both of you. After tonight you can do what you want, but I bet you won't want go to back. Even on a cold night you can always put an extra blanket on the bed. And you still don't have to wear anything if you don't want to."

"Now, off to bed, both of you. I'll straighten up."

"It's not that late, Mum," Heather said, "And we both have to do our journals."

"Okay, but not too late, okay?"

"Sure, Mum," I said over my shoulder, "And if I ever have a gangbang like Heather, I'll just write all the juicy bits down in my journal so you can read them to Eric later." I turned back and stuck out my tongue then ran upstairs before she could reply.

I finished writing my journal but then I couldn't sleep. I decided to go downstairs and get a drink and then I saw that Heather's light was still on. I crept round the door. "Can't you sleep either?" I asked.

She jumped. "God, you made me jump. No, I can't. Fancy something to eat?"

So we went downstairs and saw Mum sitting on the sofa staring into space. She had a small grin on her face.

"Hi, Mum, we couldn't sleep." Both of us spoke at the same time. We have GOT to stop doing that.

Then I leapt in as usual. "I can see you smiling, Mum. What are you thinking about?"

"Eric." Then she looked up. "I'm really missing him." I peeked at Heather and she peeked at me while Mum grinned, "And yes, girls, that IS one of the reasons I'm missing him."

We were all still naked and I couldn't stop my eyes looking down. Mum's nipples were hard! I managed not to say anything but I think Mum caught me staring at her chest.

She chuckled at me. "It's hard to hide things when you're naked, isn't it?"

That was just too much. When Heather said, "Welcome to the Program," we all lost it.

Then Heather asked, "When are you seeing him again, outside of work I mean?"

"Did I tell you guys he coaches cricket for Coldbourne?"

"Yes, but not which school," Heather replied.

"Well, they have an important match this Saturday and they missed two training sessions while we were away in India, so he's going to be doing that tomorrow evening and again on Thursday. What about afterwards I asked him and he said remember he lives alone and he has a million things to do at home."

"You don't think he's avoiding you, do you?" Heather got that out just before I could.

"No, not at all. I could see in his eyes that he was as.. pissed off about it as I was. But Friday night he's coming over here for dinner and.."

"We can meet him!" I said.

"Yes, but you don't have to shout," laughed Mum.

Heather asked, "What about..?" She didn't finish that but gestured down the front of her body.

"We'll have to see about that," Mum laughed, "But I think we all," she stared straight at me, "should be dressed properly when he arrives. Later on..?" She shrugged her shoulders. "And before you ask, yes, he's expecting to stay the night."

"Way cool, Mum!" I hugged her tightly.

Then Heather changed the subject. "With all the excitement tonight, I forgot to eat. Anybody else hungry?"

"Me." This time Mum and I spoke at once, but THAT was way cool too.

"Did I see some ham in the fridge? Is it okay?" Mum asked.

"Yeah, it's fine. We bought it yesterday after school," Heather explained. (Before the petting party, I thought. God, that seems like last year, not last night.) "And there's fresh bread and salad bits," she added.

She looked at both of us, "Ham sandwiches for three?" Mum and I nodded.

"And I'll make us all some salad," I volunteered. We all like tomato with ham but we hate the way it makes the bread go soggy.

It only took a minute to throw together some lettuce and tomatoes so while Heather finished making the sandwiches, I showed Mum the collection of newspapers we'd saved from the weekend. She started reading them one by one.

As we ate our sandwiches and salad, she said, "I didn't know that my two daughters were so famous."

"Or infamous," said Heather, bringing out the one newspaper I hadn't shown Mum.

It had the same photo as some of the others, but underneath a different sort of headline, "School for SLUTS". The text, what there was of it, described our school as teaching girls to forget any morals they once had and making us fit for "nothing but the whorehouse or the streetcorner."

"Why didn't you show me this one, Shelley? Did it upset you?"

"A bit," I admitted. "But I thought it might upset you."

"Well, it's not very nice reading things like that about someone you love. But there are lots of people who don't agree with the Program or anything to do with sexual openness. And we live in a world where people like that don't care who they hurt to make their point. I'm just sorry it was you."

"I'm not," I said. "I mean, you don't think of us like that, so they can't hurt us. Think if they'd written that about Samantha."

"Who's Samantha?"

I looked over at Heather. She sighed and nodded so I continued, "A girl in my year who's also in the Program. She's got no friends and she's ever so shy and I don't think she's happy at home either. Her mum already thinks she's a slut just because she's in the Program. She was so upset today that she cut her wrists. Can you imagine it if she'd read that about herself?" At Mum's sudden look of concern, I quickly added, "She's okay. And she's staying with Laura and her mum for the rest of the week."

"If it's difficult where she is, tell her that she can always stay here if she wants to. We probably have more room than the Townleys do." Mum looked thoughtful for a second and then asked, "This is probably a silly question, Shelley, but how are you coping in the Program?"

"It's great, Mum. On Monday morning before we even went to class, I lost my virginity and..."

I stopped. Mum looked a little disappointed.

"I guess I'm not your little girl any more."

"You'll always be my little girl. But they can't force you to do that in the Program, so how?"

Heather interrupted, "It was right after Monday assembly when all of the new participants were announced. The headmaster allowed us to get together privately.." (I shook my head at that but didn't say anything) "..so we could get to know each other. Well, we got to know each other really closely."

I carried on. "Some of the others were fucking." I stopped for a second. It still felt weird being able to use words like 'fucking' with Mum... "And I was giving this cute guy called Lenny a blow job. It was the first time I'd ever touched a real live cock. And it was nice and I loved it when I made him cum on my face."

"So did he, I bet," Mum chuckled.

I grinned back at her. "Yeah, then he went down on me and it was ace, Mum, but I just knew I wanted him inside me."

"She even made an announcement," put in Heather, "To make us all watch her lose her virginity. Poor Lenny was so embarrassed."

"I can imagine," laughed Mum. "Oh Shelley, the poor guy."

"He was so sweet, Mum. He asked me twice if I was sure and I had to threaten to find someone else before he'd do it. And it hardly hurt at all."

"Then we got Stephen to fuck Suzie because he was still a virgin too. And I watched him put it in her, till Heather pulled me away from them."

"I should think so too," laughed Mum.

"I wanted to go to class like that, but Laura made me go and take a shower to wash all the cum off my face. But I like being covered in cum and I got to do a Heather this morning!"

"What's a Heather?" asked Mum, trying not to laugh and not succeeding very well.

Heather cringed. "Well one day last week, Heather let loads of boys cum all over her and I wanted to do that, but I wanted to keep it all, not have to wash it all off."

"So what did you do?" Mum asked and then glanced at Heather, "I'm not sure I want to know the answer but I don't think I'll get the option."

"I'll show you." I ran upstairs and put on my cummy blouse and skirt. When I went downstairs both Heather and Mum's eyes opened wide with disbelief.

"When I got to school this morning for the morning groping, I made loads of boys cum all over me. Lots of it went on my hair and face, but I wiped that off onto my clothes too. So now I've got a souvenir, and we're the slutsisters for real!"

Mum shrieked at that. I think the wine was getting to her.

Heather just shook her head. Then she held her nose. "You stink, Shel, or rather those clothes stink."

"I might have chosen a different word," Mum added, "But I don't think I shall. Your clothes do stink."

"Oh dear. I guess this was not one of my very brightest ideas, was it?"

"No, darling. Now I don't know if the blouse can be saved, but the skirt probably can." Then she chuckled. "I have to admit, girls, that I don't have a LOT of experience getting.. cum out of clothes. Why don't you put them in soak in the sink right now with a capful of that stain-removing stuff I use in the wash. Read the label. I'm not sure if the water should be cold or hot."

As I went out to the kitchen, Heather called, "And go have a quick wash yourself before you sit back down with us."

Kitchen sink first, then a stand-up wash at the bathroom sink upstairs and I was back.

Mum and Heather were still smiling and Mum said, "I was just saying to your sister I thought you seemed to be getting a lot more out of the Program than the people who designed it had planned for. What do you think?"

"I don't know about that. All I do know is," I stuck my tongue out at Sis, "Heather's Superslut and I'm Hurricaneslut." I thought I'd better get my own back at least a little bit after the clothes disaster.

"I wonder why?" asked Mum ironically. Heather laughed.

"I was going to be Babyslut but we're saving that for Samantha."

"What have you got tomorrow?" Mum asked.

"Well, I want to see what it's like with two boys at once and there's some girls in my class that might be fun too. Oh and I wa..."

Heather cut me off. "I think Mum meant what lessons," she said.

"Oh," I replied disappointedly. "I don't know. I left my timetable at school."

Mum chimed in with, "And I'm not sure I really want to know every detail of what you get up to this week. You might be in the Program, but you're still my baby girl."

"I'll be sensible Mum," I said, "but after all, I can't catch anything and I can't get pregnant."

"Just be careful, that's all I ask. Boys can get a little rough and over-excited sometimes."

"They'd have trouble getting more excited than Shelley, Mum," said Heather, sticking her tongue out at me.

We laughed again but then the atmosphere began to turn serious. We all sensed it.

Heather had finished her sandwich quickly but had drunk at least another full glass of wine.

Mum put her own glass down and moved so she could face both of us easily. "Now, when are you going to tell me what's been bothering you both all evening? Even when we've been laughing and joking, you've been holding back. What's wrong?"

Heather looked at me for a moment before turning towards Mum. "Mum," she said. "I've been trying to decide whether to tell you this, because I'm afraid you might tell us No."

"Well, you'd better tell me now," answered Mum, putting down her sandwich as well and giving Heather her "gentle Mum stare".

"You said you feel safe knowing that Laura is looking out for us. But Laura's in trouble. She kinda went berserk when she found out this morning that Ghastly Gordon had filmed us all having sex after Assembly yesterday."

Mum looked at me for a moment, then turned back to Heather.

"Ghastly was actually showing the class the recording when Laura got there. She smashed the DVD and covered herself up and wouldn't pose in Gordon's class. So they made her wear handcuffs and cut her hair and caned her in front of the whole school."

"It was horrible, Mum," I added.

"And with her hands cuffed behind her back she can't protect herself."

"Dr. Reynolds allowed this? I thought you said he was okay?"

"No, he got called away to London for a meeting about.. my rape, and all this publicity. It was Mr. Graham and he does anything Ghastly tells him to."

"Hmm. I understand now. Has anyone contacted Dr. Reynolds?"

"I don't know but I've thought of a plan and all the girls agreed to it, even Samantha. We're all going to wear handcuffs tomorrow as a protest, then we're going to tell Mr. Graham that he has to take Laura's handcuffs off, or we'll cut our hair and give a press conference."

"Whew," gasped Mum. "As we would have said when I was young, 'Heavy'. But what if it doesn't work? None of you will be able to protect yourselves."

"We won't let Laura down, Mum," I insisted.

"Please don't ask us not to do it," begged Heather.

"I won't pretend I'm happy about it. And I'll worry about you, even more than I usually do." She reached over and held our hands. "And I'm very proud of my babies, but please be careful."

We hugged her. "But I don't think you should ask this girl Samantha to do it. From what you've said it may be too much for her."

"I'll try and persuade her not to," promised Heather, "But she was the first one to agree. I don't think she'll want to be left out." (Yes, but when she thought it was so great, she didn't think that she'd be doing it herself, I thought. She thought she would be in the hospital.)

"Just try and look after her, then, if you can."

"I'll try, Mum, if I can't persuade her not to do it."

"And look after your little sister too." I knew what she meant but I kinda wished she hadn't said it. But I didn't say anything.

But Heather was struggling not to laugh. "What's so funny about looking after your little sister?" asked Mum indignantly.

"How am I supposed to do THAT?" Heather replied. "It would be like trying to hold in an nuclear bomb blast." We all laughed yet again.

With all of us pitching in, it only took a few minutes to clear up downstairs. I went up to my room, threw off my blouse and skirt and absent-mindedly reached for the old t-shirt I usually sleep in. Oops. I threw it across the room and slipped under my duvet. Hmmm, Mum may be right. Everything felt nicer, the duvet, the sheet underneath me and even the pillow.

I moved around and the duvet made my nipples go hard. That's nice too, I thought. My left hand started on my tits and my right hand stroked its way down to my pussy. There's always time for a little fun, isn't there? And there's no one watching, that seems kinda weird now. It was a gentle play and I came gently as well, and very quickly.

I rolled over on my side, my favourite position for falling asleep. Usually I go back over my day in my head last thing. Not tonight. There was way too much to think about so I just closed my eyes and drifted away. The last thing I remember thinking was what if Heather's plan doesn't work tomorrow. Will any of us cope any better than Sam and Laura had done?

Heather, part 13

WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Morning

Although we hadn't gone to sleep till well after midnight, I woke up at 4 in the morning sweating. I tried to get back to sleep but lay awake thinking about the morning ahead.

I was feeling guilty about the risk I was asking the others to take. Perhaps I should confront Graham alone. But I knew it wouldn't be as effective. Although Shelley and Sam had agreed readily and Suzie had agreed a little more reluctantly, what would happen if it all went wrong?

I would cope, I was fairly sure of that, and I thought Suzie was more resilient than she looked. But in spite of being nuts I wasn't sure how Shelley would cope. And was I going to be responsible for making Sam really crack up? I could tell, even Mum was worried about that.

Yet ironically Sam had been the most enthusiastic supporter of the idea, much to my surprise.

It felt like ages before I got back to sleep.

I didn't feel any better when I woke up again. I even snapped at Shelley over breakfast about something stupid.

We all met outside the school and stripped off quickly ready for our confrontation with Mr. Graham. I had been nervous, but when I saw the angry purple welts on Laura's bum, that nervousness disappeared to be replaced by guilt and anger. That and a determination to end all this right now.

We left four of the boys with Laura. Jed insisted on coming with us to the office. "Ready?" he asked all of us. We turned our backs to him and he slipped the handcuffs on each of us, making sure that they were tight.

I had a last minute panic and turned to the others and said, "Look, we don't all need to do this. It might be better if I go in alone."

Samantha was first to answer. "We're in this together, whatever happens." She looked like she'd had no more sleep than I had but her blue eyes were firm and she had a look of determination on her face that I'd never seen on her before.

"Sam, at least you stay out here," I pleaded. "After yesterday if something happens to you I'd never forgive myself."

"Laura's my friend too, now," she said. "And you're not making us do this. It's our decision, remember?"

"Where you go, I go," said Shelley simply.

"I'd give up right now if I were you," said Suzie. "You're not going in there alone and that's that. And the longer we argue, the longer Laura is out there like this."

After all that, Mr. Graham was late so he wasn't there. We went back out to join Laura and the boys. It seems weird but none of us even thought of taking the handcuffs off. Not while Laura couldn't.

The groping was tough, I won't pretend it wasn't. Not being able to push people away, or even their hands away was scary. And telling them not to be so rough? A lot of good that did.

Poor Jed tried to intervene, but was roughly pushed away by the boys. I could see all kinds of emotion on his face, anger, frustration, annoyance with himself, genuine concern for me. Our eyes met for an instant. I nodded once, then tossed my head to one side to try and get him to leave. I didn't want him watching, not Jed. He got the message and shrugged, then turned away quickly and left. I couldn't see any of the other Program boys.

Some of the fingering was almost as rough as in my first week. I realised with a shock that I'd forgotten to complain about the lack of a supervising teacher yesterday. Yet again, everyone was paying for my mistake. I looked at the others to see how they were coping.

My sister was standing there with gritted teeth and her legs apart, wincing every now and then.

Some idiot was twisting Suzie's breasts and I could see pain on her face, but she was standing firm.

I heard Sam yelling, then she stopped yelling. Feeling a sudden gut-wrenching panic, I forced my way over to her. She was standing near the clothes boxes clearly getting the worst of it. I could barely see her face because of the crowd around her. When I did see her, I saw tears running down her cheeks.

I managed to get to her. "You've had enough. I'll find Jed to get you uncuffed."

"No," she almost shouted at me. "This isn't about me, or you for that matter. It's about Laura and I'm not letting her down."

I worked my way to behind her and held her hands with my hands.

When the bell went, the crowd drifted away.

I turned to face Sam. "Are you okay?" I asked.

"I'll live," she replied, but I could see that she was shaken.

"What's going on?" asked Laura when we were in the showers.

"If you have to have handcuffs, then we are wearing them too," said Shelley.

"But what if something happens while you can't even defend yourselves?" Laura argued.

"If something happens, having hands free isn't always enough anyway," I said.

We all looked at each other, all thinking of the same thing. There was an uncomfortable silence, finally broken by Suzie. "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying."

"You're not going to persuade us." Shelley stared at Laura defiantly.

"Look. I'm grateful and everything, but it's one thing you three doing this, but making Samantha do it is going too far."

"Nobody made me do anything," Sam objected.

"She was the first one to agree to the idea," said Suzie.

Laura looked at Samantha. "Sam, I can see you've been crying and we're not even in the first lesson yet. I have three whole days of this. Remember what the doctor said. I'm responsible for you. I couldn't bear it if anything happened to you."

"Friends stick together, don't they?" she asked.

"Yes, but..."

"No buts. Okay, I hate it. You've seen me cry already. Well, get used to it, because you'll probably see it again. But I survived this morning and I'll survive whatever happens."

Laura could see as well as the rest of us the sheer determination on her face, and gave up the argument.

"Just be careful, okay? I'd hug you if I could, but I can't, so consider yourself hugged."

"Okay," said Sam, smiling. "If it makes you happier, I promise that if it gets too much, I'll find Jed and get him to take my handcuffs off. But it's not going to happen."

We went into lessons. Of course we couldn't write anything. Even sitting down was uncomfortable as we couldn't lean back.

Word had got around quickly and in the break between lessons I found myself surrounded. This was worse than the morning groping. Luckily it was soon over as a teacher came along and chased them away.

I wondered if the others had been as lucky. Like Laura, I was worrying about Sam.

Thankfully, during the second lesson, I saw Mr. Graham's car pull up. I stood up and said, "Sorry, sir, but I have to meet with Mr. Graham now he's arrived."

"O.K., you can go."

I went to the other girls' classrooms and explained that we had a meeting with the deputy headmaster. Feeling that I needed their support, I went to fetch the boys as well.

This time there were no second thoughts when we got to the office. Without knocking we simply walked in, the four of us girls and Jed, who had made a quick detour to his locker. The other boys waited in the outer office.

Graham was sitting behind Dr. Reynolds' desk reading something.

"What do you mean by walking in here...?" I cut him off.

"We want Laura's handcuffs off, right now," I said, turning round to show him my handcuffs.

"Oh, do you?" he sneered. "The punishment has been decided and that is the end of the matter." He made a show of returning to his reading.

"Fine. Jed, the scissors."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Get on with it," I told him impatiently.

As arranged, he took a fair-sized handful of hair and cut through it near the top.

"What's going on?" said Mr. Graham angrily, putting his papers down and glaring at me.

"If Laura's handcuffs stay on, so do ours, and we're all cutting our hair as well."

"Fine, why should I care?" This time he left the papers alone and looked around silently at all of us.

"Because Christopher is outside and he has my mobile phone. And it's programmed to dial that woman reporter who interviewed me last Friday. When we've finished chopping our hair, we're giving a press conference. And Jed isn't nearly as good a hairdresser as Nurse was. And we've told him to make a mess of our hair. It'll make a better news story. You want to come to our press conference?"

"You're bluffing." The bastard actually smiled as he said that.

Suzie stepped forward. "Me next, Jed." Seconds later a long length of her hair had joined mine on the office floor.

"Think how happy the Headmaster and the Ministry will be with all this new publicity. It'll do wonders for your career," I returned his earlier sneer.

Sam walked over to Jed and he took hold of her hair.

"Hold on," Graham spoke through gritted teeth, "Just what is it you want?" Was he really going to give in?

"Firstly, Laura's handcuffs are removed and never put back," I said. "Secondly, no more punishments until Dr. Reynolds returns and thirdly, Program participants are excused from Ms. Gordon's lessons until Dr. Reynolds returns and can hear our complaints."

"I'm afraid that is not going to happen, Miss Hoover, not any of it."

"Okay, Jed." The scissors snipped a third time and I saw Sam's eyes water as some of her hair fell to the ground.

"Time to make that phone call," said Sam, as she stared wistfully at her hair on the floor.

"That it is." Then I shouted through the closed door, "Christopher!" Christopher came into the office, pressed the speed dial, then held the phone to the side of my face.

"Hi, Is that Lindsey Crowe's office? Is she in?"

"Give me that phone, now!" For a small man Graham could move quickly He was heading straight for me.

But not as quickly as Jed moved. Before Graham could reach the front corner of his desk, Jed was in front of him. Jed grabbed each of Graham's upper arms in each of his hands (I never noticed until that moment how large Jed's hands were), lifted Graham up and deposited him on the desk. Jed never spoke but remained standing in front of Graham pinning his arms to his sides.

"That's assault, young man. Release me at once!"

Jed glanced over his shoulder at me. "Heather, can you see an assault?"

Oh well, in for a penny.. "No, Jed, I can't see anything."

"Christopher?" Jed called.

"What's assault, man? Is it anything like a pepper?"

"You're all suspended, as of this moment," Graham growled.

"It seems to me, Mr. Graham," I tried to sound a lot more confident than I felt, "It's your word against the three of us. We've just come in here to discuss Laura's punishment with you, in a civil manner."

You just couldn't resist that last bit, could you, girl? I thought, watching my University future fly out the window behind the desk.

"Mrs. Johnson!" Graham suddenly shouted, calling to the headmaster's secretary in the outer office.

"Shout all you want, sir," Christopher was actually smiling. That boys has guts. "After Heather came in here, we boys suggested to Mrs. Johnson that it was time for her lunch. I think she said something about a spot of shopping. And the other Program boys are waiting out there to.. discourage anyone else from bothering us."

At that instant, almost on cue, I heard a voice in my ear. "Lindsey Crowe here. How can I help you?"

"Miss Crowe," I started but then Graham muttered something. "Excuse me, Miss Crowe. Could you hold on for just one second?"

Christopher lowered the phone as I looked at Graham with what I hoped was a cold, angry expression. "Did you say something, Mr Graham?"

"Okay, you win." This time I could hear him, but only just.

"All our demands?"

"Yes."

"And no one's suspended?"

"Yes, I mean, no, no one's suspended."

I nodded to Christopher and he lifted the phone back to my ear. I saw that he had kept the speaking part of the phone covered while the reporter was holding.

Luckily I had prepared the next bit yesterday. "Hi, Miss Crowe. It's Heather Hoover here... Yes, thank you I'm fine... The reason I'm ringing," (I saw Graham pale, that was a very good moment) "is I just wanted to thank you for the TV report... No, thank you, I've got a good copy but that's nice of you... Yes, my mother did last night, She'd been away on business since last Friday... No, we've spoken lots on the phone but she couldn't actually see the tape until last night... Yes, she was a little surprised at that... No, that's not quite true. She was a lot surprised at that, but very pleased with me and my sister... Anyway, I'm sure you have lots to do... But I just wanted to say thanks... Bye."

Everyone else had been staring at me throughout the phone call. Jed spoke first as Christopher hung up the phone.

"That was awesome, Heather." (I started to melt, just a little bit) "If I didn't know better, I'd say you had real balls."

For the first time since we had walked in there, I felt good, real good. But there was still some unfinished business.

I turned my back and looked over my shoulder at Graham. "The key?" I demanded.

He reached into his drawer and pulled it out. Hestitating for a second he sighed and handed it to me.

"Wait a minute, Jed." Shelley put her hand on his arm. He looked at her, puzzled. "You forgot my hair. I'm not being left out." Jed looked at me and I shrugged.

Giving me a grin he pulled most of her hair together and brought the scissors to it. "No!" Shelley squealed, "Not that much," then gave him an exasperated look as she realised that he was teasing her. He took a much smaller handful and cut it. "That's better," she said happily.

"Jed," I said, "Can you pick up the hair and bring it with us?" Christopher passed Jed the carrier bag he had brought with him and the two of them quickly recovered almost all the cuttings.

"Shall I hold onto your phone till lunchtime, Heather?" Christopher asked.

"No, I'll keep it for now. Thanks."

"Don't you want the handcuffs off first?" he asked.

"Not until Laura's are." I spoke to Jed but stared pointedly at Graham.

Then I turned and spoke to Graham. I started coldly, "Because of the handcuffs you made Laura wear, Samantha here nearly died yesterday. And if you want to know what assault is, ask Laura, seeing as you and Ghastly Gordon put her in handcuffs this morning and left her to be assaulted by a huge mob. You're supposed to be responsible for our safety..." Once I'd started, I was so angry I could barely speak and was nearly in tears.

Jed touched my arm. "That's enough, Heather," he said gently.

His interruption, although brief, had given me a second to compose myself. "No," I said. "No it isn't, not nearly enough. But right now we have to set Laura free." I strode out of the office with the others behind me.

I stopped everyone by my locker, I had to put my phone away. I turned my back to the locker, then grinned at Jed, "I can't do this blind." He stepped forward and I whispered the combination to him. Then we all headed for Laura's classroom.

While we waited for Laura's lesson to finish, I gave Jed a toe-curler of a kiss.

"Not that I mind," he said, "but what was that for?"

"Thank you for what you did in there. I thought you were going to thump him."

"For a second so did I," he admitted. "When I saw him run at you, I wanted to, so much."

Laura came out of class with a look of dread on her face. She obviously wasn't finding this any easier than we had. And she still thought she had nearly three more days of it.

Jed walked up her and said, "I have a reasonable request. Turn around." She looked at him. Remind me never to play poker with Jed, he looked absolutely serious. Unable to tease her any longer he smiled and went behind her and simply uncuffed her hands.

"How?" Then she saw him walk across to each of us and remove our handcuffs.

"Mr. Graham changed his mind," I said simply.

"Here, we brought you a present." Jed handed her the carrier bag.

"From the four of us, with love," said Suzie.

"And hoping you'll forgive me for letting you down yesterday," I said.

Laura looked inside. She reached in and pulled out a large handful of our hair. Then she burst into tears. "I felt like nobody cared," she whispered.

"I'm sorry," I said. She hugged each of us and we cried together.

"You all look terrible," she said.

"Thanks," said Suzie.

"Who cut your hair?"

"Jed, and we told him to really make a mess of it," said Shelley triumphantly.

"He succeeded," Laura replied.

Shelley took the scissors from Jed and and snipped them viciously a few times near his ear. "Care to join us, Jed?" She had her most evil grin on.

"No!" Laura shouted and quickly moved between the two of them. She threw her arms around Jed and kissed him hard on the lips.

When he could breathe again, he asked, "Was that a reasonable request?"

"No," Laura shook her head, "An unreasonable one. And I can soon make it more unreasonable if you like." Then she kissed him again.

The rest of us stood around them and laughed. Well, if I'm being truly honest, a nasty little part of me resented those kisses. I could only muster a grin but fortunately no one noticed.

Laura held our hair in her hands and kissed it. "This is the nicest present I've ever had," she said. "I don't know what happened, but I will treasure this always." She carefully put the hair back in the bag and held it tightly against her chest.

She began to cry again with relief. Suzie held her close, bag and all, as the bell went for lunch.

At lunchtime of course, Laura wanted to know what had happened to make Graham change his mind. "How did you do it?" she demanded.

"Not telling," I said teasingly, "you'll have to wait and read it in my journal."

"Then you'd better put every juicy little detail in there, girl." She rubbed her sore wrists and shook her head. "This is a bloody miracle, I still can't quite take it in."

"Oh, don't worry, I'll write down every detail," I giggled, "Every fucking syllable. But I'll just say this for now. Jed and I had to.. encourage him just a wee bit." I noticed a tiny frown on Christopher's face. "And Christopher played his part like a champion." That got him smiling again.

Shelley disappeared after quickly eating her lunch without saying a word. When she came back, I asked, "Where have you been?"

"Just around," she said, refusing to say any more.

Just then a boy came to tell Shelley and me that we were to report to the Headmaster's office.

Shelley looked as worried as I felt.

Worried that Mr. Graham was trying to get back at us when we weren't all together, we walked slowly.

Mr. Graham came out of his office and said, "I'm sending you two home." He saw the look on my face. "No, it's not a punishment. Dr. Reynolds rang. He's cleared it with your mother. You are both to travel to London to give evidence to the inquiry about last Friday. Your tickets will be at the station. Your mother is getting the clothes you need ready. Your train leaves in half an hour. A taxi will be here in.." he looked at his watch, "..eight minutes to take you home to collect your things and on to the station."

Before we could reply, he added with a smirk, "And as this trip is a school activity, you probably won't be needing those clothes very much."

Shelley said, "Back in a minute," then ran off. She came back a few minutes later, somewhat breathlessly. "I had to see Suzie about something," she explained mysteriously.

Having got dressed quickly, we waited another minute or so for the taxi outside. When we got home, Mum ran out with our case. "I really ought to come and see you off, but these reports they've got me writing about my trip are murder. Will you be okay?"

"Mum," said Shelley, "We can get on a train without supervision."

"You sure you know which train?"

"Yes, London," I said. "Honestly Mum, we're not going to end up in Glasgow or anywhere, okay? And we're being met at Euston. What can go wrong?"

Shelley blurted out, "And I've even changed trains at New Street, Mum. Remember that concert I went to last summer." I just shook my head. One more thing for Mum to worry about, I thought.

"Okay," she still sounded a little dubious. But then she grinned at us both. "Have a good time and don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"That's gives Shelley plenty of scope then, Mum," I grinned back.

"Anyhow, it's London you should worry about," said Shelley. "It's about to get attacked by the slutsisters."

"Hmm, the mind boggles. Go on, you two had better hurry or you'll miss your train." Quick kisses and hugs for both of us and we were away.

At the station, when we went to the booking office to collect our tickets, we were surprised to find three people waiting for us. A male reporter, a girl photographer and Ghastly Bleeding Gordon.

"They'd found out about the inquiry and wanted some publicity shots of your leaving before the London papers get you," she explained. "But you've got time for a drink first. The train won't be leaving now for an extra fifteen minutes so they'll have plenty of time to take some photos of you getting on the train."

"Fine," I said.

We went to the buffet and she bought us a drink and some chocolate each. Maybe I should have been suspicious, but I put it down to the reporter and photographer being there.

"So, what are you going to say to the inquiry, Heather?" asked the reporter, who had been spending half the time looking at his watch.

"I don't know. I don't know what they're going to ask me," I replied.

"Surely you have some idea what it's all about?" he insisted.

"Well it's supposedly about my rape, but it's probably more about all the TV and newspapers about us."

"What's it like suddenly being a celebrity at your age?"

"Cool," interrupted Shelley, LOUDLY.

"It has its advantages," I said, pointedly looking at Ghastly.

The train pulled in and the photographer wanted photos of us boarding the train. "It would look better if you could do it naked," she said.

I wasn't at all sure about that, but Ms. Gordon said, "It is a school-related activity and you are in a Program area," and besides Shelley had already begun to strip off.

Ghastly held our clothes while we posed, first stepping up onto the train, then leaning out of the window.

We had already attracted a small crowd of men, whistling and surrounding our part of the platform. It looked like a few of the men even had photo-phones. With their whistles and the reporter still asking questions and the photographer's camera flashing away, I didn't notice anything wrong until the train began to move.

I looked past the men and saw Ghastly, our clothes over her arm and our case at her feet, with a satisfied smile on her face. Before any of the men noticed her, I watched her slip away.

I gave Shelley a worried look, but she just grinned.

Hi. I'm Heather, and I'm Naked Out of School.

Laura, part 6

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY

Sam was alright at the hospital and Mum was brilliant as always.

She persuaded the doctors not to force Sam to be admitted to a psychiatric ward, but allowed her to stay with us instead.

Sam admitted that she'd just panicked when she realised that she was going to have to sing a solo at the choir concert naked.

But last night she was really upbeat and positive.

Mum had wanted to talk to me about what had happened to my hair, but I was too exhausted and went to bed almost as soon as we got home.

In the middle of the night Sam woke up screaming and we talked for a long time. She's a nice kid, but she'd be even nicer if she'd actually let anyone get close to her.

At least I found out why that damned concert is so important to her. She sees it as her one way out of the life she has at home with a mother that hates her. If anyone else told me their parents hated them, I'd take it with a pinch of salt, but Sam's mother hadn't even bothered to go to the hospital when she'd been told Sam had tried to kill herself. No wonder Sam thinks she's in hell. My life with Mum isn't always perfect, but Mum loves me and sees to it that I know that she loves me. I can't imagine what it must be like to live at home, knowing that your mother wishes you'd never been born.

I must be mad because I actually invited Sam to stay as long as she wanted, sharing with me until I went to Uni., then she could have my room. She refused.

I hugged her until she went to sleep.

I didn't tell her that I'm as scared as she is. I am now totally convinced that I can't complete this Program. It has become a waking nightmare. My life isn't my own any more. My trademark long hair is fucked up and nothing seems right. To make matters worse, everyone assumes that because I'm a stripper this should be easy for me, so what's my problem? That thought made me smile. Shit! At least after the last two days, nobody will think it's easy for me.

I feel like I've been stripped bare, emotionally, and forced to show my vulnerability to the whole school. Last night I felt a sudden empathy with Samantha, realising what it must have been like for her to be bared physically like this. Probably very similar to how I felt when I could see my own embarrassment reflected in the sympathetic gaze of the other students.

Somehow that makes it worse. I'm Laura the stripper. I'm strong, independent, never needs anyone. Suddenly that was taken from me and I became Laura, scared out of my mind, dependent on the sympathy of others to simply make it through the day.

Although we don't have a formal graduation like they do in the States, I know that I can't go on to University without a pass grade in this fucking Program.

Why did I try to help Heather? Why did I go to that damned meeting of hers with the headmaster? From her reaction yesterday she had been having much too much of a good time to give a damn about what I went through.

I thought that I'll give this one more day then decide. I'm not going to let myself crack up, though, even if it means quitting school and giving up University.

I fell asleep thinking about what my options might be if I couldn't go to University.

None of us talked much at breakfast. Too tired I guess after our disturbed night. But it felt like more than that with Sam. She had a weird look on her face, I can't describe it, but I'd never seen it before. And she was holding her head high. I actually felt jealous of her, can you believe that?

We got split up when we got to school. A gang of girls came and whisked the boys away, almost ripping their clothes off as they did so. The boys didn't exactly seem to mind! I don't recall ever seeing a group of boys strip so quickly.

After I'd undressed, Ghastly came and slapped on my handcuffs, then left without saying a word. It was free-for-all-with-Laura time. I tried to play it cool, the confident stripper, but that lasted about two seconds. Bent over, prodded, poked, I didn't even protest, it was as if Ghastly had thrown me to them. They knew it and so did I. In the end I just collapsed on the ground and curled up like a baby, waiting for the nightmare to end.

It became like it was happening to someone else, in some twisted dream. Now and again, someone would be so rough that I came back to horrid reality for a second or two, but the rest of the time it was like it wasn't really me. They could probably have all fucked me and I don't think I'd have even been aware of it.

Suddenly it got easier. There were fewer around me and I got up, just relieved to have become the sex toy for only half a dozen instead of God-only-knows how many.

When the bell rang, I went straight to the showers without looking around me. The other girls joined me there and I could see that Sam had been crying, a lot. Shit, I was supposed to be looking after her. I'd promised that damned psychiatrist. Some friend I was.

Then I noticed that all the girls, including Sam, had handcuffs on.

Shelley explained that they were wearing them while I had to. That was very sweet of them but, as I pointed out, "What if something happens while you can't even defend yourselves?"

Heather answered that. "If something happens, having hands free isn't always enough anyway."

Ouch. I felt bad for even mentioning it. Nobody could answer that for a minute, then Suzie cut through all our unsaid thoughts with, "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying."

I should have been grateful for what they were doing to support me, but I didn't feel grateful. All I could feel all morning was anger. I clung to it like a drowning man to a buoy. I was especially angry at them for making Samantha do it, but found to my surprise that she was angry at me for suggesting it, saying that nobody had made her do it. I really tried to persuade her not to carry on, pointing out that she was already crying and this could go on for days, but she was determined.

"Okay, I hate it," she admitted. "You've seen me cry already. Well, get used to it, because you'll probably see it again. But I survived this morning and I'll survive the rest whatever happens."

I wished I felt so confident, for her or for me. Perhaps Mum would speak to her tonight and make her give up this silly idea. But in spite of myself, I went to the first lesson actually feeling a little better. I had someone else to worry about now, not just myself.

It didn't last. In the first break, someone shoved me against a wall while someone else went down on me and two others sucked on my breasts. What they were doing wasn't unpleasant, far from it. Any other time I'd have loved it, the attention, and three tongues doing their level best to pleasure me, but I wasn't human any more. I was a piece of meat to be used and that took away any joy from it.

Some other boys pulled them away and a fight broke out. I took my chance and escaped. As I ran away, I glanced back to check that nobody was following me and I saw one of my original attackers clutching his hand to his bloody nose. Perhaps that should have made me feel better, but it didn't. I never did thank my rescuers and I don't even know who they were. I didn't really look, I was so pleased to get away.

The lessons were actually a relief. Teachers seemed to be deliberately ignoring me. I wasn't asked to participate in anything, not as a display anyway.

The second break was better. Not that I was ever left alone, in fact I wasn't left alone for a second. Some boys surrounded me and I prepared myself for the abuse to come, but it never came. They turned their backs to me and linked their arms making themselves like a wall around me. What was going on? This wasn't allowed by the Program, yet two teachers walked by, talking, looked at what was happening and walked on, saying nothing.

Some other boys complained, so one girl not on the Program led them away and let them feel her up instead, telling them that I was too sore. I could hear her as they fingered her to an orgasm, then her moans of pleasure changed to slight cries of pain as others continued to do to her what they should have been doing to me. She didn't stop. I could hear her but I never saw her face. I just saw someone running off carrying her knickers as a trophy and I was sure I heard something she was wearing tear.

This was unreal. I should have been so happy and relieved, but it was like a dream. Nothing could shift the cold melancholy that had settled over me, the total hopelessness I felt.

Another lesson where I was left alone. Other students were even asking me how I was. I just said "Okay, thanks," without thinking. But I knew that if they continued to help me I'd fail the Program. That had been made clear to Heather when Shelley was helping her last week.

Their actions had saved me when I felt like I was drowning, but I couldn't allow it to continue. I had a choice, suffer and go to University, or see that ambition die. I suddenly knew how Heather had felt when she wrote that she had to be the school prostitute if she wanted to go to University. Okay, I didn't have to let anyone actually Fuck me, though I wouldn't be able to stop them with these damned cuffs, but if I was their plaything for the week, what difference did it make? Perhaps if I just said "yes" to everything, it would hurt less.

Even as I thought that, I realised it was a joke. Not only had "Reasonable" been lost somewhere along the line, but so had "Request". I hadn't been ASKED anything all morning. I wasn't a person any more, it was as simple as that. After all, if even the staff could get away with what they did to me yesterday, and other staff could stand by letting it happen, I obviously had no rights. The fact that there were a few nice guys out there who didn't like what was happening couldn't change that.

My thoughts were interrupted by a teacher's voice. "The lesson is over, you can go now." I'd missed the whole lesson, deep in thought, yet I hadn't been told off for it. It had to be that I was now the stupid bimbo stripper that wasn't worth worrying about and that thought made me want to cry again.

As I left the classroom after that last lesson for the morning, Jed came up to me asking for a Reasonable Request. I just looked at him feeling betrayed. How could he do this to me?

Then he grinned and went behind me and took off my handcuffs. I realised that the other Program participants were there and he went to each of the girls and took their handcuffs off too.

"Mr. Graham changed his mind," said Heather.

"Here, we brought you a present." Jed handed me a carrier bag.

When I looked into it, it was full of hair. I didn't understand, then I looked up and noticed that all four girls had a huge chunk of their hair cut out, and whoever did it hadn't been like Nurse and bothered to make it neat.

"From the four of us with love," Suzie said.

Heather asked me to forgive her for letting me down yesterday. I couldn't speak.

I squeezed the hair in my hands and just started to cry. "I felt like nobody cared," I gasped. I just had to hug them all. I'd felt so bad only minutes before and now this. When we'd finished hugging and crying and crying and hugging, I looked at my friends and said, "You all look terrible... Who cut your hair?"

Shelley laughed. "Jed, and we told him to make a mess of it."

"He succeeded," I assured her.

She grabbed the scissors and went to cut Jed's hair, but I pushed in front of her and kissed Jed. Hard. I think he was actually embarrassed (as we all know he adores Heather) and he asked, "Was that a reasonable request?"

"No," I said, "An unreasonable one. And I can soon make it more unreasonable if you like." I kissed him again, lightly this time, and we all laughed.

When the laughter had passed, I became serious again. I held their hair in my hands and said, "This is the nicest present I've ever had. I don't know what happened, but I will treasure this always."

I later found out that they'd all put on handcuffs and cut their hair to force Mr. Graham to have me released from my handcuffs. They'd threatened a press conference if he didn't. And it had all been Heather's idea. I felt guilty for doubting her.

At lunchtime I wanted to know how they'd made Mr. Graham change his mind. Heather wouldn't tell me a thing. I made her promise that she'd put "every fucking syllable" in her journal.

The other girls were all excited about the sudden change in behaviour by everyone. They'd also had this odd experience of other students actually protecting them. Shelley explained that in her lesson, Mr. Thompson had said that the staff were as shocked as we were by what happened to me yesterday and had ordered everyone to protect us "even against staff" and to spread the word around the school that anyone abusing us would have "hell to pay" when Dr. Reynolds came back.

After lunch our little party was broken up as Heather and Shelley were sent to London. They were wanted to give evidence to the inquiry about Heather's rape on Friday and the publicity surrounding it. I hope Heather's alright. She's been weird since the rape, almost on a high most of the time and I was scared that she'd snap back suddenly without warning and without anyone there to help her when it hit her hard.

I walked to the toilet before afternoon lessons and Samantha was ahead of me. I ran to catch her up. I'd been so excited that I hadn't noticed before. She had bruises covering her bum, and some on her thighs and breasts. "What the hell happened to you?" I demanded grabbing her a little more roughly than I had intended.

"I'll explain tonight," she said cryptically. "But don't worry, it's not what you think."

I didn't know what I thought, but I was worried. She saw the concern in my eyes and kissed me. "It's really nice having someone worry about me and care about me. Thank you."

I just hugged her as the lesson bell went.

Suzie stopped me on my way to the lesson. "Are you free tonight?" she asked.

"I suppose so," I said.

"Look, Shelley has this daft idea to help Sam, but it means us joining the choir."

I spluttered. Believe me, you do NOT want to hear me sing. Even the plastic ducks in our bathtub wear earmuffs!

"And the last choir practice before the concert is tonight after school."

"So what's this idea?" I asked, knowing that if it was a Shelley idea it had to be crazy and totally impractical.

"No time to explain now, I'll tell you later, okay?"

Suzie had arranged for Stephen to trick Samantha into thinking the time for the practice had been changed, so that left the coast clear free for us.

The choir practice was really good, or rather the choir was really good. Suzie and I? We sucked, big style. Even miming to the words we felt like idiots and probably looked it.

Suzie spoke to them after the practice, with Shelley's idea. It sunk like a lead balloon. Sam had pushed them away for so long, they didn't see why they should help her or even how they could help her. I explained about her mother and when I told them about her mother not even going to the hospital when Sam attempted suicide, there was a gasp from almost everyone. I realised that I'd probably said things about Sam that I shouldn't have. After all, she'd told me everything privately and I'd just blabbed it to the whole choir. I hoped that I hadn't made things even worse for her.

I took a long way home, to make sure that Sam, who would now be on her way to choir practice (or so she thought), didn't see me coming back from school so late.

About quarter of an hour later, there was a knock on the door. It was one of the choirgirls. I'd vaguely known her before and had always thought she was a snob.

I now found out that her name was Tanya. "Is Samantha in?" she asked.

"No."

"Good. We've been talking and we don't want you and Suzie to stand out like sore thumbs. If you are going to be in the front row, you've at least got to act right or you'll spoil it for all of us."

"Okay. What do you want me to do?"

"I'm going to coach you in things like how to stand, breathe and sing."

I laughed. "You don't want to hear me sing."

"No," she said seriously, "I don't. But if you learn to sing the things you have to sing, you'll mime it better tomorrow night."

"Fair enough. But if we're going to practise, we'd better find somewhere else or Sam will come back and catch us."

"We're meeting out the back of my house. It's private," she explained.

"I'll get some clothes."

"Don't bother, nobody will see you anyway. And it'll be an undress rehearsal." She giggled slightly at her own joke.

Who'd have guessed it? She actually had a sense of humour. Well, if you can call it that.

So she drove me to her house. Did I just say, house? A mansion, more like. It was huge, with a massive pool out back. Next to the pool, in an area closed off completely in what looked like a giant greenhouse was a mini gym, complete with hot tub.

"Wow!" I couldn't help being impressed, "You could have some wild parties out here."

She looked at me and replied coldly, "We don't have those sorts of parties."

Being told off like that made me feel like a child, and I reacted like a child, "It would be fun though," I said, and giggled.

A strange look on her face made me think that perhaps she wasn't as against the idea as she pretended to be. Was that desire I saw flicker across her face?

The crazy temptation to push her in the hot tub and make mad passionate love to her was removed by the doorbell ringing. Another choirgirl, Teresa, arrived with Suzie.

The less said about our efforts to sing or look remotely like we belonged in a choir the better. The longer we went on, the longer the faces of the two real choirgirls got.

Finally Teresa took Suzie home. A cold wind had come up and I shivered as I walked to the car. There are times when being naked isn't such fun. Tanya turned to me and said, "Let me get you a robe or something, the heater in my damned car isn't working."

We went back into the gym and she picked a robe for me. "Look," I said, "I know you all don't want us with you, but I promise you we'll do our best not to make you all look bad."

She looked at me and her face softened, "I know you will." She smiled at me. I'd never seen her smile before.

"You know you look really pretty when you smile."

"Yeah, right," she said bitterly. "I get boys wanting me because I have a nice car, a swimming pool, a hot tub, and these." She grabbed her tits.

"Then they're blind. Either that or you don't let them see you."

I'd hit a nerve there. "They see enough of me. I fuck them on the first date, don't I? Otherwise I don't get a second date, except in summer when they want to use the pool."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"What for? You haven't done anything."

"I always thought you were a shallow snob who thought you were better than the rest of us."

That hurt, I could see.

"But you're just like the rest of us, hoping someone might actually see through the façade and actually love us."

"YOU feel like that too?" she asked incredulously.

"Get half the girls in school together and they'd tell you the same," I said. "And the other half are probably lying."

She looked at me rather skeptically, then half smiled as if she was actually beginning to dare to believe it.

"Do you really think I look pretty when I smile?"

"You look fantastic when you smile, and if you smiled more often, boys would tell you the same," I said. No, to be accurate, that's what I tried to say. I got as far as "boys would tell" when she leapt on me and kissed me quickly on the lips.

"Thank you," she said. There was no half smile this time. Then her face dropped and she said, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that."

"Why not?"

"Even the Program says we're supposed to ask permission to touch you," she answered, but I'm sure she was being coy.

Two can play at that game, I thought. "And suppose I want to touch you?" I asked, taking her hand for a second, then trailing my fingers up her arm to her shoulder. "Do I have to ask permission?" I trailed them down to her breast.

"No," she said.

I wasn't certain what she was saying. No, I didn't have to ask or No, don't do this. So I took my hand away. "No, what?" I asked.

"No, you don't have to ask," she said in a small voice, totally unlike her. She took my hand and put it back on her breast.

I looked at her and saw that she had tears in her eyes. I moved my hand up to wipe them away.

She tilted her head down, embarrassed. I put my hand under her chin and lifted her head to face me.

Then I kissed her. No tongues or anything like that, just a kiss. A long kiss. She put her arms around me and held my head as if she was determined not to let me pull away to break the kiss.

She had a sweatshirt on and I began to pull it up. She broke our kiss and pulled the offending shirt over her head and threw it on the floor.

I started to play with her nipples through the thin material of her bra. She became tense.

"We don't have to do this. I can stop if you want." I said a little prayer to myself just then.

With an almost Samantha-frightened-rabbit look on her face, she shook her head and reached back to unclip her bra. She was so nervous that she couldn't do it.

"Let me," I said softly, and unhooked it for her, then slipped it off her arms. She went slightly pink, almost like Suzie, as I touched her bare breasts for the first time.

I bent down to lightly lick her nipple and she closed her eyes. I toyed with those lovely breasts with my fingers and tongue until she was breathing hard and rapidly.

She reached down and pushed her trousers down. She then reached for her knickers but I pulled her hands away. She looked up at me, questioningly.

"You don't have to fuck on the first date, you know. I promise I'll come back."

She gave me an exasperated look. I put my hand between her legs and felt her wetness. "I think this participant needs relief." I looked at her.

"Do you want relief, Tanya?" I asked.

She nodded vigorously.

I knelt down in front of her. I could actually smell her arousal through the wisp of lace she was wearing. I slipped them down, then made her lie down on one of the exercise machines. "What do you want me to do?"

"Lick me, finger me, I don't care, just DO something," she begged.

I held her open with my fingers and gently licked inside her. She went totally rigid.

I licked her for all I was worth, then, just before she could come, I stopped.

"Stand here and bend over the machine," I ordered. She could barely get up.

Without warning I stuck my tongue in her arse. "Oh, God," she cried, "That is SO dirty."

Taking that as approval, I began to lick her arsehole and piston my fingers in her pussy at the same time.

She came like a volcano and I worked hard to lick up every bit of her juices. When she finally finished cumming, I stood her up. My face was covered with her and I kissed her, this time with tongues. She could taste her own juices on me.

"That was incredible," she whispered. "Now it's your turn."

"You don't have to," I told her.

She flashed me one of her wonderful smiles. "I know," she said. "Now lie down."

"Yes, ma'am."

She explored my pussy, first with her eyes, then her fingers, then finally, with her tongue. "Can you turn over so I can," she hesitated, "do to you what you did to me?"

"You really don't have to do this."

"I want to," she said simply. I turned over and, damn me, held my breath.

With no hesitation she stuck her tongue into my arsehole and at the very same moment, two or three fingers in my pussy. Her long exploration of my pussy had made me ready to cum in an instant.

Then she got under me, and rubbed her face all over my pussy.

We kissed again and I suggested we clean up in the hot tub. "You can," she said, "But I want to smell you on me when I wake up in the morning."

That was quite something! "I'd better be going," I said reluctantly, "It's getting late."

I followed her out of the gym, both of us naked, and we got in her car.

Outside my house, she turned to me seriously and said, "I don't know what the others are going to think."

"They don't have to know. I won't tell anyone," I promised.

"No, but I will," she beamed.

"That's if they don't guess from the pong in this car," I said.

She pushed the seat back and before I knew it, she had her fingers up me again, wanking me to another orgasm. Then she sucked her fingers clean.

"That's to keep me going," she said. "And you're in some of my classes tomorrow, and if you want relief and don't let me do it, I shall be furious."

"Are you sure? Tonight's been a little crazy, but in front of everyone is," I searched for a word, "more difficult."

"I'm sure," she said, and kissed me, this time as tenderly as you could imagine.

Watching her drive off, I still didn't believe what had happened.

I walked into the lounge and Sam was crying. "What's the matter?"

"It's Shelley!"

Samantha, part 5

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY

I woke up literally screaming in the middle of the night in a strange bed feeling a terrific panic. I don't know what I'd been dreaming about but I just knew I wasn't going to make it through this week.

Laura and her mum were at my side at once.

"It was just a nightmare," Laura's mum reassured me.

"I know, but what if everything goes wrong tomorrow? I'm not strong like Laura." Laura snorted at that.

"Well you are," I protested, "At least a lot stronger than I am."

"Even if that's true, Sam, right now I don't feel very strong at all."

"What do you mean if everything goes wrong tomorrow?" Laura's mum looked concerned.

I remembered just in time that I couldn't tell them about the plan. "I don't know," I said. "I've just got this awful feeling like something dreadful is going to happen."

Laura sat down on the bed beside me and hugged me. "We can't stop what happens at school, but I promise you Mum and I'll be here for you, no matter what happens. You will get through this week."

"And after this week? Mum hates me even more now. You heard what she said on the phone." When she'd been called to be told that I was staying here for the week, she'd said, "Good riddance to bad rubbish. I never wanted the fucking brat and she's been a millstone round my neck since the day she was born. If she wants to be a slut somewhere else, she can. But I never want to see her again." I will probably remember those words till the day I die.

The doctor calling her had slammed his hand on the "speaker" button to try to cut off the sound when he realised that I could hear every word, but he was too late.

"Mum," said Laura, "Can't she stay here in my room? In a few months I go to University and I don't mind sharing until then."

"Samantha, your mother was angry. We all say things we don't mean when we're angry."

"She meant every word," I said. "She's always said that having me destroyed her life and she wishes that she'd had an abortion."

Laura and her mum looked at each other at that.

Then Mrs. Townley looked at me with sudden comprehension. "Is that why this concert means so much to you?"

I nodded. "If I can make it, if I can get some producer to notice me, I can get away, out of my home, out of this school, away from my mother and then... Then maybe I can have a real life."

"Is it that bad?"

"She doesn't beat me every night or anything like that. In fact she never hits me at all and there's nearly always food and stuff. Compared to what some kids have to put up with, it's nothing. But she hates me and nothing I say or do is ever right. I used to think if I did really well at school and was the perfect daughter that I could make her love me, but I can't. This concert was the first thing she's ever been proud of me for and she's bringing all her horrid friends to show me off to them. And now I have to do that naked."

I paused. "I know that I can never make her want me. Now I just want to get away."

"Even from your friends?" she asked.

"I couldn't even have any friends because she'd scare them out of the house. She did it once before."

Laura took my hand. "Guess what, kid? You've got one now, so like it or lump it."

"You're really nice, and I'm grateful that you're helping me, please don't think I'm not. But you're in the Program with me and we're supposed to support each other. Please don't pretend that you actually like me or will want to know me once this horrid week is over."

Even as I said it, I wished I could take it back. No wonder I don't have any friends.

Laura turned to her mum. "Mum, you've got work tomorrow, you really ought to get some more sleep. We'll be okay." Her mum left and Laura turned to me, "Why shouldn't we like you? Apart from that last thing you said. What's not to like? You're cute, talented, pretty... yes, pretty," she repeated when I laughed at that. "And when you're not upset like now, I've never heard you say a nasty word to anyone. So why shouldn't we like you?"

"'Cause nobody does. I don't have any friends," I argued.

"Have you let anybody be your friend?"

I shook my head.

"Why not?"

"Because if I take friends home, she'll scare them off."

"Yeah you said that. What about the one you did take home? Was she scared off?"

"We weren't friends after that."

"And why was that? Did she say she didn't want to be friends with you because of your Mum? Because if she did, she wasn't much of a friend in the first place."

"No. She was nice. But I told her that we couldn't be friends any more."

"So you never gave her a chance. You pushed her away before she could hurt you, before even giving her a chance to be your friend." With a flash I realised that she was right. I'd been pushing people away for as long as I could remember.

"And you're so used to pushing people away before they can hurt you that you're still doing it now, tonight, to Mum and me."

It felt like years of hurt were pouring out as I realised what I'd been doing all this time. "I'm sorry," I managed to get out between my tears.

When I'd finished crying, it seemed to go on forever but I did finally stop, she pushed me away enough so that I could see her. "I've got a job for you tomorrow. A mission if you like."

I looked at her wondering what she could have thought of.

"In between classes, getting groped, and rehearsals for the choir, make a friend and bring her home tomorrow night."

"That's not right, this isn't my home," I objected.

"It's your home for as long as you want it to be. Now if you don't want it to be once this damned Program's over that's fine. But don't put it on us. If you decide you don't want us as friends, that's your decision. But don't you dare try to lie to yourself that we didn't want you."

The fight had gone out of me. I lay down on the bed, no, my bed, and to my surprise, Laura squeezed in with me. She lay behind me and put her arm around me and the last thing I remember was feeling warm and secure with her arm around me as I went back to sleep.

When I awoke, she was back in her own bed. I felt a bit shy about the night before. "Sleep okay?" she asked, smiling. She didn't mention anything that we'd talked about or her cuddling me to sleep. I looked at her and realised that if she wanted me to, I'd do anything she asked me to do. I also knew she'd never demand anything of me.

And now I was actually looking forward to school. No matter what happened, I decided, I was going to be as loyal to her as I knew she would be to me.

Over her coffee at breakfast Mrs. Townley said to me, "I bet that wrist still hurts, huh?"

I nodded. It had been aching a little ever since I'd woken up.

"Laura, fetch the first-aid kit for me, would you?" And then to me, "I'll re-dress it for you, darling. I was a practical nurse for years, you know."

Laura returned with a large dark-green plastic case. She cleared the breakfast things away and opened the case on the table next to her mum. I'd never seen anything like it before. It looked like a complete Casualty Department in a box.

She had to cut the last part of the bandage away and when she did there was a little fresh blood but not that much.

"Now this will sting a little, sorry." She had some cotton wool and a small brown bottle. Shit! That did sting and I yelped. But that was the worst of it. She wrapped my wrist tightly in a new bandage, then did something to the end of it with the scissors so she could tie it securely.

When we arrived at school I had to leave Laura to go with Heather and the others, including Jed, to the headmaster's office. I'd psyched myself up for this and I was ready for the confrontation with Mr. Graham. Jed put the handcuffs on us, but then Heather tried to persuade us to let her go in alone. I replied, "We're in this together, whatever happens."

"Sam, at least you stay out here," she pleaded. "After yesterday if something happens to you I'd never forgive myself."

"Laura's my friend too, now," I insisted, "And you're not making us do this. It's our decision, remember?"

Suzie reminded Heather that while we were arguing Laura was out there with no other girls to take the pressure off of her.

Then we discovered that Mr. Graham hadn't even arrived at school yet.

We went back out to the morning groping session, as Shelley insisted on calling it, quite accurately.

None of us said anything, but we all kept our handcuffs on. I'd got Jed to leave my handcuffs fairly loose, but their rubbing still hurt me every time I moved.

It was awful. I can't think of another word to describe it. If you've never been surrounded and had people fighting to force fingers into your holes while others were pulling on and biting and twisting your boobs, you can't even begin to imagine it.

I had wanted to keep my cool and show no emotion, but I abandoned that idea in seconds. I was crying my eyes out and none of them even noticed. At first I begged them to be gentle, then I screamed at them to be gentle. Then I just stopped speaking. Words did nothing. I tried kicking out at them, but that made no difference either.

And the teacher we'd been promised to (and I quote) "stop things getting out of hand"? You are joking, aren't you? I know why Heather and Laura have become so cynical. The staff would say anything but would do nothing. I knew we'd get no help there, not while Graham was in charge.

And yes, I know teachers will be reading this journal afterwards. As you won't read this until after the concert, I don't care what you think. If I'm a success, I'm out of here. If not, nothing matters anyway. So I've just two words for the lot of you. FUCK YOU, YOU BASTARDS! Okay that's four words, but I never was any good at Maths.

One guy grabbed my pussy and with his fingers inside me, literally picked me up. You can't believe how much that hurt.

All of this was worse than I'd ever imagined. The boys trying to be rough at the party the other night hadn't prepared me for anything like this. I felt like I was being torn apart with every new hand that found its way into my pussy or arse.

I was ready to totally freak out when Heather found me. "You've had enough. I'll find Jed to get you uncuffed," she screamed at me, so I could hear her above the racket.

"No," I managed to yell back. "This isn't about me, or you for that matter. It's about Laura and I'm not letting her down."

Reminding myself what we were like this for really helped. Dear Heather, she looked so worried about me. It felt nice having someone worrying about me. She forced her way behind me and turned her back to my back, so she could hold my hands.

As well as making me feel better, it also made it almost impossible for them to finger our arses, though some, cheated of that pleasure, simply pinched them and tried to pull us apart. I held onto Heather's hands for dear life.

Others were still ramming fingers in and out of my pussy, but remembering why we were doing this and having Heather hold my hands made the pain seem less.

When the bell went and the crowd dispersed, Heather asked me if I was okay.

"I'll live," I assured her, trying to sound braver than I felt.

In the showers Laura tried to argue us out of going around with handcuffs. (We still hadn't told her our plan.)

"Look. I'm grateful and everything. It's one thing you three doing this, but making Samantha do it is going too far," she argued.

"Nobody made me do anything," I said, actually angry with her.

"She was the first one to agree to the idea," Suzie pointed out. (Was I really?)

Laura looked at me and tried desperately to make me change my mind. "Sam, I can see you've been crying and we're not even in the first lesson yet. I have three whole days of doing this. Remember what the doctor said. I'm responsible for you. I couldn't bear it if anything happened to you."

I just replied by asking "Friends stick together, don't they?" and putting the thought of three days of this firmly out of my mind.

"Yes, but..."

"No buts. Okay, I hate it. You've seen me cry already. Well, get used to it, because you'll probably see it again. But I survived this morning and I'll survive the rest whatever happens."

Laura could see that nothing she could say was going to change my mind.

"Just be careful, okay? I'd hug you if I could, but I can't, so consider yourself hugged."

"Okay," I said. I was actually smiling, with genuine relief that she'd accepted that I was going to do this whether she liked the idea or not. "If it makes you happier, I promise that if it gets too much, I'll find Jed and get him to take my handcuffs off. But it's not going to happen."

Minutes later I wished I hadn't tried to be so brave. I had French, but as the French teacher was away, we had a study period. The teacher assigned to monitor us was Ghastly Gordon.

She laughed as I walked into class, my legs apart because it hurt my pussy to walk with them properly closed.

"I suppose I don't need to ask if you want relief as you seem to have had quite a bit of relief already, judging by the way you are walking," she said with a sarcastic grin.

"You are not going to make me cry this time, GG," I said to myself. The reaction on her face told me that by some terrible mistake, I had said the words out loud.

"I don't care whether you're crying or laughing with joy so long as you do what you are supposed to do in class," she replied. "I take no pleasure from upsetting you."

"Liar," I thought, but this time, didn't say it.

"As you are obviously into bondage, let's not waste this lesson. Lie on the table."

I was sure that being tied up was against the rules, but I was wrong. I looked it up later. It only says that "No student is ever required to have his or her freedom of movement restricted as a part of a Reasonable Request." It says nothing about that as far as classroom participation is concerned. As I was about to discover, the same applied to oral sex.

She had them tie me down, but with my knees drawn up to my sides. It was a bit like the position the boys had me in at Shelley's Petting Party, but this was totally different. The boys there had been gentle and everyone had been at the party simply to help me. I knew that I was at everyone's mercy in this classroom. I just hoped that they wouldn't hurt me too much.

"Now, many people, both men and women, find that being restrained intensifies the senses, especially orgasms. It can enable some non-orgasmic women to have an orgasm for the first time, and enable others to have multiple orgasms. Now that we have a real live subject we can find out if it is true. Samantha, do you normally orgasm from foreplay or on your own?"

I was too scared not to answer. "No," I admitted.

"Have you ever had an orgasm?" she asked.

"Yes." I didn't tell her that my first ever orgasm was Monday night.

"But you don't orgasm easily?"

"I suppose not."

"Okay, another device for intensifying orgasms is a simple blindfold. One of you boys, tie this blindfold over Samantha's eyes."

For a second I went rigid with fear as I could no longer even see what was going to happen to me.

You can survive this for five minutes, I told myself, desperately trying to focus on what I'd learned at the Petting Party.

"Now. In groups of four, you have five minutes to try to bring Samantha to orgasm, more than one if possible. No, you can't use your penis, so put it away." Thank God for that, I thought. "You can use fingers or your tongues, though as she looks very sore, I suggest you be gentle. If you simply cause her pain, you are highly unlikely to succeed in bringing her to orgasm."

For a second there I actually thought that she was thinking of me!

"Okay, first group."

It was terrifying being at their mercy, totally unable to move or even see what they were doing.

But I have to admit that the experience itself was NOT as bad as I had feared. The whole idea of having the first boy to ever go down on me in Ghastly Gordon's class, and to be tied up and unable to even tell who it was, was horrible. This was not how I wanted my first time (orally anyway) to be. But they really did try to be gentle. If I winced or gasped in pain when they found a sore spot, they avoided it after that.

But my soreness worked against them. By the time the fourth group had changed to the fifth, I was desperately wishing that they would be able to do it. I'd even stopped my mental game of trying to guess whether it was a boy's tongue or a girl's on my pussy. The gentle stimulation was becoming too much and I just wanted relief.

I don't normally touch myself down there, but I found myself wishing that I could. Even someone's tongue in my arsehole, while turning me on like crazy, couldn't finish me off.

I willed myself to cum, but of course it did no good.

The final group were working on me, when she stopped them. "You can see by the way she's writhing around that she's turned on. But with some girls, who've been brought up to believe that sex is wrong, or somehow dirty, it is very difficult to find release, isn't it, Samantha?"

"Yes," I gasped. "Ms. Gordon, please..."

"In this situation, sometimes pain, instead of being a turn off, can be a relief, tricking the mind into believing that if it hurts it can't be wrong. Would you like to try that, Samantha?"

By now I was past caring. My whole body was a mass of sexual tension begging for release. "Anything, anything. Please, I need to cum," I begged, unable to stand it any longer.

"Try spanking her bottom, gently at first, then harder," she instructed.

Even gently it hurt. I was so sore from this morning. I gritted my teeth.

Someone started to pinch my nipples, hard, as the spanking got harder. The spanking stopped for a moment and I could feel my body betraying me as I was wetter than I'd ever been before.

"She's really wet," said one of the boys.

A different hand took over. I think it was one of the girls and she just wasn't spanking hard enough. Was I crazy? Wanting pain?

Another change and whoever this one was wasn't playing. The first slap was so hard I bit my tongue. The second sent a wave of intense pain and a strange heat through my entire body. I felt my pussy literally running.

I had a sudden thought of my mother's reaction if she saw me like this and I laughed until he hit me again, right on my exposed pussy.

I cried out and he did it again, this time more softly and again and again, swapping from my bum to my pussy and back to my bum. Then a pause as he (or someone else) pushed a couple of fingers very gently into my pussy. They needn't have been gentle, I was past all that.

As whoever it was played inside my pussy another spank sent me over the edge.

Although I hate to admit it, that orgasm was more intense than anything that had happened to me at the party or since. The dull ache in my wrist returned but even that made me smile. Ever since they'd started to spank me I had completely forgotten about the wrist.

Someone pulled off my blindfold and began to loosen the ropes and I watched one of the boys licking and licking me, drinking up what seemed to me to be like a river of juices coming from my pussy.

"You must always untie someone quickly after orgasm or it is possible for them to hurt themselves," she warned everyone, so they untied me quickly.

The boy who had been licking me came over to me and kissed me. "You were fantastic," he said. I could taste myself on his lips and we kissed again. I was forgetting where I was.

"That was incredible," I said, to nobody in particular.

The lesson was over. Word obviously got around quickly. Samantha likes pain. It seemed like every person who passed me in the corridor was slapping my bum, or my tits. This time it wasn't a turn on. It just plain hurt, and I was relieved that for once they didn't follow me into the shower, where I tried to clean myself.

That's not easy with your hands behind your back. Finally I gave up and the next boy who came in to use the toilet was met with, "Please can you wash me down?"

It felt odd having only ONE pair of hands on me, but he was thorough, cleaning everywhere, not missing a spot from behind my ears to my feet to (predictably) my pussy and arsehole. I didn't care. It felt wonderful.

When finally the bell went for the next lesson I kissed him and walked to the lesson.

A short time later Heather came for me, and soon all of us on the Program were outside the headmaster's office (except Laura of course).

Jed, the three other girls and I followed Heather into the office. The other boys waited outside.

Heather told Mr. Graham that unless Laura was released we would all stay in handcuffs. He didn't care (you bastard, I thought), so she had Jed cut off a long thick section of her hair.

Mentally I begged Mr. Graham to give in, but he didn't.

Heather then explained that we were going to have a press conference after Jed had cut hair from each of us, to protest at the treatment Laura had received.

Suzie stepped up next to get Jed to cut her hair.

For a second I felt something akin to jealousy thinking of Laura being caned. Was I really that weird?

Thinking about Laura made me decide to go next.

Mr. Graham said, "Hold on!" and asked what we wanted.

Heather demanded Laura's release, and no more punishments then added a demand we hadn't discussed, that we were all to be excused from Ghastly Gordon's Sex Education lessons. Feeling my still tingly pussy, I wasn't sure that I wanted to be excused!

He refused and I said "Okay, Jed."

I felt ashamed because I nearly cried as he cut off such a large piece of my lovely hair. This was for Laura, I told myself, then spoke up, "Time to make that phone call." Perhaps I could at least spare Shelley.

As Heather started to speak on the phone, Mr. Graham leapt up from behind his desk to try and get the phone from Heather. I could not believe my eyes! Jed jumped in front of Mr. Graham and forced him to sit on his desk. And Jed would not let him move.

He tried threatening to suspend us all, then called for Mrs. Johnson, the secretary. When he finally realised he could not stop Heather's phone call, he gave in. And a moment later Jed had the key to Laura's handcuffs.

I needn't have worried about sparing Shelley as she still insisted that Jed cut off some of her hair so she'd be like the rest of us.

We're almost exactly the same age, but sometimes she seems like a kid. Or maybe she's just on a different planet to the rest of us.

We met Laura outside her lesson and after briefly teasing her, Jed unlocked her handcuffs, before doing the same to the rest of us. Bliss! when those cuffs stopped rubbing my wrist. We presented her with a bag of our hair as a souvenir and she started crying and hugging each of us.

Heather and Shelley left us after lunch. Shelley came rushing back to speak to Suzie about something and then breathlessly explained to us all, "Heather and I have to go to London to the inquiry about last week. Good luck, everyone."

And then she was gone again, like a whirlwind.

As we walked to the toilets, Laura saw what were already becoming bruises on my bum, thighs and tits. Her eyes narrowed angrily.

"I'll explain tonight," I promised. "But don't worry, it's not what you think." She hesitated, so I kissed her and told her, "It's really nice having someone worry about me and care about me. Thank you."

We hugged again before we went off to lessons for the afternoon.

Stephen came up to me straight after school with a message from Mr. Tyler. The choir practice had been postponed until eight o´clock tonight. Laura was nowhere to be found so I was faced with going back to her house alone.

"May I accompany you home, young lady?" asked Stephen with a big mock bow and a sweep of his hand.

"I would be delighted, dear Sir." I attempted a curtsy but made a mess of it and laughed.

All the way home I told him about my weird day, how I was worried that I was a freak because pain had given me an orgasm and how disappointed I was that I didn't even know who was the first boy to go down on me.

"I don't think you're a freak," he'd stated firmly when I told him about fearing that I was a freak.

When I told him about being eaten out for the first time, he was sympathetic. "That must have been tough for your first time," he said.

"It wasn't that it was especially horrible or anything, but I'd been dreaming about it happening and it was such a let down."

"I can imagine."

"Actually I've been dreaming about it ever since Monday when you were fingering me," I confessed. "Wondering what it would be like if... you went down on me." There, I'd actually said it.

When we got "home" he kissed me. "How about we make some dreams come true?" he suggested. I invited him in and we went straight upstairs.

He kissed me some more and he undressed me, stroking and kissing me as he exposed each part. I'd been naked all week but this was so exciting I could hardly breathe.

"Now from what I hear you like being tied up and helpless," he grinned.

I was about to deny it but I felt my nipples stiffen even more at the thought of being at his mercy.

"Don't worry. I won't do anything you don't want me to and anytime you want, just tell me to stop."

"I'm not worried," I said. (Oh my god, I thought, is this really happening?)

He used some sheets to tie me to the bed, then wrapped a pillow case around my eyes. He started by kissing me all over and I mean all over. He kissed my face, my arms, my breasts, my tummy, my legs, my feet, everywhere except where I wanted him to. He even turned me over to kiss my back and bum, but he kept well away from my pussy and arsehole. He turned me back again and his fingers were all over me then, making every area of skin they touched come alive.

I was writhing under his tantalising touch. "Please," I soon begged, "I can't take any more."

"Okay, I'll stop."

"No."

"What do you want me to do?" he teased.

"I want. I want you to lick my pussy." I didn't care any more what I said.

"Like this?" he asked and I felt him hold me open as his tongue found its way into me.

"Yes," I screamed. If they could hear me in Rome, I didn't care.

"Or like this?" he asked. He put two fingers deep inside me while he used his tongue to toy with my clit.

I couldn't answer any more, I was having trouble breathing.

"Hmm," he said. "I think she likes that."

For the next few minute I felt like I was a musical instrument being played by his hands and his wonderful tongue. And then the whole fucking orchestra! (Sorry about the language ... No, I'm not.)

I came. I won't use all the metaphors or words we use to describe it because none come close.

I suddenly realised that I was untied and I could see again. "That was amazing. Thank you."

Then he took my hand, the one with the bandaged wrist. He turned my palm up. "Does it hurt?"

I tried a stupid joke. "Only when I don't laugh."

He leant over and kissed the wrist tenderly. "Kiss it, make it better. That's what Mum used to say when I was little."

I thought of where else he'd kissed me. "All your kisses make it better."

I was looking down then and noticed his cock, straining at his trousers. He let me undo his trousers and I pulled them down, together with his pants. He removed his shirt.

I grabbed his cock but he said, "Sam, your hand job the other night was wonderful, but I really want to be inside you. After that I just want to fuck you senseless."

I hesitated, then shocked myself by saying quietly "okay."

He sensed my hesitation. "You don't want to." It wasn't a question, just a statement.

"I don't know. It's just I've dreamed of losing my virginity, making love on the sand with someone who loves me. Really special."

"And having someone just fuck your brains out to get off after licking you out doesn't quite fit the dream." That sounds much worse than the way he said it. And he was smiling.

"Look," I said, "It was a silly childish dream, Go ahead."

"Sam, look at me. You don't owe me this. You don't owe me anything. When I lost my virginity to Suzie the morning we met, there was nothing romantic about it. If anything it was funny, but it felt right, for me. And just before then when Shelley got Lenny to fuck her, it was totally crazy, but it was totally Shelley. It was right for her. I don't want anything less for you."

I could love this boy, I realised.

"Then at least let me return the favour," I asked. "I want to," I insisted.

"You gave me my first orgasm on Monday night, now let me give you my first blow job. You wanted to be inside me, remember?"

I didn't give him a chance to say anything, but moved over to him and put my mouth over his still-hard cock. It sprang back to life.

After sucking on it, I took my mouth away so I could lick every part, even putting the tip of my tongue in the little hole at the end.

"Sam," he warned me, so I quickly popped it back into my mouth again and gave his balls a gentle squeeze with my hands.

I had this incredibly naughty idea and pushed his legs apart a little. I put one of my fingers in my pussy to make it really wet, then eased it into his arsehole. The reaction from his cock told me he liked it.

With one finger playing in his arse, my other hand stroking his balls and my mouth sucking on his cock, I was pretty certain that he wouldn't last long.

When he came I wanted to drink down every drop. I didn't quite manage it and a little dribbled down my chin.

"I think we'd better get cleaned up," I said and we went to the shower.

We washed each other slowly and thoroughly. "Now what was that little trick with my arsehole?" he joked, then put his own finger into my arsehole while with his other hand he stroked my pussy gently.

He was getting hard again, so I said coyly. "I'm a little tired, perhaps we should go back to bed?"

He chased me to the bed and dived on top of me, tickling me.

"Wait!" I gasped. "I want to try a 69."

He positioned himself over my face and I could feel his breath on my pussy. "You wanted to fuck me senseless, now fuck my mouth senseless," I told him. "Mum says I'm a slut, so make me your little slut. I'll do anything you want."

It wasn't a proper 69 as he fucked my mouth hard. I could feel it every time he hit the back of my throat. I thought aloud, "I must ask Laura how to deep throat." At that he started spraying my throat with his cum. I was so surprised I pulled him out of my mouth so it sprayed on my face and the bedsheets.

I hadn't realised that we'd left the door open and now I saw Mrs. Townley standing there grinning. "I know Laura challenged you to bring a friend home tonight, but I don't think that's quite what she meant. When you've finished I'll get you some clean sheets." Then she simply shut the door.

"Stephen," I said, feeling serious again as I lay in his arms, "You were the first boy to finger me, the first boy to give me an orgasm, the first boy who I knew who it was to go down on me and the first boy I gave a blow job to."

He looked at me with a tenderness that made me want to lie in his arms forever.

"I know you wanted to fuck me and I'm sorry if I disappointed you."

He interrupted me. "Sam, you could never be a disappointment to me."

"Let me finish before my nerve gives out." He smiled. "I want you to be the first one to fuck me properly, but I'm just not quite ready yet. Everything is so weird this week and I don't want to do it just because I'm in the Program and everyone expects me to. But you're in the Program too and I don't want you to think you can't do anything with anyone else just because I'm not ready for that yet."

"Sam," He looked at me with eyes that seemed to see right into me. "You are the most amazing girl I have ever met." He kissed me and held me.

We were both starving by this time so I made my boyfriend (!!?) and me some sandwiches. There were only the two of us there, as Mrs. Townley had gone out somewhere. Then it was time to go to choir practice.

When we got to school, we found a notice saying that choir practice had had to be cancelled due to unforeseen circumstances.

"Oh dear, Sam, I hope that hasn't messed you up for tomorrow."

That was sweet and I kissed him quickly on his nose for it.

"Oh no, not at all. This last practice tonight was just meant to be a gentle run-through. The last really important practice was Monday."

"Mr. Tyler told us then that our final preparations for the concert should be just like a sports team before an important match. If you're not ready well before the day before, if you see what I mean, nothing you do on that last day is going to help you. For us to practice hard so close to the concert could only increase our nervousness."

"And besides, he told me on Monday, he doesn't want me to maybe strain my voice at the last minute. So no, you sweet boy, this doesn't mess me up. I'll just go home and do a few quick vocal exercises before bed."

His ears pricked up at that last word so I added, "Alone."

A week ago I might have been furious to have wasted my time going all the way back to school for nothing, but the fact that Stephen had insisted on escorting me probably explained why I wasn't.

"You know," I said to him, "We're on school premises and we're in the Program." I reached for his trousers. He got the message and began to undress, but I stopped him. "Let me."

When I'd undressed him, he undressed me. And we didn't DO anything. Well, we walked or ran to the far side of the school field as far as we could from the lights and just lay on the grass on our backs, holding hands, watching the stars and the occasional lights from a plane crossing the sky.

I don't know how long we lay there, but almost in an instant, the weather changed. It didn't rain, but it got a lot colder and quite windy. We ran back to where we'd left our clothes and hurriedly put them on.

"Time I got you home," he said. He lived in the opposite direction.

"I can manage, it's okay."

"Uh, uh." He shook his head. "Remember the rules? Samantha is allowed out if she is with someone at all times."

"Do you really think I'm going to anything silly?" I asked.

"No, but it's the best excuse I can think of to spend a few more minutes with you."

The wind got colder and I was glad of his arm around me as we walked home.

"One Samantha, safe and sound," he announced to Mrs. Townley, when we got home.

Our smiles quickly disappeared when we saw the look on Mrs. Townley's face.

"What's happened?" I asked.

Shelley, part 7

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Morning

In spite of such a wonderful evening with Mum, I think my sister woke up in a bad mood because she was snapping at me for everything I did from the moment I woke up to when we left for school. She even snapped at me for pouring her milk on her cereal for her until finally Mum told her to stop it. It was just like before we became friends.

She didn't look like she'd slept very well. Perhaps she was tired. I hope that's all it is because even if I miss teasing her all the time, I'd miss her being my bestest friend even more. She'd even finally stopped treating me like some little kid this last week.

At school, Heather and Suzie and Sam and Jed and I went straight to the headmaster's office. Jed put handcuffs on all of us girls like we'd told him to.

Heather tried to persuade us to let her confront Grisly Graham on her own. (Actually he isn't that frightful, but it goes with Ghastly Gordon!)

Sam is so different to Monday, or even yesterday. She looks so sure of herself. I wish I felt as sure as she looks. She made it clear that nothing Heather said would put her off.

I just said, "Where you go, I go." By the look she gave me, even that didn't please her.

Suzie stopped the argument by telling Heather to give up and the longer we argued, the longer Laura was out there, handcuffed, being groped on her own, without us to help her.

Then it turned out that he wasn't even in yet anyway.

It's weird, but when we went out to the daily groping I didn't even think of taking my handcuffs off. The others didn't either. With Laura having no choice, it just wouldn't have seemed right somehow.

It wasn't as bad as last week, when I'd distracted everyone from Heather, but it was pretty bad. When they realised that we couldn't do anything to stop them, a few of the boys got really rough, no matter what I said. It was the younger ones who were the worst. I suppose most of them don't have girlfriends yet.

I spent the whole time determined I wasn't going to cry like last week. If the others could take it, so could I. It seemed like it was going on forever. I knew I'd be too sore after that to have any sex today and I still hadn't tried anal, but by the time they'd finished shoving fingers up there, there was NO WAY I was going to do that today either.

In the showers Laura asked us what we were doing.

"If you have to have handcuffs, then we're wearing them too," I said.

"But what if something happens while you can't even defend yourselves?" Laura argued.

Heather stopped that argument stone dead by pointing out, "If something happens, having hands free isn't always enough anyway."

I wondered how long last Friday was going to hang over us like this. None of us knew what to say. Finally Suzie had the courage to say it, "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying."

Laura was pissed off that we were making Samantha do it too, till Sam told her we weren't making her do anything.

She couldn't even persuade Sam to take off her handcuffs, so she knew she wouldn't succeed with the rest of us either.

I was really lucky with my first lesson. It was English with Mr. Thompson. Heather had obviously told him what we were doing because he started the lesson with, "Shelley, come up to the front please and turn your back to the class." I stood at the front of the room facing the board.

"You will notice that Shelley is wearing handcuffs. I happen to know that the other program girls are wearing them as well, to show solidarity with Laura Townley, who, as you all know, has to wear them all week. I have to say that most of the staff were as shocked as you all obviously were by what happened yesterday and for myself, I admire the girls for taking a stand."

"Yeah, anything that teaches that bitch Gordon where to..." said a boy from somewhere near the back.

"That's enough," snapped Mr. Thompson. "Ms. Gordon is a member of staff and is entitled to respect."

"She doesn't show any respect to any of us," argued a girl. "My sister was in class with Heather last week and she made Heather let all the class go down on her and then let the boys wank over her. My sister said it was disgusting."

"And look how she treated little Samantha Downing on Monday," said one of the boys. My sister's boyfriend was in that class and he said he hated the way Ghas.. Ms. Gordon seemed to really enjoy upsetting Samantha until she left her crying on the floor in a corner. I mean, God, sir, Samantha's so shy she wouldn't even wear a bloody mini skirt."

"And you could see she was getting a kick out of caning Laura yesterday," said yet another boy. "I'm sorry sir, but the only respect she deserves is a good kicking. And the rest of you staff are as bad as she is for letting it go on." There was a murmur of agreement.

"I probably shouldn't say this but I happen to agree with you, and I can assure you that action is being taken. I can't say any more." He paused and looked round at all the students who sat there staring back at him like they didn't believe him. He moved to the side of the room and turned so he could look at me as well as the others.

"I shouldn't have even said what I have just now. I'd be grateful if you would all agree not to repeat that outside of this room until Dr. Reynolds returns. Maybe you all think I'm being a coward but the situation is very complicated and perhaps sometime soon I'll be able to explain myself better. But if you can persuade yourselves, each of you, that I am worth trusting, all I can really say now and remain of any use to the Program girls is what little I have just told you. I have spent over 15 years in teaching and every day of those 15 years I've tried to treat all of my students with respect. I feel that is the only way I may justifiably ask for your respect in return. If you feel, after this difficult situation, no, this bad situation, is resolved that I no longer deserve your respect, that will be your decision, and one that will sadden me deeply."

I was quite surprised by what he had said at the start but what he said after that sounded like the truth to me. But it still seemed that all of us in the program were fair game, despite all the wonderful words about respect.

"In the meantime, to get back to the point. You will notice that Shelley is handcuffed. While I support their making a protest, I have to say I think this is unwise. But as I have as much chance of changing her mind as I have of winning the National Lottery, there's very little I can do about it." He paused. "But you can."

"What, Sir?" asked one.

"We can't take her handcuffs off her," said another.

Mr. Thompson laughed. "I didn't mean that. But the girls can't defend themselves at all like this. Although most people won't take advantage, some will. And I don't want to find that someone's been using this chance to treat her roughly and stick his fingers up her."

I couldn't stay silent at that. "SomeONE, sir? SomeONE? Have you staff any idea what it's like out there? We get surrounded by a whole crowd, all trying to grab us at once, or see how many fingers they can get up us, or up our arseholes. And that's BEFORE I wore these handcuffs. I'm going to be sore all day and that's just after getting to school this morning."

He looked genuinely shocked. "No," he said to me. "I had no idea it was like that and I'm sure the same goes for most of the rest of the staff." He turned back to the class, "Then what I am saying is even more important. The staff can't be with them all the time, but you can. I want all of you, especially you bigger ones, to protect her, and the other Program girls, every moment until this is resolved. And spread the word to other classes. Anyone abusing the girls will have hell to pay when the headmaster returns. And that's a promise. Any of you that can, protect the Program girls, whenever you see them in trouble, if necessary, even against certain members of staff. And I didn't say that either."

Then he let me sit down for what was left of the lesson.

You can guess that I had no trouble between lessons.

In my second lesson, Heather came to get me. Grisly (Graham) had arrived. We went to get the other girls. Heather decided she wanted the support of having the boys there too, so we collected them as well.

Us girls and Jed followed Heather into the office and Heather demanded, "We want Laura's handcuffs off, right now."

"The punishment has been decided," he replied angrily, so Heather turned to Jed, shaking her head to wave her hair in his direction.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Get on with it," Heather snapped, so he took a long length of her hair and cut it off.

"If Laura's handcuffs stay on, so do ours, and we're all cutting our hair as well," she explained, then went on, "Christopher is outside with my mobile. It's programmed to dial that woman reporter who interviewed me last Friday. When we've finished chopping our hair off, we're giving a press conference. Wanna come?"

He actually thought she was bluffing. Hadn't he seen ANYTHING of Heather this last week? She's not timid any more and there's no way she was going to back down.

Suzie was next. "Me next, Jed," she said and she closed her eyes as she felt him cut her hair. She moved back to stand near me and I squeezed her hand.

"The Headmaster is going to love this new publicity," sneered Heather.

Sam stepped in front of Jed, then Grisly cried, "Hold on! What do you want?"

"Firstly, Laura's handcuffs are removed and never put back," Heather demanded. "Secondly, no more punishments until Dr. Reynolds returns and thirdly, Program participants are excused from Ghastly Gordon's lessons until Dr. Reynolds returns and can hear our complaints."

That last one was going beyond the demands we'd agreed on and I thought, 'He`ll never agree to all that.'

I was right. He didn't.

Sam gave Jed a nod and he cut her hair too. She turned her face away from Mr. Graham so he wouldn't see her trying not to cry. "Time for that phone call," she said.

Christopher came in and dialled, then Grisly tried to grab the phone, but Jed simply picked him up and sat him on his desk like he was a five-year-old.

Grisly was furious, yelling about assault. Jed asked Christopher if he could see any assault and Christopher answered innocently, "What's assault, man? Is it anything like a pepper?" I couldn't help giggling at that, which annoyed Grisly even more.

Then he threatened to suspend us all and shouted for Dr. Reynolds' secretary, but Christopher told him that she'd been only to happy to disappear for an early lunch. (Note added later. We found out on Friday that she was disgusted by his treatment of Laura and would have liked to have stayed to see Grisly get "his comeuppance". That was Mrs. Johnson's word.)

At that moment the reporter came on the phone and Grisly gave in. Heather spoke to the reporter thanking her for the report she'd done last Friday, while Grisly looked terrified that she was about to tell her what was going on now.

He gave Heather the key to Laura's handcuffs.

As we turned to walk out, I put my back in front of Jed to block him, and could only just get my hand up to reach his arm. "You forgot my hair. I'm not being left out."

He grabbed nearly ALL of my hair and I shrieked, "Not THAT much," then I realised he'd been teasing. ('I'll get him back,' I thought.)

He still cut quite a long thick length and Christopher gathered up our hair.

Heather refused to have her handcuffs removed until Laura's were, so we started to walk out, Heather with key in hand. But just before we left, Heather swung round and tore a real strip off Grisly. I haven't often seen her as angry as that, and believe me, I don't want to again soon. Jed managed to gently guide her out the door eventually and the rest of us followed. I didn't notice if any of the others did, but as I left I gave Grisly my "evil eye".

Meeting Laura outside her lesson, I was shocked to see how bad she looked. Thank God Heather thought of her plan, I don't think Laura would have lasted much longer.

Jed started to tease her about a reasonable request, then seeing the look on her face, he stopped and simply undid her handcuffs.

Then as he undid ours, she asked "How?"

"Mr. Graham changed his mind," Heather said and Jed told her, "We brought you a present," and gave her the bag containing our hair.

She held our hair like it was precious and began to cry.

She asked us who'd cut our hair and I told her "Jed, and we told him to really make a mess of it."

"He succeeded," she laughed.

I grabbed the scissors and pretended to cut Jed's hair. "Care to join us?"

Then to my surprise, Laura jumped in between us and kissed Jed.

Laura held our hair in her hands. "This is the nicest present I've ever had," she said. "I will treasure this always."

The bell rang and we went to lunch. Everyone was chattering but I wasn't listening. My mind was on Samantha and I had a plan of my own to help her.

When I'd finished eating, I went to find one of the girls in the choir. We talked for a while, but I don't think she wanted to help.

I returned to the dining hall and refused to say where I'd been. Heather said we had to go to Dr. Reynold's office to see Grisly Graham.

Suddenly frightened I hesitated and she held my hand as we walked to the office together.

We had to go to London, we were told. Dr. Reynolds wanted us to speak to the inquiry into what had happened last week.

As we left the office, he sneered at us, "This trip is a school activity so you probably won't be needing clothes much." He sounded really pissed off.

I had a sudden thought. I might be away and then my plan wouldn't work. I ran back to the dining hall to find Suzie. I quickly explained what I was trying to do. She looked skeptical, but promised that she'd try to help.

We got in the taxi, picked up our case from Mum, who seemed to be under the impression that we were incapable of getting on a train to London on our own. In the end we reassured her that we could manage that without supervision and she told us not to do anything she wouldn't do.

I told her, "It's London you should worry about. It's about to get attacked by the slutsisters."

We arrived at the station with only a couple of minutes to spare, only to be met by Ghastly Gordon, a reporter and a photographer.

Ghastly was being nice for once and bought us a drink and some chocolate.

When the train came the photographer wanted photos of us getting on the train, naked. Ghastly was telling Heather that it was okay as it was a school activity, but I'd already stripped off. We posed on the steps, then hanging out the window. I leaned as far out as I could so the photographer would get a good shot of my boobs. She shook her head between snaps and laughed at me.

We were idiots. As the train pulled away without warning, Heather realised that Ghastly still had our case and our clothes. Heather looked really worried. I hadn't noticed Ghastly, though, because I'd been too busy posing for that photographer.

Please, Sis, I thought to myself, we're away from school now and can have some fun. "Don't worry, Sis," I actually said though, trying to sound hopeful. "It's gonna be a real adventure."

Suzie, part 6

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY

The first part of Wednesday morning was bloody awful, there is no other word to describe it.

It started as soon as I arrived. I had barely (a bad joke I know) got undressed when Heather collected me and Shelley and Sam, and Jed, and led us to the offices. Outside the headmaster's office Heather seemed unsure and started arguing with the rest of us saying that she should confront Mr. Graham alone.

Secretly I'd have been glad to get out of it, but like the others, I didn't want to let Laura down. I couldn't get out of my mind Friday night in the nightclub and what Laura had gone through for Heather. She was so brave and then to see her broken like they did to her yesterday just made me so angry.

I pointed out that while we argued, Laura was out there alone, handcuffed and at the mercy of every boy who wanted to grope her.

After all our anticipation, Mr. Graham wasn't even in school yet so we went back out to join Laura.

Jed was going to take off our handcuffs, but none of us wanted that. It would seem a mockery to go out there able to protect ourselves while she couldn't.

It actually started okay, with some guy wanting to lick me out. We don't have to agree to that, but who cares? I certainly didn't. But I didn't have time to enjoy it as I was suddenly lifted off my feet and passed around over the heads of the boys around me. They all seemed to delight in pinching whatever part of me they could reach. "Put me down," I ordered, but I might as well have been talking to myself for all the notice they took.

This was getting scary. I tried to look around for the member of staff who was supposed to be protecting us, but, like yesterday, nobody was there. What a surprise that was! I felt like cursing Heather for ever getting me into this Program. Your damned plan had better work or God knows what will happen by Friday. The school that had always felt safe was becoming the school from hell. And the real problem was, I was getting scorched.

My legs were spread apart and someone had a couple of vibrators they wanted to use on me. They tried to shove one up my arse, but I was too dry and tense, so they put it in my pussy instead. I was lowered to a seat and my legs raised and held wide open. When they were satisfied that the vibrator was nice and wet they took it out of my pussy and forced it into my arse. "Fuck, that hurt," I yelled, but nobody took a blind bit of notice and the other vibrator was pushed into my pussy.

Despite myself I was building up to an orgasm, but they were watching. They took the vibrator from my pussy and put it in my mouth, not realising that it was the one in my over-sensitive arse that was sending me crazy, whether it hurt or not. The taste of my own juices sent me straight over the edge, to their obvious disappointment. One of them tried to get me to put the other vibrator in my mouth, but I refused. Then someone bit my right boob. When I opened my mouth in shock, the vibrator that had been in my arse was suddenly in my mouth. Yuck. I felt sick.

"Want something to take the taste away?" someone asked.

"Yeah, please."

He presented me with his cock. My legs had been put down so I stood up and tried to walk away. But someone grabbed one of my boobs and held me tight. He turned me around and began playing with my nipples, rolling them between his fingers.

"Do that again," said a voice from below me, "her pussy gets really wet every time you fiddle with her nips."

It was true, my nipples are so sensitive sometimes it seems like they are directly wired into my pussy.

Everyone pushed to grab my nipples, pulling them, twisting them, flicking them until they became really sore. My pussy betrayed me by just getting wetter and it encouraged them to do more.

Now they were twisting my whole boobs. My legs were pushed apart and a boy lay down underneath me, catching the drips from my pussy. "Hey, it's raining Suzie," he yelled in delight.

And suddenly it was over. The bell had gone and I stood there alone, sore as hell, and angry. Angry in particular at the headmaster for allowing this to happen. He'd promised support, then he buggered off to London and left Ghastly Gordon and that stupid Mr. Graham to do their worst.

It was not much better in the showers where we argued with Laura, who wanted us to stop wearing the handcuffs.

When Heather said pointedly that having hands free wasn't always enough to defend ourselves anyway, we stood there in horrible silence. All of us were thinking about Heather being raped last Friday and none of us wanted to say it.

Finally I said, "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying." That calmed everyone down, but after this morning, I began to wonder if it was true. If they could treat us like that and get away with it, was there any limit, anything they wouldn't do to us? I kept those thoughts to myself.

We went to the first lesson and I had Art. Sat on the table with my hands behind me I'm sure I didn't make a great subject. I felt sore from all the pinching and I knew I looked it too.

Mr. Claymore pointed out, "Now it's obvious that Suzie has been bruised and scratched. This gives a different tone to the normal skin tones and I want you to be sure to capture it perfectly."

He even made a couple of them photograph me. Those'll make a lovely pictures, I thought.

Still feeling sore from earlier, the lesson passed agonisingly slowly. But it was between lessons I was dreading, so it couldn't go slow enough for me.

At the end of the lesson they all rushed out but Mr. Claymore stopped me. "Can you help me clear up please, Suzie?"

"Sure."

He was painfully slow at putting things back in the arts store as I brought them to him. Finally the bell rang. I had missed the whole break.

"You'd better hurry to your next lesson now," he said with a grin.

I suddenly realised what he'd been doing. It was probably really obvious, but I must have been extra thick this morning. He had stopped me from having any more problems by keeping me in the classroom for the whole break. "Thank you, Mr. Claymore," I said, then took him totally by surprise and kissed him on the cheek.

During the next lesson I began to feel really stiff from the abuse earlier and I fidgeted the whole time, trying to get comfortable. Finally the teacher suggested that I go and take a shower to see if that would help.

It did, and it was wonderful taking a shower with NOBODY else there. Nobody watching, nobody groping me. Okay, it was really difficult turning the damned thing on in the first place with my hands behind me, but just standing under it was SO soothing.

As the next break started some GIRLS came into the boys shower. "Come with us," said one of them. With them was Daisy, the girl from Monday morning.

"Daisy's got a request," said another.

Curious, I followed them. Some boys tried to follow us, but they were firmly pushed away by the girls. We went into an empty classroom.

"Okay," said the first one, who seemed to be the leader of this little group. "Daisy's been wondering about what it would be like to go with a girl and seeing as you're in the Program, we decided you could show her."

I looked at Daisy. She seemed nervous. "Are you sure this is what you want?" I asked.

She nodded shyly.

I got her to sit down next to me and to turn her face towards me. I lightly kissed her on the lips. She closed her eyes and sighed, so I kissed her again, a little harder this time, slipping my tongue between her lips. She tensed slightly.

"We can stop if you want," I offered.

She replied by kissing me back, holding my head and pushing her tongue into my mouth. I wanted to let my hands roam up and down her back, to hold her close, but of course, I couldn't.

She broke the kiss and I felt lost for a second. "Can I touch your boobs?" she asked.

"You know you can."

"No, not like that. It's not a reasonable request or whatever they call it. I don't want you to say yes because you have to."

"Then yes, because I'd love you to."

"They look sore," she said.

"They are."

"I'll be gentle."

I smiled at her. "I know."

She was so gentle it was tantalising. I closed my eyes and just enjoyed her touch. When she stopped, I opened my eyes. She looked nervous again.

"Daisy," I asked. "You don't have to do this because all your classmates want you to."

"I'm not. Mr. Thompson put the word out this morning for everyone to find ways to protect the Program girls because you can't protect yourselves. And when we were discussing what to do," she gave a little giggle, "I thought of this."

"I don't know what to say. Except Thank You. For someone who was only doing this to help me, you have wonderful hands."

"It wasn't only that," she said, "I've been thinking about it, and you," she looked away as she said that, "Ever since Monday and now I have the chance to do it."

"If I had my hands free I'd show you what it's like to really make love with another girl."

She giggled again, a lot louder this time, "From what I hear, you don't need your hands for that, Supertongue Suzie."

Everyone around us laughed at that.

"Would you like me to do that to you?" I asked.

She thought for a moment, gulped, then a big grin spread over her face. "Yes, please," she whispered.

With perfect timing, the bell went for the next lesson.

"When there's more time later whenever I get these handcuffs off," I said, "I promise you the time of your life."

Her eyes shone with pleasure and anticipation.

It sounds stupid to say it, but compared to knowing that everyone was suddenly looking out for us, our meeting with Mr. Graham was almost an anticlimax.

Shocked by Jed cutting great chunks out of our hair, he finally gave in when Heather threatened that we'd all go out, handcuffed and with our ruined hair to give a press conference. He tried to stop the phone call but Jed stopped him instead and wouldn't let him get to Heather. As the other girls have written about that meeting in detail in their journals, it seems superfluous for me to do so as well.

What was definitely NOT an anti-climax was seeing Laura's face when Jed had taken off her handcuffs and given her the carrier bag containing the hair he'd cut from us.

She hugged us and cried and kissed Jed and laughed and cried some more. She was quietly weeping on my shoulder when the bell went for lunch.

Eating lunch together was so wonderful. Sam and Laura sat together chatting away, while Shelley told us all about how Mr. Thompson had told everyone that they had to look after us.

Heather and Shelley were called to the office and the atmosphere changed to one of apprehension. Had our victory been too easy?

For once, our worries were unfounded. Shelley came back to breathlessly explain that they had to go to London to give evidence to the inquiry into what had happened to Heather last week.

Then she pulled me aside. She had this wild plan to help Samantha. She'd started to get others to help, but now she was going to be away and wanted me to organise it. Great. Don't get me wrong, Samantha is lovely. She's the kind of girl you just want to put your arms around and protect from the real world. But this idea of Shelley's, well, let's just say that the words Shelley and practical or realistic just don't belong in the same sentence.

But looking down at Shelley's excitable face, I knew I had to try.

I stopped Laura on the way to the first lesson after lunch and got her to agree to join the choir with me. She nearly choked herself with laughter at the idea and wanted to know more, but I didn't have the time to explain.

Between lessons I managed to find Stephen. Perfect. Ever since his little performance with his fingers on Monday evening, Samantha had idolised him.

"I can't explain why, but I need you to get Samantha away straight after school. Tell her the choir rehearsal has been postponed, make mad passionate love to her, anything. Just keep her away from that rehearsal."

"Okay," he said eagerly. "Being asked to seduce a pretty girl isn't exactly the worst task I've ever been given."

The afternoon went really slowly. At the end of the last lesson, I was approached by Craig, one of the few guys I'd actually gone with more than two or three times. "I've got an unreasonable request, Let's fuck."

I laughed. "Sorry, I'm on my way somewhere."

"Well anytime you want to come over, you know where to call." He put the emphasis firmly on the word "come".

He needn't have done. Ever since we split up, if I'd had some arsehole in the sack who couldn't do it for me, I called Craig and he, well basically he fucked me senseless. And it went both ways. When he split up with someone, we usually met up and I made him feel good. Outside of sex, we weren't really close, or even really friends, not that we hated each other or anything, we just had only two things in common, my pussy and his dick. The Americans have a phrase for what we are. Over there we'd be called "fuck buddies".

But I suddenly realised that for the first time I wasn't sorry that I was too busy to see him.

I went to the hall where the rehearsal was to take place and managed to get there first, in time to speak to Mr. Tyler, the music teacher and choirmaster.

"You know Samantha really freaked out about having to sing at the concert tomorrow, naked," I started.

"Yes, when I heard what had happened I wished I'd never mentioned it."

"She'd have had to find out sometime. At least this way there may still be time to help her."

"Help her, how?"

"Firstly, Laura and I want to join the choir." His face when I said that was a picture. I had to laugh slightly. "I promise we won't sing! We want to be at this rehearsal so we can learn what's happening and make it look like we're singing. If you can put us in the front row, it'll help her a bit, I'm sure."

The penny dropped. "You'll be naked too, of course," he asked.

"We have to be, just like Sam has to be."

"I'm not keen on the idea of having others in the choir, but if it helps her get through her solo, Okay." I have to admit he didn't look very keen either.

"And I want the chance to speak to the choir after practice, in private, please."

He nodded. "Just don't do anything to ruin the performance. I want to help Samantha, but remember that the others in the choir have been working hard for this too."

"We won't. It's really important to Sam that this goes well. We'd never do anything to make that go wrong."

"Okay." That came out of his mouth with the sigh of the century!

I've never tried miming before and it's a lot more difficult than it looks. Laura and I took copies of all the words home afterwards to try to learn them, not easy with only one day to go till the big contest.

I spoke to the choir that Shelley'd had an idea to help Sam and, as I'd half-expected, nobody was interested. No that's unfair. They just didn't see how they could help Sam, though one girl said honestly, "Look, we've tried making friends with her and she just doesn't want to know. Now she wants our help?"

Laura answered that. "Sam pushes people away because she's scared to take friends home. Her Mum is something else like you wouldn't believe. Do you know, after Sam tried to kill herself, her Mum couldn't even be bothered to come to the hospital?" There was a general intake of breath at that revelation. "Now she's staying with us for a while, but this concert is so important to her because she thinks it's her only escape from her present life."

"And her bloody mother has got all her neighbours and family going there tomorrow. She is really going to need all the help and support you can give her."

Hearing her stand up for Samantha like that gave me a funny feeling. She was so caring, so totally unlike the Laura I thought I knew. But the the truth is I wished it was me she was standing up for. Weird.

Laura and I left at that point. We'd said all we could. Now it was up to them. "Thanks for your help," I said to her. "Goodnight." And a sudden impulse made me kiss her goodnight.

It was only a quick peck, but she said, "What was that for?"

"For being so great and so caring in there."

She laughed. "Well you were just as caring, so I guess you deserve a kiss too."

It was only slightly longer than the kiss I gave her, but our eyes connected and a sudden chill went through me.

I quickly hung a notice on the door to the hall. "Choir practice cancelled due to unforeseen circumstances." Now I would have to go home to learn "my lines".

I stopped off to have something to eat on my way home. As I sat eating, I thought about my day. I hadn't wanted Craig. That had never happened before. Yet the thought of having Daisy earlier had made me furious when the lesson bell interrupted us. And now that kiss with Laura. And that was just today. What about with Samantha yesterday and Shelley on Monday? Not to mention Heather on Friday, Saturday AND Monday. Just remembering them was making me wet.

I called Craig. "Mind if I come over?"

He came to pick me up in his dad's old minivan. "You sounded desperate," he said.

Craig is loaded. He normally drove a flashy sports car that probably cost him more to insure than my parents made in a year. Okay, slight exaggeration, especial as my parents aren't exactly poor, but you get the picture.

But this time he had his dad's old van. The one he'd converted. Open the back doors and inside was a mattress covered with real silk sheets. I grinned and stepped up into the van. As I did so he stuck his hand up my skirt. I stood still to let him.

"Hmm, we are wet, aren't we? I don't know whether to fuck you or go get a mop."

I lay on the bed and spread my legs for him. "If you know what's good for you, you'll cut the chat and let that famous dick of yours do the work."

"Okay," he said agreeably. "And I've got a feeling you aren't exactly looking for foreplay either tonight."

"Craig," I said threateningly.

We fucked. And I looked at the roof of the van.

So we changed positions to doggie, my favourite position. And I was bored. There is no other way to say it, I just wanted him to hurry up and cum.

When he finally did, and pulled out, he said, "What's up with you, today?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'd have got more response from a blow-up doll and that's not like you. And you were gagging for it before. What's wrong?"

"I don't know, I'm sorry. Just an off day, I guess." What was wrong with me?

We'd been quite a while and when I got home, Teresa, one of the senior choirgirls was impatiently waiting for me.

"Come on," she said, "we're going to Tanya's. If Mr. Tyler says we have to be stuck with you two tomorrow night, we going to rehearse you until you don't make us look a bunch of idiots."

"We don't want to do this any more than you want us to," I snapped back. "It's just that some of us occasionally think about more than hairstyles and how we can put down other people to make ourselves feel good."

I shouldn't have said that. I don't mean because it was nasty, but because we needed her help and I knew it.

"Teresa, before you say it, I've always been exactly the same. So you can call me a hypocrite if you like."

She didn't answer.

We arrived and I caught a strange look from both Tanya and Laura. The look between Tanya and Teresa needed no such interpretation. Exasperation. To my surprise, Laura was naked.

"Her idea," she said, pointing to Tanya. So I stripped off as well.

By the end of our rehearsal, I could understand their exasperation. If I had a job, I'd tell myself not to change it.

In the car, Teresa seemed upset, then, when I was nearly home, I saw a large crowd milling around outside my house.

"Turn round and drive away quickly," I said sharply.

"Why?"

"Just do it," I snapped. She drove around the corner. "Sorry, that looked like a crowd of reporters waiting for me and I want to talk in private."

"Okay, what about?"

"You seem upset. What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I'm okay," she denied.

Guessing completely incorrectly, I said. "I promise, we'll do everything we can not to screw up tomorrow night. I know you've all worked hard for this, and so has Sam. So don't be so upset about it."

"I'm not, well I am, but that's not it," she replied.

"If not that, then what?" I asked.

"Did you see the way Tanya was looking at Laura?"

"No, I was so busy trying not to look a total prat that I wouldn't have noticed if someone put a ten-foot sign in front of me."

"She fancies her."

"Tanya? Anything she fancied would have to be wearing diamonds at least." I regretted my comment when I saw how miserable she looked.

"Does it matter?" I continued, "It's not as if she's got a steady boyfriend to upset and she's hardly likely to do anything in the choir."

"It matters."

"But why?"

I didn't catch her reply, it was mumbled so low and quickly. "Sorry I didn't catch..."

"Because I love her," she shouted. "There! I said it! I only joined the choir in the first place to be close to her. Now you can laugh at me."

"Why should I do that?"

"Because you're, you're..."

"People can change," I said quietly.

"Yeah," she said. "When we saw what you girls did to get Laura's handcuffs taken off, I think half the school admired you all. Even Sam did it too. And we could still see the soreness and bruises tonight."

"Don't worry, Laura says she's got some special make-up to cover them tomorrow night."

"And your poor hair!"

Embarrassed, I pushed it aside.

"Don't hide it." She touched my hair. "If I'd been as brave as you were today, I'd be wanting to show it off, like a badge of courage."

"But what about Sam?" I cried, "She HAS to look good tomorrow night."

"God, yes." Teresa's mouth curled into a crazy shape as she considered what to do. Then her eyes lit up and she snapped her fingers. "Don't worry, I got it covered. I'll take her to my hairdressers after school. That man can work wonders. Tell Sam not to worry."

"Then don't you worry either." I actually shook my finger in her face.

"What about?"

"Your girlfriend Tanya." I pulled my hand back immediately and covered my mouth. I'd embarrassed her.

"I've lost her," she said miserably. "Because I was too much of a coward to say anything."

I shook my head. "I don't think so. Just listen to the two of you sometimes."

"What do you mean?"

"The number of times you both say the same thing at the same moment, how often you finish each other's sentences, things like that. If one of you ever has the nerve to tell the other one how you feel, I think you might find that the other one feels the same way."

"You think?"

"Or you could try this." I leaned over and kissed her. She opened her mouth in shock and I slipped my tongue inside. She took my face in her hands as we continued to kiss and I slipped a hand under her skirt and into her knickers. She was soaking.

"You do like Tanya, don't you?" I pulled my fingers out and sniffed them. "If just talking about her gets you like this."

So, while she was still sitting in the driver's seat, I reached across and started pulling her knickers down. I thought I'd gone too far when I saw the look on her face, but then she lifted her bum up to let me pull them down.

"Move down the seat a bit, and open your legs."

"I'm not sure..." she began to say, but then stopped and did as I'd instructed.

I wanted to take it slow, but on a fairly main road someone would soon see what was going on, so, slipping a finger inside her and my other hand on her clit, I quickly fingered her to an orgasm, feeling a little guilty that her first experience with another girl was such a mechanical "quickie".

I smeared her juices around my mouth then theatrically sucked on each of my fingers, before kissing her again.

As we kissed I felt her hand push its way shyly into my knickers and I opened my legs to make it easier for her. I could feel that I was as wet as she had been. As two of her fingers, I think, started moving in and out I knew she was as needy at that point as I was.

Whether it was the fear of being caught or just the whole weird day I'd had, I was wrong about quickies. Her fingers might have been hesitant, but they brought me off in no time.

"I ought to go and see what those blasted reporters want. But tomorrow afternoon, after school, the four of us, okay?"

"Okay," she said, though still sounding a little uncertain, then, "No we can't. I have to take Sam to my hairdressers."

"Of course." I couldn't keep the disappointment out of my voice. "Well what about lunchtime? It'll be a bit public though."

Then she made a show of licking her fingers and said, "I can't wait... for more."

She dropped me off at the corner and we were both chuckling as I got out of her car. She drove off, waving those two fingers at me through the driver's window.

Seconds later I was spotted and I knew I'd been right as reporters ran rowards me. The lights from the cameras blinded me. So many were shouting at me, I couldn't understand a word.

Thankfully I saw a face I recognised. Lindsey Crowe, the reporter. "Lindsey, what's happening?"

"You mean you haven't heard about Shelley?" she replied.

Heather, part 14

WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Afternoon and Evening

"It's gonna be a real adventure," Shelley had said and she was right.

The first part of the journey was straightforward enough. A girl of about our own age came to sit opposite us in the carriage. "I saw you on the news, but I never really thought it could be true," she said. "Not that you had to be naked all the time."

"We don't, just for school and for anything to do with school," I explained. "But we've been sent to an official inquiry in London, so they said it was a school-related journey."

"But really it was an excuse by the deputy headmaster, who hates us," put in Shelley.

"So you're going to London and you've got to stay naked the whole time?" she asked, obviously awed at the thought.

"Yeah. I just hope the weather's good," I said.

"I'm too nervous to go topless on the beach," she said. "It's a good job we don't have the Program at our school."

"We're the trial Program," grinned Shelley. "If it's a success, it'll be spread all over the country, so you'll probably get it in your school too."

"Oh, God. I could never do it. I hope I leave before it comes to our school."

"Why does everyone always say 'I could never do it' as if we're some sort of freaks that can do it, while normal people can't?" Shelley asked.

"But you're... comfortable with it. I could never be like that."

"I'm in the Program this week because I had to do an extra week. That was because I totally freaked on my first day and hid away from lessons all morning until they found me."

"That's horrible."

"It was worse than my worst nightmare. But I got used to it."

"But don't you have to, let boys touch you an' stuff?"

"Yes, but usually it's okay."

"Then why do you look so sore?"

"It's difficult to explain. One teacher had it in for us and we did a protest in handcuffs and some of the boys got a little rough," I explained.

"We put a stop to it," said Shelley. "And it isn't just boys," she added, "Girls grope us too."

"Girls? Why?"

"It's to learn all about bodies 'n' sex 'n' stuff," said Shelley.

"Wouldn't you like the confidence to go topless on the beach, instead of being too nervous?"

"Well, yeah, I suppose."

"With the Program you don't have to think 'shall I, shan't I?' all the time. You get used to being naked really quickly," I said.

"And you gets lots of chances to try things you'd never thought of," said Shelley. "And the great thing is, it's the Program, it's the greatest excuse in the world to do all the things you fantasise about."

"What sort of things?"

"Well, I lost my virginity," said Shelley proudly. "That was fun. And I've had lots of boys finger me and make me cum and go down on me. Girls too. Sometimes it's been a non-stop orgasm. I still want to try spit-roasting though."

"They made you lose your virginity?"

"No," I said. "That was her idea. She even made us all watch. The poor boy was so embarrassed that he nearly couldn't do it. One of the girls in our Program is still a virgin."

The girl sat there for a while thinking about we'd said. Then she turned to Shelley, "What is.. spit-roasting?"

Shelley giggled. "That's when one boy fucks you from behind while you suck off another boy."

The girl's face was a picture. All she could say was, "Oh."

Then it was Birmingham New Street and she got out. Shortly afterwards we arrived at another station where the train just sat there and sat there, until finally there was an announcement that we were waiting for a replacement locomotive.

I hate being confined, so after a while I decided to stretch my legs on the now-deserted platform. Suddenly, there was an announcement, "Passengers for London Euston should now board the train as it is ready to depart. Network Rail apologise for the delay and wish you a happy journey."

I got on the train at the nearest carriage and walked through, past the stares of shocked passengers. As we pulled out of the station, I reached our carriage. No Shelley. She wasn't there.

I checked the toilets... No. I ran to the back of the train... No. In a panic now I walked all the way to the front, checking every toilet on the way. Finally I had to admit it. Shelley wasn't on the train.

I cursed myself for leaving her.

I went to the buffet car and called out, "I've lost my sister. Has anyone seen another naked girl, a bit younger than me?" Nobody had. I explained what had happened to the people nearest me.

"Here," said a middle-aged woman. "Don't upset yourself. She probably got off the train and missed it. When she realises that you must be back on the train , she'll get the next one. Let me get you a cup of tea."

Tea. The British answer to everything. (See cultural notes)

A bit cold?

Have a cup of tea.

Boyfriend left you?

Have a cup of tea.

Just been told you've got cancer?

Have a cup of tea.

Bombs in London and over 50 killed?

Have a cup of tea.

Little sister disappeared naked without trace?

Have a cup of tea.

Okay, it's a cliché, but sitting in the buffet car drinking a cup of hot tea (even if it was railway tea!) did actually make me feel a bit better.

I was probably worrying over nothing but I had a nasty feeling in the pit of my stomach that wouldn't go away.

Other passengers on the train, when they heard how we'd been put on the train with no luggage, no clothes and no money, insisted on buying me a burger to eat and more tea. I actually felt almost human by the time we arrived in London.

I made one final hopeless search through the train, as if Shelley could have miraculously appeared en route. Of course, she hadn't.

At the barrier, I was met by Dr. Reynolds. Behind him was a pack of photographers. "This way, Heather!" "Come on love, let's have a smile!" Obviously they'd heard about "Naked chicks on train." Therefore: One photo-op coming up. The reporters were no better, "Have a good ride, darling?" (That's original!) and similar comments. I blanked them all, even the one that hurt me, "Where's your sister, love?"

Ignoring the photographers, Dr. Reynolds said, "You can't go naked here. It's not a Program area." Then, "Why didn't Shelley come?" He obviously saw the look on my face... "What's happened?"

"I lost Shelley on the way and I can't find her. She's not on the train."

At that point a railway policeman came up, pushing his way past the press. "Are you with this young lady, Sir?"

"Officer, may we go to your office, please? And if you have a blanket or something you can put round her?"

We followed him across the concourse and through a door, which he slammed, thankfully shutting out the photographers and reporters. "Now, what's going on?" he demanded.

"That's what I would like to know," said Dr. Reynolds. "Heather, one thing at a time. Why are you naked and what's happened to your luggage?"

"Mr. Graham said this trip was a school activity, so Ghastly Gordon" (he almost smiled at that) "tricked us at the station into letting her keep our clothes and suitcase. She just gave us our tickets." His eyes narrowed with anger and I thought, Ghastly's toast now... I hope.

"They had no right to do that. For a start, London isn't a Program area."

"Program?" asked the policeman.

"Sorry, I'll explain in a minute, but," he turned to me, "What's happened to Shelley? Didn't she get on the train?"

"Yes, but the train broke down not long after Birmingham. I got out to get some fresh air and I nearly missed the train when it started again. When I got back on the train Shelley was gone. We'd already left wherever it was. I searched the whole train, toilets, everywhere. She's disappeared. She hasn't got any money or even her ticket."

The policeman was so totally lost that Dr. Reynolds had to explain. "Heather and her sister Shelley are part of the Naked in School Program at my school. They have to remain naked for a week in school and on any school activities."

"That thing that was on the telly?" he asked. He turned to me and said, "I thought you looked familiar."

"Yes. But my idiotic staff decided, that as their trip to London was to attend a meeting about the Program, they had to go naked to come here as well. So now we have a naked girl, lost somewhere on the railway system, with no money, no ticket and no clothes. Can you find out where it was that the train broke down then contact your people there to check if she got on the next London train? Somebody must have seen her. And can you get Heather something to cover her? Even a blanket will do."

The policeman's eyes softened for the first time. "I think we can do better than that," he said. He went away but came back quickly with a set of overalls. "Borrowed from maintenance," he explained. "They might be a bit big," he added.

They were a bit big, but even that rough material felt good.

"The next train from Birmingham arrives in five minutes," he explained. "Let's go down to meet it and see if your sister, what's her name?"

"Shelley."

"Let's see if Shelley is on it."

We stood at the ticket barrier as the train emptied. But no Shelley.

We met every train from Birmingham for the next two hours, even the slow ones. Still no Shelley. All three of us were getting worried. Every disappointment was captured by the photographers, while the reporters shouted questions which we all ignored.

Although he had found out that the train had broken down in Rugby, by now the policeman had personally alerted the railway police in all the stations between London and Birmingham and put out a national alert.

The policeman said, "I didn't ask you before as I didn't want to worry your parents unnecessarily. But I'll need to contact them as soon as possible."

"There's only Mum. But I can't remember her work number," I said.

We'll have the numbers at school," said Dr. Reynolds.

He called the school on his mobile. "Hello, Mrs. Johnson... Yes, thank you. Sorry I haven't time to talk, I'm with the police. Shelley Hoover has gone missing. Would you look up the contact numbers for Mrs. Hoover for me?... No, I hope not, Mrs. Johnson. It's simply that I may need to speak with her... I'll just read them back..." He read the numbers back slowly. "I'll pass these on to the men in charge of the search, thank you, very much... Yes, I have heard a lot of that, thank you. But things will have to wait until I return... No, I'm not sure yet precisely when... Thank you... Bye."

We waited.

"I think we need to get you some proper clothes before the shops shut and get you to your hotel."

"But.."

"The police have my mobile number. As soon as they know anything, they'll call us."

I nodded. He turned to the policeman, "Can you get us out of here avoiding the pack out there?"

"Sure, come this way." He led us down some stairs to a dusty corridor, badly lit. "Watch your step." At the end of the corridor, up another flight of old iron stairs and we were in a disused office. Another door led us out to a side street.

Dr. Reynolds took me straight to a large department store and told me to pick what I wanted. Any other time that would have been a fantastic invitation and I'd have bankrupted his credit card, but I just got a couple of t-shirts, a sweatshirt for warmth in the evening and a pair of jeans, plus two sets of underwear.

As we waited at the cashdesk, he turned to me and said, "Shelley will be alright. She's very resourceful."

He looked like he really believed it, or maybe he was just putting on a brave face for me. I wished that I felt as sure.

He checked me in at the hotel, then said, "You must be hungry."

"I couldn't eat a thing."

"You have to eat something," he insisted. "Do you like pizza?"

So we went to a pizza place and after choosing a pizza each and fetching some salad, he asked "What do you want to drink?"

"Anything but tea." He looked at me, puzzled.

"The passengers on the train insisted on buying me tea to calm me down, then the policeman kept bringing me tea, then you bought me tea in the department store. If I have any more tea, I'm going to look like a cup of tea."

When the pizza arrived, I forced a slice down without tasting anything.

"I know you're worried sick about your sister, but there's nothing you or I can do about it. The police are professionals where something like this is concerned."

"I know, but I promised Mum I try to take care of her. I shouldn't have left her."

"You weren't to know that she'd leave the train and not get back on it.

We were silent. I forced down another slice of (now nearly cold) pizza.

"Do you feel up to talking about this week?"

I sighed. "What do you want to know, sir?"

"Well I heard about Samantha having problems in Ms. Gordon's class. And I heard about what happened to Laura yesterday and Samantha cutting her wrists, because two people are sending me faxes to the office I'm using down here every night."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Well I'd like to hear about everything from you first, before I decide what to do."

"Firstly on Monday, she made Sam, I mean Samantha, masturbate in class. She really gets a kick out of embarrassing us. Poor little Sam ended up crying on the floor in the corner and Gordon just walked out and left her. We went to her when a girl came to tell us and took her to Nurse."

He said nothing, but seeing the look on his face I felt glad I wasn't Ms. Gordon.

Then I told him about Laura and the DVD of us all having sex that Ghastly Gordon had shown and everything they'd done to Laura.

"You should see the marks she still has now. The whole school was shocked. I didn't even get a Reasonable Request all afternoon, none of us did. It was like someone had died. Just because I talked you out of dealing with Ms. Gordon. It was all my fault."

"Heather, if anyone other than Ms. Gordon and Mr. Graham are to blame, it is me, not you. I should never have agreed to leave her for you to deal with, at least not once I was called away. Okay, now tell me about Samantha. I know she cut her wrists. How did those two bully her into doing that?"

I would have really liked to have blamed the GGs for that, but he'd find out soon enough. "They didn't. It was a silly panic of hers, although when Laura found her, she couldn't do any first aid because of those damned handcuffs. Sam had just realised that she had to sing her solo at tomorrow night's concert naked and she freaked out. She's really unhappy at home and if she does well tomorrow, she hopes she'll get a singing contract and be able to get away from home. Then she thought all that would be ruined by being naked. So she panicked and cut herself. At the hospital they wanted to put her in a psyche ward and then she'd be exempt from the Program, but she said no."

"I heard. But why?"

"Because if she was in hospital she wouldn't be allowed out to sing. The doctor didn't want to let her out but Laura's mum was brilliant and Sam's staying with them this week."

"So apart from the fact that Laura couldn't give first aid, it had nothing to do with Ms. Gordon, even after Monday?"

"No, I don't think so. We, that is all us girls except Laura and a couple of the boys, had a petting party on Monday night to get Sam used to getting touched and she did really well all day Tuesday until choir practice. If you want someone to blame for Sam, you'd have to blame yourself, sir. That concert is so important to Sam, and to be forced to do it naked, when it's stressful enough to be in a national contest anyway. That sucks. She shouldn't have been picked this week."

"Some people would think twice before telling off their headmaster," he smiled.

I answered him seriously. "Firstly, you asked me to tell you what happened and to tell it how I saw it. I can't do that if I have to be careful about what I say, but that's not my main reason."

"Oh? And what is?"

"Too much has happened this week already. I owe it to Laura and Sam and the others to make sure something is done this time. And if that means offending you or anyone else, I'm sorry, sir, but tough."

"You're not offending me, Heather. And something will be done."

At that point his phone rang. "Yes, Mrs. Hoover, she's here with me. It's your mother," he said, handing me the phone.

"Mum? Oh, Mum, I'm sorry. I promised I'd look after her."

She told me it wasn't my fault but it sure felt like it was.

"I can't stay on the line for long," she said, "In case Shelley tries to call. But are you okay?"

"I'm okay, Mum. I promise. Dr. Reynolds bought me some clothes and some food. I'm in a pizza place now and the hotel's really nice."

"Okay, call me if you hear anything."

"Same to you, Mum." I looked at my keycard and gave her the hotel phone number.

"Goodnight, I love you."

"Goodnight, Mum."

I gave Dr. Reynolds his phone back. "You look exhausted," he said. "Let's get you back to the hotel and then it's bed for you."

Any other night I would have argued.

He saw me to the door of my room. "I'm in room 307 if you need me," he told me, "Goodnight."

Of course I couldn't sleep. A mixture of worry and anger kept me awake. I was probably being irrational as Shelley could have got lost even if we'd been wearing clothes, but I was blaming Mr. Graham. If he and Gordon had wanted revenge, they were getting it.

Lying in bed, I thought of all the stupid arguing and teasing Shelley and I had done. Then I thought of her, last week, desperately trying to help me at the morning gropings. And this morning, being so brave. I tried to imagine life at home without Shelley. Life anywhere. The thought was unbearable.

Shelley, please be okay. I've only just found you. I couldn't bear to lose you.

Shelley, part 8

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Afternoon and Evening

I couldn't sleep. There was a bedside lamp and I switched it on. Below it in a small drawer I found some notepaper and a pen. Oh well, I thought bitterly, better keep my journal up-to-date. You never know. But the truth was I thought I knew and I didn't like it, not one little bit. Shit!

An adventure I'd said. How could I have been so stupid?

Heather, I don't know if you will ever read this, but I never understood, last week, though I could feel you were hurting, I never understood what it was like to feel totally alone and helpless.

At times like this you look at yourself and realise what others must have seen all along. I'm just Shelley, the silly little girl that thinks everything is fun. Even this morning, which hurt like hell, was almost some kind of twisted game.

Suddenly it's not a game any more. It's easy to not worry about anything when you know you have others around you who care about you and will look out for you.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

We'd boarded the train, to the stares of other passengers and that cute photographer, which I got a real kick out of. When we found a seat a girl of about Heather's age came to sit opposite us. She'd seen us on the telly and was amazed to see us in real life.

She asked lots of questions about what we were doing and the Program. She obviously found the total exposure and the being groped by all the boys hard to deal with, so I wound her up even more when I said that girls grope us too. You should have seen her face when I said about losing my virginity. But that was nothing to how she looked when I told her about spit-roasting!

She got out at Birmingham and a bit later the train broke down at another station and we had to wait for ages. Heather hates being confined for long, so she got out to stretch her legs. After a while they announced that the train was ready to depart. But Heather hadn't returned.

I couldn't see her on the platform either. As a whistle blew and the train sounded its horn, I quickly jumped out on the platform.

The train pulled away and I searched everywhere for Heather, ready to really yell at her for making us miss our train.

It didn't take me long to realise that she wasn't anywhere on the platform, or the station. I was getting used to the stares from people by this time and I approached the barrier. I realised that Heather still had my ticket.

"I'm looking for my sister." I said to the ticket guy. "She's got my ticket."

He looked me up and down and I felt his eyes lingering on my pussy. "Oh yeah? (his eyes didn't leave my pussy) and has she got your clothes too?"

It was stupid but I didn't want to have to explain and just wanted to get away from him, and I just panicked, so I ran through the barrier.

A couple of staff chased after me, but I was too quick. I ran round the corner and into an alley to hide. WHAT was I thinking?

Someone had discarded a coke bottle, still half full. I hadn't had anything to drink since lunchtime and the running had made me even thirstier, so I took a chance and wiped the mouth of the bottle with my hand and drank a bit. It tasted a bit funny but okay, so I drank the rest. Mum would kill me if she knew.

I'd wanted an adventure and now I was having one. I remembered someone saying once, "Be careful what you wish for, you might just get it."

Of course what I should have done was go back to the station, explain what happened and get someone to help me get to London. Easy, sensible, no problem... but not stupid ol' me.

I don't know if it was something in the coke or whether I was just tired from last night, but I began to feel light-headed and incredibly tired. So I stayed where I was, lay down to rest awhile on a pile of cardboard in the alley and fell asleep.

When I woke up to a sudden noise, I was shivering with the cold. It was dark and I realised at once what had woken me. "She's alive," said one of the men around me.

"She's quite pretty," said another.

A third didn't say anything but simply grabbed for my tits. I tried to run, but I was hemmed in.

"Please don't hurt me."

"Hurting you wasn't what we had in mind," said the third man, coming up even closer. He laughed in my face and his breath smelt awful. "Thrown out of some John's car were you? That's the rich for you. You should stick to your own class."

With that he pushed me head back and kissed me full on the mouth. At the same time, he pawed at my pussy.

When he stopped kissing, I felt his finger inside me.

"Please, I'll do whatever you want, just let me go."

"She'll do whatever we want," said another. I didn't like his tone.

"Okay, girlie," said yet another, unbuttoning his trousers and pulling out a big floppy cock. "Suck this."

He smelt disgusting. But with everyone of them looking at me, what choice did I have? I bent down and took it into my mouth, trying desperately not to feel sick, not to breathe.

I couldn't get it hard and I felt some relief that if they were all like this at least I wouldn't get raped.

That thought made me think of Heather again and I let out a sob.

I heard a voice, "What's going on down there?" and a torch shone down the alley. While they were distracted, I ran, and ran.

I didn't (and still don't) know where I was, but I found myself at a pub. (see cultural notes) It was the only place open. There was a lot of noise coming from the public bar, it sounded like they were watching football, but peering through the other door, the lounge bar was empty. I was so hungry and I wanted a drink to get the foul taste out of my mouth, so I went inside.

"Please, I've got no money, and I'm lost. Please can I have a drink and something to eat."

"And how are you going to pay me?" he asked sarcastically. Here it comes again, I sighed to myself.

I didn't answer.

"I'm sure I can think of a way. How about a fuck for a drink and as much as you can eat?"

"No way."

"Ah well, you looked like you needed something to eat."

"Can I at least use your loo?" I asked.

"Be my guest."

The toilets were actually clean and I ran some cold water, scooping it up in my hands to rinse the foul taste out of my mouth.

I hadn't eaten much at lunch because of all the excitement and I'd eaten even less at breakfast due to nerves. Come to that, all I'd had last night when we got back from the hospital was that bloody ham sandwich and a bit of salad.

I went back to the bar. "Changed you mind?" He was staring straight at my boobs as he spoke.

"I won't fuck you, but," I took a breath, "I'll give you blow job." After this week and what I'd had to do in the alley, what difference did it make?

It was hard, (bad choice of word, girl) but I tried to imagine it was Lenny and the guy was soon spurting down my throat. I swallowed without thinking.

"You're pretty good for a kid," he said, softer now. "Here, grab this," shoving a coke and a fairly disgusting microwaved burger in front of me.

I drank the coke and wolfed down the burger like I'd never eaten before. He brought me more.

"You need somewhere safe to sleep for the night?"

Thinking of how cold I had been outside, I nodded, not at all sure that I wanted to go anywhere he suggested, but I couldn't think of an alternative.

He rang someone up someone and a few minutes later a woman drove up. "This her?" she said, thumbing at me.

"Yeah."

"Need a bed for the night?" she asked me.

"Yes, but I haven't got anything to pay with."

"I wouldn't say that," she said with a grin, but it wasn't a nasty grin, "Come on."

"I won't have to..." I desperately searched for the words, "do anything, will I?"

"No, don't worry, kid. Nobody's gonna hurt you or rape you or anything."

I went with her. I must have been mad, but I went with her.

She took me to a big old house with a faded chipped sign outside saying "HOTEL" and showed me into a room. She put the light on.

"You've got a washbasin and a toilet in there. It's not much but it's warm and it's clean," then she closed the door behind me and I heard her lock it.

I looked around and realised that the ceiling over the bed was covered with a mirror. Apart from the big double bed and a bedside table and lamp there was only a small dressing table. It was empty apart from the top drawer which was half full of boxes of condoms.

I tried the window, but it had shutters which were locked on the outside. I wanted to yell, but didn't know who might come, so I just went to bed.

I wouldn't dare sleep, so I was in for a long night waiting to see what awful things could happen to me tomorrow.

I found some pen and paper in the bedside table and decided to write about my "adventures", not that anyone would ever read them. At least doing that seemed to settle me down a little. I put the pad and pen back in the drawer and stuffed what I wrote under the pillow, wishing it was my pillow back at home. I decided I might need to sleep after all so I put off the light and tried.

I saw the train leaving without me, the alley and those smelly men and then running and running. I could see that dingy pub as well and that horrid man with his horrid cock, but then I remembered another pub, years and years ago, and another man.

We had stopped the car somewhere in the country and all of us got out. Daddy was carrying Heather on his shoulders but I didn't care. I could run faster than Mummy now, or at least I thought I could, and raced round the corner of that pub to a garden at the back. Mummy was chasing me and we were both screaming with laughter. I stopped by an empty bench and Mummy and I sat down. Both of us were still laughing when Daddy caught up with us and knelt down so Heather could climb off his shoulders and onto the bench.

"Please, sir, may I have a coke?" Heather could always play the little madam, especially with Daddy. (That hasn't changed, I thought, deciding I could use the little madam right now.) Mummy and I wanted cokes as well, so Daddy disappeared into the pub to get the drinks...

and I fell asleep.

continues in volume 3

http://www.nakedinschool.net/ConsCons/

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I'd really love to hear what you think. I welcome criticism and compliments alike, (okay, I guess I prefer compliments, I'm only human!)

While these stories are in progress, I'd also welcome suggestions and ideas. If I don't use an idea in this story, perhaps I will later.

Chrissy Giles

Email chrissy@chrissygiles.com

The Heather Collection http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/collection.htm

Volume III - Week 2, Thursday - Friday

Heather, Shelley, Laura, Suzie & Samantha's stories

Don't forget that cultural notes are a separate document, as is the UK Program Pamphlet

Suzie, part 7

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY

The reporters had questioned me for what felt like hours and then I had a row with Dad about it, like it was my fault the press had been outside our front door all evening. Hell, I hadn't made Shelley go missing. Frustrated I just shook my head and went up to my room.

I actually wasn't particularly worried. This was Shelley. She'd probably met some boy and the press were just blowing everything up out of proportion.

No, that's a lie. I was worried sick and felt helpless although I knew there was nothing I could do about it. I was way too wound up to sleep, so I got my journal out to write up Wednesday.

What a day! Although my thoughts kept wandering back to Shelley as I wrote, I couldn't help thinking more about other girls. Uppermost was my evening with Teresa, but then there was Daisy, dear sweet Daisy, in the morning as well. And kissing Laura, I remembered the chill that gave me. Eventually I managed to put aside my worries for Shelley until the morning. I could feel myself starting to relax, at last, and put away the journal.

I left my knickers off when I went to bed. I needed both hands down there as my thoughts turned, slowly at first but then more urgently, from Daisy to Teresa to Laura to Daisy to ...

I still woke up early with only one thought on my mind. Little Shelley, missing. The TV news mentioned her, so she was still missing. This was more serious, a lot worse than I thought last night. I walk past a newsagent every morning on my way to the bus stop but today the newspapers outside confirmed that it hadn't been just a nightmare. I had to go inside at look through them.

Shelley's face stared out at me from almost every one.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

WHERE IS NAKED GIRL?

One had a photo of Heather almost as large with the headline SISTER CAN'T BARE IT.

Another simply said MISSING.

Even the so-called serious press got in on it saying "END OF THE LINE FOR THE PROGRAM?"

I read so many of the newspapers that I was late for school. There couldn't have been a greater contrast between yesterday morning and this morning.

Firstly everyone was asking if I've heard anything about Shelley.

Then I noticed that there was a single line of older boys surrounding the area where we had to change. That was ominous. But, standing to one side, away from everyone, but silently watching was Mrs. Wright.

"Sorry, I'm late, Mrs. Wright."

She didn't answer, but smiled at me.

I walked through the line of boys to get undressed as the bell went. I looked at Laura and Sam and they were both looking as worried as I felt. The whole scene seemed like something out of a weird dream. A couple of the line of boys remained as I finished undressing.

"Any problems today," said one, "Just yell, loudly. Someone will come."

"Thanks," I said, wanting to pinch myself. This couldn't be the same place I'd been twenty-four hours ago. I felt like I'd come to the wrong school by mistake. No, I'd come back to the one I'd known until the last couple of days.

I caught Laura quickly. We both spoke at the same time. "Any news of Shelley?"

"She'll be alright. She's resourceful," said Laura, but she sounded like she was trying to persuade herself, as well as me.

"I had a talk with Teresa last night," I said, desperate to change the subject.

"Funny you should say that, I had..." she paused, then "...a talk with Tanya too. Okay, she jumped me and kissed me. So, I made out with her. You'll probably hear all about it, she's determined to tell everyone."

I felt a twinge of jealousy. My face must have shown it because Laura suddenly looked me directly in the eyes. I could feel myself going red under her gaze, sure that she could see inside me. Her look changed to one of open appraisal as she looked me up and down. She smiled slightly, touched my hair, then pulled me towards her and lightly kissed me on the forehead. She took my hand and rubbed it on her pussy making my fingers wet. Then she took it to my mouth and placed my fingers in my mouth. "Until later," she said.

That brought me back to my senses. "About later. Teresa told me last night that she really wants Tanya but has been too scared to say anything. I said we could meet after lunch, the four of us, in a classroom somewhere. Can you get Tanya to come? Say it's to do with the choir if you like."

"Set-up time eh? Fine, no problem."

My first lesson was History with Mr. Moor. "And how are you today, Suzie?"

"Fine, thank you, sir."

This was unusual too. Mr. Moor wasn't horrid or anything, but not exactly the most sociable of teachers. He'd been teaching here for years. I remember that one of the girls said that her mother said that he used to be really friendly and his classes were really fun to be in. Then he went away for a couple of weeks and came back changed. He was still okay as a teacher but it was as if the part of his brain that made him a person had been switched off. There had been lots of speculation what had happened but nobody had ever found out.

I'm not really into History, so the progression of civil rights in the late 20th Century didn't really thrill me.

In the break, I had to do a few poses and a few boys felt me up, but something in the school had changed. The craziness that had taken it over from the time the Program had started had gone as if it had never been there.

I actually found myself wandering the corridors waiting for someone to approach me. How weird is that? I think I understand what Laura meant when she described what it was like when she gave up stripping for a while. She missed being the centre of attention, but most of all she missed the adrenaline buzz.

My second lesson should have been with Peterson for Design, but he had been called away. A young teaching assistant had to supervise study period. "Firstly I have an important announcement to make. The staff have just been informed that Shelley Hoover has been found safe and well" A few people started to ask questions but he stopped them, "I don't know any more. We haven't been told any more than that she is safe and well."

My eyes started watering as relief overwhelmed me. I never realised how much Shelley had come to mean to me in such a short time. But Laura had been right. Whatever had happened, Shelley had coped with it. Then the teaching assistant spoke to everyone again. "What do you want to study?"

A boy yelled out, "Can we study Suzie?"

The assistant reddened, "I don't think..."

"You can if you like," I interrupted, then, more loudly to the rest of the class, "What do you want me to do?"

"Some of us wanted to do the same with you as the lower class is doing for Shelley, making a bodysuit with vibrators for the fashion show, and we brought some for you to try. What do you say, Suzie?"

I thought I was long past blushing, but I felt myself go red. But I had to smile too.

"Okay, bring them here." I looked in the bag he had brought and saw a variety of dildos and vibrators. I took out a huge penis-shaped dildo. Penis-shaped, but not penis-sized, unless you count horses. He smirked, so I grabbed his head and shoved it between my open legs.

"Take a good look," I said. "You really think THAT is gonna fit in there?" I held myself open.

"Maybe." The little bastard was still smirking.

"Tell you what, if you're so keen on things of that size, turn round, bend over and drop your trousers and I'll show you where you can put it."

The girls started laughing and the boys joined them. Now HE was blushing. He went back to his seat.

I took out a couple of other things. One was like an egg with a wire dangling down to a plastic switch.

"I've always wanted to try one of these." I pushed it inside me and turned it on. It seemed to started gently but the effect built up and up until I had to turn it off and pull it back out.

"Fuck, I want one of those," I said. The boys laughed but only a few of the girls. I wondered if those were the only girls who'd already "had the pleasure of its company".

Next I tried a small anal vibrator. It was okay, but nothing special, but when I added another vibrator in my pussy at the same time, it was even better than the egg thing. I held the vibrating egg to one of my nipples as well and it felt like every nerve in my body was being stimulated.

"Hey girls," I called. "Anyone else wanna try these?" There was some giggling but no volunteers.

"Please yourselves, you don't know what you're missing."

Just before the next lesson, Ghastly Gordon saw me. "Why aren't you heading for my lesson?"

"We're excused until Dr. Reynolds comes back."

"You think you're all so clever don't you? Well Mr. Graham never actually agreed to that, he just gave you the handcuff key, so if you're not in my lesson in one minute, you'll have missed a lesson and have to repeat your program week."

I actually wasn't as worried as I might have been. After all, Sam had survived it and even admitted to enjoying some of it.

My optimism changed when I walked into the lesson and saw the look on her face. She covered her expression quickly, but for a fraction of a second, I saw pure hatred. I wasn't going to enjoy one minute of this lesson, she would see to that.

"Lay on the table, legs apart," she ordered.

"Okay class, let's go," said the tallest boy in the class.

"What's going on?" GG demanded.

"If there's no class to demonstrate to, you can't use us as an excuse," he replied. The rest of the class walked behind him as he stood between Gordon and the rest of them.

"I'll put you all in the Program," she almost screamed.

"Try it," he replied coldly, before following the others out the door. At the door, he paused, turned, smiled at me and said, "Good luck, Sue."

I got onto the table as she'd instructed. No, it wasn't masochism, I was taking the piss (see cultural notes), and she knew it. She stormed out of the classroom, slamming the door.

I sat with Tanya and Teresa for lunch, leaving Laura and Samantha to keep the boys company. "I think Laura needs cheering up," I said.

"She seemed cheerful enough last night," said Tanya with a wide grin on her face. Teresa looked at her questioningly.

Tanya rapidly changed the subject, not out of embarrassment. I think she was just teasing us. "Have you learned your lines for tonight's show?"

"Show? I thought you called it a concert or contest or something," I asked.

"With you three there tonight it's definitely a show," she replied. "In fact, probably show and tell. You realised it's being televised?"

Great, I thought. Just what I need. I hadn't lived down my last naked television appearance, at least as far as my parents were concerned, and now I was going to have another one. At least this one probably wouldn't end up in all the papers and all the news programmes. Mm, who are you kidding, girl?

When we saw that Laura had finished eating, I reminded her that we had a meeting with Tanya and Teresa. A cloud crossed her face momentarily. "I'd forgotten," she said unnecessarily.

We found an empty classroom.

Tanya started by saying, "Laura. We decided to you needed cheering up and after last night I think I know just how to do it."

She moved over to Laura and began to kiss her, but I interrupted her. "Actually Tanya, although Laura does need cheering up, that was just to get you here. I think Teresa has something to say to you."

Teresa looked as if she wished she could sink into the floor. I don't know what she'd expected, but it wasn't that. She sat there with her mouth open, obviously trying to find the words, or the courage, to speak. Her eyes filled with tears and she got up and turned away, "I'm sorry, I can't." She almost ran to the door, but Tanya was there before her and grabbed her by the arm.

"Teresa, wait." She put her arms around her and held her close. She bent her head down and kissed Teresa tenderly for a long time. Teresa could hardly stand, but Tanya held her firmly.

"Does that make it easier?" Tanya asked.

"Mmm," nodded Teresa.

Tanya simply picked Teresa up and laid her on a table. She started unbuttoning her blouse, then stopped, realising that there were eager faces at the door. "We have an audience," she said. "Teresa, I'm sorry. I know you hate being a spectacle. I wanted you so much that I didn't think, but I can wait till we have somewhere private."

"I can't," said Teresa. "I waited far too long for this. I've loved you for so long."

Tanya just stroked her hair, "Why didn't you say anything?"

"I thought I'd lose you."

Tanya re-commenced unbuttoning Teresa's blouse and pulled her bra up so she could take a nipple into her mouth.

I felt like a peeping Tom, so I headed towards the door. Laura followed me.

"No you don't, you two," called Tanya. "I want your help."

"Now you Suzie, take over here, and Laura, take her other boob."

As we did as we were told, Tanya lifted Teresa's skirt up and said, "Bum up, please."

Teresa lifted her bum and Tanya pulled down her knickers. Teresa parted her legs a little and for a moment Tanya just looked at her pussy.

Then, smiling, she ran her hand over it before licking her inner thigh from just above her knee to a few inches short of her pussy. Then she did the same to the other thigh. She did this several times until Teresa protested, "Stop teasing, Tanya, please."

Tanya bent down to open Teresa's pussy as wide as she could, then buried her face in it. Still trying to concentrate on Teresa's boobs, we couldn't see what Tanya was doing, but we could feel Teresa's reaction.

Between kissing and licking and sucking on Teresa's boobs, Laura and I were glancing at Teresa's face and the fun Tanya was having between her legs. A few times I caught Laura looking at me. What was she thinking? I couldn't read her face.

When Teresa came, Laura and I stood up and watched Tanya and Teresa kissing, totally oblivious to their surroundings and their audience. I don't think they even realised that we were still there.

I caught Laura's eye again and her expression softened as she looked at me. Then she just stood up and walked to the door. She opened it and pushed her way through the eager boys waiting outside.

I didn't even stop to wonder why they hadn't simply come in, for I had caught sight of Laura's face for an unguarded moment. She had a haunted look. I tried to follow her, but by the time I'd pushed my own way through the boys, she'd disappeared.

In my first afternoon lesson all I could think about was how happy Tanya and Teresa had been. It didn't take being Laura to see that what they had was more than just sex.

Another of my ex's was in class and at the end of the lesson I dragged him (literally) into the boys showers. "I need a fuck," I said bluntly. "Any volunteers?"

He started to kiss me and I tried to return the kiss but felt totally empty. I grabbed his dick and told him. "I need this in me now." He got the message. I bent over one of the benches in the changing area and he slid straight into me.

"Sue, what's wrong?" he asked a few minutes later.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't take this the wrong way, but if you were on your back instead of bent over I'd say you were closing your eyes and thinking of England. You've always been so enthusiastic before. Something must be wrong."

"Just a bad day, I guess," I replied, feeling guilty. "Here, let me make it up to you." Pulling away from him, I turned round and sat on the bench. I pulled him towards me and took his cock into my mouth. I gave him my best Suzie blow-job.

"I'm gonna cum," he warned.

"You can cum on my face."

"Really?" he asked, surprised. I never let anyone do that, but I figured I was using him and he deserved a break.

Not surprsingly, I didn't have to wait long.

He didn't let me take a shower, he made me lay down and he got between my legs. As he began to tongue me I realised that I'd forgotten how good he was at this. I always used to love watching him go down on me.

But this time, I didn't watch. His tongue was doing the work, but it wasn't his face I saw as I came.

By the time I'd cleaned up, I was late for my next lesson, but nobody seemed to take any notice.

After school I tried to find Laura, but she'd gone home straight away. I felt sure she was avoiding me. Why did that hurt so much?

By the time Stephen and I met Laura at her mum's, she seemed fine, if a little quieter than usual. But we were a happy enough bunch on the drive to the concert hall. And that's as long as it lasted.

When we'd parked the car, Teresa came running out of the hall to meet us. "Fucking Graham won't let Samantha sing. He didn't even let her on the coach."

Laura, part 7

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Night

"It's Shelley, she's gone missing." Sam was weeping.

I started to ask fifty questions at once, then gave her a chance to explain.

"She got off the train at Rugby and ran out of the station for some reason they don't know and nobody's seen her since."

She told me that Mum had gone to be with Mrs. Hoover, Shelley's Mum. I turned on the news to try to learn more and we kept changing channels. Naked girl lost somewhere in the Midlands had become the lead story on every news report, each trying to outdo the other with speculation about what could have happened to her. Heather's rape was mentioned frequently too and the Program.

Finally I'd had enough of watching it and I went upstairs to dive into the shower. As I was getting dressed, Mum returned and called me downstairs. Mrs. Hoover had obviously told her something about what had happened at school and she wanted to ask both of us what had happened to our hair.

"Sam. Can I tell Mum this on my own?" I said

"Time I went to bed anyway," she replied. Turning to Mum, she said, "Goodnight, Danielle."

She went upstairs to our bedroom and I told Mum all about the DVD and the handcuffs and the hair cutting and the caning.

She was furious, as I knew she would be.

"Mum, that's not all."

Her eyes narrowed.

"Yes, but this is wonderful." I told her first about the other students suddenly protecting us and what I'd learned later that the staff were just as furious as we were and had put it about that anyone who hassled any of us would be dealt with harshly once Dr. Reynolds was back.

"I should think so too," said Mum, still angry.

"But that's not the best bit." And I finally told her what the other girls had done, first wearing handcuffs and all they had to put up with for that and then the confrontation with Mr. Graham. I even showed her the carrier bag of hair.

"Mum, this morning when I saw Sam with tears running down her face from what they'd been doing to her, I was worried sick. And later, when I found out what they'd done for me, it was wonderful." My eyes were watering and for once I didn't want Mum to see, so I made my excuses and went off to bed.

After a detour to the loo, I found Mum sitting on the other bed with her arm around Sam. I sat the other side of Mum and she hugged us both.

THURSDAY

Mum went out early to see if Mrs. Hoover needed anything. "She won't want to risk leaving the phone," she explained. Sam said that Mum had got cross with her last night for going out without telling her. Sam was really happy as she told me about it. She said that she wasn't used to having someone worry about her.

So while we were talking about Sam and last night, I asked her if she'd brought a friend home as I'd challenged her to. She'd actually brought a boy home, Stephen. And spent hours making love to him. Okay, not actually fucking, but just about everything but.

After her experience in Ghastly's class I thought it was a bit risky for Stephen to try bondage with her, on their FIRST TIME together, but she loved it, so who was I to say otherwise?

Poor mixed-up Sam. She's desperate to fuck Stephen but so worried that it's all because of the Program. Or "Every Girl GEts Done" as I put it.

When she told me I was like Mum, I was secretly proud as anything, but made her promise not to tell Mum or I'd never live it down.

We laughed and giggled a lot together.

Careful Laura, I told myself. Don't get too close. Sam might be like the kid sister you always wanted, but she might also bugger off and leave you when the week is over. Have fun with her. Don't get too close. That way you don't get hurt.

The morning groping was easy. A crowd of boys protected us from anyone pushy and the requests were simple and straightforward.

I should have felt grateful, but I felt humiliated. I'm Laura, the stripper who can handle crowds of drunk men without a second thought, having to be protected from a few boys by other boys. I really wished they'd just have left me to handle it. But I smiled and looked grateful. It wasn't their fault I'm weird.

Suzie wanted to tell me about her evening with Teresa, so I told her about Tanya jumping me and us making out. As I said it she had a strange look on her face. I looked at her and she began to blush. She wasn't joking about blushing easily. I wanted to tease her about it but the look on her face stopped me. I think she actually fancies me.

I looked at her body for the first time. Nice. We could have some fun. I stroked her hair a couple of times, kissed her briefly and rubbed her hand on my pussy, making her fingers wet. Then I put her fingers in her mouth and said "Until later".

"About later," she said, suddenly all business. "It turns out that Teresa really wants Tanya but has been too scared to say anything. I said we could meet after lunch, the four of us, in a classroom somewhere. Can you get Tanya to come? Say it's to do with the choir if you like."

"Set-up time eh? Fine, no problem," I responded. That seemed like fun, but why couldn't I get up any enthusiasm?

It wasn't even just worrying about Shelley. Even after we were told at the start of the second lesson that Shelley was safe, I couldn't get this hollow depressed feeling off my mind.

I got told off in one of the lessons for not paying attention. And as for between lessons, I hardly got a request, reasonable or otherwise. Okay, that's an exaggeration. I still got a few pose requests and the occasional "Can I feel your boobs/pussy/arse?" but the frenzy and the excitement were gone.

And I missed it. I felt ordinary and boring. I felt like leaping at the first boy that passed me and giving him a blow-job whether the poor guy wanted one or not!

I nearly forgot that I had to model for the photography class in the period before lunch. I felt sorry for them. I know I must have looked bored and depressed, no matter how many false smiles I pasted on.

What was wrong with me?

We'd won. I had my dignity back. Everyone being supportive and I hadn't even seen Ghastly or Graham. Sam was becoming like my kid sister, even if she did idolise me too much. (Hey, I can cope with that!) I had Suzie, one of the prettiest girls in school with the hots for me.

And I felt like I'd just been told I had two months to live.

Strike that. I felt like I wished I'd just been told I had two months to live.

I say again. What the FUCK is wrong with me?

After lunch we met with Tanya and Teresa. Teresa couldn't bring herself to admit how she felt towards Tanya and tried to run away, until Tanya caught her and gave her a kiss that almost brought ME back to life. SHIT Teresa, if that doesn't get the message across I don't know what will. Talk about toe-curling! Plug these two into the National Grid and you could close down a power station or two.

Tanya stripped Teresa and got Suzie and me to work on her boobs while she went down on her.

I couldn't resist looking at Tanya working on Teresa and at Teresa's face to see her reaction. But in between I watched Suzie. Suddenly she spotted me staring at her and I smiled.

Just after that Teresa came, and the two girls were busy kissing again. I glanced at Suzie, wondering whether to do the same with her, when old memories came flooding back. Suzie deserved someone capable of loving her, not someone with a trunkful of guilt she could never be free of. The longer I allowed things to go on, the deeper I would hurt her. With a shock I realised that I could never allow that to happen. I had to stop this.

I ran out the door, pushing roughly past the watching boys. I ran to the the janitor's cupboard that he nearly always left unlocked. Locking myself inside, I sat uncomfortably on an upturned metal bucket and cried. For the past I could never change and for the love I could never have.

I took a shower alone after the lesson had begun to try to hide the fact that I'd been crying. Luckily it was English, with Mr. Thompson and he said nothing.

The second lesson was biology. Things were getting better organised. Mr. Wright had me sit right in front of a video camera hooked up to a huge TV screen. (He even showed me that there was no DVD in the recorder it was wired into.)

That way the whole class could see clearly without fighting for a turn around my pussy.

It is SO COOL to see yourself opened up on a giant screen about 8 foot wide. I'd never even seen myself in such detail. I played with myself a bit and watched, fascinated, as my own pussy opened up and I became more aroused. I watched Tanya watching me.

Finally I just had to say, "Mr. Wright, I know it's long gone past the first five minutes, but can I please ask someone to give me relief?"

He smiled. "I understand your predicament. As it fits with the lesson we are doing, I don't see why not. Are there any volunteers?"

A few hands shot up, but none as fast as Tanya's. Some of the others in class looked at her amazed, many with open mouths. One poor girl probably needs hospital treatment. I'm sure she must have dislocated her jaw!

Mr. Wright rearranged the camera so we could see her face clearly. Tanya was just about to start, when I stopped her. "Mr. Wright. Can you put a DVD in? I'd really like to take this home."

"If Tanya doesn't mind."

She grinned. "Consider this a thank you for lunchtime."

There were a few whistles and gasps at that remark.

She carefully held me wide open, taking care that her hands didn't obstruct the camera. She dipped two fingers into me, then withdrew them and slowly put them in her mouth.

"Not fair," I cried.

She stopped what she was doing and stood next to me, took my hand and put it inside her knickers. The angle was awkward, so she pulled her knickers off and lifted her skirt up so everyone could see me put my fingers into her.

Stepping away from me, she said, "Now you've got something to taste while I fuck you senseless."

She returned to my pussy and holding me open again, stuck her tongue inside me.

I watched as she lapped away, occasionally slipping a finger into me as well.

Then she switched to using just her fingers and I watched on the screen as her fingers pumped in and out of my increasingly wet pussy, faster and faster.

I began to imagine it was Suzie doing all this to me and my orgasm came so suddenly it actually took ME by surprise. I'd never seen the creamy cum I have when I cum, and certainly not in close-up on a huge screen.

Tanya leaned back in and carefully licked up every drop. Then she got up and kissed me. I could still taste myself on her. "That's thank you from both Teresa and me."

Mr. Wright took out the DVD and gave it to me. Before even having a shower, I raced to my locker to put it away safely.

In the shower afterwards I realised my predicament. Suzie not only had the hots for me, she even had me fantasising about her. I couldn't allow this to continue, to escalate even, but how to stop this without hurting her?

When school was finished I didn't bother to get dressed. I ran out of school naked and stopped off in our 24-hour minimarket for a few bits of shopping. There weren't many people in there at this time of day but the looks I got varied from disgust (one woman desperately trying to prevent her three teenage boys from staring at me) to amusement to open lust from one middle-aged man.

When Suzie arrived with Stephen for us to go to the concert, I managed to keep the conversation on what Stephen had been doing all day.

At the concert door, Teresa came running to us very upset. "Graham wouldn't let Sam come and sing tonight."

I was getting tired of being helpless while other people hurt me or my friends. Sam deserved better than this. If I had seen Mr. Graham at that point, I think I'd be in jail by now and the school would be looking for a new deputy headmaster.

Shelley, part 9

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Morning

For reasons that will be obvious, I have not put names in most of this section, or given many descriptions or details about where I was.

I can't believe I actually slept. I could hear noises from various rooms around the house.

I tried the door. It opened. I quickly closed it again. Perhaps if I pretend to be asleep until the house goes quiet I can sneak out and get away from here.

That idea quickly disappeared with a loud knock on the door. Before I could jump back into bed to pretend to be asleep, the door opened and in walked a girl a few years older than me.

"If you want some breakfast, I'd come down in a hurry before it's all gone," she said cheerfully.

She was blonde (bleached), with hair a bit longer than mine, maybe just a little bit taller than me and apart from the sexy nightie she was wearing she didn't look like I imagined a prostitute would look.

"I'm not hungry," I snapped, just wanting her to go away.

"Please yourself. But if you change your mind here's something to wear." She threw me a big baggy t-shirt. "But they'll all be disappointed."

"Why?"

"Helen (I've changed the name) says you turned up naked at our local (see cultural notes) in the middle of the night. Everyone's dying to know how that happened."

"It's a long story," I sighed.

She laughed a little at that. "Yeah, I bet it is," then, "Have we met before?"

"I don't think so."

"Funny, you seem kinda familiar." She shrugged her shoulders. "You sure you don't want to come down and eat? Full English with all the trimmings."

She had left the door open and I could smell wonderful smells. "Yeah... Thanks," I added as an afterthought.

"We don't bite you know. And you won't catch anything."

"I know."

"Would you like me to bring something up here?" she asked.

"I want to go home."

"I'm not stopping you."

"Then why was I locked in last night?"

"Oh, that?" She paused. "You know what we do here, or you've guessed, right?"

"With the mirror over the bed and a drawer full of condoms it wasn't hard."

"Well, would you really have wanted some drunk john bursting in on you last night?"

I shook my head sharply, suddenly remembering the men in the alley last night again.

"You thought we were keeping you prisoner?" She couldn't help laughing. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't laugh, but it's so funny."

She got serious all of a sudden. "It wasn't so funny for you, was it? Poor kid, I bet you were terrified."

"I was a bit," I admitted out loud. A lot, I said inside my head.

"You sure you're not hungry?"

"Starving."

"Well, put that t-shirt on and come get something."

Two girls were already sitting at the kitchen table and a third one was cooking. The girl with me pointed me at an empty place at the end of the table and sat next to me.

Before I even sat down, one of the girls at the table said, "Okay girl, let's have the details." "This I have got to hear," said the other.

"Whoa!" said the one doing the cooking. "Give the poor girl a chance, at least offer her a cuppa (see cultural notes) before the Spanish inquisition."

"Do you want some tea?" asked one of the girls obediently.

I was gagging (see cultural notes) for some tea, but just said, "Yes, please."

A big, steaming mug appeared. There was a sugar bowl nearby.

The girl by the cooker came over carrying two plates. Mine was huge and filled with bacon, eggs, sausage and mushrooms. The other girl's plate was smaller with smaller portions. A few seconds later a filled toast rack and butter appeared in front of us.

"No questions until she's had a chance to eat," she ordered, then turning to me, "Don't let it get cold."

Fat chance of that. I was starving so I attacked the plate quickly. Of course the moment I'd finished I was barraged with questions.

"Where're you from?"

"Why didn't you have any clothes?"

"Why were you in the \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*?" (name of pub deleted)

"Give the poor girl a chance," said the one doing the cooking. "Let's start with what we're all dying to know. How did you end up naked in our local pub?"

"Whew, where do I start?"

"The beginning?" said one of the girls helpfully. The others groaned at that but nodded as well.

"They started this Program thing at my school. Some of us have to go naked all week."

"Naked? In school? Not even knickers?" This was from three different girls but it sounded like one question.

"Yeah. Anyway my sister was in it, the Program, last week, but on the way to school she got raped."

"THAT'S where I've seen you," cried the girl who had come up to my room. I'm getting fed up with saying that so I'll call her Tara. (And I'll call the other two sitting down Megan and Maureen, and the one still standing Helen.) "You were in all the papers and on telly and everything. You're even in today's paper."

Tara got a newspaper from the sideboard. Sure enough on the front page was a photo of me leaning out of that railway carriage yesterday. "WHERE IS NAKED GIRL?" screamed the headline. Underneath it began, "Shelley Hoover, one of the girls in the controversial Naked In School program is missing somewhere in the country, still naked. See page 4."

In the bottom right-hand corner was a close-up of Heather, obviously crying and the words "WORRIED SISTER WAITS".

"Fuck." I couldn't take my eyes off Heather's picture for a moment. "Oh Fuck," I repeated softly.

"So, Shelley. You go to Slut School. What's it like?" Tara asked. Her friendly voice brought me back to the kitchen.

"Thinking of going, Tara?" laughed Maureen. "You don't need no school to teach you to be a slut."

They all laughed at that.

"It isn't Slut School," I protested. "That was just what one stupid reporter called us."

"Okay," said Helen. "So you go to school naked. But that's somewhere up Liverpool way." (I didn't bother to correct her.) "It doesn't explain how you end up in Rugby with nothing but your birthday suit."

"Well, after my sister got gang raped and it got on the telly and in all the papers, they decided to hold an inquiry. They called us, that's my sister and me, down to London and as it was a school related activity, we got told we still had to be naked. But the train broke down....." I paused to catch my breath.

"They sent you on a train naked?"

"Yeah."

"Fucking Hell!" I don't who said that but we all laughed.

"It was okay, but you should have seen the other passengers' faces." More laughter at that.

"So the train broke down, then what?"

"Heather, that's my sister, got out to walk around 'cause she doesn't like being cooped up for too long. When the train was going to go, I couldn't see her, so I jumped out. But I couldn't find her anywhere and the train was long gone.. The ticket guy was perving and I panicked and ran away."

"Whew, I wouldn't want to be in that area on my own, naked or not," Megan said. "You're lucky you didn't get knifed. Oh God, sorry, Tara." Tara had gone noticeably tense and pale.

"It's okay," said Tara. "Shelley, carry on."

"I fell asleep and some disgusting old drunks found me and wanted me to..." I flinched at the memory.

Tara squeezed my arm. "It's okay. You don't have to say it, we can guess."

"But something disturbed them and I ran away until I found that pub. And I was hungry, but the guy wanted to fuck me. So I finally gave him a blow job instead. Then he called, Helen is it?" I looked at her. "And you came and brought me here."

"Nicky's not so bad but he's crap with girls," Helen explained. "You got robbed, girl. The most he gets out of us is a handjob if we want a free meal."

The others looked as if she might have said something to upset me, but when I laughed, they laughed too.

"So we've got a celebrity in our high-class establishment."

"Hardly," I said.

"Maybe not," she said, "But the newspapers will make a story out of it. That would be awkward."

Helen appeared to be in charge and continued, "Look, can you promise not to tell them where we are or our names?"

"Sure." After all the talk, suddenly I was back to the present. "Shit. I've got to ring my Mum. She'll be freaking."

I stood up from the table and looked round the room for a phone but I couldn't see one.

Helen seemed to think for a few seconds before asking me, "Do you want to ring her right now?"

"Oh yes, please," I cried.

"Then come with me."

She took me to a large room at the front of the building. The heavy drapes had been pulled back and one of the windows was open. There were two low sofas, a few dirty mags on a coffee table and a big TV in the corner.

"This is where the johns wait for us." She pointed at the TV. "If they want we can even entertain them with some ..."

"Pornos?" I suggested.

She gave me a look. "You're pretty sharp, Shelley, you know that?"

"My Mum says I'm always.. trying." That got me a little chuckle from her.

"Sit down, anywhere. I'll be right back." She was quick. I hardly had my bum on the sofa by the open window before she returned. I reached for the phone she had in her hand, but she shook her head and sat down next to me. She had Mum's "Eleventh Commandment" look in her eyes.

"Shelley, this is very important, to me and the other girls." Her tone was pleasant but firm. "We keep a very low profile here in Rugby. We have to, or we'd be in all kinds of shit. Do you understand?"

She waited for me to nod, then continued, "So, can I trust you to not say anything to your Mum which she could identify us with?"

"Yes, of course you can. You guys saved me, maybe even saved my life. Anyway, I don't even know where I am."

"Good, so let's just sit here for a sec so you can decide what you're gonna say to her, okay?"

I started thinking out loud. That's a little unusual for me, the thinking bit I mean. "Well, the first thing she's gonna want to know is, am I okay. That's easy, 'cause I am now, thanks to you. And I'm gonna want to know if Heather's alright. Oh shit, I forgot about her for a moment. I hope she's okay. She'll be freaking too."

"I'm sure your sister's okay. That picture of her in the paper, she must be safe. But I agree with you, she's got to be worried about you too. Now, what else?"

"Mum's gonna wanna know what happened to me. But I'm pretty sure I can put her off for now by saying 'it's a long story, Mum. Can I tell you all about it when I get home?' She's always cool that way IF she thinks I'm okay."

"What will you say if she asks you where you are right now?"

"Yeah, that's the tough one. I don't want to lie to her. I don't do lies very well. When you speak first and think second like I do, lying can get very tricky. Besides, I hate lying, especially to Mum."

"So do I, Shelley," Helen laughed.

"How does this sound then? 'This nice woman took me in last night so I was actually able to sleep in a real bed with real sheets. I've had a huge breakfast and she's gonna get me to the station later this morning.' How does that sound? It's all the truth, especially the 'nice woman' bit."

I scooted across the sofa and hugged her. "Thank you."

I sat back up again. "How's that, ma'am?" I gave her my good-little-schoolgirl voice.

"Perfect. Especially the 'nice woman'. We don't get that very often."

"Helen, when I get home and there aren't any reporters around, I'm gonna have to tell her and Heather everything. Mum'll be pissed off if she thinks I'm keeping anything back."

"That's fine. Just make it clear to them both why I'm concerned."

"Cross my heart and hope to die, put a needle in my eye."

Helen grinned, "I've not heard that in years."

"Oh dear, I just thought. I'm supposed to keep a journal all about what happens while I'm in the Program. I'll have to put down about here and how you found me." Helen looked alarmed. "It'll be very strange if I leave a big hole and don't write it."

I thought about what I could do. "How about if I change all your names and.. and the name of the pub. That way nobody could use my journal to bother you."

"That should work." She didn't sound too happy. "But please be careful what you write."

"Cross my heart again. I'll be really careful."

I was a little scared to ask this next bit. "Helen, I better tell Mum and Heather your correct names though. I'll never keep things straight otherwise when I'm just talking."

Now she leaned across and hugged me, then sat back. "I may regret this but you're a good kid, Shelley. I'm gonna trust you to do the right thing by us. It's obvious you understand our.. problems with publicity."

"After all the things they wrote about Heather and me, I should do."

She pressed a couple of buttons on the phone and handed it to me. Then she stood up.

"Put in the number, then press dial. When you're done, press off. I'll let you talk to her on your own." She paused. "Fancy some tea or coffee?"

"Tea, please, two sugars and very hot."

"Just like Tara has it, including the hot part. I'll make a fresh pot."

"Oh no, don't bother. A bag is fine."

"No bother. Tara'll drink whatever I make. That girl could sink a battleship, never mind float it, the amount of tea she drinks." She left.

As soon as I heard Mum's voice, I shouted, "Mum!"

"Shelley, thank God! What happened to you?"

"I'm okay," I cried. "I got lost and fell asleep and... It's a long story, Mum. Can I tell you when I get home?"

"You're really okay?"

"I'm really okay. Is Heather okay? I thought I'd lost her."

"She's fine. She's in London with Dr. Reynolds. She still has to tell her story to the inquiry. But you can come straight home."

I really wanted to. But I knew I couldn't. "Mum, I should be with her. Can you ring her? I'll ask them at the station if they can get me on the next London train."

"You sure, Shelley?" Doubt in her voice.

"I'm sure, Mum."

"Where are you now?"

"'This nice woman took me in last night so I was actually able to sleep in a real bed with real sheets. I've had a huge breakfast and she's gonna get me to the station in a little while." I hoped that sounded natural.

"Okay, I love you." Acceptance and warmth this time.

"Love you." I hung onto the phone a few seconds before pressing the off button.

I looked up and Helen was coming back into the room, opening the door with one hand and balancing a small tray with two big mugs on it with the other. I could see the steam coming off them.

"That was great. Thank you again." But I could still see the concern in her eyes. "It was real easy. I said exactly what we agreed, and she accepted it, no questions asked."

She passed me one of the mugs and I asked her, "Do you have a few minutes?"

"As much as you want." She sat back down and we both sipped our tea. It was hot!

"What's it like...?" I asked.

"Being a whore?" I nodded. She took another sip before answering. "Well, mostly it's just a job. Well-paid, low overheads but no pension. I suppose that's sounds pretty harsh to a kid like you. But it's the truth."

"But it's still against the law, isn't it?"

"Not if a girl's on her own. But a place like this, I think it's called 'keeping a disorderly house'. Old-fashioned, huh? But some of the old laws are still on the books. We've got no problems with the local filth..." I think I look confused at that word. "... The police. We don't have to give them any money, but if any of them wants the occasional freebie, that's fine. All of them are in good nick," she grinned, "And one of the regulars is really hot. He gets me off every time."

"What do your neighbours say? Do they know?"

"A couple of them know for sure, they've spoken to me. But I think in general the folks round here don't know. We try to keep it very quiet and we shut at ten in the week and by midnight on Fridays and Saturdays, so they've never complained to us directly. One of the detectives I look after has told me there's been a couple of complaints, but he's always been able to calm them down so nothing's happened."

"What do you guys like to be called?"

"That's a good one. The best one is 'working girl' but that's a mouthful. And 'prostitute' sounds like you're in court. And there are some rude ones as well. Mostly when the four of us are talking we just use 'girl' especially if we know them. 'Whore' is fine, it's the truth after all and it really depends on how you say it. If you want to call us whores to your Mum that's fine."

"Whore," I muttered and then giggled, "It sounds naughty, I like it."

She bowed slightly towards me. "My favourite word is 'tart' but no one uses that one any more, pity."

"That sounds sweet and sour at the same time."

"I'd prefer sweet and sharp but you've got the idea. You asked me what it's like. Well, a lot of the time it's not very nice. The nice punters are mostly shy and lonely and I admit it is nice to make an unhappy guy feel happy for a little while. But a lot of them treat us like shit. I mean, they don't hit us, that's only happened twice in the three years we've been here and both times no one got hurt, but you can see the.. contempt in their eyes. We're just pieces of meat to them. Suck them up, let them climb on top and fuck me til they cum, get dressed and go. I might as well have been to the dentist, except they've paid me instead of the other way round. That's what whoring's really like, a lot of the time. Not exactly romantic, huh?"

This was too much information too quickly and I didn't know what to say. "You've given me a lot to think about." I changed the subject. "I was a virgin till last Monday and I think sex is mind-blowing and I want to try everything as soon as I can. I'm not weird, am I?"

"No, you're not weird, not even a little. I can remember when I was your age and if I couldn't be with a boy that night, I had to do myself before I went to sleep. It just felt way too good to go without. I think that's normal."

"Isn't it ever any good when you're.. working?"

"Well, there is the cop I mentioned. And I do have a few, fairly regular customers who do it for me. They're mostly in their late twenties or early thirties. I think most of them have stressful jobs and I know they don't want the commitment of a real relationship. But they do care about me when they're with me. Maybe it's just their pride but they really make the effort to get me going first. They make me feel like I matter even if it is only for an hour. And then there's this one old guy, he's got to be well over 60. Shelley, that old man gives me the best head I have ever had! I'd let him do me for free but he always insists on paying. And last Christmas he gave me an extra £100 to take all the other girls out to dinner. But he's one in million."

"Does that answer all your questions?"

"Oh yeah. And thanks for telling me the truth. That means a lot, you know."

She stood up. "On your feet, girl. The others are going to wonder what we've been doing."

"Something naughty, I hope."

That got me a spank on my bottom, a hard one.

Back in the kitchen, Helen got Megan and Tara to stand up. Maureen wasn't there.

"Tara, you're about Shelley's size. Can you find her something to wear?

Tara grabbed my hand, "Come on then."

Megan looked over at me. "This picture," she pointed at the newspaper, "Nice bod, Shelley."

It was really friendly the way she said it and I started to blush, but Tara pulled me quickly through the door.

She took me up to her room. "Find something to wear and I'll drop you off near the station. I'll be back in a sec."

Everything in her wardrobe was tiny. But she's about my size, weird. Then I giggled. Working clothes, cool. I found a black tanktop and a matching skirt. It was a struggle to dress, but I managed. I looked at myself in her mirror and considered career opportunities. I don't think this is what that advisor had in mind.

Tara was gone about five minutes. When she returned she handed me £80.

"What the fuck?" I said. "I can't take this money."

"Oh yes you will. It's only £20 from each of us and we'd all pay twice that for the entertainment you gave us at breakfast. Besides, we've decided we're gonna do Nicky for you, not quite sure how yet, but I don't think he'll enjoy it."

I wasn't sure, especially about taking their money. Then the thought of them getting back at Nicky for me made me giggle. "Make sure that bastard knows why, okay?"

"How can I pay you for these clothes and everything?" I asked.

"Don't worry. Business has been good. And by the time I wind Nicky up about him making a nude schoolgirl suck him off for a burger and coke, I'll be getting free burgers for a month!"

I laughed, trying to imagine his face.

I thought about Helen in particular doing Nicky. He's gonna be hurtin' for certain. "Helen's outstanding. I really like her."

"You two seemed to hit it off straightaway." Then she dropped her voice. "Helen has been wonderful to me, like a big sister, mum and best friend all rolled up into one." She said that like I wasn't there, just for a second.

Then her voice brightened again. "You'd love Megan and Maureen as well if you could get to know them. Helen calls them her 'm and m's' you see."

I must have looked puzzled because she quickly added, "Whenever a punter wants two girls, for a show or the whole works, it's always 'M and M'. Megan, she's the one who was admiring your bod, she's into girls, big time. I've known her for, I don't know, four years and there's never been a bloke. But girlfriends? I've lost count. And you should hear her describing what she gets up to with them. Shit, Shelley, her stories get me wet sometimes. Shall I tell you a little secret?"

This should be good, I thought. Tara started giggling as she said, "A couple of weeks ago I go into the front room in the morning, where you called your Mum from, and I catch Megan naked and wanking herself silly, watching a lezzie video. She just looks at me and grins. The cleaner was ill and Megan was supposed to be dusting!"

I managed to ask between laughs, "What did you do?"

"I said something like, 'I just wanted to see if you wanted a cuppa.' And then I go. As I'm shutting the door again, she calls out, 'Yes, please, one sugar.' And you know what? I don't think her fingers missed a stroke!"

By now we were both gasping. "No. There's more. I get back to the kitchen and tell the others. Like a shot Maureen's on her feet. 'I'll just see if she needs a hand!" Maureen comes back in about quarter of an hour, her cheeks are glistening if you know what I mean, and she says, "Megan wants to know where the fuck her tea is."

When I got my breath back, I asked, "So, is Maureen gay too?"

"Babe, how can I put this? If it can stand up and she fancies it, that's it. Trousers or skirt, it don't matter. About a year ago she was seeing a guy and a girl at the same time, but separately. When she goes out, one of us usually calls out to her, 'Bi, Bi, Maureen'."

I got that. We had been sitting on the edge of the bed. I stood up and gave her a twirl. "So, What do you think?"

"You really going home like that?" she asked.

"You don't mind me taking these clothes, do you? Don't I look okay?"

"Girl, you look hot. If I went home like that, my mum'd kill me five times over."

She gave me a long look, top to toe and back up again. "Black and black. With your light skin the contrast is fantastic. If I was into girls, I'd have you on this bed now."

"I couldn't help but stare at your bum as we came up the stairs. Those jeans don't leave much to the imagination, do they? If I thought you were into girls, I'd already be on that bed myself." (Fucking hell, girl. What did you just say!)

I think we were both embarrassed. I know I was.

Tara cleared her throat. "As I was saying, I don't usually wear the same colour top and bottom. But I'm gonna have to think again, I can see."

"Hey, why do you have so many street clothes. I mean, you just work inside, don't you?"

"Yeah, but I go out when I'm not working, you foolish girl. But you've got it slightly wrong about the work. When I'm working I always start completely dressed. Some guys like to strip me off themselves. The other ones, I always give them a little show first. They seem to like it, and it helps me to get in the mood at least a little bit."

"Go on then."

"What?"

"Give us a little show."

(Note added later. This was such an intense experience for me. I could remember every single detail and wrote them down, but my writing was just not good enough. I showed this section to Laura and she agreed to help me. All of the thoughts and memories are mine, but a lot of the words are hers. Thank you, Laura xxx)

Tara shook her head but then she went over and put a CD on. Wow! The volume was up and it almost knocked me down. The sound was magnificent and I never use that word. (I even mispelt it in my original writing, grin.) I looked around and found two medium-sized speakers halfway up the wall on either side of the window. Then Tara turned it down and suddenly it was all warm and dreamy although the music still had a sexy beat. I stood by the window, the music making me move a little. Tara went over by the bed and faced me.

She had a bloke's shirt on and started the buttons from the top, one at a time but leaving the one between her tits fastened. I hadn't noticed before but she wasn't wearing a bra.

What she was wearing were pink fluffy slippers with no heels. She flipped her feet at me one at a time. Her aim was good and it was easy for me to catch them both. I giggled and dropped them beside me.

Her hair was up but she did something with a couple of pins and a lush mane of thick dark hair cascaded over her face. Her head was down and she shook her hair a couple of times before tossing it back as she raised her head. She was staring directly into my eyes.

She turned slowly, her hips swaying gently from side to side until she was facing the other way. She rested her hands on her hips, fingers pointing at the floor. Her hips were still swaying as she slowly worked both hands around until she was rubbing them up and down the cheeks of her arse.

She didn't turn her head but spoke softly, "Do you like my bum, Shelley? My tight little bum?"

I couldn't answer, my throat was too dry. All I could see were those hands rubbing her arse. I was suddenly aware of my hardening nipples. The tightness of the tanktop only made them harder. I found myself rubbing the top with my right hand from one nipple to the other and back again. I started pinching the left one, rubbing it then pinching it again.

Tara was still facing away from me and I heard the zipper on her jeans. The first song finished on the CD, then another one began, just as dreamy. Now she could get her hands into her jeans. Somehow her hands were back on her arse inside her jeans without lowering them at all. I could make out her hands grabbing and releasing each cheek and I could hear her little sighs almost in time with the music and her hands.

Now her hands returned to her hips and she started pushing her jeans down. She got them about halfway down her arse, then pulled her knickers up so they were free of the jeans. She pulled them into her crack and went back to rubbing the newly-bared part of her arse.

I was digging this big time. This was so fucking hot and by now both of my hands were rubbing and pinching my tits. I didn't care now, I just wanted to see more.

Suddenly she turned round, bent over and pushed her jeans right down. "If you were a punter, I'd get you to remove these jeans for me. Do you want to?"

I couldn't say anything. I just went over and knelt in front of her. I pulled each leg of her jeans off, being very careful not to touch her legs or feet. I almost ran back to the window.

"That's okay, Shelley. I promise not to bite." Oh god! I could feel those words in my pussy.

She stood again staying next to the bed. Now she only had a pair of plain white knickers on and that teasing shirt. She started playing with her tits through her shirt now. She was staring at my tits and her hands were making the same moves mine were. We were maybe ten feet apart and I knew if one of us took a single step forward we'd be together. Neither of us took that step.

She undid that last button and reached inside with both hands on the opposite breast, kneading them in time with the music. The she turned around again and quickly removed the shirt. As it dropped I could glimpse the side of each breast. Then she faced me again. This time each hand covered the breast on the same side. She was moaning steadily now, squeezing her nipples and pulling them, then kneading the whole breast before concentrating on the nipples again. I wanted to suck on them in the worst way.

"Do you want me to stop, Shelley?"

"No, don't stop, please!"

Now she wasn't teasing any more. She slid both hands down her sides taking her knickers with them. She stood up with her legs a little apart and started rubbing her tummy and the fronts of her thighs. She kept her hands well away from her pussy. She was completely shaved! And she was totally turned on. Her lips down there were open and her clit was visible.

Then she lay back on the bed and slowly opened her legs. Her pussy smiled at me.

"Come closer, please. But not too close, okay?"

I walked over to the side of the bed. How I didn't keep going and jump on top of her I'll never know. But I just stood there quivering silently, staring at her pussy and rubbing my own. I wasn't even pretending any more. I wanted to get off.

And so did she. She slid two fingers straight inside and back out again as she massaged her clit with her other hand. Her eyes were squeezed tight and her head was rolling from side to side. And now she was moaning louder than the music.

I was using two hands as well, just like she was. Then her hips shot straight up into the air. Her pussy was a foot or so off the bed and suddenly everything of hers froze. It was like she had turned to stone, except for her panting and growling. My eyes closed and I came as well.

Somehow I kept my feet. When I opened my eyes, Tara was lying there looking up at me.

"God, Shelley. That was fucking amazing. You okay?"

"Yeah." It took a major effort just to say that.

Suddenly I felt relaxed and happy. "So that's what your punters get, is it?"

"No fucking way." She laughed a contented, happy little laugh. "I've never given a show like that before. I like you, Shelley. I like you a lot."

I sat down next to her. "Thanks, Tara. I feel nice now, a little confused but nice. You know, I told Helen before that I wanted to try everything out to see what it's like. But I didn't expect to see the hottest strip show in England so soon.

An evil glint shone in her eyes. "Everything, did you say, everything?" Oh dear, what the fuck is she thinking about?

She sat up suddenly. "Your turn!"

"What?"

"I said, your turn."

"No way!"

She just grinned at me. How could such a pretty girl suddenly look so evil.

"Well, if you're scared.."

"Am not!"

"Yes you are!"

"No I'm not!"

"Prove it!"

She had me cold and she knew it. "Stand up." I did and so did she.

"That outfit has got to go."

"Why? I thought you said I was hot in it."

"You are, but that's not the point. Stand in front of the mirror and try and figure out how you're gonna get it off and be sexy at the same time."

"Oh," I said quietly. I hoped I sounded disappointed because I was.

"Well, there are one or two thousand other possibilities here, you know."

Then she snapped her fingers. "Get your kit off. Now!"

I struggled back to my normal (!) naked state as quickly as I could.

"Here." She handed me a frilly pink blouse. I put it on, buttoned it up to my throat and turned to the mirror. Fuck! You could clearly see my nipples through it.

"There's hot and then there's hot. What do you think?"

"It's gorgeous!" I could feel the material against my nipples. They weren't hard, but they weren't flat either.

"Now, for the bottom I think.." She handed me something orange. "Rub them on your cheek."

"Wow, what are they made of?"

"Silk, pure fucking silk pyjamas. You like?"

"Oh yeah."

"Next, ladies and gentlemen, we need knickers. You got to have 'em on before you can take 'em off, right?" What could I say? "So, I'm gonna turn around. I want you to go over to those drawers, top drawer, most of my knickers. Choose a pair and then put the pyjamas on. I want to be surprised when you show me your knickers later."

She turned away and I invaded the drawer. The colours! Plain white schoolgirl ones at one end to black and scarlet wisps at the other. In the middle somewhere I found a pale blue thong. I loved the colour. I tried it on and it fit perfectly. I didn't need to look in the mirror. I could feel my bum was completely bare. I did check my pussy in the mirror, though, and every important bit was covered but almost nothing else. I quickly pulled the pyjamas on. They caressed me wherever they touched.

"Okay, you can turn around now."

"And finally, Shelley, the most important thing of all. Look through those CDs over there and pick out some music that makes YOU feel sexy."

Halfway down the pile I found it. He was an black American singer with a voice that could get me wet all by itself. The CD was called "Ballads of the Night".

"Good choice." Tara had been looking over my shoulder. "Now, lighting."

She switched both bedside lamps on and closed the curtains. The daylight disappeared and the room just felt right. She put on the CD and adjusted the volume so we could only just hear him clearly.

"Okay, here's what you do. Stand by the bed and pretend you're all by yourself. Concentrate on the music, just the music. Let your body move to the music. Then notice me sitting here and go for it."

She turned the easy chair by the window around so it faced the foot of her bed, then reached over and made the first song start again before sitting down. The last thing I noticed before I shut my eyes was that she was still naked.

I imagined for a moment that I was back in my own room. The door was locked and I was starting to dance to some music, sexy music like I could hear now. I kept my eyes closed and now I was in a different room, alone with this hunk. As he was singing to me I began to tell myself what I could see and feel.

Listen to his voice, girl. You're not dancing with him, You're dancing for him. Match your movement and your breathing to his voice. Think about him walking slowly over to you. He's taller than you and he's wearing one of those string vests that only covers half his chest. He's very buff (see cultural notes) but not too muscly and he's singing to you, only to you. Lift your hands to your breasts and pretend they're his hands. They feel strong, and gentle at the same time. Put your hands over his and press them against you.

I opened my eyes as the first song ended and smiled at Tara.

"He has big, gentle hands, Tara. Can you see how they're making me feel?" She knew enough not to answer.

The next song was just a little faster. I danced over to Tara, turning my back to her as I approached. I needed to feel his hands on my bum so I slid my hands directly under the silk and caressed my cheeks. I grabbed them hard and thrust my hips forward as if he were pulling my body against his. That was exciting so I relaxed my hands and my hips and did it again. Then a third time. And a fourth.

I faced Tara, still with my hands on my bum. I pulled them out and around my body, and then up to my breasts again. This time I especially rubbed my nipples slowly through the blouse. My nipples hardened again to two little stones. As I started to pinch them I could feel a response in my pussy. This was so wild.

I danced back a step and started to unbutton the blouse from the bottom. I was looking at Tara but she was looking at my hands. As my skin came into view I touched each exposed part. Tara matched her hands to mine. I touched my waist, she touched her waist. I rubbed my stomach, she did the same. There were still three buttons left when the bottom of my breasts appeared. I ran my fingers along their underside, so did she. I decided to test her. I let one hand move up and cover a breast, then massage it. Even though she could see my hand through the blouse, she couldn't really see what it was doing. She copied its actions just the same.

I could feel myself getting impatient. I wanted more. I unbuttoned the last three buttons, pulled off the shirt and tossed it to Tara. She smiled and mouthed a thank you.

When Tara lowered her jeans before, she was showing me her bum. I decided to face her instead as I removed the pyjamas. They were not tight so I could easily tug them down an inch and stop. I ground my hips in tiny lazy circles. As I moved, different places on my bum, hips and thighs were caressed by the silk. I kept grinding as I lowered the silk another inch or so.

Tara's hand was on her pussy. She wasn't masturbating, just getting acqainted. Her other hand was busy with her tits though, squeezing and pinching. My hands were working my tits too. The song ended and I could hear her breathing until the next song began. This one was a slower tempo again, so my hips adjusted their grind, bigger slower circles.

I pulled the silk back up and slipped one hand inside and inside the thong. My hips lost the music when my fingers touched my clit. Shit, was I wet! I fucked myself two or three times to get my fingers good and wet too. I pulled them out and had a wild idea. I leaned forward and held them under Tara'a nose. We were both very careful not to touch each other, but she inhaled my scent deeply, her eyes closing as she did so.

Tara closed her legs against mine so I wouldn't fall over. Our eyes locked momentarily as we silently agreed this touch was allowed, because we remained separated by silk. I remained half leaning over Tara and sent three of my fingers back inside the thong for some more honey. This time I brought them to my nose. I smiled at Tara and she smiled back. One at a time I cleaned my fingers with my lips and tongue. I was giving each one a blowjob, all the way in, then back out again, several times.

I straightened up again and, like Tara had done before, I lost the pyjamas quickly and tossed them over my shoulder. Only the thong remained. My hands covered each breast loosely and I humped my pussy in time with the music. I watched Tara's eyes settle on the blue thong and I knew what she wanted to see.

My hands were rubbing my tummy then, so I slid them over the thong strings. I grasped them firmly with both hands above the blue patch. I lowered the patch, then raised it again. Up and down it went in time with the music. Now you see me, now you don't, now you see me, oops gone again.

I had to do the arse bit next. I spun round quickly and bent slightly at the waist. One hand was caressing one cheek while the other hand started spanking the other cheek. Not hard, but just enough, I hoped, to turn the cheek slightly pink. I could feel it get warmer so I was pretty sure I had succeeded.

I was ignoring the music now. I pulled the thong across one cheek exposing my pussy. I knew she was watching because she gasped as soon as she could see it. I shoved a finger inside to get it wet, then rubbed my arsehole with it. My other hand was rubbing my pussy from the front. I was finding it harder and harder to stand any more.

I could keep my legs slightly apart as pulled the thong down and off. I turned back again so I could watch Tara. She was fucking herself with her fingers! I knelt in front of Tara to get the best view I could of her pussy. I leaned back on one hand and started fucking myself with my other one. As two of my fingers moved in and out, the heel of my hand rubbed across my clit. One of Tara's hands was pinching and twisting a nipple, hard, while her other hand mimicked mine. We were both moaning loudly now.

Our fingers kept speeding up. I could hardly see hers any longer and our screaming was drowning out the music. The room began to spin, then time stopped. Our screams dropped back to heaving pants at the same time. The music returned. We had done it again. Tara and I had cum simultaneously!

We stayed there for most of the next song, hardly moving. We kept touching ourselves, slowly, tenderly. I felt another orgasm approaching. It was a strangely gentle one and I could keep my eyes focused on Tara's all the way through it.

"That was awesome!" "Fan-fucking-tastic!" The only thing I can't remember now was who said what.

(Note added later. You sure can write, Laura. Thanks again.)

The spell was broken. "We need showers, Shelley. Come on." She grabbed my hand and dragged me to the bathroom.

Their shower was huge. There was plenty of room for us to splash and horse around without getting too close. When we got out she handed me the largest fluffiest towel I've ever seen and it seemed like it only took me a few seconds to dry off.

Back in her room Tara collected up all the clothes we had used for our "shows" except her jeans. "I think you were sweating earlier. I damn well know I was."

She said that so casually that I felt cool with her again, and dared to ask her, "Was I hot enough for you? Your dance drove me crazy."

"Well, I couldn't keep my hands off myself while you were dancing. Or maybe I should say out of myself."

She had a big grin on her face, so I heaved a huge sigh of relief and grinned back, "Neither could I."

A thought struck me. "Are there any shy whores?"

"Not on this whore's planet!"

I picked up my original black outfit. "Okay?" I asked.

"Sure, go for it. While you're struggling I'll put these in the laundry."

I was just straightening the skirt when she came back. "Let's have a butcher's." (see cultural notes)

She thought for a moment then said, "Wait a minute, that skirt doesn't have any pockets."

That made me laugh. "There's hardly enough room for ME in this skirt, never mind pockets."

"Do you want some underwear to go with it?"

I turned my back to her make-up mirror, bent over, spread my legs slightly and shoved my bum out. The skirt rode up and we both got an eyeful of everything this time. "Nah, this skirt doesn't need any help."

"You are a bad, ba-ad girl, Shelley." Then her voice softened and she whispered, "Do you really have to rush away?"

When I stood up straight we were exactly the same height, except that I had a pair of her pink flats on and she was barefoot. We held each other loosely and comfortably and shared a very strange kiss. We had stripped and got ourselves off in front of each other more than once, but that didn't seem to matter now. It was like a big switch had been thrown and we were mates again. Nothing more, but also nothing less. The kiss was close and intimate but somehow not sexy and it lasted for a long time.

"Will you give me your number?" We both said that together!

I gave her my number and she put it in her diary which was in a make-up drawer. "Now yours," I said.

Her face fell. "I can't. With all the press and everything, we can't take the risk." She looked down. "I promised Helen."

I must have looked disappointed because she touched my cheek and said. "When it's all died down, I'll call you, okay?"

I was sure that I'd never see her again and I don't know why, because I'd only just met her, but that thought made me really sad. "You really will call me?"

She didn't answer, but changing the subject to cheer me up, she said, "Let me do your face. You don't need much but just a little.." She stopped to giggle. "..to go with the skirt."

"Now who's ba-ad?"

Tara worked quickly. She got me to choose one of her lipsticks but not put it on yet. A little foundation, some blusher and then eyeliner and mascara.

She kept looking at me in the mirror to check her work. "I hope you're not upset at Megan's remark earlier. She wasn't coming on to you. When she sees an attractive girl she's always gonna say something. By the way now that I've seen it all, you do have a seriously nice bod."

"Thanks, so do you." I thought for a second and grinned back at her in the mirror, "I guess coming from Megan makes that a real compliment then." I stared at Tara. "What about you? Are you into girls at all?"

"Not really. I mean, sometimes I need a serious cuddle, Megan is very sweet and a great listener, and I let things happen." She glanced away and laughed, "Besides, she's got magic fingers!"

"And sometimes," I was laughing now as well, "Two in the bush are worth..." I couldn't work out how to finish that so Tara did, "Quite a lot."

"Here," I said when I stopped laughing, "Check this out."

I hiked up my skirt and got on the bed on all fours facing away from her. I looked back at her over my shoulder and started panting loudly, "God, baby, you're the greatest! Fuck me harder, harder, HARDER! That's it, Don't stop!" Then I collapsed forward on the bed trying to shake "uncontrollably".

Tara screamed with laughter. Then, "Not bad, for an amateur. You sit back now and watch a 'pro-fessional' at work. You'll probably wanna take some notes."

She stripped off her jeans and knickers again and lay on her back with her legs wide apart. She started quietly, "Baby, baby, oh god, look at you, you're huge!" She grinned at me, "Almost all of them aren't, you know." Then she went back to work. "Come here. Momma needs some real lovin'.'"

She went on for something like five minutes slowly getting louder and moving her hips faster and faster until the whole bed was shaking and she was SCREAMING. Very impressive.

At that point the bedroom door opened and Helen stuck her head in. "Giving our schoolgirl some lessons then?"

Tara switched it off instantaneously, "You betcha. You never can tell when a girl is gonna need some faking. Right?"

Helen just chuckled and shut the door again.

"Actually, Shelley, your technique was pretty damned good. So where does a sweet little thing, I won't say innocent, like you learn this stuff?"

"I've seen loads and loads of trashy chick flicks, and..."

"And?"

"And quite a few pornos too," I giggled.

"Thought so, the pornos I mean. We've got quite a collection downstairs. The punters like them and sometimes when business is slow, we girls watch them for a bit of a laugh."

"Or a bit of a wank, if your name's Megan," I laughed.

"Or even Tara." She winked at me.

"Or even Shelley." I winked back.

As she pulled her jeans back on, "You were asking me if I liked boys or girls, remember?"

I was straightening my skirt, "That's right." Then I sat back down in front of the mirror.

"Basically I dig guys. I've got two regulars who really do it for me. One of them comes twice a week, but the other one only comes once a week."

I put on my little-girl voice. "Please, miss, how are you spelling 'come'?"

That got a full body laugh from her. "Shelley, you're.. priceless." Then she handed me the lipstick.

"Boyfriend?" I asked as I started on my lips.

"Not for, let's see, over six months. He was alright, I guess, he didn't seem to mind what I did, at least not until he found out about the two regulars. Then we had a big fight and he walked."

"Are you sorry?"

"About him? No. Look, Shelley, I've got no qualifications, a body most girls would kill for, a safe place to work, loads of lolly and three great mates here. I'm not proud about what I do, but I ain't ashamed of it either."

I wasn't sure what to say to that, so I just nodded.

Then she grabbed my shoulders and straightened me in front of the mirror. "Shoulders back, tits out, what d'ya think?"

I couldn't believe what I saw. I've never looked better in my life, not ever.

"What the fuck have you done to your hair, babe?" You could have heard her disappointment from the pub.

"That's way too long a story for now," I replied.

Her voice went quiet again. "Then you'll just have to come back and tell me.. soon."

"Yes, very soon." Equally quiet. But then I jumped up suddenly. "Shit, I almost forgot."

I ran across the hall to the room I'd slept in last night. I came back clutching what I had written in my hand.

"What's that?"

"We have to keep a journal about what's happened to us in the Program. I couldn't sleep for a while last night so I wrote down all about yesterday for it."

"Please can I read it?"

"Not now, there's no time. Anyway I told you guys almost all of it at breakfast." Then I thought again. "Wait, I will show you the last two pages. I wrote this one last night."

After she read it she looked up. "You poor kid. You really were scared out of your skull last night, weren't you?"

I nodded, "Yes, I was. But don't say any more to the others about that. Now that I know none of you meant to scare me. Promise?"

"Promise. What's the other page?"

"I wrote this one this morning before you came to my room. It's what I was thinking about after I stopped writing last night."

As she read she kept looking up at me. Afterwards, "Your dad?"

"He's dead. He died when I was six years old. Now don't go all misty on me. I really miss him but only some of the time. It's not a problem. It's just.." I took a breath, "..that I wanted you to know. About both pages."

She handed the sheets back. Both of us were quiet again.

Then I spoke up brightly, "But when you call me, I'll come back and I'll bring my whole journal for you to read. How's that?" Now you'll HAVE to call me, I thought, or hoped.

"That sounds like a very good plan." Then she shook her head. "I was saying, a couple of years ago, that you didn't have any pockets."

She reached into her wardrobe and pulled out a small pink bag with a silver shoulder chain.

"No, Tara, you've already done way too much."

"Total nonsense, and you know it. Besides, it matches your new shoes." While she was speaking she swept the make-up she'd used on me into the bag and handed it to me. I added the money I'd left on the make-up table and carefully folded the writing paper into it as well. While I was doing this, she put my trainers in a small carrier and handed me that as well.

"You go on downstairs, Shelley. I'll catch you up in a sec."

Megan was making grilled cheese sandwiches when I went into the kitchen. She looked up. "Holy shit, Shelley. You hotter in that outfit than you were naked in that photo."

I gave them a twirl and they all made nice noises. I know I'd already had a huge breakfast, but those sandwiches sure smelled good.

Maureen noticed my interest. "I don't think we gave Shelley enough to eat this morning."

Before another word was said, Megan had a plate and a hot sandwich in front of me. Mmmm, good. While I was eating Tara called Helen out of the room. They were back just as I was finishing.

I finally said goodbye to the other girls (hugs and kisses with each of them) and Tara drove me to the station. It seemed to be taking a long while. "It seems a long way," I said.

"I promised the others to make sure you wouldn't remember where we live. I'm sorry, Shelley."

"I understand." I was disappointed but I understood.

She suddenly pulled over and stopped the car in a quiet street. "The station is right round the next corner and under the bridge. I won't go in there with you. I hope you don't mind?"

"I understand." I got out of her car. "You will call me?" I didn't care if it sounded like I was begging.

She smiled, got out of her car and came round to me. "I promise," she said and she kissed me lightly. I returned her kiss hungrily trying not to let her go.

"Whoa, girl," she said. "When you've finished at Slut School, you can come work with me anytime."

We both giggled and she looked, I don't know, younger all of a sudden.

She was standing in front of me, her arms lightly around my waist and her eyes looking right into mine. She didn't move but her eyes went out of focus like she was thinking very hard about something. Then she blinked and her eyes were focused again.

She took a step back. "Turn around and close your eyes, just for a sec."

I did what she asked. Suddenly I felt something small and cold around my neck.

She fiddled behind my neck for a few seconds, then said, "There, you can open them now."

I looked down and gasped. A beautiful silver trinket, a unicorn, was hanging from my throat. I lifted it so I could see better. It felt heavy even though it was small.

"Oh, Tara," was all I could manage as I swung around and hugged her as hard as I could.

"Listen," she was nearly whispering, "There's a story behind this. But it will have to wait until I see you again."

I started to protest but she put a finger on my lips to shush me. "It represents someone who was very close to me. When I tell you about.. her you'll understand why I can never wear it again. But I really want you to have it. It's too beautiful to stay in a drawer forever."

"But, Tara, this necklace must still be worth..."

"Not nearly as much as you think, even though the chain is silver so it won't corrode or leave a mark."

"I'll guard it with my sister's life." Tara looked confused, "Don't worry. That's what Heather and I always say about something that's very.. precious."

I kissed her nose. "Gotcha!" I laughed trying to lift her spirits back up.

She attacked like a snake and licked my nose back. "Gotcha back!"

I was touching the unicorn. I couldn't keep my fingers off it. "When did you decide?" I glanced down.

"Only just now.. for sure. But I thought about it when we were getting ready to leave. After you gave me those pages to read I thought to myself, today's been so special that I gotta give her something that's just as special. That's when I thought about the necklace. Remember I sent you downstairs ahead of me? That's when I fetched it."

She reached into her pocket and took out a small white card. "While you were enjoying one of Megan's famous sandwiches I had a go at Helen. When I reminded her that the mobile you used is completely untraceable she agreed to let me give you that number."

I snatched the card from her hand and examined it. It was completely blank except for a handwritten phone number.

"Now don't get too excited. That phone is switched off almost all the time. So unless you're very lucky you still won't be able to ring me. But I can use that phone to ring you safely." She shook her head. "I know it sounds like we're just being paranoid, but you probably have no idea how easy it is for fucking reporters to dig up all kinds of shit." Then she laughed. "Anyway I'll die if I don't get a chance to read that journal of yours."

She leaned back against the side of the car. "Now make me smile again before you run off. Walk me some walk, girl."

So I gave her a few steps of maximum wiggle. That felt good, especially with no underwear.

"Still in school, huh? Wanna get some teacher in trouble? Ten steps like that at the right time and I bet you get an A-plus!"

Then before I could walk back to her, she was in her car.

As the car started to move she turned her head towards me and shouted, "I'll call you!"

She was gone before I could answer.

I walked round the corner into the station and soon I was standing in front of a startled station master. He made a couple of phone calls then told me the London train was leaving almost immediately.

And a few minutes later I was sitting in a train, with a policeman by my side, on my way to London.

"I really can get to London just by staying on the train," I told him. "I hardly need a police escort."

"After all that's happened, I'm not letting you out of my sight, until I hand you over in person to your headmaster in London."

We sat there quietly for a while, then I stood up quickly.

"Where're you going?" He sounded alarmed.

"Nowhere. Don't worry. I just wanna stretch."

And stretch I did, testing the tanktop Tara had given me well beyond anything the manufacturer had ever intended. And testing the policeman's concentration as well, I could see. Let's have a little fun, I decided. I sat down again. This time I was opposite him in the facing seat.

I looked him over again and decided he was hot. He was still checking me out too. I glanced around and no one else could see. I leaned back in the seat and crossed and uncrossed my legs slowly, like Sharon Stone did in that old movie. With the miniscule skirt and me not wearing underwear, he couldn't help but stare at my pussy, so I did it again, this time leaving my legs uncrossed.

"If you don't stop that, I'll lose my job AND my girlfriend, and probably end up on a charge."

"Aw shucks, Mr. Poe-liceman," I drawled. But I closed my legs and we both started laughing, though I think his laughter was partly relief.

I spent a lot of time staring out of the window, fingering the necklace and thinking about Tara. For a while I couldn't figure things out. I wasn't in love, I knew that, so what were these feelings inside me? Were they to do with the awesome "non-sex" we had? (I couldn't think what else to call it?) I didn't think so but I would have to think about that. Who are you kidding, girl? You ain't never gonna forget about that! But these feelings didn't feel like sexy feelings at all.

But there were those three orgasms. The first one was kinda sneaky. Tara was so far out of it when she was cumming I don't think she even noticed me. The second one, though, was magnificent. (I think I like that word now, and I can even spell it!) In yer face that one, well in Tara'a face anyway. I was so proud of that cum. It was even stronger than the first one. But then that third one. Completely different to the others and wonderful in its own way. That one was warm and cozy, like sharing your favourite sweets with your best friend. Non-sex? I don't think so. What Tara and I did, whatever it was or wasn't, it was definitely sex. And god, I do love sex!

Then the big penny went Clang. I had just said it, "best friend". Tara was my first, real, grown-up, non-school, friend ever. It was as simple as that. I knew that she thought I was her friend too. The necklace seemed to prove that. The whole thing was amazing.

But very confusing too. I couldn't shake off an uneasy feeling that most of this morning might just have been a crazy dream. I desperately wanted to see Tara again but I was dependent on her contacting me. Would she ring me or not? Until she actually did so I'd be guessing. I believed her that the phone number she gave me was really quite useless. Could I deal with this? This not knowing about something that had suddenly become so important to me.

And then I relaxed. I remembered all the funny little things Tara and I had shared this morning. And I remembered that first kiss. It wasn't strange to me any more. It was the sort of kiss friends share. And I began to smile again.

I would tell Mum and Heather right away but I wouldn't say anything to anyone else. Not that I was a ashamed of what Tara did. No fucking way! (Nice choice of word, girl, this time.) It was a dead cert that she would call me. (Wasn't it?) What was starting between Tara and me seemed to be very special, and the truth was there was no one except my family that I wanted to share that with. Not yet anyway.

"You look very happy, Shelley." The policeman's voice startled me.

I saw his smile though and answered quietly, "Yeah. Yes, I am." Yes, dammit, I really was.

A police car met us at Euston and we wound our way through London traffic to a big hotel. As I got out of the police car someone came flying at me, almost knocking me over.

"Oh fuck, Shel," said Heather, already crying, "I thought I was never going to see you again."

We were both crying as we walked into the hotel.

Samantha, part 6

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

"One Samantha, safe and sound," Stephen had announced to Mrs. Townley, when he got me home.

Our smiles quickly disappeared when we saw the look on her face.

"What's happened?" I asked.

All the problems we'd been having with the Program faded into insignificance when, rather than answering immediately, Mrs. Townley took the two of us into the lounge where she had a 24-hour news channel on the television. In the top left-hand corner of the screen was a picture of Shelley's face. Two men were debating about the Program. I looked at Mrs. Townley. "Shelley's disappeared," she explained simply.

There were no suspicious circumstances, just that Shelley had last been seen at Rugby station by staff, then inexplicably had run away and hadn't been seen since. After watching the news item on the headlines at half past, Stephen went home.

Mrs. Townley closed the front door, then turned on me angrily, "When you go out, please let me know, or leave a note. I've been worried sick."

I was about to make an angry retort when I saw her face. She did look worried.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Townley. I'm not used to having anyone worry about me. I'll try to remember. I only went to choir practice because it was postponed until eight o'clock, then when I got there, there was a notice that it had been cancelled."

"You should have come straight back home. It's freezing out there tonight."

"It was fine earlier and we were just looking at the stars." Even the worry about Shelley couldn't keep me from smiling at the memory.

She looked at me as if she could see right inside me. "Don't fall too hard, too soon," she advised.

"Is it that obvious?" I asked.

"Let's just say that if you wrote it ten-foot high on the school wall it might be more obvious, but only might." She laughed. "I'm glad you're having some fun at last."

"If it only lasts a day or a week, I don't care," I declared. "Well maybe I do, but I'm going to enjoy it while it does last."

"Good for you. But putting my nasty adult hat back on, please call me if you're going to be home late."

"You couldn't be nasty," I replied.

"Forget to call me again and you might find out differently, especially now." She pulled an angry face and nodded towards the television.

That thought made my smile turn to tears and her arms surrounded me.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Townley, I don't know what made me do that."

"We're going to have to stop you calling me Mrs. Townley. My name's Danielle."

"Okay... Danielle." I thought for a moment. "Danielle, I'm sorry about the mess earlier."

"Don't worry, sex is only clean and tidy in films."

"We didn't actually... do it," I said, feeling embarrassed.

"Samantha," she started, but I cut her off.

"Can you call me Sam? Samantha makes me think of my mother when she's angry at me."

"Okay. Sam. Let me tell you what I tell Laura. You don't owe it to me to tell me what you did and with whom. It's your business and it's private."

"I don't think much is private this week," I said. "I feel like I'm living with a spotlight pointing right on me and into me."

"That must be hard for you. It's bad enough for Laura."

"Yeah, it is."

"But to finish what I was saying, your life is yours. You don't have to tell me anything. But if there is anything you want to tell me, or ask me, you can. There's nothing that you can't tell me, if you want to."

"It was so nice coming home to someone who cared enough to notice that I wasn't around," I said happily.

"That's strange," I added a moment later.

"What's strange?"

I looked all around. "I just said 'home', and I meant it." She smiled.

"Sam, I promised the doctor I wouldn't leave you alone," she began. "But will you promise me you will stay here and be okay if I go out? I must go and see Mrs. Hoover. She must be out of her mind with worry."

"I promise. You go. And give her my love."

Not long after she'd gone Laura came home, took one look at me and immediately asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's Shelley, she's gone missing," I blubbered.

"How?" "Where?" "Why?"

"She got off the train at Rugby and ran out of the station for some reason they don't know and nobody's seen her since."

We sat for ages, just flipping from news channel to news channel, as if one of them would be able to tell us she was safe. Finally Laura went upstairs to have a shower.

While she was in the shower, Danielle came back. "How's Mrs. Hoover?" I asked at once.

"Worried sick, but her boyfriend, Eric, is staying with her. I gave her your love and she gave me a message for you."

"Yeah?"

"She said that if it was a bit cramped here, if you wanted to, you'd be welcome to stay with them. And no, before you think it, I'm not trying to push you to go," she reassured me, backing it up with a hug.

I smiled. "I know."

When Laura came out of the shower, Danielle called her downstairs.

"Mrs. Hoover told me you'd had a few problems in the Program, Laura. Now, you both know I tell you that you can tell me anything, but your life is your own and it's private?"

"Yes," we both said together.

"Well, here's one exception. Before I die of curiosity, what the hell happened to your hair? First Laura comes home with her hair a lot shorter. It's nice by the way, let me know who did it and I'll go to her next time and see if she can do something with my mop."

She went on. "And today, Samantha, you've got a huge great chunk out of yours. I don't know if it's a new style or something, but I can't say I'm keen." Laura and I laughed at that.

"Sam. Can I tell Mum this on my own?"

"Time I went to bed anyway," I said. "Goodnight, Danielle."

At the bottom of the stairs I remembered something. "Do either of you mind if I do a few vocal exercises? I won't be long." They both said no, they didn't mind, but I sensed their answers might have been different but for the concert.

A while later I heard someone go into the bathroom. It must have been Laura because I looked up to see Danielle leaning over me. "Are you still awake?"

"Yes."

"Thank you for what you did for Laura today." I felt a tear drop on me and realised that she was crying.

"I was horrid to you both last night, but thank you both for what you are doing for me." I sat up and she sat on the bed. At that point Laura came in and sat on the other side of her Mum and soon Danielle was hugging us both.

THURSDAY

We were all up early to see the news on the telly. Still no news of Shelley, good or bad.

"I'm going back round to Mrs. Hoover's," announced Danielle. "I know she won't want to leave the phone, so I'll see if she needs anything."

Then she looked at me. "But before I go, I'll change your bandage. Laura, can you bring the kit please?"

We sat at the kitchen table just like yesterday. Although there was no blood to be seen, Danielle still insisted on a full bandage "just in case". I was ready for the antiseptic so there was no yelp from me this time, only a grimace.

"Let's make it look tidier, Sam." She wrapped an unnecessary layer of white tape around it.

"That's better," she remarked. "Now would you like another one on your other wrist? As a fashion statement."

I was appalled until I saw her twinkling eyes. I pretended to consider this but concluded, "No, thank you, nurse."

"No, thank YOU, Sam. I've not been called that for years. Now, get your bum over here and sit on my lap."

She hugged me and spoke quietly. "You are beautiful and very courageous, darling. If I don't see you before the concert tonight, break a leg, okay? Just for a change."

I don't know how to explain it, but somehow I felt myself get stronger there in her arms.

"Does your Mum ever stop thinking of other people?" I asked Laura when Danielle was gone. "Not that I'm complaining, but I've always thought of people in wheelchairs as, you know, disabled, and your Mum has more energy than anyone I've ever met."

"Get used to it," she advised. "And learn to grab sleep when you can!"

"She got cross with me last night," I admitted, "Because I hadn't told her I was going out and she got worried. You know, I shouldn't say this but it felt good having someone worry about me. I'm not used to it.

"Talking about last night, did you bring a friend home?" Laura asked.

"Yeah," I said. "And he was fantastic."

"He?" she exclaimed, "You brought a boy home? Come on, you can't leave it there. Who was the lucky boy?"

"Only Stephen," I said, trying to sound casual and failing miserably.

"So what was so fantastic? I can see you had a good time by that big grin on your face."

"He tied me up, went down on me, then he wanted to fuck me and I said 'okay'."

"You said okay?"

"Yeah, but he was so great. He realised that I wasn't ready for that and he didn't do it."

Laura's mouth just dropped open at that.

"So I insisted on giving him a blow job instead, then we had a shower together and went back to bed for more. I don't know what your Mum must have thought when she came in and I had cum on my face. I was so-o-o embarrassed."

Laura smiled. "Knowing Mum, she probably thought it was time you had some fun."

"Do you think Stephen's a bit, you know, weird?"

"No, why?"

"Him wanting to tie me up and stuff the first time we're together."

"I think he'd just heard what had happened to you and wanted to try it," said Laura. "Don't forget, he's almost a virgin himself and he's finding every new idea exciting."

"I just thought if he only wanted me tied up..."

"Which he didn't if you continued afterwards. And if he had, would it matter? You enjoyed it, right?" ... "Okay, you don't have to answer that, you face just answered it for you."

"Laura, am I being silly? He wants to fuck me. I want him to be my first, yet I just don't want to right now. I mean I want to like mad, but I don't want to."

"You're confusing me."

"I'm confusing me too," I admitted. "It's just that with the Program, it's like we're expected to have sex. There's this kid from my street who went to Disneyworld in Florida and she went to that EPCOT thingy. She was telling us about it for weeks. She said EPCOT stood for Every Person Comes Out Tired. The Program's like that. Nobody gets out a virgin."

"Every Girl GEts Done," said Laura laughing. "You mean you don't want to get EGGED."

She had me laughing too. "No. I know it's silly but I want it to be something special, not just because it's my week in the Program."

"That's not silly." She poured herself some more juice and while her back was turned she said, "You love him, don't you?"

"I think so. This is stupid. If there's one thing my Mum was right about it's that boys only want one thing."

"From what you tell me, if that's all Stephen wants, he could have had it last night."

"Yeah, it's so confusing."

"Look, did you ever think that he might actually like you? I'm not talking fall in love, wedding dress, 2.4 children and divorce ever after, but perhaps he just likes being with you?"

"No," I admitted.

"I'm not telling you to fuck him, but just do what's right for you. Enjoy it while you can. Very few things last forever."

"You're very like your Mum, you know that? You talk sense, but without preaching."

"Thanks, just don't tell Mum that. I'd never live it down."

We giggled like a couple of kids.

Getting ready for school I thought what a weird week I was having. I seemed to be spending nearly all of it either laughing or crying.

With only three of us girls this time, I was not looking forward to the Morning Groping. Even Laura looked worried when we had to pass through a line of older boys to get to our clothes boxes. But they moved apart to let us through and stood there surrounding us, arms locked together as we undressed.

"Ready for requests?" one of them asked. He actually sounded friendly.

"Okay," said Laura.

They let through just one boy at a time to each of us. It couldn't have been easier. No roughness, no pushing around. Compared to yesterday it was like a sunny day instead of a stormy night.

I had planned to go with Suzie this morning at the Groping. After she'd rescued me at the Tuesday Groping and turned a scary situation into something not far off heaven, not to mention making me cum like mad, I'd promised myself to return the favour.

Yesterday, of course, it was impossible, but I had really looked forward to making her cum this morning. But with us all worrying about Shelley, it just wouldn't have seemed right.

After all the ups and downs of the last few days this morning was almost boring by comparison.

Almost. At the start of the second lesson, the teacher announced that Shelley was safe and she was okay. I burst into tears, something I seem to do a lot lately, and got hugged by those closest to me.

And before lunch, a boy and girl came up to me. The girl spoke first, "I'm Jane. I don't know if Heather told you about me?"

"No, sorry."

"Well, last week, she taught my boyfriend, Roy..."

"That's me," he interrupted.

"She taught him how to go down on a girl and he's really good at it now. In fact ever since he's been showing all his classmates what to do and they've been practicing on me."

My face must have looked dumbfounded or something. "Yeah, it's been incredible," she admitted. "But with all those boys going down on me, I've been wondering..." Her voice petered out and she looked embarrassed.

"She's been wondering what it would be like to have a girl go down on her."

"I've been trying to summon the nerve to ask one of you in the Program, but after Tuesday and yesterday and everything, I wasn't sure if it was okay."

"You want me to go down on you?" I asked.

"Yes, if it's okay." Now she sounded a bit more confident.

"You know I have to stay in public areas, so anyone can watch?"

"That's okay," she replied to my surprise, "Half my class have probably already seen one or more boys go down on me, so what difference does it make?"

"How about we make a deal? I go down on you, then you do the same to me?"

Her eyes opened wide. "I hadn't thought about that. It's not that I'm a, a lesbian or anything, I just wondered what it was like."

"Okay, you don't have to, but after I do you, if you want to, you can. Remember, then you'll know what's it's like for the boys going down on you."

"That's true."

She pulled down her knickers, gave them to her boyfriend and jumped onto a table and lay down, her legs spread for me. Talk about enthusiasm! I was going to enjoy this, even if she didn't.. you know what.

She was already wet with anticipation as I spread her lips and tickled her clit with my tongue. THAT got a reaction! I stabbed her pussy with my tongue, putting it in as far as I could and wiggling it. Withdrawing it I blew gently on her pussy and began tickling her pussy with my tongue.

Then I made her hold her legs against her chest. I pushed her buttocks wide open so I could lick from her arsehole to her pussy and back again. "Oh God," she gasped. I licked her rose-bud for a whole minute, then put a finger into her arse, just leaving it there, not moving it while with my other hand I fingered her pussy like crazy until she came. I replaced my fingers with my mouth and moved it around so I could lick up every bit.

When she came back down to earth, she said, "My God, when you put your tongue in my arse and then your finger, I just thought it was so disgusting, but so exciting too. Like all the things good girls don't do. I have GOT to do that to you. Get on this table, now."

For someone who had never done this before, she wasn't bad. She wasn't good either, she was sensational. She almost ignored my pussy, going straight to licking my arsehole. Somehow that made it even naughtier. When she did finally get to my pussy, I was on a hair trigger and the moment that tongue touched my clit I came. "Yes!" she cried, like she'd just won something.

Her poor boyfriend was hard as a rock and trying desperately to hide the fact.

I turned to her and said, "I think we'd better put him out of his misery." She grinned and nodded.

We both knelt in front of him and she pulled his cock out of his trousers and handed it to me. I kissed the tip, then slowly licked from its base to the tip, before putting it in my mouth. I gave him a few strokes, then handed him back to Jane, who began to suck on him like crazy.

I slipped one of his balls into my mouth and I soon felt the unmistakable signs that he was going to cum. I took over and put my face next to hers as he came over both our faces, his cum dripping down onto my boobs and her blouse.

"Kiss me," I told her and we kissed, smearing his cum over our faces as we did. When we finished, the look on Roy's face was incredible.

He pulled her to him and kissed her. "I love you," he said.

"Sam. Thank you, that was wonderful, but I think we need a shower," she said.

"I have to use the boys' showers," I pointed out when she tried to pull me into the girls'. So she followed me into the boys' showers. First she took off her blouse and rinsed the messy bits in the sink. Then she stripped off completely to join me in the shower. I was very careful to keep the water away from Danielle's neat bandage. We still made sure, though, that each other was clean, everywhere, if you know what I mean. God, this girl couldn't stay away from my arse, not that I was complaining!

Her tongue was in my arse and two of her fingers were fucking me when I came again.

So of course I had to return the favour. It did not take me long. This time I moved my finger in her arse in and out. She didn't stand a chance. In fact she wouldn't have been able to stand at all if I wasn't supporting her!

When I got back to the dining hall, Laura and Suzie were nowhere to be found. I managed to get a meal as the staff had saved me one, saying, "You seemed a little pre-occupied earlier." I was grateful because I was starving after Jane and Roy, and Jane again.

But this had ruined my plans for Suzie yet again. I was too exhausted to do her after lunch as I'd planned. But I knew there'd be another time.

I shouldn't say this, but lessons had become boring, a sort of wilderness between precious minutes of excitement. Forget the rules, I was spending every spare moment with either my tongue up a pussy or my mouth around a cock, or with someone else doing me, and I was loving it.

And during the lessons today all I could think about was tonight's concert. I was excited of course but now I could feel the nerves starting to kick in, gently at first but insistently. Mr. Tyler had spent a lot of time with me over the last few weeks, before and after rehearsals. I'm pretty sure the other people in the choir didn't mind too much though. He was always ready to spend extra time with any of us.

We met Mrs.Tyler once. She arrived at the end of a long session a month or so ago and stood at the back of the practice room until Mr. Tyler noticed her. "Oh dear, boys and girls, the boss is here. I must be keeping you far too late." Mrs. Tyler came to the front smiling, and the little kiss I watched them share was clearly affectionate.

Okay, I admit it, I have a small crush on Mr. Tyler. He's always so nice to me, to all of us really, that I feel completely at ease with him.

In the next lesson I could feel the nerves again. Mr. Tyler had explained how nerves can be good for a performance. "Harnessed" was the word he used. Nerves can make you focus on what you're doing if you say to yourself, "Okay, I'm nervous. All that means is that tonight is important and I already knew that, so what's the problem?"

I started to concentrate on my solo. I loved those high notes, the way they soared over the rest of the choir, but somehow blended so beautifully with what the others were singing...

"Miss Downing! If you don't mind."

I blinked and looked around me. It was English Lit. and Mrs. O'Brien was staring at me from the front of the room.

"Miss Downing," this time more gently, "I realise that tonight's your big night and that is probably all you can think about today." She paused a moment. "That's fine, dear, but the rest of us have a lesson to get through." Now she was smiling. "Much as I enjoy listening to your charming voice, on the whole I'd prefer to wait for tonight before indulging that pleasure."

I must have looked very confused because that's what I was feeling.

"You were humming, dear."

Now everyone laughed, not cruelly at me, but for me it seemed.

I still felt embarrassed though. I managed to get out a "Sorry, ma'am" but that was all.

Then the boy sitting next to me leaned over and muttered, "Kill 'em tonight, babe."

"Mr. Hobbs, perhaps you could share your remark with the rest of us?"

"I just told Samantha to 'kill 'em tonight', ma'am."

"I hope you were speaking metaphorically, Mr. Hobbs. Perhaps you could remind the rest of us of the difference between metaphor and simile?"

At that point I tuned out again.

After school, as I was reluctantly getting dressed, Teresa from the choir came up to me.

"The bus leaves in an hour and a half," she said, "Let's get that hair of yours looking good again. My hairdresser's ace."

"I have to let Dan... Mrs. Townley know."

"Okay, we'll stop off there, but we gotta hurry."

The next hour and a half was a blur, then it was time to board the hired bus.

I was about to get on the bus, when Mr. Graham pulled me aside. "Outside activities are a privilege," he said. "And after yesterday morning, all privileges have been revoked for all of you."

I actually thought he was joking until he slapped the side of the bus, "Okay driver, that's everyone, you can go."

I watched in total disbelief as the bus drove away. All this, coming back into the Program, everything that had happened today. For nothing. Everything I'd practiced for for so long, gone in a few short terrible words.

I didn't bother to get dressed, but walked home naked ignoring the occasional whistles and shouted comments or insults.

There was nobody home. I went to the fridge and poured myself a cold drink and drank it down. When I went to wash the glass, I noticed that there was a knife on the draining board, a sharp knife. I stared at it, then picked it up. For a moment all I could see was the edge of the blade as I passed the knife from one hand to the other. But then I saw the bandage and remembered Danielle. I imagined her or Laura coming home to find me dead or dying and the thought horrified me.

How could I ever have thought that suicide was the answer? I asked myself as I hid it away in the drawer, out of my life, where it belonged.

I flopped down on the sofa feeling empty and miserable, just wishing that Laura or Danielle would come home. I knew that sharing this with them wouldn't make it go away, but it would make me feel better.

If this chance has been taken from me, somehow I'll make another one, then Up Yours Graham.

The realisation that I was only dreaming hit me and I began to cry. My dream was gone, possibly forever. But the thing that had seemed like my whole life just wasn't that any more. Even though I'd tried to push them away, Danielle and Laura actually wanted me in their lives. But I wished they were there now. I really wanted, needed a shoulder to cry on.

Hearing a car pull up outside, I ran to open the door for them, but it wasn't them. What was Tanya doing here?

"Come on," she said, "Get in my car, or we'll be late."

"I can't go. Didn't you hear what Graham said. I'm banned. I can't sing tonight."

"Do you always give up so easily?"

Do I? I thought. I don't know.

"Have you still got those handcuffs?" she asked.

"No, why?"

She pushed past me, "Where's the kitchen?" Now she sounded angry with me.

"Through there, why?"

She went into the kitchen and searched through the drawers until she found what she was looking for, a pair of scissors.

She took hold of my hair.

"What are you doing?"

"The hairdresser did such a good job on it, don't you think?" She made as if to cut my hair.

"Teresa paid good money for your haircut for the concert and if you don't get your arse in my car in five seconds, I'm going to use these." I was pretty sure she was kidding me, but I wasn't that sure.

"Okay, I'm coming, but I don't see the point. he won't let me sing." That was clearly all she wanted from me, to not give up. I got into her car.

She got in on the driver's side and turned to me and touched my hair. It felt almost like an electric shock. "He did a beautiful job, even if he did have to make it so much shorter. You really look like a rock chick now. Is that gonna be your new image?" As she spoke I could feel her relax again.

"Maybe, who knows? If I can't sing tonight, it won't matter anyway."

"Whatever. And I think it looks great for tonight. I can't wait to hear what the other girls think about it."

"Are you sure it's alright?"

She leaned over and pulled my face to hers and kissed me gently on my lips. "You're beautiful," she said then straightened up, started the car and pulled away like she was in a race.

When we arrived at the conference hall where the concert was to take place, Mr. Graham was in the foyer. "I told you, you're not singing tonight."

"And I'm telling her she is," said a voice from behind Tanya and me.

"Since when does a music teacher have the authority to override the deputy headmaster?"

"Since the deputy headmaster started pursuing a petty vendetta that is more important to him than the good of the school. The choir needs Samantha tonight."

"The choir will have to do without her tonight. Unless you want me to suspend you as I am not only deputy headmaster, but acting headmaster."

"Not for much longer," replied Mr. Tyler. "You might as well know now that there was a staff meeting this evening and it was unanimously decided to state to the Headmaster and the Ministry that 'this school staff has no confidence in Mr. Graham as deputy headmaster'. Furthermore, we resolved to strike indefinitely from Monday morning unless you were removed from that position and a disciplinary inquiry instituted into your vindictive behaviour against the Program students."

Tanya and I watched and listened, amazed.

"You'll never get away with it," Mr. Graham growled. "And in any case, I am still acting headmaster now and I'll have her escorted off the premises." He turned behind him and shouted, "Security!"

Two security guards came running over to us, but Mr. Tyler spoke first, "This gentleman has been bothering two of my singers, presumably because one of them is naked. Would you remove him from the premises, please, and see that he does not return?" He turned to me, "Are you okay, Samantha?"

"Yes, sir," I said, trying not to smile or laugh.

"But I am the acting headmaster," protested Mr. Graham angrily.

"And you have identifcation to that effect?" asked the security officer. My heart sank.

"No, yes, I have my staff I.D. here somewhere." They released his arms to let him look. "My wallet! It's been stolen."

"Then I suggest you stop bothering these young ladies and go and report it stolen, before they report you, you old pervert," said Mr. Tyler, obviously enjoying himself immensely.

When he had gone, Tanya said to him, "That was great, sir, but perhaps you'd better return this to him tomorrow?" She handed Mr. Tyler a wallet. All three of us laughed.

"You'd better go and get ready, girls, before you turn me into a real criminal."

Heading backstage to join the others, I said, "Tanya? That was amazing. How?"

"My favourite uncle was a thief when he was younger, very much the black sheep of the family," she said simply. "He used to teach me tricks like picking pockets. I never thought any of them would come in useful though."

Was I nervous? No, but that changed to near panic as time went on, closer to our performance time.

We were the second of five choirs competing that night. Shortly before we were due to go on, Laura and Suzie appeared, naked of course. "We're in the front row of the choir," they announced. "So you won't be the only one naked."

I hugged them both hard. "How did you get here?"

"Mum brought us," said Laura, "and we brought Stephen too. And your doctor's here as well."

"What about my Mum?"

"Yes, Mum says that your Mum is here too, with a whole bunch of people."

"Don't worry," said Suzie.

That was easy for her to say.

There was a sudden commotion behind me. Tanya and Teresa had taken off their robes and were now down to their underwear. That went as well before anyone had a chance to say anything. Like me, they were all just watching in amazement. Then Tanya held up her hand. "Listen, everyone, Teresa and I thought it would look a lot better if there were a couple more girls naked out there. For the Requiem, the four of us and Sam can be in the middle of the front row. We think it'll look cool that way." Teresa was blushing deeply but nodded dumbly.

Mr. Tyler was shaking his head, "This is a rather novel experience for me.. for all of us. But I think Tanya is correct." Then he chuckled. "I only hope I can keep time with the music out there, with such a lovely.. display in front of me."

"Well, that's decided then," Tanya smiled and kissed Mr. Tyler quickly on the cheek.

Our first piece was Fauré's "Requiem". Mr. Tyler had chosen a section that let the whole choir sing in glorious harmony. My solo came in the second half of the concert in Mozart's "Laudate Dominum". My part was very different from the choir's but the way it all blended together was amazing.

Even in the Requiem I had to stand at the front, so I took a deep breath and tried not to think about being naked in front of the audience. As we stepped up to our places there was a collective gasp and people started muttering. One rather large woman got up in disgust and huffed out of the hall.

There was quite a to-do in the hall with some angry voices and Mr. Tyler stepped down to say something to the competition director, who then took the microphone. "I just want to silence any speculation or accusations. The fact that some of these girls are naked is not some trick or gimmick as some are already saying. I will ask Mr. Tyler, their choirmaster, to explain."

"Most of you will have seen the reports on television and in the newspapers about the Naked In School Program. Our soloist tonight, Samantha Downing, was randomly selected for the Program this week, through no choice of her own. I am not breaking any confidences by saying that she has found the experience difficult to say the least. In spite of that, and knowing that she was required to remain naked if she took part in this event, she has chosen to do so. Knowing how embarrassed she was about this, some of the other girls have chosen to support her by also going naked."

The competition director took the microphone. "Thank you, Mr. Tyler, and can I just say that I admire her for her decision to sing for us tonight." He clapped his hands and some of the audience started clapping too. Oh God, how embarrassing. Any cameras that weren't already pointing at me swung in my direction.

When the applause subsided, Mr. Tyler tapped his baton on his music stand and we began. I was concentrating so hard on my part that the actual performance was almost an anti-climax, if that is possible.

While the remaining choirs were doing their first piece, we had time to rest. I went up to Tanya and hugged her. "I... I..." I began, but the words wouldn't come. So I returned the kiss she'd given me earlier, with interest. One of the boys whistled under his breath.

"Don't I get one?" asked Teresa.

"Yeah, you qualify," I said. We'd both been in the choir for more than two years, and unbelievably, we had never actually spoken before she took me to her hairdressers today. And yet she'd just done this incredible thing for me. I said quietly, "Thank you." As I kissed her, I hugged her close to me.

"If I strip off too do I get a kiss like that?" said one of the boys.

"Only if you promise to stand very close behind me," one of the girls called out. Everyone howled.

At that moment Mr. Tyler came in and saw us. "Would you mind not squeezing Teresa in half please? We are going to need her for the Laudate later."

I let her go, much to the amusement of the rest of the choir.

"Okay, the Requiem went pretty well. Well done, everybody. Now, Samantha, if you come with me, I've a few last-minute notes on your solo." So I followed him to the tiny changing room he was using as a temporary office. He simply wanted to calm me down. I can't recall a single thing he said.

As I positioned myself to begin my solo, I quickly glanced down the front row looking for Laura for reassurance and then I gasped with disbelief. But I had no time to think as Mr. Tyler was tapping with his baton. I took a few slow deep breaths to compose myself. He looked at me and raised an eyebrow to ask if I was ready. I nodded.

I wish I could tell you about my performance. But the truth is I can remember nothing at all until well after the whole concert was over.

Mr. Tyler and I were standing next to one another right at the back of the hall when one of the judges came to the microphone. This was the worst moment of the night. (It always is in these competitions.) He had some papers in his hand as he went through all the choirs trying to say nice things about everyone. He kept glancing down at his notes. I can remember most of what he said about us.

"Mr. Tyler, their choirmaster, chose an ambitious programme." He looked up at the audience. "Fauré's Requiem is a particular favourite of mine. What I heard this evening was a performance which was more polished and warmly emotional than many so-called professional choirs have achieved. I was moved. Turning to the Laudate Dominum, here the judges were unanimous. Miss Downing's soprano solo was extraordinary for one so young. Clear, lyrical, but with an understanding of the music and its demands. I sincerely hope I will have the opportunity to hear her sing it again someday soon."

"There," Mr. Tyler whispered to me, "I told you you were outstanding. Will you believe me now?"

I was numb. Everything I had worked for, all the vocal exercises, all the rehearsals, the number of times I sat in my room with my earphones listening to recordings of the Laudate, trying to mimic the best of what I heard and ignore what I thought was not right. Suddenly it was all worth it.

"Go on, Willy," a quiet voice said behind us. "Give the poor girl a kiss. You know you want to, and she's more than earned it." I turned and saw Mrs. Tyler standing there smiling at us. Mr. Tyler kissed my cheek.

"That was pathetic, you silly man. Try again."

"Oh, what the hell!" he said. Then he wrapped me in a warm hug and planted a big sloppy kiss in the middle of my forehead. "Congratulations, Samantha."

I needed arms around me then. Neither of us seemed willing to let go. At times like this, I guess, you say the silliest things.

"Willy, huh?" I giggled. It was out of my mouth without any thought. And I didn't care.

"William, actually. Only the wicked witch of the west over there is allowed to use 'Willy'."

"Okay, Mr. Tyler. I'll keep your secret. But someday I'll come back to the school to see you and then I'll call you Willy."

Where had mousy little Samantha Downing gone? I didn't know, and I didn't want to find out.

"Darling, I think you've hugged this beautiful naked soprano long enough. I want to hug her too."

Another pair of arms around me. Another, less sloppy, kiss on my forehead.

"Willy's been telling me for months how good you are, Samantha. I thought he was perhaps exaggerating a little. Now I see he wasn't."

Suddenly the whole place was silent.

"And the winners of this year's northern regional competition are.." And the judge announced a different school.

"My poor darling, after you've worked so hard."

Mr. Tyler shook his head. "We were beaten, fairly and squarely, by a better choir... This year."

"Oh my, Samantha. You know what that means, don't you?"

"Yes I do. Okay, boss, when do we start practicing for next year."

"Don't forget about the other competition, Samantha. I've got some new material I want us to try out for that. And then when the autumn starts we need to start rehearsing for the carol concert as well. We'll lose several good voices this year, that's a bigger problem this time than it usually is, and I hope we can find some talented replacements."

I pretended to faint. They both chuckled.

Mrs. Tyler suddenly asked, "Would you like to come over for dinner some evening soon?"

"Yes, please." I hesitated. "Could I bring a friend?"

She looked at me sharply, "What's his name?"

"Stephen."

She smiled, "Of course you can." Then she grabbed her husband's arm. "I think it's time you bought me a drink. Would you excuse us, Samantha?"

With that they were gone, leaning into each other and chatting as they left.

I was still a little numb but it was passing with each step as I headed for the noisy foyer.

We actually came second in the competition but out in the foyer I was surrounded by people telling me how great I was and how brave. A man stuffed a card into my hand and said, "Call me." I didn't even look at it at first, then when I looked up and realised who he was I tried to speak to him. "Don't worry," he said. "Enjoy the moment, the first of many I'm sure. And if you lose that card in all the commotion, especially as you haven't got anywhere to put it, don't panic, I'll contact you through the school." Then he walked away, leaving me speechless.

But although it was wonderful being surrounded by everyone congratulating me, there were a few people I wanted to see. I excused myself and searched for them.

But instead of the people I was looking for, I found Mum.

I waved the card at her. "I just got offered a contract," I said delightedly.

"You were disgusting," she replied. "I don't know why I came."

"Nor do I. You knew I would have to be naked because it's a school event. So if the body you gave me is so disgusting, why did you come to see it?"

She didn't answer at first, then "I can't believe that a daughter of mine would behave like that."

"Mum, you don't know what it is to have a daughter. Being a mother isn't screwing some guy and giving birth to a baby afterwards, it's caring and loving and supporting."

"Oh? And feeding and clothing you for all this time counts for nothing?"

"Not much, no. I've had more love in the last twenty four hours from Laura and her Mum than I can ever remember having from you. And that's in spite of the fact I wasn't exactly nice to them."

"And where were they all the time you were growing up when I was struggling on my own?"

"They didn't know me then. But I can tell you where they were Tuesday night, in the hospital, with me, arguing to be able to take me home to stop me being admitted as a mental patient. Where were you, when I tried to kill myself? When I really needed you, Mum? Comforting a bloody bottle?"

She actually had no answer. I think that's when I made up my mind.

"I'll be back tomorrow night to collect my things. Then you'll never have to see me again."

"Good. I won't be there, so remember to leave your key when you leave. Although I'll be changing the locks anyway."

"Fine." I nearly said some more things, but instead I just turned and left her.

Next I found Danielle, with Dr. Gilbert. "Hi, Dr. Gilbert. Danielle, can you keep this card safe for me?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Only a card from Gerard Vaughan, the biggest manager in the business. He manages everything from rock acts to choirs to, well, you name it. And it says 'when you want a contract, call me'. I didn't even know HE was going to be here. I'm gonna pinch myself to check I'm not dreaming."

"I don't know if the choir are doing anything now, but if they aren't, I think it's time for us to have a little family celebration," said Danielle.

I almost missed the little word "family". Almost. "Danielle, you're all the family I've got now. I've just told Mum I'd get my stuff out of her house tomorrow night. Can you help me?"

"Of course I can."

"I hope you don't regret taking me in," I said. "I'm not always the nicest person. And in case I ever forget to say it, Thank you for all you've done for me." I hugged her.

"Seeing you out there tonight was thanks enough," she replied. "You were wonderful and I couldn't be more proud of you if I was your mother." She had tears in her eyes.

"You're more of a mother than my mother has ever been. I probably shouldn't say this with Dr. Gilbert here, but when I got home tonight, after Mr. Graham told me that he wasn't going to let me sing, I stood in front of a sink with a kitchen knife. And I looked at it and I thought of you and Laura and how awful it would be if you came home and found me dead and I couldn't understand how I could ever have thought that a knife was the answer. I love you both so much."

"We love you too, Sam, very much."

I smiled at her and said, "I know."

"I was looking for the choir to thank them. Dr. Gilbert, thank you for all this. None of this would have happened if you hadn't believed in me."

"Even us doctors get it right sometimes," he replied. "And for what it's worth, you were fantastic."

"Thanks. Now, I must find Laura and Suzie and the others."

I was alone for a moment as I was crossing the foyer towards what looked like the largest snack bar. Someone called out, "Samantha!" and I turned round. A few feet away a man had a small camera in front of his face, obviously taking my picture. I was so startled I don't think I even smiled.

He said nothing else and turned to go. Suddenly two security men appeared and four hands grabbed his arms. The camera dropped to the floor. One security man now had a strong hold on the stranger as his partner picked up the camera. They were different to the guards who'd dealt with Mr. Graham. I was very curious so I came closer.

"No cameras are allowed anywhere on the premises tonight, sir. Haven't you noticed the signs to that effect.. everywhere?"

"No, officer, I'm sorry. I haven't. If I could just have my camera back, I'll be on my way." If he could scrape any lower, he'd have been kissing their shoes.

"Do you have some I.D., sir?"

"Sorry, officer, I don't think I do."

"George," the one holding the camera said, "What do you think? Should we believe him?"

George replied, "I shouldn't." Now he addressed the stranger. "Sir, I'm going to let go of you now. I don't think you'll scarper (see cultural notes) without your camera now, will you?"

The stranger straightened his jacket. "You can't do that. You..."

George interrupted him. "I'm afraid we can, sir. You're on private property, and unless you can prove to us that you have a legitimate reason to be at this 'Private Function', effectively you're trespassing and breaking clearly posted rules. Have I got that right, Jimmy?" This last remark was to his colleague.

Jimmy addressed the stranger. "George here got it exactly right. He's new. Now, let's start again. Show George some I.D., now!"

A wallet was reluctantly handed over.

George examined it. "Now here's a thing, Jimmy. Mr... Williamson here seems to be an employee of one of our esteemed national tabloids. I wonder what pictures he's been taking?"

Jimmy chuckled, "Guess what, Mr. Williamson? I know how to operate this camera. So let's have a butcher's, shall we?" (see cultural notes) He flipped open a small screen on the camera and pressed some buttons.

Then he noticed me hovering and smiled, "Young lady, Samantha, isn't it?" I nodded, shyly I'm pretty certain.

"Oh dear, where are my manners?" He actually bowed slightly! "May I call you Samantha?"

"Only if I can call you Jimmy," I giggled. Suddenly my shyness went. "And your cute friend here, can I call him George?" George was a hunk.

"I should be careful, Samantha. I know George's wife."

George was grinning 'from ear to ear'. "Aw, Jimmy. Why did you have to go and say that?"

I suddenly felt really safe with these guys. I noticed George was not looking at my face, but that was nice, not pervy. I don't know what was coming over me but I suddenly posed for them all, hands on hips and feet slightly apart and the biggest smile I could muster.

"Go ahead and look, fellas. I don't mind. After all, everything you can see has just been shown on the telly. And Mr. Williamson, as you don't have your camera, this one is especially for you." I wiggled my shoulders to make my tits shake.

George and Jimmy laughed loudly. Williamson scowled.

Jimmy was still smiling as he asked, "Samantha, would you like to see these pictures as well?"

Something told me I should. Jimmy kept pressing a button as the pictures appeared one after the other. There were more than a dozen of the concert itself. Some were just of me but most of them showed the choir.

Jimmy remarked, "A very good piece of equipment, Mr. Williamson, high-powered zoom and they're all in focus." Williamson muttered something I didn't catch.

"Oh dear," I suddenly said. There were several shots of me standing close to and then hugging Mr. Tyler. There were none of Mrs. Tyler. Then he had caught the argument with my Mum. I was obviously angry in a couple of pictures, while it looked like I was crying in a couple of others. Then a picture of me with Danielle and Dr. Gilbert. The bastard had been stalking me. Finally of course was the picture just now. The only thing he had missed was me and Gerard Vaughan.

"Jimmy can you get rid of all the pictures after the concert. Please. They're all personal and.."

"No problem, my dear. Now watch me."

He pressed something on the last picture. "Photo deleted" appeared and the previous picture was displayed. Again and again "Photo deleted" until the last concert picture was showing.

"Now, here comes the fun bit." He stepped back and pointed the camera at the ceiling. He held it there for some time.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Williamson shouted.

"Language, sir." The way George said that made me decide you did not want him pissed off at you, not ever.

"That's alright, George. I've heard the word before. And even used it a few times myself."

At last Jimmy lowered the camera and then pressed buttons again for a minute. Then he cleared his throat. "What I've just done, Samantha, is I've taken enough pictures of that spotlight up there to fill the camera's memory. This has clobbered all the pictures you wanted me to get rid of. If I hadn't done that, our friend here might have been able to recover the pictures I deleted. Now all that's in this camera is the concert and that spotlight."

Williamson was really angry now but he didn't say anything.

While Jimmy was being magical with the camera, some strange, all-new thoughts started going through my head. I've got a national newspaper photographer here all to myself. I remembered some popstar somewhere saying that there's really no such thing as bad publicity. I think he had just destroyed his hotel room and been thrown out on his arse and there were a couple of photographers around to record it.

What if I offered Williamson here something HE could use and something that could only help ME? It couldn't hurt to ask, could it?

"Mr. Williamson," I was trying to be as polite as I could with the bastard. "Would you like a couple of good pictures that none of the other newpapers can get? Pictures I'm sure your newspaper will want to print?"

"What did you have in mind?" I had to hand it to him. Despite what had just happened he had turned professional in a flash.

"Well, I'll have to ask my friends, but if they agree, would you like a couple of pictures of naked choirgirls no one else can get?"

"Yes.. thank you." Those last two words really hurt him. Good.

"Jimmy, do you and George have a few minutes?" They both nodded eagerly. "Well, you hold on to that camera, Jimmy, and if you all would follow me please?"

I resumed my walk to the snack bar. With Jimmy still holding the camera, I smiled to myself as I gave them my very best wiggle-walk. I could finally see the whole gang sitting and laughing and asked the three men to wait outside.

I beckoned Laura, Suzie, Tanya and Teresa over and told them I'd had some problems with a photographer but those two gorgeous security guys had helped me. When they all started asking questions I said there's no time, I'd tell them all later, but I'd really like the guy to take some good shots of the five of us, naked.

Teresa shook her head, but Tanya told her, "It's all been on the TV, Teresa. Besides I'd love to have a newspaper picture of us like that. Come on, baby."

Soon the five of us were standing in a naked line. Laura and Tanya were the tallest so they were at each end. I was in the middle and we all had our arms around each other's waists.

Williamson took a notebook and pen out of his jacket pocket. "Girls, could I get your names and ages please, starting with you?" He pointed at Laura.

"Laura Townley, nineteen... That's l-e-y."

Teresa was next but instead she looked over at Tanya for support. Tanya smiled and nodded. Teresa took a deep breath then and answered Williamson, very distinctly. The rest of us did the same.

Then Laura called out, "Wait. Everyone put your right foot slightly in front of your left foot and let your hips relax. How's that, fellas?"

Jimmy was the first to answer, "Much better, young lady. That shows off your.. figures much better."

With the photographer there I decided it was not the best time to tell Jimmy about Laura's qualifications.

"Okay, Samantha? Everyone?" Jimmy asked. We all said yes so Williamson finally got his camera back. He seemed to be taking an awful lot of shots. Then I remembered about the zoom and realised that some of these shots were not for the newspaper.

I could see that Jimmy had the same idea, so I caught his eye and shook my head. We both shrugged.

Jimmy took charge again. "That's quite enough, Mr. Williamson. George, would you escort our guest to the door and .. " he grinned at me, ".. kick his southern arse out of here."

"Hold on," I shouted. I ran over to the three men. "Jimmy, would you hold the camera again for a second?"

I could swear Williamson snarled as he handed the camera to Jimmy.

"Thank you, George. I know you're married, but I still think you're cute." I hugged him tightly and kissed him on the cheek. He hugged me back but didn't kiss me.

Jimmy stayed behind. I waited until the other two men were out of sight.

"Now, Jimmy. Married?" He shook his head.

"Girlfriend?" Another shake.

"Into girls?" His startled look answered that one.

I launched myself at him. This hug was different as I ground my body against his. The kiss was on his lips and I couldn't stop my tongue pushing its way into his mouth. His tongue pushed back but the kiss was over almost before it began. Almost but not quite.

I looked up at him. "Thank you. Those photographs, they were awful."

"I know," he whispered and kissed me again. No tongues this time, from either of us.

Jimmy took a step back and looked down at my wrist. "You know, Samantha, I was stupid too, once, when I was your age." He was in short sleeves so he could simply turn one arm over and show me. If you didn't know to look, you would not have seen the faint scar.

"I don't know if this will help, but sometimes I look at this and say to myself, thank god you failed, Jimmy."

We were completely alone as our eyes connected, just for a moment. It had been the first time I'd thought about the wrist all evening, and it would be the last.

I turned to the other four girls. "This man and his mate probably saved me from a pile of embarrassment. He deserves some more kisses. And that's what he got from each of them, even from the no longer shy Teresa.

"What else can I do to thank you, Jimmy?"

"That's easy, Samantha. Just send me an autographed copy of your first album." And before I could reply, he turned quickly and strode away.

Suddenly a naked Stephen was next to me. The hurt look in his eyes nearly killed me.

"What would you have said to him if he'd asked if you had a boyfriend?"

Oh fuck! I wrapped my arms around him and held him as tightly as I could. "I'd have said my boyfriend was standing right here next to me."

I watched his eyes clear and a grin start to grow and grow. I don't think I've ever seen a bigger grin than that one across his face. Somehow Stephen and I walked into the snack bar without separating.

I spoke out to the whole choir. "I don't know what to say to you guys, except thanks to you I just got offered a contract with Gerard Vaughan."

"Wow!" said Tanya from behind us. She managed to hug us both.

"Is that good?" asked Stephen.

"It's more than good, it's incredible," said Teresa, who also hugged us.

Stephen tightened his hold on me and whispered, "Congratulations, babe," before he started a kiss that went on forever, a kiss like I've never felt before. I'm shivering now, just thinking about it.

"How did you get the choir to do it?" I asked Suzie.

"Nothing to do with us," she said. "We only did what Shelley asked us to do, which was join the choir so you wouldn't be the only one naked. But even she's not gonna believe this."

"Ask Tanya and Teresa," said Laura. "Everything else was all their idea."

I looked at them standing next to each other. They were holding hands and looking happier than I've ever seen them. "You two? I don't understand."

"In the Requiem, we thought it would look stupid having just you three in the front row naked," explained Tanya...

"So we decided to go naked too," continued Teresa.

"When the audience were so good about it for the Requiem, some of the others in the choir said that they thought it would be better if the whole front row was naked."

Tanya took over the story, "So those that were okay with stripping, we moved to the front and we moved those who weren't to the back."

"When I looked down the front row and saw you all naked," I had to stop while I laughed.

I squeezed Stephen and continued, "I mean, the whole fucking front row! I had to look the other way and take some slow breaths to calm down. I didn't dare look in your direction for the whole piece. Thank god Mr. Tyler gave me time to compose myself."

"I think he was as shocked as you were," said Teresa. They both grinned, like a pair of cheshire cats.

"So what's everyone doing now?" I asked.

"Some of us have got some explaining to do, to parents and such, so we're going to have the choir party on Saturday night instead, at my house," said Tanya.

"Laura and Suzie are invited too," said Teresa.

But one of the other girls called out, "But only if they bring the Program boys with them."

Stephen raised his voice, "Just try and keep us away!"

General laughter at that.

"It may not be our first proper date," I said quietly to Stephen, "But you and I have a dinner invitation," and I told him about me and the Tylers earlier, and being invited to dinner.

As we walked back towards Danielle, I saw her with my Mum. They looked like they were arguing, or rather Mum was arguing while Danielle looked serene. Laura put a hand on my arm, "Leave them alone, Sam. Mum can take care of herself."

"Laura," I said, "Your Mum says we're having a little family celebration." She smiled at the word "family" and squeezed my hand. "Do you think she'd be upset if I invited Suzie and Stephen?"

"No, I think she'd be very pleased." (She probably couldn't say much else with Stephen standing next to me like a lost puppy!)

I ran back to Suzie, who was standing alone. Her parents hadn't come. "We'll never all squeeze in the car," I told her. "So I'll go in the bus with the choir. But if you don't have to get home, would you come out for a celebration with Laura and her Mum and Stephen and me?"

"I don't have to get home, my parents are out of town for a long weekend," she said, slightly bitterly. Then she smiled, "I'd love to."

Heather, part 15

WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Morning

I met Dr. Reynolds for breakfast in the hotel dining room. Not that I felt like eating. I had hardly slept a wink for worrying about Shelley.

"Still no news," he confirmed, after he'd telephoned the police station, "But with all the publicity, someone is bound to see her. He showed me one of the London papers with a full-length photo of Shelley standing on the steps of the train, and a rather blurry blow-up of her face. Printed across the photo, covering her breasts and pussy were the words

WHERE IS

NAKED GIRL?

We sat in virtual silence drinking tea while my breakfast got cold in front of me.

"Heather, I hate to ask you about anything else, when I know you are so worried about Shelley, but can you finish bringing me up to date on what's been happening at school, up to when you left yesterday? As I said last night, I've had faxes about what has gone on, they've been sent after school to my temporary office. But yesterday afternoon I was with you and the police and couldn't get to read them before the building was locked up for the night. I know you can only say up to lunchtime, but tell me about yesterday morning."

"We decided to make Mr. Graham change his mind. So all us girls put on handcuffs. But he was late, so we decided to keep them on to support Laura. It was awful. Since you went, there hasn't been a teacher supervising the Morning Groping. And with us in handcuffs, it was much worse than last week. Poor Samantha got it worst and was crying her eyes out afterwards in the shower. We tried to persuade her to have her handcuffs taken off but she wouldn't. And it got even worse."

"How could it get worse?"

"Sam's class had a study period supervised by Ms. Gordon. She decided that if Sam was in handcuffs then she was obviously into bondage (yeah right, I thought to myself) and had her tied up and blindfolded. Poor Sam was terrified."

"I can imagine," he said grimly.

"Then she got the class to try to bring her to orgasm anyway they could. No, not by fucking her," I admitted, "But with tongues or fingers. But they couldn't make her cum, probably because she was so sore from the morning and scared half to death."

"What then?"

"I'm not sure you can use this against Gordon because Sam admitted that she agreed to it. Gordon said that some people get sexual release from pain, so she got some of the class to start spanking her. Sam said it worked. It was okay then, but once word got around that Sam liked pain, people were slapping her in the corridors an' stuff."

"Anyhow," I continued, "Then we met Mr. Graham and he wouldn't listen to us, so..." I stopped. "Can I be sure that none of us will get into trouble for this?"

"Without knowing what you did, I can't say, but let's say I can forget everything you tell me if need be."

"Okay. Well I got Jed cut a big clump out of my hair. Mr. Graham just laughed at us even when Suzie and Sam had their hair cut too until we told him that we were holding a press conference and I had actually phoned Lindsey Crowe, the reporter." Dr. Reynolds looked puzzled. "She was the one that interviewed me and Shelley and Suzie for the telly."

"What happened then?"

"He tried to stop me phoning, but Jed was too quick for him. He picked him up and sat him on the desk. Mr. Graham was yelling about assault and threatening to suspend us. He even called out to Mrs. Johnson, but the boys had persuaded her to go for an early lunch." I paused. "How much did Mrs. Johnson know? She agreed very happily to disappear and leave us to it."

"What is it you say to the press when you don't want to answer something?" he replied, smiling. "No comment? Let's just say that she and I have worked together a long time and she was not happy with the way things were going, to put it mildly, and leave it at that."

"Anyhow, I got put through to Lindsey Crowe, and Mr. Graham changed his mind all-of-a-sudden and gave in to all our demands."

"All your demands? What were they, apart from the handcuffs?"

"Laura's handcuffs off and not put back. No more punishments until you return and no more participants in Gordon's lessons until you return."

"What happened after that?"

"We released Laura and then Shel and I got called into your office to come down here. Graham said it was a school activity so we had to be naked. But he sent us home anyway to get a suitcase. Then Gordon took the case at the station and said we'd have to stay naked all the time as the whole trip was a school activity."

"Hmm."

"But I haven't told you the really great thing that happened."

"Something good? This I must hear."

"This was before we saw Mr. Graham, when we still had handcuffs. Mr. Thompson heard from Shelley how bad Morning Groping had been, and others in the class complained about how Ms. Gordon had behaved in my class last week and to Sam and Laura. So he told everyone to put the word out that they were to protect us, even if it meant protecting us from staff. Shit. Shel said he said we weren't supposed to repeat that last bit."

"Don't worry."

"Well it worked. Word got around really quickly and if it wasn't a teacher chasing off anyone that bothered us, it was other kids. Suzie even had a bunch of girls insisting on her showing them what to do with another girl, just to keep the boys away from her. It was unreal."

"I'm glad something went right."

Then his voice turned gentle. "Now you are supposed to be speaking to the inquiry this morning. Up to it?"

"To be honest sir, no. I'm too worried about Shelley. And as they are half to blame for what's happened at school and Shelley going missing and everything, I don't think they'd want to hear what I'd want to tell them."

He smiled at that. "Well, thank you for telling me everything. I knew on Monday night that there had been a problem between Samantha and Ms. Gordon, but I was told that Samantha seemed alright and after checking her timetable, she wasn't going to have another lesson with her until today. To be honest I wanted to deal with Ms. Gordon personally."

"None of us expected things to go bad like they did, especially not with Laura," I said.

"I had a phone call after lunchtime on Tuesday and wanted to go straight back to the school, but the inquiry wouldn't let me, so that night I told Mr. Thompson to take whatever action he thought was necessary and I would back him. But I wish I'd been a fly on the wall when you took on Mr. Graham."

"I wish I had THAT on video and could make him watch it in his lessons."

We both sat for moment enjoying that thought. Then Dr. Reynolds made some decisions.

"Okay. I have to go to the office to check last night's faxes and then contact the inquiry chairman to explain that you won't be there today. Then I've got a few calls to make myself. Will you be okay here? You're probably better staying in the hotel. Here's a number if you need me."

He had been gone over half an hour when I had a phone call from him. "Heather? It's Dr. Reynolds. Shelley is safe. We wanted to send her home, but she insisted on coming here with you. They won't let her get lost this time, she's got a police escort right to the hotel." Relief hit me so hard and so suddenly I couldn't answer him. I felt my mouth open but no words came out.

"Heather? Heather? Are you there?"

I managed to speak. "Yeah, thanks." I put the phone by Reception down and just fell to the floor on my knees and cried. When someone finally was able to get me to speak, I said, "She's safe. Shelley's safe and on her way here."

I made my way to the hotel steps, ignoring the flashing cameras, though anyone that saw the smile on my face wouldn't need to ask me what had happened.

I waited for ages until finally a very familiar girl stepped out of a police car. Before she saw me I ran to her and nearly knocked her over. The policeman with her was about to pull me off when Shelley hugged me tight. "Oh Fuck, Shel, I thought I was never gonna see you again."

Ignoring the reporters and cameras and not giving a fuck about them filming us crying like this, we walked into the hotel together.

I called Dr. Reynolds to ask if we could come to the inquiry in the afternoon. I asked him if we could give evidence together and he said that he didn't see why not, if the inquiry agreed. I didn't have to tell him I didn't want to let Shelley out of my sight. I think he knew somehow.

I ordered lunch at the Hotel. The desk clerk looked pointedly at Shelley. I suddenly noticed her clothes.

"Where did you get them? You couldn't show much more if you were naked."

"No, they're great, aren't they?"

I turned to the scowling desk clerk. "It's okay, we'll eat out."

Turning back to Shelley I said, "You didn't answer my question and where have you been?"

But by now Shelley had walked out of the hotel to more flash-bulbs. I trailed behind.

For once, I wasn't the centre of attention, Shelley was. I stood back while she answered questions, lapping up the attention.

They turned to me eventually. "Heather. Your sister says you are both here to give evidence to an inquiry into the Program. What are you going to say to that inquiry?"

"It depends what they ask me. I can't really say until then because I don't know what they want to ask me."

"What evidence will you give?"

"I don't know until I hear the questions. They asked for us to attend."

"What do you think you might say?"

"Does 'I don't know' mean something different in London?" asked Shelley.

There was general laughter.

"What's it feel like to have your sister back, Heather?"

I turned to her and squeezed her hand and said quietly, "Wonderful." Some of them took photos.

"Can you speak up please, Heather?"

"It's feels bloody WONDERFUL," I shouted at them.

"Can we get a photo of you together, with your arms round each other?"

After we posed for a while I said, "Now I've got a question for you."

Silence (for once).

"Where can we get something to eat round here?"

Some of them took us to a nearby steakhouse. I was ravenous, but Shelley ate very little.

Shelley insisted on paying, though, then we returned to the hotel.

Dr. Reynolds came in a taxi to take us to the inquiry. "Don't worry about the inquiry," he said. "They might look imposing, but they're only human. Remember, they need your help. That's why you're here."

The inquiry room looked imposing enough. At one end was a large table, with a row of five chairs behind it and one of the inquiry panel members sitting in each chair. At one end of the table was a chair containing a man with lots of papers in front of him. He looked harassed.

In front of the table, about five feet from the it, was one chair.

The rest of the room was filled with rows of chairs. These were all empty.

"Thank you for coming," said the man in the middle chair. "And can I say, Shelley, that we are all very happy to see you safe and sound."

"Thank you," said Shelley in a small voice. Even she sounded impressed.

"We will introduce ourselves to you both, then we will take evidence from you first, Heather, and then you, Shelley, after that. Is that okay?"

I nodded.

"I'm sorry, these proceedings are being taped. Could you answer verbally rather than simply nod."

"Yes, that's okay," I said.

"I am Dr. Richard Cellon, chairman of the panel. I am a civil servant in the Department for Education and Skills. Although I run this inquiry, any decisions it takes are made by the four panel members, so it is mainly them you are speaking to, although you should address yourself to whoever is asking you questions at the time." He looked about fifty, and was wearing a dark grey suit.

Then the woman to his left spoke. She look about the same age and wore a cream skirt suit and what looked like a permanent frown. "I am Christina Chaplain. I am headmistress of the school that has been selected to be the second school to operate the Program. So, as you can imagine, I am very interested in what you have to say." She didn't look interested, she looked as though she wanted to go home.

To her left was a younger man, in a light grey suit. He kept glancing at the way Shelley was dressed. "I am David Grayson, a Psychologist Advisor for the DES. I'm sorry, for the Department of Education and Skills."

Next was the man to the far right of the chairman. "I am Graham Stephens, legal counsel for the DES."

Finally the woman to the right of the chairman spoke. She was a lot younger than the other woman, probably only in her mid-twenties and dressed in a dark skirt with a pretty, light blue top. She smiled at us. "Hello, Heather and Shelley. I'm Dorina Corton. I'm just a teacher, and I think the main reason I'm on this panel is that I can actually remember going to school."

Shelley giggled at that. The lawyer and the headmistress looked expressionless, while the Psychologist and the Chairman smiled slightly.

"Miss Corton is fond of reminding us that some of us are perhaps a little out of touch with what life is like in schools nowadays, Mrs. Chaplain excepted, of course. At the end of the table is Mr. Hanson, my clerk."

The chairman paused, looked at his clerk, then turned to me. "Now, if Shelley can wait outside, we will begin with what you have to say, Heather."

Shelley looked disappointed but turned to go. I grabbed her and and wouldn't let go.

I hadn't realised it, but Dr. Reynolds had been sitting in one of the chairs behind us. He stood up. "I promised the girls that they could give evidence together."

"You had no right to do that. I'm sorry, Heather, but that is not the procedure. Shelley will have to wait outside."

"No, sir. I've just lost her once, and didn't know if she was dead or alive. I'm not letting her out of my sight until we get home. I promised my mother I would take care of her."

"She will be quite safe in the corridor," he said.

I held firmly onto Shelley's hand, not letting her move.

"If you people have bothered to read anything about the problems the Program had in America, you'd know that you should never have taken our headmaster away at this most important time in the Program. Then you drag us down here and try to order us around. If you hadn't been too damned lazy to get off your butts and hold the inquiry in the school where you should have done, my sister wouldn't have gone missing and ended up in danger yesterday."

"I will not tolerate such attitude, Miss... Hoover. Now you will obey the instructions of the panel."

"Sir. I'm not in school now. I don't have to be here. Ask your lawyer. Can you force me to give evidence?" I looked at the lawyer directly. He shook his head.

"And you, Mrs. Chaplain, you're a headmistress. You knew how important it was that he should be at school this week. But when he asked on Tuesday night to return to the school to sort out all the things that had happened, you wouldn't let him go. Because of that, all five of us girls were assaulted yesterday morning." She looked shocked. "So don't pretend you're here to help us in any way. You're here to make everything look good, to save the Program."

There was silence. Nobody said a word.

"Fine," I continued. "Then if you decide you really do want to hear from us, you know where we'll be. Back at school where we belong."

I turned and walked down the aisle between all the chairs, dragging poor Shelley behind me.

"Would you wait, please?" called Mrs. Chaplain, the headmistress. She turned to the others. "If I am going to be responsible for the next Program, I want to hear what she has to say."

"So do I," said the teacher. "And frankly, if they have been through half of what we have already heard about, I don't think we can blame them for being angry." She smiled at me.

The psychologist spoke. "I think Miss Corton is correct."

The lawyer stayed silent.

The chairman spoke. "Miss Hoover, I seem to be outvoted. Would you please return?" He turned to his clerk. "Can you place another chair for Shelley, next to Heather?" The clerk moved one of the chairs from the rows behind to next to mine.

"And a small table in front of them," ordered Mrs. Chaplain, "With two glasses and a jug of water."

While he was getting them, she addressed us, "We cannot start the questions until the clerk returns, but I would like to explain a few things. Although this inquiry was set up following the publicity last weekend after... what happened to you, Heather, we have the authority to hear testimony on anything to do with the Program, so you can tell us anything you think might be helpful. And speaking as the next head teacher charged with running a Program, I for one would appreciate anything either of you can say which could possibly help it run more smoothly."

She actually smiled at me before continuing. "We form the advisory sub-committee to the Program Administration Committee, which is responsible for running the Program. As Mr. Stephens can confirm, although we cannot change the rules of the Program, we can do virtually anything which doesn't require a change in the Pamphlet. We can also advise on whether a rule change is required. So feel free to say anything you want to. It will NOT be held against you as I am sure your headmaster will confirm."

I turned to look at Dr. Reynolds and he nodded, smiling reassuringly.

When the clerk returned with the table, Shelley pulled my arm and whispered into my ear. I nodded.

Then we started to take our clothes off.

The chairman looked outraged. "What are you doing?" And now he sounded outraged as well.

The teacher sniggered.

Mrs. Chaplain said, "Mr. Chairman, I know we are considerably older than these students, but I would have thought you could remember how a girl takes her clothes off." She smiled at us again.

The Chairman glared at her. "I meant why?"

"Shelley reminded me that we are here as part of the Program and that we should be naked."

"That isn't necessary," he replied.

"Mr. Chairman, it doesn't bother us. If you are here as part of a body that tells girls and boys you've never seen that they have to go around naked all week..."

"And get groped," added Shelley.

I glared at her. "As I was going to say, and get groped, then surely you can't be embarrassed by two of us naked in front of you."

"I agree," said the teacher. Mrs. Chaplain just nodded.

"Just be glad Shelley didn't suggest that you should all be naked at well."

I turned to Dr. Reynolds for support, but he had his head in his hands and I'm sure he was trying not to laugh.

Mrs. Chaplain had no such inhibitions and laughed loudly. I was beginning to like this woman.

The Chairman waited until we were naked and sitting down. "Very well. Mrs. Chaplain will start with her questions, then when she has finished, Mr. Grayson, then Mr. Stephens and finally Miss Corton. However, if something is being discussed and one of the others has a question on that point, they may interrupt."

"I understand."

Mrs. Chaplain began. "Heather, please take it as read how sorry we all are about what happened to you, whatever you may think of the reasons for this inquiry. If you find any of our questions distressing, you can take a break, or simply choose not to answer that question."

"Okay."

"As it is the reason the inquiry was called, I will start with what happened to you last Friday morning. To make things easier for you, Dr. Reynolds printed out for us the part of your journal about what happened. Is there anything you can tell us about what actually happened, to add to that?"

"Not really, no. Apart from what I wrote down, I don't really remember much."

"We have also all seen the television interview you gave. You were quite impressive, I must say. You said that the Program may have made you a target. Can you elaborate on that?"

"Yes, of course it was worse because I was the only one on the Program, also that I was the first one ever on the Program in this country, unless you count the school where it didn't work out. But the Program itself puts us in the spotlight. A few days before hardly anyone in school knew who I was. Now hardly anyone in town doesn't know who I am. Some of that is because of the media coverage, but some of it was already true before then."

"Okay, I understand that the Program makes you well-known, but does that make you a target?"

The psychologist answered her. "Well, any celebrity will tell you about stalkers, so just being in the spotlight has its dangers, but I think that Heather meant more than that."

"Yes, it's not just being well-known, it's how you are seen. People automatically assume if you are naked, you are up for anything, a slut if you like. The fact that the Program then allows anyone to touch or grope you, whether you like it or not, makes that worse."

The psychologist nodded.

"I want to read you something that Samantha, one of the girls in the Program this week, wrote in her journal on Monday. I should explain that by agreement with our headmaster, we made the first day a 'no touching' day."

As each of the class came and looked closely at what had been my most private areas, I realised that they weren't mine any more. My body belonged to anyone who wanted to see it and tomorrow it would belong to anyone who wanted to touch it. With a flash of clarity I understood how Heather had gone from shy wallflower like me, worse than me, to someone who would have sex with anyone and everyone. If our bodies weren't our own any more, if they'd been stolen from us and given to everyone else, what difference did it make if everyone used us?

Nobody had touched me and yet I felt like I'd been raped. The class had gone quiet and I looked up. I realised that I wasn't lying on the table any more. I was curled up in a tiny ball in the corner crying as I'd never cried before.

"This was before anyone touched Samantha, so it isn't only about whether we have to let people touch us, or what type of touches are okay and what aren't. It's about attitude. People come up to you with their demands and they don't even think about how you feel. As one of the boys put it last week..."

"All we, I, thought about was here was a hot girl naked and available. All I could see were the bits I grabbed. I didn't even think about you being a person. You were just a body until I saw your face and the fear in your eyes then I wished I'd never been born. And I know most of the others feel ashamed of what we did."

"And he wasn't a bad boy. You throw a naked girl into a school full of boys and that's all they are going to see. I bet all you noticed when I started speaking was that I was naked, and you hardly noticed what I said. Now that reaction is wearing off and you're hearing me. Now imagine you're a boy of about 17 or 18. You think you're going to think about anything other than 'Wow! Tits and pussy!'?"

Mrs. Chaplain leaned forward. "That would suggest that no matter what we do, girls in particular are going to be hurt by the Program, especially when you mention the girl who was feeling so bad before anyone even touched her. Yet you were clearly praising it on television."

"It isn't what we have to do that is the problem, it's how we are treated. Yes, spreading your pussy for the first time or letting some guy finger you when you don't want to is really embarrassing and makes you feel like what you want doesn't matter, but that isn't the worst thing. It's the attitude. When someone comes up and says 'Reasonable Request' and just does what they want without even thinking about how you feel, because you're just the school sex toy for the week."

"Even one teacher treats us like we don't matter at all, we're just an object lesson."

Mrs. Chaplain snorted, "Then she shouldn't be teaching, never mind working with the Program. But tell us what we, tell me what I can do so it doesn't happen."

I turned to Dr. Reynolds and said, "Sir, have you got copies of all my journals for last week?"

The Chairman interrupted me. "A moment please, Miss Hoover. Dr. Reynolds, I realise that we have already had the benefit of your evidence for several days now. However, each day's recording must be able to stand alone on its own merits. So I would be grateful if you would again identify yourself for the tape, in particular as you have already intervened once today?"

Dr. Reynolds smiled and cleared his throat. "Dr. Julian Reynolds. I am the headmaster of the school which Heather and Shelley Hoover attend."

"Thank you, sir." He turned to the clerk. "Mr. Hanson, would you note for the record that Dr. Reynolds will be present throughout the evidence of.." And now he nodded politely to me, then Shelley, ".. Miss Hoover and Miss Hoover."

"Dr. Reynolds, although you are not a member of this inquiry, I am certain that all of us would be grateful to you for any contributions you may wish to make today." The Chairman looked at me again. "Thank you, Heather. Would you please continue now?"

The Chairman's intervention certainly had reminded me of where I was. I took a breath before speaking to Dr. Reynolds again.

"Sir, can you give them copies of chapter eight, turned to the page with our meeting, please?"

"These were the recommendations we thought of last week...." I gave them time to read that section then said, "But if you want to know what I think is needed to avoid what has happened to us in school and my rape, there is something even more important."

"And that is?" asked the Chairman.

"This is going to sound stupid but, education. Before the Program even begins, teach them what it's about. Make it clear that the naked participants are to be treated with respect. For God's sake just remind them that we're people not sex toys. How can I explain this? Hmm. I'll have to come back to that one."

The Chairman asked, "Is there anything the headmaster did in introducing the Program which made it worse, or is there anything he could have done which would have made it better?"

I turned to Dr. Reynolds again. "Have you got copies of the page of my journal for what you told me about masturbation and groping?" He gave them out.

"Before anyone blames Dr. Reynolds for this, what he said came straight from some faceless lawyer in London, who he had to ring to ask for advice."

The Chairman actually smiled at me, "Not so faceless any longer. You've now met Mr. Stephens."

"Firstly on masturbation, the lawyer advised Dr. Reynolds to tell me,

"I've been studying the program rules and taking legal advice. The pamphlet is quite specific, 'No student shall ever be required to insert a foreign object into any bodily orifice as a part of a Reasonable Request or Classroom Activity.' Fingers are not objects and in addition to that your fingers are not foreign objects. Therefore for both boys and girls masturbation IS a reasonable request."

"Okay," I turned to Shel, "Shelley, lie on the table and bring yourself off."

She looked at me, startled, then got on our table, carefully avoiding the glasses and jug, and started fingering herself. Everyone on the panel look extremely uncomfortable.

"This is ridiculous," protested Mr. Stephens. "I don't see why we should have to watch this... pantomime."

"No?" I snapped back. "Wait a moment, Shelley." I went and stood directly in front of Mr. Stephens and rested my hands on the committee table.

"You don't want to have to watch, but you expect us to have to do it, over and over and over again. And not with a nice safe distance between us and the boys crowding round us either. Shelley, lie on this table and continue."

Without a thought, she did so, and lay right in front of the chairman with her pussy pointing straight at Mr. Stephens.

"The rest of you, please come around her, you too, Dr. Reynolds." I only half-expected them to do so, but they did. I stayed silent until Shelley made herself cum.

When she could breathe normally again, she said, "Can I go back and sit down now?"

"Yes," the Chairman and I said together. Everyone else sat down too.

"That was nothing to what it's really like in school. You were all very polite, mostly trying not to look. We'd have perhaps a dozen, perhaps twenty boys crowding round and pushing, trying to get their heads close to our pussies to get a better view, and probably groping us at the same time."

"That must be very frightening," said the psychologist.

"To put it mildly," I replied. "But not as frightening as the next bit. I am going to read this bit out loud."

He went on to say, "As far as anyone else touching you there, the pamphlet does say 'No student is ever required to submit to oral sex or penetration with a sexual organ as a part of a Reasonable Request.' It does not say any other body part, such as fingers."

"But what about the bit where it says 'The Program Participant is the sole judge of the reasonability of any request that involves physical contact'? Has that suddenly been taken out?" I argued.

"That is to prevent someone from forcing you to do anything when you think something is unreasonable but there is nobody to ask for advice. It goes on to say that disagreements about what is reasonable are referred to me, and I can refer them to local Program officials, when they are appointed. Until then it is left to me to decide on any disagreements myself. I have to bear in mind that the intent of the Program is 'to help you become more comfortable with your body and your sexuality' and to encourage you all 'to treat others ... as sexual beings, to learn to harness your natural energies.' As touching one another, even intimately, is an essential part of being a sexual being, I would have to say that trying to avoid sexual touches would clearly be what the rules call a 'frivolous attempt to skirt the intent of the Program.' You understand my position?"

"Sorry, Shel, I need you again. Can you help me move our table closer, then lie on it?" Dr. Reynolds took the jug of water and our glasses.

"I have a Reasonable Request. Spread your legs and hold yourself open. I want to touch you." She did as I said. I turned to the panel, "Now this is what you probably think that means." I gently touched her boobs, one at a time, and then her pussy and stroked it. "Or perhaps this?" I slipped a finger inside her and began to work on her G-spot, before stopping abruptly. "Okay, Shelley, you can get down."

"Now I going to show you what that rule really means, in practice." Shelley looked worried. "Shelley, can you stand on the table in front of the chairman." I helped her up, then climbed up beside her. "Okay Shelley, grope me exactly like they grope us in the morning."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"Shelley, it's okay. This is important."

With a speed which startled the whole panel she rammed two fingers up me, then three, then four.

"Bend over, Bitch," she said, then rammed some of her fingers up my arse while still using her other hand in my pussy.

Even though she'd wet her fingers in my pussy first, it hurt, but she carried on, getting rougher and rougher in both my pussy and arse until I fell to the table on my knees, unable to keep back the tears.

"Heather," she cried. "Are you okay?"

I nodded and got down off the table. I deliberately didn't wipe the tears away.

I told them, "Shelley stopped when she thought I couldn't take any more. At school, it would continue until the bell goes. Shelley, touch my boobs."

"No, you've had enough. You do mine."

I pulled hard on one of her nipples and twisted the other painfully. I kept poking and pinching and pulling and twisting until finally she began to cry. Then I stopped and hugged her close.

"Remember," I said, "In school, it's not one person but a crowd. And you're in the middle. Boobs, Pussy, Arse. Any part is fair game, or all at the same time. The first morning my sister was groped, they tore her hymen they were so rough, not to mention tearing her clothes and nicking her underwear. Nobody in our school calls it the Morning Display any more. It's the 'Morning Groping'."

The panel were clearly shocked by what they'd just seen.

Mrs. Chaplain spoke first. "Thank you for giving us that enlightening demonstration. You are quite correct that I had no idea what it was really like. I'd like to propose we take a break for some tea, to give Heather and Shelley time to recover. With your permission, Heather, I'd like to read your journal for last week. And with your permission, Mr. Chairman, could we make it an hour or so. I'd like to discuss some things privately with Dr. Reynolds."

"If an hour is agreeable to everyone," They all nodded. "Heather? Shelley?" He was asking us!

"Sure," I said.

"And I think I am speaking on behalf of all of us when I say thank you for showing us what we are really talking about. With what you have had to endure, I am not surprised that you are angry. You have every reason to be. Okay, we meet back here in one hour."

"I'll take you to the canteen," offered Miss Corton, waiting by our clothes. But we walked together straight out of the hearing room, still naked, followed by Miss Corton. "You're going to go naked?"

"The Program talks about outreach. Can you think of a better place to start than here?"

Shelley and I were amused by the reaction of all the dark-suited civil servants to the appearence of two naked girls in their canteen. The buzz of conversation around us ceased. Some people openly stared, others turned away, and one man dropped the cake he was holding into his coffee. I think poor Miss Corton was a bit embarrassed though and I felt sorry for her.

When we had queued up for tea and cakes, we remembered that our money was in our clothes.

"I'll pay," said Miss Corton.

"That's a plus side to the Program," said Shelley. "With nowhere to keep your money, people end up buying you things."

She laughed.

When we reconvened, Mrs. Chaplain again began the questioning. "You mentioned the girl who felt like she'd been raped this Monday. I was wondering how she is now."

"Samantha? Once we calmed her down, she wasn't too bad. And Shelley had the brilliant idea of a petting party Monday evening to prepare her for the Morning Groping. She coped really well all day Tuesday until she found out that she would have to sing her solo at a big televised choir contest tonight naked, then she freaked out and slit her wrists." A general look of shock all round. "She's okay now though."

"And off the Program I assume?"

"No. To get a medical exemption she would have to actually be admitted to hospital and that would mean giving up her chance to sing at the contest. And that means everything to her. Her mother couldn't be bothered to go to the hospital, so the mother of one of the other girls, Laura, has taken her home and she's staying there all week."

"The teacher involved in the earlier incident with Samantha. Have there been any other problems?"

I began to wonder if Dr. Reynolds had been priming her with questions. I glanced back at him but his face gave nothing away.

"Yes, there have. Laura, another girl on the Program, she's the one who took Samantha in. She works as a model and stripper part-time, went into her lesson and saw that Ms. Gordon was playing a video of us all having sex, filmed secretly, to the class. Laura smashed the DVD and let her hair down to cover her boobs and covered her pussy with her hands."

"So at lunchtime, she was marched into the dining room, handcuffed, her hair cut, and she was caned six times. It was awful." The faces of the panel all looked grim, even the lawyer.

"This was shortly before Samantha tried to kill herself. Laura found her, and although she is brilliant at first aid, she couldn't help her because of the handcuffs. The delay nearly killed Samantha. That was why Dr. Reynolds asked to return to the school. Before things got worse. But you wouldn't let him."

The Chairman looked uncomfortable, but he asked me, "You mentioned all of you getting assaulted the following morning."

"We decided we had to get Laura out of those handcuffs. She was so depressed we were really worried. So we all wore handcuffs. If you thought what Shelley did to me was bad, try it with a crowd of teenage boys when you are wearing handcuffs and can't even try to defend yourself. And apart from Laura, poor Samantha got it worst, but she wouldn't give up."

"Then Samantha had another lesson with Ms. Gordon, who decided that as she was wearing handcuffs she was obviously into bondage. She made them blindfold her too. Then she told the class to bring her to orgasm any way they could, except actually fucking her. The rules against restraining freedom of movement and oral sex only apply to Reasonable Requests, so they legally (I spat that word at them!) tied her up and got the boys to go down on her as well as finger her."

"When they couldn't make her cum because she was so sore, Sam was so deperate for relief that she was begging them to make her cum. So when Ms. Gordon suggested they spank her, she agreed. It did actually work, she said she really came hard."

"After that we met with Mr. Graham and told him that we'd keep our handcuffs on and have one of the boys cut our hair really badly, if he didn't release Laura. He didn't care at first, until we called the TV reporter you saw interviewing me last Friday. As you can see, by that time, we lost some hair. But we won. And no more punishments or lessons with Ms. Gordon until Dr. Reynolds returns."

"I should think not," said the Chairman.

"There was a really good thing though."

"I'm eager to hear about something that actually went well," said Mrs. Chaplain.

"When you wouldn't let Dr. Reynolds go, he called one of the other teachers and told him to do whatever was necessary to stop things getting worse and that he would back him 100%. We didn't know this at the time. So yesterday morning, this teacher told everyone in class to spread the word that we were to be protected, even, if necessary, against teachers. By lunchtime it was brilliant. We had boys protecting us, we had girls stopping boys getting to us by getting in first with requests, one girl even let guys grope her to stop them getting to one of us. It proves it CAN work. But it needs the right people in charge and action taken quickly if things start to go wrong, BEFORE they get crazy."

"That's quite a teacher," said Mrs. Chaplain. "Tell me more."

"Shelley should tell you about that," I said. "It was in her class."

So Shelley told most of what Mr. Thompson had said, which obviously met with the approval of the panel.

"I have a proposal, Mr. Chairman," said Mrs. Chaplain.

"Go ahead."

"I move that this inquiry be adjourned to reconvene Monday next at the school. I've heard so much that I want to see the school and meet the people there before we decide on what changes need to be made."

"Seconded," said Miss Corton quickly.

"Agreed," said the psychologist.

"Mr Stephens?" asked the Chairman. He nodded. "Then, if no one disagrees, this hearing is adjourned until Monday, to reconvene at the school at 2pm if that is convenient for everyone."

Nods all round.

"That allows you to go back to deal with the situations that have arisen while we have kept you here, Dr. Reynolds. It only remains for me to thank Heather and Shelley for their help today..." he paused with a slight grin, "...and to remind them that this isn't a Program zone, so they had better get dressed before they leave the building. Thank you, everybody. Meeting Adjourned."

We pulled on our clothes and went with Dr. Reynolds.

As we walked to the taxi, I asked, "How did I do?"

"Apart from nearly giving Richard Cellon a heart attack, I think you made your point. And so did Shelley. Well done, both of you. We will be travelling back on the morning train and Mrs. Chaplain is coming with us if I can book her a hotel for Friday night."

"Don't bother, she can stay with us," said Shelley. "She'll get to know us far better that way."

"I'm not sure I want to imagine what you are planning already, young lady. Now I suppose you want to go out tonight. My God, the Hoover sisters let loose on London. Perhaps I should go back tonight."

We laughed. "The slutsisters," corrected Shelley.

"That's worse. Here you are, Heather. If you're going out clubbing, you'd better have some money to buy something suitable to wear. I'm sure that someone at the hotel will be able to suggest where to buy something and where to go out. Ask one of the waiters."

Shelley chatted up one of the young waiters trying to serve us dinner in the hotel, much to the embarrassment of poor Dr. Reynolds and, I think, the waiter. (Funny how nobody objected to Shelley's clothes in the hotel dining room when Dr. Reynolds was with us. No pointed stares this time!)

One of the waitresses came up to us with a odd-looking order pad. "I'm sorry to bother you both, but could I have your autographs?" Silly me, it wasn't an order pad, it was her autograph book.

"Oh great, I've never been asked for my autograph before!" I don't have to tell you that was Shelley, do I? She grabbed the notebook and signed it. I could read the signature from across the table!

She passed it to me and I pretended to think about it. "How about if you do me a favour if I sign your book?" She looked puzzled.

"We're going out clubbing later and I don't exactly have anything suitable to wear. Is there anywhere I can buy something decent at this hour?"

"Or indecent?" said Shelley, making Dr. Reynolds splutter and nearly choke himself on his wine, sending most of his mouthful of wine all over the white tablecloth.

He was mortified. "I'm sorry," he said to the waitress.

"Dr. Reynolds hasn't had as long as I have to get used to trying to eat and drink with Shelley in the vicinity."

"Don't worry," she said, "I'll bring a new cloth."

"Sorry, sir," said Shelley, not looking sorry in the slightest.

Dr. Reynolds returned his napkin to his lap and smiled. "I have to ask you, Shelley, isn't that little black outfit indecent enough for you?" He emphasised the word, "little".

"Do you like it, sir?"

"There's a lot more of you showing than outfit, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, I would but it's so tight it's uncomfortable. Didn't you notice, sir, how hard it was for me to get it off and back on again."

"Yes, I did."

Then Shelley said something unbelievable, even for Shelley. "Gotcha, sir! You were looking!"

Dr. Reynolds stared at her, while I wondered what jobs we could find next week at the Job Centre.

Then he laughed, a big deep friendly laugh unlike anything I've ever heard from him.

"Shelley Hoover, I'm at a loss for words. Yes, you're right. I was looking. When I first saw you in that, I thought how.. beautiful you looked. 'Pretty' wouldn't do you justice today."

Then he admitted, "I should have used the word "sexy" just now, but that really would have been most inappropriate."

He shook his head and added quietly, "I can't wait until I tell Mrs. Reynolds. She's going to tease me about this for weeks."

The way he said that I knew he and his wife were really close.

"Now, girls, I would be extremely grateful if you would refrain from repeating this conversation to anyone at school. I do have to maintain a certain.. degree of dignity there."

Shelley sounded ashamed. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to embarrass you... just tease you a little."

Dr. Reynolds bowed his head formally. "Apology accepted."

Shelley's shame evaporated with a big smile. "But I did make you laugh!"

He took a sip of wine and looked away from us for a moment, his fingers idly toying with his knife. I'd seen him like this before, in his office. He has this fancy letter-opener on his desk and he would play with it while thinking and then point it around the room, or even directly at you, when he started talking. I don't think he was aware he did it. I glanced at Shelley and wondered if she too had seen the letter-opener wielded. Certainly she'd gone quiet now.

Sure enough, he suddenly picked up his knife and started dueling with the ceiling as he spoke. His words, though, were quiet.

"You know, girls, I am having to do things now that would have been inconceivable to me even two years ago. I'd heard all about the Program in the states for some time but here in England? Not likely. It all started for me, though, with a meeting in my office with Richard Cellon well over a year ago. We go right back to Cambridge, him and me. He's a good man, Heather, maybe a little full of himself but with a first-class mind. And until today, I thought, completely unflappable. You two probably did him a lot of good, but he'll never let on. I know you were being very serious today, both of you, but there was a part of me sitting there this afternoon truly enjoying his discomfort."

"So, the 'faceless ones' had sent a friend to tell me I'd be running the first Program re-launch here in England." Shelley looked curious at that and he turned directly to her and said, "Yes, Shelley, I had no more choice than Heather did. As a teacher and an administrator, or indeed as an educated man whose morality comes from a different time, it made little sense to me and I didn't want it in my school."

"And reading all the literature, and yes, Heather, everything I could find on the internet, didn't change my mind initially, but at least I had some idea what I was getting into. But for all that I wasn't prepared for what I would feel once the thing became a reality. I'm actually having to tell young girls and boys to run around my school naked, on public display, and to allow themselves to be groped for a week whether they want it or not. But in spite of all the problems, you two have convinced me that the Program is extremely worthwhile."

"Us, sir?" piped up Shelley, just before I could say it.

"How?" she added.

I thought I knew. "Let me put it this way, Shelley. Two weeks ago could you have ever imagined your sister or you handling a government-level inquiry as you both did this afternoon? Or coping with the media as you've had to do? Coping magnificently, I should add."

"Not a chance. Heather would have freaked and I'd have just said something stupid and giggly."

"The Program is intended to develop your sexual maturity. I don't know whether it's done that, but it's made you both grow up a lot and brought you out of yourselves."

He put the knife down to sip some more wine, and then smiled at each of us before continuing.

"But the truth of the matter is that I wish I was your age again. Not right now, though, but perhaps a few years from now when a fully-operational and successful Program is running smoothly. The young people who come along after the two of you, and the others this week and the other Program participants in the near future, the later ones will know what's coming and what is expected of them, and if we can get it right, the good they can get out of it."

He leant forward as his voice got even lower.

"I don't want to frighten either of you.." he smiled at Shelley, "..yes, you too, little Miss Fearless, but you have a huge responsibility. It may have been totally accidental.." now he smiled at me, "and completely unfair, I know, but you must understand that you are going to be leaders. The people running the Program are listening to you and will continue to do so, if Richard and I have anything to do with it. What you tell them will have consequences for a very long time."

This time he drained his wine glass with a long drink.

"Wow, girls, that was way heavy. Do I have that right, Shelley?"

"Yes, sir, you do. Way heavy and wicked too. It doesn't matter, does it though, if I just keep on keepin' on?"

"No, of course not. That's all any of us can ever do."

Shelley's face shone again with a big smile. "And I did make you laugh!"

"That you did, Shelley. And thank you for that. I haven't had much to laugh about this week."

I suddenly realised Dr. Reynolds had really opened up and there might be a problem. "This conversation, sir. What about my journal?"

Without hesitation he replied, "Of course you must report it. But please don't leave out my mentioning my wife, or anything else, alright?"

"Don't worry, sir. It wouldn't be complete without everything." What a stupid thing to say, I thought, as soon as I said it.

Looking back at this now, I realise that I was a lot more embarrassed than Dr. Reynolds was. Being Shelley's sister is often a challenge, and never boring! As for the rest of what he said, the truth is I'm more than a little frightened.

When the waitress came back to change the cloth, she said to me, "I get off at about eight. There's an evening street market not far from here. I could take you if you like. There's a couple of shops on the street with the market that stay open until the market closes, which is late as it usually turns into a bit of a party."

"Sounds perfect," I said.

You will be glad to know that the rest of the meal went without further incident! I know I was.

Mum was at Eric's house when we caught up with her on the phone. This is getting awfully serious awfully quickly, but Mum sounds so wonderfully happy that it makes me happy just talking to her. She's waited long enough, God knows, but it seems like the waiting has finally paid off. I know Shelley feels the same. I bet she'd hold their clothes for them while they were at it, if she thought it would help. Come to that, so would I.

And I finally found out what happened to Shelley after I lost her. She really should think about taking up writing. She's got a couple of best-selling autobiographies in her already!

We went to the market with the waitress, who, we learned, was called Laura. Wait till you hear about the clothes we found. Score one for London.

James, another waiter from the hotel, caught up with us at the market. Laura's eyes shone brighter than a lighthouse when she saw him, and I suspect that her eyes were not all that was switched on. James suggested a nearby pub where we met two brothers, Pete and Paul. (No, I'm not making that up, they really were named Peter and Paul.) Such sweet innocent children... until they were Shel-shocked! Oh yes, and Heathered as well. Perhaps a little less innocent now than they were before. What with James, as they say, getting Laura right where she wanted him, I made the early score, London 3 (including the 1 for our clothes), Slutsisters 4. Shelley has all the juicy details.

Once we were all cleaned up we went out clubbing, all six of us. The club they took us to was amazing, there's no other word for it. Laura turned out to be... but that would be telling. It was enormous fun, although I was still quite tired as I hadn't slept much the previous night worrying about Shelley.

Shelley of course wasn't tired. She's incapable of it. And, yes, she did enjoy herself in the club maybe even more than she had at the pub. You can judge this for yourselves from chapters ten and eleven of her journal.

Shelley, part 10

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Afternoon & Evening

We were going to eat at the Hotel, but after seeing the looks the Desk clerk was giving my clothes and what I had in them, Heather decided we'd eat somewhere else.

Hey, it's his problem, right? The old hypocrite.

Heather wanted me to tell her what had happened to me, but as we walked out of the Hotel, I was dazzled by the flashes of a load of cameras. If seeing the cameras last Friday evening had been incredible, this was more than incredible. We were in London, of course, and it seemed to me that every camera in London was outside the Hotel. Cool, or what!

"Shelley!" "Shelley!" they called. Heather smiled at me and stepped back. A couple of the photographers and one of the cameramen had knelt down on the Hotel steps so they could shoot up my skirt. They didn't have to kneel down very far. I deliberately opened my legs a little and couldn't help laughing when the flashes went off.

Microphones were pushed in front of my face, "Shelley, Are you alright?" "How does it feel to know the whole country was looking for you?" "Why did you go into hiding?"

I had a sudden panic. Remember, I told myself, nice woman and teenage daughter ... not whores ... nice woman and teenage daughter ..... I forced a smile back on my face and took a deep breath.

"Whoa. One at a time! Okay, I feel great, glad to be back with my big sister. How does it feel to know the whole country was looking for me? Weird. I didn't actually know until this morning when someone I was with recognised me from a newspaper. Then it was kinda unbelievable."

"Why did you run away?"

"I didn't. It was a silly accident and we got separated in Rugby when a train broke down. Then I got lost."

"So where were you all this time?"

"I was lost and thirsty and had no money or clothes. I had a drink and I think it had something in it because I fell asleep. I woke up and it was dark and cold and some men were trying to, well, make me do things."

"Were you raped like your sister?"

You bastard, I thought and glared at him. "Thanks for being so bloody tactful when she's standing right here behind me. The answer is no. I was lucky, someone distracted them and I was able to escape."

"Where did you go then?"

I was still pissed off about the previous question. But this guy sounded nicer so I took a second to chill before I answered him.

"I think I must still have been under the effects of whatever was in that drink because I kept running until I saw a pub. They gave me some food and a woman neighbour of theirs gave me a bed for the night. She was nice."

"Why didn't you ring anyone?"

"I think it must have been the effect of the drink. I was woozy and not thinking straight. I'm just lucky that someone was decent enough to help me."

"So how did you find out you'd been reported missing?"

"This morning, when the woman saw my photo in the paper. So she let me use her mobile to ring my Mum. And that's it."

"Who was the woman who helped you?"

"I don't know, but if she's watching, I'd like to thank her."

"Where did she live?"

"I don't know. I wasn't exactly in a fit state to notice last night and this morning we were rushing to the station for me to come here."

"Will you be seeing her again?"

"As I don't know who she is or where she lives, I don't think that is likely, do you?" A few of them laughed at that.

"Why were you naked in Rugby?"

"You know I am in the Naked in School Program. Well we have to be naked for all school activities, and we are in London to attend a meeting about the Program, so it is a school activity."

"Where did you get the clothes?"

"Her teenage daughter gave them to me."

"Will you strip off and pose for us now?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"This isn't a school activity. And you couldn't see much more of me anyway, especially the ones looking up my skirt."

Thankfully, they turned to Heather at that point and started asking her questions about the inquiry.

Then they took photos of us with our arms round each other and Heather asked them where we could eat.

Heather had a huge steak, but I wasn't really very hungry after that big breakfast and the cheese sandwich. I paid for it with some of the money I'd been given and we walked back to the Hotel, where Dr. Reynolds met us and took us to the inquiry.

"Don't worry about the inquiry," he said. "They might look imposing, but they're only human. Remember, they need your help. That's why you're here."

Wow! The room where the inquiry was, was huge, with engraved wooden columns all around and this massive table at the front which looked out of place because it was modern and a different colour wood.

The man running the inquiry said, "Thank you for coming. And can I say, Shelley, that we are all very happy to see you safe and sound."

"Thank you," I said, feeling nervous.

He explained that they'd speak to Heather first. I was glad about that. Perhaps I wouldn't have to say much. I know that doesn't sound like me, and whether it was the room, or the people at that table, or what, I don't know, but it made me feel small and unimportant, and I didn't like it one little bit.

He introduced the members of the inquiry panel, himself, and two other men and two women. One of the women was quite young and made me laugh when she said that she was on the panel because she could actually remember going to school.

The Chairman told me to wait outside, but Heather grabbed my wrist and wouldn't let me go. She started arguing with the Chairman and when he wouldn't let me stay, she said "If you hadn't been too damned lazy to get off your butts and hold the inquiry in the school where you should have done, my sister wouldn't have gone missing and ended up in danger yesterday."

He was furious, but so was she. "So don't pretend you're here to help us in any way. You're here to make everything look good, to save the Program. If you decide you really do want to hear from us, you know where we'll be. Back at school where we belong."

Then she started to walk out, when the older woman called her back. So I was allowed to stay and another chair was brought for me to sit next to Heather.

I tugged on Heather's arm and whispered to her, "If this is a Program thing, shouldn't we be naked?"

She nodded and we stripped off. I think the Chairman was going to have a heart attack. He told us it wasn't necessary, but Heather replied, "If you are here as part of a body that tells girls and boys you've never seen that they have to go around naked all week..."

"And get groped," I added.

She looked cross at being interrupted. "As I was going to say, and get groped, then surely you can't be embarrassed by two of us naked in front of you."

The two women and one of the men agreed with us, so we stayed naked. Heather said they were lucky I hadn't suggested they should go naked too. The older woman started laughing like mad at that.

Heather explained how the Program made us sex objects, and read bits from Sam's diary from her first day. Sam had read that to us on Tuesday morning, when we were discussing our journals together before lessons. Heather had thought it was good and copied it down. She had showed it to Mr. Thompson at the hospital that night.

As each of the class came and looked closely at what had been my most private areas, I realised that they weren't mine any more. My body belonged to anyone who wanted to see it and tomorrow it would belong to anyone who wanted to touch it.

Then Heather showed them parts of her own journal from the first week.

We found out that the lawyer on the panel was the one who'd told the headmaster that we had to masturbate and had to let people finger us and stuff, whether we wanted to or not.

Then Heather did something that even shocked me. She turned to me and said, "Shelley, lie on the table and bring yourself off." It was so embarrassing. This wasn't school. The lawyer wasn't happy either. Then Heather made it worse. "Shelley, lie on this table and continue." She meant the big table where the panel was sat. So I got on their table, trying not to look at their faces and carried on fingering myself. She made me carry on until I came, then she let me sit down again.

She started talking about us having to let boys finger us, then she spoke to me again, "Sorry, Shel, I need you again. Can you help me move our table closer, then lie on it?"

"I have a Reasonable Request. Spread your legs and hold yourself open. I want to touch you."

She started touching my boobs and pussy very softly. It sounds weird but there was nothing sexual in it, she wasn't even looking at me. She even put her finger in me and started to wank me off before stopping abruptly and telling me I could get down.

Then she made me stand on the table next to the panel. She got up next to me and told me to finger her like they do at the morning groping. I didn't want to and said so.

"Shelley, it's okay. This is important."

So I shoved my fingers up her so hard I nearly knocked her over, then after a minute or so of that I told her, "Bend over, Bitch!" The young woman looked shocked, then looked away when I shoved fingers in Heather's arse. I just wanted Heather to tell me to stop, but she didn't, so I carried on forcing my fingers in and out of her pussy and arse until finally she fell down onto the table, crying.

I felt awful. "Heather. Are you okay?"

She nodded and gave me a weak smile and squeezed my hand.

She told them, "Shelley stopped when she thought I couldn't take any more. At school, it would continue until the bell goes. Shelley, touch my boobs."

"No, you've had enough," I pleaded. "You do mine."

She pulled and twisted my nipples painfully. She was really rough and I was trying not to cry, but she carried on and on until finally I started to cry. She stopped and gave me a hug.

"At school, it's not one person but a crowd. And everything at the same time. The first morning my sister was groped, they tore her hymen they were so rough, not to mention tearing her clothes and nicking her underwear. Nobody in our school calls it the Morning Display any more. It's the 'Morning Groping'. "

The entire panel looked shocked and the older woman decided that we needed a break for some tea.

In the canteen I felt back in control again. Heather and I were the centre of attention as the whole room went quiet. One man splashed coffee on his jacket when he dropped some food into his cup. I smiled at him but he looked down kinda sheepishly.

We had no money, so the young teacher on the panel paid for us. She laughed when I said that it was one of the advantages of being on the Program. "With nowhere to keep your money, people end up buying you things."

Back in the inquiry, when they asked about Sam, Heather told them all about my petting party and how it had helped her.

Then she told them about Sam trying to kill herself, and about Laura and the plan to get the handcuffs off her.

She even told them about what Mr. Thompson had done.

The questions turned to me on that.

The headmistress on the panel, Mrs. Chaplain, spoke to me. "Mr. Thompson's words to your class obvious had a great effect on the whole school. I for one am dying to know what he said."

Ouch. What should I say? I didn't want to get him in trouble.

"Shelley, you don't strike me as the kind of girl that is normally reticent to say what she thinks. Is there any reason you don't want to tell us?"

I didn't answer.

"I think that you think that you are protecting him," she guessed. My face probably showed her that she was correct.

"Mr. Chairman. Can we agree that what Shelley says here is confidential and no action adverse to Mr. Thompson will be taken by anyone here, including Dr. Reynolds?"

Nods all round, including from Dr. Reynolds.

"Can we further ask the minute secretary to note this on a separate sheet, which can destroyed if necessary?"

"So instructed," replied the Chairman.

"Now, Shelley, you have our assurance that you can speak freely without any risk to Mr. Thompson, who, I might say, I am impressed with if he can command such loyalty from his students. Now what did he say that had such an effect?"

"It wasn't anything much," I replied. "When one of the boys said that the staff were as bad as Ghas.. I mean Ms. Gordon, for letting it happen, he said that he shouldn't say so but he agreed. He told us that action was being taken about it. And then he told them to protect me as he didn't want anyone sticking fingers up me."

I shook my head at this. "He had no idea," I continued, "I mean he really didn't know what it was really like, and I told him so. So then he said to spread the word that everyone was to protect all the Program girls all the time and that there would be hell to pay if anyone abused us. Then he said that they should protect us even against members of staff if necessary and not to tell anyone what he'd said about that bit."

Mrs. Chaplain and the teacher on the panel looked grim when I said the piece about protecting us against members of staff.

"That is outrageous," she said angrily, then seeing my face she turned to me, "No dear, that's not what I mean. You have spoken well. It is outrageous that it should be necessary for a member of staff to have to ask students to protect each other against another member of staff."

She turned to Dr. Reynolds. "I know there was nothing you could do to prevent this, but I am sure that when you decide what to do about these members of staff, if you have any trouble with the Local Authority, this Committee will be behind you 100%."

There were murmurs of agreement all round.

She turned to the lawyer. "It seems clear to me that the Program rules allow for abuse which was not intended or even dreamt of by those who wrote it. I've read that pamphlet many times and never in my worst imaginings did I think of things like we have seen and heard of today. What can we do about it?"

"We don't have the authority to change the pamphlet," he replied, "Though we can recommend to the Minister that he issues a further Statutory Instrument to amend it. But we probably don't have to change the pamphlet..."

"Surely we must?" said the other woman on the panel, a young teacher.

"If you'll let me finish," he replied, not angrily, "Under reasonable requests it states that disputes as to what is reasonable can be referred to local Program officials. There is nothing to stop us issuing binding guidelines. Although the appeals system doesn't apply to classroom participation, again, we can issue binding guidelines to the schools."

Then Mrs. Chaplain proposed that the inquiry come to our school next Monday. Everyone agreed and they thanked us for coming. Then the chairman reminded us that we'd have to get dressed again as we weren't in a Program area.

Dr. Reynolds told us that Mrs. Chaplain was coming back to the school with us in the morning, so I suggested that she should stay with us to get to know us all better.

Then he gave us some money to buy clothes suitable for going out clubbing and joked about the Hoover sisters being let loose on London. (I corrected him, of course, telling him we are the slutsisters.)

Back in the Hotel it was ace. We were in the restaurant and one of the waitresses asked us for our autographs! I like being famous.

When Heather asked her where we could buy decent clubbing clothes at this time of day, I made Dr. Reynolds choke on his wine by saying "or indecent."

Poor old Dr. Reynolds. He was chatting to me about my black outfit but I could see he was all uptight. This must be a horrid time for him. He was smiling at us with his mouth but not with his eyes. His eyes just looked tired and so did the rest of him so I decided to tease him a little bit to try and cheer him up.

I glanced over at Sis and she looked like she wanted to be anywhere else but sitting next to me. But then Dr. Reynolds laughed. Not a polite little titter either but a big belly laugh that shook the table. Score one for Shelley!

Then something really weird happened. He started talking to us not like a headmaster at all. It was like we mattered to him personally like we never had before. Well that goes both ways. I think I'll be... comfortable with him now, but I best not let on to the other kids at school. That could mean death, well not death but you know what I mean.

And I think he's proud of us too. He even called me "Little Miss Fearless". That's like cosmic! How does that phrase go? Fearless by name, fearless by nature? Cool cubed. He couldn't even make a tiny hole in that with his warning for the future. I wonder if he knows I love all kinds of roller coasters. Yeah, probably he does.

As we were leaving the restaurant, I sneaked another look at Dr. Reynolds and he was tired again. I've decided on a little secret part-time job for me when we get back to school. Make him laugh again.

"We must ring Mum," Heather said in the lift.

Up in our room she tried home first. No answer. Then she dug a piece of paper out of her pocket, muttering that she must learn Mum's mobile number and tried that. Success. She held the phone so I could listen too.

"Hi, Mum," we both said at once.

"Can I hear both my babies there?" Then, "Wonderful. Where are you?"

"In a big fancy London hotel," Heather replied. I decided to let her do the talking. I hoped Mum wouldn't start cross-examining me.

"And where are you, Mum?"

"At Eric's." We glanced at each other and grinned. "He insisted he should cook for me tonight. But I haven't tasted anything yet. I'm not even sure what it is but it smells divine!"

"Where is he right now, Mum?" I asked. Okay, that was enough of Heather talking on her own!

"In the kitchen, why?"

"Because," I said, "You know what I want to ask you."

"Shelley, you're terrible," she giggled. "How good is your French, you two?" That stopped us.

"Maintenant, c'est un dîner à deux après l'amour."

I got the first and last words, now and love. Fantastic!

But Heather was there before me, smartie, and squealed, "It's not even eight o'clock yet!"

"I know," she sighed. "It's given me a hell of an appetite."

"So when are you guys coming home?" she asked, then a lot quieter, "I miss you both."

I went three-two-one quickly with my fingers. "We miss you too," together.

Then Heather explained, "Dr. Reynolds said all three of us will catch a train back in the morning."

"And we'll all be dressed this time," I added. Mum laughed at that.

"Just before you-know-what, Eric and I saw you two on the evening news. Heather, you were very mature and professional, I'm proud of you."

She paused for a couple of seconds. She knows how to tease me but I bit my tongue and took it.

"Shelley, what can I say? You were beautiful. Where did that dress come from?"

"The teenage girl in Rugby gave it to me." I'm sure Tara's over 19 but a girl can lie about her age, can't she?

"She's smaller than you, I guess?"

"A little, why?" Let's stay on the dress, I thought. That's safe ground.

"Because, dear, it wasn't clear how you could breathe in it." Then before I could answer she laughed, "I don't think I've ever seen you look so sexy. I'm gonna buy all the morning newspapers tomorrow. If you're not in every single one of them I'll be very surprised."

"Shelley, don't go all cocky now but I have to give you a real compliment. When you were answering all those questions the cameraman had your face in close-up. Your make-up was superb. You never use make-up. Did someone do it for you?"

"The girl who gave me the dress." Ah, the absolute truth.

"Well she should consider doing it professionally. Eric couldn't take his eyes off you. I felt so proud at that moment. And he was clever enough to have a tape running. You'll be able to see how good you looked when you get back."

A perfect moment to change the subject, I said to myself. I put on my "innocent" voice. "Has Eric seen the other tape yet?"

"A very good question, dear. No, not yet. But I have it with me and I'll be showing it him after dinner. Stop pulling faces, Heather."

She was. "How did you guess?" she asked.

"I know you. But think about this, dear. Eric is maybe the only person in town who hasn't seen it. Everyone else at work certainly has. Give us a smile, Heather. Everyone was over the moon about it. They all said that both of you were amazing. So, Heather, what's that phrase, deal with it. Okay?"

"Yeah, I know you're right. It's just that when I think about it, I remember what else happened that day."

I put my arm around Heather and squeezed. She gave me a little smile.

"So do I, Heather. That's why the TV interview is so amazing. You were so brave that afternoon."

There was more than a little pause before she continued, "I think I better tell him about Tuesday night, after we saw the tape.

Cool, I thought, and said, "Yeah, I think you should. I don't want to shock him tomorrow night."

"The more I'm learning about Eric, Shelley, the less shy he seems."

"So you think he'll be cool about things."

"Yeah, I think he will, but check with me first, okay?"

Throughout that last bit Heather seemed really interested in the ceiling. She knew what we were talking about, of course, but said nothing. I think she was actually quite happy about it but refused to show it.

Mum decided to change subjects again. "So what are you two plotting for tonight?"

I answered straightaway, "The slutsisters versus London. It should be a fair fight."

That pulled a huge laugh from her. "Okay, I don't want to hear any more. Just stick together, okay?"

"Like glue, Mum, " I said.

"Oh dear, girls. Eric is hovering. I think he has his 'if I don't get off the phone this instant our dinner will be ruined' look. I better say good night." Thank you, Eric, I thought with relief.

"Have fun tonight, both of you. God knows, you deserve it. Love you."

"Love you back." Together again. That one didn't need a countdown.

As Heather put the phone down I headed for the loo.

"Not so fast, young lady."

"I need a pee." I left the door open. I knew what was coming.

Heather raised her voice. I knew I was in the next room, but she still sounded pissed off.

"You turn up today in the sexiest outfit you've ever worn, perfect make-up, no knickers, an expensive looking necklace around your throat and who the fuck knows how much money in a new bag? And oh yes, shoes to match the bag. You think I'm blind or something? Dr. Reynolds will have noticed all that too. What do you suppose HE'S thinking? I KNOW what I'm thinking!"

That all came at me like a machine gun. I knew she was pissed off, but not that much. I was gonna have to tell her the truth right away, or the night would be fucked. Besides underneath the anger was my sister who loved me and who I loved back.

"Okay, Sis. Let's sit down and I'll tell you the truth. I admit I told those reporters a couple of porkies." (see cultural notes)

Heather sat on one side of the bed, half turned so she could see me. I sat on the other side. I thought putting a little distance between us might be a good idea. I took a very big breath before I began, but despite her anger I couldn't resist a dramatic opening line.

"I spent last night in a whorehouse."

"Oh shit, Shel. I was afraid it was something like that, but I was hoping I was wrong. Did anyone hurt you? Why didn't you tell me sooner?" She stood up. "We gotta find Dr. Reynolds and go to the police."

I jumped up and ran round the bed and hugged her.

"Sis, you're gonna want to kill me in a second but it wasn't like that at all. Nothing bad happened to me there. The complete opposite. I've got so much to tell you and Mum that it's gonna take me absolutely ages to do it right. Would you be willing to accept just the main bits now? I promise I'll tell you everything tomorrow, Okay? Please?"

"Okay, give."

I took a second to get my thoughts in the right order.

"For a start everything I told the reporters was the truth up to the pub. The landlord gave me something to eat. (The blowjob would have to wait.) Then he called his friend, Helen. She's a prostitute and she took me to the house where she lives and works. She gave me my own room to sleep in. This morning at breakfast I met Megan and Maureen and Tara. After breakfast Helen let me phone Mum. Then Tara took me up to her room and gave me everything you see, the outfit, the bag, the shoes. Each of the girls also gave me £20 to help out. And Tara did my make-up and took me back to the station. And before she went she gave me the necklace. Don't ask me about that now. I'm not sure myself. Maybe we can all figure it out tomorrow night. And that's everything."

Heather shook her head but now she was smiling again. "If anyone else had told me such a ridiculous story, I'd be certain they were crazy or lying or both. But you, I believe every fucking word. How you do it, though, I'll never figure out."

"You know what the worst thing today was? Lying to Mum. Not once but sorta twice. When I rang her this morning I told her the same lies about Helen and Tara that I told the reporters. I really feel shitty about that."

Heather hugged me again. "Believe me, Shel, I know exactly how you feel. I did the same thing to Mum about the Ws, remember? And I felt pretty shitty about it too. Mum'll understand, watch."

We just had time to get cleaned up and go downstairs a little before eight.

At exactly eight o'clock (there was this enormous clock on the wall behind Reception), Laura, the waitress, met us and took us to a street market. It was ace. In between stalls selling fruit and veg were stalls selling all kinds of things, from perfumes, to incense to all sorts of weird and wonderful clothes. Some of the stalls were playing music and the various sounds mingled into a chaotic, but exciting noise. The market was full of a mixture of people too. A lot of students going through all the ethnic stuff, and old people buying food. Some of the kids were dancing next to one of the stalls with music. Heather insisted I buy a sweatshirt for when it got colder later at night.

Then Laura took us off to a side street to a small shop absolutely crammed with clubbing and dance gear. "I love this," she said, "but I'd never have the nerve to wear it." She was showing us a lycra body with a deep mesh V at the front, which you would be able to clearly see your boobs through. It was crotchless, but came with a matching skirt which was nothing more than two semi-circles of material joined at the waist on each side.

"Try it on," Heather and I both insisted.

"Oh, I couldn't," she said.

Nothing we could say would persuade her, so we looked for something for Heather. Heather fell in love with a pair of leggings with the whole inner thigh cut out, which would have left the pussy and bum crack exposed except that it came with a set of inch-and-a-half-wide or inch-wide or half-inch-wide strips of various colours and materials which attached at the back by tying, and went between your legs and fastened at the front with poppers.

To go with that was a variety of tops to choose from. Heather chose one that was almost sheer and finished just below her nipples.

"Now you," she said to me.

"I wanted to wear this," I replied.

"No chance. You've been wearing that all day. Dance half the night in that and you'll stink."

I was going to argue but then I saw this fantastic dress. It was thin white cotton with long shoulder straps that stopped at two Vs of the cotton just above the boobs. The Vs covered the boobs and met in the middle. But along the sides of each V were two small zips. If you undid them, the material fell down to reveal naked boobs. And almost as good was the skirt part of the dress. It went down slightly more than the skirt I was wearing, but had a zip up the front, which could show your pussy. The bum part of the skirt was clear plastic. If all the zips were done up, it was revealing but tame compared with some of the other things there, but I knew I wouldn't have the zips done up for long.

Both of us got changed. I couldn't stop giggling as I tested the zips. All of them worked smoothly. How convenient! Heather had chosen one of the inch and a half wide straps to go over her pussy, but the one she chose was a material that clung so tightly it highlighted her pussy instead of covering it. It clung even tighter when I tied it at the back for her.

As we went to pay for the clothes, we caught Laura still staring at the outfit she didn't dare to wear. "If you're going out with the slutsisters, you ought to have something indecent to wear," I said.

"Just try it on," encouraged Heather.

"And lose the bra," I added. Unnecessary, I know, but I wanted to make a point.

"Right," she said. "Here goes. But I'm going to have to wear some knickers with this. I'm not as brave as you two."

I picked her a white thong, which was almost but not quite sheer at the front. She looked at it for a minute and took it.

She went and got changed. The shop only had a mirror in the main part of the store, so you had to come out of the changing room to see yourself..

"Oh my God!" she squealed, just like I used to squeal when I was younger, like last week. "It's incredible!"

"No," said Heather, "You're incredible."

"I don't look too slutty?"

"You look hot," said a guy who had come in the shop at that moment. I was sure I'd seen him before.

Laura flushed with sheer pleasure. "Why thank you, kind sir."

Then she turned to us. "This is James, he works at the Hotel too. I asked him to meet us here as he's taking us to the club."

James took us in briefly with his eyes, and said hello, but he couldn't keep his eyes off Laura.

"I think you'd better wear that tonight, Laura," said Heather.

"Okay, I will." She paid for it and we went back out into the market street. I took Heather's hand and dragged her to one of the stalls with music and began to dance. Heather had no choice but to join me, while Laura and James watched. I made the dancing as sexy as I knew how and I know it worked because James had a hard-on I could clearly see through his trousers.

I shouted into Heather's ear and she and I both advanced on Laura, each taking one of her hands and pulled her into the space that had developed around us. She shook her head and yelled, "I can't do this," so we sandwiched her between us and continued to dance. I was touching her boobs every now and then while Heather lifted her skirt to flash her tiny thong at James and the growing crowd.

She soon got into it and began gyrating and touching me up too, as well as flashing her tits at James. When the music stopped for a minute, she hugged me and said, "I don't believe I just did that." James hugged her and gave her a kiss that made MY toes curl, so God knows what it was like for her. Then he took us to a nearby pub.

Just going into a pub again reminded me of last night, and of Tara this morning. I squeezed the pendant affectionately.

I hadn't realised that I'd stopped at the door until Heather asked me if I was coming.

No lounge bar this time, but a busy loud public bar or saloon as they called it. James bought a round of drinks and we found a table to sit at.

I discovered that the dress was so tight that I had to unzip the "pussy zip" part of the way, just to sit down.

There was a group of young lads at the bar, so I turned towards them and "accidentally" left my legs a little bit open. I felt a little bit guilty when one of them knocked his drink on the floor when he saw me, but not guilty enough to stop teasing him.

I toyed with the zip, then got up, pulled the zip back down and went to the loo, making sure he saw my bum in the clear plastic skirt.

When I came back out, I sat on the bar stool next to him. "Hi, I'm Shelley," I said, wishing I could think of an original and witty opening line.

"Pete," he replied. "Like the outfit."

"I noticed," I said casually.

"Do all those zips undo or are they just for decoration?"

"Buy me a drink and I'll let you find out. A beer, please." When he looked surprised, I said, "Don't like spirits."

I wish I could get served with drinks that fast back home. He turned to reach for the zips on one of my boobs, but I stopped him. "Can't a girl taste her drink first?"

I began to drink, then decided not to tease him any longer and put the glass down. I took his hand and placed it on one of the zips. He undid the two zips on my left boob and pulled the V down, then did the same to the other boob. He handled them both gently, then bent his head down to lick one of my nipples.

Then to my surprise, he stopped. "Does this zip go all the way?" he asked, reaching down to the skirt.

"We both do," I answered.

"Cheeky."

"I thought you liked my cheeks," I answered. See, Laura isn't the only one with quick answers!

He stood up and took my hand. "Where we going?"

"Into the other bar. It's only opened up at weekends, or if it gets busy later on."

The other bar had a pool table, covered with a canvas sheet. I climbed on it and spread my legs. I grabbed his head and pulled it towards my pussy. He took the hint and began to spread my lips apart with his fingers. He pushed his tongue right into my pussy. "God, it's like a fucking river down here."

"Fancy a swim, then?" I giggled, "Or maybe a drink?"

He started with his tongue, then used his fingers in my pussy instead, then he lapped at my clit while he pounded me hard with his fingers. After more than a day without any sex, I tried to hold on and make it last, but soon my breath was coming in gasps and so was I.

When I could breathe again, I hopped off the table and knelt down beside him. "Your turn." I gave him my sweetest smile and kept looking into his eyes as I unzipped him and took his cock out. I gave it a squeeze with my hands and said, "God, I've missed this."

I licked every part, wanting to taste every inch of him. Then I put my mouth over the end of his cock. I sucked on it while I played with his balls with my hands. But after a minute or so, he stopped me.

"I want to fuck you, if you still go all the way."

I bent over the pool table and spread my legs a bit apart to make it easy for him. It felt lovely being filled again as he entered me slowly. But he was being too gentle. "Fuck me hard, Pete," I told him.

He withdrew just as gently, then waited. I think he was teasing me. Just when I couldn't stand the anticipation any longer, he slammed into me.

He had just slammed into me for the third or fourth time when the door opened. It was Heather, with another boy. Pete said, "It's my brother" at the same time as I said, "It's my sister."

Then I said to Heather, "Can I borrow yours for a minute?"

"He's not mine, we were looking for you."

"Great, then you won't mind if I borrow him. Fancy a blow job while your brother fucks me?"

He didn't need asking twice. He was a bit bigger than his brother, but softer, though I soon put that right. The two brothers set up a rhythm, first alternating so Pete withdrew while his brother pushed his cock into my mouth, then he withdrew while Pete pounded me again. Then they changed so both pounded me at the same time. I don't know which I preferred, though the two sensations were quite different.

So I finally got to be spit-roasted although Pete didn't last much longer. Then Heather said, "Don't let that one cum in your mouth. I want him." So I stopped blowing him and got down. Heather made him lie on his back and lowered herself down onto him. She'd said she was tired but the energy she was putting into fucking him didn't give that impression.

She finally collapsed on top of him, his cum running out of her pussy.

When she recovered, she said, "God, I needed that. There's nothing better than sex as a tension reliever."

Pete's brother said, "Nice to know I'm just a substitute for Aspirin."

Heather gently punched him and all of us laughed.

All his cum had run out of her pussy onto his cock. I just had to have it, so pushing her aside, I put my mouth over his cock and gave him a good tongue bath. I love the taste of cum, though it felt strange tasting Heather as well on his cock.

When I'd licked my lips clean, I introduced myself. "Hi, I'm Shelley, you've met my sister, Heather."

"I'm Paul," he replied.

"Nice to eat you," I said, shaking his hand.

Then Heather reminded us, "I think we'd better get cleaned up and get back to Laura and James before they wonder where we are."

After a good wash, we went back into the main bar. We needn't have hurried. Laura and James were too busy kissing and feeling each other up to have even noticed we had gone.

"Why don't you go into the room next door?" suggested Heather.

She showed Laura and James to the other bar.

Laura came back a while later looking like the cat that had got the cream. "Thanks, you two," she said. "I've been trying to get off with James for ages. One evening with you and he notices me."

"More than noticed, judging by the cum running down your leg," said Heather with a grin.

"Shit. I'm going to get cleaned up then it's probably time to go on to the club."

I was tempted to tell her not to waste that cum, I'd clean it off her, but I didn't really know her and we were in a public bar.

She disappeared for a few minutes then she and James came back together, hand in hand.

One more quick drink with Pete and Paul and we flew away (sorry awful joke) to the club. All I could think about was all six of us "cumming back" (even worse, I know) again, real soon. With six of us we had to take two taxis. James and Laura had to split up as only they knew where we were going, and Laura came with me and Pete, while James went with Paul and Heather.

I got into our taxi first and slid all the way across. Laura was next and as she bent forward I could see all of one boob including her nipple. Nice. Pete was last in and stretched his arm along the back of the seat. I don't think Laura noticed, she still had a dreamy look in her eyes. The overhead light went out when Pete shut his door.

As we pulled out a car horn hooted at us. "Up yours, mate," our driver growled, "I pay more Road Tax than you do, so fuck off!"

All of us laughed at that, but it made me look out the back. I couldn't tell which car had hooted, there were way too many. Night time in London, I thought, wicked! No plans for sleeping anytime soon, that's for sure.

I turned round to look out the side window. A Chinese (I think) girl was running along the pavement towards us. She was wearing a thin long-sleeved jumper and jeans, and her long dark hair flowed behind her. As she ran past some West Indian boys, one of them must have shouted something, probably rude because they all laughed. She didn't even look back, I bet she was late for a date. Then I gulped. The tallest boy was wearing a tight white t-shirt and I could see how buff he was, even from the taxi. I quickly rolled down my window and waved at him, but he never looked my way. Damn!

And then there were the lights. Every shop we passed was shut but their windows were still brightly lit. In the next block there were three restaurants, a café and an Indian takeaway and they were all heaving.(see cultural notes)

With the window open I could hear London too. Even with the traffic I could see and hear two men arguing, but I couldn't make out what they were shouting about, or even if it was English. Then a café door opened and I got a quick blast of some retro-dance.

The taxi turned onto a much busier road. We overtook a double-decker bus and the exhaust fumes were strong enough to make my eyes water. I turned my head back towards Laura and Pete and waved my hand in front of my nose but it didn't help much.

Laura laughed, "The sights and sounds of London. And now the smells too, huh?"

I grinned as Pete added, "Burn you a new fucking nose, them buses. Welcome to London!"

I was about to say, fuck the bus fumes, everything else is amazing, when I looked past Pete out his window and suddenly saw more bright lights on the side of one building than I had ever seen before.

"What the fuck is that?" I pointed through the window.

Laura looked where I was pointing. "Harrods.. the department store."

The world knows what Harrods is, you cow, I thought. Any other time I'd have said something but this sight just took my breath away. I stared and stared until the taxi slowed to a crawl near the first display window.

Now those were dresses. A girl could wear one of those anywhere! "Look at those..." I couldn't even get the word out, "...there, in the window."

Laura clearly was as impressed as me. "I don't know about you, but I'd go broke just walking past the windows," she sighed.

There was such a note of real longing in Laura's voice that it broke the spell I was under.

"Yeah, I know what you mean. Hey Laura, it doesn't matter. Look what we bought tonight. In that dress you're wearing, girl, you could choose from all the boys in that pub back there and just..." I snapped my fingers, "...snap your fingers."

"She's flyin', babe," Pete agreed, (see cultural notes) "Snap your fingers and I'll prove it."

Laura smiled and placed her hand along Pete's cheek. "You're pretty hot, but..."

"Yeah, I know," Pete sighed, "Your boyfriend. Jammy bugger."

"And I bet there's not a dress in Harrods to touch mine. I mean..." I quickly unzipped both my boobs. I watched Laura's eyes drop to my chest and stay there. I felt the cool air on my nipples and I couldn't resist playing with them a little.

I got a reaction from the driver as well. "Those are gorgeous, love," he called back to me. "I mean, you're gorgeous too, but those are.. outstanding."

"Thanks, but I think it's the air that's making them stand out."

I looked at the driver and he seemed to be looking forwards, but then I noticed his mirror was at an odd angle. I looked straight at it and blew him a kiss.

"I'm old enough to be your dad, love. Look, I'm not hitting on you, but I hope you don't mind an old bloke having a butcher's."

I grinned at the mirror. "You're never too old to look, are you?"

Then Pete came in with, "I read about this bloke once. He put it in his will that they were supposed to drill a couple of eye holes in his casket just in case." All of us laughed at that.

I turned and looked out my window again. It seemed like every other shop window had amazing clothes in it, even the shops for blokes.

I sat there thinking what a great place London was. Here I was sitting in a taxi with three other people, sightseeing like any other tourist, but my tits were hanging out and none of them were batting an eyelid, unless you count the driver.

This night just keeps getting better and better.

Shelley, part 11

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Night

It seemed to take ages to get to the club, but I didn't really care as I watched London go by. For a while this amazing white "stretch limo" (that's what Pete called it) was next to us. I couldn't see into its windows but I decided I wanted one for Christmas anyway (only kidding, Mum). After it turned down a side street I looked up and saw a giant poster with a picture of a huge nightclub with a pool and the phrase:

The only thing missing at Club Color?

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"That's where we're going," Laura explained.

Pete said, "Oh, I've been there before. But didn't it used to be called Blue?"

"Yeah," she replied, "But that was before they opened the other levels a few months ago. You know the way in then?"

"The way in?" A look I couldn't figure out crossed between them. "Oh, yeah, I remember."

That sounded interesting, I thought. I suddenly remembered my boobs were still out and I thought I better put them away again until we got inside the club.

"Show's over, folks. Don't want to get thrown out of the club before I get in, do I?"

I zipped myself up again. As I did, the driver re-adjusted his mirror and chuckled, "Ta, love. Me trouble (see cultural notes) won't know what hit her tonight."

Even Laura laughed at that. I knew he was going to be thinking about me when he was doing his wife later. That is so cool, I thought. I must remember to ask Laura if she gets the same buzz after a strip show that I was feeling right then, and for the same reason.

When we finally arrived, from the outside it looked depressing, like a huge brick warehouse. Along the whole side of the warehouse were painted the words "CLUB COLOR".

There was quite a long queue outside, so we had to wait a while to get in.

Heather and I got stopped by the bouncer because we had no I.D.

Dammit! We pleaded with the bouncer but he wouldn't change his mind and waved us aside.

Then James said, "Haven't you seen them on telly or in the papers? Shelley's photo's been on every front page today."

The bouncer called his mate over. He looked me up and down with a big grin on his face. "Keep these two out of the club and when the boss finds out, you'll be dead."

I gave him a peck on the cheek. He thought for a moment then smiled at James, "Here's some passes for the VIP lounge. How many of you are there?"

"Six."

He handed us each a gold credit-card-sized piece of plastic. "Have fun."

If I wasn't impressed by the outside, my first impression inside was even worse. The door led into a badly-lit corridor which smelled of damp. At the end of the corridor was an escalator, which we went up. Turning round at the top, we went up another one and then a third.

We found ourselves in a small brightly-lit room, with four plastic tubes which were slides, as the only exit. Between one pair of tubes was a man, who waited for the light at the top of the tube to go green before allowing the next person to slide down. The other pair of tubes was closed off by a bar locked across them.

I looked down the tube, but it spiralled away into darkness with only a row of multicoloured lights running down the top on the inside of each tube. The boys went first, then Laura. "See you at the bottom," she yelled as she disappeared into the gloom.

After about twenty seconds the light went green and I pushed myself off. The lights disappeared at one point, leaving me in darkness for a second or two, before incredibly bright lights blinded me as the slide went flat and the sides vanished. A second later the slide dipped down and I found myself in cool water.

It was quite shallow, but when I stood up I was totally drenched. Quite a few people stood around the small pool, laughing, among them, Laura. The cow was completely dry.

"I forgot to tell you you have to roll out to the side the moment it goes flat or you end up in a pool," she said, grinning madly. Forgot, my arse.

Before she could react I grabbed her and pulled her into the pool with me, and a swift sweep with my right leg cut her legs out from under her and she was sitting in the pool next to me.

I heard another splash and turned round to see Heather land in another pool a few yards away.

We were hurried out of the pools so the next people could come down the slide, then Laura realised that guys were staring at her.

Her lycra body clung to her even more and was totally transparent. She might as well have been naked, you could see every curve and her nipples stood out clearly. Even her skirt was virtually see-through. I wanted to do her right there in front of everybody!

She put her hands to her boobs to cover them. "Oh my God..." she began to panic.

James came and gave her a hug. "You look fantastic," he reassured her. "At least yours don't show quite as much as Shelley's."

For the first time, I noticed my own clothes. The thin cotton of the dress was like a second skin and was practically invisible. On the way down in the slide, the pussy zip had come all the way undone leaving my pussy totally exposed to anyone who cared to look, and quite a few did.

Heather was even more indecent. Her sheer top was as invisble as mine, and the strip of material that had been covering her pussy was wedged up inside it. She pulled it out, but it still didn't hide much.

I noticed that Laura had removed her hands from her boobs and was enjoying the attention.

The boys and Laura led us through to a small "drying room". Huge fans blew out hot air. It was like being inside a giant hair dryer.

When we'd stopped actually dripping, but were still damp, we went out to the main dance floor. It was at least twice the size of Ws. At least I took it to be the main dance floor. I was soon to find out that it was only one of four dance floors.

This dance floor, the one on the ground floor, came complete with a swimming pool that made the one in Ws look like a child's paddling pool. Rather than a proper side, the floor just sloped down into the pool gently at one side, so there was no edge to fall over. Along one side of the dance floor was a stage. Where the stage met the pool was the only place you could actually jump into the water. Near to that point on the stage was a row of showers, each with a silver vertical pole. A guy and a girl were standing under the one of the showers, she in a bikini, he in shorts, kissing and caressing each other. I could see his hard-on through his damp and clingy shorts. I don't think he was wearing underwear, grin.

The whole place was painted in blue and silver and black.

"Come on," said Laura, grabbing mine and Heather's hands. "While the boys are getting the drinks in, I'll show you the rest," then, to the boys, "We'll meet you at Red2M."

"The rest?" I said.

She laughed. "You're not used to London clubs, are you?"

She led us through some thick doors, up a flight of stairs, and through another set of thick doors into a room which was almost as big as the first. This one had even louder music than the one below it. The décor was black and purple, with white flashing lights that seemed to come from everywhere.

Another flight of stairs led to a third room, about half the size of the previous ones. The colour scheme was different again, vivid reds and oranges mixed with the inevitable black.

Through another door, along a brightly-lit corridor was another, fourth room, the same size as the third. This had a gentler atmosphere, and was painted in pastel greens and blues, the only black being the wood panelling, the bar area and the doors. The lighting was soft and it was also cooler than the other rooms. "This is the chill zone," explained Laura.

I'm not sure I'd have described it as a chill zone as the room seemed to be filled with couples kissing and feeling each other. Still being damp, the lower temperature made me shiver.

Laura noticed me shivering. "Let's go back to reds," she said and took us back to the previous room. I hadn't noticed before but along the walls were letters and numbers. We found the section that read 2M and sure enough, James, Pete and Paul were there with our drinks.

"This place is quite something," said Heather, obviously as impressed as I was.

"We like it," said James. He took us over to a side area near the stairs where there was a whole row of small stands offering fast food. Paul chose a small portion of curry and rice, so Heather said, "If you're having that I'd better have one too."

Laura chose noodles with chicken from another stand and the rest of us had burgers. Mine was so thick that I nearly got some of it down my dress. Pete was forced to keep licking my fingers clean so I just had to do the same for him. Fair's fair, right?

After eating we watched some dancers they had on a stage for a while, then James suggested we go down to Blue for the games.

"Games?" asked Heather suspiciously.

"You'll see."

Downstairs the male staff were going through the club selecting girls for the games. They seemed to be selecting the sexiest dressed, so I wasn't surprised when one of them grabbed all three of us.

I wasn't, but Laura was. "Shit," she said, "I'd forgotten what I was wearing. I'm usually dressed too tamely for them to bother with." She turned to her "recruiter". "Sorry, I can't do this," she said.

He shrugged his shoulders, "Up to you, but it'll be fun and you might win."

I wasn't letting her get away with that. "If you set us two up, you can do it too." I grabbed one hand and Heather grabbed the other and we dragged her through the club. I say dragged, but she didn't exactly resist very much. And she was giggling. A good sign.

Three trampolines had been dragged onto the stage. "Okay," announced the MC over the PA system. "Each girl has thirty seconds to jump up and use one of these knitting needles to pop a balloon. They are being timed. At the end of the next game, the girls with the worst scores for both rounds will be eliminated. That will leave twelve girls to go on to round three."

It soon became obvious what the attraction of this game was, to the boys there anyway. Having picked the girls with the skimpiest clothes, all that bouncing up and down soon meant that quite of few of the girls' clothes couldn't hold in their boobs. One or two stopped to re-adjust their clothes and tried to hold themselves in, but most just carried on until the balloons were burst.

Laura looked mortified, but she needn't have worried. Her top held her in okay, though her skirt flying up gave some lovely views of her thong. It was still wet and very see-through.

Heather's top just flew up flashing her tits with every bounce while the strip of material supposedly covering her pussy found its way into it instead. Funny, but nobody seemed to mind.

My boobs were safe enough, but, like Laura's, my skirt flew up with every jump. But unlike Laura, I had nothing on underneath.

"She's gonna have fun in the next game," laughed the MC.

Before I could ask Laura what the next game was, the trampolines were wheeled away and replaced by two metal stands with a light cane pole balanced across them. Limbo. So that's what he meant.

Poor Laura got picked first for the second round. With her legs spread briefly as she ducked under the pole, the thong I'd picked for her stretched tightly across her pussy and hardly hid anything. A giant screen behind her showed a close-up of the thong.

Quite a few of the girls found themselves in the same predicament as Laura as thongs never designed for gymnastics revealed more than they hid. Laura shrieked when she saw the giant image. "Oh my God, did they show me like that?" I nodded, grinning. "I might as well have been naked. It's like a porno mag."

Heather fell on her first turn, but the MC announced, "Now to stay in the game a girl who falls can forfeit her knickers or thong or whatever that is."

So Heather simply took off the material I had tied around her pussy, to cheers from the boys. She turned it into a scarf for her neck.

I was next after Heather, that is, they'd saved me for last. Luckily I didn't fall as I had nothing to take off. But for some reason I got a cheer anyway. The giant screen image of my pussy just might have had something to do with it. I could feel myself getting wet down there and that had nothing to do with that first pool.

They lowered the pole and a few girls fell on the next turn. Two removed their knickers to more cheers, the others dropped out.

On the next turn Laura fell. "That's me out," she said.

"Come on, Laura, other girls have done it, and you did say you might as well be naked," I argued.

Some boys had started chanting "Strip! Strip! Strip!"

But above them all came a "Come on, Laura, don't give up now."

"Was that James?" I asked her. She nodded.

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"I don't know." She sounded doubtful but her eyes were shining. Right, girl, Shelley to the rescue!

I put my hand between her legs. "Girl, you're dripping at the thought of all those boys looking at you. Don't tell me you don't know." I began to peel down her thong and she didn't stop me. Of course nobody could see anything, yet.

We lost a few more girls in that round, then Laura surprised me by not hesitating and going for it on her next turn. She got a lot of cheers, even though she fell. She didn't even get up immediately, but lay there with her legs spread for a few seconds while the guys whistled and whooped. When she came back to me, her face was red. "Oh my God, that was... Shit, what have you done to me Shelley? Mum always warned me about what some boys are like, but she never mentioned anything like you."

I laughed. You ain't the first to say that, I thought.

James had come close to the stage, but was being held back by security. Laura tapped one of the security guys on the shoulder to let him through to the edge of the stage. James grabbed her and kissed her. He spoke to her but I couldn't hear what he said.

"Well? What did he say?" I asked when he went back.

"He said I was great. He never though I had it in me... Oh and he's going to fuck me senseless later." She had a big grin from ear to ear and I could even see her teeth biting her tongue.

The girls who had been eliminated had been taken to the edge of the stage, which dropped down, dropping them in the pool.

The MC was speaking again. "Okay, we're down to the final twelve. Before the next round, we have a couple of celebrities with us. You've probably seen them in all the newspapers this morning. Direct from TV interviews to Club Color, it's Slut School's Shelley and Heather, please come up here, girls."

Heather sighed and we both went to the MC's stand.

She tried to tell him that we don't go to slut school, but I'm sorry, Dr. Reynolds, I think that name's stuck.

"On a serious note, I'm sure we're all pleased you're safe and well, Shelley. Let's have a cheer for the Hoover sisters..." I shook my head and he put out his hand to silence everyone and handed me a small mike.

"Not the Hoover sisters, the Slutsisters," I said, much to Heather's embarrassment. "She's Superslut and I'm Hurricaneslut."

"Why Hurricaneslut?"

"Nobody can keep up with me and I'm unstoppable," I answered.

"That sounds like throwing down the guantlet to me, folks. Let's see how they do in our next game."

We were divided into three groups of four and Heather, Laura and I were split up. Three twister mats were laid out.

You know the game of twister, right? Well, imagine it played with a dozen scantily-clad girls, some with no knickers and with a wandering camera focusing on all the interesting bits and showing the image on a giant screen. Tits 'n' ass, as the Americans say, and of course lots of pussy.

Unlike the limbo some of the time I could see the screen. At one point the camera was focused on Laura's bum showing her arse and pussy clearly. I decided that she had a nice arse. If I ever get down to London again...... Who are you kidding, Miss Fearless? WHEN I get down to London again...

The first two girls to fall on each mat were eliminated one of which was Heather, and met the same watery fate as the other girls eliminated.

That left six of us. We were taken to the dancing poles with the showers. The MC said, "Okay, this is a dance-off to eliminate two more girls. You can each choose, you can dance dry, or have the shower going too. Whichever you think will be hottest."

The first girl danced dry, but she was an incredible dancer. What moves. Even Tara could learn something. I was second and I used the shower, knowing it would turn everything I was wearing see-through, which couldn't hurt my chances. I pretended I was Tara as I gyrated and slowly undid all the zips on my dress and played with my boobs and pussy. At the end I left the zips undone.

The third girl was a crap dancer but spent the whole time spreading her legs and rubbing her pussy. She tried to direct the water over her pussy as much as possible.

I don't really remember the next two, but Laura was last. To my surprise, she opted for the shower and in seconds she might as well have been naked. I was also amazed that she was an extremely good dancer, something I would never have expected. She had replaced her thong, but halfway through tore it off and threw it into the crowd. "Atta girl!" I shouted. Pete stuck two fingers in his mouth and whistled very loudly.

The first girl, me, the third girl and Laura made it through to the final. That was, in order, dancing, sex, sex, and in Laura's case dancing AND sex. The other two girls went into the pool.

"The final round is Who Dares Wins. Each girl has thirty seconds to do something that she thinks the other girls won't dare to do. The other girls then have thirty seconds to copy her or they are eliminated. First up is Mandy." (Mandy was the third girl.)

She simply took off all her clothes, lay down, spread her legs and held her pussy wide open. Laura and the first girl looked horrified. The first girl walked off in disgust.

"Laura, what difference does it make? They've seen virtually all of you."

To my astonishment, she did it. It seemed like a reasonable enough request to me. Of course I did it, no problem.

"Next is Shelley."

I just got down beside Laura and stuck my tongue into her pussy, then, so the camera could see, took my head away a little and began to finger her, then sucked her juices off my fingers.

When my time was up Mandy replaced me. She started to finger Laura but didn't lick her and wouldn't suck her fingers clean, so she was eliminated.

"I'm really gonna do this. I don't believe I'm doing this." She was getting herself worked up, so I kissed her. I'd only intended a small kiss, but the reaction from the crowd was... wow. So, not wanting to disappoint an audience, I slipped my tongue into her mouth and to my surprise felt her tongue slip into mine. Her hand was feeling my pussy and I remembered what we were supposed to be doing.

I lay down and told her. "Come on, get that tongue in there as well."

She didn't pause for a second. She positioned her head so the camera could see her tongue go into me, then put her fingers into me, then into my mouth, back into me, back into her mouth, until her time was up.

"My turn now," she said. She positioned herself over me in a 69 and began to finger me again, but then she beckoned to James. When he was allowed through at the MC's orders, she stopped fingering me for a minute and unzipped his trousers and started giving him a blow-job.

Suddenly people around us were spraying us with foam from fake extinguishers.

"Now we've cooled them off, I think it's only fair to say that Laura is the winner."

I was a little pissed off at first until he went on.

"Shelley is used to doing all this in public, so let's have an extra big hand for Laura, who's been a regular here for longer than I have and never dared to take part before. She wins a year's free admittance for herself and up to three guests, including passes to the VIP lounge. And she'll go on to the final, where she could win a holiday or a car."

Brushing the foam off our faces, I gave Laura another kiss.

Picking up our clothes, but not bothering to put them on, Laura took us through to the VIP lounge, reached by a small footbridge over the pool. Heather, Pete and Paul followed us there.

I jumped straight in the jacuzzi. Heather and the boys undressed and she, Pete and Paul joined me in there, but Laura stopped James. "It's only fair I finish what I started," she said, and went back to giving him a blow-job.

This time there were no interruptions, except when Laura asked him, "Do you want to cum in my mouth, over my face, boobs, or what?"

"Over your face," he said.

"Why do guys like that?" she asked all of us, before returning to the job in hand, or in mouth.

Pete answered her, "Because it's so dirty and it's like he's marking you as his."

At that moment, he marked her. Most of it missed her face and landed in her hair, but he didn't seem to mind.

"Happy now?" she asked with a big smile on her face.

I was about to lick the cum off her face, when we were all startled by Heather spluttering. She had fallen asleep in the jacuzzi and slipped below the water. Paul was nearest to her and dragged her out of there.

When she could speak, she said, "Sorry, I'm just so tired. I hardly slept Tuesday night and didn't sleep at all last night worrying myself sick about someone not far from me now." She glared at me, but laughed.

Paul dried her with one of the big fluffy towels stacked in a corner, then he made her lie down over two of the chairs. He continued caressing her with the towel until she fell asleep, this time safely.

Laura had slipped herself into the jacuzzi and washed her face and was already kissing James.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to look after both of you," I grinned at Pete and Paul.

They got into position to spit-roast me again, but I said "No, I want to try something else. But first, Pete, can you fuck me?"

He didn't need asking twice, and soon I felt that satisfying fullness that comes from being well stuffed with a hard cock. But as he was really getting going, I pulled away and said, "Don't worry, I haven't finished with you yet."

Then I called Paul, "As you were so nice to Heather, I want you to fuck the only place I'm still a virgin." His eyes lit up.

"I've never done this before," he confessed.

"That makes two of us, then. Get it wet in my pussy then be gentle."

When he pushed his dick into my pussy, I almost didn't want to let him go. I lay on my back and used both hands to hold my arsecheeks open for him and braced myself for the pain. It hurt a bit when he pushed into me an inch or so, but he waited for me to say okay before he continued. I panted like a mother giving birth until he was all the way in. He paused again until I told him to continue.

"Wait. Pete, put your legs over me and fuck my pussy at the same time."

It was a bit awkward, but by Paul leaning back and me moving around a little, Pete managed it and I felt the incredible sensation of have a cock in both holes at the same time.

"Laura, Can I borrow James for a minute?"

"Only if I can watch."

I was going to make a joke about it being a reasonable request, then realised that she wouldn't understand.

James went to his jacket and took out a camera. "I forgot to get photos earlier," he said, taking a couple of me with the two boys before handing the camera to Laura.

I took his dick into my mouth. Three at once. Wow! Wow! WOW!

"Come on boys. Fuck the little slut senseless." This was quiet little Laura?!!!

I pulled my mouth off James for a second, "That's 'fearless little slut', miss." Back to work.

As they obeyed her, she kept taking photos.

"Why are you holding back, James?" she asked.

"Because it's you I want to fuck senseless."

At that moment I felt both Pete and Paul cum inside me which brought on my own climax.

When I was back in the world of the living again, I watched Laura being royally fucked by James. Pete had taken the camera and was taking lots of pictures.

When James had finished and withdrawn, Pete took a photo of cum leaking out of Laura's pussy.

I just had to taste it. "You said you missed the photos of us together earlier." I stuck two fingers into her pussy and brought out some of his cum, put it in my mouth, then put my tongue right into her.

"Not fair, I want some," cried Laura, so I moved round and positioned my pussy over her face, then dived back into hers.

Of course James had to get some great shots of Laura with her tongue in my pussy.

I rubbed myself over her face smearing her with cum, then turned round again so that he could get us kissing.

"There's a couple of empty pussies here," I challenged, but the boys were spent, for a while anyway.

Laura and I washed each other down, then James gently dried her and dressed her, while Pete and Paul did the same for me.

Paul gently picked up Heather so as not to wake her and carried her through the club. We heard one girl bitch "What a slut" when she saw Heather being carried out. Laura and I looked at each other and giggled.

We went outside to a row of waiting taxis. Paul gently put her in a back seat and sat in there himself, resting her head on his lap.

The other four of us got into another taxi and I immediately asked the driver if he had some paper and a pen I could borrow. I tore the paper in thirds and gave one piece to Laura and another to Pete with my address and phone number on each piece. I got Pete, James and Laura to write down their details on the third bit.

"I don't believe the things you got me to do tonight," said Laura. "You're a bad influence, Hurricane Slut."

We all laughed.

"She's a wonderful influence," retorted James.

"And you're not biased I suppose?" she asked, then turned to me. "If you come again, what will you do then? Get me gangbanged?"

"No, that's Heather's speciality," I joked, feeling a bit bad as I let it slip out.

"I just hope James doesn't expect me to act like this every night."

"No, just once or twice a week will do, so long as you keep me going in between." That earned him a punch in the ribs.

The taxi had a wide back seat and I had claimed the middle for Laura and me. Laura was on my right so Pete had gone round the back and climbed in on my left. James was next to Laura by the other door.

Laura sank back into the seat and sighed. She still had that just-fucked air about her and a little smile that seemed to be remembering James and a certain VIP lounge. Pete had his arm round my shoulders.

I was too wired to relax so I whispered to Pete, "What do you think? Wanna make the driver's night?"

He had the perfect answer. He reached up to the roof and found a switch that turned on an overhead light. It was just like a spotlight on Laura and me. Wicked!

"Appearing for one night only," Pete announced, "Direct from Club Color, the lovely, the amazing... Shelley!"

Suddenly I had the attention of a surprised Laura, never mind the driver.

"Hang about, Shelley," she warned. "Screwing around in a club is one thing. But whatever your evil mind is plotting, I'm sure it's illegal in public." She turned to James. "Help me out here, dammit!"

James leant over and kissed her cheek. "Babe, whatever Shelley gets up to here, it can't be worse than banging your boyfriend on a pool table in an open pub. Anyone could have walked in on us back there, and I don't think either one of us would have given a fuck."

Pete was there before me, "Yeah, you guys were way too busy giving each other a fuck."

Even Laura laughed at that. "Well-ll-ll I suppose that's right." Then she suddenly grabbed James' face between her hands. "Did you just say 'boyfriend', you cheeky bugger?"

"Might 'a' done. Can't remember. Guys, did I say 'boyfriend' just now?"

I slammed my hand over Pete's mouth. This was NOT a time for something sarky from him. I kept quiet as well.

"Right, James Whatever-the-rest-of-your-name-is. You better give me the right answer right now. Do you want me to be your girlfriend?"

James came up with the right answer. He reached a hand behind her head and pulled her into a kiss that I could almost taste as well. Laura was pushing herself so hard into the kiss that I could feel the pressure of her butt pushing back against my hip. It was Rather Nice.

But if this was not a time for Pete's humour, it was certainly also not the time for Shelley's wandering hands, although it was really hard to resist touching her. She was moving her whole body now, including what was touching me.

When Laura decided breathing was important again, she grinned stupidly at me, "Go ahead, do your worst, girl. I don't give a fuck any more." Now THAT was funny.

I briefly hoped the driver wouldn't crash the taxi but decided that we weren't moving fast enough to be that worried. I took a deep breath and muttered so only Pete could hear, "Showtime!"

I reached for the zippers by my left boob but Pete's hand was already there. Zip, zip, pull and I could feel the cool night air on my nipple just like earlier. My nipple still liked the feeling. Pete leant down to suck on me, but I pulled his head up again.

"Think of our audience, babe. I don't think the driver wants to see the back of your head."

"Oh." The dear boy sounded genuinely disappointed, but nonetheless went to work on my tit with his fingers. He rubbed, he squeezed, he tweaked, every move firm and tender at the same time. He wet his palm with his tongue and started rotating his hand in mid-air so that his palm was teasing the tip of my nipple. God, he was good.

Laura's eyes had gone all gooey as she watched Pete's hand doing its thing. I decided Laura's time had come. I quickly unzipped my other boob. That nipple was hard even before the air hit it.

"This one's lonely, Laura."

Nothing more was needed. Laura twisted round and bent her head to my tit. Her lips surrounded the nipple. At first she just sucked soft little sucks, but soon I felt her tongue as well pushing and licking. She's done this before, I thought, and not just at the club tonight. They didn't teach her that technique in Sex Ed., that's for sure.

She looked up at me and smiled then reached over behind Pete's head and pulled it down to my left tit as she returned her mouth to my right one. Two nipples, two busy mouths, I was toastin', roastin' and coastin'. Then without warning Laura bit down hard. A sudden jolt went straight from my nipple to my pussy. I gasped loudly, the first sound any of us had made for quite some time.

What she had been doing before, and what Pete was doing now had made me forget I even had a pussy. But not any longer! Now everything they did was in stereo, half on my tits, half in my pussy. I didn't know if I could cum just from what they were doing but I was willing to find out.

I was able to reach down behind the mesh across Laura's chest and caress her tits. The first time I squeezed a nipple she gave a small cry and pushed my hand hard against her with one of her hands. Clearly she was as needy as I was.

"Pete," I whispered, "I'll make it up to you later, but Laura..."

Pete grinned back, "Go for it, babe. I don't mind watching."

"James?"

"If Laura's cool, I'm cool."

Laura had not said a word since giving me the green light. Now she sat up and leant back against James. She pulled up her skirt and tried to spread her legs. I manoeuvred (another word I had to look up to spell correctly) round and knelt on the floor so she could get one leg on the seat and one on the floor. Her pussy was pointing directly at me, and over my shoulder at the driver. I realised the taxi wasn't moving any more and that the driver was kneeling up and leaning over the front seat to watch.

The thong I'd bought her was completely transparent again from her juices. I peeled it to one side so all of us except James could admire her pussy. It was swollen and looked very wet. The only hair she had down there was a dark narrow strip about three inches long from the top of her pussy towards her navel. That's your lot, boys, I thought and leant forward covering her pussy with my open mouth.

I could concentrate here on what I was doing, not like back at 'Club Crazy'. Her pussy tasted even better now than it had before. I started with long slow licks from her arse up and across her clit. Each time my tongue touched her clit her whole body shuddered. She was close.

I stopped for a moment and looked up towards her face. James had pulled down the top of her body and was very busy with his hands on her tits. I watched as he squeezed both nipples at the same time.

"Shit, babe," she growled, "Do that again." So he did. Her body writhed even though I was nowhere near her pussy.

Now she glared at me. "Don't even think about stopping. I need this."

I went back to work. This time I used my fingers too, probing for her G-spot. I think I found it when she yelped and said something none of us could understand.

That's when Pete said, "You shouldn't be left out, Shelley."

He reached underneath me and unzipped my skirt, then pulled the whole thing up round my waist giving the driver a clear view of my naked arse. I was already almost as wet as Laura so Pete simply started to fuck me slowly with two of his fingers. That boy is going get his later, whatever he wants. He must have been watching Laura carefully because his fingers sped up as Laura got even closer. I kept working her pussy with my fingers now and concentrating on her clit with my mouth. Then Laura started to cum and Pete must have used his other hand to rub my clit hard. Holy Fucking Shit! I was gone!

When I was awake again my mouth was full of Laura's juices. Pete was gently rubbing my pussy area while his other fingers kept moving in and out slowly. Then Laura pulled my head up to hers and kissed me deeply.

She broke the kiss and, leaning back against James, found her normal voice again.

"First James, now you. The best fucks I've ever had." Then she smiled. "Your turn?"

"Not now," I sighed, "Heather is gonna be worried about me again if she wakes up and I'm not there."

I turned to Pete. "You, on the other hand, are on a promise. Whatever you want, however you want it."

I noticed the driver. He was dumbfounded. "Mr. Driver, has this taxi run out of petrol?" Everyone laughed.

Pete suddenly remembered the meter. "How much is this ride gonna cost us?" He sounded worried.

"Don't worry, mate. I flipped the meter a long time ago. I'm going off the clock now. After your little show, ladies, I'm gonna have to take my break. There is someone I know not far from your hotel. I'm gonna make her head spin." I thought of the girls in Rugby and smiled to myself.

I reached into my bag and handed him a tenner. "Will this cover it?" I asked.

"More than enough, darlin'."

I told the driver to keep the change. Pete looked insulted so I gave him a little kiss. "Don't you worry, babe. I'm starving again and thirsty and Room Service is not cheap. By the time the night is over, you may end up grateful I paid for the ride. And James, I bet Laura could use something to eat as well."

Laura had a giggle fit. "You better feed me, sweet thing. Otherwise I may do something later you'll find very, very painful."

"Yeah," I added, "Supper, blow-job, a hungry girl could get confused."

All of us were laughing now, the driver loudest of all.

I looked again at the driver. He was NOT bad-looking, in an ancient sort of way.

"What's your name?" I asked him.

"George."

"Married, George?"

"Nope. Tried it once but it didn't work out. She's in the Midlands somewhere now with a nice bloke and a cute daughter."

You know how you suddenly form an impression about someone, good or bad, and you haven't a clue how or why. Well, for some reason I got a really nice vibe off this guy. I decided to add another item to my list of sexy things I wanted to do. This item read, "Fuck a nice old guy."

Then I remembered something he'd said earlier. "George, this 'someone not far from our hotel'. She wouldn't be a working girl, would she?"

"She would. Her name's Sally, but when she's working she calls herself Michelle."

"Sounds like you've known her a long time?"

"About four years. Why?"

"I'll tell you in a minute. Are you nice to her?"

"Yeah, I think so. I give her presents for her birthday and Christmas, and I occasionally take her out for a meal. And I take 'working girl' seriously. Sometimes she wants to give me a pass but I always pay, except for MY birthday and Christmas."

"You're a good guy, George. Now I'll tell you why I'm asking all these questions. One of my best friends is... a whore." I felt Pete, Laura and James staring at me. I looked at them. "What? Whores can't have friends?"

As usual Pete was first. "No, of course they can. It's just that you're kinda young to have one as a friend. That's all, really."

He sounded cool about it. I wonder if he realised how close he was for a second or two to NOT being invited to stay with me that night.

I turned back to George. "When I come back to London to visit, any chance you could drive me around?"

"No problem, love." He reached behind his back and produced a business card and handed it to me. I read "George Marks, Driver for Private Hire" and a phone number.

I knelt directly in front of him. "Those questions I asked about Sally. You gave all the right answers, you know." I took his face in my hands and kissed him. He had thick lips but they were as soft as a girl's. Our tongues met and I thought, wow, what a big tongue he's got!

"George, if you drive for me do you think we could come to some kind of arrangement about the money?"

"Do you mean what I think you mean, love?"

"My name's Shelley not 'love', and yes, that's exactly what I mean." That new item I added to the list in my head? I crossed out "a nice old guy" and wrote in "George". And not because of that tongue of his.

He asked for his card again and wrote something on the back. "My mobile. I always answer that unless I'm asleep. Not many people have that number."

"Does Sally?" I asked.

"Yes."

He got my trademark quick kiss on his nose. "Now, George, how far are we from our hotel?"

"About three minutes. You all ready?" All of us said yes.

Laura asked James, "What's the best way for Pete, and Paul I guess, to get into the girls' room?"

"Well I don't think they can just waltz across the lobby. We should be able to get them round the back and up the service lift though. What do you think?"

"Sounds right to me," Laura replied.

I gave George one more quick kiss when we got to the Hotel. The four of us found Heather and Paul sitting in the bar. Heather still looked sleepy.

"Where've you guys been?" I think she was too tired to really be annoyed. At least I hoped so.

Laura kissed me on the lips briefly and then answered, "Shelley and I made the taxi stop. The driver wanted to watch the show."

Paul laughed but Heather just shook her head wearily, "I don't know why I bothered to ask. I should have known better."

I squatted down next to her and spoke very quietly, "Sis, do you want Paul to stay the night?"

They looked at one another and both answered yes without looking back at me.

"Great, I want Pete to stay as well. So here's the plan. Laura and James will sneak the boys up to our room so no one else knows. I guess you and I should say goodnight to our friends and go up first."

I glanced at James and he nodded. Then he squatted next to me with a big grin.

"Let's do it like they do in a spy flick. I'll knock twice on your door, wait and knock twice more, okay?"

"Cool," I grinned back. What a night! Even the teeny-tiny things were fun.

Then Laura used an ordinary voice. "It's time for me to take James home. Maybe we'll get some sleep sometime. I'm not sure."

"Sounds like a challenge, woman!"

"You up for it, man?"

"Last time I looked," he nodded.

Everybody hugged everybody else in case we were being watched, then Heather and I went up to the room. Poor thing, she leant against me all the way up to our room. She was exhausted.

About five minutes after I shut our door I heard "knock-knock, pause, knock-knock".

I cracked the door and asked, "What's the password?"

Pete was still quick despite the hour, "Randy buggers."

In they came, both of them grinning.

Heather spoke first, "Paul, I gotta apologise to you. I'm still so tired that I just want to sleep. Sorry."

"Don't worry, babe. I already knew that." Then he chuckled, "That phrase everyone uses when they're trying to be polite about sex, sleeping together? Well, that's us for tonight. Besides I want to be here when you wake up. That should be fun."

"Well I hope I wake up before breakfast then," Heather smiled, "Because we have to get an early train."

"Shall I help you undress?"

"Please."

That was the last thing Heather or Paul said. Pete and I watched while Paul undressed Heather and then himself. He pulled back the bed clothes for her and she literally fell into bed. Paul pointed at the light and I nodded. I switched on the bathroom light and left that door open just a crack so when Pete switched off the main light there was just enough light from the bathroom to keep us from tripping over the furniture. I looked over at Paul lying there with my sister. What a smashing bloke he is. He was on his side facing the other way and holding Heather against his chest. I couldn't make out how she was lying.

I put my mouth right next to Pete's ear and whispered, "Here comes another first for me... silent fucking. Do you think you can manage that?"

Pete nodded and started to undress me. Then I did the same for him. We carefully pulled the bed clothes down off the foot of the bed until there was only a sheet and the pillows left on top. I lay down on my back and opened my arms for him.

He lay next to me and we started kissing. Funny, I thought, for all the sex I'd had tonight I'd done very little kissing. We made up for that now. Short kisses interrupted long ones. This was nice. I was pleased the room was warm so we were comfortable lying there naked. I could feel his cock jabbing into my tummy, but I knew there was no hurry and that made it even nicer.

Pete took a string of little kisses over to one of my ears and blew gently into it. That made me shiver, so I did the same to him except I licked all over his ear as well. Then he pushed me on my back and licked his way to the tops of my tits. Round and round them he went with his mouth getting close to my nipples before veering away without touching them. I knew he was teasing me but I loved it. There was a kind of lovely tension building in my tummy that I'd never felt before. It seemed like it was so fragile that if he did more than he was doing right then, it would go and I wasn't ready to lose it just yet.

Then he ever-so-gently sucked a nipple into his mouth. Sure enough the feeling in my tummy went but it went with a little explosion of warmth that stretched from that nipple through my tummy and down into my pussy. He moved to my other nipple with his mouth but not before he repeated his trick from in the taxi. He wet his palm with spit and teased the first nipple while sucking on the second one.

I wondered if I could give him the same kind of pleasure by using my mouth on his nipples so I dragged him up for a kiss and whispered, "My turn. Are a guy's nipples as sensitive as a girl's?"

"I don't know, but I do know I like them licked and bitten gently."

I had my orders so I pushed him onto his back and got down to it. I licked and sucked and used my teeth carefully. I could tell from his breathing that he was digging this. Really cool. I went back up for some more kisses but then I felt something in my pussy that screamed, "For chrissakes, fill me!"

I raised my head and whispered, "Let's fuck now... but can I be on top?"

He grinned and nodded. I got up on my knees straddling him and reached down for his cock. Amazing, I thought, this was the first time I had actually touched it this time. He was HARD and I was WET so getting him in me was the easiest thing in the world to do. He grabbed my waist to help me get into the right position and then I just relaxed downwards. He slid into me smoothly as I dropped all the way down until our pubes met. I leaned forward and started fucking him, mostly with my hips moving more backwards and forwards than up and down.

I was doing it slowly and he started thrusting his hips up and down just as slowly. Doing it this way meant his hands could do wonderful things. Breasts, nipples, sides, tummy, his hands were everywhere, moving constantly, and I could feel every caress as if he had never touched me there before. He pulled me down so our mouths were close. But we didn't kiss, instead we took turns licking each other's lips. That was pretty wild too. His hands had moved round to my back and arse. This was a whole new area for his hands to explore. Again wherever he touched me I tingled.

And all the time we kept fucking, never speeding up but never stopping either. I had lost all sense of time. I only knew that at some point soon I was going to cum. I looked at him and asked, "Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes, real soon now."

"Should we go faster?"

"Haven't a clue, babe. Let's not and see what happens."

Some time after that I felt his his cock get thicker (I think) and then start to spurt. I was nearly there but not quite. After he stopped and we went back to our rhythm it started for me. I had never cum like this before. It started somewhere deep in my pussy and slowly spread, into my thighs and down my legs, through my tummy up to my breasts and nipples, and strongest of all right up my spine to my brain. Nothing exploded but absolutely everything felt wonderful. And through it all Pete and I kept up the rhythm. Then suddenly I stopped. I had no energy left at all, but I didn't care. I just wanted this feeling to last.

But of course it didn't. It went slowly though so I could enjoy its going almost as much as its cumming. Pete just held me in his arms. I wanted to stay like that but didn't think that it would work, not all night. I rolled off him and flopped on my back.

He got up on one elbow, kissed me tenderly then asked me, "Which side do you want to sleep on?"

"Don't know. I've never done this before. What about you?"

"I've done it twice before and both times I was on your side. But I'll stay on this side tonight and see what it's like." Then he chuckled, "This'll mean I get the damp patch. Lucky you."

He got up and fetched the bedclothes from the floor and laid them over me. Then he switched the bathroom light off and slipped in next to me. He was on his back and I was on my side facing him with my head on his shoulder. I remember nothing else.

Samantha, part 7

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY NIGHT

I'd planned on getting the school bus back, but Tanya insisted that I go back with her and Teresa in her car.

Mr Tyler had arranged for us to leave through one of the side exits, but even so, we braced ourselves for the inevitable horde of photographers and reporters. Miraculously there were none. I didn't understand why, but I was grateful for a bit of peace after this incredible evening. I wasn't to find out why there were none until later in the evening.

It felt strange sitting in the car with Tanya and Teresa, two girls I'd know for so long, and yet not known at all. We were all silent, lost in our own little worlds.

I thought about everything that had happened so far this week, from the scared and lonely girl I had been on Monday morning to someone capable of handling that photographer. (Okay, I'd had help, but I had organised that mini-photo-shoot for him.)

This evening had been like an incredible roller-coaster. From near despair to the tension of the performance (now it was over I could admit to myself how nervous I'd been), to the elation afterwards. The judge's comments actually went over my head a bit, but Mr. Tyler (Willy - that is so sweet) being so pleased with me, that meant something. And the row with my Mum left me feeling, I don't know, not the "poor little Sam" I had been any more.

It was really weird, but the contract offer that would have meant so much to me, didn't. I mean it was great, but it paled into insignificance compared to seeing the tears in Danielle's eyes as she said that she was proud of me.

And as for the reaction of the choir, genuinely happy for me... Especially these two. I couldn't believe what they'd done for me. By now we were out of the city traffic and about to pull onto the motorway and I burst into tears. It wasn't that I felt upset, just overwhelmed I think. But Tanya immediately pulled over.

"Sam, what's the matter?"

"I just realised what I've been missing all this time."

They didn't understand.

"All this time I've been complaining I had no friends and at the same time not letting anyone get close. And then the two of you go and do something wonderful like tonight. I've been so stupid."

"You think you're the only one?" said Teresa. "I've been fantasising about Tanya for months and was too scared to tell how I felt until today."

"Ditto," said Tanya simply. "So let's make a deal. From now on, no hiding things from each other, no secrets."

"Deal," said Teresa and I together.

Tanya dropped Teresa off first, then took me "home" to Laura's.

"Now I must get home to tell my parents what I've been up to in case it gets on the news," she said. "See you in school."

"Bye, and thanks again." After I shut the door, I smiled to myself, ...when it gets on the news, Tanya.

In spite of the diversion to Teresa's I had arrived home first, a combination of Tanya's fast car and even faster driving.

The phone was ringing, so I raced to answer it. It was a man for Laura, so I promised she'd ring him back when she got home in a few minutes.

Danielle and Laura arrived home soon after with Suzie and Stephen. Laura made her phone call.

"They want me to work tonight," she told her Mum.

"Oh darling, no. This is Sam's special night and it's not as if you need the money."

"It's only a topless so the cane marks mostly won't show and they're pretty faded now anyway. I need to do it, Mum. After the last few days, I need to know I can still cope." She turned to me. "Sam, I'm really sorry. You were great tonight. Have a nice time with Mum and the others."

"Will you be okay?" I asked her.

"That's what I need to find out," she replied.

"Danielle, why don't you go with her?"

"Me? Go to one of Laura's strips?"

"Why not? I bet she'd feel happier this time knowing you were there."

"But it's your night," she argued.

"Then do it as a favour to me," I responded. "Look, you were both there for me when I needed someone. Now it's time to think of yourselves."

She kissed me. "Are you sure you're going to be alright?"

"I've got Suzie and Stephen here. I'll be fine."

But before they went, we turned on the news. Sure enough, it included an item on the concert. I felt a bit sorry for the choir that actually won as they were hardly mentioned. The item ended with a brief interview with Laura and Suzie, outside the main entrance. At the beginning of the interview, they kissed each other, and that wasn't so brief. No wonder the cameras couldn't stay off them. When they cut back to the studio and a slightly embarrassed newsreader, I suddenly saw everything.

"That's how Tanya and Teresa got me out so easily. Mr. Tyler sent us out one way while you two distracted the press for me. That was incredible."

Laura and Suzie grinned. "All in a day's work," said Laura, not noticing the look of hurt that appeared briefly on Suzie's face.

When Laura and Danielle had gone, I turned to Suzie and said, "Okay, I've got a reasonable request."

"I'm sorry, Sam," she said, "I'm just not in the mood."

"What's wrong?"

She hesitated a little too long. "Nothing, just tired."

"Come on, clothes off."

"No. I told you, I'm not in the mood."

"Stephen, help me please." I started to undo her jeans, while Stephen held her arms.

"Alright, alright, I'll do it."

While she undressed I fetched a blanket and folded it in half and put in on the table. I patted the table, "On the table, please."

She hopped onto the table. "Assume the position, please."

"Getting bossy now she's a big star," laughed Suzie.

Without a word I began to lick from her foot all the way up her leg, stopping just short of her pussy. Then the same with her other leg.

I slowly licked around her pussy and used my fingers to open her up. "Sam, I know I said you owed me, but you don't.... FUCK! Where did you learn THAT?"

I'd just sucked quite hard on her clit, while stroking inside her pussy with a finger. I let her clit go and grinned, "I've been practising."

I began working her with my fingers again, bringing her to the point of cumming, then easing off. "Now, you weren't in the mood, so I'd better take my time until you are, hadn't I?" I said.

"Sam!" she nearly screamed at me, "If you don't ..." She couldn't speak as I brought her finally to a climax. I lapped at her pussy as she came, probably making the most disgusting noises.

I stood up and kissed Stephen knowing that he could taste Suzie all over my mouth. I was about to undo his trousers to give him a blow job when Suzie said, "Right, Sam. Clothes off, right now. Get on this table and spread 'em. Two can play at this game."

"Only if we '69'," I said. So I lay on the table, with Suzie lying over me, and we began licking each other, first slowly, then like crazy.

"Hmm," said Suzie, "I wish I had my dildo."

"Don't worry, we've got the real thing here already. It's about time he did something after all the entertainment we've given him."

She laughed and I said to Stephen. "Okay, this girl needs fucking bad. Get in here and make yourself useful."

I held her wide open so he slid straight into her. I tried (not very sucessfully) to lick her and fondle his balls as he pounded into her.

How he kept going until after she came I don't know, but he did. I put his dick in my mouth and licked him clean, before turning to Suzie. I licked out every drop of their combined juices, then used my fingers to pull out more of their cum.

When she got up and looked at me, she said, "Sam, you look disgusting."

"She looks wonderful to me," said Stephen. I thought he was just being gallant until I saw the look in his eyes. It gave me goosepimples.

I kissed him and we devoured each other, his hands roaming over my body, while I gently wanked his dick.

He stopped me. "Sam, If you don't stop doing that, I'm going to need to fuck you. And I don't want either of us to regret it in the morning."

I was about to say, "I won't regret it," when he continued, "And besides, I have something special planned for us, so we'll both have to be patient. I'd better go, before we really do get carried away."

I reluctantly let go of this dick which I knew would be inside me soon. "I wouldn't want to spoil your surprise and I think I need to talk to Suzie privately. Will I see you tomorrow?"

"I'm not sure I could cope with heavy girl talk anyway," he grinned.

Before he could go, I knelt down and kissed the tip of his dick, saying, "And I'll see you tomorrow too."

"Sam," he said, exasperated and turned to leave quickly.

When he'd gone, I confronted Suzie. "I think I understand what's wrong."

She didn't answer.

"Well, let me guess. You get about as much support from your parents as I did from my Mum, right?"

I took her silence to mean I was right.

"And you see Heather and Shelley not only with a supportive Mum, but with each other. And then there's Laura with a great Mum. And now suddenly I end up moving in here, and you feel left out."

"How?"

"Because that's how I would feel if you'd moved in here and I'd been left at my house alone."

I realised then how her face had softened at Laura's name a moment ago.

"And you're jealous of me with Laura too, aren't you?"

She turned her face away.

"Laura is like my sister. It's wonderful and she's great, but it's nothing more than that."

She was crying softly. "I'm sorry."

Oh no, I understood now. Teresa and Tanya all over again. "Does Laura know how you feel?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you think you should tell her? Tanya and Teresa both suffered for months because they couldn't bring themselves to tell each other how they felt."

"And what if she doesn't feel the same way?"

"Then at least you'll know. Suzie, I know it's not much, but even if Laura is my sort-of adopted sister, whatever happens, we'll be friends, okay?"

"You're wrong," she said.

"About what?" I protested.

"You're wrong about it not being much."

We hugged each other.

Apparently we were sleeping on the sofa together, still naked but very comfortable, when Danielle and Laura walked in.

Laura, part 8

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY night, FRIDAY Morning and early Afternoon

I tried to excuse myself by saying if it hadn't been for Ghastly Gordon on Tuesday, none of this would have happened. I would have gone out with Mum, Sam, Suzie and Stephen for a nice meal and returned home to bed. I would never have gone to that show and come back to find Suzie curled up with Sam. And I'd never have hurt her like I did.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Mr. Tyler somehow managed to arrange for Sam to sing at the concert despite Mr. Graham banning her. In fact Mum and I never saw Mr. Graham all evening.

Sam had been fantastic at the concert and she knew it. Tanya and Teresa had joined Suzie and me in stripping naked to support Sam in the first bit and the whole front row had been naked for the second, which included Sam's big solo.

Sam was on such a high that she'd handled some sleazy press guy like a pro and had got us to pose with her for photos, naked of course.

Sam was going back with Tanya and Teresa, so Mr. Tyler called me over discreetly. "Can you do me a favour?"

"Depends what it is."

"Would you and Suzie distract the press out the front while I sneak Sam out the back?"

Sounded like fun. I know it seems nasty but I was missing being the centre of attention. I found Suzie chatting with Mum and said, "Sorry to interrupt but I need to borrow Suzie. Mr. Tyler's asked us to distract the press so he can get Sam out of here."

We walked out of the main doors to camera flashes. There was a moment of amusement all round when a young male reporter tried to put a microphone in my face, but tripped over and the microphone hit my cheek. I caught his arm to try to stop him falling, but only succeeded in turning him over so that he landed on his back looking straight up between my legs.

"I know you want an interview, but you could have just asked me questions. Or is this a new interview technique?"

The poor guy turned red and tried to get up, but I was enjoying this. As he pulled himself back so he could sit up, I pulled his head into my crotch, and cried out, "Oh, Oh, Oh, do me more, you're SO good at that!"

Suzie burst out laughing as he finally managed to extricate himself, redder than ever, probably realising that he was going to be in a lot of photos. I even saw the photographer Sam had made us pose for earlier snapping away.

I straightened up and put my arm around Suzie. "I think the first question must go to our friend here," I said, finally letting him go.

The poor guy pulled himself together. "Wh..What's it like going to Slut School?"

Suzie started to say, "It's not..." but I beat her with "I think you just found out. Do you like it?"

He muttered some reply I couldn't hear, but obviously some of them did and there was more laughter. The poor guy tried to retreat, but Suzie said, "Laura, don't be cruel. He's only doing his job." Then she went up to him and kissed him. Judging from his face, I don't think that made him feel less embarrassed.

"Call that a kiss?" I said to her, pulling her to me and kissing her on the lips. "Now THIS is a kiss," and I kissed her again, harder this time. I felt her tongue slip into my mouth and she went so weak I had to hold her against me.

I could feel the softness of her body against my skin. She felt so lovely I never wanted to let her go. She had forgotten the press as she melted in my arms. I realised with a shock that this kiss meant more to her than it did to me. What was I doing to her?

Come to that, what was she doing to me?

I broke the kiss abruptly. "We have questions to answer," I told her.

Realising the situation again she blushed redder than the poor reporter had done.

"Next question?" I asked.

"Is Samantha going to do all her performances naked?"

"No. This was simply because we are in the Program this week."

"Is she a lesbian too?"

"No, she's not, and nor are we."

"Has she got a boyfriend?"

"You're too old for her," I said quick as a flash, deciding that if Sam wanted to tell them, she'd have to tell them herself. Until then, it was her business and not theirs.

"Come on, has she got a boyfriend?"

"You'll have to ask her."

"When is she coming out?"

I looked at my watch, "About five minutes ago. Now that we've done our job for the evening, we'll say goodbye."

I turned and took Suzie's hand and we walked back inside. I heard at least one voice saying "bitches" and I grinned at Suzie.

The drive home was strangely quiet. Suzie seemed to be deep in thought and I was trying to think what the hell I could do about her. Even Stephen was quiet, sensing the tension. Mum tried to make conversation a few times, but eventually gave up.

When we got home, Mum turned to us and said, "I don't know what's up between you two, but this is Sam's night. Don't spoil it for her."

"We won't, Mum," I assured her.

Sam told me I had to ring Geoff, my boss at the agency.

Someone had let them down for a oil-wrestling show. It was only topless, so I knew the remaining marks from the caning wouldn't show. I jumped at the chance.

Mum wasn't pleased when I told her.

"Oh, darling, no. This is Sam's special night and it's not as if you need the money."

"It's only a topless so the cane marks mostly won't show and besides they're pretty faded anyway. I need to do it, Mum. After the last few days, I need to know I can still cope."

All that was true. Although my performance with the reporters had boosted my confidence, after this awful week, I wasn't really sure I would feel in control enough to do a strip show again. And a wrestling show with a bunch of others girls was a nice and easy, no-pressure way to get back into it.

What I didn't tell her was that I also needed to get away from Suzie, to try and think things out. Suzie was falling for me, big style, and if I was honest with myself, I was beginning to feel the same way. I was glad I wasn't a guy or everyone would have seen my reaction when her tongue slipped into my mouth tonight. As it was I wondered if she'd felt me shiver when she was pressed against me earlier. I hoped not. But I didn't feel ready for this. It was still too soon.

Then I told Sam how wonderful she'd been and to have a good time with Mum and the others.

Sam was just concerned about me. "Will you be alright?"

"That's what I need to find out," I answered.

Then Sam was wonderful. She persuaded Mum to come with me, on what was supposed to be HER special night. Any other time I'd have DIED to have Mum at a show, but I really wanted her there for me tonight.

"Are you sure you're going to be alright?" I asked Sam, feeling guilty.

"I'll be fine with Suzie and Stephen."

We watched the news report which included Sam at the concert and Suzie and the kiss and the interview afterwards. Suzie didn't look at me, but kept her eyes firmly on the screen.

When Sam commented on it I just said, "All in a day's work."

Mum and I left and I felt the tension begin to slip away.

"She's very nice," said Mum in the car.

"Who?"

"Mrs. Gloucester," she replied, giving the name of our next-door neighbour, who was a grade A bitch who thought she was above everyone else in the street. "Who do you think I meant?"

I shrugged.

"You know Suzie's falling for you, don't you?"

Does Mum ever miss ANYTHING? I complained to myself.

"And how do you feel about her? Don't bother answering, your face just did."

"I'm not ready for this, Mum."

"Then you'd better make it clear to her, before you really hurt her. Or even better, you could stop living in the past."

Was that what I was doing?

I didn't have time to think about that any more as we pulled into the car park of the Rugby Club.

Showtime.

I slipped into "Lili-mode" at once and was relieved to find that it still fit me like a glove.

Lili is my stage name, and switching to being Lili was like becoming another person.

Okay, maybe it's not that different from the ordinary me, but for some girls it is.

One older girl I knew, Michelle, was not much different from how Sam had been, really shy and withdrawn. But when she was performing, she became Brooke, a totally different person, confident, out-going, afraid of nothing. She told me once that she had to give a small presentation to her group at university and she froze up. It was important as she was being marked on it. "So I told myself, 'Come on, Brooke, you're a stripper, you can do this.' And it worked. I felt myself change and I did the whole thing straight through, no problem at all."

"Hi, Lili," said Geoff, "Thanks for coming."

"Hi, Geoff, this is my Mum. Don't mind if she stays in the changing room, do you?"

"No problem. Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Townley. Laura's told us all so much about you."

"Nothing bad I hope?" she asked.

"Oh, terrible. Like Cruella DeVille with a new litter of puppies." Mum shrieked with laughter at that. Geoff can charm anyone.

Geoff mentioned that they were talking about changing the ending of the show to full nude, so of course, I had to show him the cane marks on my bum. Amazingly he didn't ask how I got them, but simply said, "Okay, we'll add some black powder paint to the oil if they change it to nude."

We did that sometimes to make it look rougher and dirtier. It made it look like we were wrestling in used motor oil.

Because I was last to arrive, everything was set up and two of the girls had already wrestled. I quickly put on a nurse's outfit and, when the music came back on, strode out confidently. I walked up to a man who wasn't yelling or whistling and pretended to take his pulse. Pushing everyone out of the way, I pinched his nose and pretended to give him mouth-to-mouth. The others roared with laughter, as they always did.

To make up for it, I gave him a kiss, which left him almost needing resuscitation. This was me. In my element.

Feeling more confident now, I grabbed one of the more vocal men and unbuttoned his shirt, put my head against his chest and grabbed his cock through his trousers. "Yup, definitely alive," I announced to more laughter. He tried to grab at me, but I was too quick for him and spun round out of his grip.

I slipped off the uniform and threw it to Geoff. I'd chosen a black bra that barely held me in and black knickers which were lacy at the front, but a lot more full-backed than my usual thongs. Added to them were black stockings and suspender belt.

The nearly see-through front and the too-small bra would have to make up for the boring bum! I didn't hear any complaints.

I stood aside as Christine walked in. Christine had dressed as a sweet innocent schoolgirl, complete with pigtails. She had more to take off than me, so I had some time to wait.

But when she had removed her school shoes and her skirt, I went up and grabbed her and threw her in the ring. She landed with a splat splashing oil across onto the men on the other side. I jumped in beside her and ripped open her white blouse sending buttons everywhere.

While she began to get up, I stood proudly as I was booed. Christine is actually stronger than I am, but she looks cute and innocent (which she is definitely NOT), so I always play the baddie if we wrestle. It's actually more fun being bad anyway.

Acting over-confident I knew she'd knock me flying back into the oil before we started wrestling for real.

She might be stronger, but in the slippery oil that isn't as much of an advantage as you might think. Strength in the sense of endurance makes more of a difference in mud, which is heavy, but in oil, we were more evenly matched.

I finally managed to pin her and we ran off to the showers. Oil is easier to wrestle in than mud or jelly (not to mention warmer), but takes longer to wash off. We just got the worst off for now.

Christine quickly put on a white crop top (short t-shirt) and a red bikini bottom. She was to wrestle the loser of the first bout, Tai Lee, a beautiful Asian girl.

The fourth girl, who I would have to wrestle in the final, was Capricia. She was smaller than me, but the fastest mover we had. She'd had an easy win over Tai Lee, so I knew she'd be fresh whereas I was already quite tired.

"More money tonight, they've changed it to Dom.," she said.

"I can't. I still got cane stripes on my bum," I told her.

"What the fuck are you doing with cane marks? I didn't know you were into CP.."

"I'm not, dammit. They were seriously fucking me around at school. And I did some shit that gave this bitch of a teacher the excuse she was waiting for and she caned the shit out of me. That's all."

"So this is the reason Geoff is using the black shit tonight, huh?"

"Yeah, just for me," I replied sarcastically, then, "Sorry about that, but try to keep me bum down if you can."

The black powder paint would be sprinkled over the oil and once it was mixed in, it looked pretty disgusting. It was supposed to, and did, look humiliating as we shoved each other's face into it.

I knew Geoff would have added plenty of powder so it would cover well.

Sure enough, Christine and Tai Lee came into the showers covered in the black yukky stuff.

At the start Capricia and I stood together, while two of the men poured clean oil over us, to make the shirts go see-through. I put one of my bloke's hands on my boobs and he enjoyed a little play. I could see Capricia doing the same.

I held out the front of my bikini bottoms for him to pour oil into them, then made him rub it in well by shoving his hand into my bikini. He got a little cheeky down there, but he wasn't at all bad at it so I let his hand stay in there for longer than usual.

That got a cheer.

Capricia and I often do a little lesbian bit at the start of a match, just to get them really wound up. She started by stuffing her hand in my bikini and making it obvious that she was playing with me.

I forgot where I was for a moment and found myself imagining it was Suzie playing with me as I ground my pussy against her hand.

I was rudely brought back to the present when Capricia pushed me backwards into the oil. I got a good hold on her bikini and pulled down. She had to choose between losing her bikini or joining me in the muck. She chose the latter and some of the crowd booed good-naturedly.

We were both soon plastered and I managed to get her face-down in it as I rubbed her face and hair into the oil.

Letting her up, I slipped her top over her head to yells from the crowd, especially as I then gave her tits a good mauling with my icky fingers.

Her smile turned evil as she grabbed my top and tore it from me.

Although we started fairly even, her easy first round soon showed when she pulled down my bikini, flipped me on my back and sat firmly on my face. Believe me, an oil-encrusted bikini bottom jammed into your nose and mouth is not sexy. Before I could recover, Geoff threw her a big black dildo and she spread my legs and thrust it into me. Fuck, that felt good!

Leaving it inside me, she punched the air with both hands, then got up a little to pull down her bikini bottoms and sit back down over my mouth, grinding her pussy over my face while pumping the oily dildo in and out of me.

Finally she got up and pulled me to my feet. Geoff threw us towels which we wrapped around us and we ran for the showers.

Not quite what I had expected for tonight, but an easy show.

Another thing was unexpected was Mum. She was really quiet all the way home.

"How did you like the show, Mum?"

"Eh? Oh. The show. You were good. I think you worried needlessly."

"It didn't bother you seeing me doing all that?"

"No, not at all."

I could tell that her mind wasn't on this conversation. I wondered what she was thinking about but I knew better than to ask. If Mum wanted me to know, she'd tell me.

Yet another thing I wasn't prepared for was seeing Sam and Suzie curled up together, naked and asleep, when we got home.

Suzie woke up and was a little embarrassed, but Mum put her at her ease.

"I think Sam's exhausted," she said.

"After today, I'm not surprised, let's just let her sleep," said Mum, who then got a blanket to put over her. Sam just carried on sleeping, a contented smile across her face.

We went upstairs, and I couldn't help but notice the big grin on Suzie's face too. "Been having fun with my new little sister, have you?" I was only teasing a little but she went red with embarrassment and turned away.

I took her hand and turned her back to me. "It's okay." I kissed her lightly on the lips, not expecting what happened next.

She put her hands behind my head and ground her lips into mine, forcing her tongue into my mouth like some over-eager fourteen-year-old boy on a first date.

God forgive me, I responded. Maybe I was just so turned on from the excitement of the day, from the show (Capricia hadn't let me get off on the dildo!) and from all these thoughts I'd been having about Suzie all day, but I nibbled on her tongue and wound my tongue around hers.

I don't know if I pulled my clothes off or she did, probably a bit of both, but soon we collapsed naked on the bed, that kiss of ours just going on and on.

She pushed my legs apart and began probing me with her tongue. I knew I wasn't going to last long and tried to move into a 69 but she wouldn't let me. She wasn't as good at this as Heather was (yet), but then she hadn't watched me as often to learn the things that really got me going. She was so enthusiastic, though, and I soon came on her face, but she just carried on licking and licking and probing and licking, bringing me to a second orgasm in as many minutes. She was going to continue, but I couldn't take any more, so I pulled her head up to mine to kiss her again.

Call me weird but tasting my own juices on someone else's face really turns me on and I had to have her.

I pushed her onto her back and simply dived between her legs. This wasn't the gentle love-making I usually love with another girl. This was raw hunger. I licked her pussy, her arse (THAT surprised her!) and back to her pussy, using my fingers and mouth and every trick I knew to bring her close to cumming, then letting her body calm down a little, then bringing her back up to almost cumming again. She was trying to tell me something, probably to let her cum, but she couldn't speak.

I finally let her cum, and she screamed. I mean, literally screamed. Mum came upstairs and barged into my room. Poor Suzie was so embarrassed. She'd even woken Sam up, who came upstairs yawning. "What's happened?" she asked, sleepily, then realising the situation, smiled and collapsed into her bed.

Mum discreetly left us, and Suzie was exhausted and lay back on my bed with a smile. As she drifted off to sleep, she whispered, "I love you."

I felt like I'd been stabbed through the heart. WHAT had I done? All my good intentions to let her down lightly and I'd just allowed this to happen!

I went downstairs and curled up alone on the sofa. I needed to think. It was time I used my brain instead of my pussy.

I woke up far too early, but got dressed without waking anyone and went out. I had breakfast in a coffee shop half an hour's walk away and tried to put my head in gear.

This was all happening far too fast for me to cope with. I thought hard about my options.

Before this damned Program, I had only needed a reasonable average of marks from most of my subjects for three more weeks to get the grades I needed to be sure of getting into my first-choice university. (see cultural notes) Almost any marks from my last few weeks would get me into my second choice.

Then, the Program. We'd been told that we would be given 5% bonus marks for successful completion of the Program. I realised that the Program, which had caused all these problems, had just given me a way out. After this week, I figured that I deserved it. There were no school activities that I was involved in this weekend. I only had to complete today and I had enough marks for my first-choice Uni. without ever having to go back to school again.

By the time I'd arrived at school, I'd decided what I was going to do.

Because I'd gone to the coffee shop, I got to the school from the opposite direction to usual and went in through the staff car park.

I could hear shouting, but not from other students. These were men's voices.

As I rounded the corner, I came upon an amazing scene at the staff entrance. Two of the cleaners, who doubled up as security when needed, were refusing to allow Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon into the building.

I couldn't hear what they were saying, so I crept nearer, hiding and crouching behind cars to get close enough.

As I got quite close to them, Mr. Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Wright came out. They were followed a few seconds later by Mr. Claymore, and Mr. Tyler.

When Mr. Graham saw Mr. Tyler he totally lost control. "You're behind this," he shouted, "Get out of this school now, you are suspended."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Graham," said Mr. Thompson, who, to my surprise, did actually look genuinely pained by this, "But you don't have the authority to suspend anyone. You have already been suspended as deputy headmaster pending a disciplinary hearing."

Mr. Graham snorted, "Oh, yes, your famed bleeding staff meeting. You don't have the authority to do this. Now unless you allow me to enter, I will call the police."

"You are correct, we do not have the authority to suspend you, and that is not why the staff meeting was called. But perhaps you should read this fax I received last night." He handed him a sheet of paper.

Mr. Graham looked at it for a moment, then tore it up, scattering the pieces on the ground.

"That is, of course, just a photocopy, although the words 'destruction of school property' spring to mind," said Mr. Thompson calmly. I choked back a laugh at that, as he continued, "Now unless you care to challenge whether Dr. Reynolds has the authority to suspend you and Ms. Gordon, I suggest you leave before I have to call the police."

"Then what was the staff meeting for?" he demanded.

"I suppose you've a right to know. Dr. Reynolds did not take the decision to suspend you lightly. He felt it was important that he had the support of the other staff before suspending you both. I might add that that support was unanimous."

Mr. Graham said nothing.

"In fact the staff meeting went further than merely supporting Dr. Reynolds' decision. We passed a motion that the entire staff would not work from Monday if you were still in authority here."

"You dared propose that?"

"No, it wasn't my motion."

"Tell me whose it was!"

"That is confidential..." began Mr. Thompson, but he was interrupted from behind.

Mr. Moor had appeared behind Mr. Thompson and had obviously been hurrying as he was clearly out of breath. "I proposed that motion, Mr. Graham. I have respected you as a teacher for many years, but since you've been having a... relationship... with Ms. Gordon, you've become nothing more than a cowardly bully. If I had the breath for it, I'd throw you both out of here myself."

From not far behind me came applause and jeers. A large crowd of students had gathered to enjoy the spectacle.

Then I realised that Jed and the other Program boys had walked right up to the small group of staff. They were naked of course and were being stalked by a large group of girls.

"Sir," began Jed, addressing Mr. Moor. "Do I understand that we have trespassers on the grounds? I'm sure we would be delighted to help them to leave."

Mr. Graham looked at him with disgust.

Then Gerald, who I'd hardly seen all week and never heard speak in anger before, turned to Ms. Gordon. "We let you turn this school into a nightmare, but that's over. If the powers that be are insane enough to ever let you back here and you ever treat any student like you have done, you won't have to worry about hearings."

Christopher added, "We'd love the chance to show you how we treat bullies like you."

Ms. Gordon looked defiant, but Mr. Graham looked scared.

So Christopher turned to Mr. Thompson and suddenly became more polite. "Sir, Would you have any objection if we escorted Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon to his car and out of the school?"

Before Mr. Thompson could answer, Mr. Graham turned and nearly dragged Ms. Gordon back to his car. Just before he got to his car, he passed me. I stood up to face him. There was so much I wanted to say to them both, but my mind went blank, so I just said, "Goodbye."

As he got into his car, Mr. Graham shouted to Mr. Thompson, "You haven't heard the last of this."

I heard Mr. Thompson say quietly, "I sincerely hope not."

Suddenly Mr. Tyler ran up to the car, pulled something that looked like a wallet from his jacket and handed it to Mr. Graham. "You left this at the concert last night. I'm sure you might need it."

Mr. Graham started his car, then stalled it as he tried to reverse out of his parking place. The crowd, which had followed them to his car, laughed.

He started the car again, carefully reversed out, then ignoring the 5mph speed limit, roared down the drive and out the gate.

The girls immediately surrounded the five boys and I heard the familiar cries of "Reasonable Request". With a jolt I remembered that I was supposed to be naked and available as well and I ran full speed to my clothes box at the other entrance and stripped off my clothes. The first bell rang as I removed my knickers.

"Where have you been?" asked Suzie as we headed for the showers (though I didn't really need one), but we were interrupted by Miss Taylor telling us to go into assembly first.

Mr. Thompson came onto the stage and told everyone that Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon had been suspended.

Then he did something incredible. He apologised for letting us down, especially the Program girls and promised that the staff would make sure that it never happened again. He also announced that he was acting headmaster.

Then he talked about the concert last night and everyone cheered the choir and Susie and me. I was used to applause at my shows, but this was different. I began to smile until I realised that I was going to really miss this place after today.

Tanya and Teresa stripped off and announced that they wanted to stay naked. Then some girl I barely knew did the same, and so did her boyfriend, though he looked more embarrassed about it than she did.

The final cheer was for Samantha of course. When the cheering stopped, I gave Sam a hug, then Suzie did the same. Before we could leave Mrs. Johnson stopped us. I've never seen her so friendly as she congratulated Sam for her singing and all three of us for our "bravery". The other two had definitely been brave but I couldn't stop myself feeling resentful that she had called me brave for doing what was after all my job. I got away quickly, leaving Mrs. Johnson still talking to Samantha and Suzie.

Afterwards I didn't need a shower so I went straight to my first lesson.

Lessons felt weird. None of them required my participation this morning, maybe that was it, or maybe it was knowing that this was my last day at school, ever.

Between lessons I had a few reasonable requests, but even most of them were just for posing. Two guys wanted to feel my boobs and one wanted to feel my pussy and even that was just FEEL, not stick his fingers in me.

I shouldn't write this here, but I actually missed the groping. I'd become so used to having something inside me half the time that it felt strangely incomplete, lonely even, not to have someone's fingers in me ALL morning.

I would have felt really unbearably horny if my mind hadn't been on my upcoming talk with Suzie. Even as it was I was tempted to ask for relief, but one thought of having to face Suzie was enough to cool me off.

Lunchtime was almost a relief of a different sort. At least I'd get this over with.

When I got to lunch, Suzie ran up to hug me. "I haven't seen you all morning," she said between rapid-fire kisses.

"Suzie, stop it," I said, far more abruptly than I'd intended. "We have to talk."

I took her into a classroom, shut the door and pulled the curtains.

She smiled, getting totally the wrong idea.

"Suzie, this isn't going to work," I began, then continued without a breath until I finished. "I'm leaving. I go to university soon, and now I've completed the Program, I don't need any more credits to get in. I'm going away this weekend to work in Spain until I start university."

She looked at me like she didn't understand.

"I really like you, but I'm not ready for the kind of relationship you want."

She was beginning to understand.

"I never wanted to hurt you and I'm really, really sorry if I've let you believe I could give you more than I can. I think it's best if we don't see each other again so I'm going to leave tonight." (I knew I could crash at Geoff's for one night and that he could arrange a flight out tomorrow at short notice. I also knew that work would be no problem.)

Now she understood. She let out a terrible cry, "NOOOOOOOOOOOO" that just seemed to go on and on. I wanted to touch her but she pushed me away, still crying out "NOOOOOOOOOOO".

I ran to the dining hall and looked for Samantha. "She's in some meeting with the choir," I was told.

I couldn't leave Suzie like that, so I went back to the classroom, but she had gone. I ran round frantically but couldn't find her anywhere, then I ran outside and kept running until I was at the bottom of the field, alone, where I could sob in peace.

"Suzie, I'm so sorry," I thought aloud. "I never meant to hurt you."

In my mind I could still hear her desperate cry of "nooooooo" and I'm not sure I'll ever forget it.

I breathed slowly, determined to calm myself to be ready for the next lesson, so I could complete my Program week and get the hell out of here forever.

As I walked to the showers, I reasoned Sam would help her later, that they'd really hit it off this week. But I continued to feel terribly guilty as I washed my face to try to look presentable for the afternoon's lessons.

I looked around me and knew that I'd never come back here. An incredible mix of emotions buffeted me, but they brought me no relief at all from the searing pain of Suzie's agonised cry

Suzie, part 8

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Night - FRIDAY Afternoon

I just had the most wonderful evening of my life and I cannot remember ever being so happy.

As Sam wasn't going to be allowed to sing, Laura and I were going to leave, but Teresa begged us to stay and not give up hope. Shortly afterwards Tanya appeared with Sam, sharing a grin that stretched from Tanya's right ear to Samantha's left one.

To my amazement Tanya and Teresa stripped off naked to join us beside Sam during the first thing they had to sing. Nobody seemed to notice that we weren't actually singing. I guess they were distracted for some reason.

But if I was amazed, that was nothing to Mr. Tyler and Sam's amazement in the second part, when the whole front row of the choir was naked.

Somehow she recovered herself because the judges praised her like mad and she ended up with a contract with some music guy whose name meant nothing to me, although the whole choir thought it was great.

I thought at that moment that despite everything, just seeing the look of sheer delight on Sam's face made this week worthwhile. If she got any happier she'd burst.

If I felt a bit jealous, well that was just me. I was still glad things had finally gone so right for her.

Then she invited me to join her, Stephen and Laura with Laura's Mum for a celebration meal. I replied, "I don't have to get home, my parents are out of town for a long weekend." I realised that I probably sounded as bitter as I felt about them going away without me yet again, but that wasn't Sam's fault, so I forced a smile and said, truthfully, "I'd love to."

A bit after that she came running to find me again, and she got Tanya and Teresa and Laura and me to pose with her for some creepy press photographer. I couldn't help looking at her and thinking how different she was now. It was impossible to believe that this was the same Sam who'd been panicking after Assembly on Monday and scared stiff on Tuesday morning.

I was hanging around and ended up chatting with Laura's Mum. She wouldn't let me call her Mrs. Townley and made me call her Danielle. She's one of those people that only has to look at you and she seems to understand everything about you. I felt so exposed but found myself wanting to tell her how I felt about Laura.

But before I could say too much Laura reappeared beside me and said that Mr. Tyler had asked us to distract the press so he could help Sam escape.

Given how Sam had handled that other photographer, did she really NEED our help?

We walked out into the mob. Was it really only six days ago that I'd faced a press mob for the first time? It seemed a lifetime ago.

Of course this time I had Laura beside me. Perhaps that's why I felt so relaxed. She is so confident with cameras and reporters and everything. She pulled some poor reporter's face into her crotch and embarrassed the hell out of him.

Then she put her arm round me and I forgot the cameras. Okay, world, you can stop right now. I'll be happy with Laura's arm around me forever.

The reporter she'd embarrassed asked us did we like going to Slut School. I tried to say it wasn't Slut School but Laura got in first with a quip about how did HE like it?

Everyone was laughing at him and I felt so sorry for him that I went and kissed him.

Laura said that wasn't a kiss and she turned my face to her and kissed me. "Now THAT's a kiss," she said and kissed me again.

I slipped my tongue into her mouth and felt myself go limp against her.

Our kiss seemed to go on forever but it wasn't long enough for me. She reminded me that we were there to answer questions. I felt myself go red with embarrassment, all over.

I was glad that Laura answered all the questions, after that kiss I couldn't think straight. She led me back inside and when someone shouted "Bitches" (I don't know why) she looked at me with a grin on her face.

I couldn't get my head around this. I knew I loved this girl, but how did she feel? One minute we are sharing the most passionate kiss I could remember, the next she's so matter-of-fact that it's as if I wasn't there.

Even Laura's Mum, Danielle, sensed the atmosphere and warned us not to spoil Sam's special night.

My thoughts of being with Laura all evening came to an abrupt end when Sam said there had been a phone call for her. She went to the phone and came back to say she was going out to do a show.

Then we watched the news report about the concert, including the "interview" (if you can call it that) with Laura and me afterwards. They showed our whole kiss and I wanted to hide under the floor somewhere. The look on my face made it obvious to everyone that I was in love with Laura. Danielle looked at me. Sam realised how we'd distracted the press for her, then Laura said, "All in a day's work."

Ouch. I felt like I'd been punched in the stomach, but tried to keep my hurt off my face.

Danielle went to the show with Laura. I was kicking myself for not offering to go myself when Sam turned to me and said, "I've got a Reasonable Request."

Still hurting from Laura's flippant comment about our wonderful kiss, that was the last thing I wanted, but she and Stephen undressed me, not giving me any choice in the matter.

She got me on the table and told me, "Assume the position, please."

That made me laugh in spite of how I was feeling, "Getting bossy now she's a big star," I said to Stephen.

She began to tease me by licking up and down my legs. In spite of how I felt, this was nice and I felt some of the tension drain away.

"Sam, I know I said you owed me, but you don't... FUCK! Where did you learn THAT?" I'm not even sure what she'd done, but with a couple of her fingers inside me, she done SOMETHING with her tongue on my clit that had sent sparks through my whole body.

She began fingering me in earnest, but and every time I was close to cumming, she eased off, playing me like a fucking violin. She grinned at me and said, "Now, you weren't in the mood, so I'd better take my time until you are, hadn't I?"

I threatened her, "Sam, If you don't..." then she made me cum and I couldn't speak for a moment or two.

She started kissing Stephen, but I ordered her to strip and get onto the table.

She insisted we did a sixty-nine. I lay over her, but I couldn't help thinking, "I wish I had my dildo."

I must have said it out loud as she answered me saying that we had the real thing. "Okay, this girl needs fucking bad. Get in here and make yourself useful," she told him.

She fed his dick into me and this time it felt good having something thrusting into me again, just as I'd got used to the idea that I was a lesbian. Fuck. This is confusing.

Sam insisted on cleaning us both up and ended up with our cum all over her face. She even put her fingers back into me to pull out every last bit of cum she could find and wiped it over her face before licking her fingers clean. "You look disgusting," I said.

"She looks wonderful to me," said Stephen and the look on his face was something else, almost worship.

She started kissing him and I couldn't turn away, watching them share their love was hypnotic.

He told her that he'd better go or he'd ruin his plans for her losing her virginity.

Sam said that she needed to talk with me privately anyway.

When he went, she turned on me, "I think I understand what's wrong."

Did I look as stupid as I felt at that moment, I wondered.

"You get about as much support from your parents as I did from my mum, right?"

Bang. Okay girl, first shot and you got a bull's-eye, but she went on...

"And you see Heather and Shelley not only with a supportive Mum, but each other. And then there's Laura with a great Mum. And now suddenly I end up moving in here, and you feel left out."

"How?" I asked. HOW did she know that was exactly how I felt? I wanted to hate her for what she now had and I didn't, but I couldn't hate her.

"Because that's how I would feel if you'd moved in here and I'd been left at my house alone," she answered me. "And you're jealous of me with Laura too, aren't you?"

I had to look away, this was worse than Danielle seeing through me.

"Laura is like my sister. It's wonderful and she's great, but it's nothing more than that."

I suddenly felt terrible about being jealous of this girl. "I'm sorry," I cried, but she hadn't finished.

"Does Laura know how you feel?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you think you should tell her? Tanya and Teresa both suffered for months because they couldn't bring themselves to tell each other how they felt."

"And what if she doesn't feel the same way?"

"Then at least you'll know. Suzie. I know it's not much, and Laura may be my sort-of adopted sister, but whatever happens, we'll be friends, okay?"

I just thought, Sam, you're something else. Whatever life gives you, take it. You deserve every bit.

"You're wrong," I told her.

"Why?" she demanded to know.

"You're wrong about it not being much." Feeling back in control of myself again, I hugged her.

We fell asleep on the sofa, Sam in my arms, probably both smelling of our lovemaking.

We were still there when Laura and Danielle returned home. I could have died when they found us still curled up together, naked, it being really obvious what we'd been doing.

"It's okay, don't worry about us," said Danielle. "I'm just glad you had a good evening." Good? Was that how I'd describe it? I changed the subject quickly.

"I think Sam's exhausted," I said.

Danielle replied, "After today, I'm not surprised. Let's just let her sleep." She covered Sam with a blanket and Laura and I went upstairs to bed. I hadn't intended staying the night, but it seemed natural somehow.

"Been having fun with my new little sister, have you?" asked Laura. I felt myself blush.

"It's okay," she said and kissed me.

This time I was going to be in control. I pushed my tongue into her mouth and kissed her back really hard. I felt her respond.

I almost ripped her clothes off and impatiently went straight for her pussy. She tried to move so we could 69, but this were for her and only for her.

I wished I'd had a six-inch tongue so I could push it further into her, but I licked every part of her pussy that I could reach for all I was worth. When my tongue got tired I used my fingers, then back to my tongue again.

She tasted so delicious when she came, I just had to keep going and going until she came again. Then she stopped me and we kissed, much more gently this time.

Then she roughly pushed me back and began licking my pussy. She even licked my arse and my first thought was "so that's what she likes", before deciding that however dirty it seemed, I definitely liked it too.

She was even better than Sam, controlling my body and keeping me so close to an orgasm that I could barely breathe, though I tried to speak to beg her to make me cum.

Finally, when she did make me cum, it was like nothing I'd ever known and I screamed. I must have screamed really loudly as Sam came running upstairs and Danielle appeared at our door a minute later to see what was wrong.

Covered in sweat, my legs spread, with two of Laura's fingers still inside me, it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what the noise had been. God, I felt so embarrassed.

Danielle left us and Sam collapsed into her bed. Still with my legs half apart obscenely, and feeling my juices still oozing out of my pussy, I felt incredibly tired. As I fell asleep, I told her, "I love you."

When I woke up, I heard Sam downstairs, but Laura was nowhere to be seen. After a quick breakfast, I wrote my journal, I'd been too tired and too excited to write it last night.

Sam and I walked to school together. I was worried. Where was Laura? Why had she suddenly done a disappearing act? Did she regret last night? "I wonder if she'll be here already," I said aloud.

Laura wasn't by the clothes boxes at school. Now I was really worried. "I hope she's alright."

Sam replied cheerfully, "I'm sure she is. There's probably a very simple reason why she's not here." Then she asked, "Was everything okay last night?"

Even my worry couldn't keep me from grinning like a Cheshire cat, but I spoke quietly. "Yeah, only the... most... phenomenal... sex... I've ever had! I'm not worried, but..." I couldn't continue with the lie. I was worried, worried sick. I felt sure it was because of me. What had I done wrong?

Benches had been arranged along the corridor and Sam said, "Why don't you take the first bench, Suzie. So you can see when Laura gets here?"

"Good idea." I looked into Sam's eyes, full of concern for me. When was the last time someone was actually worried about me or how I was feeling? I just had to hug her. I gave her a quick kiss. "Thanks for being my friend."

She smiled back at me, ridiculously happy, then took the far bench. The Program boys were nowhere to be seen, but the older boys watching us gave me a feeling of safety I thought I'd never feel here again.

Various boys wanted to touch me. It must have been like feeling a blow-up doll, my mind was not on what was happening. I went over our lovemaking the previous night. Had I done something wrong? Something to upset her?

Even my memories of our lovemaking must have made me wet because the next thing I remember hearing was a boy in front of me saying how wet I was as he licked my juices from his fingers.

The First Bell went. Had I been day-dreaming all that time? Suddenly Laura came running from the other side of the school and almost tore off her clothes in her hurry.

"Where have you been?" I asked as we ran for the showers, but she had no time to answer because Miss Taylor stopped us and told us to go into Assembly. She handed me a comb and I realised my hair was a mess. We all used it and ran into the hall as Mr. Thompson was walking onto the stage.

Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon had been suspended, he announced. I looked at Laura to see her reaction, but there was no surprise, as if she had known all about it.

Mr. Thompson actually apologised to us, the Program girls, for everything that had happened this week. I tried to read Laura's face, but it revealed nothing.

Then he went on to talk about the choir and some of us going naked at the concert. He even made Laura and me stand up. To my amazement Tanya and Tersea and a couple of others stripped off and announced that they wanted to go naked. Tanya and Tersea looked so happy together I felt a sharp pain of jealousy.

Then there were cheers for Sam. I caught her grinning at Mr. Tyler and her eyes were bright with happiness. Laura gave her a hug, then I gave her a hug.

As we left the assembly hall, we were stopped by old Mrs. Johnson, Dr. Reynolds' secretary. She told Sam how beautifully she had sung and told us we were very brave to do what we had done.

Then she asked Sam to come to Mr. Thompson's office once she'd had a shower. Sam and I were having a quick shower when I realised that Laura hadn't joined us there. Was she avoiding me?

I bumped into Stephen between lessons and he told me what had happened in the car park. So that's why Laura wasn't with us, and why she didn't seem surprised about Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon. She'd been watching the row in the car park. She hadn't been avoiding me at all.

I was so relieved that when a girl asked me for a Reasonable Request I hugged her and kissed her, much to her embarrassment and the amusement of her friends.

At lunch I couldn't wait for Laura to come in. I wanted the world to know how we felt. The moment I saw her I ran up and hugged her, trying to give her a thousand kisses.

"Stop it," she said, "We have to talk."

She pulled me into a classroom and closed the curtains. I was already dreaming of a repeat of last night when her voice shattered those dreams.

"Suzie, this isn't going to work. I'm leaving. I go to university soon, and now I've completed the Program, I don't need any more marks to get in. I'm going away this weekend to work in Spain until I go to university."

I'm sure I must have looked stupid. Maybe I didn't hear right. How can she be going away?

"I really like you, but I'm not ready for the kind of relationship you want."

She didn't want me. Even after last night she didn't want me!

"I never wanted to hurt you and I'm really, really sorry if I've let you believe I could give you more than I can. I think it's best if we don't see each other again and I'll leave tonight."

In less than a minute I felt like my world had fallen apart. I just screamed at the top of my voice "NO!" No, this can't be. I'm in a nightmare, this isn't happening.

"NO!" Life can't be this cruel. I finally find someone to love and she doesn't want me. Am I really so unloveable? Laura and her Mum care for everyone. What was wrong with me?

Even now she tried to touch me, but I pushed her away and turned away from her. When I looked back I was alone in the room.

I ran out, not caring who saw the tears streaming down my face and ran straight out of the school.

I wanted to hate her, but I couldn't. I knew I could never face school again. It seemed like half the school had stared as I ran out in tears.

I'll ring her and tell her she doesn't have to go away. I didn't want to stay in this town any more. I had nothing and nobody here. I looked at my life bitterly and realised that I had nobody anywhere else either.

I was jerked back to reality by a car hooting at me as it went by, passing me with inches to spare.

Another car hooted at me from the other side and I heard a screech of brakes. Then I was grabbed and pulled over to the kerb.

"Laura?" I remember saying, then nothing.

Mrs. Wright had taken me home and was disappointed to find nobody there. I felt so sleepy and said so.

"Nurse gave you a sedative to calm you down. You were talking hysterically when Mr. Moor found you out on the main road."

"I'm fine now," I said. My voice felt like it had ice in it.

"Thank you for your help. I'll be fine now," I said dismissively. Mrs. Wright hesitated. "My mother will be home soon," I lied.

"If you're sure you'll be alright?"

"I'll be fine," I said, but thought, Just get out and leave me alone.

I opened the front door for her and she got the hint.

"If there's anything any of us can do..."

"There isn't. It's okay, it was just a silly row, nothing really."

I shut the door behind her.

Silly row. I was just silly enough to let myself fall head over heels in love with someone who didn't love me, that's all. And then made a public fool of myself in front of everyone.

Nothing important. Nothing important at all.

So that's my time in the Program. As I'm not going back to school, I don't know why I've bothered to write this final chapter, but somehow writing it down puts everything in perspective.

In fact writing this down and reading over everything that's happened this week has actually helped clear my mind a bit. I'm not unloveable. I know that now. If Laura has a problem, it's her problem, not mine.

Even if Laura never wants to see me again, I'm better off now than when I started. I'm really going to miss her, but I wouldn't want to go back to the shallow bitch I used to be. The only reason I couldn't feel hurt then was because I couldn't feel.

Even if I feel alone right now, I'm still less alone than I was a week ago, with friends who really couldn't give a shit about me.

Sam said she'd be my friend regardless and I know she meant every word.

I know if I went round to Heather and Shelley's they'd be all over me trying to cheer me up. That's not what I want right now, but it's nice to know they're there if I need them.

I was asked to finish with what I thought about the Program.

Not an easy question. Right now I'm more unhappy than I can ever remember being in my life, but that's not the Program's fault.

Do I regret what I did for Heather last Friday? No. (Was it really only one week ago?)

In favour? Yes. Was this week totally fucked up? Definitely Yes. If the fuck-ups got sorted, would I recommend it? Yes, I would. Hell, I'd do it again myself if they'd let me.

It's going to feel weird not having to write my life down. But perhaps, the way I'm feeling right now, it's just as well. I need some private time, just for a while.

But now I have to go, as there's someone at the door. Probably just as well, as I'm beginning to ramble on.

Suzie Peters, no longer Naked In School.

XXX

Shelley, part 12

Program WEEK TWO

FRIDAY Daytime

Pete and I were lying on a blanket in the middle of this meadow. We'd been kissing and cuddling, naked of course, in the bright hot sunshine when he started to slide his hand up the inside of my thigh towards my pussy.

"Ouch! That fucking hurts," I heard myself shout. I opened my eyes and Heather was by the bed twisting one of my toes.

"Dr. Reynolds was just at the door and we have fifteen minutes to get down to breakfast, unless you want to survive the journey back on stale sandwiches."

Railway food, yuck! Hotel food, yummy! I was starving! I'm outta here, now.

"No way, José!" as I headed into the bathroom.

I'd just pulled the chain when Pete came in. He bowed, "Washer and drier to the stars, that's me."

He got the shower turned on and stood in the bath. "Come on, babe. Don't hang about."

I got in, got wet and got stuck in. I washed my front while Pete washed my back. He spent a little more time on my arse than was strictly necessary, but hey, that was allowed. Then we both turned round and I washed him. What a great butt he has! I bent down and gave it a quick kiss before making sure it shone. We rinsed ourselves off and were out of there. Three minutes tops!

That place sure supplied loads of towels. There was a large fresh towel for each of us. It'd be faster if we dried ourselves so that's what we did. When we'd finished, Pete threw both towels into a corner and took me in his arms.

"We've got time now," and kissed me. "Thank you for a wicked evening."

I kissed him back. "Don't you forget how it ended. I won't."

He grabbed my shoulders and spun me around. "Out," he ordered and smacked me hard on the bum.

"Ow! That'll cost you next time. I shan't forget," I promised him.

When we came out the bathroom, the other two were kissing by the window.

"Hey, you guys, no fucking around, remember?"

"Fuck off, Shel, we're dressed," Heather snarled over her shoulder. "Now, where were we?"

I grinned at them but didn't say anything. My sister looked happy and that was a very, good, thing.

I was struggling into yesterday's black outfit when Heather tossed a carrier at me and said, "Knickers today, okay?"

I think I was muttering as I rummaged through the bag and I could hear Pete chuckling behind me as he dressed. At least I managed to find a thong that wouldn't hide too much. It would have to do.

Then Paul said, "Come on, bro. Let's scarper (see cultural notes). Give us a minute so we go down on separate lifts, girls, okay?"

And then they were gone. I wondered if I'd ever see Pete again. God, I hoped so.

Heather was tying her trainers when I asked her, "So, did you and Paul wake up early then?"

"Yeah," she sighed, "But then we fell asleep again." She paused. "I like him."

"Wanna see him again?"

"What do you think?" I didn't need to answer that, her face answered it for me.

"Well I've got their phone number." I patted my bag before slinging it over my shoulder.

"And I've got Paul's email." She patted a pocket on her jeans.

Both of us were laughing as we left the room.

After a great breakfast, we piled into a taxi, but the driver said, "I'll take you, but you prob'bly won't get a train. They´re on strike again so there's 'ardly any trains runnin'."

At Euston station, Dr. Reynolds asked him to wait while he found out if there was a train. There wasn't.

"Head teacher to head teacher, Julian, the inquiry, that is we, screwed up, not letting you return to where you were needed. So we need to get you back, now," stated Mrs. Chaplain firmly, "The inquiry budget will just have to stretch to plane fares." She made a quick phone call, then, "Stanstead please, driver."

Stanstead was heaving, but Mrs. Chaplain said that was normal. She left us with Dr. Reynolds while she bought four tickets to Blackpool.

I went exploring and in the food hall I saw a cute boy about my age. He had trousers that were too tight for him making his bulge obvious, so I sat near him and stared at it, I mean him. No I don't, I mean it and him. I was good and didn't flash my knickers, but he got the message anyway and came over to me.

"Like a coffee?" he asked, "Or, judging by where you were looking, something else maybe?"

"A coffee first, please."

He went and got me a coffee. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Shelley. What's yours?"

"Ricky."

"Where you flying to?"

"Isle of Man, but I have to fly to Blackpool and change planes."

"Great, that's where I'm going."

"Isle of Man?"

"No, Blackpool. But we'll share a plane."

He looked like he was going to say something, but hesitated.

"What're you thinking?" I asked.

"Have you ever joined the Mile High Club?"

I decided to play coy and say, "What's that?"

"It's a club for people who've, you know, done it, in a plane, when it's flying."

"You mean you want to fuck me on the plane?" I tried to sound angry.

"Yes, I mean no, I mean yes. Sorry."

I grabbed his hand and put it between my legs. I knew I was wet at the thought.

I stroked his dick through his trousers. "You mean you want this in here."

"Stop, you'll get us arrested," he cried pulling away. "Sod the Mile High Club, let's find a loo... now."

"Nope. That's all you get until we take off. Look but no more touch." I turned to face him and opened my legs. This was getting fun. And, dammit, I was pleased Heather had made me put on some underwear.

I dragged him back to the others. "This is Ricky. I've always wanted to join the Mile High Club, so I said he can look but not touch until we take off."

Heather gave me a despairing look and shook her head.

"Where's that coffee lounge?" asked Mrs. Chaplain. She had a look in her eyes that said she'd heard me but wasn't gonna say anything. Instead she and Dr. Reynolds followed me and Ricky to the food hall. Heather didn't want one, so she stayed where she was.

Our flight had been called for a second time and Heather still hadn't come, so Dr. Reynolds sent me to get her.

When we got on the flight, Dr. Reynolds lowered his head to me and said quietly, "I want to talk to Heather. Why don't you and your friend find somewhere more private at the back?" He was grinning. Cool.

The plane was half empty so we picked a double seat near the toilets. I LOVE take-offs and Ricky let me sit by the window. I watched as we rolled back from the terminal and seemed to crawl to the end of the runway. We stopped there for ages. I think Ricky was bored as he slipped a hand over my top and began to play with one of my nipples from the outside. I moved his hand and put it underneath my top.

As we starting moving again, he slipped his hand down to my pussy and I opened my legs a little to make it easier for him. By the time we took off, he had two fingers pushing in and out of me, faster and faster.

"And we have lift-off," he said.

"In more ways than one," I sighed. I remembered Pete's fingers in the taxi last night. Ricky's were almost as good.

I stopped watching the buildings below getting smaller as I came. He took his fingers out of me and sucked on them, then kissed me. I could taste myself on him.

He pulled my top up and bent down to lick my nearest nipple. I made him stop when the air hostess brought round tea and coffee, which we refused, but I know she saw his hand, which had gone back to my pussy, and she could hardly have missed my face. I felt like it was burning from having just cum and from embarrassment. (Yes, Shelley gets embarrassed!)

Once she'd gone, we got up and slipped into the toilet. After locking the door, I attacked him, pulling his trousers and pants down. There wasn't much room.

"Sit down and I'll sit on you," I said, pulling my skirt up and thong off.

He didn't argue and I turned my back to him and lowered myself onto him. Just the thought of what we were doing had made him hard and I'd been wet since he'd suggested it, but I still had to guide him into my pussy.

I pushed down hard onto him and he let out a gasp, then I began working myself up and down, supporting myself with the rails for the disabled. They were just the right height.

It wasn't the greatest fuck physically, but the sheer naughtiness of it made us both cum quickly.

I picked up my thong and put it in his pocket. I took his y-fronts and put them on, then opened the door and slipped out alone.

He came out a couple of minutes later. His pants were awfully loose on me. This'll never do, I thought. I nipped back into the loo, removed them and scrunched them up tightly in my fist before returning to my seat.

I handed them back to him and grinned. "That's more like it. Now we're both commando."

The so-and-so had nicked my window seat, but I was feeling too good about everything to give a fuck.

We both had such grins on our faces that it must have been obvious what we were doing to the air hostess. I noticed she had a small metal pin below her name badge. It was engraved with the letters MHC.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"It's for..." she stopped, embarrassed.

"We know what's it's for. Where can we get one?" I giggled. "Two, actually."

"I've give you an address when you get off the plane," she smiled. "Was it fun?"

"Yeah, but there's not much space in there."

She laughed. "You think that's bad, try it in a small plane when the pilot's flying it at the same time."

Ricky tried to keep a straight face as he asked, "Is that what they call mid-air turbulence?"

She laughed again, then turned and went.

I unzipped Ricky's trousers and took him into my mouth. He was all soft, but I made sure he didn't stay that way for long. It was a weird angle, but surprisingly easy to take all of him into me. He protested that the air hostess was coming, but I just sucked harder and tickled his balls with my hand.

After he'd cum in my mouth I let a little bit dribble out deliberately. The air hostess brought us two glasses of water. "I thought you might like these." Ricky was SO embarrassed, especially when I licked the last of his cum from my lips, but the air hostess just shook her head and grinned.

As we got off the plane, she quietly handed us each a card. I looked at it and it had a website where you could order Mile High Club stuff.

I kissed Ricky goodbye and he went off to wait for his connection.

Heather looked happier. "Have fun?" she asked.

"What do you think?"

To my surprise she gave me a hug. "I love you, Shel."

"I love you too, Sis."

Once we were in a cab, Dr. Reynolds insisted that we stop off at home before going to the school.

"But Mum'll be at work," I argued.

"No, she won't. She was determined to see you both home safe and sound."

To my surprise Heather made everyone wait outside, while I went in to see Mum on my own.

"Shelley!" Mum nearly crushed the life out of me and soon we were crying in each other's arms.

"Mum, you didn't have to come home to meet us."

"I wanted to be sure you were really safe."

"But we spoke on the phone."

"I want to see you and touch you."

She held me away from her and looked me up and down. She ignored the cum-stain on my top. "Where DID you get these clothes? No, forget I asked that." Then, "Where's Heather?"

"Waiting outside."

Mum insisted that we all stay for lunch. Then she dragged us into the lounge so we could watch a tape of Sam's concert on the telly. Laura and Suzie had done as I'd asked and joined Sam in the choir, but when I saw all the other naked girls in the front row, you could have knocked me down with a feather. What a day I was having! First I was embarrassed on the plane, and now I was speechless!

Dr. Reynolds called a taxi and when it arrived a few minutes later, we walked outside. "Wait a minute," I called and ran back indoors, ran up the stairs to my room and stripped off my clothes.

The look on the taxi driver's face when I ran out to the taxi naked was something else.

"I want them to know, as soon as I get there, that HurricaneSlut is back," I explained.

"Hang on," said Heather, and got out of the car, went indoors and came out naked.

As she got into the taxi, she said, "Slutsisters together forever, right?"

"Too Right." (Maybe this time I should spell that "two right". Yeah, I know, a terrible pun. Sorry.)

"Now unless anyone else wants to strip off, can we go now?" asked the driver.

"We can go," replied Dr. Reynolds.

Mrs. Chaplain just looked at Dr. Reynolds. "Where did you find these two?"

He didn't answer for minute. He was looking at Heather.

"I'm just wondering what happened to the shy little girl who ran away when the big bad headmaster made her strip off last week," he replied.

Heather didn't reply, so I did. "I think she grew up." Then I added, "Sir." We were going back to school after all.

We were late for the first lesson of the afternoon, and at first I didn't think old Mrs. Henderson was over-impressed by the interruption as she started in her stern voice, "I don't normally appreciate interruptions to my lessons, but I think on this occasion," her voice got a lot friendlier then, "I think I'll forgive you. I'm sure we're all glad you're safe and back with us. But let's keep this interruption relevant to Social Studies. What was it like being part of a government inquiry?"

"Scary, Ma'am. At first I wanted to run away. They all seemed so... so..." I tried to think of a word. "They were so up there, above us. I felt small, not unimportant, but it was like these big important people were suddenly staring down at me."

"And how did you handle that situation?"

"I took my clothes off." A few people around the room giggled at that.

Whatever answer she'd expected, it wasn't that. I had to explain. "It's just that it was all about the Program and it felt all wrong sitting there with clothes on. I thought being naked might help, but it didn't. I still felt nervous. I don't know how Heather did it. She was fantastic. She got us to give them demonstrations and she really let them have it."

"Not what I might have expected from your sister." Mrs. Henderson had Heather last year.

"Heather's changed a lot. Remember what she was like at Assembly Monday? Well, she was so good in London that they even decided to move the inquiry here next Monday because they want to meet everyone at the school."

"That might be interesting."

Between lessons I didn't get a Reasonable Request. Not one. I felt like I was suddenly different and nobody knew quite what to say or do. I felt my chest, looking for Tara's unicorn. Then I remembered I had taken it off when I'd stripped off at home. I felt a little lonely, right there in the middle of a busy school corridor. I did not like it.

The following lesson was a private study period. A teaching assistant was supervising.

"Can I say something to the class?" I asked him.

"Sure."

I stood at the front and faced them. "Why's everyone acting so weird? It's me, Shelley."

Nobody answered, until the teaching assistant did. "When you left here, you were just Shelley. Now you've been a huge news item, interviewed by everyone on the telly and been part of a big secret inquiry."

"But Heather was a bigger story last week, and this didn't happen to her. And from what I've seen so was Samantha last night. Why am I different?"

"Perhaps because it all happened while you were away and you've come back looking different somehow."

"Look. I'm still Shelley." They didn't seem convinced. So I did a cartwheel across the front of the classroom, then promptly misjudged it and crashed into the poor teaching assistant.

The class burst out laughing.

"She's still Shelley, alright," yelled a voice from the back.

I was sure I was going to have bruises tomorrow, but it felt good to be back.

When the bell went, some of the class surrounded me with "Reasonable Request!"

"You first." I pointed at one of the cuter boys.

"Can I lick your pussy?"

"That's not a Reasonable Request."

"Oh, but can I anyway?" That got a laugh.

"What the hell? Okay, but you'd better be good."

He wasn't, but I didn't care.

I felt good.

After the final lesson, I met Sam at the clothes boxes, while I waited for Heather. Laura and Suzie weren't there either.

"They had a row," said Sam, "and Suzie was really upset. I'm surprised nobody told you about it."

"Why was she so upset?"

"Of course, you don't know. Suzie's in love with Laura. I don't know what the row was about, though. Laura was strange this morning."

Heather turned up as she was speaking.

"Sam, you were wonderful last night."

"I know," she smiled. "Thank you."

"We saw you on the telly today. Mum taped it for us," Heather explained.

"And to think you were so worried about it earlier this week," I said.

"You all made it easier," she said.

"Us? How?"

"And I don't mean by getting Laura and Suzie to strip off with me, Shelley, but thank you for that, it really helped."

"Then how?" asked Heather. "We weren't even there."

"By making me realise that it really didn't matter as much as I thought it did. I've got people who care about me now and would still care even if I'd made a complete balls-up of it. There's Laura, her Mum, Suzie, you two, Tanya, Teresa, even Mr. Tyler."

"So you weren't nervous then?" I asked.

"Yes, I was, if anything even more so, because I wanted you all to be proud of me. But no, it wasn't life or death any more. If I did badly, it wasn't the end of the world. And that helped, a lot. And I've you two to thank for starting that with that Petting Party on Monday night."

"If I had some money on me, I'd take you out and buy you a drink to celebrate," said Heather.

"I've got some in here," Sam replied. "Aren't you two getting dressed?"

"Nothing to get dressed into," I grinned, "We came like this."

Sam starting taking off her uniform. "You don't have to," said Heather.

"No. But I'm going to."

Sam had a large folder with her, the sort teachers usually carry. "What's in that?" I asked her.

"Oh, just some papers I need," she replied. She'd said it in a strange sort of a way, like she really didn't want to talk about it. I glanced at Heather and she shook her head quickly. She'd picked up Sam's vibe as well. I didn't take it any further.

Instead I said, "Hang on. My locker's not far from here. I think I've got a carrier for your clothes, and the folder." I ran back inside and I was right. I was back in a minute with a manky plastic bag.

"Sorry, Sam. It's not very nice. Just throw it away when you get home."

"Should I ask what was in it?"

"No," I answered and we all laughed.

We went to a nearby pub and she bought us both drinks.

"To friends," Sam toasted.

Then she asked us, "You guys doing anything tomorrow night?"

Heather answered, "Nothing special for me, why?"

"Me neither," I added.

"Well, there's a party. You see, when we have a concert, the whole choir usually goes straight to Ws after to dance and chill. But, after what happened last night, a lot of the girls thought they'd better go home instead and 'explain' their new outfits, or rather their lack of outfits, to their parents. So... you guys know Tanya Worthington?" Heather nodded, I shook my head no. "Well she said we're all invited to hers on Saturday night. And so are Laura and Suzie. Then the other girls in the choir invited the Program boys... "

"I can't think why," I giggled.

"Probably something to do with Stephen standing next to me naked." Sam got that look in her eyes. "God, he's hot! Don't you think?"

Heather and me glanced at each other, then said together, "We think."

Sam took a breath, then continued, "So, I'm sure you two are invited too. I'll ring Tanya when I get home to let her know. Okay?"

I was thinking about ALL those choirboys. Some of them were... well, we'll just have to see what happens, I told myself.

Heather said, "Tanya's folks are loaded. I was over there once last summer and they have this amazing swimming pool. You'd think it was Hollywood, not boring old England." She paused. "Crikey, I'll need a new bikini."

"Shit," Sam replied, "So do I."

I grinned at both of them, "Well I have a couple that were too small for me last year. One of them should be perfect."

"You're awful," Sam shrieked.

Heather put on her "despair" face, but then joined in the laughter, "No, Sam, she's just Shelley."

When she stopped laughing, Heather asked, "So who's gonna hit Nelson Square with me tomorrow?" That's the big covered shopping centre in the middle of town.

"Me!" This time it was Sam and I who answered together. Then I added, "Just remember, girls, where bikinis are concerned, tiny is.. tasty."

Heather picked it up, "And tinier is tastier."

Sam grinned, "And I guess tiniest is tastiest."

"You got it." I had the last word.

When we'd finished our drinks, Sam said, "I've got to get home. I have to see that shrink tonight at six."

We walked out, still naked, and headed for the bus station, oblivious to the stares. "You'd better have some change for the bus," she said, handing us some money.

Sam's bus left first so we waved her goodbye, then waited for ours.

"And you were worried about her," I said to Heather. "You thought you'd failed us all. Well, you didn't."

"Did Dr. Reynolds say...?"

"No, Sis. But sometimes, you're real easy to read."

"Great. Does everyone know how I've been worrying?"

"I doubt it. Just those of us who love you."

She hugged me. "Thanks, Shel."

"But do us a favour? You know you wrote about feeling alone last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're not. So instead of getting all stewed up inside, talk to us."

She grinned, "Yes Ma'am, little Sis."

Our bus came at that moment, so I didn't have time to think of a reply.

My Program week is over. Weird, wonderful and even a little frightening at times, the truth is I wouldn't have wanted it any other way.

So what's next? Mum's cooking a great meal tonight, I know because I've done the shopping for it. She forgot our favourite chocolate ice cream, though. I didn't. Eric won't be human if he doesn't like it as well.

Hmm, I wonder what he's like. So far all I know about him is that he's a little older than Mum, on his own, and really likes sex. I think we're gonna get along just fine. (Not like THAT, for chrissakes. I only meant as friends.) And I know he's made Mum very happy. I could hear that in her voice everytime we talked this week, even last Saturday when she was still in India and worried sick about Heather. Was that really less than a week ago? Lots of water under lots of bridges since then, huh?

Heather and I'll meet him tonight. Mum said we shouldn't dress too "shelleyish". Translation, too sluttish. I'm sitting here in my knickers brushing my hair. I've got one good pair of jeans. They're black and like Tara told me, black suits me. They're well tight so they'll do nicely. And my dark-green blouse, it's got half sleeves and covers my boobs okay even though I'll leave a couple of buttons undone. If I tie it off below my boobs I can get away without a bra. Yeah, sweet and sexy, just the look I want.

God, this hair! Jed did a real number on me, the bastard. Sam's hair, though, looked fantastic this afternoon. I must find out where she had it cut. If I can, I'll go there tomorrow before the party. I want to make a good impression on all those choirboys, and yes, this time I do mean that sort of impression.

I know just the place to take Heather and Sam for their bikinis. All of the stuff there is wicked, in both senses of that word.

My room's at the front of the house and I've just heard Mum's car outside. I'd better get my blouse and jeans on in case Eric is with her.

Shelley Hoover, signing off... for now.

Samantha, part 8

Program WEEK TWO

FRIDAY MORNING

I woke up singing, in my head that is. It was the Albert Hall in London and a huge orchestra was behind me, yes me, not the choir. Okay, it was a dream and I knew it, but a girl's allowed to have her dreams, isn't she?

I sat up and looked across the room. Suzie was lying in Laura's bed all by herself. Where was Laura? This seemed strange.

And stranger still when we found out that Laura had gone out before the rest of us had woken up. Breakfast was a quiet meal. Suzie was missing Laura, that was obvious, but even Danielle was distracted and preoccupied. I was grateful for the silence, though. Today was going to be at least a little crazy, and that was worrying me.

It was still strange on the walk to school with Suzie. One minute she was looking off into space and smiling, the next she was studying the ground and frowning. Clearly she did not want to talk. I had spent years not talking to almost everybody so I understood the symptoms and was sure that I was doing the right thing just by walking quietly beside her. She finally said something as we turned into the path leading to the main school entrance.

"I wonder if she'll be here already." I didn't have to ask who.

When we got to our boxes and there was still no Laura, Suzie sounded slightly alarmed.

"I hope she's alright."

I tried to sound reassuring even though I was starting to worry as well. "I'm sure she is. There's probably a very simple reason why she's not here."

"Was everything okay last night?" I had to ask.

Her face exploded into a grin and she whispered, "Yeah, only the... most... phenomenal... sex... I've ever had! I'm not worried, but..." She let her voice hang there.

They had rearranged things in the corridor this morning. Spaced along the walls were ten benches, five on each side. Near the ones on the left was a long line of tall boys facing into the corridor. They were obviously our "guardian angels" (exactly the right phrase). Yesterday their arms had been linked but today they simply stood close together. The line only stretched to the third bench. I guessed Heather and Shelley were still away.

"Why don't you take the first bench, Suzie," I suggested, "So you can see when Laura gets here?"

"Good idea." Then she hugged me and gave me a quick kiss. "Thanks for being my friend."

I smiled back at her, "I'll take the far bench. Come on, our public awaits."

As I walked to my bench I noticed that all the Program boys were missing. I wondered where they were.

The tallest "angel" near my bench turned round as I got there.

"Morning, Samantha. I watched you on the telly last night. You were wicked."

Before I could thank him he added, "I have a Reasonable Request."

"Yes?" No way would I refuse him anything.

He stepped close and he was so tall I found myself staring at a dark-red t-shirt. One of his hands lifted my chin so he could kiss me. No tongues but one of the friendliest kisses I can remember. For an instant I thought of Jimmy, the security guard last night.

He pulled his head away slightly. "Congratulations, babe. Ready for your first customer?" I nodded. "The two short ones were here before anyone else," he added.

"How do they look to you?" I asked.

"Pretty harmless, I'd say."

"Okay, let them through together then."

No one else could hear our quiet conversation. The "angel" tapped each of the boys on a shoulder and they were let through. Both of them were a little shorter than me (!) and one of them was wearing a pair of round, thick glasses. I spoke to him first.

"Hi, what's your name?"

"Billy," he croaked. He was really nervous.

"And yours?" I turned to the other boy.

"Would you believe Billy as well?" At least he sounded more relaxed.

I continued with the second boy, "I think I better call you William. You don't mind, do you?"

"Okay, I guess." He paused. "It's just that my Mum calls me William."

I laughed, "Then you'd better behave yourself... William." He laughed at that with me.

"What's your request, William?"

"May I play with your breasts?" He paused and lost some of his confidence. "And suck them?"

"Of course you may, William." We seemed to be formal. It was rather sweet.

He put a hand on each breast and started rubbing gently, not at all hesitant. That was a surprise. He started concentrating on my nipples, squeezing and pulling on them. I was enjoying it.

"Now, Billy, what would you like to do?"

"Can I touch your pussy, please?"

"Have you ever touched a girl down there before, Billy?"

He dropped his eyes and shook his head.

I whispered to him, "Shall I tell you how to do it?" He grinned and nodded eagerly.

I was standing so I moved my feet farther apart. "Okay, just use one hand and start rubbing up and down slowly..." I thought for a moment, "...but like you mean it."

He started too high so I told him, "Lower, right underneath, then up to the top."

Much better. He had a good touch and I could feel my pussy enjoying it. At that point William bent down and started sucking my right breast. Actually he opened his mouth wide and took quite a lot of breast into his mouth and was sucking hard as his tongue rubbed against the nipple. Very, very nice.

With Billy rubbing my pussy as well I was getting seriously turned on. Better see to another "customer" or two quickly!

I spoke up so both of them would notice. "Okay, boys, let's give someone else a go."

When William straightened up, he mouthed a silent "thank you" and turned away.

I took Billy's hand and held it against his nose. "Does that smell nice?" I asked him.

He sniffed. "Yes, it does." He sounded genuinely surprised.

"You did that very well, Billy, especially as it was your first time. When you get a girlfriend and she lets you touch her pussy, start just like that and she'll be happy. And don't be afraid to ask her what to do next. Believe me, she'll appreciate that." He walked away quickly. Maybe, I thought, I've made his day a pretty good one.

The tall red t-shirt faced me again. "What's your name?" I asked him.

"Everyone calls me Ed," he answered.

"I'm Sam, okay? Who's next, Ed?"

He came close again. "Well, Sam, how would you feel if a girl was next?"

"Not a problem." I looked past Ed and saw this girl standing there. All the boys had given her some space so I could check her out easily. Short, dark hair, no make-up but a very pretty face. She was wearing a green halter top that did nothing to hide her breasts. I think the word people would use was "ample". A darker-green miniskirt completed the picture.

Ed spoke again after I'd had my look. "The thing is she's jumped the queue a lot. The boys who are waiting have agreed to let her go next if both of you agree to let us all watch. She's cool. You?"

"You said 'us', Ed. Do you want to watch too?"

"Fuck yes!" he grinned.

"Okay," I agreed, "Actually I don't have a choice in the matter, while I'm in the Program anyway. Besides it's kind of exciting when people watch." Where did that come from? I asked myself. "But let us have plenty of room, okay? That way everyone can see better."

"No sweat, Sam." Then he laughed, a lovely deep sound. "Sometimes it's cool to be tall, you know."

Ed spoke quietly to all the nearby "angels" and then signalled the girl. She sauntered over, grinned and stuck out her hand.

"Hello, Samantha. I'm Charlotte, but the world calls me Charlie."

I took her hand. "Call me Sam."

"Sam, I have an UN-reasonable Request. I want to fuck you." As she said the word "fuck" she dragged a fingernail across my outstretched palm. Wow!

"What, here in front of all these... boys?"

"Uh-huh." The look on her face said she was as keen for an audience as I was.

"Can I fuck you back?" I could feel my breathing getting heavy at the idea. She was a real babe!

"If you can still stand up," she grinned and left the remark hanging.

She got real close and took me in her arms. She was a little taller than me and her breasts half-rested on mine as she leaned down and licked my lips. I opened my mouth to kiss her but she kept her lips away. So I stuck my tongue out as well and we dueled. There's no other word for it. It was really teasing.

"Let me see your tits," I asked.

She stepped back, reached behind her neck and undid the halter. Her tits were to die for. The nipples were already hard. I leant over to suck her left nipple and attacked her right one with my hand. Then I remembered our audience and switched over. Her right tit was nearer the wall and this way the boys got a better view. That was almost the last time I thought of them.

I straightened up again and moved my whole body in for a real kiss this time. Her hands were not idle. One hand caressed my arse and one of its fingers began to rub up and down my crack. The other hand went for my pussy. A finger went right into me there.

"Wow, Sam. Those boys really got you wet, didn't they? Oh, by the way, I'm not wearing underwear."

One of my hands confirmed this. We stood like that for a while, tummy close to tummy, fingering each other and staring directly into each other's eyes. Her other hand, the one rubbing my arsehole felt so good that I had to reach round her and copy it. That made her sigh. Good.

"Sam, you said I could fuck you, remember?" I nodded. "Lie down on the bench then."

I did it. My left foot was on the bench with my leg bent, and my right foot was on the floor. The crowd shouted encouragement. I don't think Charlie needed any. I certainly didn't.

Charlie knelt between my legs and scrunched her skirt up around her waist. She shouted to the boys, "Don't even think about it, fellas."

She spread my pussy wide open with her fingers and gave me a long slow lick from bottom to top. Then she took her head away so the boys could see. She repeated this several times, constantly shortening the interval between her licks. She was getting me hotter and hotter and she knew it. Then she fastened her mouth against me and I could feel her tongue doing wonderful things inside. Her nose kept bumping and rubbing my clit and I started to moan. Somehow, though, I wasn't that close to cumming yet.

That changed when she lifted her head away and started doing me with two fingers from one hand while her other hand massaged me just above my clit. She leant down and said, "I'll give you a small one now and then drive you crazy." She fucked me much faster then and rubbed directly on my clit. I came almost immediately.

She slowed down but didn't remove her fingers. Then she she bent down and licked my clit, quickly but softly. She was right. I started the big climb again. Then she stopped and leant down and kissed me for a moment.

"Sam, I've got a special little toy with me. Would you like me to use it?"

I must have hesitated because she added, "Don't worry. Nothing goes inside but my fingers."

I was a little frightened, but I couldn't resist. "Do it."

"Okay, but I must tell you one thing first. When I start, it may be so intense that it hurts. But the hurt disappears very quickly, and then... Well, you'll see." She pushed her skirt halfway back down so she could get at a pocket. She pulled something out and then hitched the skirt back up again. She showed it to me. It looked like a lipstick but was a little longer and thicker. It looked quite innocent. Wrong, wrong, wrong.

"Play with your tits, Sam. Hard."

I'd just been lying there before, but now I went after my tits, squeezing my nipples and twisting them. While I was doing this, Charlie began to fuck me again but quite slowly. I think she added a third finger, but I really don't know for sure. She picked up the toy and fiddled with it. Suddenly I could hear a loud buzz coming from it.

She looked into and held my eyes as she lowered her hand. FUCKING HELL!! She had put the thing directly on my clit and she was right. It did hurt, but what a hurt! In a moment the hurt went away and I started to feel waves coming out from my pussy one after another, slowly at first but then more quickly.

Her fingers never varied their rhythm and the waves seemed to match that rhythm. But then I came. And came and came... and passed out. I think I must have screamed as well because when I opened my eyes and could see again, Ed and two or three other guys were looking down at me.

Ed's voice was the first one I heard. "Are you alright, Sam?" He sounded worried.

"I'm fine... fine. Where's Charlie?"

"Still here, baby," she replied. "Want to fuck me now?"

I felt my face smile at hers. "No, not now. But soon. Okay?"

"Sure. Whenever you want. Shall I help you sit up?"

I managed a nod. She lifted my left foot and placed it on the floor. She put an arm around my shoulders and pulled me up to a sitting position, then sat next to me, still with her arm around me.

I found I could speak again. "What the fuck is that thing?"

"What? Oh, you mean my little friend." She showed it me again. "It's called a "Pocket Rocket". You like?"

"I like. Where can I get one?"

"Meet me next week, when you've got pockets again, and you can have this one."

"Promise?"

"Promise. Last period before lunch most days my lesson is right across the corridor from yours." She paused. "There is one catch, though."

"What?" Right then I didn't care what the catch was.

"You have to promise to use it on me. Now that you've met it, I think you can understand why."

"Fucking right."

For the first time I noticed she had amazing green eyes. "Love the new uniform, Charlie. It goes with your eyes."

"Ta, I do wear green a lot. Which reminds me, I gotta run and change before Assembly."

"Underwear?" I asked her.

She smiled, "Not decided yet."

I was about to ask Ed who was next, when the First Bell rang. The Assembly bell would ring in two minutes. Charlie stood and offered me a hand.

I took it and stood up. Amazingly I felt fantastic. I let go of her and took a couple of steps. I was fine. I couldn't believe it. I watched Charlie disappear into the crowd at full speed. She had at most five minutes to change.

If the Program mornings continue in the future like yesterday and again today, "Morning Groping" is far too nasty a name. The original "Morning Display" is still too tame though. The best I can come up with is "Morning Show-and-Do". I quite like that but I must ask the others what they think. After what Charlie did to me, though, maybe "Morning Show-and-Be-Done" is even better.

Miss Taylor, one of the PE teachers, had been keeping a quiet eye on everything today. She takes us for swimming, amongst other things, and with a shock I suddenly realised just how good she looks in her swimsuit. Those were thoughts I would never have had a week ago. I wasn't old enough yet, for sure, but I wondered if any of the girls, or even the boys for that matter, who were old enough had ever... oh my, Samantha, what are you thinking about?

When the Assembly bell sounded, Miss Taylor stopped Laura, Suzie and me on our way towards the showers and said, "Mr. Thompson would like you three to come to Assembly today. He thinks, and I agree with him, that you will find it... entertaining."

She looked at us critically before handing Suzie a comb. "Here, use this quickly, all of you. You'll be fine for Assembly. And afterwards you have permission to have a proper shower and miss the beginning of your lessons."

The three of us found seats together near the back. Everyone was congratulating me about last night. I was beginning to get used to the attention now, but not, I hope, in a stuck-up sort of way. Everyone seemed so genuinely happy for me that it felt warm and pleasant. I wondered, though, when the feeling of faint embarrassment would fade, or, come to that, if it ever would.

Mr. Thompson walked onto the stage, cleared his throat into the microphone and tapped it with his finger. He silenced the room quickly. It struck me how tired he looked compared with how he'd been on Monday when he was comforting me. I suddenly realised that we girls weren't the only ones who had been under a tremendous strain this week. His face was grim and so was his voice as he began.

"I had hoped to avoid this first announcement, but as quite a few of you witnessed the somewhat unpleasant scene in the car park first thing this morning, I will simply say Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon are not working at this school..."

He was interrupted by a tremendous cheer. He tried to silence it, but finally gave up and just waited until it subsided. "I was going to go on to say, until further notice, but as there can't be one of you out there who doesn't know what has occurred here this week, I am revealing nothing new by telling you that they are suspended pending disciplinary hearings. I am sorry to say that some of you may be asked to speak at those hearings."

His voice got quieter. "On a personal note, I feel very bad that we, as a staff body, let you all down by allowing the situation to deteriorate so badly before we took any action. I know that many other members of staff feel the same way. To the Program girls especially, I apologise and I can promise that while this group of staff are in this school we will see to it that a situation like that never arises again."

Now there was silence in the hall apart from some shuffling of feet. "Until Dr. Reynolds returns, which should be later today, I have been appointed as acting headmaster. We are trying to organise a rota to cover Mr. Graham's and Ms. Gordon's classes, but if you go to one of their classes and there is no member of staff present, I ask you to behave yourselves as the young adults you are."

But now he smiled. "I'll turn now to a much happier topic." A short pause. "Yesterday evening there was an important competition for our school choir. Most of you have probably heard by now that we came second." There were a lot of disappointed groans at that.

Mr. Thompson waved the room quiet again. "I watched the whole thing on the telly and I'm bound to say that I felt the judges got it slightly wrong." He let the whistles and laughter run for a bit. "Now I'm going to ask the whole choir to stand up, wherever they are, in a moment, but before I do I want to make sure you all know precisely what happened at the concert last night. There may just be one or two of you left out there who don't know the full story."

I knew what was coming so I tuned it out. Better to remind myself of the other good things that had happened last night. Mr. Tyler and his wife were so kind to me. I really needed a couple of hugs just then. They were worth remembering. I spotted Mr. Tyler standing at the side not far from me. Our eyes locked and we both grinned. Good old Mr. Tyler.

I found myself idly scratching my wrist, yeah, that wrist. I remembered Jimmy, the security guard, and the scar he showed me. Glancing down I knew I'd have a scar too. I think he was right. Having a constant private reminder of an old stupidity just might stop me doing something else just as stupid in the future.

Handling that creepy photographer turned out to be lots of fun, thanks to Jimmy and the other guard, George. Now there's a hunk. Sorry, Stephen. Just because I love you doesn't mean I'll stop looking, only looking, sweetheart, when the view is as wicked as George.

Laura and Suzie on either side of me suddenly took each of my hands and squeezed them.

I hadn't been listening to Mr. Thompson, but I tuned back into his words in time to hear him say, "None of this would have happened had it not been for two of the other Program girls. They were the catalysts..."

He spotted one of his students at the front and spoke directly to him, "Look it up, Mr. Williams." The room roared. He moved his mouth closer to the microphone momentarily. His next four words only were very loud.

"As I was saying... These two girls were the catalysts that inspired and instigated last evening's remarkable events. So please, Laura Townley and Suzie Peters, would you stand up with the choir and allow the rest of us to show our appreciation to all of you in the traditional manner?"

He moved away from the microphone and waved both hands upward. The whole room erupted with applause and whistles and shouts and god knows what else, even before all of us had managed to stand. Laura was grinning and that was wonderful to see, especially after what she had been through this week. Suzie was of course blushing brightly.

After a full minute or so Mr. Thompson spoke again. "Now... everyone... shhh... thank you... shhh." The room was quiet again. "Thank you, all of you in the choir, for an outstanding performance. Mr. Tyler, a jolly good show, sir. Now, as I've explained, there was rather more to last night's performance than the wonderful singing. How to put this politely?" A tiny hesitation. "Members of the choir, if you remained clothed throughout the performance last night, please sit down."

All the boys and half the girls sat. Suddenly there was a noisy interruption off to my right. Tanya and Teresa were stripping! Blouses, skirts and knickers disappeared quickly. Neither, it was obvious to everyone, had worn a bra today. Then they faced the stage holding hands.

If Mr. Thompson was surprised, he recovered quickly. "I was not going to ask all you girls who are still standing to follow the example..." He glanced at a paper in front of him. "...of Tanya Worthington and Teresa Campenelli in the back there."

Everyone turned around at that. It seemed like all the girls in the room started gasping or chattering, while all the boys started whistling or shouting remarks.

Mr. Thompson was suddenly annoyed. "Quiet! All of you! Now!" That got the room's attention.

He then spoke gently, "Tanya? Teresa? Is this just for Assembly, or something more?"

Amazingly it was Teresa, not Tanya, who answered, "More, sir, if that's okay with you?"

"Would you care to explain that for me?"

Teresa looked at Tanya who smiled, "You're doing fine, girl. Keep goin'."

Teresa seemed to get her confidence back again. "Well, sir, the whole town is now a Program Area, right?"

"Yes," from Mr. Thompson.

"That means that any of us, girls or boys, can go without clothes if we want." She paused. "Well, Tanya and me, I mean, Tanya and I..."

Mr. Thompson interrupted, "That's okay, Teresa. I'll let it go THIS TIME."

I think nearly everyone who had Mr. Thompson for English laughed at that. If I'd sold a record for every time I've heard him tell one of us not to confuse I with me, I'd already have a gold disc.

"Well, Tanya and I want to go without clothes some of the time, not all the time. We spend more time in school than anywhere else, so if we want to... be naked then we want to be able to be naked here at school." She took a deep breath. "That is, if we're allowed to."

"Well, Teresa, you've made yourself very clear. Thank you. Tanya, do you agree with everything Teresa has just said?"

"Yes, Mr. Thompson, I do. And may I add something else YOU may think is very important? I talked to my dad this morning and Teresa talked to her mum and both of them said it was alright with them if it was alright with the school." Now she smiled, "Do you want us to bring in a note from our parents?"

Everyone laughed at that, including Mr. Thompson. "No, Tanya, at least not right away. I'll be happy to take your word on that. However, Dr. Reynolds may feel that it will be necessary when he returns." And now he chuckled again. "No doubt Mrs. Johnson will be asked to design a form of some sort for parents to sign in due course."

There was another knot of confusion right near the front on the far side of the room. Suddenly it was quiet and another naked girl was standing there.

"Miss McCormick, I didn't know you were in the choir." Mr. Thompson was obviously curious.

"I'm not, sir." I could hear the smile in her voice from where I sat.

"I'm not a dentist, Miss McCormick, so I hope I'll not have to extract your story tooth by tooth." That got the intended laugh.

Mr. Thompson held up a hand. "A moment, everyone. You should all know that Miss McCormick has... now how shall I put this? ...a certain flair for the dramatic. She was one of my students for the past two years, but the gods have given me my parole this year. There were a few times last year when I thought I was in her class rather than the other way around." He let the room quiet down and then he faced her again. "Cynthia, is this... display spontaneous?" I realised that his little speech had allowed the girl to collect her thoughts.

"Yes and no, sir. I decided just now to copy the girls back there but I've been thinking about this most of the week. I want to be naked some of the time just like they do, but I must be honest, sir. I haven't said anything to my folks yet."

She paused but before Mr. Thompson could reply she continued, "I'm also hoping to persuade my boyfriend to... follow my example between now and Monday." She giggled, "I can be very persuasive."

Everyone laughed at that. Then a boy stood up, near the front as well but on this side of the room. He pulled his jumper over his head and then started on his trousers.

Mr. Thompson's sigh was broadcast by the microphone. "And who, pray tell, are you, young man?"

Loudly, "Cynthia's boyfriend!" Then a lot quieter, "Justin Coyle."

He finished undressing before he said, "I think this is necessary if I'm gonna have any chance of a good time tonight."

There was some giggling at that, but Mr. Thompson just nodded his head and replied, "I think I probably should say 'well done', Mr. Coyle. I suspect this might turn out to have been more a matter of survival than pleasure for you. Mr. Coyle and Miss McCormick, would you both sit down please. You may, if you wish, remain unclothed today. However, I'm putting you both on your honour to speak to your parents over the weekend, alright?"

I couldn't see from where I was sitting but Mr. Thompson's reaction indicated that they must have nodded in agreement. It had been a pleasant few minutes, but now Mr. Thompson looked very serious indeed.

He turned to the rest of us and spoke very distinctly. "Now, every one of you, listen very carefully to what I'm about to say. I know that I am speaking now with the full authority of the headmaster. These four students, Teresa Campenelli, Tanya Worthington, Cynthia McCormick and Justin Coyle are not, I repeat, they are NOT in the Program. That means all of them are NOT available for Reasonable Requests. Any student who tries to abuse them, or even to annoy them in any kind of sexual way, will be dealt with immediately, forcefully and without... being... given... a... second... chance. And all you girls out there, don't think I'm only talking to the boys. Verbal abuse is still abuse and will be dealt with just as severely." He stopped to scan all of us. "Have I made myself completely clear to every single person in this room?"

A pin dropping would have been deafening after that.

After a moment, Tanya raised her hand! "Mr. Thompson, sir? Suppose any of us want to do something sexy, without any other student making a request?"

"A very sensible question, Tanya. And one I do not know the answer to." He stood there thinking for what seemed like a long time. "How about this as an interim solution? Let's say no... unusual behaviour at all until Dr. Reynolds has had a chance to consider the question carefully." There were complaints from many of the boys until Mr. Thompson cleared his throat. "Nudity only, as and when any of you choose, but absolutely nothing else. Tanya? Teresa? Cynthia? Justin?" They each nodded in turn.

Cynthia had one last question. "Which toilets and showers should we use?"

"That one's easy, Cynthia. The girls' facilities of course. Not you, though, Mr. Coyle. Using the facilities of the opposite sex only applies to Program students."

He addressed the room at large again. "The best-laid plans, hey? I had a very careful script prepared before these delightful young ladies and Mr. Coyle interrupted me." He paused to nod politely to all four of them. "So, undeterred, I shall return to it. Tanya and Teresa were the girls, along with Samantha, Laura and Suzie, who were naked for the first piece at the concert. These five girls had no idea what sort of reception they were going to receive when they walked out on that stage last night. Thus all five of you showed real courage there and I commend you all."

Suddenly it was crazy, with clapping and whistling and everything else. Like the room had been holding its breath after Mr. Thompson's serious words and let it out, all of it all at once.

"Now would you all sit down, all of you, that is, except Samantha."

The moment had arrived that I knew would happen. I felt good about it and not scared at all.

"Samantha, I know you have had an immensely testing time this week. Last night, however, you proved yourself magnificently. Not only with your singing, which was angelic, but also with your bravery and determination, which were breathtaking. Samantha Downing, we salute you."

And now the spotlight was on me totally. I had complained to Danielle about being exposed all week, with nowhere to hide, but this, this was different. I had earned this spotlight and life was just fine. I could tell that everyone was as loud as before, maybe even louder. But it was strange. I could feel the applause and everything else much more than I could hear it, and it made me just a little giddy.

For the last time, Mr. Thompson shushed the room. I sat down and Laura and Suzie gave me a quick hug.

"Well, this Assembly has been rather longer than usual," Mr. Thompson had a "conclusive" tone in his voice. "To those members of staff who may have to rush their first lesson today, I apologise for the length of this Assembly, but not its content."

"One final annoucement, though, for my own students. I suppose there's good news and bad news for you. I shall be unavailable for the rest of the day to take any of my lessons. That's the good news." He paused then grinned. "The bad news is that I've arranged with my colleagues in the English department to cover all my lessons." There were more than a few groans around the room.

"So would you all now proceed, quickly and quietly, to wherever you should be right now. Thank you."

As I reached the aisle I was stopped by Mrs. Johnson, the headmaster's secretary. She stood directly in front of me.

"Samantha, dear, I just wanted to say how much I enjoyed last night. I love Mozart and what you did with the Laudate was... very beautiful. As for the rest of it, what you and the other girls..." she nodded at Suzie and Laura, "...did was very brave. Well done."

I was flabbergasted. Not at what she said, which was clearly honest and very nice, but at her calling me Samantha. For as long as I had been at the school I had never heard her call any student anything except Miss This or Mr. That. And my surprise caused me to do something surprising right back. I leant forward quickly and kissed her on the cheek.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Johnson. That was quite the sweetest thing anyone has said to me this morning."

She smiled warmly at me, but then I could feel her reluctantly putting her mask back on. "Mr. Thompson has asked me to ask you to come to the office briefly before your first class."

"Sure, Mrs. Johnson. But please, could I go have a quick shower first. Miss Taylor said..."

"Of course you may, Miss Downing. But be as quick as you can, please." Then the warm smile returned. "And no fooling around in there, young lady."

There's a lot more to Mrs. Johnson than she lets us see, I thought as I headed towards the door. Despite all the people pushing past I found myself right next to Mr. Tyler.

I whispered to him so no one else could hear, "Thanks for everything, Willy."

Then I ran like hell for the showers.

Suzie and I were side by side, alone in the showers, and she was listlessly rubbing some soap across her body. I moved in front of her to catch her eye, "Laura didn't need a shower, you know."

"Yeah, I know. But I didn't even get a chance to ask her where she's been this morning."

Oh dear, she did sound unhappy. And seriously in need of a distraction. "Wash your back, Suzie?"

"Huh? Yeah, okay, thanks."

Facing away from me, she couldn't see my grin. I soaped her back like you would a muddy five-year-old's. Then I tossed the soap over my shoulder and sent ten tickling fingers round to her ribcage.

I had the advantage of surprise and Suzie was shrieking before her brain could make her body react. She tried to twist away, she tried to run, she tried both at the same time. But I was relentless, staying behind her where she couldn't get me back.

Eventually I stopped the tickling myself. By now we were on the other side of the showers and Suzie was bent over with her hands on her knees, panting heavily. I stood back with my arms crossed, out of range of a counter-attack and grinning like a maniac.

Suzie looked up at me and glowered, "You-u-u..." But then her face softened and she was grinning instead. "Thanks, Sam. I needed that."

I thought I was safe but decided to check anyway. "Truce?"

"Yeah, truce. Come on, we'd better finish here."

That's all Suzie said while we rinsed ourselves and towelled off. She did grin sheepishly at me a couple of times, though, so I knew I'd done as much as I could.

I walked into the office a few minutes later. Mrs. Johnson was busy on her computer. Mr. Thompson was standing behind her and looked up at me.

"Ah, the nightingale alights." Then he shook his head. "Sorry, Samantha. Sometimes I'm just plain silly. Could I have a brief word?" I'm not sure but I think he may have bowed slightly as he held the door to the inner office open for me.

He motioned me into a chair and then sat next to me, not, I noticed, behind the big desk.

"So, Samantha, how are you coping with everything this morning?"

"Okay, I guess, sir. It is a little weird, though. One minute it feels all warm and friendly, the next minute it's a little scary. I mean, I'm still Samantha Downing and I'm still here in school and I'm still naked in the Program, so nothing really has changed, has it?"

Mr. Thompson just smiled and waited for the big "but".

"But of course everything has changed, hasn't it? A few days ago almost nobody knew who I was. Now the whole school knows me, and not just 'naked me'. And god knows how many people heard me sing on telly last night. And an important agent wants to sign me up for... what, a new singing career? I don't know. And I have a new family, the Townleys, who love me and have taken me into their home, and into their lives. And..."

I was suddenly crying and couldn't stop. Was all this just too much for me? At that point I didn't know and that made me cry some more, not big heaving sobs but little sniffles that would not stop. Mr. Thompson produced a handkerchief, shook it open and handed it me. The first noseblow sounded like a loud fart (sorry, but that WAS what it sounded like), but the second one was much quieter. I wiped my cheeks dry, and my nose once more as well, before returning the handkerchief.

I folded my hands demurely in my lap, sat up straight and looked at Mr. Thompson. "What did you want to see me about, sir?" I was determined not to lose it again.

"Only to tell you this, Samantha. I believe you know a Mr. Gerard Vaughan." I nodded, suddenly eager. "Well, he phoned me first thing this morning. He wants to meet the whole choir today, and then have a private meeting with you, he said, with my permission of course. I had a brief word with Mr. Tyler and what we've all agreed is this. Mr. Vaughan will see the whole choir during the lunch hour and then the two of you can meet privately. Okay so far?"

"Yes, of course." Then that "so far" registered. "What else is there?"

"Well, it sounds like your meeting will be serious business. If you would like Mr. Tyler or me, or both of us, to sit in on that meeting, I or we would be very happy to. I believe Mr. Vaughan wants to be your agent, or manager or something, but you may feel you need some support with him until you get to know him better."

I didn't think Mr. Tyler was much of a business type of person. Mr. Thompson, on the other hand, impressed me a lot more. You might be wrong, I told myself, but here comes your first "career" decision.

"Please, sir, I'd like it a lot if you'd be at the meeting." Then I added so he'd understand I was being serious. "I trust you."

"Thank you. I promise to do my best to justify that trust." He glanced at his watch."It looks like you've already missed quite a lot of your first lesson. We might as well use up the rest of it. I'm sure Mrs. Johnson would be grateful for some help right now. We have to get the word around to the whole choir about lunchtime. I've decided to allow all of you to start lunch a quarter of an hour early so you can eat something before the meeting. Let's go see Mrs. Johnson, shall we?"

She had prepared a note on her computer for Mr. Thompson to sign, and now her computer was spitting out one copy for each member of the choir with their name at the top. Each of us could give our copy to our fourth-lesson teacher so we could leave early.

Mrs. Johnson had everyone's lesson schedule on her computer and she was going through the pile and marking where each student was now. When she was finished and Mr. Thompson had signed them all, she and I divided them in half and each of us delivered a pile.

The procedure was a little different for my form. My fourth lesson today was English Lit. and Mrs. Johnson had written on my form where Mrs. O'Brien was now. I delivered this one last, just as the bell ending the first lesson rang.

Our second lessons were in the same direction so, as we walked, I explained to Mrs O'Brien what was happening at lunchtime.

"This is very sudden, Samantha, is it not? I hope it's not too sudden. What do you think?"

"I'm really not sure about a lot of things right now. But Mr. Thompson has agreed to help me with my meeting today."

"A very good idea. I have a lot of respect for him. I know you may have to start to make some big decisions now. They will have to be your decisions, but do listen to his advice."

Then she stopped and turned me to face her. "If you will, allow me to offer you some advice. You are going to have to find some people to trust. People who you think will honestly have your best interests at heart. That will be difficult and you will have to learn to judge people and then go with your judgment. I know nothing about this Vaughan fellow, but I do know Marcus Thompson. If you want to trust me, I'm telling you to trust him."

"But suppose I pick the wrong people to trust?"

"Then you might get hurt, but I have a feeling you already knew that." She made that a question by raising an eyebrow.

"So if I make a mistake, I guess I have to back up and try something, or someone, different."

"Rather like one of those mazes and their high hedges. We all have to do it, Samantha. It's one of the things life's all about.

"Mrs. O'Brien, is there anything simple or easy about all this?" I really hoped her answer would be yes.

She laughed at that but not loudly. "Maybe just one thing, my dear, but not until you know it. Before then it will seem the most difficult thing there is."

I thought for a moment she wasn't going to tell me but she was still smiling. "Have I confused you now? What could be difficult and easy at the same time? Frightening and exciting? As simple as a sunrise or as complex as nuclear physics?"

I suddenly knew the answer. "Let me say it, ma'am." She waited. "It's love, isn't it?"

"Exactly so." At that point the second bell went.

Fortunately I was only a few seconds away from my next lesson, History. Mrs. O'Brien had given me so much to think about that I'm afraid I paid no attention to the spread of the British Empire in the nineteenth century. Or was it the eighteenth century? I told you I wasn't paying attention.

Mrs.O'Brien's words had made me more than a little uneasy. I sat there trying to understand what was going on inside me. There were a mixture of emotions competing. Happiness and excitement were certainly there. But so was fear. It felt scary to be noticed, to be put into the spotlight even if the ones aiming the spotlight at you were friendly. That was wrong. They were claiming to be friendly but I didn't know that yet. Especially Gerard Vaughan. I didn't know what plans he might have for me. But I had to assume for now that he wants to profit from me and my talent. Will that be good for me as well? I didn't know and that was scary all by itself.

That was the bad stuff. Was there any good stuff? Yes, I believed there was, but what to call it? Satisfaction was the best I could come up with. I had given a fucking outstanding performance last night. I knew it and I thought that others, including Mr. Thompson now, knew it as well. I had worked my arse off for last night, so it wasn't as if something had come my way which I hadn't earned.

And while we're on the good stuff, I thought, there is dear, sweet, gorgeous, sexy Stephen. I'm so glad he's accepted waiting a few days until we do it. He probably doesn't really understand why this is so important to me, only that it does matter to me. And that makes it okay with him.

My next class was Maths and for some reason I did listen. I was even able to do a problem on the board. Okay, I made a mistake, but with the teacher's help I was able to figure out where I'd messed up and fix it, and somehow that was even more satisfying than getting it right the first time. Like I'd said to Mrs. O'Brien, when things hadn't worked out, I'd backed up and tried something different, even though I needed a little help along the way. Sort of like life, I smiled to myself as I returned to my seat.

I only had a few simple Requests during the morning breaks, some poses and two different boys who wanted to congratulate me with a kiss, just like Ed had done. The second boy offered me some tongue, but that was just friendly rather than sexy. Afterwards he whispered, "If I request anything more, my girlfriend will cause me pain, she told me, and I believe her."

After what Charlie had done to me earlier, I certainly didn't think I needed any more stimulation this morning, although I wouldn't have refused any "reasonable" offers. There were, however, two episodes worth mentioning.

The first was when two girls from my year came up to me, each with a small book and a pen in her hand. I knew them slightly.

"Hi, Sam. You were fantastic last night, and we thought you might actually get famous someday and so we thought we'd be the first ones..." one of the girls began.

"To ask you for your autograph," the other one finished. Then they both grinned at me.

Wow! I wondered if they realised how cool I thought that was.

"Sure," I said and signed their books. They even asked me to add today's date, to make it official, one of them said. They had proper autograph books and they had each turned their book to a blank page part way through. Gosh, I wondered, who else had they got in their books, but somehow it seemed impolite to ask.

They were just going when I stopped them. Something huge had just occurred to me. "Could I possibly sign them again, please?"

"Why?"

"Just trust me, okay?"

They opened the books again for me to the next page and watched while I signed "Samantha Townley" and again wrote the date.

"Why 'Townley'?" one of them asked.

"I can't tell you now. But if I do become famous, that's the first time I've used that name."

"Cool," the other one commented. As they walked away I thought I might just have done something quite wrong, or at least something I should not have done without Danielle's and Laura's permission. I promised myself to not do anything more about it until I had discussed it with both of them.

The second episode was just as I was about to walk into English Lit. I happened to look across the corridor and spotted Charlie staring at me. She smiled and then looked down towards her feet. I looked down there as well before realising she was actually looking at her skirt, where her hand was patting a pocket. I knew what was in that pocket and felt a sudden warmth in my pussy. I looked up again and must have blushed, as Charlie's smile grew a lot wider before she turned and walked into her classroom, her hips swaying, I was certain, just for me.

For the first time this week I wanted classroom relief. I'll rephrase that. I needed relief, so I approached Mrs. O'Brien, who was standing next to her desk.

I recalled our chat in the corridor, but it still seemed weird to me to be talking to her twice in the same day. "Hello again, Mrs. O'Brien," I said quietly, "Please, would you ask me if I want relief?"

"Really, Samantha?"

"Yes, really. I'll tell you why next week, if you want me to, but I really need it now."

"Alright, dear. Wait here next to me."

Once the class had settled, Mrs. O'Brien spoke. "Class, Miss Downing here has requested relief." She turned to me. "Would you like assistance?"

"Yes, please."

I think every boy's hand shot up as well as about half the girls. Wow, I thought. I saw the boy I wanted smiling at me. He was the one who had wished me luck yesterday. "Terry, please."

The other boys groaned their disappointment but several of the girls giggled.

As he stood, Mrs. O'Brien said, "Mr. Hobbs, I thought there was someone in this class you were already quite... close to." Oh shit! I didn't know that. I wondered who his girlfriend was, and if she still would be now.

"You don't miss much, ma'am, do you?"

"I try not to, sir."

"Well, Melanie stuck her hand up too."

"Miss Reardon, I guess you can't complain about Mr. Hobbs then, can you?"

"No, ma'am, I suppose I can't. But I can feel a little jealous, can't I?"

I thought I had a solution. "Melanie, want to join us?"

Terry had a headstart on Melanie, but she moved a lot faster than he did and was standing next to me by the time he got there. The rest of the class laughed loudly, whether it was at her eagerness or just the general situation I wasn't sure.

Melanie spoke first. "What do you want us to do, Sam?"

I giggled at her. "How's Terry at going down?"

"Outstanding." The girls in the class oohed and aahed.

I turned to Terry. "Don't let me down now. Promise?"

"I'll do my best, Sam."

Mrs. O'Brien picked up the only items on her desk, two books. "You may use the desk if you wish."

"Thank you, ma'am," I replied.

I lay back across the desk with my legs hanging over the edge and my right side facing the class. The desktop was cold, but I could not have cared less.

Terry very quietly asked me, "Are fingers okay, or do you just want my mouth?"

Melanie whispered back, "Sam, you want both, believe me."

I told Terry, "You heard what Melanie said. Go for it."

Melanie walked behind the desk so that when she bent down to kiss me and play with my tits the class could still see. That's what she told me afterwards. I hadn't thought about it at the time.

I don't know which of them was better. She kissed me for a while, and boy could she kiss, and then moved down and sucked first one nipple, then the other one, back and forth. Terry sent one finger first into my pussy, but when he found I was already very wet immediately switched to two fingers. His mouth concentrated on my clit, sucking very gently at first but soon much harder.

I think I was still sensitive from Charlie and her magic toy, because very quickly they had me moaning and writhing all over the desk. Then it happened. I started to cum and Melanie twisted my nipples as Terry's fingers moved fast and his tongue rubbed my clit. Not an earthquake like earlier, but very, very satisfying.

When I could understand speech again, Melanie whispered, "Can I have a taste, Sam?"

Mrs. O'Brien must have very good hearing, as she answered for me, "Only a quick taste, Miss Reardon. I have a lesson to teach."

Melanie was fast but pretty thorough. And while she was down there Terry was letting me taste myself on his lips, tongue, nose and cheeks.

Suddenly Mrs. O'Brien was right next to the desk. "Okay, kids, that's enough." Her tone was friendly so the class's laugh was friendly as well.

Terry helped me to stand up as Mrs. O'Brien whispered, "Better, Samantha?"

"Yes, thank you, much better."

Then she spoke up so everyone could hear, "Mr. Hobbs, perhaps you could help Miss Downing to her seat.

Before Melanie could move away I hugged her. "Thanks. You were right, he is outstanding."

I thought I had whispered but from their reaction I guess most of the class heard me.

Mrs. O'Brien of course had the last word for Terry. "Hmm, Mr. Hobbs, I suspect that if you and Miss Reardon were to break up, there may be one or two other opportunities for you here."

As Terry escorted me to my seat, I noticed a distinct bulge in his trousers. So did several other girls as he made no real attempt to hide it.

"Alright, class, starting today and for the next few lessons we are going to look at several famous speeches from Shakespeare's plays. Not only was he a great poet with a wonderful command of English, but he also had some very strong views on human issues which, I would suggest to you, are as relevant today as when he wrote them some 400 years ago. Our first speech comes from Macbeth so would you all please turn to page 113 in your books."

I was "book-less" so she continued, "Mr. Hobbs, Miss Downing has no books with her. Perhaps you could slide your chair over and share with her?"

This was unusual. All week Mrs. O'Brien had let me slide undisturbed through her leassons. I looked up at her and she was looking straight at me. I felt she really wanted me to get involved today. Okay, I decided, let's see.

After Terry had settled down close to me, there was some noise near the front and three girls started giggling.

Mrs. O'Brien was pissed off. "Miss Morgan, would you share with us what you've just muttered to your friends? I hope it's relevant."

Liz Morgan feared no one, so I was not surprised when she said, "I was only just wondering, ma'am, if Terry and Sam had picked out the baby furniture yet."

That was so outrageous that even Mrs. O'Brien started laughing. She turned to Melanie. "I'm sorry, Miss Reardon. Perhaps I should have asked if you minded."

"That's alright, ma'am, as long as I can see all their hands." That set the class off again.

"Enough, everyone, that's enough now. We have work to do. The speech we are about to consider is near the top of page, starting with 'tomorrow and tomorrow'. Yesterday I asked Mr. Hobbs to prepare to recite this speech. Are you ready, sir?"

"Yes, ma'am." He stood and I tried to pass him the book. "I don't need it, Sam. Thanks. It isn't that long so I think I've got it memorised."

"Good, Mr Hobbs," Mrs. O'Brien commented. "Let's hear it then."

Terry cleared his throat and began. He didn't speak very loudly or quickly, but every word was clearly pronounced. He really sounded like he was someone who was thinking out loud. I thought he was terrific, as I followed the words in the book.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time,

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more; it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

"Very good, Mr Hobbs. You sounded like you knew what you were talking about. We shall see. Thank you."

Terry sat down and I smiled at him. I could sing, sure, but I couldn't have done what he just did, and certainly not given such a good performance.

Mrs. O'Brien addressed the rest of us. "Now I don't intend to go into the whole play or discuss why this speech is crucial to the story. If you are lucky enough to have me for English Lit. next year, we will spend a great deal of time on Macbeth. Murder always makes for a good yarn, just count the bodies on television for a single week sometime. You may be surprised by the number."

"No, instead I want you to think about what Shakespeare might be saying about life in general. Think outside the box. I'm not fond of that phrase, but it is apt here. Take a moment and then when you've thought of something, raise your hand."

It was the last line that struck me the most. Life's an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Like if I was lucky enough to become a famous singer. I knew then why she was so keen for me to get into this. I raised my hand. While I waited I glanced around the room. There were five or six other hands raised, then another three or four. That was one of things that was good about her classes. Lots of us got involved and she was never rude to any of us, unless one of us got too cheeky first.

Then she smiled at me, "Miss Downing?"

Here goes, I thought, and took a deep breath. "I was thinking about the last bit, ma'am, 'a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' I think he's saying that just because something is loud or seems to be very important, like all the fame and money a pop star gets, it maybe isn't important at all. It's like when someone says to you, you should take that with a pinch of salt."

"I think that's exactly what he's saying, dear." She always uses dear for the girls and sir for the boys when we're discussing things. "Did anything else strike you?"

"Well, the whole thing seems to be saying there's nothing that's really important, nothing matters, and I don't want to agree with that, ma'am, not at all."

"You're correct about this one speech, and without straying too far from the speech, I'll just say that the speaker is quite deeply depressed here, so he's unlikely to feel like saying anything positive. And I agree with you also about not wanting to believe that nothing matters. Lots of things matter a great deal."

"But," I came back with, "The things that really matter may not be the ones we think matter. It's like last night, when Mr. Graham sent me home and told me I couldn't sing. You have to understand, we've been working for last night all year. And it meant even more to me, well for reasons I won't say now. If that had happened earlier this week, I... I don't know what I might have done. But all I could think about last night was I had Dani... Mrs. Townley and Laura who love me. And if I couldn't sing at the concert, it wasn't the end of the world any more. I'm sorry, ma'am. I don't know if I'm making sense."

Mrs. O'Brien smiled at me. "Yes dear, you are, a great deal of sense. Thank you, Miss Downing. Miss Morgan?"

Sorry, Mrs. O'Brien, I said to myself, I've got to think about this right now, so I'm afraid I ignored most of the rest of lesson. But I think she expected that would happen. Maybe she even intended for it to happen. One thing though, that I have to give her credit for is getting me into Shakespeare for the first time ever. But not just Shakespeare. She's managed to do that with other stuff as well. I decided I wanted to be in her class next year. How could I manage that? Hmmm.

A little while later Terry got into an argument with another boy. I'd missed the start so I couldn't follow what they were saying, but I was rooting for Terry. I think he won the argument. Good.

Before I knew it, Mrs. O'Brien spoke to me again. "Miss Downing, I believe it's time for you to go."

Terry looked at me funny so I whispered, "Got a choir meeting now. Your performance was ace... both of them. See ya."

As I passed her, I muttered, "A quick question, ma'am, please?"

"Excuse me for one moment, class," she said and followed me out the door.

I knew I had to be brief. "I just wanted to thank you for today's lesson. You did it on purpose, didn't you?"

"Guilty as charged, dear. After I watched the concert last night, I got to thinking that you might be feeling very confused today. I rang Mr. Hobbs up, I've all your phone numbers at home, and arranged for him to prepare for today. When you have a chance, think about what we did today. I hope it helps."

"Yes, I think it has already." Then I suddenly thought about phone numbers. "Mrs. O'Brien, I'm moving to the Townley's tonight, permanently. I must tell Mrs. Johnson. I hadn't thought about that. If you could check with her later..."

"Yes, I shall, thank you. Now I must get back in there. Good luck today."

And before I could blink I was staring at the classroom door.

Heather, part 16

WEEK TWO

FRIDAY Daytime

The first thing I noticed early Friday morning was Paul's smell. A little like sweaty socks, but not that unpleasant. I remembered from some Biology class sometime that human body odour comes in, what was it, six basic scents. Most people usually disliked three of the scents, but were okay with the other three. Well, my nose liked Paul's smell, which was a good thing because the rest of me liked the rest of Paul.

Time to open an eye, as an experiment. The others forgot to shut the curtains last night after I crashed. I am not an early riser, more like a late crawler, so I don't often see the dawn. The sky was blue but not too bright, so the sun must have just been coming up on the other side of the hotel. The truth is, though, that I was pleased they forgot about the curtains.

I rolled over and looked at Paul. He was lying on his back and for the first time I heard some quiet snores coming from him. He sounded like an eight-year-old to me, so I lifted the bedclothes to check. Uh uh, not an eight-year-old. He was in good nick but not very muscly. Perfect. His cock was sleeping too. Soon, I told myself, soon but not yet. I dropped the bedclothes again and snuggled into his shoulder.

My sister'd had quite a night for herelf, for all of us really. Look at the effect she had on Laura. I suddenly saw this stupid picture in my head. Shel is sitting on the floor somewhere, naked of course. She has this big box in front of her with a large crank on one side. She is singing something as she turns the crank when the top of the box flies open and Laura, about half life-size, jumps up. She's wearing last night's dress, dripping wet so it clings to her like a second skin, so she seems naked too. She's attached somehow to a huge spring in the box and she's bouncing up and down with an enormous grin lighting up her face. At the top of each bounce her skirt flares up to reveal her pussy, no underwear on show. I knew Laura would never go back in her box again, and that was Shel's doing, ably assisted by James of course.

The silly picture made me giggle causing Paul to stop snoring and start to stir. I raised myself on one elbow and kissed him softly on his lips.

"Morning, baby," I whispered, "Did I wake you?"

Before he could answer I kissed him again. This time his mouth opened and I slipped my tongue part way in. At first he only responded with his mouth. I pulled my tongue back and his tongue chased mine into my mouth. I sucked on it for a while like a lollipop. He shifted his body so he was lying on his side. His arm came round me and his hand slid down to caress my arse. I felt his cock harden and grow against my stomach. God, I felt so alive. This really was the best way to wake up.

I noticed my bladder starting to hurt. I couldn't remember peeing late last night and I had to go now, desperately.

I pulled back and grinned, "I gotta pee, right now."

Paul grinned back, "So do I."

"Come on then."

I pushed him onto his back and started to climb over him. But I got wrapped up in the bedclothes and giggled again.

"Fuck, I'm stuck."

He pulled everything up, then pushed them halfway down the bed. Now I could escape. When I was standing I grabbed his hand and dragged him after me. As we passed Shel and Pete, I looked at them. They were totally out of it, but they looked relaxed and happy. I pointed at them and glanced at Paul. He gave a thumb's up.

I shut the bathroom door and switched on the light. "You first."

"In front of you?" He sounded a little startled.

I was more startled than he was. After my attack last week, why would I want to do this? I didn't know why, just that I felt like I "had to".

"Why not? I wanna watch." I don't think he noticed my slight hesitation.

He shrugged and pointed his cock down at the pan. It was such a strong stream that I thought he could easily win any pissing contest he decided to enter. He finished eventually and reached for the handle.

I caught his hand. "Let's not waste the water." I pushed him back and sat down. I moved my knees apart and used my hands to hold my pussy open so he could see everything. My pee went on and on and on. Bliss! After a quick wipe I pulled the handle. The flush thundered.

"Christ, I hope that doesn't wake them up. Shel's a heavy sleeper, but what about Pete?"

"You've heard about people who'd sleep through World War Three? Pete's one of them."

I stood up and embraced him. "We both stink, you know. Fancy a shower?"

There was a huge bath next to the loo with a detachable showerhead above it on a long flexible metal hose. While Paul played with the water temperature I found a shower cap and stuffed my hair into it. Paul's hair was quite short and would dry quickly.

"Shall I wash your hair for you?" I asked.

"Yes, please."

He pointed the water all over my body then passed it to me. I did the same to him, then lifted it above his head to thoroughly wet his hair. I got a sachet of shampoo and washed his hair twice. There was some conditioner there as well. I opened the sachet and sniffed. Apple. I liked that.

There was plenty of shower gel too, so we could get each other soapy all over. I didn't really want to fool around in there. When he started to do more to my pussy than just wash it, I took his hand away briefly and shouted "Later". He understood but still made sure my pussy, arsehole and breasts were very clean. Not that he neglected anywhere else, mind you.

I was just as thorough. He hardened when I cleaned his cock but somehow that was only natural, not sexy. I made certain his arsehole was spotless as well.

The hotel provided several big fluffy towels. We took turns rubbing each other briskly. I don't know about him but I tingled all over when we were finished.

We hadn't bothered with the shower curtain so the floor was pretty wet. Paul took one of the towels and dried the floor as best he could, then hung both towels over the curtain rail to dry. Very domestic. I was impressed.

We switched off the light before opening the door. We snuck dramatically across the room but we needn't have bothered. Shel and Pete hadn't moved at all while we were in the bathroom.

"Lie down," I commanded him, "I owe you for being such a nice guy last night."

"No, you don't," he replied but I noticed he didn't waste any time. He pushed the bedclothes away and lay in the middle of the bed, clasping his hands behind his head. His cock was at half-mast and he looked good enough to eat, so that's what I did.

I knelt beside him and started kissing him on his forehead. His eyes were shut so each eyelid got a kiss as well. I stopped for a while at his mouth for a round of tongue-tag. That was fun. My next stop was his right nipple. After three or four licks the little nipple got hard so I could suck on it. He seemed to enjoy that so I repeated the exercise on his left nipple. While I was there I dragged my nails gently down his right side. He gasped and started to double over.

"Ticklish, are we?"

"Yes, fuck it." But he still managed to keep his hands behind his head. What self-control!

At last it was time for the main event. I pushed his legs apart and knelt between them. Using only my mouth I sucked his cockhead in. I was supporting my weight with my hands so I was comfortable like that. I was moving my mouth up and down an inch or so when he started thrusting up as my head moved down. Now his cock was moving from just behind my lips to the the back of my mouth, in and out quite quickly. I was enjoying myself, but not nearly as much as he was. I could taste pre-cum on my tongue now and I wondered how close he was.

I lifted my head away and looked up at him. "If I finish you off, will you still be okay to fuck me?"

"Not a problem."

"Good."

Now I supported myself on one hand so I could work on his whole cock. I wanked him a few times to get pre-cum and saliva all over my hand. Then I brought my mouth back and fucked his cock with my hand and mouth together. I varied the pace. Slow for a few strokes, then fast for a bit, then slow again. I could feel the veins along the side of it as I moved up and down. His hips were thrusting again now. And I could see out of the corner of my eye that his hands were at his sides grabbing and twisting the sheet. He started to whimper and I knew he was almost there. Then he groaned once loudly and his cock started spurting cum down my throat. I've no idea how many times he spurted but my swallowing could not keep up. Some of his cum leaked out over my hand as I slowed, then stopped.

I kept him like that, his cock in my mouth and my hand around the shaft, sucking gently and working my tongue slowly from side to side along its underneath. His breathing came back to normal so I let him go. I knelt there for a while cleaning my hand with my tongue until I couldn't find any more. I checked his crotch but it was dry. Good.

"Thank you, Superslut, that was... something else."

For a second I wanted to throttle the little miss, but then I thought, what the fuck, why not accept it.

"Superslut is horny. Your turn."

Paul stood up and bowed, his arm sweeping an arc along the bed. I giggled at that and lay down where he had been. But then I sat up for a second to flip the pillow over to the cool side and tried again. That was better.

He didn't waste any time on foreplay but went straight for my breasts, sucking and licking my left nipple while his hand worked on the right one. The dear boy was doing right. Perhaps it was the way I had emphasised "horny". I loved it, and showed my appreciation by stroking the back of his head.

But other needs were even greater. I lifted his head up with my hands, then pointed wordlessly down my body. The bastard knelt straight up and saluted but then got down between my open legs immediately.

He spread my pussy wide open and then pushed his tongue in as far as he could. That was a long way in. Then he began to move his whole head up and down, keeping his tongue straight out and fucking me with it. Each time he bottomed out, his nose bumped into my clit and a beautiful jolt went right through me. Then he kept his tongue part way in and started wiggling it up and down. Fuck, that was good, even though he wasn't touching my clit any more.

He came up to my face briefly and kissed me so I could taste myself.

"Cock," I demanded.

"Not yet," he refused.

He went back down and continued to eat my pussy. Then I felt a finger start to rub my arsehole very softly.

"God, that feels nice," I sighed.

I knew he heard me as he used his hands then to lift my butt off the bed. I felt something wet and warm against my arsehole. It had to be his tongue.

"That feels so much nicer, babe," I told him. I wasn't kidding.

He must have believed me as he soon grabbed my ankles and lifted my legs right up.

"In that case, hold onto your legs. Are you sure you're okay with this?"

"Yes," I answered and got a firm hold of my legs.

With my knees almost touching my sides he started licking my arsehole with a lot more confidence. Awesome. He pushed his tongue right in there and pulled back again over and over. It was the same thing he'd done with my pussy, only slower this time. Soon he started doing my pussy with a finger as well. After driving me crazy like that for a while he switched his mouth and finger. He was working my arse quite hard but there wasn't even a small amount of discomfort. I was boiling down there.

Then he replaced his mouth on my pussy with his thumb and started rocking his hand back and forth, making his thumb move into my pussy as his finger moved out of my arse, then vice versa. FINALLY he fastened his mouth on my clit and started to suck.

It did not take long for my world to explode. Did I gasp or shout? I have no idea. I was completely out of it for what? Ten seconds? Thirty seconds? Two minutes? Who knows?

The next thing I do remember is Paul on top of me and his cock fucking me with long slow strokes. This was like nothing I had ever experienced. I grabbed him and kissed him as hard as I could. Now all I was aware of were my mouth and pussy and I was in heaven. I reached down with my hands on his arse and pulled him in as I thrust up. He increased his tempo and the bedsprings began to complain. And then I came again. Not nearly as hard as before but still wonderfully. I stayed awake for this one as warm arrows shot through my body over and over again.

Paul withdrew and lay down next to me. "You're amazing, Heather."

I couldn't speak. He pulled the bedclothes back over us and held me tightly. He was stroking my back slowly and I could feel my whole body relax. Then I fell asleep.

Bang! Bang! "Heather! Shelley!" Bang! Bang! "Are you alright?" Bang! Bang!

I sat up quickly. What the fuck was that?

Bang! Bang! "Heather? Are you there? Shelley?"

Oh Shit! Dr. Reynolds. What time was it?

"Coming, sir!" I shouted as loudly as I could.

I think he must have heard me because the noise he was making stopped. I got halfway to the door before I realised I was naked. Did it matter? He'd already seen all of me lots of times. Yes, of course it mattered. I remembered there were white terry bathrobes hanging in the bathroom so I detoured there, grabbed a robe and wrapped it quickly around myself before opening the door.

"Sorry, sir. What's the matter?"

"I was worried sick, Heather. I tried ringing you twice but there was no answer. I didn't know if something had happened to you." He sounded genuinely concerned.

I remembered what I'd been doing a little while before. "I guess we were sleeping too soundly, sir. I'm sure we'd have answered the phone if we heard it."

"What's all the racket, Heather?"

Oh Fuck! That was Pete's voice. I turned in time to see his naked butt disappearing into the bathroom. I could feel my face redden as I turned back to Dr. Reynolds.

"Sir..." I began but he interrupted me.

"You needn't explain, Heather. It's quite alright." He had a big grin on his face as he continued, "I guess you and your sister had a good time last night?"

I could feel my embarrassment ebbing away. "Yes, sir, an amazing time." I paused. "Sir, that was Pete. He's with Shelley. His brother, Paul, is with me."

"Peter and Paul, ey?" He shook his head. "Brothers, you say. You sure about that?"

I swear I could have kissed him then, not for what he was saying but for being so.. cool.

He went on, "Look, if you girls want to have a decent breakfast, you'd better get down to the dining room in fifteen minutes. We've a train to catch."

I knew what railway food was like. I certainly wanted to eat here first. "I'll get Shel up right now, sir. Shall we see you down there?"

"Indeed." He turned away towards the lifts. As he walked away he shouted back, "Fifteen minutes."

I shut the door. Then Pete's head appeared, "Who was that?"

"Nobody," I was going to pretend to be angry, "Just our headmaster."

"Fuck, I'm sorry."

He sounded upset so I relented, "Don't worry, he's unbelievably cool about.. things."

I changed the subject, "Is my sister conscious yet?"

"Don't think so."

"I'll soon fix that. Watch."

I walked over to their bed and pulled down the bedclothes. Then I grabbed one of Shel's big toes and twisted. Hard.

"Ouch! That fucking hurts!" She looked at me and whined, "Why did you..?"

"Because Dr. Reynolds was just at the door and we have fifteen, no fourteen, minutes to get down to breakfast, unless you want to try and survive the journey back on stale sandwiches."

Shelley leapt up, "No way, José!" and headed for the bathroom.

I called to her, "Paul and I have already had a shower. If you're quick, you can have the shower to yourself. Use the shower cap. I left it there for you."

Pete said, "I'll get her cleaned quickly, no fear."

"Okay," I replied, "But no fucking around." I raised my voice so Shelley could hear me too.

"Yes.. ma'am," as he returned to the bathroom.

Paul was sitting on the side of our bed. "Sorry, babe," I said to him, "We gotta split."

He stood up and started dressing immediately. I found some knickers, a jumper and jeans. I couldn't be bothered with a bra, not that I really needed one, dammit.

Paul was by the desk with a pen in his hand. "You on email at home?" I nodded. "What's your address?"

I gave it him and he wrote it down. Then he handed me another piece of paper, "Here's mine."

I stuffed it in my pocket, then wrapped my arms around him.

Shelley came out of the bathroom, "Hey, you guys, no fucking around, remember?"

"Fuck off, Shel, we're dressed." Then I smiled at Paul, "Now, where were we?"

Shel giggled her first giggle of the day, "I guess I'll have to wear Dr. Reynolds' favourite outfit, the black one. I mean, it's that or the zips."

Lesser of two evils, I supposed to myself, but said, "Here, at least wear some knickers today, okay?" I tossed a carrier bag at her with a few bits of new underwear in it."

"Spoilsport," she grumbled but she did put on a pair, the smallest ones I'd bought of course.

I ate far too much for breakfast, but Shelley outdid me. Why can she eat anything she fancies and NEVER put on a pound, while I have to be careful all the time? There's no justice.

We discovered there was a train drivers' strike so Mrs. Chaplain made a phone call and then told the taxi driver to take us to Stanstead Airport where we could get a flight to Blackpool.

Of course, when we got to the terminal, after Mrs. Chaplain had bought the tickets and she and Dr. Reynolds had checked in their baggage, Shelley wandered off. She didn't remember, but we'd been here once before on a holiday flight, when the airport had been much smaller. Since then it had grown tremendously. I was just beginning to worry about her when she reappeared, with a boy in tow!

"This is Ricky. He's on the same flight as us, isn't that great?" she exclaimed. Looking at him looking at her clothes, or lack of them, I figured what they'd been up to, but I was wrong.

"I've always wanted to join the Mile High Club," she grinned. "So I said he can look but not touch until we take off."

I rolled my eyes. I wanted to tell her not to go too mad, she'd been a virgin only five days ago, but who was I to talk? At least she could probably count how many guys she'd had sex with. I knew I couldn't.

That set me thinking while everyone else was gone for coffee.

My thoughts were interrupted by Shelley punching me in the side. "Come on, our flight's been called twice."

Being only a domestic flight, we didn't have to worry about passports and things, just as well as we didn't have them. I sat by a window, expecting Shelley and the boy she had following her like a puppy to join me, but instead they went to find other seats near the back, after Dr. Reynolds had muttered something to her before sitting down next to me himself. Mrs. Chaplain took the aisle seat across from us.

I looked out the window and began to think again about everything that had happened.

"A penny for them?" he asked me.

"What?"

"A penny for your thoughts."

"What do you mean?" I replied.

"You've been miles away since we left the hotel. It doesn't take a genius to work out that there's something wrong."

"I'm okay."

"No," he said, "I don't know what you are, but okay you certainly are not."

The way he said that made me think briefly of Yoda from Star Wars and for a moment I imagined him with a Yoda-like head telling me to reach out with my feelings. A momentary giggle escaped me, but then I felt serious again. It was my feelings that I wanted to escape.

I looked at him for a moment and opened my mouth to speak, then closed it again. This wasn't some jedi teacher, this was my Headmaster and there's things you just don't talk about with your headmaster.

"Let's just forget I'm a headmaster for a while. I'm just a friend who wants to help. And if you say something your headmaster shouldn't know, we just won't tell him, okay?"

I had to smile at that as I imagined two Dr. Reynolds refusing to talk to each other.

"It's just I was thinking about what you said last night... about our responsibility..."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said that."

"Why not? It's true. But it's not even the inquiry or anything like that. You've read all about the Program in America, haven't you?"

"Yes. Everything you have and probably more."

"A lot of the girls over there felt pressured because the first girl, Karen, had done so much. As one girl said, she set the standard so high, that it created expectations for them to do the same. Another girl even called her the infamous Karen."

He remained quiet, waiting for me to continue.

"In my first week I hated Karen as well, because I felt like I had to let anyone do anything, because of what she did. Now I've gone and done the same or worse."

"And you're afraid that everyone will hate you because of it?"

"I don't know. Partly that, but how many girls like Samantha are going to have to do things because I did? It's all very well SAYING that what's reasonable for one girl might not be reasonable for someone else, but you know school isn't like that."

"You mean peer pressure?"

"Yeah. And I've made it a lot worse. It's gonna be even harder for girls to say NO and make it stick than it was for me."

"It's also going to be easier for girls like Shelley, who want to try things, to say YES, without people thinking badly of them."

"Girls like Shelley can do anything, and probably will, without any help from me," I laughed.

"You think so?" he said seriously. "Shelley looks up to you and depends on you more than you realise. And girls who aren't as extrovert as she is, and who want to explore their sexuality, are going to thank you for showing them that they can."

I wasn't convinced. In my mind, I saw Samantha, back in class on Monday at lunchtime, terrified.

"You showed them what is possible. And for girls like Samantha, it's our responsibility to ensure that nobody forces them, not yours."

"If I had let you deal with Ms. Gordon last weekend, a lot of things wouldn't have happened this week."

"True, but that was my decision, not yours. And if it was a wrong decision, let's ensure that the inquiry learns from it and puts in safeguards for the future."

"I'll never forget what happened to Sam and Laura because I was stupid enough to think I could deal with her."

"Good." That was Mrs. Chaplain. She'd obviously been listening. "Sorry, but I couldn't help hearing what you were saying. Just don't let US forget what happened to Sam and Laura, or to you. Dr. Reynolds was right. You first girls have a responsibility, but it's not to put everything right. That's our job. It IS your responsibility, however, to be honest with us, as you were yesterday, so we can know what needs putting right."

She continued, "I'm sorry, Heather, but if I can be selfish, I'm glad these things went wrong now, so we can make sure they don't happen again. If things hadn't gone wrong this first time, perhaps they would have got far worse further down the Program, when it's running in every school. Because of what happened to you girls, we can make sure we learn the lessons now."

"And as for Sam and Laura," interrupted Dr. Reynolds. "If you'd been watching telly last night, you'd have been proud of them, and Suzie, and Tanya and Teresa..."

"Tanya and Teresa? Who are they?"

"Two of the choir girls. But you'll have to see it for yourself. And I think you'll like some of the changes at school as well."

After sitting quietly for a minute, I got up and went back to the toilet. I passed Shelley and Ricky. She didn't see me, she was too busy sucking him off in their seats. Nor did he, his eyes were shut tight.

I sat on the toilet and the sound of my own pee brought back visions of watching Paul pee and him watching me.

I realised that it was a week since I'd been raped. Even the memory of the way they'd pissed on me made me want to throw up. Was THAT why I'd wanted to watch Paul this morning? To make something terrible turn back into something normal, non-threatening?

I'd been more relaxed with Paul than with Jed. Yet I was only a bit of fun to Paul and I thought Jed was falling in love with me. Was that why I was more comfortable with Paul? I knew it was just sex with him, nothing more.

I don't understand. I've always dreamt of some romantic guy sweeping me off my feet and us falling in love. Then I get raped. Do I reject sex? No. I become the school slut. But some guy wants to get emotionally close and I keep him at a distance. It doesn't make sense.

My thoughts were interrupted by the announcement to return to our seats and put our seatbelts on for landing.

"Sir?"

"Yes?"

"Have you heard anything from the police yet?"

"You mean about your attackers?"

"Yes."

"Yes. When the police couldn't contact your mother on Monday, they contacted the school and Mrs. Johnson gave them my number. All of them will face a number of charges, including rape of course."

"If you knew on Monday, why didn't anyone tell me before now?" I started seeing red.

"That was my fault, although your mother did agree with me when I spoke to her on Wednesday night. I thought it would be better to wait until you felt ready to ask."

Okay, I could see that, even if I felt that he'd been wrong. Then something worrying occurred to me.

"Will I... I suppose I'll have to go to court."

"The police think that they will probably all plead guilty. If that is the case, you won't have to go to court. You will be permitted to make a statement if you wish, either in person or in writing."

"If I go to court I'll have to see them, won't I?"

"Yes. And if one of them decides to plead not guilty, you will have to give evidence. I hope it doesn't come to that."

"So do I. I still dread seeing them. What's even worse, I wouldn't even recognise them as I never saw their faces. I keep imagining meeting them in the street. They'll know who I am, but I won't know them."

"That's unlikely. Only one was granted bail, the youngest, and he was granted bail on condition that he went to live with his grandmother in Essex, reported to his local police station daily and did not enter this county, except to attend hearings and even then he must be accompanied."

"So he's not in prison?"

"I think he's too scared to risk coming to find you, if that's what you're worried about."

"Not now, but sometime. Can I see pictures of them? It might make them less scary. And if one is free, I want to be able to recognise him."

"I'm sure that can be arranged. I'll contact the police for you when we get back."

"Thank you."

"Heather." He twisted in his seat so he was facing me. "Tell me to mind my own business if you like, but how are you coping? To look at you, it's almost as if nothing happened to you."

"It did happen..." I was suddenly angry, a lot angrier than before, and I just wanted to hit him.

He caught my fist in his hand and gently but firmly lowered it down into my lap. "I know. I was there, remember."

"I'm sorry, Sir."

"You have nothing to apologise for. I take it things aren't quite as easy as you manage to make them appear."

"Sometimes it's like a dream that happened to someone else. And then other times all I seem to want is sex. Surely I shouldn't be like that? It's crazy."

"You know either we or the police can arrange counselling?"

"That means talking about it and I don't want to even think about it."

"It's awful, but it happened, and whether you like it or not, you are going to think about it. It is going to affect you. Can I at least ask you to consider counselling?

"I suppose so."

"If you don't want someone arranged officially, you know that Mrs. Townley counsels rape victims?"

"But she's a friend. Oh god, I don't know. Sometimes I wish somebody would make all the decisions for me, then at least I could be angry at them."

"I can't pretend to understand. And I'm not a counsellor, but if you need a friend, my office door is always open."

I knew I was going to cry and I was desperate not to, not in front of him. Why does kindness make me feel worse? I couldn't deal with that, not yet, so I had to change the subject.

"What happens about Shelley and me, about the Program I mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"We weren't in school all week. Does that mean we have to do another week?"

"No," he said firmly. "As far as I'm concerned, you were on school activities the last few days."

I giggled at that.

"What's so funny?"

"I was just trying to work out what subject last night came under."

He laughed at that, just like he did at Shelley in the restaurant yesterday.

"Or embarrassing your poor long-suffering headmaster in a busy restaurant?"

They opened the door to let us out. I hadn't even noticed the bump of us landing.

After we disembarked and Shelley said goodbye to her friend, I hugged her and told her I loved her.

"I think we'll take you two home before going on to the school," said Dr. Reynolds, giving our address to the cabbie.

Shelley objected, saying that Mum wouldn't be at home, she'd be at work. He smiled and told her that she had wanted to see both of us home, safe and sound.

"You must come in and meet Mum," I told him. "You can always get another cab from there."

But when we got home, I wanted Shelley and Mum to have some time alone first. "Can we wait here a minute?"

He understood, so he, Mrs. Chaplain and I waited on the pavement until Mum came out to call us.

I gave her a quick hug, then remembered my manners. "Mum, this is Dr. Reynolds. Dr. Reynolds, our Mum."

"I'm honoured, Mrs. Hoover."

"I hope my girls have behaved themselves," said Mum.

"Oh, MUM," said Shelley and I together.

"They've been angels," he replied.

"Fallen angels, I'm sure."

"You should be very proud of them," said Mrs. Chaplain.

"Oh sorry, Mum, this is Mrs. Chaplin, from the inquiry."

"Chaplain," she corrected.

"You must come in," Mum insisted, "I'll put the kettle on if you've time."

Dr. Reynolds looked at his watch. "I think we can spare a short time," he smiled.

"Then why don't you stay for lunch and these two can go back to school with you afterwards."

"We wouldn't want to impose."

"You won't be. But it'll only be stuff from the freezer, microwaved, I'm afraid."

"Don't worry."

When she'd served us all with lunch, Mum said, "Did you all see Samantha on television last night? Only we taped it if you're interested."

"We did," said Dr. Reynolds, nodding at Mrs. Chaplain, "But please, show it for the girls. I think one in particular would like to see it."

Mum gave him a curious look, but he gave nothing away.

She fast-forwarded it to where Sam was singing a solo. She looked so confident. When the camera slowly began to zoom out, at first I saw Laura and Suzie standing beside Sam, naked. I glanced at Shelley, who had a big grin on her face.

Her mouth gaped wide open, though, as the camera continued to zoom out to show two more naked girls ("Tanya and Teresa," said Dr. Reynolds) then the whole front row of the choir naked.

Before Shel or I had time to say anything, the scene cut to an inteview with Laura and Suzie. Laura was teasing some poor reporter, then the screen sizzled as Suzie and Laura kissed. I felt odd looking at Suzie kissing Laura, then the feeling passed.

I looked at Dr. Reynolds. He was smiling.

"I told you you'd be proud of them."

When the taxi Dr. Reynolds had called arrived, there was a slight delay because Shelley decided to run indoors and takes her clothes off.

When she came back, she said, "I want them to know, as soon as I get there, that HurricaneSlut is back."

I couldn't let that go by unanswered, so, making the taxi wait again, I ran indoors to strip off.

"Slutsisters together forever," we agreed.

Dr. Reynolds looked at me strangely. "What happened to the shy little girl who ran away when the big bad headmaster made her strip off last week?"

I thought about that. I wasn't sure myself. But Shelley was, of course.

"I think she grew up," she answered for me.

When we got to school, Shelley eagerly ran off to her class. But as I turned to go, Dr. Reynolds called me back.

"Would you come to my office, please? I think you should find out straightaway what's been happening as a result of all you've told me and the other reports I've had."

Dr. Reynolds opened the office door for Mrs. Chaplain and me. Mrs. Johnson immediately leapt up from behind her desk. Her pleasure at seeing Dr. Reynolds was obvious. "Welcome back, Headmaster."

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnson. Is Mr. Thompson in?"

"He's in your office," she said, but at that moment the inner office door opened and Mr. Thompson strolled out.

Dr. Reynolds took his hand and shook it.

"Marcus." Then he seemed to notice me and changed it, "Mr. Thompson. All well? No problems with the transition?"

"Yes, all well. There was an unfortunate scene outside this morning when we prevented Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon from entering, but other than that, no problems. But I'm afraid it was witnessed by quite a few students."

Dr. Reynolds frowned. ""I'm sure it couldn't have been helped. Now, Mrs. Johnson, could you arrange for tea all round," he paused and looked around, "Unless anyone would prefer coffee?" No one did. "Mr. Thompson, if you would, please bring us up-to-date on what's been happening."

We went into the office. Dr. Reynolds took his seat behind his desk and Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Chaplain took two of the armchairs. I stood uncomfortably. What was I doing here?

"Do take a seat, Heather."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Thompson, Heather has been giving evidence to the inquiry about what happened here before she left. I'd like her to hear first-hand what we have done about it. And this is Mrs. Chaplain. She's on the Program Committee, and the inquiry panel, not to mention that she is Head Teacher of the next school chosen to pilot the Program, so I know that she will be more than interested as well."

Mr. Thompson smiled at me and it was the same smile he'd given me a thousand years ago in the cricket pavilion, when I'd been covered in mud and crying. I felt a bit more comfortable.

"As you know, some of the staff got together Tuesday night. Realising we couldn't take official action, we decided to put the word about that we expected everyone to protect the Program Participants, sorry, Naked Participants," he corrected, nodding his head at me.

"Am I missing something?" asked Mrs. Chaplain.

"In assembly on Monday," Mr. Thompson explained, "Heather was talking to the school about the Program and she made a valuable point. I can't remember her exact words, though. Heather, can you?"

"You are all participants in the Program, it's just that some of us are going to be without clothes."

"I like it. May I make a note of that?"

I nodded. While she was writing, a serious penny dropped for me. TUESDAY night, he said. So where the fuck was the help for us at the Wednesday groping? I suddenly had to make a real effort to listen to what everyone was saying as anger started to grow inside me.

"Sorry, Mr. Thompson," she apologised, "I interrupted you."

"It went around very quickly that everyone had a duty to protect the Naked Participants. After Wednesday's lessons I had a queue of older students, mostly boys but a few girls as well, outside my classroom wanting to speak to me. When I found out they all wanted to talk about the same thing, I let them all in so we could discuss things together."

"They wanted to organise themselves into groups to protect the Program girls especially. I asked why they'd waited until then."

"But why..." I started to ask. Before I could finish my question, though, Mrs. Johnson came in with our tea. When we'd all helped ourselves to milk and sugar, Mr. Thompson carried on. I continued to fume silently.

"They were waiting for us to do something. And with the staff seeming to go along with what was happening, they felt it was impossible for them to do anything."

"Anyhow, after they'd gone, I arranged with a few other members of staff to cover Thursday's and Friday's Morning Groping, for security."

Mrs. Chaplain coughed at that. Mr. Thompson looked embarrassed. Dr. Reynolds laughed. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Chaplain, but you can probably tell the committee that one thing that IS beyond its power is to make anyone think of Morning Display as Morning Display ever again, when even my new Deputy Headmaster can't think of it like that."

She smiled.

So Mr. Thompson is Deputy Head now, I thought. But then he continued by addressing me directly. He was sitting across from me and had been looking at me while Dr. Reynolds had been speaking.

"Oh dear, Heather. I can see you're trying very hard not to explode, aren't you?" I nodded tightly. "What went wrong at Morning Groping on Wednesday morning then, am I correct?"

"Yes, sir, you are." This had better be good, I told myself.

"What went wrong was a combination of bad luck and my poor judgment. Mr. Moor had volunteered to supervise the corridor on Wednesday morning. On the way into school, however, he was caught in a motorway tailback after a big accident. He was stuck, crawling or stationary, for over an hour."

"Now you all need to understand something about Mr. Moor. He does not believe in such modern contrivances as mobile phones..." I sighed deeply at the irony. "...so I had no idea that he wasn't available for duty, so to speak. That's no excuse, Heather. I should have checked anyway, but I'm afraid I did not. When he finally arrived and I found out what had happened, I decided I should remain quiet about it. After all, given his nature it was simply an unfortunate occurrence. When I discovered later how awful early Wednesday morning had been for you girls, I hadn't the heart to tell Mr. Moor. He's one of the good guys, Heather, despite his preference for parchment and quills over word processors, so please don't blame him."

"That's okay, sir," I sighed again. Then I thought of something that made me laugh at the futility of it all sometimes. "Do you all know Marvin, the Paranoid Android, from 'Hitch-hikers'?" I asked.

I looked round as they all nodded. I gave an enormous sigh, with heaving shoulders and shaking head, and just said, "Life." We all laughed, although I found myself thinking that perhaps Shelley's general outlook had a great deal of merit.

Mr. Thompson resumed his story. "Things went smoothly yesterday and, as Dr. Reynolds knows, at his request we held a staff meeting yesterday evening after school. I did explain that all that was needed was for him to know that he had the full backing of the staff if he suspended Mr. Graham, but they went further than that. They passed a motion of no confidence in Mr. Graham as deputy headmaster and resolved to strike from Monday unless he was removed from that position and a disciplinary inquiry instituted into his and Ms. Gordon's vindictive behaviour towards the Program students. Both actions were unanimous."

"Very clever," said Mrs. Chaplain. I wondered why and she must have seen my puzzled expression as she turned to me to explain. "If there are any repercussions later from Dr. Reynolds' suspending Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon, he can say that his hands were tied, that he had to react to such a decision by the entire staff."

"So what actually happened?" I asked.

"Dr. Reynolds had already sent me faxes suspending both Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon and barring them from the school grounds pending further inquiries. This morning, I and a number of other staff prevented them from entering the building and showed them the faxes suspending them."

"I wish I'd seen that," I said with real feeling.

He smiled at me, then grimaced, "Unfortunately too many students did see that. In fact you'll probably hear from the Program boys how they offered to help the two of them off the premises."

"I announced what had happened at assembly this morning. And there's some other points raised in assembly about volunteers going naked that we probably need to discuss amongst ourselves."

He glanced at Dr. Reynolds before adding, "Sorry, Heather."

I took that as a dismissal and got up to leave. "Oh, before you go, Heather. We discussed something else at the staff meeting, which Dr. Reynolds doesn't know about."

Dr. Reynolds looked up at that.

"As a staff, regardless of Mr. Graham's and Ms. Gordon's roles in what happened, we should have taken action sooner and we want to apologise for letting you girls down. While this staff are here, we promise you that it will not be allowed to happen again."

I felt myself becoming red.

"I announced that in assembly this morning. Please tell Shelley as well."

"Yes, sir," I whispered, overcome. I tried to get out of there quickly, but wasn't quick enough.

"Would you wait just a minute, Heather?" It was Mrs. Chaplain. "With your permission, Headmaster?"

He nodded.

"Having seen you on the television being interviewed, I've asked Dr. Reynolds to loan you one of the school video cameras. I'd like you to interview the other Program Parti... sorry, Naked Program Participants, on their experiences, to make a documentary for the Committee, and later for us to show to other school staff before they start to run a Program."

That actually sounded like fun. "Okay."

"Why don't you get someone to help you by operating the camera, then you can interview the others more easily?"

Then Dr. Reynolds spoke. "You can pick up the camera from Mrs. Johnson after school."

I nodded and left, finally, a lot more tired than I had been before the meeting.

It was between lessons. "Hi, you're back. Have you any idea what's up with Suzie?" asked one of my classmates.

I looked at her blankly. What now? I thought.

"She went running out of school in tears and some of the teachers ran out after her," she continued.

"Why?"

"Nobody knows exactly, that's why I was asking you. Something to do with a row with Laura, I think."

"Laura?"

""Yeah, they're lovers, you know. No, I suppose you don't."

"No, I didn't."

Having seen them on telly, I should have guessed though.

"Is Laura okay?" I asked.

"She's fine. She was in my fifth lesson."

I was a zombie in my next lesson. I felt drained, exhausted, as if everything that had happened had just sucked all the energy out of me.

Finally, near the end of that lesson the teacher said, "Why don't you go to Nurse and have a lie down for a while."

Nurse was great. "I've pulled the curtains, so you can have a little nap. Don't worry, I'll wake you when school's over."

"I won't sleep, I'm just knackered," I said, "I mean, exhausted."

"Just rest then." She closed the door.

I was wrong. My head hit the pillow and I was out like a light.

The next thing I knew was Nurse waking me. "Home time. Are you okay?"

I felt groggy. She handed me a cup of strong coffee. "This'll wake you up."

It was hot and I took a while to drink it.

When I got outside, Sam and Shelley were waiting for me.

"Sam, you were wonderful last night," I had to say.

"I know, but thank you."

She thanked us for our help. "We weren't even there," I objected.

She said how now she had all of us to care about her, nothing else was quite as important as it had been.

"So you weren't nervous then?" asked Shelley.

Sam laughed. "More than ever, because I wanted you all to be proud of me. But no, it wasn't life or death any more. If I did badly, it wasn't the end of the world."

"If I had some money on me, I'd take you out and buy you a drink to celebrate," I said.

Luckily Sam had money, so she insisted on taking US for a drink. She even stripped her uniform off again when she discovered that we had no clothes to get dressed into.

We drank a toast in a pub not too far from school. "To friends," Sam said, then she told us that Shel and I were invited to a party at Tanya Worthington's on Saturday night. Laura and Suzie were going and so were the Program boys. I was going to need a new bikini, and so was Sam, so we decided to go shopping in the morning. Shel said she'd wear something she already had, but she's coming with us anyway and I bet she finds something obscenely brief, not just for her, but for Sam and me as well. Oh well, why fight it? Shel usually gets her way with something like this.

As we watched Sam's bus leave afterwards, the pub was not far from the bus station, Shelley turned to me, shaking her head, "And you were worried about her. You thought you'd failed us all. Well, you didn't."

Had Dr. Reynolds told her about our PRIVATE conversation? "Did Dr. Reynolds say...?"

"No, Sis. But sometimes, you're real easy to read."

"Great. Does everyone know how I've been worrying?"

"I doubt it. Just those of us who love you."

I had to hug her. "Thanks, Shel."

But she hadn't finished. "But do us a favour? You know you wrote about feeling alone last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're not. So instead of getting all stewed up inside, talk to us."

"Yes Ma'am, little Sis."

When I got home I went to my room to be alone. What a rollercoaster of a week! Even the last twenty-four hours has been crazy.

Bits and pieces of last night began to bounce around in my brain, as if they were bouncing on those trampolines at the club. Club Color, what an awesome place! I couldn't recall ever even hearing of anywhere like it before. You could fit Ws into its back pocket and still have enough room left over for.. I don't know, I couldn't finish the thought but I think you get what I mean.

Shel was really in her element there. Talk about a duck and water. From the moment she landed at the bottom of that slide with the zip on her skirt all the way up and her pussy smiling at everyone until the end of the games when she and Laura really got it on, I don't think she stopped to take a breath once. I had this silly notion (or maybe not that silly) of Shel telling the owners of Ws in great detail where their club was lacking. I know I complain about her a lot, but I really shouldn't. Somehow she doesn't just land on her feet every single time, she makes all of us around her feel better than we did before she blasted her way into whatever we were doing.

Look at what she did to Dr. Reynolds at dinner last night. I should say "for Dr. Reynolds" instead. I don't think he's ever laughed like that with students before. And then he opened up to us, not like he was lecturing us but much more like I might be with one of my friends. I know he has to be strict with us to do his job properly, but maybe, just maybe, he won't be quite so uptight all of the time now.

And trust Shel to find someone to have sex with on the plane. For two sisters, we're so different.

But she wasn't just shallow little happy-go-lucky Shelley as I'd always thought. I remembered how she'd tried to rescue me at Morning Groping last week. And just now. I thought I'd kept all my worries to myself and she'd known all along. Perhaps if I stopped treating her as a kid sister, I might not be so tired. All the same, I laughed to myself, if she disappears like that again and worries me sick, I'll kill her!

I'd forgotten to tell her what Mr. Thompson had said, but that could wait. There were so many changes and I needed time to get my head around them all.

I really ought to go and check that Suzie's okay, but then Shelley banged on the door. "Mum just rang from work. She's given me a shopping list for food. Eric's coming to dinner tonight. Oh and we've got to wear something nice, not Shelleyish she said, she doesn't want to scare him off straightaway."

I could hear Mum saying that and grinned.

But just as we were about to leave, the door bell rang. It was Jed. "Hi, Heather. Dr. Reynolds said you forgot to collect this and asked if I could bring it to you if I was going to see you. I didn't even know you were back." He sounded upset and looked a bit angry.

"I'm sorry, Jed. I wasn't feeling well and spent most of the afternoon asleep in the sick room."

The anger disappeared from his face to be replaced with concern. "You're alright now?"

"Yeah. I was just overtired, that's all."

"Excuse me," interrupted Shelley. "I'll get the shopping. I think you two need some time together. Don't forget to get ready for later." And she disappeared out of the door before I could say anything.

"Later?"

"Yeah, Mum's got a boyfriend and she's invited him to dinner to... Meet The Family."

"Yuk."

"Actually he sounds nice. And Mum's so happy."

"That's okay then. What's the camera for?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Can you work a camera?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Then you can help me. I've been asked to do a documentary, interview all the Program girls and boys about our experiences. The only thing is, they want it for the inquiry and they are coming up here on Monday."

"Sure. We can probably do most of it tomorrow."

"Yeah, you're probably right." But then I remembered, "Shel and I've been invited to Tanya's party tomorrow night, so we're gonna do a quick bit of bikini shopping in Nelson Square tomorrow. Sam'll be coming too."

Jed laughed.

"What?"

"It's just that where girls are concerned, 'quick' and 'shopping' don't usually fit into the same sentence."

But then he looked all serious all of a sudden. "Heather, I was worried about you."

"Me? Why? Shelley was the one who went missing."

"I knew you'd be worried sick and blaming yourself. And you had that awful inquiry thing about your, your..."

"You can say it, my rape."

"Okay, your rape. And that idiot Gordon sent you off naked as well."

"I'm okay."

"You don't sound it."

"Thanks."

"Heather. I know we started badly, but I'm your friend."

"You know what I really want right now?" I asked.

"No, what?"

"This." I unzipped his trousers and pulled out his cock and began to wank him. Then I pulled him upstairs to my bedroom and moved my mouth over his cock. I had this weird feeling of having come home.

I soon had him hard, so I pulled down my jeans and knickers and lay back on the bed.

"Fuck me hard, Jed. Fuck my brains out."

He got on top of me and I felt him enter me. Then he did exactly as I'd said. He rammed himself in and out, harder and harder, faster and faster, until both of us came and he collapsed on top of me.

"Christ, I needed that," I said, but Jed looked at me suspiciously.

"Mum'll be home soon, and I need to tidy up for our dinner party tonight. Can you ring me in the morning so we can organise these interviews?"

He looked a little hurt, but gave a cheerful grin. As he pulled on his clothes, he said, "Sure. We'll wow that committee on Monday, okay?"

I smiled back.

As I let him out the door, he turned and said, "Don't think I'm complaining about the sex, I'm not. But I want to take care of you, not just fuck your brains out."

"I know," I said quietly.

"I'm here when you need me, just don't forget it." Before I could answer he was jogging(!) down the street.

I watched him go and closed the door quietly. I felt guilty as hell. I'd used sex (okay, great sex!) to keep him away from me, and what was worse, he knew it. I'd hurt him, yet I felt dirty and used... with no one to blame except myself.

That's the end of my two weeks in the Program and the end of this journal.

But there's too many things left unanswered and it feels incomplete. I think the choir party might be fun, and god knows, I could use some simple fun. Then there's meeting Eric tonight.

I've kind of got used to sharing our thoughts between us girls (and trying to make some sense of it all in a journal), so it's going to feel a bit empty otherwise.

And right now, I feel like I'm a mess. I'm not sure I'd feel comfortable being counselled by Mrs. Townley. As I said to Dr. Reynolds, she's a friend, but at least we can talk sometime and maybe she can point me in the right direction.

I think, tomorrow, when I interview the others, I'm going to suggest that we at least write what happens up to the assembly Monday, and perhaps what happens at the inquiry too.

Samantha, part 9

Program WEEK TWO

FRIDAY Afternoon

As I walked into the dining hall I could see most of the choir in the queue. A few were already eating.

I joined the queue and saw that lasagne was on the menu. It was one of the few main dishes they cooked that I liked, and I liked it a lot. Great, I thought, I'm starving. I was considering whether this appetite as well was down to Charlie and her little friend when I heard a familiar voice behind me. It was Teresa, and of course she was naked.

There were two boys in the queue between us so she had to raise her voice. "Sam, those seats in class are free-eezing! How have you managed it all week?"

"Carefully, very carefully," I called back. Everyone near us laughed at that. "Where's Tanya?"

"Dropping all our books off in her locker. And having a pee, I think."

She hadn't seen Tanya approaching. "Why don't you broadcast it on the Tannoy? (see cultural notes) I'm not sure if they heard you in the Chem. lab." The sciences had their own small building behind the main one so the Chem. lab was about as far away from the dining hall as you could get.

As the laughter died Tanya added, louder than was now necessary, "I may have to spank you for that."

The boy next to me offered, "Please, Tanya, can I hold her for you?"

"In yer dreams, Mike," Tanya and Teresa responded together.

I had nearly finished an enormous helping of lasagne when Mr. Tyler stuck his head in the door and called out, "Chop, chop, everyone. We're in the auditorium."

I chugged the rest of my Coke, stood up and burped very loudly.

Someone had to say it, didn't they? "Better out than in."

I "la-la'ed" a progression at him.

Teresa giggled, "That sounded rough, Sam."

From anyone else I'd have been annoyed. I saw the remains of a burger on her plate. "Let's hear a quick rendition of "Hamburger Heaven", girl, and admire your tone, right now."

Teresa ducked her head and mouthed a "sorry" at me. I smiled back.

Mike the "volunteer" and I were first into the auditorium. Sitting right at the front buried in a newspaper was Gerard Vaughan.

Mr. Tyler was up on the stage and signalled for the choir to join him there, including me. We took our normal singing positions. I was in the middle of the front row. That's when I noticed three ladders set up in the auditorium, one in the middle in the central aisle and the other two halfway along each side of the front row. Odd, I thought, and promptly forgot about them.

Mr. Tyler stood at the side so he could see both Mr. Vaughan and us. "Hello, boys and girls." He ALWAYS started that way. He told us once that when he was small, the host of his favourite children's programme on the telly began every show that way. Apparently this host had the best natural singing voice he'd ever heard, including every choir he'd ever directed, and this was his way of reminding himself what he had to aim for.

He continued, "I'm pretty certain most of you know the gentleman in the audience. His name is Gerard Vaughan. To say he's 'the biggest noise in the music business today' is possibly an understatement. Mr. Vaughan."

Mr. Vaughan stood to speak to us. "Thank you, Mr. Tyler, for that." He looked towards the side of the room for a few seconds like he was gathering his thoughts, before facing us with a small grin brightening his eyes.

"Yes, I'm certainly the biggest cheese in British music at the moment. I must emphasise that 'at the moment' because the music business is incredibly fickle. I have to be on the run constantly just to stand still, but I can't complain. I've made a lot of money in this game. Of course, my artists have made a lot more, usually at least one zero more, if you see what I mean."

"But that's not the main reason I do what I do. I don't need the dosh any more. My wife asks me at least once a month to retire, but then she spends the rest of the month."

He stopped there. It took most of us, including me, quite a while to get the joke, so our laughter was slow and scattered.

"Don't worry, boys and girls, may I call you that as well?" Of course he could, but it struck me as a nice gesture to ask. "When you're older and married and mortgaged, you'll get jokes like that a lot quicker."

"Where was I? Oh, yes. The reason I'm still in the music business is that I love music, all kinds of music, classical, jazz, every pop genre from 50s rock 'n' roll to disco to rap to hip-hop to electro-rock to everything else in between. The insurance premiums on my personal collection keep my broker better dressed than I am." His suit was sharp, with a capital S, and fitted him perfectly.

"One thing you must know about me is that I never, never lie when I express a musical opinion. I can't afford to, literally. I was at your concert last night. I spend more time at live gigs all over the country than doing anything else, because however good today's technology is, it still doesn't get close to the truth. There were really only two choirs there last night, you guys and the winners. I'll be honest with you. I scored it as a dead heat between the choirs. Had I been one of the judges, I'd have given you guys a narrow win, though, because of Miss Downing."

He looked directly at me now. "You have an extraordinary voice, Miss Downing, and it sounds like Mr. Tyler has done a great job nurturing it. But I don't want to take away from the rest of you guys. You are an outstanding choir." He allowed his compliments to sink in.

Then he dropped his bomb. "How would you kids like to appear on The Larry Baker Show?" Fucking Hell! What is The Larry Baker Show, you ask? Only the biggest musical and variety show on TV, that's all. Every international star, and I do mean every, appears on it when they visit Britain.

"Well I can arrange it, I'm pretty sure. I have some influence on their bookings."

"Excuse me, Mr. Vaughan," Mr. Tyler interrupted, "But aren't you the programme's executive producer?"

"Oh dear, Mr. Tyler, someone who reads the credits. You must lead a sad life." The comment was almost cruel, but it was said with such good humour that Mr. Tyler laughed with the rest of us.

"Okay, I have a LOT of influence on the bookings." He let our laughter fade. "I believe one of our acts in August has had to cancel due to ill health."

"Who's that, sir?" Mr. Tyler asked.

"I don't know. I haven't decided yet." Even as I was laughing, I thought, shit, this guy IS powerful.

"Is everyone here, Mr. Tyler?"

"Yes."

"The reason I ask is that there are only three naked girls up there, while there were five, or more, at the concert."

"Ah, yes," Mr. Tyler answered. "Last night we had two cuckoos in the nest, as it were. Samantha's friends knew she had to sing naked, so two of them joined the choir just for the concert, so that she would not be the only naked girl there. At the last minute our own Tanya and Teresa decided to join them. Our cuckoos didn't sing, however, they only mimed the words."

"I see. Tell me, can they sing?"

Teresa spoke up first. "No, Mr. Vaughan, they can't sing a note. Tanya and I know that for sure because we rehearsed them the night before. They were awful."

What's happened to Teresa, I asked myself. Speaking out at the Assembly, first, and now again to Gerard. I thought Tanya was the outgoing one and Teresa the shy one. Love and happiness can do strange things, I guess.

Gerard replied, "A pity that. They can lip-sync better than most of the professionals I manage. And they're both babes. Would someone please congratulate them from me?"

"Alright, everybody, I want to hear you sing now." His voice had changed. Any trace of nonsense was gone. This was business. "Don't worry, I'm not auditioning you. You've got the gig. But I want to see and hear you again. And one other thing I forgot to mention, dosh. You'll all get paid, full professional rate for a single performance. Including you, Mr. Tyler. And besides that, you'll all get expenses. We rehearse Monday to Wednesday, no Thursday afternoon, and then record the show before a live audience on Thursday evening. So that means four nights in a decent hotel, breakfast and evening meals and transportation down and back. It'll be two to a room, which twos are your business not mine, and is there a Mrs. Tyler, sir?" Mr. Tyler nodded. "She's invited as well. I wouldn't want to be named in a divorce action, thank you very much."

"Excuse me, Mr. Vaughan." It was that Teresa again. Maybe I've had her wrong all these years. "Are we going to be naked again?"

Gerard laughed. "That is, as they say, the $64,000 question, young lady. What's your name?"

"Teresa Campenelli, sir."

"Well, Miss Teresa Campenelli, you have chutzpah. (see cultural notes) Do you know what that means?" She shook her head. "Ask Mr. Tyler. And believe me, from me it's a real compliment. Now about your question. The first thing I must say is that I don't know if we can, legally I mean. I've already got the show's lawyers looking at it. We also have to check with the BSB, that's the Broadcasting Standards Bastards to us in the business by the way, and with some of our regular advertisers. Welcome to the real world."

"My guess is that it will be okay to do. Now I want to do it, or rather I want you to do it. It would be such an enormous 'first'. Even in America they haven't yet managed something like this on prime-time television. Yeah, I know about naked cheerleaders and such like, but that's meant to be sexy titillation." He was starting to sound enthusiastic now, and not so business-like, but I was probably wrong about that, and he was being a salesman with us.

"But here, the nudity would, I think, enhance the whole performance. Naked is natural, singing is natural, they really do go together in the right context. I think so anyway. Of course it would be controversial. What do you think, Mr. Tyler, just about it being natural?"

"I agree with you. Once I got over the initial shock of a whole row of naked singers last night, it was an absolute joy to direct them. All of you, you really never sang better than you did last night. I don't pretend to understand such things, but perhaps the freedom you felt last night, you somehow transferred to your singing."

Gerard took over again. "It would only be right though, if the whole choir was naked. Otherwise it would not feel right. It would be like some of you did not approve of what the others were doing. If that sounds rough, I told you before I always tell the truth as I see it, when it involves my bread and butter." He paused for a moment. The whole choir was motionless. You could feel the tension.

"So, boys and girls, I'm going to ask for a show of hands now. But a couple of final items first. Those of you who are under-age will have to have your parents' permission. That's the legal position for sure. But even for the older kids, I would not be happy unless we had your parents' agreement as well. And one other thing, if there are a few of you who think, 'God, I'm ugly naked. I'm too fat, too thin, no boobs, a tiny cock, whatever.' Don't worry. I do not want a stage full of beautiful young people who happen to sing well. I want a stage full of young people who sing beautifully, and who happen to be naked."

"And so, without further ado, raise your hand if you're willing to sing naked on my show."

Over half the choir raised their hands immediately. The rest took a little longer, but not much. Even Maggie and James who were fat, with capitals F, A and T, held their hands high, and Maggie was grinning.

"Okay, kids, I now know what I'll be doing for next couple of weeks. I didn't want to say this before, but if I can make this happen, I know, as sure as I'm standing here, that advertisers will be begging for spots that night. And them begging means me raising the ante. And you guys will get some of that, I promise you. If I make money, so will you guys. Hang on a minute."

He picked up his newspaper, folded it to a page in the middle and came to edge of the stage. "Look at this." He held the paper in front of him so all of us could see.

The picture filled nearly half a page. It showed the choir during the Mozart and above it was a big headline, "FULL-FRONTAL FRONT ROW!" To the left was a smaller picture of me alone, naked and singing my heart out.

"You can't buy publicity as good as this. Who wants their own full-colour copy?" A chorus of yeah's, cool's and a couple of wicked's responded.

He took a pen and notebook out and asked Mr. Tyler, "How many in the choir, sir?"

"Twenty-four."

Let's see," he started scribbling, " Twenty-four, one for you, two for... Laura and Suzie, two more for the school and three for me. Thirty-two, yeah, okay." He put away the notebook.

"Mr. Vaughan?"

"Yes, Teresa."

"Uh, it's not Teresa, sir." I turned and looked. It was Maggie! "I'm Margaret Jameson... but everyone calls me Maggie."

"My apologies, Maggie. From here I couldn't see who was speaking. I just assumed it was Teresa again. Your voices are very similar, but then I am a southerner. What is it you want to say?"

"I, uh, just wanted to ask you if you wanted us to sing naked now."

"No, Maggie, I don't. Some of you are going to feel self-conscious at first, and right now I want to hear your best singing." He took off his jacket. "Don't worry, kids. Only the jacket is coming off. While you're singing I'm going walkies all over, listening and considering camera angles. That's why these ladders are here, so I can get some idea of what the cameras will see. I also want to think about where mikes might go. I drive the show's director crazy, but sometimes I'm right when he's wrong, only sometimes though. Mr. Tyler, do your stuff. And kids, just ignore me. I promise not to make funny faces at you, well not many anyway."

Mr. Tyler took his normal position. He had his music, but the rest of us did not. I'm pretty sure he didn't need his either, but perhaps it just made him more comfortable.

"Okay, you've just eaten," Mr. Tyler reminded us, "So you'll be a little rough. Let's run through the progressions."

He took out his pitch pipe and blew a loud middle-C. For the key of C, the progression is C, D, E, F, G, F, E, D, C, up five notes then back down again. Then we move up half a tone to D-flat and repeat the sequence in the new key. The keys go up C, D-flat, D, E-flat, E, F, G-flat, G, A-flat, A. So the highest note we sing is actually high-E. Then we go back down again through the keys, finishing on C, where we started.

He was right. We were all rough when we started, but by the time we reached E-flat on the way down we were spot on, clear and dead together. We were ready for Fauré.

Even during the progressions, Gerard was moving around the room, listening for a moment then moving on, as well as up and down the ladders in front of us.

Mr. Tyler called to him, "We're ready now."

"Right, let's hear the Requiem then. And kids, don't forget Auntie Georgina in the last row."

We were good, at least as good as at the concert. Gerard was up on the stage now, walking and stopping as before. There were ladders either side of us in the wings. He was up and down those as well. Then he stopped directly in front of me so I couldn't see Mr. Tyler. That didn't matter at all, but then the bastard stuck two fingers in his mouth and made the ugliest face you could imagine with his tongue sticking out at me. It took all my concentration, but I remained in the music. He was still in front of me when we hit a couple of bars that only the boys sing. I stuck my own tongue out right back at him. He smiled at me, then moved away.

When we finished singing he was back down in the audience. I was glaring at him and he was grinning back.

"Before you explode, Miss Downing, you passed a difficult test with flying colours. All of you, please listen to me now. What I did to Miss Downing just now was cruel. But there was a very important point to it. When you're performing live, absolutely anything is possible. Your job is to sing your hearts out, whatever may happen around you. I'm sorry if I upset you for a moment, Miss Downing, but will you forgive me now?"

Part of me wanted to tell him to go fuck himself, but only a small part. The rest of me knew he was right. He did look very funny, though. I'm chuckling to myself right now, while I'm writing this. I don't know how I didn't break up then, I really don't. So yes, he was right, it was a good lesson.

"Do you promise not to do it again, sir?" I knew I was sounding like one of my teachers. I meant to.

"I can't promise that, Miss Downing. All of you need to learn how to cope with the unexpected. Fair enough?"

"I suppose so." I made that sound doubtful. He wasn't getting a complete victory. "But you know what you've done. If something really does happen while I'm singing, I'm going to see your ugly face again, I know it."

"As long as you remember that you kept on singing, perfectly, I can live with that."

Then he addressed all of us. "That was outstanding. This hall has a wonderful acoustic and depth of sound everywhere. If the contest had been here, maybe you'd have beaten the other choir, although they might well have sounded better too. Mr. Tyler, may I hear the Mozart now?"

Mr. Tyler asked, "Where would you like Samantha to stand?"

"Good point, sir." Gerard thought for a moment. "I'm going to be awkward again. Miss Downing, can you come forward near the edge of stage please? Are you alright if you can't see Mr. Tyler?"

"I don't know, sir. I've never tried it, not for real." My doubts were real as well.

Gerard smiled, "Let's try this then. We'll figure out where you'll stand in a mo'. Start to sing facing Mr. Tyler, then after a few bars turn slowly until you're facing Georgina back there. Or her brother Silas, if you prefer. He's visiting her from the States and she's brought him to the show as a special treat. Alright?"

I got this image in my head of a sweet old couple who'd be looking at me but hearing the choir as well. I found the idea relaxing.

"Okay, everyone else, please take two steps to your left and two steps back. You too, Mr. Tyler, two to your right and two back as well. I want you further from the choir."

He looked at me. "Two, no three steps, to your right. Fine. Now don't, whatever you do, strain your voice. Just remember how big this room is." He raised his voice slightly. "Mr. Tyler, in your own time."

I started singing facing Mr. Tyler. Then I turned towards "Silas and Georgina" and suddenly it didn't matter that I was out at the front all by myself. I wasn't good, I was brill. I forgot where I was. There was just me and the sound of the choir. It was strange though, I could hear them better even though they were quite a bit further away from me than I was used to. They were a single voice to me this way, much more than before, and I found I could sing my line against theirs more easily.

There was something in Gerard's voice after we finished that wasn't there before. "You were somewhere else then, weren't you?" I nodded. "I hope you can find that place again. That was awesome, Miss Downing."

He looked at his watch then. "Thank you, every single one of you. You heard what I just said to Miss Downing. Moving her away from you made you sound better as well. That was... beautiful, there's no better word for it. Thank you, Mr. Tyler. You will hear from me very soon."

He put his jacket back on and picked up his case. "Come on, Miss Downing. Take me to Mr. Thompson's office. We must talk."

He had a lovely voice when he spoke softly. Keep your wits about you, I reminded myself.

"I felt I had to remain formal in there until we could talk. Please, may I call you Samantha from now on?"

I was still high from my singing, so from somewhere came, "I actually prefer Sam, Gerard, but Samantha's fine as well." There goes your career, you idiot, a voice inside screamed at me. What possessed you to say "Gerard"?

That stopped him right in the middle of the corridor. He looked at me once, then he looked up, then back at me. And started to laugh.

"Samantha Downing, who prefers to be known as Sam, we're going to get along just fine. So tell me, what's Mr. Thompson like?"

"He's nobody's fool, is Mr. Thompson. That's why I've asked him to be at this meeting. I hope you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind at all. I want the school on my side, at least until after the show, so I hope he and I get on. I really do."

"Hello again, Mrs. Johnson," I said as we walked into the office, "Have you met Mr. Vaughan?"

"Yes, thank you. Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Thompson told me to take you two straight in."

She began to stand up, but I stopped her. "Mrs. Johnson, I must tell you something for your records." She looked at me and waited. "You know Laura Townley?" She nodded. "Well, I'm moving in with them permanently starting tonight. I've left my Mum."

"Is everything alright, my dear?" She sounded very concerned.

"Yes, ma'am, everything's never been better." Then I added, "I'm very happy."

Her whole body visibly relaxed. "Good, I'm very pleased for you. I'll change your records immediately, but I'll have to have a letter from Mrs. Townley, please. Monday, if possible. You understand, don't you?"

"Of course I do, ma'am. I only hope I remember."

Now she put on her serious voice. "If you do forget, I'll remind you." But she was smiling. "Anything else, Miss Downing?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Johnson."

She led us into Mr. Thompson, who immediately said, "Hello again, Samantha. Mr. Vaughan. Coffee or tea, you two?" He and Gerard had clearly already met.

Mrs. Johnson's coffee always smelled wonderful. "Coffee, please," from both of us.

"Three coffees, Mrs. Johnson, if you please."

While she was getting the coffees, Gerard said, "Do either of you know if Mrs. Johnson likes flowers?"

Mr. Thompson answered before I could, "She loves flowers. Today's unusual in that there are none on her desk."

Gerard pulled out his notebook. "I'm a permanent creep, you see, and keeping the Mrs. Johnsons of this world happy is very important to me. Very useful too."

At least he admitted what he was doing and why. Mrs. Johnson brought the coffee in and soon the three of us were settled. Mr. Thompson began.

"As I explained to you earlier, Mr. Vaughan, Samantha has asked me to sit in on this meeting. Are you both still happy with that?" Both of us nodded to him. "In that case, I'll sit back and enjoy my coffee, and listen carefully."

"Alright, Samantha, Mr. Thompson, this is my meeting I suppose, so I'll begin. I want to be your manager, Samantha. I can't put it plainer than that. Do you understand what that means?"

"I'm not sure at all what that means. The first question I have I thought about earlier. Am I working for you, or are you working for me?"

"Hmm, the easy ones first. The legal position is that I work for you. The truth is, though, that I know a hell of a lot about this business and at the moment you know nothing. Is that fair?" I nodded. "The next thing is that we both want you to succeed. Will you accept that?"

Again I nodded but Mr. Thompson spoke. "If I may, you manage lots of different artists, don't you? Of course you do. Can this not sometimes put you into a conflict of interests position? Suppose there's a spot on a TV show that both Samantha and another of your artists could fill equally well. You'd have to choose one and disappoint the other. How can you be fair to Samantha and this other artist at the same time?"

Wow, I would never have thought of that. I was already glad that Mr. Thompson was there.

"All I can do is tell you what I always do when that sort of thing comes up. Basically, I put both artists forward for the show to choose. I hope I do it fairly. I'll get a fee whichever artist works."

I suddenly remembered what he'd said to the choir. "Earlier, when you were talking to all of us, you told us about an act on the Larry Baker Show which is going to cancel due to ill health, but you hadn't decided which. That doesn't sound very fair."

He suddenly roared with laughter. "I'm sorry. That was meant to be a joke. Although most acts are booked in advance, we always leave one or two slots open until the very last minute. You never know who might be in the country, or who might suddenly have a big hit. But if it was necessary, when I'm casting for a show, I have to do what is best for the show, even though that often means casting acts which I don't represent. But if I do have to cancel an act, I do everything within my power to get them something else."

He took a breath and spoke in a softer tone. "It comes down to trust, Samantha. I've got a lot of papers with me. One of them is a complete list of all the acts and artists I manage. It's not as long a list as you might think, because to do my job well I have to spend time working with everybody. Here, have a look."

He opened his case and passed me the list. There were about twenty names on it and I had heard of over half of them. One pop group I had forgotten about. As far as I could remember they hadn't had a hit for several years, so I asked about them.

"What's happened to Spitfire?"

"Only that they've effectively broken up. Two of them are refusing to have anything to do with the third one. I haven't dropped them, but at the moment there's nothing I can do. A shame, though, they are a talented group, if they'd just decide to grow up."

That sounded believable to me.

"Sam," he continued, "Look down that list. There are no young, female singers there now. The last one I had, Miss Tyree (she was a rapper, Mr. Thompson), has retired to have babies, so maybe that will satisfy you both that I'm less likely to have a conflict of interest than you might think."

I passed the list to Mr. Thompson. Again I believed him. Mr. Thompson then said, "The Nelson Quartet, you manage them?" Gerard just smiled.

"Who?" I asked.

Mr. Thompson replied, "One of the finest string quartets in Britain. That one impresses me, I'm bound to say.

Gerard reached into his case again. "You can speak to any of these acts, Samantha, explain that you're considering hiring me and ask them any questions you want, about them, about me, about the business, and judge for yourself if I'm worth it. These are my secretary's phone numbers. She already knows who you are, but she should ask you about your address and phone numbers." He nodded at Mr. Thompson. "She already has the school number and your and Dr. Reynolds', and Mrs. Johnson's names."

That was bloody quick, I thought.

"When you call her, Samantha, tell her who you want to speak to, all of them if you like, and she will have them ring you. But please don't give out my poor long-suffering secretary's phone number to anyone else. By the way, you'll notice the second number is a mobile. If the office number isn't answered, her mobile always will be. The arrangement at weekends, however, is that I'll only ring her mobile between ten and four unless it's a real emergency."

He scored another point with me.

"Okay, Samantha, here's the big one, our proposed contract." God, it was thick. I was suddenly scared.

"Just look at the top page for now. You'll see a list of four solicitors. All of them are top drawer. They know the business almost as well as I do. The name at the top of the list is the man I'd recommend, but I should mention the one at the bottom of the list. Emil Hoskyns is an outstanding lawyer. Sadly, though, he and I hate each other's guts. I won't go into details but it's true. We've crossed swords several times. I think he's one up on me at the moment, and that really pisses me off. You should sit down with one of these men and have them go through the contract with you until you're happy that you understand it."

"Now I'll pay the solicitor's fee for that. Because I don't yet work for you, I can set his fee off against tax, so it'll cost me a lot less than it would cost you."

"The other person you'll need is an accountant. Now, although there are only a few good lawyers in our field, there are dozens of good accountants, and you'll be fine getting some recommendations from the solicitor. If you start to become successful, your accountant will save you a lot more than his fees and mine combined." He smiled again. "I guess I've scared the shit out of you, huh?"

I could only nod. He was so right about that.

"Mr. Thompson, what kind of impression have I made on you?"

"Well, sir, if you've been telling the whole truth, basically a favourable one. Would you mind, though, if I suggested someone else to Samantha for her to talk to as well?"

"Not at all."

Mr. Thompson turned to me. "How much do you still want this, Samantha?"

"As much as ever, sir." I was saying to myself, if it doesn't work the first time, I can back up and try again. I knew I didn't know what I was doing, but I still wanted to try. I really did.

"Well, Samantha, I don't think this part of the meeting can go any further safely for you until you have a lot more independent advice. Fair enough, Mr. Vaughan?"

"Absolutely, sir. I really wouldn't want it any other way. But is there anything you'd like to ask, Samantha?"

I looked at Mr. Thompson, "Is it okay to ask something about the contract?"

He nodded.

I took a breath. "Who decides what type of work I do?"

"Well it's my job to get you bookings, although you don't have to accept them. As for records, that will be in a different contract with a recording company, which I hope will come sooner rather than later."

"Sorry, That's not what I meant. I don't know how to explain what I mean." I was getting frustrated with myself.

"That's okay, Samantha. Take your time," said Mr. Thompson.

"Are you asking me about your image? Your style?" There was something in Gerard's voice I couldn't figure out. I didn't like it, though.

"Yes, that's it exactly. Who decides that?"

"I do," he said quite sharply. Then his voice softened. "It's something we work on together. But when it comes to the final say, it's my job to mould you and make a star out of you."

"And how do you see me? I don't want to be known forever as the naked choirgirl."

"Well there certainly is a hole in the market just now for a beautiful young classical singer. After you do The Larry Baker Show, I'm sure I can get you plenty of work quickly. We can start thinking about your first album as soon as the contract is signed."

"Hold on a minute. I want that show to be the last time I sing naked. Are we agreed about that?"

"Yes, we are. Maybe in a few years, things will change. But we can consider that then."

Mr. Thompson was leaning forward now. "What's this about singing naked?"

Gerard looked at me. I said, "You tell him."

"The choir has just agreed that if I can line up all the necessary permissions, which includes this school and all the choristers' parents, they are willing, all of them, to sing naked on our show."

"You will certainly have to discuss this urgently with Dr. Reynolds."

"I realise that. Before I leave here, I'll make an appointment with Mrs. Johnson to see him."

I didn't care that much about the naked singing, so I changed the topic to what really mattered.

"So you see me as a classical singer?"

"Yes, of course. Your voice is perfect for it. And, most importantly, there's a gap in the market at the moment." He stopped for a moment and looked at me. "How do you see yourself? What do you want to do?"

"I think, I think this time last week, I'd have loved your idea, even if I do hate opera."

He looked serious, "But not now?"

"I can't help it. I've changed this week. I want to express myself. I'm not just Samantha who does everything she's supposed to any more. If anything, I've become a bit wild, the sort of girl my mother would have warned me against."

I caught Mr. Thompson smiling at that, but Gerard wasn't smiling.

"When I got my hair cut this week, the first thing a friend said to me was that I looked like a rock chick now. And I looked in the mirror that night and she was right. I do look the part. I need help with everything else, though. How to sing rock, how to dress rock, how to move rock, how to talk rock, how to be rock!"

"You want to be a rock star?"

"Well, not necessarily Rock, but a pop star yes."

He looked up to the ceiling. "Why do artists always want to be what they're not? Sam, you have the perfect voice for what you're singing now. You do it well. No, you do it outstandingly well. You're seen as the innocent sweet girl with the voice of an angel. Yes, even after singing naked. If anything, that is even more poignant, a sweet innocent girl having to do that and doing it so bravely."

I began to feel cold. "But that's not who I am any more."

"It's what people will want you to be. You start trying to be something different and your sales will fall off in no time. They'll want you to be an angel. Long hair would be better, but you still sing like one."

"Are you saying you won't let me sing how I want to sing?"

"Yes. For now anyway. Later on maybe. Look, Sam, even you've admitted this is all new to you. My job is to do the best for you. You need to trust my judgment."

"Thank you, Mr. Vaughan, but I think I have to say No."

Both men looked startled at that. I could feel myself getting weepy, and angry, and frustrated, all at the same time. I forced myself to take some deep breaths. This was very, very important.

"I can't make you understand." I sat further back in my chair and cried. I didn't care if either of them saw me. I knew what I wanted to be. I knew that now. I had a home and a family and friends who believed in me and would support me and if Gerard Vaughan wasn't one of them, I didn't want anything to do with him.

"I think you should try," said Mr. Thompson gently.

I made myself stop crying. "I've spent my whole life trying to be what someone else wanted me to be. And it made me miserable. Now I just want to be me. Okay, I might do everything wrong. I might make mistakes, but they'll be my mistakes."

"Samantha. I can't pretend to understand." Mr. Vaughan (I didn't feel like "Gerard" any more.) was leaning towards me. "But I have to be honest with you. I don't think you have it in you to be a pop star. And why would you want to do that anyway? Most of them only last a few records. You are a fine classical singer. You have it in you to be the hottest classical singer on the market, with a career that will last for years and years... Don't throw it away. Look, from what I've heard you've had a difficult week. I'll leave this contract here with Mr. Thompson. Wait a week or two and think it over, quietly."

He turned to Mr. Thompson. "A privilege to meet you, sir. And I'll be contacting your headmaster about the TV show."

"Mr. Vaughan?" I said.

"Yes, Samantha?"

"Do you still want me for that TV show?"

"Yes. Yes, I do."

"Good. Because I owe them a lot and I really want to do it."

"I'm glad. Well, Samantha. It looks like we will be seeing each other again. I shall leave you with Mr. Thompson."

And with that, he shook Mr. Thompson's hand and left.

As soon as he'd left, I burst into tears again. I'd just thrown away my dream. Even if I changed my mind, it wouldn't be the same now. I seemed to be crying a lot today in this office, first tears of joy, then of frustration, now of what? Anger? Disappointment? I'm still not sure.

"I would offer you a handkerchief," said Mr. Thompson with a slightly silly smile on his face, "But I don't seem to have one for some reason."

That made me smile, but not for the reason he'd intended. I remembered returning his handkerchief this morning but clearly he'd forgotten. Probably his day had been a lot tougher than mine.

"Have I just made a huge mistake, Mr. Thompson?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Everything you said to me at the beginning of the week came true. Can't you advise me what to do now?"

"I don't think you really want me to. But I think Mr. Vaughan was right about one thing. Take your time. I nearly laughed when he said you'd had a difficult week. That's a bit of an understatement, isn't it?"

He had me laughing too. "I don't know how I'd describe it, sir. I'd say it's been like a rollercoaster, but that doesn't come close."

"I do think you need time to adjust. You were right about one thing as well. You aren't the same person I spoke to last Monday. I'd get to know myself a little before deciding what I wanted to be. You'll be seeing Mr. Vaughan for the TV show anyway, I can't see Dr. Reynolds saying no if all the choir have agreed to it and Mr. Tyler thinks it's okay. So relax a bit. I probably sound like an old man saying this, but you've all the time in the world. Make sure that you know what you want, and not just what you think you want, before you decide."

I actually started to laugh, not loudly, but enough for him to stare at me with his mouth open. And that made me laugh some more.

Finally I got myself back together again. I looked at him intently. "Don't worry, I'm not crazy. But today is, excuse my French, one fucked-up day, and it's not over yet. That's what made me laugh." Now he was chuckling with me, and never a word about my "French".

I had calmed down. Suddenly I was pumped and wanted to get out of there. The meeting had NOT worked out, but was it a total disaster? I hadn't a clue, and just then I really didn't care too much. I was certain I had to let things settle down inside me, just like Mr. Thompson and, to be fair, Gerard had both said. And I had to talk to Danielle about all this, that was obvious and truly the only thing I was really sure of.

The lesson bell had gone while I was with Gerard, but I headed for my lesson anyway, and the ones after that, praying for a serious Reasonable Request. I didn't even get any "posers". The day was still fucked up.

During my last lesson, Mrs. Johnson brought me one of those large pocket folders. Inside were all the papers from Gerard. And on top of them was a short hand-written note:

Sam,

Here's my mobile number, xxxxx-xxxxxxx. Ring me anytime. If I can't talk, I'll ring you back. I'm meeting Dr. Reynolds on Monday morning. If we don't speak before, we can get together then.

I overheard your conversation with Mrs. Johnson before our meeting. I'm stopping overnight on Sunday night, so if you and Mrs. Townley are free Sunday evening, perhaps the two of you will allow me to buy you dinner.

G

What an incredible, totally fucked-up week. Looking at the first parts of my journal I can hardly recognise the girl who wrote them.

I still think it was wrong to force me into the Program like this and nobody's going to persuade me otherwise, but I have to admit, without the Program I'd still be that girl who wrote those first two chapters.

Without the Program, what would have happened at the concert? I'd have probably sung just as well, and maybe been offered a contract by Gerard Vaughan. I'd have snapped it up without thinking and spent my next few years as the good little choirgirl.

It seems laughable that that's what I wanted. It would have got me out of one prison, my home and this town, and put me in another. And I wouldn't even have known it.

I'm still not sure about the Program, but without it, I'd never have met Laura and Danielle. Was the Program worth the pain it put me through? I'm looking at that stupid scar on my wrist. I now have a family that loves me and if going through hell was what it took to bring me that, I'd go through hell every time, even if it meant a hundred scars like that one.

I don't know what I'm going to do now. I'll have to talk with Danielle and Laura about it, not to mention doing some hard thinking. Perhaps GV is right, I don't have what it takes to be a pop star. Already that idea sounds like a childish dream. But whatever I do, it's got to be right for me.

Samantha Downing (or maybe Townley)

Laura, part 9

Program WEEK TWO

FRIDAY afternoon and evening

I'd just walked into the final lesson of the day when Mr. Moor came in. "If you don't mind, I have to borrow Laura for this lesson."

The teacher nodded, so I went with Mr. Moor. To my surprise he didn't take me to a classroom, but to the teachers' lounge. A junior teacher was there and Mr. Moor asked if he could leave us in private.

"Sit down," he ordered.

I sat.

"I want to know what's wrong between you and Suzie Peters," he started bluntly.

"Sir, that's our business..." I started but he cut me off.

"When I find a girl as distraught and totally inconsolable as she was this afternoon, wandering aimlessly down the middle of the main road outside the school, not knowing or caring where she was, so hysterical that Nurse had to sedate her, it crosses the line between your business and very much our business."

I hadn't realised she'd taken it so badly. But I couldn't explain, not to him, not to anyone.

"Okay, let me tell you what we do know." He pulled his chair closer to mine. "You are both crazy about each other. That's becoming more obvious every time you're seen together. Am I wrong?"

I shook my head slightly.

"I said, am I wrong?"

"No, sir."

"And now she tells me that since you'll have enough credits once you finish the Program to go to the university you want, you aren't coming back on Monday, or ever again. Is that correct?"

"Yes." I tried to make this sound defiant, but I knew I failed.

"After some parts of this week, I can understand you not wanting to come back to school, but why suddenly decide you don't want to see Suzie again, ever? And don't tell me it's what you want, because any fool could see that you're almost as broken up about this as she is. You allow her to fall in love with you, then you suddenly turn round and do this. It's cruel, Laura, and that isn't you. I've never known you act with deliberate cruelty to anyone, let alone someone you're obviously crazy about."

I stayed silent, then realising that he was going to wait until I said something, I replied, "She'll get over me."

He sat back, shaking his head at me.

Then he sighed, "I think at the very least you owe her the reason for your decision. She's going crazy trying to find anything she's done wrong."

"She hasn't done anything wrong," I protested.

"Then why?"

"I can't say."

"Then let me tell you about a young couple I knew years ago. A nice kid and a lovely girl. Absolutely made for each other. He was a bit old for her, he was a student teacher, she was only seventeen. But anyone could see how much in love they were. Then some idiots at school started teasing her about the love affair. She started coming home crying every day."

What had this to do with me, I thought.

"He became convinced that the best thing he could do for her was to leave her. So he got another job and took her out to dinner and explained why he was leaving. He was relieved that she took it so well. Until the next day when he learned that she'd taken an overdose and killed herself. Two days later he tried to drive his car off a cliff. It jammed, so he didn't die, but he was broken. Unable to teach or do anything else. He became a shadow of the man he'd been, never able to forgive himself for what he had done."

"It's a nice story, sir, but people don't usually kill themselves over a broken love affair. It's the sort of thing that you read in novels. It doesn't really happen."

"No?" he shouted. Then his voice caught, hardly able to let the words out, "This one did. The girl was my daughter."

FUCK. I knew he'd never told anyone at school about this. And now suddenly he was telling me?

"Some people fall in and out of love easily. Some people fall hard, just once. My daughter fell hard and Suzie is the same... and I'm beginning to think that you are too."

He let that sink in, then continued, "So before you destroy both your lives, at the very least let her understand why."

"I can't."

"Can't? Or won't?

"I'll destroy her if we stay together, so it's better to split up now, before it gets worse."

"Nice, clever, reasonable words that say nothing, and they are an insult to the girl you admit you love." He was getting angry again and almost shouted his next words at me, "Now in one short sentence, why are you doing this to both of you? WHY?"

"Because I killed the last person I loved and I can't let that happen again," I screamed at him. "Happy now? You know everything! Can I go now?"

I started to get up and couldn't. I collapsed back into the chair and cried (God, that word is so feeble). I bent over and hid my face. He gently touched me on the shoulder and I shook him off. This was too personal, I didn't want anyone close, not him, not Suzie, not anyone.

He tried again to touch me and I screamed at him, "Get away from me!"

All I could see was Julie's stricken face as she left me for the last time. All I could hear were the hateful words I had yelled at her and that terrible earthshattering sound a few seconds later.

More images flooded in, one following another in an obscene slide show: the smashed car, the blood, Julie's handbag intact for chrissakes, the crunch of broken glass as I staggered aimlessly past the carnage, the awful sickening smell of blood and explosives and burnt flesh, the smouldering rubber from the tyres. Then Heather's face, with blood pouring from her nose where I had punched her after she'd poured the tablets away. But always, the confusion and betrayal in Julie's eyes as she walked away, unable to believe that I'd hurt her like that. Finally her eyes faded out and I saw the same expression in Suzie's eyes when I had done the same to her.

He waited for me. The images receded and he still just sat in his chair, waiting.

"I have to go," I said.

"Okay," he replied, "But I don't think you should be alone right now. I'll take you home."

I nodded. He followed me to my box and waited while I dressed. I didn't know what time it was, but everyone had gone. He drove me home, where I found a note from Mum. "Gone to Doctor's with Sam." Of course. Sam had to see Dr. Gilbert tonight.

"You'd better come in," I told Mr. Moor. I knew the drill from Mum. Someone in a state? You stay with them. You don't leave them alone. I just didn't think it would ever again apply to me.

I had made us drinks and we were sitting in the lounge when he said, "Tell me about it."

"My best friend Julie died because of me," I said simply.

"Who was Julie?"

"She was my best friend for years. Then when she got me started stripping, we practiced on each other and in just a week we became lovers. But she wanted more than wild sex. I thought we were just friends who also had great sex together, but she loved me."

"She was older than you, wasn't she?"

"Yeah, a year or so. We were going out for a meal afterwards, so I'd gone along to one of her shows. I can't even remember how it came up, but I got angry with her, telling her she was stifling me. She said she loved me. I told her..." I closed my eyes, unwillingly living the scene over again for the thousandth time. "...I told her I didn't need her, that I could manage without her and she could go for the meal on her own. She looked so hurt, like she couldn't believe it. And she ran out. And that's when the bomb went off that killed her." I felt the tears coming again.

"And I couldn't tell her I was sorry, that I didn't mean it, that I loved her."

He looked at me.

"You didn't kill her. Evil men with a bomb killed her."

"But if I hadn't shouted at her like that..."

"Then you would have been with her, and you would both have been killed. It wouldn't have saved her life."

I looked at him, astonished.

He continued, "If Julie were here right now, do you think she'd be glad you survived?"

"Of course."

"She'd be glad you had that row, because it saved your life."

I was crying again. At that point Mum and Sam came in and Mr. Moor put up a hand to stop them. Mum understood and said, "Come on, Sam, let's get a drink," and they went back out again.

Mr. Moor spoke again. "And do you think Julie would want you to never love again because of her?"

I shook my head, too ashamed to reply.

"Sometimes we don't have the chance to make things right, like my daughter's boyfriend , or you with Julie. Sometimes we do. Those men killed Julie. They also hurt you. Don't let them hurt Suzie as well. If you don't love her, fine, but don't punish her for what they did to you."

He got up then and walked out of the room without saying another word.

A few minutes later I went into the kitchen. "Mum, I'm going out. There's something I have to do."

"I don't think you should go out like that," she replied.

"I need to go, Mum."

"I'll go with her," said Sam.

So she walked with me, neither of us saying a word. We walked across town, finally ending up at the graveyard where Julie was buried. Her grave was a little overgrown and I began to pull away the weeds. Sam helped. When we were done, she said, "I'll wait over there."

When she had gone, I sat down by the grave. "Julie, I'm so sorry. I needed you more than I can say. And I'm sorry I hurt you. I loved you and I always will. But now there's someone else I love and I've hurt her too. This time I have the chance to tell her I love her, if she'll have me. Wish me luck, my darling. And be happy for me."

I sat there for a while. And felt a peace come over me, mixed with an anger at those who'd stolen us from each other. When I stood up, I was determined not to let them do it again.

"I need to go and see Suzie," I told Sam. "And I need to do this alone."

"No can do," she replied. "I'll stay out of the way, but I promised Danielle I'd stay with you."

As I hadn't brought the car with us, we took the bus to Suzie's house. Before I went to knock on the door, Sam spoke again. "Invite her to stay the weekend. I can move in with Heather and Shelley for a while. Their Mum invited me. And you two need some time together."

"Sam, it's your home too now."

"I know. And you're like my big sister. Going away for a few nights won't change that."

I kissed her. "Thank you, Sam. But I don't want to push you out."

"You're not. Now stop arguing and go and see her."

I didn't have to. Suzie had seen me from her window and came out the door. Her face was blotchy and she looked wary of me.

"Suzie, I'm sorry..." was as far as I got before I started crying again and we were in each other's arms.

"There's some things I have to tell you," I tried to explain through my sobs.

"You don't have to say anything," she replied.

"Yes, I do. I love you and I want to be with you." Now we were both crying.

Sam walked up to us. "I've just called a taxi. Have you invited her yet?"

"Invited me?" asked Suzie.

"I'm moving out to Heather and Shelley's for a while, so you two lovebirds can get some time alone together."

"Sam, that's really nice," said Suzie, "Thank you."

"Hey, I gotta keep my big sister happy, haven't I?"

Suzie threw some things together into a bag and we were soon home.

"Everything alright?" asked Mum, as Suzie and I raced upstairs.

I turned, halfway up the stairs, and flashed her a smile. "It is now."

Less than a week ago, I found out I was going into the Program.

Now my week is over and it feels like it's been a year, not a week. Not only was it harder than I could ever have believed possible, but so much has happened as well.

I knew beforehand I wouldn't be able to control what happened, which is why it scared me more than I'd let on to Heather, but if I'd known how out of my control it would get, I'd have run a mile before agreeing to do it.

And I'd have been wrong. I'd have missed out on so much.

I knew Heather would be a friend, she's proved that already, although I had my doubts earlier this week. But to have four girls, two of whom I didn't even know this time last week, go through what they did for me on Wednesday morning, it leaves me almost speechless. I'm not going to even attempt to write how I feel about that.

Especially Sam. She's something else. When she joined us in the Program, I have to admit my first thought was that she was going to be a problem, someone we'd have to carry along all week. But when I found her in that toilet, suddenly she mattered as a person and I could have hugged Mum when she said that Sam could stay with us. (I know she felt guilty about making me share my room without asking me.)

I've never seen anyone change as much as Sam did in such a short time. Wednesday morning seeing her trying not to let me see she was crying, when she was obviously in pain, and knowing that she had let that happen to her for me, made me feel so awful and shallow and grateful and a lot of other emotions all at the same time.

And letting Jed cut her hair like that, knowing she had to sing at a concert the next day, what was she thinking? I am SO glad it worked out for her. And I couldn't love her more if she WAS my sister.

Shelley turned out to be more than the slightly spoiled kid sister I thought she was. I'd seen her often enough when visiting Heather, but as they didn't get on well, I really didn't know her. First she organises that petting party for Sam, a crazy idiotic idea that nobody else would have dreamt of, yet it turned out to be exactly what Sam needed. Then she joins in with standing up for me on Wednesday, and after all that, has time to remember to set us up to help Sam at her concert. All the same, I think I'm glad my new sister isn't quite as nuts as Shelley is. But I'll never think of her as Heather's brat sister again.

And Suzie. Hell. What can I say? I can hardly believe she still loves me after what I did to her. I'm more of a mess than I thought I was, but at least I can move forward now. I don't feel tied to the past any more. I just want to make Suzie as happy as I know she makes me.

If that sounds pathetic and soppy and sentimental, I don't really give a damn.

This crazy Program did all this, even when it was a total screw-up.

I wonder what it could do if it wasn't screwed up?

Although this is the end of the five girls' Program journals, it is not the end of their story, which continues in "Conclusions & Continuations".

http://www.nakedinschool.net/ConsCons/

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I'd really love to hear what you think. I welcome criticism and compliments alike, (okay, I guess I prefer compliments, I'm only human!)

While these stories are in progress, I'd also welcome suggestions and ideas. If I don't use an idea in this story, perhaps I will later.

Chrissy Giles

Email chrissy@chrissygiles.com

Heather's Story - http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/Heather.htm

MONDAY

You wouldn't think that being late for school could change your life. I was a good student, not ever so clever like some. I had to work hard to get good grades, and I was certainly never late for school. There was a flu epidemic in our town and I'd had it, so I'd missed school most of the previous week. I had recovered, but was still very tired and I guess that's why I overslept. It was mum's day to start work early so she wasn't there to wake me up and my younger sister thought it was funny to let me oversleep. She yelled at me as she went out the front door. It was quarter to nine.

I had a good excuse not to go in. I'd had a sick note from my doctor and nobody knew I was better by now. But we had a big test later that week and I couldn't afford to miss any more lessons.

No time for a shower, I dragged on my uniform and ran out the door with my bag, then realised that I'd forgotten my key and tried to stop the door slamming shut. Damn, too late.

From the main gate I could hear singing. Good, school assembly (see cultural notes) was still going on. Nobody would notice that I was late. But as I entered the main door a teacher stood there. "You're late," he said unnecessarily, "Report to the headmaster's office." (see cultural notes) When I got to the office, his secretary told me to sit outside, where there was a row of chairs for use by anyone unfortunate enough to be summoned. Until now, I'd never been one of them. He had a reputation for strictness and anyone waiting here would be nervous. I was no exception.

I heard the noise as everyone left assembly and soon the headmaster appeared. "Come into my office, Miss?"

"Hoover," I said as I followed him. He seemed distracted. "Take a seat, Miss, er.." "Hoover, Heather Hoover, sir." "Yes, Miss er Hoover, take a seat and please read this pamphlet all the way through. At the end I will answer any questions you may have. The two who were selected for this week are both off sick with the flu, so I left instructions that anyone who came in during assembly would take their place. It looks like it's only you, which is a shame, but that's how it will be."

"Selected for what, sir?" I asked. I still hadn't taken the pamphlet out of its envelope. "The Program. You can read all about it in there," he replied before starting to write something on a report card on his desk. I sat down and took out the pamphlet, little knowing that my whole life was about to change.

When I saw the naked pictures on the front I must have squealed because he looked up momentarily then went back to what he was doing.

I read the "Welcome" page without really understanding it, but the next page hit me between the eyes. "For the duration of your time in The Program, you must remain naked in school. My sharp intake of breath must have been loud as the headmaster looked up again, briefly. I carried on reading, but most of the rest was a blur. When I closed the pamphlet I felt myself let out my breath. I hadn't realised that I'd been holding it. The headmaster picked up his phone and said "Tell Mrs. Wright and Miss Taylor that they may come in now." The door opened a few seconds later and our two female P.E. teachers came in.

"Take off your clothes and put them in this box," Mrs. Wright said. I didn't move, I was numb. This couldn't be happening to me. One of them said something about having to undress me, but I just didn't react. All I could think about was the laughter when some girl's boobs popped out in gym and now I was going to be naked?

I didn't resist as they took off my clothes. This wasn't me. I was watching someone on TV. Or I was having a weird dream. When I suddenly felt a nipple rubbed by the material as my bra was removed I suddenly "woke up". Before I had time to think my knickers were down. I was pushed gently back into my chair while they removed my shoes, socks and then my skirt and knickers from around my ankles. They put my socks and shoes back on. Then the headmaster spoke.

"You can go to your first class now, don't forget the pamphlet." Miss Taylor opened the door and I walked out like a zombie, towards my next class.

When I passed some boys they stared, then one of them whistled. They started to follow me. Something in me snapped. I ran. I didn't even know where I was running, but I ran. Thankfully they didn't follow. I charged through the double doors at the end of the corridor and ran outside onto the playing fields. I didn't even notice the rain until I slipped over in the mud on the football pitch. That gave me an idea. I plastered mud over my boobs and... pussy (there, I said it). Then I ran again.

Past the football pitch, at the far end of the cricket field, there was a small hut, where the cricket stuff was stored. Although it was locked, it was easy to force the window and get in that way. So that's what I did.

Four hours later, that's where they found me, huddled in a corner, with dried up tears on my face, mud over a large part of my body and shivering with the cold. The sun had come out and five boys had come to get the cricket gear out. "Wow" was their reaction. One went to fetch the cricket master while the others just stood there, looking at me. I tried to cover myself with my hands and ended up just turning my face away and closing my eyes.

The cricket master stormed in. "What the hell do you think you are doing young... I won't call you lady. Boys, get out of here. One of you go and fetch Mrs. Wright.

They must have found Miss Taylor first as it was she who came to get me. "I don't know how you teach your girls to behave, Miss Taylor, but this is disgusting. I'm going to report..." He didn't have time to finish. "Shut up," said Miss Taylor. I'd never heard her speak so loudly before. "Boys, leave us. Mr. Thompson, I assume you were away for the staff meeting last week?"

"Yes, I had the flu."

She explained about the program and I watched his eyes open wider, then his face go deep red. He turned to me and spoke, "What's your name, young lady?"

"H.. H.. Heather Hoover sir."

"I owe you an apology, Miss Hoover. Heather. And I'm sorry." Somehow the gentleness in his voice made my eyes well with tears again when I didn't think I had any left. "I apologise too for the behaviour of the boys, but they didn't know either and when a group of boys find a pretty young lady naked in their hut, well, they will just have to learn to treat you with respect." I wasn't numb any more, except with the cold. I had heard every word and he'd called me pretty. I'd never thought of myself as that. Of course he was only being kind, but it was nice to hear.

"Would you wait here for a minute while I speak to the boys? And take this to dry yourself and put round you. You look like you're freezing." He handed me a hand towel, not very big. Miss Taylor stepped forward and took it from me and began to rub my arms and legs with it making me warmer.

Mr. Thompson came back in. "Miss Taylor, I suggest that you take this young lady to the showers and get her clean and warm her up. Then take her to the school kitchens. I'm sure that they can find her some food as she's missed lunch. And Heather," he added, turning to me, "If you have any problems with anyone, any of the boys, or girls or staff come to that, come and see me. You hear me?"

"Yes sir," I said, knowing that I wouldn't.

When Miss Taylor took my hand and led me outside, it seemed like half the school's male population was outside even if it was only one class. They were all silent, though I saw some eyes open wider and a few smirks. The five boys that had found me stepped towards me. One of them said, "I'm sorry we scared you, but Wow!" I felt myself go even redder as his eyes dropped to take in all of me. Most of the mud had been rubbed off and I felt his eyes staring at my breasts and then my pussy.

When we got into the school I turned to go into the girls showers, but Miss Taylor took my hand and said, "No. The pamphlet says that you have to use the boys showers." They were empty thank god, and she turned the water on. It began to run really hot (or it felt hot to me) and she handed me some shampoo. "It belongs to one of the boys, but I don't suppose he'll mind. Now when you've finished your shower, come to the kitchens and I'll get you some food." She left me alone. Alone and naked in the boys showers. If this was a nightmare, when was I going to wake up?

The shower was caressing my body in a way I'd never really felt before and I didn't notice the time. I was drying myself when suddenly the door opened and a whole class of boys came in and began to strip off their football kit. When they saw me, one said something like "woar", another "is this our prize?" and a few came to grab me. I ran out the door, but not before a few hands managed to grab my boobs and someone slapped me on the bum.

Outside were some girls. Most looked shocked, then one said "SLUT", loudly, and the chant of "slut slut slut" echoed in my ears as I ran down the corridor.

I was only vaguely aware of the stares as I went into the kitchen. Miss Taylor had arranged for some food for me and after I put the first forkful into my mouth I suddenly realised how hungry I was. I hadn't had breakfast after all.

When Miss Taylor came back for me she had my bag with my books in it. "Time for your next lesson. You'll be a little late, but Mr. Wright will understand." I knew that he would. Mr. Wright, our biology teacher and our PE teacher's husband, was as unlike her as anyone could be. He was kind and softly spoken, yet had the respect of everyone there without question. Whether it was just him or the thought of what Mrs. Wright would do to anyone who gave him any trouble, I don't know.

"Here she is, Mr. Wright," said Miss Taylor and gently propelled me into the room and went out, closing the door behind her. I felt 29 pairs of eyes on me, and ran to my desk. In my rush, I tripped and fell on the floor. I heard a few laughs and a few mutterings, some sympathetic, some not.

"Come up here please, Heather," I looked up and saw him looking at me. "As you know from the pamphlet, teachers may use anyone in the program to help illustrate their lessons." I didn't know. I didn't remember a thing from the pamplet, but I nodded dumbly. I stood where he told me to and he gently turned me round to face the class. This was awful.

"As you know, we were studying the mechanics and chemistry of respiration, but as we are going to be seeing rather a lot of Miss Hoover this week, you might as well study her now."

Mr. Wright had always been so kind. How could he be doing this to me? "As at least half of you seem very interested in her more private areas, we will look at them now." I wanted to die.

"Now can anyone tell me the purposes breasts serve?" A girl put up her hand "To feed a baby, sir." A boy shouted out, "For us to look at, sir."

"You are both correct. Other mammals have breasts but none quite so prominent as these." At that moment mine had never felt more prominent, even if they were tiny. "The reason is that they are used to attract and sexually arouse the male." He went on about this for a while but I didn't really register much until he started talking about pubic hair. But then it got even worse.

"The labia are divided into two, inner and outer, to protect the vagina. Now I know that you know what the vagina is used for. Yes, fucking, Mr. Lindon, and report to me after school. The vagina is used for sex.

"The labia on every girl are different, some more prominent than others, not always the same size and often, as in this case, mostly hidden by pubic hair. Turn round please, Miss Hoover."

"The buttocks are muscular and usually well padded, more padded in some cases than others." There was some laughter. "They are used by some monkeys for sexual arousal and are still an area of arousal for human males. You can turn round again and go and sit down." I did so quickly.

"How many of you boys found Miss Hoover standing here naked exciting?" The odd hand went up. "Okay all you boys come up here and face front. Hands by your sides." This time it was the girls' turn to snigger. Every one of the boys had an erection and most were trying not to show it.

"It is a natural reaction, especially when you are young. Some girls think it is an insult, but it isn't. You should take each of these," Mr. Wright turned to me and smiled, " hard-ons as a compliment, Miss Taylor. I know that you don't think you are very pretty, but we have 15 solid proofs to the contrary. Boys, you can sit down." They went back gratefully.

"Tomorrow we will study the woman's anatomy in more detail." Oh my God! "But for now, I think Miss Hoover deserves a round of applause." I couldn't believe everyone was clapping me, even the girls, and there were a few whistles too.

"Now. BEFORE you go to your next lesson. You have seen Miss Taylor and all of you have had a good look. As you know she didn't choose to be part of this program, but she has been very brave. When you leave this classroom, I want you to do two things. One. If you see anyone hassling her, stop them if you can, and report it to a member of staff. This program is meant to celebrate the beauty of the human body and to explore sexuality, not to sexually abuse the participants. Two. Leave her alone." He almost shouted that last part.

Now I understood why he had done what he had done. From this class at least there would be less staring. They'd seen me, all of me and that was all there was to it, wasn't it? But what did he mean by studying woman's anatomy in more detail?

The next class was almost easy. Many of the biology students were in physics too so after a few initial gasps and looks, it was almost like a normal lesson.

I spent most of it worrying about what Mr. Wright had said about studying woman's anatomy in more detail. Yet ironically the thing he said which I would have worried about more if I had known, was his last sentence, "Leave her alone" as none of those who knew what was going on came near me the rest of the day, making me feel worse than ever.

The end of the lesson came surprisingly quickly. As I was leaving, the teacher told me that I had to go back to the headmaster's office.

Walking back through the school corridors was a nightmare I will never forget and I cannot even describe how I felt. Some tried to grope me, most avoided me and stared. One girl even spat at me.

"I am afraid that I made it harder for you than it needed to be, Miss Hoover," said the headmaster when I was called into his office. "I thought it would have been easier for you if I didn't make a formal announcement about it, but it caused confusion, and, I hear, some unpleasantness. I will put that right tomorrow."

"Have I really got to go on with this?" I didn't say "sir". After all what could he do to me that was worse than this? He didn't correct me, though I'm sure that he noticed.

"Yes, until you arrive here next Monday morning. Now I come to something less pleasant." LESS pleasant? "I hear that you went missing for four hours today, missed several lessons and lunchtime. That will NOT be tolerated, do you understand?"

"Yes sir."

"I will re-read the headmaster's manual about the program tonight and tomorrow afternoon, after the last lesson, you will report back here for my decision."

"Yes sir."

"Your clothes are in this box. You may get dressed now. Just inside the main entrance hall you will see a pink box. Tomorrow morning when you arrive, you will put all your clothes in there and lock the padlock. Someone will unlock it for you at the end of the day. And don't think about not coming tomorrow. You know the new rules about missing school. The police will be called and you will be brought back. I see from your records that you are a good student. Don't let this week damage your entire future."

I had already dressed by the time he was finished. Everyone had gone when I went out, apart from one younger boy who had stayed, hoping that I'd still be naked.

I half walked, half ran home and ran upstairs and flung myself on my bed. If I thought I had no tears left, I was wrong. I didn't want to talk about it to mum or my sister, so I went to bed early. Perhaps tomorrow morning I'd wake up and this will have been a nasty dream.

Heather, part 2

TUESDAY, early morning

I woke up early if the fitful dozing I managed to do could be called sleeping. The pamphlet had various website addresses in it so I booted up my computer and went online. I certainly wasn't going to get any more sleep. I found out that this program had started in America, well it would wouldn't it? It had been tried briefly in a small school in England, but had virtually caused a riot there and it hadn't been continued.

I read about the two in that school and wished I had the courage to resist as they had. But they had others supporting them and they were in a small school of a few hundred. I went to a large comprehensive school (see cultural notes) of over 2000 pupils. What chance did I stand? Most of the students don't even know me, let alone care enough to support me. I guess they'll all know me better soon.

And where was my best friend Laura? I hadn't seen her all day yesterday and I'd been too upset to speak to anyone last night. She was older than me and would leave school in a few weeks' time. It would have been easy for her, I thought bitterly. She'd started making some money stripping in pubs and for photographers, but then, she had the boobs for it.

What would she say if she were here? I'll ring her now. I crept downstairs, picked up the phone and dialed her number. After a while a sleepy voice answered. It was her mother. "Heather? Do you know what time it is? What are you doing ringing at this unearthly hour of the morning?"

"Please Mrs. Townley, I have to speak to Laura. It's about school and it's really important."

"You can call her later, it's far too earl..." I guess she heard my sob and realised that something was badly wrong. "It's alright, dear, I'll go and get her, but don't keep her too long, she's still not at all well." She put the phone down on the table before I could say "Thank you".

"Heather? What is it? Mum said you sounded really upset!"

"Do you remember that thing on TV about naked in school they tried a while ago?"

"Yeah. I thought it was great. Those stupid kids making a fuss like that. Anyone would think it was something terrible. Why?"

"They've started it again, but HERE. They gave me this pamphlet to explain it all, and, and..."

She cut me off. "Ha! That'll be a laugh. I might even volunteer."

"You don't volunteer, you get selected, and it's me. Laura, I can't do it. I hid in the cricket hut most of the day yesterday until they found me. I'm not like you. I'm not pretty, my boobs are non-existent...."

She cut me off again."You are, and they're not. Look come round and see me now and we'll talk properly."

"But your mum said..."

"Don't worry, It's okay. Come round and bring that pamphlet."

"I can't. It's too early for a bus."

"My God it's five thirty. No wonder mum was freaked. Hang on. MU-UM," I heard her call. She put the phone down and I heard her run upstairs, then a minute later, back down again. "Okay, wait there, Mum'll come and fetch you. See you soon." She hung up.

Mrs. Townley was outside in ten minutes. She must have bombed it. I got into the passenger side and said, "Thank you so much for picking me up."

"It's alright, dear, Laura explained." Was EVERYONE going to know I was in school naked all day?

Laura met me at the door and grabbed the pamphlet out of my hand. "Come up to my room." I raced after her.

"I can't do this, Laura. Yesterday in Bio I had to stand and pose. Today he's supposed to be doing woman's anatomy in more detail. I'm not a model, I'm just me. All I do is study."

"And get a kick out of watching me strip the guys when you come along to my shows."

I almost smiled.

"Yeah but they'd never fancy me like they do you."

"Lots of guys would like you if you gave them a chance."

"Lots of guys wouldn't give me a second glance."

"I bet they will now," she laughed. Her laughter was so infectious that I even laughed a little myself.

She was silent for a while reading the pamphlet. "Hmm. So you can be used as a training aid."

"It happened yesterday in Biology. But at least after they'd all stared at me most of the lesson I got some peace in the next one. But he said they'd be doing woman's anatomy in more detail today, MY anatomy in more detail. I can't do this. I'm not like you. You'd love it."

"Actually I'd be terrified," she admitted. "When I strip it's my show, under my control. I do what I want to do. It's usually the guys that are terrified, not knowing what I'm going to do to them next."

"SEE?" I almost shouted. "If you couldn't do it, how can I? I might as well run away, as far away as I can."

"I said I'd be terrified, not that I couldn't do it. How do you think I felt on my first show, when I got dragged in by Julie during her show when I thought I'd only gone to watch and learn?"

When I didn't answer she went on. "I thought I'd die. I froze. I was shit scared and I knew that everyone knew it, at least that's what I thought." I never knew that. I couldn't imagine Laura being scared of ANYTHING. "Then when Julie led me around and let the guys start undressing me, I must have looked like a zombie. Then I saw the look in their eyes and noticed a few of them with bulges and I thought "That's for me," and I started to relax. By the end I didn't want to stop and Julie almost had to drag me away."

"It was funny yesterday when Mr. Wright made all the boys stand up and we could see they all had hard-ons."

"THERE," she almost shouted. "I told you so. Don't tell me you don't get a little thrill out of all those boys being turned on by looking at you."

"I never thought of it that way. I was too busy feeling terrible. And it'll be worse today."

"No it won't. Take your clothes off."

"What?" She repeated herself.

"Look, you're going to have to strip for the whole school later. You might as well get used to it now." I did as I was told. This was almost worse than yesterday.

"Okay sit on the bed, facing my mirror. No, not like that. Sit down properly. Now put your legs wide apart." She didn't wait for me to comply, she grabbed a knee with each hand and pulled them apart. I could see myself in the mirror. She sat down on the floor in front of me, but to the side slightly. Her face was about a foot from my pussy. "Now hold your pussy open, no, not like that." She moved my hands away and pulled my lips wide open. Even in the mirror I could see a lot more than I wanted to. She must have been able to see every detail.

"It's just your body, we all have one. No one part of it is dirty or shameful, no matter what some people might say. Actually you've got quite a cute little pussy."

"LAURA!" I squealed and actually giggled. But I still closed my legs with embarrassment.

"Now it says here you have to comply with reasonable requests."

"What's that mean?"

"If a boy, or a girl come to that, wants you to do something, you have to do it."

"NO. I can't." I was breathing faster and felt myself panicking.

Laura read a bit more of the pamphlet. "Wait, it isn't as bad as you think. You have to pose how they want. But you don't have to let them touch you, or touch them. And you don't have to have sex with them. But although they can't force you to allow touching, it says here they encourage you to agree to that."

"I couldn't," I whispered.

She didn't answer me, but put a hand out to touch my nipple. I shied away, but she put it back, and gently stroked my breast, then moved to the other one. I closed my eyes trying not to think about the strange sensations she was causing.

She started to play with both my nipples and I shuddered.

"Was that so bad?" she asked.

"No, but it's you."

"Fine, if you're going to close your eyes when someone touches your boobs, imagine it's just me in my room. Now come and get some breakfast." I went to pick up my clothes. "NO, leave them. If you're going to be naked all day, you can get used to it now."

"But your mum!" She grabbed my clothes and ran downstairs. I had no choice but to follow her.

Mrs. Townley was eating breakfast. She looked at me and smiled. She said simply, "Have some breakfast. You look like you need some food inside you."

Somehow it was almost worse when people tried to be kind. After breakfast I got dressed again and Mrs. Townley insisted on driving me to school, stopping off at my house for my school bag. Mum was a little surprised as I introduced "Laura's mum" but said nothing, other than "Have a nice day at school" as I went out the door. YEAH RIGHT.

Even though Mrs. Townley drove fast, I was almost late. I took a deep breath and got out of the car, then walked through the gates and the yard and opened the big front door. Day 2 had begun.

Heather, part 3

TUESDAY, school

If I thought having to strip yesterday in the office was bad, it was worse today. A few boys from my class were hanging around to watch me strip. I decided if I was going to do it, I'd get it over with quickly. No performance from me. I closed my eyes and pulled my blouse off so quickly that I heard some of the buttons go. I actually fumbled over the bra and was shaking so much that I couldn't undo it. Can you believe that? One of the boys sniggered and I pulled on it, breaking the catch. I pulled my skirt and knickers down in one go and put everything in the box and took hold of the padlock.

If I locked the padlock, my clothes were gone for the day. If I left it open and things got too bad, I could run back and get them. But then someone would probably steal them anyway and I'd have to walk home naked. I took a deep breath and clicked the padlock shut. No going back now, Heather.

The bell rang for assembly and I got more than a few looks as I crept in at the back before too many people could see me. Even so I caused a commotion as quite a few of the others were turning round to see me. I could feel myself going red. I was learning that in some situations you have the weirdest thoughts. I mean did you know that if you blush when you are naked you can blush all over?

Our school is very old-fashioned in many ways and we still had hymns at assembly. I knew I was fairly safe as anyone disturbing assembly was severely punished. For the first time I wanted this assembly to go on forever. The usual routine was couple of hymns, a reading and then onto announcements. I had a sudden terrible thought. What if they talked about the Program?

Of course my fears came true. The headmaster stood up after the routine announcements, and said "Now I have a special announcement. I know there have been whisperings in the corridors about a nude girl here yesterday, so to put a stop to some of the wilder rumours I have heard, I am going to explain. We have been selected by the Department For Education and Skills to take part in an experiment introduced from America, where it has worked quite successfully. This program was tried out in another school in England where it failed. It will NOT fail here. To explain more about it, I will hand over to Mrs. Wright."

Nobody stirred as she took the microphone. Even at a distance Mrs. Wright had a "nobody messes with me" kind of aura about her. "As I understand it, the intentions of this program are to ensure that all pupils are comfortable with their own body and their own sexuality." Some nervous shuffling. I froze. "Some of you, especially some boys, think that all that matters is your own desire and the girl doesn't matter. As you know, there were a few cases of date rape last summer and I know that some of you girls are scared to go out alone at night. That is one reason why we were selected for this program. At the other extreme, many of you are so nervous about your own sexuality that you are failing to enjoy all it has to offer. The program is meant to strike a balance, to ensure that you learn to make the most of your own sexuality while having respect for others."

"Each week a number of students will be selected at random to attend school naked. This is compulsory and there will be severe penalties for anyone who avoids school to get out of their responsibilities in the program. At each of the exits is a pile of pamphlets and you will each take one as you leave. Read it and read it well. But this week we have selected only one student. Miss Hoover, would you come up here please." I just KNEW she was going to say that. Ever have a nightmare where you just knew all the terrible things that could happen and then they did? But this was real. "Miss Hoover?"

I edged out to the side and walked up to the front, I don't know how. At the foot of the steps to the stage, I stopped, unable to lift my foot to the step. I bit my teeth and tried to imagine that I was Laura, the powerful one, at the centre of one of her shows. It helped a little and I found myself on the stage. "Face the school please". I turned to face them all and my fantasy failed. This wasn't a show, I wasn't Laura, this was SCHOOL. These kids were the ones who knew me, I had to see them every day, and I wasn't Laura, I was me. And I was stark naked in front of over 2000 people.

Mrs. Wright had carried on talking, but I couldn't tell you what she said. When the kids started to go blurry I closed my eyes and her voice went fuzzy too. When I heard shuffling I opened them to see everyone streaming out of the hall. "Thank you, Miss Hoover, you may go to class now. Because this assembly has made us late, you do not have to stop for anyone as it is already class time."

I didn't say a word. I was too numb for talk. I walked to my class, oblivious to the stares although I heard every snigger and whistle like it was amplified in my head.

I was relieved to be back in a classroom with only about 30 people. My relief faded when I remembered WHICH class it was.

I'll say one thing for Mr. Wright, he didn't make a big deal out of it. Just said "Ah, there you are Miss Hoover, just lie on the table here and put your feet on these two side tables" as if it were a perfectly normal thing to do. Exactly as I expected, that left me totally exposed. Laura had always spoken of being proud of what she did and the power it gave her. I didn't feel powerful. Even though it wasn't my doing, I felt like a slut. I lay there as Mr. Wright's voice droned on, not hearing a word, just feeling more and more miserable with each second that passed. I was terrified I'd start crying and knew I'd be teased if I did, yet I could feel my eyes beginning to water.

It's funny the little things that save you in a situation like this. I had an itch on my shoulder and as I turned slightly to scratch it, I caught sight of one of the boys' faces. His face was red but he didn't look excited or anything like that, he looked scared. Mr. Wright had them all doing a quick sketch of my private parts and labelling them, so they all had a pen in one hand and a pad in the other. The boy who looked scared was holding his legs together tightly, trying desperately to hide the fact that he had a hard-on like iron. I looked around and some of the other boys were equally embarrassed. Most of the girls just looked uncomfortable. Every now and then one of them would glance up and catch my eye and turn their eyes away quickly. THEY would turn THEIR eyes away, not me. Right now at least, they were more scared than I was, or some of them were anyway.

"Miss Hoover, MISS HOOVER." His words dragged me back to the lesson from my musings. "Can you hold yourself wide open now, so that we can study inside your labia." My first reaction was anger. The first time I'd actually felt at all okay with any of this and he'd spoiled it. Why don't you use a speculum then you can really see everything? I thought. I was about to yell it at him, and thankfully had second thoughts. If I'd said that, he might do it.

My misery back, I pulled my lips wide open. "Now girls, you probably don't actually know your own parts that well, so each of you take a turn and study closely." The girl nearest me knelt down into front of me a bit like Laura had done, but she came closer. I could feel her breath on me and an unexpected shudder went through me. Mr. Wright pointed out each part, then the girl's place was taken by another, and another. The others didn't come quite so close, thank God.

Then it was the boys. "It smells," said one. I shrivelled up inside and let go of my lips. "Is it a bad smell?" asked Mr. Wright. "No, it's funny," said the boy.

"Next boy, open wide again, Miss Hoover. You'll find that each girl has her own scent, and when you are lucky enough for a girl to let you, her own taste."

The boy leaned forward as if to smell me. God, I felt gross. Suddenly I screamed as I felt a tongue lick over my exposed pussy. The shudder I'd felt when that girl breathed on me was nothing to the lightning bolt which went through me then. I clamped my legs together so fast it was lucky I didn't break his skull.

"He licked me," I shouted, sitting up and putting my hands between my legs for protection.

"And you didn't like it." He said as a statement, though I knew it was a question.

"No, yes, NO!" I said.

"We'll come back to that in a moment."

He turned to the boy, "DO YOU KNOW WHAT SEXUAL ASSAULT IS?" The boy just looked scared. He carried on in a voice like hardened steel. "You can all read your pamphlet again for the rest of the lesson. Subjects on the program have things that they have to do, like exposing themselves however any of you want. But if you want to touch them, you ASK FIRST. It is their decision and their decision is final. I do not want a repetition of this in my class or anywhere else. Does everyone understand?"

I was shaking like a leaf. I wasn't sure what I was more scared of, his anger, even though it wasn't directed at me, or that it suddenly occurred to me that between lessons I was an easy target with no teacher there for protection. Or was I scared of that lightning bolt of sensation as I felt his tongue on me? He's said we'd come back to my reaction and I was very glad that he seemed to have forgotten.

When the lesson finally ended a boy came up to me. "Helen?" he said nervously. "It's Heather," I replied. "Oh, Heather. I didn't get to see. Can you..." his face reddened, "Can you..."

"You want me to hold myself open so you can see properly?" I said softly. Why was I helping him?

"Yes please."

I lay back and held myself open as far as I could, even exposing my clit. I felt his breath on me and I suddenly burst out laughing. How ridiculous this whole situation was. Here was I, naked, spread out on the table like an opened gift with a boy's face inches from my most private parts and he hadn't even known my name a minute ago.

He probably didn't know why I was laughing, but maybe laughter is infectious as he started laughing too. I laughed until tears were running down my face and my sides hurt. Perhaps I would survive this week after all.

I went out into the hall. "I have a reasonable request. I want you to show me your pussy." I walked to a chair and spread my legs. "No, really open." I held myself open as before. "Now bend over and show me your arsehole." I was beginning to hate him. "Hold your bum open." "It's a reasonable request." I pulled my bum cheeks apart. As I began to get up, another one wanted to see, and another.

As I bent over to show my bum for what seemed like the 100th time, a hand groped my pussy. I turned to try to see who it was and hit my head on the wall, hard- OW! He was gone, running into the distance, while others still gathered round to look at me.

Another trick was to come up behind me and grab one of my boobs, or to feel my bum or crotch as they walked by.

I was beginning to feel bruised and sore.

Later on that day, when I left the dining hall, a whole load of boys started grabbing at my breasts. After pushing hand after hand away, I simply gave up and let them pull and tweak them to their hearts' content, while I died inside. They were pinching my bum as well, but at least I could protect my pussy. None of them even noticed the tears streaming down my face, but then, none of them looked that high. I wasn't a person any more. I was the school sex toy.

"Leave her alone!" someone shouted. "What the hell do you think you are doing?" Whoever it was started dragging some of them away but was pushed away. "Look at her face!" he shouted. To my amazement they did. The one right in front of me looked in my eyes and his face changed colour. Literally. From pink he went white in an instant. I didn't think it was possible. He took his hands away. "That's enough," he shouted. His mates hesitated, looked at him and backed off. They drifted away, leaving me standing alone with one boy in front of me. It was the one who had shouted to leave me alone. I reached out for him and literally collapsed into his arms, sobbing until it hurt.

The afternoon lessons went quickly and easily. Between the lessons I tried to stay in one class until the bell went for the next, so I could run to the next one. It made me a little late, but I avoided reasonable requests. Reasonable to who I wondered.

After the last class a boy stopped me and asked to look at me. "Touch yourself," He said. I did. "Put your finger in your pussy and wank yourself."

"No. That involves touching and putting things inside me. I won't do it. It isn't a reasonable request."

At that point the headmaster appeared, looking for me. "Ah, Miss Hoover, I just..." he paused. "Is there a problem here?"

"She won't put her finger in herself and wa... er masturbate to show me. And I'm not asking to touch her and it's not a foreign object so it's a reasonable request."

I looked at him trying to appeal. "Even if it's touching myself it's still touching. And a finger is a foreign object to my pussy. It's my right to say no."

"I'll have to consider it overnight. Come to me after assembly tomorrow morning."

"And anyway, I've been grabbed and groped all day. I feel bruised all over. Whatever happened to ME giving permission? I haven't given ANYONE permission to touch me and that hasn't stopped me being the school sex toy. Why don't you just tie me to a table and let them all gang rape me? You might as well because that's what they'll be doing by the end of the week."

"Do you know who these boys are?"

"No, there were too many."

"I will speak with people at assembly. I want this program to succeed, but it is supposed to teach more than openness about sex, it is supposed to teach you to respect each other."

"Then it isn't working."

"Hmmm. We will see what we can do about that. But I was hoping to catch you coming out of your last class. We have the summer fair on Saturday. You may not know it, but takings haven't been so good in recent years, so I've told the organisers to think of ways they can use you to raise more money. See if you can think of ideas yourself."

As I turned to go, "Miss Hoover. I will stop this abuse you are getting, but you said that you haven't actually allowed anyone to touch you?"

"No."

"The program does say that you should be encouraged to do so. It will familiarise them with a woman's body to learn how it should be treated and help you to relax and enjoy your sexuality."

I didn't answer. I walked to the entrance hall. His delaying me had allowed a whole group of boys to gather to wait there for me. Luckily a teacher was standing by as well and gave me the key to the padlock. I saw the boy who had saved me earlier. "Hi. I didn't thank you for stopping them earlier, or for letting me cry on your shoulder" (literally I thought). "What's your name?"

"Tony."

"I'm Heather, also known as local sex toy. Do you want a reasonable request? You can touch me if you like."

"Are you sure?" I wasn't sure if he even wanted to or was scared of looking gay in front of the other boys.

"Yes."

He took a breast in each hand and gently ran his hands over them. I almost closed my eyes, but after today I didn't think I'd ever dare close my eyes in public again.

Then he bent down and lightly kissed each nipple and simply said "Thank you, Heather" and turned to go.

Somehow the atmosphere changed and nobody else asked me to do anything, so I thankfully got dressed. I'd broken my bra in the morning, so I left it off and my blouse hung open with half the buttons missing, but I was past caring and just wanted to go home.

"Where were you this morning?" asked Mum.

"I was upset and went to ask Laura's advice on something."

"About the program?"

"Yes. Wait, what do you know about the program?"

"I had to agree that you could be on it. Apparently while it's just a trial, parents have the right to refuse. Later it will probably be compulsory."

"How COULD you? How could you DO that to me?"

"You're so shy, Heather. All you do is study, and watch Laura strip and I can see you wishing you had the nerve to do that. I watch you go inside yourself when boys are around. This will help your come to terms with yourself and sex."

"Mum, you're talking crap. I never want to talk about this again. You have no idea what it's like, no idea." Before my anger turned to tears, I ran upstairs.

For the second night running I went to bed in tears. I read more online about the girls' experiences in America. The first girl had let them do anything to her and ended up being seemingly hated by those that had to follow her. It seemed like every girl ended up being a sex toy.

The boys just wanted to grope me.

Half the girls already thought I was a slut and those that didn't still avoided me.

The headmaster wanted me to let them do more to me.

Laura wasn't at school, she was still ill.

And Mum was the one who had put me into this in the first place.

Nobody understands and nobody cares. I am completely alone.

Heather, part 4

WEDNESDAY

I woke up determined to be hard as nails all day. Nothing was going to touch me, emotionally anyway. We didn't speak through breakfast. Even my sister seemed to know not to say a word. As I tried to go out the front door, Shelley barred my way. She was just over a year younger than me and already had bigger boobs. I pushed her roughly out of the way and she fell down the steps. I'm ashamed to say I didn't stop to pick her up off the gravel drive but walked past her. "Sis," she called. I ignored her. "I just wanted to say I love you."

By the time I turned round I could feel tears running down my face. Not even at school yet and already in tears. "I'm sorry, Shel. It's just so hard. I just want to get away and I can't."

I hugged her so tight she cried out "Hey, I'm breakable." We walked to school together. "You'd better go in ahead of me. I don't want you to have to watch this."

"Oh no. I watched you on stage yesterday and you made me proud. I couldn't have stood up there."

"I didn't have any choice, Shel. I'm in the program and they can virtually do what they like with me."

"You looked hot though. Half the boys in my class wanted to meet you."

"Yeah, more than meet I bet."

"Well a few remarks were quite erm, detailed."

"Seriously, Shel. When I strip off, I'm gonna get groped everywhere and I don't want you to have to watch me trying not to freak out."

"Is it that bad?"

"Worse."

"OK sis, I'll go in first."

I waited a minute then followed her in. I heard the usual catcalling, but nobody was looking at me. I took off my clothes and walked to the box to put them in, pushing through the mob. Standing by the box, naked as the day she was born, with guys' hands all over her, was Shel. "I can't help you the rest of the day, but I can distract them now for you." I was stunned. She was standing there with her legs apart with god knows how many fingers rammed up inside her and trying desperately to look brave, but only succeeding in looking like a frightened rabbit.

I picked up her blouse and skirt, her underwear had disappeared. Someone got a little rough and she slipped over, spreadeagled on the floor. I bent down and lifted her legs to put her skirt on and handed her the blouse. I felt a couple of fingers rammed into my pussy and one in my arse, but I didn't even care as I helped her do up the buttons. "I'm afraid you've lost your underwear."

"Shel, you are the most incredible wonderful and brave sister a girl could have. But you can't do this for me, you'll get into trouble. But just knowing you're there for me makes it a whole lot easier, okay?" People seemed to be drifting away from us.

She nodded as I hugged her. I turned to let her go and came face to face with HIM. The one who'd led the mass groping yesterday at lunch. On either side of him were the others from his group. That's why everyone else had drifted away. "You can do what you like to me, but leave my sister alone. She's not in the program, she was just trying to help me."

"We don't want to touch you," he began, "No, I mean we´re not going to touch you. We came to apologise for yesterday. I know nothing I can say can make it right, but I'm really really sorry. All we, I, thought about was here was a hot girl naked and available. All I could see were the bits I grabbed. I didn't even think about you being a person. You were just a body until I saw your face and the fear in your eyes then I wished I'd never been born. And I know most of the others feel ashamed of what we did." His voice and eyes had been dropping steadily but now he took a breath and looked me straight in the eye. "I don't expect you to forgive us, but if you ever need anyone to help out you can count on us." From behind his back he brought out a bunch of flowers. They were rather battered but at that moment they were the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen.

We were interrupted by the loud ringing of the bell for assembly. It was taken by Mr. Wright. At the end Mrs. Wright took over. "I've heard rumours of some very unpleasant incidents yesterday involving our naked young lady."

"Some young lady," a girl's voice shouted.

"If I find out who that is, you'll be joining her. I am going to remind you of this once, and it had better be only once, that you treat anyone in the program with respect. You do not touch them AT ALL, unless they give you permission to do so. Sexual assault is still sexual assault even if she is naked. It will not be tolerated. You are dismissed."

I went into the Headmaster's office happier than I had been since this thing started. I had discovered that my sister was more wonderful than I'd ever thought. The group I had feared most suddenly wanted to be my friends, though I wasn't sure I trusted their motives. And now Mrs. Wright had laid down the law to protect me.

"I've been studying the program rules and taking legal advice. The pamphlet is quite specific, "No student shall ever be required to insert a foreign object into any bodily orifice as a part of a Reasonable Request or Classroom Activity." Fingers are not objects and in addition to that your fingers are not foreign objects. Therefore for both boys and girls masturbation IS a reasonable request." I'd been half expecting this, given what I'd read on the net, but I'd still hoped that maybe I'd be spared it.

He went on to say, "As far as anyone else touching you there, the pamphlet does say "No student is ever required to submit to oral sex or penetration with a sexual organ as a part of a Reasonable Request." It does not say any other body part, such as fingers."

"But what about the bit where it says "The Program Participant is the sole judge of the reasonability of any request that involves physical contact"? Has that suddenly been taken out?" I argued.

"That is to prevent someone from forcing you to do anything when you think something is unreasonable but there is nobody to ask for advice. It goes on to say that disagreements about what is reasonable are referred to me, and I can refer them to local Program officials, when they are appointed. Until then it is left to me to decide on any disagreements myself. I have to bear in mind that the intent of the Program is "to help you become more comfortable with your body and your sexuality" and to encourage you all "to treat others ... as sexual beings, to learn to harness your natural energies." As touching one another, even intimately, is an essential part of being a sexual being, I would have to say that trying to avoid sexual touches would clearly be what the rules call a "frivolous attempt to skirt the intent of the Program." You understand my position?"

He continued, "Now you probably heard the announcement that we will take a hard line on anyone who mistreats you, but touching and being touched IS an important part of the program. And the program rules say that we are to encourage you to take part in that aspect."

"This program failed once before in England because the selected students were unwilling to accept their responsibilities to make it work." He paused significantly. "I've been looking at your marks."

Whew, that was a quick change of subject. What was he up to now?

"You're trying to get into University next year, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Your marks are barely adequate. You cannot afford a single week with lower marks than your average or your chances of finding a place are slim. And your marks for the first two days of this week have plummeted." (see cultural notes)

"You try suddenly being the school joke and sex toy and see if your work keeps up to standard."

"I'll ignore the lack of respect this ONCE, because I've found a way in the program to help you. We are able to give discretionary marks for your participation in the program, according to how cooperative you are and what your attitude is like. Throw yourself wholeheartedly into this program and I'll see you get enough marks to get you admission into any university in the country, maybe not Oxford or Cambridge, but any other."

"You mean become the school prostitute and I get to go to university?" I said bitterly.

"I didn't say that and I didn't mean that, young lady. All I'm asking is that you try to be a willing participant in this program and make it work, instead of trying to avoid it as much as you can."

He seemed to have finished so I turned to leave, but he had another bombshell for me.

"Before you go, I've been looking in the program rules. It says, "If your participation is deemed unsatisfactory due to absence (whether for illness or truancy), your participation will be extended in one week increments until satisfactorily completed." Because you were absent for a large part of the first day, you have to complete this week and do another week. You will be in the program until the end of next week. It will give you time to adjust to the requirements of the program. Now you can go."

I'd gone into the office almost happy and now this. By tonight I'd have been over halfway through the week, the school week anyway. Now the program stretched ahead of me like a life sentence. And not only that, if I didn't "cooperate", my whole future was down the drain.

My first lesson of the day was Art. It was taught by a hunk by the name of Mr. Claymore. The joke among the girls was "he can be mine any day." (Claymore is the name of a rather nasty type of mine.)

"Thank you for joining us finally, Miss Hoover."

"Sorry, I had to see the headmaster."

"Oh okay. You can sit down. We are finishing the study of light and colour by using different coloured lights on this bowl of fruit, so if we can have the lights off please."

I didn't believe it. Art class. The one class I really expected to be posing the whole time, and not only wasn't I going to have to pose, the lights were out and nobody could even see me.

Glad? No I bloody wasn't. I'd have given ANYTHING to make Gerald Claymore notice me, even if it meant having the whole class measure me inch by inch with their fingers. The one class I was actually glad to be naked in and it was dark and I was sitting meekly at the back.

On my way to the toilets after Art, I ran into Tony. "Hi, He," he said. Let me tell you that nobody calls me "He" or "Het" or any other abbreviation for Heather if they don't want me to totally blank them. But after yesterday he could call me every foul name under the sun and I wouldn't mind. "How's it going?" he asked.

"The headmaster says that masturbation is a reasonable request and that if I want extra marks to go to Uni I have to let people grope me."

"The headmaster said THAT?"

"Not exactly, but that's what it means."

"But after what Mrs. Wright said this morning I thought nobody could touch you unless you said it was okay."

"That's just for show. People have to ask, and I have to give permission, but if I don't, bang goes my chances to go to Uni."

For the zillionth time, I was crying. And for the second time in two days, I was crying on Tony's shoulder. But the lesson bell went and we went our separate ways.

In History we were studying women's rights. This was taught by a large middle-aged man called Mr. Moor. If there was any more of him he'd fall over.

"If we've progressed so far with human rights, how come I can be stripped, paraded around and forced to exhibit like some animal and basically be told if I don't let half the school grope me I can't go to university?"

"I haven't made any secret that I am not a supporter of the program although I see nothing in the program that tells you that you have to be groped against your will."

I read the bit from the pamphlet "Participants are strongly encouraged to allow touching for the purposes of education and promoting a sexually aware environment. School administrations may create incentives for students who do so at the judgement of local Program Officials."

"What that means, sir, is that they can basically screw up my academic record by putting me in this program, then offer to rescue it as an 'incentive' to allow touching. And did you know I can even be forced to masturbate as a reasonable request?"

"No, I didn't know that. But if as a society we are to be more open and accepting of sexuality, instead of making it something dirty and hidden and looked down upon, it must be brought into the open. You've been given a wonderful chance to experience so much in a short time, which could enrich your own future development as well as your sex life now and in the future."

Less than 20 minutes later I was to regret that conversation. One of the boys in the class came up to me afterwards and said "I've got a reasonable request." (I was learning to HATE THAT PHRASE.) He wanted me to masturbate in front of him.

We walked back into the classroom and I lay on a table, stuck a finger in my pussy and rammed it in and out trying not to think about what I was doing or that I had a growing audience, one of them with his eyes inches from the said finger.

To my surprise he took my hand and stopped me. "It's okay. I'm sorry. You can stop." He looked upset. "What's wrong? Didn't you like it?"

"Yes but I want to learn how to do it. My girlfriend is fantastic at handjobs, we haven't done anything else yet, but when I try to do her, I do it all wrong. I'm either too rough or too gentle. I really want to make her cum."

"What's your name?"

"Roy."

"Well, Roy, it's me that should be sorry. I was treating you like a jerk. Would you like me to show you properly?" His eyes lit up. "Okay. Firstly, don't forget that the whole area is sensitive, you don't have to go diving straight in..." I told him to start just stroking the labia, then to gently open them, don't go straight for the clit at first. I showed him everything nearly bringing myself off. I stopped and he looked up puzzled.

"Would you like to try?"

"Can I? Really?" I nodded and just had to smile. Whoever had him for a boyfriend was luckier with boys than I was.

He'd been studying well, but he was a little too gentle. "It's okay, I won't break, honest."

When he stuck his finger in me the classroom disappeared. Forget university. Forget the program. Forget School. Just let me stay here with this finger doing all those things in my pussy for a lifetime. When he used his other hand to touch my clit I can't describe it. I'd had orgasms before, but this was intense.

I realised he was looking down at me with concern on his face. "Are you okay?"

"Oooh yesss." I gasped "That was incredible. If your girlfriend doesn't want you, ask her if I can borrow you, in fact ask her anyway."

"Thanks, Heather."

"No. Thank YOU." He even helped me up and believe me I needed it.

I staggered into the next lesson, maths.

"I can see you've been enjoying youself, but why are you late?"

"I'm sorry, sir, I was helping with a lesson demonstration."

"Okay. ARE you okay?"

"Oh YES SIR!" The whole class laughed at that.

"Yes, I rather think you are. Someone had suggested that we use you to measure to work out the volume of irregular solids, but perhaps you'd better sit down."

I did. I couldn't concentrate on the blackboard though, or on what he was saying. I still didn't believe that I'd actually had a positive experience in this damned program. Somebody hadn't just been using the program as an excuse for using me in their own masturbation fantasies. And I'd been able to help someone, or two someones. Maybe more as we gathered quite an audience for our little show. And on top of that the most mind-blowing orgasm ever.

Of course the rest of the day wasn't as good as that. After lunch I was asked to masturbate again. I was actually still pretty turned on from the last time, so soon I was in my own little world. I came to as something hit me in the eye. Ow that hurt. I was surrounded by guys all wanking over me. They had cum all over me, it was even on my finger that I was still rubbing into me. As I gasped another wad of cum landed across my face and some went into my mouth. I sat up and felt it running down my body. My hair was full of it.

Only day 3 of 14 and I'd let god-knows-how-many guys wank all over me. As far as I could remember no one had touched me, yet I felt dirtier and more used than if I'd been gangbanged.

I ran to the showers trying to ignore the disgusted looks on some of the girls and the shouts of "Slut" and "Whore". I had to use the boys showers so they followed me in there. I let them clean me as I shampooed my hair with some shampoo that one of the boys gave me. It had a masculine smell but anything was better than the way I smelt and felt at that moment.

One boy stuck a couple of fingers up me, brought them out and licked them and said "Yum."

"You're supposed to ask."

"May I?"

I laughed.

"May I?" "May I" came from all around me. "Okay, but be gentle, I'm a little sore down there."

Most of them were gentle. As the warm water continued to wash over me and other hands continued to massage my head, my shoulders, my neck, my back, my breasts I felt a strange calm.

I don't even remember the lessons that afternoon, but I suppose there were some. The times in between I spent being examined or probed or massaged by one guy after another, or should that be ten guys after another. Some were gentle, some just wanted to see how many fingers they could stuff in me and how far.

They couldn't say I wasn't cooperating now. Any more cooperation and they'd have to stick a red light outside every bathroom and charge admission.

I picked up the padlock key and got to the box to find someone had superglued it. The maintenance staff had gone home. It was walk home naked or try to hitch a lift. Somehow I didn't think hitch-hiking in the nude would be the greatest idea known to man.

About a third of the way home, already with a rowdy following who prodded and grabbed at me at every chance, I saw a flashing blue light. Thank God, the Police.

"I am arresting you for behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace. Step into the van." He opened the back door of the van "The rest of you clear off unless you want to be arrested too." He slammed the van door shut before I could recover from my shock to explain.

Heather, part 5

WEDNESDAY evening

Let me tell you the hard seats in the back of police vans really are hard when you're naked, especially when you aren't exactly well padded like I'm not. How could the program tell me we are supposed to go nude outside school when I can be arrested like this?

We arrived at the Police station and the van doors opened. I was led into a side entrance. "Wait in this interview room while the sergeant comes to get your parents' details." He left and I heard a key turn in the lock.

It's got to be about the only time so far this week I didn't cry. It just seemed so ridiculous. It was less than a minute later when a somewhat red-faced sergeant came running to open the door with the police constable behind him. "Young lady, I'm sorry. He only transferred here yesterday and we haven't had time to tell him about the Program yet."

"The Program?"

"Go and get this young lady a cup of tea, then I'll explain it to you." The constable went off looking totally puzzled.

"What's your name, love?"

"Heather Hoover."

"It's okay, Heather's enough, unless you want to make a claim for false arrest."

"No. Actually he got me out of a nasty situation. A crowd were pestering me when he came along. Some idiot superglued the lock on my clothes box at school and it was too late to get someone to saw it open."

"Pestering? Are you alright?"

"Not as bad as at school."

"It must be tough being the first one in this area."

"Yeah."

At that point the other cop returned with my tea. "Please will someone tell me what this is all about?"

"This is a Program Area," the sergeant said, "which means that anyone under 21 and any woman of any age can go naked anywhere they want to. Additionally unless they are really causing a disturbance the same goes for sexual activity. Anyone actually IN the Program is specifically encouraged to go nude in public."

"And I didn't really give you a chance to explain, did I?"

"No, but you saved me from that crowd, so I'm not exactly cross about it. And I didn't WANT to walk home naked, some idiot put superglue on my program clothes box."

"Sorry, now you're losing me. Program clothes box? And what is "In the Program"? This is all new to me."

"Why don't you let Heather finish her tea and she can tell you all about it while you run her home. And put the heater on in your car, the poor girl looks frozen. Would you like a blanket, love?"

I nodded and he got one from the storeroom opposite.

The drive home was short. His eyes were bigger than half the boys at school as I told him about the program. As we pulled up, he insisted on pulling right into our driveway. Mum came out to see what was going on as he asked me "How did you get picked for this then?" "It's supposed to be random but the two who were picked were off sick with the flu so they picked whoever was late into school."

I heard a gasp and Shelley ran indoors. I hadn't noticed her behind mum. "Sorry, officer, I have to go. Thanks for the tea and the ride home."

"Girls!" I heard Mum mutter as I raced indoors past her, leaving both adults bemused.

I ran upstairs to find Shelley sobbing uncontrollably on her bed. "It's my fault, it's my fault. I've done this to you." She sobbed even more violently and could no longer speak. Then she ran to the toilet and knelt over it and started throwing up. I knelt beside her and held her close, stroking her hair.

When she finally calmed down, she said, "No wonder you shoved me away this morning. I wouldn't have pushed me down the steps, I'd have pushed me under a bus. How can you still love me after what I've done to you?"

"Shel, it was a silly prank and any other day it would have meant nothing. You had no way to know what would happen, none of us did." I shrugged my shoulders. "It was just one of those things."

"It's still my fault."

"Shel, look at me." She lifted up her head. "Let's get you in the shower and clean you up." She cleaned her teeth first, then we jumped in the shower together. "You know not all of it has been bad. Some people have been gentle like this." I began to wash her all over. When I came to her pussy she winced and when I bent down I saw that it was red and sore. "Is this from this morning?"

"Yes, some of them wanted to see how many fingers they could get up me and when they couldn't get all four fingers in they just started shoving harder. I bled on them though." I cursed myself inwardly for not noticing at the time. "I'm not a virgin any more," she whispered.

"Yes you are, fingers might have broken your hymen but that doesn't mean you aren't a virgin. It just means that you won't bleed the first time, that's all."

"Really?"

"I thought you'd done it though, with boys I mean. I mean you spend lots of time with them. And I've seen some hickeys."

"No, I've never gone all the way. Will you have to this week?"

"No, but the program seems to be set up to make it almost impossible not to."

"Sis, I'm going to see the headmaster tomorrow. When I tell him what I did, he'll have to take you off the program and put me on it."

"No. All you'll do is get yourself into trouble. Or maybe he'll put you on it as well, but once you're on, you're on. No excuses, no going back. And I've got enough to cope with without worrying about my crazy sister all week as well!"

"Why crazy?"

"Shelley, what made you do what you did this morning?"

"You were so unhappy. I just wanted to make it easier for you."

"You did."

"It was awful. I was so scared and it hurt so much, and I've had three showers since and I still feel dirty. But it stopped them all going for you."

"Yes it did, and I'm really grateful."

"Great, then I'll do it tomorrow too and Friday."

"Shelley, this morning was the bravest thing I've ever seen, but you've just topped it. You're the best."

"It's settled then. I'll do your morning strip and that'll make it a bit easier for you."

"After this morning, you'd do that for me? I can see how sore you still are." She nodded. I shook my head in disbelief.

"Thank you. You're amazing, you know that?"

"And now I know it's my fault, I'd do more if I could."

"I know, Shel, I know, but NO, you can't do this."

"Why not?"

"It's against the rules. We were lucky this morning. Nobody seems to have reported us. You could get me an extra week if they find out, and two weeks is enough."

"TWO?" she almost screamed at me. "WHY TWO?"

"When they first stripped me, I ran away half of Monday, so this week wasn't completed properly so I have to do an extra week."

"That's not FAIR," then in a quieter voice "Sis, I'm so sorry."

"I know."

"Was it bad today?"

"Yes and no. It was pretty bad being told I had to masturbate for people. It was awful knowing that the only way I can get the marks I need to go to Uni is to do well in the Program, which seems to mean let them do whatever they want with me."

"Yuk!"

"Yeah, but the first one I had to masturbate for was great. He wanted to know how to do it to his girlfriend. He was so sweet I let him do me."

"You mean you let him..." Her eyes opened wide.

"No, I just let him masturbate me. And he was FANTASTIC. He had my toes curling up. You masturbate sometimes, don't you?"

She turned pink and said timidly "Yes."

"Well let me tell you, this was a zillion times better than that. If I could lay there for the whole two weeks, I'd be in heaven. Actually I'd probably die of pleasure."

"What else happened today? I want every detail." So I told her and she listened quietly, except for another "yuk" when I told her about my cum bath and giggling when I told her about my disappointment in art class. She thinks he's hot too.

"Please don't tell mum about what I did this morning."

"Okay, just promise me you won't do it again."

We went downstairs together. I still had to face mum after last night.

"How was school today?"

"It was better. I had to masturbate for this really nice kid that wanted to know how to do it to his girlfriend. In the end I let him do it to me and it was incredible."

"The program is bringing you out of yourself. It's not so bad. That is what it is for."

"That might be what it says, Mum, but really it just makes me the sex toy of the week for the whole school. All the fine words about reasonable requests. It's a fancy way of letting any guy play with me so he can jack off afterwards." I glared at Shel, pleading her with my eyes not to mention the cum bath.

"I think you might be exaggerating a little, darling. I know how shy you are."

"No she's not, mum. Look." She pulled down her pyjamas and mum could see her thighs covered in tiny bruises and a still obviously sore pussy.

"What? How? I thought it was just your sister on the program?"

Shel suddenly realised what she'd done and went back into scared rabbit mode.

"Mum, you have the most wonderful bravest daughter I could ever have for a sister. She knew how bad it was for me and yet she sneaked ahead and stripped off and let them all grab at her to distract them from me when I arrived. And even after all that, until I explained that she could get me an extra week, she wanted to do it all again, tomorrow and Friday."

"Heather, I wanted something to give you confidence. I never thought it would be like this."

"You should read some of the stories on the net about it in 'Merica, Mum. Some of them had it a lot worse than Heather."

"I'll go to the school tomorrow and withdraw my permission and get you taken off."

"No, mum. My marks weren't great before. I might have just got into a university. Now they are wrecked, I need the marks I get from this program to get into a good Uni. I have to complete this two weeks and I have to do well."

"Two weeks?" I explained again.

"You know, Heather, however terrible this program is, it IS giving you courage. A few days ago you'd have run away and given up all thought of university rather than face this."

"A few days ago, I DID run away. That's why I've got two weeks."

"Come here, both of you." We ran to sit on her lap, one on each leg, like when we were little. "You're both really brave and I'm proud of both my girls." She stroked our hair for a while.

"Now let's get you two something to eat and I think you both need an early night. Can you start dinner, Shelley. I want a word with your sister in private."

She went out to the kitchen.

"Heather, I have a confession to make. When you were so upset last night, after you'd gone this morning I went and found your journal. So I know some of what you've been through, though I thought you were exaggerating. Of course I haven't read today's episode yet, though I think Shelley knows all about it." I grinned.

"Mum, I did some things today, I'm not proud of. If you read my journal, please don't say anything about it unless I bring it up. "

"I put you in this program. Whatever you have to do to get through this time, I will be proud of you. I want you to know that you aren't alone and never will be while I am on this earth."

"Or Shelley after this morning," I laughed.

"I can't be there with you through this. You say I can't stop it and I'll accept your decision on that, for now. But I am here afterwards. If you need someone to cry on, to yell at or just to wash you down, I'm here. And I meant what I said, I am really proud of you. I have confidence that you'll get through this. Now let's get in the kitchen before Shelley burns everything."

Mum. If you're reading this (and you shouldn't be) I love you. And you have no idea how good it makes me feel that you have confidence in me.

Goodnight.

Heather, part 6

THURSDAY

Arriving at school I gritted my teeth and walked in, this time hand in hand with Shel. As I took off my blouse, she started to take hers off. "No, Shel. You can't help me with this."

"Just try stopping me." Around us a chant of "strip strip strip" had begun. Hands were pulling at my blouse and skirt. I had to let go of Shel and take off my own clothes before they were ripped apart. That was the opportunity Shelley needed. She ran away from me and stripped off the rest of her clothes. To save time, she'd worn no underwear.

"Come and get me, boys," she yelled out, "I'll do more than she will." Most of the boys did run over to her. Luckily one of the teachers came out at that moment.

"What is going on?"

The crowd disappeared in seconds flat leaving me still pulling down my knickers and Shel sprawled obscenely on the ground. She got up. "It worked again, Sis." She sounded pleased.

"You will both be called to the head's office over this later. Now get on to assembly."

It was my first assembly this week where the program wasn't even mentioned. On the way to my first class I had my first "reasonable request" of the day. "I want to finger you." What the hell, I thought, after yesterday what was one guy's fingers? "Okay."

What I hadn't expected was the sharp pain as he shoved a dry finger up my ARSE. "Bend over bitch," he growled, pushing me down as he rammed his finger (thankfully only one finger) in and out of me.

"Anyone else wanna go?" he shouted.

Luckily I was saved by the lesson bell. I picked myself up off the floor and ran to class. SHIT! It was Sex Education. This was another change this term. Previously Sex Ed. was taught as part of Biology. Now half of the biology lessons were changed specifically to Sex Ed., at least for the first few weeks of the program.

It was taught by an obnoxious woman called Ms. (nobody knew whether she was Miss or Mrs. or would dare to ask) Gordon.

"Lie on the front table and put your feet in those stirrups. I think we can't restrain you, so they won't be tied, they are just there to support your legs."

"Now because this is a lesson, we can exceed the normal reasonable requests in the program, although she cannot be made to have sexual intercourse without her consent."

"I'm Heather, miss."

"Sorry?"

"I'm Heather, not she."

"For the sake of this lesson you are a live demonstration model. Names don't come into it."

I didn't argue. I just hoped this lesson would be over soon.

"In last week's lesson we were discussing oral sex. Seeing as we have someone to practice on now, I think we should take advantage of that."

OMG It took me a few seconds to realise what she was saying. Wasn't oral sex counted as intercourse? Somewhere vaguely in my memory I remembered seeing an old film of an American president saying "I did not have sex with that girl" after she'd given him a blow job. But there was no point disputing this. I'd already got the message. When it came to the program any appeal wasn't going to work.

"Who wants to go first?" Nearly all the boys' hands went up and so did a couple of the girls'. I hadn't THOUGHT of THAT.

The first boy didn't waste time getting down between my legs. He roughly held my lips apart and gave me a great big lick. If this was oral sex, forget it.

"Now remember, you are trying to bring the girl you are with to orgasm. Don't worry, class, a girl can have many orgasms one after another, so those of you later on will still get a chance." Yeah, I thought, and leave me a wreck unable to walk to my next lesson. She called time on the first boy and another took his place. I relaxed, if they're all like this, having too many orgasms is NOT going to be a problem. I giggled slightly at the thought and he took that as a sign that he was doing the right thing.

By the fifth or sixth boy (I wasn't actually counting), Ms. Gordon was getting impatient. "Some girls need more stimulation, try sticking a finger or two in her at the same time." I was still sore from yesterday, so the only stimulation THAT was going to give was pain. I gasped. I suddenly realised that she was filming this as she did a close-up of my face.

To be fair to the boys, some weren't bad, but with worrying about Shelley and having to see the headmaster later, not to mention having it all recorded on some damned tape for posterity, it would take a miracle to turn me on.

"Let's see if the girls can do any better." One of the girls stepped forward. Her name was Diana and I knew her slightly. She didn't waste any time and started by flicking her tongue lightly around my clit as she eased a finger into my pussy and gently scratched on the front wall.

"That seems to have hit the spot." Ms. Gordon was delighted.

I might be a rarity but I'd never THOUGHT of going with a girl before. And now here I was with a girl doing things to me I'd only dreamed of. She stuck her tongue right into my pussy as far as it would go, helped by two fingers which were holding me wide open. Some of the class were bent over trying to see, others were watching me on a big screen.

She was playing me like an instrument, bringing me close to cumming, then letting me down, then bringing me back up again. Surely she must be out of time by now? She took her fingers from my pussy and gently introduced them up my bum. This was different from before. Everything she did seemed to hit a nerve. Much more of this and I was going to...

I screamed and shook violently as I came, gasping for breath.

She was followed by some of the other girls, a few didn't want to do it, so they didn't have to. Some brought me to a small orgasm but nothing like as intense as before.

"We've still got some time left so let's see if the boys have learned anything."

A boy stepped forward and began exactly as Diana had done. He wasn't as skilful at bringing me to a point and letting me down as Diana, but he was pretty damned good bringing me to a shuddering orgasm. How many was that today?

A few others had a go and we were nearly out of time. "Okay, if any of you boys want relief, you can relieve yourselves over her." Nearly all needed a release, and I could understand that. I would have protested but I was too exhausted to speak.

I was left a sweaty and cum-soaked mess, unable to move. In the break between lessons I literally crawled to the showers, turned them on and lay down letting the water run over me.

The next lesson was Cookery, or it was supposed to be. I walked into the middle of a food fight with cream flying everywhere. Some landed on my right boob and I was lifted by four boys, put on a table and they began to put spoonful after spoonful of cream and chocolate over me. Needless to say my boobs and pussy got the most and both got lots of licking. I was so wound up after the last lesson that it wasn't long before I was shuddering to yet another orgasm.

One guy put whipped cream on his dick and put it in front of my face. I licked the cream off, trying not to touch his dick too much. Of course that idea caught on, so I spent the rest of the lesson licking cream off dicks while other tongues were busy inside my creamy pussy.

After lunch I was surrounded again, This time a girl wanted to examine me. I was helped onto a table again - Why don't they just put wheels on one of these tables and wheel me around? It would save time.

She had her fingers in me for a while, then theatrically brought them out and sucked them into her mouth. "Yum," she said, making everyone laugh, including me. Then she went down on me. GOD she was good, not as good as Diana, but good enough. She stopped for a moment just as I was about to reach a peak. The bitch.

She stood up properly, yanked her knickers down and threw them to the watching boys. Then she climbed onto the table and over me, lowering her face to my pussy once again and shoving her bare pussy into my face. I might be inexperienced, but thick I'm not. I tentatively stuck out my tongue and licked her outer lips. "Mmm," she sighed, so I guess she liked it. I opened her up and licked again. Her pussy tasted different to mine, but I had to admit I liked it. It didn't take long before we both came, together which surprised me. Then she lifted my legs bending me in two, without taking her tongue away from my pussy.

I felt another tongue around my arse, my buttocks were pulled apart and the new tongue pushed its way into me. I'm running out of superlatives for orgasms but this one was incredible.

"Let me do that to you," I begged, as soon as I got my breath back.

She crouched over my face, held up by boys on either side. I wasn't so shy this time, I held her wide open and stuck my tongue right into her Arse. I soon changed to having my tongue in her pussy and two fingers in and out of her arse. She came violently, squirting me with her juices. She crouched down further and wiped her wet pussy all over my face. "That was great, thanks." She flashed me a smile and left.

I was brought back to semi-reality by a guy asking "Can I fuck you?"

"No, Not today." WHAT was I saying? "But you can come on me if you like."

So I was again surrounded by guys. This time they all tried to aim their cum at my mouth and I tried to catch it. I caught some, but most ended up on my chin or boobs.

At the end I scooped up as much as I could in my hand and made a show of pouring it into my mouth and swallowing loudly. Some people looked disgusted but I was past caring. If I had to be the school slut, I was gonna be a good one.

But apart from that Thursday was definitely girls' day. Our performance in class and in the dining hall had got around and it seemed like every girl who had ever thought about going with a girl wanted to try it with me. Finally I suggested they came after school and waited for me.

One exception. I saw Tony between lessons. "Tony, have you ever had a blow job?"

"No."

"Would you like one? Only we're doing oral sex in Sex Ed. and I know I'm going to have to give some and I'd like my first one to be someone I like."

"Can we go somewhere private?" I shook my head. "I'm not allowed."

So I knelt in front of him and took out his cock. I kissed the end of it and began toying with the little gap in the tip. I licked up and down it, even sucking his balls into my mouth. Then I opened my mouth wide and pulled it into my mouth, sucking as I worked him in and out. I pulled it out and said "Fuck my mouth like the slut I am!" He put his hands behind my head and rammed his cock into me, hard. I nearly choked.

I was caught by surprise as jet after jet of his cum hit me in the back on the throat. I struggled but I swallowed every drop. I wonder how many boys' cum I've eaten today?

After school Shel and I had to go to the Head's office. He was not happy. "It is totally against the rules to get someone to help you," he stormed.

"She didn't!" yelled my sister.

"You don't have to shout," he said. He looked at her already tear-stained face and said more gently, "I think you'd both better sit down and tell me about it."

I tried to begin, but he stopped me. "Let's hear what your sister has to say. What's your name?"

"Shelley. And it's me that should be on the program not Heather. She's been ill and I was supposed to wake her up. I was just joking and let her oversleep. So it's my fault she was late. You should have me on the program and let her off."

"I don't want to be let off," I said.

If I shocked myself, that was nothing to the look of shock and disbelief on the faces of both the Head and my sister. "It's been horrible at times and sometimes I wished I could just die rather than be here. But I've learned more about myself in four days than I have in my whole life. I've learned I can cope with anything. I don't think I'll ever be scared of people again. I've learned I can do things with my body and with other people that I never even dreamed about. I've learned that I like sex and I like it a lot." My sister looked at me questioningly. "No, I'm still a virgin, but I don't think that I will be for long."

"Then why get your sister to help?" he asked. Shelley answered before I could.

"It was hell for Heather the first few days. Even before I found out it was my fault, I wanted to distract them at least so she could get into school without half the boys in school trying to ram everything up her and twist her boobs off. Look at what they did to me!"

She lifted her skirt and pulled her legs wide apart. The bruises on her thighs had darkened an ugly red and her pussy was still swollen and badly bruised.

He looked shocked. "You don't seem as bad, Heather."

"No. Apart from one incident at lunchtime on Tuesday, the worst times are first thing in the morning, when they are all waiting for you. They didn't know about it on Tuesday so that was okay. Wednesday Shelley did, what she did. A few people rammed fingers in me while I was helping Shel up but most were already going to assembly."

"So why did you let her do it again today?"

"She didn't," protested Shelley, then caught his eye. "Sorry."

"LET her? I made her promise not to. Have you ever tried to stop Shel doing something once she's set her mind on it? You've seen how I can't even answer a question when she's around. It's like stopping a hurricane." They both laughed at that.

"Shelley." He spoke firmly. "You are right that I shouldn't punish your sister for what you did. But you are NOT to do it again. Do you promise me?"

"No sir. Especially now I know it's my fault she's on this program. I can't help her the rest of the day, but you'll have to tie me to a tree to stop me, and even then I'll scream to get them to come to me instead."

"You really love your sister, don't you?" She nodded.

"Well how about if I promise to be there myself tomorrow morning to stop things getting out of hand, will you promise me not to do it again?"

"Okay. My pussy hurts so much I don't want to do it anyway."

"That's settled then. You can both go home. The box has been fixed by the way and it will be checked before you leave school each day. I had a report from a rather angry constable about you having to walk home like that. Now I want to ask you both something. Just between us okay?"

We nodded and he continued. "I believe in the program. The things you said about what you've learned prove that it has a place here. But it was never intended that anyone should suffer the abuse you have. I hope that you believe me. If I had the power I would suspend the program until these problems were all solved, but I don't. And I don't have the power to take Heather off the program even if she'd let me. But I want you both to think of anything we can do better and especially anything we can do to stop future participants being abused. My office is open to both of you, you don't need an appointment. Now go home."

"I can't. I've got some people waiting for me." I smiled.

Shelley came with me to the dining hall. She watched closely as the first girl licked my pussy. "I wanna go," she demanded. I must have looked shocked. "Not with you, silly," She lay on the table next to me, lifted her skirt and held my hand. Some of the girls didn't want to lick Shelley when they saw the bruising, but she had her share of girls.

We were there nearly an hour holding hands, with girls taking turns licking us and having us lick them as they squatted over us.

When they were all done, I turned to Shel and kissed her. I meant it as a sisterly kiss, but I found her tongue dancing into my mouth and I responded. Oh dear!

When the kiss was done, I took her hand again and we walked to the showers and very gently washed each other down.

"I love you, Sis," we both said at once and hugged.

"I forgot to say something else the Program has done." I looked into her eyes and smiled.

"What's that?"

"It's made us so much closer and shown me what a great sister and super friend I've got. I don't think I could have done this without you, Sis."

She smiled. "Superslut, you can do anything."

"SUPERSLUT? Is that what they're calling me now?"

"Well if you've got to be a slut, it's better to be a superslut." She grinned as only she can.

We opened my clothes box. She put her clothes in the box and we walked home naked, hand in hand.

Heather, part 7

FRIDAY

"You go ahead, Shel, and get into school before me. I have to do this alone."

"No way - slutsisters together forever," she laughed. I laughed with her.

"No. Shel, I need to do this alone today. I need to do this. Don't take that away from me." Our eyes met and she understood.

Of course it didn't quite work out the way I'd planned. Crossing the field that was our shortcut to school, someone grabbed me round the throat from behind.

If this part of my journal isn't in great detail, please understand that it's not that it's difficult to write about, though it is. It's that everything is a bit of a blur.

At first it was a mixture of fear and hilarity. I was surrounded by about half a dozen guys all wearing brown paper bags. Even though I knew what was going to happen, they still looked ridiculous.

They tore my clothes off and I was more pissed off at my best blouse being ruined than afraid. Then I was slung down on the grass, my legs forced apart and one of them was inside me. I don't remember any pain, I don't remember my hymen breaking, by that time the fear had kicked in and that's almost all I remember.

I was picked up and thought "Only one of them?" They forced me down onto a second guy. You think the stupidest things in situations like this. All I could think about was the incredible idea of a rapist liking the girl on top. I think I actually laughed. I was shoved rudely forward flat over him and I suddenly realised what they were going to do.

I DO remember the pain as one of them forced his way into my arse. It would probably have been worse if I hadn't had so many fingers up there the last few days, but it was bad enough.

One of them twisted my head to one side, slapped me hard on the cheek and shoved his cock in front of my face. "Suck it, bitch, and do it good if you know what's good for you."

When they had all taken their turn I lay flat on the grass. One of them turned towards me and I thought he wanted to go again and I sat up ready to give another blowjob. He shoved me back down roughly and began to piss on me, laughing as he did so. A couple of the others joined in, but one of them said, "Hold her head." They pinned my head down by my hair and I closed my mouth and eyes.

That got me another slap. "Open your mouth, bitch, and you watch what's happening. This is what teasing sluts deserve." I watched as he sprayed my face, aiming most of it into my mouth. Another one aimed at my eyes and hair and it was soon drenched. I couldn't keep my eyes open all the time and I began retching.

Everything happened quickly after that as the one above me was floored by a punch. Suddenly police were everywhere, and behind them Dr. Reynolds (the headmaster) and Shelley, looking more shocked than I felt.

Later, as she and the school nurse were washing me down and cleaning my teeth after the usual specimens had been taken, I learned that the headmaster had got impatient and asked Shelley whether I was coming. "She was determined to come alone, sir. I KNOW she didn't chicken out."

He'd called the police and had a hard time convincing them to launch a search for a girl who'd been missing for only ten minutes, but then I know how persuasive he can be.

The rest is history. It took them only a few minutes to find me. The boys were too stunned to run or resist and were led away in handcuffs.

A blanket was put around me, but it felt uncomfortable so I took it off. They led me to the headmaster's office. Quite a crowd had gathered there in stunned silence.

In the office, the headmaster turned to Shelley and said, "Would you please go down to the gym and ask for one of the new school tracksuits in Heather's size? Then we can call your Mum."

"You can't," replied Shelley. "Right now she'll be halfway to Delhi."

The headmaster looked curious, so she went on, "She's a software engineer and their biggest client had a problem, so she had to leave at 3 o'clock this morning."

"Okay, go and get the tracksuit anyway and we'll figure out what to do." Shelley left, leaving the two of us alone.

"When Shelley comes back with the clothes," he said. "The Program is over for you." Hardly hearing him, I nodded. He went on, "I was going to get someone to drive you home, but I don't want you going home alone. Is there anyone else who can come and look after you?" but I wasn't really listening or thinking.

The phone rang. "The Police need a number so they can inform your mother."

"We've got it at home somewhere, but she won't get there until tonight."

Shelley seemed to take an age getting the tracksuit and we sat in an awful silence as the minutes ticked by.

When she finally returned, she handed me the tracksuit and I pulled on the trousers, then slipped the top over my head. I caught my reflection in the mirror behind his door. Did I really look so scared and dejected?

This girl in the mirror seemed like a stranger that I didn't really know. I looked into her eyes and the terrible events of earlier came rushing back at me like an express train.

As the awful images forced themselves into my mind, I watched like it was happening to someone else. Then I saw the eyes of my reflection again. They stared at me, with a glazed expression as if every scrap of life had been squeezed out of them. I recoiled from my reflection like I'd been slapped. "No!" I screamed out in desperation.

Shelley was at my side in an instant but I barely noticed her as I pushed her away. All I could see was the utter defeat and complete despair in the eyes of my own reflection.

This felt all wrong. I suddenly felt seized with a determination that this wasn't going to be me. I wasn't going to be that girl in the mirror.

"NO!" This time I shouted it. I realised that both Shelley and the headmaster were looking at me with concern. "No," I repeated firmly, "I'm not going to do this." Their concerned expressions turned to disbelief as I took off the tracksuit top. "I am not going to let them win." I stepped out of the tracksuit bottoms before saying, "I am staying in the Program."

Both of them stared at me, their mouths wide open. I had a sudden impulse to say something about "catching flies" like Mum used to say to us, but before I (or Shelley!) could speak, Dr. Reynolds shook his head sadly. "I'm afraid that's out of the question, Heather. I don't think you realise how hurt you are, mentally I mean. Sometime soon, maybe this afternoon or tonight, or over the weekend, or one day next week, it's going to hit you, hard, and when it does I don't think you'll want the extra stress the Program puts you under."

"Sir, I can't let it end like this or they've won. I can't go through the rest of my life with the memory of... this morning being the climax of this week." I stared at him, pleading with my eyes for him to understand. How could he understand? I didn't even understand it myself. He looked at me like I was totally incomprehensible, and said nothing. I could see him struggling to find a reply.

I was trying desperately not to cry, but suddenly my strength was gone and I felt tears begin to run down my face. I felt much more exposed than I had all week and turned away from them, not wanting them to see me like this. I was aware of Shelley putting her arm around me and holding me as I sobbed so hard it hurt.

And then, like the bell at the end of a round in a boxing match, the lesson bell went. I looked up at Dr. Reynolds and saw my pain reflected in the concern in his eyes. "Please don't send me home," I begged.

He turned to Shelley and said, "I think you'd better get your sister cleaned up before you take her to her lesson."

As we left I looked over my shoulder. Dr. Reynolds had removed his glasses and was staring out the window. I think I heard him sigh.

After I'd washed my face and at least looked a little more human, I sent Shelley away. "I need to do this alone, Sis, or I'll never be able to." When she left the showers, I waited alone, desperately trying to find the courage to step outside, but feeling a cold numbness envelop me.

When the bell rang again, I walked down the corridor very slowly, naked, to my next lesson, Geography. Nobody approached me. Nobody. It was as if I had the plague or something. As I walked the numbness receded and some kind of resolve that I didn't recognise, and still don't understand, took over.

There was an audible gasp as I entered the class. I heard a catty whisper, "What a slut. All that and she still wants more."

"We weren't expecting you, Miss Hoover," said Mr Graham, the deputy headmaster, who doubled up as geography teacher for some classes, "Especially like that."

"Can I say something to the class, please sir?"

"Certainly." He looked worried.

"I guess you all know what happened this morning." I looked around me and some were looking at me in amazement, others, mostly the boys, had their eyes down. "I just want you to know I found a great way to avoid reasonable requests. I walked down here and nobody even came near me."

I took a deep breath before continuing. "I'm going to tell you now what I told the headmaster. I've had the most incredible time of my life the last couple of days. If I stop now, my lasting memory will be," I paused again and gulped slightly. The class shifted their gaze uncomfortably. "My memory will be what happened this morning. I don't want that to be the main thing I remember from this week. I'm a little sore, so please be gentle, but apart from that... I beg you... treat me the same as before, I... I..." I couldn't go on and I broke down in tears.

There was silence. Nobody moved. It hadn't worked. I knew absolutely I was right, but it hadn't worked! They couldn't cope with this any more than I could. I looked around, trying desperately to find someone to help me. A girl came up to me. She had tears running down her cheeks too. "I just called you a slut. I'm sorry. I didn't understand."

She kissed me and our tongues intertwined. Then she kissed down my neck and gently sucked a nipple into her mouth. "Tell me if I'm doing this right, I've never done this before."

"You're doing this perfect."

Suddenly there was no one else in the room but the two of us and I reached to unbutton her blouse and she looked scared. I pulled my hands away. She took them back. "It's okay." I undressed her totally. Even after yesterday I wasn't mainly into girls but I was into her. She was HOT. I had knelt down to remove her knickers so I reached up to fasten my mouth on her right nipple and she closed her eyes.

Then she pushed me back down flat and she kissed everywhere, all over my body. I tensed as she opened my legs, but she didn't stop, thank god. Having her tongue on me and in me was the most exquisite experience of my life, up to then anyway. I shivered in an incredible orgasm.

I slowly became aware of the rest of the class. Everyone else had been watching in awe. I can't think of another word to use. One of the boys came up and stood at my side bending to my breasts. He looked at me for permission. "The more the merrier but I tell you, you've all got some competing to do after her." Those around me laughed and she blushed a cute pink.

She stood up and came and held my hand as other mouths took the place of hers. I had hands and mouths on every part of me, all gentle, all caring and I felt like they were washing away the memory of this morning.

We didn't get a lot of Geography done that lesson, in fact we didn't stop all morning. And the whole time she stood next to me holding my hand and I didn't even know her name. I finally asked her.

"Suzanne, though everyone calls me Sue or Suzie."

"Which do you prefer?"

"Suzie."

"Well Suzie, thank you for the most amazing experience of my life. Can I return the favour?" Her eyes widened nervously, but she nodded.

I got up. I mean I actually managed to get up. While we'd been talking I'd still had boys and girls stroking me and licking me, but they moved away. "Lie down." I did what she'd done to me, although a little quicker. When my tongue darted in and out of her hole, she screamed. I mean literally screamed. I looked up to see what I'd done wrong and she grabbed my head and forced me back into her pussy.

When she finally stopped convulsing, she just said "WOW." No she didn't, she shouted "WOW!"

Looking around I think that's what everyone else was thinking too.

We walked to lunch still hand in hand. I looked around for Tony but couldn't see him. "Suzie, did you even imagine this morning that you'd be having fantastic sex with another girl in school today?" She shook her head grinning. "Or eating lunch naked in front of everyone?"

She squealed. "Oh my god, I'm still naked. I don't believe this." She tried to cover herself up.

"After the display we just put on, I think it's a bit late for that."

She giggled.

At that moment Tony finally came into the hall. "Tony!" I yelled at him.

"I heard about what happened. I can't believe you can go through with this."

"Thank Suzie for that," I said.

"Yeah, I heard about that too," he said, "I think the whole school heard about that." She blushed.

"Tony. Will you fuck me, please? I loved the last hour or so, but I need this inside me." I grabbed his cock through his trousers. He looked unsure.

"In the next few days, I'm gonna get fucked, if I have anything to do with it, and I want you to be my first, at least for proper sex." Now he looked puzzled.

"That wasn't sex out there, that was rape. Right now I need sex."

I knew Tony hated doing anything in public, but he swept everything off the table and put me on it, dropped his trousers then felt to see if I was ready. "Tony. Ready? I've been eaten out for most of the last hour. If I get much more ready I'll jump the nearest guy. Oh, I just did." I actually giggled.

He was gentle as he entered me. I won't pretend it didn't hurt, it did, but the pain eased as he slowly moved in and out, but it wasn't enough.

"Tony, I'm not going to break. Now please FUCK MY BRAINS OUT," I finished with a shout. He did. So much so that some others had to hold the table steady.

He didn't last long after that and neither did I.

"WOW!" I shouted, mimicking Suzie. She blushed and grabbed my hand and squeezed. "Now I'm really not a virgin any more." I burst out laughing and suddenly laughter spread around the room.

It was like a release, for everyone, not just for me.

When I stopped laughing, I thought, "If only Mum could see me now. She'd never believe I was her shy older daughter. She could probably imagine Shel doing something like this, but me? Never."

I got up and said to Suzie, "I've gotta go somewhere."

I ran to the headmaster's office and barged in without knocking and saw Dr. Reynolds about to take a bite out of a sandwich. Instead he put it down and said, "Ah, Heather, there you are. If I can run you home, the police want that number for your mother."

"That's what I came to speak to you about. I don't want them to call her. I want to tell her myself. She'll totally freak if she hears it from anyone else and I want her to know that I'm okay."

"I'm afraid the police won't accept that."

"Look, she's thousands of miles away. She can't get back straight away and she's going to worry herself silly until she can speak to me anyway. We are supposed to ring her on Saturday night to let her know how things are going."

He looked at me for a second, then picked up the phone. "Chief Inspector Allen, please. Yes,... Bob, how's it going?... Yes, that's what I'm ringing about. She doesn't want you to tell her mother, she wants to tell her herself... Well, as she's the only one with her mother's number I think we have to accept her decision... Look, how would you feel if Jackie had been raped and you were thousands of miles away and couldn't do anything? You'd worry yourself sick until you could speak to her yourself to be sure she was okay... Okay, If it makes it easier, I'll accept responsibility... How's the investigation going?... Good."

He put the phone down and turned to me. "I didn't tell him that you aren't going to tell her until tomorrow night, but he's agreed to let you tell her." I breathed a sigh of relief. "And there's some good news. They already have a full confession from one of the boys involved. It is looking like you may not need to give evidence at the trial."

I hadn't even thought about that. But somehow that seemed far off in the future anyway.

The afternoon went quickly, but rather more normally. I had almost the usual number of "Reasonable requests" between lessons.

But the highlight of the afternoon was as I left school. Suzie and I were together, still naked and Shel was with us. When she saw we were both naked, she stripped off too. I was holding hands with two of my best friends as we turned the corner to flashes. If it wasn't half the world's press and TV crews it felt like it.

A woman stepped forward. "Heather, thanks to the Program you were raped this morning. And now they're forcing you to continue. What do you think about that?"

"I wasn't attacked thanks to the program. Do you know how many girls were raped last year in this town? Okay, the program may have made me a target, but I was attacked because some people still haven't learnt the greatest lesson the program teaches, respect."

"If that had happened to me without the program, I'd have been a mess. I'm standing here now because of the program. Oh, and because of Supertongue Suzie here." I loved watching her blush. So, it seemed, did the cameraman.

"The press has painted this school as trouble. I want to tell you that everyone I've met today has gone out of their way to make me feel human again, and respected and loved. I'm not still in the program because I was forced to continue. I'm in the program because I need it, because I chose to remain in it. This school needs the program and so does this town. I share my body when I want to, but I'm not ashamed of it, or of the pleasure it can give me, and others."

"You press may be able to destroy this program, but you will be doing a great disservice to all of us."

I'll give her her due. She let me make that speech without interrupting me once. "And what do you two say about it? Give us your names first."

Shelley was first, of course. "Shelley. I'm her sister. If you'd met my sister Heather last week, she'd have died if you put a mike in front of her, and that's with her clothes on! She's had some rough times, especially at first and again this morning, but I'd say that's score one for the program."

Then they turned the mike to Suzie.

"Oh God, my family are gonna kill me when they see this." I squeezed her hand. "I'm Suzie. What Heather and Shelley said is true. I'm not a virgin, far from it. But I'm ashamed to say that I've never even thought about really giving pleasure before. It's always been about taking pleasure. And most of the boys I've been with have been the same. If it took the program to show me different, then we need this program in every school."

The camera was turned on the woman. "Thank you, girls. Folks, that's not the story we were expecting here today, but maybe these kids have got something we can all learn from."

"And cut," shouted a man.

The woman turned back to us, her eyes watering. "I was raped when I was 19 by just one man. It took me two years of therapy to even go outside again. If the program can help you like that, I wish I'd had the program at my school too."

Suzie walked home with me and Shel. I was supposed to be going out with Laura clubbing tonight. I rang her and she was surprised I still wanted to go. News travels fast. "Can I bring some friends?" "Okay." She didn't ask who.

Suzie rang home to check it was okay and if she could stop over here afterwards. Tonight was going to be fun.

Heather, part 8

FRIDAY night

After Suzie put the phone down, I remembered there was a call I had to make. "Is the headmaster still in his office?" "Thank God. Can I speak to him please? Tell him it's Heather Hoover."

"Sir? You said that you wanted some input on the program. I know it's the weekend, but can I see you after the school fair tomorrow?"

When Laura arrived to pick us up a few hours later, I said, "Come in. I want to see if we're on the news before we go, and I've an announcement to make."

They all sat round in the living room looking at me expectantly. "We're going to a meeting with the headmaster tomorrow after the fair." Their eyes widened.

"Shel and I were asked to give him some ideas to make the program work better and avoid the nasty bits. I'm going because I was the one in the program. Shell's going because she saw what happened to me from a family perspective. I want you, Suzie, to go because you weren't in the program, but saw it from outside. And I want you, Laura, because you've had more experience stripping than any of us and if you could stop me freaking out on Tuesday, anything you say has got to be worth listening to. Hell Laura, even this morning when I was being attacked I survived by pretending I was you doing a sex show."

"I don't do sex shows!" she seemed offended.

"No. That's a good job. You'd never compete with Suzie and me." Suzie spluttered and turned bright red and we all laughed. "Suzie, you're SO easy to tease."

Laura took us back to seriousness. "What are we going to say to him?"

"I don't know, and I don't want us to talk about it at all. I want him to hear from four different perspectives and if we discuss it beforehand, that won't happen. Anyhow, it's news time."

Laura sat through "my" news item looking gobsmacked. Suzie looked embarrassed, Shel looked proud. "You were great, Sis," she said when it ended.

"I don't believe it," I said, "they kept my whole speech in."

Laura looked at me like I was a stranger and I felt a sudden fear. "Heather, you're a different person to the friend I had last week." My eyes must have shown my distress. The one thing I was sure of was that I needed all my friends, and Laura most of all. I felt a little panic in my stomach, but it went away when she continued, "Better, not just different. It's just hard to imagine timid little Heather standing on TV, naked, giving a speech. You said about making the program work better. If it had worked any better with you I dread to think what monster it would have created!"

"I thought you didn't like me any more." I tried to sound like I was making a joke but Laura saw through that.

"Silly, I love you to little bits. I just wish..." Now it was her turn to get tearful. "I just wish I'd been able to be there for you this week."

"You were. Your little pep talk Tuesday kept me going all day when I felt totally alone. Then my amazing sister on Wednesday, whew. That's something I'll never forget. And as for Suzie today, when everyone was too scared to touch me or even to look me in the eye. I knew your reputation even if I didn't know you."

"Class bitch and lesbian hater," she said for me.

"Yeah. I don't know what it cost you to do that to me this morning, when nobody else would move, but I can't say how grateful I am. I think you just lost both your reputations."

"And gained another one."

"Yeah, the girl who saved Heather."

"If I can end this meeting of the mutual admiration society," said Laura, "We need to get going. What are you lot going to wear?"

"I'm going like this," I said. "Birthday suit special."

"I haven't got any clothes with me, so I guess I'm doing the same," said Suzie.

"Well if you two are I will," grinned Shelley. "What about you, Laura?"

"I don't know if I've got the nerve for this."

"Laura, the great stripper, scared to take her clothes off?" She nodded.

"A show is different, it's in my control and they're people I'll never see again. But going to Ws naked? I don't know. I'd never live it down." Ws is what we called Wind and Waves, the biggest local club. It was called Winds because it was originally a concert hall for a brass band and it had two huge fans which blew a small hurricane through it when it got too hot. The name Waves came about when they added a pool to the club. Combine the pool with the fans and you got plenty of waves. Great fun in summer, but they drained it in winter and covered it for safety.

"You'd never live it down if you went there in clothes when we are all naked," I pointed out.

She stripped off the dress that was all she was wearing. She often joked that the only time she wore underwear was when she had to take it off! "Let's go before I change my mind."

SATURDAY

The club last night was great. Everyone falling over themselves to buy us drinks. In the case of one guy literally falling over himself. (I was very good and tried not to laugh, UNLIKE my sister I hasten to add.)

I flirted with everyone there, well every guy not obviously attached anyway. Talk about the centre of attention.

Okay, I lived up to my new nickname of Superslut and probably most of the girls there hated me for it. I had more sex in one night than I've ever had in my life.

There was this one guy who was so big I never thought I'd get him in my mouth and it took a while, but determination did it. I actually deep-throated him. He looked amazed. I guess nobody's ever managed that before with him. It was a bit harder fucking him though, he nearly split me in two when we did it doggy style. I was still a bit sore too which didn't help.

Another guy asked me if I wanted spit roasting. I'd never heard that term before. Apparently it's one cock in your pussy and one in your mouth. Of course I said yes. I loved every minute of it and it's something I'm definitely going to do again. Just thinking about it gives me a feeling of power over boys, that I can do two of them at once and get so much pleasure for myself at the same time. They'll think they're controlling me, but oh my, will they be wrong.

I never knew that every cock tastes a bit different. Not as different as different pussies, but still a bit different.

I've never had a gangbang before and that was WILD. It's funny. I'm not sure I'd want another one either, not like spit roasting, but I'm glad I experienced it. I guess I'm really stuck with my new reputation after that (something else I'm not sure about, but it's "spilt milk" now, or rather "spilt cum", giggle).

Even Laura thought I was hot and we had a fantastic 69 on the dance floor. I think she was more nervous than I was though 'cause she had to fake an orgasm. Who'd have thought it?

I guess I'm not timid little Heather any more. Pity my tits are so small, I'd love a job like Laura's.

My head is thumping this morning, I'm glad the fair isn't until 2pm. But the others should be awake soon.

"Hi guys, what a night, I've got the coffee on."

Shelley was up instantly, she always can get up easily. I'm always the one that oversleeps, as you know by now.

Laura came out to me in the kitchen. She looked worried. "Are you okay?" she asked.

"Yeah, yeah I am. Wasn't it great last night?"

"No, it was horrible. You were totally out of it and going wild. You'd have fucked every guy in that club if I hadn't stopped you with our little show."

So that's why she joined in. SHIT. That made me feel bad.

"You didn't need to protect me from them, Laura."

"No, I needed to protect you from yourself."

"What the hell gives you the right to do that? If I want to screw the whole town it's none of your business. You weren't there all week when I needed you and now you think you've got the right to tell me what I can do?"

"You wanna know what gives me that right? I love you, Heather, and I always will."

Shit, how can you be angry with this girl?

"Look, Heather, you can hate me if you like, but I probably wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for you. You know how I felt after Julie was killed. I did some damned stupid things and would have done a lot more if you hadn't stopped me. Last night you weren't yourself and..."

"You mean I wasn't timid little Heather any more?" Now I was getting angry, I just couldn't stop it.

"NO, that's not what I mean. Your eyes were glazed over. It's like you were a thousand miles away. I just had to get you out of there. Please don't let's fight over this."

"Then don't rescue me when I don't need rescuing."

"Hi guys," said Shelley as she and Suzie came into the kitchen together. "If you guys have finished fighting can we get our coffee before it gets cold?"

"Sure. Look, what was I like last night?"

"Really?" asked Shelley.

"Really."

"It was awful. It started great and then it seemed like you'd lost all control. Look, you can fuck as many guys as you like, but that was more than that. It was like you were demented. I was scared for you if you must know. After a while I couldn't look. If Suzie hadn't been there I'd have freaked out."

"Till the great Laura came sailing to my rescue," I sneered.

"Yeah," Suzie snapped back. "Till Laura put herself on the line to get you out of there. Those guys were all over her too. One guy was even raping her arse while she was rescuing you with that little lesbian act."

Ouch! I felt like I'd been slapped. "I never asked her to do that," defending myself. "I was okay."

"Listen, I don't know you very well, but you were a long way from 'okay' and I'd die for a friend who'd risk herself like that for me and all you can do is talk her down."

"It's okay," said Laura.

"No, it's not okay." Shelley shook her head at both of us. "Heather, I love you, but today you're an ungrateful bitch. You can go to the fair on your own, for all I care."

"That's fine with me." I stormed out.

I was still angry when I got to the fair, at myself mostly for losing it earlier but at the others as well for not understanding. When I arrived there I discovered I actually had to wear something for one of the things I was doing. It was only a thin white t-shirt and knickers, but it should have been against the program rules.

Apparently the headmaster had given permission and that overrode the rules. It felt weird wearing something. I took them off again until I was needed.

I had plenty of time to kill as I'd arrived so early. I went into the tea tent and got some coffee. There was nobody else around and I sat there thinking about everything the girls had said as I looked at the coffee I suddenly didn't want.

I got up and went out, wandering aimlessly behind the school to the far end of the grounds. Whose memory of last night was right? It had seemed such fun to me. As I closed my eyes I could still see everything vividly in my mind.

Thinking of those final minutes, in my mind I was still licking Laura's pussy and watching her writhing around as some guy was fucking her arse. I'd thought she was bucking in excitement, could I really have been so wrong? The scene played before me over and over, like a tape playing back in an endless loop.

I opened my eyes but that image wouldn't go away. I knew the girls were right. I'd been so crazy that she'd had to rescue me no matter what the cost. In my mind's eye that cock plunging into her arse time and time again was accusing me with every thrust. She'd been no more willing last night than I'd been yesterday morning. And I'd done it to her.

And then this morning, instead of begging her to forgive me, I'd attacked her. Then she'd said it didn't matter. No wonder Shelley had said I was an ungrateful bitch.

I ran to the showers and turned them on really hot. I stood under them and they felt like hot needles all over my body, but they couldn't wash the guilt away.

With a shock I realised it was almost time to get to my first job of the afternoon. How long had I been moping around out there? Feeling suddenly hungry I went to a Hamburger stand and forced a small burger down, the whole thing tasting like sawdust.

Nothing was going to feel right until I tried to make it right with Laura, but she was nowhere to be found. She had promised to come with me, but I couldn't blame her for staying away.

My first job was on the dunking stand. People were throwing balls to hit a target and if they hit it, the girl or guy sitting on the plank was dunked in the water. You've probably guessed, they had me wearing the white t-shirt and knickers so that if I got dunked they'd go see-through. The first time I got dunked I found out how see-through. God I felt embarrassed. My nipples were sticking out like bullets. It felt worse than Monday morning. Okay, not worse, but close. I felt more naked than when I was naked. The material clung mainly to my little tits and my pussy making them stand out as if someone had framed them.

And I got dunked, a lot. The others were all in swimsuits or bikinis, but I made more money than any of them. Guys were asking for me to go up all the time. I was getting really tired and that water was icy cold and it was only the first hour. I had two more to go.

"We have another volunteer," yelled the guy running the sideshow. "Who wants to dunk Shelley?"

Shelley took my place on the plank. I said "thanks" and dried myself off, only to see Shelley disappear into the water for the first time. "FUCK, that's cold," I heard her say. I couldn't help laughing as I went to the tea tent to get a hot drink.

When I got back Suzie had taken Shelley's place. She already looked cold. When she was dunked again, I put on a t-shirt and knickers and took over. Seconds later I was in the cold water yet again. I seized up with cramp and swallowed a lot of water. Shelley and Suzie were in there in seconds and lifted me out. I lay on the grass gasping and exhausted.

"No more for you," said Suzie. "You've had enough. We'll carry on here. Why don't you go to your other stand?"

"Okay," I said gratefully. "Look, thanks guys. And I'm sorry to give you a hard time about last night. If I was as bad as you say I was, then I guess I owe you thanks for that too, and an apology."

"It's Laura you should say that to. We thought they were going to kill her when she started to get them off of you."

We had a three-way wet girl hug.

Now I felt ashamed. Not of what I'd done last night, but of how I'd talked to them this morning, especially Laura.

"If you've finished the lesbian lovefest over there, can we have a girl to dunk please?"

"One girl coming up," said Shelley and cheerfully climbed the steps.

The other sideshow I was to work on was the stocks. You know the idea. Head and hands through holes in a piece of wood while people throw custard pies at you. Couldn't really see the point of doing it naked, but it wasn't my decision.

It was a lot warmer than the dunk tank, so I was happy. But I wondered where Laura was. Some idiot was sticking his finger in my pussy and he wasn't being too gentle about it, but I couldn't do a thing. So I jiggled my bum around to try to play it lightly. But it was making me sore.

Then it was pulled out sharply and a very feminine finger took its place. It tantalised me. Playing with my labia, then my clit, then stroking up and down my entrance. By the time it finally entered me I was ready to blow. I gasped and as my eyes and mouth opened wide, splat! A cream pie straight in the face.

"Hi, Heather." It had been Laura of course. She went and spoke to the stall manager then they came and turned the stocks around 90 degrees. "Roll up! Roll up! Pie this pretty bum! One day only."

I made the mistake of laughing as another pie nearly choked me. Her idea was brilliant. Not only did they get through twice as many customers, but it stopped guys sneaking up and fingering me. One more thing I owed to Laura.

She stripped off her clothes, throwing them into the hut with the money and let me out. "My turn," she announced, handing me a towel to wipe myself down.

We went on like that until the daytime sideshows closed. A girl came up to us. "You're Heather, aren't you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I'm Jane, Roy's girlfriend."

"Sorry I don't..."

"Roy, the one you taught how to masturbate a girl."

"Oh." I must have sounded worried.

"I just wanted to say thank you. I've been trying to show him that for weeks, but it's kinda awkward. Since you showed him it's been fantastic." She took a breath and looked down. "I wish I had your courage. And so do half the girls in my class, no matter what people say about you. Roy's even been getting me to help him show his friends how to do their girlfriends."

"Has it been fun?"

She turned her eyes down again. "It's been amazing. Anyhow, Thank you." She looked back up and kissed me on the cheek and went.

Laura and I went into the school to get a shower.

"Laura, thanks for helping me today. And I owe you a big apology. I guess I was really out of it last night and I'm grateful you stopped me." As I said it, it sounded totally inadequate.

"It's okay."

"No, it's not. But I want to insist on one thing."

"What?"

"The others said you really took a risk getting me out of there. If I do anything as stupid as that again, I don't want you risking yourself to stop me."

"No deal. So you do me a favour instead. Don't take a chance like that again and I won't have to."

"I owe you something else too."

"What?"

"This." I kissed her and began stroking her boobs. I've seen before just what gets her going. I moved one hand down to her bum. She winced. I turned her round and I saw why. Her bum was bruised. And I don't mean a bruise or two. She was black and blue. She had covered them with stage make-up for the pie throwing, but that had all come off in the shower.

"How?"

"Some guys thought it was funny to spank me while we were doing our 69."

"And I was too out of it to watch your bum." I knew the routine. I'd seen enough of her lesbian shows. If you aren't careful in a 69 you get guys coming up and fingering you (or worse) because you can't watch your own bum. Basic rule of a 69 in a show. Don't get carried away and keep idiots off of your partner's bum. And I hadn't. And she'd paid the price.

I gently kissed every bruise, saying "Thank you" after each kiss. Then I bent her over and stuck my tongue in her arse. I knew she liked this, though we've never done anything before.

She almost collapsed on the floor. I put a finger in her pussy and continued to lick her rosebud. We were both tired so it took a while, but soon she started shivering as her climax hit her.

When she collapsed on the floor I got down with her and kissed her lightly on the nose. "You're a real friend, Laura. If I ever treat you that badly again I give you permission to knock me out."

We laughed together.

Six o'clock was the time for the meeting with the headmaster. I think he was a little surprised to be met by four naked girls.

After I'd assured him that I was okay, a question I'd been answering all afternoon (I know most people mean well but it does get a bit old after a while), I explained why I wanted each of the girls' opinions.

Shelley spoke first. "I think it should be made clear to everyone that nobody does ANY touching without permission. And they can't even force a participant to pose. I'm not saying change the rules, I'm saying that if a participant won't do something, the one doing the requesting should have to go to a teacher, not just force them. The teacher can then decide if it's compulsory within the rules or not. And even then, the other students can't physically force them."

"And stripping in the morning. Nobody should be allowed within five feet until the participant invites them. This would stop all the fingers in pussies and arses while you are trying to get undressed, and stop them ripping clothes. And after they are stripped, a teacher should be there every morning to stop things getting out of hand. Also someone should watch the approaches to the school to stop," she hesitated, "what happened yesterday. That's all I can think of at the moment."

He nodded seriously. "And you? I'm sorry, I don't know your name."

"Suzie."

"Ah, the one yesterday who..."

She blushed. "Yes, the one yesterday who..."

"Just about saved my life," I finished for her.

"I think that it's not enough to give everyone a pamphlet and tell them to read it. Everyone should have a lesson to explain it. And they need to know that what's reasonable for one person may not be reasonable for another, or even for the same person later the same day."

"And I think that touching should be banned for the first day. Give a participant time to adjust to being stared at first, rather than freaking her out. It doesn't have to be seen as a negative thing, any more than foreplay is negative before sex." She was blushing again and the headmaster smiled which made her blush even more.

"And you, Laura, isn't it?"

"Yes. Can I go last please?"

"Okay, Heather? I bet you've got lots to say."

"Actually no. Shelley and Suzie have said a lot of the things I wanted to say. But I have got a few things. Firstly, if you want the program to be seen as something positive, don't use it as a punishment. And I know that means that I wouldn't have been selected, but I'm not saying it because of that."

"And I think for next week you need to pick people who are likely to find it positive and cope well with it. I'm not saying you have to do that every week, but after this first week, I think the program needs it."

"Nothing else, but I might think of something."

"And Laura?"

"I think you should always have someone on the program who's done it before, who knows the ropes and the dangers. I mean when I started stripping I always had a more experienced girl with me. And if we start a new girl, I or one of the others goes with her. I don't know if you've read Heather's journal so far, but the thing that hurt me most was that she felt totally alone, with nobody to turn to. If the program is to be positive and not just an excuse for sexually abusing some kids every week, that should never happen again. Sorry for the language, sir, but that was a big fuck-up."

"I agree," he said. "And it was my fault. But that's why we're having this meeting, to avoid fuck-ups in the future."

We looked at him stunned. We'd never heard him swear before. He grinned.

"Anything else?"

Laura continued. "Yes, at least one person of each sex, probably a teacher, should be available as someone to go to. Not for disputes over what's allowed or not allowed, but someone to turn to. They shouldn't be the one to make rulings on what is permitted so they can purely be a point of support for someone who's finding it too tough. That way they can also bring any problems or potential problems to your attention."

"And if a girl's on her period, the program should be postponed until after her period finishes. I know it's part of the natural cycle and all that, but it grosses a lot of people out and girls have enough to put up with without that. And if it starts while she's already doing her week, she should be able to restart at exactly the same time a week later without being forced to do a whole extra week."

"That's it."

"Okay, girls. I agree with just about everything you've said. I especially agree with having to pick people who will find it postive. Suggestions for boys?"

"Sir, what about the ones who were grabbing and hurting me on Tuesday?"

"You know who they are? I wouldn't pick them, I'd expel them."

"No sir, please. Things got weird that day and they got carried away. The next day they were really sorry, freaked out actually by what they'd done and not only came to apologise, but chased everyone else away from Shelley and me. One even brought me flowers."

"The reason I suggest them is that are all friends. They're actually pretty okay guys. They won't abuse the girls on the program and they'll support each other."

"You have thought this through. Okay, That's the boys settled. Jot down their names and I'll put them on starting Monday. Now for the girls? Obviously as you know, you are one of them."

"I've got a few ideas."

"I thought you might. And I suspect you are thinking the same as me. We need some positive role models, so Shelley, Suzie and Laura, you're in the program starting Monday morning."

"Great!" said Shelley excitedly.

"Oh great," said Laura, but not in the same tone of voice.

"Shit, I can't, I can't!" said Suzie, beginning to cry. "I'd die if I went through half of what Heather's gone through this week. Please sir. If you want someone who can make a good job of it next week, pick someone else."

I grabbed Suzie and kissed her. "Suzie, you'll do fine. We'll be there for you."

"Yeah," said Shelley, "With backup from Laura and the Slutsisters how can you go wrong?"

She just stayed looking scared. "Please," I mouthed to her. For a long moment we just looked at each other until finally Suzie gave a big, shoulder-shrugging sigh. "Okay, I'll do it. But I'm scared so I'm really going to need you guys."

"If it's any encouragement, Suzie," said Dr. Reynolds, "At least you'll be earning extra marks for completing the Program. As you might have noticed in the Pamphlet, we can give incentives to persuade participants to allow touching. For the moment, I've decided that means a 5% increase in your subject marks across the board, assuming you complete the Program successfully of course (see cultural notes). That figure might be a little high, but as you have the problems of pioneering the Program, I think it's fair."

Suzie looked a little happier, but not much.

He turned to me. "And that's 10% for you, Heather, as your were the Program Guinea pig." Turning to the others, he said, "I think she's earned it, don't you?"

"Yes," said Shelley loudly, making the rest of us laugh.

"One more thing, " added the headmaster. "I'm surprised you didn't ask for new participants to be warned before they are put on the program. That's been a request in some places."

"I don't think it matters, sir," I said. "It would just give them time to worry."

"That's right," said Laura. "We don't give a girl hours or days to think about being dragged in on her first strip show. If we did, she'd freak out."

"So you'd rather I hadn't told you?"

"To be honest, yes. But we've been hanging round naked all afternoon. It will be easier for us, although if I'm honest I'm a little scared too."

"You?" said the headmaster incredulously.

"Yeah. I control shows. The program is something else, not under my control at all. It's scary."

"Okay, girls. Thanks for your help and I'll see you on Monday morning."

"There is one other thing, sir," I said.

"Fire away. I'm all yours."

I took a moment, I had to get this right. "You can't expect the boys to show us respect if the teachers don't."

"Please explain." He looked serious.

"In Sex Education I was basically told I didn't matter. 'For the sake of this lesson you are a live demonstration model. Names don't come into it.' That's exactly what she said, sir." I had tried to mimic her voice and even the headmaster smiled for a brief moment.

"Then she insisted I let everyone practice oral sex on me because the program said that teachers can exceed the limits of reasonable requests. She didn't even ask me. Even in a compulsory reasonable request they have to ask first, not just tell me. She filmed me having an orgasm without even telling me. Then she told the boys they could relieve themselves by cumming all over me."

For a change it was the headmaster going red and not Suzie. But not with embarrassment. He was furious. "I'll deal with her on Monday. You have my word that it will never happen again."

"Sir. It was me she humiliated. Please let us deal with it. I just wanted to know we had you behind us if she still wouldn't listen."

"You have."

"And one final thing. I'd like to give a talk about the program in the assembly on Monday, before you announce who is on it. And I suggest we keep it secret for now that these three already know."

"Okay. Anything else. Do any of you need a lift home?"

"No sir, we're staying for the evening do, well I am."

The others agreed.

"Sir, thanks. Next week we'll give you a program you'll never forget," said Shelley.

As we went out the door, I heard him say quietly to himself, "That's what worries me."

The evening went pretty normally if you don't count having four naked girls at a party, and it was fun.

We even joined in the mud wrestling when all the bikini girls had finished. We wore the white t-shirts and knickers left over from the dunk tank and all four of us went in together. The cheers when we ripped each others t-shirts and knickers off could probably be heard from London.

In the shower afterwards I confessed, "If he hadn't picked you three, I was going to. I know I've got a lot to do still coming to terms with this last week, especially yesterday, and I'm just so glad I'm going to have you three with me."

"I still don't think I'm brave enough to do this," Suzie said looking really upset.

"Not brave enough? After what you did yesterday morning for me? I can never repay you for that. You made me feel human again." She was getting teary, so I continued, "Anyhow, if you start getting too scared, I'll just lick your pussy and make you scream." So I did.

When Shelley and I got home I noticed the blinking light on the phone that meant there was a message. I picked the phone up to listen. Shit! The message was from Mum. I had forgotten that she was going to ring earlier this evening.

I called to Shelley, "Mum rang. I forgot about what we'd arranged. She's left the number for her hotel and asked me to ring her back however late it is."

"Was it that kind of ask, Sis?"

"Yeah, it sounded like one to me." Our mum never "told" us to do anything but when she "asked" us to do something it was an Eleventh Commandment.

"Shel, I'm going to try to ring her now like she's said. God knows what time it is out there. She's going to want to talk to you as well. Now listen to me. I'm going to tell her about the attack and yesterday at school and the TV interview and what happened today but not about last night. I will tell her about that when she gets home, but I have to do that face-to-face with her. It's not that I'm embarrassed to tell her, it's just that it'll take a lot of explaining. Promise me you'll back me up here, okay?"

"Okay. What do you want me to say?"

"Let's keep it simple. I'll say that after everything that happened yesterday, I was really tired and decided to stay in last night, and my super sister stayed in with me to keep me company. We listened to music and just chilled until bedtime. Can you remember that?" I kissed her on the nose.

"Ew!" She wiped her nose off. "Yeah, that's simple enough." She leaned forward suddenly and licked my nose. "Gotcha!"

"Enough," I glared at her, then smiled. "Okay, here goes." I picked up the phone.

"Wait a minute. Do you want me to stay while you talk to her?"

"Yes please. Hang on, let's get a couple of drinks first. This may be a very long call."

Shelley fetched the drinks while I dialed India. The hotel answered on the second ring and put me through to Mum's room immediately.

"Hello?"

"Is that you, Mum?"

"Heather? How's my big brave girl?"

"I'm fine. Are you sitting down? I've got so much to tell you. Hang on, can we afford a long call?"

"We can take as long as we want. Part of the deal with my firm is that you and I have unlimited phone time while I'm out here and they will pay. So, yes, I'm sitting comfortably. Why don't you begin?"

"I have only one bad thing to tell you, but it is pretty awful." I took a deep breath. "Yesterday morning on the way to school I was attacked by a gang of boys and they raped me." Shelley squeezed my hand tightly.

"Oh my god! Are you hurt? Did they injure you too? Did you have to go to hospital? Oh my dear sweet baby."

"No, I'm not hurt now. I mean, yes, they hurt me down there, but nothing permanent. Shelley was brilliant. I had made her go ahead and she realised something was wrong when I wasn't right behind her. She got the headmaster to call the police and they came right away and caught the boys and arrested them. I don't think any of them got away."

"Are you sure you're alright? Mentally, I mean. I've never asked you before and you don't have to answer now but... were you a virgin?"

"That's okay, Mum. Yes I was, but I'll get on to that in a moment."

"Darling, as soon as we've finished talking, I'm getting my flight changed and coming home."

"No, Mum, you don't need to do that. I really am okay. It was really awful, the worst thing that's ever happened to me, but everything that's happened since has been wonderful. Everyone, at school and my friends, everyone has been so good. I know I'll get a reaction sometime, but right now I feel... protected and safe. It's like everyone is watching out for me. You finish what you have to do out there. I know that matters too."

"Nothing matters as much as my daughters do. If you do need to talk to someone, speak to Laura's mum. It's her job and I know she's very good at it. Promise me that you'll do that, okay?"

"Okay, Mum."

"How's Shelley taking it?"

"She has been the best sister and the best friend I could have wished for. She standing here next to me and I do believe she's blushing."

"No, I'm not," Shelley shouted, "She's lying, Mum."

"You know who's been the best as well, Mum? Dr. Reynolds, the headmaster. I don't think I'd have got through yesterday morning without him."

"That's good. He's always struck me as a good sort, for a headmaster that is." We both laughed at that. "So I suppose he took you off the program then?"

"He tried to." Mum started to say something but I stopped her. "That's right, Mum. I'm still in the program, but that was my choice. I really had to work hard to persuade him to let me carry on."

"But why, darling?"

"Because you were right, Mum. The program has been good for me. It wasn't the program which raped me." I heard a small gasp at the word. "I was on my way to school and I wasn't even naked when they attacked me. It was bad people who are now in jail and will be for a long long time. They were caught in the act and the school nurse got all the.. evidence that the police will need."

"But are you sure, I mean, about the program?"

"Can I be very explicit with you, please?"

"Okay, I don't think you can ever shock me again, dear. Go ahead."

"Well, after I persuaded the headmaster to let me stay in the program, I had to go to class. Everyone was shocked to see me and I asked the teacher if I could say something. I told them I had to stay in the program because otherwise those boys would win. The program had given me lots of wonderful experiences and I wanted to be able to look back to the good things and not the bad things. Does that make sense?"

I could hear Mum crying a little. "Yes, that does make sense. Where has this brave young woman come from? I love you so much, Heather."

"I love you too, Mum. But stop crying, please. You'll get me started if you don't."

"Okay." I could hear her blow her nose. "I guess you're about to come to the explicit stuff now, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. After I made my little speech, everyone just sat there stunned. Then this girl came up to me and kissed me. I mean, she really kissed me. I undressed her and she made the most wonderful love to me. Then I did the same to her. Her name is Suzie and I think I have a new close friend. Now don't worry, Mum, I'm not turning into a lesbian."

While I paused, thinking about how to explain about Tony, Mum replied, "I don't care if you're lesbian, straight, bisexual, whatever. I just want you to be happy."

"At lunch I found a real nice boy named Tony and asked him to, sorry about this, Mum, to fuck me properly. I told him that what had happened to me was not sex and I wanted proper sex from a proper friend. Well we did it, Mum, right there in the middle of the dining hall, on a table in front of everyone. And it was wonderful."

"Oh my, I don't think I could ever do that, not ever."

"Well, maybe if you had the program when you were young..."

That got us both laughing. You know, that was the most beautiful sound I can ever remember, Mum laughing right then.

"Heather, hold the phone so your sister can hear too. I want you both to hear something." I did as she asked. "All this talk about sex. I suppose I better tell you two some news." Shelley and I were transfixed. "Have I ever mentioned an Eric Watson from work to either of you?"

"No," we both said at once and held our breath.

"Well, he and I have come out here together to do this work. He knows about some stuff and I know about other stuff."

"Mum, stop teasing us," Shelley was almost shaking, "Have you two..." "Shut up!" I hissed at her.

"Yes, Shelley, we have. Last night and again tonight. And I hope every night we're out here."

"Mum!" Again we spoke at once. Then Shelley continued, "Okay, Mum. All the details. Please!"

"Alright. I can't believe I'm having this conversation with my daughters, but here goes. Eric has been chasing me for months. Always very nicely, always very polite. Before you ask, he's four years older than me, divorced for a long time and he has one son about to graduate from university. On the plane coming out we were talking and I told him all about the program. It was complete news to him. He's one of those people who's all work and hobbies, he gardens and coaches schoolboy cricket, and he pays no attention to the news."

"So when I explained the program to him, he said he wished he had something like it when he was growing up, maybe he wouldn't have been so shy. He didn't know it but that was exactly the right thing to say. I admitted I was shy too and suggested that maybe we both could do something about our shyness."

"I must tell you about this hotel. It's very old-fashioned. I think we British must have built it back when we had an empire. Eric and I were given adjoining rooms with those double connecting doors. We had a late supper last night and afterwards I dragged him into my room. Girls, I wanted him, I did. But, remember his shyness. He asked me if we were going to spend the night together. I said I hope so. So which room did I want us to sleep in, he asked. The windows work better in my room so that's the one I chose. In that case, he said, and carried me into his room. He didn't want his bed to look like no one had slept in it when the maid came in the morning, so we made love in his bed and then came back to my bed to sleep. Of course we made love again in the morning in my bed, just to even things out, don't you see."

"Where is he right now?" I asked.

"Sleeping like a baby in our, I mean, my bed."

"Mum," Shelley asked, "Are you going to keep seeing him when you get back?"

"Yes, I hope so. Anyway, Heather, I left you being... fucked in the dining hall. What's happened since then?"

"Lots of things. Because of what happened to me there were a whole bunch of reporters waiting for me when I got out of school. A woman reporter interviewed me, and Shelley and Suzie, and the whole interview was shown on the telly last night. I recorded it so you can see your daughters on television when you get back." I didn't mention we were all naked, Mum didn't think to ask.

What she did say was "That'll be wonderful. We've got so much work to do out here that Eric and I haven't had any time to look at television."

Shelley giggled, "I think you mean that you two had other things to do when you weren't working..."

Mum interrupted, "Heather, you have my permission to smack your sister after this call."

Shelley whispered at me, "Don't you dare!"

"So, polite daughter, was that all that happened yesterday?"

"More or less, Mum. Shelley and I stayed in last night. Then today I had to go naked to the school fair. I had to do the dunk tank. They dressed me in a t-shirt and knickers which went completely see-through when I went in the water. Then I was put in the stocks and people threw custard pies at my head and my naked bum. The important thing about today, though, was we had a meeting with the headmaster after the fair."

"Who's we, dear?"

"Shelley and me, and Laura and Suzie. We all had a chance to tell him what we thought was wrong with the program and it sounds like he's going to do almost everything we asked him to."

Shelley grabbed the phone. "And I'm gonna be in the program next week with Heather, Mum. And so are Laura and Suzie. And there's gonna be four boys in it as well."

I took the phone back. "I can't believe how keen she is to be in the program."

"Oh, I can," Mum chuckled. "Well it sounds like you're alright, Heather. Now, are you absolutely certain you don't need me back there?"

"Yes, Mother, I'm absolutely certain. Besides, how could I drag you away from your boyfriend?"

"I suppose there is that." There was that lovely laugh again.

"Do you know how long you're likely to be away?"

"I think we may be flying back Tuesday afternoon, but it depends. Look, why don't we plan to talk on the phone Monday night? Is that okay?"

"Yeah, that's fine, Mum. And will you promise me something? Don't worry about me. I'm doing fine, really I am."

"Easy for you to say. Of course I'll worry about you, both of you, but no more than I always do."

All three of us knew she was lying, but it had to be said, didn't it? We said our goodbyes.

As soon as I put down the phone, Shelley grinned, "Mum. Would you believe it? I mean you don't think about your own mother doing it, do you?"

I ruffled her hair, which she absolutely hates. She went to bed soon after and I sat down to write this journal for yesterday and today. There was so much to write about. But I was so glad I had been able to tell Mum about almost everything. I'll finish the story for her when she gets back, particularly about the nightclub.

Looking back on how I behaved in the nightclub last night now, I'm still not at all sure why I did it. I could say I thought "it was a good idea at the time" but it wasn't really like that. I had been raped, it's always going to be hard for me to say that but I have to accept the fact it occurred, and I think I needed to somehow cleanse myself with something really outrageous that I had CHOSEN to do. My choice, not anyone else's. I know now I freaked out my sister and my friends. Hell, I'm pretty freaked about it myself. But I had to go through with it. No, that's not quite right. I had to go through it, and survive. I think Laura gets that even if the others don't.

So that's how my first week in the Program ended. Who can guess what next week will be like? Certainly not me.

Heather, part 9

WEEK TWO

MONDAY - Assembly

A note from Heather:

I know that most of you reading this want to hear about all the sexy things we got up to. I have to warn you that just under half of this chapter is taken up with my speech to the school assembly, which Laura helped me write. If you want to skip it, be my guest. If you like you can go straight to what we got up to afterwards, which I must admit was more fun, but I felt it was important to include the speech in full as it made such a difference to all our experiences in the program.

I didn't oversleep today. For the first few moments when I woke up I felt scared. Then I thought of everything that had happened in the last week and it seemed like a dream, or part dream part nightmare, anyway unreal.

Just to make sure I knew that it was real, at that moment in bounced Shelley, my younger sister. "I'm in the Program. I'm in the Program."

I had to tease her. "No you're not." She looked puzzled and disappointed.

"What you you mean? They haven't cancelled it?"

"No, but you're not in it. At least not for another hour and five minutes."

"You pig." I tousled her hair and we laughed together. I sometimes feel a lot more than a year older than Shelley.

I should explain. Shelley was one of twins. The other died in utero. So Shelley had all the energy for both of them. If she didn't get everything out of life that was possible it wouldn't be by not trying.

Somewhat jealously, I have to admit, she also had the tits for both of them. Compared to my tiny things anyway.

Shelley carried on chattering right through breakfast. I've never figured out how she could talk non stop and still eat.

We walked to school together. About half a mile from school I felt myself tense up. Shelley noticed and grabbed me by the hand.

At the school there was the usual crowd. I had planned how I was going to handle this with Laura, so I was confident. One of the boys approached me and said, "Can we undress you?" I grinned. "Sure, why not?"

After I'd put my clothes in the box and locked it, some of the others crowded round. I noticed a teacher standing in the corner. Half the boys were calling that they had a reasonable request.

"Okay I'll do poses first. Any requests." There were quite a few. "I'm not a contortionist!" I said to one of them, laughing.

"Okay any other requests?" Silly question. I'd deliberately taken time over the poses so I only had to put up with a minute or so of quite rough fingering and nipple tweaking before the bell rang for assembly.

The headmaster took me aside as I went into assembly. "There were five in that group of boys, so we're picking a girl at random too to keep the numbers even." I wondered afterwards why it was so important to keep numbers even THIS week, when I'd been alone LAST week.

I was more nervous of this speech than anything else this week, even though Laura wrote most of it for me. The headmaster introduced me (like I needed introducing). "As you know," he said, "the program was launched here last week. To say that it was a difficult week would be an understatement. This week there will be 10 students, including Heather, on the program, 5 boys and 5 girls. But that is not the only change and to tell you about the changes I hand you over to Heather."

"Hello everyone." I took a deep breath before continuing. "I'd like a show of hands. How many of you want to be in the program? Boys first." Quite a few hands were raised. "Now girls." I glared at Shelley hoping to God she'd keep her hand down or it really would look like a set-up. Not a single hand was raised.

"I'd like a few of you to tell me why. You?" I said pointing to a boy on the front row. "You'll have to speak up so everyone can hear you."

"It's embarrassing."

"Yes it is," I agreed.

"I wouldn't feel safe. I might get raped." one of the girls piped up, then "oh, sorry."

"Don't apologise," I said. "You didn't do it and you are right to be concerned."

Another girl said, "You get made to do things you don't want to do."

"We girls can't win either way," said another girl. "If we don't do what people tell us to do, we get in trouble on the program. If we do, we're sluts."

"Okay," I said. "But most of those things are about changing attitudes. And that is what the program is for. It is to change the attitudes not only of those in the Program, but those around us."

"Hands up how many of you knew me before last week? Okay keep your hands up for a minute. Keep your hands up if you would have thought I could stand up and address the whole school, naked like this and not have any problem about it." Shelley's hand stayed up. Everyone else's went down. "Sorry everyone, my little sister Shelley always thinks her big sister Heather can do anything."

"And actually she's right. The reason I'm in the program this week is because one week ago I freaked out and hid in a cricket hut I was so scared. It was a painful week, but the program has given me the confidence to stand here like this."

"Now I want to make a bet with you. Next Monday, if the headmaster will give me permission, I want to come up here and ask you the same question I started with, how many of you want to be in the program. If less than twenty of you girls put your hands up, I'll take off my clothes and stay in the program the rest of the term."

"As the headmaster said, there are some changes. Your teachers will explain them in detail in your first lesson, but I will talk about some you need to know now."

"There will be no touching on the first day." There was some murmuring. "Yes I heard some of the boys grumbling at that. Don't worry boys, I'm not on my first day. Think of no touching on the first day as being like foreplay. It gets you ready for what's to come."

"Nobody will ever touch a program participant without asking. I don't care if it's something the participant can't refuse. If you don't ask, it isn't a reasonable request. Not only don't you get what you want but you may be suspended for sexual assault. And if you think I'm bluffing, ask the headmaster or try me."

"If a participant refuses something you think or know they must do, you go to see a teacher and that teacher will talk with the participant. If they still won't do it, the teacher can see the headmaster. Nobody, student or teacher, will ever use any force on a participant."

"The program is not a punishment, it is a chance to grow. However, to answer something one of the girls said earlier, if you call a participant a slut, it might just be decided that you need that chance to grow a bit sooner. We all have to learn to accept our own sexuality and our own limits."

"The reasonable requests must be asked for and completed with respect for the other person. The other person is a human being with feelings and is quite possibly terrified. Think how you'd feel if it was you or your girlfriend or boyfriend. And by the way boys, fucking is not a reasonable request and if you want to stand any chance of getting in there, you'd better treat us with respect." That got a laugh.

"That respect is not optional, and is to be expected of both students and teachers. The program is about nakedness and sex. Good sex requires respect from both participants for each other. If you can't learn that, you shouldn't be having sex. And if you haven't learned that, you certainly shouldn't be teaching about sex. Lack of respect leads to people being hurt and girls being raped. Is that really how you want this school to be? So a girl can't come to school without being afraid of what might happen to her? Boys, if you want to finger a girl, do you really want to hurt her? No? Then be gentle. Respect is lesson number one. "

"In a minute I will be calling out the names of the other nine who are privileged to be in the program this week. If your name is called, please come up here. I am calling them up here so you can know them and support them. You all have the job of supporting us through the next week, which will be the scariest, worst, best, most exciting and wonderful week of our lives."

"I am being serious. If a participant needs help, whether it's to stop them being bullied or just a hug or a shoulder to cry on, that's your job, all of you. I don't care if you're the youngest student or the headmaster. The program is for everyone's personal growth, not just the participants."

"I met some wonderful people here last week, who cared me for me at my lowest, including some who surprised me. You are all participants in the program, it's just that some of us are going to be without clothes. It's tempting to see the naked ones as someone you can abuse. If you do that, the program will be a nightmare you all dread. Let's work together to make it work."

The headmaster handed me the list. "Remember to come up here and stand beside me. Shelley Hoover." "YIPPEE!" Shelley ran up the steps onto the stage and before I could stop her she'd stripped off her clothes. The hall erupted into laughter.

"Seeing as my little sister Shelley kept trying to join me in the program last week, it was thought that it was simpler just to put her in it. It's less trouble. Before I call the next name, can I just point out that you have to come up here. You do not have to take your clothes off up here." More laughter.

"Jed Peters, Suzanne Peters (no relation apparently), Stephen Rivers, Laura Townley, Christopher Owens, Lenny Tawn, Gerald Tilling and Samantha Downing."

Suzie stood next to me and Laura next to her. Suzie was blushing of course. So was one of the boys as they came to stand beside us.

"Samantha Downing?" There seemed to be a commotion at the back. I looked at the headmaster. "Just carry on," he said. "I'll find out what's happening."

"One final thing I want to say is just because I might consider a request reasonable, doesn't mean that Suzie has to, or the other way round, or that I have to consider the same thing reasonable tomorrow. The same goes with the boys. Don't assume anything. Ask politely. And a quick tip. Be gentle and you'll probably get another chance. Be rough and you won't, full stop, no second chances."

"So welcome to all of you as particpants in the program week two. Play nice and let's have fun." (That was a Laura line!) The headmaster dismissed the hall.

"Was I terribly boring? Did I say too much?" He reassured me that I was fine. "Samantha Downing will be joining you shortly. She's with the school nurse." My questioning look was answered by "She fainted."

"Okay can you eight come with me. Shelley don't forget your clothes."

I led them into a room behind the stage where they were to undress.

"This is because of last Tuesday, isn't it?" said one of the boys.

"Yeah, all that talk about it not being a punishment is crap," said another.

"No, but before I explain, who is who?" They gave their names. The one who spoke first, the leader, was Jed.

"Last Saturday, the headmaster asked me who I thought could make a really positive impact on the program and who would also benefit from it. He wanted a really good program this week to make it popular and not something to fear. For the girls I was going to suggest these three, but he'd already decided that anyway. I did suggest you boys, but not for revenge. We wanted some friends who could support each other and who could be a positive influence. You helped Shelley and me on Wednesday and I believe that you can make a success of it."

"Yeah right."

"I just bet my clothes for the rest of the term on it. If I was trying to get back at you, do you think I'd have done that?"

"But before anything else, let's get rid of these clothes."

Laura stripped off readily. The boys more slowly. Suzie slower still. She was shaking. "I know I was naked with you last Friday and Saturday, but like that girl, I'm scared of what I'll have to do."

I knelt down in front of her. "May I?" She nodded slightly and I stuck my tongue into her. The boys were somewhat surprised putting it mildly. "I know nobody else can ask to touch anyone except me today, but I suggest we get used to it on each other. But it's voluntary only."

"If Suzie doesn't mind perhaps one of you boys could take over here."

"I don't mind, just someone get a tongue back in me." Stephen was pleased to oblige.

"Now Jed, about last week. I think it's only fair I get my own back." I took hold of his cock and deep throated him. "Oh Fuck," he gasped and in seconds he shot a load down my throat. I looked round to see Suzie and Stephen in a 69, Christopher fucking Laura while she sucked on Gerald's cock and my sweet little sister playing with and lapping Lenny's cock like it was her favourite lollipop.

I gently stroked Jed's cock back to life as I watched Shelley hold Lenny's cock away as it spurted cum all over her face. She put some on her finger and put it in her mouth. "Mmmm" she said delightedly. He laid her down and began to lick her pussy.

I lay down." Jed, fuck me." I didn't need making wet, he slid straight in and started with long powerful strokes. Every now and then he'd slow down to lick one of my nipples, then it was back to that rhythm. I came screaming. When I got my breath back I asked, "Still pissed off that I got you in the program?" and stuck my tongue out at him. He kissed me gently.

"Wait everyone," said Shelley, "I want everyone to watch me lose my virginity."

I was about to say "Are you sure?" then Lenny asked her instead.

"Yeah, and I'm losing it to a really nice guy."

"If you're sure," he said.

"Well if you don't want it, I'm sure I can find someone else. I won't bleed caused I got fingered too rough last week."

With that he positioned himself at her entrance and slowly slid into her. There is something surreal about watching your little sister with cum still all over her face lose her virginity. I saw him pause, then ease himself all the way in. Soon he set up a steady rhythm getting faster and faster until she screamed, "Oh Lenny."

She sat up with a big grin on her face. " Now there's no virgins here."

"Actually," Stephen looked embarrassed. "I've had blowjobs, but never actually."

"Your turn, Suzie," piped up Shelley and Laura together.

"You don't have to," he said, seeing Suzie look awkward

Suzie smiled and kissed his cock. She spread her legs wide. "Come and get it. Slam it in me." He didn't need asking twice. Shelley lay down next to Suzie to watch it go in. "YEAH!" she shouted when he had it all the way in. I pulled her away.

He didn't last long and collapsed on top of her. "That was mmmm," he said.

I heard a noise behind me. A girl was standing there watching us, her mouth open slightly, her eyes open wide. She looked petrified. "You must be Samantha," I said. She nodded almost imperceptibly, unable to take her eyes off of Stephen and Suzie. I wondered how long she had been there watching us, too scared to speak. "You have to put your clothes in this box here," I said.

I sent the others off to the showers. As it was still lesson time, I suggested that they could all use the boys shower together. Laura stayed with me.

Samantha hadn't moved. "I was terrified last week," I told her quietly. "Do you want us to help you?" She had started to fumble with her buttons. "You? Terrified?" she looked up at me briefly for the first time, then went back to looking at the floor.

"So terrified I ran away and hid for hours. That's why I have to do another week. Believe me, it gets better." She didn't look convinced. Laura and I finished undressing her.

"I'm not like you. I couldn't do that. Just the thought of someone touching me," she was beginning to breathe too quickly.

"Nobody's going to touch you today," said Laura. "Now concentrate, watch me, watch my breathing, slowly in, hold it, slowly out. In, hold, out. In, hold, out."

"But I can't bear the thought of the rest of the week. Everyone touching me and, and."

"That's enough," said Laura sharply. Samantha reacted as if she'd been slapped. "Concentrate on today. Nobody is going to touch you today. If they do, tell somebody, tell me or Heather if you don't want to speak to anyone else. Think about getting through the next three hours, most of which is in lessons anyway and come and sit with us at lunchtime."

We walked with her to the boys showers. To my surprise (or maybe not) Shelley was being groped by all the boys. Samantha looked panicky again. Damn, we'd just got her calmed down a bit. "I just wanted to see what it was like," said Shelley cheerfully.

"My turn," said Suzie to my surprise. "I'm dreading this, so I'd better get it over with." I looked at Jed and he smiled. The five of them stroked her all over, taking turns fingering her. "My arse too. I have to know what it's like." Soon they had her screaming as fingers worked their way into both her holes. "Now someone fuck my arse." Samantha couldn't take her eyes off of her.

"Go on, Jed," I said. He carefully smeared some of her juices around her arsehole and his cock and slowly eased it into her. She was breathing short quick breaths, which soon got fast until she did her now-famous "WOW!"

"I wanna do that," said Shelley.

"Sorry Shel," said Jed, "I think we should go back into the changing room. Don't worry, this is only day 1."

"I wanna try everything in the world."

"Yeah but leave something for the rest of the week," I said. She laughed.

Laura and I quickly reached for Samantha's hand. "It'll be okay," I said, with a confidence I didn't feel.

Once we were in the changing room, Jed turned to Samantha and said, "I have a reasonable request." I could see her eyes open wider with the beginnings of panic. "Please sit on the table." She did.

"Would you open your legs please? I want to see your pussy." She froze. "Please, Samantha, I'm not doing this to upset you. Trust me?"

She nodded though we could see tears filling her eyes. "I, I can't move my legs."

"Can I move them for you?" he asked. She nodded again. He took her left leg and moved it so she was exposed, then did the same with her right leg. He knelt down in front of her. I held her hand and could feel her shaking.

"Hmm," he said, his face about a foot from her pussy, "Nice. You have a really pretty pussy, Samantha."

"Th, thank you."

"Now can you sit on that table and show it to my friends?" She got down and sat on the next table and with what looked like tremendous effort, opened her legs.

"Come and look, guys," he said. She sat motionless as they all bent down to look at her most intimate parts. "Can you hold yourself open for me?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Heather, can you show her?" I sat on the table opposite her and opened myself wide.

"I don't know if I can do that," said Samantha.

Laura said, "Let me do it for you." Samantha didn't reply, so, taking that as a "yes", she stood beside Samantha and with two fingers from each hand held her completely open. After a minute or so, Samantha pushed her hand away and said "I can do it." She let us all have a look then said, "Is there anything else I have to do?"

"Stand facing the table," I said, "and bend over holding your bum cheeks open like this to let them see your arsehole."

"But someone will stick fingers up me," she objected.

"Probably," I admitted, "But not today."

She wasn't happy, but she did it.

As the bell rang, she turned to Jed and the other boys and said, "I wish all boys were like you five. You could never hurt anyone."

Jed looked like someone had punched him, and his eyes filled with tears. He turned away and ran out of the room.

Samantha cried out, "What did I say?"

"It's okay," I said, "It wasn't your fault. But you'll have to ask Jed."

I wanted to tell Jed how proud I was of him, but he'd already gone to class. Day 1 proper was about to begin.

Heather, part 10

WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Morning

Running to class (we were a tiny bit late due to the time we'd spent with Samantha), I had two thoughts, one good, one bad. The great thought was I was the only one they could touch ALL day. This could be fun. The bad thought was that I didn't have classes with ANY of the boys I'd suggested for the program, so no fun in classes and no getting to watch them getting "relief". Oh well, I'll just have to have fun with them outside of classes.

"Sorry I'm late, we were delayed with the girl who fainted," I said. My excuse was accepted, but Miss Barrow was not the type to want to waste time in her lessons, so I sat down quickly.

Of course, between classes I had fun. Every boy I passed wanted to feel me up and quite a few of the girls wanted to as well. One of the boys was so cute, I let him finger me to an orgasm.

I went into Maths a bit breathless and red in the face. Mr Wilson grinned at me. "If you were a boy I'd have to ask you if you needed relief, but I think you've already taken care of that," he said.

Gym was next and we were outside. After all the news coverage I wasn't surprised to see some dirty old men with binoculars outside the school grounds looking at me. So I turned towards them and waved, then turned my back and bent over to tie my shoelaces, first making sure that my legs were a reasonable distance apart. I was beginning to understand why Laura thought stripping was a "buzz".

Half the lesson was simply running around the track. I've never been nearly at the front before, but although some of the girls were ahead of me, all the boys were behind me for some reason, quite close behind. I decided to tease them by pretending to trip over, then laughed and sped away as half of them crashed into each other. Some of the girls laughed as well.

After the so-called race, the boys were sent to bring out the hurdles and I sat around with the girls and said to some of them. "Men are so predictable. Get your kit off and you can wind them round your little finger. Watch me now."

As the boys came back I turned towards them, sitting cross-legged. When I caught the eye of one of them, he tripped and dropped the hurdle he was carrying. "See what I mean?" I said, "Everyone sure that they don't want to be in the program?" They laughed.

One of them asked me, "What's it like being in the program?" "Scary at first," I replied, "but once you get used to it, it's great."

"Aren't the boys rough?"

"They were at first, but then the best thing to do is to take their hand and show them what you like. Not only don't you get told off for not cooperating, but you have some fun at the same time."

"Yeah, as we saw this morning," said one of the girls who'd seen me in the corridor just before maths.

"Yup. If the boys can have fun, why shouldn't I?"

Going over the hurdles, I really did trip this time and grazed my knee. Half the boys in the class had lifted me to my feet and back to Miss Taylor before I had a chance to get up on my own. It was bleeding a little and my leg really was stiff. "You'd better report to the school nurse. By then it will be lunchtime."

I tried to stand up and it was a bit painful, so I pretended that it was a lot worse than it really was and that I couldn't stand up properly.

I think Miss Taylor guessed what I was doing, but whether she just thought I deserved the fun after she'd seen me last week, or whether she was just being nice I don't know, but she said, "Don and Jerry, perhaps you can help her?"

They led me off the field and past the showers. "I think I'd better wash the dirt out of it first, don't you? And I might have a shower at the same time."

"But we have to take you to the nurse," objected one of them.

"You'd better stay and help me then," I said coyly. My God, how obvious does a girl have to be?

"My leg hurts a bit, can you wash it for me?"

I turned on the shower. "We'll get wet," said the one who hadn't spoken before. Miss Taylor I'm going to kill you, you picked the two biggest dunces in class to help me.

I turned to him and started to take his t-shirt off. "You'd better get undressed as well then."

Finally! They got the message. Hallelujah!

To be fair, if they were slow on the uptake, their hands were slow too, slow and gentle. They actually did wash me from top to bottom. God it was tantalising.

I took one of each of their hands and put them on my boobs. "You missed a few bits."

They played with my boobs until one of them finally got the nerve to bend down and take a nipple in his mouth.

Then I noticed the time on the clock by the door. "Damn, you have to get me to the nurse or we'll be in trouble." They looked disappointed. "Look we'll continue this later, okay? And I'll show you where else you missed." They grinned at that and quickly dried themselves and me and got dressed.

"Hello, Deary. What did we do?" said the nurse.

"Fell over a hurdle," I replied.

"Thank you, boys, I can manage with her now."

With a look of disappointment that she noticed immediately, they turned and left.

She smiled at me. "I see you've cleaned it up nicely. It doesn't really need one, but I'll just put a plaster on it."

"How's Samantha?" she asked when she was finished.

Whoops, I thought guiltily. I'd forgotten that not everyone was enjoying themselves as much as me.

"She was terrified at first, But when my sister Shelley took her to class, she seemed not too bad."

"That's good, Deary," she said. "Tell her if she has any problems she can come and see me. I'll sort them out"

She would too. She was kindness itself, calling everyone "Deary" fitted perfectly with her character, but more than one bully had wished that he or she had never crossed with her. I wished that I had thought of her this time last week.

Anyhow, off to lunch. Perhaps I'll see Tony again.

Heather, part 11

WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunchtime, Afternoon and Evening

As it happened I saw Tony on the way to lunch.

"Hi, Tony."

"Hi."

"I never did thank you properly for your help last week," I continued. "Why don't you come round after school and I can show you how grateful I am." I took his hand and put it on my pussy.

He took it away like I'd burned him. "No thanks, Heather," he said. He was actually turning me down? "Look, I think you're nice, but I don't want to be one of a crowd, you know?"

"I wasn't planning on inviting the whole school, you know."

He laughed slightly at that. "I'd be glad to be a friend, but the thought of sharing you with... I don't know how many others... Sorry, I can't deal with that."

I must have looked hurt because he went on. "You can have as many guys as you like, fuck the whole town if you want, it's your life. But that's not what I want, okay?"

"You saw me Friday night," I said.

"Yeah."

"Was it that bad?"

"If I had sex with you, I'd want to make love to you. And I'm sorry, but seeing that in my mind every time, I just couldn't, that's all."

"I understand, well, thank you anyway," I kissed him on the cheek. "I suppose I should be angry or insulted or something, but I hope you find someone."

He half smiled at me. I could see tears forming in his eyes and I turned away quickly.

Was I going to feel guilty that I was actually enjoying my second week? Like hell I was! If week one was 90% torture, week two was going to be 90% fun if I had anything to do with it.

The stories of the boys' adventures during the morning made me laugh, but soon we were interrupted. Samantha was in trouble. I knew it was my job to help her. I took Laura and Jed with me.

Samantha was hiding in a corner of a classroom, sobbing her heart out. The girl who had come to get us explained that Ghastly Gordon had been pushing her too hard in Sex Education.

Laura commented that "That bitch needs a lesson." Remembering my own experience with GG I could only agree.

Suddenly Samantha spoke bitterly, "Why don't they just rape me and get it over with? It couldn't be any worse." I felt a knife go through me and I know I winced. I think Laura noticed, but Samantha was beyond noticing anything. "I feel so dirty," she said as she was shaking and looking at us with fear in her eyes.

I couldn't think of anything to say, any way to reach through that pain. But if I was out of my depth, Laura wasn't. "Sam, we're going to take you to the showers, okay? Nobody's going to hurt you," she assured her. We tried to lift her, but she was so limp that we couldn't.

Jed stepped forward. "Let me," he said. "Sam, I'm going to carry you, okay?"

Sam didn't even seem to hear him.

He gently picked her up, commenting on how light she was.

Some idiot in the corridor asked me for a reasonable request.

"Not now," I shouted at him. "Are you blind?"

I held Sam up in the shower while Laura washed her.

Jed and Laura dried her so gently I felt a twinge of jealousy, then guilt at feeling jealous.

Laura decided to take her to the nurse. On the way we had more "reasonable requests". This time I stopped to do them, to give Laura and Sam some peace.

Once I'd dealt with them quickly, I went to the dining hall and got a stack of meals on plates and took them to the nurse's office.

For a skinny girl Samantha could really put food away. She cleared her first plate and Jed fetched her another.

Sam was scared of going back out again.

"When's your next Sex Ed.?" I asked.

"Thursday morning."

Good. I'll have time to see the Headmaster before then.

"Good. No lesson will be worse than that before then, so that's one thing you don't have to worry about. How have you been coping with requests?" I asked.

"Okay, I guess. I hate them, but they've been okay. I'm just dreading tomorrow when they can touch as well," she replied quietly.

Yeah, I thought. If being looked at can crack you up like this, God knows what being touched will do.

But my thoughts were disturbed by the bell for lessons.

That afternoon I must admit I felt annoyed that thinking about Samantha was spoiling my good mood. Then I felt guilty for feeling like that. What were we going to do about Samantha? Especially if Laura didn't even know what to do with her.

Of course Shelley had an idea. Leaving school she said, "I've organised a petting party at Laura's tonight." I had plans of my own about getting Jed home, and petting might have been part of it... My thoughts were interrupted as she went on. "It's for Sam. To help her get used to being touched."

I felt more than a little selfish.

But I also felt proud of my little sister. I'd always thought of her as childish, who never thought of anyone but herself. After her actions last week and already this week, I was going to have to rethink my opinion of her.

"Okay. It might help and it can hardly makes things worse. Good idea, kid sis."

Shelley beamed. "You're not the only one with brains, you know."

Until we left for Laura's, Shelley was back to being a kid as she was so excited about the night to come.

Suzie and Samantha arrived last for the party, brought by Laura's mum. Shelley immediately said, "Let's take off our clothes." Samantha hesitated a little, then shed her clothing along with the rest of us.

But when Shelley followed that up with "Right, we're going to have a petting party," I thought that Samantha would die on the spot.

"I can't do this," she said.

"That's what you said this morning," I replied, "but you did it. And from what I hear, you were fine all day apart from that bitch Gordon."

She grudgingly admitted that.

Then Jed spoke to her. "You trusted us this morning. Did it help you today?"

Another faint "Yeah."

But when he asked her to trust us now, she burst out, "It's alright for all of you. You're all friends, and you're all happy with, with..." She couldn't say the word sex at first. Boy, did she have a problem.

"I'm not like you," she concluded.

"You mean, we're all sluts and you're not?" I asked. She looked afraid for a second, as if she'd said something she shouldn't have, so I smiled at her to make her know that I wasn't offended. Hell, one week ago, I'd probably have been saying what she'd just said.

So Shelley piped up, "She's the Superslut and we're the Slutsisters."

I am NEVER going to live that name down, so I responded, "Not to mention Supertongue Suzie."

Poor Samantha just looked miserable and said "I don't know what I mean. I'm just not comfortable with any of this."

Suzie assured her that we weren't trying to get her to take part in an orgy. ("Shame", I thought.)

"You said we are all friends," I said. "This time last week, I knew Laura and Shelley. Suzie I thought was a bitch, sorry Suzie, and I didn't know the boys at all, and from our first meeting I didn't want to know them. Now they are all the best friends I've got." As I said it, I realised that was true, and I felt my eyes watering at the thought. I love these guys.

"You think you have no friends? Why do you think we are all here if you've got no friends?" I continued, but she just stood there, looking even more miserable.

I don't know if it was inspired or whether I just got impatient, but I said, "You know your problem? You wouldn't recognise a friend if they jumped up and kissed you." And then I did.

First I kissed away the tears running down her cheeks. I wished that I could kiss away her misery and fear so easily. Then I kissed her full on the lips. She stiffened up. Great idea, Heather.

Then Suzie spoke, "You might be able to kiss me into forgetting I'm frightened, but it doesn't work with everyone." We all laughed at that and even Samantha joined in the laughter.

It must have lessened the tension, because Samantha suddenly said, "Okay, I'll do it." Then, "Look, in case I freak out or anything, thanks for trying." She looked at each of us, took a breath, then asked, "Now, what do I have to do?"

Jed explained that she should spin the bottle. That would decide who she had to do something to. Then she would pick a card, white for tame, blue for more "exciting", which would tell her what to do.

Her first card was to fondle Suzie's boobs. This was fun, Suzie has REALLY sensitive boobs, and I enjoyed watching her face reflecting the sensations she was feeling.

Shelley spoiled it really, because as Suzie was getting more hot and bothered, Shel decided that it was HER turn.

Although she'd picked a white (tame) card, Shelley hasn't learned that word yet as I explained to Stephen when he protested at her tickling his arsehole with her finger.

"Hey, the white cards were supposed to be tame," he said.

"Yeah but this is Shelley," I said, "and she hasn't got as far as the letter T in the Dictionary yet."

Shelley shot me a look as if she was insulted, then started laughing.

If I have one lasting memory of that party, it was the laughter. Starting with a really tense atmosphere, we spent half the evening laughing together. Do you know how close that makes you feel?

Suzie decided that we should be concentrating more on Samantha. I'm not sure that Shelley agreed with that, but to my surprise, Sam did!

Suzie started by caressing Sam's boobs, and in spite of herself, it was obvious that Sam liked it.

She liked it even more when Christopher did the same and finished by kissing them.

Suzie joked that Sam must have liked that because she was all wet. Sam suddenly got embarrassed again, so Suzie got Christopher to do the same to her, then took Sam's hand and placed it firmly on her (Suzie's) pussy.

"See Sam?" she said, "I'm all wet too." To my surprise Sam didn't take her hand away until Suzie told her to feel her own pussy and she admitted that, yes, she was wet.

"See, all that proves is that you're normal, just like us," said Suzie, obviously pleased with herself.

My turn was next and I forgot to pick a card, I just started licking and sucking on Sam's boobs, then flicking her nipples with my tongue.

Jed upped the ante with the next card. After gently caressing Sam's bum for a while, he got her to hold her bum open while he stroked from her pussy to her arsehole, giving extra attention to her rosebud.

To everyone's surprise Sam then picked a blue card. These were the more explicit ones.

"It says play with cock," she said.

The bottle spun towards Shelley, so she had to spin again. This time it pointed at Stephen.

She knelt in front of him, nervously touching his cock. After feeling around his balls, she began to stroke him up and down.

He warned her that he was going to cum, but she wouldn't stop until he had covered her face with his cum.

She looked absolutely angelic almost worshipping his cock with cum dripping off her face.

"And as you did that to me, I think turnabout is fair play, don't you?" he said.

She looked worried but he reassured her.

As he instructed she lay down on the carpet and opened her legs.

He was so good with her, gently stroking her outer lips, then opening her up to do the same inside.

She tensed up as he put his finger inside her for the first time. I was going to go to her but was beaten by Shelley, who held her hand reassuringly.

Then Sam bled a little. Stephen stopped. "Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" he asked.

Sam's only reply was "Just don't stop...please."

So we heard cries of "No, No, too much." And "No, don't stop. Please don't stop!"

"Come on, Sam," I yelled.

Shelley started to chant "cum, cum, cum, cum," in time with Stephen's finger strokes, and soon Samantha did, spectacularly.

"Is it always like that?" she asked.

"NO," Suzie and I answered, laughing.

I took her to the shower. Stephen followed and I left them alone together.

When I walked in back into the lounge, Shelley and Suzie were kissing, then Suzie pushed Shelley onto the sofa and went down on her, until she came with a loud "Shelley squeal". Even after this morning, it seemed surreal to watch my little sister being made to cum in front of me. But then, I knew only too well what that tongue could do. We didn't call her Supertongue Suzie for nothing.

Then, probably spoiling the mood, I said, "This is great, but it's not what Sam's going to face tomorrow morning."

"Then when she comes back, we'll have to prepare her for that," said Jed.

When Stephen and Samantha returned Samantha looked flushed and pleased with herself.

That changed as Jed and Christopher started groping her roughly, trying to prepare her for tomorrow morning. Stephen didn't get a chance to join in at that point as Suzie grabbed him.

Christopher even made Sam bend over and then he roughly pushed a finger up her bum.

"Stop a sec," I said. "Guys will probably do that and it hurts right?"

"Yeah," she replied with feeling.

"So here's a little secret." I had all the girls' attention. "Just before you get to the school door, slip a couple of fingers up you pussy," and I stuck two fingers up her pussy. She was startled but didn't move. "Get them nice and wet and work them into your bum to give it a bit of lubrication." Then I stuck the same fingers up her bum. "Okay guys, now carry on."

Soon Sam was on her back with Christopher and Stephen fingering her pussy and arse for all they were worth while Jed had her boobs to himself.

Suddenly Samantha was laughing.

"Thanks, guys. I'm still not looking forward to tomorrow, but if I do freak out again, it won't be your fault," she said.

"Don't even think about freaking out," I said. "Just think about the next few minutes, say to yourself I can survive this for the next five minutes. Then if it's an awful experience and goes on for longer, think about the next five minutes, and the next, until it's over. Five minutes at a time."

She looked at me taking in every word. "Okay."

"Now, tomorrow," I continued, "the worst time will be when we get there because they will all try to grope us while we are undressing. There should be a teacher there to stop that happening, but if there isn't, just go along with whatever I do, okay, no matter how strange it seems?"

She agreed readily.

Laura's mother took Samantha home. Stephen and Suzie went off together. Now we saw THAT coming a mile off. I grinned at Shel and said "After all that hard work, I think the boys deserve a reward, don't you?"

She nodded eagerly and knelt down in front of Jed. Then Jed said, "I've got a better idea." He made her lie down, then took her hand and put it on his cock. "You lie here," he said to me, "and take Christopher's cock. Christopher, Shel's pussy is all yours."

With that he began to play with my pussy while I began to wank Christopher. But soon Christopher had to wait for his relief as Jed began to finger my arsehole as well. I knew that I was already so turned on by the whole evening that I wouldn't last long and I didn't.

Christopher had seen what Jed had done to me and began to do the same to Shel. After her fun with Suzie earlier, she lasted a little longer than I had, but only a little.

Then she decided that she wanted to give both boys a blow job at the same time. She looked positively obscene as they alternately pounded into her cute little face.

I had to try that, so I moved across and pulled the boys to me. Having two cocks in my mouth at the same time was interesting but to be honest not the greatest turn-on I've ever had.

So I got Jed to mouth-fuck Shel, while I kept Christopher happy with my hands, at the same time sucking on Jed's balls.

Being a tease, before Jed could cum, I pulled Shel away from him and over to Christopher.

I started licking up and down one side of his cock, so Shel followed suit. Then I couldn't resist any longer, I wanted that cock in my mouth, so Shel was left to use her mouth on Chris' balls.

Again, I stopped before he could cum. I started wanking Jed again. "Cum all over my slutty sister, Jed. Cover that face with your cum." Just the thought of that was enough to bring him off and I watched as jet after jet flew onto Shel's face.

She turned to me with a grin as she grabbed Christopher's cock. "I think my big sister's face needs decorating, don't you?" she said.

He came almost as quickly as Jed had done and soon my face matched hers, disgustingly sexy.

I looked at the cum on her face and couldn't resist licking it off her. With some on my tongue I pushed my tongue into her surprised mouth giving her some of Jed's cum. "Share and share alike," I said.

She returned the favour and soon we were licking and giggling and sharing cum for all we were worth.

With the last drop of cum, I again put my tongue in Shel's mouth, but this time kissed her properly. To say she was startled was an understatement. It certainly brought a grin to the boys' faces, which was what I had intended of course, but it was also fun to find something that actually shocked Shelley!

I noticed the clock. Damn, Laura's mum would be back to take us home any minute, so I jumped up and went to the shower. Shelley joined me and we gently washed each other, smiling contentedly, before getting dried and dressed to go home.

When we got home Shelley raced upstairs to the bathroom before me and I noticed the answerphone light was flashing. It was Mum. In the excitement of the petting party we'd forgotten she was going to call. She said she was probably flying home on Wednesday, but she'd try to call us again tomorrow night. I realised perhaps for the first time for a long time just how much I missed her when she was away. I could hear Shelley singing (squawking!) to herself in the bathroom. She was so happy about the success of her petting party for Samantha, I decided not to tell her we'd missed Mum's call.

It has been a really strange day. Has it really been only Monday? Almost a whole week still to go.

Heather, part 12

WEEK TWO

TUESDAY

If I was proud of my sister yesterday for the way she'd thought of how to help Samantha, I am less proud of myself today. Let's face it, I went with Laura and Jed to help Samantha at lunchtime yesterday because I felt I had to. I went to the petting party last night because I couldn't really get out of it when all I wanted was a good time with Jed. Actually, I had a good time anyway but that's beside the point.

And to cap it all, today I let down the best friend I have in the world and at the time it didn't even bother me.

What's happening to me? Suzie used to be a real bitch and didn't care about anyone. Now she's becoming really sweet, always thinking of the rest of us, while I, if not becoming a bitch, am certainly caring less and becoming someone I don't like very much.

The day started like any other day. Shelley was excitedly looking forward to her first "official" groping as she put it, (how can you have an official groping?) and wondering what she'd be able to do today that she hadn't tried yet.

When we got to school some of the others had already arrived, judging by the crowd and the noise of chanting. We couldn't see who it was though.

I'd have been quite happy to strip off and walk into the Assembly hall unnoticed (fat chance), but of course I was with Shelley. Never one to simply stay in the background, Shelley yelled at the top of her voice, "Okay folks, the slutsisters are here." Shelley looks slight, but when she shouts she could replace a foghorn. I was expecting noise complaints from France any minute.

Once we were both naked, she walked away from me and a crowd formed around each of us. "Can I feel your boobs," asked one of the younger boys.

"Sure," I said. He hesitated, so I took both his hands and placed them on my boobs. He stood there motionless. "They won't break if you rub them or play with them," I said.

He squeezed, a little too hard actually, then ran his hands all over them, then starting pulling on my nipples and rolling them between his fingers.

I pulled his head down to my boobs. "They like being sucked too, you know." He fastened his mouth around one nipple and his teeth scratched me. "Careful. Your teeth can hurt. Would you like my teeth scraping your cock?"

"No," he shook his head.

"Well, try to avoid teeth on a girl's boobs for the same reason. Okay it doesn't exactly hurt, but it's not likely to turn her on. Try again."

He was better the second time. "Remember I have two tits!"

When he went from one to the other, another boy leaned nearer and said, "Room for one more?"

"Sure."

Even in a ridiculous situation like this, having a guy on each boob licking and sucking is kinda dreamy.

But when, after a few minutes the second boy left, I said to the first, "I'd better give some of the other guys a turn, okay?" He gave my nipples one final, very wet lick each and moved back.

"I wanna feel your pussy," called another boy.

Someone had actually done some thinking since last week. There were chairs out here now, so I sat down and spread my legs. The first boy looked longingly but didn't move any closer.

"Why don't you sit down by my pussy and watch me get fingered?" I suggested.

The older boy waited, surprisingly patient as the first boy sat.

"Now first you want to open her up and just stroke her like this," the older one explained. I was a bit amused at the impromptu Sex Education lesson. I smiled at the look on the smaller boy's face, then my expression probably changed. FUCK! This guy was good.

"See this? This is her clitoris. It can be very sensitive." He wasn't kidding.

"Why don't you touch it?" he continued, glancing up at me to ask if it was okay. I nodded.

The younger boy was less gentle, so he said, "Very gently."

I'm thinking, "Sod the lesson, I want your magic finger back," but I was a good girl and said nothing.

He took over again and gently alternated between rubbing my clit and stroking over and between my lips.

He took the younger boy's hand again and put his finger right at my entrance. "Now if you feel here, you can see she's getting wet. That means she's getting turned on, excited."

"Have you ever had your finger in a pussy before?"

He looked awe-struck, "No," he croaked.

The older boy put one of the younger one's fingers into me all the way. I felt myself tense around it. So did he by the look of surprise on his face. He pushed his finger in and out until the older boy said "Now here at the front, inside her, is a sensitive place called the g-spot. Rubbing on that really gets her going. Watch her face, you'll know when you find it."

He found it, but wasn't exactly skilful at getting me going.

"Okay, let me have a go," said the older boy, then to me, "May I?"

"Do what the fuck you like, just for God's sake bring me off before the Assembly bell goes."

He grinned and plunged two fingers into me. I felt so wet that he could have shoved his arm up me and I wouldn't have minded.

With his other hand he occasionally touched my clit while his fingers inside me moved faster and faster and faster.

As I grimaced, the younger boy said, "Stop, you're hurting her."

"No, don't stop," I begged.

As I came, he replaced his fingers with his tongue and it got even more intense.

"Sorry about that," he said. "I couldn't resist and you weren't in a fit state to ask if I could go down on you." I think I managed a weak smile, I'm not sure.

He put a couple of fingers in me again, then turned back to the younger boy and said, "Here, suck on these." The younger boy did as he was told.

"I think you need cleaning up," the older boy said. "Okay," he said as he turned to the younger boy, "You have to clean up after lessons, don't you? So lick Heather clean."

He didn't hesitate and his tongue wormed its way into every crevice. When he'd finished, the older boy had already disappeared so he politely said, "Thank you," and left.

The assembly bell had gone already and I was left alone until I got up and walked (staggered?) into the showers with the other girls.

There must be something about sex that having more of it makes you want even more of it, because by the end of the second lesson I was so horny I couldn't believe it.

A few clumsy fingers up me didn't turn me off but weren't enough to bring me off either. So in Geography, I had to tell Mr. Graham that I needed relief. Suzie was in this class as well and I think everyone assumed that we'd put on another show.

"Any of you boys want to help me out?" I asked. I picked one that I knew was okay and soon his fingers were buried deep inside me. He looked a little disappointed when I came so quickly.

That made Suzie decide that she wanted relief and as she was given relief by a different boy, I kissed her boobs and let my tongue dance around her nipples, so we both had red faces from our exertions when we returned to our seats.

Leaving for lunch, we were laughing about that when the boys arrived from their classes with a rumour they'd heard about Laura smashing something in Ghastly's class and walking out.

Suddenly Laura was being frog-marched into the dining hall. I watched with growing disbelief as she was handcuffed, then had her hair cut shorter, and finally was given six strokes of the cane.

I turned to Jed and Shelley. "Ghastly's got it in for us Program girls. First me last week, then Sam yesterday and now Laura. We've got to find a way to stop her."

"I could think of a way," said Jed grimly, "And if she picks on you again, I just might stop her permanently."

I was so pleased that I kissed him.

"I wonder who she'll pick on next," muttered Shelley, looking worried for the first time this week.

I suddenly realised that Suzie and Christopher had gone to Laura and were leading her away.

"We must try to think of something," I said. "This is getting way, way out of hand."

Jed, Shelley and I left the dining hall early to discuss more privately what we could do. None of us could think of anything constructive.

I couldn't concentrate in any of the lessons, trying desperately to think of something to do. Everyone knew that Mr. Graham would never stand up to Ghastly in a million years and we didn't know how long Dr. Reynolds (the headmaster) would be away.

In the last lesson of the day, I decided that we needed help. But who to turn to? I played the lunchtime scene back over in my mind then realised with a nauseating flash what I'd done, or not done.

I'd been so shocked and so busy discussing what to do that I'd left my best friend lying on the table alone, until thankfully Suzie and Christopher went to her. What was I thinking of? She hadn't needed plans to stop it happening to someone else, she'd needed a friend right then. And I'd ignored her. First, only helping Sam with some resentment yesterday, now totally ignoring my best friend at a time like that.

Then an even worse thought hit me. Yet again Laura was suffering because of me. The headmaster had wanted to deal with Gordon and at our meeting on Saturday I'd insisted that we could deal with it. Me and my fucking mouth! What was wrong with me?

I began crying, but even that felt false, like I was crying for me and not for what had happened to Laura.

At the end of school, I went to the staff room and asked for Mr. Thompson. He was on the cricket field, I was told, so I went out there. He was in the middle of the field as a match was still in progress, so I waited until it finished.

"Sir, I'm sorry to bother you when you're going home, but you said if we had any problems with anyone, we could come to you."

"Yes, of course, Heather. What can I do for you?" he asked. "Come into the pavilion and we can talk in peace."

I followed him into the pavilion and we both pulled up chairs and sat down.

"It's Ghast... Ms. Gordon," I began. He smiled at my accidental use of her nickname.

"I had guessed that."

"I don't even know what happened today, but you were in lunch and you saw what happened. Last week, she was horrid to me, then yesterday she was so bad to Samantha that we found her cowering in a corner unable to move after the lesson...." His face tensed at that.

"And then whatever happened this morning."

He interrupted me. "Actually after lunch I made it my business to find out exactly what did happen this morning." And he told me. I couldn't believe that she'd actually filmed us secretly and then played the DVD in class like that. No wonder Laura had freaked out.

"You may wonder why none of us staff have said or done anything, but you would be wrong." He went on to say, "I won't say what has been said or by whom, but I will say that a number of us have sent messages to Dr. Reynolds explaining what has been happening and expressing a lot of concern."

"And is he coming back soon?" I asked.

"As soon as he can, but the meetings and post-mortems about last week will take another day or two and they won't let him leave."

"We can't wait another day or two. Is there nobody who has the power to help us?"

"Staff wise?" He shook his head. "No. Mr. Graham won't listen to a word said against Ms. Gordon. But do you remember why the Headmaster has been called away?"

"Because of my rape I was told."

"Hmm, partly," he said, "but mainly because of all the media coverage following that. For a short while at least, you are a celebrity. You asked who has the power to help you. Right now, YOU have the power to help you."

"But what should I do?" I cried, still not believing that I could do anything.

"I can't tell you that. But if you think about it I'm sure you'll think of something." He smiled at me.

We walked back to the main building together. An ambulance was speeding away with sirens wailing and blue lights flashing. What had happened?

Two of the younger girls walked past us, crying. "A girl killed herself," one of them said.

"In the Program," added the other.

LAURA! I thought.

I turned to Mr. Thompson in panic. "I've got to go to the hospital," I said. I was shaking.

"Get your clothes on, I'll bring my car round and take you."

The hospital staff tried to keep us out until Mr. Thompson showed his teacher's security ID card, then they told us where to go. He found out that it was Samantha, not Laura, and she wasn't dead. "Have you got some change?" I asked. "I need to make some phone calls."

They took longer than I'd planned and when I got back from organising my plan everything overwhelmed me again and I just cried and cried. I dried my face and went to the ward where the other girls were around Sam's bed. Laura was blaming herself for not being able to help Sam.

Sam said that she wasn't going to be in the Program any more and I felt myself give a sigh of relief. At least that's one girl Gordon can't hurt any more.

Incredibly Sam was more worried that we wouldn't be her friends any more now she wasn't in the Program.

Shelley and Laura assured her that we would.

I tried to lighten the mood by saying, "Yes, even if you do make me lose my bet."

Suzie made some comment about Sam owing her one. Suzie explained briefly what she meant but I think I'll have to ask Sam more about that sometime.

"What bet?" Sam asked me, but before I had a chance to reply, Shelley chimed in with "Heather bet the school that next Monday if she asked how many girls wanted to be in the Program, and there was less than twenty, she'd stay in the Program for the rest of the term."

And Suzie finished with "And after today, there's no WAY she's gonna win that bet." She laughed.

I laughed with her. "It doesn't matter. I'm probably going to lose anyway, thanks to Ghastly Gordon."

"Sorry to ask what you've probably already told the others," I said, "but you were doing so well this morning, so why did you do it?"

"I was a soloist in the semi-finals of the national school choir competition on Thursday night," she answered. "And I suddenly realised that I'd have to do it naked and basically freaked out. It's so important to my career and I thought it was ruined forever."

She continued, "They want to admit me to a psycho ward for a week, then I'll be exempt from the Program."

A thought struck me. "Will they let you out to sing in the choir on Thursday if you're stuck in a psycho ward?"

It hadn't occurred to her either. Laura said that the school nurse was in the canteen, so I sent her to get Nurse to ask her opinion.

While she was away, I explained my plan to get Laura's handcuffs removed.

The others all loved the idea.

Nurse said that it was highly unlikely that they'd let Sam out to sing if she was still a hospital patient. This was confirmed by the Doctor.

Sam begged to be allowed home and finish her week at school, even if she had to be in the Program. Did one concert mean SO much to her?

A long debate with the Doctor was finally decided in Sam's favour when Laura's mum arrived and said that she'd take Sam home with her.

When we got home from the hospital, the lights were on. I ran into the lounge and leapt on the sofa to give Mum a hug. Shel squeezed onto the other end to hug her as well. I cried, "You're home! On the answerphone last night you said you couldn't get a flight until tomorrow!"

"I got a standby," she replied happily, then, "And how are you doing?"

Shel got up. "I'm going to my room," she said. "I think you two need some time to talk." Sometimes my sis can be a pain, but sometimes she can be so understanding.

"Thank you," I mouthed to her.

Mum had taken her shoes off like she always does after work. Now I must tell you that my mother does not "drink" much at all but she will sometimes relax with a glass of wine after a rough day. This time it was a red one.

She took a sip and looked at me over her glass. "Oh dear, sweetie, that's a serious look you've got. Has something bad happened since our last phonecall?"

"No, Mum, it's from before. And I'm not sure really how bad it is."

"Is it serious enough for your own glass of wine? You are old enough to drink wine at home if you want to."

"That's okay. Maybe just a small sip of yours, if you don't mind." She offered her glass and I took a sip. It was a good thing it was a big glass because it was not a small sip. I returned the glass, grateful to her for giving me a chance to collect my thoughts.

"Mum," I began, "You know you said that nothing I could do would shock you? I think you might have been wrong."

"Yes?" she said uncertainly.

"I didn't tell you everything that happened on Friday. I left out a bit."

"You left out a bit," she repeated slowly.

"A big bit," I admitted, then hesitated.

"Is it in your journal? Would it be easier if I read it there?" she asked.

"Yeah, you can read all the details there, but I have to tell you this myself." I stopped, trying to find the courage to continue.

"Heather," said Mum. "Do you really think it's so bad that I would love you any the less?"

I shook my head. "No, but you might not like me very much."

"I doubt it, but you'd better go on."

"On Friday night I went out clubbing with Laura and Suzie and Shel. And... I got a little carried away." I took a breath.

"What's a little?" she asked.

"I had a gangbang on the dancefloor." Her eyes opened wider. "I'm not even really sure why I did it, I just went wild fucking every guy I could drag on the dance floor. I don't even know how many I had."

Mum took a deep breath. "Did you hurt anyone?"

"No, though Laura had to join in to get me out of there in one piece. And I was horrid to her the next morning."

"I hope you made it up to her. It sounds like she was very brave."

"Yes I did, when I realised how stupid I'd been. And Laura was incredible, Mum. You should have seen the bruises she had the next day, and all because I was such a slut." Mum winced at the word.

"I won't pretend I like what you did, but why should that make me like you less?"

"Now everyone thinks I'm a slut. You aren't ashamed of me?" I asked incredulously.

"No. Sad maybe, that you felt the need to do that, but ashamed, no." She hugged me tightly. "Darling, you'd had a terrible experience in the morning. That kind of shock gets you off balance. Don't blame yourself for what you did later. And you worry too much about what people think of you. That's something you could learn from Shelley. She does what she does and never thinks about what others will think of her."

I didn't reply for a while and just felt her arms around me.

Finally I said, "I think it's time I went upstairs and let Shel have a little one-on-one time with you."

"Don't tell me she's got some terrible secret to tell me too."

"If she has, it's a secret from me as well," I grinned and ran upstairs.

I'd managed to not let slip about Laura and Sam and the plan, even if it felt wrong keeping all that from her. If only Shelley could do the same. Just for tonight, we had to act normally.

Later on Shel called me back down and something really cool and amazing happened. She's begged me to not write about it here, but let her "tell the world" as she put it. I agreed, so if you want to read about it now you'll have to look it up in her journal. And yes, I finally did tell Mum what had been happening. Her reaction to that was pretty cool too. Shelley tells me all that is at the end of her chapter six as well.

When I finally got back to my room, the worries about tomorrow continued. I climbed into bed, naked, as Mum had suggested. I suppose the bed clothes felt nice but I really didn't notice.

After we had all left Sam's hospital room, I had wanted to speak to Laura, but I couldn't face her. I knew I'd let her down badly and sometimes words just aren't enough.

It helped to talk my plan over with Mum, but I could see she was as concerned about it as I was. Perhaps if it works tomorrow I'll feel better enough to apologise to Laura. Even if it doesn't, at least it will prove I still care.

But if it doesn't, things will be worse than ever. It's a risk, but if even Sam is prepared to take it, it must be a risk worth taking.

Mustn't it?

Heather, part 13

WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Morning

Although we hadn't gone to sleep till well after midnight, I woke up at 4 in the morning sweating. I tried to get back to sleep but lay awake thinking about the morning ahead.

I was feeling guilty about the risk I was asking the others to take. Perhaps I should confront Graham alone. But I knew it wouldn't be as effective. Although Shelley and Sam had agreed readily and Suzie had agreed a little more reluctantly, what would happen if it all went wrong?

I would cope, I was fairly sure of that, and I thought Suzie was more resilient than she looked. But in spite of being nuts I wasn't sure how Shelley would cope. And was I going to be responsible for making Sam really crack up? I could tell, even Mum was worried about that.

Yet ironically Sam had been the most enthusiastic supporter of the idea, much to my surprise.

It felt like ages before I got back to sleep.

I didn't feel any better when I woke up again. I even snapped at Shelley over breakfast about something stupid.

We all met outside the school and stripped off quickly ready for our confrontation with Mr. Graham. I had been nervous, but when I saw the angry purple welts on Laura's bum, that nervousness disappeared to be replaced by guilt and anger. That and a determination to end all this right now.

We left four of the boys with Laura. Jed insisted on coming with us to the office. "Ready?" he asked all of us. We turned our backs to him and he slipped the handcuffs on each of us, making sure that they were tight.

I had a last minute panic and turned to the others and said, "Look, we don't all need to do this. It might be better if I go in alone."

Samantha was first to answer. "We're in this together, whatever happens." She looked like she'd had no more sleep than I had but her blue eyes were firm and she had a look of determination on her face that I'd never seen on her before.

"Sam, at least you stay out here," I pleaded. "After yesterday if something happens to you I'd never forgive myself."

"Laura's my friend too, now," she said. "And you're not making us do this. It's our decision, remember?"

"Where you go, I go," said Shelley simply.

"I'd give up right now if I were you," said Suzie. "You're not going in there alone and that's that. And the longer we argue, the longer Laura is out there like this."

After all that, Mr. Graham was late so he wasn't there. We went back out to join Laura and the boys. It seems weird but none of us even thought of taking the handcuffs off. Not while Laura couldn't.

The groping was tough, I won't pretend it wasn't. Not being able to push people away, or even their hands away was scary. And telling them not to be so rough? A lot of good that did.

Poor Jed tried to intervene, but was roughly pushed away by the boys. I could see all kinds of emotion on his face, anger, frustration, annoyance with himself, genuine concern for me. Our eyes met for an instant. I nodded once, then tossed my head to one side to try and get him to leave. I didn't want him watching, not Jed. He got the message and shrugged, then turned away quickly and left. I couldn't see any of the other Program boys.

Some of the fingering was almost as rough as in my first week. I realised with a shock that I'd forgotten to complain about the lack of a supervising teacher yesterday. Yet again, everyone was paying for my mistake. I looked at the others to see how they were coping.

My sister was standing there with gritted teeth and her legs apart, wincing every now and then.

Some idiot was twisting Suzie's breasts and I could see pain on her face, but she was standing firm.

I heard Sam yelling, then she stopped yelling. Feeling a sudden gut-wrenching panic, I forced my way over to her. She was standing near the clothes boxes clearly getting the worst of it. I could barely see her face because of the crowd around her. When I did see her, I saw tears running down her cheeks.

I managed to get to her. "You've had enough. I'll find Jed to get you uncuffed."

"No," she almost shouted at me. "This isn't about me, or you for that matter. It's about Laura and I'm not letting her down."

I worked my way to behind her and held her hands with my hands.

When the bell went, the crowd drifted away.

I turned to face Sam. "Are you okay?" I asked.

"I'll live," she replied, but I could see that she was shaken.

"What's going on?" asked Laura when we were in the showers.

"If you have to have handcuffs, then we are wearing them too," said Shelley.

"But what if something happens while you can't even defend yourselves?" Laura argued.

"If something happens, having hands free isn't always enough anyway," I said.

We all looked at each other, all thinking of the same thing. There was an uncomfortable silence, finally broken by Suzie. "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying."

"You're not going to persuade us." Shelley stared at Laura defiantly.

"Look. I'm grateful and everything, but it's one thing you three doing this, but making Samantha do it is going too far."

"Nobody made me do anything," Sam objected.

"She was the first one to agree to the idea," said Suzie.

Laura looked at Samantha. "Sam, I can see you've been crying and we're not even in the first lesson yet. I have three whole days of this. Remember what the doctor said. I'm responsible for you. I couldn't bear it if anything happened to you."

"Friends stick together, don't they?" she asked.

"Yes, but..."

"No buts. Okay, I hate it. You've seen me cry already. Well, get used to it, because you'll probably see it again. But I survived this morning and I'll survive whatever happens."

Laura could see as well as the rest of us the sheer determination on her face, and gave up the argument.

"Just be careful, okay? I'd hug you if I could, but I can't, so consider yourself hugged."

"Okay," said Sam, smiling. "If it makes you happier, I promise that if it gets too much, I'll find Jed and get him to take my handcuffs off. But it's not going to happen."

We went into lessons. Of course we couldn't write anything. Even sitting down was uncomfortable as we couldn't lean back.

Word had got around quickly and in the break between lessons I found myself surrounded. This was worse than the morning groping. Luckily it was soon over as a teacher came along and chased them away.

I wondered if the others had been as lucky. Like Laura, I was worrying about Sam.

Thankfully, during the second lesson, I saw Mr. Graham's car pull up. I stood up and said, "Sorry, sir, but I have to meet with Mr. Graham now he's arrived."

"O.K., you can go."

I went to the other girls' classrooms and explained that we had a meeting with the deputy headmaster. Feeling that I needed their support, I went to fetch the boys as well.

This time there were no second thoughts when we got to the office. Without knocking we simply walked in, the four of us girls and Jed, who had made a quick detour to his locker. The other boys waited in the outer office.

Graham was sitting behind Dr. Reynolds' desk reading something.

"What do you mean by walking in here...?" I cut him off.

"We want Laura's handcuffs off, right now," I said, turning round to show him my handcuffs.

"Oh, do you?" he sneered. "The punishment has been decided and that is the end of the matter." He made a show of returning to his reading.

"Fine. Jed, the scissors."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Get on with it," I told him impatiently.

As arranged, he took a fair-sized handful of hair and cut through it near the top.

"What's going on?" said Mr. Graham angrily, putting his papers down and glaring at me.

"If Laura's handcuffs stay on, so do ours, and we're all cutting our hair as well."

"Fine, why should I care?" This time he left the papers alone and looked around silently at all of us.

"Because Christopher is outside and he has my mobile phone. And it's programmed to dial that woman reporter who interviewed me last Friday. When we've finished chopping our hair, we're giving a press conference. And Jed isn't nearly as good a hairdresser as Nurse was. And we've told him to make a mess of our hair. It'll make a better news story. You want to come to our press conference?"

"You're bluffing." The bastard actually smiled as he said that.

Suzie stepped forward. "Me next, Jed." Seconds later a long length of her hair had joined mine on the office floor.

"Think how happy the Headmaster and the Ministry will be with all this new publicity. It'll do wonders for your career," I returned his earlier sneer.

Sam walked over to Jed and he took hold of her hair.

"Hold on," Graham spoke through gritted teeth, "Just what is it you want?" Was he really going to give in?

"Firstly, Laura's handcuffs are removed and never put back," I said. "Secondly, no more punishments until Dr. Reynolds returns and thirdly, Program participants are excused from Ms. Gordon's lessons until Dr. Reynolds returns and can hear our complaints."

"I'm afraid that is not going to happen, Miss Hoover, not any of it."

"Okay, Jed." The scissors snipped a third time and I saw Sam's eyes water as some of her hair fell to the ground.

"Time to make that phone call," said Sam, as she stared wistfully at her hair on the floor.

"That it is." Then I shouted through the closed door, "Christopher!" Christopher came into the office, pressed the speed dial, then held the phone to the side of my face.

"Hi, Is that Lindsey Crowe's office? Is she in?"

"Give me that phone, now!" For a small man Graham could move quickly He was heading straight for me.

But not as quickly as Jed moved. Before Graham could reach the front corner of his desk, Jed was in front of him. Jed grabbed each of Graham's upper arms in each of his hands (I never noticed until that moment how large Jed's hands were), lifted Graham up and deposited him on the desk. Jed never spoke but remained standing in front of Graham pinning his arms to his sides.

"That's assault, young man. Release me at once!"

Jed glanced over his shoulder at me. "Heather, can you see an assault?"

Oh well, in for a penny.. "No, Jed, I can't see anything."

"Christopher?" Jed called.

"What's assault, man? Is it anything like a pepper?"

"You're all suspended, as of this moment," Graham growled.

"It seems to me, Mr. Graham," I tried to sound a lot more confident than I felt, "It's your word against the three of us. We've just come in here to discuss Laura's punishment with you, in a civil manner."

You just couldn't resist that last bit, could you, girl? I thought, watching my University future fly out the window behind the desk.

"Mrs. Johnson!" Graham suddenly shouted, calling to the headmaster's secretary in the outer office.

"Shout all you want, sir," Christopher was actually smiling. That boys has guts. "After Heather came in here, we boys suggested to Mrs. Johnson that it was time for her lunch. I think she said something about a spot of shopping. And the other Program boys are waiting out there to.. discourage anyone else from bothering us."

At that instant, almost on cue, I heard a voice in my ear. "Lindsey Crowe here. How can I help you?"

"Miss Crowe," I started but then Graham muttered something. "Excuse me, Miss Crowe. Could you hold on for just one second?"

Christopher lowered the phone as I looked at Graham with what I hoped was a cold, angry expression. "Did you say something, Mr Graham?"

"Okay, you win." This time I could hear him, but only just.

"All our demands?"

"Yes."

"And no one's suspended?"

"Yes, I mean, no, no one's suspended."

I nodded to Christopher and he lifted the phone back to my ear. I saw that he had kept the speaking part of the phone covered while the reporter was holding.

Luckily I had prepared the next bit yesterday. "Hi, Miss Crowe. It's Heather Hoover here... Yes, thank you I'm fine... The reason I'm ringing," (I saw Graham pale, that was a very good moment) "is I just wanted to thank you for the TV report... No, thank you, I've got a good copy but that's nice of you... Yes, my mother did last night, She'd been away on business since last Friday... No, we've spoken lots on the phone but she couldn't actually see the tape until last night... Yes, she was a little surprised at that... No, that's not quite true. She was a lot surprised at that, but very pleased with me and my sister... Anyway, I'm sure you have lots to do... But I just wanted to say thanks... Bye."

Everyone else had been staring at me throughout the phone call. Jed spoke first as Christopher hung up the phone.

"That was awesome, Heather." (I started to melt, just a little bit) "If I didn't know better, I'd say you had real balls."

For the first time since we had walked in there, I felt good, real good. But there was still some unfinished business.

I turned my back and looked over my shoulder at Graham. "The key?" I demanded.

He reached into his drawer and pulled it out. Hestitating for a second he sighed and handed it to me.

"Wait a minute, Jed." Shelley put her hand on his arm. He looked at her, puzzled. "You forgot my hair. I'm not being left out." Jed looked at me and I shrugged.

Giving me a grin he pulled most of her hair together and brought the scissors to it. "No!" Shelley squealed, "Not that much," then gave him an exasperated look as she realised that he was teasing her. He took a much smaller handful and cut it. "That's better," she said happily.

"Jed," I said, "Can you pick up the hair and bring it with us?" Christopher passed Jed the carrier bag he had brought with him and the two of them quickly recovered almost all the cuttings.

"Shall I hold onto your phone till lunchtime, Heather?" Christopher asked.

"No, I'll keep it for now. Thanks."

"Don't you want the handcuffs off first?" he asked.

"Not until Laura's are." I spoke to Jed but stared pointedly at Graham.

Then I turned and spoke to Graham. I started coldly, "Because of the handcuffs you made Laura wear, Samantha here nearly died yesterday. And if you want to know what assault is, ask Laura, seeing as you and Ghastly Gordon put her in handcuffs this morning and left her to be assaulted by a huge mob. You're supposed to be responsible for our safety..." Once I'd started, I was so angry I could barely speak and was nearly in tears.

Jed touched my arm. "That's enough, Heather," he said gently.

His interruption, although brief, had given me a second to compose myself. "No," I said. "No it isn't, not nearly enough. But right now we have to set Laura free." I strode out of the office with the others behind me.

I stopped everyone by my locker, I had to put my phone away. I turned my back to the locker, then grinned at Jed, "I can't do this blind." He stepped forward and I whispered the combination to him. Then we all headed for Laura's classroom.

While we waited for Laura's lesson to finish, I gave Jed a toe-curler of a kiss.

"Not that I mind," he said, "but what was that for?"

"Thank you for what you did in there. I thought you were going to thump him."

"For a second so did I," he admitted. "When I saw him run at you, I wanted to, so much."

Laura came out of class with a look of dread on her face. She obviously wasn't finding this any easier than we had. And she still thought she had nearly three more days of it.

Jed walked up her and said, "I have a reasonable request. Turn around." She looked at him. Remind me never to play poker with Jed, he looked absolutely serious. Unable to tease her any longer he smiled and went behind her and simply uncuffed her hands.

"How?" Then she saw him walk across to each of us and remove our handcuffs.

"Mr. Graham changed his mind," I said simply.

"Here, we brought you a present." Jed handed her the carrier bag.

"From the four of us, with love," said Suzie.

"And hoping you'll forgive me for letting you down yesterday," I said.

Laura looked inside. She reached in and pulled out a large handful of our hair. Then she burst into tears. "I felt like nobody cared," she whispered.

"I'm sorry," I said. She hugged each of us and we cried together.

"You all look terrible," she said.

"Thanks," said Suzie.

"Who cut your hair?"

"Jed, and we told him to really make a mess of it," said Shelley triumphantly.

"He succeeded," Laura replied.

Shelley took the scissors from Jed and and snipped them viciously a few times near his ear. "Care to join us, Jed?" She had her most evil grin on.

"No!" Laura shouted and quickly moved between the two of them. She threw her arms around Jed and kissed him hard on the lips.

When he could breathe again, he asked, "Was that a reasonable request?"

"No," Laura shook her head, "An unreasonable one. And I can soon make it more unreasonable if you like." Then she kissed him again.

The rest of us stood around them and laughed. Well, if I'm being truly honest, a nasty little part of me resented those kisses. I could only muster a grin but fortunately no one noticed.

Laura held our hair in her hands and kissed it. "This is the nicest present I've ever had," she said. "I don't know what happened, but I will treasure this always." She carefully put the hair back in the bag and held it tightly against her chest.

She began to cry again with relief. Suzie held her close, bag and all, as the bell went for lunch.

At lunchtime of course, Laura wanted to know what had happened to make Graham change his mind. "How did you do it?" she demanded.

"Not telling," I said teasingly, "you'll have to wait and read it in my journal."

"Then you'd better put every juicy little detail in there, girl." She rubbed her sore wrists and shook her head. "This is a bloody miracle, I still can't quite take it in."

"Oh, don't worry, I'll write down every detail," I giggled, "Every fucking syllable. But I'll just say this for now. Jed and I had to.. encourage him just a wee bit." I noticed a tiny frown on Christopher's face. "And Christopher played his part like a champion." That got him smiling again.

Shelley disappeared after quickly eating her lunch without saying a word. When she came back, I asked, "Where have you been?"

"Just around," she said, refusing to say any more.

Just then a boy came to tell Shelley and me that we were to report to the Headmaster's office.

Shelley looked as worried as I felt.

Worried that Mr. Graham was trying to get back at us when we weren't all together, we walked slowly.

Mr. Graham came out of his office and said, "I'm sending you two home." He saw the look on my face. "No, it's not a punishment. Dr. Reynolds rang. He's cleared it with your mother. You are both to travel to London to give evidence to the inquiry about last Friday. Your tickets will be at the station. Your mother is getting the clothes you need ready. Your train leaves in half an hour. A taxi will be here in.." he looked at his watch, "..eight minutes to take you home to collect your things and on to the station."

Before we could reply, he added with a smirk, "And as this trip is a school activity, you probably won't be needing those clothes very much."

Shelley said, "Back in a minute," then ran off. She came back a few minutes later, somewhat breathlessly. "I had to see Suzie about something," she explained mysteriously.

Having got dressed quickly, we waited another minute or so for the taxi outside. When we got home, Mum ran out with our case. "I really ought to come and see you off, but these reports they've got me writing about my trip are murder. Will you be okay?"

"Mum," said Shelley, "We can get on a train without supervision."

"You sure you know which train?"

"Yes, London," I said. "Honestly Mum, we're not going to end up in Glasgow or anywhere, okay? And we're being met at Euston. What can go wrong?"

Shelley blurted out, "And I've even changed trains at New Street, Mum. Remember that concert I went to last summer." I just shook my head. One more thing for Mum to worry about, I thought.

"Okay," she still sounded a little dubious. But then she grinned at us both. "Have a good time and don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"That's gives Shelley plenty of scope then, Mum," I grinned back.

"Anyhow, it's London you should worry about," said Shelley. "It's about to get attacked by the slutsisters."

"Hmm, the mind boggles. Go on, you two had better hurry or you'll miss your train." Quick kisses and hugs for both of us and we were away.

At the station, when we went to the booking office to collect our tickets, we were surprised to find three people waiting for us. A male reporter, a girl photographer and Ghastly Bleeding Gordon.

"They'd found out about the inquiry and wanted some publicity shots of your leaving before the London papers get you," she explained. "But you've got time for a drink first. The train won't be leaving now for an extra fifteen minutes so they'll have plenty of time to take some photos of you getting on the train."

"Fine," I said.

We went to the buffet and she bought us a drink and some chocolate each. Maybe I should have been suspicious, but I put it down to the reporter and photographer being there.

"So, what are you going to say to the inquiry, Heather?" asked the reporter, who had been spending half the time looking at his watch.

"I don't know. I don't know what they're going to ask me," I replied.

"Surely you have some idea what it's all about?" he insisted.

"Well it's supposedly about my rape, but it's probably more about all the TV and newspapers about us."

"What's it like suddenly being a celebrity at your age?"

"Cool," interrupted Shelley, LOUDLY.

"It has its advantages," I said, pointedly looking at Ghastly.

The train pulled in and the photographer wanted photos of us boarding the train. "It would look better if you could do it naked," she said.

I wasn't at all sure about that, but Ms. Gordon said, "It is a school-related activity and you are in a Program area," and besides Shelley had already begun to strip off.

Ghastly held our clothes while we posed, first stepping up onto the train, then leaning out of the window.

We had already attracted a small crowd of men, whistling and surrounding our part of the platform. It looked like a few of the men even had photo-phones. With their whistles and the reporter still asking questions and the photographer's camera flashing away, I didn't notice anything wrong until the train began to move.

I looked past the men and saw Ghastly, our clothes over her arm and our case at her feet, with a satisfied smile on her face. Before any of the men noticed her, I watched her slip away.

I gave Shelley a worried look, but she just grinned.

Hi. I'm Heather, and I'm Naked Out of School.

Heather, part 14

WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Afternoon and Evening

"It's gonna be a real adventure," Shelley had said and she was right.

The first part of the journey was straightforward enough. A girl of about our own age came to sit opposite us in the carriage. "I saw you on the news, but I never really thought it could be true," she said. "Not that you had to be naked all the time."

"We don't, just for school and for anything to do with school," I explained. "But we've been sent to an official inquiry in London, so they said it was a school-related journey."

"But really it was an excuse by the deputy headmaster, who hates us," put in Shelley.

"So you're going to London and you've got to stay naked the whole time?" she asked, obviously awed at the thought.

"Yeah. I just hope the weather's good," I said.

"I'm too nervous to go topless on the beach," she said. "It's a good job we don't have the Program at our school."

"We're the trial Program," grinned Shelley. "If it's a success, it'll be spread all over the country, so you'll probably get it in your school too."

"Oh, God. I could never do it. I hope I leave before it comes to our school."

"Why does everyone always say 'I could never do it' as if we're some sort of freaks that can do it, while normal people can't?" Shelley asked.

"But you're... comfortable with it. I could never be like that."

"I'm in the Program this week because I had to do an extra week. That was because I totally freaked on my first day and hid away from lessons all morning until they found me."

"That's horrible."

"It was worse than my worst nightmare. But I got used to it."

"But don't you have to, let boys touch you an' stuff?"

"Yes, but usually it's okay."

"Then why do you look so sore?"

"It's difficult to explain. One teacher had it in for us and we did a protest in handcuffs and some of the boys got a little rough," I explained.

"We put a stop to it," said Shelley. "And it isn't just boys," she added, "Girls grope us too."

"Girls? Why?"

"It's to learn all about bodies 'n' sex 'n' stuff," said Shelley.

"Wouldn't you like the confidence to go topless on the beach, instead of being too nervous?"

"Well, yeah, I suppose."

"With the Program you don't have to think 'shall I, shan't I?' all the time. You get used to being naked really quickly," I said.

"And you gets lots of chances to try things you'd never thought of," said Shelley. "And the great thing is, it's the Program, it's the greatest excuse in the world to do all the things you fantasise about."

"What sort of things?"

"Well, I lost my virginity," said Shelley proudly. "That was fun. And I've had lots of boys finger me and make me cum and go down on me. Girls too. Sometimes it's been a non-stop orgasm. I still want to try spit-roasting though."

"They made you lose your virginity?"

"No," I said. "That was her idea. She even made us all watch. The poor boy was so embarrassed that he nearly couldn't do it. One of the girls in our Program is still a virgin."

The girl sat there for a while thinking about we'd said. Then she turned to Shelley, "What is.. spit-roasting?"

Shelley giggled. "That's when one boy fucks you from behind while you suck off another boy."

The girl's face was a picture. All she could say was, "Oh."

Then it was Birmingham New Street and she got out. Shortly afterwards we arrived at another station where the train just sat there and sat there, until finally there was an announcement that we were waiting for a replacement locomotive.

I hate being confined, so after a while I decided to stretch my legs on the now-deserted platform. Suddenly, there was an announcement, "Passengers for London Euston should now board the train as it is ready to depart. Network Rail apologise for the delay and wish you a happy journey."

I got on the train at the nearest carriage and walked through, past the stares of shocked passengers. As we pulled out of the station, I reached our carriage. No Shelley. She wasn't there.

I checked the toilets... No. I ran to the back of the train... No. In a panic now I walked all the way to the front, checking every toilet on the way. Finally I had to admit it. Shelley wasn't on the train.

I cursed myself for leaving her.

I went to the buffet car and called out, "I've lost my sister. Has anyone seen another naked girl, a bit younger than me?" Nobody had. I explained what had happened to the people nearest me.

"Here," said a middle-aged woman. "Don't upset yourself. She probably got off the train and missed it. When she realises that you must be back on the train , she'll get the next one. Let me get you a cup of tea."

Tea. The British answer to everything. (See cultural notes)

A bit cold?

Have a cup of tea.

Boyfriend left you?

Have a cup of tea.

Just been told you've got cancer?

Have a cup of tea.

Bombs in London and over 50 killed?

Have a cup of tea.

Little sister disappeared naked without trace?

Have a cup of tea.

Okay, it's a cliché, but sitting in the buffet car drinking a cup of hot tea (even if it was railway tea!) did actually make me feel a bit better.

I was probably worrying over nothing but I had a nasty feeling in the pit of my stomach that wouldn't go away.

Other passengers on the train, when they heard how we'd been put on the train with no luggage, no clothes and no money, insisted on buying me a burger to eat and more tea. I actually felt almost human by the time we arrived in London.

I made one final hopeless search through the train, as if Shelley could have miraculously appeared en route. Of course, she hadn't.

At the barrier, I was met by Dr. Reynolds. Behind him was a pack of photographers. "This way, Heather!" "Come on love, let's have a smile!" Obviously they'd heard about "Naked chicks on train." Therefore: One photo-op coming up. The reporters were no better, "Have a good ride, darling?" (That's original!) and similar comments. I blanked them all, even the one that hurt me, "Where's your sister, love?"

Ignoring the photographers, Dr. Reynolds said, "You can't go naked here. It's not a Program area." Then, "Why didn't Shelley come?" He obviously saw the look on my face... "What's happened?"

"I lost Shelley on the way and I can't find her. She's not on the train."

At that point a railway policeman came up, pushing his way past the press. "Are you with this young lady, Sir?"

"Officer, may we go to your office, please? And if you have a blanket or something you can put round her?"

We followed him across the concourse and through a door, which he slammed, thankfully shutting out the photographers and reporters. "Now, what's going on?" he demanded.

"That's what I would like to know," said Dr. Reynolds. "Heather, one thing at a time. Why are you naked and what's happened to your luggage?"

"Mr. Graham said this trip was a school activity, so Ghastly Gordon" (he almost smiled at that) "tricked us at the station into letting her keep our clothes and suitcase. She just gave us our tickets." His eyes narrowed with anger and I thought, Ghastly's toast now... I hope.

"They had no right to do that. For a start, London isn't a Program area."

"Program?" asked the policeman.

"Sorry, I'll explain in a minute, but," he turned to me, "What's happened to Shelley? Didn't she get on the train?"

"Yes, but the train broke down not long after Birmingham. I got out to get some fresh air and I nearly missed the train when it started again. When I got back on the train Shelley was gone. We'd already left wherever it was. I searched the whole train, toilets, everywhere. She's disappeared. She hasn't got any money or even her ticket."

The policeman was so totally lost that Dr. Reynolds had to explain. "Heather and her sister Shelley are part of the Naked in School Program at my school. They have to remain naked for a week in school and on any school activities."

"That thing that was on the telly?" he asked. He turned to me and said, "I thought you looked familiar."

"Yes. But my idiotic staff decided, that as their trip to London was to attend a meeting about the Program, they had to go naked to come here as well. So now we have a naked girl, lost somewhere on the railway system, with no money, no ticket and no clothes. Can you find out where it was that the train broke down then contact your people there to check if she got on the next London train? Somebody must have seen her. And can you get Heather something to cover her? Even a blanket will do."

The policeman's eyes softened for the first time. "I think we can do better than that," he said. He went away but came back quickly with a set of overalls. "Borrowed from maintenance," he explained. "They might be a bit big," he added.

They were a bit big, but even that rough material felt good.

"The next train from Birmingham arrives in five minutes," he explained. "Let's go down to meet it and see if your sister, what's her name?"

"Shelley."

"Let's see if Shelley is on it."

We stood at the ticket barrier as the train emptied. But no Shelley.

We met every train from Birmingham for the next two hours, even the slow ones. Still no Shelley. All three of us were getting worried. Every disappointment was captured by the photographers, while the reporters shouted questions which we all ignored.

Although he had found out that the train had broken down in Rugby, by now the policeman had personally alerted the railway police in all the stations between London and Birmingham and put out a national alert.

The policeman said, "I didn't ask you before as I didn't want to worry your parents unnecessarily. But I'll need to contact them as soon as possible."

"There's only Mum. But I can't remember her work number," I said.

We'll have the numbers at school," said Dr. Reynolds.

He called the school on his mobile. "Hello, Mrs. Johnson... Yes, thank you. Sorry I haven't time to talk, I'm with the police. Shelley Hoover has gone missing. Would you look up the contact numbers for Mrs. Hoover for me?... No, I hope not, Mrs. Johnson. It's simply that I may need to speak with her... I'll just read them back..." He read the numbers back slowly. "I'll pass these on to the men in charge of the search, thank you, very much... Yes, I have heard a lot of that, thank you. But things will have to wait until I return... No, I'm not sure yet precisely when... Thank you... Bye."

We waited.

"I think we need to get you some proper clothes before the shops shut and get you to your hotel."

"But.."

"The police have my mobile number. As soon as they know anything, they'll call us."

I nodded. He turned to the policeman, "Can you get us out of here avoiding the pack out there?"

"Sure, come this way." He led us down some stairs to a dusty corridor, badly lit. "Watch your step." At the end of the corridor, up another flight of old iron stairs and we were in a disused office. Another door led us out to a side street.

Dr. Reynolds took me straight to a large department store and told me to pick what I wanted. Any other time that would have been a fantastic invitation and I'd have bankrupted his credit card, but I just got a couple of t-shirts, a sweatshirt for warmth in the evening and a pair of jeans, plus two sets of underwear.

As we waited at the cashdesk, he turned to me and said, "Shelley will be alright. She's very resourceful."

He looked like he really believed it, or maybe he was just putting on a brave face for me. I wished that I felt as sure.

He checked me in at the hotel, then said, "You must be hungry."

"I couldn't eat a thing."

"You have to eat something," he insisted. "Do you like pizza?"

So we went to a pizza place and after choosing a pizza each and fetching some salad, he asked "What do you want to drink?"

"Anything but tea." He looked at me, puzzled.

"The passengers on the train insisted on buying me tea to calm me down, then the policeman kept bringing me tea, then you bought me tea in the department store. If I have any more tea, I'm going to look like a cup of tea."

When the pizza arrived, I forced a slice down without tasting anything.

"I know you're worried sick about your sister, but there's nothing you or I can do about it. The police are professionals where something like this is concerned."

"I know, but I promised Mum I try to take care of her. I shouldn't have left her."

"You weren't to know that she'd leave the train and not get back on it.

We were silent. I forced down another slice of (now nearly cold) pizza.

"Do you feel up to talking about this week?"

I sighed. "What do you want to know, sir?"

"Well I heard about Samantha having problems in Ms. Gordon's class. And I heard about what happened to Laura yesterday and Samantha cutting her wrists, because two people are sending me faxes to the office I'm using down here every night."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Well I'd like to hear about everything from you first, before I decide what to do."

"Firstly on Monday, she made Sam, I mean Samantha, masturbate in class. She really gets a kick out of embarrassing us. Poor little Sam ended up crying on the floor in the corner and Gordon just walked out and left her. We went to her when a girl came to tell us and took her to Nurse."

He said nothing, but seeing the look on his face I felt glad I wasn't Ms. Gordon.

Then I told him about Laura and the DVD of us all having sex that Ghastly Gordon had shown and everything they'd done to Laura.

"You should see the marks she still has now. The whole school was shocked. I didn't even get a Reasonable Request all afternoon, none of us did. It was like someone had died. Just because I talked you out of dealing with Ms. Gordon. It was all my fault."

"Heather, if anyone other than Ms. Gordon and Mr. Graham are to blame, it is me, not you. I should never have agreed to leave her for you to deal with, at least not once I was called away. Okay, now tell me about Samantha. I know she cut her wrists. How did those two bully her into doing that?"

I would have really liked to have blamed the GGs for that, but he'd find out soon enough. "They didn't. It was a silly panic of hers, although when Laura found her, she couldn't do any first aid because of those damned handcuffs. Sam had just realised that she had to sing her solo at tomorrow night's concert naked and she freaked out. She's really unhappy at home and if she does well tomorrow, she hopes she'll get a singing contract and be able to get away from home. Then she thought all that would be ruined by being naked. So she panicked and cut herself. At the hospital they wanted to put her in a psyche ward and then she'd be exempt from the Program, but she said no."

"I heard. But why?"

"Because if she was in hospital she wouldn't be allowed out to sing. The doctor didn't want to let her out but Laura's mum was brilliant and Sam's staying with them this week."

"So apart from the fact that Laura couldn't give first aid, it had nothing to do with Ms. Gordon, even after Monday?"

"No, I don't think so. We, that is all us girls except Laura and a couple of the boys, had a petting party on Monday night to get Sam used to getting touched and she did really well all day Tuesday until choir practice. If you want someone to blame for Sam, you'd have to blame yourself, sir. That concert is so important to Sam, and to be forced to do it naked, when it's stressful enough to be in a national contest anyway. That sucks. She shouldn't have been picked this week."

"Some people would think twice before telling off their headmaster," he smiled.

I answered him seriously. "Firstly, you asked me to tell you what happened and to tell it how I saw it. I can't do that if I have to be careful about what I say, but that's not my main reason."

"Oh? And what is?"

"Too much has happened this week already. I owe it to Laura and Sam and the others to make sure something is done this time. And if that means offending you or anyone else, I'm sorry, sir, but tough."

"You're not offending me, Heather. And something will be done."

At that point his phone rang. "Yes, Mrs. Hoover, she's here with me. It's your mother," he said, handing me the phone.

"Mum? Oh, Mum, I'm sorry. I promised I'd look after her."

She told me it wasn't my fault but it sure felt like it was.

"I can't stay on the line for long," she said, "In case Shelley tries to call. But are you okay?"

"I'm okay, Mum. I promise. Dr. Reynolds bought me some clothes and some food. I'm in a pizza place now and the hotel's really nice."

"Okay, call me if you hear anything."

"Same to you, Mum." I looked at my keycard and gave her the hotel phone number.

"Goodnight, I love you."

"Goodnight, Mum."

I gave Dr. Reynolds his phone back. "You look exhausted," he said. "Let's get you back to the hotel and then it's bed for you."

Any other night I would have argued.

He saw me to the door of my room. "I'm in room 307 if you need me," he told me, "Goodnight."

Of course I couldn't sleep. A mixture of worry and anger kept me awake. I was probably being irrational as Shelley could have got lost even if we'd been wearing clothes, but I was blaming Mr. Graham. If he and Gordon had wanted revenge, they were getting it.

Lying in bed, I thought of all the stupid arguing and teasing Shelley and I had done. Then I thought of her, last week, desperately trying to help me at the morning gropings. And this morning, being so brave. I tried to imagine life at home without Shelley. Life anywhere. The thought was unbearable.

Shelley, please be okay. I've only just found you. I couldn't bear to lose you.

Heather, part 15

WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Morning

I met Dr. Reynolds for breakfast in the hotel dining room. Not that I felt like eating. I had hardly slept a wink for worrying about Shelley.

"Still no news," he confirmed, after he'd telephoned the police station, "But with all the publicity, someone is bound to see her. He showed me one of the London papers with a full-length photo of Shelley standing on the steps of the train, and a rather blurry blow-up of her face. Printed across the photo, covering her breasts and pussy were the words

WHERE IS

NAKED GIRL?

We sat in virtual silence drinking tea while my breakfast got cold in front of me.

"Heather, I hate to ask you about anything else, when I know you are so worried about Shelley, but can you finish bringing me up to date on what's been happening at school, up to when you left yesterday? As I said last night, I've had faxes about what has gone on, they've been sent after school to my temporary office. But yesterday afternoon I was with you and the police and couldn't get to read them before the building was locked up for the night. I know you can only say up to lunchtime, but tell me about yesterday morning."

"We decided to make Mr. Graham change his mind. So all us girls put on handcuffs. But he was late, so we decided to keep them on to support Laura. It was awful. Since you went, there hasn't been a teacher supervising the Morning Groping. And with us in handcuffs, it was much worse than last week. Poor Samantha got it worst and was crying her eyes out afterwards in the shower. We tried to persuade her to have her handcuffs taken off but she wouldn't. And it got even worse."

"How could it get worse?"

"Sam's class had a study period supervised by Ms. Gordon. She decided that if Sam was in handcuffs then she was obviously into bondage (yeah right, I thought to myself) and had her tied up and blindfolded. Poor Sam was terrified."

"I can imagine," he said grimly.

"Then she got the class to try to bring her to orgasm anyway they could. No, not by fucking her," I admitted, "But with tongues or fingers. But they couldn't make her cum, probably because she was so sore from the morning and scared half to death."

"What then?"

"I'm not sure you can use this against Gordon because Sam admitted that she agreed to it. Gordon said that some people get sexual release from pain, so she got some of the class to start spanking her. Sam said it worked. It was okay then, but once word got around that Sam liked pain, people were slapping her in the corridors an' stuff."

"Anyhow," I continued, "Then we met Mr. Graham and he wouldn't listen to us, so..." I stopped. "Can I be sure that none of us will get into trouble for this?"

"Without knowing what you did, I can't say, but let's say I can forget everything you tell me if need be."

"Okay. Well I got Jed cut a big clump out of my hair. Mr. Graham just laughed at us even when Suzie and Sam had their hair cut too until we told him that we were holding a press conference and I had actually phoned Lindsey Crowe, the reporter." Dr. Reynolds looked puzzled. "She was the one that interviewed me and Shelley and Suzie for the telly."

"What happened then?"

"He tried to stop me phoning, but Jed was too quick for him. He picked him up and sat him on the desk. Mr. Graham was yelling about assault and threatening to suspend us. He even called out to Mrs. Johnson, but the boys had persuaded her to go for an early lunch." I paused. "How much did Mrs. Johnson know? She agreed very happily to disappear and leave us to it."

"What is it you say to the press when you don't want to answer something?" he replied, smiling. "No comment? Let's just say that she and I have worked together a long time and she was not happy with the way things were going, to put it mildly, and leave it at that."

"Anyhow, I got put through to Lindsey Crowe, and Mr. Graham changed his mind all-of-a-sudden and gave in to all our demands."

"All your demands? What were they, apart from the handcuffs?"

"Laura's handcuffs off and not put back. No more punishments until you return and no more participants in Gordon's lessons until you return."

"What happened after that?"

"We released Laura and then Shel and I got called into your office to come down here. Graham said it was a school activity so we had to be naked. But he sent us home anyway to get a suitcase. Then Gordon took the case at the station and said we'd have to stay naked all the time as the whole trip was a school activity."

"Hmm."

"But I haven't told you the really great thing that happened."

"Something good? This I must hear."

"This was before we saw Mr. Graham, when we still had handcuffs. Mr. Thompson heard from Shelley how bad Morning Groping had been, and others in the class complained about how Ms. Gordon had behaved in my class last week and to Sam and Laura. So he told everyone to put the word out that they were to protect us, even if it meant protecting us from staff. Shit. Shel said he said we weren't supposed to repeat that last bit."

"Don't worry."

"Well it worked. Word got around really quickly and if it wasn't a teacher chasing off anyone that bothered us, it was other kids. Suzie even had a bunch of girls insisting on her showing them what to do with another girl, just to keep the boys away from her. It was unreal."

"I'm glad something went right."

Then his voice turned gentle. "Now you are supposed to be speaking to the inquiry this morning. Up to it?"

"To be honest sir, no. I'm too worried about Shelley. And as they are half to blame for what's happened at school and Shelley going missing and everything, I don't think they'd want to hear what I'd want to tell them."

He smiled at that. "Well, thank you for telling me everything. I knew on Monday night that there had been a problem between Samantha and Ms. Gordon, but I was told that Samantha seemed alright and after checking her timetable, she wasn't going to have another lesson with her until today. To be honest I wanted to deal with Ms. Gordon personally."

"None of us expected things to go bad like they did, especially not with Laura," I said.

"I had a phone call after lunchtime on Tuesday and wanted to go straight back to the school, but the inquiry wouldn't let me, so that night I told Mr. Thompson to take whatever action he thought was necessary and I would back him. But I wish I'd been a fly on the wall when you took on Mr. Graham."

"I wish I had THAT on video and could make him watch it in his lessons."

We both sat for moment enjoying that thought. Then Dr. Reynolds made some decisions.

"Okay. I have to go to the office to check last night's faxes and then contact the inquiry chairman to explain that you won't be there today. Then I've got a few calls to make myself. Will you be okay here? You're probably better staying in the hotel. Here's a number if you need me."

He had been gone over half an hour when I had a phone call from him. "Heather? It's Dr. Reynolds. Shelley is safe. We wanted to send her home, but she insisted on coming here with you. They won't let her get lost this time, she's got a police escort right to the hotel." Relief hit me so hard and so suddenly I couldn't answer him. I felt my mouth open but no words came out.

"Heather? Heather? Are you there?"

I managed to speak. "Yeah, thanks." I put the phone by Reception down and just fell to the floor on my knees and cried. When someone finally was able to get me to speak, I said, "She's safe. Shelley's safe and on her way here."

I made my way to the hotel steps, ignoring the flashing cameras, though anyone that saw the smile on my face wouldn't need to ask me what had happened.

I waited for ages until finally a very familiar girl stepped out of a police car. Before she saw me I ran to her and nearly knocked her over. The policeman with her was about to pull me off when Shelley hugged me tight. "Oh Fuck, Shel, I thought I was never gonna see you again."

Ignoring the reporters and cameras and not giving a fuck about them filming us crying like this, we walked into the hotel together.

I called Dr. Reynolds to ask if we could come to the inquiry in the afternoon. I asked him if we could give evidence together and he said that he didn't see why not, if the inquiry agreed. I didn't have to tell him I didn't want to let Shelley out of my sight. I think he knew somehow.

I ordered lunch at the Hotel. The desk clerk looked pointedly at Shelley. I suddenly noticed her clothes.

"Where did you get them? You couldn't show much more if you were naked."

"No, they're great, aren't they?"

I turned to the scowling desk clerk. "It's okay, we'll eat out."

Turning back to Shelley I said, "You didn't answer my question and where have you been?"

But by now Shelley had walked out of the hotel to more flash-bulbs. I trailed behind.

For once, I wasn't the centre of attention, Shelley was. I stood back while she answered questions, lapping up the attention.

They turned to me eventually. "Heather. Your sister says you are both here to give evidence to an inquiry into the Program. What are you going to say to that inquiry?"

"It depends what they ask me. I can't really say until then because I don't know what they want to ask me."

"What evidence will you give?"

"I don't know until I hear the questions. They asked for us to attend."

"What do you think you might say?"

"Does 'I don't know' mean something different in London?" asked Shelley.

There was general laughter.

"What's it feel like to have your sister back, Heather?"

I turned to her and squeezed her hand and said quietly, "Wonderful." Some of them took photos.

"Can you speak up please, Heather?"

"It's feels bloody WONDERFUL," I shouted at them.

"Can we get a photo of you together, with your arms round each other?"

After we posed for a while I said, "Now I've got a question for you."

Silence (for once).

"Where can we get something to eat round here?"

Some of them took us to a nearby steakhouse. I was ravenous, but Shelley ate very little.

Shelley insisted on paying, though, then we returned to the hotel.

Dr. Reynolds came in a taxi to take us to the inquiry. "Don't worry about the inquiry," he said. "They might look imposing, but they're only human. Remember, they need your help. That's why you're here."

The inquiry room looked imposing enough. At one end was a large table, with a row of five chairs behind it and one of the inquiry panel members sitting in each chair. At one end of the table was a chair containing a man with lots of papers in front of him. He looked harassed.

In front of the table, about five feet from the it, was one chair.

The rest of the room was filled with rows of chairs. These were all empty.

"Thank you for coming," said the man in the middle chair. "And can I say, Shelley, that we are all very happy to see you safe and sound."

"Thank you," said Shelley in a small voice. Even she sounded impressed.

"We will introduce ourselves to you both, then we will take evidence from you first, Heather, and then you, Shelley, after that. Is that okay?"

I nodded.

"I'm sorry, these proceedings are being taped. Could you answer verbally rather than simply nod."

"Yes, that's okay," I said.

"I am Dr. Richard Cellon, chairman of the panel. I am a civil servant in the Department for Education and Skills. Although I run this inquiry, any decisions it takes are made by the four panel members, so it is mainly them you are speaking to, although you should address yourself to whoever is asking you questions at the time." He looked about fifty, and was wearing a dark grey suit.

Then the woman to his left spoke. She look about the same age and wore a cream skirt suit and what looked like a permanent frown. "I am Christina Chaplain. I am headmistress of the school that has been selected to be the second school to operate the Program. So, as you can imagine, I am very interested in what you have to say." She didn't look interested, she looked as though she wanted to go home.

To her left was a younger man, in a light grey suit. He kept glancing at the way Shelley was dressed. "I am David Grayson, a Psychologist Advisor for the DES. I'm sorry, for the Department of Education and Skills."

Next was the man to the far right of the chairman. "I am Graham Stephens, legal counsel for the DES."

Finally the woman to the right of the chairman spoke. She was a lot younger than the other woman, probably only in her mid-twenties and dressed in a dark skirt with a pretty, light blue top. She smiled at us. "Hello, Heather and Shelley. I'm Dorina Corton. I'm just a teacher, and I think the main reason I'm on this panel is that I can actually remember going to school."

Shelley giggled at that. The lawyer and the headmistress looked expressionless, while the Psychologist and the Chairman smiled slightly.

"Miss Corton is fond of reminding us that some of us are perhaps a little out of touch with what life is like in schools nowadays, Mrs. Chaplain excepted, of course. At the end of the table is Mr. Hanson, my clerk."

The chairman paused, looked at his clerk, then turned to me. "Now, if Shelley can wait outside, we will begin with what you have to say, Heather."

Shelley looked disappointed but turned to go. I grabbed her and and wouldn't let go.

I hadn't realised it, but Dr. Reynolds had been sitting in one of the chairs behind us. He stood up. "I promised the girls that they could give evidence together."

"You had no right to do that. I'm sorry, Heather, but that is not the procedure. Shelley will have to wait outside."

"No, sir. I've just lost her once, and didn't know if she was dead or alive. I'm not letting her out of my sight until we get home. I promised my mother I would take care of her."

"She will be quite safe in the corridor," he said.

I held firmly onto Shelley's hand, not letting her move.

"If you people have bothered to read anything about the problems the Program had in America, you'd know that you should never have taken our headmaster away at this most important time in the Program. Then you drag us down here and try to order us around. If you hadn't been too damned lazy to get off your butts and hold the inquiry in the school where you should have done, my sister wouldn't have gone missing and ended up in danger yesterday."

"I will not tolerate such attitude, Miss... Hoover. Now you will obey the instructions of the panel."

"Sir. I'm not in school now. I don't have to be here. Ask your lawyer. Can you force me to give evidence?" I looked at the lawyer directly. He shook his head.

"And you, Mrs. Chaplain, you're a headmistress. You knew how important it was that he should be at school this week. But when he asked on Tuesday night to return to the school to sort out all the things that had happened, you wouldn't let him go. Because of that, all five of us girls were assaulted yesterday morning." She looked shocked. "So don't pretend you're here to help us in any way. You're here to make everything look good, to save the Program."

There was silence. Nobody said a word.

"Fine," I continued. "Then if you decide you really do want to hear from us, you know where we'll be. Back at school where we belong."

I turned and walked down the aisle between all the chairs, dragging poor Shelley behind me.

"Would you wait, please?" called Mrs. Chaplain, the headmistress. She turned to the others. "If I am going to be responsible for the next Program, I want to hear what she has to say."

"So do I," said the teacher. "And frankly, if they have been through half of what we have already heard about, I don't think we can blame them for being angry." She smiled at me.

The psychologist spoke. "I think Miss Corton is correct."

The lawyer stayed silent.

The chairman spoke. "Miss Hoover, I seem to be outvoted. Would you please return?" He turned to his clerk. "Can you place another chair for Shelley, next to Heather?" The clerk moved one of the chairs from the rows behind to next to mine.

"And a small table in front of them," ordered Mrs. Chaplain, "With two glasses and a jug of water."

While he was getting them, she addressed us, "We cannot start the questions until the clerk returns, but I would like to explain a few things. Although this inquiry was set up following the publicity last weekend after... what happened to you, Heather, we have the authority to hear testimony on anything to do with the Program, so you can tell us anything you think might be helpful. And speaking as the next head teacher charged with running a Program, I for one would appreciate anything either of you can say which could possibly help it run more smoothly."

She actually smiled at me before continuing. "We form the advisory sub-committee to the Program Administration Committee, which is responsible for running the Program. As Mr. Stephens can confirm, although we cannot change the rules of the Program, we can do virtually anything which doesn't require a change in the Pamphlet. We can also advise on whether a rule change is required. So feel free to say anything you want to. It will NOT be held against you as I am sure your headmaster will confirm."

I turned to look at Dr. Reynolds and he nodded, smiling reassuringly.

When the clerk returned with the table, Shelley pulled my arm and whispered into my ear. I nodded.

Then we started to take our clothes off.

The chairman looked outraged. "What are you doing?" And now he sounded outraged as well.

The teacher sniggered.

Mrs. Chaplain said, "Mr. Chairman, I know we are considerably older than these students, but I would have thought you could remember how a girl takes her clothes off." She smiled at us again.

The Chairman glared at her. "I meant why?"

"Shelley reminded me that we are here as part of the Program and that we should be naked."

"That isn't necessary," he replied.

"Mr. Chairman, it doesn't bother us. If you are here as part of a body that tells girls and boys you've never seen that they have to go around naked all week..."

"And get groped," added Shelley.

I glared at her. "As I was going to say, and get groped, then surely you can't be embarrassed by two of us naked in front of you."

"I agree," said the teacher. Mrs. Chaplain just nodded.

"Just be glad Shelley didn't suggest that you should all be naked at well."

I turned to Dr. Reynolds for support, but he had his head in his hands and I'm sure he was trying not to laugh.

Mrs. Chaplain had no such inhibitions and laughed loudly. I was beginning to like this woman.

The Chairman waited until we were naked and sitting down. "Very well. Mrs. Chaplain will start with her questions, then when she has finished, Mr. Grayson, then Mr. Stephens and finally Miss Corton. However, if something is being discussed and one of the others has a question on that point, they may interrupt."

"I understand."

Mrs. Chaplain began. "Heather, please take it as read how sorry we all are about what happened to you, whatever you may think of the reasons for this inquiry. If you find any of our questions distressing, you can take a break, or simply choose not to answer that question."

"Okay."

"As it is the reason the inquiry was called, I will start with what happened to you last Friday morning. To make things easier for you, Dr. Reynolds printed out for us the part of your journal about what happened. Is there anything you can tell us about what actually happened, to add to that?"

"Not really, no. Apart from what I wrote down, I don't really remember much."

"We have also all seen the television interview you gave. You were quite impressive, I must say. You said that the Program may have made you a target. Can you elaborate on that?"

"Yes, of course it was worse because I was the only one on the Program, also that I was the first one ever on the Program in this country, unless you count the school where it didn't work out. But the Program itself puts us in the spotlight. A few days before hardly anyone in school knew who I was. Now hardly anyone in town doesn't know who I am. Some of that is because of the media coverage, but some of it was already true before then."

"Okay, I understand that the Program makes you well-known, but does that make you a target?"

The psychologist answered her. "Well, any celebrity will tell you about stalkers, so just being in the spotlight has its dangers, but I think that Heather meant more than that."

"Yes, it's not just being well-known, it's how you are seen. People automatically assume if you are naked, you are up for anything, a slut if you like. The fact that the Program then allows anyone to touch or grope you, whether you like it or not, makes that worse."

The psychologist nodded.

"I want to read you something that Samantha, one of the girls in the Program this week, wrote in her journal on Monday. I should explain that by agreement with our headmaster, we made the first day a 'no touching' day."

As each of the class came and looked closely at what had been my most private areas, I realised that they weren't mine any more. My body belonged to anyone who wanted to see it and tomorrow it would belong to anyone who wanted to touch it. With a flash of clarity I understood how Heather had gone from shy wallflower like me, worse than me, to someone who would have sex with anyone and everyone. If our bodies weren't our own any more, if they'd been stolen from us and given to everyone else, what difference did it make if everyone used us?

Nobody had touched me and yet I felt like I'd been raped. The class had gone quiet and I looked up. I realised that I wasn't lying on the table any more. I was curled up in a tiny ball in the corner crying as I'd never cried before.

"This was before anyone touched Samantha, so it isn't only about whether we have to let people touch us, or what type of touches are okay and what aren't. It's about attitude. People come up to you with their demands and they don't even think about how you feel. As one of the boys put it last week..."

"All we, I, thought about was here was a hot girl naked and available. All I could see were the bits I grabbed. I didn't even think about you being a person. You were just a body until I saw your face and the fear in your eyes then I wished I'd never been born. And I know most of the others feel ashamed of what we did."

"And he wasn't a bad boy. You throw a naked girl into a school full of boys and that's all they are going to see. I bet all you noticed when I started speaking was that I was naked, and you hardly noticed what I said. Now that reaction is wearing off and you're hearing me. Now imagine you're a boy of about 17 or 18. You think you're going to think about anything other than 'Wow! Tits and pussy!'?"

Mrs. Chaplain leaned forward. "That would suggest that no matter what we do, girls in particular are going to be hurt by the Program, especially when you mention the girl who was feeling so bad before anyone even touched her. Yet you were clearly praising it on television."

"It isn't what we have to do that is the problem, it's how we are treated. Yes, spreading your pussy for the first time or letting some guy finger you when you don't want to is really embarrassing and makes you feel like what you want doesn't matter, but that isn't the worst thing. It's the attitude. When someone comes up and says 'Reasonable Request' and just does what they want without even thinking about how you feel, because you're just the school sex toy for the week."

"Even one teacher treats us like we don't matter at all, we're just an object lesson."

Mrs. Chaplain snorted, "Then she shouldn't be teaching, never mind working with the Program. But tell us what we, tell me what I can do so it doesn't happen."

I turned to Dr. Reynolds and said, "Sir, have you got copies of all my journals for last week?"

The Chairman interrupted me. "A moment please, Miss Hoover. Dr. Reynolds, I realise that we have already had the benefit of your evidence for several days now. However, each day's recording must be able to stand alone on its own merits. So I would be grateful if you would again identify yourself for the tape, in particular as you have already intervened once today?"

Dr. Reynolds smiled and cleared his throat. "Dr. Julian Reynolds. I am the headmaster of the school which Heather and Shelley Hoover attend."

"Thank you, sir." He turned to the clerk. "Mr. Hanson, would you note for the record that Dr. Reynolds will be present throughout the evidence of.." And now he nodded politely to me, then Shelley, ".. Miss Hoover and Miss Hoover."

"Dr. Reynolds, although you are not a member of this inquiry, I am certain that all of us would be grateful to you for any contributions you may wish to make today." The Chairman looked at me again. "Thank you, Heather. Would you please continue now?"

The Chairman's intervention certainly had reminded me of where I was. I took a breath before speaking to Dr. Reynolds again.

"Sir, can you give them copies of chapter eight, turned to the page with our meeting, please?"

"These were the recommendations we thought of last week...." I gave them time to read that section then said, "But if you want to know what I think is needed to avoid what has happened to us in school and my rape, there is something even more important."

"And that is?" asked the Chairman.

"This is going to sound stupid but, education. Before the Program even begins, teach them what it's about. Make it clear that the naked participants are to be treated with respect. For God's sake just remind them that we're people not sex toys. How can I explain this? Hmm. I'll have to come back to that one."

The Chairman asked, "Is there anything the headmaster did in introducing the Program which made it worse, or is there anything he could have done which would have made it better?"

I turned to Dr. Reynolds again. "Have you got copies of the page of my journal for what you told me about masturbation and groping?" He gave them out.

"Before anyone blames Dr. Reynolds for this, what he said came straight from some faceless lawyer in London, who he had to ring to ask for advice."

The Chairman actually smiled at me, "Not so faceless any longer. You've now met Mr. Stephens."

"Firstly on masturbation, the lawyer advised Dr. Reynolds to tell me,

"I've been studying the program rules and taking legal advice. The pamphlet is quite specific, 'No student shall ever be required to insert a foreign object into any bodily orifice as a part of a Reasonable Request or Classroom Activity.' Fingers are not objects and in addition to that your fingers are not foreign objects. Therefore for both boys and girls masturbation IS a reasonable request."

"Okay," I turned to Shel, "Shelley, lie on the table and bring yourself off."

She looked at me, startled, then got on our table, carefully avoiding the glasses and jug, and started fingering herself. Everyone on the panel look extremely uncomfortable.

"This is ridiculous," protested Mr. Stephens. "I don't see why we should have to watch this... pantomime."

"No?" I snapped back. "Wait a moment, Shelley." I went and stood directly in front of Mr. Stephens and rested my hands on the committee table.

"You don't want to have to watch, but you expect us to have to do it, over and over and over again. And not with a nice safe distance between us and the boys crowding round us either. Shelley, lie on this table and continue."

Without a thought, she did so, and lay right in front of the chairman with her pussy pointing straight at Mr. Stephens.

"The rest of you, please come around her, you too, Dr. Reynolds." I only half-expected them to do so, but they did. I stayed silent until Shelley made herself cum.

When she could breathe normally again, she said, "Can I go back and sit down now?"

"Yes," the Chairman and I said together. Everyone else sat down too.

"That was nothing to what it's really like in school. You were all very polite, mostly trying not to look. We'd have perhaps a dozen, perhaps twenty boys crowding round and pushing, trying to get their heads close to our pussies to get a better view, and probably groping us at the same time."

"That must be very frightening," said the psychologist.

"To put it mildly," I replied. "But not as frightening as the next bit. I am going to read this bit out loud."

He went on to say, "As far as anyone else touching you there, the pamphlet does say 'No student is ever required to submit to oral sex or penetration with a sexual organ as a part of a Reasonable Request.' It does not say any other body part, such as fingers."

"But what about the bit where it says 'The Program Participant is the sole judge of the reasonability of any request that involves physical contact'? Has that suddenly been taken out?" I argued.

"That is to prevent someone from forcing you to do anything when you think something is unreasonable but there is nobody to ask for advice. It goes on to say that disagreements about what is reasonable are referred to me, and I can refer them to local Program officials, when they are appointed. Until then it is left to me to decide on any disagreements myself. I have to bear in mind that the intent of the Program is 'to help you become more comfortable with your body and your sexuality' and to encourage you all 'to treat others ... as sexual beings, to learn to harness your natural energies.' As touching one another, even intimately, is an essential part of being a sexual being, I would have to say that trying to avoid sexual touches would clearly be what the rules call a 'frivolous attempt to skirt the intent of the Program.' You understand my position?"

"Sorry, Shel, I need you again. Can you help me move our table closer, then lie on it?" Dr. Reynolds took the jug of water and our glasses.

"I have a Reasonable Request. Spread your legs and hold yourself open. I want to touch you." She did as I said. I turned to the panel, "Now this is what you probably think that means." I gently touched her boobs, one at a time, and then her pussy and stroked it. "Or perhaps this?" I slipped a finger inside her and began to work on her G-spot, before stopping abruptly. "Okay, Shelley, you can get down."

"Now I going to show you what that rule really means, in practice." Shelley looked worried. "Shelley, can you stand on the table in front of the chairman." I helped her up, then climbed up beside her. "Okay Shelley, grope me exactly like they grope us in the morning."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"Shelley, it's okay. This is important."

With a speed which startled the whole panel she rammed two fingers up me, then three, then four.

"Bend over, Bitch," she said, then rammed some of her fingers up my arse while still using her other hand in my pussy.

Even though she'd wet her fingers in my pussy first, it hurt, but she carried on, getting rougher and rougher in both my pussy and arse until I fell to the table on my knees, unable to keep back the tears.

"Heather," she cried. "Are you okay?"

I nodded and got down off the table. I deliberately didn't wipe the tears away.

I told them, "Shelley stopped when she thought I couldn't take any more. At school, it would continue until the bell goes. Shelley, touch my boobs."

"No, you've had enough. You do mine."

I pulled hard on one of her nipples and twisted the other painfully. I kept poking and pinching and pulling and twisting until finally she began to cry. Then I stopped and hugged her close.

"Remember," I said, "In school, it's not one person but a crowd. And you're in the middle. Boobs, Pussy, Arse. Any part is fair game, or all at the same time. The first morning my sister was groped, they tore her hymen they were so rough, not to mention tearing her clothes and nicking her underwear. Nobody in our school calls it the Morning Display any more. It's the 'Morning Groping'."

The panel were clearly shocked by what they'd just seen.

Mrs. Chaplain spoke first. "Thank you for giving us that enlightening demonstration. You are quite correct that I had no idea what it was really like. I'd like to propose we take a break for some tea, to give Heather and Shelley time to recover. With your permission, Heather, I'd like to read your journal for last week. And with your permission, Mr. Chairman, could we make it an hour or so. I'd like to discuss some things privately with Dr. Reynolds."

"If an hour is agreeable to everyone," They all nodded. "Heather? Shelley?" He was asking us!

"Sure," I said.

"And I think I am speaking on behalf of all of us when I say thank you for showing us what we are really talking about. With what you have had to endure, I am not surprised that you are angry. You have every reason to be. Okay, we meet back here in one hour."

"I'll take you to the canteen," offered Miss Corton, waiting by our clothes. But we walked together straight out of the hearing room, still naked, followed by Miss Corton. "You're going to go naked?"

"The Program talks about outreach. Can you think of a better place to start than here?"

Shelley and I were amused by the reaction of all the dark-suited civil servants to the appearence of two naked girls in their canteen. The buzz of conversation around us ceased. Some people openly stared, others turned away, and one man dropped the cake he was holding into his coffee. I think poor Miss Corton was a bit embarrassed though and I felt sorry for her.

When we had queued up for tea and cakes, we remembered that our money was in our clothes.

"I'll pay," said Miss Corton.

"That's a plus side to the Program," said Shelley. "With nowhere to keep your money, people end up buying you things."

She laughed.

When we reconvened, Mrs. Chaplain again began the questioning. "You mentioned the girl who felt like she'd been raped this Monday. I was wondering how she is now."

"Samantha? Once we calmed her down, she wasn't too bad. And Shelley had the brilliant idea of a petting party Monday evening to prepare her for the Morning Groping. She coped really well all day Tuesday until she found out that she would have to sing her solo at a big televised choir contest tonight naked, then she freaked out and slit her wrists." A general look of shock all round. "She's okay now though."

"And off the Program I assume?"

"No. To get a medical exemption she would have to actually be admitted to hospital and that would mean giving up her chance to sing at the contest. And that means everything to her. Her mother couldn't be bothered to go to the hospital, so the mother of one of the other girls, Laura, has taken her home and she's staying there all week."

"The teacher involved in the earlier incident with Samantha. Have there been any other problems?"

I began to wonder if Dr. Reynolds had been priming her with questions. I glanced back at him but his face gave nothing away.

"Yes, there have. Laura, another girl on the Program, she's the one who took Samantha in. She works as a model and stripper part-time, went into her lesson and saw that Ms. Gordon was playing a video of us all having sex, filmed secretly, to the class. Laura smashed the DVD and let her hair down to cover her boobs and covered her pussy with her hands."

"So at lunchtime, she was marched into the dining room, handcuffed, her hair cut, and she was caned six times. It was awful." The faces of the panel all looked grim, even the lawyer.

"This was shortly before Samantha tried to kill herself. Laura found her, and although she is brilliant at first aid, she couldn't help her because of the handcuffs. The delay nearly killed Samantha. That was why Dr. Reynolds asked to return to the school. Before things got worse. But you wouldn't let him."

The Chairman looked uncomfortable, but he asked me, "You mentioned all of you getting assaulted the following morning."

"We decided we had to get Laura out of those handcuffs. She was so depressed we were really worried. So we all wore handcuffs. If you thought what Shelley did to me was bad, try it with a crowd of teenage boys when you are wearing handcuffs and can't even try to defend yourself. And apart from Laura, poor Samantha got it worst, but she wouldn't give up."

"Then Samantha had another lesson with Ms. Gordon, who decided that as she was wearing handcuffs she was obviously into bondage. She made them blindfold her too. Then she told the class to bring her to orgasm any way they could, except actually fucking her. The rules against restraining freedom of movement and oral sex only apply to Reasonable Requests, so they legally (I spat that word at them!) tied her up and got the boys to go down on her as well as finger her."

"When they couldn't make her cum because she was so sore, Sam was so deperate for relief that she was begging them to make her cum. So when Ms. Gordon suggested they spank her, she agreed. It did actually work, she said she really came hard."

"After that we met with Mr. Graham and told him that we'd keep our handcuffs on and have one of the boys cut our hair really badly, if he didn't release Laura. He didn't care at first, until we called the TV reporter you saw interviewing me last Friday. As you can see, by that time, we lost some hair. But we won. And no more punishments or lessons with Ms. Gordon until Dr. Reynolds returns."

"I should think not," said the Chairman.

"There was a really good thing though."

"I'm eager to hear about something that actually went well," said Mrs. Chaplain.

"When you wouldn't let Dr. Reynolds go, he called one of the other teachers and told him to do whatever was necessary to stop things getting worse and that he would back him 100%. We didn't know this at the time. So yesterday morning, this teacher told everyone in class to spread the word that we were to be protected, even, if necessary, against teachers. By lunchtime it was brilliant. We had boys protecting us, we had girls stopping boys getting to us by getting in first with requests, one girl even let guys grope her to stop them getting to one of us. It proves it CAN work. But it needs the right people in charge and action taken quickly if things start to go wrong, BEFORE they get crazy."

"That's quite a teacher," said Mrs. Chaplain. "Tell me more."

"Shelley should tell you about that," I said. "It was in her class."

So Shelley told most of what Mr. Thompson had said, which obviously met with the approval of the panel.

"I have a proposal, Mr. Chairman," said Mrs. Chaplain.

"Go ahead."

"I move that this inquiry be adjourned to reconvene Monday next at the school. I've heard so much that I want to see the school and meet the people there before we decide on what changes need to be made."

"Seconded," said Miss Corton quickly.

"Agreed," said the psychologist.

"Mr Stephens?" asked the Chairman. He nodded. "Then, if no one disagrees, this hearing is adjourned until Monday, to reconvene at the school at 2pm if that is convenient for everyone."

Nods all round.

"That allows you to go back to deal with the situations that have arisen while we have kept you here, Dr. Reynolds. It only remains for me to thank Heather and Shelley for their help today..." he paused with a slight grin, "...and to remind them that this isn't a Program zone, so they had better get dressed before they leave the building. Thank you, everybody. Meeting Adjourned."

We pulled on our clothes and went with Dr. Reynolds.

As we walked to the taxi, I asked, "How did I do?"

"Apart from nearly giving Richard Cellon a heart attack, I think you made your point. And so did Shelley. Well done, both of you. We will be travelling back on the morning train and Mrs. Chaplain is coming with us if I can book her a hotel for Friday night."

"Don't bother, she can stay with us," said Shelley. "She'll get to know us far better that way."

"I'm not sure I want to imagine what you are planning already, young lady. Now I suppose you want to go out tonight. My God, the Hoover sisters let loose on London. Perhaps I should go back tonight."

We laughed. "The slutsisters," corrected Shelley.

"That's worse. Here you are, Heather. If you're going out clubbing, you'd better have some money to buy something suitable to wear. I'm sure that someone at the hotel will be able to suggest where to buy something and where to go out. Ask one of the waiters."

Shelley chatted up one of the young waiters trying to serve us dinner in the hotel, much to the embarrassment of poor Dr. Reynolds and, I think, the waiter. (Funny how nobody objected to Shelley's clothes in the hotel dining room when Dr. Reynolds was with us. No pointed stares this time!)

One of the waitresses came up to us with a odd-looking order pad. "I'm sorry to bother you both, but could I have your autographs?" Silly me, it wasn't an order pad, it was her autograph book.

"Oh great, I've never been asked for my autograph before!" I don't have to tell you that was Shelley, do I? She grabbed the notebook and signed it. I could read the signature from across the table!

She passed it to me and I pretended to think about it. "How about if you do me a favour if I sign your book?" She looked puzzled.

"We're going out clubbing later and I don't exactly have anything suitable to wear. Is there anywhere I can buy something decent at this hour?"

"Or indecent?" said Shelley, making Dr. Reynolds splutter and nearly choke himself on his wine, sending most of his mouthful of wine all over the white tablecloth.

He was mortified. "I'm sorry," he said to the waitress.

"Dr. Reynolds hasn't had as long as I have to get used to trying to eat and drink with Shelley in the vicinity."

"Don't worry," she said, "I'll bring a new cloth."

"Sorry, sir," said Shelley, not looking sorry in the slightest.

Dr. Reynolds returned his napkin to his lap and smiled. "I have to ask you, Shelley, isn't that little black outfit indecent enough for you?" He emphasised the word, "little".

"Do you like it, sir?"

"There's a lot more of you showing than outfit, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, I would but it's so tight it's uncomfortable. Didn't you notice, sir, how hard it was for me to get it off and back on again."

"Yes, I did."

Then Shelley said something unbelievable, even for Shelley. "Gotcha, sir! You were looking!"

Dr. Reynolds stared at her, while I wondered what jobs we could find next week at the Job Centre.

Then he laughed, a big deep friendly laugh unlike anything I've ever heard from him.

"Shelley Hoover, I'm at a loss for words. Yes, you're right. I was looking. When I first saw you in that, I thought how.. beautiful you looked. 'Pretty' wouldn't do you justice today."

Then he admitted, "I should have used the word "sexy" just now, but that really would have been most inappropriate."

He shook his head and added quietly, "I can't wait until I tell Mrs. Reynolds. She's going to tease me about this for weeks."

The way he said that I knew he and his wife were really close.

"Now, girls, I would be extremely grateful if you would refrain from repeating this conversation to anyone at school. I do have to maintain a certain.. degree of dignity there."

Shelley sounded ashamed. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to embarrass you... just tease you a little."

Dr. Reynolds bowed his head formally. "Apology accepted."

Shelley's shame evaporated with a big smile. "But I did make you laugh!"

He took a sip of wine and looked away from us for a moment, his fingers idly toying with his knife. I'd seen him like this before, in his office. He has this fancy letter-opener on his desk and he would play with it while thinking and then point it around the room, or even directly at you, when he started talking. I don't think he was aware he did it. I glanced at Shelley and wondered if she too had seen the letter-opener wielded. Certainly she'd gone quiet now.

Sure enough, he suddenly picked up his knife and started dueling with the ceiling as he spoke. His words, though, were quiet.

"You know, girls, I am having to do things now that would have been inconceivable to me even two years ago. I'd heard all about the Program in the states for some time but here in England? Not likely. It all started for me, though, with a meeting in my office with Richard Cellon well over a year ago. We go right back to Cambridge, him and me. He's a good man, Heather, maybe a little full of himself but with a first-class mind. And until today, I thought, completely unflappable. You two probably did him a lot of good, but he'll never let on. I know you were being very serious today, both of you, but there was a part of me sitting there this afternoon truly enjoying his discomfort."

"So, the 'faceless ones' had sent a friend to tell me I'd be running the first Program re-launch here in England." Shelley looked curious at that and he turned directly to her and said, "Yes, Shelley, I had no more choice than Heather did. As a teacher and an administrator, or indeed as an educated man whose morality comes from a different time, it made little sense to me and I didn't want it in my school."

"And reading all the literature, and yes, Heather, everything I could find on the internet, didn't change my mind initially, but at least I had some idea what I was getting into. But for all that I wasn't prepared for what I would feel once the thing became a reality. I'm actually having to tell young girls and boys to run around my school naked, on public display, and to allow themselves to be groped for a week whether they want it or not. But in spite of all the problems, you two have convinced me that the Program is extremely worthwhile."

"Us, sir?" piped up Shelley, just before I could say it.

"How?" she added.

I thought I knew. "Let me put it this way, Shelley. Two weeks ago could you have ever imagined your sister or you handling a government-level inquiry as you both did this afternoon? Or coping with the media as you've had to do? Coping magnificently, I should add."

"Not a chance. Heather would have freaked and I'd have just said something stupid and giggly."

"The Program is intended to develop your sexual maturity. I don't know whether it's done that, but it's made you both grow up a lot and brought you out of yourselves."

He put the knife down to sip some more wine, and then smiled at each of us before continuing.

"But the truth of the matter is that I wish I was your age again. Not right now, though, but perhaps a few years from now when a fully-operational and successful Program is running smoothly. The young people who come along after the two of you, and the others this week and the other Program participants in the near future, the later ones will know what's coming and what is expected of them, and if we can get it right, the good they can get out of it."

He leant forward as his voice got even lower.

"I don't want to frighten either of you.." he smiled at Shelley, "..yes, you too, little Miss Fearless, but you have a huge responsibility. It may have been totally accidental.." now he smiled at me, "and completely unfair, I know, but you must understand that you are going to be leaders. The people running the Program are listening to you and will continue to do so, if Richard and I have anything to do with it. What you tell them will have consequences for a very long time."

This time he drained his wine glass with a long drink.

"Wow, girls, that was way heavy. Do I have that right, Shelley?"

"Yes, sir, you do. Way heavy and wicked too. It doesn't matter, does it though, if I just keep on keepin' on?"

"No, of course not. That's all any of us can ever do."

Shelley's face shone again with a big smile. "And I did make you laugh!"

"That you did, Shelley. And thank you for that. I haven't had much to laugh about this week."

I suddenly realised Dr. Reynolds had really opened up and there might be a problem. "This conversation, sir. What about my journal?"

Without hesitation he replied, "Of course you must report it. But please don't leave out my mentioning my wife, or anything else, alright?"

"Don't worry, sir. It wouldn't be complete without everything." What a stupid thing to say, I thought, as soon as I said it.

Looking back at this now, I realise that I was a lot more embarrassed than Dr. Reynolds was. Being Shelley's sister is often a challenge, and never boring! As for the rest of what he said, the truth is I'm more than a little frightened.

When the waitress came back to change the cloth, she said to me, "I get off at about eight. There's an evening street market not far from here. I could take you if you like. There's a couple of shops on the street with the market that stay open until the market closes, which is late as it usually turns into a bit of a party."

"Sounds perfect," I said.

You will be glad to know that the rest of the meal went without further incident! I know I was.

Mum was at Eric's house when we caught up with her on the phone. This is getting awfully serious awfully quickly, but Mum sounds so wonderfully happy that it makes me happy just talking to her. She's waited long enough, God knows, but it seems like the waiting has finally paid off. I know Shelley feels the same. I bet she'd hold their clothes for them while they were at it, if she thought it would help. Come to that, so would I.

And I finally found out what happened to Shelley after I lost her. She really should think about taking up writing. She's got a couple of best-selling autobiographies in her already!

We went to the market with the waitress, who, we learned, was called Laura. Wait till you hear about the clothes we found. Score one for London.

James, another waiter from the hotel, caught up with us at the market. Laura's eyes shone brighter than a lighthouse when she saw him, and I suspect that her eyes were not all that was switched on. James suggested a nearby pub where we met two brothers, Pete and Paul. (No, I'm not making that up, they really were named Peter and Paul.) Such sweet innocent children... until they were Shel-shocked! Oh yes, and Heathered as well. Perhaps a little less innocent now than they were before. What with James, as they say, getting Laura right where she wanted him, I made the early score, London 3 (including the 1 for our clothes), Slutsisters 4. Shelley has all the juicy details.

Once we were all cleaned up we went out clubbing, all six of us. The club they took us to was amazing, there's no other word for it. Laura turned out to be... but that would be telling. It was enormous fun, although I was still quite tired as I hadn't slept much the previous night worrying about Shelley.

Shelley of course wasn't tired. She's incapable of it. And, yes, she did enjoy herself in the club maybe even more than she had at the pub. You can judge this for yourselves from chapters ten and eleven of her journal.

Heather, part 16

WEEK TWO

FRIDAY Daytime

The first thing I noticed early Friday morning was Paul's smell. A little like sweaty socks, but not that unpleasant. I remembered from some Biology class sometime that human body odour comes in, what was it, six basic scents. Most people usually disliked three of the scents, but were okay with the other three. Well, my nose liked Paul's smell, which was a good thing because the rest of me liked the rest of Paul.

Time to open an eye, as an experiment. The others forgot to shut the curtains last night after I crashed. I am not an early riser, more like a late crawler, so I don't often see the dawn. The sky was blue but not too bright, so the sun must have just been coming up on the other side of the hotel. The truth is, though, that I was pleased they forgot about the curtains.

I rolled over and looked at Paul. He was lying on his back and for the first time I heard some quiet snores coming from him. He sounded like an eight-year-old to me, so I lifted the bedclothes to check. Uh uh, not an eight-year-old. He was in good nick but not very muscly. Perfect. His cock was sleeping too. Soon, I told myself, soon but not yet. I dropped the bedclothes again and snuggled into his shoulder.

My sister'd had quite a night for herelf, for all of us really. Look at the effect she had on Laura. I suddenly saw this stupid picture in my head. Shel is sitting on the floor somewhere, naked of course. She has this big box in front of her with a large crank on one side. She is singing something as she turns the crank when the top of the box flies open and Laura, about half life-size, jumps up. She's wearing last night's dress, dripping wet so it clings to her like a second skin, so she seems naked too. She's attached somehow to a huge spring in the box and she's bouncing up and down with an enormous grin lighting up her face. At the top of each bounce her skirt flares up to reveal her pussy, no underwear on show. I knew Laura would never go back in her box again, and that was Shel's doing, ably assisted by James of course.

The silly picture made me giggle causing Paul to stop snoring and start to stir. I raised myself on one elbow and kissed him softly on his lips.

"Morning, baby," I whispered, "Did I wake you?"

Before he could answer I kissed him again. This time his mouth opened and I slipped my tongue part way in. At first he only responded with his mouth. I pulled my tongue back and his tongue chased mine into my mouth. I sucked on it for a while like a lollipop. He shifted his body so he was lying on his side. His arm came round me and his hand slid down to caress my arse. I felt his cock harden and grow against my stomach. God, I felt so alive. This really was the best way to wake up.

I noticed my bladder starting to hurt. I couldn't remember peeing late last night and I had to go now, desperately.

I pulled back and grinned, "I gotta pee, right now."

Paul grinned back, "So do I."

"Come on then."

I pushed him onto his back and started to climb over him. But I got wrapped up in the bedclothes and giggled again.

"Fuck, I'm stuck."

He pulled everything up, then pushed them halfway down the bed. Now I could escape. When I was standing I grabbed his hand and dragged him after me. As we passed Shel and Pete, I looked at them. They were totally out of it, but they looked relaxed and happy. I pointed at them and glanced at Paul. He gave a thumb's up.

I shut the bathroom door and switched on the light. "You first."

"In front of you?" He sounded a little startled.

I was more startled than he was. After my attack last week, why would I want to do this? I didn't know why, just that I felt like I "had to".

"Why not? I wanna watch." I don't think he noticed my slight hesitation.

He shrugged and pointed his cock down at the pan. It was such a strong stream that I thought he could easily win any pissing contest he decided to enter. He finished eventually and reached for the handle.

I caught his hand. "Let's not waste the water." I pushed him back and sat down. I moved my knees apart and used my hands to hold my pussy open so he could see everything. My pee went on and on and on. Bliss! After a quick wipe I pulled the handle. The flush thundered.

"Christ, I hope that doesn't wake them up. Shel's a heavy sleeper, but what about Pete?"

"You've heard about people who'd sleep through World War Three? Pete's one of them."

I stood up and embraced him. "We both stink, you know. Fancy a shower?"

There was a huge bath next to the loo with a detachable showerhead above it on a long flexible metal hose. While Paul played with the water temperature I found a shower cap and stuffed my hair into it. Paul's hair was quite short and would dry quickly.

"Shall I wash your hair for you?" I asked.

"Yes, please."

He pointed the water all over my body then passed it to me. I did the same to him, then lifted it above his head to thoroughly wet his hair. I got a sachet of shampoo and washed his hair twice. There was some conditioner there as well. I opened the sachet and sniffed. Apple. I liked that.

There was plenty of shower gel too, so we could get each other soapy all over. I didn't really want to fool around in there. When he started to do more to my pussy than just wash it, I took his hand away briefly and shouted "Later". He understood but still made sure my pussy, arsehole and breasts were very clean. Not that he neglected anywhere else, mind you.

I was just as thorough. He hardened when I cleaned his cock but somehow that was only natural, not sexy. I made certain his arsehole was spotless as well.

The hotel provided several big fluffy towels. We took turns rubbing each other briskly. I don't know about him but I tingled all over when we were finished.

We hadn't bothered with the shower curtain so the floor was pretty wet. Paul took one of the towels and dried the floor as best he could, then hung both towels over the curtain rail to dry. Very domestic. I was impressed.

We switched off the light before opening the door. We snuck dramatically across the room but we needn't have bothered. Shel and Pete hadn't moved at all while we were in the bathroom.

"Lie down," I commanded him, "I owe you for being such a nice guy last night."

"No, you don't," he replied but I noticed he didn't waste any time. He pushed the bedclothes away and lay in the middle of the bed, clasping his hands behind his head. His cock was at half-mast and he looked good enough to eat, so that's what I did.

I knelt beside him and started kissing him on his forehead. His eyes were shut so each eyelid got a kiss as well. I stopped for a while at his mouth for a round of tongue-tag. That was fun. My next stop was his right nipple. After three or four licks the little nipple got hard so I could suck on it. He seemed to enjoy that so I repeated the exercise on his left nipple. While I was there I dragged my nails gently down his right side. He gasped and started to double over.

"Ticklish, are we?"

"Yes, fuck it." But he still managed to keep his hands behind his head. What self-control!

At last it was time for the main event. I pushed his legs apart and knelt between them. Using only my mouth I sucked his cockhead in. I was supporting my weight with my hands so I was comfortable like that. I was moving my mouth up and down an inch or so when he started thrusting up as my head moved down. Now his cock was moving from just behind my lips to the the back of my mouth, in and out quite quickly. I was enjoying myself, but not nearly as much as he was. I could taste pre-cum on my tongue now and I wondered how close he was.

I lifted my head away and looked up at him. "If I finish you off, will you still be okay to fuck me?"

"Not a problem."

"Good."

Now I supported myself on one hand so I could work on his whole cock. I wanked him a few times to get pre-cum and saliva all over my hand. Then I brought my mouth back and fucked his cock with my hand and mouth together. I varied the pace. Slow for a few strokes, then fast for a bit, then slow again. I could feel the veins along the side of it as I moved up and down. His hips were thrusting again now. And I could see out of the corner of my eye that his hands were at his sides grabbing and twisting the sheet. He started to whimper and I knew he was almost there. Then he groaned once loudly and his cock started spurting cum down my throat. I've no idea how many times he spurted but my swallowing could not keep up. Some of his cum leaked out over my hand as I slowed, then stopped.

I kept him like that, his cock in my mouth and my hand around the shaft, sucking gently and working my tongue slowly from side to side along its underneath. His breathing came back to normal so I let him go. I knelt there for a while cleaning my hand with my tongue until I couldn't find any more. I checked his crotch but it was dry. Good.

"Thank you, Superslut, that was... something else."

For a second I wanted to throttle the little miss, but then I thought, what the fuck, why not accept it.

"Superslut is horny. Your turn."

Paul stood up and bowed, his arm sweeping an arc along the bed. I giggled at that and lay down where he had been. But then I sat up for a second to flip the pillow over to the cool side and tried again. That was better.

He didn't waste any time on foreplay but went straight for my breasts, sucking and licking my left nipple while his hand worked on the right one. The dear boy was doing right. Perhaps it was the way I had emphasised "horny". I loved it, and showed my appreciation by stroking the back of his head.

But other needs were even greater. I lifted his head up with my hands, then pointed wordlessly down my body. The bastard knelt straight up and saluted but then got down between my open legs immediately.

He spread my pussy wide open and then pushed his tongue in as far as he could. That was a long way in. Then he began to move his whole head up and down, keeping his tongue straight out and fucking me with it. Each time he bottomed out, his nose bumped into my clit and a beautiful jolt went right through me. Then he kept his tongue part way in and started wiggling it up and down. Fuck, that was good, even though he wasn't touching my clit any more.

He came up to my face briefly and kissed me so I could taste myself.

"Cock," I demanded.

"Not yet," he refused.

He went back down and continued to eat my pussy. Then I felt a finger start to rub my arsehole very softly.

"God, that feels nice," I sighed.

I knew he heard me as he used his hands then to lift my butt off the bed. I felt something wet and warm against my arsehole. It had to be his tongue.

"That feels so much nicer, babe," I told him. I wasn't kidding.

He must have believed me as he soon grabbed my ankles and lifted my legs right up.

"In that case, hold onto your legs. Are you sure you're okay with this?"

"Yes," I answered and got a firm hold of my legs.

With my knees almost touching my sides he started licking my arsehole with a lot more confidence. Awesome. He pushed his tongue right in there and pulled back again over and over. It was the same thing he'd done with my pussy, only slower this time. Soon he started doing my pussy with a finger as well. After driving me crazy like that for a while he switched his mouth and finger. He was working my arse quite hard but there wasn't even a small amount of discomfort. I was boiling down there.

Then he replaced his mouth on my pussy with his thumb and started rocking his hand back and forth, making his thumb move into my pussy as his finger moved out of my arse, then vice versa. FINALLY he fastened his mouth on my clit and started to suck.

It did not take long for my world to explode. Did I gasp or shout? I have no idea. I was completely out of it for what? Ten seconds? Thirty seconds? Two minutes? Who knows?

The next thing I do remember is Paul on top of me and his cock fucking me with long slow strokes. This was like nothing I had ever experienced. I grabbed him and kissed him as hard as I could. Now all I was aware of were my mouth and pussy and I was in heaven. I reached down with my hands on his arse and pulled him in as I thrust up. He increased his tempo and the bedsprings began to complain. And then I came again. Not nearly as hard as before but still wonderfully. I stayed awake for this one as warm arrows shot through my body over and over again.

Paul withdrew and lay down next to me. "You're amazing, Heather."

I couldn't speak. He pulled the bedclothes back over us and held me tightly. He was stroking my back slowly and I could feel my whole body relax. Then I fell asleep.

Bang! Bang! "Heather! Shelley!" Bang! Bang! "Are you alright?" Bang! Bang!

I sat up quickly. What the fuck was that?

Bang! Bang! "Heather? Are you there? Shelley?"

Oh Shit! Dr. Reynolds. What time was it?

"Coming, sir!" I shouted as loudly as I could.

I think he must have heard me because the noise he was making stopped. I got halfway to the door before I realised I was naked. Did it matter? He'd already seen all of me lots of times. Yes, of course it mattered. I remembered there were white terry bathrobes hanging in the bathroom so I detoured there, grabbed a robe and wrapped it quickly around myself before opening the door.

"Sorry, sir. What's the matter?"

"I was worried sick, Heather. I tried ringing you twice but there was no answer. I didn't know if something had happened to you." He sounded genuinely concerned.

I remembered what I'd been doing a little while before. "I guess we were sleeping too soundly, sir. I'm sure we'd have answered the phone if we heard it."

"What's all the racket, Heather?"

Oh Fuck! That was Pete's voice. I turned in time to see his naked butt disappearing into the bathroom. I could feel my face redden as I turned back to Dr. Reynolds.

"Sir..." I began but he interrupted me.

"You needn't explain, Heather. It's quite alright." He had a big grin on his face as he continued, "I guess you and your sister had a good time last night?"

I could feel my embarrassment ebbing away. "Yes, sir, an amazing time." I paused. "Sir, that was Pete. He's with Shelley. His brother, Paul, is with me."

"Peter and Paul, ey?" He shook his head. "Brothers, you say. You sure about that?"

I swear I could have kissed him then, not for what he was saying but for being so.. cool.

He went on, "Look, if you girls want to have a decent breakfast, you'd better get down to the dining room in fifteen minutes. We've a train to catch."

I knew what railway food was like. I certainly wanted to eat here first. "I'll get Shel up right now, sir. Shall we see you down there?"

"Indeed." He turned away towards the lifts. As he walked away he shouted back, "Fifteen minutes."

I shut the door. Then Pete's head appeared, "Who was that?"

"Nobody," I was going to pretend to be angry, "Just our headmaster."

"Fuck, I'm sorry."

He sounded upset so I relented, "Don't worry, he's unbelievably cool about.. things."

I changed the subject, "Is my sister conscious yet?"

"Don't think so."

"I'll soon fix that. Watch."

I walked over to their bed and pulled down the bedclothes. Then I grabbed one of Shel's big toes and twisted. Hard.

"Ouch! That fucking hurts!" She looked at me and whined, "Why did you..?"

"Because Dr. Reynolds was just at the door and we have fifteen, no fourteen, minutes to get down to breakfast, unless you want to try and survive the journey back on stale sandwiches."

Shelley leapt up, "No way, José!" and headed for the bathroom.

I called to her, "Paul and I have already had a shower. If you're quick, you can have the shower to yourself. Use the shower cap. I left it there for you."

Pete said, "I'll get her cleaned quickly, no fear."

"Okay," I replied, "But no fucking around." I raised my voice so Shelley could hear me too.

"Yes.. ma'am," as he returned to the bathroom.

Paul was sitting on the side of our bed. "Sorry, babe," I said to him, "We gotta split."

He stood up and started dressing immediately. I found some knickers, a jumper and jeans. I couldn't be bothered with a bra, not that I really needed one, dammit.

Paul was by the desk with a pen in his hand. "You on email at home?" I nodded. "What's your address?"

I gave it him and he wrote it down. Then he handed me another piece of paper, "Here's mine."

I stuffed it in my pocket, then wrapped my arms around him.

Shelley came out of the bathroom, "Hey, you guys, no fucking around, remember?"

"Fuck off, Shel, we're dressed." Then I smiled at Paul, "Now, where were we?"

Shel giggled her first giggle of the day, "I guess I'll have to wear Dr. Reynolds' favourite outfit, the black one. I mean, it's that or the zips."

Lesser of two evils, I supposed to myself, but said, "Here, at least wear some knickers today, okay?" I tossed a carrier bag at her with a few bits of new underwear in it."

"Spoilsport," she grumbled but she did put on a pair, the smallest ones I'd bought of course.

I ate far too much for breakfast, but Shelley outdid me. Why can she eat anything she fancies and NEVER put on a pound, while I have to be careful all the time? There's no justice.

We discovered there was a train drivers' strike so Mrs. Chaplain made a phone call and then told the taxi driver to take us to Stanstead Airport where we could get a flight to Blackpool.

Of course, when we got to the terminal, after Mrs. Chaplain had bought the tickets and she and Dr. Reynolds had checked in their baggage, Shelley wandered off. She didn't remember, but we'd been here once before on a holiday flight, when the airport had been much smaller. Since then it had grown tremendously. I was just beginning to worry about her when she reappeared, with a boy in tow!

"This is Ricky. He's on the same flight as us, isn't that great?" she exclaimed. Looking at him looking at her clothes, or lack of them, I figured what they'd been up to, but I was wrong.

"I've always wanted to join the Mile High Club," she grinned. "So I said he can look but not touch until we take off."

I rolled my eyes. I wanted to tell her not to go too mad, she'd been a virgin only five days ago, but who was I to talk? At least she could probably count how many guys she'd had sex with. I knew I couldn't.

That set me thinking while everyone else was gone for coffee.

My thoughts were interrupted by Shelley punching me in the side. "Come on, our flight's been called twice."

Being only a domestic flight, we didn't have to worry about passports and things, just as well as we didn't have them. I sat by a window, expecting Shelley and the boy she had following her like a puppy to join me, but instead they went to find other seats near the back, after Dr. Reynolds had muttered something to her before sitting down next to me himself. Mrs. Chaplain took the aisle seat across from us.

I looked out the window and began to think again about everything that had happened.

"A penny for them?" he asked me.

"What?"

"A penny for your thoughts."

"What do you mean?" I replied.

"You've been miles away since we left the hotel. It doesn't take a genius to work out that there's something wrong."

"I'm okay."

"No," he said, "I don't know what you are, but okay you certainly are not."

The way he said that made me think briefly of Yoda from Star Wars and for a moment I imagined him with a Yoda-like head telling me to reach out with my feelings. A momentary giggle escaped me, but then I felt serious again. It was my feelings that I wanted to escape.

I looked at him for a moment and opened my mouth to speak, then closed it again. This wasn't some jedi teacher, this was my Headmaster and there's things you just don't talk about with your headmaster.

"Let's just forget I'm a headmaster for a while. I'm just a friend who wants to help. And if you say something your headmaster shouldn't know, we just won't tell him, okay?"

I had to smile at that as I imagined two Dr. Reynolds refusing to talk to each other.

"It's just I was thinking about what you said last night... about our responsibility..."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said that."

"Why not? It's true. But it's not even the inquiry or anything like that. You've read all about the Program in America, haven't you?"

"Yes. Everything you have and probably more."

"A lot of the girls over there felt pressured because the first girl, Karen, had done so much. As one girl said, she set the standard so high, that it created expectations for them to do the same. Another girl even called her the infamous Karen."

He remained quiet, waiting for me to continue.

"In my first week I hated Karen as well, because I felt like I had to let anyone do anything, because of what she did. Now I've gone and done the same or worse."

"And you're afraid that everyone will hate you because of it?"

"I don't know. Partly that, but how many girls like Samantha are going to have to do things because I did? It's all very well SAYING that what's reasonable for one girl might not be reasonable for someone else, but you know school isn't like that."

"You mean peer pressure?"

"Yeah. And I've made it a lot worse. It's gonna be even harder for girls to say NO and make it stick than it was for me."

"It's also going to be easier for girls like Shelley, who want to try things, to say YES, without people thinking badly of them."

"Girls like Shelley can do anything, and probably will, without any help from me," I laughed.

"You think so?" he said seriously. "Shelley looks up to you and depends on you more than you realise. And girls who aren't as extrovert as she is, and who want to explore their sexuality, are going to thank you for showing them that they can."

I wasn't convinced. In my mind, I saw Samantha, back in class on Monday at lunchtime, terrified.

"You showed them what is possible. And for girls like Samantha, it's our responsibility to ensure that nobody forces them, not yours."

"If I had let you deal with Ms. Gordon last weekend, a lot of things wouldn't have happened this week."

"True, but that was my decision, not yours. And if it was a wrong decision, let's ensure that the inquiry learns from it and puts in safeguards for the future."

"I'll never forget what happened to Sam and Laura because I was stupid enough to think I could deal with her."

"Good." That was Mrs. Chaplain. She'd obviously been listening. "Sorry, but I couldn't help hearing what you were saying. Just don't let US forget what happened to Sam and Laura, or to you. Dr. Reynolds was right. You first girls have a responsibility, but it's not to put everything right. That's our job. It IS your responsibility, however, to be honest with us, as you were yesterday, so we can know what needs putting right."

She continued, "I'm sorry, Heather, but if I can be selfish, I'm glad these things went wrong now, so we can make sure they don't happen again. If things hadn't gone wrong this first time, perhaps they would have got far worse further down the Program, when it's running in every school. Because of what happened to you girls, we can make sure we learn the lessons now."

"And as for Sam and Laura," interrupted Dr. Reynolds. "If you'd been watching telly last night, you'd have been proud of them, and Suzie, and Tanya and Teresa..."

"Tanya and Teresa? Who are they?"

"Two of the choir girls. But you'll have to see it for yourself. And I think you'll like some of the changes at school as well."

After sitting quietly for a minute, I got up and went back to the toilet. I passed Shelley and Ricky. She didn't see me, she was too busy sucking him off in their seats. Nor did he, his eyes were shut tight.

I sat on the toilet and the sound of my own pee brought back visions of watching Paul pee and him watching me.

I realised that it was a week since I'd been raped. Even the memory of the way they'd pissed on me made me want to throw up. Was THAT why I'd wanted to watch Paul this morning? To make something terrible turn back into something normal, non-threatening?

I'd been more relaxed with Paul than with Jed. Yet I was only a bit of fun to Paul and I thought Jed was falling in love with me. Was that why I was more comfortable with Paul? I knew it was just sex with him, nothing more.

I don't understand. I've always dreamt of some romantic guy sweeping me off my feet and us falling in love. Then I get raped. Do I reject sex? No. I become the school slut. But some guy wants to get emotionally close and I keep him at a distance. It doesn't make sense.

My thoughts were interrupted by the announcement to return to our seats and put our seatbelts on for landing.

"Sir?"

"Yes?"

"Have you heard anything from the police yet?"

"You mean about your attackers?"

"Yes."

"Yes. When the police couldn't contact your mother on Monday, they contacted the school and Mrs. Johnson gave them my number. All of them will face a number of charges, including rape of course."

"If you knew on Monday, why didn't anyone tell me before now?" I started seeing red.

"That was my fault, although your mother did agree with me when I spoke to her on Wednesday night. I thought it would be better to wait until you felt ready to ask."

Okay, I could see that, even if I felt that he'd been wrong. Then something worrying occurred to me.

"Will I... I suppose I'll have to go to court."

"The police think that they will probably all plead guilty. If that is the case, you won't have to go to court. You will be permitted to make a statement if you wish, either in person or in writing."

"If I go to court I'll have to see them, won't I?"

"Yes. And if one of them decides to plead not guilty, you will have to give evidence. I hope it doesn't come to that."

"So do I. I still dread seeing them. What's even worse, I wouldn't even recognise them as I never saw their faces. I keep imagining meeting them in the street. They'll know who I am, but I won't know them."

"That's unlikely. Only one was granted bail, the youngest, and he was granted bail on condition that he went to live with his grandmother in Essex, reported to his local police station daily and did not enter this county, except to attend hearings and even then he must be accompanied."

"So he's not in prison?"

"I think he's too scared to risk coming to find you, if that's what you're worried about."

"Not now, but sometime. Can I see pictures of them? It might make them less scary. And if one is free, I want to be able to recognise him."

"I'm sure that can be arranged. I'll contact the police for you when we get back."

"Thank you."

"Heather." He twisted in his seat so he was facing me. "Tell me to mind my own business if you like, but how are you coping? To look at you, it's almost as if nothing happened to you."

"It did happen..." I was suddenly angry, a lot angrier than before, and I just wanted to hit him.

He caught my fist in his hand and gently but firmly lowered it down into my lap. "I know. I was there, remember."

"I'm sorry, Sir."

"You have nothing to apologise for. I take it things aren't quite as easy as you manage to make them appear."

"Sometimes it's like a dream that happened to someone else. And then other times all I seem to want is sex. Surely I shouldn't be like that? It's crazy."

"You know either we or the police can arrange counselling?"

"That means talking about it and I don't want to even think about it."

"It's awful, but it happened, and whether you like it or not, you are going to think about it. It is going to affect you. Can I at least ask you to consider counselling?

"I suppose so."

"If you don't want someone arranged officially, you know that Mrs. Townley counsels rape victims?"

"But she's a friend. Oh god, I don't know. Sometimes I wish somebody would make all the decisions for me, then at least I could be angry at them."

"I can't pretend to understand. And I'm not a counsellor, but if you need a friend, my office door is always open."

I knew I was going to cry and I was desperate not to, not in front of him. Why does kindness make me feel worse? I couldn't deal with that, not yet, so I had to change the subject.

"What happens about Shelley and me, about the Program I mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"We weren't in school all week. Does that mean we have to do another week?"

"No," he said firmly. "As far as I'm concerned, you were on school activities the last few days."

I giggled at that.

"What's so funny?"

"I was just trying to work out what subject last night came under."

He laughed at that, just like he did at Shelley in the restaurant yesterday.

"Or embarrassing your poor long-suffering headmaster in a busy restaurant?"

They opened the door to let us out. I hadn't even noticed the bump of us landing.

After we disembarked and Shelley said goodbye to her friend, I hugged her and told her I loved her.

"I think we'll take you two home before going on to the school," said Dr. Reynolds, giving our address to the cabbie.

Shelley objected, saying that Mum wouldn't be at home, she'd be at work. He smiled and told her that she had wanted to see both of us home, safe and sound.

"You must come in and meet Mum," I told him. "You can always get another cab from there."

But when we got home, I wanted Shelley and Mum to have some time alone first. "Can we wait here a minute?"

He understood, so he, Mrs. Chaplain and I waited on the pavement until Mum came out to call us.

I gave her a quick hug, then remembered my manners. "Mum, this is Dr. Reynolds. Dr. Reynolds, our Mum."

"I'm honoured, Mrs. Hoover."

"I hope my girls have behaved themselves," said Mum.

"Oh, MUM," said Shelley and I together.

"They've been angels," he replied.

"Fallen angels, I'm sure."

"You should be very proud of them," said Mrs. Chaplain.

"Oh sorry, Mum, this is Mrs. Chaplin, from the inquiry."

"Chaplain," she corrected.

"You must come in," Mum insisted, "I'll put the kettle on if you've time."

Dr. Reynolds looked at his watch. "I think we can spare a short time," he smiled.

"Then why don't you stay for lunch and these two can go back to school with you afterwards."

"We wouldn't want to impose."

"You won't be. But it'll only be stuff from the freezer, microwaved, I'm afraid."

"Don't worry."

When she'd served us all with lunch, Mum said, "Did you all see Samantha on television last night? Only we taped it if you're interested."

"We did," said Dr. Reynolds, nodding at Mrs. Chaplain, "But please, show it for the girls. I think one in particular would like to see it."

Mum gave him a curious look, but he gave nothing away.

She fast-forwarded it to where Sam was singing a solo. She looked so confident. When the camera slowly began to zoom out, at first I saw Laura and Suzie standing beside Sam, naked. I glanced at Shelley, who had a big grin on her face.

Her mouth gaped wide open, though, as the camera continued to zoom out to show two more naked girls ("Tanya and Teresa," said Dr. Reynolds) then the whole front row of the choir naked.

Before Shel or I had time to say anything, the scene cut to an inteview with Laura and Suzie. Laura was teasing some poor reporter, then the screen sizzled as Suzie and Laura kissed. I felt odd looking at Suzie kissing Laura, then the feeling passed.

I looked at Dr. Reynolds. He was smiling.

"I told you you'd be proud of them."

When the taxi Dr. Reynolds had called arrived, there was a slight delay because Shelley decided to run indoors and takes her clothes off.

When she came back, she said, "I want them to know, as soon as I get there, that HurricaneSlut is back."

I couldn't let that go by unanswered, so, making the taxi wait again, I ran indoors to strip off.

"Slutsisters together forever," we agreed.

Dr. Reynolds looked at me strangely. "What happened to the shy little girl who ran away when the big bad headmaster made her strip off last week?"

I thought about that. I wasn't sure myself. But Shelley was, of course.

"I think she grew up," she answered for me.

When we got to school, Shelley eagerly ran off to her class. But as I turned to go, Dr. Reynolds called me back.

"Would you come to my office, please? I think you should find out straightaway what's been happening as a result of all you've told me and the other reports I've had."

Dr. Reynolds opened the office door for Mrs. Chaplain and me. Mrs. Johnson immediately leapt up from behind her desk. Her pleasure at seeing Dr. Reynolds was obvious. "Welcome back, Headmaster."

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnson. Is Mr. Thompson in?"

"He's in your office," she said, but at that moment the inner office door opened and Mr. Thompson strolled out.

Dr. Reynolds took his hand and shook it.

"Marcus." Then he seemed to notice me and changed it, "Mr. Thompson. All well? No problems with the transition?"

"Yes, all well. There was an unfortunate scene outside this morning when we prevented Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon from entering, but other than that, no problems. But I'm afraid it was witnessed by quite a few students."

Dr. Reynolds frowned. ""I'm sure it couldn't have been helped. Now, Mrs. Johnson, could you arrange for tea all round," he paused and looked around, "Unless anyone would prefer coffee?" No one did. "Mr. Thompson, if you would, please bring us up-to-date on what's been happening."

We went into the office. Dr. Reynolds took his seat behind his desk and Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Chaplain took two of the armchairs. I stood uncomfortably. What was I doing here?

"Do take a seat, Heather."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Thompson, Heather has been giving evidence to the inquiry about what happened here before she left. I'd like her to hear first-hand what we have done about it. And this is Mrs. Chaplain. She's on the Program Committee, and the inquiry panel, not to mention that she is Head Teacher of the next school chosen to pilot the Program, so I know that she will be more than interested as well."

Mr. Thompson smiled at me and it was the same smile he'd given me a thousand years ago in the cricket pavilion, when I'd been covered in mud and crying. I felt a bit more comfortable.

"As you know, some of the staff got together Tuesday night. Realising we couldn't take official action, we decided to put the word about that we expected everyone to protect the Program Participants, sorry, Naked Participants," he corrected, nodding his head at me.

"Am I missing something?" asked Mrs. Chaplain.

"In assembly on Monday," Mr. Thompson explained, "Heather was talking to the school about the Program and she made a valuable point. I can't remember her exact words, though. Heather, can you?"

"You are all participants in the Program, it's just that some of us are going to be without clothes."

"I like it. May I make a note of that?"

I nodded. While she was writing, a serious penny dropped for me. TUESDAY night, he said. So where the fuck was the help for us at the Wednesday groping? I suddenly had to make a real effort to listen to what everyone was saying as anger started to grow inside me.

"Sorry, Mr. Thompson," she apologised, "I interrupted you."

"It went around very quickly that everyone had a duty to protect the Naked Participants. After Wednesday's lessons I had a queue of older students, mostly boys but a few girls as well, outside my classroom wanting to speak to me. When I found out they all wanted to talk about the same thing, I let them all in so we could discuss things together."

"They wanted to organise themselves into groups to protect the Program girls especially. I asked why they'd waited until then."

"But why..." I started to ask. Before I could finish my question, though, Mrs. Johnson came in with our tea. When we'd all helped ourselves to milk and sugar, Mr. Thompson carried on. I continued to fume silently.

"They were waiting for us to do something. And with the staff seeming to go along with what was happening, they felt it was impossible for them to do anything."

"Anyhow, after they'd gone, I arranged with a few other members of staff to cover Thursday's and Friday's Morning Groping, for security."

Mrs. Chaplain coughed at that. Mr. Thompson looked embarrassed. Dr. Reynolds laughed. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Chaplain, but you can probably tell the committee that one thing that IS beyond its power is to make anyone think of Morning Display as Morning Display ever again, when even my new Deputy Headmaster can't think of it like that."

She smiled.

So Mr. Thompson is Deputy Head now, I thought. But then he continued by addressing me directly. He was sitting across from me and had been looking at me while Dr. Reynolds had been speaking.

"Oh dear, Heather. I can see you're trying very hard not to explode, aren't you?" I nodded tightly. "What went wrong at Morning Groping on Wednesday morning then, am I correct?"

"Yes, sir, you are." This had better be good, I told myself.

"What went wrong was a combination of bad luck and my poor judgment. Mr. Moor had volunteered to supervise the corridor on Wednesday morning. On the way into school, however, he was caught in a motorway tailback after a big accident. He was stuck, crawling or stationary, for over an hour."

"Now you all need to understand something about Mr. Moor. He does not believe in such modern contrivances as mobile phones..." I sighed deeply at the irony. "...so I had no idea that he wasn't available for duty, so to speak. That's no excuse, Heather. I should have checked anyway, but I'm afraid I did not. When he finally arrived and I found out what had happened, I decided I should remain quiet about it. After all, given his nature it was simply an unfortunate occurrence. When I discovered later how awful early Wednesday morning had been for you girls, I hadn't the heart to tell Mr. Moor. He's one of the good guys, Heather, despite his preference for parchment and quills over word processors, so please don't blame him."

"That's okay, sir," I sighed again. Then I thought of something that made me laugh at the futility of it all sometimes. "Do you all know Marvin, the Paranoid Android, from 'Hitch-hikers'?" I asked.

I looked round as they all nodded. I gave an enormous sigh, with heaving shoulders and shaking head, and just said, "Life." We all laughed, although I found myself thinking that perhaps Shelley's general outlook had a great deal of merit.

Mr. Thompson resumed his story. "Things went smoothly yesterday and, as Dr. Reynolds knows, at his request we held a staff meeting yesterday evening after school. I did explain that all that was needed was for him to know that he had the full backing of the staff if he suspended Mr. Graham, but they went further than that. They passed a motion of no confidence in Mr. Graham as deputy headmaster and resolved to strike from Monday unless he was removed from that position and a disciplinary inquiry instituted into his and Ms. Gordon's vindictive behaviour towards the Program students. Both actions were unanimous."

"Very clever," said Mrs. Chaplain. I wondered why and she must have seen my puzzled expression as she turned to me to explain. "If there are any repercussions later from Dr. Reynolds' suspending Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon, he can say that his hands were tied, that he had to react to such a decision by the entire staff."

"So what actually happened?" I asked.

"Dr. Reynolds had already sent me faxes suspending both Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon and barring them from the school grounds pending further inquiries. This morning, I and a number of other staff prevented them from entering the building and showed them the faxes suspending them."

"I wish I'd seen that," I said with real feeling.

He smiled at me, then grimaced, "Unfortunately too many students did see that. In fact you'll probably hear from the Program boys how they offered to help the two of them off the premises."

"I announced what had happened at assembly this morning. And there's some other points raised in assembly about volunteers going naked that we probably need to discuss amongst ourselves."

He glanced at Dr. Reynolds before adding, "Sorry, Heather."

I took that as a dismissal and got up to leave. "Oh, before you go, Heather. We discussed something else at the staff meeting, which Dr. Reynolds doesn't know about."

Dr. Reynolds looked up at that.

"As a staff, regardless of Mr. Graham's and Ms. Gordon's roles in what happened, we should have taken action sooner and we want to apologise for letting you girls down. While this staff are here, we promise you that it will not be allowed to happen again."

I felt myself becoming red.

"I announced that in assembly this morning. Please tell Shelley as well."

"Yes, sir," I whispered, overcome. I tried to get out of there quickly, but wasn't quick enough.

"Would you wait just a minute, Heather?" It was Mrs. Chaplain. "With your permission, Headmaster?"

He nodded.

"Having seen you on the television being interviewed, I've asked Dr. Reynolds to loan you one of the school video cameras. I'd like you to interview the other Program Parti... sorry, Naked Program Participants, on their experiences, to make a documentary for the Committee, and later for us to show to other school staff before they start to run a Program."

That actually sounded like fun. "Okay."

"Why don't you get someone to help you by operating the camera, then you can interview the others more easily?"

Then Dr. Reynolds spoke. "You can pick up the camera from Mrs. Johnson after school."

I nodded and left, finally, a lot more tired than I had been before the meeting.

It was between lessons. "Hi, you're back. Have you any idea what's up with Suzie?" asked one of my classmates.

I looked at her blankly. What now? I thought.

"She went running out of school in tears and some of the teachers ran out after her," she continued.

"Why?"

"Nobody knows exactly, that's why I was asking you. Something to do with a row with Laura, I think."

"Laura?"

""Yeah, they're lovers, you know. No, I suppose you don't."

"No, I didn't."

Having seen them on telly, I should have guessed though.

"Is Laura okay?" I asked.

"She's fine. She was in my fifth lesson."

I was a zombie in my next lesson. I felt drained, exhausted, as if everything that had happened had just sucked all the energy out of me.

Finally, near the end of that lesson the teacher said, "Why don't you go to Nurse and have a lie down for a while."

Nurse was great. "I've pulled the curtains, so you can have a little nap. Don't worry, I'll wake you when school's over."

"I won't sleep, I'm just knackered," I said, "I mean, exhausted."

"Just rest then." She closed the door.

I was wrong. My head hit the pillow and I was out like a light.

The next thing I knew was Nurse waking me. "Home time. Are you okay?"

I felt groggy. She handed me a cup of strong coffee. "This'll wake you up."

It was hot and I took a while to drink it.

When I got outside, Sam and Shelley were waiting for me.

"Sam, you were wonderful last night," I had to say.

"I know, but thank you."

She thanked us for our help. "We weren't even there," I objected.

She said how now she had all of us to care about her, nothing else was quite as important as it had been.

"So you weren't nervous then?" asked Shelley.

Sam laughed. "More than ever, because I wanted you all to be proud of me. But no, it wasn't life or death any more. If I did badly, it wasn't the end of the world."

"If I had some money on me, I'd take you out and buy you a drink to celebrate," I said.

Luckily Sam had money, so she insisted on taking US for a drink. She even stripped her uniform off again when she discovered that we had no clothes to get dressed into.

We drank a toast in a pub not too far from school. "To friends," Sam said, then she told us that Shel and I were invited to a party at Tanya Worthington's on Saturday night. Laura and Suzie were going and so were the Program boys. I was going to need a new bikini, and so was Sam, so we decided to go shopping in the morning. Shel said she'd wear something she already had, but she's coming with us anyway and I bet she finds something obscenely brief, not just for her, but for Sam and me as well. Oh well, why fight it? Shel usually gets her way with something like this.

As we watched Sam's bus leave afterwards, the pub was not far from the bus station, Shelley turned to me, shaking her head, "And you were worried about her. You thought you'd failed us all. Well, you didn't."

Had Dr. Reynolds told her about our PRIVATE conversation? "Did Dr. Reynolds say...?"

"No, Sis. But sometimes, you're real easy to read."

"Great. Does everyone know how I've been worrying?"

"I doubt it. Just those of us who love you."

I had to hug her. "Thanks, Shel."

But she hadn't finished. "But do us a favour? You know you wrote about feeling alone last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're not. So instead of getting all stewed up inside, talk to us."

"Yes Ma'am, little Sis."

When I got home I went to my room to be alone. What a rollercoaster of a week! Even the last twenty-four hours has been crazy.

Bits and pieces of last night began to bounce around in my brain, as if they were bouncing on those trampolines at the club. Club Color, what an awesome place! I couldn't recall ever even hearing of anywhere like it before. You could fit Ws into its back pocket and still have enough room left over for.. I don't know, I couldn't finish the thought but I think you get what I mean.

Shel was really in her element there. Talk about a duck and water. From the moment she landed at the bottom of that slide with the zip on her skirt all the way up and her pussy smiling at everyone until the end of the games when she and Laura really got it on, I don't think she stopped to take a breath once. I had this silly notion (or maybe not that silly) of Shel telling the owners of Ws in great detail where their club was lacking. I know I complain about her a lot, but I really shouldn't. Somehow she doesn't just land on her feet every single time, she makes all of us around her feel better than we did before she blasted her way into whatever we were doing.

Look at what she did to Dr. Reynolds at dinner last night. I should say "for Dr. Reynolds" instead. I don't think he's ever laughed like that with students before. And then he opened up to us, not like he was lecturing us but much more like I might be with one of my friends. I know he has to be strict with us to do his job properly, but maybe, just maybe, he won't be quite so uptight all of the time now.

And trust Shel to find someone to have sex with on the plane. For two sisters, we're so different.

But she wasn't just shallow little happy-go-lucky Shelley as I'd always thought. I remembered how she'd tried to rescue me at Morning Groping last week. And just now. I thought I'd kept all my worries to myself and she'd known all along. Perhaps if I stopped treating her as a kid sister, I might not be so tired. All the same, I laughed to myself, if she disappears like that again and worries me sick, I'll kill her!

I'd forgotten to tell her what Mr. Thompson had said, but that could wait. There were so many changes and I needed time to get my head around them all.

I really ought to go and check that Suzie's okay, but then Shelley banged on the door. "Mum just rang from work. She's given me a shopping list for food. Eric's coming to dinner tonight. Oh and we've got to wear something nice, not Shelleyish she said, she doesn't want to scare him off straightaway."

I could hear Mum saying that and grinned.

But just as we were about to leave, the door bell rang. It was Jed. "Hi, Heather. Dr. Reynolds said you forgot to collect this and asked if I could bring it to you if I was going to see you. I didn't even know you were back." He sounded upset and looked a bit angry.

"I'm sorry, Jed. I wasn't feeling well and spent most of the afternoon asleep in the sick room."

The anger disappeared from his face to be replaced with concern. "You're alright now?"

"Yeah. I was just overtired, that's all."

"Excuse me," interrupted Shelley. "I'll get the shopping. I think you two need some time together. Don't forget to get ready for later." And she disappeared out of the door before I could say anything.

"Later?"

"Yeah, Mum's got a boyfriend and she's invited him to dinner to... Meet The Family."

"Yuk."

"Actually he sounds nice. And Mum's so happy."

"That's okay then. What's the camera for?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Can you work a camera?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Then you can help me. I've been asked to do a documentary, interview all the Program girls and boys about our experiences. The only thing is, they want it for the inquiry and they are coming up here on Monday."

"Sure. We can probably do most of it tomorrow."

"Yeah, you're probably right." But then I remembered, "Shel and I've been invited to Tanya's party tomorrow night, so we're gonna do a quick bit of bikini shopping in Nelson Square tomorrow. Sam'll be coming too."

Jed laughed.

"What?"

"It's just that where girls are concerned, 'quick' and 'shopping' don't usually fit into the same sentence."

But then he looked all serious all of a sudden. "Heather, I was worried about you."

"Me? Why? Shelley was the one who went missing."

"I knew you'd be worried sick and blaming yourself. And you had that awful inquiry thing about your, your..."

"You can say it, my rape."

"Okay, your rape. And that idiot Gordon sent you off naked as well."

"I'm okay."

"You don't sound it."

"Thanks."

"Heather. I know we started badly, but I'm your friend."

"You know what I really want right now?" I asked.

"No, what?"

"This." I unzipped his trousers and pulled out his cock and began to wank him. Then I pulled him upstairs to my bedroom and moved my mouth over his cock. I had this weird feeling of having come home.

I soon had him hard, so I pulled down my jeans and knickers and lay back on the bed.

"Fuck me hard, Jed. Fuck my brains out."

He got on top of me and I felt him enter me. Then he did exactly as I'd said. He rammed himself in and out, harder and harder, faster and faster, until both of us came and he collapsed on top of me.

"Christ, I needed that," I said, but Jed looked at me suspiciously.

"Mum'll be home soon, and I need to tidy up for our dinner party tonight. Can you ring me in the morning so we can organise these interviews?"

He looked a little hurt, but gave a cheerful grin. As he pulled on his clothes, he said, "Sure. We'll wow that committee on Monday, okay?"

I smiled back.

As I let him out the door, he turned and said, "Don't think I'm complaining about the sex, I'm not. But I want to take care of you, not just fuck your brains out."

"I know," I said quietly.

"I'm here when you need me, just don't forget it." Before I could answer he was jogging(!) down the street.

I watched him go and closed the door quietly. I felt guilty as hell. I'd used sex (okay, great sex!) to keep him away from me, and what was worse, he knew it. I'd hurt him, yet I felt dirty and used... with no one to blame except myself.

That's the end of my two weeks in the Program and the end of this journal.

But there's too many things left unanswered and it feels incomplete. I think the choir party might be fun, and god knows, I could use some simple fun. Then there's meeting Eric tonight.

I've kind of got used to sharing our thoughts between us girls (and trying to make some sense of it all in a journal), so it's going to feel a bit empty otherwise.

And right now, I feel like I'm a mess. I'm not sure I'd feel comfortable being counselled by Mrs. Townley. As I said to Dr. Reynolds, she's a friend, but at least we can talk sometime and maybe she can point me in the right direction.

I think, tomorrow, when I interview the others, I'm going to suggest that we at least write what happens up to the assembly Monday, and perhaps what happens at the inquiry too.

Although this is the end of Heather's Program journal, it is not the end of her story, which continues in "Conclusions & Continuations".

http://www.nakedinschool.net/ConsCons/

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I'd really love to hear what you think. I welcome criticism and compliments alike, (okay, I guess I prefer compliments, I'm only human!)

While these stories are in progress, I'd also welcome suggestions and ideas. If I don't use an idea in this story, perhaps I will later.

Chrissy Giles

Email chrissy@chrissygiles.com

Shelley's Story - http://www.nakedinschool.net/shelley/Shelley.htm

MONDAY

Hi, I'm Shelley and I'm not in the program, but my big sister is. Normally it's only people IN the program that write a journal, but anyone who knows me will know that I can't stay silent for long.

We are a fairly normal one parent family. Me, Heather, that's my sister and our Mum. Sis and I fought a LOT and when we weren't fighting we were teasing or playing tricks on each other.

I usually got the best of the teasing 'cause I've got more confidence than is good for me (as Mum always says) and Heather wouldn't say boo to a goose. She's not painfully shy or anything like that, but you can see her envy her friend Laura, who's a part time stripper and model.

It's Heather I envy. She's the one with brains in our family. Okay she's not brilliant, but she's the one with sense. She studies hard and knows what she wants. I know what I want, go for it without thinking and fall flat on my face.

I also envy Laura, not because she's got money or a body to die for or anything like that, though I'd love to be able to turn men on like she does, but because she's Heather's best friend and I want to be. I love my big sis like mad, but could never tell her, we're just not that close.

MONDAY morning

Got up as usual. Decided to play a joke on Heather by only waking her up with a shout as I left for School. If she's hungry all morning till lunchtime it'll teach her to finish all the ice cream yesterday evening without leaving ME any. It's not fair that she can eat anything and stay like a bean-pole, while I only have to look at a chocolate cake and put on 10 lbs.

Weird stories at school about some girl wandering around in the nude. God, some people will do anything for attention.

TUESDAY

Wonder what's up with Sis? She came running in last night, slammed the door and wouldn't speak to us. Then this morning she got up and went out really early. I think it was Laura's mum's car outside when she went out. Something's wrong. I wish we were close. I feel rotten that she can't talk to me about whatever it is.

SHIT SHIT SHIT. Went to assembly (see cultural notes) and they told us about something called the program. I was just thinking that I'd just DIE if it happened to me, and then Heather walked onto the stage. Naked, yes N - A - K - E - D. No wonder she was upset last night.

This pamphlet is incredible. When you're in the program you get forced to pose and spread your legs to let everyone look at you. You get groped. It doesn't say that, but that's what it means. One boy from the year above was even going round saying he'd licked that slut out in Biology. In English I got the assignment to write this journal. The program, sister's point of view. Well my point of view is it stinks.

I saw Heather at lunch today. She was being poked and grabbed by a whole gang of boys. Even from where I was I could see she was crying. I was going to run over and pull them away, but a boy tried that. Then he shouted at them and they stopped. I'm glad she didn't see me looking, that would probably have made it worse, if that's possible. Or maybe I was just a coward.

I'm ashamed of myself tonight. I didn't go home from school, I went to the town library. I even did some studying. Anything rather than face Heather. No wonder she didn't talk to me last night, but went to Laura this morning. Some friend I'd be. She's hurting like mad and I'm too scared to even see her.

When I got in this evening, Heather had already gone to bed. I found the open page of her journal. In big letters it says I am completely alone. I was about to read the rest of it when Mum called me downstairs for supper. When I went back upstairs, she'd obviously woken up and locked it in her bag. I watched her sleep for a while. Even sleeping she was restless and looked upset. And I'd failed her badly, first at lunchtime, then by avoiding her this evening. I didn't even back her up when Mum told me about the row she had with Heather. Some sister I am.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast was awful. Nobody said a word. There was so much I wanted to say to her and I didn't. We don't walk to school together so she got her things ready and headed for the door. I couldn't stand it any longer. I ran in front of her, blocking the door. I hadn't expected to be pushed down the steps. Ow that hurt. I had to say something. "Sis, I just wanted to say I love you." Oh God, well done Shel. As if she hasn't got enough to deal with you made her cry. We hugged, big style as Laura would say.

I tried to make light of it as we walked to school, together. I told her how proud I was and how hot she looked. Then she told me to go in ahead of her. She was about to get groped all to hell and she was worried about how I'd feel? I looked at her pleading with me and I just felt so much love I wanted to burst. A crazy idea came to me. I wouldn't fail her this time.

"Ok, Sis," I said and ran ahead. I went to the box where she had to put her clothes and stood by it. I undid my blouse and dropped my skirt. I shut my eyes trying to pretend I was just in my room at home, but the noise was too much. Someone undid my bra and pulled that off of me and two guys yanked my knickers down. The jeering got louder, then someone shoved fingers up me. FUCK that hurt.

I wanted to run, but hands were all over me, grabbing, pinching. Someone even had a finger up my arse. But it was working. I could see Heather coming and nobody had noticed her. DON'T let her see how you feel, I thought.

"I can't help you the rest of the day, but I can distract them now for you." I said trying to grin at her. I didn't realise until afterwards that tears were streaming down my face, so I wasn't going to fool anybody. The pain was getting worse and I could feel blood. Those fingers had gone right through my hymen. Someone pushed me harder and I fell on the floor. Heather handed me my blouse and lifted my legs to put my skirt on me. Someone obviously shoved inside her hard because she nearly fell on me. She said something about underwear and told me I was brave. If only she knew how I'd let her down.

I saw fear in her eyes as she saw some of the larger boys come up to her. Then one of them gave her flowers, can you believe that?

I heard rumours she'd been gangbanged. Others said she'd given blow jobs to a hundred boys and they squirted their cum all over her. While I was at the library I found out about this program and the awful things girls in America had been made to do. And now it was poor Heather.

WEDNESDAY evening

Somebody do me and the world a favour and kill me. Heather was late back from school. She came back in a police car, naked. Mum went out to meet her and I was behind. Then I heard this. The Policeman's just asked her how you get picked for this program and she answered "It's supposed to be random but the two who were picked were off sick with the flu so they picked whoever was late into school."

I know I'm a coward but I ran inside and threw myself on my bed. All I could keep saying or thinking was "It's my fault, it's my fault." Everything Heather was going through was my fault.

I ran to the toilet and started throwing up. She knelt beside me and hugged me. How could she DO that? We talked, I mean really talked for the first time and she didn't hate me.

She washed me in the shower and she was so gentle. She tried to wash me down below, but I was too sore, even though she was gentle. I told her I wasn't a virgin any more after this morning. That's not true she said, but I don't feel like a virgin any more. I just feel dirty.

She thought I'd been with boys. We really didn't know each other did we? I asked if she'd have to lose hers this week, really wanting to get her to tell me about the gangbang.

She was still a virgin, but thanks to me she wouldn't be soon. All she wanted to talk about was how brave I'd been this morning. Yeah right. I get her into this hell, I let her down on Tuesday, avoid her Tuesday night, do one thing, which just meant standing there trying not to cry on Wednesday and she thinks I'm wonderful. She tried talking me out of doing it again, then dropped a bombshell.

She's got to do TWO weeks. TWO weeks of the program, how can anyone be that cruel?

I made her tell me everything. No secrets any more. Wow! She has Gerald Claymore for Art. I Wish. We giggled over that.

I begged her not to tell Mum about this morning. She wouldn't understand.

Damn right she wouldn't. She wouldn't believe Heather when she told her how bad it was. So I showed her. I yanked down my pyjamas and showed her. Oh SHIT. So much for not telling her.

Heather was wonderful. She told Mum how brave I was to stop her getting angry at me. Mum wanted to take her off the Program, but Heather said no, she needed the marks or something.

We cuddled up on Mum's lap like we haven't done for years, then they packed me off to the kitchen to cook. They must really need time alone if they're willing to suffer MY cooking.

I went to bed that night a total mix-up. Guilty - God I felt guilty.. My pussy still hurt like hell. But Heather and I are real sisters at last. I just wish she wasn't paying the price for it. But if she thinks she's doing it alone, she's got another think coming.

Shelley, part 2

THURSDAY

Heather tried to stop me stripping with her this morning, but while she was trying to stop her clothes being ripped off, I ran away from her, and stripped off my blouse and skirt. I'd planned this and saved time with no underwear.

"Come and get me, boys," I shouted, "I'll do more than she will." I laid myself spreadeagled on the ground. I was closing my eyes and gritting my teeth expecting the pain, but it didn't come.

Everyone else had gone and a teacher was telling us off. We had to go to the headmaster (see cultural notes) after school. DAMN.

I didn't see her until we were in the head's office. He was almost shouting at Heather telling her off for getting me to help her.

"She didn't," I shouted. I hadn't realised I'd shouted that until he told me not to shout. Apparently I was crying, although I didn't notice it at the time.

He made us sit down and I explained how it was all my fault and it should be me on the program. I begged him to let her off.

"I don't want to be let off," she said. I know it sounds trite but if I'd been standing up you could have knocked me down with a feather.

She went on to tell us what she'd learned from the program and she made it sound good.

He asked her why she'd got me to help her if it was so good.

I interrupted and told him it was my idea and how bad it was in the mornings. Then I stood up and showed him. He was shocked and asked her why she'd let me do it a second time.

"She didn't," I piped up. I was interrupting again. "Sorry."

She explained that she could never stop me doing anything and called me a hurricane. We laughed. Hey I like that. Hurricane Shelley.

He wanted me to promise not to do it again, but I wouldn't until he promised that he would be there to stop things getting out of hand.

We went to the dining hall and Heather had another girl licking her pussy. She was enjoying it so I said that I wanted a go. I lay on the table next to her and we held hands while lots of girls licked us. We licked them too.

Then we kissed and I know it's wrong but I kissed her back with my tongue. We washed each other in the showers and said that we loved each other.

She told me how great I was and that she'd never have done it without me.

I told her "Superslut, you can do anything."

When she asked if that's what they were calling her I nodded, but after all, I said, "If you've got to be a slut, it's better to be a superslut."

I put my clothes in her clothes box by the entrance and we walked home holding hands. I'd finally made friends with my sister and I wanted to burst. Life couldn't BE more perfect.

FRIDAY

I failed her again this morning. Okay I know she made me leave her to walk in alone but I shouldn't have done it. She didn't arrive and both the headmaster and I were worried. He was worried enough to get the police to find her. We heard yelling and both of us ran towards the sound together. She'd been raped and not once. There I said it. All day I hadn't been able to use the word.

We took her back to school wrapped in a blanket and I helped the nurse to wash her in the shower. It was revolting.

I took her to the head's office and he told her that the program was over and he was sending her home. He wanted to call Mum, but I explained that she was flying to India for her job. Mum could have got a promotion if she'd travel more but she hated it when she had to go away and leave us. And now this happens when she's away.

Then the headmaster sent me to the gym find her some clothes. It took ages to find a gym teacher with the storeroom keys, but finally I ran back to the office with a school tracksuit.

When I returned to the head's office, she shocked us both. It started by her getting dressed, but then she just stood in front of the mirror, staring at herself, not moving. She didn't even hear us when we spoke to her.

Then suddenly she almost screamed "No." I realised that she was reliving it all and I tried to hug her. She twisted round and shoved me away. I could see that the headmaster was as worried as I was, when she spoke again. "NO!" she almost shouted. Her voice was different this time, it wasn't scared any more, it was angry.

Then she spoke more normally. "I'm not going to do this. I am not going to let them win. I am staying in the Program." As she said this, she got undressed, dropping the tracksuit on the floor.

You remember my sister? Timid Heather? Timid my arse. She wasn't asking, she was telling and we both knew it. But I didn't understand and neither did the headmaster.

For a minute we both stared at her, unable to react. Then the headmaster told her that that was impossible.

Her reply burned into me. "I can't let it end like this or they've won. I can't go through the rest of my life with that memory being the climax of this week."

Then she began to cry like I've never seen anyone cry before and I never want to again. She turned away from us. This time when I tried to hug her she clung to me like she was drowning. She held me so tightly that it hurt, but after letting her down so badly again this morning she could have asked me to walk on water or jump off a cliff for her and I would have done it somehow.

Finally she turned to the headmaster and pleaded "Please don't send me home." The poor headmaster didn't stand a chance. Nothing he tried to say was going to change her mind, so he gave up and told me to take her to get cleaned up for lessons (her face looked a mess).

When she was ready, she sent me away saying "I need to do this alone, Sis, or I'll never be able to." Feeling a mixture of fear for her and hurt for myself, I left her in the shower.

I saw her briefly at lunchtime, holding hands with a naked Suzanne Peters of all people, one of the bitchiest girls in school and being made love to by Tony. No, strike that, being fucked by Tony. It was hard and she was loving every second. Even I laughed when I heard her shout "WOW" when it was over. I stayed away from her, though, because I knew she needed her space.

I met her outside after school and she was still with Suzanne and both were still naked. I stripped off and joined them. All three holding hands with Heather in the middle walking straight into.. a TV interview.

Oh WOW. (I use that word a lot don't I, but if you'd been with us this week, you'd use it a lot too.)

Heather told them about the program and how it had made her strong enough to cope with what happened this morning.

I don't remember much of what I said when I was asked. If you want to know, it's all in Heather's journal. She cheated and recorded the interview off the telly and got it down word for word.

The three of us went out clubbing with Laura, Heather's best friend, that night. Heather was awful. She had a gangbang on stage and it only stopped when Laura did a lesbian act on her. We snuck her out of the club and drove her home.

(Note, added Sunday night: Apparently Laura is writing a journal too. She describes the sex show they did that night in detail. I was too upset to watch. )

I washed her and we put her to bed. Suzie and Laura and me sat downstairs, just staring at each other. That wasn't Heather any more. I'd just found my sister and I'd lost her again. It sounds selfish but I was crying as much for me as for her.

SATURDAY

Laura and Heather had a row this morning. Suzie and I joined in. I ended up calling Heather an ungrateful bitch and I meant it.

We found out that Heather was helping with the dunk tank for three hours, then the pie throwing target in the stocks. Help I said? The other bitches in bikinis decided it was too cold and walked off leaving Heather to be dunked over and over again on her own dressed in a thin white t-shirt and knickers that went completely see-through every time she was dunked.

When we got there Suzie and I gave her a break. There were plenty of spare shirts and knickers. Shit, the bitches were right about one thing, that water was C.O.L.D. When Heather came back she nearly drowned on her first dunk and we dragged her out. She'd obviously had as much as she could take of that. She apologised for earlier and we hugged and kissed. She went off to find Laura to apologise to and we carried on with the dunking.

How Suzie and I survived the next two hours I don't know. I've never been so cold in my life. Of course the guys loved it. I've got rather prominent nipples anyway, but they had two pairs of nipples you could hang coats on to look at every time we went in that water.

Laura and Heather were working the pie throwing in the stocks. I wished we could swap, but I'd seen Laura's bum after last night and she couldn't hide the bruising with make-up in the dunk tank.

When the daytime fair was over, we had a meeting with the headmaster about improvements to the program. As Heather noted down everything that was said, it would be silly for me to repeat it, you can just read Heather's story.

When he told us the three of us were going to be in the program next week I could have hugged him. I was really hoping he'd say that. It's a bit scary but I love being the centre of attention and this is gonna be wild.

It's weird. A few days ago I hated the program and everything it meant. But it had brought me close to my sister for the first time, made me friends with Laura and Suzie of all people who turned out to be a lot nicer than I'd thought. And it made my little wallflower big sister into someone I could look up to. And best of all, the headmaster had accepted all our suggestions for changes.

Afterwards we went round the party, all four of us hand in hand. I ate far too much, and then we went mud wrestling together. I've always wanted to do that. It was ACE.

We chatted in the shower together. Suzie got nervous so Heather went down on her. Watching them made me feel so much love I could burst. It also made me horny as hell. I knelt down in front of Laura, looked up and said, "May I?"

She pushed me on my back and we got into a 69. Apparently I'm a gusher. She must have liked the taste as she kept me gushing for hours. She wasn't exactly complaining about what my tongue was doing to her pussy either.

We had arranged to ring Mum on Saturday. I sat with Heather while she told Mum about the rape and everything. She DIDN'T mention what she did in the nightclub.

But the amazing thing is, Mum has a boyfriend. She's actually been doing it with a man she's working with out there. I think she thought she'd shock us, but I think it's great. It's time she thought about something apart from work. But as I said to Heather, "You don't think about your own mother doing it, do you?"

We're going to have LOTS to talk about when she gets home.

Nothing happening tomorrow. Roll on Monday. I'm gonna be a Program girl.

Shelley, part 3

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Assembly

I'M IN THE PROGRAM!

I woke up this morning and the first thing I thought of was "I'm going in the program today!". Okay I'd spent most of the weekend naked anyway, but this was different. What is the program? Only the best excuse for a girl to get laid a lot without everyone saying she's a slut all the time.

Okay, halfway through last week I hated the program. And my own introduction to it, trying to help Heather, was a little painful to say the least. But with all the changes that were going to happen it's gonna be great. I must admit though, I wouldn't have volunteered to speak to the assembly this morning like Heather did.

I raced into Heather's room shouting "I'm in the Program. I'm in the Program!"

She said "No, you're not."... "Not for another hour" I said we liked teasing each other didn't I? She's my big sister but I was always more confident than her, but not any more, not since the Program.

I couldn't stop talking about it all the way through breakfast. It's just as well Mum was away because I told Heather all the things I want to do this week, like sex, sex and more sex. I'm mean I know Mum's open-minded, that's why she wanted Heather in the program in the first place, not for the sex, but to give her confidence and boy did it, but I think I might have embarrassed even her! Heather gave a TV interview in the nude on Friday, and her photo and mine and Suzie's were on some of the front pages of most of the newspapers, though they'd deliberately put little black boxes to hide our pussies and boobs. Some of them had more photos inside and they weren't blacked out. We've saved all the newspapers and I wonder what Mum'll say when she sees them.

I couldn't wait to get to school and strip off, till Heather reminded me that nobody was supposed to know I was going in the Program until it was announced in assembly.

At the end of the normal assembly stuff, the headmaster introduced Heather, like anyone didn't know my sister by now.

When she asked who could have believed that she'd be able to stand up there naked and address the school, I had my hand up. She made a joke about me and everyone laughed. Ok, I am her little sister, but they didn't know Heather. She might have been shy, but she never gave up on anything in her life, not like me. She wouldn't agree, but I think she can do anything.

I spent the whole time wishing she'd shut up and read out my name. When she finally started reading the names of who is in the Program this week, she read my name first. I jumped up and started cheering. I ran up the steps onto the stage and almost tore off my clothes. I felt like throwing them into the crowd below, but thought better of it at the last second.

"Seeing as my little sister Shelley kept trying to join me in the program last week, it was thought that it was simpler just to put her in it. It's less trouble. Before I call the next name, can I just point out that you have to come up here. You do not have to take your clothes off up here."

Everyone laughed, including me. I was so happy I didn't care if they were laughing with me or at me. I felt a bit sorry for Suzie. She was blushing (Suzie ALWAYS blushes) and didn't look at all happy. I saw Laura take Suzie's hand to reassure her.

The boys didn't look happy either. One was blushing more than Suzie. I later found out his name was Stephen and he was a virgin. That didn't last long thanks to Suzie.

There was another girl, someone called Samantha, but she didn't come up to the stage.

We went into a room backstage and Heather reminded me to get my clothes. I went back out to get them and did a cartwheel on the stage.

When I got back Heather had got everyone to take their clothes off. Laura got naked, but the boys were slower and more reluctant. Suzie was even slower. I felt a bit guilty about enjoying myself so much when I saw how she was shaking. I was going to help her when Heather knelt down in front of her. She started licking her pussy. She stopped to explain that although today was "no touching", we could do what we wanted amongst ourselves, so long as the other one was okay about it.

She got one of the boys to take over licking Suzie. She had Suzie so worked up she didn't care who was doing it so long as someone did!

Laura was being greedy, being fucked by Christopher as she sucked on Gerald's cock.

Then Heather went over to Jed and shoved his cock straight into her mouth. The look on his face was brilliant. I gotta do that.

I went to Lenny who was nearest to me. "Do you mind?" I took his open mouth to be "No I don't mind," so I took hold of my first real cock. I kissed it on the tip then started licking it as I'd seen Heather do. He said "Please" so I put it in my mouth a bit at a time, seeing how much I could get in and still be able to breathe.

I didn't get it all in, then I sucked on it and started moving it in and out of my mouth. "I'm gonna cum," he said. I wanted to be really dirty like the girls in porno films so as I felt it twitch I pulled it out and pointed it at my face. It squirted out all over my face. In fact some got in my hair.

I put some on my finger and tasted it. Mmm. A bit salty but nice with it. I could get to like this.

He made me lie on the floor and he lay down with his head between my legs. I've only ever had this done to me by girls before, so I hoped he thought I was nice down there. He didn't seem to mind anyway as he started licking me and putting his finger in and out of me. It was kinda nice having a boy do it, different to a girl.

I saw Jed fucking Heather. I sat up and called out "Wait everyone, I want everyone to watch me lose my virginity."

Lenny asked me if I was sure. "Yeah, and I'm losing it to a really nice guy."

"If you're sure," he said. He didn't sound that enthusiastic.

"Well if you don't want it, I'm sure I can find someone else. I won't bleed 'cause I got fingered too rough last week."

"Oh I want it alright, Lie back down."

I lay down but watched as he came close to my pussy. It's a pity I can't look at it from down there. But I could sure feel it. He was really slow and gentle, but it was tantalising. I still felt a bit of pain, so he stopped. "It's okay." He carried on deeper. I felt so full.

He started to pull out and at first I wanted to stop him, then he pushed back in again and I gasped. Out, In, Out, In, getting faster. When I came I felt my vagina gripping his cock and it felt so incredible I just said "Oh, Lenny." He pulled out of me and I could feel his cum running down to my bum.

I sat up smiling. "Now there's no virgins here."

But I was wrong. "Actually I've had blowjobs, but never actually...."said Stephen looking embarrassed.

"Your turn, Suzie," Laura and I both said together, then laughed.

Suzie looked a bit embarrassed herself. "You don't have to," he said.

She answered him by reaching over and kissing his cock. "Come and get it," she said as she opened her legs really wide, "Slam it in me." Hmm. Note to self. Have to remember that phrase.

I quickly raced over to lay down beside her so I could watch it go in. It was ACE. "YEAH" I said when it was all in, then Heather pulled me away.

He didn't last as long as Lenny. "Nice!" he said afterwards.

We suddenly noticed another girl, standing at the door, fully clothed, staring at us looking scared. "You must be Samantha," said Heather. The girl nodded.

Laura wouldn't let me go to class with cum all over my face, so we all went to the boys showers to clean up, leaving Heather and Laura with Samantha.

"I want everyone to grope me so I know what it's like," I said.

"But you know what it's like," said Suzie, who had heard about the previous week.

"I mean when they're not all trying to ram their whole hands into me."

Stephen started by gently stroking my boobs, then my pussy, slipping a finger into me. He might have been a virgin until a few minutes ago, but his fingers knew what they were doing. Whew. I leaned back against the wall with my legs apart. The other boys lifted me away from the wall and joined in, touching me everywhere. At one point I had a finger from each of them up in my pussy. I french kissed each of them in turn. I came too quickly, I want this to go on and on.

Then Suzie surprised us all by saying "My turn. I'm dreading this, so I'd better get it over with." They all began to stroke and finger her. She didn't exactly look like she was hating it.

I noticed that Heather, Laura and Samantha had joined us and Samantha still looked like she was facing a firing squad.

Now the boys were taking it in turns to finger Suzie, and every time she was close to coming that boy stopped and another one would take over.

"My arse too," she said. "I have to know what it's like."

I bent down so I could see their fingers in both her pussy and her arse. She got more and more worked up until she screamed "Now someone fuck my arse."

Jed carefully smeared her own juices over her arsehole and pushed his cock into her. I could see it was a bit painful on her face and so could Jed, so he slowed down even more.

As he moved in and out of her, she began to breathe quicker, then she relaxed totally, nearly falling on the floor, but luckily the other boys caught her. "WOW!" she said. That's what I thought too.

"I wanna do that," I said,

"Sorry, Shel," said Jed, "I think we should go back into the changing room." I must have looked really disappointed because then he said "Don't worry, this is only day 1."

"I wanna try everything in the world."

Heather smiled, said "Leave something for the rest of the week," and laughed.

When we got there Jed amazed me by asking Samantha for a reasonable request. She had to sit on the table and show her pussy. I thought it was easy, but she didn't.

Jed, Heather and Laura had to help her. But she did okay. I wasn't paying much attention to her because I was cross that we'd had to come in here when I wanted to get fucked up the arse. I do know that she must have said something nasty to Jed as he went white and ran out the door.

But now it was time for class.

Shelley, part 4

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Morning

I left Samantha at her class and ran to mine. Some of the boys whistled when I went in and the girls laughed.

"That's enough of that," said Mr. Holland, my chemistry teacher.

"I don't mind," I said.

"I do. We have work to do. Now, before you were kind enough to honour us with your presence, we were discussing a problem. All of the teachers are under instructions to try to use program participants when we have them in class. That is easy for art and biology, but I could not think of a way to use a naked student in chemistry."

"Oh." My disappointment must have shown in my face as some of them laughed again.

"Don't worry, Miss Hoover, give a class of boys the chance to make the most of having a naked girl in class and they are guaranteed to come up with something. And they have. So, perhaps, Mr. Hastings, you can explain. You'd better come up to the front."

"We want to know the difference in the chemical composition of your er, juices, normally and after you cum, I mean orgasm, you know using your fingers and..."

"Yes, I think she gets the picture."

"Oh, I'm not sure I can do that," I said

"I don't believe it," shouted out Kiera, one of my friends, "Shelley's never shy."

More laughter, including from me.

"No, it's not that, but I just came, rather a lot, and I just lost my virginity, so it wouldn't work."

"Can't we watch her anyway?" said Tim Hastings hopefully.

"No we can't. Contrary to some people's belief, this is a school not a petting zoo. (see cultural notes) Perhaps before the next lesson, Miss Hoover, you can try to restrain your sexual urges?"

"That might be a problem, sir," I said. "When we get to school, everyone will want to touch and play with us, so it's kinda hard."

"Hmm. Perhaps this is a petting zoo. Okay," he continued, "Can anyone think of any other ideas?"

"I can, sir," I volunteered. "Although I can't give a sample from before I came, there is something I wondered, seriously."

"Yes?"

"Well, Laura says that I'm a squirter. What does that mean and what do I squirt?"

"You mean that you want us to analyse it?"

"Hmm. Would that do?" I asked, already getting turned on at the thought that I have to wank in front of the whole class.

He selected one of the boys and one of the girls to hold glasses, one to try to catch any "squirting" and one to hold the glass to catch anything that ran down.

"You must be ready to get in position when Shelley is ready to cum," instructed Mr. Holland.

And so I began. I was already wet from the thought of what I was going to do, so without any delay I simply pushed my middle finger into my pussy. Normally when I wank, I close my eyes, but this time I kept them open, watching the faces of the boys, and girls, as they watched what I was doing. I watched one of the boys' eyes as my fingers got faster and faster. If they could, they'd have grown stalks and popped out.

I slowed down and relaxed, not because I needed to, but to tease them. The boy whose eyes I had been watching glanced up and saw me looking at him, then dropped his eyes again, embarrassed.

I speeded up again and soon began to breathe hard. I felt the cold glass against my pussy lips and closed my eyes as I came with an intensity I'd never known, not even this morning.

I suddenly felt shy and sat up.

"Can I go to get cleaned up please, sir?" I asked.

"Yes, of course," he replied.

I went to the showers and turned on the cold water until my skin was almost numb. What had I just done?

As I dried myself, I pictured the view they'd had. As I carefully dried my pussy lips I thought about my morning so far and smiled.

This might be weird or exhibitionist or even perverted, but it was fun and I liked the thought of all those boys being uncomfortably sat in class because of what I'd just done, probably wishing that they could ask for relief as the boys in the program could.

Back in class I found that only one sample MIGHT be enough and even that was a tiny amount. It would be tomorrow before we would get the results, if they came out at all.

Between classes several boys wanted me to masturbate again. "I'm sorry, I came so much in class, I don't think I could, and if I do it now, I'll make myself sore and won't be able to do as much later." Disappointed, they accepted my answer.

As they drifted away a couple of girls came up to me. "Can you hold yourself really wide open please? I want to see what I am like down there."

"Sure, have a good look."

I lay back and held myself open far enough that they could see everything. "You don't have to stand that far away. You can come close and look inside, it's okay."

They looked shy. "Sorry I didn't mean to embarrass you," I said.

They knelt down right between my legs and took turns looking up inside me. I could feel their breath on my pussy and a shiver went through me.

They got up. One said, "It's different from looking in books and it's hard trying to look at myself in a mirror."

The other said, "Thank you, but I'm glad I'm not in the program. I could never do what you have to do, like let us all look inside you."

"Why not?"

"I'd just die," she replied.

"You'd get used to it. After all, it's just a body, nothing to be ashamed of. Why don't you show each other, so you can both see what you're like?"

"I don't know, it's embarrassing."

"How about if I meet you after school and I can help you?"

"Oh, er, I don't know."

"Well if you change your mind, just meet me at the clothes boxes at the main entrance after school."

"Okay," they both said as they went off.

My next lesson was History and I was actually quite glad that nobody could find anything for me to do. I heard lots of whispering behind me through the lesson but managed to get my work done.

Between lessons I had more requests to show my pussy and had to masturbate once. Then someone wanted to see my arse, so I put my knees up to my shoulders and held my bum open as far as I could. He gently blew on my arsehole! I jerked up, startled.

"I didn't touch you," he said.

"No, I know." I got back into position and he did it again. It was a weird feeling but nice at the same time. Without being asked, I began to touch my pussy again, but had to let go of one of my bum cheeks. "You can hold my bum," I said, "It's okay."

He was a little rough pulling me apart, "Hey, careful!"

"Sorry."

I began to finger myself again, and accidentally knocked him in the face he was so close. I felt his breath in my arsehole again and continued.

This was amazing. I had a guy holding my bum open, blowing gently on my arsehole, with his eyes inches from my pussy as I fingered myself like crazy.

I didn't take long to cum and as I relaxed, he took my hand and sucked my fingers clean.

"Nice," he said.

"Have some more," I said, taking his hand and wiping it over my pussy.

I reached for his trousers, but the damned bell went again.

That lesson I didn't get a lot of work done. I was too horny. The last orgasm hadn't calmed me down, it had made me worse.

Am I a nympho? I wondered.

Shelley, part 5

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunchtime, Afternoon and an incredible Evening

Of course I wanted to talk about everything and see if everyone else thought I was a nympho at lunch. But I got there last (stopped for too many reasonable requests) and the boys were already talking about their morning.

Then Heather, Laura and Jed had to go to help Samantha who was panicking somewhere. We sat more quietly and I was thinking.

"Am I stupid or something?" I asked nobody in particular.

"I take it you don't want an answer to that?" Lenny responded.

"What do you mean?" asked Suzie.

"I can't understand Samantha," I explained. "Okay, she's nervous, but when you're in the program, you're suddenly the centre of attention everywhere you go. People who ignored you last week now want to know you. Sure you have to pose a bit, but she managed that okay this morning, so what's the problem? It's not like anyone's even touched her yet."

Suzie answered, "Some people don't want to be the centre of attention. You love it. It scares the hell out of some of us." It scares her too? I didn't realise that! She continued, "The only time Samantha is ever noticed is when she sings and then she's safe, up on stage. And it's not just people wanting to know you. It's HOW they want to know you."

Stephen reminded me of how Heather had been at the beginning of last week. "It was like she was just a body, for us to look at and play with. We didn't want to know her, we wanted to use her. You're happy with being used like that, Samantha's not."

We continued to talk, then suddenly Gerald interrupted. "I think that unless someone does something, Sam's gonna crack up or something."

I almost felt guilty because I enjoyed it, and said so.

Christopher said, "It's great that you love it, but..."

"Yeah," said Lenny and we laughed, which broke the tension.

"So the program's a bad thing?" I asked.

Suzie said "No," and told us about a girl she'd been able to help who'd been scared that she might be a lesbian.

We decided that Sam needed support. As Suzie put it, "I don't think Sam can survive that long on her own."

"So what do we do?" I asked.

Nobody had an answer to that one.

When we'd finished lunch Suzie and I found ourselves the centre of attention again. As nobody could touch us, one boy asked, "Can you touch each other?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, teasing.

He went red and couldn't answer.

"Ignore her, she's just playing," Suzie grinned.

"I'm no..." I started to say, then Suzie cut me off by kissing me on the mouth, hard.

Her kiss soon softened and her tongue pushed into my mouth, while her hands pulled me close to her.

Her fingers began to roam from my shoulders to my bum, and I just stood there.

Her hands moved round to my front and soon found their way between my legs, while she lowered her head to lick my nipples.

Then the damned bell went for lessons, just as she'd got me worked up.

I was so worked up that when Mr Crumpton asked if I wanted relief, I said, "Yes, I think I need it. We had a reasonable request and Suzie got me all worked up and..:"

"That's okay. We don't need to hear the details." Some of the boys looked disappointed. "Do you want to give yourself relief or ask someone else? I think that's still allowed today."

"Ask somebody else."

"Any volunteers?" A lot of the boys' hands went up, but then I had sat with my legs wide open to make sure of that! To my surprise some of the girls' hands went up too.

I picked a shy-looking boy sat near the back. He tripped over the chair in front racing to get up. Everyone laughed.

"What should I do?" he asked.

GREAT. I need relief right now and he wants a lesson.

"Right now I don't care." I took his right hand and almost forced two of his fingers into me. He got the message and began moving them in and out. What he lacked in technique he made up for in energy and enthusiasm. To be honest I was so worked up already that almost anything would have tipped me over the edge, and sure enough, he did.

He looked a little shocked when I came.

"Thank you," I said, breathlessly.

"You're welcome," he said and returned to his seat. I managed to get to mine as well.

Between lessons, Laura stopped me. "Shel, you know Samantha better than the rest of us do."

"I hardly know her at all," I said, then explained, "just because we're in the same year it doesn't mean we share classes or anything. Why?"

"She had Ghastly Gordon this morning and it freaked her out. She seems to have coped with the posing requests, but she's dead scared of what's going to happen to her tomorrow. I can't think how to help her."

I thought for a second, then said, "Let's get together this evening. You've got a lounge big enough for all of us, do you think your mum will mind?"

"No, she's cool. She'd want to help anyway."

"Good, it might be good to have her there," I said. "I'll try to catch Samantha and you can invite the others to a petting party. But nobody mention what it is to Sam, okay?"

"Do you think that's a good idea after she freaked out today?" she wondered.

"Which do you think is better, a petting party or turning up at school for morning groping?" I argued.

"Okay," she agreed. "Eight o'clock okay?"

"Great. See ya."

This was gonna be fun!

Laura and I managed to let the others know. While I was putting my clothes on, I looked around for the two girls from this morning. I'd have been surprised if they had been there. I told Heather about Samantha's Petting Party on the way home. She was hesitant at first, but agreed that it was probably a good idea.

I was really excited until it was time to get the bus to Laura's house. I kept asking Heather if it was time to leave yet until she told me to shut up.

We arrived first, only to discover that Laura had had to go to work. Then Laura's mum went to pick up Suzie and Samantha. The boys arrived while we waited for Laura's mum to return.

"If Sam gets nervous," I told Jed. "You'll have to talk to her, she seems to trust you."

"Okay," he agreed and smiled at me.

The door opened and in came Suzie and Sam.

If Sam looked nervous as she came in, she was more so when I said, "Let's take off our clothes."

While she hesitated, the rest of us stripped off. At first I thought this evening was going to be a disaster before it started, but then she shrugged her shoulders and started to take off her clothes.

I flashed her a smile.

"Right, we're going to have a petting party," I explained. "We take it in turns. First we spin the bottle and whoever it points to is the person we have to touch. Then we pick up one of these cards, which have different instructions. The ones on white paper are tame, the ones on blue paper are more exciting."

Poor Sam looked like I'd just told her she was going to be murdered tonight.

"I can't do this," she said firmly.

Luckily Heather stepped in with "That's what you said this morning, but you did it. You did fine all day until bitch Gordon," quickly followed by Jed, who asked her, "You trusted us this morning. Did it help you today?"

She looked down at the floor and I felt bad for putting her through this. But she admitted that it had helped her.

"Then trust us now," said Jed.

"But you're all friends and you're all happy with, you know..." started Sam. I saw Heather look up to the ceiling, then glance at me. "I'm not like you," Sam finished miserably.

"You mean we're all sluts and you're not." Heather grinned.

"She's the Superslut and we're the Slutsisters," I said helpfully, to which Heather responded, "Not to forget Supertongue Suzie."

If we thought that it might lighten the atmosphere we were wrong. Sam looked even more miserable, if that were possible. "I'm just not comfortable with any of this."

Suzie pointed out that she was gonna get groped tomorrow anyway so she might as well get used to it.

Heather said that she did have friends, that's why we were all there, to help her. When Sam didn't reply, I realised that nothing we could say would help. I was about to suggest we cancel this and go home when Heather went on. "You wouldn't recognise a friend if they jumped up and kissed you."

Then she jumped up and kissed Sam. Just very gently, on each cheek, kissing Sam's tears away, then on the lips. Sam went tense again.

Suzie said, "You might be able to kiss me into forgetting I'm frightened," laughing as she spoke, "but it doesn't work with everyone."

It probably doesn't sound that funny, but it was to us. Soon we were all laughing, even Sam, and I could feel the tension disappearing.

"Okay, I'll do it," Sam said finally. "If I freak out or anything, thanks for trying. Now, what do I have to do?"

Jed explained again about spinning the bottle and picking a card.

It started with Sam having to fondle Suzie's boobs. She must have been okay at it because Suzie gasped with pleasure.

Sam thought she'd done something wrong and said "Sorry:"

Suzie told her she was doing fine, so she carried on.

"My turn," I yelled out before Sam's turn went on all night. They laughed at me. I had to grope Stephen's bum, so I got him to hold his bum open so I could tickle his arsehole.

"Hey, the white cards were supposed to be tame," he said.

"Yeah but this is Shelley," laughed Heather, "and she hasn't got as far as the letter T in the Dictionary yet."

Even I had to laugh at that.

Then Stephen had to fondle Suzie's boobs. By this time, mine were feeling like they needed some attention, but Suzie's next words killed that idea.

"Why don't we forget the bottle, except for Sam? We're here so she gets used to this, so when it's our turn, we do whatever we have to do with Sam, and when it's her turn, she rolls the bottle to see who she has to do it with."

I was surprised (and a bit disappointed) when she agreed.

Now Sam's boobs were getting all the attention, first from Suzie, then from Christopher. While everyone else was looking at Sam, I got in front of Stephen and put both his hands on my boobs.

He was wonderfully gentle and he stroked and tweaked me. When he bent his head down to lick my nipples, I forgot about Sam for a while. Nobody else seemed to have noticed us.

When I looked up, Heather was licking Sam's boobs, using her tongue to play with her nipples.

Then it was Jed's turn, and I was amazed. He asked Sam to hold her bum open for him, like Stephen had for me and he stroked her right there.

I think she liked it because then it was her turn and she picked a blue (exciting) card. "It says play with cock," she said, going slightly pink.

The bottle spun to me. "Sorry, Don't have one. You'll have to spin again," I said.

Stephen was the lucky boy. We could see that Sam was nervous as she knelt in front of him.

Her face was bright red as she touched it lightly. Then she grasped it and began to wank him. She wasn't doing it quite right at first, so Stephen gently moved her hand. "That's nicer," he said.

She began to stroke his balls with her other hand. I think she'd forgetten the rest of us were there. She look fascinated by the cock she was playing with. Stephen was obviously even more turned on than I was because in a very short time he warned her, "I'm going to cum if you don't stop."

She didn't stop and just put her face even closer to his cock. For a minute I thought she was going to suck it, but she didn't. She just waited until it spurted out all over her. She kissed the tip of his cock, then said "I'm sorry."

Stephen commented that she didn't look sorry and he was right. She had a grin on her face that I'd never seen before and cum splattered from her forehead to her chin. She even had some in her hair.

"Now it's my turn." Stephen looked at her with a really sweet look in his eyes. "And as you did that to me, I think turnabout is fair play, don't you?"

Her grin vanished in a flash, replaced by a look of panic.

"Don't worry, Sam. I promise not to hurt you and I'll stop if you tell me to, okay?"

She began to grin again and went slightly pink.

He told her to lie down and spread her legs, then he began to stroke her pussy. He held her open and made his fingers all wet with her juices, then tasted them. When he told her she tasted nice, she smiled happily.

He slipped one finger into her and she suddenly looked nervous again. I moved quickly to hold her hand and squeezed it. She looked up at me and smiled, then she closed her eyes again.

He pushed two fingers deep into her and we suddenly saw blood. "Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" he asked.

"Just don't stop...please," was her only reply.

He carried on, and she alternated between saying "NO more" and "No, don't stop."

I started chanting "Cum, Cum, Cum, Cum," in time with the movements of his fingers, and when she did she sqeezed my hand so tight I thought she'd broken my fingers!

A look of absolute ecstasy crossed her face, and she began breathing hard. I could actually feel wave after wave of spasms going through her, before she finally began to relax.

Only then, did Stephen take his fingers out of her.

"Is it always like that?" she asked, still breathless.

"NO," Heather and Suzie answered together. We all laughed at that.

Sam started to giggle, then commented, "If only my mum could see me now."

Heather took Sam and Stephen to the bathroom to have a shower and they were gone for quite a while.

By this time I was so worked up that I confronted Suzie, "I think you owe me something."

"What?" she asked.

"Well, earlier today you got me all worked up, that damned bell rang and you walked off so I had to ask for relief in class." (Suzie laughed at that.) "So I think you owe it to me to finish what you started." I didn't give her a chance to reply because I kissed her, slipping my tongue into her mouth as she opened it in surprise. She must have been as turned on as I was because she pushed herself against me and we were soon exploring each other's mouths.

I took her hand and put it on my pussy. She broke our kiss and pushed me away a little bit so she could begin to suck on my nipples. As her tongue was tickling my nipples, she slipped a finger into me. Her finger began exploring until it found my most sensitive spot. Then she wouldn't leave it alone until I was breathing quicker and quicker.

I was quickly becoming overwhelmed by the sensations when she suddenly stopped. She pushed me back on the sofa and pulled my legs so my pussy was right on the edge, then lowered her face to my pussy.

Her tongue went straight for my clit sending a shock wave through me, before she pushed her tongue as far into me as she could. That was heavenly.

Again she stopped, this time to briefly push a finger into my pussy, take it out and (Oh my god!) ease it into my arse. Then her tongue was at my pussy again, this time lapping away until I came with a squeal. "Oh Wow!"

Then Heather said, "This is great, but it's not what Sam's going to face tomorrow morning."

"Then when she comes back, we'll have to prepare her for that," said Jed.

So when Stephen and Sam came back, Jed and Christopher began groping Sam roughly, while Suzie dragged Stephen over to the corner of the sofa. Hmm, what's that all about? Christopher made Sam bend over and he stuck fingers up her bum. She winced in pain.

"Guys will probably do that and it hurts, right?" asked Heather.

"Yeah," replied Sam with feeling.

"So here's a little secret," continued Heather. "Just before you get to the school door, slip a couple of fingers up you pussy." Heather promptly stuck two fingers up Sam's pussy, "get them nice and wet and work them into your bum to give it a bit of lubrication." Then Heather stuck her fingers into Sam's bum. "Okay guys, now carry on."

Soon she was flat on her back, her legs in the air, with Stephen and Christopher both fingering her holes for all they were worth, while Jed was groping her boobs.

Sam suddenly started laughing until tears were running down her face. "Thank you, all of you." She looked around at each of us. "I've never laughed so much in my life as I have this evening." I could believe that. I got the feeling that she didn't have that much to laugh about in her ordinary life. "If I do freak out again, it won't be your fault."

"Don't even think about freaking out," Heather said. "Just think about the next few minutes, say to youself I can survive this for the next five minutes. Then think about the next five, and the next, until it's over. Five minutes at a time."

I think by now Sam would have agreed to anything.

Heather warned her that the worst time would be when we get there because they will all try to grope us while we are undressing. "Just go along with whatever I do, okay, no matter how strange it seems?" she finished.

Sam agreed.

Shortly after that, Laura's mum came in to take Sam home. She is so cool; she didn't even notice we were naked, or if she did, she completely pretended not to. She did "raise an eyebrow" though when Suzie told her thank you very much, but that Stephen was going to take her home instead.

Stephen was standing directly behind Laura's mum, and I think I was the only one who could see him punch the air and mouth "Yes!" How I managed to keep a straight face I'll never know.

Right after Sam and her "driver" left, Suzie went off with Stephen, leaving just the four of us. Heather turned to me and said, "After all that hard work, I think the boys deserve a reward, don't you?"

I knelt down with Jed's cock inches from my face, but before I had a chance to touch it, Jed said, "I've got a better idea."

He got me to start wanking him, while he played with Heather's pussy and she was wanking Christopher, who started playing with my pussy.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Jed start playing with Heather's arsehole. She stopped wanking Christopher as she began to tense up. She came quickly. I realised that I'd also stopped wanking Jed, and began again, but at that moment Christopher decided to do the same to me and I had two fingers in my arse and two from his other hand in my pussy. I was still so dripping wet it probably sounded disgusting as he kept working his fingers in and out of me.

If Heather had come quickly, I wasn't far behind. That left the boys, and I suddenly knew what I wanted to do. "Stand together. I saw this in a porn flick once and ever since I've wanted to do this." I grabbed both their cocks, pulled them close and led them both into my mouth. The boys caught on quickly and held the back of my head as they double mouth-fucked me. God, that sounds so-o dirty when I write it down!

"I must try that," said Heather, and knelt down beside me. The boys stepped sideways and put their cocks into my sister's mouth and did the same to her.

After a few minutes she pushed them back to between us and put Jed's cock in my mouth, while she gently wanked Christopher. At the same time, she was sucking on Jed's balls.

Then she moved aside and pulled me across to Christopher. We both began licking up and down his cock, then she slipped his cock into her mouth, so I sucked his balls.

Then she stopped, and began wanking Jed again, telling him cum all over her slutty little sister. I moved my face closer, determined to catch every drop. Seconds later he spurted over my face. I managed to catch some of it in my mouth, but mostly it went over my cheeks and chin.

I grabbed Christopher by his cock. "I think my big sister's face needs decorating, don't you?" He grinned and Heather looked eager. Soon her face was decorated with plenty of white.

Then Heather surprised me. "We can't waste all of this," she said, and began licking it off my face. Then she kissed me, pushing some of his cum into my mouth. Then I licked her and did the same. With the last tongueful of cum she began to kiss me properly as we swapped cum. That seems a little weird now, but at the time it was, I don't know, pretty special. I'll have to think about that.

Then, as quickly as she started, she stopped and jumped up and went to the shower, leaving me wondering what she thought about that as well.

I joined her in the shower and we washed each other, then got dressed to wait for Laura's mum to return to take us home.

On our way home Heather turned to me and said simply, "Well done, Shel." I hadn't done much, I thought, but I squeezed her hand.

The slutsisters had done it again.

Shelley, part 6

Program WEEK TWO

TUESDAY

I woke up already feeling horny, so I don't know what I'd been dreaming about. Today was going to be REALLY exciting, my first official groping before school.

At breakfast I asked Heather, "Isn't it time to go to school yet? It's my first official groping today. The nasty ones trying to help you last week don't count, they weren't official because I wasn't in the Program."

Heather rolled her eyes looking at the ceiling.

"Well they weren't," I said defensively.

She laughed. "They weren't official, so they don't count," I insisted.

I saw a crowd as we arrived at school and at first nobody noticed us. I soon put a stop to that by shouting, "Okay folks, the slutsisters are here."

I walked away from Heather and soon had my own not-so-little audience. I hadn't bothered with underwear and had put on my shortest school skirt, the one Mum normally wouldn't let me wear to school. I went over to the grass and sat down, making sure to keep my knees up and my legs apart.

"Can I touch you?" someone asked from behind me.

"Wait a minute and watch me first." I unbuttoned my blouse down to the last two buttons and began to play with my breasts. Then I reached down to my pussy with one hand and began to finger myself.

I turned to one of the boys and said, "You look like you need a little relief," and undid his trousers before turning to another boy and doing the same. They looked a little startled.

"Come on," I encouraged, "I want a cum bath."

The first one started slowly pulling on his cock. "Come on, boys. I'll lick clean the first one to cum on me."

Now I was surrounded by about a dozen guys all wanking themselves. I even stopped playing with myself so I could watch their different techniques.

I felt a splash of cum land on my chest about the same time as another hit my cheek. "I was first," cried one.

"No, it was me," insisted another.

They looked ready to fight for it, me, until I said, "Okay, I'll clean you both. There's plenty of me to go around."

Others were still wanking over me and I pulled my skirt down and my open blouse together. Any cum that didn't go on my face, I wanted to save on my clothes.

I took one of the cocks into my mouth and licked every part. Of course he was soon hard again, so I turned to the other, licked him like he was an ice lolly until he was so turned on that he pulled my face directly towards him and began to fuck my mouth. As he came (again!) in my mouth I swallowed every drop and I was vaguely aware that the original dozen or so had finished and more had taken their place.

Fair's fair, I thought and turned to the nearest boy and grabbed him by the balls, pulling him to me until I could take him into my mouth.

My eyes were covered so I couldn't even see, so I took the cum from my eyes and wiped it across my forehead and into my hair. Thank God we were excused assembly if we needed a shower.

This time when I felt him about to cum I aimed his cock at my blouse. "Saving it for later," I said, grinning at him.

I looked down at what had been my clean and neatly pressed clothes, still being cummed on. I heard the assembly bell and quickly got up, took off my clothes carefully not spilling anything, then wiped myself down with them and threw them in the box.

As the crowds around us dissipated I caught sight of Samantha. She had a strange smile on her face. I wondered what she'd been thinking, or doing? Whatever it was she'd obviously enjoyed it. I felt pleased that my petting party had been a success. Although it had been fun, if it hadn't prepared her for this morning, I'd have classed it as a failure.

In the showers I asked Sam if she was ready for today. "You seemed to be okay just now," I said.

"Yeah, thanks to Suzie," she replied. "I hardly got bothered. Somehow I don't think the rest of the day will be quite that easy. But I'll be okay." She flashed me a brilliant smile that could light up a miserable winter day. God, if she smiled at guys like that, she'd never be alone again. Although I'd seen her laugh last night and even though we'd shared classes for a few years, I realised that I'd never seen her smile, not once.

I had Design first. The class had already decided that they wanted to design underwear for me. Before I could even sit down Mr. Peterson announced with a chuckle, "I'll have to check the Program rules to find out if she's actually going to be allowed to model this lingerie."

"Perhaps they'd better make sure that it doesn't actually hide anything," I suggested helpfully.

Another girl pointed out, "It won't be finished this week anyway, so Shelley won't be in the Program by the time it comes to modelling it. So we'd better not make it too revealing or she might not want to model it."

"Yes, I will," I promised. "Whatever you make, I'll model it, even at the end of term fashion show if you like."

"Assuming Dr. Reynolds approves that is. The Program's not exactly a challenge for you, is it, Shelley?" Mr. Peterson twinkled. Don't get me wrong, the last thing Mr. Peterson appears to be is gay, but I don't know how else to describe it. He twinkled.

I grinned back at him. Suddenly though I felt serious. Mr. Peterson deserved more than just a grin. "This week, sir, I can do anything and everything. It's like you can dress really slutty at Halloween and hardly anyone thinks you're a slut. It's an excuse to dress like you'd never dare to any other time. Well Program week is sorta like that. I can try everything and most people don't think I'm all that terrible. After all that's what the Program's for, isn't it?"

I looked around at the other girls. "Last week I was a complete virgin. I had thought a lot about sex for a long time but I'd been too scared to actually do anything. I'd kissed a few boys but that was about it." Some of them looked more than a little skeptical. "Yeah, really, that's all I'd done. But this week," I shook my head, "It's all new and exciting and crazy, and sometimes a little scary. But you know, girls, some of the time the boys are just as scared as I am. And besides, it feels really, really good."

"And after the Program? Well, I could go back to being good little Shelley again." I tried to keep a straight face, but couldn't and giggled at that thought. "But I don't think I will."

The room had gone quiet, but I could see that a lot of the girls were thinking hard about what I'd just said.

After a moment Mr. Peterson cleared his throat. "Come on now, everyone. We have a lesson to get back to. Thank you for sharing that with us, Shelley." I like Mr. Peterson.

The class was mainly girls and even after the last week it still felt strange to have a load of girls' hands touching me in what had once been my private places.

But there were two boys in the design class. One measured me just like the girls had done. The other did the same, but then said that he needed a few more measurements.

"I'm making a playsuit that has built-in dildos, front and back," he explained with an evil grin. "So I need to measure you... there."

"This wouldn't be just an excuse to finger Shelley, would it?" asked Mr. Peterson.

"No!" he protested, then, more honestly, "Not completely."

I laughed and said, "It's okay. His won't be the first fingers I've had up me and they won't be the last."

"Okay, but only if you're okay with it."

The boy told me to remain standing, legs a couple of feet apart. "Bend over, I'll do your bum first."

He was prepared, I'll give him that. He carefully covered a finger in gel before inserting it into my bum, then did the same with a dildo. After the initial shock, I took a deep breath and began to breath slowly to relax. He waited for me to say "Okay."

"Tell me when it's too deep," he said.

"That's okay, okay, okay.. That's uncomfortable." He withdrew it a little. "That's fine." He carefully measured.

He got me to stand up straight and aimed the dildo for my pussy. "You can wash it first," I insisted.

"Sorry," he went red. "I forgot."

He ran to the toilets and when he returned he let me inspect it. I could smell the soap.

"You won't need gel this time," I said. Everyone laughed, even Mr. Peterson.

He pushed it slowly into me until I said "Enough," removed it and carefully measured it, then caught me by surprise as he put a couple of fingers into me. He felt around until he found my G-spot. Grinning at my reaction, he removed his fingers and measured exactly how far they'd been in at that moment.

"Just to add a little extra stimulation for the wearer," he smiled.

"Just remember that I'm supposed to be able to walk down a catwalk wearing it. Too much of that and I won't even be able to stand!"

I was disappointed when the lesson was over. Even without the fingers and dildo, it had been fun, and I was really pleased with what I had said. I wasn't thinking about it when I said it but I'm hoping now that, despite everything else, it helps Sis with her bet next Monday.

Of course in the breaks between lessons I had lots more fingers.

After the second lesson, I saw the two girls who'd wanted to see up inside me yesterday. "Can we see you again?" one of them asked.

I went into an empty classroom, sat on a desk and lay back, holding myself wide open. "You can touch me if you want to," I reminded them.

I saw them look at each other. "I wouldn't know what to do."

I took her hand and placed it on my pussy. She stroked me like I WAS a kitten. (Okay, I'm a sex kitten but that doesn't count.)

I took two of her fingers and put them into my pussy, moving them in and out gently.

After not much more than a few seconds, she took them out. "I don't know what to do," she complained.

"Why don't I show you what feels good? Lie down."

She hesitated. She looked at the other girl, who had her hands down her knickers.

"I will if you will," the second girl said.

The first girl lay down and I unbuttoned her blouse and she lay there looking nervous.

I lifted her bra to expose her breasts. "What if someone comes and sees?" she said.

"Well, you're going to be in the Program anyway one day, so why worry? This will be good practice for you."

I caressed her boobs before bending to suck on a nipple. "Hmmm," she murmured.

Continuing to lick and suck her boobs, I let my hand go to her leg, then ran it up to her knickers. When I touched just where she was damp, she gasped.

"You want me to stop?" I asked.

She shook her head violently. I slipped my hand inside her knickers. I said to the other girl. "Why don't you do what I'm doing?"

She looked like she was going to say no, but then came forward and bent her head down to take the unoccupied nipple into her mouth.

After a minute or so, I was about to move down to remove her knickers when the damned bell went for the next lesson and rapidly she pulled down her bra and started to button up her blouse.

"After lunch or after school is better," I said. "More time." Neither of them said anything but they did look at each other intently. Helping your friend with her "homework" can be so much fun, I thought as I turned away so they couldn't see me grinning.

After daydreaming my way through the next lesson, it was lunchtime.

It was unbelievably awful.

The boys were talking about Laura flipping out with Ghastly Gordon and smashing a television or something.

Suddenly there was Laura, being marched into the dining hall by the same G.G. Handcuffs were put on her, then Nurse appeared and began to cut her hair off. Okay, not all of it, but a lot shorter anyway.

Then I noticed that G.G. had a cane. In my first year I had seen one of the older boys caned, for beating up a younger boy, but never since and never a girl.

A loud swish and Laura bucked up hard. I looked away, I couldn't bear to watch. I heard another and another and another until finally Laura let out a cry.

"Ghastly's got it in for us Program girls," said Heather. "First me last week, then Sam yesterday and now Laura. We've got to find a way to stop her."

"I wonder who she'll pick on next," I said, beginning to get really worried.

When I finally looked at Laura, I saw that Suzie and Christopher were leading her away.

We racked our brains trying to think of ideas to stop Ghastly, but nobody couldn't think of anything, short of murdering her, which was a bit impractical.

The afternoon was weird. The whole school was quiet, none of the usual noise. Even the staff were whispering to each other. It was really eerie. I didn't get a single reasonable request all afternoon, not even a pose. I would have been disappointed, but lunchtime had taken away my own interest in it as well.

There wasn't even anyone waiting as I got dressed in the cum-encrusted blouse and skirt. I had been looking forward to the reaction of everyone when I wore those disgusting clothes to walk home, but I didn't even notice if there WAS a reaction. I dropped them on my bedroom floor and ran a bath to relax.

A few hours and one terrible phone call later and I was on the bus to the hospital. Sam had tried to kill herself. The Program had suddenly gone from wonderful and fun to a nightmare come true.

When we were allowed in to see Sam, I had to ask her why she'd done it. She'd panicked because she was scared that singing naked in the choir contest on Thursday night would ruin her singing career.

Poor Sam. She was going to be exempt from the Program now and all she was worried about was whether we'd still be her friends.

"Of course we will," I said.

"Even if you do make me lose my bet," said my sister, who had finally arrived, red-eyed, obviously she'd been crying.

Sam asked, "What bet?"

I answered, "Heather bet the school that next Monday if she asked how many girls wanted to be in the Program, and there was less than twenty, she'd stay in the Program for the rest of the term."

"And after today, there's no WAY she's gonna win that bet," finished Suzie. We were both grinning from ear to ear.

Heather pointed out that if Sam was admitted to a psycho ward she probably wouldn't be allowed out to sing anyway. Sam hadn't thought of that.

Heather sent Laura to get the school nurse, who was in the hospital canteen.

While she was away she explained her brilliant idea to get the handcuffs off Laura and get Ghastly off our backs. It was risky, so I was surprised when the one who was most enthusiastic about the idea was Samantha. Of course she was going to be away, safe in a psycho ward anyway. We agreed not to tell Laura, in case it didn't work.

Nurse confirmed that if Sam was in psycho she wouldn't be allowed out to sing, so she demanded to finish her week at school, even if it meant staying in the Program.

When the psychiatrist came, he didn't want to let her go home. That would probably have been the end of that except that Laura's mum turned up.

She might be in a wheelchair, but she gets things done. By the time she'd finished it was decided that Sam would live with her and Laura for the rest of the week and go to school, where between lessons, we'd all keep an eye on her.

When we got home from the hospital, we were really surprised to find that Mum had got back a day earlier than we'd expected. I went upstairs so Heather could tell Mum about Friday night, then she came upstairs to tell me it was my turn to see Mum on my own.

"Shel," she hissed at me before I went downstairs. "I didn't tell Mum about Laura and Sam, so don't mention it."

"Why didn't you?" I asked.

"If we tell her what's happened, she'll try to do something. You know what she's like. So we'd have to tell her about our plan and she might tell us not to do it."

"I think we should tell her."

"Shel, please."

"Okay, I won't say anything, but you're wrong."

I went downstairs and curled up next to Mum. She gave me a big hug.

"Your sister had a sip of my wine, Shelley. Would you like one as well?"

"Thanks, Mum, but no thanks."

"I'll tell you the same thing I told her. I think you're both old enough to have some wine or a glass of beer here in the house, okay?"

"What about if you're not around?" I thought I better get the rules straightened out.

"That's fine too, but I can trust you not to let any of your friends get too drunk, can't I? Or you, for that matter.

Oops, I knew THAT look. She had just written another Commandment.

She finished the last bit in her glass and poured herself another one. Now that's not unusual but I did think, oh dear, I hope Heather's story hasn't upset her.

She took another sip, a very small one thank god, before continuing, "And what dark secrets have you been keeping from me?"

I guiltily tried to put Laura and Sam and our rescue plan out of my mind.

"None," I said, "except that Heather wanted to tell you about the nightclub face to face."

"Which is why you didn't mention it either."

"She was scared you'd freak out and come straight home."

"I think with Laura looking out for you both, I don't have a lot to worry about."

"Yeah, Laura was brill. And her pussy tastes nice too, not as nice as a cock, but..."

"Whoa," cried Mum. "There are some details I don't need to know, thank you. You're still my little girl and while I might be glad that you are exploring your own desires, I'm not sure I want to know every juicy titbit."

"Oh."

"Would you really like to hear every detail about what Eric and I get up to?"

I thought for a second, then "No, it would be kinda weird."

"Thanks," she laughed. "I might not be a sex-mad teenager, but I'm not THAT weird."

"Mum," I asked. "You and Eric, is it serious?"

"I don't know yet," she answered. "I think it might be."

"Good. It's time you had some fun again, and if you want the house to yourselves, just let us know. And if you want some ideas, we've got plenty."

She laughed. "I think I can remember what to do."

"I wanna try everything, Mum. I wanna do one of the things Heather did as well."

"Not a gangbang?" she asked, sounding shocked.

"No, that was horrible, though maybe with just a dozen or so it might be fun."

"Shelley!" she said firmly. "That comes under the category of things I don't want to have to imagine."

"Oh, sorry."

"But if not a gangbang, then what?"

"I want to try being spit-roasted," I said. "Heather says that's the one thing she remembers that she really liked from Friday night."

"Spit-roasted?" she exclaimed.

"It's when..." I began.

"Yes, I know what it is. That's something else I think you can save for your journal."

Mum laughed when she said about saving things for my journal, but now she was serious again. "Shelley, just because I said I don't need to hear all the juicy details doesn't mean that there is ever anything that you can't tell me, you understand?"

Before I could answer, she went on, "Now, the only thing I want to hear is what my beautiful daughters said on television last week. Would you get Heather back down here please, and ask her to bring the video she told me about?"

I jumped up, turned and ran for the stairs before she could see the huge grin I knew was on my face.

We came straight back down, Heather holding the video in one hand. I had told her that Mum didn't know yet how we were "dressed" on it. Heather had just sighed.

Mum had turned the telly on and sat herself in the middle of the sofa. "You know, neither your father nor I have ever been on the telly. He was on the radio once, one of those phone-in thingies, but that was all."

Heather put the tape in and picked up the remote. "You haven't mentioned Dad for a long time, you know."

"I know." Dad was a civil engineer and he was working in Africa on a railway bridge when he was trapped under a mudslide and a half-built bridge parapet. I was a lot older before I understood all those words but they were burned into my head when Mum read us the newspaper stories. I was six and Heather was seven when it happened. When we were older Mum explained to us that it had taken ages for the insurance money to come through. That was why she had had to go back to work and she stayed working later on to help her deal with Dad's death as much as for the money. It has sorta worked the same for me. I'm no brainbox but I do try most of the time at school and when I don't feel like trying I remember Dad and feel somehow I don't want to disappoint him too much.

All of us were quiet for a moment. We were all remembering Dad. Then Mum snuffled once but spoke very clearly. "I'll always love your father. He was my first love and no one will ever replace him in here." She touched her chest on that side. "But being with Eric has made me realise that it's time to move on, as they say. You girls don't think I'm wrong, do you?"

Heather said it right. "Dad is never coming back. We'll never forget him and we know you won't either. If he could still speak to us, I know he'd.. insist you find someone else. Go for it, Mum." All I could do was nod my head. I don't get speechless very often, but I still missed him and I think I really understood for the first time that I always would miss him but that that was really okay.

Mum sat up and rubbed her hands together. "Let's see this tape then. "Was it really on the main news?"

"Yes it was," Heather said, "On the main BBC news at nine o'clock, about halfway through." With that she pressed a button and the show started. She had to fast-forward through a few minutes of other stuff. Then she slowed it back down to normal and suddenly the woman reporter was speaking.

Mum was leaning forward and then it happened, the gasp I mean. "Oh.. my.. god! You're naked!" And then a few seconds later, "And so are you!" Another gap. "And so's that other girl! ... Is that Suzie?"

Mum slumped back into the sofa. "Heather, please turn it off for a minute. Thank you." Heather and I held our breaths.

She stared at Heather. Then she stared at me. "You vixens!" she shouted and put a hand over her mouth. "You gorgeous vixens!" She took her hand away and her face exploded into an ENORMOUS grin. Then she started to laugh like I have never in my life heard her laugh. She had her arms crossed holding onto her sides and she was rocking from side to side. Heather and I sat there gobsmacked.

"Why didn't you tell me, either one of you?" She managed to get that out between gasps of laughter.

"We wanted it to be a big surprise for you when you got back," I said, "It looks like we were right."

"Oh, you were right, alright." Mum had managed to settle down. Now she was "only" grinning.

"Besides," Heather added, "I was afraid you might freak out in India if you knew about it but couldn't see it for yourself."

"You may have been right about that, actually. You are both forgiven." Then she took a hankie out of a pocket, rubbed the tears from her eyes and blew her nose. She took a big drink of wine and looked at each of us in turn. "Okay, girls, on your feet and get out of those clothes."

"Mum!" we both shouted.

"Now." We both recognised that tone of voice. We stood up and did what she said.

I was just pushing down my knickers when Mum stood up and started taking her clothes off!

She saw us gaping at her and said, "What? You two strip off on National Television (her voice capitalised those words) and you're surprised at me when I get naked in my own house?"

To say that we were speechless is this week's understatement. We just stood there, not speaking, not even moving.

When she was naked, yes totally naked, she lifted her hands way over her head and did a slow twirl. After she was facing us again, she dropped her arms and asked, "Well, what do you think?"

I found my voice first. "You're fantastic, Mum, gorgeous."

Heather nodded and added quietly, "Eric must think he has died and gone to heaven. You're beautiful, Mum."

"Thank you both, very much." She paused. "Now, I think this calls for a toast. Shelley, go fetch two more wine glasses, the good ones from the dining room. There's plenty of wine left in the bottle and I think we should finish it."

I was back before she finished talking. She poured us each a full glass and handed them to us.

Then she raised her glass and we both did the same. "To being free," she said then added, "and in charge of our own bodies." We all sipped.

Then Heather raised her glass again. "To Dad."

"Yeah, to Dad." "To.. Billy." No one spoke for a moment after we drank that toast.

"Now Heather, rewind that tape to the start of the interview and turn the sound up. I want to hear exactly what you all say."

We sat there on the sofa, Mum in the middle and none of us saying anything, until Suzie started speaking.

"She's very pretty, Heather. Is she the one that.. I mean, have the two of you..?"

"Yes, Mum," Heather answered, "She was the girl in the classroom. You know, Mum, if we're gonna be naked in front of each other, then you really are gonna to have to learn to chill."

"I know," she giggled in reply, "Let me try that again. Is she the one that... fucked you on Friday morning and that you fucked right back?" I don't think I've ever seen Mum blush before.

"Yes, Mother, we fucked each other and it was wonderful," Heather spoke slowly and oh so solemnly. Then suddenly we all were laughing and hugging and drinking the wine. And chilling. It was perfect!

We played the tape again. At the end, Mum put her glass down and then an arm around each of us. "We have loads to talk about, about what you all said on that tape and a lot more things as well. But now I think I'm about talked out, and you two have finished your wine, AND it's a school night."

Then she looked at us seriously, but with a twinkle in her eyes. "One final thing. All the time in Delhi, I always slept naked. Yes, yes, I know what you're both thinking but that's not what I'm talking about. I had forgotten how lovely it is to sleep naked, even if you're by yourself. Tomorrow night I'm going to get all my pyjamas together and give them to Goodwill. I'm going to ask you guys one thing, and yes Shelley this is that kind of ask, sleep naked tonight, both of you. After tonight you can do what you want, but I bet you won't want go to back. Even on a cold night you can always put an extra blanket on the bed. And you still don't have to wear anything if you don't want to."

"Now, off to bed, both of you. I'll straighten up."

"It's not that late, Mum," Heather said, "And we both have to do our journals."

"Okay, but not too late, okay?"

"Sure, Mum," I said over my shoulder, "And if I ever have a gangbang like Heather, I'll just write all the juicy bits down in my journal so you can read them to Eric later." I turned back and stuck out my tongue then ran upstairs before she could reply.

I finished writing my journal but then I couldn't sleep. I decided to go downstairs and get a drink and then I saw that Heather's light was still on. I crept round the door. "Can't you sleep either?" I asked.

She jumped. "God, you made me jump. No, I can't. Fancy something to eat?"

So we went downstairs and saw Mum sitting on the sofa staring into space. She had a small grin on her face.

"Hi, Mum, we couldn't sleep." Both of us spoke at the same time. We have GOT to stop doing that.

Then I leapt in as usual. "I can see you smiling, Mum. What are you thinking about?"

"Eric." Then she looked up. "I'm really missing him." I peeked at Heather and she peeked at me while Mum grinned, "And yes, girls, that IS one of the reasons I'm missing him."

We were all still naked and I couldn't stop my eyes looking down. Mum's nipples were hard! I managed not to say anything but I think Mum caught me staring at her chest.

She chuckled at me. "It's hard to hide things when you're naked, isn't it?"

That was just too much. When Heather said, "Welcome to the Program," we all lost it.

Then Heather asked, "When are you seeing him again, outside of work I mean?"

"Did I tell you guys he coaches cricket for Coldbourne?"

"Yes, but not which school," Heather replied.

"Well, they have an important match this Saturday and they missed two training sessions while we were away in India, so he's going to be doing that tomorrow evening and again on Thursday. What about afterwards I asked him and he said remember he lives alone and he has a million things to do at home."

"You don't think he's avoiding you, do you?" Heather got that out just before I could.

"No, not at all. I could see in his eyes that he was as.. pissed off about it as I was. But Friday night he's coming over here for dinner and.."

"We can meet him!" I said.

"Yes, but you don't have to shout," laughed Mum.

Heather asked, "What about..?" She didn't finish that but gestured down the front of her body.

"We'll have to see about that," Mum laughed, "But I think we all," she stared straight at me, "should be dressed properly when he arrives. Later on..?" She shrugged her shoulders. "And before you ask, yes, he's expecting to stay the night."

"Way cool, Mum!" I hugged her tightly.

Then Heather changed the subject. "With all the excitement tonight, I forgot to eat. Anybody else hungry?"

"Me." This time Mum and I spoke at once, but THAT was way cool too.

"Did I see some ham in the fridge? Is it okay?" Mum asked.

"Yeah, it's fine. We bought it yesterday after school," Heather explained. (Before the petting party, I thought. God, that seems like last year, not last night.) "And there's fresh bread and salad bits," she added.

She looked at both of us, "Ham sandwiches for three?" Mum and I nodded.

"And I'll make us all some salad," I volunteered. We all like tomato with ham but we hate the way it makes the bread go soggy.

It only took a minute to throw together some lettuce and tomatoes so while Heather finished making the sandwiches, I showed Mum the collection of newspapers we'd saved from the weekend. She started reading them one by one.

As we ate our sandwiches and salad, she said, "I didn't know that my two daughters were so famous."

"Or infamous," said Heather, bringing out the one newspaper I hadn't shown Mum.

It had the same photo as some of the others, but underneath a different sort of headline, "School for SLUTS". The text, what there was of it, described our school as teaching girls to forget any morals they once had and making us fit for "nothing but the whorehouse or the streetcorner."

"Why didn't you show me this one, Shelley? Did it upset you?"

"A bit," I admitted. "But I thought it might upset you."

"Well, it's not very nice reading things like that about someone you love. But there are lots of people who don't agree with the Program or anything to do with sexual openness. And we live in a world where people like that don't care who they hurt to make their point. I'm just sorry it was you."

"I'm not," I said. "I mean, you don't think of us like that, so they can't hurt us. Think if they'd written that about Samantha."

"Who's Samantha?"

I looked over at Heather. She sighed and nodded so I continued, "A girl in my year who's also in the Program. She's got no friends and she's ever so shy and I don't think she's happy at home either. Her mum already thinks she's a slut just because she's in the Program. She was so upset today that she cut her wrists. Can you imagine it if she'd read that about herself?" At Mum's sudden look of concern, I quickly added, "She's okay. And she's staying with Laura and her mum for the rest of the week."

"If it's difficult where she is, tell her that she can always stay here if she wants to. We probably have more room than the Townleys do." Mum looked thoughtful for a second and then asked, "This is probably a silly question, Shelley, but how are you coping in the Program?"

"It's great, Mum. On Monday morning before we even went to class, I lost my virginity and..."

I stopped. Mum looked a little disappointed.

"I guess I'm not your little girl any more."

"You'll always be my little girl. But they can't force you to do that in the Program, so how?"

Heather interrupted, "It was right after Monday assembly when all of the new participants were announced. The headmaster allowed us to get together privately.." (I shook my head at that but didn't say anything) "..so we could get to know each other. Well, we got to know each other really closely."

I carried on. "Some of the others were fucking." I stopped for a second. It still felt weird being able to use words like 'fucking' with Mum... "And I was giving this cute guy called Lenny a blow job. It was the first time I'd ever touched a real live cock. And it was nice and I loved it when I made him cum on my face."

"So did he, I bet," Mum chuckled.

I grinned back at her. "Yeah, then he went down on me and it was ace, Mum, but I just knew I wanted him inside me."

"She even made an announcement," put in Heather, "To make us all watch her lose her virginity. Poor Lenny was so embarrassed."

"I can imagine," laughed Mum. "Oh Shelley, the poor guy."

"He was so sweet, Mum. He asked me twice if I was sure and I had to threaten to find someone else before he'd do it. And it hardly hurt at all."

"Then we got Stephen to fuck Suzie because he was still a virgin too. And I watched him put it in her, till Heather pulled me away from them."

"I should think so too," laughed Mum.

"I wanted to go to class like that, but Laura made me go and take a shower to wash all the cum off my face. But I like being covered in cum and I got to do a Heather this morning!"

"What's a Heather?" asked Mum, trying not to laugh and not succeeding very well.

Heather cringed. "Well one day last week, Heather let loads of boys cum all over her and I wanted to do that, but I wanted to keep it all, not have to wash it all off."

"So what did you do?" Mum asked and then glanced at Heather, "I'm not sure I want to know the answer but I don't think I'll get the option."

"I'll show you." I ran upstairs and put on my cummy blouse and skirt. When I went downstairs both Heather and Mum's eyes opened wide with disbelief.

"When I got to school this morning for the morning groping, I made loads of boys cum all over me. Lots of it went on my hair and face, but I wiped that off onto my clothes too. So now I've got a souvenir, and we're the slutsisters for real!"

Mum shrieked at that. I think the wine was getting to her.

Heather just shook her head. Then she held her nose. "You stink, Shel, or rather those clothes stink."

"I might have chosen a different word," Mum added, "But I don't think I shall. Your clothes do stink."

"Oh dear. I guess this was not one of my very brightest ideas, was it?"

"No, darling. Now I don't know if the blouse can be saved, but the skirt probably can." Then she chuckled. "I have to admit, girls, that I don't have a LOT of experience getting.. cum out of clothes. Why don't you put them in soak in the sink right now with a capful of that stain-removing stuff I use in the wash. Read the label. I'm not sure if the water should be cold or hot."

As I went out to the kitchen, Heather called, "And go have a quick wash yourself before you sit back down with us."

Kitchen sink first, then a stand-up wash at the bathroom sink upstairs and I was back.

Mum and Heather were still smiling and Mum said, "I was just saying to your sister I thought you seemed to be getting a lot more out of the Program than the people who designed it had planned for. What do you think?"

"I don't know about that. All I do know is," I stuck my tongue out at Sis, "Heather's Superslut and I'm Hurricaneslut." I thought I'd better get my own back at least a little bit after the clothes disaster.

"I wonder why?" asked Mum ironically. Heather laughed.

"I was going to be Babyslut but we're saving that for Samantha."

"What have you got tomorrow?" Mum asked.

"Well, I want to see what it's like with two boys at once and there's some girls in my class that might be fun too. Oh and I wa..."

Heather cut me off. "I think Mum meant what lessons," she said.

"Oh," I replied disappointedly. "I don't know. I left my timetable at school."

Mum chimed in with, "And I'm not sure I really want to know every detail of what you get up to this week. You might be in the Program, but you're still my baby girl."

"I'll be sensible Mum," I said, "but after all, I can't catch anything and I can't get pregnant."

"Just be careful, that's all I ask. Boys can get a little rough and over-excited sometimes."

"They'd have trouble getting more excited than Shelley, Mum," said Heather, sticking her tongue out at me.

We laughed again but then the atmosphere began to turn serious. We all sensed it.

Heather had finished her sandwich quickly but had drunk at least another full glass of wine.

Mum put her own glass down and moved so she could face both of us easily. "Now, when are you going to tell me what's been bothering you both all evening? Even when we've been laughing and joking, you've been holding back. What's wrong?"

Heather looked at me for a moment before turning towards Mum. "Mum," she said. "I've been trying to decide whether to tell you this, because I'm afraid you might tell us No."

"Well, you'd better tell me now," answered Mum, putting down her sandwich as well and giving Heather her "gentle Mum stare".

"You said you feel safe knowing that Laura is looking out for us. But Laura's in trouble. She kinda went berserk when she found out this morning that Ghastly Gordon had filmed us all having sex after Assembly yesterday."

Mum looked at me for a moment, then turned back to Heather.

"Ghastly was actually showing the class the recording when Laura got there. She smashed the DVD and covered herself up and wouldn't pose in Gordon's class. So they made her wear handcuffs and cut her hair and caned her in front of the whole school."

"It was horrible, Mum," I added.

"And with her hands cuffed behind her back she can't protect herself."

"Dr. Reynolds allowed this? I thought you said he was okay?"

"No, he got called away to London for a meeting about.. my rape, and all this publicity. It was Mr. Graham and he does anything Ghastly tells him to."

"Hmm. I understand now. Has anyone contacted Dr. Reynolds?"

"I don't know but I've thought of a plan and all the girls agreed to it, even Samantha. We're all going to wear handcuffs tomorrow as a protest, then we're going to tell Mr. Graham that he has to take Laura's handcuffs off, or we'll cut our hair and give a press conference."

"Whew," gasped Mum. "As we would have said when I was young, 'Heavy'. But what if it doesn't work? None of you will be able to protect yourselves."

"We won't let Laura down, Mum," I insisted.

"Please don't ask us not to do it," begged Heather.

"I won't pretend I'm happy about it. And I'll worry about you, even more than I usually do." She reached over and held our hands. "And I'm very proud of my babies, but please be careful."

We hugged her. "But I don't think you should ask this girl Samantha to do it. From what you've said it may be too much for her."

"I'll try and persuade her not to," promised Heather, "But she was the first one to agree. I don't think she'll want to be left out." (Yes, but when she thought it was so great, she didn't think that she'd be doing it herself, I thought. She thought she would be in the hospital.)

"Just try and look after her, then, if you can."

"I'll try, Mum, if I can't persuade her not to do it."

"And look after your little sister too." I knew what she meant but I kinda wished she hadn't said it. But I didn't say anything.

But Heather was struggling not to laugh. "What's so funny about looking after your little sister?" asked Mum indignantly.

"How am I supposed to do THAT?" Heather replied. "It would be like trying to hold in an nuclear bomb blast." We all laughed yet again.

With all of us pitching in, it only took a few minutes to clear up downstairs. I went up to my room, threw off my blouse and skirt and absent-mindedly reached for the old t-shirt I usually sleep in. Oops. I threw it across the room and slipped under my duvet. Hmmm, Mum may be right. Everything felt nicer, the duvet, the sheet underneath me and even the pillow.

I moved around and the duvet made my nipples go hard. That's nice too, I thought. My left hand started on my tits and my right hand stroked its way down to my pussy. There's always time for a little fun, isn't there? And there's no one watching, that seems kinda weird now. It was a gentle play and I came gently as well, and very quickly.

I rolled over on my side, my favourite position for falling asleep. Usually I go back over my day in my head last thing. Not tonight. There was way too much to think about so I just closed my eyes and drifted away. The last thing I remember thinking was what if Heather's plan doesn't work tomorrow. Will any of us cope any better than Sam and Laura had done?

Shelley, part 7

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Morning

In spite of such a wonderful evening with Mum, I think my sister woke up in a bad mood because she was snapping at me for everything I did from the moment I woke up to when we left for school. She even snapped at me for pouring her milk on her cereal for her until finally Mum told her to stop it. It was just like before we became friends.

She didn't look like she'd slept very well. Perhaps she was tired. I hope that's all it is because even if I miss teasing her all the time, I'd miss her being my bestest friend even more. She'd even finally stopped treating me like some little kid this last week.

At school, Heather and Suzie and Sam and Jed and I went straight to the headmaster's office. Jed put handcuffs on all of us girls like we'd told him to.

Heather tried to persuade us to let her confront Grisly Graham on her own. (Actually he isn't that frightful, but it goes with Ghastly Gordon!)

Sam is so different to Monday, or even yesterday. She looks so sure of herself. I wish I felt as sure as she looks. She made it clear that nothing Heather said would put her off.

I just said, "Where you go, I go." By the look she gave me, even that didn't please her.

Suzie stopped the argument by telling Heather to give up and the longer we argued, the longer Laura was out there, handcuffed, being groped on her own, without us to help her.

Then it turned out that he wasn't even in yet anyway.

It's weird, but when we went out to the daily groping I didn't even think of taking my handcuffs off. The others didn't either. With Laura having no choice, it just wouldn't have seemed right somehow.

It wasn't as bad as last week, when I'd distracted everyone from Heather, but it was pretty bad. When they realised that we couldn't do anything to stop them, a few of the boys got really rough, no matter what I said. It was the younger ones who were the worst. I suppose most of them don't have girlfriends yet.

I spent the whole time determined I wasn't going to cry like last week. If the others could take it, so could I. It seemed like it was going on forever. I knew I'd be too sore after that to have any sex today and I still hadn't tried anal, but by the time they'd finished shoving fingers up there, there was NO WAY I was going to do that today either.

In the showers Laura asked us what we were doing.

"If you have to have handcuffs, then we're wearing them too," I said.

"But what if something happens while you can't even defend yourselves?" Laura argued.

Heather stopped that argument stone dead by pointing out, "If something happens, having hands free isn't always enough anyway."

I wondered how long last Friday was going to hang over us like this. None of us knew what to say. Finally Suzie had the courage to say it, "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying."

Laura was pissed off that we were making Samantha do it too, till Sam told her we weren't making her do anything.

She couldn't even persuade Sam to take off her handcuffs, so she knew she wouldn't succeed with the rest of us either.

I was really lucky with my first lesson. It was English with Mr. Thompson. Heather had obviously told him what we were doing because he started the lesson with, "Shelley, come up to the front please and turn your back to the class." I stood at the front of the room facing the board.

"You will notice that Shelley is wearing handcuffs. I happen to know that the other program girls are wearing them as well, to show solidarity with Laura Townley, who, as you all know, has to wear them all week. I have to say that most of the staff were as shocked as you all obviously were by what happened yesterday and for myself, I admire the girls for taking a stand."

"Yeah, anything that teaches that bitch Gordon where to..." said a boy from somewhere near the back.

"That's enough," snapped Mr. Thompson. "Ms. Gordon is a member of staff and is entitled to respect."

"She doesn't show any respect to any of us," argued a girl. "My sister was in class with Heather last week and she made Heather let all the class go down on her and then let the boys wank over her. My sister said it was disgusting."

"And look how she treated little Samantha Downing on Monday," said one of the boys. My sister's boyfriend was in that class and he said he hated the way Ghas.. Ms. Gordon seemed to really enjoy upsetting Samantha until she left her crying on the floor in a corner. I mean, God, sir, Samantha's so shy she wouldn't even wear a bloody mini skirt."

"And you could see she was getting a kick out of caning Laura yesterday," said yet another boy. "I'm sorry sir, but the only respect she deserves is a good kicking. And the rest of you staff are as bad as she is for letting it go on." There was a murmur of agreement.

"I probably shouldn't say this but I happen to agree with you, and I can assure you that action is being taken. I can't say any more." He paused and looked round at all the students who sat there staring back at him like they didn't believe him. He moved to the side of the room and turned so he could look at me as well as the others.

"I shouldn't have even said what I have just now. I'd be grateful if you would all agree not to repeat that outside of this room until Dr. Reynolds returns. Maybe you all think I'm being a coward but the situation is very complicated and perhaps sometime soon I'll be able to explain myself better. But if you can persuade yourselves, each of you, that I am worth trusting, all I can really say now and remain of any use to the Program girls is what little I have just told you. I have spent over 15 years in teaching and every day of those 15 years I've tried to treat all of my students with respect. I feel that is the only way I may justifiably ask for your respect in return. If you feel, after this difficult situation, no, this bad situation, is resolved that I no longer deserve your respect, that will be your decision, and one that will sadden me deeply."

I was quite surprised by what he had said at the start but what he said after that sounded like the truth to me. But it still seemed that all of us in the program were fair game, despite all the wonderful words about respect.

"In the meantime, to get back to the point. You will notice that Shelley is handcuffed. While I support their making a protest, I have to say I think this is unwise. But as I have as much chance of changing her mind as I have of winning the National Lottery, there's very little I can do about it." He paused. "But you can."

"What, Sir?" asked one.

"We can't take her handcuffs off her," said another.

Mr. Thompson laughed. "I didn't mean that. But the girls can't defend themselves at all like this. Although most people won't take advantage, some will. And I don't want to find that someone's been using this chance to treat her roughly and stick his fingers up her."

I couldn't stay silent at that. "SomeONE, sir? SomeONE? Have you staff any idea what it's like out there? We get surrounded by a whole crowd, all trying to grab us at once, or see how many fingers they can get up us, or up our arseholes. And that's BEFORE I wore these handcuffs. I'm going to be sore all day and that's just after getting to school this morning."

He looked genuinely shocked. "No," he said to me. "I had no idea it was like that and I'm sure the same goes for most of the rest of the staff." He turned back to the class, "Then what I am saying is even more important. The staff can't be with them all the time, but you can. I want all of you, especially you bigger ones, to protect her, and the other Program girls, every moment until this is resolved. And spread the word to other classes. Anyone abusing the girls will have hell to pay when the headmaster returns. And that's a promise. Any of you that can, protect the Program girls, whenever you see them in trouble, if necessary, even against certain members of staff. And I didn't say that either."

Then he let me sit down for what was left of the lesson.

You can guess that I had no trouble between lessons.

In my second lesson, Heather came to get me. Grisly (Graham) had arrived. We went to get the other girls. Heather decided she wanted the support of having the boys there too, so we collected them as well.

Us girls and Jed followed Heather into the office and Heather demanded, "We want Laura's handcuffs off, right now."

"The punishment has been decided," he replied angrily, so Heather turned to Jed, shaking her head to wave her hair in his direction.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Get on with it," Heather snapped, so he took a long length of her hair and cut it off.

"If Laura's handcuffs stay on, so do ours, and we're all cutting our hair as well," she explained, then went on, "Christopher is outside with my mobile. It's programmed to dial that woman reporter who interviewed me last Friday. When we've finished chopping our hair off, we're giving a press conference. Wanna come?"

He actually thought she was bluffing. Hadn't he seen ANYTHING of Heather this last week? She's not timid any more and there's no way she was going to back down.

Suzie was next. "Me next, Jed," she said and she closed her eyes as she felt him cut her hair. She moved back to stand near me and I squeezed her hand.

"The Headmaster is going to love this new publicity," sneered Heather.

Sam stepped in front of Jed, then Grisly cried, "Hold on! What do you want?"

"Firstly, Laura's handcuffs are removed and never put back," Heather demanded. "Secondly, no more punishments until Dr. Reynolds returns and thirdly, Program participants are excused from Ghastly Gordon's lessons until Dr. Reynolds returns and can hear our complaints."

That last one was going beyond the demands we'd agreed on and I thought, 'He`ll never agree to all that.'

I was right. He didn't.

Sam gave Jed a nod and he cut her hair too. She turned her face away from Mr. Graham so he wouldn't see her trying not to cry. "Time for that phone call," she said.

Christopher came in and dialled, then Grisly tried to grab the phone, but Jed simply picked him up and sat him on his desk like he was a five-year-old.

Grisly was furious, yelling about assault. Jed asked Christopher if he could see any assault and Christopher answered innocently, "What's assault, man? Is it anything like a pepper?" I couldn't help giggling at that, which annoyed Grisly even more.

Then he threatened to suspend us all and shouted for Dr. Reynolds' secretary, but Christopher told him that she'd been only to happy to disappear for an early lunch. (Note added later. We found out on Friday that she was disgusted by his treatment of Laura and would have liked to have stayed to see Grisly get "his comeuppance". That was Mrs. Johnson's word.)

At that moment the reporter came on the phone and Grisly gave in. Heather spoke to the reporter thanking her for the report she'd done last Friday, while Grisly looked terrified that she was about to tell her what was going on now.

He gave Heather the key to Laura's handcuffs.

As we turned to walk out, I put my back in front of Jed to block him, and could only just get my hand up to reach his arm. "You forgot my hair. I'm not being left out."

He grabbed nearly ALL of my hair and I shrieked, "Not THAT much," then I realised he'd been teasing. ('I'll get him back,' I thought.)

He still cut quite a long thick length and Christopher gathered up our hair.

Heather refused to have her handcuffs removed until Laura's were, so we started to walk out, Heather with key in hand. But just before we left, Heather swung round and tore a real strip off Grisly. I haven't often seen her as angry as that, and believe me, I don't want to again soon. Jed managed to gently guide her out the door eventually and the rest of us followed. I didn't notice if any of the others did, but as I left I gave Grisly my "evil eye".

Meeting Laura outside her lesson, I was shocked to see how bad she looked. Thank God Heather thought of her plan, I don't think Laura would have lasted much longer.

Jed started to tease her about a reasonable request, then seeing the look on her face, he stopped and simply undid her handcuffs.

Then as he undid ours, she asked "How?"

"Mr. Graham changed his mind," Heather said and Jed told her, "We brought you a present," and gave her the bag containing our hair.

She held our hair like it was precious and began to cry.

She asked us who'd cut our hair and I told her "Jed, and we told him to really make a mess of it."

"He succeeded," she laughed.

I grabbed the scissors and pretended to cut Jed's hair. "Care to join us?"

Then to my surprise, Laura jumped in between us and kissed Jed.

Laura held our hair in her hands. "This is the nicest present I've ever had," she said. "I will treasure this always."

The bell rang and we went to lunch. Everyone was chattering but I wasn't listening. My mind was on Samantha and I had a plan of my own to help her.

When I'd finished eating, I went to find one of the girls in the choir. We talked for a while, but I don't think she wanted to help.

I returned to the dining hall and refused to say where I'd been. Heather said we had to go to Dr. Reynold's office to see Grisly Graham.

Suddenly frightened I hesitated and she held my hand as we walked to the office together.

We had to go to London, we were told. Dr. Reynolds wanted us to speak to the inquiry into what had happened last week.

As we left the office, he sneered at us, "This trip is a school activity so you probably won't be needing clothes much." He sounded really pissed off.

I had a sudden thought. I might be away and then my plan wouldn't work. I ran back to the dining hall to find Suzie. I quickly explained what I was trying to do. She looked skeptical, but promised that she'd try to help.

We got in the taxi, picked up our case from Mum, who seemed to be under the impression that we were incapable of getting on a train to London on our own. In the end we reassured her that we could manage that without supervision and she told us not to do anything she wouldn't do.

I told her, "It's London you should worry about. It's about to get attacked by the slutsisters."

We arrived at the station with only a couple of minutes to spare, only to be met by Ghastly Gordon, a reporter and a photographer.

Ghastly was being nice for once and bought us a drink and some chocolate.

When the train came the photographer wanted photos of us getting on the train, naked. Ghastly was telling Heather that it was okay as it was a school activity, but I'd already stripped off. We posed on the steps, then hanging out the window. I leaned as far out as I could so the photographer would get a good shot of my boobs. She shook her head between snaps and laughed at me.

We were idiots. As the train pulled away without warning, Heather realised that Ghastly still had our case and our clothes. Heather looked really worried. I hadn't noticed Ghastly, though, because I'd been too busy posing for that photographer.

Please, Sis, I thought to myself, we're away from school now and can have some fun. "Don't worry, Sis," I actually said though, trying to sound hopeful. "It's gonna be a real adventure."

Shelley, part 8

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Afternoon and Evening

I couldn't sleep. There was a bedside lamp and I switched it on. Below it in a small drawer I found some notepaper and a pen. Oh well, I thought bitterly, better keep my journal up-to-date. You never know. But the truth was I thought I knew and I didn't like it, not one little bit. Shit!

An adventure I'd said. How could I have been so stupid?

Heather, I don't know if you will ever read this, but I never understood, last week, though I could feel you were hurting, I never understood what it was like to feel totally alone and helpless.

At times like this you look at yourself and realise what others must have seen all along. I'm just Shelley, the silly little girl that thinks everything is fun. Even this morning, which hurt like hell, was almost some kind of twisted game.

Suddenly it's not a game any more. It's easy to not worry about anything when you know you have others around you who care about you and will look out for you.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

We'd boarded the train, to the stares of other passengers and that cute photographer, which I got a real kick out of. When we found a seat a girl of about Heather's age came to sit opposite us. She'd seen us on the telly and was amazed to see us in real life.

She asked lots of questions about what we were doing and the Program. She obviously found the total exposure and the being groped by all the boys hard to deal with, so I wound her up even more when I said that girls grope us too. You should have seen her face when I said about losing my virginity. But that was nothing to how she looked when I told her about spit-roasting!

She got out at Birmingham and a bit later the train broke down at another station and we had to wait for ages. Heather hates being confined for long, so she got out to stretch her legs. After a while they announced that the train was ready to depart. But Heather hadn't returned.

I couldn't see her on the platform either. As a whistle blew and the train sounded its horn, I quickly jumped out on the platform.

The train pulled away and I searched everywhere for Heather, ready to really yell at her for making us miss our train.

It didn't take me long to realise that she wasn't anywhere on the platform, or the station. I was getting used to the stares from people by this time and I approached the barrier. I realised that Heather still had my ticket.

"I'm looking for my sister." I said to the ticket guy. "She's got my ticket."

He looked me up and down and I felt his eyes lingering on my pussy. "Oh yeah? (his eyes didn't leave my pussy) and has she got your clothes too?"

It was stupid but I didn't want to have to explain and just wanted to get away from him, and I just panicked, so I ran through the barrier.

A couple of staff chased after me, but I was too quick. I ran round the corner and into an alley to hide. WHAT was I thinking?

Someone had discarded a coke bottle, still half full. I hadn't had anything to drink since lunchtime and the running had made me even thirstier, so I took a chance and wiped the mouth of the bottle with my hand and drank a bit. It tasted a bit funny but okay, so I drank the rest. Mum would kill me if she knew.

I'd wanted an adventure and now I was having one. I remembered someone saying once, "Be careful what you wish for, you might just get it."

Of course what I should have done was go back to the station, explain what happened and get someone to help me get to London. Easy, sensible, no problem... but not stupid ol' me.

I don't know if it was something in the coke or whether I was just tired from last night, but I began to feel light-headed and incredibly tired. So I stayed where I was, lay down to rest awhile on a pile of cardboard in the alley and fell asleep.

When I woke up to a sudden noise, I was shivering with the cold. It was dark and I realised at once what had woken me. "She's alive," said one of the men around me.

"She's quite pretty," said another.

A third didn't say anything but simply grabbed for my tits. I tried to run, but I was hemmed in.

"Please don't hurt me."

"Hurting you wasn't what we had in mind," said the third man, coming up even closer. He laughed in my face and his breath smelt awful. "Thrown out of some John's car were you? That's the rich for you. You should stick to your own class."

With that he pushed me head back and kissed me full on the mouth. At the same time, he pawed at my pussy.

When he stopped kissing, I felt his finger inside me.

"Please, I'll do whatever you want, just let me go."

"She'll do whatever we want," said another. I didn't like his tone.

"Okay, girlie," said yet another, unbuttoning his trousers and pulling out a big floppy cock. "Suck this."

He smelt disgusting. But with everyone of them looking at me, what choice did I have? I bent down and took it into my mouth, trying desperately not to feel sick, not to breathe.

I couldn't get it hard and I felt some relief that if they were all like this at least I wouldn't get raped.

That thought made me think of Heather again and I let out a sob.

I heard a voice, "What's going on down there?" and a torch shone down the alley. While they were distracted, I ran, and ran.

I didn't (and still don't) know where I was, but I found myself at a pub. (see cultural notes) It was the only place open. There was a lot of noise coming from the public bar, it sounded like they were watching football, but peering through the other door, the lounge bar was empty. I was so hungry and I wanted a drink to get the foul taste out of my mouth, so I went inside.

"Please, I've got no money, and I'm lost. Please can I have a drink and something to eat."

"And how are you going to pay me?" he asked sarcastically. Here it comes again, I sighed to myself.

I didn't answer.

"I'm sure I can think of a way. How about a fuck for a drink and as much as you can eat?"

"No way."

"Ah well, you looked like you needed something to eat."

"Can I at least use your loo?" I asked.

"Be my guest."

The toilets were actually clean and I ran some cold water, scooping it up in my hands to rinse the foul taste out of my mouth.

I hadn't eaten much at lunch because of all the excitement and I'd eaten even less at breakfast due to nerves. Come to that, all I'd had last night when we got back from the hospital was that bloody ham sandwich and a bit of salad.

I went back to the bar. "Changed you mind?" He was staring straight at my boobs as he spoke.

"I won't fuck you, but," I took a breath, "I'll give you blow job." After this week and what I'd had to do in the alley, what difference did it make?

It was hard, (bad choice of word, girl) but I tried to imagine it was Lenny and the guy was soon spurting down my throat. I swallowed without thinking.

"You're pretty good for a kid," he said, softer now. "Here, grab this," shoving a coke and a fairly disgusting microwaved burger in front of me.

I drank the coke and wolfed down the burger like I'd never eaten before. He brought me more.

"You need somewhere safe to sleep for the night?"

Thinking of how cold I had been outside, I nodded, not at all sure that I wanted to go anywhere he suggested, but I couldn't think of an alternative.

He rang someone up someone and a few minutes later a woman drove up. "This her?" she said, thumbing at me.

"Yeah."

"Need a bed for the night?" she asked me.

"Yes, but I haven't got anything to pay with."

"I wouldn't say that," she said with a grin, but it wasn't a nasty grin, "Come on."

"I won't have to..." I desperately searched for the words, "do anything, will I?"

"No, don't worry, kid. Nobody's gonna hurt you or rape you or anything."

I went with her. I must have been mad, but I went with her.

She took me to a big old house with a faded chipped sign outside saying "HOTEL" and showed me into a room. She put the light on.

"You've got a washbasin and a toilet in there. It's not much but it's warm and it's clean," then she closed the door behind me and I heard her lock it.

I looked around and realised that the ceiling over the bed was covered with a mirror. Apart from the big double bed and a bedside table and lamp there was only a small dressing table. It was empty apart from the top drawer which was half full of boxes of condoms.

I tried the window, but it had shutters which were locked on the outside. I wanted to yell, but didn't know who might come, so I just went to bed.

I wouldn't dare sleep, so I was in for a long night waiting to see what awful things could happen to me tomorrow.

I found some pen and paper in the bedside table and decided to write about my "adventures", not that anyone would ever read them. At least doing that seemed to settle me down a little. I put the pad and pen back in the drawer and stuffed what I wrote under the pillow, wishing it was my pillow back at home. I decided I might need to sleep after all so I put off the light and tried.

I saw the train leaving without me, the alley and those smelly men and then running and running. I could see that dingy pub as well and that horrid man with his horrid cock, but then I remembered another pub, years and years ago, and another man.

We had stopped the car somewhere in the country and all of us got out. Daddy was carrying Heather on his shoulders but I didn't care. I could run faster than Mummy now, or at least I thought I could, and raced round the corner of that pub to a garden at the back. Mummy was chasing me and we were both screaming with laughter. I stopped by an empty bench and Mummy and I sat down. Both of us were still laughing when Daddy caught up with us and knelt down so Heather could climb off his shoulders and onto the bench.

"Please, sir, may I have a coke?" Heather could always play the little madam, especially with Daddy. (That hasn't changed, I thought, deciding I could use the little madam right now.) Mummy and I wanted cokes as well, so Daddy disappeared into the pub to get the drinks...

and I fell asleep.

Shelley, part 9

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Morning

For reasons that will be obvious, I have not put names in most of this section, or given many descriptions or details about where I was.

I can't believe I actually slept. I could hear noises from various rooms around the house.

I tried the door. It opened. I quickly closed it again. Perhaps if I pretend to be asleep until the house goes quiet I can sneak out and get away from here.

That idea quickly disappeared with a loud knock on the door. Before I could jump back into bed to pretend to be asleep, the door opened and in walked a girl a few years older than me.

"If you want some breakfast, I'd come down in a hurry before it's all gone," she said cheerfully.

She was blonde (bleached), with hair a bit longer than mine, maybe just a little bit taller than me and apart from the sexy nightie she was wearing she didn't look like I imagined a prostitute would look.

"I'm not hungry," I snapped, just wanting her to go away.

"Please yourself. But if you change your mind here's something to wear." She threw me a big baggy t-shirt. "But they'll all be disappointed."

"Why?"

"Helen (I've changed the name) says you turned up naked at our local (see cultural notes) in the middle of the night. Everyone's dying to know how that happened."

"It's a long story," I sighed.

She laughed a little at that. "Yeah, I bet it is," then, "Have we met before?"

"I don't think so."

"Funny, you seem kinda familiar." She shrugged her shoulders. "You sure you don't want to come down and eat? Full English with all the trimmings."

She had left the door open and I could smell wonderful smells. "Yeah... Thanks," I added as an afterthought.

"We don't bite you know. And you won't catch anything."

"I know."

"Would you like me to bring something up here?" she asked.

"I want to go home."

"I'm not stopping you."

"Then why was I locked in last night?"

"Oh, that?" She paused. "You know what we do here, or you've guessed, right?"

"With the mirror over the bed and a drawer full of condoms it wasn't hard."

"Well, would you really have wanted some drunk john bursting in on you last night?"

I shook my head sharply, suddenly remembering the men in the alley last night again.

"You thought we were keeping you prisoner?" She couldn't help laughing. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't laugh, but it's so funny."

She got serious all of a sudden. "It wasn't so funny for you, was it? Poor kid, I bet you were terrified."

"I was a bit," I admitted out loud. A lot, I said inside my head.

"You sure you're not hungry?"

"Starving."

"Well, put that t-shirt on and come get something."

Two girls were already sitting at the kitchen table and a third one was cooking. The girl with me pointed me at an empty place at the end of the table and sat next to me.

Before I even sat down, one of the girls at the table said, "Okay girl, let's have the details." "This I have got to hear," said the other.

"Whoa!" said the one doing the cooking. "Give the poor girl a chance, at least offer her a cuppa (see cultural notes) before the Spanish inquisition."

"Do you want some tea?" asked one of the girls obediently.

I was gagging (see cultural notes) for some tea, but just said, "Yes, please."

A big, steaming mug appeared. There was a sugar bowl nearby.

The girl by the cooker came over carrying two plates. Mine was huge and filled with bacon, eggs, sausage and mushrooms. The other girl's plate was smaller with smaller portions. A few seconds later a filled toast rack and butter appeared in front of us.

"No questions until she's had a chance to eat," she ordered, then turning to me, "Don't let it get cold."

Fat chance of that. I was starving so I attacked the plate quickly. Of course the moment I'd finished I was barraged with questions.

"Where're you from?"

"Why didn't you have any clothes?"

"Why were you in the \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*?" (name of pub deleted)

"Give the poor girl a chance," said the one doing the cooking. "Let's start with what we're all dying to know. How did you end up naked in our local pub?"

"Whew, where do I start?"

"The beginning?" said one of the girls helpfully. The others groaned at that but nodded as well.

"They started this Program thing at my school. Some of us have to go naked all week."

"Naked? In school? Not even knickers?" This was from three different girls but it sounded like one question.

"Yeah. Anyway my sister was in it, the Program, last week, but on the way to school she got raped."

"THAT'S where I've seen you," cried the girl who had come up to my room. I'm getting fed up with saying that so I'll call her Tara. (And I'll call the other two sitting down Megan and Maureen, and the one still standing Helen.) "You were in all the papers and on telly and everything. You're even in today's paper."

Tara got a newspaper from the sideboard. Sure enough on the front page was a photo of me leaning out of that railway carriage yesterday. "WHERE IS NAKED GIRL?" screamed the headline. Underneath it began, "Shelley Hoover, one of the girls in the controversial Naked In School program is missing somewhere in the country, still naked. See page 4."

In the bottom right-hand corner was a close-up of Heather, obviously crying and the words "WORRIED SISTER WAITS".

"Fuck." I couldn't take my eyes off Heather's picture for a moment. "Oh Fuck," I repeated softly.

"So, Shelley. You go to Slut School. What's it like?" Tara asked. Her friendly voice brought me back to the kitchen.

"Thinking of going, Tara?" laughed Maureen. "You don't need no school to teach you to be a slut."

They all laughed at that.

"It isn't Slut School," I protested. "That was just what one stupid reporter called us."

"Okay," said Helen. "So you go to school naked. But that's somewhere up Liverpool way." (I didn't bother to correct her.) "It doesn't explain how you end up in Rugby with nothing but your birthday suit."

"Well, after my sister got gang raped and it got on the telly and in all the papers, they decided to hold an inquiry. They called us, that's my sister and me, down to London and as it was a school related activity, we got told we still had to be naked. But the train broke down....." I paused to catch my breath.

"They sent you on a train naked?"

"Yeah."

"Fucking Hell!" I don't who said that but we all laughed.

"It was okay, but you should have seen the other passengers' faces." More laughter at that.

"So the train broke down, then what?"

"Heather, that's my sister, got out to walk around 'cause she doesn't like being cooped up for too long. When the train was going to go, I couldn't see her, so I jumped out. But I couldn't find her anywhere and the train was long gone.. The ticket guy was perving and I panicked and ran away."

"Whew, I wouldn't want to be in that area on my own, naked or not," Megan said. "You're lucky you didn't get knifed. Oh God, sorry, Tara." Tara had gone noticeably tense and pale.

"It's okay," said Tara. "Shelley, carry on."

"I fell asleep and some disgusting old drunks found me and wanted me to..." I flinched at the memory.

Tara squeezed my arm. "It's okay. You don't have to say it, we can guess."

"But something disturbed them and I ran away until I found that pub. And I was hungry, but the guy wanted to fuck me. So I finally gave him a blow job instead. Then he called, Helen is it?" I looked at her. "And you came and brought me here."

"Nicky's not so bad but he's crap with girls," Helen explained. "You got robbed, girl. The most he gets out of us is a handjob if we want a free meal."

The others looked as if she might have said something to upset me, but when I laughed, they laughed too.

"So we've got a celebrity in our high-class establishment."

"Hardly," I said.

"Maybe not," she said, "But the newspapers will make a story out of it. That would be awkward."

Helen appeared to be in charge and continued, "Look, can you promise not to tell them where we are or our names?"

"Sure." After all the talk, suddenly I was back to the present. "Shit. I've got to ring my Mum. She'll be freaking."

I stood up from the table and looked round the room for a phone but I couldn't see one.

Helen seemed to think for a few seconds before asking me, "Do you want to ring her right now?"

"Oh yes, please," I cried.

"Then come with me."

She took me to a large room at the front of the building. The heavy drapes had been pulled back and one of the windows was open. There were two low sofas, a few dirty mags on a coffee table and a big TV in the corner.

"This is where the johns wait for us." She pointed at the TV. "If they want we can even entertain them with some ..."

"Pornos?" I suggested.

She gave me a look. "You're pretty sharp, Shelley, you know that?"

"My Mum says I'm always.. trying." That got me a little chuckle from her.

"Sit down, anywhere. I'll be right back." She was quick. I hardly had my bum on the sofa by the open window before she returned. I reached for the phone she had in her hand, but she shook her head and sat down next to me. She had Mum's "Eleventh Commandment" look in her eyes.

"Shelley, this is very important, to me and the other girls." Her tone was pleasant but firm. "We keep a very low profile here in Rugby. We have to, or we'd be in all kinds of shit. Do you understand?"

She waited for me to nod, then continued, "So, can I trust you to not say anything to your Mum which she could identify us with?"

"Yes, of course you can. You guys saved me, maybe even saved my life. Anyway, I don't even know where I am."

"Good, so let's just sit here for a sec so you can decide what you're gonna say to her, okay?"

I started thinking out loud. That's a little unusual for me, the thinking bit I mean. "Well, the first thing she's gonna want to know is, am I okay. That's easy, 'cause I am now, thanks to you. And I'm gonna want to know if Heather's alright. Oh shit, I forgot about her for a moment. I hope she's okay. She'll be freaking too."

"I'm sure your sister's okay. That picture of her in the paper, she must be safe. But I agree with you, she's got to be worried about you too. Now, what else?"

"Mum's gonna wanna know what happened to me. But I'm pretty sure I can put her off for now by saying 'it's a long story, Mum. Can I tell you all about it when I get home?' She's always cool that way IF she thinks I'm okay."

"What will you say if she asks you where you are right now?"

"Yeah, that's the tough one. I don't want to lie to her. I don't do lies very well. When you speak first and think second like I do, lying can get very tricky. Besides, I hate lying, especially to Mum."

"So do I, Shelley," Helen laughed.

"How does this sound then? 'This nice woman took me in last night so I was actually able to sleep in a real bed with real sheets. I've had a huge breakfast and she's gonna get me to the station later this morning.' How does that sound? It's all the truth, especially the 'nice woman' bit."

I scooted across the sofa and hugged her. "Thank you."

I sat back up again. "How's that, ma'am?" I gave her my good-little-schoolgirl voice.

"Perfect. Especially the 'nice woman'. We don't get that very often."

"Helen, when I get home and there aren't any reporters around, I'm gonna have to tell her and Heather everything. Mum'll be pissed off if she thinks I'm keeping anything back."

"That's fine. Just make it clear to them both why I'm concerned."

"Cross my heart and hope to die, put a needle in my eye."

Helen grinned, "I've not heard that in years."

"Oh dear, I just thought. I'm supposed to keep a journal all about what happens while I'm in the Program. I'll have to put down about here and how you found me." Helen looked alarmed. "It'll be very strange if I leave a big hole and don't write it."

I thought about what I could do. "How about if I change all your names and.. and the name of the pub. That way nobody could use my journal to bother you."

"That should work." She didn't sound too happy. "But please be careful what you write."

"Cross my heart again. I'll be really careful."

I was a little scared to ask this next bit. "Helen, I better tell Mum and Heather your correct names though. I'll never keep things straight otherwise when I'm just talking."

Now she leaned across and hugged me, then sat back. "I may regret this but you're a good kid, Shelley. I'm gonna trust you to do the right thing by us. It's obvious you understand our.. problems with publicity."

"After all the things they wrote about Heather and me, I should do."

She pressed a couple of buttons on the phone and handed it to me. Then she stood up.

"Put in the number, then press dial. When you're done, press off. I'll let you talk to her on your own." She paused. "Fancy some tea or coffee?"

"Tea, please, two sugars and very hot."

"Just like Tara has it, including the hot part. I'll make a fresh pot."

"Oh no, don't bother. A bag is fine."

"No bother. Tara'll drink whatever I make. That girl could sink a battleship, never mind float it, the amount of tea she drinks." She left.

As soon as I heard Mum's voice, I shouted, "Mum!"

"Shelley, thank God! What happened to you?"

"I'm okay," I cried. "I got lost and fell asleep and... It's a long story, Mum. Can I tell you when I get home?"

"You're really okay?"

"I'm really okay. Is Heather okay? I thought I'd lost her."

"She's fine. She's in London with Dr. Reynolds. She still has to tell her story to the inquiry. But you can come straight home."

I really wanted to. But I knew I couldn't. "Mum, I should be with her. Can you ring her? I'll ask them at the station if they can get me on the next London train."

"You sure, Shelley?" Doubt in her voice.

"I'm sure, Mum."

"Where are you now?"

"'This nice woman took me in last night so I was actually able to sleep in a real bed with real sheets. I've had a huge breakfast and she's gonna get me to the station in a little while." I hoped that sounded natural.

"Okay, I love you." Acceptance and warmth this time.

"Love you." I hung onto the phone a few seconds before pressing the off button.

I looked up and Helen was coming back into the room, opening the door with one hand and balancing a small tray with two big mugs on it with the other. I could see the steam coming off them.

"That was great. Thank you again." But I could still see the concern in her eyes. "It was real easy. I said exactly what we agreed, and she accepted it, no questions asked."

She passed me one of the mugs and I asked her, "Do you have a few minutes?"

"As much as you want." She sat back down and we both sipped our tea. It was hot!

"What's it like...?" I asked.

"Being a whore?" I nodded. She took another sip before answering. "Well, mostly it's just a job. Well-paid, low overheads but no pension. I suppose that's sounds pretty harsh to a kid like you. But it's the truth."

"But it's still against the law, isn't it?"

"Not if a girl's on her own. But a place like this, I think it's called 'keeping a disorderly house'. Old-fashioned, huh? But some of the old laws are still on the books. We've got no problems with the local filth..." I think I look confused at that word. "... The police. We don't have to give them any money, but if any of them wants the occasional freebie, that's fine. All of them are in good nick," she grinned, "And one of the regulars is really hot. He gets me off every time."

"What do your neighbours say? Do they know?"

"A couple of them know for sure, they've spoken to me. But I think in general the folks round here don't know. We try to keep it very quiet and we shut at ten in the week and by midnight on Fridays and Saturdays, so they've never complained to us directly. One of the detectives I look after has told me there's been a couple of complaints, but he's always been able to calm them down so nothing's happened."

"What do you guys like to be called?"

"That's a good one. The best one is 'working girl' but that's a mouthful. And 'prostitute' sounds like you're in court. And there are some rude ones as well. Mostly when the four of us are talking we just use 'girl' especially if we know them. 'Whore' is fine, it's the truth after all and it really depends on how you say it. If you want to call us whores to your Mum that's fine."

"Whore," I muttered and then giggled, "It sounds naughty, I like it."

She bowed slightly towards me. "My favourite word is 'tart' but no one uses that one any more, pity."

"That sounds sweet and sour at the same time."

"I'd prefer sweet and sharp but you've got the idea. You asked me what it's like. Well, a lot of the time it's not very nice. The nice punters are mostly shy and lonely and I admit it is nice to make an unhappy guy feel happy for a little while. But a lot of them treat us like shit. I mean, they don't hit us, that's only happened twice in the three years we've been here and both times no one got hurt, but you can see the.. contempt in their eyes. We're just pieces of meat to them. Suck them up, let them climb on top and fuck me til they cum, get dressed and go. I might as well have been to the dentist, except they've paid me instead of the other way round. That's what whoring's really like, a lot of the time. Not exactly romantic, huh?"

This was too much information too quickly and I didn't know what to say. "You've given me a lot to think about." I changed the subject. "I was a virgin till last Monday and I think sex is mind-blowing and I want to try everything as soon as I can. I'm not weird, am I?"

"No, you're not weird, not even a little. I can remember when I was your age and if I couldn't be with a boy that night, I had to do myself before I went to sleep. It just felt way too good to go without. I think that's normal."

"Isn't it ever any good when you're.. working?"

"Well, there is the cop I mentioned. And I do have a few, fairly regular customers who do it for me. They're mostly in their late twenties or early thirties. I think most of them have stressful jobs and I know they don't want the commitment of a real relationship. But they do care about me when they're with me. Maybe it's just their pride but they really make the effort to get me going first. They make me feel like I matter even if it is only for an hour. And then there's this one old guy, he's got to be well over 60. Shelley, that old man gives me the best head I have ever had! I'd let him do me for free but he always insists on paying. And last Christmas he gave me an extra £100 to take all the other girls out to dinner. But he's one in million."

"Does that answer all your questions?"

"Oh yeah. And thanks for telling me the truth. That means a lot, you know."

She stood up. "On your feet, girl. The others are going to wonder what we've been doing."

"Something naughty, I hope."

That got me a spank on my bottom, a hard one.

Back in the kitchen, Helen got Megan and Tara to stand up. Maureen wasn't there.

"Tara, you're about Shelley's size. Can you find her something to wear?

Tara grabbed my hand, "Come on then."

Megan looked over at me. "This picture," she pointed at the newspaper, "Nice bod, Shelley."

It was really friendly the way she said it and I started to blush, but Tara pulled me quickly through the door.

She took me up to her room. "Find something to wear and I'll drop you off near the station. I'll be back in a sec."

Everything in her wardrobe was tiny. But she's about my size, weird. Then I giggled. Working clothes, cool. I found a black tanktop and a matching skirt. It was a struggle to dress, but I managed. I looked at myself in her mirror and considered career opportunities. I don't think this is what that advisor had in mind.

Tara was gone about five minutes. When she returned she handed me £80.

"What the fuck?" I said. "I can't take this money."

"Oh yes you will. It's only £20 from each of us and we'd all pay twice that for the entertainment you gave us at breakfast. Besides, we've decided we're gonna do Nicky for you, not quite sure how yet, but I don't think he'll enjoy it."

I wasn't sure, especially about taking their money. Then the thought of them getting back at Nicky for me made me giggle. "Make sure that bastard knows why, okay?"

"How can I pay you for these clothes and everything?" I asked.

"Don't worry. Business has been good. And by the time I wind Nicky up about him making a nude schoolgirl suck him off for a burger and coke, I'll be getting free burgers for a month!"

I laughed, trying to imagine his face.

I thought about Helen in particular doing Nicky. He's gonna be hurtin' for certain. "Helen's outstanding. I really like her."

"You two seemed to hit it off straightaway." Then she dropped her voice. "Helen has been wonderful to me, like a big sister, mum and best friend all rolled up into one." She said that like I wasn't there, just for a second.

Then her voice brightened again. "You'd love Megan and Maureen as well if you could get to know them. Helen calls them her 'm and m's' you see."

I must have looked puzzled because she quickly added, "Whenever a punter wants two girls, for a show or the whole works, it's always 'M and M'. Megan, she's the one who was admiring your bod, she's into girls, big time. I've known her for, I don't know, four years and there's never been a bloke. But girlfriends? I've lost count. And you should hear her describing what she gets up to with them. Shit, Shelley, her stories get me wet sometimes. Shall I tell you a little secret?"

This should be good, I thought. Tara started giggling as she said, "A couple of weeks ago I go into the front room in the morning, where you called your Mum from, and I catch Megan naked and wanking herself silly, watching a lezzie video. She just looks at me and grins. The cleaner was ill and Megan was supposed to be dusting!"

I managed to ask between laughs, "What did you do?"

"I said something like, 'I just wanted to see if you wanted a cuppa.' And then I go. As I'm shutting the door again, she calls out, 'Yes, please, one sugar.' And you know what? I don't think her fingers missed a stroke!"

By now we were both gasping. "No. There's more. I get back to the kitchen and tell the others. Like a shot Maureen's on her feet. 'I'll just see if she needs a hand!" Maureen comes back in about quarter of an hour, her cheeks are glistening if you know what I mean, and she says, "Megan wants to know where the fuck her tea is."

When I got my breath back, I asked, "So, is Maureen gay too?"

"Babe, how can I put this? If it can stand up and she fancies it, that's it. Trousers or skirt, it don't matter. About a year ago she was seeing a guy and a girl at the same time, but separately. When she goes out, one of us usually calls out to her, 'Bi, Bi, Maureen'."

I got that. We had been sitting on the edge of the bed. I stood up and gave her a twirl. "So, What do you think?"

"You really going home like that?" she asked.

"You don't mind me taking these clothes, do you? Don't I look okay?"

"Girl, you look hot. If I went home like that, my mum'd kill me five times over."

She gave me a long look, top to toe and back up again. "Black and black. With your light skin the contrast is fantastic. If I was into girls, I'd have you on this bed now."

"I couldn't help but stare at your bum as we came up the stairs. Those jeans don't leave much to the imagination, do they? If I thought you were into girls, I'd already be on that bed myself." (Fucking hell, girl. What did you just say!)

I think we were both embarrassed. I know I was.

Tara cleared her throat. "As I was saying, I don't usually wear the same colour top and bottom. But I'm gonna have to think again, I can see."

"Hey, why do you have so many street clothes. I mean, you just work inside, don't you?"

"Yeah, but I go out when I'm not working, you foolish girl. But you've got it slightly wrong about the work. When I'm working I always start completely dressed. Some guys like to strip me off themselves. The other ones, I always give them a little show first. They seem to like it, and it helps me to get in the mood at least a little bit."

"Go on then."

"What?"

"Give us a little show."

(Note added later. This was such an intense experience for me. I could remember every single detail and wrote them down, but my writing was just not good enough. I showed this section to Laura and she agreed to help me. All of the thoughts and memories are mine, but a lot of the words are hers. Thank you, Laura xxx)

Tara shook her head but then she went over and put a CD on. Wow! The volume was up and it almost knocked me down. The sound was magnificent and I never use that word. (I even mispelt it in my original writing, grin.) I looked around and found two medium-sized speakers halfway up the wall on either side of the window. Then Tara turned it down and suddenly it was all warm and dreamy although the music still had a sexy beat. I stood by the window, the music making me move a little. Tara went over by the bed and faced me.

She had a bloke's shirt on and started the buttons from the top, one at a time but leaving the one between her tits fastened. I hadn't noticed before but she wasn't wearing a bra.

What she was wearing were pink fluffy slippers with no heels. She flipped her feet at me one at a time. Her aim was good and it was easy for me to catch them both. I giggled and dropped them beside me.

Her hair was up but she did something with a couple of pins and a lush mane of thick dark hair cascaded over her face. Her head was down and she shook her hair a couple of times before tossing it back as she raised her head. She was staring directly into my eyes.

She turned slowly, her hips swaying gently from side to side until she was facing the other way. She rested her hands on her hips, fingers pointing at the floor. Her hips were still swaying as she slowly worked both hands around until she was rubbing them up and down the cheeks of her arse.

She didn't turn her head but spoke softly, "Do you like my bum, Shelley? My tight little bum?"

I couldn't answer, my throat was too dry. All I could see were those hands rubbing her arse. I was suddenly aware of my hardening nipples. The tightness of the tanktop only made them harder. I found myself rubbing the top with my right hand from one nipple to the other and back again. I started pinching the left one, rubbing it then pinching it again.

Tara was still facing away from me and I heard the zipper on her jeans. The first song finished on the CD, then another one began, just as dreamy. Now she could get her hands into her jeans. Somehow her hands were back on her arse inside her jeans without lowering them at all. I could make out her hands grabbing and releasing each cheek and I could hear her little sighs almost in time with the music and her hands.

Now her hands returned to her hips and she started pushing her jeans down. She got them about halfway down her arse, then pulled her knickers up so they were free of the jeans. She pulled them into her crack and went back to rubbing the newly-bared part of her arse.

I was digging this big time. This was so fucking hot and by now both of my hands were rubbing and pinching my tits. I didn't care now, I just wanted to see more.

Suddenly she turned round, bent over and pushed her jeans right down. "If you were a punter, I'd get you to remove these jeans for me. Do you want to?"

I couldn't say anything. I just went over and knelt in front of her. I pulled each leg of her jeans off, being very careful not to touch her legs or feet. I almost ran back to the window.

"That's okay, Shelley. I promise not to bite." Oh god! I could feel those words in my pussy.

She stood again staying next to the bed. Now she only had a pair of plain white knickers on and that teasing shirt. She started playing with her tits through her shirt now. She was staring at my tits and her hands were making the same moves mine were. We were maybe ten feet apart and I knew if one of us took a single step forward we'd be together. Neither of us took that step.

She undid that last button and reached inside with both hands on the opposite breast, kneading them in time with the music. The she turned around again and quickly removed the shirt. As it dropped I could glimpse the side of each breast. Then she faced me again. This time each hand covered the breast on the same side. She was moaning steadily now, squeezing her nipples and pulling them, then kneading the whole breast before concentrating on the nipples again. I wanted to suck on them in the worst way.

"Do you want me to stop, Shelley?"

"No, don't stop, please!"

Now she wasn't teasing any more. She slid both hands down her sides taking her knickers with them. She stood up with her legs a little apart and started rubbing her tummy and the fronts of her thighs. She kept her hands well away from her pussy. She was completely shaved! And she was totally turned on. Her lips down there were open and her clit was visible.

Then she lay back on the bed and slowly opened her legs. Her pussy smiled at me.

"Come closer, please. But not too close, okay?"

I walked over to the side of the bed. How I didn't keep going and jump on top of her I'll never know. But I just stood there quivering silently, staring at her pussy and rubbing my own. I wasn't even pretending any more. I wanted to get off.

And so did she. She slid two fingers straight inside and back out again as she massaged her clit with her other hand. Her eyes were squeezed tight and her head was rolling from side to side. And now she was moaning louder than the music.

I was using two hands as well, just like she was. Then her hips shot straight up into the air. Her pussy was a foot or so off the bed and suddenly everything of hers froze. It was like she had turned to stone, except for her panting and growling. My eyes closed and I came as well.

Somehow I kept my feet. When I opened my eyes, Tara was lying there looking up at me.

"God, Shelley. That was fucking amazing. You okay?"

"Yeah." It took a major effort just to say that.

Suddenly I felt relaxed and happy. "So that's what your punters get, is it?"

"No fucking way." She laughed a contented, happy little laugh. "I've never given a show like that before. I like you, Shelley. I like you a lot."

I sat down next to her. "Thanks, Tara. I feel nice now, a little confused but nice. You know, I told Helen before that I wanted to try everything out to see what it's like. But I didn't expect to see the hottest strip show in England so soon.

An evil glint shone in her eyes. "Everything, did you say, everything?" Oh dear, what the fuck is she thinking about?

She sat up suddenly. "Your turn!"

"What?"

"I said, your turn."

"No way!"

She just grinned at me. How could such a pretty girl suddenly look so evil.

"Well, if you're scared.."

"Am not!"

"Yes you are!"

"No I'm not!"

"Prove it!"

She had me cold and she knew it. "Stand up." I did and so did she.

"That outfit has got to go."

"Why? I thought you said I was hot in it."

"You are, but that's not the point. Stand in front of the mirror and try and figure out how you're gonna get it off and be sexy at the same time."

"Oh," I said quietly. I hoped I sounded disappointed because I was.

"Well, there are one or two thousand other possibilities here, you know."

Then she snapped her fingers. "Get your kit off. Now!"

I struggled back to my normal (!) naked state as quickly as I could.

"Here." She handed me a frilly pink blouse. I put it on, buttoned it up to my throat and turned to the mirror. Fuck! You could clearly see my nipples through it.

"There's hot and then there's hot. What do you think?"

"It's gorgeous!" I could feel the material against my nipples. They weren't hard, but they weren't flat either.

"Now, for the bottom I think.." She handed me something orange. "Rub them on your cheek."

"Wow, what are they made of?"

"Silk, pure fucking silk pyjamas. You like?"

"Oh yeah."

"Next, ladies and gentlemen, we need knickers. You got to have 'em on before you can take 'em off, right?" What could I say? "So, I'm gonna turn around. I want you to go over to those drawers, top drawer, most of my knickers. Choose a pair and then put the pyjamas on. I want to be surprised when you show me your knickers later."

She turned away and I invaded the drawer. The colours! Plain white schoolgirl ones at one end to black and scarlet wisps at the other. In the middle somewhere I found a pale blue thong. I loved the colour. I tried it on and it fit perfectly. I didn't need to look in the mirror. I could feel my bum was completely bare. I did check my pussy in the mirror, though, and every important bit was covered but almost nothing else. I quickly pulled the pyjamas on. They caressed me wherever they touched.

"Okay, you can turn around now."

"And finally, Shelley, the most important thing of all. Look through those CDs over there and pick out some music that makes YOU feel sexy."

Halfway down the pile I found it. He was an black American singer with a voice that could get me wet all by itself. The CD was called "Ballads of the Night".

"Good choice." Tara had been looking over my shoulder. "Now, lighting."

She switched both bedside lamps on and closed the curtains. The daylight disappeared and the room just felt right. She put on the CD and adjusted the volume so we could only just hear him clearly.

"Okay, here's what you do. Stand by the bed and pretend you're all by yourself. Concentrate on the music, just the music. Let your body move to the music. Then notice me sitting here and go for it."

She turned the easy chair by the window around so it faced the foot of her bed, then reached over and made the first song start again before sitting down. The last thing I noticed before I shut my eyes was that she was still naked.

I imagined for a moment that I was back in my own room. The door was locked and I was starting to dance to some music, sexy music like I could hear now. I kept my eyes closed and now I was in a different room, alone with this hunk. As he was singing to me I began to tell myself what I could see and feel.

Listen to his voice, girl. You're not dancing with him, You're dancing for him. Match your movement and your breathing to his voice. Think about him walking slowly over to you. He's taller than you and he's wearing one of those string vests that only covers half his chest. He's very buff (see cultural notes) but not too muscly and he's singing to you, only to you. Lift your hands to your breasts and pretend they're his hands. They feel strong, and gentle at the same time. Put your hands over his and press them against you.

I opened my eyes as the first song ended and smiled at Tara.

"He has big, gentle hands, Tara. Can you see how they're making me feel?" She knew enough not to answer.

The next song was just a little faster. I danced over to Tara, turning my back to her as I approached. I needed to feel his hands on my bum so I slid my hands directly under the silk and caressed my cheeks. I grabbed them hard and thrust my hips forward as if he were pulling my body against his. That was exciting so I relaxed my hands and my hips and did it again. Then a third time. And a fourth.

I faced Tara, still with my hands on my bum. I pulled them out and around my body, and then up to my breasts again. This time I especially rubbed my nipples slowly through the blouse. My nipples hardened again to two little stones. As I started to pinch them I could feel a response in my pussy. This was so wild.

I danced back a step and started to unbutton the blouse from the bottom. I was looking at Tara but she was looking at my hands. As my skin came into view I touched each exposed part. Tara matched her hands to mine. I touched my waist, she touched her waist. I rubbed my stomach, she did the same. There were still three buttons left when the bottom of my breasts appeared. I ran my fingers along their underside, so did she. I decided to test her. I let one hand move up and cover a breast, then massage it. Even though she could see my hand through the blouse, she couldn't really see what it was doing. She copied its actions just the same.

I could feel myself getting impatient. I wanted more. I unbuttoned the last three buttons, pulled off the shirt and tossed it to Tara. She smiled and mouthed a thank you.

When Tara lowered her jeans before, she was showing me her bum. I decided to face her instead as I removed the pyjamas. They were not tight so I could easily tug them down an inch and stop. I ground my hips in tiny lazy circles. As I moved, different places on my bum, hips and thighs were caressed by the silk. I kept grinding as I lowered the silk another inch or so.

Tara's hand was on her pussy. She wasn't masturbating, just getting acqainted. Her other hand was busy with her tits though, squeezing and pinching. My hands were working my tits too. The song ended and I could hear her breathing until the next song began. This one was a slower tempo again, so my hips adjusted their grind, bigger slower circles.

I pulled the silk back up and slipped one hand inside and inside the thong. My hips lost the music when my fingers touched my clit. Shit, was I wet! I fucked myself two or three times to get my fingers good and wet too. I pulled them out and had a wild idea. I leaned forward and held them under Tara'a nose. We were both very careful not to touch each other, but she inhaled my scent deeply, her eyes closing as she did so.

Tara closed her legs against mine so I wouldn't fall over. Our eyes locked momentarily as we silently agreed this touch was allowed, because we remained separated by silk. I remained half leaning over Tara and sent three of my fingers back inside the thong for some more honey. This time I brought them to my nose. I smiled at Tara and she smiled back. One at a time I cleaned my fingers with my lips and tongue. I was giving each one a blowjob, all the way in, then back out again, several times.

I straightened up again and, like Tara had done before, I lost the pyjamas quickly and tossed them over my shoulder. Only the thong remained. My hands covered each breast loosely and I humped my pussy in time with the music. I watched Tara's eyes settle on the blue thong and I knew what she wanted to see.

My hands were rubbing my tummy then, so I slid them over the thong strings. I grasped them firmly with both hands above the blue patch. I lowered the patch, then raised it again. Up and down it went in time with the music. Now you see me, now you don't, now you see me, oops gone again.

I had to do the arse bit next. I spun round quickly and bent slightly at the waist. One hand was caressing one cheek while the other hand started spanking the other cheek. Not hard, but just enough, I hoped, to turn the cheek slightly pink. I could feel it get warmer so I was pretty sure I had succeeded.

I was ignoring the music now. I pulled the thong across one cheek exposing my pussy. I knew she was watching because she gasped as soon as she could see it. I shoved a finger inside to get it wet, then rubbed my arsehole with it. My other hand was rubbing my pussy from the front. I was finding it harder and harder to stand any more.

I could keep my legs slightly apart as pulled the thong down and off. I turned back again so I could watch Tara. She was fucking herself with her fingers! I knelt in front of Tara to get the best view I could of her pussy. I leaned back on one hand and started fucking myself with my other one. As two of my fingers moved in and out, the heel of my hand rubbed across my clit. One of Tara's hands was pinching and twisting a nipple, hard, while her other hand mimicked mine. We were both moaning loudly now.

Our fingers kept speeding up. I could hardly see hers any longer and our screaming was drowning out the music. The room began to spin, then time stopped. Our screams dropped back to heaving pants at the same time. The music returned. We had done it again. Tara and I had cum simultaneously!

We stayed there for most of the next song, hardly moving. We kept touching ourselves, slowly, tenderly. I felt another orgasm approaching. It was a strangely gentle one and I could keep my eyes focused on Tara's all the way through it.

"That was awesome!" "Fan-fucking-tastic!" The only thing I can't remember now was who said what.

(Note added later. You sure can write, Laura. Thanks again.)

The spell was broken. "We need showers, Shelley. Come on." She grabbed my hand and dragged me to the bathroom.

Their shower was huge. There was plenty of room for us to splash and horse around without getting too close. When we got out she handed me the largest fluffiest towel I've ever seen and it seemed like it only took me a few seconds to dry off.

Back in her room Tara collected up all the clothes we had used for our "shows" except her jeans. "I think you were sweating earlier. I damn well know I was."

She said that so casually that I felt cool with her again, and dared to ask her, "Was I hot enough for you? Your dance drove me crazy."

"Well, I couldn't keep my hands off myself while you were dancing. Or maybe I should say out of myself."

She had a big grin on her face, so I heaved a huge sigh of relief and grinned back, "Neither could I."

A thought struck me. "Are there any shy whores?"

"Not on this whore's planet!"

I picked up my original black outfit. "Okay?" I asked.

"Sure, go for it. While you're struggling I'll put these in the laundry."

I was just straightening the skirt when she came back. "Let's have a butcher's." (see cultural notes)

She thought for a moment then said, "Wait a minute, that skirt doesn't have any pockets."

That made me laugh. "There's hardly enough room for ME in this skirt, never mind pockets."

"Do you want some underwear to go with it?"

I turned my back to her make-up mirror, bent over, spread my legs slightly and shoved my bum out. The skirt rode up and we both got an eyeful of everything this time. "Nah, this skirt doesn't need any help."

"You are a bad, ba-ad girl, Shelley." Then her voice softened and she whispered, "Do you really have to rush away?"

When I stood up straight we were exactly the same height, except that I had a pair of her pink flats on and she was barefoot. We held each other loosely and comfortably and shared a very strange kiss. We had stripped and got ourselves off in front of each other more than once, but that didn't seem to matter now. It was like a big switch had been thrown and we were mates again. Nothing more, but also nothing less. The kiss was close and intimate but somehow not sexy and it lasted for a long time.

"Will you give me your number?" We both said that together!

I gave her my number and she put it in her diary which was in a make-up drawer. "Now yours," I said.

Her face fell. "I can't. With all the press and everything, we can't take the risk." She looked down. "I promised Helen."

I must have looked disappointed because she touched my cheek and said. "When it's all died down, I'll call you, okay?"

I was sure that I'd never see her again and I don't know why, because I'd only just met her, but that thought made me really sad. "You really will call me?"

She didn't answer, but changing the subject to cheer me up, she said, "Let me do your face. You don't need much but just a little.." She stopped to giggle. "..to go with the skirt."

"Now who's ba-ad?"

Tara worked quickly. She got me to choose one of her lipsticks but not put it on yet. A little foundation, some blusher and then eyeliner and mascara.

She kept looking at me in the mirror to check her work. "I hope you're not upset at Megan's remark earlier. She wasn't coming on to you. When she sees an attractive girl she's always gonna say something. By the way now that I've seen it all, you do have a seriously nice bod."

"Thanks, so do you." I thought for a second and grinned back at her in the mirror, "I guess coming from Megan makes that a real compliment then." I stared at Tara. "What about you? Are you into girls at all?"

"Not really. I mean, sometimes I need a serious cuddle, Megan is very sweet and a great listener, and I let things happen." She glanced away and laughed, "Besides, she's got magic fingers!"

"And sometimes," I was laughing now as well, "Two in the bush are worth..." I couldn't work out how to finish that so Tara did, "Quite a lot."

"Here," I said when I stopped laughing, "Check this out."

I hiked up my skirt and got on the bed on all fours facing away from her. I looked back at her over my shoulder and started panting loudly, "God, baby, you're the greatest! Fuck me harder, harder, HARDER! That's it, Don't stop!" Then I collapsed forward on the bed trying to shake "uncontrollably".

Tara screamed with laughter. Then, "Not bad, for an amateur. You sit back now and watch a 'pro-fessional' at work. You'll probably wanna take some notes."

She stripped off her jeans and knickers again and lay on her back with her legs wide apart. She started quietly, "Baby, baby, oh god, look at you, you're huge!" She grinned at me, "Almost all of them aren't, you know." Then she went back to work. "Come here. Momma needs some real lovin'.'"

She went on for something like five minutes slowly getting louder and moving her hips faster and faster until the whole bed was shaking and she was SCREAMING. Very impressive.

At that point the bedroom door opened and Helen stuck her head in. "Giving our schoolgirl some lessons then?"

Tara switched it off instantaneously, "You betcha. You never can tell when a girl is gonna need some faking. Right?"

Helen just chuckled and shut the door again.

"Actually, Shelley, your technique was pretty damned good. So where does a sweet little thing, I won't say innocent, like you learn this stuff?"

"I've seen loads and loads of trashy chick flicks, and..."

"And?"

"And quite a few pornos too," I giggled.

"Thought so, the pornos I mean. We've got quite a collection downstairs. The punters like them and sometimes when business is slow, we girls watch them for a bit of a laugh."

"Or a bit of a wank, if your name's Megan," I laughed.

"Or even Tara." She winked at me.

"Or even Shelley." I winked back.

As she pulled her jeans back on, "You were asking me if I liked boys or girls, remember?"

I was straightening my skirt, "That's right." Then I sat back down in front of the mirror.

"Basically I dig guys. I've got two regulars who really do it for me. One of them comes twice a week, but the other one only comes once a week."

I put on my little-girl voice. "Please, miss, how are you spelling 'come'?"

That got a full body laugh from her. "Shelley, you're.. priceless." Then she handed me the lipstick.

"Boyfriend?" I asked as I started on my lips.

"Not for, let's see, over six months. He was alright, I guess, he didn't seem to mind what I did, at least not until he found out about the two regulars. Then we had a big fight and he walked."

"Are you sorry?"

"About him? No. Look, Shelley, I've got no qualifications, a body most girls would kill for, a safe place to work, loads of lolly and three great mates here. I'm not proud about what I do, but I ain't ashamed of it either."

I wasn't sure what to say to that, so I just nodded.

Then she grabbed my shoulders and straightened me in front of the mirror. "Shoulders back, tits out, what d'ya think?"

I couldn't believe what I saw. I've never looked better in my life, not ever.

"What the fuck have you done to your hair, babe?" You could have heard her disappointment from the pub.

"That's way too long a story for now," I replied.

Her voice went quiet again. "Then you'll just have to come back and tell me.. soon."

"Yes, very soon." Equally quiet. But then I jumped up suddenly. "Shit, I almost forgot."

I ran across the hall to the room I'd slept in last night. I came back clutching what I had written in my hand.

"What's that?"

"We have to keep a journal about what's happened to us in the Program. I couldn't sleep for a while last night so I wrote down all about yesterday for it."

"Please can I read it?"

"Not now, there's no time. Anyway I told you guys almost all of it at breakfast." Then I thought again. "Wait, I will show you the last two pages. I wrote this one last night."

After she read it she looked up. "You poor kid. You really were scared out of your skull last night, weren't you?"

I nodded, "Yes, I was. But don't say any more to the others about that. Now that I know none of you meant to scare me. Promise?"

"Promise. What's the other page?"

"I wrote this one this morning before you came to my room. It's what I was thinking about after I stopped writing last night."

As she read she kept looking up at me. Afterwards, "Your dad?"

"He's dead. He died when I was six years old. Now don't go all misty on me. I really miss him but only some of the time. It's not a problem. It's just.." I took a breath, "..that I wanted you to know. About both pages."

She handed the sheets back. Both of us were quiet again.

Then I spoke up brightly, "But when you call me, I'll come back and I'll bring my whole journal for you to read. How's that?" Now you'll HAVE to call me, I thought, or hoped.

"That sounds like a very good plan." Then she shook her head. "I was saying, a couple of years ago, that you didn't have any pockets."

She reached into her wardrobe and pulled out a small pink bag with a silver shoulder chain.

"No, Tara, you've already done way too much."

"Total nonsense, and you know it. Besides, it matches your new shoes." While she was speaking she swept the make-up she'd used on me into the bag and handed it to me. I added the money I'd left on the make-up table and carefully folded the writing paper into it as well. While I was doing this, she put my trainers in a small carrier and handed me that as well.

"You go on downstairs, Shelley. I'll catch you up in a sec."

Megan was making grilled cheese sandwiches when I went into the kitchen. She looked up. "Holy shit, Shelley. You hotter in that outfit than you were naked in that photo."

I gave them a twirl and they all made nice noises. I know I'd already had a huge breakfast, but those sandwiches sure smelled good.

Maureen noticed my interest. "I don't think we gave Shelley enough to eat this morning."

Before another word was said, Megan had a plate and a hot sandwich in front of me. Mmmm, good. While I was eating Tara called Helen out of the room. They were back just as I was finishing.

I finally said goodbye to the other girls (hugs and kisses with each of them) and Tara drove me to the station. It seemed to be taking a long while. "It seems a long way," I said.

"I promised the others to make sure you wouldn't remember where we live. I'm sorry, Shelley."

"I understand." I was disappointed but I understood.

She suddenly pulled over and stopped the car in a quiet street. "The station is right round the next corner and under the bridge. I won't go in there with you. I hope you don't mind?"

"I understand." I got out of her car. "You will call me?" I didn't care if it sounded like I was begging.

She smiled, got out of her car and came round to me. "I promise," she said and she kissed me lightly. I returned her kiss hungrily trying not to let her go.

"Whoa, girl," she said. "When you've finished at Slut School, you can come work with me anytime."

We both giggled and she looked, I don't know, younger all of a sudden.

She was standing in front of me, her arms lightly around my waist and her eyes looking right into mine. She didn't move but her eyes went out of focus like she was thinking very hard about something. Then she blinked and her eyes were focused again.

She took a step back. "Turn around and close your eyes, just for a sec."

I did what she asked. Suddenly I felt something small and cold around my neck.

She fiddled behind my neck for a few seconds, then said, "There, you can open them now."

I looked down and gasped. A beautiful silver trinket, a unicorn, was hanging from my throat. I lifted it so I could see better. It felt heavy even though it was small.

"Oh, Tara," was all I could manage as I swung around and hugged her as hard as I could.

"Listen," she was nearly whispering, "There's a story behind this. But it will have to wait until I see you again."

I started to protest but she put a finger on my lips to shush me. "It represents someone who was very close to me. When I tell you about.. her you'll understand why I can never wear it again. But I really want you to have it. It's too beautiful to stay in a drawer forever."

"But, Tara, this necklace must still be worth..."

"Not nearly as much as you think, even though the chain is silver so it won't corrode or leave a mark."

"I'll guard it with my sister's life." Tara looked confused, "Don't worry. That's what Heather and I always say about something that's very.. precious."

I kissed her nose. "Gotcha!" I laughed trying to lift her spirits back up.

She attacked like a snake and licked my nose back. "Gotcha back!"

I was touching the unicorn. I couldn't keep my fingers off it. "When did you decide?" I glanced down.

"Only just now.. for sure. But I thought about it when we were getting ready to leave. After you gave me those pages to read I thought to myself, today's been so special that I gotta give her something that's just as special. That's when I thought about the necklace. Remember I sent you downstairs ahead of me? That's when I fetched it."

She reached into her pocket and took out a small white card. "While you were enjoying one of Megan's famous sandwiches I had a go at Helen. When I reminded her that the mobile you used is completely untraceable she agreed to let me give you that number."

I snatched the card from her hand and examined it. It was completely blank except for a handwritten phone number.

"Now don't get too excited. That phone is switched off almost all the time. So unless you're very lucky you still won't be able to ring me. But I can use that phone to ring you safely." She shook her head. "I know it sounds like we're just being paranoid, but you probably have no idea how easy it is for fucking reporters to dig up all kinds of shit." Then she laughed. "Anyway I'll die if I don't get a chance to read that journal of yours."

She leaned back against the side of the car. "Now make me smile again before you run off. Walk me some walk, girl."

So I gave her a few steps of maximum wiggle. That felt good, especially with no underwear.

"Still in school, huh? Wanna get some teacher in trouble? Ten steps like that at the right time and I bet you get an A-plus!"

Then before I could walk back to her, she was in her car.

As the car started to move she turned her head towards me and shouted, "I'll call you!"

She was gone before I could answer.

I walked round the corner into the station and soon I was standing in front of a startled station master. He made a couple of phone calls then told me the London train was leaving almost immediately.

And a few minutes later I was sitting in a train, with a policeman by my side, on my way to London.

"I really can get to London just by staying on the train," I told him. "I hardly need a police escort."

"After all that's happened, I'm not letting you out of my sight, until I hand you over in person to your headmaster in London."

We sat there quietly for a while, then I stood up quickly.

"Where're you going?" He sounded alarmed.

"Nowhere. Don't worry. I just wanna stretch."

And stretch I did, testing the tanktop Tara had given me well beyond anything the manufacturer had ever intended. And testing the policeman's concentration as well, I could see. Let's have a little fun, I decided. I sat down again. This time I was opposite him in the facing seat.

I looked him over again and decided he was hot. He was still checking me out too. I glanced around and no one else could see. I leaned back in the seat and crossed and uncrossed my legs slowly, like Sharon Stone did in that old movie. With the miniscule skirt and me not wearing underwear, he couldn't help but stare at my pussy, so I did it again, this time leaving my legs uncrossed.

"If you don't stop that, I'll lose my job AND my girlfriend, and probably end up on a charge."

"Aw shucks, Mr. Poe-liceman," I drawled. But I closed my legs and we both started laughing, though I think his laughter was partly relief.

I spent a lot of time staring out of the window, fingering the necklace and thinking about Tara. For a while I couldn't figure things out. I wasn't in love, I knew that, so what were these feelings inside me? Were they to do with the awesome "non-sex" we had? (I couldn't think what else to call it?) I didn't think so but I would have to think about that. Who are you kidding, girl? You ain't never gonna forget about that! But these feelings didn't feel like sexy feelings at all.

But there were those three orgasms. The first one was kinda sneaky. Tara was so far out of it when she was cumming I don't think she even noticed me. The second one, though, was magnificent. (I think I like that word now, and I can even spell it!) In yer face that one, well in Tara'a face anyway. I was so proud of that cum. It was even stronger than the first one. But then that third one. Completely different to the others and wonderful in its own way. That one was warm and cozy, like sharing your favourite sweets with your best friend. Non-sex? I don't think so. What Tara and I did, whatever it was or wasn't, it was definitely sex. And god, I do love sex!

Then the big penny went Clang. I had just said it, "best friend". Tara was my first, real, grown-up, non-school, friend ever. It was as simple as that. I knew that she thought I was her friend too. The necklace seemed to prove that. The whole thing was amazing.

But very confusing too. I couldn't shake off an uneasy feeling that most of this morning might just have been a crazy dream. I desperately wanted to see Tara again but I was dependent on her contacting me. Would she ring me or not? Until she actually did so I'd be guessing. I believed her that the phone number she gave me was really quite useless. Could I deal with this? This not knowing about something that had suddenly become so important to me.

And then I relaxed. I remembered all the funny little things Tara and I had shared this morning. And I remembered that first kiss. It wasn't strange to me any more. It was the sort of kiss friends share. And I began to smile again.

I would tell Mum and Heather right away but I wouldn't say anything to anyone else. Not that I was a ashamed of what Tara did. No fucking way! (Nice choice of word, girl, this time.) It was a dead cert that she would call me. (Wasn't it?) What was starting between Tara and me seemed to be very special, and the truth was there was no one except my family that I wanted to share that with. Not yet anyway.

"You look very happy, Shelley." The policeman's voice startled me.

I saw his smile though and answered quietly, "Yeah. Yes, I am." Yes, dammit, I really was.

A police car met us at Euston and we wound our way through London traffic to a big hotel. As I got out of the police car someone came flying at me, almost knocking me over.

"Oh fuck, Shel," said Heather, already crying, "I thought I was never going to see you again."

We were both crying as we walked into the hotel.

Shelley, part 10

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Afternoon & Evening

We were going to eat at the Hotel, but after seeing the looks the Desk clerk was giving my clothes and what I had in them, Heather decided we'd eat somewhere else.

Hey, it's his problem, right? The old hypocrite.

Heather wanted me to tell her what had happened to me, but as we walked out of the Hotel, I was dazzled by the flashes of a load of cameras. If seeing the cameras last Friday evening had been incredible, this was more than incredible. We were in London, of course, and it seemed to me that every camera in London was outside the Hotel. Cool, or what!

"Shelley!" "Shelley!" they called. Heather smiled at me and stepped back. A couple of the photographers and one of the cameramen had knelt down on the Hotel steps so they could shoot up my skirt. They didn't have to kneel down very far. I deliberately opened my legs a little and couldn't help laughing when the flashes went off.

Microphones were pushed in front of my face, "Shelley, Are you alright?" "How does it feel to know the whole country was looking for you?" "Why did you go into hiding?"

I had a sudden panic. Remember, I told myself, nice woman and teenage daughter ... not whores ... nice woman and teenage daughter ..... I forced a smile back on my face and took a deep breath.

"Whoa. One at a time! Okay, I feel great, glad to be back with my big sister. How does it feel to know the whole country was looking for me? Weird. I didn't actually know until this morning when someone I was with recognised me from a newspaper. Then it was kinda unbelievable."

"Why did you run away?"

"I didn't. It was a silly accident and we got separated in Rugby when a train broke down. Then I got lost."

"So where were you all this time?"

"I was lost and thirsty and had no money or clothes. I had a drink and I think it had something in it because I fell asleep. I woke up and it was dark and cold and some men were trying to, well, make me do things."

"Were you raped like your sister?"

You bastard, I thought and glared at him. "Thanks for being so bloody tactful when she's standing right here behind me. The answer is no. I was lucky, someone distracted them and I was able to escape."

"Where did you go then?"

I was still pissed off about the previous question. But this guy sounded nicer so I took a second to chill before I answered him.

"I think I must still have been under the effects of whatever was in that drink because I kept running until I saw a pub. They gave me some food and a woman neighbour of theirs gave me a bed for the night. She was nice."

"Why didn't you ring anyone?"

"I think it must have been the effect of the drink. I was woozy and not thinking straight. I'm just lucky that someone was decent enough to help me."

"So how did you find out you'd been reported missing?"

"This morning, when the woman saw my photo in the paper. So she let me use her mobile to ring my Mum. And that's it."

"Who was the woman who helped you?"

"I don't know, but if she's watching, I'd like to thank her."

"Where did she live?"

"I don't know. I wasn't exactly in a fit state to notice last night and this morning we were rushing to the station for me to come here."

"Will you be seeing her again?"

"As I don't know who she is or where she lives, I don't think that is likely, do you?" A few of them laughed at that.

"Why were you naked in Rugby?"

"You know I am in the Naked in School Program. Well we have to be naked for all school activities, and we are in London to attend a meeting about the Program, so it is a school activity."

"Where did you get the clothes?"

"Her teenage daughter gave them to me."

"Will you strip off and pose for us now?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"This isn't a school activity. And you couldn't see much more of me anyway, especially the ones looking up my skirt."

Thankfully, they turned to Heather at that point and started asking her questions about the inquiry.

Then they took photos of us with our arms round each other and Heather asked them where we could eat.

Heather had a huge steak, but I wasn't really very hungry after that big breakfast and the cheese sandwich. I paid for it with some of the money I'd been given and we walked back to the Hotel, where Dr. Reynolds met us and took us to the inquiry.

"Don't worry about the inquiry," he said. "They might look imposing, but they're only human. Remember, they need your help. That's why you're here."

Wow! The room where the inquiry was, was huge, with engraved wooden columns all around and this massive table at the front which looked out of place because it was modern and a different colour wood.

The man running the inquiry said, "Thank you for coming. And can I say, Shelley, that we are all very happy to see you safe and sound."

"Thank you," I said, feeling nervous.

He explained that they'd speak to Heather first. I was glad about that. Perhaps I wouldn't have to say much. I know that doesn't sound like me, and whether it was the room, or the people at that table, or what, I don't know, but it made me feel small and unimportant, and I didn't like it one little bit.

He introduced the members of the inquiry panel, himself, and two other men and two women. One of the women was quite young and made me laugh when she said that she was on the panel because she could actually remember going to school.

The Chairman told me to wait outside, but Heather grabbed my wrist and wouldn't let me go. She started arguing with the Chairman and when he wouldn't let me stay, she said "If you hadn't been too damned lazy to get off your butts and hold the inquiry in the school where you should have done, my sister wouldn't have gone missing and ended up in danger yesterday."

He was furious, but so was she. "So don't pretend you're here to help us in any way. You're here to make everything look good, to save the Program. If you decide you really do want to hear from us, you know where we'll be. Back at school where we belong."

Then she started to walk out, when the older woman called her back. So I was allowed to stay and another chair was brought for me to sit next to Heather.

I tugged on Heather's arm and whispered to her, "If this is a Program thing, shouldn't we be naked?"

She nodded and we stripped off. I think the Chairman was going to have a heart attack. He told us it wasn't necessary, but Heather replied, "If you are here as part of a body that tells girls and boys you've never seen that they have to go around naked all week..."

"And get groped," I added.

She looked cross at being interrupted. "As I was going to say, and get groped, then surely you can't be embarrassed by two of us naked in front of you."

The two women and one of the men agreed with us, so we stayed naked. Heather said they were lucky I hadn't suggested they should go naked too. The older woman started laughing like mad at that.

Heather explained how the Program made us sex objects, and read bits from Sam's diary from her first day. Sam had read that to us on Tuesday morning, when we were discussing our journals together before lessons. Heather had thought it was good and copied it down. She had showed it to Mr. Thompson at the hospital that night.

As each of the class came and looked closely at what had been my most private areas, I realised that they weren't mine any more. My body belonged to anyone who wanted to see it and tomorrow it would belong to anyone who wanted to touch it.

Then Heather showed them parts of her own journal from the first week.

We found out that the lawyer on the panel was the one who'd told the headmaster that we had to masturbate and had to let people finger us and stuff, whether we wanted to or not.

Then Heather did something that even shocked me. She turned to me and said, "Shelley, lie on the table and bring yourself off." It was so embarrassing. This wasn't school. The lawyer wasn't happy either. Then Heather made it worse. "Shelley, lie on this table and continue." She meant the big table where the panel was sat. So I got on their table, trying not to look at their faces and carried on fingering myself. She made me carry on until I came, then she let me sit down again.

She started talking about us having to let boys finger us, then she spoke to me again, "Sorry, Shel, I need you again. Can you help me move our table closer, then lie on it?"

"I have a Reasonable Request. Spread your legs and hold yourself open. I want to touch you."

She started touching my boobs and pussy very softly. It sounds weird but there was nothing sexual in it, she wasn't even looking at me. She even put her finger in me and started to wank me off before stopping abruptly and telling me I could get down.

Then she made me stand on the table next to the panel. She got up next to me and told me to finger her like they do at the morning groping. I didn't want to and said so.

"Shelley, it's okay. This is important."

So I shoved my fingers up her so hard I nearly knocked her over, then after a minute or so of that I told her, "Bend over, Bitch!" The young woman looked shocked, then looked away when I shoved fingers in Heather's arse. I just wanted Heather to tell me to stop, but she didn't, so I carried on forcing my fingers in and out of her pussy and arse until finally she fell down onto the table, crying.

I felt awful. "Heather. Are you okay?"

She nodded and gave me a weak smile and squeezed my hand.

She told them, "Shelley stopped when she thought I couldn't take any more. At school, it would continue until the bell goes. Shelley, touch my boobs."

"No, you've had enough," I pleaded. "You do mine."

She pulled and twisted my nipples painfully. She was really rough and I was trying not to cry, but she carried on and on until finally I started to cry. She stopped and gave me a hug.

"At school, it's not one person but a crowd. And everything at the same time. The first morning my sister was groped, they tore her hymen they were so rough, not to mention tearing her clothes and nicking her underwear. Nobody in our school calls it the Morning Display any more. It's the 'Morning Groping'. "

The entire panel looked shocked and the older woman decided that we needed a break for some tea.

In the canteen I felt back in control again. Heather and I were the centre of attention as the whole room went quiet. One man splashed coffee on his jacket when he dropped some food into his cup. I smiled at him but he looked down kinda sheepishly.

We had no money, so the young teacher on the panel paid for us. She laughed when I said that it was one of the advantages of being on the Program. "With nowhere to keep your money, people end up buying you things."

Back in the inquiry, when they asked about Sam, Heather told them all about my petting party and how it had helped her.

Then she told them about Sam trying to kill herself, and about Laura and the plan to get the handcuffs off her.

She even told them about what Mr. Thompson had done.

The questions turned to me on that.

The headmistress on the panel, Mrs. Chaplain, spoke to me. "Mr. Thompson's words to your class obvious had a great effect on the whole school. I for one am dying to know what he said."

Ouch. What should I say? I didn't want to get him in trouble.

"Shelley, you don't strike me as the kind of girl that is normally reticent to say what she thinks. Is there any reason you don't want to tell us?"

I didn't answer.

"I think that you think that you are protecting him," she guessed. My face probably showed her that she was correct.

"Mr. Chairman. Can we agree that what Shelley says here is confidential and no action adverse to Mr. Thompson will be taken by anyone here, including Dr. Reynolds?"

Nods all round, including from Dr. Reynolds.

"Can we further ask the minute secretary to note this on a separate sheet, which can destroyed if necessary?"

"So instructed," replied the Chairman.

"Now, Shelley, you have our assurance that you can speak freely without any risk to Mr. Thompson, who, I might say, I am impressed with if he can command such loyalty from his students. Now what did he say that had such an effect?"

"It wasn't anything much," I replied. "When one of the boys said that the staff were as bad as Ghas.. I mean Ms. Gordon, for letting it happen, he said that he shouldn't say so but he agreed. He told us that action was being taken about it. And then he told them to protect me as he didn't want anyone sticking fingers up me."

I shook my head at this. "He had no idea," I continued, "I mean he really didn't know what it was really like, and I told him so. So then he said to spread the word that everyone was to protect all the Program girls all the time and that there would be hell to pay if anyone abused us. Then he said that they should protect us even against members of staff if necessary and not to tell anyone what he'd said about that bit."

Mrs. Chaplain and the teacher on the panel looked grim when I said the piece about protecting us against members of staff.

"That is outrageous," she said angrily, then seeing my face she turned to me, "No dear, that's not what I mean. You have spoken well. It is outrageous that it should be necessary for a member of staff to have to ask students to protect each other against another member of staff."

She turned to Dr. Reynolds. "I know there was nothing you could do to prevent this, but I am sure that when you decide what to do about these members of staff, if you have any trouble with the Local Authority, this Committee will be behind you 100%."

There were murmurs of agreement all round.

She turned to the lawyer. "It seems clear to me that the Program rules allow for abuse which was not intended or even dreamt of by those who wrote it. I've read that pamphlet many times and never in my worst imaginings did I think of things like we have seen and heard of today. What can we do about it?"

"We don't have the authority to change the pamphlet," he replied, "Though we can recommend to the Minister that he issues a further Statutory Instrument to amend it. But we probably don't have to change the pamphlet..."

"Surely we must?" said the other woman on the panel, a young teacher.

"If you'll let me finish," he replied, not angrily, "Under reasonable requests it states that disputes as to what is reasonable can be referred to local Program officials. There is nothing to stop us issuing binding guidelines. Although the appeals system doesn't apply to classroom participation, again, we can issue binding guidelines to the schools."

Then Mrs. Chaplain proposed that the inquiry come to our school next Monday. Everyone agreed and they thanked us for coming. Then the chairman reminded us that we'd have to get dressed again as we weren't in a Program area.

Dr. Reynolds told us that Mrs. Chaplain was coming back to the school with us in the morning, so I suggested that she should stay with us to get to know us all better.

Then he gave us some money to buy clothes suitable for going out clubbing and joked about the Hoover sisters being let loose on London. (I corrected him, of course, telling him we are the slutsisters.)

Back in the Hotel it was ace. We were in the restaurant and one of the waitresses asked us for our autographs! I like being famous.

When Heather asked her where we could buy decent clubbing clothes at this time of day, I made Dr. Reynolds choke on his wine by saying "or indecent."

Poor old Dr. Reynolds. He was chatting to me about my black outfit but I could see he was all uptight. This must be a horrid time for him. He was smiling at us with his mouth but not with his eyes. His eyes just looked tired and so did the rest of him so I decided to tease him a little bit to try and cheer him up.

I glanced over at Sis and she looked like she wanted to be anywhere else but sitting next to me. But then Dr. Reynolds laughed. Not a polite little titter either but a big belly laugh that shook the table. Score one for Shelley!

Then something really weird happened. He started talking to us not like a headmaster at all. It was like we mattered to him personally like we never had before. Well that goes both ways. I think I'll be... comfortable with him now, but I best not let on to the other kids at school. That could mean death, well not death but you know what I mean.

And I think he's proud of us too. He even called me "Little Miss Fearless". That's like cosmic! How does that phrase go? Fearless by name, fearless by nature? Cool cubed. He couldn't even make a tiny hole in that with his warning for the future. I wonder if he knows I love all kinds of roller coasters. Yeah, probably he does.

As we were leaving the restaurant, I sneaked another look at Dr. Reynolds and he was tired again. I've decided on a little secret part-time job for me when we get back to school. Make him laugh again.

"We must ring Mum," Heather said in the lift.

Up in our room she tried home first. No answer. Then she dug a piece of paper out of her pocket, muttering that she must learn Mum's mobile number and tried that. Success. She held the phone so I could listen too.

"Hi, Mum," we both said at once.

"Can I hear both my babies there?" Then, "Wonderful. Where are you?"

"In a big fancy London hotel," Heather replied. I decided to let her do the talking. I hoped Mum wouldn't start cross-examining me.

"And where are you, Mum?"

"At Eric's." We glanced at each other and grinned. "He insisted he should cook for me tonight. But I haven't tasted anything yet. I'm not even sure what it is but it smells divine!"

"Where is he right now, Mum?" I asked. Okay, that was enough of Heather talking on her own!

"In the kitchen, why?"

"Because," I said, "You know what I want to ask you."

"Shelley, you're terrible," she giggled. "How good is your French, you two?" That stopped us.

"Maintenant, c'est un dîner à deux après l'amour."

I got the first and last words, now and love. Fantastic!

But Heather was there before me, smartie, and squealed, "It's not even eight o'clock yet!"

"I know," she sighed. "It's given me a hell of an appetite."

"So when are you guys coming home?" she asked, then a lot quieter, "I miss you both."

I went three-two-one quickly with my fingers. "We miss you too," together.

Then Heather explained, "Dr. Reynolds said all three of us will catch a train back in the morning."

"And we'll all be dressed this time," I added. Mum laughed at that.

"Just before you-know-what, Eric and I saw you two on the evening news. Heather, you were very mature and professional, I'm proud of you."

She paused for a couple of seconds. She knows how to tease me but I bit my tongue and took it.

"Shelley, what can I say? You were beautiful. Where did that dress come from?"

"The teenage girl in Rugby gave it to me." I'm sure Tara's over 19 but a girl can lie about her age, can't she?

"She's smaller than you, I guess?"

"A little, why?" Let's stay on the dress, I thought. That's safe ground.

"Because, dear, it wasn't clear how you could breathe in it." Then before I could answer she laughed, "I don't think I've ever seen you look so sexy. I'm gonna buy all the morning newspapers tomorrow. If you're not in every single one of them I'll be very surprised."

"Shelley, don't go all cocky now but I have to give you a real compliment. When you were answering all those questions the cameraman had your face in close-up. Your make-up was superb. You never use make-up. Did someone do it for you?"

"The girl who gave me the dress." Ah, the absolute truth.

"Well she should consider doing it professionally. Eric couldn't take his eyes off you. I felt so proud at that moment. And he was clever enough to have a tape running. You'll be able to see how good you looked when you get back."

A perfect moment to change the subject, I said to myself. I put on my "innocent" voice. "Has Eric seen the other tape yet?"

"A very good question, dear. No, not yet. But I have it with me and I'll be showing it him after dinner. Stop pulling faces, Heather."

She was. "How did you guess?" she asked.

"I know you. But think about this, dear. Eric is maybe the only person in town who hasn't seen it. Everyone else at work certainly has. Give us a smile, Heather. Everyone was over the moon about it. They all said that both of you were amazing. So, Heather, what's that phrase, deal with it. Okay?"

"Yeah, I know you're right. It's just that when I think about it, I remember what else happened that day."

I put my arm around Heather and squeezed. She gave me a little smile.

"So do I, Heather. That's why the TV interview is so amazing. You were so brave that afternoon."

There was more than a little pause before she continued, "I think I better tell him about Tuesday night, after we saw the tape.

Cool, I thought, and said, "Yeah, I think you should. I don't want to shock him tomorrow night."

"The more I'm learning about Eric, Shelley, the less shy he seems."

"So you think he'll be cool about things."

"Yeah, I think he will, but check with me first, okay?"

Throughout that last bit Heather seemed really interested in the ceiling. She knew what we were talking about, of course, but said nothing. I think she was actually quite happy about it but refused to show it.

Mum decided to change subjects again. "So what are you two plotting for tonight?"

I answered straightaway, "The slutsisters versus London. It should be a fair fight."

That pulled a huge laugh from her. "Okay, I don't want to hear any more. Just stick together, okay?"

"Like glue, Mum, " I said.

"Oh dear, girls. Eric is hovering. I think he has his 'if I don't get off the phone this instant our dinner will be ruined' look. I better say good night." Thank you, Eric, I thought with relief.

"Have fun tonight, both of you. God knows, you deserve it. Love you."

"Love you back." Together again. That one didn't need a countdown.

As Heather put the phone down I headed for the loo.

"Not so fast, young lady."

"I need a pee." I left the door open. I knew what was coming.

Heather raised her voice. I knew I was in the next room, but she still sounded pissed off.

"You turn up today in the sexiest outfit you've ever worn, perfect make-up, no knickers, an expensive looking necklace around your throat and who the fuck knows how much money in a new bag? And oh yes, shoes to match the bag. You think I'm blind or something? Dr. Reynolds will have noticed all that too. What do you suppose HE'S thinking? I KNOW what I'm thinking!"

That all came at me like a machine gun. I knew she was pissed off, but not that much. I was gonna have to tell her the truth right away, or the night would be fucked. Besides underneath the anger was my sister who loved me and who I loved back.

"Okay, Sis. Let's sit down and I'll tell you the truth. I admit I told those reporters a couple of porkies." (see cultural notes)

Heather sat on one side of the bed, half turned so she could see me. I sat on the other side. I thought putting a little distance between us might be a good idea. I took a very big breath before I began, but despite her anger I couldn't resist a dramatic opening line.

"I spent last night in a whorehouse."

"Oh shit, Shel. I was afraid it was something like that, but I was hoping I was wrong. Did anyone hurt you? Why didn't you tell me sooner?" She stood up. "We gotta find Dr. Reynolds and go to the police."

I jumped up and ran round the bed and hugged her.

"Sis, you're gonna want to kill me in a second but it wasn't like that at all. Nothing bad happened to me there. The complete opposite. I've got so much to tell you and Mum that it's gonna take me absolutely ages to do it right. Would you be willing to accept just the main bits now? I promise I'll tell you everything tomorrow, Okay? Please?"

"Okay, give."

I took a second to get my thoughts in the right order.

"For a start everything I told the reporters was the truth up to the pub. The landlord gave me something to eat. (The blowjob would have to wait.) Then he called his friend, Helen. She's a prostitute and she took me to the house where she lives and works. She gave me my own room to sleep in. This morning at breakfast I met Megan and Maureen and Tara. After breakfast Helen let me phone Mum. Then Tara took me up to her room and gave me everything you see, the outfit, the bag, the shoes. Each of the girls also gave me £20 to help out. And Tara did my make-up and took me back to the station. And before she went she gave me the necklace. Don't ask me about that now. I'm not sure myself. Maybe we can all figure it out tomorrow night. And that's everything."

Heather shook her head but now she was smiling again. "If anyone else had told me such a ridiculous story, I'd be certain they were crazy or lying or both. But you, I believe every fucking word. How you do it, though, I'll never figure out."

"You know what the worst thing today was? Lying to Mum. Not once but sorta twice. When I rang her this morning I told her the same lies about Helen and Tara that I told the reporters. I really feel shitty about that."

Heather hugged me again. "Believe me, Shel, I know exactly how you feel. I did the same thing to Mum about the Ws, remember? And I felt pretty shitty about it too. Mum'll understand, watch."

We just had time to get cleaned up and go downstairs a little before eight.

At exactly eight o'clock (there was this enormous clock on the wall behind Reception), Laura, the waitress, met us and took us to a street market. It was ace. In between stalls selling fruit and veg were stalls selling all kinds of things, from perfumes, to incense to all sorts of weird and wonderful clothes. Some of the stalls were playing music and the various sounds mingled into a chaotic, but exciting noise. The market was full of a mixture of people too. A lot of students going through all the ethnic stuff, and old people buying food. Some of the kids were dancing next to one of the stalls with music. Heather insisted I buy a sweatshirt for when it got colder later at night.

Then Laura took us off to a side street to a small shop absolutely crammed with clubbing and dance gear. "I love this," she said, "but I'd never have the nerve to wear it." She was showing us a lycra body with a deep mesh V at the front, which you would be able to clearly see your boobs through. It was crotchless, but came with a matching skirt which was nothing more than two semi-circles of material joined at the waist on each side.

"Try it on," Heather and I both insisted.

"Oh, I couldn't," she said.

Nothing we could say would persuade her, so we looked for something for Heather. Heather fell in love with a pair of leggings with the whole inner thigh cut out, which would have left the pussy and bum crack exposed except that it came with a set of inch-and-a-half-wide or inch-wide or half-inch-wide strips of various colours and materials which attached at the back by tying, and went between your legs and fastened at the front with poppers.

To go with that was a variety of tops to choose from. Heather chose one that was almost sheer and finished just below her nipples.

"Now you," she said to me.

"I wanted to wear this," I replied.

"No chance. You've been wearing that all day. Dance half the night in that and you'll stink."

I was going to argue but then I saw this fantastic dress. It was thin white cotton with long shoulder straps that stopped at two Vs of the cotton just above the boobs. The Vs covered the boobs and met in the middle. But along the sides of each V were two small zips. If you undid them, the material fell down to reveal naked boobs. And almost as good was the skirt part of the dress. It went down slightly more than the skirt I was wearing, but had a zip up the front, which could show your pussy. The bum part of the skirt was clear plastic. If all the zips were done up, it was revealing but tame compared with some of the other things there, but I knew I wouldn't have the zips done up for long.

Both of us got changed. I couldn't stop giggling as I tested the zips. All of them worked smoothly. How convenient! Heather had chosen one of the inch and a half wide straps to go over her pussy, but the one she chose was a material that clung so tightly it highlighted her pussy instead of covering it. It clung even tighter when I tied it at the back for her.

As we went to pay for the clothes, we caught Laura still staring at the outfit she didn't dare to wear. "If you're going out with the slutsisters, you ought to have something indecent to wear," I said.

"Just try it on," encouraged Heather.

"And lose the bra," I added. Unnecessary, I know, but I wanted to make a point.

"Right," she said. "Here goes. But I'm going to have to wear some knickers with this. I'm not as brave as you two."

I picked her a white thong, which was almost but not quite sheer at the front. She looked at it for a minute and took it.

She went and got changed. The shop only had a mirror in the main part of the store, so you had to come out of the changing room to see yourself..

"Oh my God!" she squealed, just like I used to squeal when I was younger, like last week. "It's incredible!"

"No," said Heather, "You're incredible."

"I don't look too slutty?"

"You look hot," said a guy who had come in the shop at that moment. I was sure I'd seen him before.

Laura flushed with sheer pleasure. "Why thank you, kind sir."

Then she turned to us. "This is James, he works at the Hotel too. I asked him to meet us here as he's taking us to the club."

James took us in briefly with his eyes, and said hello, but he couldn't keep his eyes off Laura.

"I think you'd better wear that tonight, Laura," said Heather.

"Okay, I will." She paid for it and we went back out into the market street. I took Heather's hand and dragged her to one of the stalls with music and began to dance. Heather had no choice but to join me, while Laura and James watched. I made the dancing as sexy as I knew how and I know it worked because James had a hard-on I could clearly see through his trousers.

I shouted into Heather's ear and she and I both advanced on Laura, each taking one of her hands and pulled her into the space that had developed around us. She shook her head and yelled, "I can't do this," so we sandwiched her between us and continued to dance. I was touching her boobs every now and then while Heather lifted her skirt to flash her tiny thong at James and the growing crowd.

She soon got into it and began gyrating and touching me up too, as well as flashing her tits at James. When the music stopped for a minute, she hugged me and said, "I don't believe I just did that." James hugged her and gave her a kiss that made MY toes curl, so God knows what it was like for her. Then he took us to a nearby pub.

Just going into a pub again reminded me of last night, and of Tara this morning. I squeezed the pendant affectionately.

I hadn't realised that I'd stopped at the door until Heather asked me if I was coming.

No lounge bar this time, but a busy loud public bar or saloon as they called it. James bought a round of drinks and we found a table to sit at.

I discovered that the dress was so tight that I had to unzip the "pussy zip" part of the way, just to sit down.

There was a group of young lads at the bar, so I turned towards them and "accidentally" left my legs a little bit open. I felt a little bit guilty when one of them knocked his drink on the floor when he saw me, but not guilty enough to stop teasing him.

I toyed with the zip, then got up, pulled the zip back down and went to the loo, making sure he saw my bum in the clear plastic skirt.

When I came back out, I sat on the bar stool next to him. "Hi, I'm Shelley," I said, wishing I could think of an original and witty opening line.

"Pete," he replied. "Like the outfit."

"I noticed," I said casually.

"Do all those zips undo or are they just for decoration?"

"Buy me a drink and I'll let you find out. A beer, please." When he looked surprised, I said, "Don't like spirits."

I wish I could get served with drinks that fast back home. He turned to reach for the zips on one of my boobs, but I stopped him. "Can't a girl taste her drink first?"

I began to drink, then decided not to tease him any longer and put the glass down. I took his hand and placed it on one of the zips. He undid the two zips on my left boob and pulled the V down, then did the same to the other boob. He handled them both gently, then bent his head down to lick one of my nipples.

Then to my surprise, he stopped. "Does this zip go all the way?" he asked, reaching down to the skirt.

"We both do," I answered.

"Cheeky."

"I thought you liked my cheeks," I answered. See, Laura isn't the only one with quick answers!

He stood up and took my hand. "Where we going?"

"Into the other bar. It's only opened up at weekends, or if it gets busy later on."

The other bar had a pool table, covered with a canvas sheet. I climbed on it and spread my legs. I grabbed his head and pulled it towards my pussy. He took the hint and began to spread my lips apart with his fingers. He pushed his tongue right into my pussy. "God, it's like a fucking river down here."

"Fancy a swim, then?" I giggled, "Or maybe a drink?"

He started with his tongue, then used his fingers in my pussy instead, then he lapped at my clit while he pounded me hard with his fingers. After more than a day without any sex, I tried to hold on and make it last, but soon my breath was coming in gasps and so was I.

When I could breathe again, I hopped off the table and knelt down beside him. "Your turn." I gave him my sweetest smile and kept looking into his eyes as I unzipped him and took his cock out. I gave it a squeeze with my hands and said, "God, I've missed this."

I licked every part, wanting to taste every inch of him. Then I put my mouth over the end of his cock. I sucked on it while I played with his balls with my hands. But after a minute or so, he stopped me.

"I want to fuck you, if you still go all the way."

I bent over the pool table and spread my legs a bit apart to make it easy for him. It felt lovely being filled again as he entered me slowly. But he was being too gentle. "Fuck me hard, Pete," I told him.

He withdrew just as gently, then waited. I think he was teasing me. Just when I couldn't stand the anticipation any longer, he slammed into me.

He had just slammed into me for the third or fourth time when the door opened. It was Heather, with another boy. Pete said, "It's my brother" at the same time as I said, "It's my sister."

Then I said to Heather, "Can I borrow yours for a minute?"

"He's not mine, we were looking for you."

"Great, then you won't mind if I borrow him. Fancy a blow job while your brother fucks me?"

He didn't need asking twice. He was a bit bigger than his brother, but softer, though I soon put that right. The two brothers set up a rhythm, first alternating so Pete withdrew while his brother pushed his cock into my mouth, then he withdrew while Pete pounded me again. Then they changed so both pounded me at the same time. I don't know which I preferred, though the two sensations were quite different.

So I finally got to be spit-roasted although Pete didn't last much longer. Then Heather said, "Don't let that one cum in your mouth. I want him." So I stopped blowing him and got down. Heather made him lie on his back and lowered herself down onto him. She'd said she was tired but the energy she was putting into fucking him didn't give that impression.

She finally collapsed on top of him, his cum running out of her pussy.

When she recovered, she said, "God, I needed that. There's nothing better than sex as a tension reliever."

Pete's brother said, "Nice to know I'm just a substitute for Aspirin."

Heather gently punched him and all of us laughed.

All his cum had run out of her pussy onto his cock. I just had to have it, so pushing her aside, I put my mouth over his cock and gave him a good tongue bath. I love the taste of cum, though it felt strange tasting Heather as well on his cock.

When I'd licked my lips clean, I introduced myself. "Hi, I'm Shelley, you've met my sister, Heather."

"I'm Paul," he replied.

"Nice to eat you," I said, shaking his hand.

Then Heather reminded us, "I think we'd better get cleaned up and get back to Laura and James before they wonder where we are."

After a good wash, we went back into the main bar. We needn't have hurried. Laura and James were too busy kissing and feeling each other up to have even noticed we had gone.

"Why don't you go into the room next door?" suggested Heather.

She showed Laura and James to the other bar.

Laura came back a while later looking like the cat that had got the cream. "Thanks, you two," she said. "I've been trying to get off with James for ages. One evening with you and he notices me."

"More than noticed, judging by the cum running down your leg," said Heather with a grin.

"Shit. I'm going to get cleaned up then it's probably time to go on to the club."

I was tempted to tell her not to waste that cum, I'd clean it off her, but I didn't really know her and we were in a public bar.

She disappeared for a few minutes then she and James came back together, hand in hand.

One more quick drink with Pete and Paul and we flew away (sorry awful joke) to the club. All I could think about was all six of us "cumming back" (even worse, I know) again, real soon. With six of us we had to take two taxis. James and Laura had to split up as only they knew where we were going, and Laura came with me and Pete, while James went with Paul and Heather.

I got into our taxi first and slid all the way across. Laura was next and as she bent forward I could see all of one boob including her nipple. Nice. Pete was last in and stretched his arm along the back of the seat. I don't think Laura noticed, she still had a dreamy look in her eyes. The overhead light went out when Pete shut his door.

As we pulled out a car horn hooted at us. "Up yours, mate," our driver growled, "I pay more Road Tax than you do, so fuck off!"

All of us laughed at that, but it made me look out the back. I couldn't tell which car had hooted, there were way too many. Night time in London, I thought, wicked! No plans for sleeping anytime soon, that's for sure.

I turned round to look out the side window. A Chinese (I think) girl was running along the pavement towards us. She was wearing a thin long-sleeved jumper and jeans, and her long dark hair flowed behind her. As she ran past some West Indian boys, one of them must have shouted something, probably rude because they all laughed. She didn't even look back, I bet she was late for a date. Then I gulped. The tallest boy was wearing a tight white t-shirt and I could see how buff he was, even from the taxi. I quickly rolled down my window and waved at him, but he never looked my way. Damn!

And then there were the lights. Every shop we passed was shut but their windows were still brightly lit. In the next block there were three restaurants, a café and an Indian takeaway and they were all heaving.(see cultural notes)

With the window open I could hear London too. Even with the traffic I could see and hear two men arguing, but I couldn't make out what they were shouting about, or even if it was English. Then a café door opened and I got a quick blast of some retro-dance.

The taxi turned onto a much busier road. We overtook a double-decker bus and the exhaust fumes were strong enough to make my eyes water. I turned my head back towards Laura and Pete and waved my hand in front of my nose but it didn't help much.

Laura laughed, "The sights and sounds of London. And now the smells too, huh?"

I grinned as Pete added, "Burn you a new fucking nose, them buses. Welcome to London!"

I was about to say, fuck the bus fumes, everything else is amazing, when I looked past Pete out his window and suddenly saw more bright lights on the side of one building than I had ever seen before.

"What the fuck is that?" I pointed through the window.

Laura looked where I was pointing. "Harrods.. the department store."

The world knows what Harrods is, you cow, I thought. Any other time I'd have said something but this sight just took my breath away. I stared and stared until the taxi slowed to a crawl near the first display window.

Now those were dresses. A girl could wear one of those anywhere! "Look at those..." I couldn't even get the word out, "...there, in the window."

Laura clearly was as impressed as me. "I don't know about you, but I'd go broke just walking past the windows," she sighed.

There was such a note of real longing in Laura's voice that it broke the spell I was under.

"Yeah, I know what you mean. Hey Laura, it doesn't matter. Look what we bought tonight. In that dress you're wearing, girl, you could choose from all the boys in that pub back there and just..." I snapped my fingers, "...snap your fingers."

"She's flyin', babe," Pete agreed, (see cultural notes) "Snap your fingers and I'll prove it."

Laura smiled and placed her hand along Pete's cheek. "You're pretty hot, but..."

"Yeah, I know," Pete sighed, "Your boyfriend. Jammy bugger."

"And I bet there's not a dress in Harrods to touch mine. I mean..." I quickly unzipped both my boobs. I watched Laura's eyes drop to my chest and stay there. I felt the cool air on my nipples and I couldn't resist playing with them a little.

I got a reaction from the driver as well. "Those are gorgeous, love," he called back to me. "I mean, you're gorgeous too, but those are.. outstanding."

"Thanks, but I think it's the air that's making them stand out."

I looked at the driver and he seemed to be looking forwards, but then I noticed his mirror was at an odd angle. I looked straight at it and blew him a kiss.

"I'm old enough to be your dad, love. Look, I'm not hitting on you, but I hope you don't mind an old bloke having a butcher's."

I grinned at the mirror. "You're never too old to look, are you?"

Then Pete came in with, "I read about this bloke once. He put it in his will that they were supposed to drill a couple of eye holes in his casket just in case." All of us laughed at that.

I turned and looked out my window again. It seemed like every other shop window had amazing clothes in it, even the shops for blokes.

I sat there thinking what a great place London was. Here I was sitting in a taxi with three other people, sightseeing like any other tourist, but my tits were hanging out and none of them were batting an eyelid, unless you count the driver.

This night just keeps getting better and better.

Shelley, part 11

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Night

It seemed to take ages to get to the club, but I didn't really care as I watched London go by. For a while this amazing white "stretch limo" (that's what Pete called it) was next to us. I couldn't see into its windows but I decided I wanted one for Christmas anyway (only kidding, Mum). After it turned down a side street I looked up and saw a giant poster with a picture of a huge nightclub with a pool and the phrase:

The only thing missing at Club Color?

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"That's where we're going," Laura explained.

Pete said, "Oh, I've been there before. But didn't it used to be called Blue?"

"Yeah," she replied, "But that was before they opened the other levels a few months ago. You know the way in then?"

"The way in?" A look I couldn't figure out crossed between them. "Oh, yeah, I remember."

That sounded interesting, I thought. I suddenly remembered my boobs were still out and I thought I better put them away again until we got inside the club.

"Show's over, folks. Don't want to get thrown out of the club before I get in, do I?"

I zipped myself up again. As I did, the driver re-adjusted his mirror and chuckled, "Ta, love. Me trouble (see cultural notes) won't know what hit her tonight."

Even Laura laughed at that. I knew he was going to be thinking about me when he was doing his wife later. That is so cool, I thought. I must remember to ask Laura if she gets the same buzz after a strip show that I was feeling right then, and for the same reason.

When we finally arrived, from the outside it looked depressing, like a huge brick warehouse. Along the whole side of the warehouse were painted the words "CLUB COLOR".

There was quite a long queue outside, so we had to wait a while to get in.

Heather and I got stopped by the bouncer because we had no I.D.

Dammit! We pleaded with the bouncer but he wouldn't change his mind and waved us aside.

Then James said, "Haven't you seen them on telly or in the papers? Shelley's photo's been on every front page today."

The bouncer called his mate over. He looked me up and down with a big grin on his face. "Keep these two out of the club and when the boss finds out, you'll be dead."

I gave him a peck on the cheek. He thought for a moment then smiled at James, "Here's some passes for the VIP lounge. How many of you are there?"

"Six."

He handed us each a gold credit-card-sized piece of plastic. "Have fun."

If I wasn't impressed by the outside, my first impression inside was even worse. The door led into a badly-lit corridor which smelled of damp. At the end of the corridor was an escalator, which we went up. Turning round at the top, we went up another one and then a third.

We found ourselves in a small brightly-lit room, with four plastic tubes which were slides, as the only exit. Between one pair of tubes was a man, who waited for the light at the top of the tube to go green before allowing the next person to slide down. The other pair of tubes was closed off by a bar locked across them.

I looked down the tube, but it spiralled away into darkness with only a row of multicoloured lights running down the top on the inside of each tube. The boys went first, then Laura. "See you at the bottom," she yelled as she disappeared into the gloom.

After about twenty seconds the light went green and I pushed myself off. The lights disappeared at one point, leaving me in darkness for a second or two, before incredibly bright lights blinded me as the slide went flat and the sides vanished. A second later the slide dipped down and I found myself in cool water.

It was quite shallow, but when I stood up I was totally drenched. Quite a few people stood around the small pool, laughing, among them, Laura. The cow was completely dry.

"I forgot to tell you you have to roll out to the side the moment it goes flat or you end up in a pool," she said, grinning madly. Forgot, my arse.

Before she could react I grabbed her and pulled her into the pool with me, and a swift sweep with my right leg cut her legs out from under her and she was sitting in the pool next to me.

I heard another splash and turned round to see Heather land in another pool a few yards away.

We were hurried out of the pools so the next people could come down the slide, then Laura realised that guys were staring at her.

Her lycra body clung to her even more and was totally transparent. She might as well have been naked, you could see every curve and her nipples stood out clearly. Even her skirt was virtually see-through. I wanted to do her right there in front of everybody!

She put her hands to her boobs to cover them. "Oh my God..." she began to panic.

James came and gave her a hug. "You look fantastic," he reassured her. "At least yours don't show quite as much as Shelley's."

For the first time, I noticed my own clothes. The thin cotton of the dress was like a second skin and was practically invisible. On the way down in the slide, the pussy zip had come all the way undone leaving my pussy totally exposed to anyone who cared to look, and quite a few did.

Heather was even more indecent. Her sheer top was as invisble as mine, and the strip of material that had been covering her pussy was wedged up inside it. She pulled it out, but it still didn't hide much.

I noticed that Laura had removed her hands from her boobs and was enjoying the attention.

The boys and Laura led us through to a small "drying room". Huge fans blew out hot air. It was like being inside a giant hair dryer.

When we'd stopped actually dripping, but were still damp, we went out to the main dance floor. It was at least twice the size of Ws. At least I took it to be the main dance floor. I was soon to find out that it was only one of four dance floors.

This dance floor, the one on the ground floor, came complete with a swimming pool that made the one in Ws look like a child's paddling pool. Rather than a proper side, the floor just sloped down into the pool gently at one side, so there was no edge to fall over. Along one side of the dance floor was a stage. Where the stage met the pool was the only place you could actually jump into the water. Near to that point on the stage was a row of showers, each with a silver vertical pole. A guy and a girl were standing under the one of the showers, she in a bikini, he in shorts, kissing and caressing each other. I could see his hard-on through his damp and clingy shorts. I don't think he was wearing underwear, grin.

The whole place was painted in blue and silver and black.

"Come on," said Laura, grabbing mine and Heather's hands. "While the boys are getting the drinks in, I'll show you the rest," then, to the boys, "We'll meet you at Red2M."

"The rest?" I said.

She laughed. "You're not used to London clubs, are you?"

She led us through some thick doors, up a flight of stairs, and through another set of thick doors into a room which was almost as big as the first. This one had even louder music than the one below it. The décor was black and purple, with white flashing lights that seemed to come from everywhere.

Another flight of stairs led to a third room, about half the size of the previous ones. The colour scheme was different again, vivid reds and oranges mixed with the inevitable black.

Through another door, along a brightly-lit corridor was another, fourth room, the same size as the third. This had a gentler atmosphere, and was painted in pastel greens and blues, the only black being the wood panelling, the bar area and the doors. The lighting was soft and it was also cooler than the other rooms. "This is the chill zone," explained Laura.

I'm not sure I'd have described it as a chill zone as the room seemed to be filled with couples kissing and feeling each other. Still being damp, the lower temperature made me shiver.

Laura noticed me shivering. "Let's go back to reds," she said and took us back to the previous room. I hadn't noticed before but along the walls were letters and numbers. We found the section that read 2M and sure enough, James, Pete and Paul were there with our drinks.

"This place is quite something," said Heather, obviously as impressed as I was.

"We like it," said James. He took us over to a side area near the stairs where there was a whole row of small stands offering fast food. Paul chose a small portion of curry and rice, so Heather said, "If you're having that I'd better have one too."

Laura chose noodles with chicken from another stand and the rest of us had burgers. Mine was so thick that I nearly got some of it down my dress. Pete was forced to keep licking my fingers clean so I just had to do the same for him. Fair's fair, right?

After eating we watched some dancers they had on a stage for a while, then James suggested we go down to Blue for the games.

"Games?" asked Heather suspiciously.

"You'll see."

Downstairs the male staff were going through the club selecting girls for the games. They seemed to be selecting the sexiest dressed, so I wasn't surprised when one of them grabbed all three of us.

I wasn't, but Laura was. "Shit," she said, "I'd forgotten what I was wearing. I'm usually dressed too tamely for them to bother with." She turned to her "recruiter". "Sorry, I can't do this," she said.

He shrugged his shoulders, "Up to you, but it'll be fun and you might win."

I wasn't letting her get away with that. "If you set us two up, you can do it too." I grabbed one hand and Heather grabbed the other and we dragged her through the club. I say dragged, but she didn't exactly resist very much. And she was giggling. A good sign.

Three trampolines had been dragged onto the stage. "Okay," announced the MC over the PA system. "Each girl has thirty seconds to jump up and use one of these knitting needles to pop a balloon. They are being timed. At the end of the next game, the girls with the worst scores for both rounds will be eliminated. That will leave twelve girls to go on to round three."

It soon became obvious what the attraction of this game was, to the boys there anyway. Having picked the girls with the skimpiest clothes, all that bouncing up and down soon meant that quite of few of the girls' clothes couldn't hold in their boobs. One or two stopped to re-adjust their clothes and tried to hold themselves in, but most just carried on until the balloons were burst.

Laura looked mortified, but she needn't have worried. Her top held her in okay, though her skirt flying up gave some lovely views of her thong. It was still wet and very see-through.

Heather's top just flew up flashing her tits with every bounce while the strip of material supposedly covering her pussy found its way into it instead. Funny, but nobody seemed to mind.

My boobs were safe enough, but, like Laura's, my skirt flew up with every jump. But unlike Laura, I had nothing on underneath.

"She's gonna have fun in the next game," laughed the MC.

Before I could ask Laura what the next game was, the trampolines were wheeled away and replaced by two metal stands with a light cane pole balanced across them. Limbo. So that's what he meant.

Poor Laura got picked first for the second round. With her legs spread briefly as she ducked under the pole, the thong I'd picked for her stretched tightly across her pussy and hardly hid anything. A giant screen behind her showed a close-up of the thong.

Quite a few of the girls found themselves in the same predicament as Laura as thongs never designed for gymnastics revealed more than they hid. Laura shrieked when she saw the giant image. "Oh my God, did they show me like that?" I nodded, grinning. "I might as well have been naked. It's like a porno mag."

Heather fell on her first turn, but the MC announced, "Now to stay in the game a girl who falls can forfeit her knickers or thong or whatever that is."

So Heather simply took off the material I had tied around her pussy, to cheers from the boys. She turned it into a scarf for her neck.

I was next after Heather, that is, they'd saved me for last. Luckily I didn't fall as I had nothing to take off. But for some reason I got a cheer anyway. The giant screen image of my pussy just might have had something to do with it. I could feel myself getting wet down there and that had nothing to do with that first pool.

They lowered the pole and a few girls fell on the next turn. Two removed their knickers to more cheers, the others dropped out.

On the next turn Laura fell. "That's me out," she said.

"Come on, Laura, other girls have done it, and you did say you might as well be naked," I argued.

Some boys had started chanting "Strip! Strip! Strip!"

But above them all came a "Come on, Laura, don't give up now."

"Was that James?" I asked her. She nodded.

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"I don't know." She sounded doubtful but her eyes were shining. Right, girl, Shelley to the rescue!

I put my hand between her legs. "Girl, you're dripping at the thought of all those boys looking at you. Don't tell me you don't know." I began to peel down her thong and she didn't stop me. Of course nobody could see anything, yet.

We lost a few more girls in that round, then Laura surprised me by not hesitating and going for it on her next turn. She got a lot of cheers, even though she fell. She didn't even get up immediately, but lay there with her legs spread for a few seconds while the guys whistled and whooped. When she came back to me, her face was red. "Oh my God, that was... Shit, what have you done to me Shelley? Mum always warned me about what some boys are like, but she never mentioned anything like you."

I laughed. You ain't the first to say that, I thought.

James had come close to the stage, but was being held back by security. Laura tapped one of the security guys on the shoulder to let him through to the edge of the stage. James grabbed her and kissed her. He spoke to her but I couldn't hear what he said.

"Well? What did he say?" I asked when he went back.

"He said I was great. He never though I had it in me... Oh and he's going to fuck me senseless later." She had a big grin from ear to ear and I could even see her teeth biting her tongue.

The girls who had been eliminated had been taken to the edge of the stage, which dropped down, dropping them in the pool.

The MC was speaking again. "Okay, we're down to the final twelve. Before the next round, we have a couple of celebrities with us. You've probably seen them in all the newspapers this morning. Direct from TV interviews to Club Color, it's Slut School's Shelley and Heather, please come up here, girls."

Heather sighed and we both went to the MC's stand.

She tried to tell him that we don't go to slut school, but I'm sorry, Dr. Reynolds, I think that name's stuck.

"On a serious note, I'm sure we're all pleased you're safe and well, Shelley. Let's have a cheer for the Hoover sisters..." I shook my head and he put out his hand to silence everyone and handed me a small mike.

"Not the Hoover sisters, the Slutsisters," I said, much to Heather's embarrassment. "She's Superslut and I'm Hurricaneslut."

"Why Hurricaneslut?"

"Nobody can keep up with me and I'm unstoppable," I answered.

"That sounds like throwing down the guantlet to me, folks. Let's see how they do in our next game."

We were divided into three groups of four and Heather, Laura and I were split up. Three twister mats were laid out.

You know the game of twister, right? Well, imagine it played with a dozen scantily-clad girls, some with no knickers and with a wandering camera focusing on all the interesting bits and showing the image on a giant screen. Tits 'n' ass, as the Americans say, and of course lots of pussy.

Unlike the limbo some of the time I could see the screen. At one point the camera was focused on Laura's bum showing her arse and pussy clearly. I decided that she had a nice arse. If I ever get down to London again...... Who are you kidding, Miss Fearless? WHEN I get down to London again...

The first two girls to fall on each mat were eliminated one of which was Heather, and met the same watery fate as the other girls eliminated.

That left six of us. We were taken to the dancing poles with the showers. The MC said, "Okay, this is a dance-off to eliminate two more girls. You can each choose, you can dance dry, or have the shower going too. Whichever you think will be hottest."

The first girl danced dry, but she was an incredible dancer. What moves. Even Tara could learn something. I was second and I used the shower, knowing it would turn everything I was wearing see-through, which couldn't hurt my chances. I pretended I was Tara as I gyrated and slowly undid all the zips on my dress and played with my boobs and pussy. At the end I left the zips undone.

The third girl was a crap dancer but spent the whole time spreading her legs and rubbing her pussy. She tried to direct the water over her pussy as much as possible.

I don't really remember the next two, but Laura was last. To my surprise, she opted for the shower and in seconds she might as well have been naked. I was also amazed that she was an extremely good dancer, something I would never have expected. She had replaced her thong, but halfway through tore it off and threw it into the crowd. "Atta girl!" I shouted. Pete stuck two fingers in his mouth and whistled very loudly.

The first girl, me, the third girl and Laura made it through to the final. That was, in order, dancing, sex, sex, and in Laura's case dancing AND sex. The other two girls went into the pool.

"The final round is Who Dares Wins. Each girl has thirty seconds to do something that she thinks the other girls won't dare to do. The other girls then have thirty seconds to copy her or they are eliminated. First up is Mandy." (Mandy was the third girl.)

She simply took off all her clothes, lay down, spread her legs and held her pussy wide open. Laura and the first girl looked horrified. The first girl walked off in disgust.

"Laura, what difference does it make? They've seen virtually all of you."

To my astonishment, she did it. It seemed like a reasonable enough request to me. Of course I did it, no problem.

"Next is Shelley."

I just got down beside Laura and stuck my tongue into her pussy, then, so the camera could see, took my head away a little and began to finger her, then sucked her juices off my fingers.

When my time was up Mandy replaced me. She started to finger Laura but didn't lick her and wouldn't suck her fingers clean, so she was eliminated.

"I'm really gonna do this. I don't believe I'm doing this." She was getting herself worked up, so I kissed her. I'd only intended a small kiss, but the reaction from the crowd was... wow. So, not wanting to disappoint an audience, I slipped my tongue into her mouth and to my surprise felt her tongue slip into mine. Her hand was feeling my pussy and I remembered what we were supposed to be doing.

I lay down and told her. "Come on, get that tongue in there as well."

She didn't pause for a second. She positioned her head so the camera could see her tongue go into me, then put her fingers into me, then into my mouth, back into me, back into her mouth, until her time was up.

"My turn now," she said. She positioned herself over me in a 69 and began to finger me again, but then she beckoned to James. When he was allowed through at the MC's orders, she stopped fingering me for a minute and unzipped his trousers and started giving him a blow-job.

Suddenly people around us were spraying us with foam from fake extinguishers.

"Now we've cooled them off, I think it's only fair to say that Laura is the winner."

I was a little pissed off at first until he went on.

"Shelley is used to doing all this in public, so let's have an extra big hand for Laura, who's been a regular here for longer than I have and never dared to take part before. She wins a year's free admittance for herself and up to three guests, including passes to the VIP lounge. And she'll go on to the final, where she could win a holiday or a car."

Brushing the foam off our faces, I gave Laura another kiss.

Picking up our clothes, but not bothering to put them on, Laura took us through to the VIP lounge, reached by a small footbridge over the pool. Heather, Pete and Paul followed us there.

I jumped straight in the jacuzzi. Heather and the boys undressed and she, Pete and Paul joined me in there, but Laura stopped James. "It's only fair I finish what I started," she said, and went back to giving him a blow-job.

This time there were no interruptions, except when Laura asked him, "Do you want to cum in my mouth, over my face, boobs, or what?"

"Over your face," he said.

"Why do guys like that?" she asked all of us, before returning to the job in hand, or in mouth.

Pete answered her, "Because it's so dirty and it's like he's marking you as his."

At that moment, he marked her. Most of it missed her face and landed in her hair, but he didn't seem to mind.

"Happy now?" she asked with a big smile on her face.

I was about to lick the cum off her face, when we were all startled by Heather spluttering. She had fallen asleep in the jacuzzi and slipped below the water. Paul was nearest to her and dragged her out of there.

When she could speak, she said, "Sorry, I'm just so tired. I hardly slept Tuesday night and didn't sleep at all last night worrying myself sick about someone not far from me now." She glared at me, but laughed.

Paul dried her with one of the big fluffy towels stacked in a corner, then he made her lie down over two of the chairs. He continued caressing her with the towel until she fell asleep, this time safely.

Laura had slipped herself into the jacuzzi and washed her face and was already kissing James.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to look after both of you," I grinned at Pete and Paul.

They got into position to spit-roast me again, but I said "No, I want to try something else. But first, Pete, can you fuck me?"

He didn't need asking twice, and soon I felt that satisfying fullness that comes from being well stuffed with a hard cock. But as he was really getting going, I pulled away and said, "Don't worry, I haven't finished with you yet."

Then I called Paul, "As you were so nice to Heather, I want you to fuck the only place I'm still a virgin." His eyes lit up.

"I've never done this before," he confessed.

"That makes two of us, then. Get it wet in my pussy then be gentle."

When he pushed his dick into my pussy, I almost didn't want to let him go. I lay on my back and used both hands to hold my arsecheeks open for him and braced myself for the pain. It hurt a bit when he pushed into me an inch or so, but he waited for me to say okay before he continued. I panted like a mother giving birth until he was all the way in. He paused again until I told him to continue.

"Wait. Pete, put your legs over me and fuck my pussy at the same time."

It was a bit awkward, but by Paul leaning back and me moving around a little, Pete managed it and I felt the incredible sensation of have a cock in both holes at the same time.

"Laura, Can I borrow James for a minute?"

"Only if I can watch."

I was going to make a joke about it being a reasonable request, then realised that she wouldn't understand.

James went to his jacket and took out a camera. "I forgot to get photos earlier," he said, taking a couple of me with the two boys before handing the camera to Laura.

I took his dick into my mouth. Three at once. Wow! Wow! WOW!

"Come on boys. Fuck the little slut senseless." This was quiet little Laura?!!!

I pulled my mouth off James for a second, "That's 'fearless little slut', miss." Back to work.

As they obeyed her, she kept taking photos.

"Why are you holding back, James?" she asked.

"Because it's you I want to fuck senseless."

At that moment I felt both Pete and Paul cum inside me which brought on my own climax.

When I was back in the world of the living again, I watched Laura being royally fucked by James. Pete had taken the camera and was taking lots of pictures.

When James had finished and withdrawn, Pete took a photo of cum leaking out of Laura's pussy.

I just had to taste it. "You said you missed the photos of us together earlier." I stuck two fingers into her pussy and brought out some of his cum, put it in my mouth, then put my tongue right into her.

"Not fair, I want some," cried Laura, so I moved round and positioned my pussy over her face, then dived back into hers.

Of course James had to get some great shots of Laura with her tongue in my pussy.

I rubbed myself over her face smearing her with cum, then turned round again so that he could get us kissing.

"There's a couple of empty pussies here," I challenged, but the boys were spent, for a while anyway.

Laura and I washed each other down, then James gently dried her and dressed her, while Pete and Paul did the same for me.

Paul gently picked up Heather so as not to wake her and carried her through the club. We heard one girl bitch "What a slut" when she saw Heather being carried out. Laura and I looked at each other and giggled.

We went outside to a row of waiting taxis. Paul gently put her in a back seat and sat in there himself, resting her head on his lap.

The other four of us got into another taxi and I immediately asked the driver if he had some paper and a pen I could borrow. I tore the paper in thirds and gave one piece to Laura and another to Pete with my address and phone number on each piece. I got Pete, James and Laura to write down their details on the third bit.

"I don't believe the things you got me to do tonight," said Laura. "You're a bad influence, Hurricane Slut."

We all laughed.

"She's a wonderful influence," retorted James.

"And you're not biased I suppose?" she asked, then turned to me. "If you come again, what will you do then? Get me gangbanged?"

"No, that's Heather's speciality," I joked, feeling a bit bad as I let it slip out.

"I just hope James doesn't expect me to act like this every night."

"No, just once or twice a week will do, so long as you keep me going in between." That earned him a punch in the ribs.

The taxi had a wide back seat and I had claimed the middle for Laura and me. Laura was on my right so Pete had gone round the back and climbed in on my left. James was next to Laura by the other door.

Laura sank back into the seat and sighed. She still had that just-fucked air about her and a little smile that seemed to be remembering James and a certain VIP lounge. Pete had his arm round my shoulders.

I was too wired to relax so I whispered to Pete, "What do you think? Wanna make the driver's night?"

He had the perfect answer. He reached up to the roof and found a switch that turned on an overhead light. It was just like a spotlight on Laura and me. Wicked!

"Appearing for one night only," Pete announced, "Direct from Club Color, the lovely, the amazing... Shelley!"

Suddenly I had the attention of a surprised Laura, never mind the driver.

"Hang about, Shelley," she warned. "Screwing around in a club is one thing. But whatever your evil mind is plotting, I'm sure it's illegal in public." She turned to James. "Help me out here, dammit!"

James leant over and kissed her cheek. "Babe, whatever Shelley gets up to here, it can't be worse than banging your boyfriend on a pool table in an open pub. Anyone could have walked in on us back there, and I don't think either one of us would have given a fuck."

Pete was there before me, "Yeah, you guys were way too busy giving each other a fuck."

Even Laura laughed at that. "Well-ll-ll I suppose that's right." Then she suddenly grabbed James' face between her hands. "Did you just say 'boyfriend', you cheeky bugger?"

"Might 'a' done. Can't remember. Guys, did I say 'boyfriend' just now?"

I slammed my hand over Pete's mouth. This was NOT a time for something sarky from him. I kept quiet as well.

"Right, James Whatever-the-rest-of-your-name-is. You better give me the right answer right now. Do you want me to be your girlfriend?"

James came up with the right answer. He reached a hand behind her head and pulled her into a kiss that I could almost taste as well. Laura was pushing herself so hard into the kiss that I could feel the pressure of her butt pushing back against my hip. It was Rather Nice.

But if this was not a time for Pete's humour, it was certainly also not the time for Shelley's wandering hands, although it was really hard to resist touching her. She was moving her whole body now, including what was touching me.

When Laura decided breathing was important again, she grinned stupidly at me, "Go ahead, do your worst, girl. I don't give a fuck any more." Now THAT was funny.

I briefly hoped the driver wouldn't crash the taxi but decided that we weren't moving fast enough to be that worried. I took a deep breath and muttered so only Pete could hear, "Showtime!"

I reached for the zippers by my left boob but Pete's hand was already there. Zip, zip, pull and I could feel the cool night air on my nipple just like earlier. My nipple still liked the feeling. Pete leant down to suck on me, but I pulled his head up again.

"Think of our audience, babe. I don't think the driver wants to see the back of your head."

"Oh." The dear boy sounded genuinely disappointed, but nonetheless went to work on my tit with his fingers. He rubbed, he squeezed, he tweaked, every move firm and tender at the same time. He wet his palm with his tongue and started rotating his hand in mid-air so that his palm was teasing the tip of my nipple. God, he was good.

Laura's eyes had gone all gooey as she watched Pete's hand doing its thing. I decided Laura's time had come. I quickly unzipped my other boob. That nipple was hard even before the air hit it.

"This one's lonely, Laura."

Nothing more was needed. Laura twisted round and bent her head to my tit. Her lips surrounded the nipple. At first she just sucked soft little sucks, but soon I felt her tongue as well pushing and licking. She's done this before, I thought, and not just at the club tonight. They didn't teach her that technique in Sex Ed., that's for sure.

She looked up at me and smiled then reached over behind Pete's head and pulled it down to my left tit as she returned her mouth to my right one. Two nipples, two busy mouths, I was toastin', roastin' and coastin'. Then without warning Laura bit down hard. A sudden jolt went straight from my nipple to my pussy. I gasped loudly, the first sound any of us had made for quite some time.

What she had been doing before, and what Pete was doing now had made me forget I even had a pussy. But not any longer! Now everything they did was in stereo, half on my tits, half in my pussy. I didn't know if I could cum just from what they were doing but I was willing to find out.

I was able to reach down behind the mesh across Laura's chest and caress her tits. The first time I squeezed a nipple she gave a small cry and pushed my hand hard against her with one of her hands. Clearly she was as needy as I was.

"Pete," I whispered, "I'll make it up to you later, but Laura..."

Pete grinned back, "Go for it, babe. I don't mind watching."

"James?"

"If Laura's cool, I'm cool."

Laura had not said a word since giving me the green light. Now she sat up and leant back against James. She pulled up her skirt and tried to spread her legs. I manoeuvred (another word I had to look up to spell correctly) round and knelt on the floor so she could get one leg on the seat and one on the floor. Her pussy was pointing directly at me, and over my shoulder at the driver. I realised the taxi wasn't moving any more and that the driver was kneeling up and leaning over the front seat to watch.

The thong I'd bought her was completely transparent again from her juices. I peeled it to one side so all of us except James could admire her pussy. It was swollen and looked very wet. The only hair she had down there was a dark narrow strip about three inches long from the top of her pussy towards her navel. That's your lot, boys, I thought and leant forward covering her pussy with my open mouth.

I could concentrate here on what I was doing, not like back at 'Club Crazy'. Her pussy tasted even better now than it had before. I started with long slow licks from her arse up and across her clit. Each time my tongue touched her clit her whole body shuddered. She was close.

I stopped for a moment and looked up towards her face. James had pulled down the top of her body and was very busy with his hands on her tits. I watched as he squeezed both nipples at the same time.

"Shit, babe," she growled, "Do that again." So he did. Her body writhed even though I was nowhere near her pussy.

Now she glared at me. "Don't even think about stopping. I need this."

I went back to work. This time I used my fingers too, probing for her G-spot. I think I found it when she yelped and said something none of us could understand.

That's when Pete said, "You shouldn't be left out, Shelley."

He reached underneath me and unzipped my skirt, then pulled the whole thing up round my waist giving the driver a clear view of my naked arse. I was already almost as wet as Laura so Pete simply started to fuck me slowly with two of his fingers. That boy is going get his later, whatever he wants. He must have been watching Laura carefully because his fingers sped up as Laura got even closer. I kept working her pussy with my fingers now and concentrating on her clit with my mouth. Then Laura started to cum and Pete must have used his other hand to rub my clit hard. Holy Fucking Shit! I was gone!

When I was awake again my mouth was full of Laura's juices. Pete was gently rubbing my pussy area while his other fingers kept moving in and out slowly. Then Laura pulled my head up to hers and kissed me deeply.

She broke the kiss and, leaning back against James, found her normal voice again.

"First James, now you. The best fucks I've ever had." Then she smiled. "Your turn?"

"Not now," I sighed, "Heather is gonna be worried about me again if she wakes up and I'm not there."

I turned to Pete. "You, on the other hand, are on a promise. Whatever you want, however you want it."

I noticed the driver. He was dumbfounded. "Mr. Driver, has this taxi run out of petrol?" Everyone laughed.

Pete suddenly remembered the meter. "How much is this ride gonna cost us?" He sounded worried.

"Don't worry, mate. I flipped the meter a long time ago. I'm going off the clock now. After your little show, ladies, I'm gonna have to take my break. There is someone I know not far from your hotel. I'm gonna make her head spin." I thought of the girls in Rugby and smiled to myself.

I reached into my bag and handed him a tenner. "Will this cover it?" I asked.

"More than enough, darlin'."

I told the driver to keep the change. Pete looked insulted so I gave him a little kiss. "Don't you worry, babe. I'm starving again and thirsty and Room Service is not cheap. By the time the night is over, you may end up grateful I paid for the ride. And James, I bet Laura could use something to eat as well."

Laura had a giggle fit. "You better feed me, sweet thing. Otherwise I may do something later you'll find very, very painful."

"Yeah," I added, "Supper, blow-job, a hungry girl could get confused."

All of us were laughing now, the driver loudest of all.

I looked again at the driver. He was NOT bad-looking, in an ancient sort of way.

"What's your name?" I asked him.

"George."

"Married, George?"

"Nope. Tried it once but it didn't work out. She's in the Midlands somewhere now with a nice bloke and a cute daughter."

You know how you suddenly form an impression about someone, good or bad, and you haven't a clue how or why. Well, for some reason I got a really nice vibe off this guy. I decided to add another item to my list of sexy things I wanted to do. This item read, "Fuck a nice old guy."

Then I remembered something he'd said earlier. "George, this 'someone not far from our hotel'. She wouldn't be a working girl, would she?"

"She would. Her name's Sally, but when she's working she calls herself Michelle."

"Sounds like you've known her a long time?"

"About four years. Why?"

"I'll tell you in a minute. Are you nice to her?"

"Yeah, I think so. I give her presents for her birthday and Christmas, and I occasionally take her out for a meal. And I take 'working girl' seriously. Sometimes she wants to give me a pass but I always pay, except for MY birthday and Christmas."

"You're a good guy, George. Now I'll tell you why I'm asking all these questions. One of my best friends is... a whore." I felt Pete, Laura and James staring at me. I looked at them. "What? Whores can't have friends?"

As usual Pete was first. "No, of course they can. It's just that you're kinda young to have one as a friend. That's all, really."

He sounded cool about it. I wonder if he realised how close he was for a second or two to NOT being invited to stay with me that night.

I turned back to George. "When I come back to London to visit, any chance you could drive me around?"

"No problem, love." He reached behind his back and produced a business card and handed it to me. I read "George Marks, Driver for Private Hire" and a phone number.

I knelt directly in front of him. "Those questions I asked about Sally. You gave all the right answers, you know." I took his face in my hands and kissed him. He had thick lips but they were as soft as a girl's. Our tongues met and I thought, wow, what a big tongue he's got!

"George, if you drive for me do you think we could come to some kind of arrangement about the money?"

"Do you mean what I think you mean, love?"

"My name's Shelley not 'love', and yes, that's exactly what I mean." That new item I added to the list in my head? I crossed out "a nice old guy" and wrote in "George". And not because of that tongue of his.

He asked for his card again and wrote something on the back. "My mobile. I always answer that unless I'm asleep. Not many people have that number."

"Does Sally?" I asked.

"Yes."

He got my trademark quick kiss on his nose. "Now, George, how far are we from our hotel?"

"About three minutes. You all ready?" All of us said yes.

Laura asked James, "What's the best way for Pete, and Paul I guess, to get into the girls' room?"

"Well I don't think they can just waltz across the lobby. We should be able to get them round the back and up the service lift though. What do you think?"

"Sounds right to me," Laura replied.

I gave George one more quick kiss when we got to the Hotel. The four of us found Heather and Paul sitting in the bar. Heather still looked sleepy.

"Where've you guys been?" I think she was too tired to really be annoyed. At least I hoped so.

Laura kissed me on the lips briefly and then answered, "Shelley and I made the taxi stop. The driver wanted to watch the show."

Paul laughed but Heather just shook her head wearily, "I don't know why I bothered to ask. I should have known better."

I squatted down next to her and spoke very quietly, "Sis, do you want Paul to stay the night?"

They looked at one another and both answered yes without looking back at me.

"Great, I want Pete to stay as well. So here's the plan. Laura and James will sneak the boys up to our room so no one else knows. I guess you and I should say goodnight to our friends and go up first."

I glanced at James and he nodded. Then he squatted next to me with a big grin.

"Let's do it like they do in a spy flick. I'll knock twice on your door, wait and knock twice more, okay?"

"Cool," I grinned back. What a night! Even the teeny-tiny things were fun.

Then Laura used an ordinary voice. "It's time for me to take James home. Maybe we'll get some sleep sometime. I'm not sure."

"Sounds like a challenge, woman!"

"You up for it, man?"

"Last time I looked," he nodded.

Everybody hugged everybody else in case we were being watched, then Heather and I went up to the room. Poor thing, she leant against me all the way up to our room. She was exhausted.

About five minutes after I shut our door I heard "knock-knock, pause, knock-knock".

I cracked the door and asked, "What's the password?"

Pete was still quick despite the hour, "Randy buggers."

In they came, both of them grinning.

Heather spoke first, "Paul, I gotta apologise to you. I'm still so tired that I just want to sleep. Sorry."

"Don't worry, babe. I already knew that." Then he chuckled, "That phrase everyone uses when they're trying to be polite about sex, sleeping together? Well, that's us for tonight. Besides I want to be here when you wake up. That should be fun."

"Well I hope I wake up before breakfast then," Heather smiled, "Because we have to get an early train."

"Shall I help you undress?"

"Please."

That was the last thing Heather or Paul said. Pete and I watched while Paul undressed Heather and then himself. He pulled back the bed clothes for her and she literally fell into bed. Paul pointed at the light and I nodded. I switched on the bathroom light and left that door open just a crack so when Pete switched off the main light there was just enough light from the bathroom to keep us from tripping over the furniture. I looked over at Paul lying there with my sister. What a smashing bloke he is. He was on his side facing the other way and holding Heather against his chest. I couldn't make out how she was lying.

I put my mouth right next to Pete's ear and whispered, "Here comes another first for me... silent fucking. Do you think you can manage that?"

Pete nodded and started to undress me. Then I did the same for him. We carefully pulled the bed clothes down off the foot of the bed until there was only a sheet and the pillows left on top. I lay down on my back and opened my arms for him.

He lay next to me and we started kissing. Funny, I thought, for all the sex I'd had tonight I'd done very little kissing. We made up for that now. Short kisses interrupted long ones. This was nice. I was pleased the room was warm so we were comfortable lying there naked. I could feel his cock jabbing into my tummy, but I knew there was no hurry and that made it even nicer.

Pete took a string of little kisses over to one of my ears and blew gently into it. That made me shiver, so I did the same to him except I licked all over his ear as well. Then he pushed me on my back and licked his way to the tops of my tits. Round and round them he went with his mouth getting close to my nipples before veering away without touching them. I knew he was teasing me but I loved it. There was a kind of lovely tension building in my tummy that I'd never felt before. It seemed like it was so fragile that if he did more than he was doing right then, it would go and I wasn't ready to lose it just yet.

Then he ever-so-gently sucked a nipple into his mouth. Sure enough the feeling in my tummy went but it went with a little explosion of warmth that stretched from that nipple through my tummy and down into my pussy. He moved to my other nipple with his mouth but not before he repeated his trick from in the taxi. He wet his palm with spit and teased the first nipple while sucking on the second one.

I wondered if I could give him the same kind of pleasure by using my mouth on his nipples so I dragged him up for a kiss and whispered, "My turn. Are a guy's nipples as sensitive as a girl's?"

"I don't know, but I do know I like them licked and bitten gently."

I had my orders so I pushed him onto his back and got down to it. I licked and sucked and used my teeth carefully. I could tell from his breathing that he was digging this. Really cool. I went back up for some more kisses but then I felt something in my pussy that screamed, "For chrissakes, fill me!"

I raised my head and whispered, "Let's fuck now... but can I be on top?"

He grinned and nodded. I got up on my knees straddling him and reached down for his cock. Amazing, I thought, this was the first time I had actually touched it this time. He was HARD and I was WET so getting him in me was the easiest thing in the world to do. He grabbed my waist to help me get into the right position and then I just relaxed downwards. He slid into me smoothly as I dropped all the way down until our pubes met. I leaned forward and started fucking him, mostly with my hips moving more backwards and forwards than up and down.

I was doing it slowly and he started thrusting his hips up and down just as slowly. Doing it this way meant his hands could do wonderful things. Breasts, nipples, sides, tummy, his hands were everywhere, moving constantly, and I could feel every caress as if he had never touched me there before. He pulled me down so our mouths were close. But we didn't kiss, instead we took turns licking each other's lips. That was pretty wild too. His hands had moved round to my back and arse. This was a whole new area for his hands to explore. Again wherever he touched me I tingled.

And all the time we kept fucking, never speeding up but never stopping either. I had lost all sense of time. I only knew that at some point soon I was going to cum. I looked at him and asked, "Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes, real soon now."

"Should we go faster?"

"Haven't a clue, babe. Let's not and see what happens."

Some time after that I felt his his cock get thicker (I think) and then start to spurt. I was nearly there but not quite. After he stopped and we went back to our rhythm it started for me. I had never cum like this before. It started somewhere deep in my pussy and slowly spread, into my thighs and down my legs, through my tummy up to my breasts and nipples, and strongest of all right up my spine to my brain. Nothing exploded but absolutely everything felt wonderful. And through it all Pete and I kept up the rhythm. Then suddenly I stopped. I had no energy left at all, but I didn't care. I just wanted this feeling to last.

But of course it didn't. It went slowly though so I could enjoy its going almost as much as its cumming. Pete just held me in his arms. I wanted to stay like that but didn't think that it would work, not all night. I rolled off him and flopped on my back.

He got up on one elbow, kissed me tenderly then asked me, "Which side do you want to sleep on?"

"Don't know. I've never done this before. What about you?"

"I've done it twice before and both times I was on your side. But I'll stay on this side tonight and see what it's like." Then he chuckled, "This'll mean I get the damp patch. Lucky you."

He got up and fetched the bedclothes from the floor and laid them over me. Then he switched the bathroom light off and slipped in next to me. He was on his back and I was on my side facing him with my head on his shoulder. I remember nothing else.

Shelley, part 12

Program WEEK TWO

FRIDAY Daytime

Pete and I were lying on a blanket in the middle of this meadow. We'd been kissing and cuddling, naked of course, in the bright hot sunshine when he started to slide his hand up the inside of my thigh towards my pussy.

"Ouch! That fucking hurts," I heard myself shout. I opened my eyes and Heather was by the bed twisting one of my toes.

"Dr. Reynolds was just at the door and we have fifteen minutes to get down to breakfast, unless you want to survive the journey back on stale sandwiches."

Railway food, yuck! Hotel food, yummy! I was starving! I'm outta here, now.

"No way, José!" as I headed into the bathroom.

I'd just pulled the chain when Pete came in. He bowed, "Washer and drier to the stars, that's me."

He got the shower turned on and stood in the bath. "Come on, babe. Don't hang about."

I got in, got wet and got stuck in. I washed my front while Pete washed my back. He spent a little more time on my arse than was strictly necessary, but hey, that was allowed. Then we both turned round and I washed him. What a great butt he has! I bent down and gave it a quick kiss before making sure it shone. We rinsed ourselves off and were out of there. Three minutes tops!

That place sure supplied loads of towels. There was a large fresh towel for each of us. It'd be faster if we dried ourselves so that's what we did. When we'd finished, Pete threw both towels into a corner and took me in his arms.

"We've got time now," and kissed me. "Thank you for a wicked evening."

I kissed him back. "Don't you forget how it ended. I won't."

He grabbed my shoulders and spun me around. "Out," he ordered and smacked me hard on the bum.

"Ow! That'll cost you next time. I shan't forget," I promised him.

When we came out the bathroom, the other two were kissing by the window.

"Hey, you guys, no fucking around, remember?"

"Fuck off, Shel, we're dressed," Heather snarled over her shoulder. "Now, where were we?"

I grinned at them but didn't say anything. My sister looked happy and that was a very, good, thing.

I was struggling into yesterday's black outfit when Heather tossed a carrier at me and said, "Knickers today, okay?"

I think I was muttering as I rummaged through the bag and I could hear Pete chuckling behind me as he dressed. At least I managed to find a thong that wouldn't hide too much. It would have to do.

Then Paul said, "Come on, bro. Let's scarper (see cultural notes). Give us a minute so we go down on separate lifts, girls, okay?"

And then they were gone. I wondered if I'd ever see Pete again. God, I hoped so.

Heather was tying her trainers when I asked her, "So, did you and Paul wake up early then?"

"Yeah," she sighed, "But then we fell asleep again." She paused. "I like him."

"Wanna see him again?"

"What do you think?" I didn't need to answer that, her face answered it for me.

"Well I've got their phone number." I patted my bag before slinging it over my shoulder.

"And I've got Paul's email." She patted a pocket on her jeans.

Both of us were laughing as we left the room.

After a great breakfast, we piled into a taxi, but the driver said, "I'll take you, but you prob'bly won't get a train. They´re on strike again so there's 'ardly any trains runnin'."

At Euston station, Dr. Reynolds asked him to wait while he found out if there was a train. There wasn't.

"Head teacher to head teacher, Julian, the inquiry, that is we, screwed up, not letting you return to where you were needed. So we need to get you back, now," stated Mrs. Chaplain firmly, "The inquiry budget will just have to stretch to plane fares." She made a quick phone call, then, "Stanstead please, driver."

Stanstead was heaving, but Mrs. Chaplain said that was normal. She left us with Dr. Reynolds while she bought four tickets to Blackpool.

I went exploring and in the food hall I saw a cute boy about my age. He had trousers that were too tight for him making his bulge obvious, so I sat near him and stared at it, I mean him. No I don't, I mean it and him. I was good and didn't flash my knickers, but he got the message anyway and came over to me.

"Like a coffee?" he asked, "Or, judging by where you were looking, something else maybe?"

"A coffee first, please."

He went and got me a coffee. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Shelley. What's yours?"

"Ricky."

"Where you flying to?"

"Isle of Man, but I have to fly to Blackpool and change planes."

"Great, that's where I'm going."

"Isle of Man?"

"No, Blackpool. But we'll share a plane."

He looked like he was going to say something, but hesitated.

"What're you thinking?" I asked.

"Have you ever joined the Mile High Club?"

I decided to play coy and say, "What's that?"

"It's a club for people who've, you know, done it, in a plane, when it's flying."

"You mean you want to fuck me on the plane?" I tried to sound angry.

"Yes, I mean no, I mean yes. Sorry."

I grabbed his hand and put it between my legs. I knew I was wet at the thought.

I stroked his dick through his trousers. "You mean you want this in here."

"Stop, you'll get us arrested," he cried pulling away. "Sod the Mile High Club, let's find a loo... now."

"Nope. That's all you get until we take off. Look but no more touch." I turned to face him and opened my legs. This was getting fun. And, dammit, I was pleased Heather had made me put on some underwear.

I dragged him back to the others. "This is Ricky. I've always wanted to join the Mile High Club, so I said he can look but not touch until we take off."

Heather gave me a despairing look and shook her head.

"Where's that coffee lounge?" asked Mrs. Chaplain. She had a look in her eyes that said she'd heard me but wasn't gonna say anything. Instead she and Dr. Reynolds followed me and Ricky to the food hall. Heather didn't want one, so she stayed where she was.

Our flight had been called for a second time and Heather still hadn't come, so Dr. Reynolds sent me to get her.

When we got on the flight, Dr. Reynolds lowered his head to me and said quietly, "I want to talk to Heather. Why don't you and your friend find somewhere more private at the back?" He was grinning. Cool.

The plane was half empty so we picked a double seat near the toilets. I LOVE take-offs and Ricky let me sit by the window. I watched as we rolled back from the terminal and seemed to crawl to the end of the runway. We stopped there for ages. I think Ricky was bored as he slipped a hand over my top and began to play with one of my nipples from the outside. I moved his hand and put it underneath my top.

As we starting moving again, he slipped his hand down to my pussy and I opened my legs a little to make it easier for him. By the time we took off, he had two fingers pushing in and out of me, faster and faster.

"And we have lift-off," he said.

"In more ways than one," I sighed. I remembered Pete's fingers in the taxi last night. Ricky's were almost as good.

I stopped watching the buildings below getting smaller as I came. He took his fingers out of me and sucked on them, then kissed me. I could taste myself on him.

He pulled my top up and bent down to lick my nearest nipple. I made him stop when the air hostess brought round tea and coffee, which we refused, but I know she saw his hand, which had gone back to my pussy, and she could hardly have missed my face. I felt like it was burning from having just cum and from embarrassment. (Yes, Shelley gets embarrassed!)

Once she'd gone, we got up and slipped into the toilet. After locking the door, I attacked him, pulling his trousers and pants down. There wasn't much room.

"Sit down and I'll sit on you," I said, pulling my skirt up and thong off.

He didn't argue and I turned my back to him and lowered myself onto him. Just the thought of what we were doing had made him hard and I'd been wet since he'd suggested it, but I still had to guide him into my pussy.

I pushed down hard onto him and he let out a gasp, then I began working myself up and down, supporting myself with the rails for the disabled. They were just the right height.

It wasn't the greatest fuck physically, but the sheer naughtiness of it made us both cum quickly.

I picked up my thong and put it in his pocket. I took his y-fronts and put them on, then opened the door and slipped out alone.

He came out a couple of minutes later. His pants were awfully loose on me. This'll never do, I thought. I nipped back into the loo, removed them and scrunched them up tightly in my fist before returning to my seat.

I handed them back to him and grinned. "That's more like it. Now we're both commando."

The so-and-so had nicked my window seat, but I was feeling too good about everything to give a fuck.

We both had such grins on our faces that it must have been obvious what we were doing to the air hostess. I noticed she had a small metal pin below her name badge. It was engraved with the letters MHC.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"It's for..." she stopped, embarrassed.

"We know what's it's for. Where can we get one?" I giggled. "Two, actually."

"I've give you an address when you get off the plane," she smiled. "Was it fun?"

"Yeah, but there's not much space in there."

She laughed. "You think that's bad, try it in a small plane when the pilot's flying it at the same time."

Ricky tried to keep a straight face as he asked, "Is that what they call mid-air turbulence?"

She laughed again, then turned and went.

I unzipped Ricky's trousers and took him into my mouth. He was all soft, but I made sure he didn't stay that way for long. It was a weird angle, but surprisingly easy to take all of him into me. He protested that the air hostess was coming, but I just sucked harder and tickled his balls with my hand.

After he'd cum in my mouth I let a little bit dribble out deliberately. The air hostess brought us two glasses of water. "I thought you might like these." Ricky was SO embarrassed, especially when I licked the last of his cum from my lips, but the air hostess just shook her head and grinned.

As we got off the plane, she quietly handed us each a card. I looked at it and it had a website where you could order Mile High Club stuff.

I kissed Ricky goodbye and he went off to wait for his connection.

Heather looked happier. "Have fun?" she asked.

"What do you think?"

To my surprise she gave me a hug. "I love you, Shel."

"I love you too, Sis."

Once we were in a cab, Dr. Reynolds insisted that we stop off at home before going to the school.

"But Mum'll be at work," I argued.

"No, she won't. She was determined to see you both home safe and sound."

To my surprise Heather made everyone wait outside, while I went in to see Mum on my own.

"Shelley!" Mum nearly crushed the life out of me and soon we were crying in each other's arms.

"Mum, you didn't have to come home to meet us."

"I wanted to be sure you were really safe."

"But we spoke on the phone."

"I want to see you and touch you."

She held me away from her and looked me up and down. She ignored the cum-stain on my top. "Where DID you get these clothes? No, forget I asked that." Then, "Where's Heather?"

"Waiting outside."

Mum insisted that we all stay for lunch. Then she dragged us into the lounge so we could watch a tape of Sam's concert on the telly. Laura and Suzie had done as I'd asked and joined Sam in the choir, but when I saw all the other naked girls in the front row, you could have knocked me down with a feather. What a day I was having! First I was embarrassed on the plane, and now I was speechless!

Dr. Reynolds called a taxi and when it arrived a few minutes later, we walked outside. "Wait a minute," I called and ran back indoors, ran up the stairs to my room and stripped off my clothes.

The look on the taxi driver's face when I ran out to the taxi naked was something else.

"I want them to know, as soon as I get there, that HurricaneSlut is back," I explained.

"Hang on," said Heather, and got out of the car, went indoors and came out naked.

As she got into the taxi, she said, "Slutsisters together forever, right?"

"Too Right." (Maybe this time I should spell that "two right". Yeah, I know, a terrible pun. Sorry.)

"Now unless anyone else wants to strip off, can we go now?" asked the driver.

"We can go," replied Dr. Reynolds.

Mrs. Chaplain just looked at Dr. Reynolds. "Where did you find these two?"

He didn't answer for minute. He was looking at Heather.

"I'm just wondering what happened to the shy little girl who ran away when the big bad headmaster made her strip off last week," he replied.

Heather didn't reply, so I did. "I think she grew up." Then I added, "Sir." We were going back to school after all.

We were late for the first lesson of the afternoon, and at first I didn't think old Mrs. Henderson was over-impressed by the interruption as she started in her stern voice, "I don't normally appreciate interruptions to my lessons, but I think on this occasion," her voice got a lot friendlier then, "I think I'll forgive you. I'm sure we're all glad you're safe and back with us. But let's keep this interruption relevant to Social Studies. What was it like being part of a government inquiry?"

"Scary, Ma'am. At first I wanted to run away. They all seemed so... so..." I tried to think of a word. "They were so up there, above us. I felt small, not unimportant, but it was like these big important people were suddenly staring down at me."

"And how did you handle that situation?"

"I took my clothes off." A few people around the room giggled at that.

Whatever answer she'd expected, it wasn't that. I had to explain. "It's just that it was all about the Program and it felt all wrong sitting there with clothes on. I thought being naked might help, but it didn't. I still felt nervous. I don't know how Heather did it. She was fantastic. She got us to give them demonstrations and she really let them have it."

"Not what I might have expected from your sister." Mrs. Henderson had Heather last year.

"Heather's changed a lot. Remember what she was like at Assembly Monday? Well, she was so good in London that they even decided to move the inquiry here next Monday because they want to meet everyone at the school."

"That might be interesting."

Between lessons I didn't get a Reasonable Request. Not one. I felt like I was suddenly different and nobody knew quite what to say or do. I felt my chest, looking for Tara's unicorn. Then I remembered I had taken it off when I'd stripped off at home. I felt a little lonely, right there in the middle of a busy school corridor. I did not like it.

The following lesson was a private study period. A teaching assistant was supervising.

"Can I say something to the class?" I asked him.

"Sure."

I stood at the front and faced them. "Why's everyone acting so weird? It's me, Shelley."

Nobody answered, until the teaching assistant did. "When you left here, you were just Shelley. Now you've been a huge news item, interviewed by everyone on the telly and been part of a big secret inquiry."

"But Heather was a bigger story last week, and this didn't happen to her. And from what I've seen so was Samantha last night. Why am I different?"

"Perhaps because it all happened while you were away and you've come back looking different somehow."

"Look. I'm still Shelley." They didn't seem convinced. So I did a cartwheel across the front of the classroom, then promptly misjudged it and crashed into the poor teaching assistant.

The class burst out laughing.

"She's still Shelley, alright," yelled a voice from the back.

I was sure I was going to have bruises tomorrow, but it felt good to be back.

When the bell went, some of the class surrounded me with "Reasonable Request!"

"You first." I pointed at one of the cuter boys.

"Can I lick your pussy?"

"That's not a Reasonable Request."

"Oh, but can I anyway?" That got a laugh.

"What the hell? Okay, but you'd better be good."

He wasn't, but I didn't care.

I felt good.

After the final lesson, I met Sam at the clothes boxes, while I waited for Heather. Laura and Suzie weren't there either.

"They had a row," said Sam, "and Suzie was really upset. I'm surprised nobody told you about it."

"Why was she so upset?"

"Of course, you don't know. Suzie's in love with Laura. I don't know what the row was about, though. Laura was strange this morning."

Heather turned up as she was speaking.

"Sam, you were wonderful last night."

"I know," she smiled. "Thank you."

"We saw you on the telly today. Mum taped it for us," Heather explained.

"And to think you were so worried about it earlier this week," I said.

"You all made it easier," she said.

"Us? How?"

"And I don't mean by getting Laura and Suzie to strip off with me, Shelley, but thank you for that, it really helped."

"Then how?" asked Heather. "We weren't even there."

"By making me realise that it really didn't matter as much as I thought it did. I've got people who care about me now and would still care even if I'd made a complete balls-up of it. There's Laura, her Mum, Suzie, you two, Tanya, Teresa, even Mr. Tyler."

"So you weren't nervous then?" I asked.

"Yes, I was, if anything even more so, because I wanted you all to be proud of me. But no, it wasn't life or death any more. If I did badly, it wasn't the end of the world. And that helped, a lot. And I've you two to thank for starting that with that Petting Party on Monday night."

"If I had some money on me, I'd take you out and buy you a drink to celebrate," said Heather.

"I've got some in here," Sam replied. "Aren't you two getting dressed?"

"Nothing to get dressed into," I grinned, "We came like this."

Sam starting taking off her uniform. "You don't have to," said Heather.

"No. But I'm going to."

Sam had a large folder with her, the sort teachers usually carry. "What's in that?" I asked her.

"Oh, just some papers I need," she replied. She'd said it in a strange sort of a way, like she really didn't want to talk about it. I glanced at Heather and she shook her head quickly. She'd picked up Sam's vibe as well. I didn't take it any further.

Instead I said, "Hang on. My locker's not far from here. I think I've got a carrier for your clothes, and the folder." I ran back inside and I was right. I was back in a minute with a manky plastic bag.

"Sorry, Sam. It's not very nice. Just throw it away when you get home."

"Should I ask what was in it?"

"No," I answered and we all laughed.

We went to a nearby pub and she bought us both drinks.

"To friends," Sam toasted.

Then she asked us, "You guys doing anything tomorrow night?"

Heather answered, "Nothing special for me, why?"

"Me neither," I added.

"Well, there's a party. You see, when we have a concert, the whole choir usually goes straight to Ws after to dance and chill. But, after what happened last night, a lot of the girls thought they'd better go home instead and 'explain' their new outfits, or rather their lack of outfits, to their parents. So... you guys know Tanya Worthington?" Heather nodded, I shook my head no. "Well she said we're all invited to hers on Saturday night. And so are Laura and Suzie. Then the other girls in the choir invited the Program boys... "

"I can't think why," I giggled.

"Probably something to do with Stephen standing next to me naked." Sam got that look in her eyes. "God, he's hot! Don't you think?"

Heather and me glanced at each other, then said together, "We think."

Sam took a breath, then continued, "So, I'm sure you two are invited too. I'll ring Tanya when I get home to let her know. Okay?"

I was thinking about ALL those choirboys. Some of them were... well, we'll just have to see what happens, I told myself.

Heather said, "Tanya's folks are loaded. I was over there once last summer and they have this amazing swimming pool. You'd think it was Hollywood, not boring old England." She paused. "Crikey, I'll need a new bikini."

"Shit," Sam replied, "So do I."

I grinned at both of them, "Well I have a couple that were too small for me last year. One of them should be perfect."

"You're awful," Sam shrieked.

Heather put on her "despair" face, but then joined in the laughter, "No, Sam, she's just Shelley."

When she stopped laughing, Heather asked, "So who's gonna hit Nelson Square with me tomorrow?" That's the big covered shopping centre in the middle of town.

"Me!" This time it was Sam and I who answered together. Then I added, "Just remember, girls, where bikinis are concerned, tiny is.. tasty."

Heather picked it up, "And tinier is tastier."

Sam grinned, "And I guess tiniest is tastiest."

"You got it." I had the last word.

When we'd finished our drinks, Sam said, "I've got to get home. I have to see that shrink tonight at six."

We walked out, still naked, and headed for the bus station, oblivious to the stares. "You'd better have some change for the bus," she said, handing us some money.

Sam's bus left first so we waved her goodbye, then waited for ours.

"And you were worried about her," I said to Heather. "You thought you'd failed us all. Well, you didn't."

"Did Dr. Reynolds say...?"

"No, Sis. But sometimes, you're real easy to read."

"Great. Does everyone know how I've been worrying?"

"I doubt it. Just those of us who love you."

She hugged me. "Thanks, Shel."

"But do us a favour? You know you wrote about feeling alone last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're not. So instead of getting all stewed up inside, talk to us."

She grinned, "Yes Ma'am, little Sis."

Our bus came at that moment, so I didn't have time to think of a reply.

My Program week is over. Weird, wonderful and even a little frightening at times, the truth is I wouldn't have wanted it any other way.

So what's next? Mum's cooking a great meal tonight, I know because I've done the shopping for it. She forgot our favourite chocolate ice cream, though. I didn't. Eric won't be human if he doesn't like it as well.

Hmm, I wonder what he's like. So far all I know about him is that he's a little older than Mum, on his own, and really likes sex. I think we're gonna get along just fine. (Not like THAT, for chrissakes. I only meant as friends.) And I know he's made Mum very happy. I could hear that in her voice everytime we talked this week, even last Saturday when she was still in India and worried sick about Heather. Was that really less than a week ago? Lots of water under lots of bridges since then, huh?

Heather and I'll meet him tonight. Mum said we shouldn't dress too "shelleyish". Translation, too sluttish. I'm sitting here in my knickers brushing my hair. I've got one good pair of jeans. They're black and like Tara told me, black suits me. They're well tight so they'll do nicely. And my dark-green blouse, it's got half sleeves and covers my boobs okay even though I'll leave a couple of buttons undone. If I tie it off below my boobs I can get away without a bra. Yeah, sweet and sexy, just the look I want.

God, this hair! Jed did a real number on me, the bastard. Sam's hair, though, looked fantastic this afternoon. I must find out where she had it cut. If I can, I'll go there tomorrow before the party. I want to make a good impression on all those choirboys, and yes, this time I do mean that sort of impression.

I know just the place to take Heather and Sam for their bikinis. All of the stuff there is wicked, in both senses of that word.

My room's at the front of the house and I've just heard Mum's car outside. I'd better get my blouse and jeans on in case Eric is with her.

Shelley Hoover, signing off... for now.

Although this is the end of Shelley's Program journal, it is not the end of her story, which continues in "Conclusions & Continuations".

http://www.nakedinschool.net/ConsCons/

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I'd really love to hear what you think. I welcome criticism and compliments alike, (okay, I guess I prefer compliments, I'm only human!)

While these stories are in progress, I'd also welcome suggestions and ideas. If I don't use an idea in this story, perhaps I will later.

Chrissy Giles

Email chrissy@chrissygiles.com

ce today."

Then he admitted, "I should have used the word "sexy" just now, but that really would have been most inappropriate."

He shook his head and added quietly, "I can't wait until I tell Mrs. Reynolds. She's going to tease me about this for weeks."

The way he said that I knew he and his wife were really close.

"Now, girls, I would be extremely grateful if you would refrain from repeating this conversation to anyone at school. I do have to maintain a certain.. degree of dignity there."

Shelley sounded ashamed. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to embarrass you... just tease you a little."

Dr. Reynolds bowed his head formally. "Apology accepted."

Shelley's shame evaporated with a big smile. "But I did make you laugh!"

He took a sip of wine and looked away from us for a moment, his fingers idly toying with his knife. I'd seen him like this before, in his office. He has this fancy letter-opener on his desk and he would play with it while thinking and then point it around the room, or even directly at you, when he started talking. I don't think he was aware he did it. I glanced at Shelley and wondered if she too had seen the letter-opener wielded. Certainly she'd gone quiet now.

Sure enough, he suddenly picked up his knife and started dueling with the ceiling as he spoke. His words, though, were quiet.

"You know, girls, I am having to do things now that would have been inconceivable to me even two years ago. I'd heard all about the Program in the states for some time but here in England? Not likely. It all started for me, though, with a meeting in my office with Richard Cellon well over a year ago. We go right back to Cambridge, him and me. He's a good man, Heather, maybe a little full of himself but with a first-class mind. And until today, I thought, completely unflappable. You two probably did him a lot of good, but he'll never let on. I know you were being very serious today, both of you, but there was a part of me sitting there this afternoon truly enjoying his discomfort."

"So, the 'faceless ones' had sent a friend to tell me I'd be running the first Program re-launch here in England." Shelley looked curious at that and he turned directly to her and said, "Yes, Shelley, I had no more choice than Heather did. As a teacher and an administrator, or indeed as an educated man whose morality comes from a different time, it made little sense to me and I didn't want it in my school."

"And reading all the literature, and yes, Heather, everything I cLaura's story http://www.nakedinschool.net/laura/Laura.htm

FRIDAY

Hi. I'm Laura and I just found out that I'm starting in the program on Monday. Although the program has only been running for a week here, I guess that most of you know what it is. Hell, after all the TV reports last weekend and photos of my friend Heather splashed over the front pages of just about every newspaper, you'd have had to be in Outer Mongolia not to know what it is.

Heather's been one of my best friends for as long as I can remember, and my best friend since my best friend Julie was killed. Heather was in the program last week when I was at home with REALLY bad flu.

My mum is disabled. She was hit by a drunk driver in the middle of the day. She never feels sorry for herself or does the martyr bit. She always says that she was lucky that day. YEAH RIGHT. Okay, compared to the two pedestrians he actually killed when he lost control and smashed into the front window of a shop, I guess, but if I were her I wouldn't feel lucky. She had to stop work as a psychiatric nurse, which she loved, because a) the wheelchair doesn't exactly give patients confidence or help her get round an old nineteenth century hospital and b) the accident did something to her which makes her unable to concentrate for too long without getting sleepy. Don't get me wrong, she's as sharp and witty as she ever was, she just can't be that way for too long at a time.

Money's no problem. I thought it would be at first (before my Mum got all that compensation money) and asked my best friend Julie to take me with her to one of her strip shows. I didn't know if I could do it, but it would give us some money and still leave me time to look after mum. To my surprise it was fun. Julie obviously enjoyed it or perhaps I should say got off on it. And it wasn't as sleazy as I thought. Some of the guys were arseholes, but some would come up afterwards and tell her how great she was.

So I went to another one, while I tried to think if I could do this. Suddenly Julie had grabbed my hand and pulled me out onto the floor. I froze up. Unless they wanted the great stripping zombie, there was no way I could do this. So she took me around the floor and let the men strip me. I was wearing a blouse and one of them undid each button painfully slowly. He slipped the blouse off my shoulders, threw it to Julie and there I was in a little lacy see-through bra. One of the others wasn't quite so gentle with my skirt and ripped the catch trying to get it undone. It just got dropped on the floor and that was the last I saw of it. When they saw my equally see-through knickers two of them lifted me high up off the ground and spread my legs apart. Up to that point it must have been like taking clothes off of a dummy until, until I caught their eyes. My God, they were totally turned on and it was by me. It sounds stupid but until then I didn't realise what an effect I could have on men and it was a total power trip.

The two men holding me bent down to take a nipple in each of their mouths. I was in heaven. "Can we get rid of this?" one of them asked. "Mmm," I mumbled as I nodded. He took a penknife from his pocket and simply cut through it and threw the remains into the crowd. Scratch one brand new expensive set of underwear.

Julie handed him an aerosol can of whipped cream and he put some on each nipple then they bent to gentle lick it off, their tongues playing with my nipples. Apparently I really "worked the crowd" as Julie used to put it. I went round with the can of cream squirting some over my boobs and getting the men to take turns licking it off.

I noticed Julie doing the same, but she was also putting cream on her thighs. I simply HAD to do that. I made a long trail of cream on each inner thigh, from my knees to my knickers. As they licked closer and closer my excitement grew more intense. I realised that I was dripping wet and if my knickers were see-through before, that was nothing to how they were getting now.

One of the men kissed me lightly, right on the wet spot. "More," I breathed. He started licking me through the knickers. It was too intense and I slammed my legs together. "You want me to stop?" he asked. "No, no, please." He laughed and pulled my knickers aside and ran his tongue up my pussy very quickly. "Off." He thought I was telling him to get off. "No these," I said, pointing to my knickers. He smiled and tugged and the flimsy material ripped apart easily. They followed my bra into the crowd. His tongue shot up inside me and everything went black, white, all colours as I shuddered to my first real orgasm. This was NOT like the boys at school I'd been with and I wanted him inside me.

Julie dragged me off the floor and into the changing room. When some of the men protested she cried out "Wait for Act 2." Then she turned to me "You can't let them fuck you. I let you do too much as it was, but you were enjoying yourself so much I didn't want to stop you."

Julie made me dress in her schoolgirl outfit for Act 2. She stayed naked and led me out onto a table centre stage and made everyone stand back so that everyone could see. She put my legs apart and lifted my skirt up. I felt a hundred eyes between my legs. She stroked my knickers then put her fingers in my knickers and up my slit. Rubbing me hard, she had just got me dripping when she took her hands away. She left me like that, with my knickers pulled to one side and my juices which felt like they were pouring out of me. It must have looked obscene. Then she put her fingers in her mouth and made a great show of licking every trace of my juices from her fingers.

She unbuttoned my blouse and pulled my bra up over my boobs and went to work on them, gently stroking one while licking the other, then licking that one while stroking the other. Every now and again she would take her hand and gently tickle my pussy lips. She took my knickers off and held me wide open. "God," I thought, "they can see everything."

She took out a vibrator from her bag that she'd kept hung over her shoulder. It was big. "Don't worry," she said. "I'm not," I replied and I really wasn't.

She oh-so-slowly worked it into my pussy and as I was building up to a cum, she took it out. One of the guys nearby was staring at me open-mouthed, so she put it in his mouth. This went on for a while, she put it in me, each time waiting until I couldn't bear any more, then removed it and let one of the audience lick it. Finally she took it out and stuck it in my own mouth.

She shoved three fingers into me and had me bucking on the table. Then carefully making a show once more of licking her fingers clean, she went down on me. Keeping her head to one side so they could see, she started licking. I think she wanted to stretch it out a bit longer but my body couldn't take any more and with a tremendous orgasm like I've never had since, I just collapsed limply on the table.

She helped me up and I leaned on her arm as we walked back to the changing room to the most thunderous applause.

The boss said that Julie and I would make a great team, but it didn't happen that way.

Two weeks later was the bomb that blew Julie away from me forever. An Irish separatist group, unhappy with the peace settlements in Northern Ireland that had stood for 20 years, had planted a bomb in a car at the back of a club Julie was working in. Apparently they were wiring it up ready to drive the car to a big political rally the next day when it exploded, killing them both. Nobody else was hurt, except for Julie, who just happened to be leaving the club after a show. She didn't know what hit her they said. Killed instantly.

I wouldn't have survived that except for my other friend Heather. She put up with me constantly crying on her shoulder, or bursting into tears if we were out together. She even caught me one night with a bottle of tablets and took them away. I hit her, hard, then burst into tears. She went with me to the hospital.

She even started coming with me on my shows, and loved it. She always squealed when I'd strip the guy I was stripping for (much to his embarrassment and the amusement of his friends). It was so funny to hear her squeal like that, that I started to deliberately turn the guys towards her when I pulled their boxers down. I knew she wished that she could do it, but she was dead timid. But it was fun to have her around.

I guess my story about the program really starts last Friday night. As the whole country must know by now Heather had been attacked and raped outside school on Friday morning. She seemed to be coping with it amazingly well.

I've a bit of experience about this. Mum used to do the big no-no and let some of her patients visit her at home, especially patients struggling to get over a rape. She taught me that it isn't something you just get over and the easier someone appeared to get over it, probably the more they were internalising it. So when Heather appeared to be so fantastic on her TV interview only hours after it happened, I knew something was wrong.

We were going out to Ws nightclub that night and Heather, her nutty sister Shelley and her new-found friend Suzie (who I'd always thought was a grade A bitch) all wanted to go nude. It was legal of course now, but there was no way I wanted to do that. Stripping at shows, which were under MY control, no problem, any day, but walk into Ws naked as the day I was born. That scared me.

But I figured that Heather had enough to cope with and she'd saved my life after Julie was killed. What kind of friend was I if I couldn't do this little thing for her? So I stripped and went with them.

Heather was on a high. Talk about being the centre of attention and lapping it up. This was Heather, my timid mouse working the crowd as Julie would have said and loving every minute of it.

It started tamely enough. She began to kiss the guys around her. I watched as their hands pulled on her bum to rub her naked pussy against their trouser-covered erections. Some of them started to fondle her boobs, as she went from one guy to another.

She took one guy's right hand and placed it deliberately on her pussy. I saw her wince slightly at first, so she was obviously still sore. She opened her legs wider to give him better access and when she closed her eyes and gasped I knew exactly where his finger was. She leaned back and another guy supported her from behind as the first one brought her to what was obviously a shattering climax.

But she wasn't finished with him. She got up and knelt in front of him and undid his trousers. She licked his dick from bottom to the tip, then went back and took one of his balls into her mouth. For a girl who was a virgin until this morning, she was doing great.

Then she took him into her mouth. She couldn't take all of him, but he wasn't complaining. When his face began to contort she took her mouth away and used her hand until he shot his load across her face.

"Who's next?" There wasn't exactly a lack of volunteers. The third guy she did was big, and I saw the determined look on her face as she forced every inch down her throat. She didn't let him cum. She turned around and guided him into her pussy. The crowd went wild.

Another guy bent down to speak to her and she nodded. She turned away from him and started sucking another guy, then the guy who had spoken rammed his cock into her pussy. She nearly gagged on the cock in her mouth, then resumed her rhythm. When those two had finished they were replaced by two more, and two more. Her face and hair were covered with white cum and when guys swapped over I could see it pouring from her pussy.

When she ran out of volunteers, she actually went round to a single guy and pulled him onto the stage with her. She pulled his trousers down, laid him on his back and sat down on his cock, bouncing away until he screamed. Then she got up, leaving him lying there at half mast, and found another one. This one was less willing, but that didn't stop Heather. FUCK this was hot.

A new crowd of guys came into the club and went straight to her. They had her on her back on the floor and started taking turns with her mouth and cunt.

I don't know how many guys she'd had. More in one night than I'd had in a lifetime. Yeah I know everyone thinks strippers are easy or hookers but I'm not. Heather seemed to be really enjoying herself and suddenly I caught her eye. She wasn't there. I don't know how to explain it better than that. I looked into her eyes and Heather wasn't there.

Shelley and Suzie were looking worried too. Actually, Shelley was crying and looked really distressed. I turned to Shelley and said "Can you hold my bag? I've got to stop this. Just be ready to help me get her out of here, fast." She nodded, looking pale.

I went up on stage. "Hey, who's playing with my girlfriend?". That got their attention. Then I turned to Heather and said "Come here baby," doing a cliché licking of my lips. Okay it's crass, but guys love it. I pulled her up and kissed her. I don't mean a quick peck on the cheek either, but a real earth-shattering kiss with tongues and everything. The guys stepped back and I kissed each of her nipples, then started licking and sucking on them. Then I went lower and without warning her, stuck my tongue right in her pussy. She squealed like the old Heather. I licked her to a shattering orgasm, then laid her down and got on top of her into a 69.

I prefer guys, but as you'll have gathered I've done plenty of lesbian shows and they're okay. A girl who knows what she's doing with her tongue is better than a guy any day. But one thing I hate is doing a lesbian show with a new girl. Guys always want a 69. The problem is that when you're in that position you can't see your own bum. If you're not careful some idiot can start ramming a finger up your pussy or arse. So when we're doing a 69, we always, always watch the other girl's bum. No matter how relaxed or orgasmic we're supposed to be, you always cover the other girl's arse, slapping away any stray hands. I knew that Heather wouldn't be doing that. Sure enough I felt a few fingers. And some guy was spanking me, and hard. It was really hurting. Another was slapping me round the face, though thankfully more gently. As I was on top, I could protect Heather.

When I felt a cock forced roughly in my arse I knew I'd have to get this over with quickly and get us out of here before it really got out of hand. Anal sex is okay, but dry without lubricants and a guy who couldn't give a shit is not a turn on. It hurts, a lot.

I licked Heather to another orgasm and faked one myself (I'm good at that) then dragged her to her feet and ran giggling out the fire exit before they knew what was happening. Shelley, god bless her, had started my car and Suzie had the back door open. I pushed Heather in and leapt in on top of her. Suzie slammed the door, and I pressed the door lock down. By that time Suzie was in the front passenger seat and Shelley had the car moving.

We went to Heather's home and Shelley took her into the shower and she washed her while Suzie and I held her up. We dried her and put her to bed. Then we went downstairs and collapsed on the sofa.

I wanted to explain to them how some girls react after a rape, but I was too tired to think. I just said "We're going to have problems with Heather." The other two just nodded, white-faced. We sat there in silence for a while just looking at each other, then finally fell asleep.

SATURDAY

Saturday started awful. Heather was furious with me for stopping her last night. The others were furious with her for being furious with me. Heather stormed off alone, which was exactly what I didn't want her to do. Mum's so good at handling people in a crisis. I just screw it up, I always have done.

I nearly made a complete idiot of myself by going out to the fair with bruises on my bum. No wonder I was sore. Luckily Suzie noticed so I covered the bruises with performance make-up. I owe you one, Suzie.

Heather was doing the dunk tank. I couldn't help her with that and she didn't want to see me anyway, so I wandered around the fair.

Later Heather was in the stocks having custard pies thrown at her. She looked uncomfortable so I walked round the back. Some idiot was fingering her and not gently either. I took his finger away. He looked cross until he realised it was another naked girl. I gave him my best smile and whispered "watch me."

I gently played with her pussy lips, avoiding the areas that looked really sore. Then a little rub on the clit, then gently up and down her wide open pussy. Even the idiot could see that she was getting worked up. I put my finger into her and she gasped, first in climax, then as a pie hit her right in her open mouth. I laughed and said "Hi" to her.

To stop guys fingering her, I asked the guy running the sideshow if we could turn the stocks round, to give people a chance to pie her face OR her bum. More targets, more money raised, so he was happy.

I even took a turn myself and it was quite fun, especially when Heather smeared a cream pie over my bum and let a finger stray you know where.

Afterwards a girl came up to Heather to thank her for teaching her boyfriend how to masturbate her. Hmm. Sounds fun. I'll have to ask her about that little episode.

In the shower Heather apologised. I just wanted her to promise not to put herself at risk again. Then she said "I owe you this too." She started stroking my boobs exactly in the way that gets me going. Now apart from last night in the club, we've never done anything together, but she's been to enough of my lesbian shows so I guess she's been taking notes or something.

When she touched my bruised bum I gasped. It still hurt. When I told her that a guy had been spanking me while we 69'd last night, she looked really upset.

She started to gently kiss each bruise, and said "Thank you" each time she kissed one. It was so sweet and erotic at the same time. Then she bent me over, gently pulled my buttocks apart and stuck her tongue in... my arse.

I know some people think it's disgusting, but I can't help it. A tongue in my arse shoots electric shocks right through me. I nearly died on the spot.

She put a finger in my pussy and continued to lick my arse until I came. Whew, she can apologise to me every day like that!

Then she kissed me on the nose and told me to knock her out if she ever treated me that badly again. I assume she was referring to this morning because she can treat me like she had in the last few minutes as often as she liked.

We had our meeting with the headmaster (see cultural notes) and we all had our say. I wanted to go last so I could add a few things from my experiences stripping.

Then we were told we'd all four be in the Program next week. To be honest I'd been half expecting it as we talked. When you're a stripper you develop a sort of "how to read men's minds" sense. If you don't you end up in trouble pretty soon.

Suzie was upset and scared, even the news that we'd be given a 5% bonus on all our marks didn't cheer her up a lot (see cultural notes). Shelley made a comment about Laura and the slutsisters - makes us sound like a perverted pop group! Mind you, Heather can sure play on my instruments!

He was surprised that we didn't ask for advance warnings in our list of changes. I explained that for anything like this having time to dwell on it makes it harder. It just adds to the stress. We never do that to new strippers, it wouldn't be fair.

The field party was okay. We even did some mud wrestling. I've done it a few times before, but it was still fun.

Suzie was beginning to panic so Heather took her mind off it by sticking her tongue halfway up her pussy! If watching them was kinda nice, what Shelley did next was nicer! She asked me for permission to go down on me. Such politeness. Was I going to refuse? Was I hell.

We got into a 69 and lapped away at each other until we both came. Shelley's a gusher which was fun. Then we realised that Suzie and Heather were sitting watching us.

It's going to be an interesting week.

Laura, part 2

MONDAY, Assembly

I had told Heather last week that I'd be terrified to go in the Program. But now we had the program sussed. No more force, genuine respect and a lot of fun, everything the program should be.

Heather made a great speech at assembly. In a week she'd gone from someone crying in my bedroom to someone who could stand up and speak in front of the whole school, naked. People think I'm confident, but she's amazing.

Actually this morning I wasn't so confident. I read and re-read the Program manual and it just didn't seem to allow for us to have a say. Somehow changing things had been too easy. Could this damned Program really work the way Heather thought it would?

Shelley of course was excited as anything about being in the program. She'll have no problems.

Suzie looked unhappy when we went up on stage. I took her hand. She looked at me nervously. She might have been the class bitch but I was beginning to like her.

After assembly Heather managed to relax Suzie by going down on her. I went over to the hottest looking boy, Christopher, and said, "I have an unreasonable request." He looked puzzled, still angry that he'd been roped into this thing. "Fuck me." His face changed from puzzlement to amazement to lust in seconds. I bent over a desk and held my buttocks wide open to give him a choice. He teased me by putting his cock at the entrance to my arsehole, then eased it into my wet pussy. Gerald was looking at me with a stunned expression, so I reached over, grabbed him by the cock and pulled him towards me. I opened my mouth and pulled him into me. His stunned expression changed to a wide grin.

Suddenly Christopher tensed up and I felt his cum squirting into me.

We changed over. I lay on the desk on my back, and Gerald plunged into my pussy while I licked my own juices from Christopher's cock before sucking it back to life. I pushed Gerald away from me and told him to lie down on the desk. "I've always wanted to do this," I explained. I climbed on the desk and lowered myself onto his cock, then leaned over him. I looked back at Christopher, watching us. "What do you want? An engraved invitation?"

Light dawned on his face and he wasted no time feeding his cock into my arsehole. I'd never felt so full or so horny. It would have been nicer if it had lasted longer, but all three of us were too het up for that. Feeling both of them spunk inside me pushed me over the edge and I came intensely. We lay in a sweaty heap on the desk as I licked both of them clean.

I remember thinking that it was a good idea Shelley hadn't seen us, but she was still busy sucking off Lenny, who at that moment came all over her face. She loved it.

We lay there recovering and watching Shelley give her virginity to a somewhat surprised Lenny. Then Stephen lost his to Suzie.

The room reeked of sex, then Heather noticed a girl standing at the door. She was fully clothed, but the look of total disbelief and terror made it easy to guess that she was the missing fifth girl.

Heather suggested the others went to the showers, while she and I stayed with Samantha. The poor girl needed us to help her undress she was so scared.

"Just the thought of someone touching me," she cried, beginning to hyperventilate. I got her to breathe in time with me, slowly, until she started to calm down. Then "But I can't bear the thought of the rest of the week. Everyone touching me and, and."

"That's enough," I said to her, sharply enough even to shock Heather. It certainly shocked Samantha, who recoiled from me as if I'd slapped her.

"Concentrate on today. Concentrate on the next three hours. You'll be with us again at lunchtime."

We went to see the others, only to see Shelley, then Suzie, being groped by all five boys. Then Suzie asked for someone to fuck her arse. Jed obliged.

Immediately afterwards when he saw Samantha standing there looking even more terrified if that was possible, he made us all come back into the changing room.

I have to say he was brilliant. He helped Samantha to sit on a desk and spread her legs. Heather showed her how to open herself up for examination. Samantha said "I don't know if I can do that," so I held her open while the boys started to look at her. Then she pushed my hands away and did it herself.

Heather got her to bend over and show her arsehole. After Samantha had managed that she turned to Jed to tell him how wonderful he was. "You could never hurt anyone." He paled and ran out of the door leaving a totally astounded Samantha.

But it was time for class, so we headed out. From now on, we were each on our own.

Laura, part 3

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Morning

My first lesson was social studies so you won't be surprised to learn what we were discussing. I learned that the official title of "the program" was the "practical course on the acceptance and promotion of all aspects of human sexuality". No wonder they just call it the program!

Our social studies teacher, Mrs. Henderson, was a small, quite elderly lady with a softly spoken voice, unless she got angry, when she traded in her voice for a foghorn and her mild phrases for words that would make a Liverpool docker blush.

"As you know Miss Hoover well, perhaps you can share with us some of her experiences in the Program," she said.

"I was off sick with flu last week, so I didn't see her much," I said.

"But I'm sure that she has talked about it with you."

"Yes, in private conversations," I replied.

"From what I've seen of her this morning, she would appear to believe in the program and the program promotes openness. I am sure that she would not mind you sharing her experiences, especially as you will be helping prepare others for their time in the program."

Put like that, I could understand where she was coming from, and I don't think Heather would have objected, so I began, "The first time I saw her was Tuesday morning before school and she was terrified and thinking of running away. I tried to help her from my experience as a stripper, but this is different. When I strip, I am in control, in the program it seems like everybody else is. I could see why she was so scared."

"When did you see her next?"

"Not until Friday after school and she was totally different."

"How do you account for that change?" she asked.

"Initially the program does the opposite of what it seems to want to do: It isolates you and makes you different and makes you feel very alone. Somehow Heather found the support from others to counter that. That's why she said that we are all participants."

"And how do you feel about being in the program? Many would say it would be easy for a stripper."

"Angry, humiliated and a bit scared."

"Why?" asked one student, "How can you be scared? We saw you on Friday night," said another.

"As I said, when I strip, I plan my routine, I do what I want to do. In the program, realistically I don't have that choice. If any of you want me to sit like this," I sat on the table and spread my legs, "and hold myself open while you kneel inches away from me and look right up inside me, I have to do that. Heather had to masturbate in front of people and let people touch her or grope her."

"After Friday night how can that bother you?" asked one of the girls.

"Friday night was awful. Everyone thinks that Heather got over her rape so easily. It just isn't true and she's going to need a lot of support. On Friday night she just reacted. It was almost as if it wasn't her. If she was going to get fucked, why not just let everyone have her. She freaked out, so I stepped in and got her out of there the only way I knew how."

"We thought you were just being a, being a,"

"Slut?" I finished for her, "like strippers are meant to be? I hated every minute of that show I put on with her."

"Thank you, Laura, you can go back to your seat now," said Mrs. Henderson. "Class, I hope that you'll remember that all the program participants need your support, boys as well as girls, and those who you would think would have no problem, like Laura as well as the more timid ones."

She opened up the discussion and asked each of them to imagine their time in the program, so at least I wasn't in the spotlight all the time. Hey, Laura, reality check here. You don't want to be in the spotlight, while Heather is lapping it up? This program has some weird effects.

When the class ended some of the boys came to me. "We've got a reasonable request."

"Yes?"

"We want to see you wank. You said yourself that you have to do it."

Note to self. Keep mouth shut.

I lay on one of the benches in the corridor, put my right leg over the back and began to slowly play with my pussy. With my other hand I was stroking my breasts which I love. I worked my fingers in and out of my pussy trying to imagine myself anywhere but where I was, lying naked on a wooden bench in a school corridor, frigging myself while a gang of boys watched me with growing excitement.

I thought about the double fucking I'd had this morning.

"She's getting off on this," said one of the boys, "Look at her smiling."

If only you knew, I thought.

Shit, thinking about this morning was too effective, I was going to cum. When I cum, I cum hard and it took me a few seconds to realise where I was.

"Are you okay?" asked one of them. I laughed.

"Want a taste?" I asked him, holding my fingers towards his face.

He pulled a face "Ewww."

"If you don't like that, you'd better learn to pretend you do if you ever want to keep a girl happy."

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you ever gone down on a girl?"

"No. Does it matter?" he asked.

"It might. A lot of girls get better orgasms from oral sex than they ever can from a cock. And I love giving blowjobs. To see a guy lose control and have him in the palm of my hand, er, mouth until I make him cum is a real turn-on."

"But that's different."

"Why?" I asked.

"I wouldn't know what to do down there."

"Ask the girl you're with, or get another girl to teach you." FUCK. Why did I say that? I knew what was coming next.

"Can you show me?"

The bell went for lessons. Whew, saved by the bell, literally.

I didn't have time for a shower and I'm sure the girl next to me knew exactly what I'd been doing. "Been having fun?" she said.

After the lesson, she said, "I wish I could be like you. Not afraid of anything or what anyone thinks. I was terrified all the way through assembly that they'd call out my name, and it'll be like that every week now. I'd probably faint like that other poor girl."

"Samantha."

"How is she?"

"She was fine when I saw her before second lesson, but I haven't seen her since. I hope she's okay. I just hope that everyone gives her lots of support and encouragement."

We walked to lunch together.

Laura, part 4

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunchtime and Afternoon

Nine of us gathered together for lunch so two of the boys moved two tables together. It sounds terrible but we hadn't even noticed that Samantha was missing. The boys were beginning to tell us how their morning had gone when a girl came over to our table. "Something's wrong with Samantha. Ghastly Gordon was a bitch to her in class and she's still in the classroom and won't move," she told us.

We looked at each other guiltily. "Some of us had better go to see her," said Heather.

"I'll come with you," I said, "And Jed, she seems to trust you, can you come too?"

We ran to the Sex Ed. classroom with the girl to find Samantha curled up like a ball, still crying.

"What happened?" Jed asked her.

She didn't answer so the girl told us, "Gordon made her sit on the table and hold herself open while everyone took a close-up look. She had to play with herself to make her clit stand out. Then suddenly she freaked and ran to the corner and got like this. Gordon just walked out."

"That bitch needs a lesson," I said. "Sam, listen to me, it's just us here. You're okay now. We're going to take you to the nurse, okay?"

"Why don't they just rape me and get it over with? It couldn't be any worse," she cried. I saw a look of pain cross Heather's face. Samantha continued, "I feel so dirty." She was shaking. She looked up and her eyes looked as if we were going to hit her.

I quickly changed the plan. "Sam, we're going to take you to the showers first, okay? Nobody's going to hurt you." Heather and I tried to lift her, but she was limp, a dead weight.

"Let me," said Jed. "Sam, I'm going to carry you, okay?"

No reaction.

He slipped a hand under her knees and another around her back and lifted her effortlessly. "Blimey Sam, don't you ever eat? You're light as a feather."

Carefully not banging her on the door he walked out of the classroom with her in his arms. A few people were in the corridors and one approached Heather. "I have a reasonable request."

"Not now," she snapped at him. "Are you blind?"

We made it to the boys showers and Jed stood her up in the shower. Heather held her up while I turned on the shower. It was cold. At least that got a reaction from her. Jed passed me some soap and as the water began to get warmer I started to soap her body. I even carefully cleaned in her pussy, rinsing just as carefully.

Jed and I towelled her dry. "Are you okay to walk now?" I asked. She nodded, standing up properly taking her own weight.

"We're taking you to the Nurse, okay?" I said. She walked with us around her to the Nurse. This time a few students came to me for a "Reasonable Request."

"She can't," said Heather, "She has to go to the Nurse with the other girl, but I can do it if you want." She stayed to do what they wanted.

"Hello, Deary, what's wrong?" said the nurse. I quickly explained.

"Let's get you a nice cup of tea, okay?" Samantha nodded.

I said, "Can I leave her with you, Nurse? I want to go to see the headmaster about Ms. Effing Gordon."

She pursed her lips at my choice of phrase but didn't say anything. Instead she shook her head. "He's not here, Deary. He got called down to London for an investigation into the rape last week and all the publicity over the weekend."

Damn. That left Mr. Graham in charge and everyone suspected that he and Ghastly Gordon had a thing going. We'd get no help there.

There was a knock on the door. It was Heather carrying a stack of plated meals. "I thought Samantha might need something to eat and I brought some for the rest of us, too." And I thought I was the practical one.

"I'm not hungry," said Samantha.

"Nonsense, Deary," said Nurse. "You might not feel like it, but you need to replace the energy after your stressful morning. And if Heather's been kind enough to bring lunch for you, the least you can do is try to eat some."

Samantha forced a forkful into her mouth. She was obviously hungry as she ate everything in no time. The rest of us took longer. Jed brought Samantha another plate and she wolfed that down. "Not too quickly, Deary,"

"No breakfast," said Samantha, explaining.

When she'd finished, she asked, "Do I have to go back out there?"

"I'm sorry, Deary, but if you don't, you'll end up having to do a second week."

"When's your next Sex Ed. lesson?" Heather asked.

"Thursday morning," she replied.

"Good. No lesson will be worse than that before then, so that's one thing you don't have to worry about. How have you been coping with requests?"

"Okay, I guess. I hate them, but they've been okay. I'm just dreading tomorrow when they can touch as well," she said.

"Come on," said Jed, "Let's go out together to the dining hall."

"I think you're a bit late for that," said Nurse and sure enough the bell started to ring for lessons.

We all went to our various lessons. I spent most of the afternoon worrying about Samantha, and hardly paid attention to the lessons. Between lessons I did the usual posing, but quickly and abruptly. Nobody said I had to make a performance out of it, did they?

I passed Shelley in the corridor. "Shel, you know Samantha better than we do."

"I hardly know her at all, just because we're in the same year it doesn't mean we share classes or anything. Why?"

"She had Ghastly Gordon and it freaked her out. She seems to have coped with the posing requests, but she dead scared of what's going to happen to her tomorrow. I can't think how to help her."

Shelley thought about it quietly for a minute or two. Then she looked up, her face brightening. "Let's get together this evening. You've got a lounge big enough for all of us, do you think your mum will mind?"

"No, she's cool," I said. "She'd want to help anyway."

"Good, it might be good to have her there. I'll try to catch Samantha and you can invite the others to a petting party," she said. "But nobody mention what it is to Sam."

"Do you think that's a good idea after she freaked out today?" I objected.

"Which do you think is better, a petting party or turning up at school for morning groping?" she answered.

I couldn't disagree with her. "Okay, Eight o'clock okay?"

"Great, See yer." She ran off humming. Was I ever that carefree?

As it turned out, I had a phone call before they arrived for the party and had to go out. Another girl was ill and I had to go and do a show for a sports club. "Don't worry," said my mum. "I'll look after them."

Knowing she would do just that, I went to work.

Laura, part 5

Program WEEK TWO

TUESDAY

Maybe if I hadn't worked last night, today would have been different. Maybe I'd have reacted differently and been able to cope. Maybe. But I doubt it.

The show at the sports club didn't finish till nearly midnight, and I had a two hour drive home. By the time I'd had a decent bath to get the smell of baby oil off of me, had something to eat and got into bed it was almost three o'clock. In my hurry I'd undercooked the burger I had, but sod it, I was tired.

In the morning I regretted my impatience as I threw up and couldn't face breakfast. So I was slightly late for school, but in time for assembly. Got away with it, thank God.

The guys were all busy with the other girls so I was able to get undressed in peace. As I finished, the bell went, so we went in together.

Samantha looked okay. I guess Shelley's idea had helped. Halfway through assembly I realised that I shouldn't have accepted that booking so far away on a school night. I was already feeling tired and I hadn't got to the first lesson yet.

I had three reasonable requests to feel me up on the way to the first lesson. The first two were okay, but the third was rough, his fingers rubbing my clit like he was trying to sand down wood.

I got into trouble for not paying attention in Maths. I can't blame anyone but myself, I was just too sleepy. But being shouted at to make me notice what was going on and finding everyone else laughing at me put me in a mood and not a good one.

Of course my bad mood wasn't helped by the thought of the next lesson I was going to. Everyone's favourite, Ghastly Gordon and Sex Ed. I wonder if they realised that what would otherwise have been most people's favourite lesson had become the most hated lesson due solely to Ghastly Gordon. She's managed to make everything nasty, not nasty as in sexy or dirty, just nasty as in unpleasant. If they wanted to put us off sex for life, they'd picked the right teacher. Okay, exaggeration. I confess, nothing's gonna put me off sex for life, but if anyone could, she could.

And her treatment of little Samantha yesterday didn't exactly make me feel better towards her. Could this morning get any worse? I didn't know, but it was about to get a lot worse.

I'd been feeling sick since breakfast time and ran to the toilet to throw up again. I splashed cold water on my face. I had to be alert to cope with Gordon. If I'd had any sense I'd have realised that I should have gone to the nurse. I had the perfect excuse for missing Sex Ed. Call me stupid, but I went into Sex Ed., a minute or two late, but feeling confident that I could cope with anything.

Anything, that is, except seeing myself in full living colour being fucked by Gerald and Christopher. It took me a minute to register what I was seeing. This was yesterday morning after assembly, in our private room behind the stage. The one time this week we weren't on public display.

I froze, unable to react to what I saw on the screen. It continued to play. Being mainly intended as a security camera, for when trophies and things were stored there prior to presentation, it was a static camera, and took in most of the room. I could see all the others, but couldn't take my eyes off my own image, near the top right of the big screen.

Now they had finished and I was licking them clean. Gordon stopped the tape. "Lights please," she called out. A boy nearby sprang up to turn on the main lights.

"You needn't sit down. We'll be using you this lesson," Gordon spoke sharply.

I was suddenly aware of the look on the faces of the others in the class, some, about half of the boys, obviously turned on, others, including most of the girls and quite a few of the boys, looking at me with utter disgust.

I could feel my resolve and my strength drain away. Gordon rambled on about the multi-orgasmic ability of girls and how it could sometimes take more than one partner to satisfy a girl. "So it's nothing to feel ashamed of," she concluded.

She was right of course, and everything she'd said had been reasonable, but I felt an anger building up that wouldn't go away.

"The mechanics are not always as easy as it looks, however. Now ideally we'd have her re-enact that scene here in the classroom, so you could see how such problems are overcome." In a million years, I thought. "Unfortunately," she continued, "even in the Program, I can't make her do that. Unless you'd like to get into the spirit and volunteer?" she asked. I shook my head, still feeling an odd mixture of pure anger and numbness.

"Pity. Okay, get on the table in the position you were in yesterday morning." I complied. "Now hold your bum open so I can show the class exactly what I mean." I began to do it, honestly I did, but then something snapped.

"No!" I shouted. "What you did filming us goes beyond the Program. We're human beings, can't you understand that? We have feelings."

"Do as you are told," she replied coldly.

I slowly unpinned my hair and pulled it forward. I have long hair so it covered my breasts easily. I walked over to the video, took out the DVD and threw it on the floor, then stamped on it, and rubbed it on the floor with my foot. I picked it up and bent it with all my strength then put it on the floor again and stamped on it until it finally split, sending plastic flying across the room.

"Show's over," I said, walking to my seat and sitting down, covering my pussy with my hands.

Most of the class were staring at me, and I realised it was mostly with admiration. But Gordon wasn't finished. "Come back here," she ordered.

I got up and stood by the door instead, my hair still covering my boobs and my hands covering my pussy. As she approached I ran out the door and she followed me running faster than I would have believed possible for her.

She grabbed my arm. "To the office," she said, twisting an arm behind my back.

Mr. Graham was in the Headmaster's office when we arrived. "This girl refused to pose and covered herself with her hand and hair, and deliberately smashed a DVD." began Ms. Gordon. "Then when I gave her a second chance and told her to come back to the front, she ran out of the classroom." She paused, then finished, "It's not as if anyone was even touching her."

He looked surprised. "I find this hard to believe of you. Is this true?" he asked.

"Yes but only after she showed the video..."

He cut me off. "I'm not interested in why you did it. The Program is very specific. You are on display at all times and must pose as required. There are five minutes left of this lesson. You can go back to your Sex Education lesson and pose as you are instructed. I will consider what to do later, when I have more time."

"No sir," I said. "I won't be treated like Ms. Gordon treats us. We may be in the program but we deserve some respect. You aren't even interested in what she did."

"I have another lesson to go to. You will remain in the outer office until I return."

I sat miserably in the office for the rest of the morning, awaiting my fate. As lunchtime began, I heard Gordon and Mr. Graham speaking about me, but hadn't been able to catch very much of what they said.

I'd never been in trouble at school before, except after Julie was killed, when I basically cracked up. I missed more school than I attended that year and ignored lessons when I bothered to attend them. I'd been offered counselling but refused it, repeatedly. It had only been when Heather had caught me trying to take an overdose and had taken the tablets away, that I realised that I needed help. In total I effectively missed a year of school. The school was brilliant and allowed me to be put back a year (they didn't have to) so that I could complete my education. That's why I'm the eldest girl in school by quite a bit.

But that year aside, I'd never been in trouble. Apart from being a stripper I was a "good little girl." Well mannered, well spoken, obedient, boring. My good girl image had just been shattered with a vengeance and the consequences scared me.

"Come with us to the dining hall," said Mr. Graham.

I followed, having no idea what was going to happen.

"As you know, Laura Townley is in the Program this week," he announced to everyone. "Participants who cover themselves with their hands may be restrained, so for the rest of this week, she will have her hands handcuffed behind her back." Gordon snapped them on me before I realised what he'd said.

"Furthermore, she covered her breasts with her hair, and continued to do so after being told not to. Therefore in accordance with Program rules, her hair will be cut."

Nurse appeared looking very unhappy. "I will leave it as long as I can," she promised. She carefully measured a length that came to just above my breasts and I felt those scissors cut away years of growth in a few minutes.

By this time I was crying and she was trying not to look at me. She finished and left the room.

"Finally, Miss Townley deliberately destroyed school property. The punishment for this is six strokes of the cane." If I was shocked, the rest of the school were also as a gasp went around the room. Corporal punishment was almost never used here and the worst I could remember was a couple of strikes on a palm for some boy caught stealing.

As I was bent over the table I searched with my eyes for my friends, but couldn't see anyone through my tears.

A searing pain went through my right buttock as Gordon struck for the first time. She waited, deliberately, before delivering an equally stinging blow to my left side.

The third and fourth followed quickly before the pain could subside.

She paused before putting the fifth straight across both buttocks, crossing the lines of the others, making them sting more again.

The sixth was lower, and hit the join of my buttocks and thighs. I'd stayed almost silent up to that point but that last stroke was too much and I cried out very loudly.

It was a minute before I realised that they'd gone. The dining hall was still silent. I couldn't get up with my hands cuffed behind me.

I looked for my friends and saw Heather and Shelley in an animated conversation with Jed, not looking at me.

Suddenly Suzie and Christopher were at my side, lifting me to my feet. "I feel sick," I managed to get out. They escorted me along the corridors and stood me in one of the showers. I felt icy cold water flowing over me and actually felt better, especially when they directed it onto my bum.

It slowly took the heat away and I clung to them sobbing.

They made me return to the dining hall, where I remained standing while Suzie fed me. I still couldn't feed myself because of the handcuffs. When the lesson bell went, she offered to stay with me.

"No, you'll get into trouble."

"It doesn't matter," she answered. How could I have ever have thought this girl a heartless bitch?

"We need to go to lessons," I insisted. "I don't want you in trouble and I certainly don't need any more trouble myself."

"Okay, just remember we love you." She kissed me. I think she'd intended a light sisterly kiss but something took over both of us as within seconds we were devouring each other's mouths.

I pushed her away with my shoulder. "We have to go," I said, then I actually managed a smile as I said, "But we can continue this later."

She beamed at me with something closely resembling a "Shelley grin".

"I'll hold you to that," she said and left.

I followed her out and went to my own lesson.

It seems strange to write that most of the afternoon was really easy, although I remained standing in lessons. Okay, a couple of guys took advantage of my handcuffed state to grope me. One gave me a playful slap on the bum. Pain shot through me and I literally fell to my knees. "My God," he said, "I didn't think. I'm really sorry."

"Fuck off!" I screamed at him. He ran. A girl I didn't know came over to me and helped me stand up again. I turned to thank her but she was gone before I could say anything. I owe that girl, big style.

But apart from that the afternoon was easy. After school I had a drama rehearsal. Luckily I didn't have to sit down for that either.

I went back to the toilets before going home. I heard a strange noise, like a whimper. I looked towards the stall it came from and saw what was unmistakably blood on the floor in front of it.

I kicked open the door and saw Sam sat on the toilet, holding her wrist in her other hand. She looked at me and said quietly, "I've done something silly. Please help me."

I instinctively tried to put my hands over her cut, stopped of course, by the fucking handcuffs. "Sam. Grip your arm just above the cut and at the same time try to put pressure on the cut to stop the bleeding. Lift that hand high above your head. I'll have to get help."

"Laura, I'm scared," she whispered and looked it. Looking at her already pale face, so was I.

I stumbled outside screaming, "Help! Help!" When I saw someone, I yelled. "Get the nurse to the girls toilets. Tell her it's a slashed wrist. Fast!"

I went back and knelt down in front of Sam. She was becoming tired. "Sam, stay awake. Concentrate."

She didn't reply. I stood up and kicked her leg, hard. That made her take notice.

"You must concentrate. Nurse will be here any minute."

She looked at me, "I'm sorry."

"You'll be alright, I promise you," not feeling at all sure.

Then I was pulled away as Nurse and a couple of men entered. I couldn't even see them work, but soon one of the men carried Sam out in his arms.

I opened the fire exit doors and the two ambulancemen took her and in seconds she was whisked away.

I felt overwhelmed with guilt. If I hadn't got angry this morning, I'd have been able to help Sam. If she didn't make it, I knew I'd never forgive myself.

I shuffled mindlessly into the nearest darkened classroom and collapsed onto a chair, wincing from the cuts on my bum but past caring. What could I do? I've never felt so helpless and it was only Tuesday.

After a while, still feeling sorry for myself but with nothing else to do, I went to the clothes box. Inside was a handcuff key, so I had to find someone to undo me. Then I went straight to the hospital.

Laura, part 6

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY

Sam was alright at the hospital and Mum was brilliant as always.

She persuaded the doctors not to force Sam to be admitted to a psychiatric ward, but allowed her to stay with us instead.

Sam admitted that she'd just panicked when she realised that she was going to have to sing a solo at the choir concert naked.

But last night she was really upbeat and positive.

Mum had wanted to talk to me about what had happened to my hair, but I was too exhausted and went to bed almost as soon as we got home.

In the middle of the night Sam woke up screaming and we talked for a long time. She's a nice kid, but she'd be even nicer if she'd actually let anyone get close to her.

At least I found out why that damned concert is so important to her. She sees it as her one way out of the life she has at home with a mother that hates her. If anyone else told me their parents hated them, I'd take it with a pinch of salt, but Sam's mother hadn't even bothered to go to the hospital when she'd been told Sam had tried to kill herself. No wonder Sam thinks she's in hell. My life with Mum isn't always perfect, but Mum loves me and sees to it that I know that she loves me. I can't imagine what it must be like to live at home, knowing that your mother wishes you'd never been born.

I must be mad because I actually invited Sam to stay as long as she wanted, sharing with me until I went to Uni., then she could have my room. She refused.

I hugged her until she went to sleep.

I didn't tell her that I'm as scared as she is. I am now totally convinced that I can't complete this Program. It has become a waking nightmare. My life isn't my own any more. My trademark long hair is fucked up and nothing seems right. To make matters worse, everyone assumes that because I'm a stripper this should be easy for me, so what's my problem? That thought made me smile. Shit! At least after the last two days, nobody will think it's easy for me.

I feel like I've been stripped bare, emotionally, and forced to show my vulnerability to the whole school. Last night I felt a sudden empathy with Samantha, realising what it must have been like for her to be bared physically like this. Probably very similar to how I felt when I could see my own embarrassment reflected in the sympathetic gaze of the other students.

Somehow that makes it worse. I'm Laura the stripper. I'm strong, independent, never needs anyone. Suddenly that was taken from me and I became Laura, scared out of my mind, dependent on the sympathy of others to simply make it through the day.

Although we don't have a formal graduation like they do in the States, I know that I can't go on to University without a pass grade in this fucking Program.

Why did I try to help Heather? Why did I go to that damned meeting of hers with the headmaster? From her reaction yesterday she had been having much too much of a good time to give a damn about what I went through.

I thought that I'll give this one more day then decide. I'm not going to let myself crack up, though, even if it means quitting school and giving up University.

I fell asleep thinking about what my options might be if I couldn't go to University.

None of us talked much at breakfast. Too tired I guess after our disturbed night. But it felt like more than that with Sam. She had a weird look on her face, I can't describe it, but I'd never seen it before. And she was holding her head high. I actually felt jealous of her, can you believe that?

We got split up when we got to school. A gang of girls came and whisked the boys away, almost ripping their clothes off as they did so. The boys didn't exactly seem to mind! I don't recall ever seeing a group of boys strip so quickly.

After I'd undressed, Ghastly came and slapped on my handcuffs, then left without saying a word. It was free-for-all-with-Laura time. I tried to play it cool, the confident stripper, but that lasted about two seconds. Bent over, prodded, poked, I didn't even protest, it was as if Ghastly had thrown me to them. They knew it and so did I. In the end I just collapsed on the ground and curled up like a baby, waiting for the nightmare to end.

It became like it was happening to someone else, in some twisted dream. Now and again, someone would be so rough that I came back to horrid reality for a second or two, but the rest of the time it was like it wasn't really me. They could probably have all fucked me and I don't think I'd have even been aware of it.

Suddenly it got easier. There were fewer around me and I got up, just relieved to have become the sex toy for only half a dozen instead of God-only-knows how many.

When the bell rang, I went straight to the showers without looking around me. The other girls joined me there and I could see that Sam had been crying, a lot. Shit, I was supposed to be looking after her. I'd promised that damned psychiatrist. Some friend I was.

Then I noticed that all the girls, including Sam, had handcuffs on.

Shelley explained that they were wearing them while I had to. That was very sweet of them but, as I pointed out, "What if something happens while you can't even defend yourselves?"

Heather answered that. "If something happens, having hands free isn't always enough anyway."

Ouch. I felt bad for even mentioning it. Nobody could answer that for a minute, then Suzie cut through all our unsaid thoughts with, "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying."

I should have been grateful for what they were doing to support me, but I didn't feel grateful. All I could feel all morning was anger. I clung to it like a drowning man to a buoy. I was especially angry at them for making Samantha do it, but found to my surprise that she was angry at me for suggesting it, saying that nobody had made her do it. I really tried to persuade her not to carry on, pointing out that she was already crying and this could go on for days, but she was determined.

"Okay, I hate it," she admitted. "You've seen me cry already. Well, get used to it, because you'll probably see it again. But I survived this morning and I'll survive the rest whatever happens."

I wished I felt so confident, for her or for me. Perhaps Mum would speak to her tonight and make her give up this silly idea. But in spite of myself, I went to the first lesson actually feeling a little better. I had someone else to worry about now, not just myself.

It didn't last. In the first break, someone shoved me against a wall while someone else went down on me and two others sucked on my breasts. What they were doing wasn't unpleasant, far from it. Any other time I'd have loved it, the attention, and three tongues doing their level best to pleasure me, but I wasn't human any more. I was a piece of meat to be used and that took away any joy from it.

Some other boys pulled them away and a fight broke out. I took my chance and escaped. As I ran away, I glanced back to check that nobody was following me and I saw one of my original attackers clutching his hand to his bloody nose. Perhaps that should have made me feel better, but it didn't. I never did thank my rescuers and I don't even know who they were. I didn't really look, I was so pleased to get away.

The lessons were actually a relief. Teachers seemed to be deliberately ignoring me. I wasn't asked to participate in anything, not as a display anyway.

The second break was better. Not that I was ever left alone, in fact I wasn't left alone for a second. Some boys surrounded me and I prepared myself for the abuse to come, but it never came. They turned their backs to me and linked their arms making themselves like a wall around me. What was going on? This wasn't allowed by the Program, yet two teachers walked by, talking, looked at what was happening and walked on, saying nothing.

Some other boys complained, so one girl not on the Program led them away and let them feel her up instead, telling them that I was too sore. I could hear her as they fingered her to an orgasm, then her moans of pleasure changed to slight cries of pain as others continued to do to her what they should have been doing to me. She didn't stop. I could hear her but I never saw her face. I just saw someone running off carrying her knickers as a trophy and I was sure I heard something she was wearing tear.

This was unreal. I should have been so happy and relieved, but it was like a dream. Nothing could shift the cold melancholy that had settled over me, the total hopelessness I felt.

Another lesson where I was left alone. Other students were even asking me how I was. I just said "Okay, thanks," without thinking. But I knew that if they continued to help me I'd fail the Program. That had been made clear to Heather when Shelley was helping her last week.

Their actions had saved me when I felt like I was drowning, but I couldn't allow it to continue. I had a choice, suffer and go to University, or see that ambition die. I suddenly knew how Heather had felt when she wrote that she had to be the school prostitute if she wanted to go to University. Okay, I didn't have to let anyone actually Fuck me, though I wouldn't be able to stop them with these damned cuffs, but if I was their plaything for the week, what difference did it make? Perhaps if I just said "yes" to everything, it would hurt less.

Even as I thought that, I realised it was a joke. Not only had "Reasonable" been lost somewhere along the line, but so had "Request". I hadn't been ASKED anything all morning. I wasn't a person any more, it was as simple as that. After all, if even the staff could get away with what they did to me yesterday, and other staff could stand by letting it happen, I obviously had no rights. The fact that there were a few nice guys out there who didn't like what was happening couldn't change that.

My thoughts were interrupted by a teacher's voice. "The lesson is over, you can go now." I'd missed the whole lesson, deep in thought, yet I hadn't been told off for it. It had to be that I was now the stupid bimbo stripper that wasn't worth worrying about and that thought made me want to cry again.

As I left the classroom after that last lesson for the morning, Jed came up to me asking for a Reasonable Request. I just looked at him feeling betrayed. How could he do this to me?

Then he grinned and went behind me and took off my handcuffs. I realised that the other Program participants were there and he went to each of the girls and took their handcuffs off too.

"Mr. Graham changed his mind," said Heather.

"Here, we brought you a present." Jed handed me a carrier bag.

When I looked into it, it was full of hair. I didn't understand, then I looked up and noticed that all four girls had a huge chunk of their hair cut out, and whoever did it hadn't been like Nurse and bothered to make it neat.

"From the four of us with love," Suzie said.

Heather asked me to forgive her for letting me down yesterday. I couldn't speak.

I squeezed the hair in my hands and just started to cry. "I felt like nobody cared," I gasped. I just had to hug them all. I'd felt so bad only minutes before and now this. When we'd finished hugging and crying and crying and hugging, I looked at my friends and said, "You all look terrible... Who cut your hair?"

Shelley laughed. "Jed, and we told him to make a mess of it."

"He succeeded," I assured her.

She grabbed the scissors and went to cut Jed's hair, but I pushed in front of her and kissed Jed. Hard. I think he was actually embarrassed (as we all know he adores Heather) and he asked, "Was that a reasonable request?"

"No," I said, "An unreasonable one. And I can soon make it more unreasonable if you like." I kissed him again, lightly this time, and we all laughed.

When the laughter had passed, I became serious again. I held their hair in my hands and said, "This is the nicest present I've ever had. I don't know what happened, but I will treasure this always."

I later found out that they'd all put on handcuffs and cut their hair to force Mr. Graham to have me released from my handcuffs. They'd threatened a press conference if he didn't. And it had all been Heather's idea. I felt guilty for doubting her.

At lunchtime I wanted to know how they'd made Mr. Graham change his mind. Heather wouldn't tell me a thing. I made her promise that she'd put "every fucking syllable" in her journal.

The other girls were all excited about the sudden change in behaviour by everyone. They'd also had this odd experience of other students actually protecting them. Shelley explained that in her lesson, Mr. Thompson had said that the staff were as shocked as we were by what happened to me yesterday and had ordered everyone to protect us "even against staff" and to spread the word around the school that anyone abusing us would have "hell to pay" when Dr. Reynolds came back.

After lunch our little party was broken up as Heather and Shelley were sent to London. They were wanted to give evidence to the inquiry about Heather's rape on Friday and the publicity surrounding it. I hope Heather's alright. She's been weird since the rape, almost on a high most of the time and I was scared that she'd snap back suddenly without warning and without anyone there to help her when it hit her hard.

I walked to the toilet before afternoon lessons and Samantha was ahead of me. I ran to catch her up. I'd been so excited that I hadn't noticed before. She had bruises covering her bum, and some on her thighs and breasts. "What the hell happened to you?" I demanded grabbing her a little more roughly than I had intended.

"I'll explain tonight," she said cryptically. "But don't worry, it's not what you think."

I didn't know what I thought, but I was worried. She saw the concern in my eyes and kissed me. "It's really nice having someone worry about me and care about me. Thank you."

I just hugged her as the lesson bell went.

Suzie stopped me on my way to the lesson. "Are you free tonight?" she asked.

"I suppose so," I said.

"Look, Shelley has this daft idea to help Sam, but it means us joining the choir."

I spluttered. Believe me, you do NOT want to hear me sing. Even the plastic ducks in our bathtub wear earmuffs!

"And the last choir practice before the concert is tonight after school."

"So what's this idea?" I asked, knowing that if it was a Shelley idea it had to be crazy and totally impractical.

"No time to explain now, I'll tell you later, okay?"

Suzie had arranged for Stephen to trick Samantha into thinking the time for the practice had been changed, so that left the coast clear free for us.

The choir practice was really good, or rather the choir was really good. Suzie and I? We sucked, big style. Even miming to the words we felt like idiots and probably looked it.

Suzie spoke to them after the practice, with Shelley's idea. It sunk like a lead balloon. Sam had pushed them away for so long, they didn't see why they should help her or even how they could help her. I explained about her mother and when I told them about her mother not even going to the hospital when Sam attempted suicide, there was a gasp from almost everyone. I realised that I'd probably said things about Sam that I shouldn't have. After all, she'd told me everything privately and I'd just blabbed it to the whole choir. I hoped that I hadn't made things even worse for her.

I took a long way home, to make sure that Sam, who would now be on her way to choir practice (or so she thought), didn't see me coming back from school so late.

About quarter of an hour later, there was a knock on the door. It was one of the choirgirls. I'd vaguely known her before and had always thought she was a snob.

I now found out that her name was Tanya. "Is Samantha in?" she asked.

"No."

"Good. We've been talking and we don't want you and Suzie to stand out like sore thumbs. If you are going to be in the front row, you've at least got to act right or you'll spoil it for all of us."

"Okay. What do you want me to do?"

"I'm going to coach you in things like how to stand, breathe and sing."

I laughed. "You don't want to hear me sing."

"No," she said seriously, "I don't. But if you learn to sing the things you have to sing, you'll mime it better tomorrow night."

"Fair enough. But if we're going to practise, we'd better find somewhere else or Sam will come back and catch us."

"We're meeting out the back of my house. It's private," she explained.

"I'll get some clothes."

"Don't bother, nobody will see you anyway. And it'll be an undress rehearsal." She giggled slightly at her own joke.

Who'd have guessed it? She actually had a sense of humour. Well, if you can call it that.

So she drove me to her house. Did I just say, house? A mansion, more like. It was huge, with a massive pool out back. Next to the pool, in an area closed off completely in what looked like a giant greenhouse was a mini gym, complete with hot tub.

"Wow!" I couldn't help being impressed, "You could have some wild parties out here."

She looked at me and replied coldly, "We don't have those sorts of parties."

Being told off like that made me feel like a child, and I reacted like a child, "It would be fun though," I said, and giggled.

A strange look on her face made me think that perhaps she wasn't as against the idea as she pretended to be. Was that desire I saw flicker across her face?

The crazy temptation to push her in the hot tub and make mad passionate love to her was removed by the doorbell ringing. Another choirgirl, Teresa, arrived with Suzie.

The less said about our efforts to sing or look remotely like we belonged in a choir the better. The longer we went on, the longer the faces of the two real choirgirls got.

Finally Teresa took Suzie home. A cold wind had come up and I shivered as I walked to the car. There are times when being naked isn't such fun. Tanya turned to me and said, "Let me get you a robe or something, the heater in my damned car isn't working."

We went back into the gym and she picked a robe for me. "Look," I said, "I know you all don't want us with you, but I promise you we'll do our best not to make you all look bad."

She looked at me and her face softened, "I know you will." She smiled at me. I'd never seen her smile before.

"You know you look really pretty when you smile."

"Yeah, right," she said bitterly. "I get boys wanting me because I have a nice car, a swimming pool, a hot tub, and these." She grabbed her tits.

"Then they're blind. Either that or you don't let them see you."

I'd hit a nerve there. "They see enough of me. I fuck them on the first date, don't I? Otherwise I don't get a second date, except in summer when they want to use the pool."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"What for? You haven't done anything."

"I always thought you were a shallow snob who thought you were better than the rest of us."

That hurt, I could see.

"But you're just like the rest of us, hoping someone might actually see through the façade and actually love us."

"YOU feel like that too?" she asked incredulously.

"Get half the girls in school together and they'd tell you the same," I said. "And the other half are probably lying."

She looked at me rather skeptically, then half smiled as if she was actually beginning to dare to believe it.

"Do you really think I look pretty when I smile?"

"You look fantastic when you smile, and if you smiled more often, boys would tell you the same," I said. No, to be accurate, that's what I tried to say. I got as far as "boys would tell" when she leapt on me and kissed me quickly on the lips.

"Thank you," she said. There was no half smile this time. Then her face dropped and she said, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that."

"Why not?"

"Even the Program says we're supposed to ask permission to touch you," she answered, but I'm sure she was being coy.

Two can play at that game, I thought. "And suppose I want to touch you?" I asked, taking her hand for a second, then trailing my fingers up her arm to her shoulder. "Do I have to ask permission?" I trailed them down to her breast.

"No," she said.

I wasn't certain what she was saying. No, I didn't have to ask or No, don't do this. So I took my hand away. "No, what?" I asked.

"No, you don't have to ask," she said in a small voice, totally unlike her. She took my hand and put it back on her breast.

I looked at her and saw that she had tears in her eyes. I moved my hand up to wipe them away.

She tilted her head down, embarrassed. I put my hand under her chin and lifted her head to face me.

Then I kissed her. No tongues or anything like that, just a kiss. A long kiss. She put her arms around me and held my head as if she was determined not to let me pull away to break the kiss.

She had a sweatshirt on and I began to pull it up. She broke our kiss and pulled the offending shirt over her head and threw it on the floor.

I started to play with her nipples through the thin material of her bra. She became tense.

"We don't have to do this. I can stop if you want." I said a little prayer to myself just then.

With an almost Samantha-frightened-rabbit look on her face, she shook her head and reached back to unclip her bra. She was so nervous that she couldn't do it.

"Let me," I said softly, and unhooked it for her, then slipped it off her arms. She went slightly pink, almost like Suzie, as I touched her bare breasts for the first time.

I bent down to lightly lick her nipple and she closed her eyes. I toyed with those lovely breasts with my fingers and tongue until she was breathing hard and rapidly.

She reached down and pushed her trousers down. She then reached for her knickers but I pulled her hands away. She looked up at me, questioningly.

"You don't have to fuck on the first date, you know. I promise I'll come back."

She gave me an exasperated look. I put my hand between her legs and felt her wetness. "I think this participant needs relief." I looked at her.

"Do you want relief, Tanya?" I asked.

She nodded vigorously.

I knelt down in front of her. I could actually smell her arousal through the wisp of lace she was wearing. I slipped them down, then made her lie down on one of the exercise machines. "What do you want me to do?"

"Lick me, finger me, I don't care, just DO something," she begged.

I held her open with my fingers and gently licked inside her. She went totally rigid.

I licked her for all I was worth, then, just before she could come, I stopped.

"Stand here and bend over the machine," I ordered. She could barely get up.

Without warning I stuck my tongue in her arse. "Oh, God," she cried, "That is SO dirty."

Taking that as approval, I began to lick her arsehole and piston my fingers in her pussy at the same time.

She came like a volcano and I worked hard to lick up every bit of her juices. When she finally finished cumming, I stood her up. My face was covered with her and I kissed her, this time with tongues. She could taste her own juices on me.

"That was incredible," she whispered. "Now it's your turn."

"You don't have to," I told her.

She flashed me one of her wonderful smiles. "I know," she said. "Now lie down."

"Yes, ma'am."

She explored my pussy, first with her eyes, then her fingers, then finally, with her tongue. "Can you turn over so I can," she hesitated, "do to you what you did to me?"

"You really don't have to do this."

"I want to," she said simply. I turned over and, damn me, held my breath.

With no hesitation she stuck her tongue into my arsehole and at the very same moment, two or three fingers in my pussy. Her long exploration of my pussy had made me ready to cum in an instant.

Then she got under me, and rubbed her face all over my pussy.

We kissed again and I suggested we clean up in the hot tub. "You can," she said, "But I want to smell you on me when I wake up in the morning."

That was quite something! "I'd better be going," I said reluctantly, "It's getting late."

I followed her out of the gym, both of us naked, and we got in her car.

Outside my house, she turned to me seriously and said, "I don't know what the others are going to think."

"They don't have to know. I won't tell anyone," I promised.

"No, but I will," she beamed.

"That's if they don't guess from the pong in this car," I said.

She pushed the seat back and before I knew it, she had her fingers up me again, wanking me to another orgasm. Then she sucked her fingers clean.

"That's to keep me going," she said. "And you're in some of my classes tomorrow, and if you want relief and don't let me do it, I shall be furious."

"Are you sure? Tonight's been a little crazy, but in front of everyone is," I searched for a word, "more difficult."

"I'm sure," she said, and kissed me, this time as tenderly as you could imagine.

Watching her drive off, I still didn't believe what had happened.

I walked into the lounge and Sam was crying. "What's the matter?"

"It's Shelley!"

Laura, part 7

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Night

"It's Shelley, she's gone missing." Sam was weeping.

I started to ask fifty questions at once, then gave her a chance to explain.

"She got off the train at Rugby and ran out of the station for some reason they don't know and nobody's seen her since."

She told me that Mum had gone to be with Mrs. Hoover, Shelley's Mum. I turned on the news to try to learn more and we kept changing channels. Naked girl lost somewhere in the Midlands had become the lead story on every news report, each trying to outdo the other with speculation about what could have happened to her. Heather's rape was mentioned frequently too and the Program.

Finally I'd had enough of watching it and I went upstairs to dive into the shower. As I was getting dressed, Mum returned and called me downstairs. Mrs. Hoover had obviously told her something about what had happened at school and she wanted to ask both of us what had happened to our hair.

"Sam. Can I tell Mum this on my own?" I said

"Time I went to bed anyway," she replied. Turning to Mum, she said, "Goodnight, Danielle."

She went upstairs to our bedroom and I told Mum all about the DVD and the handcuffs and the hair cutting and the caning.

She was furious, as I knew she would be.

"Mum, that's not all."

Her eyes narrowed.

"Yes, but this is wonderful." I told her first about the other students suddenly protecting us and what I'd learned later that the staff were just as furious as we were and had put it about that anyone who hassled any of us would be dealt with harshly once Dr. Reynolds was back.

"I should think so too," said Mum, still angry.

"But that's not the best bit." And I finally told her what the other girls had done, first wearing handcuffs and all they had to put up with for that and then the confrontation with Mr. Graham. I even showed her the carrier bag of hair.

"Mum, this morning when I saw Sam with tears running down her face from what they'd been doing to her, I was worried sick. And later, when I found out what they'd done for me, it was wonderful." My eyes were watering and for once I didn't want Mum to see, so I made my excuses and went off to bed.

After a detour to the loo, I found Mum sitting on the other bed with her arm around Sam. I sat the other side of Mum and she hugged us both.

THURSDAY

Mum went out early to see if Mrs. Hoover needed anything. "She won't want to risk leaving the phone," she explained. Sam said that Mum had got cross with her last night for going out without telling her. Sam was really happy as she told me about it. She said that she wasn't used to having someone worry about her.

So while we were talking about Sam and last night, I asked her if she'd brought a friend home as I'd challenged her to. She'd actually brought a boy home, Stephen. And spent hours making love to him. Okay, not actually fucking, but just about everything but.

After her experience in Ghastly's class I thought it was a bit risky for Stephen to try bondage with her, on their FIRST TIME together, but she loved it, so who was I to say otherwise?

Poor mixed-up Sam. She's desperate to fuck Stephen but so worried that it's all because of the Program. Or "Every Girl GEts Done" as I put it.

When she told me I was like Mum, I was secretly proud as anything, but made her promise not to tell Mum or I'd never live it down.

We laughed and giggled a lot together.

Careful Laura, I told myself. Don't get too close. Sam might be like the kid sister you always wanted, but she might also bugger off and leave you when the week is over. Have fun with her. Don't get too close. That way you don't get hurt.

The morning groping was easy. A crowd of boys protected us from anyone pushy and the requests were simple and straightforward.

I should have felt grateful, but I felt humiliated. I'm Laura, the stripper who can handle crowds of drunk men without a second thought, having to be protected from a few boys by other boys. I really wished they'd just have left me to handle it. But I smiled and looked grateful. It wasn't their fault I'm weird.

Suzie wanted to tell me about her evening with Teresa, so I told her about Tanya jumping me and us making out. As I said it she had a strange look on her face. I looked at her and she began to blush. She wasn't joking about blushing easily. I wanted to tease her about it but the look on her face stopped me. I think she actually fancies me.

I looked at her body for the first time. Nice. We could have some fun. I stroked her hair a couple of times, kissed her briefly and rubbed her hand on my pussy, making her fingers wet. Then I put her fingers in her mouth and said "Until later".

"About later," she said, suddenly all business. "It turns out that Teresa really wants Tanya but has been too scared to say anything. I said we could meet after lunch, the four of us, in a classroom somewhere. Can you get Tanya to come? Say it's to do with the choir if you like."

"Set-up time eh? Fine, no problem," I responded. That seemed like fun, but why couldn't I get up any enthusiasm?

It wasn't even just worrying about Shelley. Even after we were told at the start of the second lesson that Shelley was safe, I couldn't get this hollow depressed feeling off my mind.

I got told off in one of the lessons for not paying attention. And as for between lessons, I hardly got a request, reasonable or otherwise. Okay, that's an exaggeration. I still got a few pose requests and the occasional "Can I feel your boobs/pussy/arse?" but the frenzy and the excitement were gone.

And I missed it. I felt ordinary and boring. I felt like leaping at the first boy that passed me and giving him a blow-job whether the poor guy wanted one or not!

I nearly forgot that I had to model for the photography class in the period before lunch. I felt sorry for them. I know I must have looked bored and depressed, no matter how many false smiles I pasted on.

What was wrong with me?

We'd won. I had my dignity back. Everyone being supportive and I hadn't even seen Ghastly or Graham. Sam was becoming like my kid sister, even if she did idolise me too much. (Hey, I can cope with that!) I had Suzie, one of the prettiest girls in school with the hots for me.

And I felt like I'd just been told I had two months to live.

Strike that. I felt like I wished I'd just been told I had two months to live.

I say again. What the FUCK is wrong with me?

After lunch we met with Tanya and Teresa. Teresa couldn't bring herself to admit how she felt towards Tanya and tried to run away, until Tanya caught her and gave her a kiss that almost brought ME back to life. SHIT Teresa, if that doesn't get the message across I don't know what will. Talk about toe-curling! Plug these two into the National Grid and you could close down a power station or two.

Tanya stripped Teresa and got Suzie and me to work on her boobs while she went down on her.

I couldn't resist looking at Tanya working on Teresa and at Teresa's face to see her reaction. But in between I watched Suzie. Suddenly she spotted me staring at her and I smiled.

Just after that Teresa came, and the two girls were busy kissing again. I glanced at Suzie, wondering whether to do the same with her, when old memories came flooding back. Suzie deserved someone capable of loving her, not someone with a trunkful of guilt she could never be free of. The longer I allowed things to go on, the deeper I would hurt her. With a shock I realised that I could never allow that to happen. I had to stop this.

I ran out the door, pushing roughly past the watching boys. I ran to the the janitor's cupboard that he nearly always left unlocked. Locking myself inside, I sat uncomfortably on an upturned metal bucket and cried. For the past I could never change and for the love I could never have.

I took a shower alone after the lesson had begun to try to hide the fact that I'd been crying. Luckily it was English, with Mr. Thompson and he said nothing.

The second lesson was biology. Things were getting better organised. Mr. Wright had me sit right in front of a video camera hooked up to a huge TV screen. (He even showed me that there was no DVD in the recorder it was wired into.)

That way the whole class could see clearly without fighting for a turn around my pussy.

It is SO COOL to see yourself opened up on a giant screen about 8 foot wide. I'd never even seen myself in such detail. I played with myself a bit and watched, fascinated, as my own pussy opened up and I became more aroused. I watched Tanya watching me.

Finally I just had to say, "Mr. Wright, I know it's long gone past the first five minutes, but can I please ask someone to give me relief?"

He smiled. "I understand your predicament. As it fits with the lesson we are doing, I don't see why not. Are there any volunteers?"

A few hands shot up, but none as fast as Tanya's. Some of the others in class looked at her amazed, many with open mouths. One poor girl probably needs hospital treatment. I'm sure she must have dislocated her jaw!

Mr. Wright rearranged the camera so we could see her face clearly. Tanya was just about to start, when I stopped her. "Mr. Wright. Can you put a DVD in? I'd really like to take this home."

"If Tanya doesn't mind."

She grinned. "Consider this a thank you for lunchtime."

There were a few whistles and gasps at that remark.

She carefully held me wide open, taking care that her hands didn't obstruct the camera. She dipped two fingers into me, then withdrew them and slowly put them in her mouth.

"Not fair," I cried.

She stopped what she was doing and stood next to me, took my hand and put it inside her knickers. The angle was awkward, so she pulled her knickers off and lifted her skirt up so everyone could see me put my fingers into her.

Stepping away from me, she said, "Now you've got something to taste while I fuck you senseless."

She returned to my pussy and holding me open again, stuck her tongue inside me.

I watched as she lapped away, occasionally slipping a finger into me as well.

Then she switched to using just her fingers and I watched on the screen as her fingers pumped in and out of my increasingly wet pussy, faster and faster.

I began to imagine it was Suzie doing all this to me and my orgasm came so suddenly it actually took ME by surprise. I'd never seen the creamy cum I have when I cum, and certainly not in close-up on a huge screen.

Tanya leaned back in and carefully licked up every drop. Then she got up and kissed me. I could still taste myself on her. "That's thank you from both Teresa and me."

Mr. Wright took out the DVD and gave it to me. Before even having a shower, I raced to my locker to put it away safely.

In the shower afterwards I realised my predicament. Suzie not only had the hots for me, she even had me fantasising about her. I couldn't allow this to continue, to escalate even, but how to stop this without hurting her?

When school was finished I didn't bother to get dressed. I ran out of school naked and stopped off in our 24-hour minimarket for a few bits of shopping. There weren't many people in there at this time of day but the looks I got varied from disgust (one woman desperately trying to prevent her three teenage boys from staring at me) to amusement to open lust from one middle-aged man.

When Suzie arrived with Stephen for us to go to the concert, I managed to keep the conversation on what Stephen had been doing all day.

At the concert door, Teresa came running to us very upset. "Graham wouldn't let Sam come and sing tonight."

I was getting tired of being helpless while other people hurt me or my friends. Sam deserved better than this. If I had seen Mr. Graham at that point, I think I'd be in jail by now and the school would be looking for a new deputy headmaster.

Laura, part 8

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY night, FRIDAY Morning and early Afternoon

I tried to excuse myself by saying if it hadn't been for Ghastly Gordon on Tuesday, none of this would have happened. I would have gone out with Mum, Sam, Suzie and Stephen for a nice meal and returned home to bed. I would never have gone to that show and come back to find Suzie curled up with Sam. And I'd never have hurt her like I did.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Mr. Tyler somehow managed to arrange for Sam to sing at the concert despite Mr. Graham banning her. In fact Mum and I never saw Mr. Graham all evening.

Sam had been fantastic at the concert and she knew it. Tanya and Teresa had joined Suzie and me in stripping naked to support Sam in the first bit and the whole front row had been naked for the second, which included Sam's big solo.

Sam was on such a high that she'd handled some sleazy press guy like a pro and had got us to pose with her for photos, naked of course.

Sam was going back with Tanya and Teresa, so Mr. Tyler called me over discreetly. "Can you do me a favour?"

"Depends what it is."

"Would you and Suzie distract the press out the front while I sneak Sam out the back?"

Sounded like fun. I know it seems nasty but I was missing being the centre of attention. I found Suzie chatting with Mum and said, "Sorry to interrupt but I need to borrow Suzie. Mr. Tyler's asked us to distract the press so he can get Sam out of here."

We walked out of the main doors to camera flashes. There was a moment of amusement all round when a young male reporter tried to put a microphone in my face, but tripped over and the microphone hit my cheek. I caught his arm to try to stop him falling, but only succeeded in turning him over so that he landed on his back looking straight up between my legs.

"I know you want an interview, but you could have just asked me questions. Or is this a new interview technique?"

The poor guy turned red and tried to get up, but I was enjoying this. As he pulled himself back so he could sit up, I pulled his head into my crotch, and cried out, "Oh, Oh, Oh, do me more, you're SO good at that!"

Suzie burst out laughing as he finally managed to extricate himself, redder than ever, probably realising that he was going to be in a lot of photos. I even saw the photographer Sam had made us pose for earlier snapping away.

I straightened up and put my arm around Suzie. "I think the first question must go to our friend here," I said, finally letting him go.

The poor guy pulled himself together. "Wh..What's it like going to Slut School?"

Suzie started to say, "It's not..." but I beat her with "I think you just found out. Do you like it?"

He muttered some reply I couldn't hear, but obviously some of them did and there was more laughter. The poor guy tried to retreat, but Suzie said, "Laura, don't be cruel. He's only doing his job." Then she went up to him and kissed him. Judging from his face, I don't think that made him feel less embarrassed.

"Call that a kiss?" I said to her, pulling her to me and kissing her on the lips. "Now THIS is a kiss," and I kissed her again, harder this time. I felt her tongue slip into my mouth and she went so weak I had to hold her against me.

I could feel the softness of her body against my skin. She felt so lovely I never wanted to let her go. She had forgotten the press as she melted in my arms. I realised with a shock that this kiss meant more to her than it did to me. What was I doing to her?

Come to that, what was she doing to me?

I broke the kiss abruptly. "We have questions to answer," I told her.

Realising the situation again she blushed redder than the poor reporter had done.

"Next question?" I asked.

"Is Samantha going to do all her performances naked?"

"No. This was simply because we are in the Program this week."

"Is she a lesbian too?"

"No, she's not, and nor are we."

"Has she got a boyfriend?"

"You're too old for her," I said quick as a flash, deciding that if Sam wanted to tell them, she'd have to tell them herself. Until then, it was her business and not theirs.

"Come on, has she got a boyfriend?"

"You'll have to ask her."

"When is she coming out?"

I looked at my watch, "About five minutes ago. Now that we've done our job for the evening, we'll say goodbye."

I turned and took Suzie's hand and we walked back inside. I heard at least one voice saying "bitches" and I grinned at Suzie.

The drive home was strangely quiet. Suzie seemed to be deep in thought and I was trying to think what the hell I could do about her. Even Stephen was quiet, sensing the tension. Mum tried to make conversation a few times, but eventually gave up.

When we got home, Mum turned to us and said, "I don't know what's up between you two, but this is Sam's night. Don't spoil it for her."

"We won't, Mum," I assured her.

Sam told me I had to ring Geoff, my boss at the agency.

Someone had let them down for a oil-wrestling show. It was only topless, so I knew the remaining marks from the caning wouldn't show. I jumped at the chance.

Mum wasn't pleased when I told her.

"Oh, darling, no. This is Sam's special night and it's not as if you need the money."

"It's only a topless so the cane marks mostly won't show and besides they're pretty faded anyway. I need to do it, Mum. After the last few days, I need to know I can still cope."

All that was true. Although my performance with the reporters had boosted my confidence, after this awful week, I wasn't really sure I would feel in control enough to do a strip show again. And a wrestling show with a bunch of others girls was a nice and easy, no-pressure way to get back into it.

What I didn't tell her was that I also needed to get away from Suzie, to try and think things out. Suzie was falling for me, big style, and if I was honest with myself, I was beginning to feel the same way. I was glad I wasn't a guy or everyone would have seen my reaction when her tongue slipped into my mouth tonight. As it was I wondered if she'd felt me shiver when she was pressed against me earlier. I hoped not. But I didn't feel ready for this. It was still too soon.

Then I told Sam how wonderful she'd been and to have a good time with Mum and the others.

Sam was just concerned about me. "Will you be alright?"

"That's what I need to find out," I answered.

Then Sam was wonderful. She persuaded Mum to come with me, on what was supposed to be HER special night. Any other time I'd have DIED to have Mum at a show, but I really wanted her there for me tonight.

"Are you sure you're going to be alright?" I asked Sam, feeling guilty.

"I'll be fine with Suzie and Stephen."

We watched the news report which included Sam at the concert and Suzie and the kiss and the interview afterwards. Suzie didn't look at me, but kept her eyes firmly on the screen.

When Sam commented on it I just said, "All in a day's work."

Mum and I left and I felt the tension begin to slip away.

"She's very nice," said Mum in the car.

"Who?"

"Mrs. Gloucester," she replied, giving the name of our next-door neighbour, who was a grade A bitch who thought she was above everyone else in the street. "Who do you think I meant?"

I shrugged.

"You know Suzie's falling for you, don't you?"

Does Mum ever miss ANYTHING? I complained to myself.

"And how do you feel about her? Don't bother answering, your face just did."

"I'm not ready for this, Mum."

"Then you'd better make it clear to her, before you really hurt her. Or even better, you could stop living in the past."

Was that what I was doing?

I didn't have time to think about that any more as we pulled into the car park of the Rugby Club.

Showtime.

I slipped into "Lili-mode" at once and was relieved to find that it still fit me like a glove.

Lili is my stage name, and switching to being Lili was like becoming another person.

Okay, maybe it's not that different from the ordinary me, but for some girls it is.

One older girl I knew, Michelle, was not much different from how Sam had been, really shy and withdrawn. But when she was performing, she became Brooke, a totally different person, confident, out-going, afraid of nothing. She told me once that she had to give a small presentation to her group at university and she froze up. It was important as she was being marked on it. "So I told myself, 'Come on, Brooke, you're a stripper, you can do this.' And it worked. I felt myself change and I did the whole thing straight through, no problem at all."

"Hi, Lili," said Geoff, "Thanks for coming."

"Hi, Geoff, this is my Mum. Don't mind if she stays in the changing room, do you?"

"No problem. Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Townley. Laura's told us all so much about you."

"Nothing bad I hope?" she asked.

"Oh, terrible. Like Cruella DeVille with a new litter of puppies." Mum shrieked with laughter at that. Geoff can charm anyone.

Geoff mentioned that they were talking about changing the ending of the show to full nude, so of course, I had to show him the cane marks on my bum. Amazingly he didn't ask how I got them, but simply said, "Okay, we'll add some black powder paint to the oil if they change it to nude."

We did that sometimes to make it look rougher and dirtier. It made it look like we were wrestling in used motor oil.

Because I was last to arrive, everything was set up and two of the girls had already wrestled. I quickly put on a nurse's outfit and, when the music came back on, strode out confidently. I walked up to a man who wasn't yelling or whistling and pretended to take his pulse. Pushing everyone out of the way, I pinched his nose and pretended to give him mouth-to-mouth. The others roared with laughter, as they always did.

To make up for it, I gave him a kiss, which left him almost needing resuscitation. This was me. In my element.

Feeling more confident now, I grabbed one of the more vocal men and unbuttoned his shirt, put my head against his chest and grabbed his cock through his trousers. "Yup, definitely alive," I announced to more laughter. He tried to grab at me, but I was too quick for him and spun round out of his grip.

I slipped off the uniform and threw it to Geoff. I'd chosen a black bra that barely held me in and black knickers which were lacy at the front, but a lot more full-backed than my usual thongs. Added to them were black stockings and suspender belt.

The nearly see-through front and the too-small bra would have to make up for the boring bum! I didn't hear any complaints.

I stood aside as Christine walked in. Christine had dressed as a sweet innocent schoolgirl, complete with pigtails. She had more to take off than me, so I had some time to wait.

But when she had removed her school shoes and her skirt, I went up and grabbed her and threw her in the ring. She landed with a splat splashing oil across onto the men on the other side. I jumped in beside her and ripped open her white blouse sending buttons everywhere.

While she began to get up, I stood proudly as I was booed. Christine is actually stronger than I am, but she looks cute and innocent (which she is definitely NOT), so I always play the baddie if we wrestle. It's actually more fun being bad anyway.

Acting over-confident I knew she'd knock me flying back into the oil before we started wrestling for real.

She might be stronger, but in the slippery oil that isn't as much of an advantage as you might think. Strength in the sense of endurance makes more of a difference in mud, which is heavy, but in oil, we were more evenly matched.

I finally managed to pin her and we ran off to the showers. Oil is easier to wrestle in than mud or jelly (not to mention warmer), but takes longer to wash off. We just got the worst off for now.

Christine quickly put on a white crop top (short t-shirt) and a red bikini bottom. She was to wrestle the loser of the first bout, Tai Lee, a beautiful Asian girl.

The fourth girl, who I would have to wrestle in the final, was Capricia. She was smaller than me, but the fastest mover we had. She'd had an easy win over Tai Lee, so I knew she'd be fresh whereas I was already quite tired.

"More money tonight, they've changed it to Dom.," she said.

"I can't. I still got cane stripes on my bum," I told her.

"What the fuck are you doing with cane marks? I didn't know you were into CP.."

"I'm not, dammit. They were seriously fucking me around at school. And I did some shit that gave this bitch of a teacher the excuse she was waiting for and she caned the shit out of me. That's all."

"So this is the reason Geoff is using the black shit tonight, huh?"

"Yeah, just for me," I replied sarcastically, then, "Sorry about that, but try to keep me bum down if you can."

The black powder paint would be sprinkled over the oil and once it was mixed in, it looked pretty disgusting. It was supposed to, and did, look humiliating as we shoved each other's face into it.

I knew Geoff would have added plenty of powder so it would cover well.

Sure enough, Christine and Tai Lee came into the showers covered in the black yukky stuff.

At the start Capricia and I stood together, while two of the men poured clean oil over us, to make the shirts go see-through. I put one of my bloke's hands on my boobs and he enjoyed a little play. I could see Capricia doing the same.

I held out the front of my bikini bottoms for him to pour oil into them, then made him rub it in well by shoving his hand into my bikini. He got a little cheeky down there, but he wasn't at all bad at it so I let his hand stay in there for longer than usual.

That got a cheer.

Capricia and I often do a little lesbian bit at the start of a match, just to get them really wound up. She started by stuffing her hand in my bikini and making it obvious that she was playing with me.

I forgot where I was for a moment and found myself imagining it was Suzie playing with me as I ground my pussy against her hand.

I was rudely brought back to the present when Capricia pushed me backwards into the oil. I got a good hold on her bikini and pulled down. She had to choose between losing her bikini or joining me in the muck. She chose the latter and some of the crowd booed good-naturedly.

We were both soon plastered and I managed to get her face-down in it as I rubbed her face and hair into the oil.

Letting her up, I slipped her top over her head to yells from the crowd, especially as I then gave her tits a good mauling with my icky fingers.

Her smile turned evil as she grabbed my top and tore it from me.

Although we started fairly even, her easy first round soon showed when she pulled down my bikini, flipped me on my back and sat firmly on my face. Believe me, an oil-encrusted bikini bottom jammed into your nose and mouth is not sexy. Before I could recover, Geoff threw her a big black dildo and she spread my legs and thrust it into me. Fuck, that felt good!

Leaving it inside me, she punched the air with both hands, then got up a little to pull down her bikini bottoms and sit back down over my mouth, grinding her pussy over my face while pumping the oily dildo in and out of me.

Finally she got up and pulled me to my feet. Geoff threw us towels which we wrapped around us and we ran for the showers.

Not quite what I had expected for tonight, but an easy show.

Another thing was unexpected was Mum. She was really quiet all the way home.

"How did you like the show, Mum?"

"Eh? Oh. The show. You were good. I think you worried needlessly."

"It didn't bother you seeing me doing all that?"

"No, not at all."

I could tell that her mind wasn't on this conversation. I wondered what she was thinking about but I knew better than to ask. If Mum wanted me to know, she'd tell me.

Yet another thing I wasn't prepared for was seeing Sam and Suzie curled up together, naked and asleep, when we got home.

Suzie woke up and was a little embarrassed, but Mum put her at her ease.

"I think Sam's exhausted," she said.

"After today, I'm not surprised, let's just let her sleep," said Mum, who then got a blanket to put over her. Sam just carried on sleeping, a contented smile across her face.

We went upstairs, and I couldn't help but notice the big grin on Suzie's face too. "Been having fun with my new little sister, have you?" I was only teasing a little but she went red with embarrassment and turned away.

I took her hand and turned her back to me. "It's okay." I kissed her lightly on the lips, not expecting what happened next.

She put her hands behind my head and ground her lips into mine, forcing her tongue into my mouth like some over-eager fourteen-year-old boy on a first date.

God forgive me, I responded. Maybe I was just so turned on from the excitement of the day, from the show (Capricia hadn't let me get off on the dildo!) and from all these thoughts I'd been having about Suzie all day, but I nibbled on her tongue and wound my tongue around hers.

I don't know if I pulled my clothes off or she did, probably a bit of both, but soon we collapsed naked on the bed, that kiss of ours just going on and on.

She pushed my legs apart and began probing me with her tongue. I knew I wasn't going to last long and tried to move into a 69 but she wouldn't let me. She wasn't as good at this as Heather was (yet), but then she hadn't watched me as often to learn the things that really got me going. She was so enthusiastic, though, and I soon came on her face, but she just carried on licking and licking and probing and licking, bringing me to a second orgasm in as many minutes. She was going to continue, but I couldn't take any more, so I pulled her head up to mine to kiss her again.

Call me weird but tasting my own juices on someone else's face really turns me on and I had to have her.

I pushed her onto her back and simply dived between her legs. This wasn't the gentle love-making I usually love with another girl. This was raw hunger. I licked her pussy, her arse (THAT surprised her!) and back to her pussy, using my fingers and mouth and every trick I knew to bring her close to cumming, then letting her body calm down a little, then bringing her back up to almost cumming again. She was trying to tell me something, probably to let her cum, but she couldn't speak.

I finally let her cum, and she screamed. I mean, literally screamed. Mum came upstairs and barged into my room. Poor Suzie was so embarrassed. She'd even woken Sam up, who came upstairs yawning. "What's happened?" she asked, sleepily, then realising the situation, smiled and collapsed into her bed.

Mum discreetly left us, and Suzie was exhausted and lay back on my bed with a smile. As she drifted off to sleep, she whispered, "I love you."

I felt like I'd been stabbed through the heart. WHAT had I done? All my good intentions to let her down lightly and I'd just allowed this to happen!

I went downstairs and curled up alone on the sofa. I needed to think. It was time I used my brain instead of my pussy.

I woke up far too early, but got dressed without waking anyone and went out. I had breakfast in a coffee shop half an hour's walk away and tried to put my head in gear.

This was all happening far too fast for me to cope with. I thought hard about my options.

Before this damned Program, I had only needed a reasonable average of marks from most of my subjects for three more weeks to get the grades I needed to be sure of getting into my first-choice university. (see cultural notes) Almost any marks from my last few weeks would get me into my second choice.

Then, the Program. We'd been told that we would be given 5% bonus marks for successful completion of the Program. I realised that the Program, which had caused all these problems, had just given me a way out. After this week, I figured that I deserved it. There were no school activities that I was involved in this weekend. I only had to complete today and I had enough marks for my first-choice Uni. without ever having to go back to school again.

By the time I'd arrived at school, I'd decided what I was going to do.

Because I'd gone to the coffee shop, I got to the school from the opposite direction to usual and went in through the staff car park.

I could hear shouting, but not from other students. These were men's voices.

As I rounded the corner, I came upon an amazing scene at the staff entrance. Two of the cleaners, who doubled up as security when needed, were refusing to allow Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon into the building.

I couldn't hear what they were saying, so I crept nearer, hiding and crouching behind cars to get close enough.

As I got quite close to them, Mr. Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Wright came out. They were followed a few seconds later by Mr. Claymore, and Mr. Tyler.

When Mr. Graham saw Mr. Tyler he totally lost control. "You're behind this," he shouted, "Get out of this school now, you are suspended."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Graham," said Mr. Thompson, who, to my surprise, did actually look genuinely pained by this, "But you don't have the authority to suspend anyone. You have already been suspended as deputy headmaster pending a disciplinary hearing."

Mr. Graham snorted, "Oh, yes, your famed bleeding staff meeting. You don't have the authority to do this. Now unless you allow me to enter, I will call the police."

"You are correct, we do not have the authority to suspend you, and that is not why the staff meeting was called. But perhaps you should read this fax I received last night." He handed him a sheet of paper.

Mr. Graham looked at it for a moment, then tore it up, scattering the pieces on the ground.

"That is, of course, just a photocopy, although the words 'destruction of school property' spring to mind," said Mr. Thompson calmly. I choked back a laugh at that, as he continued, "Now unless you care to challenge whether Dr. Reynolds has the authority to suspend you and Ms. Gordon, I suggest you leave before I have to call the police."

"Then what was the staff meeting for?" he demanded.

"I suppose you've a right to know. Dr. Reynolds did not take the decision to suspend you lightly. He felt it was important that he had the support of the other staff before suspending you both. I might add that that support was unanimous."

Mr. Graham said nothing.

"In fact the staff meeting went further than merely supporting Dr. Reynolds' decision. We passed a motion that the entire staff would not work from Monday if you were still in authority here."

"You dared propose that?"

"No, it wasn't my motion."

"Tell me whose it was!"

"That is confidential..." began Mr. Thompson, but he was interrupted from behind.

Mr. Moor had appeared behind Mr. Thompson and had obviously been hurrying as he was clearly out of breath. "I proposed that motion, Mr. Graham. I have respected you as a teacher for many years, but since you've been having a... relationship... with Ms. Gordon, you've become nothing more than a cowardly bully. If I had the breath for it, I'd throw you both out of here myself."

From not far behind me came applause and jeers. A large crowd of students had gathered to enjoy the spectacle.

Then I realised that Jed and the other Program boys had walked right up to the small group of staff. They were naked of course and were being stalked by a large group of girls.

"Sir," began Jed, addressing Mr. Moor. "Do I understand that we have trespassers on the grounds? I'm sure we would be delighted to help them to leave."

Mr. Graham looked at him with disgust.

Then Gerald, who I'd hardly seen all week and never heard speak in anger before, turned to Ms. Gordon. "We let you turn this school into a nightmare, but that's over. If the powers that be are insane enough to ever let you back here and you ever treat any student like you have done, you won't have to worry about hearings."

Christopher added, "We'd love the chance to show you how we treat bullies like you."

Ms. Gordon looked defiant, but Mr. Graham looked scared.

So Christopher turned to Mr. Thompson and suddenly became more polite. "Sir, Would you have any objection if we escorted Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon to his car and out of the school?"

Before Mr. Thompson could answer, Mr. Graham turned and nearly dragged Ms. Gordon back to his car. Just before he got to his car, he passed me. I stood up to face him. There was so much I wanted to say to them both, but my mind went blank, so I just said, "Goodbye."

As he got into his car, Mr. Graham shouted to Mr. Thompson, "You haven't heard the last of this."

I heard Mr. Thompson say quietly, "I sincerely hope not."

Suddenly Mr. Tyler ran up to the car, pulled something that looked like a wallet from his jacket and handed it to Mr. Graham. "You left this at the concert last night. I'm sure you might need it."

Mr. Graham started his car, then stalled it as he tried to reverse out of his parking place. The crowd, which had followed them to his car, laughed.

He started the car again, carefully reversed out, then ignoring the 5mph speed limit, roared down the drive and out the gate.

The girls immediately surrounded the five boys and I heard the familiar cries of "Reasonable Request". With a jolt I remembered that I was supposed to be naked and available as well and I ran full speed to my clothes box at the other entrance and stripped off my clothes. The first bell rang as I removed my knickers.

"Where have you been?" asked Suzie as we headed for the showers (though I didn't really need one), but we were interrupted by Miss Taylor telling us to go into assembly first.

Mr. Thompson came onto the stage and told everyone that Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon had been suspended.

Then he did something incredible. He apologised for letting us down, especially the Program girls and promised that the staff would make sure that it never happened again. He also announced that he was acting headmaster.

Then he talked about the concert last night and everyone cheered the choir and Susie and me. I was used to applause at my shows, but this was different. I began to smile until I realised that I was going to really miss this place after today.

Tanya and Teresa stripped off and announced that they wanted to stay naked. Then some girl I barely knew did the same, and so did her boyfriend, though he looked more embarrassed about it than she did.

The final cheer was for Samantha of course. When the cheering stopped, I gave Sam a hug, then Suzie did the same. Before we could leave Mrs. Johnson stopped us. I've never seen her so friendly as she congratulated Sam for her singing and all three of us for our "bravery". The other two had definitely been brave but I couldn't stop myself feeling resentful that she had called me brave for doing what was after all my job. I got away quickly, leaving Mrs. Johnson still talking to Samantha and Suzie.

Afterwards I didn't need a shower so I went straight to my first lesson.

Lessons felt weird. None of them required my participation this morning, maybe that was it, or maybe it was knowing that this was my last day at school, ever.

Between lessons I had a few reasonable requests, but even most of them were just for posing. Two guys wanted to feel my boobs and one wanted to feel my pussy and even that was just FEEL, not stick his fingers in me.

I shouldn't write this here, but I actually missed the groping. I'd become so used to having something inside me half the time that it felt strangely incomplete, lonely even, not to have someone's fingers in me ALL morning.

I would have felt really unbearably horny if my mind hadn't been on my upcoming talk with Suzie. Even as it was I was tempted to ask for relief, but one thought of having to face Suzie was enough to cool me off.

Lunchtime was almost a relief of a different sort. At least I'd get this over with.

When I got to lunch, Suzie ran up to hug me. "I haven't seen you all morning," she said between rapid-fire kisses.

"Suzie, stop it," I said, far more abruptly than I'd intended. "We have to talk."

I took her into a classroom, shut the door and pulled the curtains.

She smiled, getting totally the wrong idea.

"Suzie, this isn't going to work," I began, then continued without a breath until I finished. "I'm leaving. I go to university soon, and now I've completed the Program, I don't need any more credits to get in. I'm going away this weekend to work in Spain until I start university."

She looked at me like she didn't understand.

"I really like you, but I'm not ready for the kind of relationship you want."

She was beginning to understand.

"I never wanted to hurt you and I'm really, really sorry if I've let you believe I could give you more than I can. I think it's best if we don't see each other again so I'm going to leave tonight." (I knew I could crash at Geoff's for one night and that he could arrange a flight out tomorrow at short notice. I also knew that work would be no problem.)

Now she understood. She let out a terrible cry, "NOOOOOOOOOOOO" that just seemed to go on and on. I wanted to touch her but she pushed me away, still crying out "NOOOOOOOOOOO".

I ran to the dining hall and looked for Samantha. "She's in some meeting with the choir," I was told.

I couldn't leave Suzie like that, so I went back to the classroom, but she had gone. I ran round frantically but couldn't find her anywhere, then I ran outside and kept running until I was at the bottom of the field, alone, where I could sob in peace.

"Suzie, I'm so sorry," I thought aloud. "I never meant to hurt you."

In my mind I could still hear her desperate cry of "nooooooo" and I'm not sure I'll ever forget it.

I breathed slowly, determined to calm myself to be ready for the next lesson, so I could complete my Program week and get the hell out of here forever.

As I walked to the showers, I reasoned Sam would help her later, that they'd really hit it off this week. But I continued to feel terribly guilty as I washed my face to try to look presentable for the afternoon's lessons.

I looked around me and knew that I'd never come back here. An incredible mix of emotions buffeted me, but they brought me no relief at all from the searing pain of Suzie's agonised cry

Laura, part 9

Program WEEK TWO

FRIDAY afternoon and evening

I'd just walked into the final lesson of the day when Mr. Moor came in. "If you don't mind, I have to borrow Laura for this lesson."

The teacher nodded, so I went with Mr. Moor. To my surprise he didn't take me to a classroom, but to the teachers' lounge. A junior teacher was there and Mr. Moor asked if he could leave us in private.

"Sit down," he ordered.

I sat.

"I want to know what's wrong between you and Suzie Peters," he started bluntly.

"Sir, that's our business..." I started but he cut me off.

"When I find a girl as distraught and totally inconsolable as she was this afternoon, wandering aimlessly down the middle of the main road outside the school, not knowing or caring where she was, so hysterical that Nurse had to sedate her, it crosses the line between your business and very much our business."

I hadn't realised she'd taken it so badly. But I couldn't explain, not to him, not to anyone.

"Okay, let me tell you what we do know." He pulled his chair closer to mine. "You are both crazy about each other. That's becoming more obvious every time you're seen together. Am I wrong?"

I shook my head slightly.

"I said, am I wrong?"

"No, sir."

"And now she tells me that since you'll have enough credits once you finish the Program to go to the university you want, you aren't coming back on Monday, or ever again. Is that correct?"

"Yes." I tried to make this sound defiant, but I knew I failed.

"After some parts of this week, I can understand you not wanting to come back to school, but why suddenly decide you don't want to see Suzie again, ever? And don't tell me it's what you want, because any fool could see that you're almost as broken up about this as she is. You allow her to fall in love with you, then you suddenly turn round and do this. It's cruel, Laura, and that isn't you. I've never known you act with deliberate cruelty to anyone, let alone someone you're obviously crazy about."

I stayed silent, then realising that he was going to wait until I said something, I replied, "She'll get over me."

He sat back, shaking his head at me.

Then he sighed, "I think at the very least you owe her the reason for your decision. She's going crazy trying to find anything she's done wrong."

"She hasn't done anything wrong," I protested.

"Then why?"

"I can't say."

"Then let me tell you about a young couple I knew years ago. A nice kid and a lovely girl. Absolutely made for each other. He was a bit old for her, he was a student teacher, she was only seventeen. But anyone could see how much in love they were. Then some idiots at school started teasing her about the love affair. She started coming home crying every day."

What had this to do with me, I thought.

"He became convinced that the best thing he could do for her was to leave her. So he got another job and took her out to dinner and explained why he was leaving. He was relieved that she took it so well. Until the next day when he learned that she'd taken an overdose and killed herself. Two days later he tried to drive his car off a cliff. It jammed, so he didn't die, but he was broken. Unable to teach or do anything else. He became a shadow of the man he'd been, never able to forgive himself for what he had done."

"It's a nice story, sir, but people don't usually kill themselves over a broken love affair. It's the sort of thing that you read in novels. It doesn't really happen."

"No?" he shouted. Then his voice caught, hardly able to let the words out, "This one did. The girl was my daughter."

FUCK. I knew he'd never told anyone at school about this. And now suddenly he was telling me?

"Some people fall in and out of love easily. Some people fall hard, just once. My daughter fell hard and Suzie is the same... and I'm beginning to think that you are too."

He let that sink in, then continued, "So before you destroy both your lives, at the very least let her understand why."

"I can't."

"Can't? Or won't?

"I'll destroy her if we stay together, so it's better to split up now, before it gets worse."

"Nice, clever, reasonable words that say nothing, and they are an insult to the girl you admit you love." He was getting angry again and almost shouted his next words at me, "Now in one short sentence, why are you doing this to both of you? WHY?"

"Because I killed the last person I loved and I can't let that happen again," I screamed at him. "Happy now? You know everything! Can I go now?"

I started to get up and couldn't. I collapsed back into the chair and cried (God, that word is so feeble). I bent over and hid my face. He gently touched me on the shoulder and I shook him off. This was too personal, I didn't want anyone close, not him, not Suzie, not anyone.

He tried again to touch me and I screamed at him, "Get away from me!"

All I could see was Julie's stricken face as she left me for the last time. All I could hear were the hateful words I had yelled at her and that terrible earthshattering sound a few seconds later.

More images flooded in, one following another in an obscene slide show: the smashed car, the blood, Julie's handbag intact for chrissakes, the crunch of broken glass as I staggered aimlessly past the carnage, the awful sickening smell of blood and explosives and burnt flesh, the smouldering rubber from the tyres. Then Heather's face, with blood pouring from her nose where I had punched her after she'd poured the tablets away. But always, the confusion and betrayal in Julie's eyes as she walked away, unable to believe that I'd hurt her like that. Finally her eyes faded out and I saw the same expression in Suzie's eyes when I had done the same to her.

He waited for me. The images receded and he still just sat in his chair, waiting.

"I have to go," I said.

"Okay," he replied, "But I don't think you should be alone right now. I'll take you home."

I nodded. He followed me to my box and waited while I dressed. I didn't know what time it was, but everyone had gone. He drove me home, where I found a note from Mum. "Gone to Doctor's with Sam." Of course. Sam had to see Dr. Gilbert tonight.

"You'd better come in," I told Mr. Moor. I knew the drill from Mum. Someone in a state? You stay with them. You don't leave them alone. I just didn't think it would ever again apply to me.

I had made us drinks and we were sitting in the lounge when he said, "Tell me about it."

"My best friend Julie died because of me," I said simply.

"Who was Julie?"

"She was my best friend for years. Then when she got me started stripping, we practiced on each other and in just a week we became lovers. But she wanted more than wild sex. I thought we were just friends who also had great sex together, but she loved me."

"She was older than you, wasn't she?"

"Yeah, a year or so. We were going out for a meal afterwards, so I'd gone along to one of her shows. I can't even remember how it came up, but I got angry with her, telling her she was stifling me. She said she loved me. I told her..." I closed my eyes, unwillingly living the scene over again for the thousandth time. "...I told her I didn't need her, that I could manage without her and she could go for the meal on her own. She looked so hurt, like she couldn't believe it. And she ran out. And that's when the bomb went off that killed her." I felt the tears coming again.

"And I couldn't tell her I was sorry, that I didn't mean it, that I loved her."

He looked at me.

"You didn't kill her. Evil men with a bomb killed her."

"But if I hadn't shouted at her like that..."

"Then you would have been with her, and you would both have been killed. It wouldn't have saved her life."

I looked at him, astonished.

He continued, "If Julie were here right now, do you think she'd be glad you survived?"

"Of course."

"She'd be glad you had that row, because it saved your life."

I was crying again. At that point Mum and Sam came in and Mr. Moor put up a hand to stop them. Mum understood and said, "Come on, Sam, let's get a drink," and they went back out again.

Mr. Moor spoke again. "And do you think Julie would want you to never love again because of her?"

I shook my head, too ashamed to reply.

"Sometimes we don't have the chance to make things right, like my daughter's boyfriend , or you with Julie. Sometimes we do. Those men killed Julie. They also hurt you. Don't let them hurt Suzie as well. If you don't love her, fine, but don't punish her for what they did to you."

He got up then and walked out of the room without saying another word.

A few minutes later I went into the kitchen. "Mum, I'm going out. There's something I have to do."

"I don't think you should go out like that," she replied.

"I need to go, Mum."

"I'll go with her," said Sam.

So she walked with me, neither of us saying a word. We walked across town, finally ending up at the graveyard where Julie was buried. Her grave was a little overgrown and I began to pull away the weeds. Sam helped. When we were done, she said, "I'll wait over there."

When she had gone, I sat down by the grave. "Julie, I'm so sorry. I needed you more than I can say. And I'm sorry I hurt you. I loved you and I always will. But now there's someone else I love and I've hurt her too. This time I have the chance to tell her I love her, if she'll have me. Wish me luck, my darling. And be happy for me."

I sat there for a while. And felt a peace come over me, mixed with an anger at those who'd stolen us from each other. When I stood up, I was determined not to let them do it again.

"I need to go and see Suzie," I told Sam. "And I need to do this alone."

"No can do," she replied. "I'll stay out of the way, but I promised Danielle I'd stay with you."

As I hadn't brought the car with us, we took the bus to Suzie's house. Before I went to knock on the door, Sam spoke again. "Invite her to stay the weekend. I can move in with Heather and Shelley for a while. Their Mum invited me. And you two need some time together."

"Sam, it's your home too now."

"I know. And you're like my big sister. Going away for a few nights won't change that."

I kissed her. "Thank you, Sam. But I don't want to push you out."

"You're not. Now stop arguing and go and see her."

I didn't have to. Suzie had seen me from her window and came out the door. Her face was blotchy and she looked wary of me.

"Suzie, I'm sorry..." was as far as I got before I started crying again and we were in each other's arms.

"There's some things I have to tell you," I tried to explain through my sobs.

"You don't have to say anything," she replied.

"Yes, I do. I love you and I want to be with you." Now we were both crying.

Sam walked up to us. "I've just called a taxi. Have you invited her yet?"

"Invited me?" asked Suzie.

"I'm moving out to Heather and Shelley's for a while, so you two lovebirds can get some time alone together."

"Sam, that's really nice," said Suzie, "Thank you."

"Hey, I gotta keep my big sister happy, haven't I?"

Suzie threw some things together into a bag and we were soon home.

"Everything alright?" asked Mum, as Suzie and I raced upstairs.

I turned, halfway up the stairs, and flashed her a smile. "It is now."

Less than a week ago, I found out I was going into the Program.

Now my week is over and it feels like it's been a year, not a week. Not only was it harder than I could ever have believed possible, but so much has happened as well.

I knew beforehand I wouldn't be able to control what happened, which is why it scared me more than I'd let on to Heather, but if I'd known how out of my control it would get, I'd have run a mile before agreeing to do it.

And I'd have been wrong. I'd have missed out on so much.

I knew Heather would be a friend, she's proved that already, although I had my doubts earlier this week. But to have four girls, two of whom I didn't even know this time last week, go through what they did for me on Wednesday morning, it leaves me almost speechless. I'm not going to even attempt to write how I feel about that.

Especially Sam. She's something else. When she joined us in the Program, I have to admit my first thought was that she was going to be a problem, someone we'd have to carry along all week. But when I found her in that toilet, suddenly she mattered as a person and I could have hugged Mum when she said that Sam could stay with us. (I know she felt guilty about making me share my room without asking me.)

I've never seen anyone change as much as Sam did in such a short time. Wednesday morning seeing her trying not to let me see she was crying, when she was obviously in pain, and knowing that she had let that happen to her for me, made me feel so awful and shallow and grateful and a lot of other emotions all at the same time.

And letting Jed cut her hair like that, knowing she had to sing at a concert the next day, what was she thinking? I am SO glad it worked out for her. And I couldn't love her more if she WAS my sister.

Shelley turned out to be more than the slightly spoiled kid sister I thought she was. I'd seen her often enough when visiting Heather, but as they didn't get on well, I really didn't know her. First she organises that petting party for Sam, a crazy idiotic idea that nobody else would have dreamt of, yet it turned out to be exactly what Sam needed. Then she joins in with standing up for me on Wednesday, and after all that, has time to remember to set us up to help Sam at her concert. All the same, I think I'm glad my new sister isn't quite as nuts as Shelley is. But I'll never think of her as Heather's brat sister again.

And Suzie. Hell. What can I say? I can hardly believe she still loves me after what I did to her. I'm more of a mess than I thought I was, but at least I can move forward now. I don't feel tied to the past any more. I just want to make Suzie as happy as I know she makes me.

If that sounds pathetic and soppy and sentimental, I don't really give a damn.

This crazy Program did all this, even when it was a total screw-up.

I wonder what it could do if it wasn't screwed up?

Although this is the end of Laura's Program journal, it is not the end of her story, which continues in "Conclusions & Continuations".

http://www.nakedinschool.net/ConsCons/

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I'd really love to hear what you think. I welcome criticism and compliments alike, (okay, I guess I prefer compliments, I'm only human!)

While these stories are in progress, I'd also welcome suggestions and ideas. If I don't use an idea in this story, perhaps I will later.

Chrissy Giles

Email chrissy@chrissygiles.com

Suzie's Story - http://www.nakedinschool.net/suzie/Suzie.htm

FRIDAY

Apparently we have to write a journal about our time in the Program. Seems a waste of time as nobody's ever gonna read this rubbish, but here goes.

If you'd have told me a few weeks ago that I'd be going to school naked all next week I'd have laughed at you. If you'd told me last week, when the program started at our school, I'd have freaked.

I suppose I'd better introduce myself. I'm Suzie, real name Suzanne, but I like Suzie unless I'm in a snobby mood. If I'm not the class bitch, I certainly have a reputation as one of them. Boys? They're okay, a bit of fun. I'm not exactly virginal you know even if most guys find me a bit, shall I say, intimidating.

Girls? As friends, if you can call them that, sure. Actually I consider most girls just rivals even if they're weak ones. As a sexual partner? NO WAY. That's gross.

My family? Just my parents. Typical professionals. They love me I guess, I mean parents have to love their kids right? And they certainly spend enough money on me. But I'd trade all my fancy clothes for one real cuddle with either of them.

SHITE. Writing one of these journals is like a truth drug. I'd never admit that to a soul. Thank God nobody ever reads them.

Anyway I was saying about girls. I thought going with a girl would be gross and you'd NEVER catch me doing it. Until last Friday.

A girl called Heather was the first girl on the program. She turned from a scared nobody into a bit of a slut. Then we heard she'd been attacked and gang raped on the way to school and she was going to be taken off the program and sent home to recover. And here she was, less than an hour later, in class, naked, of her own free will. What a slut!

I yelled out "What a slut. All that and she still wants more.". Well she was wasn't she?

Then she made a little speech to the class that went right through me.

"I guess you all know what happened this morning." I looked around. Half the class was staring at her but the other half couldn't manage that. "I just want you to know I found a great way to avoid reasonable requests. I walked down here and nobody even came near me."

"I'm telling you what I told the headmaster. (see cultural notes) I've had the most incredible time of my life the last couple of days. If I stop now, my lasting memory will be" she gulped. This was obviously really hard for her. "my memory will be what happened this morning. I don't want that to be the main thing I remember from this week. I'm a little sore, so please be gentle, but apart from that, I beg you, treat me the same as before, I.. I..."

And she broke down in tears. I'm not exactly new at making other girls cry and it's better them than me right? But this was something else. I looked around at the class and NOBODY was moving. Nobody knew what to say or do. You could cut the silence with a knife or hear a pin drop or any of those stupid clichés. Even Mr. Graham, our teacher, couldn't react. And Heather just stood there, looking miserable with tears running down her face.

I wiped my eyes and realised that I was crying too. I stood up and went to her. "I just called you a slut. I'm sorry. I didn't understand." And I kissed her. I was desperate to get close to her. After what I'd said and what she'd said, I was just desperate to make it right, so please ignore what happened. It wasn't really me. I'm not like that and I'm NOT into girls.

I sucked on one of her nipples and she gave a little gasp. Scared I'd hurt her, I said "Tell me if I'm doing this right, I've never done this before." "You're doing this perfect," she replied. She started to unbutton my blouse and I began to feel panic. She saw my panic in my face and stopped. Hell, no boy I've ever been with would have done that.

I grabbed her hands and put them back on my blouse buttons. I was probably shaking as she undressed me completely. Then she sucked my right nipple into her mouth and I closed my eyes. The sensation was overwhelming. Then I remembered this was supposed to be for her.

I pushed her down and kissed her all over, then got down between her legs. I got more nervous when I realised the view the boys behind me had of me, but I don't think she noticed. I didn't use a finger, she looked too sore, but she sure liked what my tongue was doing to her.

One of the boys came up to her and asked to touch her. She made some sort of comment about competing with me. I felt myself go red. He was gently stroking her breasts and soon we were surrounded. None of them were touching me thank god. After she came, I got up and stood next to her just holding her hand as the others continued to caress her. It might have been dead sexy but all I could feel was a tremendous warmth and love towards her. Nobody ever felt like that towards me in my entire life.

She asked my name and I told her.

Then she thanked me and asked to return the favour. OH MY GOD. I can't believe that I nodded. She laid me down and did the same to me as I'd done to her. When her tongue went inside me I screamed, loudly. She stopped and I shoved her head back down again. When I came down to earth I just whispered "WOW." At least I thought I did, but apparently I shouted it.

We held hands walking into lunch. Then she reminded me I was naked. "Oh my God, I'm naked. I don't believe this." I put my free hand over my pussy, then my boobs.

She said that she thought it was a bit late for that. I laughed.

She started talking to Tony, one of the nice guys. He said about the whole school hearing about our performance in class and I felt myself going red AGAIN. You'll have guessed by now I blush really easily and it's embarrassing. It's bad enough feeling embarrassed without your face telling everyone you are.

She had sex with him, there and then, on the table. And it was gentle, then hard and wild. At the end she shouted "WOW" trying to copy my voice.

I felt myself blush again and grabbed her hand and squeezed. We all laughed.

We spent the afternoon naked. Seeing as everyone knew what I'd done it just didn't seem to make sense putting clothes on. We even walked out of school naked. I was a bit nervous (a BIT?) of that, but if she could do it I wasn't going to spoil it for her. Luckily her sister Shelley came out and when she saw us, she stripped off too. That made me feel better... for about 5 seconds.

Suddenly we were facing cameras and not just little snapshot ones either. Big press cameras and even a tv crew.

They interviewed Heather. When she made a comment about Supertongue Suzie I don't have to tell you I blushed do I? Just take it as read. I've got a feeling that I'm going to be stuck with that nickname. Thanks Heather. But you know I don't mind, not a bit. Would I do it again? You betcha. That morning was the realest moment of my life (Yes I know that's bad English but it was.)

They spoke to Shelley and then me. When they pointed that camera at me all I could think was that my family were going to kill me. Heather reassured me by squeezing my hand. I told them that I was Suzie. I said that what Heather and Shelley said was true.

I said something highly embarrassing about giving in lovemaking (I'd never thought of it as lovemaking before) and that we really needed the Program.

After walking home with Heather and Shelley we decided to go out clubbing together, to Ws no less, and naked, with Heather's friend Laura, who is a stripper.

That night was awful, but not for any of the reasons you might think. We were greeted like celebrities. I think half the people there had seen us on TV and the rest had heard about it. We were the talk of the town. Everyone was falling over themselves to buy us drinks.

Heather was wild, dancing on stage with everyone, then it got horrible. She started kissing and groping the boys and letting them grope her. It wasn't like at school, there was something manic about it. She let them gangbang her. No, she made them gangbang her. Her face, I can't even describe. I just wanted to run out of there. Poor Shelley was scared to death, so I put my arms around her and held her close. I turned her head away so she didn't have to look and she just sobbed into my chest.

I am so glad Laura was there. She knew how to stop this. She got Shelley to hold her bag and pushed her way in. My God she was brave, I could never do that in a million years.

She start kissing Heather and she got them into a lesbian act on the floor, even 69ing. I could see some guys sticking fingers up poor Laura, someone else started spanking her and it looked like one guy had anal sex with her. Laura didn't stop for a minute. I felt a twang of jealousy. Not of the sex, but I know none of my so-called friends would put up with that to try and save me from anything.

Shelley brought me back to myself. "Come on, let's get the car ready, Laura'll get her out the back. Shelley had the car started, I had the back door open, Laura got Heather and herself into the back of the car and I slammed the door. As I jumped in the front seat, Shelley already had the car moving. We raced away and were safe.

We washed Heather and put her to bed. Then we sat around all of us shocked by what had gone on. I was more worried about Heather than I'd ever been about anyone. I was beginning to wish I'd just stayed a bitch.

Amazingly we actually went to sleep.

SATURDAY

Weird day. Started with a big row with Heather about last night. She was moaning about Laura so I told her that Laura got her arse raped in rescuing her. For a second she looked at me as though I'd punched her, then the moment was gone as Shelley was calling her an ungrateful bitch and Heather stormed out. I know it was true, but I shouldn't have said that, I shouldn't have used that word.

In the afternoon the three of us were going to the school fair, even though Heather had stormed out and left us behind. Shelley wanted to go naked, but as we were going out the door, I noticed Laura's bum. It was really bruised from some guys spanking her during their little lesbian show last night.

She said "No problem" and got out some special makeup for covering anything from scars to minor blemishes. She knew how to put it on properly too. "Let's go see how Heather's doing," she said.

I have to say here that I knew Laura before only by her reputation. Hey she's a stripper, that means she's a slutty brain-dead bimbo right. Until last night if she'd spoken to me in school I'd have pretended not to hear her. And until yesterday I'd have been proud of that.

I saw her handle a situation that scared me shitless, take on a gang of guys after only one thing, distract them with what even I could see was a pretty hot lesbian show even though someone was obviously using her bum for target practice, just to get a friend out of trouble she didn't even know she was in. Then Heather had a go at her for doing it and now she wanted us to check Heather was okay.

I know these two have a history but there's not a person alive that would do half of that for me if I was in trouble. I never thought that I'd wish I had a stripper as a friend, but I do now. I have to admit she's worth ten of me. Yesterday morning was probably the only time I've done anything for anyone my entire life and that was only because I felt guilty as hell.

At the fair, they had Heather dressed (yes dressed!) in a white t-shirt and knickers, being repeatedly ducked into water which made then transparent. She was freezing and looked exhausted. Shelley went into the little hut and came out putting on a white t-shirt and knickers. She sent Heather to go get herself a hot drink. Soon Shelley was screaming it was cold. Oh hell. Yeah, give me a t-shirt. I'll have a go too.

FUCK that was cold. What did those idiots do, fill it half with melting ice? Oh shit. I'm sitting up here freezing with nipples sticking out a mile through a t-shirt that make me look more naked than if I didn't have it on. I did a lot more explicit things yesterday but this was more embarrassing, just sitting there being stared at, waiting for the next inevitable splash.

When Heather came back, she took over again, but suddenly she was floundering in the water and choking. Shelley and I jumped in and dragged her out.

"No more for you," I told her, "You've had enough. We'll carry on here. Why don't you go to your other stand?" I can't believe I said that.

She was grateful and even apologised for the way she'd been acting. I just replied "It's Laura you should say that to. We thought they were going to kill her last night when she started to get them off of you." Told you I was a bitch.

We ended up hugging each other till someone asked us to finish our "lesbian lovefest" and get on with the job.

Shelley and I did that for another TWO HOURS. Thank God we had time to thaw out in the showers before the dreaded meeting with the headmaster.

Shelley, Laura and I all agreed that as Heather wrote all about the meeting in detail that you can read Heather's journal for that.

But the big thing I remember from it was the headmaster saying "We need some positive role models, so Shelley, Suzie and Laura you're in the program starting Monday morning."

Shelley was excited, Laura wasn't pleased but didn't seem bothered. Me? Shit scared that's what. I burst out crying and said "Shit, I can't, I can't. I'd die if I went through half of what Heather's gone through this week. Please sir. If you want someone who can make a good job of it next week, pick someone else."

It didn't work of course. Heather and Shelley promised to support me, so I said "Okay," (like I had a choice) "I'll do it. But I'm scared so I'll need you guys."

The only consolation is that he said we'll get an extra 5% on all our marks if we complete the Program successfully (see cultural notes).

This evening was pretty good, walking round naked at the party in the school field. I didn't even think about Monday. We even did some mud wrestling which was kinda yukky but fun. I enjoyed ripping Shelley's t-shirt and knickers from earlier off as the guys cheered. I even grabbed her boobs but under all the mud I don't think anyone really noticed.

It was afterwards I began to remember about the program. Heather said how happy she was that we'd be doing it with her and I just said "I still don't think I'm brave enough to do this," as I could already feel panic building up.

Heather told me how brave I'd been the previous morning and how grateful she was. I was trying not to cry and I wasn't succeeding. She carried on "Anyhow, if you start getting too scared, I'll just lick your pussy and make you scream."

I was so wound up that not even that made me laugh, so she pulled me towards her and stuck her tongue right into me. She was right, I screamed, but she carried on licking. Now if she could do THAT all week, I'd be fine. I wouldn't even care who was watching.

When I couldn't take any more, Heather and I sat in the shower holding hands, watch Shelley and Laura make out.

I'm still scared shitless, but if these three really support me I might get through this in one piece. And maybe by the end of it, I'll have a real friendship like they've got. Anything else I get out of Program week is a bonus.

Suzie, part 2

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Assembly

I woke up this morning with one thought on my mind. I was in the program today. The thought terrified me. I hardly touched my breakfast, but of course nobody noticed.

I hung around the school entrance as Heather came in, so in control she didn't seem like the same girl I'd seen last week.

Everyone else was laughing and joking. Shelley looked like she was ready to burst. Laura had a grim expression on her face. Some of my friends walked past me. "Slut," one called. I guess everyone who hadn't seen me with Heather last Friday had heard about it. It would be hard to miss. After the TV interview on Friday afternoon not only had we been in news reports, but we'd been talked about in documentaries, even joked about by the country's top standup comedians on Saturday Night Live from the Palladium. Both the Saturday and the Sunday newspapers had photos of us naked. One Sunday paper asked if the program was a plot to create lesbians. They'd even altered the photo slightly to make it look like we were standing even closer together than we were.

WHAT had I got myself into by that uncharacteristic reaction to Heather's tears on Friday? I must have been mad. I'd spent most of Saturday afternoon freezing with Shelley, helping Heather out. We'd had that crazy meeting with the headmaster that had landed me in the program, then a wonderful evening of fun together. If I'd lost some so-called friends, I made some others. I guess I don't regret it a bit, well, not a lot anyway. But it is scary.

Not as scary as walking up on stage in front of the school when my name was called at assembly. I never did thank Laura for holding my hand as I stood there.

But if I was scared, it was nothing to how the fifth girl felt. She fainted as her name was called and we didn't see her for a while. That didn't make me feel any better though.

I could feel myself shaking as I stripped back in the changing room. Heather looked puzzled. "I know I was naked with you last Friday and Saturday, but like that girl in assembly, I'm scared of what I'll have to do."

Heather didn't say anything. She knelt down in front of me. Then she said simply, "May I?" I nodded slightly and without any hesitation she stuck her tongue into me. I could see the boys staring at us, but Heather had me too turned on to care within a few minutes. Then she pulled away from me and I felt like I'd been taken to the edge and left hanging.

"If Suzie doesn't mind perhaps one of you boys could take over," she said.

"I don't mind, just someone get a tongue back in me." The boys laughed and the one nearest to me bent down in front of me. "Tell me if I'm doing it right," he said.

He wasn't as good as Heather, but right or wrong, I was soon cumming on his tongue. He licked me clean and I wanted to return the favour.

He lay down on the floor and I joined him. To my surprise, as I took him into my mouth, he began to lick me again. Hands off girls, I'm keeping this one.

I drank every drop of cum he could give me, then collapsed on the floor. He turned round to cuddle me. (I'm DEFINITELY keeping this one!) Heather's little sister Shelley insisted that we all watch her lose her virginity. She's got some guts that kid. She might be nuts but you just have to love her.

Afterwards, when she said "Now there's no virgins here," I was surprised when Stephen coughed and admitted, "Well, actually, I've had blowjobs, but never actually...."

He was interrupted by Shelley and Laura. When you are around Shelley you get used to getting interrupted by Shelley, but this time it was both of them together who said "Your turn, Suzie."

I felt suddenly shy. I'd had oral sex with Heather and with Stephen in front of other people (a lot of other people when I went with Heather!), but actually doing IT in front of people?

Stephen saw me hesitate and said "You don't have to."

I just smiled and bent over to kiss his cock. I lay back, put my legs as far apart as I could get them, held my pussy lips open wide with both hands and said "Come and get it. Slam it in me."

He lay on top of me and I helped him put it into me. He pushed until he was all the way in, much to Shelley's delight who shouted "YEAH" before Heather pulled her away. Because he'd just cum in my mouth he lasted longer than I thought he would, but not long. He collapsed on top of me and we kissed gently. I like this guy.

I suddenly realised that someone with clothes on was watching us and I felt embarrassed. It turned out to be Samantha, the fifth girl on the program and if I'd been scared, that was nothing to how she was feeling judging by the look on her face. She was petrified.

Heather and Laura took charge of Samantha while the rest of us hit the showers. It was still lesson time, so rather than separating, we all went into the boys showers as they were nearest.

Shelley wanted all the boys to feel her up and finger her, so she could get used to it. Christopher started by stroking her boobs, then her pussy, then I could see her gasp as one of his fingers entered her. Then she had all the boys all over her, fingering her until she came. She french kissed each of them.

I surprised myself by saying "My turn. I'm dreading this, so I'd better get it over with." Soon they were having the same effect on me. The bastards, they were playing me, getting me close to cumming then stopping, then starting again. "My arse too," I said. "I have to know what it's like."

Shelley knelt down to watch me as they worked on both my holes. The sensations were incredible. I was going to cum any minute, but I didn't want it that way.

"No, " I nearly screamed. "Someone fuck my arse."

Stephen looked embarrassed. After our little session he hadn't quite recovered, but Jed had. Heather sent him to me. He carefully smeared my juices into my arsehole and over his cock, then slowly entered me. It still hurt, but it was mixed with a naughty thrill. He slowed down more to let me adjust. He began to speed up again and so did my breathing. With a tremendous climax I collapsed. Literally. The other boys caught me before I hit the floor. "WOW!" I shouted. "WOW!" If I ever get a catchphrase it'll probably be "WOW!" Shelley laughed.

Samantha, who'd come in with Heather and Laura without us noticing, wasn't laughing. She was standing there naked looking more scared than ever. Shit. I hadn't intended to make it worse for her.

Jed took charge and took everyone back to the changing room. (Shelley wasn't pleased as she'd wanted to try anal sex too.) I stayed to shower alone and calm down.

When I finally reached the changing room, Samantha was sitting on a desk holding herself open while the boys peered up into her. One of the boys said something to her and she giggled a little.

Then Heather showed her how to bend over and expose her arsehole for inspection.

Samantha made some comment about wishing all boys were as nice as them as they never hurt anyone. Jed looked like she'd slapped him instead of complimenting him and ran out the door.

Oh well. Here goes. Lesson time. Okay girl. Fun's over, now you're on your own.

Suzie, part 3

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Morning

As I walked down the corridor to class, I was sure that everyone would be able to tell what I'd been doing. I was a little sore and I was glad that today was "no touching". If I didn't walk bow-legged like a cowboy I felt like I was.

My first class was Art, and I have to admit, it was fun and not as embarrassing as I'd expected. Of course, I was the subject, and when I was called up to the front of the class, I was expecting to have to pose for the class and have them all staring at me for an hour.

Anyhow, Mr. Claymore, who most of the girls have one big crush on, called me up to the front as I said, but then told two of the boys to get a huge roll of white paper from the art storeroom, sent some others to get the liquid paints and got the rest of the class to clear the desks away from the front of the class to leave a big space.

"Thanks, boys, now unroll the paper here. Okay, rather than simply drawing Miss Peters, you are going to paint her, literally. Paint designs on her body, which she will transfer to the paper by rolling over it. Don't make them too intricate or the paint will dry too quickly."

One of the boys started by painting my boobs purple and I made two "boob impressions" on the paper. Soon there was very little of me that hadn't been coated with paint. One of the boys tried to paint my pussy until Mr. Claymore pointed out that my pussy would not make an impression on the paper as I rolled over it.

Finally one of them poured a whole tub of paint right over my head and told me to lie down on my back and open and close my legs and move my arms up and down, to make a paint "angel". I forgot that I was giving a show until I noticed half the boys standing so they could see my pussy clearly. Then some of the paint got in my eye, so I had to get up to go and rinse my eyes.

"As it's almost the end of class, you might as well take a shower while you are doing that." He gave me some plastic carrier bags for my feet so that I wouldn't stain the corridor and I walked to the showers.

I was soon joined by most of the boys, wanting to watch me clean myself. If there is anything worse than having to bend over and show your arse while boys tell you you've still got paint there, I don't know what it is, unless it's having to direct the shower hose up your pussy and stick fingers up yourself to try to make sure no paint stayed up there while a dozen boys gawked at every explicit move.

Thank God it was no touching day, or half of them would have helped me, in fact a few offered to do so anyway.

"You've still got red paint on your cheeks," one said, then laughed and continued, "oh no, she's just blushing."

Of course with that my cheeks got even redder. I heard the bell for lessons with relief.

I was in Mr. Thompson's class for English and he was nice. Some of my old friends were in that class and looked at me with disgust when I walked in.

"We are continuing our exploration of the theme of sexuality in literature. We saw how sex or love can cross boundaries of nations or social classes or even enemies, as we saw in Romeo and Juliet. Now we will study how it has crossed normal gender barriers, by studying how homosexual men and women have been portrayed in literature," he said.

"Why don't we just ask Suzie?" said my old best friend Helen. "She's become a dirty lesbian."

"No, I haven't," I shouted.

"Yeah, Supertongue Suzie," said another old friend Sherrey.

I burst into tears, but not for why they thought.

"If you aren't a lesbian, why are you crying?" taunted Helen.

"I'm not crying because you called me a lesbian. I'm crying because... oh I can't explain it."

"Calm down, everyone," said Mr. Thompson. "Give her time. I know this is difficult for you, but this program is supposed to help you come to terms with your sexuality. Try to explain to us why you felt that being a lesbian is something to cry about."

"It isn't," I started.

Then Sherrey interrupted with "I'd cry if I was a dirty lesbian."

"SHUT UP," said Mr. Thompson loudly. "This is obviously difficult for her, and if anyone else interrupts just remember that I have the power to put any of you in the Program for the day and don't think that I won't." He turned back to me. "Please disregard those who are too ignorant to learn anything and continue."

"I'm not a lesbian and I wasn't crying because that idiot called me one. I'm crying because I felt ashamed. I yelled out that I haven't become a dirty lesbian like it was something to be ashamed of. I still love sex with boys, but since Friday I've had sex with girls as well and it was beautiful. Even this morning when I was scared stiff of coming to class naked, Heather went down on me and she calmed me down." (I didn't go into everything else I'd done earlier in the morning!)

"And it's just that saying, no I haven't, felt like I was being ungrateful, and siding with her when she made out it was something to be ashamed of, because I'm not ashamed of going with a girl and I made it dirty when it isn't. Oh, it's no use. I can't make you understand," but some of the girls were looking at me with an expression of almost wonder and I noticed that one of them, a girl called Daisy, was crying.

The rest of the lesson was a bit of an anti-climax after that, and to my surprise I wasn't bothered when my old friends barged past me without even looking at me at the end of the lesson, but after they'd gone, Daisy, the girl that had been crying, came up to me, "Can I kiss you?" She didn't wait for my reply and kissed me on the lips, her tongue exploring my mouth. I felt myself responding.

When I finally extricated myself, I said, "It's no touching today."

"I'm sorry, but I've been feeling, you know, er, attracted, to girls lately, and I was feeling so ashamed about it. And when you said all that, it was like, I don't have to be ashamed or scared any more and I just wanted to thank you."

It should have been me saying thank you. I'd felt like I was so exposed, just for others to stare and laugh at. Could this program really do something like this? Through me sharing my feelings, could it release others too? Is that what this is all about?

If I didn't have my timetable with me, I wouldn't even have known what the next lesson was as I was so deep in thought about the program and what it was doing, not just to me, but to those around me.

It was making some people harder and bitchier than before, but others were beginning to be set free. For the first time I felt like being put on display like this might actually be worth it.

I'd rather a kiss from Daisy, whether it was meant as friendship or something more, than any of the cold false kisses on the cheeks that Helen and Sherrey and I had often exchanged.

I found myself thinking about Daisy and wondering what she'd look like naked and I felt myself get wetter as I imagined teaching her the things we could do.

I had to go to the shower to rinse and dry myself and this time I didn't care if anyone was watching.

Suzie, part 4

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunchtime, Afternoon and Evening

We were all gathered together at lunchtime but I didn't really hear the chatter. My mind was still on Daisy. Partly on the sudden release she'd obviously felt, because of ME. And partly on what I was feeling about HER, or more accurately on what I wanted to DO with her.

Suddenly the chatter stopped as a girl rushed up to us and said "Something's wrong with Samantha." Heather, Laura and Jed left to go and see her. We were still eating, but now almost silently, each in our own thoughts, when Heather came back for some plates of food and left again.

"Am I stupid or something?" asked Shelley suddenly.

"I take it you don't want an answer to that?" Lenny grinned.

"What do you mean?" I asked her.

"I can't understand Samantha," she said. "Okay, she's nervous, but when you're in the program, you're suddenly the centre of attention everywhere you go. People who ignored you last week now want to know you. Sure you have to pose a bit, but she managed that okay this morning, so what's the problem? It's not like anyone's even touched her yet."

"Some people don't want to be the centre of attention. You love it. It scares the hell out of some of us. The only time Samantha is ever noticed is when she sings and then she's safe, up on stage. And it's not just people wanting to know you. It's HOW they want to know you."

Stephen interrupted. "You remember us with your sister last week?"

Shelley nodded.

He continued, "It was like she was just a body, for us to look at and play with. We didn't want to know her, we wanted to use her. You're happy with being used like that, Samantha's not."

"Until today," I said, "I doubt if Samantha even realised she HAD a body," I paused, "Well not one that would ever interest anyone. Now suddenly it's all they see and you wonder why it's scary to her?"

"Not everyone's as free and easy about this as you are, Shelley," said Christopher, "You're lucky. You love the attention, even if it's only guys wanting to feel you up. Not everyone's like that."

"I think," started Gerald, who hadn't appeared to have been listening to our conversation. "I think that unless someone does something, she's gonna crack up or something."

"You make me almost feel guilty for enjoying it," said Shelley.

"That's not it, Shelley." said Christopher. "It's great that you love it, but..."

"Yeah," interrupted Lenny and we laughed, which broke the tension.

"So the program's a bad thing?" asked Shelley.

"No," I said. "Look, this morning I met a girl who'd been scared stiff that she might be a lesbian and that it was something to be ashamed of. Something that came up because I was there, naked, in the program, has helped her to realise that if she is, it's nothing to be ashamed of. She's begun to come to terms with it and who she is, or might be. That's good. But she's gonna need a LOT of support."

"Like Heather had last week?"

"No," I said. "The first few days, nobody supported Heather. It was only when you and the boys started to help her that she started coping. I don't think Sam can survive that long on her own."

"So what do we do?" she asked.

If only solutions were as easy as seeing the problems.

The rest of lunchtime was taken up by a request that Shelley and I touch each other. No problem, I thought, and surprised her with a kiss.

I got her nicely hot by stroking her bum and pussy and had just started kissing her boobs when we were interrupted by the lesson bell.

I had Gym next. Mr. Germaine was not exactly pleased at having a program participant in his gym class. "I hope you won't cause a distraction," was all he said to me.

Could I help it if in every stretching and warm-up exercise, half the boys were busy looking between my legs? It wasn't my fault that one of the boys mistimed his vault over the horse and crashed straight into it because he was looking at me. Okay, perhaps I had turned to face him with my legs wide open at just that moment, but what was I supposed to do? Hide in the corner?

When my turn to vault came, it hurt. No, I didn't crash into the horse, it was my boobs.

To be fair to Mr. Germaine, he was there at once. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I guess these just aren't designed for running and jumping around," I replied.

"Okay. Stick to less vigorous activity for today." He then addressed everyone. "Next time, any girl in the program with larger breasts, bring a sports bra. Whether it covers you or not is irrelevant. This is a safety issue. And I'm the one responsible. If anyone argues, or tells you that you can't, tell them that that's my rule and I've told you that you cannot do Gym without it."

Using the boys showers when they were actually full of boys was quite a novelty. The rule might have been no touching, but somehow there seemed to be a lot of skin to skin contact going on.

I noticed quite a few hard-ons and I felt a bit sorry for their owners. If I wanted it, I could get relief, they couldn't.

It was quite funny. At least half of them were trying NOT to look at me, or trying not to let me see them looking at me.

"Look," I said finally. "You were all staring between my legs the whole lesson. What's the point of pretending not to look now. I'm here, I'm naked. If you want to stare, I'm not bothered, okay?"

Some of them turned round to face me, others were trying to hide their erections.

"I guess some of you are pleased to see me. I'll take that as a compliment, thank you. I have seen a hard-on before you know. What are you lot gonna be like tomorrow when you can actually ask to touch us?"

"What's it like having everyone grope you?"

"I don't know yet. Ask me tomorrow."

"What's it like being naked with everyone staring at you?"

"Kinda scary, but kinda exciting at the same time. I thought it was really gonna bother me, but it hasn't so far. Of course, I'm not sure how I'll cope tomorrow. The thought of being surrounded by you lot all trying to finger me at once is, well, terrifying," I admitted.

"Can we really ask you to do the things they talked about?"

"Like what?"

"Hold yourself open, or wank yourself off, and for us to finger you, things like that."

"Well, today you can't touch me, but you can ask for almost anything, but it doesn't mean we'll always say yes."

"Would you do that now? Wank yourself off I mean? I've seen girls on films, but I've never seen one do that in real life."

"Okay," I sighed. Assume the position. Legs spread, fingers at the ready. I watched them, watching me. It was funny watching them shift positions uncomfortably. Some were holding themselves, or stroking themselves.

"Look, if you want to wank, I'm not gonna be insulted or scared off or anything," I said. "But I'd prefer it if you didn't cum all over me, okay?"

It was kinda surreal, diddling away myself, while watching at least half a dozen of them wanking, their eyes fixed firmly on my fingers going in and out of my pussy.

Some came quickly, but not most of them.

It was almost as if when I came, it gave a signal for them to cum too.

A couple of drops landed on me, but most had stepped back so they missed me. I got back in the shower to rinse off, then quickly dried myself.

Later in the afternoon, Shelley came to tell me that we were gathering that evening at Laura's house to try to help Samantha by having a petting party.

I felt myself go a little damp thinking about stroking Sam and Shelley's cute little butts all evening.

After my unexpected thoughts about Daisy, was I really becoming a lesbian?

When we arrived at Laura's that night, Shelley got us all to undress, then explained how a 'petting party' worked to Samantha. The poor girl was obviously unhappy about the whole idea."It's alright for all of you," she said. "You're all friends, and you're all happy with, with..."

"Sex?" I finished for her. "You can say it."

"Well, sex and stuff. I'm not like you," She replied miserably. This was not going well.

Of course Shelley made us laugh when she said that Heather was the Superslut and they were the Slut Sisters, to which Heather added, "Not to mention Supertongue Suzie." I felt myself going red.

I give up, I've had guys staring at my bits all day, and one comment like that and I'm back to blushing.

"Sam," I said. "We're not asking you to take part in an orgy. But like it or not tomorrow a lot of people are going to be touching you and feeling you up whether you like it or not. You've got this one chance to try to get used to the idea."

But it wasn't helping. Sam was standing there snivelling and Heather jumped up and kissed her.

"You might be able to kiss me into forgetting I'm frightened," I said, unable not to laugh, "but it doesn't work with everyone."

We all laughed at that, including Samantha.

The way this 'petting party' worked was that each of us took turns, starting with Samantha. She spun a bottle and it pointed at me. Then she picked up a card from one of two piles. Her first card told her to grope my boobs.

Whether it was my thoughts earlier in the day, I don't know, but her touch made me gasp.

She took her hands away, "Sorry," she said, looking confused.

I explained that it was just that my nipples were really sensitive after being naked all day and put her hands back where they were.

She was so gentle that I felt like I was dreaming.

My dreaming was interrupted by Shelley, wanting her turn.

We each could choose either a 'tame' card or an 'exciting' one. She picked a tame card the first time, but being Shelley, she was soon tickling Stephen's arse with her finger.

Stephen fondled my boobs next. His touch was firmer than Samantha's had been and I was glad when he stopped or someone would have had to mop the floor.

Much as I liked it, this isn't what we were there for. "Why don't we forget the bottle, except for Sam?" I said. "We're here so she gets used to this, so when it's our turn, we do whatever we have to do with Sam, and when it's her turn, she spins the bottle to see who she has to do it with."

I didn't really expect Sam to agree, but she did.

It was my turn to fondle her boobs. They were cute, a lot smaller than mine and I was so tempted to bend down and take a nipple in my mouth. She was tense to start with, but actually began to relax quite quickly. I couldn't help thinking was this really going to help her with the all-out groping tomorrow morning? Come to that, was it going to help me with the all-out groping tomorrow morning?

Christopher also had a "Fondle Boobs" card. At the end he did what I'd wanted to do and gently kissed her nipples.

"I think you liked that," I said to her.

"Why?"

"You're all wet," I laughed. Damn. I'd embarrassed her. Well done, Suzie.

I told Christopher to do the same to me, then said, "Now, see Sam? I'm all wet too." I took Sam's hand and wiped it over my pussy. "Now feel yourself." ... "Are you wet?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"See, all that proves is that you're normal, just like us," I said felling really pleased with myself.

Heather didn't waste time. She lapped away at Sam's nipples and licked her boobs like she'd been waiting to do that all day. (Perhaps she had!)

Sam was very obviously beginning to enjoy herself, but I thought Jed was pushing it a bit when he got her to hold her bum really open while he gently caressed her arsehole.

I was wrong, because it was her turn next and she promptly took a blue card. They were more explicit, or more exciting as Shelley had put it.

It said "Play with cock." The bottle pointed to Shelley, so Sam spun again. This time it was Stephen.

Her face was almost as red as mine goes as she touched his cock for the first time.

He helped her hold him right and she began giving him a hand job. He warned her that he would cum if she didn't stop, but if anything she sped up.

Seeing his cum shoot over her face was incredible.

After looking surprised she actually bent down and kissed the tip of his cock before apologising!

She didn't look sorry. Like the cat that had got the cream, or the cum in her case.

He wanted to return the favour and she looked scared again, her eyes wide.

He assured her that he'd stop if she wanted and she agreed, her excitement betrayed by the flush in her cheeks and the slight grin on her face.

He stroked her pussy, slipped his finger inside a little then licked his finger. She looked so happy when he told her she tasted nice.

He began to finger her deeply and sweet little Shelley went to hold her hand.

Suddenly we saw blood and Stephen was mortified. "Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" He asked all in a rush.

"Just don't stop...please," was her reply.

He began again and soon had her writhing on the floor. "Go on," we cried.

Her orgasm was so intense I think WE felt it!

"Is it always like that?"

"NO," Heather and I said together. Everyone laughed.

Heather took Stephen and Samantha to the shower and by the time she came back Shelley had demanded that I finish what I'd started earlier in the day and started kissing me. After everything that had happened that evening, it didn't take much to get me responding as our tongues battled with each other.

Shelley put my hand on her pussy, so I pushed her away to lick her cute tits. I put a finger in her pussy and began exploring it until she tensed up. I grinned and began working on that spot until she grew breathless and pink in the face. Then I stopped.

Her face was a picture of frustration until I pushed her back onto the sofa, and pulled her pussy forward to meet my eager tongue. Without waiting a second I flicked her clit with my tongue making her wriggle, then forced my tongue deep into her. By this time she was dripping wet and tasted sweet and delicious. I stopped again, but this time before she could look disappointed, I put a finger in her pussy to make it wet, then slowly worked it into her arse.

Her eyes opened wide, I don't think she'd expected that. I began licking her pussy for all I was worth. Soon she started making little high-pitched moaning noises, then squealed "Oh Wow!" and went limp.

While Shelley lay there relaxed and happy, it suddenly dawned on me that if I liked the girl, I really loved "fucking" her with my mouth and fingers. Yes, "fucking" was exactly what I had been doing. First Heather, then Shelley, then a little with Sam and now this wonderful time with Shelley again. Does that mean I'm a lesbian? I glanced over at the boys and their hard-ons. I wanted them too, a lot! I'm going to have to really think about this, think about what I'm really like, think about what I really want.

Heather brought us back to reality by saying, "This is great, but it's not going to help Sam with what she's going to face tomorrow morning."

So when Sam and Stephen returned from their shower and sat on the sofa, I pulled Stephen to one side (I saw how gentle Stephen had been with Sam and even though I had just been with Shelley I wanted some of Stephen for myself - and soon,) while Jed and Christopher made Sam stand up and started groping her more roughly, Christopher even sticking a finger up her arse.

She winced in pain. Heather gave us a tip - before getting to school lubricate your arsehole with some pussy juice - it hurts less.

Stephen whispered to me "Later," then went to join Jed and Christopher with Samantha. Then all three boys were groping her and she was okay. She wasn't freaking out.

Soon she was on her back as they continued to be fairly rough with her and, amazingly, she started laughing.

I was now less worried about how she'd cope tomorrow than I was about how I was going to cope.

But I didn't have time to think about that as Stephen offered to take me home. I don't have to tell you that I agreed, do I?

Tomorrow could wait.

Suzie, part 5

Program WEEK TWO

TUESDAY

If I'd woken up scared yesterday, today I woke up excited. I'm Suzie and I'm in the Program.

I woke up thinking about everything that had happened yesterday. The Program had opened so many possibilities to me.

I couldn't help thinking about Daisy and felt myself getting wet imagining (planning?) what I was going to do with her.

Then there was last night and how exciting it had been having cute little Shelley whimpering under my touch, and having Sam's incredibly gentle hands on my boobs.

Sam looked so innocent that I felt an evil temptation to teach her every dirty thing I was learning. Of course she hadn't looked so innocent with Stephen's cum all over her face.

Stephen. That thought made me shiver with pleasure. He'd wanted to walk home naked with me, but I wasn't brave enough for that yet so we just walked, but not straight home.

It was a hot night and we walked down to the river, a known place for couples to make out. Fine by me, and obviously losing his virginity earlier in the day had left him wanting more.

We kissed and I felt him grab my bum so I ground myself on his cock. Then he picked me up and I relaxed in his arms waiting to see what he would do next.

With a tremendous splash I felt the shock of cold water. For a second I thought he'd thrown me in the river, then I realised that he was STILL holding me. He'd simply jumped in with me, clothes and all.

We stood up. "You're too hot," he explained with a grin. "I wanted to shag you senseless, but I want it to last." He bent down to kiss me and I pushed hard, sending him flying into the water while I ran out onto the bank.

Some of the other couples around were laughing. He came out after me and I saw how his trousers clung to him making his cock seem enormous and his shirt emphasised the strong muscles of his chest.

With a shock I realised that my own white top was equally see-through, not that anyone seemed to mind.

Stephen began to unzip my jeans but I protested. "It's one thing kissing and playing and stuff, but we can't do IT with everyone here."

He stopped and called out to those around, "Does anyone have any objections if I take this little tease and fuck her brains out?"

I was somewhere between shocked at his words and giggling at the thought.

"See," he said triumphantly. "No objections," and began to pull my jeans down. Or at least he tried to, they were stuck to me like glue, so he picked me up and gently laid me down on the grass, and tugged at my jeans again. Finally he managed to get them off and I lay on the grass naked from the waist down (I hadn't worn underwear to the petting party, it seemed a bit pointless).

He pulled my legs apart and knelt between them and slowly (so slowly!) unbuttoned my top, then got impatient and pulled me up to a sitting position to pull it over my head.

"Not fair," I said.

"What's not fair?"

"I'm naked and you've still got clothes on." Before he had a chance to answer I stood up and began to unbutton his shirt, teasing him by going even slower than he had and kissing his chest after each button.

"We'll be late for school at this rate!" he complained.

"Guys!" I shouted to our audience. "Always in a hurry. A naked girl undressing him and he's still not satisfied." They laughed.

He took off his shirt and I undid his trousers. They came off easier than mine, leaving him standing in his boxers.

"Hmm, what have we in here?" I said, holding them open, then putting my hand inside and squeezing him gently. He groaned and I yanked his boxers down hard.

"Any of you girls wanna feel of this?" I called out. "He's in the Program so he can't say no." (Yes I knew when I said it that that didn't apply out here, but it was fun to tease him after what he'd just done to me.)

One of the boys pushed the girl he was with, "Go on, I can see you want to."

She got up and came over and grabbed his cock. Her boyfriend had followed her and as she played with Stephen's cock he took the opportunity to put his own hands up her skirt and pull down her knickers. He moved her legs apart and began to lick her pussy. I unzipped his trousers and pulled them down enough so I could fish out his cock and took it into my mouth.

The girl did the same to Stephen and I let go of the boy's cock and pushed him away from his girlfriend for a moment, so I could take over licking her.

Not to be put off, her boyfriend went behind me and began to finger me like crazy.

Finally Stephen stopped us by pushing the girl away. "I'm going to cum and the only place I want to do that is right here," he said, putting his hand on my pussy.

I lay down and spread my legs in invitation. He entered my, by now, sopping wet pussy and began to fuck me, hard. Soon he was filling me with his cum and he got up and collapsed on the grass, leaving me still spreadeagled with his cum dripping obscenely out of my pussy.

The girl hadn't finished though and said, "I've never been with a girl before, so the least you can do is finish me off. She positioned herself over my face so I could lick her pussy, then she bent forward and held me wide open as she began licking the combination of my juices and Stephen's cum from my pussy.

I motioned her boyfriend to come over and opened her pussy for him to enter her. He was so turned on it didn't take a minute for him to begin pumping his seed, firstly into her pussy, then over my face as he pulled out.

I clamped my mouth on her pussy and used my tongue to extract every last drop of their combined cummings.

When we finally disengaged we actually got a round of applause.

The girl looked embarrassed at what she'd just done, and I could feel myself blushing too.

"Hi, I'm Suzie," I said.

"I'm Kimari," she replied.

"Nice to meet you." I grinned at her and continued, "Or should that be, nice to EAT you?"

She laughed.

We all four went skinny dipping to clean off. I got dressed but the wet clothes felt uncomfortable and cold, so I took them off again and walked home naked. Stephen left me at my door with a mouth-sizzling kiss that promised more fun to come. (Should that be more to cum?)

So that explains my good mood this morning. After all if I hadn't been in the Program I would never have really met Stephen, would I?

I thought I'd be first to school, but as I walked in the gate I could hear "TITS TITS TITS TITS TITS" from a crowd of boys. Samantha was all alone and obviously scared. So much for the supervising teacher we'd been promised.

I pushed my way through to find the poor kid, shaking as she tried to undress. I pulled her hands away from the buttons she was fumbling with and said "Oh no you don't".

I feel Sam relax a little with relief.

I put my mouth to her ear and told her to follow my lead. I nibbled at her ear to hide that I was talking to her, then began to kiss her.

I slipped off her blouse and pushed our way to her clothes box to put it in there. When she'd taken off my jumper and blouse we kissed again. I began to run my fingers up and down her back. She did the same to me. Like last night her gentle touch sent a tantalising feeling through me.

I pushed her away and slipped off her skirt and bra, then turned her to me so she could undress me.

I began to kiss her boobs as I'd wanted to last night. She was looking at me with such gratitude that I felt bad. I wasn't doing this just for her, but for me too. I began to finger myself while I kissed and licked her cute boobs.

I took my hand from my pussy and put it in her mouth, much to her surprise, then I slipped my hand into her knickers and quickly found her entrance.

She opened her legs slightly to give me access and I slipped a finger up into her warmth.

I told the boys to give us space if they wanted to see more and they rushed backwards.

I stopped fingering Sam briefly and slipped off my knickers. I held them to the nose of the nearest boy. He made a show of inhaling deeply so I wiped them over his face then threw them to the crowd.

Sam pulled her own knickers down and held them to her own nose, breathing in deeply. She offered them to a boy and put them down his trousers. I'm sure that she had a quickly fondle of his cock while she did it.

"Lift a leg up," I ordered and when she did I pulled her leg higher until she fell backwards into the arms of the boys behind her.

I finally tasted that pussy I'd wanted to last night. Like Shelley she was so sweet and SO wet. I think she was as excited as I was. I alternated between toying with her clit and sticking my tongue deep into her until I felt her erupt beneath my tongue.

Before she had a chance to recover I stuck two fingers deep into her pussy, them wiped her juices over her arsehole and pushed my fingers in her arse.

When I took them out, she knelt down in front of me. She gently kissed my pussy then held me wide open and startled me by slipping her tongue deep into me. My God girl, any deeper and you'll be tickling my tonsils.

Suddenly she stopped licking me and the orgasm I had nearly reached faded away. SHIT Samantha. She apologised. A guy had startled her with his finger in her. She tried to get me going again with her fingers, but the moment had passed.

"You owe me one," I told her.

In the shower Shelley asked Sam how she was coping and she said "Fine, thanks to Suzie," which was nice.

My first lesson was Geography with Mr. Graham, a class I shared with Heather. She'd asked for relief, but ignored my offer and chose one of the boys instead. She was obvious as badly off as I was as she came incredibly quickly.

Then I asked for relief and chose another boy. He went down on me while Heather leaned over and played with my boobs, flicking my nipples with her tongue and kissing them.

I was determined to last longer than Heather had done, so the boy got me to lie flat on the desk and hold my legs with my hands.

Then he stuck his tongue into my arsehole, all the time fingering my pussy. When I came he carried on licking, then moved up to my pussy to drink everything he could. Then he put all four fingers of one hand into me and scooped out the last of my juices and sucked them from his fingers leaving me gaping open and exhausted on the table.

For some reason I didn't get much work done in Geography.

By lunchtime there were all sorts of rumours flying around about Laura and Ghastly Gordon. We found out the truth when she was pushed into the dining hall, handcuffs clipped around her wrists and her wonderful hair cut short.

That was bad enough, but then they caned her. They caned her so hard I thought they'd kill her. I could almost feel every stroke.

Then the bastards walked out and left her crying on the table, unable to get up. I ran to her, and Christopher followed me. We quickly led her out of there.

In the shower I directed cold water at her poor bum, crossmarked with red marks, already beginning to go an angry purple.

None of us said a word as she clung to us crying. It was awful. I wanted to say something, anything, but there was nothing to say.

As well as feeling so bad for Laura, I began to worry for myself. If they could break Laura like this, what chance did the rest of us stand?

When she'd begun to calm down, I told her that she must have something to eat, so we led her back to the almost silent dining hall.

She couldn't sit and couldn't feed herself, so she stood while I fed her.

The lesson bell went but I couldn't leave her.

"You'll get into trouble," she argued.

"I don't care," I replied.

She insisted that she would go to her lesson and I should go to mine.

"Just remember we love you," I told her and we kissed, not gently, but with a tremendous hunger.

When she said that we had to go, but we'd continue it later, I said, "I'll hold you to that."

The school was in the same state of shock that I was, almost as if someone had died.

I didn't get a single request, reasonable or otherwise all afternoon.

A while after I got home, I had a phone call from Shelley. Sam had slit her wrist and was in hospital. She was okay, but we were meeting there.

While Laura was sent away to fetch the school nurse from the canteen, Heather explained a risky plan to help Laura. Shelley and Sam immediately agreed to it, so I had to agree as well, but it scared the life out of me. If it went wrong, we'd probably all be treated as Laura had been.

I knew that I would not wake up tomorrow morning as happy and carefree as I had this morning.

Suzie, part 6

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY

The first part of Wednesday morning was bloody awful, there is no other word to describe it.

It started as soon as I arrived. I had barely (a bad joke I know) got undressed when Heather collected me and Shelley and Sam, and Jed, and led us to the offices. Outside the headmaster's office Heather seemed unsure and started arguing with the rest of us saying that she should confront Mr. Graham alone.

Secretly I'd have been glad to get out of it, but like the others, I didn't want to let Laura down. I couldn't get out of my mind Friday night in the nightclub and what Laura had gone through for Heather. She was so brave and then to see her broken like they did to her yesterday just made me so angry.

I pointed out that while we argued, Laura was out there alone, handcuffed and at the mercy of every boy who wanted to grope her.

After all our anticipation, Mr. Graham wasn't even in school yet so we went back out to join Laura.

Jed was going to take off our handcuffs, but none of us wanted that. It would seem a mockery to go out there able to protect ourselves while she couldn't.

It actually started okay, with some guy wanting to lick me out. We don't have to agree to that, but who cares? I certainly didn't. But I didn't have time to enjoy it as I was suddenly lifted off my feet and passed around over the heads of the boys around me. They all seemed to delight in pinching whatever part of me they could reach. "Put me down," I ordered, but I might as well have been talking to myself for all the notice they took.

This was getting scary. I tried to look around for the member of staff who was supposed to be protecting us, but, like yesterday, nobody was there. What a surprise that was! I felt like cursing Heather for ever getting me into this Program. Your damned plan had better work or God knows what will happen by Friday. The school that had always felt safe was becoming the school from hell. And the real problem was, I was getting scorched.

My legs were spread apart and someone had a couple of vibrators they wanted to use on me. They tried to shove one up my arse, but I was too dry and tense, so they put it in my pussy instead. I was lowered to a seat and my legs raised and held wide open. When they were satisfied that the vibrator was nice and wet they took it out of my pussy and forced it into my arse. "Fuck, that hurt," I yelled, but nobody took a blind bit of notice and the other vibrator was pushed into my pussy.

Despite myself I was building up to an orgasm, but they were watching. They took the vibrator from my pussy and put it in my mouth, not realising that it was the one in my over-sensitive arse that was sending me crazy, whether it hurt or not. The taste of my own juices sent me straight over the edge, to their obvious disappointment. One of them tried to get me to put the other vibrator in my mouth, but I refused. Then someone bit my right boob. When I opened my mouth in shock, the vibrator that had been in my arse was suddenly in my mouth. Yuck. I felt sick.

"Want something to take the taste away?" someone asked.

"Yeah, please."

He presented me with his cock. My legs had been put down so I stood up and tried to walk away. But someone grabbed one of my boobs and held me tight. He turned me around and began playing with my nipples, rolling them between his fingers.

"Do that again," said a voice from below me, "her pussy gets really wet every time you fiddle with her nips."

It was true, my nipples are so sensitive sometimes it seems like they are directly wired into my pussy.

Everyone pushed to grab my nipples, pulling them, twisting them, flicking them until they became really sore. My pussy betrayed me by just getting wetter and it encouraged them to do more.

Now they were twisting my whole boobs. My legs were pushed apart and a boy lay down underneath me, catching the drips from my pussy. "Hey, it's raining Suzie," he yelled in delight.

And suddenly it was over. The bell had gone and I stood there alone, sore as hell, and angry. Angry in particular at the headmaster for allowing this to happen. He'd promised support, then he buggered off to London and left Ghastly Gordon and that stupid Mr. Graham to do their worst.

It was not much better in the showers where we argued with Laura, who wanted us to stop wearing the handcuffs.

When Heather said pointedly that having hands free wasn't always enough to defend ourselves anyway, we stood there in horrible silence. All of us were thinking about Heather being raped last Friday and none of us wanted to say it.

Finally I said, "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying." That calmed everyone down, but after this morning, I began to wonder if it was true. If they could treat us like that and get away with it, was there any limit, anything they wouldn't do to us? I kept those thoughts to myself.

We went to the first lesson and I had Art. Sat on the table with my hands behind me I'm sure I didn't make a great subject. I felt sore from all the pinching and I knew I looked it too.

Mr. Claymore pointed out, "Now it's obvious that Suzie has been bruised and scratched. This gives a different tone to the normal skin tones and I want you to be sure to capture it perfectly."

He even made a couple of them photograph me. Those'll make a lovely pictures, I thought.

Still feeling sore from earlier, the lesson passed agonisingly slowly. But it was between lessons I was dreading, so it couldn't go slow enough for me.

At the end of the lesson they all rushed out but Mr. Claymore stopped me. "Can you help me clear up please, Suzie?"

"Sure."

He was painfully slow at putting things back in the arts store as I brought them to him. Finally the bell rang. I had missed the whole break.

"You'd better hurry to your next lesson now," he said with a grin.

I suddenly realised what he'd been doing. It was probably really obvious, but I must have been extra thick this morning. He had stopped me from having any more problems by keeping me in the classroom for the whole break. "Thank you, Mr. Claymore," I said, then took him totally by surprise and kissed him on the cheek.

During the next lesson I began to feel really stiff from the abuse earlier and I fidgeted the whole time, trying to get comfortable. Finally the teacher suggested that I go and take a shower to see if that would help.

It did, and it was wonderful taking a shower with NOBODY else there. Nobody watching, nobody groping me. Okay, it was really difficult turning the damned thing on in the first place with my hands behind me, but just standing under it was SO soothing.

As the next break started some GIRLS came into the boys shower. "Come with us," said one of them. With them was Daisy, the girl from Monday morning.

"Daisy's got a request," said another.

Curious, I followed them. Some boys tried to follow us, but they were firmly pushed away by the girls. We went into an empty classroom.

"Okay," said the first one, who seemed to be the leader of this little group. "Daisy's been wondering about what it would be like to go with a girl and seeing as you're in the Program, we decided you could show her."

I looked at Daisy. She seemed nervous. "Are you sure this is what you want?" I asked.

She nodded shyly.

I got her to sit down next to me and to turn her face towards me. I lightly kissed her on the lips. She closed her eyes and sighed, so I kissed her again, a little harder this time, slipping my tongue between her lips. She tensed slightly.

"We can stop if you want," I offered.

She replied by kissing me back, holding my head and pushing her tongue into my mouth. I wanted to let my hands roam up and down her back, to hold her close, but of course, I couldn't.

She broke the kiss and I felt lost for a second. "Can I touch your boobs?" she asked.

"You know you can."

"No, not like that. It's not a reasonable request or whatever they call it. I don't want you to say yes because you have to."

"Then yes, because I'd love you to."

"They look sore," she said.

"They are."

"I'll be gentle."

I smiled at her. "I know."

She was so gentle it was tantalising. I closed my eyes and just enjoyed her touch. When she stopped, I opened my eyes. She looked nervous again.

"Daisy," I asked. "You don't have to do this because all your classmates want you to."

"I'm not. Mr. Thompson put the word out this morning for everyone to find ways to protect the Program girls because you can't protect yourselves. And when we were discussing what to do," she gave a little giggle, "I thought of this."

"I don't know what to say. Except Thank You. For someone who was only doing this to help me, you have wonderful hands."

"It wasn't only that," she said, "I've been thinking about it, and you," she looked away as she said that, "Ever since Monday and now I have the chance to do it."

"If I had my hands free I'd show you what it's like to really make love with another girl."

She giggled again, a lot louder this time, "From what I hear, you don't need your hands for that, Supertongue Suzie."

Everyone around us laughed at that.

"Would you like me to do that to you?" I asked.

She thought for a moment, gulped, then a big grin spread over her face. "Yes, please," she whispered.

With perfect timing, the bell went for the next lesson.

"When there's more time later whenever I get these handcuffs off," I said, "I promise you the time of your life."

Her eyes shone with pleasure and anticipation.

It sounds stupid to say it, but compared to knowing that everyone was suddenly looking out for us, our meeting with Mr. Graham was almost an anticlimax.

Shocked by Jed cutting great chunks out of our hair, he finally gave in when Heather threatened that we'd all go out, handcuffed and with our ruined hair to give a press conference. He tried to stop the phone call but Jed stopped him instead and wouldn't let him get to Heather. As the other girls have written about that meeting in detail in their journals, it seems superfluous for me to do so as well.

What was definitely NOT an anti-climax was seeing Laura's face when Jed had taken off her handcuffs and given her the carrier bag containing the hair he'd cut from us.

She hugged us and cried and kissed Jed and laughed and cried some more. She was quietly weeping on my shoulder when the bell went for lunch.

Eating lunch together was so wonderful. Sam and Laura sat together chatting away, while Shelley told us all about how Mr. Thompson had told everyone that they had to look after us.

Heather and Shelley were called to the office and the atmosphere changed to one of apprehension. Had our victory been too easy?

For once, our worries were unfounded. Shelley came back to breathlessly explain that they had to go to London to give evidence to the inquiry into what had happened to Heather last week.

Then she pulled me aside. She had this wild plan to help Samantha. She'd started to get others to help, but now she was going to be away and wanted me to organise it. Great. Don't get me wrong, Samantha is lovely. She's the kind of girl you just want to put your arms around and protect from the real world. But this idea of Shelley's, well, let's just say that the words Shelley and practical or realistic just don't belong in the same sentence.

But looking down at Shelley's excitable face, I knew I had to try.

I stopped Laura on the way to the first lesson after lunch and got her to agree to join the choir with me. She nearly choked herself with laughter at the idea and wanted to know more, but I didn't have the time to explain.

Between lessons I managed to find Stephen. Perfect. Ever since his little performance with his fingers on Monday evening, Samantha had idolised him.

"I can't explain why, but I need you to get Samantha away straight after school. Tell her the choir rehearsal has been postponed, make mad passionate love to her, anything. Just keep her away from that rehearsal."

"Okay," he said eagerly. "Being asked to seduce a pretty girl isn't exactly the worst task I've ever been given."

The afternoon went really slowly. At the end of the last lesson, I was approached by Craig, one of the few guys I'd actually gone with more than two or three times. "I've got an unreasonable request, Let's fuck."

I laughed. "Sorry, I'm on my way somewhere."

"Well anytime you want to come over, you know where to call." He put the emphasis firmly on the word "come".

He needn't have done. Ever since we split up, if I'd had some arsehole in the sack who couldn't do it for me, I called Craig and he, well basically he fucked me senseless. And it went both ways. When he split up with someone, we usually met up and I made him feel good. Outside of sex, we weren't really close, or even really friends, not that we hated each other or anything, we just had only two things in common, my pussy and his dick. The Americans have a phrase for what we are. Over there we'd be called "fuck buddies".

But I suddenly realised that for the first time I wasn't sorry that I was too busy to see him.

I went to the hall where the rehearsal was to take place and managed to get there first, in time to speak to Mr. Tyler, the music teacher and choirmaster.

"You know Samantha really freaked out about having to sing at the concert tomorrow, naked," I started.

"Yes, when I heard what had happened I wished I'd never mentioned it."

"She'd have had to find out sometime. At least this way there may still be time to help her."

"Help her, how?"

"Firstly, Laura and I want to join the choir." His face when I said that was a picture. I had to laugh slightly. "I promise we won't sing! We want to be at this rehearsal so we can learn what's happening and make it look like we're singing. If you can put us in the front row, it'll help her a bit, I'm sure."

The penny dropped. "You'll be naked too, of course," he asked.

"We have to be, just like Sam has to be."

"I'm not keen on the idea of having others in the choir, but if it helps her get through her solo, Okay." I have to admit he didn't look very keen either.

"And I want the chance to speak to the choir after practice, in private, please."

He nodded. "Just don't do anything to ruin the performance. I want to help Samantha, but remember that the others in the choir have been working hard for this too."

"We won't. It's really important to Sam that this goes well. We'd never do anything to make that go wrong."

"Okay." That came out of his mouth with the sigh of the century!

I've never tried miming before and it's a lot more difficult than it looks. Laura and I took copies of all the words home afterwards to try to learn them, not easy with only one day to go till the big contest.

I spoke to the choir that Shelley'd had an idea to help Sam and, as I'd half-expected, nobody was interested. No that's unfair. They just didn't see how they could help Sam, though one girl said honestly, "Look, we've tried making friends with her and she just doesn't want to know. Now she wants our help?"

Laura answered that. "Sam pushes people away because she's scared to take friends home. Her Mum is something else like you wouldn't believe. Do you know, after Sam tried to kill herself, her Mum couldn't even be bothered to come to the hospital?" There was a general intake of breath at that revelation. "Now she's staying with us for a while, but this concert is so important to her because she thinks it's her only escape from her present life."

"And her bloody mother has got all her neighbours and family going there tomorrow. She is really going to need all the help and support you can give her."

Hearing her stand up for Samantha like that gave me a funny feeling. She was so caring, so totally unlike the Laura I thought I knew. But the the truth is I wished it was me she was standing up for. Weird.

Laura and I left at that point. We'd said all we could. Now it was up to them. "Thanks for your help," I said to her. "Goodnight." And a sudden impulse made me kiss her goodnight.

It was only a quick peck, but she said, "What was that for?"

"For being so great and so caring in there."

She laughed. "Well you were just as caring, so I guess you deserve a kiss too."

It was only slightly longer than the kiss I gave her, but our eyes connected and a sudden chill went through me.

I quickly hung a notice on the door to the hall. "Choir practice cancelled due to unforeseen circumstances." Now I would have to go home to learn "my lines".

I stopped off to have something to eat on my way home. As I sat eating, I thought about my day. I hadn't wanted Craig. That had never happened before. Yet the thought of having Daisy earlier had made me furious when the lesson bell interrupted us. And now that kiss with Laura. And that was just today. What about with Samantha yesterday and Shelley on Monday? Not to mention Heather on Friday, Saturday AND Monday. Just remembering them was making me wet.

I called Craig. "Mind if I come over?"

He came to pick me up in his dad's old minivan. "You sounded desperate," he said.

Craig is loaded. He normally drove a flashy sports car that probably cost him more to insure than my parents made in a year. Okay, slight exaggeration, especial as my parents aren't exactly poor, but you get the picture.

But this time he had his dad's old van. The one he'd converted. Open the back doors and inside was a mattress covered with real silk sheets. I grinned and stepped up into the van. As I did so he stuck his hand up my skirt. I stood still to let him.

"Hmm, we are wet, aren't we? I don't know whether to fuck you or go get a mop."

I lay on the bed and spread my legs for him. "If you know what's good for you, you'll cut the chat and let that famous dick of yours do the work."

"Okay," he said agreeably. "And I've got a feeling you aren't exactly looking for foreplay either tonight."

"Craig," I said threateningly.

We fucked. And I looked at the roof of the van.

So we changed positions to doggie, my favourite position. And I was bored. There is no other way to say it, I just wanted him to hurry up and cum.

When he finally did, and pulled out, he said, "What's up with you, today?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'd have got more response from a blow-up doll and that's not like you. And you were gagging for it before. What's wrong?"

"I don't know, I'm sorry. Just an off day, I guess." What was wrong with me?

We'd been quite a while and when I got home, Teresa, one of the senior choirgirls was impatiently waiting for me.

"Come on," she said, "we're going to Tanya's. If Mr. Tyler says we have to be stuck with you two tomorrow night, we going to rehearse you until you don't make us look a bunch of idiots."

"We don't want to do this any more than you want us to," I snapped back. "It's just that some of us occasionally think about more than hairstyles and how we can put down other people to make ourselves feel good."

I shouldn't have said that. I don't mean because it was nasty, but because we needed her help and I knew it.

"Teresa, before you say it, I've always been exactly the same. So you can call me a hypocrite if you like."

She didn't answer.

We arrived and I caught a strange look from both Tanya and Laura. The look between Tanya and Teresa needed no such interpretation. Exasperation. To my surprise, Laura was naked.

"Her idea," she said, pointing to Tanya. So I stripped off as well.

By the end of our rehearsal, I could understand their exasperation. If I had a job, I'd tell myself not to change it.

In the car, Teresa seemed upset, then, when I was nearly home, I saw a large crowd milling around outside my house.

"Turn round and drive away quickly," I said sharply.

"Why?"

"Just do it," I snapped. She drove around the corner. "Sorry, that looked like a crowd of reporters waiting for me and I want to talk in private."

"Okay, what about?"

"You seem upset. What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I'm okay," she denied.

Guessing completely incorrectly, I said. "I promise, we'll do everything we can not to screw up tomorrow night. I know you've all worked hard for this, and so has Sam. So don't be so upset about it."

"I'm not, well I am, but that's not it," she replied.

"If not that, then what?" I asked.

"Did you see the way Tanya was looking at Laura?"

"No, I was so busy trying not to look a total prat that I wouldn't have noticed if someone put a ten-foot sign in front of me."

"She fancies her."

"Tanya? Anything she fancied would have to be wearing diamonds at least." I regretted my comment when I saw how miserable she looked.

"Does it matter?" I continued, "It's not as if she's got a steady boyfriend to upset and she's hardly likely to do anything in the choir."

"It matters."

"But why?"

I didn't catch her reply, it was mumbled so low and quickly. "Sorry I didn't catch..."

"Because I love her," she shouted. "There! I said it! I only joined the choir in the first place to be close to her. Now you can laugh at me."

"Why should I do that?"

"Because you're, you're..."

"People can change," I said quietly.

"Yeah," she said. "When we saw what you girls did to get Laura's handcuffs taken off, I think half the school admired you all. Even Sam did it too. And we could still see the soreness and bruises tonight."

"Don't worry, Laura says she's got some special make-up to cover them tomorrow night."

"And your poor hair!"

Embarrassed, I pushed it aside.

"Don't hide it." She touched my hair. "If I'd been as brave as you were today, I'd be wanting to show it off, like a badge of courage."

"But what about Sam?" I cried, "She HAS to look good tomorrow night."

"God, yes." Teresa's mouth curled into a crazy shape as she considered what to do. Then her eyes lit up and she snapped her fingers. "Don't worry, I got it covered. I'll take her to my hairdressers after school. That man can work wonders. Tell Sam not to worry."

"Then don't you worry either." I actually shook my finger in her face.

"What about?"

"Your girlfriend Tanya." I pulled my hand back immediately and covered my mouth. I'd embarrassed her.

"I've lost her," she said miserably. "Because I was too much of a coward to say anything."

I shook my head. "I don't think so. Just listen to the two of you sometimes."

"What do you mean?"

"The number of times you both say the same thing at the same moment, how often you finish each other's sentences, things like that. If one of you ever has the nerve to tell the other one how you feel, I think you might find that the other one feels the same way."

"You think?"

"Or you could try this." I leaned over and kissed her. She opened her mouth in shock and I slipped my tongue inside. She took my face in her hands as we continued to kiss and I slipped a hand under her skirt and into her knickers. She was soaking.

"You do like Tanya, don't you?" I pulled my fingers out and sniffed them. "If just talking about her gets you like this."

So, while she was still sitting in the driver's seat, I reached across and started pulling her knickers down. I thought I'd gone too far when I saw the look on her face, but then she lifted her bum up to let me pull them down.

"Move down the seat a bit, and open your legs."

"I'm not sure..." she began to say, but then stopped and did as I'd instructed.

I wanted to take it slow, but on a fairly main road someone would soon see what was going on, so, slipping a finger inside her and my other hand on her clit, I quickly fingered her to an orgasm, feeling a little guilty that her first experience with another girl was such a mechanical "quickie".

I smeared her juices around my mouth then theatrically sucked on each of my fingers, before kissing her again.

As we kissed I felt her hand push its way shyly into my knickers and I opened my legs to make it easier for her. I could feel that I was as wet as she had been. As two of her fingers, I think, started moving in and out I knew she was as needy at that point as I was.

Whether it was the fear of being caught or just the whole weird day I'd had, I was wrong about quickies. Her fingers might have been hesitant, but they brought me off in no time.

"I ought to go and see what those blasted reporters want. But tomorrow afternoon, after school, the four of us, okay?"

"Okay," she said, though still sounding a little uncertain, then, "No we can't. I have to take Sam to my hairdressers."

"Of course." I couldn't keep the disappointment out of my voice. "Well what about lunchtime? It'll be a bit public though."

Then she made a show of licking her fingers and said, "I can't wait... for more."

She dropped me off at the corner and we were both chuckling as I got out of her car. She drove off, waving those two fingers at me through the driver's window.

Seconds later I was spotted and I knew I'd been right as reporters ran rowards me. The lights from the cameras blinded me. So many were shouting at me, I couldn't understand a word.

Thankfully I saw a face I recognised. Lindsey Crowe, the reporter. "Lindsey, what's happening?"

"You mean you haven't heard about Shelley?" she replied.

Suzie, part 7

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY

The reporters had questioned me for what felt like hours and then I had a row with Dad about it, like it was my fault the press had been outside our front door all evening. Hell, I hadn't made Shelley go missing. Frustrated I just shook my head and went up to my room.

I actually wasn't particularly worried. This was Shelley. She'd probably met some boy and the press were just blowing everything up out of proportion.

No, that's a lie. I was worried sick and felt helpless although I knew there was nothing I could do about it. I was way too wound up to sleep, so I got my journal out to write up Wednesday.

What a day! Although my thoughts kept wandering back to Shelley as I wrote, I couldn't help thinking more about other girls. Uppermost was my evening with Teresa, but then there was Daisy, dear sweet Daisy, in the morning as well. And kissing Laura, I remembered the chill that gave me. Eventually I managed to put aside my worries for Shelley until the morning. I could feel myself starting to relax, at last, and put away the journal.

I left my knickers off when I went to bed. I needed both hands down there as my thoughts turned, slowly at first but then more urgently, from Daisy to Teresa to Laura to Daisy to ...

I still woke up early with only one thought on my mind. Little Shelley, missing. The TV news mentioned her, so she was still missing. This was more serious, a lot worse than I thought last night. I walk past a newsagent every morning on my way to the bus stop but today the newspapers outside confirmed that it hadn't been just a nightmare. I had to go inside at look through them.

Shelley's face stared out at me from almost every one.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

WHERE IS NAKED GIRL?

One had a photo of Heather almost as large with the headline SISTER CAN'T BARE IT.

Another simply said MISSING.

Even the so-called serious press got in on it saying "END OF THE LINE FOR THE PROGRAM?"

I read so many of the newspapers that I was late for school. There couldn't have been a greater contrast between yesterday morning and this morning.

Firstly everyone was asking if I've heard anything about Shelley.

Then I noticed that there was a single line of older boys surrounding the area where we had to change. That was ominous. But, standing to one side, away from everyone, but silently watching was Mrs. Wright.

"Sorry, I'm late, Mrs. Wright."

She didn't answer, but smiled at me.

I walked through the line of boys to get undressed as the bell went. I looked at Laura and Sam and they were both looking as worried as I felt. The whole scene seemed like something out of a weird dream. A couple of the line of boys remained as I finished undressing.

"Any problems today," said one, "Just yell, loudly. Someone will come."

"Thanks," I said, wanting to pinch myself. This couldn't be the same place I'd been twenty-four hours ago. I felt like I'd come to the wrong school by mistake. No, I'd come back to the one I'd known until the last couple of days.

I caught Laura quickly. We both spoke at the same time. "Any news of Shelley?"

"She'll be alright. She's resourceful," said Laura, but she sounded like she was trying to persuade herself, as well as me.

"I had a talk with Teresa last night," I said, desperate to change the subject.

"Funny you should say that, I had..." she paused, then "...a talk with Tanya too. Okay, she jumped me and kissed me. So, I made out with her. You'll probably hear all about it, she's determined to tell everyone."

I felt a twinge of jealousy. My face must have shown it because Laura suddenly looked me directly in the eyes. I could feel myself going red under her gaze, sure that she could see inside me. Her look changed to one of open appraisal as she looked me up and down. She smiled slightly, touched my hair, then pulled me towards her and lightly kissed me on the forehead. She took my hand and rubbed it on her pussy making my fingers wet. Then she took it to my mouth and placed my fingers in my mouth. "Until later," she said.

That brought me back to my senses. "About later. Teresa told me last night that she really wants Tanya but has been too scared to say anything. I said we could meet after lunch, the four of us, in a classroom somewhere. Can you get Tanya to come? Say it's to do with the choir if you like."

"Set-up time eh? Fine, no problem."

My first lesson was History with Mr. Moor. "And how are you today, Suzie?"

"Fine, thank you, sir."

This was unusual too. Mr. Moor wasn't horrid or anything, but not exactly the most sociable of teachers. He'd been teaching here for years. I remember that one of the girls said that her mother said that he used to be really friendly and his classes were really fun to be in. Then he went away for a couple of weeks and came back changed. He was still okay as a teacher but it was as if the part of his brain that made him a person had been switched off. There had been lots of speculation what had happened but nobody had ever found out.

I'm not really into History, so the progression of civil rights in the late 20th Century didn't really thrill me.

In the break, I had to do a few poses and a few boys felt me up, but something in the school had changed. The craziness that had taken it over from the time the Program had started had gone as if it had never been there.

I actually found myself wandering the corridors waiting for someone to approach me. How weird is that? I think I understand what Laura meant when she described what it was like when she gave up stripping for a while. She missed being the centre of attention, but most of all she missed the adrenaline buzz.

My second lesson should have been with Peterson for Design, but he had been called away. A young teaching assistant had to supervise study period. "Firstly I have an important announcement to make. The staff have just been informed that Shelley Hoover has been found safe and well" A few people started to ask questions but he stopped them, "I don't know any more. We haven't been told any more than that she is safe and well."

My eyes started watering as relief overwhelmed me. I never realised how much Shelley had come to mean to me in such a short time. But Laura had been right. Whatever had happened, Shelley had coped with it. Then the teaching assistant spoke to everyone again. "What do you want to study?"

A boy yelled out, "Can we study Suzie?"

The assistant reddened, "I don't think..."

"You can if you like," I interrupted, then, more loudly to the rest of the class, "What do you want me to do?"

"Some of us wanted to do the same with you as the lower class is doing for Shelley, making a bodysuit with vibrators for the fashion show, and we brought some for you to try. What do you say, Suzie?"

I thought I was long past blushing, but I felt myself go red. But I had to smile too.

"Okay, bring them here." I looked in the bag he had brought and saw a variety of dildos and vibrators. I took out a huge penis-shaped dildo. Penis-shaped, but not penis-sized, unless you count horses. He smirked, so I grabbed his head and shoved it between my open legs.

"Take a good look," I said. "You really think THAT is gonna fit in there?" I held myself open.

"Maybe." The little bastard was still smirking.

"Tell you what, if you're so keen on things of that size, turn round, bend over and drop your trousers and I'll show you where you can put it."

The girls started laughing and the boys joined them. Now HE was blushing. He went back to his seat.

I took out a couple of other things. One was like an egg with a wire dangling down to a plastic switch.

"I've always wanted to try one of these." I pushed it inside me and turned it on. It seemed to started gently but the effect built up and up until I had to turn it off and pull it back out.

"Fuck, I want one of those," I said. The boys laughed but only a few of the girls. I wondered if those were the only girls who'd already "had the pleasure of its company".

Next I tried a small anal vibrator. It was okay, but nothing special, but when I added another vibrator in my pussy at the same time, it was even better than the egg thing. I held the vibrating egg to one of my nipples as well and it felt like every nerve in my body was being stimulated.

"Hey girls," I called. "Anyone else wanna try these?" There was some giggling but no volunteers.

"Please yourselves, you don't know what you're missing."

Just before the next lesson, Ghastly Gordon saw me. "Why aren't you heading for my lesson?"

"We're excused until Dr. Reynolds comes back."

"You think you're all so clever don't you? Well Mr. Graham never actually agreed to that, he just gave you the handcuff key, so if you're not in my lesson in one minute, you'll have missed a lesson and have to repeat your program week."

I actually wasn't as worried as I might have been. After all, Sam had survived it and even admitted to enjoying some of it.

My optimism changed when I walked into the lesson and saw the look on her face. She covered her expression quickly, but for a fraction of a second, I saw pure hatred. I wasn't going to enjoy one minute of this lesson, she would see to that.

"Lay on the table, legs apart," she ordered.

"Okay class, let's go," said the tallest boy in the class.

"What's going on?" GG demanded.

"If there's no class to demonstrate to, you can't use us as an excuse," he replied. The rest of the class walked behind him as he stood between Gordon and the rest of them.

"I'll put you all in the Program," she almost screamed.

"Try it," he replied coldly, before following the others out the door. At the door, he paused, turned, smiled at me and said, "Good luck, Sue."

I got onto the table as she'd instructed. No, it wasn't masochism, I was taking the piss (see cultural notes), and she knew it. She stormed out of the classroom, slamming the door.

I sat with Tanya and Teresa for lunch, leaving Laura and Samantha to keep the boys company. "I think Laura needs cheering up," I said.

"She seemed cheerful enough last night," said Tanya with a wide grin on her face. Teresa looked at her questioningly.

Tanya rapidly changed the subject, not out of embarrassment. I think she was just teasing us. "Have you learned your lines for tonight's show?"

"Show? I thought you called it a concert or contest or something," I asked.

"With you three there tonight it's definitely a show," she replied. "In fact, probably show and tell. You realised it's being televised?"

Great, I thought. Just what I need. I hadn't lived down my last naked television appearance, at least as far as my parents were concerned, and now I was going to have another one. At least this one probably wouldn't end up in all the papers and all the news programmes. Mm, who are you kidding, girl?

When we saw that Laura had finished eating, I reminded her that we had a meeting with Tanya and Teresa. A cloud crossed her face momentarily. "I'd forgotten," she said unnecessarily.

We found an empty classroom.

Tanya started by saying, "Laura. We decided to you needed cheering up and after last night I think I know just how to do it."

She moved over to Laura and began to kiss her, but I interrupted her. "Actually Tanya, although Laura does need cheering up, that was just to get you here. I think Teresa has something to say to you."

Teresa looked as if she wished she could sink into the floor. I don't know what she'd expected, but it wasn't that. She sat there with her mouth open, obviously trying to find the words, or the courage, to speak. Her eyes filled with tears and she got up and turned away, "I'm sorry, I can't." She almost ran to the door, but Tanya was there before her and grabbed her by the arm.

"Teresa, wait." She put her arms around her and held her close. She bent her head down and kissed Teresa tenderly for a long time. Teresa could hardly stand, but Tanya held her firmly.

"Does that make it easier?" Tanya asked.

"Mmm," nodded Teresa.

Tanya simply picked Teresa up and laid her on a table. She started unbuttoning her blouse, then stopped, realising that there were eager faces at the door. "We have an audience," she said. "Teresa, I'm sorry. I know you hate being a spectacle. I wanted you so much that I didn't think, but I can wait till we have somewhere private."

"I can't," said Teresa. "I waited far too long for this. I've loved you for so long."

Tanya just stroked her hair, "Why didn't you say anything?"

"I thought I'd lose you."

Tanya re-commenced unbuttoning Teresa's blouse and pulled her bra up so she could take a nipple into her mouth.

I felt like a peeping Tom, so I headed towards the door. Laura followed me.

"No you don't, you two," called Tanya. "I want your help."

"Now you Suzie, take over here, and Laura, take her other boob."

As we did as we were told, Tanya lifted Teresa's skirt up and said, "Bum up, please."

Teresa lifted her bum and Tanya pulled down her knickers. Teresa parted her legs a little and for a moment Tanya just looked at her pussy.

Then, smiling, she ran her hand over it before licking her inner thigh from just above her knee to a few inches short of her pussy. Then she did the same to the other thigh. She did this several times until Teresa protested, "Stop teasing, Tanya, please."

Tanya bent down to open Teresa's pussy as wide as she could, then buried her face in it. Still trying to concentrate on Teresa's boobs, we couldn't see what Tanya was doing, but we could feel Teresa's reaction.

Between kissing and licking and sucking on Teresa's boobs, Laura and I were glancing at Teresa's face and the fun Tanya was having between her legs. A few times I caught Laura looking at me. What was she thinking? I couldn't read her face.

When Teresa came, Laura and I stood up and watched Tanya and Teresa kissing, totally oblivious to their surroundings and their audience. I don't think they even realised that we were still there.

I caught Laura's eye again and her expression softened as she looked at me. Then she just stood up and walked to the door. She opened it and pushed her way through the eager boys waiting outside.

I didn't even stop to wonder why they hadn't simply come in, for I had caught sight of Laura's face for an unguarded moment. She had a haunted look. I tried to follow her, but by the time I'd pushed my own way through the boys, she'd disappeared.

In my first afternoon lesson all I could think about was how happy Tanya and Teresa had been. It didn't take being Laura to see that what they had was more than just sex.

Another of my ex's was in class and at the end of the lesson I dragged him (literally) into the boys showers. "I need a fuck," I said bluntly. "Any volunteers?"

He started to kiss me and I tried to return the kiss but felt totally empty. I grabbed his dick and told him. "I need this in me now." He got the message. I bent over one of the benches in the changing area and he slid straight into me.

"Sue, what's wrong?" he asked a few minutes later.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't take this the wrong way, but if you were on your back instead of bent over I'd say you were closing your eyes and thinking of England. You've always been so enthusiastic before. Something must be wrong."

"Just a bad day, I guess," I replied, feeling guilty. "Here, let me make it up to you." Pulling away from him, I turned round and sat on the bench. I pulled him towards me and took his cock into my mouth. I gave him my best Suzie blow-job.

"I'm gonna cum," he warned.

"You can cum on my face."

"Really?" he asked, surprised. I never let anyone do that, but I figured I was using him and he deserved a break.

Not surprsingly, I didn't have to wait long.

He didn't let me take a shower, he made me lay down and he got between my legs. As he began to tongue me I realised that I'd forgotten how good he was at this. I always used to love watching him go down on me.

But this time, I didn't watch. His tongue was doing the work, but it wasn't his face I saw as I came.

By the time I'd cleaned up, I was late for my next lesson, but nobody seemed to take any notice.

After school I tried to find Laura, but she'd gone home straight away. I felt sure she was avoiding me. Why did that hurt so much?

By the time Stephen and I met Laura at her mum's, she seemed fine, if a little quieter than usual. But we were a happy enough bunch on the drive to the concert hall. And that's as long as it lasted.

When we'd parked the car, Teresa came running out of the hall to meet us. "Fucking Graham won't let Samantha sing. He didn't even let her on the coach."

Suzie, part 8

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Night - FRIDAY Afternoon

I just had the most wonderful evening of my life and I cannot remember ever being so happy.

As Sam wasn't going to be allowed to sing, Laura and I were going to leave, but Teresa begged us to stay and not give up hope. Shortly afterwards Tanya appeared with Sam, sharing a grin that stretched from Tanya's right ear to Samantha's left one.

To my amazement Tanya and Teresa stripped off naked to join us beside Sam during the first thing they had to sing. Nobody seemed to notice that we weren't actually singing. I guess they were distracted for some reason.

But if I was amazed, that was nothing to Mr. Tyler and Sam's amazement in the second part, when the whole front row of the choir was naked.

Somehow she recovered herself because the judges praised her like mad and she ended up with a contract with some music guy whose name meant nothing to me, although the whole choir thought it was great.

I thought at that moment that despite everything, just seeing the look of sheer delight on Sam's face made this week worthwhile. If she got any happier she'd burst.

If I felt a bit jealous, well that was just me. I was still glad things had finally gone so right for her.

Then she invited me to join her, Stephen and Laura with Laura's Mum for a celebration meal. I replied, "I don't have to get home, my parents are out of town for a long weekend." I realised that I probably sounded as bitter as I felt about them going away without me yet again, but that wasn't Sam's fault, so I forced a smile and said, truthfully, "I'd love to."

A bit after that she came running to find me again, and she got Tanya and Teresa and Laura and me to pose with her for some creepy press photographer. I couldn't help looking at her and thinking how different she was now. It was impossible to believe that this was the same Sam who'd been panicking after Assembly on Monday and scared stiff on Tuesday morning.

I was hanging around and ended up chatting with Laura's Mum. She wouldn't let me call her Mrs. Townley and made me call her Danielle. She's one of those people that only has to look at you and she seems to understand everything about you. I felt so exposed but found myself wanting to tell her how I felt about Laura.

But before I could say too much Laura reappeared beside me and said that Mr. Tyler had asked us to distract the press so he could help Sam escape.

Given how Sam had handled that other photographer, did she really NEED our help?

We walked out into the mob. Was it really only six days ago that I'd faced a press mob for the first time? It seemed a lifetime ago.

Of course this time I had Laura beside me. Perhaps that's why I felt so relaxed. She is so confident with cameras and reporters and everything. She pulled some poor reporter's face into her crotch and embarrassed the hell out of him.

Then she put her arm round me and I forgot the cameras. Okay, world, you can stop right now. I'll be happy with Laura's arm around me forever.

The reporter she'd embarrassed asked us did we like going to Slut School. I tried to say it wasn't Slut School but Laura got in first with a quip about how did HE like it?

Everyone was laughing at him and I felt so sorry for him that I went and kissed him.

Laura said that wasn't a kiss and she turned my face to her and kissed me. "Now THAT's a kiss," she said and kissed me again.

I slipped my tongue into her mouth and felt myself go limp against her.

Our kiss seemed to go on forever but it wasn't long enough for me. She reminded me that we were there to answer questions. I felt myself go red with embarrassment, all over.

I was glad that Laura answered all the questions, after that kiss I couldn't think straight. She led me back inside and when someone shouted "Bitches" (I don't know why) she looked at me with a grin on her face.

I couldn't get my head around this. I knew I loved this girl, but how did she feel? One minute we are sharing the most passionate kiss I could remember, the next she's so matter-of-fact that it's as if I wasn't there.

Even Laura's Mum, Danielle, sensed the atmosphere and warned us not to spoil Sam's special night.

My thoughts of being with Laura all evening came to an abrupt end when Sam said there had been a phone call for her. She went to the phone and came back to say she was going out to do a show.

Then we watched the news report about the concert, including the "interview" (if you can call it that) with Laura and me afterwards. They showed our whole kiss and I wanted to hide under the floor somewhere. The look on my face made it obvious to everyone that I was in love with Laura. Danielle looked at me. Sam realised how we'd distracted the press for her, then Laura said, "All in a day's work."

Ouch. I felt like I'd been punched in the stomach, but tried to keep my hurt off my face.

Danielle went to the show with Laura. I was kicking myself for not offering to go myself when Sam turned to me and said, "I've got a Reasonable Request."

Still hurting from Laura's flippant comment about our wonderful kiss, that was the last thing I wanted, but she and Stephen undressed me, not giving me any choice in the matter.

She got me on the table and told me, "Assume the position, please."

That made me laugh in spite of how I was feeling, "Getting bossy now she's a big star," I said to Stephen.

She began to tease me by licking up and down my legs. In spite of how I felt, this was nice and I felt some of the tension drain away.

"Sam, I know I said you owed me, but you don't... FUCK! Where did you learn THAT?" I'm not even sure what she'd done, but with a couple of her fingers inside me, she done SOMETHING with her tongue on my clit that had sent sparks through my whole body.

She began fingering me in earnest, but and every time I was close to cumming, she eased off, playing me like a fucking violin. She grinned at me and said, "Now, you weren't in the mood, so I'd better take my time until you are, hadn't I?"

I threatened her, "Sam, If you don't..." then she made me cum and I couldn't speak for a moment or two.

She started kissing Stephen, but I ordered her to strip and get onto the table.

She insisted we did a sixty-nine. I lay over her, but I couldn't help thinking, "I wish I had my dildo."

I must have said it out loud as she answered me saying that we had the real thing. "Okay, this girl needs fucking bad. Get in here and make yourself useful," she told him.

She fed his dick into me and this time it felt good having something thrusting into me again, just as I'd got used to the idea that I was a lesbian. Fuck. This is confusing.

Sam insisted on cleaning us both up and ended up with our cum all over her face. She even put her fingers back into me to pull out every last bit of cum she could find and wiped it over her face before licking her fingers clean. "You look disgusting," I said.

"She looks wonderful to me," said Stephen and the look on his face was something else, almost worship.

She started kissing him and I couldn't turn away, watching them share their love was hypnotic.

He told her that he'd better go or he'd ruin his plans for her losing her virginity.

Sam said that she needed to talk with me privately anyway.

When he went, she turned on me, "I think I understand what's wrong."

Did I look as stupid as I felt at that moment, I wondered.

"You get about as much support from your parents as I did from my mum, right?"

Bang. Okay girl, first shot and you got a bull's-eye, but she went on...

"And you see Heather and Shelley not only with a supportive Mum, but each other. And then there's Laura with a great Mum. And now suddenly I end up moving in here, and you feel left out."

"How?" I asked. HOW did she know that was exactly how I felt? I wanted to hate her for what she now had and I didn't, but I couldn't hate her.

"Because that's how I would feel if you'd moved in here and I'd been left at my house alone," she answered me. "And you're jealous of me with Laura too, aren't you?"

I had to look away, this was worse than Danielle seeing through me.

"Laura is like my sister. It's wonderful and she's great, but it's nothing more than that."

I suddenly felt terrible about being jealous of this girl. "I'm sorry," I cried, but she hadn't finished.

"Does Laura know how you feel?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you think you should tell her? Tanya and Teresa both suffered for months because they couldn't bring themselves to tell each other how they felt."

"And what if she doesn't feel the same way?"

"Then at least you'll know. Suzie. I know it's not much, and Laura may be my sort-of adopted sister, but whatever happens, we'll be friends, okay?"

I just thought, Sam, you're something else. Whatever life gives you, take it. You deserve every bit.

"You're wrong," I told her.

"Why?" she demanded to know.

"You're wrong about it not being much." Feeling back in control of myself again, I hugged her.

We fell asleep on the sofa, Sam in my arms, probably both smelling of our lovemaking.

We were still there when Laura and Danielle returned home. I could have died when they found us still curled up together, naked, it being really obvious what we'd been doing.

"It's okay, don't worry about us," said Danielle. "I'm just glad you had a good evening." Good? Was that how I'd describe it? I changed the subject quickly.

"I think Sam's exhausted," I said.

Danielle replied, "After today, I'm not surprised. Let's just let her sleep." She covered Sam with a blanket and Laura and I went upstairs to bed. I hadn't intended staying the night, but it seemed natural somehow.

"Been having fun with my new little sister, have you?" asked Laura. I felt myself blush.

"It's okay," she said and kissed me.

This time I was going to be in control. I pushed my tongue into her mouth and kissed her back really hard. I felt her respond.

I almost ripped her clothes off and impatiently went straight for her pussy. She tried to move so we could 69, but this were for her and only for her.

I wished I'd had a six-inch tongue so I could push it further into her, but I licked every part of her pussy that I could reach for all I was worth. When my tongue got tired I used my fingers, then back to my tongue again.

She tasted so delicious when she came, I just had to keep going and going until she came again. Then she stopped me and we kissed, much more gently this time.

Then she roughly pushed me back and began licking my pussy. She even licked my arse and my first thought was "so that's what she likes", before deciding that however dirty it seemed, I definitely liked it too.

She was even better than Sam, controlling my body and keeping me so close to an orgasm that I could barely breathe, though I tried to speak to beg her to make me cum.

Finally, when she did make me cum, it was like nothing I'd ever known and I screamed. I must have screamed really loudly as Sam came running upstairs and Danielle appeared at our door a minute later to see what was wrong.

Covered in sweat, my legs spread, with two of Laura's fingers still inside me, it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what the noise had been. God, I felt so embarrassed.

Danielle left us and Sam collapsed into her bed. Still with my legs half apart obscenely, and feeling my juices still oozing out of my pussy, I felt incredibly tired. As I fell asleep, I told her, "I love you."

When I woke up, I heard Sam downstairs, but Laura was nowhere to be seen. After a quick breakfast, I wrote my journal, I'd been too tired and too excited to write it last night.

Sam and I walked to school together. I was worried. Where was Laura? Why had she suddenly done a disappearing act? Did she regret last night? "I wonder if she'll be here already," I said aloud.

Laura wasn't by the clothes boxes at school. Now I was really worried. "I hope she's alright."

Sam replied cheerfully, "I'm sure she is. There's probably a very simple reason why she's not here." Then she asked, "Was everything okay last night?"

Even my worry couldn't keep me from grinning like a Cheshire cat, but I spoke quietly. "Yeah, only the... most... phenomenal... sex... I've ever had! I'm not worried, but..." I couldn't continue with the lie. I was worried, worried sick. I felt sure it was because of me. What had I done wrong?

Benches had been arranged along the corridor and Sam said, "Why don't you take the first bench, Suzie. So you can see when Laura gets here?"

"Good idea." I looked into Sam's eyes, full of concern for me. When was the last time someone was actually worried about me or how I was feeling? I just had to hug her. I gave her a quick kiss. "Thanks for being my friend."

She smiled back at me, ridiculously happy, then took the far bench. The Program boys were nowhere to be seen, but the older boys watching us gave me a feeling of safety I thought I'd never feel here again.

Various boys wanted to touch me. It must have been like feeling a blow-up doll, my mind was not on what was happening. I went over our lovemaking the previous night. Had I done something wrong? Something to upset her?

Even my memories of our lovemaking must have made me wet because the next thing I remember hearing was a boy in front of me saying how wet I was as he licked my juices from his fingers.

The First Bell went. Had I been day-dreaming all that time? Suddenly Laura came running from the other side of the school and almost tore off her clothes in her hurry.

"Where have you been?" I asked as we ran for the showers, but she had no time to answer because Miss Taylor stopped us and told us to go into Assembly. She handed me a comb and I realised my hair was a mess. We all used it and ran into the hall as Mr. Thompson was walking onto the stage.

Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon had been suspended, he announced. I looked at Laura to see her reaction, but there was no surprise, as if she had known all about it.

Mr. Thompson actually apologised to us, the Program girls, for everything that had happened this week. I tried to read Laura's face, but it revealed nothing.

Then he went on to talk about the choir and some of us going naked at the concert. He even made Laura and me stand up. To my amazement Tanya and Tersea and a couple of others stripped off and announced that they wanted to go naked. Tanya and Tersea looked so happy together I felt a sharp pain of jealousy.

Then there were cheers for Sam. I caught her grinning at Mr. Tyler and her eyes were bright with happiness. Laura gave her a hug, then I gave her a hug.

As we left the assembly hall, we were stopped by old Mrs. Johnson, Dr. Reynolds' secretary. She told Sam how beautifully she had sung and told us we were very brave to do what we had done.

Then she asked Sam to come to Mr. Thompson's office once she'd had a shower. Sam and I were having a quick shower when I realised that Laura hadn't joined us there. Was she avoiding me?

I bumped into Stephen between lessons and he told me what had happened in the car park. So that's why Laura wasn't with us, and why she didn't seem surprised about Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon. She'd been watching the row in the car park. She hadn't been avoiding me at all.

I was so relieved that when a girl asked me for a Reasonable Request I hugged her and kissed her, much to her embarrassment and the amusement of her friends.

At lunch I couldn't wait for Laura to come in. I wanted the world to know how we felt. The moment I saw her I ran up and hugged her, trying to give her a thousand kisses.

"Stop it," she said, "We have to talk."

She pulled me into a classroom and closed the curtains. I was already dreaming of a repeat of last night when her voice shattered those dreams.

"Suzie, this isn't going to work. I'm leaving. I go to university soon, and now I've completed the Program, I don't need any more marks to get in. I'm going away this weekend to work in Spain until I go to university."

I'm sure I must have looked stupid. Maybe I didn't hear right. How can she be going away?

"I really like you, but I'm not ready for the kind of relationship you want."

She didn't want me. Even after last night she didn't want me!

"I never wanted to hurt you and I'm really, really sorry if I've let you believe I could give you more than I can. I think it's best if we don't see each other again and I'll leave tonight."

In less than a minute I felt like my world had fallen apart. I just screamed at the top of my voice "NO!" No, this can't be. I'm in a nightmare, this isn't happening.

"NO!" Life can't be this cruel. I finally find someone to love and she doesn't want me. Am I really so unloveable? Laura and her Mum care for everyone. What was wrong with me?

Even now she tried to touch me, but I pushed her away and turned away from her. When I looked back I was alone in the room.

I ran out, not caring who saw the tears streaming down my face and ran straight out of the school.

I wanted to hate her, but I couldn't. I knew I could never face school again. It seemed like half the school had stared as I ran out in tears.

I'll ring her and tell her she doesn't have to go away. I didn't want to stay in this town any more. I had nothing and nobody here. I looked at my life bitterly and realised that I had nobody anywhere else either.

I was jerked back to reality by a car hooting at me as it went by, passing me with inches to spare.

Another car hooted at me from the other side and I heard a screech of brakes. Then I was grabbed and pulled over to the kerb.

"Laura?" I remember saying, then nothing.

Mrs. Wright had taken me home and was disappointed to find nobody there. I felt so sleepy and said so.

"Nurse gave you a sedative to calm you down. You were talking hysterically when Mr. Moor found you out on the main road."

"I'm fine now," I said. My voice felt like it had ice in it.

"Thank you for your help. I'll be fine now," I said dismissively. Mrs. Wright hesitated. "My mother will be home soon," I lied.

"If you're sure you'll be alright?"

"I'll be fine," I said, but thought, Just get out and leave me alone.

I opened the front door for her and she got the hint.

"If there's anything any of us can do..."

"There isn't. It's okay, it was just a silly row, nothing really."

I shut the door behind her.

Silly row. I was just silly enough to let myself fall head over heels in love with someone who didn't love me, that's all. And then made a public fool of myself in front of everyone.

Nothing important. Nothing important at all.

So that's my time in the Program. As I'm not going back to school, I don't know why I've bothered to write this final chapter, but somehow writing it down puts everything in perspective.

In fact writing this down and reading over everything that's happened this week has actually helped clear my mind a bit. I'm not unloveable. I know that now. If Laura has a problem, it's her problem, not mine.

Even if Laura never wants to see me again, I'm better off now than when I started. I'm really going to miss her, but I wouldn't want to go back to the shallow bitch I used to be. The only reason I couldn't feel hurt then was because I couldn't feel.

Even if I feel alone right now, I'm still less alone than I was a week ago, with friends who really couldn't give a shit about me.

Sam said she'd be my friend regardless and I know she meant every word.

I know if I went round to Heather and Shelley's they'd be all over me trying to cheer me up. That's not what I want right now, but it's nice to know they're there if I need them.

I was asked to finish with what I thought about the Program.

Not an easy question. Right now I'm more unhappy than I can ever remember being in my life, but that's not the Program's fault.

Do I regret what I did for Heather last Friday? No. (Was it really only one week ago?)

In favour? Yes. Was this week totally fucked up? Definitely Yes. If the fuck-ups got sorted, would I recommend it? Yes, I would. Hell, I'd do it again myself if they'd let me.

It's going to feel weird not having to write my life down. But perhaps, the way I'm feeling right now, it's just as well. I need some private time, just for a while.

But now I have to go, as there's someone at the door. Probably just as well, as I'm beginning to ramble on.

Suzie Peters, no longer Naked In School.

XXX

Although this is the end of Suzie's Program journal, it is not the end of her story, which continues in "Conclusions & Continuations".

http://www.nakedinschool.net/ConsCons/

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I'd really love to hear what you think. I welcome criticism and compliments alike, (okay, I guess I prefer compliments, I'm only human!)

While these stories are in progress, I'd also welcome suggestions and ideas. If I don't use an idea in this story, perhaps I will later.

Chrissy Giles

Email chrissy@chrissygiles.com

Samantha's story http://www.nakedinschool.net/samantha/Samantha.htm

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Assembly

Today was the worst day of my life and it's about to get worse.

I couldn't believe that life could be so cruel.

Last week this thing called the Program started at our school. I was ill for the first three days, but I found out about it on Thursday.

If you're in the Program, you have to go around naked the whole time and be groped up by any boy that wants to. Or girl come to that. It's disgusting. Someone ought to stop it. Luckily the girl last week seemed to like it. I saw her running into the showers with cum all over her. Y. U. K. YUK! And I heard that after school she had a lesbian orgy. Finally on Friday at lunchtime I actually saw her having sex with some boy on the dining hall table.

Her photo was in all the papers, she was on the telly, everywhere.

I heard she'd been raped, but a girl like that wouldn't say no to anything, so I didn't believe it. As we came into school this morning I heard girls talk about her having a gangbang at the Ws nightclub on Saturday night. GROSS or what?

I got asked my name as I went into assembly. They don't usually do that.

Then I saw HER, Heather, (that's her name apparently) standing up at assembly, naked of course, telling us how wonderful it all was, based on respect for one another and all lovey-dovey. It might be wonderful for her. But you wouldn't catch me running around school naked, offering myself as a sexy plaything. Stupid Bimbo.

I listened to her ramble on, then she called out a list of names. This stupid kid I know called Shelley ran up and stripped off right there in front of everyone on stage. Everyone laughed. I didn't know she was that girl's sister.

More names were read out and other girls and boys went up there. "Samantha Downing." That's my name. There had to be some mistake. Everyone around me turned and looked at me. Some were laughing. No, this can't be happening to me. I felt a bit lightheaded and everything went black.

Someone was wiping me with a sponge with cold water. "You fainted, Deary," said the school nurse. "I was dreaming. What am I doing here?"

"You fainted when they called out your name for the Program, so they brought you to the sickroom. Have a warm sugary drink to make you feel better, then I'll take you to the others."

I take my coffee without sugar, but I gulped it down. Revolting, but I did feel a bit less queasy. "Take me where?" I asked.

"To the changing room of course. Come on, we don't want you to be late. You've missed most of the first lesson, which is just for you all to get to know each other, but if you miss the second, you'll end up doing another whole week, like Heather did last week."

THAT got me moving. I didn't think I'd survive a week of this, but two weeks? No way!

We walked to the changing room, she opened the door and gently propelled me inside and closed the door behind me. Oh my God. Everyone was naked and they were...

I didn't believe it. They were all sat around watching one of the boys have sex with one of the girls. I've never seen a naked boy before, in the flesh I mean, and now I was in a room with five of them and one was having sex in front of me.

When they finished one of them noticed me. It was HER. "You must be Samantha." I nodded slightly. She said something about clothes, then sent everyone off to the showers except for one girl who looked a bit older, who smiled at me and said that she was Laura. I've heard about her, she's a stripper. What was I doing in the Program with all these, these sex maniacs?

Heather repeated that I had to put my clothes in the box. I couldn't believe I was doing this, but I started trying to undo my blouse. But I was shaking too much.

She was trying to be nice. "I was terrified last week," she said, "Do you want me to help you?"

"You? Terrified?" I said, looking back down at the floor. Perhaps it would swallow me up.

"So terrified I ran away and hid for hours. That's why I have to do another week. Believe me, it gets better."

I couldn't believe that she'd been scared. She was famous after all. I stood unresisting as the two girls took my clothes off.

"I'm not like you. I couldn't do that. Just the thought of someone touching me," I could feel myself panicking again as I breathed more quickly.

The other girl, Laura, stood in front on me. "Nobody's going to touch you today," she said. "Now concentrate, watch me, watch my breathing, slowly in, hold it, slowly out. In, hold, out. In, hold, out." Her droning voice and deep breaths were mesmerising and I felt myself beginning to calm down. Until I thought about all the things I was going to have to do. "I can't bear the thought of the rest of the week, everyone touching me and.. and..."

"That's enough," she almost shouted at me. I stepped back thinking she was really going to hit me. Then she spoke firmly and slowly. "Concentrate on today." She paused. "Nobody is going to touch you today. If they do, tell somebody, tell me or Heather if you don't want to speak to anyone else." She paused again. "Think about getting through the next three hours, most of which is in lessons anyway and come and sit with us at lunchtime."

I walked with them to the boys showers. The little one, my age, Shelley was being groped by all of the boys. "I just wanted to see what it was like," she said, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do.

Then another girl (the girl who had been having sex before) wanted the same. She even let them stick fingers in her bum, then she got one of the boys (not the one she'd had sex with before) to have anal sex with her. It was horrible and I knew they'd expect me to do all that.

When he'd finished having... fucking her, he suggested we all went back to the changing room. That girl stayed to get clean.

Then he turned to me. "I have a reasonable request." Nothing about this sounded reasonable to me. "Please sit on the table." I could do that, and did, but it got worse.

"Would you open your legs please? I want to see your pussy." I was stunned. I'd almost forgotten I was naked I'd been so scared. "Please, Samantha, I'm not doing this to upset you. Trust me?"

Something in his voice made me want to trust him. I nodded, but I couldn't move my legs. I told him, expecting him to be cross.

"Can I move them for you?" he asked. I nodded. He very gently moved my legs apart, not taking his eyes off of my face. Heather took my hand and gave it a squeeze. Then the boy knelt down in front of me. I just knew he was going to touch me... THERE. But he didn't. He was a few inches from my pussy, looking at it and smiling, but in a nice way.

He looked back up at me and said. "Nice. You have a really pretty pussy, Samantha."

I said "Thank you," just like he was complimenting me on my dress, or make-up, or something I'd done.

"Now can you sit on that table and show it to my friends?" I got down and walked to the next table. Then I sat down, and took a deep breath and put my legs wide apart. I couldn't believe I'd done that.

"Come and look, guys," he said. They all did. I felt myself going red. Nobody's ever seen me like that since I was a baby and now five boys were standing around a table, staring at my pussy. (I said it!)

"Can you hold yourself open for me?" he asked me.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Heather, can you show her?" She jumped onto the table opposite me and held her labia wide apart so that I could see right inside her. "I don't know if I can do that," I said.

Laura said, "Let me do it for you." I was too scared to reply, so I let her. She stood beside me and used two fingers from each hand to hold my pussy open. I knew the five boys could see everything. A few seconds later, I pushed her hands away. "I can do it."

Starting with Jed, each of the boys knelt down in front of me and looked into me. Nobody said a word. Then the girls did the same. When they'd finished I let go and asked "Is there anything else I have to do?"

Stand facing the table" said Heather, "Bend over, hold your bum cheeks open to show your arsehole."

"But someone will stick fingers up me."

"Probably, but not today," she said.

Not very much reassured, I did it. Nobody touched me. It was alright.

I knew what Jed and the others had done. They'd tried to get me ready to go out to the rest of the school. They'd made me do all that, not because they wanted to do anything with me, but because they wanted to help me.

As the bell rang, I said to Jed, "I wish all boys were like you five. You could never hurt anyone."

I don't know what I'd done wrong, but he looked at me with a look of agony and ran out the door.

"What did I say?"

"It's okay," said Heather, "It wasn't your fault. But you'll have to ask Jed."

Shelley walked me to my classroom door, then went off to her own class. Now I was REALLY on my own.

Samantha, part 2

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Morning

Shelley left me at the door of my classroom and I suddenly felt terribly alone. My first lesson was English language and Mr. Thompson was busy explaining the difference between an adjective and an adverb. He paused as I came into the classroom, smiled, and said, "Welcome, Samantha." I felt every eye on me as I made my way to my seat. A boy from the back of the class whistled and others laughed. "That's enough," Mr. Thompson barked sharply. "Any of you who feel the need to be childish can go and help in the staff crèche for the day and return to this class when you've grown up a little."

There were no other interruptions and he didn't call on me during the class so I had time to think. The others this morning had been totally different to how I imagined them, especially Jed and Laura. Doing those things with them had been awful, but not as awful as I'd imagined. I'd felt safe with them somehow, but now I was alone.

They'd been nice to me because they had to be, but they were all friends and could help each other, not that most of them looked bothered about being naked or sex or anything. I could never be like that. The only time anyone ever paid any attention to me was when I sang, it was the only thing I was good at.

It just wasn't fair. No friends, and I get this to deal with. They were all confident and loved doing things I thought were, well, dirty. Of course Jed was really just trying to get me to let him have sex with me.

My God. Who was I kidding? Jed had the looks to get almost any girl in school and I suspect that he knew it. He could charm anyone into anything, look at how I'd reacted this morning to him. I'd have to be careful or he'd have me eating out of his hand.

As I thought that, I realised that I was being unfair. He hadn't been trying to take advantage of me, he'd just been being nice and then I said something that hurt him somehow. I'd have to apologise even if I didn't know what I'd said wrong.

Feeling more and more confused, I didn't even hear the end of lesson bell. "Miss Downing," I heard my name vaguely, it was Mr. Thompson. "Miss Downing," he repeated, "please stay after class to see me." Shit! What had I done wrong now?

"Sir?"

"Sit down, Samantha," he said gently, then closed the curtain on the window of the door to the corridor. He returned and sat opposite me.

"You haven't heard a word in class. Are you finding it all a bit much?" he asked.

Was that the understatement of the century or what? I just nodded.

"You aren't alone, you know," he said. How did he know exactly what I was thinking?

"The others are all so confident, they were busy having an orgy this morning when I went in there. I can't be like that. And look at Heather, standing up in assembly this morning, stark naked, like it was okay."

"I don't think she'd mind if I told you, but you are actually coping better than she did this time last week."

"Me?" I shook my head.

"The boys from my cricket class found her hiding in the cricket hut, huddled in a corner, crying. She'd tried to cover herself with mud she was so embarrassed. At least you managed to come to class. She missed all morning, hiding in that hut. That's why she has to do a second week."

"How can she be so different?"

"Because she learned that even if some in this school can be bastards," I looked up sharply to hear him use that word, it just wasn't like him. He smiled and continued, "she learned that there were others that would support her, and before you say it, not just her sister." He guessed right again, that's exactly what I was going to say.

"Do you know why the headmaster (see cultural notes) chose the other three girls for this week?" I shook my head.

"Because they helped Heather survive last week when she thought she couldn't. You couldn't have a better group of people to help you through this. And I'll tell you what I told Heather last week, if anyone gives you any trouble, come to me."

"I feel kinda safe when I'm with them, but I can't be with them all the time," I said.

"There are a lot of people you don't even know who are looking out for you," he replied. "I think you might end this week by finding out you have more friends than you ever believed possible."

Somewhere in the back of my mind I heard the next lesson bell.

I looked up at him. He took out a handkerchief and wiped my eyes. "Now I think it's time for your next class. And you might find it goes better if you don't dwell on the program in every class. I can imagine that it's hard, but try to concentrate on the class."

"Sorry," I said sheepishly.

"Remember what I've said."

"I'll try." I had to run to my next class. He'd kept me talking for so long that I'd avoided any "requests" in the corridor.

The next lesson was surprisingly easy, but it was the one after that which I was dreading.

This time the moment I stepped into the corridor some boys wanted me to show them my pussy. I sat down and opened my legs trying my hardest to be a thousand miles away.

Suddenly someone touched me between the legs. His hand was slapped away hard by another boy, who said angrily, "No touching today, and can't you see she's scared enough already?" I didn't even see who he was as he turned and they all drifted away leaving me alone.

Was it that obvious I was scared? I guess it was.

Walking to the next lesson I bumped into Jed, literally. He was running in the opposite direction and knocked me flying. As he apologised, I stopped him and said, "Jed, Thank you for this morning. And I don't know what I said to upset you, and nobody will tell me, but I'm sorry, whatever it was."

He smiled. "You didn't say anything wrong. Don't assume that everything is your fault. You just reminded me, that's all." He lifted me to my feet. "Last week things got a little crazy, and I thought it would be a great idea if the five of us gathered round the naked girl and felt her up. We treated her like our personal sex toy and pushed away anyone who tried to stop us."

I looked at him, shocked. He continued, "Finally someone yelled at me, 'Look at her face,' and I did. She had tears running down her face and was too terrified even to scream for help. I've never been so ashamed in my life. As I told her the next day, we saw a naked body we could have fun with and forgot that there was a human being in there. I never thought I could ever abuse a girl and we did that to her. See, you can forget thinking I'm so wonderful. And stop blaming youself for upsetting me. You just reminded me what I'm really like, that's all."

"You're not really like that. Even Heather adores you, you can see it in her eyes." He looked surprised at that.

"Thanks, Sam. I'll take a look next time I see her. Now we'd better finish true confessions and get to class."

This was the one I was dreading. Sex Education with superbitch Ms. Gordon. Sure enough, the moment I walked into the class, she snapped at me, "You're late, Downing. Now sit on this table." She turned to face the class and continued, "Seeing as we've got someone from the program, we'll take a look at them."

"I was going to do boys' sexual anatomy, but as we haven't got a male participant this week, we'll do girls' instead." She turned to me, "Open your legs." She turned back to the class and said, "open your textbook to page 215."

"Now, as you can see, she has rather more pubic hair than is shown in the book. The fashion nowadays is usually to shave most or all of it, or frequently shave the area hiding the labia and vagina, and making a design from the hair covering the pubic bone. Because Downing is shyer than most girls, she has allowed it to grow naturally, so the parts aren't so visible."

She spoke to me without even turning to look at me, "Now hold your lips open." I closed my eyes and did as I'd done earlier in the morning.

"Now class, one at a time, bring your books with you and try to identify each of the parts. Unfortunately you cannot touch them as we've been informed that this no touching day applies to lessons as well. It would have been better if you could have felt her clitoris yourselves, but we'll have to get Downing to get it aroused to make it stand out."

I was horrified. What did she want me to do?

"Just find your clit and masturbate a little to make it stand out."

I've never done THAT. Luckily I knew where everything was, I wasn't THAT ignorant. But I'd never touched myself like some girls say they do.

I shivered a little as I touched my clit. I noticed Ms. Gordon smile nastily. She was enjoying my embarrassment.

I rubbed it slightly then took my hand away to hold myself open again. As each of the class came and looked closely at what had been my most private areas, I realised that they weren't mine any more. My body belonged to anyone who wanted to see it and tomorrow it would belong to anyone who wanted to touch it. With a flash of clarity I understood how Heather had gone from shy wallflower like me, worse than me, to someone who would have sex with anyone and everyone. If our bodies weren't our own any more, if they'd been stolen from us and given to everyone else, what difference did it make if everyone used us?

Nobody had touched me and yet I felt like I'd been raped. The class had gone quiet and I looked up. I realised that I wasn't lying on the table any more. I was curled up in a tiny ball in the corner crying as I'd never cried before.

Ms. Gordon had obviously dismissed the class and gone without even speaking to me. Most of the students looked away, trying not to catch my eye. A few looked sympathetic but didn't dare approach me.

But now was the time I'd been dreading almost as much as Sex Education, lunch, when I'd be on display to everyone for the first time. Just the thought made me sob harder again and I didn't move.

Samantha, part 3

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunch, Afternoon & Evening

I'm afraid I'm not the best person to be writing what happened next. It's still a bit of a blur of images. I remember Laura bending over me and saying I'd be okay. I said something about rape being better and didn't even notice at the time the stricken look on Heather's face. I seem to be good at upsetting people today.

They tried to lift me up, I remember that. Then I was in Jed's arms being carried down the corridor. Then I remember a shock of cold water and I was in the shower with someone washing me while I clung to someone else. I told you I wasn't the best person to write about this.

As whoever was washing me gently touched my whole body, I began to feel human again. I realised that Laura was washing me and Heather was holding me up. They'd warmed the towels somehow and I've never felt so pampered as when Jed and Laura carefully dried me with the warm towels.

I followed them, not really knowing or caring where I was going.

A few boys asked for reasonable requests and Heather said that she'd do them. I must thank her sometime.

Nurse was her usual cheery self. It's impossible to feel bad when she's around. Soon I was eating a meal, I don't remember what it was, but I remember having two helpings.

Nurse told me not to eat too quickly, while the others looked surprised that I was eating so much. "No breakfast," I explained, not mentioning that I never had breakfast and probably nothing to eat tonight either. I survived on school dinners, which is why I could eat masses at lunchtime and still be thin as a rake, much to the envy of some other girls. If they only knew.

"Do I have to go back out there?" I asked.

"I'm sorry, Deary, but if you don't, you'll end up having to do a second week," replied the nurse.

Heather asked me how I'd been coping with requests.

"Okay, I guess. I hate them, but they've been okay. I'm just dreading tomorrow when they can touch as well," I replied.

Then it was lesson time again.

The first lesson was music. I love music. The previous week had been mainly instrumental, but this week it was my favourite, voice practice. I adore singing and it's one thing I'm actually good at. Not even being naked as I sang to the class could take that away from me, but as I sat down a nagging thought worried me. I couldn't pin it down, but something was bothering me, or maybe it was just a general fear.

I barely noticed the requests in the corridor, I was posing without even thinking.

I actually paid attention in Geography, can you believe that? Not that rock formations at the coast are exactly enthralling, but I was just so pleased to be able to think normally again instead of looking round to check who was staring at me.

The last lesson was Biology. You won't be surprised that I wasn't exactly looking forward to it, but it wasn't nearly as bad as I'd expected.

"This week we will continue our look at joints and musculature," said Mr. Wright. "We looked at the muscle groups supporting and controlling the ankle and the movement of the foot last time, so today we will look at the knee joint and the muscles affecting that."

"Miss Downing, can I use you for this, please?" I got up and walked up to the front. "Now, as you know, in lessons we are not bound by the same rules as reasonable requests, so although today is no touching, as you know from our studies last week, we need to feel the various muscle groups."

I knew it was too easy, and I must have looked upset, because he continued, "However, as you were told that you wouldn't have to be touched today, perhaps I should ask someone else to do this instead. You can sit down."

"It's okay," I said. "I can do it." Did I just SAY that? One minute I'm freaking out when people are looking at me, the next I'm volunteering to be touched? Okay, nothing intimate, but... I guess being ASKED makes a difference. He made me feel like what I wanted mattered.

He smiled at me, "Good girl. Okay if you can stand sideways on to the class, and bend your knee like this."

He began to point out the muscle groups and where they are attached to the bones. "To feel some of these you have to press slightly into the leg, but remember to be gentle or you'll hurt Samantha." He pointed out each muscle on the chart and then on my leg. "Okay?" he asked me.

"I'm fine," I replied, not quite believing it myself. I was more than a little nervous of the students doing the same. Kneeling down to feel around my knee put their faces right at pussy level.

It went surprisingly easily. A few of the boys spent more time looking up than at my knee, but every one of them was careful and gentle. One stroked my leg as he examined my muscles and I was glad when his turn was over as his touch was having an effect on me I wasn't ready for.

After school, Shelley invited me to Laura's that night. We were going to have a meeting about the program, all ten of us. "I don't know if I can get there, I'm not allowed out after school."

"That's okay, tell your mum to ring Mr. Thompson. He'll confirm that it's a proper school activity. And Laura's mum will pick you up in her car at 7.30." She had it all figured out.

Actually, although I'm not allowed out after school, I'd said it partly as an excuse, I didn't want to spend the evening being reminded of school and the program. But what could I say as she'd fixed everything? Damn.

"Have fun slutting around all day?" said Mum when I got home. "Yes, we get told when you are in this program. I bet you're having a great time with all those other sluts. Just as well you can't catch anything thanks to the injections you all have to have." I got this every time I went out, even at weekends. In the end I just stopped going out.

"I've got to go out to a program meeting tonight."

"You know you don't go out on school nights."

"It's an official school program meeting. Here is the teacher's number if you want to check," I said.

Mum still wasn't happy about it, until Laura's mum turned up and confirmed (again!) that it was a genuine school thing. Then she let me go.

"Laura can't come," said Laura's mum. "She has to fill in for someone at work, but the others are coming. I'm going to stay upstairs out of the way, but if you need me, just call. I have strict instructions from Laura to look after you."

Two of the boys couldn't make it either, so it was just 4 of us girls and 3 boys.

"Okay," began Shelley, "Let's take off our clothes." I was going to object but everybody else had already started undressing. After today, what difference did it make?

"Right, we're going to have a petting party," she continued. I didn't like the sound of that. "We take it in turns. First we spin the bottle and whoever it points to is the person we have to touch. Then we pick up one of these cards, which have different instructions. The ones on white paper are tame, the ones on blue paper are more exciting."

"I can't do this," I objected.

"That's what you said this morning," said Heather, "but you did it. And from what I hear, you were fine all day apart from that bitch Gordon."

"Yes, but..."

Jed spoke. "You trusted us this morning. Did it help you today?"

I bowed my head, but admitted, "Yeah."

"Will you trust us now?"

"It's alright for all of you. You're all friends, and you're all happy with, with..."

"Sex," finished Suzie. "You can say it."

"Well, sex and stuff. I'm not like you."

"You mean, we're all sluts and you're not?" asked Heather. For a moment I thought I'd made her angry till I realised that she was smiling at me.

"She's the Superslut and we're the Slutsisters;" said Shelley, running it together as one word. We all laughed at that.

"Not to mention Supertongue Suzie," added Heather.

"No, I mean, I don't know what I mean. I'm just not comfortable with any of this," I answered miserably.

"Sam," said Suzie. "We're not asking you to take part in an orgy. But like it or not tomorrow a lot of people are going to be touching you and feeling you up whether you like it or not. You've got this one chance to try to get used to the idea."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound snotty about you."

"You said we are all friends," said Heather. "This time last week, I knew Laura and Shelley. Suzie I thought was a bitch, sorry Suzie, and I didn't know the boys at all, and from our first meeting I didn't want to know them. Now they are all the best friends I've got."

"I wish I could be like you," I said, feeling close to tears.

"You think you have no friends? Why do you think we are all here if you've got no friends?"

I sat silent, miserable.

"You know your problem?" Heather went on. "You wouldn't recognise a friend if they jumped up and kissed you."

And she did. She turned my face towards her and kissed the tears that were running down my cheeks. They she kissed me ever-so-gently on the lips. I froze, not knowing what to feel or think.

"You might be able to kiss me into forgetting I'm frightened," laughed Suzie, "but it doesn't work with everyone."

Everyone else laughed at that as well and I found myself joining in.

"Okay, I'll do it," I said. "Look in case I freak out or anything, thanks for trying." I looked around at all of them, gulped once and asked, "Now what do I have to do?"

Jed smiled at me, then handed me the bottle. "Why don't you spin it first?"

The bottle pointed at Suzie and I snatched up a card, a white one.

"Read it out," said Shelley.

"Fondle Boobs."

I reached out with a hand and touched her breast.

"Boobs don't bite, you know," she said and I laughed. "Pretend you're just examining them by touch."

I carefully ran my hands all over her boobs and finished by brushing them over her nipples. She gave a slight gasp. "Sorry," I said.

"Don't be," Suzie said, "My nipples are really sensitive since I've been going naked, that's all. Do it some more." She took my hands and put them back against her nipples. I rolled her nipples in my fingers and watched her face to see what she liked and what she didn't. She seemed to like it all!

"My turn," said Shelley to everyone's amusement. The bottle turned to Stephen. "Grope Bum." Stephen turned round. Shelley squeezed his bum, and stroked it, pulling his legs apart so she could run a finger down in between. "Hold your bum open," she ordered. Then she ran her finger down between his buttocks again, this time carefully tickling his arsehole. Stephen barely suppressed a gasp.

"Hey, the white cards were supposed to be tame," he protested.

"Yeah but this is Shelley," said Heather, "and she hasn't got as far as the letter T in the Dictionary yet." We all laughed.

"Stephen's turn next," said Shelley.

The bottle turned to Suzie. "Fondle boobs."

When he'd finished, Suzie said, "Why don't we forget the bottle, except for Sam? We're here so she gets used to this, so when it's our turn, we do whatever we have to do with Sam, and when it's her turn, she rolls the bottle to see who she has to do it with."

"OK," said Heather and Jed together. The others agreed.

"Sam?" Suzie asked.

I sheepishly nodded my agreement. What was I letting myself in for? I asked myself.

Suzie took a card. It was another fondle boobs card. The sensation as she touched me was incredible. She gently caressed my boobs, lightly brushing my nipples each time.

Christopher had another fondle boobs card. His touch was different, rather rougher than Suzie's, but still quite gentle. He startled me by finishing by dipping his head and ever-so-sweetly kissing each of my nipples.

I hadn't noticed that my legs had spread a little wider until Suzie said, "I think you liked that."

"Why?"

"You're all wet." It took me a second to realise what she meant, then I closed my legs abruptly.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," she said. "Christopher, do the same to me." He bent down to kiss her boobs and I watched him play with her nipples, nipping them lightly between his teeth, then licking them quickly.

"Now, see Sam?" she said, "I'm all wet too." She took my hand and wiped it over her pussy. She was wetter than I was.

"Now feel yourself," she said. I did.

"Are you wet?"

"Yes."

"See, all that proves is that you're normal, just like us," she said triumphantly.

Heather was next and she didn't waste time with hands, she just started licking my boobs, sucking on my nipples and playing with them with her tongue.

Then came Jed. "Grope Bum."

"Bend over," he instructed. "And spread your legs apart a little way." He started stroking my thighs, then suddenly grabbed my buttocks and squeezed hard. Then he let go and lightly tickled each buttock. Switching between my bum and thighs was agony, but nice agony.

"Can you hold your bum open for me?" he asked. I actually did what he asked and he gently ran his finger down from my back almost to my pussy. He began smearing my juices around my arsehole and for a seond I was afraid (hoping?) that he'd put his finger in me, I was SO sensitive. Then he stopped. "Your turn," he said.

I don't know what made me do it, but I picked a blue card. "It says play with cock," I said. I spun the bottle and it pointed to Shelley.

She stood up, opened herself up. "Sorry, Don't have one. You'll have to spin again."

This time it pointed to Stephen.

Nervously, I touched it, then ran my fingers down to his balls. I grasped it with one hand and began to move my hand up and down. He moved my hand and placed it differently. "That's nicer," he said, smiling at me.

I stroked him faster while with my other hand I stroked his balls. "I'm going to cum if you don't stop," he said breathlessly.

I didn't stop and I realised I wanted to see if I could make him cum. He came alright, splattering his cum right in my face. Some even got in my hair. I bent down and kissed the tip of his cock.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I went too far."

"Yeah you look sorry," he replied. "Covered in cum with a big grin on your face." I giggled.

"Now it's my turn. And as you did that to me, I think turnabout is fair play, don't you?"

He saw the look of panic on my face.

"Don't worry. I promise not to hurt you and I'll stop if you tell me to, okay?"

I hesitated for a couple of seconds, then I nodded but I couldn't keep a small grin off my mouth or a blush out of my cheeks, I was pretty sure.

"Come over here and lie down on the carpet, and pull your legs apart."

He began to slowly stroke my pussy, then carefully opened me up to stroke inside. He put his finger to his mouth and licked. "You taste nice," he said.

Then I felt his finger slip just inside me. I wanted to close my legs but I didn't. Shelley came and held my hand. I think that meant as much to me as Stephen's finger! I opened my eyes and smiled at her. She smiled back but then that finger got my attention again.

He pulled his finger out and touched my clit and before I had time to react to that, he had two fingers deep into me. For a second I felt a sharp pain. I looked down and saw blood, my blood.

"Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" he asked, pulling his fingers out of me.

"Just don't stop...please."

He put his fingers back. I was a little sore, but not bad, and suddenly he found a spot that made me - Wow!

He saw my reaction and rubbed it again and again.

"No, No, too much." He stopped.

"No, don't stop. Please don't stop!"

They were all looking at me and I felt like they were somehow urging me on. He laughed and he carried on faster and faster until an intense feeling went through me like I never knew was possible. It kept coming and going in waves until finally it subsided. Only then did he take his fingers out of me.

"Is it always like that?"

"NO," said Heather and Suzie together. The others laughed, and so did I.

We all stopped and then I started to giggle again, this time to myself. "What?" Suzie asked. I shook my head. "If my mum could see me now." And that started another round of laughter.

"I'd better take you to the shower," said Heather. Stephen came along to wash his hands.

"I'll leave you two to get cleaned up," said Heather.

I was surprised (and pleased!) when Stephen stepped into the shower with me. Then he began to slowly wash me, starting with my boobs, then down my tummy to my pussy, squirting the shower hose into me, which almost sent me over the edge again! Then he washed my legs.

We dried one another and rejoined the others.

I think the others had been having fun of their own as Shelley especially looked all flushed when we went into the room.

I flopped down on the sofa next to Shelley, but didn't have time to relax, because Christopher came over to me.

"Okay, stand up," he said, "It's now tomorrow morning and you've just arrived at school."

"I don't know if I can stand for long after that." I was talking to Christopher, but smiling at Stephen.

As soon as I was standing (just a little bit shakily!), Jed came up behind me and began to grope my boobs, and not particularly gently. Christopher stood in front of me, then he simply reached down, grabbed my pussy and stuck some fingers up me. I was really glad I was still wet.

"Bend over and show us your bum," Christopher ordered.

I knew what was coming but it still hurt as he pushed a finger into my arse.

"Stop a sec," said Heather and he took his finger out. "Guys will probably do that and it hurts right?"

"Yeah."

"So here's a little secret." I noticed Suzie and even Shelley listening carefully. "Just before you get to the school door, slip a couple of fingers up you pussy," and without warning she stuck two fingers up my pussy, "get them nice and wet and work them into your bum to give it a bit of lubrication." She stuck her fingers into my bum and she was right, it was better. "Okay guys, now carry on."

Christopher put two fingers in me and it wasn't comfortable, but it wasn't bad. Stephen came over and shoved some of his fingers into my pussy, while Jed kept grabbing and pinching my boobs.

They stopped for a moment and gently pushed me onto my back. Jed raised my legs into an obscene position and Christopher and Stephen seemed to be having a finger battle for possession of my holes. Suddenly it struck me as hysterically funny and I started laughing.

They removed their fingers and Jed let my legs down.

I sat up, still laughing. I couldn't seem to stop.

"Thank you, all of you." I managed to say eventually. "I've never laughed so much in my life as I have this evening. I'm still not looking forward to tomorrow, but if I do freak out again, it won't be your fault."

"It's been a pleasure ma'am," said Stephen bowing formally, then spoiling the effect by straightening up and waving his now-floppy dick in my face.

I pretended to try to bite it and we laughed again.

"Don't even think about freaking out," Heather advised. "Just think about the next few minutes, say to youself I can survive this for the next five minutes. Then if it's an awful experience and goes on for longer, think about the next five minutes, and the next, until it's over. Five minutes at a time."

"Okay," I agreed.

"Now, tomorrow, the worst time will be when we get there because they will all try to grope us while we are undressing. There should be a teacher there to stop that happening, but if there isn't, just go along with whatever I do, okay, no matter how strange it seems?"

"Okay."

I went to bed a total mixture of feelings which I still haven't sorted out. That wasn't me this evening, it couldn't be me.

Could it?

Samantha, part 4

Program WEEK TWO

TUESDAY

Sorry this section of my journal is late. I couldn't write anything Tuesday evening, so I had to write it on Wednesday.

I woke up early, feeling happy. If that sounds strange to you, it sounds even stranger to me. I never wake up happy. I get woken up by mum yelling at me. Then she finds every little thing that she can to moan about until I leave for school.

School was a refuge from home. But after once bringing a friend home to find mum half drunk and swearing at both me and the friend, I never did that again. It was easier to avoid people and not have friends.

I wasn't much good at school, especially in maths and sciences. When we'd had a maths exercise about running a bank account, everyone had laughed at me, because I'd made such a mess of it. Every time I had to take account of a cheque, I'd added it to the balance instead of taking it away.

So I learned not to be noticed. I was good at that, so good that when someone organised a class party they forgot to invite me. I mean that, they weren't trying to be horrible, they forgot I was in the class. They were so apologetic that they made me feel even worse!

And no, I didn't go to the party. I don't go out any more. Since I started at senior school, Mum became obsessed that I was "slutting around", as she put it, every time I went out in the evenings. If I did go out I spent the evening worrying about the scene when I'd get home. In the end it was just easier not to go out at all.

The only thing I loved was music, any kind of music. Luckily, apart from being invisible, it was the other thing I was good at. I'm told I have perfect pitch and I love to sing. Some of the other girls in the school choir have tried to make friends with me, but I'm the loner. I didn't try to make them understand, it was easier to keep them away.

And now this Program. Suddenly I was the centre of attention almost everywhere I went. I'd had to let anyone look at my breasts or pussy or arsehole all day. Today would be worse as I'd have to let them touch me, or grope me to be more accurate. A total nightmare.

And yet I woke up happy. I had friends. Friends that cared enough to waste an evening to help me, when all I had done was call them nasty names. Okay, we were supposed to support each other but they cared, I could sense that. And suddenly today wasn't the nightmare I'd been dreading. I even smiled at breakfast.

Of course Mum jumped on me for that, "I suppose that stupid grin is because you're dreaming of being with all those boys all day now you have the perfect excuse to be everything you should be ashamed to be."

Not even Mum could destroy my mood this morning. "Mum. I have real friends for the first time and I don't care what happens today." Why did I bother to answer her? I knew she'd twist everything I said against me.

Sure enough. "Boyfriends you mean," she started. "How many have you slept with already?"

I laughed and nearly choked on my cereal. By the time I'd finished coughing it was too late for an answer. And I didn't care. I got up from the table, got my bag, said "Bye, Mum," and kissed her goodbye.

She was too stunned to answer. If shocking her into silence was that easy, I'd have to kiss her goodbye more often.

I was already learning that when you're in the Program, the weirdest thoughts occur to you. I was on the bus and wondering what everyone's reaction would be if I did some outreach and stripped off right now. The thought was so tempting that I decided, "Yes, I'll do it."

I took off my jumper and tie, then started on the buttons of my blouse. I'd undone half of them when I noticed a couple of boys staring at me and chickened out. I was about to do the buttons up again, but stopped myself. No. Let them look. I spent the rest of the journey trying to summon the courage to undo more buttons, but couldn't find it.

Of course when I got off the bus, they followed me. Hardly surprising as they went to my school, so I guess they were gonna see me anyway.

SHIT! I was the first one there. Oh God, don't say I have to do this alone. Then Gerald turned up. He hadn't been at the petting party (as Shelley had called it) last night, so he was surprised to see me with my blouse already half undone. "Hi, Samantha. How are you doing?" he said as he kicked off his shoes and began to unzip his trousers.

I put my jumper and tie into my clothes box and reached for the buttons of my blouse. My hands were shaking as I realised that I wasn't as confident as I'd felt earlier, especially as I was now surrounded by boys who were already chanting, "Off, Off, Off." Gerald was surrounded by so many girls that I couldn't see him. After everything that had been said last night, I was alone.

None of the other girls were here and where was the teacher that was supposed to be protecting us?

The chant had changed. "What do we want?" "TITS!" "When do we want 'em?" "NOW!" I fumbled with a button and couldn't get it undone. "TITS, TITS, TITS, TITS...."

"No you don't," said a familiar voice and my hands were pulled away from my buttons. Suzie, thank God. I breathed a sigh of relief.

She bent her mouth to my ear and said loudly. "Remember, follow my lead, do what I do."

She began to kiss my ear and then moved round to kiss me on the mouth. I kissed her back and the chanting around us died down.

She unbuttoned the rest of my blouse and stroked me as she slipped it off my shoulders and arms, then put it in the box. "Now me," she said.

I pulled her jumper over her head and unbuttoned her blouse. My hands weren't shaking any more. She pulled us together for another kiss, this time her hands running up and down my back. I did the same to her.

Then she pushed me away and turned me around. She had my skirt unzipped and at my feet in seconds, but she didn't stop there. While I was turned away from her she smoothly undid my bra and quickly pulled it off. All eyes were staring at my boobs, so I was glad when she turned me around again and turned her back to me to take off her skirt and bra.

Now we faced each other again and she bent her head down to kiss from my neck down to my boobs. The boys were entranced. I pushed her up so I could kiss her boobs. One of her hands was inside her knickers, then she took it out and put it in my mouth. I could taste her on her fingers.

Now her hand was inside my knickers, her fingers beginning to probe me. I could feel boys pressed up behind me.

"Hey," Suzie shouted. "If you want to see more, you'll have to give us some space." They actually tripped over each other as they backed off a few feet. I couldn't suppress a giggle.

She suddenly stopped and slipped off her knickers. She held them to the nose of the nearest boy, then threw them into the crowd.

If I went home without knickers it would confirm Mum's every thought about me. That was enough to make me want to do it. I pulled them down without another thought. My God! She'd managed to make me wet. They were soaked. A sudden dirty thought crossed my mind and I held them to my nose and inhaled my own scent.

I saw one of the boys that had stared at me on the bus and I wiped them over his mouth and nose. I looked down and felt pleased that he was in obvious discomfort in his trousers. "You want these?" I asked. He nodded eagerly so I pushed my knickers down the front of his trousers.

Suzie took charge again. "Lift one leg up, " she instructed. When I did, she lifted it higher and I fell back slightly. Many hands caught me. Now she was licking me, THERE. I could already feel myself cumming. Then she stuck two fingers into my pussy and withdrew them straightaway then wiped my own juices over my arsehole before inserting them slightly, then taking them out again.

I knelt down in front of her and got my first close-up look at another girl's pussy. I kissed it lightly, then used my fingers to hold her open as I licked her for the first time. I had the crazy desire to force as much of my tongue into her as I could and I felt her body react.

At that moment I was distracted. As I was bent down to Suzie I was basically presenting my other end as an easy target, and of course, it wasn't ignored for long. I felt a finger playing with my clit. That was too much after my orgasm, so I reached behind and pushed his finger into me. At least that wasn't QUITE so hypersensitive.

Poor Suzie. My unexpected pause had lost it for her. I tried my best to rekindle it with my fingers, but the moment had passed. The bell went.

I got up (with difficulty). "Sorry," I said, "I was startled by a guy's finger on my clit."

She smiled ruefully. "That's okay, but you owe me one."

"I'll look forward to it," I replied, shocking myself as I realised that I would.

Maybe Mum knows me better than I thought, I wondered. Maybe somewhere deep inside there really is a slut trying to get out. Just like Heather, I thought, smiling to myself. At that moment I spotted Heather and Shelley for the first time as the boys who had been surrounding each of them drifted away. Shelley looked a right state. She'd obviously been having fun too.

Shelley saw my smile and looked questioningly at me.

This time yesterday the thought of being a slut would have terrified and disgusted me. Now if anything, it amused me.

Another silly thought crossed my mind. If Heather's the "Superslut", Heather and Shelley together are "The Slutsisters" and Suzie is "Supertongue", I wonder what they'll be calling me by the end of the week. And isn't it time Laura had a nickname too?

We were allowed to skip assembly if we needed to shower after the morning groping. It was officially called the Morning Display, but after Heather's first week nobody called it that any more, even the staff.

I certainly needed a shower and wasn't surprised to find the other girls in the boys shower with me.

"You ready for today?" asked Shelley brightly. "You seemed to be okay just now."

"Yeah, thanks to Suzie," I replied. "I hardly got bothered. Somehow I don't think the rest of the day will be quite that easy. But I'll be okay." I flashed her a smile.

As it happens, I was right. In the first lesson I was able to concentrate, and it was Maths of all things. I even answered a question and to everyone's surprise, including mine, got it right.

My first real test on my own came between the first and second lesson. I had hardly got out of the classroom before I was surrounded by boys wanting reasonable requests.

Almost before I'd said "Yes" to the first he put his hand on my pussy. Another wanted to kiss me. Was that a reasonable request? Nothing I'd read mentioned that. Hell, what difference did it make? I was quite glad I'd said yes as it was nice. Not earth-shatteringly mind-blowingly nice, but nice. While he was kissing me, I felt a mouth on one of my nipples, then another on my other. Someone was grabbing at my bum a little roughly too.

The finger was removed from my pussy and others replaced it. Breaking the kiss, I looked down to see three different boys each with a finger in me, the two who were sucking on my boobs and one other.

They were making me a little sore and I backed off a little. The lesson bell went and I pulled away with relief.

Five minutes survived, I thought.

The second, longer, break was more difficult. "Can you bend over and show us your bum?" What choice did I have?

When he promptly stuck fingers into my pussy, I straightened up. "Ask first," I said angrily.

"I want to finger you," he replied.

"No," I said.

"But you have to," he argued.

"You've had one request, it's someone else's turn." I turned to a shy-looking boy and asked him, "Do you have a reasonable request?"

He nodded. "Can I finger you?"

"Yes, if you're gentle."

He carefully stuck a finger into me, looking at me is if I was about to bite him at any moment. "You can be a little harder than that," I told him.

Another wanted to feel my bum. He went straight for my arsehole and tried to put a finger in me. As "feel your bum" seemed to mean stick a finger up there, I told him, "Make your finger wet first."

He licked his finger and began to put it into my arse, carefully, thank God.

While this was going on, another was stroking my boobs with both hands. When he pulled on my nipples I cried out, "Hey, I'm attached."

"Okay, enough," I said. "I need a quick shower before the next lesson. Anyone want to help?" I'd said THAT?

Needless to say I wasn't short of volunteers. I had the advantage of being naked and they were trying to keep their uniforms dry so I wasn't groped in the shower. I did get lots of help drying myself, especially certain parts.

I had Art next and was surprised to be told to choose my own position. I sat on a table with my knees drawn up to my chest, feet together and rested my head on my knees. That is more comfortable than it sounds. Someone clicked with a digital camera and at the end of the session when the photo was displayed on the computer I realised that it wasn't as modest as I'd thought. From slightly to either side of my feet you could clearly see my pussy lips between my legs. After what I'd done this morning did it really make any difference?

We were all gathered in the dining hall, except Laura, and talking about the rumour that Laura had had a fight with Ghastly (Gordon), when she was led into the room by Mr. Graham and Ghastly. There were also rumours of a video.

She looked scared and resigned. Until that moment I'd thought of her as tough as steel, the invulnerable one. She didn't look that way now.

There was a collective gasp when they put her hands behind her back and handcuffed them because she'd been covering herself. Then Nurse appeared with scissors and began to cut off her lovely long hair for the same reason. I have long hair, though not as long as Laura's, and I could imagine my feelings if someone cut mine.

Nurse missed her vocation. She actually made a good job of the cut, much to Ghastly's displeasure going by the look on her face, and left Laura's hair still quite long, but above her boobs.

That was bad enough, but then they bent her over a table and caned her. I could see her gritting her teeth determined not to cry out. I don't know how many strokes they gave her, but on the final one she let out a strangled cry.

Heather and Shelley were speaking to Jed, looking as shocked as I felt. Mr. Graham and Ghastly left the room leaving Laura still bent over the table. Laura looked towards our table, her face streaked with tears. I froze. If they could break Laura like that, what chance did any of us have?

Suzie and Christopher pushed past me and ran to help Laura. They led her quickly out of the dining hall and a buzz of conversation started all around us.

I swear I wanted to go and help Laura, but she'd be okay with Suzie and Christopher, I reasoned. Liar, I accused myself. You just can't handle her pain. It was true. I got through life by trying not to feel. This was too raw. And it was Laura. Not only one of my new friends, but one I thought was like a rock. I didn't even want to think about it.

Nobody approached our table the whole of that lunchtime. The whole school seemed to have gone into shock. Suzie and Christopher brought Laura back and she stood while Suzie fed Laura. None of us said a word. What can you say when there is nothing to say?

No, that's another excuse. I was scared to say anything in case I made her cry again. But she seemed almost zombie-like, going through the physical motions of eating while not really being there at all.

I don't remember anything from that afternoon's lessons, but I didn't get a single reasonable request in the breaks in between them. The shock from lunchtime seemed to have had the effect of making everyone avoid me, and probably the others as well.

I had choir practice after school. My singing was lifeless. Mr. Tyler, the music teacher and choirmaster was understanding. "I know you probably don't feel like singing joyfully today," he said kindly. "I hope you are feeling better on Thursday night."

THURSDAY NIGHT! THURSDAY NIGHT! The words went through me like I'd been hit by a train. How could I have forgotten? I'd been dreaming about it for months. I ran. I ran into the first darkened room I found. Thursday night. Why did it have to be THIS week?

Sorry, I'm rambling. Thursday night was the regional semi-finals of the inter-school choir competition. Not only would Mum be there, but she'd got tickets for neighbours, family I'd hardly heard of. Her daughter was going to be a star. Something I did that she was actually proud of. We'd even be on live TV. And I had the main solo all to myself.

And I'd have to do it naked.

I can't do this, I thought, my mind in a whirl. Why me? Why this week? I could picture Mum's face of disgust reflected in our relatives and neighbours.

I'd dreamed of this for months and they'd ruined it for me. No music producer would take me seriously after this, at least only the ones that thought having a naked singer would make songs sell well. My life was over. Thank you, Program.

I walked to the kitchen in a trance, took a knife and slowly slit my left wrist. I don't even remember any pain. With my right hand over the cut, I ran to the toilets, sat down and bolted the door.

I should have written a note, I thought. Make someone realise what they'd done to me. Nobody would find me until the morning.

At that thought I began to feel frightened and also began to feel the pain. I let out a sob as I watched my life drip away onto the floor. I put my right hand over my left wrist. Seconds later the door came flying open and Laura was there.

"I've done something silly. Please help me," I said like an idiot.

She tried to reach my wrist, but her hands were still cuffed behind her. "Sam. Grip your arm just above the cut and at the same time try to put pressure on the cut to stop the bleeding. Lift that hand high above your head. I'll have to get help."

I did as she said but just knew it was too late, "Laura, I'm scared," I said.

She ran out to get help, but was back in moments. I was beginning to drift away. I was caught in a whirlpool of blood and it was spinning faster and faster drawing me down into the hole in the centre. The more I fought, the closer I got.

In the distance I heard her voice telling me to stay awake, then a sharp pain as she kicked my leg brought me back to reality. "You must concentrate. Nurse will be here any minute."

I looked at her hopelessly, "I'm sorry."

"You'll be alright, I promise you," she replied.

Suddenly there was Nurse and a crowd of people. Everyone was talking at once and then everything became quiet and everything went black. The last thought I remember was how stupid it was to die like this.

I woke up surrounded by bright lights. My wrist was bandaged and throbbed painfully. There was a tube running into my other arm, obviously I was having a blood transfusion. I later learned that they had first given me two units of something they called plasma and this now was the second unit of blood.

"Hi, Deary." I recognised that voice. It was Nurse.

"Hi, Nurse," I said.

"You want to tell me what this was all about?"

So I told her. I mean I told her everything. About my life, Mum, my singing, the choir and how Thursday night was going to ruin my career before it even started.

I learned that the doctors wanted to admit me to a Psycho ward for observation for a week or so and that after that I'd be given a medical exemption from the Program.

I'd never have to do this again. Relief surged over me. It was over.

"I'm going to get a cup of tea," she said smiling. "Your friends are here to see you." After she went out, Laura, Suzie and Shelley came in.

"So you're out of the Program?" said Suzie.

"Yes," I grinned, then felt guilty. "I let you all down."

"No, you didn't," said Laura.

"Why did you do it?" asked Shelley.

"On Thursday night I am singing in the national school choir semi-finals," I explained. "It could make or break any singing career I have. And I suddenly realised that I'd have to do it naked. Nobody would take me seriously after that, not even our choir."

"Why not?" said Suzie. "Do you really think that any serious recording company is going to give up the chance of a good singer just because she happened to have been forced to sing naked once?"

"Especially with all the publicity you'll get them," finished Laura.

"I hadn't thought of that," I admitted.

Laura looked me in the eyes and said, "Sam, I'm sorry. We let you down. I let you down."

"No," I protested.

At that point Heather came in, her eyes were red, she'd been crying.

"You nearly died because I couldn't help you because of those damned handcuffs," Laura continued. "And I had them on because I was stupid. I gave Ghastly Gordon exactly the chance she wanted. And none of us were there for you when you needed us."

"You didn't know about Thursday because I forgot about it and didn't tell you. If anyone was stupid it was me." A thought crossed my mind. "When I come out of hospital, now I'm not going to be in the Program any more, will you still be my friends?"

They looked at me like I had two heads or something.

"Of course we will," said Shelley.

"Do you really think you can lose us that easily?" asked Laura.

"Even if you do make me lose my bet," said Heather.

"Anyway," said Suzie with a grin, "Program or no Program, you owe me one, remember?" I laughed and Suzie had to explain to the others what she meant.

Hey, wait a minute, I shouted to myself. "What bet?" I asked Heather.

Shelley answered with glee. "Heather bet the school that next Monday if she asked how many girls wanted to be in the Program, and there was less than twenty, she'd stay in the Program for the rest of the term."

"And after today, there's no WAY she's gonna win that bet," finished Suzie, grinning almost as much as Shelley was.

"It doesn't matter," Heather laughed, "I'm probably going to lose anyway, thanks to Ghastly Gordon."

"Sorry to ask what you've probably already told the others," said Heather, "but you were doing so well this morning, so why did you do it?"

"I was a soloist in the semi-finals of the national school choir competition on Thursday night," I answered. "And I suddenly realised that I'd have to do it naked and basically freaked out. It's so important to my career and I thought it was ruined forever."

"So what happens now?" she asked.

"They want to admit me to a psycho ward for a week, then I'll be exempt from the Program."

"Will they let you out to sing in the choir on Thursday if you're stuck in a psycho ward?" asked Heather.

I hadn't thought of that. After all this, I couldn't give that up now.

"The school nurse would probably know," said Laura. "She's in the canteen."

"Laura," said Heather, "can you fetch Nurse from the canteen? I think we'd better find out if Sam can still sing."

"Okay," she replied and went off.

"Sorry to change the subject," Heather continued, "But I've got an idea how to get those handcuffs off of Laura tomorrow. But I'll need your help."

She explained her idea and we all thought it was great.

"In case it doesn't work, don't say anything to Laura," she begged.

A minute or so later Laura was back with Nurse.

"No, if you're in hospital, you won't be able to sing at the contest," she said.

"But Nurse, I have to," I protested. "Do I have to stay in hospital?"

"They won't want to let you out until they are sure you aren't going to harm yourself again," she replied. "And anyway, if you don't stay here, you won't get the Program exemption."

Ouch.

Three more days of the Program for a chance of stardom?

No big decision.

"I want to go back to school. I have to sing in that contest," I said firmly.

Nurse shook her head. "I don't think they'll let you out."

"Please, Nurse," I begged, "Explain to them it was just a silly reaction and..."

A man in a dark suit came in.

"What was a silly reaction?" he asked. "I'm Dr. Gilbert by the way, duty registrar for Psychiatry. I have to assess you for admission."

"Thursday night I'm singing the main solo in a National contest. This afternoon I suddenly realised that because it's a school event I'll have to do it naked. I freaked out, panicked. That's all it was."

"All it was?" he asked. "From your notes I see that it nearly killed you."

"You can't admit me. I have to sing in this contest. It's the most important thing in the world to me."

"And what happens for the rest of your week in the Program? How can I be sure you won't try something else?"

"Look," I tried to explain. "I panicked because I thought I'd lose everything if I had to sing naked on Thursday. That nobody would ever take me as a serious singer. As the girls pointed out, if anything it will make companies want me if only for the publicity. Do you really think I'd do anything to give that up?"

He looked at me, his face obviously showing a conflict.

"And Nurse will be around if I need help before then, won't you, Nurse?"

She nodded.

"I'll have to discuss it with your Mother," he said.

"She refused to come," said Nurse. "Sorry, Deary."

"Even if you have support at school, I can't let you go out to a situation where you obviously have no support at home," he decided firmly. "I'm sorry. I can't take that risk."

"Then she's coming home with us," said a voice from behind him.

We turned to see a woman in a wheelchair..

"And you are?" he asked.

"The mother of this one," she said, grabbing Laura around the waist. "And a Registered Nurse, both general and mental illness, with post-graduate qualifications in counselling and about ten years' experience in crisis counselling."

He looked surprised.

She continued, "We've met before, if you remember. I'm on the board of the local Rape Crisis helpline and support association and I spoke at your last conference on crisis counselling."

Now he looked impressed.

"Now, if you can ask the casualty doctors if this girl is fit to go, I'll take her home now."

Dr. Gilbert considered this carefully. I could hardly breathe while I and the others waited silently.

"First, I must make some conditions," he finally responded. My heart leapt. She'd done it, he'd given in.

"Can you arrange to take her to school and pick her up afterwards?" he asked Laura's mum.

"No problem."

"Okay. Now then, young lady," he continued, addressing me. "I'm taking a serious risk letting you go, do you understand?"

I nodded.

"If I let you go, you are still legally under my care and my patient. I am placing you in the care of Mrs..."

"Townley," interjected Laura.

"Mrs. Townley. That solves any objections from your mother." He went on. "After school you go straight home with Mrs. Townley and you stay there and do not go out alone. If you go out, you must be with one of these fellow participants or Mrs. Townley."

He turned to the girls, "Girls, if you go out with Samantha, you will not leave her alone for a minute, agreed?"

"We'll stick to her like glue," promised Shelley. He smiled.

"In school, your nurse will work out a routine for you so that you aren't left alone any more than necessary."

"Okay," I said.

"And there's one more condition." He tried to look sternly at me as he paused but failed. "Get me a ticket for Thursday night."

"Okay, no problem."

"Now I'd better see these casualty doctors and convince them that I haven't lost MY mind. Don't make me regret this decision, promise me?"

"I promise."

"Mrs. Townley, I'd like to see her in my office here at 6pm on Friday night, if you can manage that. Then we'll try to decide what to do after that." I must have looked cross because he continued, "When I said we, I meant you, Samantha, but with our help." I nodded.

Half an hour later they'd finished giving me blood and I was soon on my way to Laura's.

Laura loaned me a night-dress to put on as I didn't have any clothes. After something to eat, Laura's mum shooed us up to bed.

"Mrs. Townley," I began. "Thank you."

"Come here," she ordered. I walked to her chair and she put an arm around me and pulled me down for a hug.

I shared a room with Laura, apparently she often had friends to stay overnight. I wanted to talk about our plans for tomorrow, but remembered just in time that I'd promised to say nothing.

"Laura," I called.

"Yeah?" she said sleepily.

"Your mum's fantastic."

"Yeah, she is."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

Samantha, part 5

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY

I woke up literally screaming in the middle of the night in a strange bed feeling a terrific panic. I don't know what I'd been dreaming about but I just knew I wasn't going to make it through this week.

Laura and her mum were at my side at once.

"It was just a nightmare," Laura's mum reassured me.

"I know, but what if everything goes wrong tomorrow? I'm not strong like Laura." Laura snorted at that.

"Well you are," I protested, "At least a lot stronger than I am."

"Even if that's true, Sam, right now I don't feel very strong at all."

"What do you mean if everything goes wrong tomorrow?" Laura's mum looked concerned.

I remembered just in time that I couldn't tell them about the plan. "I don't know," I said. "I've just got this awful feeling like something dreadful is going to happen."

Laura sat down on the bed beside me and hugged me. "We can't stop what happens at school, but I promise you Mum and I'll be here for you, no matter what happens. You will get through this week."

"And after this week? Mum hates me even more now. You heard what she said on the phone." When she'd been called to be told that I was staying here for the week, she'd said, "Good riddance to bad rubbish. I never wanted the fucking brat and she's been a millstone round my neck since the day she was born. If she wants to be a slut somewhere else, she can. But I never want to see her again." I will probably remember those words till the day I die.

The doctor calling her had slammed his hand on the "speaker" button to try to cut off the sound when he realised that I could hear every word, but he was too late.

"Mum," said Laura, "Can't she stay here in my room? In a few months I go to University and I don't mind sharing until then."

"Samantha, your mother was angry. We all say things we don't mean when we're angry."

"She meant every word," I said. "She's always said that having me destroyed her life and she wishes that she'd had an abortion."

Laura and her mum looked at each other at that.

Then Mrs. Townley looked at me with sudden comprehension. "Is that why this concert means so much to you?"

I nodded. "If I can make it, if I can get some producer to notice me, I can get away, out of my home, out of this school, away from my mother and then... Then maybe I can have a real life."

"Is it that bad?"

"She doesn't beat me every night or anything like that. In fact she never hits me at all and there's nearly always food and stuff. Compared to what some kids have to put up with, it's nothing. But she hates me and nothing I say or do is ever right. I used to think if I did really well at school and was the perfect daughter that I could make her love me, but I can't. This concert was the first thing she's ever been proud of me for and she's bringing all her horrid friends to show me off to them. And now I have to do that naked."

I paused. "I know that I can never make her want me. Now I just want to get away."

"Even from your friends?" she asked.

"I couldn't even have any friends because she'd scare them out of the house. She did it once before."

Laura took my hand. "Guess what, kid? You've got one now, so like it or lump it."

"You're really nice, and I'm grateful that you're helping me, please don't think I'm not. But you're in the Program with me and we're supposed to support each other. Please don't pretend that you actually like me or will want to know me once this horrid week is over."

Even as I said it, I wished I could take it back. No wonder I don't have any friends.

Laura turned to her mum. "Mum, you've got work tomorrow, you really ought to get some more sleep. We'll be okay." Her mum left and Laura turned to me, "Why shouldn't we like you? Apart from that last thing you said. What's not to like? You're cute, talented, pretty... yes, pretty," she repeated when I laughed at that. "And when you're not upset like now, I've never heard you say a nasty word to anyone. So why shouldn't we like you?"

"'Cause nobody does. I don't have any friends," I argued.

"Have you let anybody be your friend?"

I shook my head.

"Why not?"

"Because if I take friends home, she'll scare them off."

"Yeah you said that. What about the one you did take home? Was she scared off?"

"We weren't friends after that."

"And why was that? Did she say she didn't want to be friends with you because of your Mum? Because if she did, she wasn't much of a friend in the first place."

"No. She was nice. But I told her that we couldn't be friends any more."

"So you never gave her a chance. You pushed her away before she could hurt you, before even giving her a chance to be your friend." With a flash I realised that she was right. I'd been pushing people away for as long as I could remember.

"And you're so used to pushing people away before they can hurt you that you're still doing it now, tonight, to Mum and me."

It felt like years of hurt were pouring out as I realised what I'd been doing all this time. "I'm sorry," I managed to get out between my tears.

When I'd finished crying, it seemed to go on forever but I did finally stop, she pushed me away enough so that I could see her. "I've got a job for you tomorrow. A mission if you like."

I looked at her wondering what she could have thought of.

"In between classes, getting groped, and rehearsals for the choir, make a friend and bring her home tomorrow night."

"That's not right, this isn't my home," I objected.

"It's your home for as long as you want it to be. Now if you don't want it to be once this damned Program's over that's fine. But don't put it on us. If you decide you don't want us as friends, that's your decision. But don't you dare try to lie to yourself that we didn't want you."

The fight had gone out of me. I lay down on the bed, no, my bed, and to my surprise, Laura squeezed in with me. She lay behind me and put her arm around me and the last thing I remember was feeling warm and secure with her arm around me as I went back to sleep.

When I awoke, she was back in her own bed. I felt a bit shy about the night before. "Sleep okay?" she asked, smiling. She didn't mention anything that we'd talked about or her cuddling me to sleep. I looked at her and realised that if she wanted me to, I'd do anything she asked me to do. I also knew she'd never demand anything of me.

And now I was actually looking forward to school. No matter what happened, I decided, I was going to be as loyal to her as I knew she would be to me.

Over her coffee at breakfast Mrs. Townley said to me, "I bet that wrist still hurts, huh?"

I nodded. It had been aching a little ever since I'd woken up.

"Laura, fetch the first-aid kit for me, would you?" And then to me, "I'll re-dress it for you, darling. I was a practical nurse for years, you know."

Laura returned with a large dark-green plastic case. She cleared the breakfast things away and opened the case on the table next to her mum. I'd never seen anything like it before. It looked like a complete Casualty Department in a box.

She had to cut the last part of the bandage away and when she did there was a little fresh blood but not that much.

"Now this will sting a little, sorry." She had some cotton wool and a small brown bottle. Shit! That did sting and I yelped. But that was the worst of it. She wrapped my wrist tightly in a new bandage, then did something to the end of it with the scissors so she could tie it securely.

When we arrived at school I had to leave Laura to go with Heather and the others, including Jed, to the headmaster's office. I'd psyched myself up for this and I was ready for the confrontation with Mr. Graham. Jed put the handcuffs on us, but then Heather tried to persuade us to let her go in alone. I replied, "We're in this together, whatever happens."

"Sam, at least you stay out here," she pleaded. "After yesterday if something happens to you I'd never forgive myself."

"Laura's my friend too, now," I insisted, "And you're not making us do this. It's our decision, remember?"

Suzie reminded Heather that while we were arguing Laura was out there with no other girls to take the pressure off of her.

Then we discovered that Mr. Graham hadn't even arrived at school yet.

We went back out to the morning groping session, as Shelley insisted on calling it, quite accurately.

None of us said anything, but we all kept our handcuffs on. I'd got Jed to leave my handcuffs fairly loose, but their rubbing still hurt me every time I moved.

It was awful. I can't think of another word to describe it. If you've never been surrounded and had people fighting to force fingers into your holes while others were pulling on and biting and twisting your boobs, you can't even begin to imagine it.

I had wanted to keep my cool and show no emotion, but I abandoned that idea in seconds. I was crying my eyes out and none of them even noticed. At first I begged them to be gentle, then I screamed at them to be gentle. Then I just stopped speaking. Words did nothing. I tried kicking out at them, but that made no difference either.

And the teacher we'd been promised to (and I quote) "stop things getting out of hand"? You are joking, aren't you? I know why Heather and Laura have become so cynical. The staff would say anything but would do nothing. I knew we'd get no help there, not while Graham was in charge.

And yes, I know teachers will be reading this journal afterwards. As you won't read this until after the concert, I don't care what you think. If I'm a success, I'm out of here. If not, nothing matters anyway. So I've just two words for the lot of you. FUCK YOU, YOU BASTARDS! Okay that's four words, but I never was any good at Maths.

One guy grabbed my pussy and with his fingers inside me, literally picked me up. You can't believe how much that hurt.

All of this was worse than I'd ever imagined. The boys trying to be rough at the party the other night hadn't prepared me for anything like this. I felt like I was being torn apart with every new hand that found its way into my pussy or arse.

I was ready to totally freak out when Heather found me. "You've had enough. I'll find Jed to get you uncuffed," she screamed at me, so I could hear her above the racket.

"No," I managed to yell back. "This isn't about me, or you for that matter. It's about Laura and I'm not letting her down."

Reminding myself what we were like this for really helped. Dear Heather, she looked so worried about me. It felt nice having someone worrying about me. She forced her way behind me and turned her back to my back, so she could hold my hands.

As well as making me feel better, it also made it almost impossible for them to finger our arses, though some, cheated of that pleasure, simply pinched them and tried to pull us apart. I held onto Heather's hands for dear life.

Others were still ramming fingers in and out of my pussy, but remembering why we were doing this and having Heather hold my hands made the pain seem less.

When the bell went and the crowd dispersed, Heather asked me if I was okay.

"I'll live," I assured her, trying to sound braver than I felt.

In the showers Laura tried to argue us out of going around with handcuffs. (We still hadn't told her our plan.)

"Look. I'm grateful and everything. It's one thing you three doing this, but making Samantha do it is going too far," she argued.

"Nobody made me do anything," I said, actually angry with her.

"She was the first one to agree to the idea," Suzie pointed out. (Was I really?)

Laura looked at me and tried desperately to make me change my mind. "Sam, I can see you've been crying and we're not even in the first lesson yet. I have three whole days of doing this. Remember what the doctor said. I'm responsible for you. I couldn't bear it if anything happened to you."

I just replied by asking "Friends stick together, don't they?" and putting the thought of three days of this firmly out of my mind.

"Yes, but..."

"No buts. Okay, I hate it. You've seen me cry already. Well, get used to it, because you'll probably see it again. But I survived this morning and I'll survive the rest whatever happens."

Laura could see that nothing she could say was going to change my mind.

"Just be careful, okay? I'd hug you if I could, but I can't, so consider yourself hugged."

"Okay," I said. I was actually smiling, with genuine relief that she'd accepted that I was going to do this whether she liked the idea or not. "If it makes you happier, I promise that if it gets too much, I'll find Jed and get him to take my handcuffs off. But it's not going to happen."

Minutes later I wished I hadn't tried to be so brave. I had French, but as the French teacher was away, we had a study period. The teacher assigned to monitor us was Ghastly Gordon.

She laughed as I walked into class, my legs apart because it hurt my pussy to walk with them properly closed.

"I suppose I don't need to ask if you want relief as you seem to have had quite a bit of relief already, judging by the way you are walking," she said with a sarcastic grin.

"You are not going to make me cry this time, GG," I said to myself. The reaction on her face told me that by some terrible mistake, I had said the words out loud.

"I don't care whether you're crying or laughing with joy so long as you do what you are supposed to do in class," she replied. "I take no pleasure from upsetting you."

"Liar," I thought, but this time, didn't say it.

"As you are obviously into bondage, let's not waste this lesson. Lie on the table."

I was sure that being tied up was against the rules, but I was wrong. I looked it up later. It only says that "No student is ever required to have his or her freedom of movement restricted as a part of a Reasonable Request." It says nothing about that as far as classroom participation is concerned. As I was about to discover, the same applied to oral sex.

She had them tie me down, but with my knees drawn up to my sides. It was a bit like the position the boys had me in at Shelley's Petting Party, but this was totally different. The boys there had been gentle and everyone had been at the party simply to help me. I knew that I was at everyone's mercy in this classroom. I just hoped that they wouldn't hurt me too much.

"Now, many people, both men and women, find that being restrained intensifies the senses, especially orgasms. It can enable some non-orgasmic women to have an orgasm for the first time, and enable others to have multiple orgasms. Now that we have a real live subject we can find out if it is true. Samantha, do you normally orgasm from foreplay or on your own?"

I was too scared not to answer. "No," I admitted.

"Have you ever had an orgasm?" she asked.

"Yes." I didn't tell her that my first ever orgasm was Monday night.

"But you don't orgasm easily?"

"I suppose not."

"Okay, another device for intensifying orgasms is a simple blindfold. One of you boys, tie this blindfold over Samantha's eyes."

For a second I went rigid with fear as I could no longer even see what was going to happen to me.

You can survive this for five minutes, I told myself, desperately trying to focus on what I'd learned at the Petting Party.

"Now. In groups of four, you have five minutes to try to bring Samantha to orgasm, more than one if possible. No, you can't use your penis, so put it away." Thank God for that, I thought. "You can use fingers or your tongues, though as she looks very sore, I suggest you be gentle. If you simply cause her pain, you are highly unlikely to succeed in bringing her to orgasm."

For a second there I actually thought that she was thinking of me!

"Okay, first group."

It was terrifying being at their mercy, totally unable to move or even see what they were doing.

But I have to admit that the experience itself was NOT as bad as I had feared. The whole idea of having the first boy to ever go down on me in Ghastly Gordon's class, and to be tied up and unable to even tell who it was, was horrible. This was not how I wanted my first time (orally anyway) to be. But they really did try to be gentle. If I winced or gasped in pain when they found a sore spot, they avoided it after that.

But my soreness worked against them. By the time the fourth group had changed to the fifth, I was desperately wishing that they would be able to do it. I'd even stopped my mental game of trying to guess whether it was a boy's tongue or a girl's on my pussy. The gentle stimulation was becoming too much and I just wanted relief.

I don't normally touch myself down there, but I found myself wishing that I could. Even someone's tongue in my arsehole, while turning me on like crazy, couldn't finish me off.

I willed myself to cum, but of course it did no good.

The final group were working on me, when she stopped them. "You can see by the way she's writhing around that she's turned on. But with some girls, who've been brought up to believe that sex is wrong, or somehow dirty, it is very difficult to find release, isn't it, Samantha?"

"Yes," I gasped. "Ms. Gordon, please..."

"In this situation, sometimes pain, instead of being a turn off, can be a relief, tricking the mind into believing that if it hurts it can't be wrong. Would you like to try that, Samantha?"

By now I was past caring. My whole body was a mass of sexual tension begging for release. "Anything, anything. Please, I need to cum," I begged, unable to stand it any longer.

"Try spanking her bottom, gently at first, then harder," she instructed.

Even gently it hurt. I was so sore from this morning. I gritted my teeth.

Someone started to pinch my nipples, hard, as the spanking got harder. The spanking stopped for a moment and I could feel my body betraying me as I was wetter than I'd ever been before.

"She's really wet," said one of the boys.

A different hand took over. I think it was one of the girls and she just wasn't spanking hard enough. Was I crazy? Wanting pain?

Another change and whoever this one was wasn't playing. The first slap was so hard I bit my tongue. The second sent a wave of intense pain and a strange heat through my entire body. I felt my pussy literally running.

I had a sudden thought of my mother's reaction if she saw me like this and I laughed until he hit me again, right on my exposed pussy.

I cried out and he did it again, this time more softly and again and again, swapping from my bum to my pussy and back to my bum. Then a pause as he (or someone else) pushed a couple of fingers very gently into my pussy. They needn't have been gentle, I was past all that.

As whoever it was played inside my pussy another spank sent me over the edge.

Although I hate to admit it, that orgasm was more intense than anything that had happened to me at the party or since. The dull ache in my wrist returned but even that made me smile. Ever since they'd started to spank me I had completely forgotten about the wrist.

Someone pulled off my blindfold and began to loosen the ropes and I watched one of the boys licking and licking me, drinking up what seemed to me to be like a river of juices coming from my pussy.

"You must always untie someone quickly after orgasm or it is possible for them to hurt themselves," she warned everyone, so they untied me quickly.

The boy who had been licking me came over to me and kissed me. "You were fantastic," he said. I could taste myself on his lips and we kissed again. I was forgetting where I was.

"That was incredible," I said, to nobody in particular.

The lesson was over. Word obviously got around quickly. Samantha likes pain. It seemed like every person who passed me in the corridor was slapping my bum, or my tits. This time it wasn't a turn on. It just plain hurt, and I was relieved that for once they didn't follow me into the shower, where I tried to clean myself.

That's not easy with your hands behind your back. Finally I gave up and the next boy who came in to use the toilet was met with, "Please can you wash me down?"

It felt odd having only ONE pair of hands on me, but he was thorough, cleaning everywhere, not missing a spot from behind my ears to my feet to (predictably) my pussy and arsehole. I didn't care. It felt wonderful.

When finally the bell went for the next lesson I kissed him and walked to the lesson.

A short time later Heather came for me, and soon all of us on the Program were outside the headmaster's office (except Laura of course).

Jed, the three other girls and I followed Heather into the office. The other boys waited outside.

Heather told Mr. Graham that unless Laura was released we would all stay in handcuffs. He didn't care (you bastard, I thought), so she had Jed cut off a long thick section of her hair.

Mentally I begged Mr. Graham to give in, but he didn't.

Heather then explained that we were going to have a press conference after Jed had cut hair from each of us, to protest at the treatment Laura had received.

Suzie stepped up next to get Jed to cut her hair.

For a second I felt something akin to jealousy thinking of Laura being caned. Was I really that weird?

Thinking about Laura made me decide to go next.

Mr. Graham said, "Hold on!" and asked what we wanted.

Heather demanded Laura's release, and no more punishments then added a demand we hadn't discussed, that we were all to be excused from Ghastly Gordon's Sex Education lessons. Feeling my still tingly pussy, I wasn't sure that I wanted to be excused!

He refused and I said "Okay, Jed."

I felt ashamed because I nearly cried as he cut off such a large piece of my lovely hair. This was for Laura, I told myself, then spoke up, "Time to make that phone call." Perhaps I could at least spare Shelley.

As Heather started to speak on the phone, Mr. Graham leapt up from behind his desk to try and get the phone from Heather. I could not believe my eyes! Jed jumped in front of Mr. Graham and forced him to sit on his desk. And Jed would not let him move.

He tried threatening to suspend us all, then called for Mrs. Johnson, the secretary. When he finally realised he could not stop Heather's phone call, he gave in. And a moment later Jed had the key to Laura's handcuffs.

I needn't have worried about sparing Shelley as she still insisted that Jed cut off some of her hair so she'd be like the rest of us.

We're almost exactly the same age, but sometimes she seems like a kid. Or maybe she's just on a different planet to the rest of us.

We met Laura outside her lesson and after briefly teasing her, Jed unlocked her handcuffs, before doing the same to the rest of us. Bliss! when those cuffs stopped rubbing my wrist. We presented her with a bag of our hair as a souvenir and she started crying and hugging each of us.

Heather and Shelley left us after lunch. Shelley came rushing back to speak to Suzie about something and then breathlessly explained to us all, "Heather and I have to go to London to the inquiry about last week. Good luck, everyone."

And then she was gone again, like a whirlwind.

As we walked to the toilets, Laura saw what were already becoming bruises on my bum, thighs and tits. Her eyes narrowed angrily.

"I'll explain tonight," I promised. "But don't worry, it's not what you think." She hesitated, so I kissed her and told her, "It's really nice having someone worry about me and care about me. Thank you."

We hugged again before we went off to lessons for the afternoon.

Stephen came up to me straight after school with a message from Mr. Tyler. The choir practice had been postponed until eight o´clock tonight. Laura was nowhere to be found so I was faced with going back to her house alone.

"May I accompany you home, young lady?" asked Stephen with a big mock bow and a sweep of his hand.

"I would be delighted, dear Sir." I attempted a curtsy but made a mess of it and laughed.

All the way home I told him about my weird day, how I was worried that I was a freak because pain had given me an orgasm and how disappointed I was that I didn't even know who was the first boy to go down on me.

"I don't think you're a freak," he'd stated firmly when I told him about fearing that I was a freak.

When I told him about being eaten out for the first time, he was sympathetic. "That must have been tough for your first time," he said.

"It wasn't that it was especially horrible or anything, but I'd been dreaming about it happening and it was such a let down."

"I can imagine."

"Actually I've been dreaming about it ever since Monday when you were fingering me," I confessed. "Wondering what it would be like if... you went down on me." There, I'd actually said it.

When we got "home" he kissed me. "How about we make some dreams come true?" he suggested. I invited him in and we went straight upstairs.

He kissed me some more and he undressed me, stroking and kissing me as he exposed each part. I'd been naked all week but this was so exciting I could hardly breathe.

"Now from what I hear you like being tied up and helpless," he grinned.

I was about to deny it but I felt my nipples stiffen even more at the thought of being at his mercy.

"Don't worry. I won't do anything you don't want me to and anytime you want, just tell me to stop."

"I'm not worried," I said. (Oh my god, I thought, is this really happening?)

He used some sheets to tie me to the bed, then wrapped a pillow case around my eyes. He started by kissing me all over and I mean all over. He kissed my face, my arms, my breasts, my tummy, my legs, my feet, everywhere except where I wanted him to. He even turned me over to kiss my back and bum, but he kept well away from my pussy and arsehole. He turned me back again and his fingers were all over me then, making every area of skin they touched come alive.

I was writhing under his tantalising touch. "Please," I soon begged, "I can't take any more."

"Okay, I'll stop."

"No."

"What do you want me to do?" he teased.

"I want. I want you to lick my pussy." I didn't care any more what I said.

"Like this?" he asked and I felt him hold me open as his tongue found its way into me.

"Yes," I screamed. If they could hear me in Rome, I didn't care.

"Or like this?" he asked. He put two fingers deep inside me while he used his tongue to toy with my clit.

I couldn't answer any more, I was having trouble breathing.

"Hmm," he said. "I think she likes that."

For the next few minute I felt like I was a musical instrument being played by his hands and his wonderful tongue. And then the whole fucking orchestra! (Sorry about the language ... No, I'm not.)

I came. I won't use all the metaphors or words we use to describe it because none come close.

I suddenly realised that I was untied and I could see again. "That was amazing. Thank you."

Then he took my hand, the one with the bandaged wrist. He turned my palm up. "Does it hurt?"

I tried a stupid joke. "Only when I don't laugh."

He leant over and kissed the wrist tenderly. "Kiss it, make it better. That's what Mum used to say when I was little."

I thought of where else he'd kissed me. "All your kisses make it better."

I was looking down then and noticed his cock, straining at his trousers. He let me undo his trousers and I pulled them down, together with his pants. He removed his shirt.

I grabbed his cock but he said, "Sam, your hand job the other night was wonderful, but I really want to be inside you. After that I just want to fuck you senseless."

I hesitated, then shocked myself by saying quietly "okay."

He sensed my hesitation. "You don't want to." It wasn't a question, just a statement.

"I don't know. It's just I've dreamed of losing my virginity, making love on the sand with someone who loves me. Really special."

"And having someone just fuck your brains out to get off after licking you out doesn't quite fit the dream." That sounds much worse than the way he said it. And he was smiling.

"Look," I said, "It was a silly childish dream, Go ahead."

"Sam, look at me. You don't owe me this. You don't owe me anything. When I lost my virginity to Suzie the morning we met, there was nothing romantic about it. If anything it was funny, but it felt right, for me. And just before then when Shelley got Lenny to fuck her, it was totally crazy, but it was totally Shelley. It was right for her. I don't want anything less for you."

I could love this boy, I realised.

"Then at least let me return the favour," I asked. "I want to," I insisted.

"You gave me my first orgasm on Monday night, now let me give you my first blow job. You wanted to be inside me, remember?"

I didn't give him a chance to say anything, but moved over to him and put my mouth over his still-hard cock. It sprang back to life.

After sucking on it, I took my mouth away so I could lick every part, even putting the tip of my tongue in the little hole at the end.

"Sam," he warned me, so I quickly popped it back into my mouth again and gave his balls a gentle squeeze with my hands.

I had this incredibly naughty idea and pushed his legs apart a little. I put one of my fingers in my pussy to make it really wet, then eased it into his arsehole. The reaction from his cock told me he liked it.

With one finger playing in his arse, my other hand stroking his balls and my mouth sucking on his cock, I was pretty certain that he wouldn't last long.

When he came I wanted to drink down every drop. I didn't quite manage it and a little dribbled down my chin.

"I think we'd better get cleaned up," I said and we went to the shower.

We washed each other slowly and thoroughly. "Now what was that little trick with my arsehole?" he joked, then put his own finger into my arsehole while with his other hand he stroked my pussy gently.

He was getting hard again, so I said coyly. "I'm a little tired, perhaps we should go back to bed?"

He chased me to the bed and dived on top of me, tickling me.

"Wait!" I gasped. "I want to try a 69."

He positioned himself over my face and I could feel his breath on my pussy. "You wanted to fuck me senseless, now fuck my mouth senseless," I told him. "Mum says I'm a slut, so make me your little slut. I'll do anything you want."

It wasn't a proper 69 as he fucked my mouth hard. I could feel it every time he hit the back of my throat. I thought aloud, "I must ask Laura how to deep throat." At that he started spraying my throat with his cum. I was so surprised I pulled him out of my mouth so it sprayed on my face and the bedsheets.

I hadn't realised that we'd left the door open and now I saw Mrs. Townley standing there grinning. "I know Laura challenged you to bring a friend home tonight, but I don't think that's quite what she meant. When you've finished I'll get you some clean sheets." Then she simply shut the door.

"Stephen," I said, feeling serious again as I lay in his arms, "You were the first boy to finger me, the first boy to give me an orgasm, the first boy who I knew who it was to go down on me and the first boy I gave a blow job to."

He looked at me with a tenderness that made me want to lie in his arms forever.

"I know you wanted to fuck me and I'm sorry if I disappointed you."

He interrupted me. "Sam, you could never be a disappointment to me."

"Let me finish before my nerve gives out." He smiled. "I want you to be the first one to fuck me properly, but I'm just not quite ready yet. Everything is so weird this week and I don't want to do it just because I'm in the Program and everyone expects me to. But you're in the Program too and I don't want you to think you can't do anything with anyone else just because I'm not ready for that yet."

"Sam," He looked at me with eyes that seemed to see right into me. "You are the most amazing girl I have ever met." He kissed me and held me.

We were both starving by this time so I made my boyfriend (!!?) and me some sandwiches. There were only the two of us there, as Mrs. Townley had gone out somewhere. Then it was time to go to choir practice.

When we got to school, we found a notice saying that choir practice had had to be cancelled due to unforeseen circumstances.

"Oh dear, Sam, I hope that hasn't messed you up for tomorrow."

That was sweet and I kissed him quickly on his nose for it.

"Oh no, not at all. This last practice tonight was just meant to be a gentle run-through. The last really important practice was Monday."

"Mr. Tyler told us then that our final preparations for the concert should be just like a sports team before an important match. If you're not ready well before the day before, if you see what I mean, nothing you do on that last day is going to help you. For us to practice hard so close to the concert could only increase our nervousness."

"And besides, he told me on Monday, he doesn't want me to maybe strain my voice at the last minute. So no, you sweet boy, this doesn't mess me up. I'll just go home and do a few quick vocal exercises before bed."

His ears pricked up at that last word so I added, "Alone."

A week ago I might have been furious to have wasted my time going all the way back to school for nothing, but the fact that Stephen had insisted on escorting me probably explained why I wasn't.

"You know," I said to him, "We're on school premises and we're in the Program." I reached for his trousers. He got the message and began to undress, but I stopped him. "Let me."

When I'd undressed him, he undressed me. And we didn't DO anything. Well, we walked or ran to the far side of the school field as far as we could from the lights and just lay on the grass on our backs, holding hands, watching the stars and the occasional lights from a plane crossing the sky.

I don't know how long we lay there, but almost in an instant, the weather changed. It didn't rain, but it got a lot colder and quite windy. We ran back to where we'd left our clothes and hurriedly put them on.

"Time I got you home," he said. He lived in the opposite direction.

"I can manage, it's okay."

"Uh, uh." He shook his head. "Remember the rules? Samantha is allowed out if she is with someone at all times."

"Do you really think I'm going to anything silly?" I asked.

"No, but it's the best excuse I can think of to spend a few more minutes with you."

The wind got colder and I was glad of his arm around me as we walked home.

"One Samantha, safe and sound," he announced to Mrs. Townley, when we got home.

Our smiles quickly disappeared when we saw the look on Mrs. Townley's face.

"What's happened?" I asked.

Samantha, part 6

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

"One Samantha, safe and sound," Stephen had announced to Mrs. Townley, when he got me home.

Our smiles quickly disappeared when we saw the look on her face.

"What's happened?" I asked.

All the problems we'd been having with the Program faded into insignificance when, rather than answering immediately, Mrs. Townley took the two of us into the lounge where she had a 24-hour news channel on the television. In the top left-hand corner of the screen was a picture of Shelley's face. Two men were debating about the Program. I looked at Mrs. Townley. "Shelley's disappeared," she explained simply.

There were no suspicious circumstances, just that Shelley had last been seen at Rugby station by staff, then inexplicably had run away and hadn't been seen since. After watching the news item on the headlines at half past, Stephen went home.

Mrs. Townley closed the front door, then turned on me angrily, "When you go out, please let me know, or leave a note. I've been worried sick."

I was about to make an angry retort when I saw her face. She did look worried.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Townley. I'm not used to having anyone worry about me. I'll try to remember. I only went to choir practice because it was postponed until eight o'clock, then when I got there, there was a notice that it had been cancelled."

"You should have come straight back home. It's freezing out there tonight."

"It was fine earlier and we were just looking at the stars." Even the worry about Shelley couldn't keep me from smiling at the memory.

She looked at me as if she could see right inside me. "Don't fall too hard, too soon," she advised.

"Is it that obvious?" I asked.

"Let's just say that if you wrote it ten-foot high on the school wall it might be more obvious, but only might." She laughed. "I'm glad you're having some fun at last."

"If it only lasts a day or a week, I don't care," I declared. "Well maybe I do, but I'm going to enjoy it while it does last."

"Good for you. But putting my nasty adult hat back on, please call me if you're going to be home late."

"You couldn't be nasty," I replied.

"Forget to call me again and you might find out differently, especially now." She pulled an angry face and nodded towards the television.

That thought made my smile turn to tears and her arms surrounded me.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Townley, I don't know what made me do that."

"We're going to have to stop you calling me Mrs. Townley. My name's Danielle."

"Okay... Danielle." I thought for a moment. "Danielle, I'm sorry about the mess earlier."

"Don't worry, sex is only clean and tidy in films."

"We didn't actually... do it," I said, feeling embarrassed.

"Samantha," she started, but I cut her off.

"Can you call me Sam? Samantha makes me think of my mother when she's angry at me."

"Okay. Sam. Let me tell you what I tell Laura. You don't owe it to me to tell me what you did and with whom. It's your business and it's private."

"I don't think much is private this week," I said. "I feel like I'm living with a spotlight pointing right on me and into me."

"That must be hard for you. It's bad enough for Laura."

"Yeah, it is."

"But to finish what I was saying, your life is yours. You don't have to tell me anything. But if there is anything you want to tell me, or ask me, you can. There's nothing that you can't tell me, if you want to."

"It was so nice coming home to someone who cared enough to notice that I wasn't around," I said happily.

"That's strange," I added a moment later.

"What's strange?"

I looked all around. "I just said 'home', and I meant it." She smiled.

"Sam, I promised the doctor I wouldn't leave you alone," she began. "But will you promise me you will stay here and be okay if I go out? I must go and see Mrs. Hoover. She must be out of her mind with worry."

"I promise. You go. And give her my love."

Not long after she'd gone Laura came home, took one look at me and immediately asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's Shelley, she's gone missing," I blubbered.

"How?" "Where?" "Why?"

"She got off the train at Rugby and ran out of the station for some reason they don't know and nobody's seen her since."

We sat for ages, just flipping from news channel to news channel, as if one of them would be able to tell us she was safe. Finally Laura went upstairs to have a shower.

While she was in the shower, Danielle came back. "How's Mrs. Hoover?" I asked at once.

"Worried sick, but her boyfriend, Eric, is staying with her. I gave her your love and she gave me a message for you."

"Yeah?"

"She said that if it was a bit cramped here, if you wanted to, you'd be welcome to stay with them. And no, before you think it, I'm not trying to push you to go," she reassured me, backing it up with a hug.

I smiled. "I know."

When Laura came out of the shower, Danielle called her downstairs.

"Mrs. Hoover told me you'd had a few problems in the Program, Laura. Now, you both know I tell you that you can tell me anything, but your life is your own and it's private?"

"Yes," we both said together.

"Well, here's one exception. Before I die of curiosity, what the hell happened to your hair? First Laura comes home with her hair a lot shorter. It's nice by the way, let me know who did it and I'll go to her next time and see if she can do something with my mop."

She went on. "And today, Samantha, you've got a huge great chunk out of yours. I don't know if it's a new style or something, but I can't say I'm keen." Laura and I laughed at that.

"Sam. Can I tell Mum this on my own?"

"Time I went to bed anyway," I said. "Goodnight, Danielle."

At the bottom of the stairs I remembered something. "Do either of you mind if I do a few vocal exercises? I won't be long." They both said no, they didn't mind, but I sensed their answers might have been different but for the concert.

A while later I heard someone go into the bathroom. It must have been Laura because I looked up to see Danielle leaning over me. "Are you still awake?"

"Yes."

"Thank you for what you did for Laura today." I felt a tear drop on me and realised that she was crying.

"I was horrid to you both last night, but thank you both for what you are doing for me." I sat up and she sat on the bed. At that point Laura came in and sat on the other side of her Mum and soon Danielle was hugging us both.

THURSDAY

We were all up early to see the news on the telly. Still no news of Shelley, good or bad.

"I'm going back round to Mrs. Hoover's," announced Danielle. "I know she won't want to leave the phone, so I'll see if she needs anything."

Then she looked at me. "But before I go, I'll change your bandage. Laura, can you bring the kit please?"

We sat at the kitchen table just like yesterday. Although there was no blood to be seen, Danielle still insisted on a full bandage "just in case". I was ready for the antiseptic so there was no yelp from me this time, only a grimace.

"Let's make it look tidier, Sam." She wrapped an unnecessary layer of white tape around it.

"That's better," she remarked. "Now would you like another one on your other wrist? As a fashion statement."

I was appalled until I saw her twinkling eyes. I pretended to consider this but concluded, "No, thank you, nurse."

"No, thank YOU, Sam. I've not been called that for years. Now, get your bum over here and sit on my lap."

She hugged me and spoke quietly. "You are beautiful and very courageous, darling. If I don't see you before the concert tonight, break a leg, okay? Just for a change."

I don't know how to explain it, but somehow I felt myself get stronger there in her arms.

"Does your Mum ever stop thinking of other people?" I asked Laura when Danielle was gone. "Not that I'm complaining, but I've always thought of people in wheelchairs as, you know, disabled, and your Mum has more energy than anyone I've ever met."

"Get used to it," she advised. "And learn to grab sleep when you can!"

"She got cross with me last night," I admitted, "Because I hadn't told her I was going out and she got worried. You know, I shouldn't say this but it felt good having someone worry about me. I'm not used to it.

"Talking about last night, did you bring a friend home?" Laura asked.

"Yeah," I said. "And he was fantastic."

"He?" she exclaimed, "You brought a boy home? Come on, you can't leave it there. Who was the lucky boy?"

"Only Stephen," I said, trying to sound casual and failing miserably.

"So what was so fantastic? I can see you had a good time by that big grin on your face."

"He tied me up, went down on me, then he wanted to fuck me and I said 'okay'."

"You said okay?"

"Yeah, but he was so great. He realised that I wasn't ready for that and he didn't do it."

Laura's mouth just dropped open at that.

"So I insisted on giving him a blow job instead, then we had a shower together and went back to bed for more. I don't know what your Mum must have thought when she came in and I had cum on my face. I was so-o-o embarrassed."

Laura smiled. "Knowing Mum, she probably thought it was time you had some fun."

"Do you think Stephen's a bit, you know, weird?"

"No, why?"

"Him wanting to tie me up and stuff the first time we're together."

"I think he'd just heard what had happened to you and wanted to try it," said Laura. "Don't forget, he's almost a virgin himself and he's finding every new idea exciting."

"I just thought if he only wanted me tied up..."

"Which he didn't if you continued afterwards. And if he had, would it matter? You enjoyed it, right?" ... "Okay, you don't have to answer that, you face just answered it for you."

"Laura, am I being silly? He wants to fuck me. I want him to be my first, yet I just don't want to right now. I mean I want to like mad, but I don't want to."

"You're confusing me."

"I'm confusing me too," I admitted. "It's just that with the Program, it's like we're expected to have sex. There's this kid from my street who went to Disneyworld in Florida and she went to that EPCOT thingy. She was telling us about it for weeks. She said EPCOT stood for Every Person Comes Out Tired. The Program's like that. Nobody gets out a virgin."

"Every Girl GEts Done," said Laura laughing. "You mean you don't want to get EGGED."

She had me laughing too. "No. I know it's silly but I want it to be something special, not just because it's my week in the Program."

"That's not silly." She poured herself some more juice and while her back was turned she said, "You love him, don't you?"

"I think so. This is stupid. If there's one thing my Mum was right about it's that boys only want one thing."

"From what you tell me, if that's all Stephen wants, he could have had it last night."

"Yeah, it's so confusing."

"Look, did you ever think that he might actually like you? I'm not talking fall in love, wedding dress, 2.4 children and divorce ever after, but perhaps he just likes being with you?"

"No," I admitted.

"I'm not telling you to fuck him, but just do what's right for you. Enjoy it while you can. Very few things last forever."

"You're very like your Mum, you know that? You talk sense, but without preaching."

"Thanks, just don't tell Mum that. I'd never live it down."

We giggled like a couple of kids.

Getting ready for school I thought what a weird week I was having. I seemed to be spending nearly all of it either laughing or crying.

With only three of us girls this time, I was not looking forward to the Morning Groping. Even Laura looked worried when we had to pass through a line of older boys to get to our clothes boxes. But they moved apart to let us through and stood there surrounding us, arms locked together as we undressed.

"Ready for requests?" one of them asked. He actually sounded friendly.

"Okay," said Laura.

They let through just one boy at a time to each of us. It couldn't have been easier. No roughness, no pushing around. Compared to yesterday it was like a sunny day instead of a stormy night.

I had planned to go with Suzie this morning at the Groping. After she'd rescued me at the Tuesday Groping and turned a scary situation into something not far off heaven, not to mention making me cum like mad, I'd promised myself to return the favour.

Yesterday, of course, it was impossible, but I had really looked forward to making her cum this morning. But with us all worrying about Shelley, it just wouldn't have seemed right.

After all the ups and downs of the last few days this morning was almost boring by comparison.

Almost. At the start of the second lesson, the teacher announced that Shelley was safe and she was okay. I burst into tears, something I seem to do a lot lately, and got hugged by those closest to me.

And before lunch, a boy and girl came up to me. The girl spoke first, "I'm Jane. I don't know if Heather told you about me?"

"No, sorry."

"Well, last week, she taught my boyfriend, Roy..."

"That's me," he interrupted.

"She taught him how to go down on a girl and he's really good at it now. In fact ever since he's been showing all his classmates what to do and they've been practicing on me."

My face must have looked dumbfounded or something. "Yeah, it's been incredible," she admitted. "But with all those boys going down on me, I've been wondering..." Her voice petered out and she looked embarrassed.

"She's been wondering what it would be like to have a girl go down on her."

"I've been trying to summon the nerve to ask one of you in the Program, but after Tuesday and yesterday and everything, I wasn't sure if it was okay."

"You want me to go down on you?" I asked.

"Yes, if it's okay." Now she sounded a bit more confident.

"You know I have to stay in public areas, so anyone can watch?"

"That's okay," she replied to my surprise, "Half my class have probably already seen one or more boys go down on me, so what difference does it make?"

"How about we make a deal? I go down on you, then you do the same to me?"

Her eyes opened wide. "I hadn't thought about that. It's not that I'm a, a lesbian or anything, I just wondered what it was like."

"Okay, you don't have to, but after I do you, if you want to, you can. Remember, then you'll know what's it's like for the boys going down on you."

"That's true."

She pulled down her knickers, gave them to her boyfriend and jumped onto a table and lay down, her legs spread for me. Talk about enthusiasm! I was going to enjoy this, even if she didn't.. you know what.

She was already wet with anticipation as I spread her lips and tickled her clit with my tongue. THAT got a reaction! I stabbed her pussy with my tongue, putting it in as far as I could and wiggling it. Withdrawing it I blew gently on her pussy and began tickling her pussy with my tongue.

Then I made her hold her legs against her chest. I pushed her buttocks wide open so I could lick from her arsehole to her pussy and back again. "Oh God," she gasped. I licked her rose-bud for a whole minute, then put a finger into her arse, just leaving it there, not moving it while with my other hand I fingered her pussy like crazy until she came. I replaced my fingers with my mouth and moved it around so I could lick up every bit.

When she came back down to earth, she said, "My God, when you put your tongue in my arse and then your finger, I just thought it was so disgusting, but so exciting too. Like all the things good girls don't do. I have GOT to do that to you. Get on this table, now."

For someone who had never done this before, she wasn't bad. She wasn't good either, she was sensational. She almost ignored my pussy, going straight to licking my arsehole. Somehow that made it even naughtier. When she did finally get to my pussy, I was on a hair trigger and the moment that tongue touched my clit I came. "Yes!" she cried, like she'd just won something.

Her poor boyfriend was hard as a rock and trying desperately to hide the fact.

I turned to her and said, "I think we'd better put him out of his misery." She grinned and nodded.

We both knelt in front of him and she pulled his cock out of his trousers and handed it to me. I kissed the tip, then slowly licked from its base to the tip, before putting it in my mouth. I gave him a few strokes, then handed him back to Jane, who began to suck on him like crazy.

I slipped one of his balls into my mouth and I soon felt the unmistakable signs that he was going to cum. I took over and put my face next to hers as he came over both our faces, his cum dripping down onto my boobs and her blouse.

"Kiss me," I told her and we kissed, smearing his cum over our faces as we did. When we finished, the look on Roy's face was incredible.

He pulled her to him and kissed her. "I love you," he said.

"Sam. Thank you, that was wonderful, but I think we need a shower," she said.

"I have to use the boys' showers," I pointed out when she tried to pull me into the girls'. So she followed me into the boys' showers. First she took off her blouse and rinsed the messy bits in the sink. Then she stripped off completely to join me in the shower. I was very careful to keep the water away from Danielle's neat bandage. We still made sure, though, that each other was clean, everywhere, if you know what I mean. God, this girl couldn't stay away from my arse, not that I was complaining!

Her tongue was in my arse and two of her fingers were fucking me when I came again.

So of course I had to return the favour. It did not take me long. This time I moved my finger in her arse in and out. She didn't stand a chance. In fact she wouldn't have been able to stand at all if I wasn't supporting her!

When I got back to the dining hall, Laura and Suzie were nowhere to be found. I managed to get a meal as the staff had saved me one, saying, "You seemed a little pre-occupied earlier." I was grateful because I was starving after Jane and Roy, and Jane again.

But this had ruined my plans for Suzie yet again. I was too exhausted to do her after lunch as I'd planned. But I knew there'd be another time.

I shouldn't say this, but lessons had become boring, a sort of wilderness between precious minutes of excitement. Forget the rules, I was spending every spare moment with either my tongue up a pussy or my mouth around a cock, or with someone else doing me, and I was loving it.

And during the lessons today all I could think about was tonight's concert. I was excited of course but now I could feel the nerves starting to kick in, gently at first but insistently. Mr. Tyler had spent a lot of time with me over the last few weeks, before and after rehearsals. I'm pretty sure the other people in the choir didn't mind too much though. He was always ready to spend extra time with any of us.

We met Mrs.Tyler once. She arrived at the end of a long session a month or so ago and stood at the back of the practice room until Mr. Tyler noticed her. "Oh dear, boys and girls, the boss is here. I must be keeping you far too late." Mrs. Tyler came to the front smiling, and the little kiss I watched them share was clearly affectionate.

Okay, I admit it, I have a small crush on Mr. Tyler. He's always so nice to me, to all of us really, that I feel completely at ease with him.

In the next lesson I could feel the nerves again. Mr. Tyler had explained how nerves can be good for a performance. "Harnessed" was the word he used. Nerves can make you focus on what you're doing if you say to yourself, "Okay, I'm nervous. All that means is that tonight is important and I already knew that, so what's the problem?"

I started to concentrate on my solo. I loved those high notes, the way they soared over the rest of the choir, but somehow blended so beautifully with what the others were singing...

"Miss Downing! If you don't mind."

I blinked and looked around me. It was English Lit. and Mrs. O'Brien was staring at me from the front of the room.

"Miss Downing," this time more gently, "I realise that tonight's your big night and that is probably all you can think about today." She paused a moment. "That's fine, dear, but the rest of us have a lesson to get through." Now she was smiling. "Much as I enjoy listening to your charming voice, on the whole I'd prefer to wait for tonight before indulging that pleasure."

I must have looked very confused because that's what I was feeling.

"You were humming, dear."

Now everyone laughed, not cruelly at me, but for me it seemed.

I still felt embarrassed though. I managed to get out a "Sorry, ma'am" but that was all.

Then the boy sitting next to me leaned over and muttered, "Kill 'em tonight, babe."

"Mr. Hobbs, perhaps you could share your remark with the rest of us?"

"I just told Samantha to 'kill 'em tonight', ma'am."

"I hope you were speaking metaphorically, Mr. Hobbs. Perhaps you could remind the rest of us of the difference between metaphor and simile?"

At that point I tuned out again.

After school, as I was reluctantly getting dressed, Teresa from the choir came up to me.

"The bus leaves in an hour and a half," she said, "Let's get that hair of yours looking good again. My hairdresser's ace."

"I have to let Dan... Mrs. Townley know."

"Okay, we'll stop off there, but we gotta hurry."

The next hour and a half was a blur, then it was time to board the hired bus.

I was about to get on the bus, when Mr. Graham pulled me aside. "Outside activities are a privilege," he said. "And after yesterday morning, all privileges have been revoked for all of you."

I actually thought he was joking until he slapped the side of the bus, "Okay driver, that's everyone, you can go."

I watched in total disbelief as the bus drove away. All this, coming back into the Program, everything that had happened today. For nothing. Everything I'd practiced for for so long, gone in a few short terrible words.

I didn't bother to get dressed, but walked home naked ignoring the occasional whistles and shouted comments or insults.

There was nobody home. I went to the fridge and poured myself a cold drink and drank it down. When I went to wash the glass, I noticed that there was a knife on the draining board, a sharp knife. I stared at it, then picked it up. For a moment all I could see was the edge of the blade as I passed the knife from one hand to the other. But then I saw the bandage and remembered Danielle. I imagined her or Laura coming home to find me dead or dying and the thought horrified me.

How could I ever have thought that suicide was the answer? I asked myself as I hid it away in the drawer, out of my life, where it belonged.

I flopped down on the sofa feeling empty and miserable, just wishing that Laura or Danielle would come home. I knew that sharing this with them wouldn't make it go away, but it would make me feel better.

If this chance has been taken from me, somehow I'll make another one, then Up Yours Graham.

The realisation that I was only dreaming hit me and I began to cry. My dream was gone, possibly forever. But the thing that had seemed like my whole life just wasn't that any more. Even though I'd tried to push them away, Danielle and Laura actually wanted me in their lives. But I wished they were there now. I really wanted, needed a shoulder to cry on.

Hearing a car pull up outside, I ran to open the door for them, but it wasn't them. What was Tanya doing here?

"Come on," she said, "Get in my car, or we'll be late."

"I can't go. Didn't you hear what Graham said. I'm banned. I can't sing tonight."

"Do you always give up so easily?"

Do I? I thought. I don't know.

"Have you still got those handcuffs?" she asked.

"No, why?"

She pushed past me, "Where's the kitchen?" Now she sounded angry with me.

"Through there, why?"

She went into the kitchen and searched through the drawers until she found what she was looking for, a pair of scissors.

She took hold of my hair.

"What are you doing?"

"The hairdresser did such a good job on it, don't you think?" She made as if to cut my hair.

"Teresa paid good money for your haircut for the concert and if you don't get your arse in my car in five seconds, I'm going to use these." I was pretty sure she was kidding me, but I wasn't that sure.

"Okay, I'm coming, but I don't see the point. he won't let me sing." That was clearly all she wanted from me, to not give up. I got into her car.

She got in on the driver's side and turned to me and touched my hair. It felt almost like an electric shock. "He did a beautiful job, even if he did have to make it so much shorter. You really look like a rock chick now. Is that gonna be your new image?" As she spoke I could feel her relax again.

"Maybe, who knows? If I can't sing tonight, it won't matter anyway."

"Whatever. And I think it looks great for tonight. I can't wait to hear what the other girls think about it."

"Are you sure it's alright?"

She leaned over and pulled my face to hers and kissed me gently on my lips. "You're beautiful," she said then straightened up, started the car and pulled away like she was in a race.

When we arrived at the conference hall where the concert was to take place, Mr. Graham was in the foyer. "I told you, you're not singing tonight."

"And I'm telling her she is," said a voice from behind Tanya and me.

"Since when does a music teacher have the authority to override the deputy headmaster?"

"Since the deputy headmaster started pursuing a petty vendetta that is more important to him than the good of the school. The choir needs Samantha tonight."

"The choir will have to do without her tonight. Unless you want me to suspend you as I am not only deputy headmaster, but acting headmaster."

"Not for much longer," replied Mr. Tyler. "You might as well know now that there was a staff meeting this evening and it was unanimously decided to state to the Headmaster and the Ministry that 'this school staff has no confidence in Mr. Graham as deputy headmaster'. Furthermore, we resolved to strike indefinitely from Monday morning unless you were removed from that position and a disciplinary inquiry instituted into your vindictive behaviour against the Program students."

Tanya and I watched and listened, amazed.

"You'll never get away with it," Mr. Graham growled. "And in any case, I am still acting headmaster now and I'll have her escorted off the premises." He turned behind him and shouted, "Security!"

Two security guards came running over to us, but Mr. Tyler spoke first, "This gentleman has been bothering two of my singers, presumably because one of them is naked. Would you remove him from the premises, please, and see that he does not return?" He turned to me, "Are you okay, Samantha?"

"Yes, sir," I said, trying not to smile or laugh.

"But I am the acting headmaster," protested Mr. Graham angrily.

"And you have identifcation to that effect?" asked the security officer. My heart sank.

"No, yes, I have my staff I.D. here somewhere." They released his arms to let him look. "My wallet! It's been stolen."

"Then I suggest you stop bothering these young ladies and go and report it stolen, before they report you, you old pervert," said Mr. Tyler, obviously enjoying himself immensely.

When he had gone, Tanya said to him, "That was great, sir, but perhaps you'd better return this to him tomorrow?" She handed Mr. Tyler a wallet. All three of us laughed.

"You'd better go and get ready, girls, before you turn me into a real criminal."

Heading backstage to join the others, I said, "Tanya? That was amazing. How?"

"My favourite uncle was a thief when he was younger, very much the black sheep of the family," she said simply. "He used to teach me tricks like picking pockets. I never thought any of them would come in useful though."

Was I nervous? No, but that changed to near panic as time went on, closer to our performance time.

We were the second of five choirs competing that night. Shortly before we were due to go on, Laura and Suzie appeared, naked of course. "We're in the front row of the choir," they announced. "So you won't be the only one naked."

I hugged them both hard. "How did you get here?"

"Mum brought us," said Laura, "and we brought Stephen too. And your doctor's here as well."

"What about my Mum?"

"Yes, Mum says that your Mum is here too, with a whole bunch of people."

"Don't worry," said Suzie.

That was easy for her to say.

There was a sudden commotion behind me. Tanya and Teresa had taken off their robes and were now down to their underwear. That went as well before anyone had a chance to say anything. Like me, they were all just watching in amazement. Then Tanya held up her hand. "Listen, everyone, Teresa and I thought it would look a lot better if there were a couple more girls naked out there. For the Requiem, the four of us and Sam can be in the middle of the front row. We think it'll look cool that way." Teresa was blushing deeply but nodded dumbly.

Mr. Tyler was shaking his head, "This is a rather novel experience for me.. for all of us. But I think Tanya is correct." Then he chuckled. "I only hope I can keep time with the music out there, with such a lovely.. display in front of me."

"Well, that's decided then," Tanya smiled and kissed Mr. Tyler quickly on the cheek.

Our first piece was Fauré's "Requiem". Mr. Tyler had chosen a section that let the whole choir sing in glorious harmony. My solo came in the second half of the concert in Mozart's "Laudate Dominum". My part was very different from the choir's but the way it all blended together was amazing.

Even in the Requiem I had to stand at the front, so I took a deep breath and tried not to think about being naked in front of the audience. As we stepped up to our places there was a collective gasp and people started muttering. One rather large woman got up in disgust and huffed out of the hall.

There was quite a to-do in the hall with some angry voices and Mr. Tyler stepped down to say something to the competition director, who then took the microphone. "I just want to silence any speculation or accusations. The fact that some of these girls are naked is not some trick or gimmick as some are already saying. I will ask Mr. Tyler, their choirmaster, to explain."

"Most of you will have seen the reports on television and in the newspapers about the Naked In School Program. Our soloist tonight, Samantha Downing, was randomly selected for the Program this week, through no choice of her own. I am not breaking any confidences by saying that she has found the experience difficult to say the least. In spite of that, and knowing that she was required to remain naked if she took part in this event, she has chosen to do so. Knowing how embarrassed she was about this, some of the other girls have chosen to support her by also going naked."

The competition director took the microphone. "Thank you, Mr. Tyler, and can I just say that I admire her for her decision to sing for us tonight." He clapped his hands and some of the audience started clapping too. Oh God, how embarrassing. Any cameras that weren't already pointing at me swung in my direction.

When the applause subsided, Mr. Tyler tapped his baton on his music stand and we began. I was concentrating so hard on my part that the actual performance was almost an anti-climax, if that is possible.

While the remaining choirs were doing their first piece, we had time to rest. I went up to Tanya and hugged her. "I... I..." I began, but the words wouldn't come. So I returned the kiss she'd given me earlier, with interest. One of the boys whistled under his breath.

"Don't I get one?" asked Teresa.

"Yeah, you qualify," I said. We'd both been in the choir for more than two years, and unbelievably, we had never actually spoken before she took me to her hairdressers today. And yet she'd just done this incredible thing for me. I said quietly, "Thank you." As I kissed her, I hugged her close to me.

"If I strip off too do I get a kiss like that?" said one of the boys.

"Only if you promise to stand very close behind me," one of the girls called out. Everyone howled.

At that moment Mr. Tyler came in and saw us. "Would you mind not squeezing Teresa in half please? We are going to need her for the Laudate later."

I let her go, much to the amusement of the rest of the choir.

"Okay, the Requiem went pretty well. Well done, everybody. Now, Samantha, if you come with me, I've a few last-minute notes on your solo." So I followed him to the tiny changing room he was using as a temporary office. He simply wanted to calm me down. I can't recall a single thing he said.

As I positioned myself to begin my solo, I quickly glanced down the front row looking for Laura for reassurance and then I gasped with disbelief. But I had no time to think as Mr. Tyler was tapping with his baton. I took a few slow deep breaths to compose myself. He looked at me and raised an eyebrow to ask if I was ready. I nodded.

I wish I could tell you about my performance. But the truth is I can remember nothing at all until well after the whole concert was over.

Mr. Tyler and I were standing next to one another right at the back of the hall when one of the judges came to the microphone. This was the worst moment of the night. (It always is in these competitions.) He had some papers in his hand as he went through all the choirs trying to say nice things about everyone. He kept glancing down at his notes. I can remember most of what he said about us.

"Mr. Tyler, their choirmaster, chose an ambitious programme." He looked up at the audience. "Fauré's Requiem is a particular favourite of mine. What I heard this evening was a performance which was more polished and warmly emotional than many so-called professional choirs have achieved. I was moved. Turning to the Laudate Dominum, here the judges were unanimous. Miss Downing's soprano solo was extraordinary for one so young. Clear, lyrical, but with an understanding of the music and its demands. I sincerely hope I will have the opportunity to hear her sing it again someday soon."

"There," Mr. Tyler whispered to me, "I told you you were outstanding. Will you believe me now?"

I was numb. Everything I had worked for, all the vocal exercises, all the rehearsals, the number of times I sat in my room with my earphones listening to recordings of the Laudate, trying to mimic the best of what I heard and ignore what I thought was not right. Suddenly it was all worth it.

"Go on, Willy," a quiet voice said behind us. "Give the poor girl a kiss. You know you want to, and she's more than earned it." I turned and saw Mrs. Tyler standing there smiling at us. Mr. Tyler kissed my cheek.

"That was pathetic, you silly man. Try again."

"Oh, what the hell!" he said. Then he wrapped me in a warm hug and planted a big sloppy kiss in the middle of my forehead. "Congratulations, Samantha."

I needed arms around me then. Neither of us seemed willing to let go. At times like this, I guess, you say the silliest things.

"Willy, huh?" I giggled. It was out of my mouth without any thought. And I didn't care.

"William, actually. Only the wicked witch of the west over there is allowed to use 'Willy'."

"Okay, Mr. Tyler. I'll keep your secret. But someday I'll come back to the school to see you and then I'll call you Willy."

Where had mousy little Samantha Downing gone? I didn't know, and I didn't want to find out.

"Darling, I think you've hugged this beautiful naked soprano long enough. I want to hug her too."

Another pair of arms around me. Another, less sloppy, kiss on my forehead.

"Willy's been telling me for months how good you are, Samantha. I thought he was perhaps exaggerating a little. Now I see he wasn't."

Suddenly the whole place was silent.

"And the winners of this year's northern regional competition are.." And the judge announced a different school.

"My poor darling, after you've worked so hard."

Mr. Tyler shook his head. "We were beaten, fairly and squarely, by a better choir... This year."

"Oh my, Samantha. You know what that means, don't you?"

"Yes I do. Okay, boss, when do we start practicing for next year."

"Don't forget about the other competition, Samantha. I've got some new material I want us to try out for that. And then when the autumn starts we need to start rehearsing for the carol concert as well. We'll lose several good voices this year, that's a bigger problem this time than it usually is, and I hope we can find some talented replacements."

I pretended to faint. They both chuckled.

Mrs. Tyler suddenly asked, "Would you like to come over for dinner some evening soon?"

"Yes, please." I hesitated. "Could I bring a friend?"

She looked at me sharply, "What's his name?"

"Stephen."

She smiled, "Of course you can." Then she grabbed her husband's arm. "I think it's time you bought me a drink. Would you excuse us, Samantha?"

With that they were gone, leaning into each other and chatting as they left.

I was still a little numb but it was passing with each step as I headed for the noisy foyer.

We actually came second in the competition but out in the foyer I was surrounded by people telling me how great I was and how brave. A man stuffed a card into my hand and said, "Call me." I didn't even look at it at first, then when I looked up and realised who he was I tried to speak to him. "Don't worry," he said. "Enjoy the moment, the first of many I'm sure. And if you lose that card in all the commotion, especially as you haven't got anywhere to put it, don't panic, I'll contact you through the school." Then he walked away, leaving me speechless.

But although it was wonderful being surrounded by everyone congratulating me, there were a few people I wanted to see. I excused myself and searched for them.

But instead of the people I was looking for, I found Mum.

I waved the card at her. "I just got offered a contract," I said delightedly.

"You were disgusting," she replied. "I don't know why I came."

"Nor do I. You knew I would have to be naked because it's a school event. So if the body you gave me is so disgusting, why did you come to see it?"

She didn't answer at first, then "I can't believe that a daughter of mine would behave like that."

"Mum, you don't know what it is to have a daughter. Being a mother isn't screwing some guy and giving birth to a baby afterwards, it's caring and loving and supporting."

"Oh? And feeding and clothing you for all this time counts for nothing?"

"Not much, no. I've had more love in the last twenty four hours from Laura and her Mum than I can ever remember having from you. And that's in spite of the fact I wasn't exactly nice to them."

"And where were they all the time you were growing up when I was struggling on my own?"

"They didn't know me then. But I can tell you where they were Tuesday night, in the hospital, with me, arguing to be able to take me home to stop me being admitted as a mental patient. Where were you, when I tried to kill myself? When I really needed you, Mum? Comforting a bloody bottle?"

She actually had no answer. I think that's when I made up my mind.

"I'll be back tomorrow night to collect my things. Then you'll never have to see me again."

"Good. I won't be there, so remember to leave your key when you leave. Although I'll be changing the locks anyway."

"Fine." I nearly said some more things, but instead I just turned and left her.

Next I found Danielle, with Dr. Gilbert. "Hi, Dr. Gilbert. Danielle, can you keep this card safe for me?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Only a card from Gerard Vaughan, the biggest manager in the business. He manages everything from rock acts to choirs to, well, you name it. And it says 'when you want a contract, call me'. I didn't even know HE was going to be here. I'm gonna pinch myself to check I'm not dreaming."

"I don't know if the choir are doing anything now, but if they aren't, I think it's time for us to have a little family celebration," said Danielle.

I almost missed the little word "family". Almost. "Danielle, you're all the family I've got now. I've just told Mum I'd get my stuff out of her house tomorrow night. Can you help me?"

"Of course I can."

"I hope you don't regret taking me in," I said. "I'm not always the nicest person. And in case I ever forget to say it, Thank you for all you've done for me." I hugged her.

"Seeing you out there tonight was thanks enough," she replied. "You were wonderful and I couldn't be more proud of you if I was your mother." She had tears in her eyes.

"You're more of a mother than my mother has ever been. I probably shouldn't say this with Dr. Gilbert here, but when I got home tonight, after Mr. Graham told me that he wasn't going to let me sing, I stood in front of a sink with a kitchen knife. And I looked at it and I thought of you and Laura and how awful it would be if you came home and found me dead and I couldn't understand how I could ever have thought that a knife was the answer. I love you both so much."

"We love you too, Sam, very much."

I smiled at her and said, "I know."

"I was looking for the choir to thank them. Dr. Gilbert, thank you for all this. None of this would have happened if you hadn't believed in me."

"Even us doctors get it right sometimes," he replied. "And for what it's worth, you were fantastic."

"Thanks. Now, I must find Laura and Suzie and the others."

I was alone for a moment as I was crossing the foyer towards what looked like the largest snack bar. Someone called out, "Samantha!" and I turned round. A few feet away a man had a small camera in front of his face, obviously taking my picture. I was so startled I don't think I even smiled.

He said nothing else and turned to go. Suddenly two security men appeared and four hands grabbed his arms. The camera dropped to the floor. One security man now had a strong hold on the stranger as his partner picked up the camera. They were different to the guards who'd dealt with Mr. Graham. I was very curious so I came closer.

"No cameras are allowed anywhere on the premises tonight, sir. Haven't you noticed the signs to that effect.. everywhere?"

"No, officer, I'm sorry. I haven't. If I could just have my camera back, I'll be on my way." If he could scrape any lower, he'd have been kissing their shoes.

"Do you have some I.D., sir?"

"Sorry, officer, I don't think I do."

"George," the one holding the camera said, "What do you think? Should we believe him?"

George replied, "I shouldn't." Now he addressed the stranger. "Sir, I'm going to let go of you now. I don't think you'll scarper (see cultural notes) without your camera now, will you?"

The stranger straightened his jacket. "You can't do that. You..."

George interrupted him. "I'm afraid we can, sir. You're on private property, and unless you can prove to us that you have a legitimate reason to be at this 'Private Function', effectively you're trespassing and breaking clearly posted rules. Have I got that right, Jimmy?" This last remark was to his colleague.

Jimmy addressed the stranger. "George here got it exactly right. He's new. Now, let's start again. Show George some I.D., now!"

A wallet was reluctantly handed over.

George examined it. "Now here's a thing, Jimmy. Mr... Williamson here seems to be an employee of one of our esteemed national tabloids. I wonder what pictures he's been taking?"

Jimmy chuckled, "Guess what, Mr. Williamson? I know how to operate this camera. So let's have a butcher's, shall we?" (see cultural notes) He flipped open a small screen on the camera and pressed some buttons.

Then he noticed me hovering and smiled, "Young lady, Samantha, isn't it?" I nodded, shyly I'm pretty certain.

"Oh dear, where are my manners?" He actually bowed slightly! "May I call you Samantha?"

"Only if I can call you Jimmy," I giggled. Suddenly my shyness went. "And your cute friend here, can I call him George?" George was a hunk.

"I should be careful, Samantha. I know George's wife."

George was grinning 'from ear to ear'. "Aw, Jimmy. Why did you have to go and say that?"

I suddenly felt really safe with these guys. I noticed George was not looking at my face, but that was nice, not pervy. I don't know what was coming over me but I suddenly posed for them all, hands on hips and feet slightly apart and the biggest smile I could muster.

"Go ahead and look, fellas. I don't mind. After all, everything you can see has just been shown on the telly. And Mr. Williamson, as you don't have your camera, this one is especially for you." I wiggled my shoulders to make my tits shake.

George and Jimmy laughed loudly. Williamson scowled.

Jimmy was still smiling as he asked, "Samantha, would you like to see these pictures as well?"

Something told me I should. Jimmy kept pressing a button as the pictures appeared one after the other. There were more than a dozen of the concert itself. Some were just of me but most of them showed the choir.

Jimmy remarked, "A very good piece of equipment, Mr. Williamson, high-powered zoom and they're all in focus." Williamson muttered something I didn't catch.

"Oh dear," I suddenly said. There were several shots of me standing close to and then hugging Mr. Tyler. There were none of Mrs. Tyler. Then he had caught the argument with my Mum. I was obviously angry in a couple of pictures, while it looked like I was crying in a couple of others. Then a picture of me with Danielle and Dr. Gilbert. The bastard had been stalking me. Finally of course was the picture just now. The only thing he had missed was me and Gerard Vaughan.

"Jimmy can you get rid of all the pictures after the concert. Please. They're all personal and.."

"No problem, my dear. Now watch me."

He pressed something on the last picture. "Photo deleted" appeared and the previous picture was displayed. Again and again "Photo deleted" until the last concert picture was showing.

"Now, here comes the fun bit." He stepped back and pointed the camera at the ceiling. He held it there for some time.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Williamson shouted.

"Language, sir." The way George said that made me decide you did not want him pissed off at you, not ever.

"That's alright, George. I've heard the word before. And even used it a few times myself."

At last Jimmy lowered the camera and then pressed buttons again for a minute. Then he cleared his throat. "What I've just done, Samantha, is I've taken enough pictures of that spotlight up there to fill the camera's memory. This has clobbered all the pictures you wanted me to get rid of. If I hadn't done that, our friend here might have been able to recover the pictures I deleted. Now all that's in this camera is the concert and that spotlight."

Williamson was really angry now but he didn't say anything.

While Jimmy was being magical with the camera, some strange, all-new thoughts started going through my head. I've got a national newspaper photographer here all to myself. I remembered some popstar somewhere saying that there's really no such thing as bad publicity. I think he had just destroyed his hotel room and been thrown out on his arse and there were a couple of photographers around to record it.

What if I offered Williamson here something HE could use and something that could only help ME? It couldn't hurt to ask, could it?

"Mr. Williamson," I was trying to be as polite as I could with the bastard. "Would you like a couple of good pictures that none of the other newpapers can get? Pictures I'm sure your newspaper will want to print?"

"What did you have in mind?" I had to hand it to him. Despite what had just happened he had turned professional in a flash.

"Well, I'll have to ask my friends, but if they agree, would you like a couple of pictures of naked choirgirls no one else can get?"

"Yes.. thank you." Those last two words really hurt him. Good.

"Jimmy, do you and George have a few minutes?" They both nodded eagerly. "Well, you hold on to that camera, Jimmy, and if you all would follow me please?"

I resumed my walk to the snack bar. With Jimmy still holding the camera, I smiled to myself as I gave them my very best wiggle-walk. I could finally see the whole gang sitting and laughing and asked the three men to wait outside.

I beckoned Laura, Suzie, Tanya and Teresa over and told them I'd had some problems with a photographer but those two gorgeous security guys had helped me. When they all started asking questions I said there's no time, I'd tell them all later, but I'd really like the guy to take some good shots of the five of us, naked.

Teresa shook her head, but Tanya told her, "It's all been on the TV, Teresa. Besides I'd love to have a newspaper picture of us like that. Come on, baby."

Soon the five of us were standing in a naked line. Laura and Tanya were the tallest so they were at each end. I was in the middle and we all had our arms around each other's waists.

Williamson took a notebook and pen out of his jacket pocket. "Girls, could I get your names and ages please, starting with you?" He pointed at Laura.

"Laura Townley, nineteen... That's l-e-y."

Teresa was next but instead she looked over at Tanya for support. Tanya smiled and nodded. Teresa took a deep breath then and answered Williamson, very distinctly. The rest of us did the same.

Then Laura called out, "Wait. Everyone put your right foot slightly in front of your left foot and let your hips relax. How's that, fellas?"

Jimmy was the first to answer, "Much better, young lady. That shows off your.. figures much better."

With the photographer there I decided it was not the best time to tell Jimmy about Laura's qualifications.

"Okay, Samantha? Everyone?" Jimmy asked. We all said yes so Williamson finally got his camera back. He seemed to be taking an awful lot of shots. Then I remembered about the zoom and realised that some of these shots were not for the newspaper.

I could see that Jimmy had the same idea, so I caught his eye and shook my head. We both shrugged.

Jimmy took charge again. "That's quite enough, Mr. Williamson. George, would you escort our guest to the door and .. " he grinned at me, ".. kick his southern arse out of here."

"Hold on," I shouted. I ran over to the three men. "Jimmy, would you hold the camera again for a second?"

I could swear Williamson snarled as he handed the camera to Jimmy.

"Thank you, George. I know you're married, but I still think you're cute." I hugged him tightly and kissed him on the cheek. He hugged me back but didn't kiss me.

Jimmy stayed behind. I waited until the other two men were out of sight.

"Now, Jimmy. Married?" He shook his head.

"Girlfriend?" Another shake.

"Into girls?" His startled look answered that one.

I launched myself at him. This hug was different as I ground my body against his. The kiss was on his lips and I couldn't stop my tongue pushing its way into his mouth. His tongue pushed back but the kiss was over almost before it began. Almost but not quite.

I looked up at him. "Thank you. Those photographs, they were awful."

"I know," he whispered and kissed me again. No tongues this time, from either of us.

Jimmy took a step back and looked down at my wrist. "You know, Samantha, I was stupid too, once, when I was your age." He was in short sleeves so he could simply turn one arm over and show me. If you didn't know to look, you would not have seen the faint scar.

"I don't know if this will help, but sometimes I look at this and say to myself, thank god you failed, Jimmy."

We were completely alone as our eyes connected, just for a moment. It had been the first time I'd thought about the wrist all evening, and it would be the last.

I turned to the other four girls. "This man and his mate probably saved me from a pile of embarrassment. He deserves some more kisses. And that's what he got from each of them, even from the no longer shy Teresa.

"What else can I do to thank you, Jimmy?"

"That's easy, Samantha. Just send me an autographed copy of your first album." And before I could reply, he turned quickly and strode away.

Suddenly a naked Stephen was next to me. The hurt look in his eyes nearly killed me.

"What would you have said to him if he'd asked if you had a boyfriend?"

Oh fuck! I wrapped my arms around him and held him as tightly as I could. "I'd have said my boyfriend was standing right here next to me."

I watched his eyes clear and a grin start to grow and grow. I don't think I've ever seen a bigger grin than that one across his face. Somehow Stephen and I walked into the snack bar without separating.

I spoke out to the whole choir. "I don't know what to say to you guys, except thanks to you I just got offered a contract with Gerard Vaughan."

"Wow!" said Tanya from behind us. She managed to hug us both.

"Is that good?" asked Stephen.

"It's more than good, it's incredible," said Teresa, who also hugged us.

Stephen tightened his hold on me and whispered, "Congratulations, babe," before he started a kiss that went on forever, a kiss like I've never felt before. I'm shivering now, just thinking about it.

"How did you get the choir to do it?" I asked Suzie.

"Nothing to do with us," she said. "We only did what Shelley asked us to do, which was join the choir so you wouldn't be the only one naked. But even she's not gonna believe this."

"Ask Tanya and Teresa," said Laura. "Everything else was all their idea."

I looked at them standing next to each other. They were holding hands and looking happier than I've ever seen them. "You two? I don't understand."

"In the Requiem, we thought it would look stupid having just you three in the front row naked," explained Tanya...

"So we decided to go naked too," continued Teresa.

"When the audience were so good about it for the Requiem, some of the others in the choir said that they thought it would be better if the whole front row was naked."

Tanya took over the story, "So those that were okay with stripping, we moved to the front and we moved those who weren't to the back."

"When I looked down the front row and saw you all naked," I had to stop while I laughed.

I squeezed Stephen and continued, "I mean, the whole fucking front row! I had to look the other way and take some slow breaths to calm down. I didn't dare look in your direction for the whole piece. Thank god Mr. Tyler gave me time to compose myself."

"I think he was as shocked as you were," said Teresa. They both grinned, like a pair of cheshire cats.

"So what's everyone doing now?" I asked.

"Some of us have got some explaining to do, to parents and such, so we're going to have the choir party on Saturday night instead, at my house," said Tanya.

"Laura and Suzie are invited too," said Teresa.

But one of the other girls called out, "But only if they bring the Program boys with them."

Stephen raised his voice, "Just try and keep us away!"

General laughter at that.

"It may not be our first proper date," I said quietly to Stephen, "But you and I have a dinner invitation," and I told him about me and the Tylers earlier, and being invited to dinner.

As we walked back towards Danielle, I saw her with my Mum. They looked like they were arguing, or rather Mum was arguing while Danielle looked serene. Laura put a hand on my arm, "Leave them alone, Sam. Mum can take care of herself."

"Laura," I said, "Your Mum says we're having a little family celebration." She smiled at the word "family" and squeezed my hand. "Do you think she'd be upset if I invited Suzie and Stephen?"

"No, I think she'd be very pleased." (She probably couldn't say much else with Stephen standing next to me like a lost puppy!)

I ran back to Suzie, who was standing alone. Her parents hadn't come. "We'll never all squeeze in the car," I told her. "So I'll go in the bus with the choir. But if you don't have to get home, would you come out for a celebration with Laura and her Mum and Stephen and me?"

"I don't have to get home, my parents are out of town for a long weekend," she said, slightly bitterly. Then she smiled, "I'd love to."

Samantha, part 7

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY NIGHT

I'd planned on getting the school bus back, but Tanya insisted that I go back with her and Teresa in her car.

Mr Tyler had arranged for us to leave through one of the side exits, but even so, we braced ourselves for the inevitable horde of photographers and reporters. Miraculously there were none. I didn't understand why, but I was grateful for a bit of peace after this incredible evening. I wasn't to find out why there were none until later in the evening.

It felt strange sitting in the car with Tanya and Teresa, two girls I'd know for so long, and yet not known at all. We were all silent, lost in our own little worlds.

I thought about everything that had happened so far this week, from the scared and lonely girl I had been on Monday morning to someone capable of handling that photographer. (Okay, I'd had help, but I had organised that mini-photo-shoot for him.)

This evening had been like an incredible roller-coaster. From near despair to the tension of the performance (now it was over I could admit to myself how nervous I'd been), to the elation afterwards. The judge's comments actually went over my head a bit, but Mr. Tyler (Willy - that is so sweet) being so pleased with me, that meant something. And the row with my Mum left me feeling, I don't know, not the "poor little Sam" I had been any more.

It was really weird, but the contract offer that would have meant so much to me, didn't. I mean it was great, but it paled into insignificance compared to seeing the tears in Danielle's eyes as she said that she was proud of me.

And as for the reaction of the choir, genuinely happy for me... Especially these two. I couldn't believe what they'd done for me. By now we were out of the city traffic and about to pull onto the motorway and I burst into tears. It wasn't that I felt upset, just overwhelmed I think. But Tanya immediately pulled over.

"Sam, what's the matter?"

"I just realised what I've been missing all this time."

They didn't understand.

"All this time I've been complaining I had no friends and at the same time not letting anyone get close. And then the two of you go and do something wonderful like tonight. I've been so stupid."

"You think you're the only one?" said Teresa. "I've been fantasising about Tanya for months and was too scared to tell how I felt until today."

"Ditto," said Tanya simply. "So let's make a deal. From now on, no hiding things from each other, no secrets."

"Deal," said Teresa and I together.

Tanya dropped Teresa off first, then took me "home" to Laura's.

"Now I must get home to tell my parents what I've been up to in case it gets on the news," she said. "See you in school."

"Bye, and thanks again." After I shut the door, I smiled to myself, ...when it gets on the news, Tanya.

In spite of the diversion to Teresa's I had arrived home first, a combination of Tanya's fast car and even faster driving.

The phone was ringing, so I raced to answer it. It was a man for Laura, so I promised she'd ring him back when she got home in a few minutes.

Danielle and Laura arrived home soon after with Suzie and Stephen. Laura made her phone call.

"They want me to work tonight," she told her Mum.

"Oh darling, no. This is Sam's special night and it's not as if you need the money."

"It's only a topless so the cane marks mostly won't show and they're pretty faded now anyway. I need to do it, Mum. After the last few days, I need to know I can still cope." She turned to me. "Sam, I'm really sorry. You were great tonight. Have a nice time with Mum and the others."

"Will you be okay?" I asked her.

"That's what I need to find out," she replied.

"Danielle, why don't you go with her?"

"Me? Go to one of Laura's strips?"

"Why not? I bet she'd feel happier this time knowing you were there."

"But it's your night," she argued.

"Then do it as a favour to me," I responded. "Look, you were both there for me when I needed someone. Now it's time to think of yourselves."

She kissed me. "Are you sure you're going to be alright?"

"I've got Suzie and Stephen here. I'll be fine."

But before they went, we turned on the news. Sure enough, it included an item on the concert. I felt a bit sorry for the choir that actually won as they were hardly mentioned. The item ended with a brief interview with Laura and Suzie, outside the main entrance. At the beginning of the interview, they kissed each other, and that wasn't so brief. No wonder the cameras couldn't stay off them. When they cut back to the studio and a slightly embarrassed newsreader, I suddenly saw everything.

"That's how Tanya and Teresa got me out so easily. Mr. Tyler sent us out one way while you two distracted the press for me. That was incredible."

Laura and Suzie grinned. "All in a day's work," said Laura, not noticing the look of hurt that appeared briefly on Suzie's face.

When Laura and Danielle had gone, I turned to Suzie and said, "Okay, I've got a reasonable request."

"I'm sorry, Sam," she said, "I'm just not in the mood."

"What's wrong?"

She hesitated a little too long. "Nothing, just tired."

"Come on, clothes off."

"No. I told you, I'm not in the mood."

"Stephen, help me please." I started to undo her jeans, while Stephen held her arms.

"Alright, alright, I'll do it."

While she undressed I fetched a blanket and folded it in half and put in on the table. I patted the table, "On the table, please."

She hopped onto the table. "Assume the position, please."

"Getting bossy now she's a big star," laughed Suzie.

Without a word I began to lick from her foot all the way up her leg, stopping just short of her pussy. Then the same with her other leg.

I slowly licked around her pussy and used my fingers to open her up. "Sam, I know I said you owed me, but you don't.... FUCK! Where did you learn THAT?"

I'd just sucked quite hard on her clit, while stroking inside her pussy with a finger. I let her clit go and grinned, "I've been practising."

I began working her with my fingers again, bringing her to the point of cumming, then easing off. "Now, you weren't in the mood, so I'd better take my time until you are, hadn't I?" I said.

"Sam!" she nearly screamed at me, "If you don't ..." She couldn't speak as I brought her finally to a climax. I lapped at her pussy as she came, probably making the most disgusting noises.

I stood up and kissed Stephen knowing that he could taste Suzie all over my mouth. I was about to undo his trousers to give him a blow job when Suzie said, "Right, Sam. Clothes off, right now. Get on this table and spread 'em. Two can play at this game."

"Only if we '69'," I said. So I lay on the table, with Suzie lying over me, and we began licking each other, first slowly, then like crazy.

"Hmm," said Suzie, "I wish I had my dildo."

"Don't worry, we've got the real thing here already. It's about time he did something after all the entertainment we've given him."

She laughed and I said to Stephen. "Okay, this girl needs fucking bad. Get in here and make yourself useful."

I held her wide open so he slid straight into her. I tried (not very sucessfully) to lick her and fondle his balls as he pounded into her.

How he kept going until after she came I don't know, but he did. I put his dick in my mouth and licked him clean, before turning to Suzie. I licked out every drop of their combined juices, then used my fingers to pull out more of their cum.

When she got up and looked at me, she said, "Sam, you look disgusting."

"She looks wonderful to me," said Stephen. I thought he was just being gallant until I saw the look in his eyes. It gave me goosepimples.

I kissed him and we devoured each other, his hands roaming over my body, while I gently wanked his dick.

He stopped me. "Sam, If you don't stop doing that, I'm going to need to fuck you. And I don't want either of us to regret it in the morning."

I was about to say, "I won't regret it," when he continued, "And besides, I have something special planned for us, so we'll both have to be patient. I'd better go, before we really do get carried away."

I reluctantly let go of this dick which I knew would be inside me soon. "I wouldn't want to spoil your surprise and I think I need to talk to Suzie privately. Will I see you tomorrow?"

"I'm not sure I could cope with heavy girl talk anyway," he grinned.

Before he could go, I knelt down and kissed the tip of his dick, saying, "And I'll see you tomorrow too."

"Sam," he said, exasperated and turned to leave quickly.

When he'd gone, I confronted Suzie. "I think I understand what's wrong."

She didn't answer.

"Well, let me guess. You get about as much support from your parents as I did from my Mum, right?"

I took her silence to mean I was right.

"And you see Heather and Shelley not only with a supportive Mum, but with each other. And then there's Laura with a great Mum. And now suddenly I end up moving in here, and you feel left out."

"How?"

"Because that's how I would feel if you'd moved in here and I'd been left at my house alone."

I realised then how her face had softened at Laura's name a moment ago.

"And you're jealous of me with Laura too, aren't you?"

She turned her face away.

"Laura is like my sister. It's wonderful and she's great, but it's nothing more than that."

She was crying softly. "I'm sorry."

Oh no, I understood now. Teresa and Tanya all over again. "Does Laura know how you feel?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you think you should tell her? Tanya and Teresa both suffered for months because they couldn't bring themselves to tell each other how they felt."

"And what if she doesn't feel the same way?"

"Then at least you'll know. Suzie, I know it's not much, but even if Laura is my sort-of adopted sister, whatever happens, we'll be friends, okay?"

"You're wrong," she said.

"About what?" I protested.

"You're wrong about it not being much."

We hugged each other.

Apparently we were sleeping on the sofa together, still naked but very comfortable, when Danielle and Laura walked in.

Samantha, part 8

Program WEEK TWO

FRIDAY MORNING

I woke up singing, in my head that is. It was the Albert Hall in London and a huge orchestra was behind me, yes me, not the choir. Okay, it was a dream and I knew it, but a girl's allowed to have her dreams, isn't she?

I sat up and looked across the room. Suzie was lying in Laura's bed all by herself. Where was Laura? This seemed strange.

And stranger still when we found out that Laura had gone out before the rest of us had woken up. Breakfast was a quiet meal. Suzie was missing Laura, that was obvious, but even Danielle was distracted and preoccupied. I was grateful for the silence, though. Today was going to be at least a little crazy, and that was worrying me.

It was still strange on the walk to school with Suzie. One minute she was looking off into space and smiling, the next she was studying the ground and frowning. Clearly she did not want to talk. I had spent years not talking to almost everybody so I understood the symptoms and was sure that I was doing the right thing just by walking quietly beside her. She finally said something as we turned into the path leading to the main school entrance.

"I wonder if she'll be here already." I didn't have to ask who.

When we got to our boxes and there was still no Laura, Suzie sounded slightly alarmed.

"I hope she's alright."

I tried to sound reassuring even though I was starting to worry as well. "I'm sure she is. There's probably a very simple reason why she's not here."

"Was everything okay last night?" I had to ask.

Her face exploded into a grin and she whispered, "Yeah, only the... most... phenomenal... sex... I've ever had! I'm not worried, but..." She let her voice hang there.

They had rearranged things in the corridor this morning. Spaced along the walls were ten benches, five on each side. Near the ones on the left was a long line of tall boys facing into the corridor. They were obviously our "guardian angels" (exactly the right phrase). Yesterday their arms had been linked but today they simply stood close together. The line only stretched to the third bench. I guessed Heather and Shelley were still away.

"Why don't you take the first bench, Suzie," I suggested, "So you can see when Laura gets here?"

"Good idea." Then she hugged me and gave me a quick kiss. "Thanks for being my friend."

I smiled back at her, "I'll take the far bench. Come on, our public awaits."

As I walked to my bench I noticed that all the Program boys were missing. I wondered where they were.

The tallest "angel" near my bench turned round as I got there.

"Morning, Samantha. I watched you on the telly last night. You were wicked."

Before I could thank him he added, "I have a Reasonable Request."

"Yes?" No way would I refuse him anything.

He stepped close and he was so tall I found myself staring at a dark-red t-shirt. One of his hands lifted my chin so he could kiss me. No tongues but one of the friendliest kisses I can remember. For an instant I thought of Jimmy, the security guard last night.

He pulled his head away slightly. "Congratulations, babe. Ready for your first customer?" I nodded. "The two short ones were here before anyone else," he added.

"How do they look to you?" I asked.

"Pretty harmless, I'd say."

"Okay, let them through together then."

No one else could hear our quiet conversation. The "angel" tapped each of the boys on a shoulder and they were let through. Both of them were a little shorter than me (!) and one of them was wearing a pair of round, thick glasses. I spoke to him first.

"Hi, what's your name?"

"Billy," he croaked. He was really nervous.

"And yours?" I turned to the other boy.

"Would you believe Billy as well?" At least he sounded more relaxed.

I continued with the second boy, "I think I better call you William. You don't mind, do you?"

"Okay, I guess." He paused. "It's just that my Mum calls me William."

I laughed, "Then you'd better behave yourself... William." He laughed at that with me.

"What's your request, William?"

"May I play with your breasts?" He paused and lost some of his confidence. "And suck them?"

"Of course you may, William." We seemed to be formal. It was rather sweet.

He put a hand on each breast and started rubbing gently, not at all hesitant. That was a surprise. He started concentrating on my nipples, squeezing and pulling on them. I was enjoying it.

"Now, Billy, what would you like to do?"

"Can I touch your pussy, please?"

"Have you ever touched a girl down there before, Billy?"

He dropped his eyes and shook his head.

I whispered to him, "Shall I tell you how to do it?" He grinned and nodded eagerly.

I was standing so I moved my feet farther apart. "Okay, just use one hand and start rubbing up and down slowly..." I thought for a moment, "...but like you mean it."

He started too high so I told him, "Lower, right underneath, then up to the top."

Much better. He had a good touch and I could feel my pussy enjoying it. At that point William bent down and started sucking my right breast. Actually he opened his mouth wide and took quite a lot of breast into his mouth and was sucking hard as his tongue rubbed against the nipple. Very, very nice.

With Billy rubbing my pussy as well I was getting seriously turned on. Better see to another "customer" or two quickly!

I spoke up so both of them would notice. "Okay, boys, let's give someone else a go."

When William straightened up, he mouthed a silent "thank you" and turned away.

I took Billy's hand and held it against his nose. "Does that smell nice?" I asked him.

He sniffed. "Yes, it does." He sounded genuinely surprised.

"You did that very well, Billy, especially as it was your first time. When you get a girlfriend and she lets you touch her pussy, start just like that and she'll be happy. And don't be afraid to ask her what to do next. Believe me, she'll appreciate that." He walked away quickly. Maybe, I thought, I've made his day a pretty good one.

The tall red t-shirt faced me again. "What's your name?" I asked him.

"Everyone calls me Ed," he answered.

"I'm Sam, okay? Who's next, Ed?"

He came close again. "Well, Sam, how would you feel if a girl was next?"

"Not a problem." I looked past Ed and saw this girl standing there. All the boys had given her some space so I could check her out easily. Short, dark hair, no make-up but a very pretty face. She was wearing a green halter top that did nothing to hide her breasts. I think the word people would use was "ample". A darker-green miniskirt completed the picture.

Ed spoke again after I'd had my look. "The thing is she's jumped the queue a lot. The boys who are waiting have agreed to let her go next if both of you agree to let us all watch. She's cool. You?"

"You said 'us', Ed. Do you want to watch too?"

"Fuck yes!" he grinned.

"Okay," I agreed, "Actually I don't have a choice in the matter, while I'm in the Program anyway. Besides it's kind of exciting when people watch." Where did that come from? I asked myself. "But let us have plenty of room, okay? That way everyone can see better."

"No sweat, Sam." Then he laughed, a lovely deep sound. "Sometimes it's cool to be tall, you know."

Ed spoke quietly to all the nearby "angels" and then signalled the girl. She sauntered over, grinned and stuck out her hand.

"Hello, Samantha. I'm Charlotte, but the world calls me Charlie."

I took her hand. "Call me Sam."

"Sam, I have an UN-reasonable Request. I want to fuck you." As she said the word "fuck" she dragged a fingernail across my outstretched palm. Wow!

"What, here in front of all these... boys?"

"Uh-huh." The look on her face said she was as keen for an audience as I was.

"Can I fuck you back?" I could feel my breathing getting heavy at the idea. She was a real babe!

"If you can still stand up," she grinned and left the remark hanging.

She got real close and took me in her arms. She was a little taller than me and her breasts half-rested on mine as she leaned down and licked my lips. I opened my mouth to kiss her but she kept her lips away. So I stuck my tongue out as well and we dueled. There's no other word for it. It was really teasing.

"Let me see your tits," I asked.

She stepped back, reached behind her neck and undid the halter. Her tits were to die for. The nipples were already hard. I leant over to suck her left nipple and attacked her right one with my hand. Then I remembered our audience and switched over. Her right tit was nearer the wall and this way the boys got a better view. That was almost the last time I thought of them.

I straightened up again and moved my whole body in for a real kiss this time. Her hands were not idle. One hand caressed my arse and one of its fingers began to rub up and down my crack. The other hand went for my pussy. A finger went right into me there.

"Wow, Sam. Those boys really got you wet, didn't they? Oh, by the way, I'm not wearing underwear."

One of my hands confirmed this. We stood like that for a while, tummy close to tummy, fingering each other and staring directly into each other's eyes. Her other hand, the one rubbing my arsehole felt so good that I had to reach round her and copy it. That made her sigh. Good.

"Sam, you said I could fuck you, remember?" I nodded. "Lie down on the bench then."

I did it. My left foot was on the bench with my leg bent, and my right foot was on the floor. The crowd shouted encouragement. I don't think Charlie needed any. I certainly didn't.

Charlie knelt between my legs and scrunched her skirt up around her waist. She shouted to the boys, "Don't even think about it, fellas."

She spread my pussy wide open with her fingers and gave me a long slow lick from bottom to top. Then she took her head away so the boys could see. She repeated this several times, constantly shortening the interval between her licks. She was getting me hotter and hotter and she knew it. Then she fastened her mouth against me and I could feel her tongue doing wonderful things inside. Her nose kept bumping and rubbing my clit and I started to moan. Somehow, though, I wasn't that close to cumming yet.

That changed when she lifted her head away and started doing me with two fingers from one hand while her other hand massaged me just above my clit. She leant down and said, "I'll give you a small one now and then drive you crazy." She fucked me much faster then and rubbed directly on my clit. I came almost immediately.

She slowed down but didn't remove her fingers. Then she she bent down and licked my clit, quickly but softly. She was right. I started the big climb again. Then she stopped and leant down and kissed me for a moment.

"Sam, I've got a special little toy with me. Would you like me to use it?"

I must have hesitated because she added, "Don't worry. Nothing goes inside but my fingers."

I was a little frightened, but I couldn't resist. "Do it."

"Okay, but I must tell you one thing first. When I start, it may be so intense that it hurts. But the hurt disappears very quickly, and then... Well, you'll see." She pushed her skirt halfway back down so she could get at a pocket. She pulled something out and then hitched the skirt back up again. She showed it to me. It looked like a lipstick but was a little longer and thicker. It looked quite innocent. Wrong, wrong, wrong.

"Play with your tits, Sam. Hard."

I'd just been lying there before, but now I went after my tits, squeezing my nipples and twisting them. While I was doing this, Charlie began to fuck me again but quite slowly. I think she added a third finger, but I really don't know for sure. She picked up the toy and fiddled with it. Suddenly I could hear a loud buzz coming from it.

She looked into and held my eyes as she lowered her hand. FUCKING HELL!! She had put the thing directly on my clit and she was right. It did hurt, but what a hurt! In a moment the hurt went away and I started to feel waves coming out from my pussy one after another, slowly at first but then more quickly.

Her fingers never varied their rhythm and the waves seemed to match that rhythm. But then I came. And came and came... and passed out. I think I must have screamed as well because when I opened my eyes and could see again, Ed and two or three other guys were looking down at me.

Ed's voice was the first one I heard. "Are you alright, Sam?" He sounded worried.

"I'm fine... fine. Where's Charlie?"

"Still here, baby," she replied. "Want to fuck me now?"

I felt my face smile at hers. "No, not now. But soon. Okay?"

"Sure. Whenever you want. Shall I help you sit up?"

I managed a nod. She lifted my left foot and placed it on the floor. She put an arm around my shoulders and pulled me up to a sitting position, then sat next to me, still with her arm around me.

I found I could speak again. "What the fuck is that thing?"

"What? Oh, you mean my little friend." She showed it me again. "It's called a "Pocket Rocket". You like?"

"I like. Where can I get one?"

"Meet me next week, when you've got pockets again, and you can have this one."

"Promise?"

"Promise. Last period before lunch most days my lesson is right across the corridor from yours." She paused. "There is one catch, though."

"What?" Right then I didn't care what the catch was.

"You have to promise to use it on me. Now that you've met it, I think you can understand why."

"Fucking right."

For the first time I noticed she had amazing green eyes. "Love the new uniform, Charlie. It goes with your eyes."

"Ta, I do wear green a lot. Which reminds me, I gotta run and change before Assembly."

"Underwear?" I asked her.

She smiled, "Not decided yet."

I was about to ask Ed who was next, when the First Bell rang. The Assembly bell would ring in two minutes. Charlie stood and offered me a hand.

I took it and stood up. Amazingly I felt fantastic. I let go of her and took a couple of steps. I was fine. I couldn't believe it. I watched Charlie disappear into the crowd at full speed. She had at most five minutes to change.

If the Program mornings continue in the future like yesterday and again today, "Morning Groping" is far too nasty a name. The original "Morning Display" is still too tame though. The best I can come up with is "Morning Show-and-Do". I quite like that but I must ask the others what they think. After what Charlie did to me, though, maybe "Morning Show-and-Be-Done" is even better.

Miss Taylor, one of the PE teachers, had been keeping a quiet eye on everything today. She takes us for swimming, amongst other things, and with a shock I suddenly realised just how good she looks in her swimsuit. Those were thoughts I would never have had a week ago. I wasn't old enough yet, for sure, but I wondered if any of the girls, or even the boys for that matter, who were old enough had ever... oh my, Samantha, what are you thinking about?

When the Assembly bell sounded, Miss Taylor stopped Laura, Suzie and me on our way towards the showers and said, "Mr. Thompson would like you three to come to Assembly today. He thinks, and I agree with him, that you will find it... entertaining."

She looked at us critically before handing Suzie a comb. "Here, use this quickly, all of you. You'll be fine for Assembly. And afterwards you have permission to have a proper shower and miss the beginning of your lessons."

The three of us found seats together near the back. Everyone was congratulating me about last night. I was beginning to get used to the attention now, but not, I hope, in a stuck-up sort of way. Everyone seemed so genuinely happy for me that it felt warm and pleasant. I wondered, though, when the feeling of faint embarrassment would fade, or, come to that, if it ever would.

Mr. Thompson walked onto the stage, cleared his throat into the microphone and tapped it with his finger. He silenced the room quickly. It struck me how tired he looked compared with how he'd been on Monday when he was comforting me. I suddenly realised that we girls weren't the only ones who had been under a tremendous strain this week. His face was grim and so was his voice as he began.

"I had hoped to avoid this first announcement, but as quite a few of you witnessed the somewhat unpleasant scene in the car park first thing this morning, I will simply say Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon are not working at this school..."

He was interrupted by a tremendous cheer. He tried to silence it, but finally gave up and just waited until it subsided. "I was going to go on to say, until further notice, but as there can't be one of you out there who doesn't know what has occurred here this week, I am revealing nothing new by telling you that they are suspended pending disciplinary hearings. I am sorry to say that some of you may be asked to speak at those hearings."

His voice got quieter. "On a personal note, I feel very bad that we, as a staff body, let you all down by allowing the situation to deteriorate so badly before we took any action. I know that many other members of staff feel the same way. To the Program girls especially, I apologise and I can promise that while this group of staff are in this school we will see to it that a situation like that never arises again."

Now there was silence in the hall apart from some shuffling of feet. "Until Dr. Reynolds returns, which should be later today, I have been appointed as acting headmaster. We are trying to organise a rota to cover Mr. Graham's and Ms. Gordon's classes, but if you go to one of their classes and there is no member of staff present, I ask you to behave yourselves as the young adults you are."

But now he smiled. "I'll turn now to a much happier topic." A short pause. "Yesterday evening there was an important competition for our school choir. Most of you have probably heard by now that we came second." There were a lot of disappointed groans at that.

Mr. Thompson waved the room quiet again. "I watched the whole thing on the telly and I'm bound to say that I felt the judges got it slightly wrong." He let the whistles and laughter run for a bit. "Now I'm going to ask the whole choir to stand up, wherever they are, in a moment, but before I do I want to make sure you all know precisely what happened at the concert last night. There may just be one or two of you left out there who don't know the full story."

I knew what was coming so I tuned it out. Better to remind myself of the other good things that had happened last night. Mr. Tyler and his wife were so kind to me. I really needed a couple of hugs just then. They were worth remembering. I spotted Mr. Tyler standing at the side not far from me. Our eyes locked and we both grinned. Good old Mr. Tyler.

I found myself idly scratching my wrist, yeah, that wrist. I remembered Jimmy, the security guard, and the scar he showed me. Glancing down I knew I'd have a scar too. I think he was right. Having a constant private reminder of an old stupidity just might stop me doing something else just as stupid in the future.

Handling that creepy photographer turned out to be lots of fun, thanks to Jimmy and the other guard, George. Now there's a hunk. Sorry, Stephen. Just because I love you doesn't mean I'll stop looking, only looking, sweetheart, when the view is as wicked as George.

Laura and Suzie on either side of me suddenly took each of my hands and squeezed them.

I hadn't been listening to Mr. Thompson, but I tuned back into his words in time to hear him say, "None of this would have happened had it not been for two of the other Program girls. They were the catalysts..."

He spotted one of his students at the front and spoke directly to him, "Look it up, Mr. Williams." The room roared. He moved his mouth closer to the microphone momentarily. His next four words only were very loud.

"As I was saying... These two girls were the catalysts that inspired and instigated last evening's remarkable events. So please, Laura Townley and Suzie Peters, would you stand up with the choir and allow the rest of us to show our appreciation to all of you in the traditional manner?"

He moved away from the microphone and waved both hands upward. The whole room erupted with applause and whistles and shouts and god knows what else, even before all of us had managed to stand. Laura was grinning and that was wonderful to see, especially after what she had been through this week. Suzie was of course blushing brightly.

After a full minute or so Mr. Thompson spoke again. "Now... everyone... shhh... thank you... shhh." The room was quiet again. "Thank you, all of you in the choir, for an outstanding performance. Mr. Tyler, a jolly good show, sir. Now, as I've explained, there was rather more to last night's performance than the wonderful singing. How to put this politely?" A tiny hesitation. "Members of the choir, if you remained clothed throughout the performance last night, please sit down."

All the boys and half the girls sat. Suddenly there was a noisy interruption off to my right. Tanya and Teresa were stripping! Blouses, skirts and knickers disappeared quickly. Neither, it was obvious to everyone, had worn a bra today. Then they faced the stage holding hands.

If Mr. Thompson was surprised, he recovered quickly. "I was not going to ask all you girls who are still standing to follow the example..." He glanced at a paper in front of him. "...of Tanya Worthington and Teresa Campenelli in the back there."

Everyone turned around at that. It seemed like all the girls in the room started gasping or chattering, while all the boys started whistling or shouting remarks.

Mr. Thompson was suddenly annoyed. "Quiet! All of you! Now!" That got the room's attention.

He then spoke gently, "Tanya? Teresa? Is this just for Assembly, or something more?"

Amazingly it was Teresa, not Tanya, who answered, "More, sir, if that's okay with you?"

"Would you care to explain that for me?"

Teresa looked at Tanya who smiled, "You're doing fine, girl. Keep goin'."

Teresa seemed to get her confidence back again. "Well, sir, the whole town is now a Program Area, right?"

"Yes," from Mr. Thompson.

"That means that any of us, girls or boys, can go without clothes if we want." She paused. "Well, Tanya and me, I mean, Tanya and I..."

Mr. Thompson interrupted, "That's okay, Teresa. I'll let it go THIS TIME."

I think nearly everyone who had Mr. Thompson for English laughed at that. If I'd sold a record for every time I've heard him tell one of us not to confuse I with me, I'd already have a gold disc.

"Well, Tanya and I want to go without clothes some of the time, not all the time. We spend more time in school than anywhere else, so if we want to... be naked then we want to be able to be naked here at school." She took a deep breath. "That is, if we're allowed to."

"Well, Teresa, you've made yourself very clear. Thank you. Tanya, do you agree with everything Teresa has just said?"

"Yes, Mr. Thompson, I do. And may I add something else YOU may think is very important? I talked to my dad this morning and Teresa talked to her mum and both of them said it was alright with them if it was alright with the school." Now she smiled, "Do you want us to bring in a note from our parents?"

Everyone laughed at that, including Mr. Thompson. "No, Tanya, at least not right away. I'll be happy to take your word on that. However, Dr. Reynolds may feel that it will be necessary when he returns." And now he chuckled again. "No doubt Mrs. Johnson will be asked to design a form of some sort for parents to sign in due course."

There was another knot of confusion right near the front on the far side of the room. Suddenly it was quiet and another naked girl was standing there.

"Miss McCormick, I didn't know you were in the choir." Mr. Thompson was obviously curious.

"I'm not, sir." I could hear the smile in her voice from where I sat.

"I'm not a dentist, Miss McCormick, so I hope I'll not have to extract your story tooth by tooth." That got the intended laugh.

Mr. Thompson held up a hand. "A moment, everyone. You should all know that Miss McCormick has... now how shall I put this? ...a certain flair for the dramatic. She was one of my students for the past two years, but the gods have given me my parole this year. There were a few times last year when I thought I was in her class rather than the other way around." He let the room quiet down and then he faced her again. "Cynthia, is this... display spontaneous?" I realised that his little speech had allowed the girl to collect her thoughts.

"Yes and no, sir. I decided just now to copy the girls back there but I've been thinking about this most of the week. I want to be naked some of the time just like they do, but I must be honest, sir. I haven't said anything to my folks yet."

She paused but before Mr. Thompson could reply she continued, "I'm also hoping to persuade my boyfriend to... follow my example between now and Monday." She giggled, "I can be very persuasive."

Everyone laughed at that. Then a boy stood up, near the front as well but on this side of the room. He pulled his jumper over his head and then started on his trousers.

Mr. Thompson's sigh was broadcast by the microphone. "And who, pray tell, are you, young man?"

Loudly, "Cynthia's boyfriend!" Then a lot quieter, "Justin Coyle."

He finished undressing before he said, "I think this is necessary if I'm gonna have any chance of a good time tonight."

There was some giggling at that, but Mr. Thompson just nodded his head and replied, "I think I probably should say 'well done', Mr. Coyle. I suspect this might turn out to have been more a matter of survival than pleasure for you. Mr. Coyle and Miss McCormick, would you both sit down please. You may, if you wish, remain unclothed today. However, I'm putting you both on your honour to speak to your parents over the weekend, alright?"

I couldn't see from where I was sitting but Mr. Thompson's reaction indicated that they must have nodded in agreement. It had been a pleasant few minutes, but now Mr. Thompson looked very serious indeed.

He turned to the rest of us and spoke very distinctly. "Now, every one of you, listen very carefully to what I'm about to say. I know that I am speaking now with the full authority of the headmaster. These four students, Teresa Campenelli, Tanya Worthington, Cynthia McCormick and Justin Coyle are not, I repeat, they are NOT in the Program. That means all of them are NOT available for Reasonable Requests. Any student who tries to abuse them, or even to annoy them in any kind of sexual way, will be dealt with immediately, forcefully and without... being... given... a... second... chance. And all you girls out there, don't think I'm only talking to the boys. Verbal abuse is still abuse and will be dealt with just as severely." He stopped to scan all of us. "Have I made myself completely clear to every single person in this room?"

A pin dropping would have been deafening after that.

After a moment, Tanya raised her hand! "Mr. Thompson, sir? Suppose any of us want to do something sexy, without any other student making a request?"

"A very sensible question, Tanya. And one I do not know the answer to." He stood there thinking for what seemed like a long time. "How about this as an interim solution? Let's say no... unusual behaviour at all until Dr. Reynolds has had a chance to consider the question carefully." There were complaints from many of the boys until Mr. Thompson cleared his throat. "Nudity only, as and when any of you choose, but absolutely nothing else. Tanya? Teresa? Cynthia? Justin?" They each nodded in turn.

Cynthia had one last question. "Which toilets and showers should we use?"

"That one's easy, Cynthia. The girls' facilities of course. Not you, though, Mr. Coyle. Using the facilities of the opposite sex only applies to Program students."

He addressed the room at large again. "The best-laid plans, hey? I had a very careful script prepared before these delightful young ladies and Mr. Coyle interrupted me." He paused to nod politely to all four of them. "So, undeterred, I shall return to it. Tanya and Teresa were the girls, along with Samantha, Laura and Suzie, who were naked for the first piece at the concert. These five girls had no idea what sort of reception they were going to receive when they walked out on that stage last night. Thus all five of you showed real courage there and I commend you all."

Suddenly it was crazy, with clapping and whistling and everything else. Like the room had been holding its breath after Mr. Thompson's serious words and let it out, all of it all at once.

"Now would you all sit down, all of you, that is, except Samantha."

The moment had arrived that I knew would happen. I felt good about it and not scared at all.

"Samantha, I know you have had an immensely testing time this week. Last night, however, you proved yourself magnificently. Not only with your singing, which was angelic, but also with your bravery and determination, which were breathtaking. Samantha Downing, we salute you."

And now the spotlight was on me totally. I had complained to Danielle about being exposed all week, with nowhere to hide, but this, this was different. I had earned this spotlight and life was just fine. I could tell that everyone was as loud as before, maybe even louder. But it was strange. I could feel the applause and everything else much more than I could hear it, and it made me just a little giddy.

For the last time, Mr. Thompson shushed the room. I sat down and Laura and Suzie gave me a quick hug.

"Well, this Assembly has been rather longer than usual," Mr. Thompson had a "conclusive" tone in his voice. "To those members of staff who may have to rush their first lesson today, I apologise for the length of this Assembly, but not its content."

"One final annoucement, though, for my own students. I suppose there's good news and bad news for you. I shall be unavailable for the rest of the day to take any of my lessons. That's the good news." He paused then grinned. "The bad news is that I've arranged with my colleagues in the English department to cover all my lessons." There were more than a few groans around the room.

"So would you all now proceed, quickly and quietly, to wherever you should be right now. Thank you."

As I reached the aisle I was stopped by Mrs. Johnson, the headmaster's secretary. She stood directly in front of me.

"Samantha, dear, I just wanted to say how much I enjoyed last night. I love Mozart and what you did with the Laudate was... very beautiful. As for the rest of it, what you and the other girls..." she nodded at Suzie and Laura, "...did was very brave. Well done."

I was flabbergasted. Not at what she said, which was clearly honest and very nice, but at her calling me Samantha. For as long as I had been at the school I had never heard her call any student anything except Miss This or Mr. That. And my surprise caused me to do something surprising right back. I leant forward quickly and kissed her on the cheek.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Johnson. That was quite the sweetest thing anyone has said to me this morning."

She smiled warmly at me, but then I could feel her reluctantly putting her mask back on. "Mr. Thompson has asked me to ask you to come to the office briefly before your first class."

"Sure, Mrs. Johnson. But please, could I go have a quick shower first. Miss Taylor said..."

"Of course you may, Miss Downing. But be as quick as you can, please." Then the warm smile returned. "And no fooling around in there, young lady."

There's a lot more to Mrs. Johnson than she lets us see, I thought as I headed towards the door. Despite all the people pushing past I found myself right next to Mr. Tyler.

I whispered to him so no one else could hear, "Thanks for everything, Willy."

Then I ran like hell for the showers.

Suzie and I were side by side, alone in the showers, and she was listlessly rubbing some soap across her body. I moved in front of her to catch her eye, "Laura didn't need a shower, you know."

"Yeah, I know. But I didn't even get a chance to ask her where she's been this morning."

Oh dear, she did sound unhappy. And seriously in need of a distraction. "Wash your back, Suzie?"

"Huh? Yeah, okay, thanks."

Facing away from me, she couldn't see my grin. I soaped her back like you would a muddy five-year-old's. Then I tossed the soap over my shoulder and sent ten tickling fingers round to her ribcage.

I had the advantage of surprise and Suzie was shrieking before her brain could make her body react. She tried to twist away, she tried to run, she tried both at the same time. But I was relentless, staying behind her where she couldn't get me back.

Eventually I stopped the tickling myself. By now we were on the other side of the showers and Suzie was bent over with her hands on her knees, panting heavily. I stood back with my arms crossed, out of range of a counter-attack and grinning like a maniac.

Suzie looked up at me and glowered, "You-u-u..." But then her face softened and she was grinning instead. "Thanks, Sam. I needed that."

I thought I was safe but decided to check anyway. "Truce?"

"Yeah, truce. Come on, we'd better finish here."

That's all Suzie said while we rinsed ourselves and towelled off. She did grin sheepishly at me a couple of times, though, so I knew I'd done as much as I could.

I walked into the office a few minutes later. Mrs. Johnson was busy on her computer. Mr. Thompson was standing behind her and looked up at me.

"Ah, the nightingale alights." Then he shook his head. "Sorry, Samantha. Sometimes I'm just plain silly. Could I have a brief word?" I'm not sure but I think he may have bowed slightly as he held the door to the inner office open for me.

He motioned me into a chair and then sat next to me, not, I noticed, behind the big desk.

"So, Samantha, how are you coping with everything this morning?"

"Okay, I guess, sir. It is a little weird, though. One minute it feels all warm and friendly, the next minute it's a little scary. I mean, I'm still Samantha Downing and I'm still here in school and I'm still naked in the Program, so nothing really has changed, has it?"

Mr. Thompson just smiled and waited for the big "but".

"But of course everything has changed, hasn't it? A few days ago almost nobody knew who I was. Now the whole school knows me, and not just 'naked me'. And god knows how many people heard me sing on telly last night. And an important agent wants to sign me up for... what, a new singing career? I don't know. And I have a new family, the Townleys, who love me and have taken me into their home, and into their lives. And..."

I was suddenly crying and couldn't stop. Was all this just too much for me? At that point I didn't know and that made me cry some more, not big heaving sobs but little sniffles that would not stop. Mr. Thompson produced a handkerchief, shook it open and handed it me. The first noseblow sounded like a loud fart (sorry, but that WAS what it sounded like), but the second one was much quieter. I wiped my cheeks dry, and my nose once more as well, before returning the handkerchief.

I folded my hands demurely in my lap, sat up straight and looked at Mr. Thompson. "What did you want to see me about, sir?" I was determined not to lose it again.

"Only to tell you this, Samantha. I believe you know a Mr. Gerard Vaughan." I nodded, suddenly eager. "Well, he phoned me first thing this morning. He wants to meet the whole choir today, and then have a private meeting with you, he said, with my permission of course. I had a brief word with Mr. Tyler and what we've all agreed is this. Mr. Vaughan will see the whole choir during the lunch hour and then the two of you can meet privately. Okay so far?"

"Yes, of course." Then that "so far" registered. "What else is there?"

"Well, it sounds like your meeting will be serious business. If you would like Mr. Tyler or me, or both of us, to sit in on that meeting, I or we would be very happy to. I believe Mr. Vaughan wants to be your agent, or manager or something, but you may feel you need some support with him until you get to know him better."

I didn't think Mr. Tyler was much of a business type of person. Mr. Thompson, on the other hand, impressed me a lot more. You might be wrong, I told myself, but here comes your first "career" decision.

"Please, sir, I'd like it a lot if you'd be at the meeting." Then I added so he'd understand I was being serious. "I trust you."

"Thank you. I promise to do my best to justify that trust." He glanced at his watch."It looks like you've already missed quite a lot of your first lesson. We might as well use up the rest of it. I'm sure Mrs. Johnson would be grateful for some help right now. We have to get the word around to the whole choir about lunchtime. I've decided to allow all of you to start lunch a quarter of an hour early so you can eat something before the meeting. Let's go see Mrs. Johnson, shall we?"

She had prepared a note on her computer for Mr. Thompson to sign, and now her computer was spitting out one copy for each member of the choir with their name at the top. Each of us could give our copy to our fourth-lesson teacher so we could leave early.

Mrs. Johnson had everyone's lesson schedule on her computer and she was going through the pile and marking where each student was now. When she was finished and Mr. Thompson had signed them all, she and I divided them in half and each of us delivered a pile.

The procedure was a little different for my form. My fourth lesson today was English Lit. and Mrs. Johnson had written on my form where Mrs. O'Brien was now. I delivered this one last, just as the bell ending the first lesson rang.

Our second lessons were in the same direction so, as we walked, I explained to Mrs O'Brien what was happening at lunchtime.

"This is very sudden, Samantha, is it not? I hope it's not too sudden. What do you think?"

"I'm really not sure about a lot of things right now. But Mr. Thompson has agreed to help me with my meeting today."

"A very good idea. I have a lot of respect for him. I know you may have to start to make some big decisions now. They will have to be your decisions, but do listen to his advice."

Then she stopped and turned me to face her. "If you will, allow me to offer you some advice. You are going to have to find some people to trust. People who you think will honestly have your best interests at heart. That will be difficult and you will have to learn to judge people and then go with your judgment. I know nothing about this Vaughan fellow, but I do know Marcus Thompson. If you want to trust me, I'm telling you to trust him."

"But suppose I pick the wrong people to trust?"

"Then you might get hurt, but I have a feeling you already knew that." She made that a question by raising an eyebrow.

"So if I make a mistake, I guess I have to back up and try something, or someone, different."

"Rather like one of those mazes and their high hedges. We all have to do it, Samantha. It's one of the things life's all about.

"Mrs. O'Brien, is there anything simple or easy about all this?" I really hoped her answer would be yes.

She laughed at that but not loudly. "Maybe just one thing, my dear, but not until you know it. Before then it will seem the most difficult thing there is."

I thought for a moment she wasn't going to tell me but she was still smiling. "Have I confused you now? What could be difficult and easy at the same time? Frightening and exciting? As simple as a sunrise or as complex as nuclear physics?"

I suddenly knew the answer. "Let me say it, ma'am." She waited. "It's love, isn't it?"

"Exactly so." At that point the second bell went.

Fortunately I was only a few seconds away from my next lesson, History. Mrs. O'Brien had given me so much to think about that I'm afraid I paid no attention to the spread of the British Empire in the nineteenth century. Or was it the eighteenth century? I told you I wasn't paying attention.

Mrs.O'Brien's words had made me more than a little uneasy. I sat there trying to understand what was going on inside me. There were a mixture of emotions competing. Happiness and excitement were certainly there. But so was fear. It felt scary to be noticed, to be put into the spotlight even if the ones aiming the spotlight at you were friendly. That was wrong. They were claiming to be friendly but I didn't know that yet. Especially Gerard Vaughan. I didn't know what plans he might have for me. But I had to assume for now that he wants to profit from me and my talent. Will that be good for me as well? I didn't know and that was scary all by itself.

That was the bad stuff. Was there any good stuff? Yes, I believed there was, but what to call it? Satisfaction was the best I could come up with. I had given a fucking outstanding performance last night. I knew it and I thought that others, including Mr. Thompson now, knew it as well. I had worked my arse off for last night, so it wasn't as if something had come my way which I hadn't earned.

And while we're on the good stuff, I thought, there is dear, sweet, gorgeous, sexy Stephen. I'm so glad he's accepted waiting a few days until we do it. He probably doesn't really understand why this is so important to me, only that it does matter to me. And that makes it okay with him.

My next class was Maths and for some reason I did listen. I was even able to do a problem on the board. Okay, I made a mistake, but with the teacher's help I was able to figure out where I'd messed up and fix it, and somehow that was even more satisfying than getting it right the first time. Like I'd said to Mrs. O'Brien, when things hadn't worked out, I'd backed up and tried something different, even though I needed a little help along the way. Sort of like life, I smiled to myself as I returned to my seat.

I only had a few simple Requests during the morning breaks, some poses and two different boys who wanted to congratulate me with a kiss, just like Ed had done. The second boy offered me some tongue, but that was just friendly rather than sexy. Afterwards he whispered, "If I request anything more, my girlfriend will cause me pain, she told me, and I believe her."

After what Charlie had done to me earlier, I certainly didn't think I needed any more stimulation this morning, although I wouldn't have refused any "reasonable" offers. There were, however, two episodes worth mentioning.

The first was when two girls from my year came up to me, each with a small book and a pen in her hand. I knew them slightly.

"Hi, Sam. You were fantastic last night, and we thought you might actually get famous someday and so we thought we'd be the first ones..." one of the girls began.

"To ask you for your autograph," the other one finished. Then they both grinned at me.

Wow! I wondered if they realised how cool I thought that was.

"Sure," I said and signed their books. They even asked me to add today's date, to make it official, one of them said. They had proper autograph books and they had each turned their book to a blank page part way through. Gosh, I wondered, who else had they got in their books, but somehow it seemed impolite to ask.

They were just going when I stopped them. Something huge had just occurred to me. "Could I possibly sign them again, please?"

"Why?"

"Just trust me, okay?"

They opened the books again for me to the next page and watched while I signed "Samantha Townley" and again wrote the date.

"Why 'Townley'?" one of them asked.

"I can't tell you now. But if I do become famous, that's the first time I've used that name."

"Cool," the other one commented. As they walked away I thought I might just have done something quite wrong, or at least something I should not have done without Danielle's and Laura's permission. I promised myself to not do anything more about it until I had discussed it with both of them.

The second episode was just as I was about to walk into English Lit. I happened to look across the corridor and spotted Charlie staring at me. She smiled and then looked down towards her feet. I looked down there as well before realising she was actually looking at her skirt, where her hand was patting a pocket. I knew what was in that pocket and felt a sudden warmth in my pussy. I looked up again and must have blushed, as Charlie's smile grew a lot wider before she turned and walked into her classroom, her hips swaying, I was certain, just for me.

For the first time this week I wanted classroom relief. I'll rephrase that. I needed relief, so I approached Mrs. O'Brien, who was standing next to her desk.

I recalled our chat in the corridor, but it still seemed weird to me to be talking to her twice in the same day. "Hello again, Mrs. O'Brien," I said quietly, "Please, would you ask me if I want relief?"

"Really, Samantha?"

"Yes, really. I'll tell you why next week, if you want me to, but I really need it now."

"Alright, dear. Wait here next to me."

Once the class had settled, Mrs. O'Brien spoke. "Class, Miss Downing here has requested relief." She turned to me. "Would you like assistance?"

"Yes, please."

I think every boy's hand shot up as well as about half the girls. Wow, I thought. I saw the boy I wanted smiling at me. He was the one who had wished me luck yesterday. "Terry, please."

The other boys groaned their disappointment but several of the girls giggled.

As he stood, Mrs. O'Brien said, "Mr. Hobbs, I thought there was someone in this class you were already quite... close to." Oh shit! I didn't know that. I wondered who his girlfriend was, and if she still would be now.

"You don't miss much, ma'am, do you?"

"I try not to, sir."

"Well, Melanie stuck her hand up too."

"Miss Reardon, I guess you can't complain about Mr. Hobbs then, can you?"

"No, ma'am, I suppose I can't. But I can feel a little jealous, can't I?"

I thought I had a solution. "Melanie, want to join us?"

Terry had a headstart on Melanie, but she moved a lot faster than he did and was standing next to me by the time he got there. The rest of the class laughed loudly, whether it was at her eagerness or just the general situation I wasn't sure.

Melanie spoke first. "What do you want us to do, Sam?"

I giggled at her. "How's Terry at going down?"

"Outstanding." The girls in the class oohed and aahed.

I turned to Terry. "Don't let me down now. Promise?"

"I'll do my best, Sam."

Mrs. O'Brien picked up the only items on her desk, two books. "You may use the desk if you wish."

"Thank you, ma'am," I replied.

I lay back across the desk with my legs hanging over the edge and my right side facing the class. The desktop was cold, but I could not have cared less.

Terry very quietly asked me, "Are fingers okay, or do you just want my mouth?"

Melanie whispered back, "Sam, you want both, believe me."

I told Terry, "You heard what Melanie said. Go for it."

Melanie walked behind the desk so that when she bent down to kiss me and play with my tits the class could still see. That's what she told me afterwards. I hadn't thought about it at the time.

I don't know which of them was better. She kissed me for a while, and boy could she kiss, and then moved down and sucked first one nipple, then the other one, back and forth. Terry sent one finger first into my pussy, but when he found I was already very wet immediately switched to two fingers. His mouth concentrated on my clit, sucking very gently at first but soon much harder.

I think I was still sensitive from Charlie and her magic toy, because very quickly they had me moaning and writhing all over the desk. Then it happened. I started to cum and Melanie twisted my nipples as Terry's fingers moved fast and his tongue rubbed my clit. Not an earthquake like earlier, but very, very satisfying.

When I could understand speech again, Melanie whispered, "Can I have a taste, Sam?"

Mrs. O'Brien must have very good hearing, as she answered for me, "Only a quick taste, Miss Reardon. I have a lesson to teach."

Melanie was fast but pretty thorough. And while she was down there Terry was letting me taste myself on his lips, tongue, nose and cheeks.

Suddenly Mrs. O'Brien was right next to the desk. "Okay, kids, that's enough." Her tone was friendly so the class's laugh was friendly as well.

Terry helped me to stand up as Mrs. O'Brien whispered, "Better, Samantha?"

"Yes, thank you, much better."

Then she spoke up so everyone could hear, "Mr. Hobbs, perhaps you could help Miss Downing to her seat.

Before Melanie could move away I hugged her. "Thanks. You were right, he is outstanding."

I thought I had whispered but from their reaction I guess most of the class heard me.

Mrs. O'Brien of course had the last word for Terry. "Hmm, Mr. Hobbs, I suspect that if you and Miss Reardon were to break up, there may be one or two other opportunities for you here."

As Terry escorted me to my seat, I noticed a distinct bulge in his trousers. So did several other girls as he made no real attempt to hide it.

"Alright, class, starting today and for the next few lessons we are going to look at several famous speeches from Shakespeare's plays. Not only was he a great poet with a wonderful command of English, but he also had some very strong views on human issues which, I would suggest to you, are as relevant today as when he wrote them some 400 years ago. Our first speech comes from Macbeth so would you all please turn to page 113 in your books."

I was "book-less" so she continued, "Mr. Hobbs, Miss Downing has no books with her. Perhaps you could slide your chair over and share with her?"

This was unusual. All week Mrs. O'Brien had let me slide undisturbed through her leassons. I looked up at her and she was looking straight at me. I felt she really wanted me to get involved today. Okay, I decided, let's see.

After Terry had settled down close to me, there was some noise near the front and three girls started giggling.

Mrs. O'Brien was pissed off. "Miss Morgan, would you share with us what you've just muttered to your friends? I hope it's relevant."

Liz Morgan feared no one, so I was not surprised when she said, "I was only just wondering, ma'am, if Terry and Sam had picked out the baby furniture yet."

That was so outrageous that even Mrs. O'Brien started laughing. She turned to Melanie. "I'm sorry, Miss Reardon. Perhaps I should have asked if you minded."

"That's alright, ma'am, as long as I can see all their hands." That set the class off again.

"Enough, everyone, that's enough now. We have work to do. The speech we are about to consider is near the top of page, starting with 'tomorrow and tomorrow'. Yesterday I asked Mr. Hobbs to prepare to recite this speech. Are you ready, sir?"

"Yes, ma'am." He stood and I tried to pass him the book. "I don't need it, Sam. Thanks. It isn't that long so I think I've got it memorised."

"Good, Mr Hobbs," Mrs. O'Brien commented. "Let's hear it then."

Terry cleared his throat and began. He didn't speak very loudly or quickly, but every word was clearly pronounced. He really sounded like he was someone who was thinking out loud. I thought he was terrific, as I followed the words in the book.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time,

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more; it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

"Very good, Mr Hobbs. You sounded like you knew what you were talking about. We shall see. Thank you."

Terry sat down and I smiled at him. I could sing, sure, but I couldn't have done what he just did, and certainly not given such a good performance.

Mrs. O'Brien addressed the rest of us. "Now I don't intend to go into the whole play or discuss why this speech is crucial to the story. If you are lucky enough to have me for English Lit. next year, we will spend a great deal of time on Macbeth. Murder always makes for a good yarn, just count the bodies on television for a single week sometime. You may be surprised by the number."

"No, instead I want you to think about what Shakespeare might be saying about life in general. Think outside the box. I'm not fond of that phrase, but it is apt here. Take a moment and then when you've thought of something, raise your hand."

It was the last line that struck me the most. Life's an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Like if I was lucky enough to become a famous singer. I knew then why she was so keen for me to get into this. I raised my hand. While I waited I glanced around the room. There were five or six other hands raised, then another three or four. That was one of things that was good about her classes. Lots of us got involved and she was never rude to any of us, unless one of us got too cheeky first.

Then she smiled at me, "Miss Downing?"

Here goes, I thought, and took a deep breath. "I was thinking about the last bit, ma'am, 'a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' I think he's saying that just because something is loud or seems to be very important, like all the fame and money a pop star gets, it maybe isn't important at all. It's like when someone says to you, you should take that with a pinch of salt."

"I think that's exactly what he's saying, dear." She always uses dear for the girls and sir for the boys when we're discussing things. "Did anything else strike you?"

"Well, the whole thing seems to be saying there's nothing that's really important, nothing matters, and I don't want to agree with that, ma'am, not at all."

"You're correct about this one speech, and without straying too far from the speech, I'll just say that the speaker is quite deeply depressed here, so he's unlikely to feel like saying anything positive. And I agree with you also about not wanting to believe that nothing matters. Lots of things matter a great deal."

"But," I came back with, "The things that really matter may not be the ones we think matter. It's like last night, when Mr. Graham sent me home and told me I couldn't sing. You have to understand, we've been working for last night all year. And it meant even more to me, well for reasons I won't say now. If that had happened earlier this week, I... I don't know what I might have done. But all I could think about last night was I had Dani... Mrs. Townley and Laura who love me. And if I couldn't sing at the concert, it wasn't the end of the world any more. I'm sorry, ma'am. I don't know if I'm making sense."

Mrs. O'Brien smiled at me. "Yes dear, you are, a great deal of sense. Thank you, Miss Downing. Miss Morgan?"

Sorry, Mrs. O'Brien, I said to myself, I've got to think about this right now, so I'm afraid I ignored most of the rest of lesson. But I think she expected that would happen. Maybe she even intended for it to happen. One thing though, that I have to give her credit for is getting me into Shakespeare for the first time ever. But not just Shakespeare. She's managed to do that with other stuff as well. I decided I wanted to be in her class next year. How could I manage that? Hmmm.

A little while later Terry got into an argument with another boy. I'd missed the start so I couldn't follow what they were saying, but I was rooting for Terry. I think he won the argument. Good.

Before I knew it, Mrs. O'Brien spoke to me again. "Miss Downing, I believe it's time for you to go."

Terry looked at me funny so I whispered, "Got a choir meeting now. Your performance was ace... both of them. See ya."

As I passed her, I muttered, "A quick question, ma'am, please?"

"Excuse me for one moment, class," she said and followed me out the door.

I knew I had to be brief. "I just wanted to thank you for today's lesson. You did it on purpose, didn't you?"

"Guilty as charged, dear. After I watched the concert last night, I got to thinking that you might be feeling very confused today. I rang Mr. Hobbs up, I've all your phone numbers at home, and arranged for him to prepare for today. When you have a chance, think about what we did today. I hope it helps."

"Yes, I think it has already." Then I suddenly thought about phone numbers. "Mrs. O'Brien, I'm moving to the Townley's tonight, permanently. I must tell Mrs. Johnson. I hadn't thought about that. If you could check with her later..."

"Yes, I shall, thank you. Now I must get back in there. Good luck today."

And before I could blink I was staring at the classroom door.

Samantha, part 9

Program WEEK TWO

FRIDAY Afternoon

As I walked into the dining hall I could see most of the choir in the queue. A few were already eating.

I joined the queue and saw that lasagne was on the menu. It was one of the few main dishes they cooked that I liked, and I liked it a lot. Great, I thought, I'm starving. I was considering whether this appetite as well was down to Charlie and her little friend when I heard a familiar voice behind me. It was Teresa, and of course she was naked.

There were two boys in the queue between us so she had to raise her voice. "Sam, those seats in class are free-eezing! How have you managed it all week?"

"Carefully, very carefully," I called back. Everyone near us laughed at that. "Where's Tanya?"

"Dropping all our books off in her locker. And having a pee, I think."

She hadn't seen Tanya approaching. "Why don't you broadcast it on the Tannoy? (see cultural notes) I'm not sure if they heard you in the Chem. lab." The sciences had their own small building behind the main one so the Chem. lab was about as far away from the dining hall as you could get.

As the laughter died Tanya added, louder than was now necessary, "I may have to spank you for that."

The boy next to me offered, "Please, Tanya, can I hold her for you?"

"In yer dreams, Mike," Tanya and Teresa responded together.

I had nearly finished an enormous helping of lasagne when Mr. Tyler stuck his head in the door and called out, "Chop, chop, everyone. We're in the auditorium."

I chugged the rest of my Coke, stood up and burped very loudly.

Someone had to say it, didn't they? "Better out than in."

I "la-la'ed" a progression at him.

Teresa giggled, "That sounded rough, Sam."

From anyone else I'd have been annoyed. I saw the remains of a burger on her plate. "Let's hear a quick rendition of "Hamburger Heaven", girl, and admire your tone, right now."

Teresa ducked her head and mouthed a "sorry" at me. I smiled back.

Mike the "volunteer" and I were first into the auditorium. Sitting right at the front buried in a newspaper was Gerard Vaughan.

Mr. Tyler was up on the stage and signalled for the choir to join him there, including me. We took our normal singing positions. I was in the middle of the front row. That's when I noticed three ladders set up in the auditorium, one in the middle in the central aisle and the other two halfway along each side of the front row. Odd, I thought, and promptly forgot about them.

Mr. Tyler stood at the side so he could see both Mr. Vaughan and us. "Hello, boys and girls." He ALWAYS started that way. He told us once that when he was small, the host of his favourite children's programme on the telly began every show that way. Apparently this host had the best natural singing voice he'd ever heard, including every choir he'd ever directed, and this was his way of reminding himself what he had to aim for.

He continued, "I'm pretty certain most of you know the gentleman in the audience. His name is Gerard Vaughan. To say he's 'the biggest noise in the music business today' is possibly an understatement. Mr. Vaughan."

Mr. Vaughan stood to speak to us. "Thank you, Mr. Tyler, for that." He looked towards the side of the room for a few seconds like he was gathering his thoughts, before facing us with a small grin brightening his eyes.

"Yes, I'm certainly the biggest cheese in British music at the moment. I must emphasise that 'at the moment' because the music business is incredibly fickle. I have to be on the run constantly just to stand still, but I can't complain. I've made a lot of money in this game. Of course, my artists have made a lot more, usually at least one zero more, if you see what I mean."

"But that's not the main reason I do what I do. I don't need the dosh any more. My wife asks me at least once a month to retire, but then she spends the rest of the month."

He stopped there. It took most of us, including me, quite a while to get the joke, so our laughter was slow and scattered.

"Don't worry, boys and girls, may I call you that as well?" Of course he could, but it struck me as a nice gesture to ask. "When you're older and married and mortgaged, you'll get jokes like that a lot quicker."

"Where was I? Oh, yes. The reason I'm still in the music business is that I love music, all kinds of music, classical, jazz, every pop genre from 50s rock 'n' roll to disco to rap to hip-hop to electro-rock to everything else in between. The insurance premiums on my personal collection keep my broker better dressed than I am." His suit was sharp, with a capital S, and fitted him perfectly.

"One thing you must know about me is that I never, never lie when I express a musical opinion. I can't afford to, literally. I was at your concert last night. I spend more time at live gigs all over the country than doing anything else, because however good today's technology is, it still doesn't get close to the truth. There were really only two choirs there last night, you guys and the winners. I'll be honest with you. I scored it as a dead heat between the choirs. Had I been one of the judges, I'd have given you guys a narrow win, though, because of Miss Downing."

He looked directly at me now. "You have an extraordinary voice, Miss Downing, and it sounds like Mr. Tyler has done a great job nurturing it. But I don't want to take away from the rest of you guys. You are an outstanding choir." He allowed his compliments to sink in.

Then he dropped his bomb. "How would you kids like to appear on The Larry Baker Show?" Fucking Hell! What is The Larry Baker Show, you ask? Only the biggest musical and variety show on TV, that's all. Every international star, and I do mean every, appears on it when they visit Britain.

"Well I can arrange it, I'm pretty sure. I have some influence on their bookings."

"Excuse me, Mr. Vaughan," Mr. Tyler interrupted, "But aren't you the programme's executive producer?"

"Oh dear, Mr. Tyler, someone who reads the credits. You must lead a sad life." The comment was almost cruel, but it was said with such good humour that Mr. Tyler laughed with the rest of us.

"Okay, I have a LOT of influence on the bookings." He let our laughter fade. "I believe one of our acts in August has had to cancel due to ill health."

"Who's that, sir?" Mr. Tyler asked.

"I don't know. I haven't decided yet." Even as I was laughing, I thought, shit, this guy IS powerful.

"Is everyone here, Mr. Tyler?"

"Yes."

"The reason I ask is that there are only three naked girls up there, while there were five, or more, at the concert."

"Ah, yes," Mr. Tyler answered. "Last night we had two cuckoos in the nest, as it were. Samantha's friends knew she had to sing naked, so two of them joined the choir just for the concert, so that she would not be the only naked girl there. At the last minute our own Tanya and Teresa decided to join them. Our cuckoos didn't sing, however, they only mimed the words."

"I see. Tell me, can they sing?"

Teresa spoke up first. "No, Mr. Vaughan, they can't sing a note. Tanya and I know that for sure because we rehearsed them the night before. They were awful."

What's happened to Teresa, I asked myself. Speaking out at the Assembly, first, and now again to Gerard. I thought Tanya was the outgoing one and Teresa the shy one. Love and happiness can do strange things, I guess.

Gerard replied, "A pity that. They can lip-sync better than most of the professionals I manage. And they're both babes. Would someone please congratulate them from me?"

"Alright, everybody, I want to hear you sing now." His voice had changed. Any trace of nonsense was gone. This was business. "Don't worry, I'm not auditioning you. You've got the gig. But I want to see and hear you again. And one other thing I forgot to mention, dosh. You'll all get paid, full professional rate for a single performance. Including you, Mr. Tyler. And besides that, you'll all get expenses. We rehearse Monday to Wednesday, no Thursday afternoon, and then record the show before a live audience on Thursday evening. So that means four nights in a decent hotel, breakfast and evening meals and transportation down and back. It'll be two to a room, which twos are your business not mine, and is there a Mrs. Tyler, sir?" Mr. Tyler nodded. "She's invited as well. I wouldn't want to be named in a divorce action, thank you very much."

"Excuse me, Mr. Vaughan." It was that Teresa again. Maybe I've had her wrong all these years. "Are we going to be naked again?"

Gerard laughed. "That is, as they say, the $64,000 question, young lady. What's your name?"

"Teresa Campenelli, sir."

"Well, Miss Teresa Campenelli, you have chutzpah. (see cultural notes) Do you know what that means?" She shook her head. "Ask Mr. Tyler. And believe me, from me it's a real compliment. Now about your question. The first thing I must say is that I don't know if we can, legally I mean. I've already got the show's lawyers looking at it. We also have to check with the BSB, that's the Broadcasting Standards Bastards to us in the business by the way, and with some of our regular advertisers. Welcome to the real world."

"My guess is that it will be okay to do. Now I want to do it, or rather I want you to do it. It would be such an enormous 'first'. Even in America they haven't yet managed something like this on prime-time television. Yeah, I know about naked cheerleaders and such like, but that's meant to be sexy titillation." He was starting to sound enthusiastic now, and not so business-like, but I was probably wrong about that, and he was being a salesman with us.

"But here, the nudity would, I think, enhance the whole performance. Naked is natural, singing is natural, they really do go together in the right context. I think so anyway. Of course it would be controversial. What do you think, Mr. Tyler, just about it being natural?"

"I agree with you. Once I got over the initial shock of a whole row of naked singers last night, it was an absolute joy to direct them. All of you, you really never sang better than you did last night. I don't pretend to understand such things, but perhaps the freedom you felt last night, you somehow transferred to your singing."

Gerard took over again. "It would only be right though, if the whole choir was naked. Otherwise it would not feel right. It would be like some of you did not approve of what the others were doing. If that sounds rough, I told you before I always tell the truth as I see it, when it involves my bread and butter." He paused for a moment. The whole choir was motionless. You could feel the tension.

"So, boys and girls, I'm going to ask for a show of hands now. But a couple of final items first. Those of you who are under-age will have to have your parents' permission. That's the legal position for sure. But even for the older kids, I would not be happy unless we had your parents' agreement as well. And one other thing, if there are a few of you who think, 'God, I'm ugly naked. I'm too fat, too thin, no boobs, a tiny cock, whatever.' Don't worry. I do not want a stage full of beautiful young people who happen to sing well. I want a stage full of young people who sing beautifully, and who happen to be naked."

"And so, without further ado, raise your hand if you're willing to sing naked on my show."

Over half the choir raised their hands immediately. The rest took a little longer, but not much. Even Maggie and James who were fat, with capitals F, A and T, held their hands high, and Maggie was grinning.

"Okay, kids, I now know what I'll be doing for next couple of weeks. I didn't want to say this before, but if I can make this happen, I know, as sure as I'm standing here, that advertisers will be begging for spots that night. And them begging means me raising the ante. And you guys will get some of that, I promise you. If I make money, so will you guys. Hang on a minute."

He picked up his newspaper, folded it to a page in the middle and came to edge of the stage. "Look at this." He held the paper in front of him so all of us could see.

The picture filled nearly half a page. It showed the choir during the Mozart and above it was a big headline, "FULL-FRONTAL FRONT ROW!" To the left was a smaller picture of me alone, naked and singing my heart out.

"You can't buy publicity as good as this. Who wants their own full-colour copy?" A chorus of yeah's, cool's and a couple of wicked's responded.

He took a pen and notebook out and asked Mr. Tyler, "How many in the choir, sir?"

"Twenty-four."

Let's see," he started scribbling, " Twenty-four, one for you, two for... Laura and Suzie, two more for the school and three for me. Thirty-two, yeah, okay." He put away the notebook.

"Mr. Vaughan?"

"Yes, Teresa."

"Uh, it's not Teresa, sir." I turned and looked. It was Maggie! "I'm Margaret Jameson... but everyone calls me Maggie."

"My apologies, Maggie. From here I couldn't see who was speaking. I just assumed it was Teresa again. Your voices are very similar, but then I am a southerner. What is it you want to say?"

"I, uh, just wanted to ask you if you wanted us to sing naked now."

"No, Maggie, I don't. Some of you are going to feel self-conscious at first, and right now I want to hear your best singing." He took off his jacket. "Don't worry, kids. Only the jacket is coming off. While you're singing I'm going walkies all over, listening and considering camera angles. That's why these ladders are here, so I can get some idea of what the cameras will see. I also want to think about where mikes might go. I drive the show's director crazy, but sometimes I'm right when he's wrong, only sometimes though. Mr. Tyler, do your stuff. And kids, just ignore me. I promise not to make funny faces at you, well not many anyway."

Mr. Tyler took his normal position. He had his music, but the rest of us did not. I'm pretty sure he didn't need his either, but perhaps it just made him more comfortable.

"Okay, you've just eaten," Mr. Tyler reminded us, "So you'll be a little rough. Let's run through the progressions."

He took out his pitch pipe and blew a loud middle-C. For the key of C, the progression is C, D, E, F, G, F, E, D, C, up five notes then back down again. Then we move up half a tone to D-flat and repeat the sequence in the new key. The keys go up C, D-flat, D, E-flat, E, F, G-flat, G, A-flat, A. So the highest note we sing is actually high-E. Then we go back down again through the keys, finishing on C, where we started.

He was right. We were all rough when we started, but by the time we reached E-flat on the way down we were spot on, clear and dead together. We were ready for Fauré.

Even during the progressions, Gerard was moving around the room, listening for a moment then moving on, as well as up and down the ladders in front of us.

Mr. Tyler called to him, "We're ready now."

"Right, let's hear the Requiem then. And kids, don't forget Auntie Georgina in the last row."

We were good, at least as good as at the concert. Gerard was up on the stage now, walking and stopping as before. There were ladders either side of us in the wings. He was up and down those as well. Then he stopped directly in front of me so I couldn't see Mr. Tyler. That didn't matter at all, but then the bastard stuck two fingers in his mouth and made the ugliest face you could imagine with his tongue sticking out at me. It took all my concentration, but I remained in the music. He was still in front of me when we hit a couple of bars that only the boys sing. I stuck my own tongue out right back at him. He smiled at me, then moved away.

When we finished singing he was back down in the audience. I was glaring at him and he was grinning back.

"Before you explode, Miss Downing, you passed a difficult test with flying colours. All of you, please listen to me now. What I did to Miss Downing just now was cruel. But there was a very important point to it. When you're performing live, absolutely anything is possible. Your job is to sing your hearts out, whatever may happen around you. I'm sorry if I upset you for a moment, Miss Downing, but will you forgive me now?"

Part of me wanted to tell him to go fuck himself, but only a small part. The rest of me knew he was right. He did look very funny, though. I'm chuckling to myself right now, while I'm writing this. I don't know how I didn't break up then, I really don't. So yes, he was right, it was a good lesson.

"Do you promise not to do it again, sir?" I knew I was sounding like one of my teachers. I meant to.

"I can't promise that, Miss Downing. All of you need to learn how to cope with the unexpected. Fair enough?"

"I suppose so." I made that sound doubtful. He wasn't getting a complete victory. "But you know what you've done. If something really does happen while I'm singing, I'm going to see your ugly face again, I know it."

"As long as you remember that you kept on singing, perfectly, I can live with that."

Then he addressed all of us. "That was outstanding. This hall has a wonderful acoustic and depth of sound everywhere. If the contest had been here, maybe you'd have beaten the other choir, although they might well have sounded better too. Mr. Tyler, may I hear the Mozart now?"

Mr. Tyler asked, "Where would you like Samantha to stand?"

"Good point, sir." Gerard thought for a moment. "I'm going to be awkward again. Miss Downing, can you come forward near the edge of stage please? Are you alright if you can't see Mr. Tyler?"

"I don't know, sir. I've never tried it, not for real." My doubts were real as well.

Gerard smiled, "Let's try this then. We'll figure out where you'll stand in a mo'. Start to sing facing Mr. Tyler, then after a few bars turn slowly until you're facing Georgina back there. Or her brother Silas, if you prefer. He's visiting her from the States and she's brought him to the show as a special treat. Alright?"

I got this image in my head of a sweet old couple who'd be looking at me but hearing the choir as well. I found the idea relaxing.

"Okay, everyone else, please take two steps to your left and two steps back. You too, Mr. Tyler, two to your right and two back as well. I want you further from the choir."

He looked at me. "Two, no three steps, to your right. Fine. Now don't, whatever you do, strain your voice. Just remember how big this room is." He raised his voice slightly. "Mr. Tyler, in your own time."

I started singing facing Mr. Tyler. Then I turned towards "Silas and Georgina" and suddenly it didn't matter that I was out at the front all by myself. I wasn't good, I was brill. I forgot where I was. There was just me and the sound of the choir. It was strange though, I could hear them better even though they were quite a bit further away from me than I was used to. They were a single voice to me this way, much more than before, and I found I could sing my line against theirs more easily.

There was something in Gerard's voice after we finished that wasn't there before. "You were somewhere else then, weren't you?" I nodded. "I hope you can find that place again. That was awesome, Miss Downing."

He looked at his watch then. "Thank you, every single one of you. You heard what I just said to Miss Downing. Moving her away from you made you sound better as well. That was... beautiful, there's no better word for it. Thank you, Mr. Tyler. You will hear from me very soon."

He put his jacket back on and picked up his case. "Come on, Miss Downing. Take me to Mr. Thompson's office. We must talk."

He had a lovely voice when he spoke softly. Keep your wits about you, I reminded myself.

"I felt I had to remain formal in there until we could talk. Please, may I call you Samantha from now on?"

I was still high from my singing, so from somewhere came, "I actually prefer Sam, Gerard, but Samantha's fine as well." There goes your career, you idiot, a voice inside screamed at me. What possessed you to say "Gerard"?

That stopped him right in the middle of the corridor. He looked at me once, then he looked up, then back at me. And started to laugh.

"Samantha Downing, who prefers to be known as Sam, we're going to get along just fine. So tell me, what's Mr. Thompson like?"

"He's nobody's fool, is Mr. Thompson. That's why I've asked him to be at this meeting. I hope you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind at all. I want the school on my side, at least until after the show, so I hope he and I get on. I really do."

"Hello again, Mrs. Johnson," I said as we walked into the office, "Have you met Mr. Vaughan?"

"Yes, thank you. Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Thompson told me to take you two straight in."

She began to stand up, but I stopped her. "Mrs. Johnson, I must tell you something for your records." She looked at me and waited. "You know Laura Townley?" She nodded. "Well, I'm moving in with them permanently starting tonight. I've left my Mum."

"Is everything alright, my dear?" She sounded very concerned.

"Yes, ma'am, everything's never been better." Then I added, "I'm very happy."

Her whole body visibly relaxed. "Good, I'm very pleased for you. I'll change your records immediately, but I'll have to have a letter from Mrs. Townley, please. Monday, if possible. You understand, don't you?"

"Of course I do, ma'am. I only hope I remember."

Now she put on her serious voice. "If you do forget, I'll remind you." But she was smiling. "Anything else, Miss Downing?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Johnson."

She led us into Mr. Thompson, who immediately said, "Hello again, Samantha. Mr. Vaughan. Coffee or tea, you two?" He and Gerard had clearly already met.

Mrs. Johnson's coffee always smelled wonderful. "Coffee, please," from both of us.

"Three coffees, Mrs. Johnson, if you please."

While she was getting the coffees, Gerard said, "Do either of you know if Mrs. Johnson likes flowers?"

Mr. Thompson answered before I could, "She loves flowers. Today's unusual in that there are none on her desk."

Gerard pulled out his notebook. "I'm a permanent creep, you see, and keeping the Mrs. Johnsons of this world happy is very important to me. Very useful too."

At least he admitted what he was doing and why. Mrs. Johnson brought the coffee in and soon the three of us were settled. Mr. Thompson began.

"As I explained to you earlier, Mr. Vaughan, Samantha has asked me to sit in on this meeting. Are you both still happy with that?" Both of us nodded to him. "In that case, I'll sit back and enjoy my coffee, and listen carefully."

"Alright, Samantha, Mr. Thompson, this is my meeting I suppose, so I'll begin. I want to be your manager, Samantha. I can't put it plainer than that. Do you understand what that means?"

"I'm not sure at all what that means. The first question I have I thought about earlier. Am I working for you, or are you working for me?"

"Hmm, the easy ones first. The legal position is that I work for you. The truth is, though, that I know a hell of a lot about this business and at the moment you know nothing. Is that fair?" I nodded. "The next thing is that we both want you to succeed. Will you accept that?"

Again I nodded but Mr. Thompson spoke. "If I may, you manage lots of different artists, don't you? Of course you do. Can this not sometimes put you into a conflict of interests position? Suppose there's a spot on a TV show that both Samantha and another of your artists could fill equally well. You'd have to choose one and disappoint the other. How can you be fair to Samantha and this other artist at the same time?"

Wow, I would never have thought of that. I was already glad that Mr. Thompson was there.

"All I can do is tell you what I always do when that sort of thing comes up. Basically, I put both artists forward for the show to choose. I hope I do it fairly. I'll get a fee whichever artist works."

I suddenly remembered what he'd said to the choir. "Earlier, when you were talking to all of us, you told us about an act on the Larry Baker Show which is going to cancel due to ill health, but you hadn't decided which. That doesn't sound very fair."

He suddenly roared with laughter. "I'm sorry. That was meant to be a joke. Although most acts are booked in advance, we always leave one or two slots open until the very last minute. You never know who might be in the country, or who might suddenly have a big hit. But if it was necessary, when I'm casting for a show, I have to do what is best for the show, even though that often means casting acts which I don't represent. But if I do have to cancel an act, I do everything within my power to get them something else."

He took a breath and spoke in a softer tone. "It comes down to trust, Samantha. I've got a lot of papers with me. One of them is a complete list of all the acts and artists I manage. It's not as long a list as you might think, because to do my job well I have to spend time working with everybody. Here, have a look."

He opened his case and passed me the list. There were about twenty names on it and I had heard of over half of them. One pop group I had forgotten about. As far as I could remember they hadn't had a hit for several years, so I asked about them.

"What's happened to Spitfire?"

"Only that they've effectively broken up. Two of them are refusing to have anything to do with the third one. I haven't dropped them, but at the moment there's nothing I can do. A shame, though, they are a talented group, if they'd just decide to grow up."

That sounded believable to me.

"Sam," he continued, "Look down that list. There are no young, female singers there now. The last one I had, Miss Tyree (she was a rapper, Mr. Thompson), has retired to have babies, so maybe that will satisfy you both that I'm less likely to have a conflict of interest than you might think."

I passed the list to Mr. Thompson. Again I believed him. Mr. Thompson then said, "The Nelson Quartet, you manage them?" Gerard just smiled.

"Who?" I asked.

Mr. Thompson replied, "One of the finest string quartets in Britain. That one impresses me, I'm bound to say.

Gerard reached into his case again. "You can speak to any of these acts, Samantha, explain that you're considering hiring me and ask them any questions you want, about them, about me, about the business, and judge for yourself if I'm worth it. These are my secretary's phone numbers. She already knows who you are, but she should ask you about your address and phone numbers." He nodded at Mr. Thompson. "She already has the school number and your and Dr. Reynolds', and Mrs. Johnson's names."

That was bloody quick, I thought.

"When you call her, Samantha, tell her who you want to speak to, all of them if you like, and she will have them ring you. But please don't give out my poor long-suffering secretary's phone number to anyone else. By the way, you'll notice the second number is a mobile. If the office number isn't answered, her mobile always will be. The arrangement at weekends, however, is that I'll only ring her mobile between ten and four unless it's a real emergency."

He scored another point with me.

"Okay, Samantha, here's the big one, our proposed contract." God, it was thick. I was suddenly scared.

"Just look at the top page for now. You'll see a list of four solicitors. All of them are top drawer. They know the business almost as well as I do. The name at the top of the list is the man I'd recommend, but I should mention the one at the bottom of the list. Emil Hoskyns is an outstanding lawyer. Sadly, though, he and I hate each other's guts. I won't go into details but it's true. We've crossed swords several times. I think he's one up on me at the moment, and that really pisses me off. You should sit down with one of these men and have them go through the contract with you until you're happy that you understand it."

"Now I'll pay the solicitor's fee for that. Because I don't yet work for you, I can set his fee off against tax, so it'll cost me a lot less than it would cost you."

"The other person you'll need is an accountant. Now, although there are only a few good lawyers in our field, there are dozens of good accountants, and you'll be fine getting some recommendations from the solicitor. If you start to become successful, your accountant will save you a lot more than his fees and mine combined." He smiled again. "I guess I've scared the shit out of you, huh?"

I could only nod. He was so right about that.

"Mr. Thompson, what kind of impression have I made on you?"

"Well, sir, if you've been telling the whole truth, basically a favourable one. Would you mind, though, if I suggested someone else to Samantha for her to talk to as well?"

"Not at all."

Mr. Thompson turned to me. "How much do you still want this, Samantha?"

"As much as ever, sir." I was saying to myself, if it doesn't work the first time, I can back up and try again. I knew I didn't know what I was doing, but I still wanted to try. I really did.

"Well, Samantha, I don't think this part of the meeting can go any further safely for you until you have a lot more independent advice. Fair enough, Mr. Vaughan?"

"Absolutely, sir. I really wouldn't want it any other way. But is there anything you'd like to ask, Samantha?"

I looked at Mr. Thompson, "Is it okay to ask something about the contract?"

He nodded.

I took a breath. "Who decides what type of work I do?"

"Well it's my job to get you bookings, although you don't have to accept them. As for records, that will be in a different contract with a recording company, which I hope will come sooner rather than later."

"Sorry, That's not what I meant. I don't know how to explain what I mean." I was getting frustrated with myself.

"That's okay, Samantha. Take your time," said Mr. Thompson.

"Are you asking me about your image? Your style?" There was something in Gerard's voice I couldn't figure out. I didn't like it, though.

"Yes, that's it exactly. Who decides that?"

"I do," he said quite sharply. Then his voice softened. "It's something we work on together. But when it comes to the final say, it's my job to mould you and make a star out of you."

"And how do you see me? I don't want to be known forever as the naked choirgirl."

"Well there certainly is a hole in the market just now for a beautiful young classical singer. After you do The Larry Baker Show, I'm sure I can get you plenty of work quickly. We can start thinking about your first album as soon as the contract is signed."

"Hold on a minute. I want that show to be the last time I sing naked. Are we agreed about that?"

"Yes, we are. Maybe in a few years, things will change. But we can consider that then."

Mr. Thompson was leaning forward now. "What's this about singing naked?"

Gerard looked at me. I said, "You tell him."

"The choir has just agreed that if I can line up all the necessary permissions, which includes this school and all the choristers' parents, they are willing, all of them, to sing naked on our show."

"You will certainly have to discuss this urgently with Dr. Reynolds."

"I realise that. Before I leave here, I'll make an appointment with Mrs. Johnson to see him."

I didn't care that much about the naked singing, so I changed the topic to what really mattered.

"So you see me as a classical singer?"

"Yes, of course. Your voice is perfect for it. And, most importantly, there's a gap in the market at the moment." He stopped for a moment and looked at me. "How do you see yourself? What do you want to do?"

"I think, I think this time last week, I'd have loved your idea, even if I do hate opera."

He looked serious, "But not now?"

"I can't help it. I've changed this week. I want to express myself. I'm not just Samantha who does everything she's supposed to any more. If anything, I've become a bit wild, the sort of girl my mother would have warned me against."

I caught Mr. Thompson smiling at that, but Gerard wasn't smiling.

"When I got my hair cut this week, the first thing a friend said to me was that I looked like a rock chick now. And I looked in the mirror that night and she was right. I do look the part. I need help with everything else, though. How to sing rock, how to dress rock, how to move rock, how to talk rock, how to be rock!"

"You want to be a rock star?"

"Well, not necessarily Rock, but a pop star yes."

He looked up to the ceiling. "Why do artists always want to be what they're not? Sam, you have the perfect voice for what you're singing now. You do it well. No, you do it outstandingly well. You're seen as the innocent sweet girl with the voice of an angel. Yes, even after singing naked. If anything, that is even more poignant, a sweet innocent girl having to do that and doing it so bravely."

I began to feel cold. "But that's not who I am any more."

"It's what people will want you to be. You start trying to be something different and your sales will fall off in no time. They'll want you to be an angel. Long hair would be better, but you still sing like one."

"Are you saying you won't let me sing how I want to sing?"

"Yes. For now anyway. Later on maybe. Look, Sam, even you've admitted this is all new to you. My job is to do the best for you. You need to trust my judgment."

"Thank you, Mr. Vaughan, but I think I have to say No."

Both men looked startled at that. I could feel myself getting weepy, and angry, and frustrated, all at the same time. I forced myself to take some deep breaths. This was very, very important.

"I can't make you understand." I sat further back in my chair and cried. I didn't care if either of them saw me. I knew what I wanted to be. I knew that now. I had a home and a family and friends who believed in me and would support me and if Gerard Vaughan wasn't one of them, I didn't want anything to do with him.

"I think you should try," said Mr. Thompson gently.

I made myself stop crying. "I've spent my whole life trying to be what someone else wanted me to be. And it made me miserable. Now I just want to be me. Okay, I might do everything wrong. I might make mistakes, but they'll be my mistakes."

"Samantha. I can't pretend to understand." Mr. Vaughan (I didn't feel like "Gerard" any more.) was leaning towards me. "But I have to be honest with you. I don't think you have it in you to be a pop star. And why would you want to do that anyway? Most of them only last a few records. You are a fine classical singer. You have it in you to be the hottest classical singer on the market, with a career that will last for years and years... Don't throw it away. Look, from what I've heard you've had a difficult week. I'll leave this contract here with Mr. Thompson. Wait a week or two and think it over, quietly."

He turned to Mr. Thompson. "A privilege to meet you, sir. And I'll be contacting your headmaster about the TV show."

"Mr. Vaughan?" I said.

"Yes, Samantha?"

"Do you still want me for that TV show?"

"Yes. Yes, I do."

"Good. Because I owe them a lot and I really want to do it."

"I'm glad. Well, Samantha. It looks like we will be seeing each other again. I shall leave you with Mr. Thompson."

And with that, he shook Mr. Thompson's hand and left.

As soon as he'd left, I burst into tears again. I'd just thrown away my dream. Even if I changed my mind, it wouldn't be the same now. I seemed to be crying a lot today in this office, first tears of joy, then of frustration, now of what? Anger? Disappointment? I'm still not sure.

"I would offer you a handkerchief," said Mr. Thompson with a slightly silly smile on his face, "But I don't seem to have one for some reason."

That made me smile, but not for the reason he'd intended. I remembered returning his handkerchief this morning but clearly he'd forgotten. Probably his day had been a lot tougher than mine.

"Have I just made a huge mistake, Mr. Thompson?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Everything you said to me at the beginning of the week came true. Can't you advise me what to do now?"

"I don't think you really want me to. But I think Mr. Vaughan was right about one thing. Take your time. I nearly laughed when he said you'd had a difficult week. That's a bit of an understatement, isn't it?"

He had me laughing too. "I don't know how I'd describe it, sir. I'd say it's been like a rollercoaster, but that doesn't come close."

"I do think you need time to adjust. You were right about one thing as well. You aren't the same person I spoke to last Monday. I'd get to know myself a little before deciding what I wanted to be. You'll be seeing Mr. Vaughan for the TV show anyway, I can't see Dr. Reynolds saying no if all the choir have agreed to it and Mr. Tyler thinks it's okay. So relax a bit. I probably sound like an old man saying this, but you've all the time in the world. Make sure that you know what you want, and not just what you think you want, before you decide."

I actually started to laugh, not loudly, but enough for him to stare at me with his mouth open. And that made me laugh some more.

Finally I got myself back together again. I looked at him intently. "Don't worry, I'm not crazy. But today is, excuse my French, one fucked-up day, and it's not over yet. That's what made me laugh." Now he was chuckling with me, and never a word about my "French".

I had calmed down. Suddenly I was pumped and wanted to get out of there. The meeting had NOT worked out, but was it a total disaster? I hadn't a clue, and just then I really didn't care too much. I was certain I had to let things settle down inside me, just like Mr. Thompson and, to be fair, Gerard had both said. And I had to talk to Danielle about all this, that was obvious and truly the only thing I was really sure of.

The lesson bell had gone while I was with Gerard, but I headed for my lesson anyway, and the ones after that, praying for a serious Reasonable Request. I didn't even get any "posers". The day was still fucked up.

During my last lesson, Mrs. Johnson brought me one of those large pocket folders. Inside were all the papers from Gerard. And on top of them was a short hand-written note:

Sam,

Here's my mobile number, xxxxx-xxxxxxx. Ring me anytime. If I can't talk, I'll ring you back. I'm meeting Dr. Reynolds on Monday morning. If we don't speak before, we can get together then.

I overheard your conversation with Mrs. Johnson before our meeting. I'm stopping overnight on Sunday night, so if you and Mrs. Townley are free Sunday evening, perhaps the two of you will allow me to buy you dinner.

G

What an incredible, totally fucked-up week. Looking at the first parts of my journal I can hardly recognise the girl who wrote them.

I still think it was wrong to force me into the Program like this and nobody's going to persuade me otherwise, but I have to admit, without the Program I'd still be that girl who wrote those first two chapters.

Without the Program, what would have happened at the concert? I'd have probably sung just as well, and maybe been offered a contract by Gerard Vaughan. I'd have snapped it up without thinking and spent my next few years as the good little choirgirl.

It seems laughable that that's what I wanted. It would have got me out of one prison, my home and this town, and put me in another. And I wouldn't even have known it.

I'm still not sure about the Program, but without it, I'd never have met Laura and Danielle. Was the Program worth the pain it put me through? I'm looking at that stupid scar on my wrist. I now have a family that loves me and if going through hell was what it took to bring me that, I'd go through hell every time, even if it meant a hundred scars like that one.

I don't know what I'm going to do now. I'll have to talk with Danielle and Laura about it, not to mention doing some hard thinking. Perhaps GV is right, I don't have what it takes to be a pop star. Already that idea sounds like a childish dream. But whatever I do, it's got to be right for me.

Samantha Downing (or maybe Townley)

Although this is the end of Samantha's Program journal, it is not the end of her story, which continues in "Conclusions & Continuations".

http://www.nakedinschool.net/ConsCons/

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I'd really love to hear what you think. I welcome criticism and compliments alike, (okay, I guess I prefer compliments, I'm only human!)

While these stories are in progress, I'd also welcome suggestions and ideas. If I don't use an idea in this story, perhaps I will later.

Chrissy Giles

Email chrissy@chrissygiles.com

Continuations & Conclusions

This story continues the stories of Heather, Shelley, Suzie, Laura & Samantha, found in the "Heather Collection".

WEEK TWO

FRIDAY Evening

SAMANTHA

I had a few minutes to think before I joined this crazy family dinner party. I let the water from their wonderful power shower beat hard on my back, as I replayed this incredible day in my head. The school day had been dominated by my meeting with Gerard Vaughan. Had I really given up the career I'd worked so hard for?

The evening had been even stranger... Doctor Gilbert, Laura, moving out of two homes in one hour, and the final slap in the face from my mother.

Now, having found another home and a family that loved me, I couldn't help thinking that I might never move back with the Townleys again. Was I to lose everything I thought I had?

The weirdest thing of all was that I felt totally at peace about it.

This weird evening had begun right after school when I met Shelley at the clothes boxes. She wondered why Laura and Suzie weren't there. All I knew was that they'd had a row, and that Suzie was upset and had gone off somewhere. I didn't know why Laura wasn't there.

"Why was she so upset?" asked Shelley.

Of course, she didn't know that Suzie and Laura were now lovers. As I was explaining about it, Heather arrived, looking sleepy.

She brightened up, though, when she told me I was wonderful the night before.

"I know," I said, thanking her. It felt good to be able to admit I'd been great instead of almost apologising for it.

I thanked Shelley for getting Laura and Suzie to strip off with me at the concert, but told them what really made it easier was that I had people who cared about me, succeed or fail.

Shelley asked me what was in the folder. Of course it was Gerard's contract, but I didn't know how I felt about that and didn't want to talk about it.

They didn't have any clothes, so I stripped off as well and went with them for a drink.

It was nice to be back with two of my friends, and I made a toast, "To friends."

Then I invited them to Tanya's choir party on Saturday. I told them the Program boys were going as well, because Tanya had wanted to invite Stephen.

"God, he's hot. Don't you think?" I asked them.

They looked at each other as if they were both thinking the same. Shelley had a slight grin on her face as they both said "We think" together.

Then we decided to go shopping tomorrow for new bikinis. I even said, "Tiniest is tastiest." Did I really say that?!!!

I was really enjoying being with them again, but I had to go. I explained, "I've got to get home. I have to see that shrink tonight at six."

Ignoring the funny looks we got, we walked to the bus station, still naked.

On the way home I couldn't help thinking they'd both changed in the (was it really only) two days they'd been away. Shelley's more confident than ever, even if that sounds impossible, but she seems more grown-up too somehow. Heather just seems as if she's not really back, like she's on autopilot. Then I remembered as I got off the bus. Of course. It was a week today that she'd been raped.

Last Monday, I thought of Heather and Laura as quite invincible, able to cope with anything. Tuesday had shown me how wrong I was about Laura, who had to be rescued by Heather's plan on Wednesday. Could it be that the confident front I've been seeing from Heather is only that, a front?

When I got home...

I have to stop there, I still can't get over feeling at home here so quickly...

Anyhow, when I got home, I went straight to the bathroom and had a long soak in the bath.

Then I wrapped a robe around me and went downstairs. "Danielle, what should I wear for the Doctor's?"

She looked puzzled. "Does it matter? Anything would do, though I probably wouldn't recommend your school uniform, at least not the one you've been wearing this week."

I giggled. "I want to impress him."

"I think you did that last night."

"Yes, but he's only ever seen me in a hospital gown or naked and I want to show him there's more to me than a naked girl."

"Sam, if he can't see past skin to the wonderful girl inside he's not worth impressing."

"It's a shame not everyone would agree," I murmured, feeling suddenly sad.

Danielle looked at me and, as usual, saw straight into me. "I feel sorry for your mother. She doesn't know what she's missed all these years."

I felt a tear coming. "Thanks, Danielle."

She came towards me and I thought she was going to hug me. But she took my hand and began to lead me back upstairs.

"Come on. Let me help you with your hair and choose something to wear," she said as she clipped her wheelchair onto the stairlift.

She wheeled herself into the bedroom I share with Laura. Then moving faster than I would have believed possible, she pulled me onto her lap.

"Now if you don't lose that sad look, I'll have to tickle you," and she began to tickle me in the ribs. I tried to escape but her arms were strong.

"You gonna smile for me, or do I have to tickle you all the way to the Doctor's?"

I gave her my best smile. She let me go and I sat on the bed as she brushed my hair, over and over. Even though it was much shorter now, she still managed to make it shine.

"Now go wash your face. We don't want to show him those marks from your tears, do we?"

After I'd washed my face, she helped me choose a simple skirt and pretty blouse.

"Laura won't mind if you borrow that jacket." I was fingering the sleeve of a denim jacket and thinking, "rock chick?"

I dropped the sleeve and laughed. "People will think we're really sisters if I start borrowing her clothes. Both of you've been so good to me. I can never thank you enough or repay you. I can't remember being so happy."

"You won't know it, but you've given Laura something I couldn't. I should be thanking you."

She went on, "I had a bad time when Laura was born, and I couldn't have another child. She was weak then, and nobody thought she'd survive, not that you'd believe that now, to look at her."

I smiled.

"But as a little girl, she always dreamed of having a baby sister. When she grew older, she stopped talking about it, but I looked at her watching Heather and Shelley together sometimes and I knew she still dreamed. And now you come along. And in spite of everything this week, I can see a light in her eyes that I haven't seen since she was tiny, pretending her doll was her sister."

I tried to lighten things a bit. "I don't know. First the press think I'm a body and now I'm a poor substitute for a doll."

She grinned and shook her head. "You could never be a poor substitute for anything, Sam. I only said all that to stop you thinking that you owed us. You don't."

"You won't be offended if I disagree, will you? I would have been in hospital instead of singing last night if it wasn't for you."

"Talking of hospitals, we'd better get going."

"Do I look okay?"

"You look fine."

For the first time I actually watched her transfer herself and her chair into the car. It was so smooth and quick, far better than the old way of scooting across from a chair to the car seat and struggling to get the chair folded and into the car.

Thinking about Laura and substitute dolls reminded me of the meeting with Gerard. The difference was his dolls seemed to be puppets dancing from strings. As we turned into the main road, I turned to Danielle.

"Can I book you for an appointment this weekend as well?"

"Of course you can, you silly goose. What about?"

"Oh, nothing much. It's just that I think I may have thrown away my musical career, before I even have one, that's all."

That got her attention. "How did you manage that?"

I thought of Sharlee Chapelle. A few years ago she'd burst on the scene as a teenage classical singer. She was gorgeous with a gorgeous voice and was a real star. Until she tried to turn herself into a pop star that is, and more or less disappeared.

"I met Gerard Vaughan today and he offered to be my manager. But he wants me to be another Sharlee Chapelle. Remember her?"

"Of course I do. We've got a couple of her CDs. What's wrong with that?" I think the word is "incredulous" for the tone in Danielle's voice.

"What's wrong is that's not what I want to be."

"Oh?" Now she sounded simply curious.

"Look, Danielle. I'm really confused about this and I want, no I need, your advice."

"This won't be a five-minute chat, will it?" She tried to make that a joke, but both of us knew she was being serious. But she did make me smile.

"No, it won't. More like ten minutes... or a few hours." I tried a joke too, just as unsuccessful.

We reached the hospital clinic with minutes to spare. She drove into a disabled place right outside the front entrance. "There are some advantages to this chair," she said.

We waited about ten minutes before being shown in to Dr. Gilbert. "You go in alone," said Danielle. "You can call me in when you want me."

"Hello, Samantha," said Dr. Gilbert. "Do sit down."

"Sam," I corrected him, and sat down.

"Okay. Sam. Where's Mrs. Townley?"

"She's in the waiting room. She told me to come in on my own, but you can call her if you want to."

"I think we'll chat first. How's life being a star?"

I laughed. "Not yet. But life's good."

"What's happening with your mother?"

"I'm going to get my stuff later tonight. Then she won't have to see me again."

"I wouldn't be too hasty about that."

"Don't say you feel sorry for her too? Even Danielle, er... Mrs. Townley says she feels sorry for her for not knowing what she's missed."

"Very wise."

"She didn't even come to see me in hospital and never said a good word to me at the concert. Why should I care about her?"

"Tell me, Sam, who do you want to be like?"

"What do you mean?"

"Out of, say, your mother, and Mrs. Townley, who would you want to be like?"

"Mrs. Townley."

"Even though she cares about people who probably don't deserve it, like your mother?"

"Okay," I sighed. "Point taken."

"Just don't allow yourself to get bitter. Bitterness never harms the one you feel bitter about, it only harms the one who feels bitter."

"Yeah, I suppose so." I probably didn't sound convinced.

"Okay, that's the past. But tell me about life with the Townleys."

"It's so different. Danielle and Laura talk. And they talk with me too, not just at me."

He nodded his head, smiling slightly.

"But you know the best thing of all?"

"What's that?"

"You're going to laugh when I tell you. Danielle, that's Mrs. Townley, got really angry with me on Wednesday night. I was late home and I hadn't told her and she was worried."

My voice dropped. "I've never had someone worry about me that much..." I felt myself beginning to cry. Not again, I thought, but that made me cry even more. Dr. Gilbert passed me a tissue and just waited silently.

"I'm sorry, I don't know what made me do that. I seem to be crying a lot lately."

"I wouldn't worry," he said. "I would guess you've been bottling up your feelings for a long time and now you're learning that you do have them. It may take you a while to adjust."

He was silent for a minute, then looked serious.

"Sam, there is something you are going to have to think about if you do become the star I think you are going to be."

"What's that?"

"At the moment all the press want to show off is this pretty girl with a fantastic voice and a body to match. But they won't stay satisfied with that. Part of the cost of being where you're going is that every sleazy journalist is going to rake up anything they can. Things like Tuesday afternoon will come out. Someone will probably speak to your mother if they haven't already. I don't want to put you off, but it's easier to cope with things like this if you're expecting them.

"I'm going to sign off your notes as not needing any further follow-up, but if you do find things difficult, please don't be afraid to come and see me, if you can fit me in that is, between world tours and making albums and signing thousands of autographs.

"I don't think I'll ever be that great, but thanks anyway. Right now I have so many people caring about me, I hardly know what to think. I just feel stupid that I never let any of them close to me before. Close is a lot more fun than distant, even if it is a little scary sometimes."

He grinned ruefully. "We shrinks call it intimacy, Sam, and it's considerably more rewarding than simply 'fun', you'll find. But don't waste time regretting the past. You can't change it. Just make sure the future is different." He allowed that to sink in before adding, "So, unless there's anything else you want to say, shall we call Mrs. Townley in now?"

I nodded and he tapped his intercom, "Send Mrs. Townley in, please."

"Mrs. Townley. I've been hearing what a fearsome dragon you can be."

I must have looked shocked, because he went straight on to say, "I am very glad you care enough about Sam to worry about her, and so is she."

"I told her, if she worries me like that again, I'll put my nasty adult hat on!"

He laughed. "I've also warned her that if the media continue to be interested in her, somebody will dig up everything they can find, about her, and probably about you and Laura as well."

"We'll cope with that when it happens."

"I'm sure you will. I just wanted her to be forewarned. I've also told her, I'm signing her off from immediate follow-up, but that doesn't mean she can't come and see me if she needs to."

"Thank you, Doctor."

"That's all, apart from, Well done so far, and Good luck."

I followed Danielle out of the office. After we got into the car, I finally spoke. "I hadn't thought about the press trying to investigate you and Laura."

I sat silent nearly all the way home.

"What are you thinking?" She sounded concerned.

"I don't want to be a star if it means hurting you two."

She stopped the car so suddenly that my head nearly hit the windscreen. "Now, stop that at once. I didn't take you in so you could turn your back on life. It's bad enough with one daughter doing that, let alone two!"

What did she mean by that?

"If the press want a story, they'll get one, whether you're a big star or not. So go for it, young lady, before I tell Laura what you've just said and she wrings your neck for you!"

I stared at her. She was genuinely angry.

"Now, we won't say another word about it, okay?"

"Okay."

I must have sounded unsure, because she repeated quietly, "Okay?"

"Okay."

"Good."

There was a strange car outside the house and as we came through the door we heard voices. Then someone started crying. Danielle wheeled herself into the lounge even quicker than I could run. Laura was sitting in a chair crying, with Mr. Moor, one of our teachers, facing her in another chair.

He put up his hand as a sort of stop sign. Danielle understood and whispered to me, "Come on, Sam, let's get a drink." She wheeled round and followed me out to the kitchen.

Mr. Moor left a minute or so later without saying anything.

I was going to go in to see Laura, but Danielle grabbed my arm and shook her head.

Eventually Laura came out to the kitchen. "Mum, I'm going out. There's something I have to do."

"I don't think you should go out like that," she replied.

"I need to go, Mum."

I quickly volunteered, "I'll go with her."

Laura shrugged and walked out the door, so I followed her. I had no idea where we were going and neither of us spoke a word.

We ended up standing in front of an overgrown grave in a churchyard I didn't know existed. She knelt down and began to clear away the weeds, so I did the same. When it was looking a bit more presentable, I said, "I'll wait over there." I walked about twenty yards away and sat on the grass, watching Laura.

I felt like I was spying on something private, but I couldn't risk letting her get away alone.

When she stood up and walked towards me, so did I. She'd been crying again. "I need to go and see Suzie," she told me. "And I need to do it alone."

"No can do. I'll stay out of the way, but I promised Danielle I'd stay with you."

She shrugged.

We caught the bus to Suzie's and I waited on the pavement outside. I spoke quietly to Laura, but loudly enough for her to hear. "Invite her to stay the weekend. I can move in with Heather and Shelley for a while. Their Mum invited me. And you two need some time together."

"Sam, it's your home too now."

"I know. And you're like my big sister. Going away for a few nights won't change that."

She kissed me. "Thank you, Sam. But I don't want to push you out."

"You're not. Now stop arguing and go and see her."

Suzie opened the door as Laura walked towards it. In a moment they were crying in each other's arms. I called a taxi on my mobile, then went over to them.

"I've just called a taxi. Have you invited her yet?"

"Invited me?" asked Suzie.

"I'm moving out to Heather and Shelley's for a while, so you two lovebirds can get some time alone together."

"Sam, that's really nice," said Suzie, "Thank you."

"Hey, I gotta keep my big sister happy, haven't I?"

Suzie had already got a bag ready by the time the taxi arrived. Later I watched them race inside Laura's.

I followed them, feeling ever-so-happy, and went to the kitchen for a drink. Laura and Suzie had disappeared upstairs.

I sat down in the lounge opposite Danielle. "You know it was bad having a daughter turning her back on life?"

"Yes?" Danielle replied.

"I think she's just stopped."

Danielle closed her eyes and clenched both her fists before letting out a deep sigh of relief.

"Danielle, could you ring Mrs. Hoover for me, to ask if it's okay for me to move in there for a while?"

"I wasn't hinting at anything when I told you she'd offered," objected Danielle.

"I know. But your real daughter and Suzie need some time and some space."

"Are you sure about this?"

"Yeah. Yes, I am."

"Okay." I fetched the phone for her. "Janice?... Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt anything... You're sure?... Well, I just wondered if Sam could come and stay with you for a few days... Well, now actually. She's decided that Laura and Suzie need time alone together and we don't have another bedroom... Oh, I didn't realise. If it's inconvenient... Yes, I can drive her. Thanks."

I went upstairs and knocked on the door.

"Come in." That was Laura.

"Are you two okay now?"

Laura kissed Suzie so tenderly I nearly melted, never mind how Suzie must have felt.

"I guess you are," I said, any last doubts about my decision to move out vanishing. "I just came in to collect a few of my things. I hope I'm not interrupting."

Suzie made me sit between them. She explained that she felt like she was pushing me out.

I quickly thought of a reply. I explained that if I was going into the music business I'd have to get used to be away from my new family.

As I finished with, "But then I realised that Danielle and Laura will still be here for me if I'm halfway across the world. So don't feel bad if I'm halfway across town," I suddenly realised that I meant it. They would be there for me, wherever I was.

I joked about Laura needing someone to look after her, but told them if they ever hurt each other they'd have me to deal with. They both squeezed me between them until I could hardly breathe and then they kissed me.

Laura said, "Shelley has these silly names for all of us and she had you labelled as Baby Slut. But you're not much of a baby any more."

I thought about that. "I'm not a lot of things I was a few days ago. I can barely recognise myself. I'm still trying to figure it all out, but I wouldn't have made it without all of you. So no more talk about being guilty. I want my two best friends in all the world to be happy."

I grabbed a few things and left before they reduced me to tears.

As we drove to the Hoovers', I remembered, "Oh, I'm supposed to be collecting my things from my mother's soon."

"Don't worry," said Danielle, "We'll drop these things off at Janice's and then get the rest as planned. You can leave them in the lounge for now, till you find space for them somewhere."

"Thanks."

Mrs. Hoover opened the door herself. "Hello, Samantha," she said.

"Make that Sam," said Danielle, before I could. "Samantha reminds her of her mother shouting at her."

Janice flashed a smile. "Okay. Sam it is." She glanced at Danielle, then back at me. "And while we're on the subject of names, I insist on 'Janice' from now on. Okay, Sam?"

"Okay... Janice." Adult number three I'm on a first-name basis with, I thought. This is definitely cool. Then I giggled to myself as I added number four, "Willy" Tyler.

"We're just dropping a few of her things off first, then I've got to take her to her mother's to pick up the rest of her things. Don't worry, I'll store them in our lounge."

"Why don't you bring them here? There's a whole spare room to put them in."

"If you're sure it won't be any trouble?"

"It won't be. Let me help you with those things." She took one of my carrier bags and marched straight up the stairs. I followed her while Danielle waited in the hall.

"This will be your room," Janice announced.

It was a lot bigger than my old room at "home" and twice the size of the room I was sharing with Laura. In one corner was a huge teddy bear, and I mean HUGE. I'd never seen one as big. The wallpaper was pink with lots of yellow teddy bears on it. The windows had bars. The large bed had a heavy bedspread on it, which was a good idea as the rest of the room was covered in dust.

"I'm afraid it was the playroom when the girls were small. We haven't used it much since. It's very dusty. I'll clean it tomorrow, but I haven't got time tonight, I'm afraid."

"No, you won't. I don't want to be any trouble. If you show me where the hoover is, I'll clean it myself when I get back."

"Where did I go wrong?" Janice asked Danielle when we'd gone back downstairs.

"What do you mean?" I asked, scared I'd said something to offend her.

"I mean, how come I couldn't raise at least one girl who actually offers to do the cleaning?"

Danielle laughed.

Then Janice cleared her throat. "Sam. There's one thing I should warn you about. I hope it doesn't bother you, but some of the time, we've been doing Program outreach here, so don't be surprised if we're all naked sometimes."

I grinned at her, "After this week, I don't think I could be surprised about anything any more."

"Oh, I'd never have the courage to do that," Danielle confessed.

"Why not?" I shot back. "Your figure's good for your age."

Janice laughed. "Now that's an insult if I ever heard one."

I got embarrassed. "I didn't mean it as..." but Janice put her hand on my arm.

"We know you didn't. Don't worry. Nobody's offended."

"I just meant that if you could do it, so could Danielle. Damn, that came out wrong too."

This time both women laughed and I had to laugh too.

"I think we'd better go get your stuff before you dig yourself any deeper," said Danielle, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes.

"See you soon, Sam," said Janice, and closed the door.

It didn't take long for us to drive to my Mum's.

I hesitated by the front door.

"Do you want me to come in with you?" asked Danielle.

I nodded. It was silly. I knew Mum wouldn't even BE there, but still I felt scared to go in alone.

The silly fear left me the moment I opened the door. She wasn't there and I raced up to my room.

The room had almost been stripped bare. For a minute I was amazed. Mum had actually packed for me. On the bed were three big cardboard boxes and three suitcases.

In the first box was my music system, carefully packed. I took it downstairs to the car.

"Just as well I drive an estate," said Danielle when I said how much was still to come.

The next box was full of CDs. They'd been thrown in and some of the cases had smashed. Half the CDs weren't even in their cases. I picked up one and it was scratched. Not wanting to delay Danielle any longer, I picked up the box as it was and carried it out to the car.

Everything else I had been thrown into the suitcases or the remaining box. I opened one of the suitcases. In among the clothes was some of my make-up. Nail varnish had leaked everywhere.

In another case of clothes was a lot of my sheet music and my favourite mug. It wasn't broken, but it had been half full of cold coffee and had been thrown in like that. The music and the clothes were stained with three-day-old coffee.

I bit my bottom lip and willed myself not to cry. I took two cases down and then returned for the last box.

Finally I looked in the third case. It was mostly school and choir uniforms and everything was folded neatly. Everything was clean. But on top was a small book. "Guide to the law and your rights series." was printed on the front in small print, but underneath in bigger print was the short title, "Book 4. Hookers' Guide To The Law."

This time I nearly bit through my lip. I picked up the case and threw it through the open window and screamed, "I HATE YOU." It broke open scattering my clothes across the garden.

When I ran downstairs I nearly collided with Danielle, who had hurried to the front door, as far as she could get in her wheelchair.

She pulled me onto her lap and held me tightly until I felt myself calm down.

"Now, why don't you tell me what's got you so upset?"

"It wasn't enough that she trashed half my stuff," I sobbed. "She had to give me a going-away present too." I searched among the blouses and skirts for the book and handed it to her.

"I'm sorry, darling," she whispered.

"Why does she hate me so much?"

"I don't know. I don't know how anyone couldn't just fall in love with you the moment they met you."

I piled the now-muddy clothes back in the case. Danielle held onto the book.

I closed the door and pushed the key through the letterbox. We drove away slowly. Danielle seemed to be thinking.

"I think you should stay with us tonight. You've had a big upset. I can make up a bed on the sofa if you're worried about disturbing Laura and Suzie."

"No, it's okay. It was just the shock."

"Are you sure you'll be okay?"

"I'm sure. And haven't you got enough to cope with, with two randy teenagers, without me there as well?"

She laughed at that.

"Sam, I know you're thinking of them, but I'm not sure going away is good for you. No offence to Janice or Heather or Shelley, they're lovely people. But I worry about you. You're still very vulnerable."

"I'll be alright, I promise."

"Sam, don't think I'm being presumptive, but in the last few days I've come to love you like another daughter. I couldn't love you more if you were my own daughter. Please remember that."

I felt choked and couldn't answer.

"Now I've made you cry again. Some nurse I am."

"Can I call you Mum?"

"Sam, I'd love you to. But right now you're hurt and angry, rightfully so, and you're upset. Let's leave it as Danielle for now." She lifted my chin with her hand and made me look at her. "And that's not pushing you away. I just don't want you to do something like that just because you're upset with your real mother."

"I understand."

"Now. You've got our number?" I nodded. "I want you call me every evening. I know it's only a few days, but I'm going to miss you."

"It won't be long, but I'll miss you too... And that crazy daughter of yours."

We were both laughing as she parked outside Janice's house.

Danielle told Janice. "I'm sorry. I've lumbered you with a lot of washing. Her mother was good enough to mess up or ruin nearly all the clothes she has."

"That's okay. We'll deal with that in the morning. What's the book?"

"Oh. I forgot I still had that. A going-away present for Sam." She showed it to Janice and I saw Janice's eyes go hard and her face become angry. I suddenly felt very glad that she wasn't angry with me.

"Sam. Put that box down. It looks very heavy. I'll ask Eric to take it up later. Now come here."

I hesitated for some reason, so she came over to me and took both my hands.

"Don't you believe for one moment you are anything other than a wonderful, beautiful, talented girl. You hear me? If your mother is too blind to see it, well that's her loss."

I nodded.

"I'm sorry if I made you nervous, but when I saw that book she'd left for you, I was just so furious."

"That's okay."

"Do you mind if I take this book. I think one of my daughters might actually have a use for it?"

She laughed at my and Danielle's puzzled expressions. "Danielle, I'll tell you tomorrow. Thank you for lending Sam to us."

"You're welcome. I'm sure she's in safe hands."

"I don't need safe hands," I protested, giggling.

"Well you're going to get them," laughed Danielle.

A smile and a look crossed between Janice and Danielle. I think they meant it privately between them, but even I could read those looks, "Will you be okay?" and "Don't worry, we'll look after her". Then Danielle turned and left.

"Now," said Janice. "Have you eaten? Are you hungry?"

"I'm starving. I could eat a horse."

"No horses, but I'm sure we can scrape something together for you. Come into the dining room."

I followed her into a large room with wood panelling. "Sam, this is Eric, and I think you know these two reprobates."

Eric stood up. "Pleased to meet you, Sam."

"Likewise, sir."

"Oh God, not Sir, please. I get enough of that everywhere else. Eric is fine." Oops, Adult number four, or should that be five?

Janice pulled out a chair next to herself for me. "Actually, before I eat, do you mind if I have a shower? I'm still grubby from doing some weeding earlier." I also knew my face looked tear-smudged, and I wanted to feel human again, but I didn't mention that.

"Of course. Heather will show you where it is and when you're done Shelley can probably find you some clothes to wear."

As Heather got up, Janice asked me, "Oh, Sam. I take it you don't want this book?" Some glint of amusement in her eye made me smile as I shook my head.

"Here you go, Shelley. A present for you, from Sam."

Shelley looked at the cover and then at me, with amazement. "I don't understand. How did you know?"

"Know what?" I asked.

"It's a long story," Janice answered, "Shelley can explain it to you later. Be quick in the shower and I'll get your dinner." I followed Heather upstairs and into the bathroom.

Continuations & Conclusions part 2

WEEK TWO

FRIDAY Evening

SHELLEY

Dear reader,

Hello again. When I wrote yesterday afternoon that I'd be back, I had no idea it would be this soon. But so much happened last night that I really wanted to get it all down while the details were fresh. And if I'm writing I might as well share.

So why not just get on with it? What's this note to you all about? Well, Sam's come to stay with us for a few days. Our spare room was a mess and I helped her clean and straighten it late last night.

She also told me about this book her English Lit. teacher, Mrs O'Brien, had her read (She didn't say which book, but it doesn't matter.) where the writer would sometimes take a time out and talk directly to the reader. It made Sam feel like she was right there in the room with the writer so she felt a lot more into the story. Cool, I thought. That's why I'm writing this to you.

When I first started writing my Program journal it felt weird. I'd never kept a diary like a lot of my friends do. But having to write about what happened to me has made me think, a little bit anyway, which is a lot more than I usually do, about what has happened and seems likely to keep happening to me.

Now that I don't have to keep a journal any more, or a diary or whatever you want to call it, I actually want to do it a lot more than I did before. I might even think a little more about what it all means. Pretentious or what?

I'm making no promises but you just might hear from me like this from time to time again. The main thing, though, is that you catch how much fun and excitement I'm having, so just sit back, have a cuppa (see cultural notes) and enjoy.

I left you late in the afternoon with me wearing a nice blouse and my best tight jeans to meet Mum's new boyfriend, Eric. She's just arrived home from work, so let's get it on, so to speak.

Shelley

Mum and I arrived in the front hall simultaneously, her from her car, me from my room upstairs. We shared a long hug, a kiss on each other's nose and a giggle.

"You're late. I thought you'd be back by the time I'd done the shopping," I said.

"We were working late," Mum answered.

"Oh, yeah," I said with a grin. "I'll believe you."

A sudden guilty look on Mum's face told me I was right about the sort of work they'd been doing! Then we both laughed.

"So where's Eric? I'm dying to meet him," I asked.

"He's gone home first," and paused. "To pack a bag for the weekend," she grinned. "I told him to pack for three nights."

"Mother!"

"Oh dear, I think that's about number seventeen."

"Number seventeen what?"

"The seventeenth time you've called me 'mother', that's what. It usually means you're very surprised or shocked, maybe even disapproving."

"Disapproving? No way. Shocked? I've found out this week how much I love sex, so if you want to be with Eric just for that, that's cool, okay? Surprised? Yeah, not that it's happened, but that it's happened so quickly." I looked her dead in the eyes. "It has happened, hasn't it?"

She returned my stare a moment before nodding, "Yes, Shelley, it has. Whatever 'it' is, it certainly has happened."

As she turned towards the kitchen, she asked, "Where's your sister?"

"Up in her room, I think. I heard her in the shower a while ago. Shall I call her?"

"No, let her get ready in peace." She turned back and studied my outfit.

I turned slowly, sticking my butt out for a second before facing her again. "Okay? Not too sluttish, I hope."

"Uh uh. You look fine. No bra, I notice."

"I didn't think I needed one with the blouse tied." I tried to sound unconcerned but I was holding my breath.

She waited a lot longer than necessary. Then she chuckled, "Okay, you can start breathing again. You look great."

She confirmed her approval by changing the subject. "You guys get the shopping?"

"Yeah, I did. Just as we were leaving, Jed turned up. He was carrying a strange-looking bag. It looked heavy. Anyway, I left them to get on with it. He was gone when I got back."

"Jed, huh? Anything going on there I should know about?"

"Who knows? I THINK it's one-way traffic though. He has that 'god, I love her' look in his eyes. But Heather, I can't figure her out."

I had a pretty fair idea, however, and Mum put it into words. "Shelley, it's going to take your sister a long time to get over what happened to her. And you and I have to be there for her every step of the way."

Again we stared at one another, and sealed that deal. Not that it needed sealing of course, but sometimes these things needed to be said.

"On the way home I realised I'd forgotten about dessert tonight. Would..."

I interrupted her, "Got it covered, Mum. I got two tubs of our favourite ice cream. I hope Eric likes chocolate."

"No you don't. You hope Eric hates chocolate so there's more for you." She didn't even bother making that a question. "Well. young lady, I've got some bad news for you. Eric likes chocolate, a lot. Last night he made us a scrumptious chocolate pudding. And when he was done, he scraped his bowl with his fingers." Then she got this faraway look in her eyes. "What's a girl to do? I had to clean off his fingers for him, didn't I?"

I got this picture of Mum taking his fingers in her mouth and sucking them clean. A very hot picture.

"I suppose your bowl needed scraping too, huh?" I giggled.

"Yeah. My fingers are smaller, so the job required all four of them," she giggled back.

Then she shook her head sharply. Fun time's over, her expression said. "I'd better get started on dinner. There's some post on the dining room table. And some stamps in my bag. Would you mind putting second-class on the two bills and a first-class on the letter, and then posting the lot for me?"

"And the rest of the stamps in the drawer?" Mum's "desk" was the dining table, plus the bottom drawer of the chest in there and some accordion files she kept under the stairs.

"Yes, thank you."

As I came back through the front door ten minutes later I could hear Mum singing to herself and the sound of chopping in time with her song.

I stood quietly near the kitchen door listening. The good news was that she sounded so happy. The bad news? Mum couldn't carry a tune in a laundry basket. I waited for the chopping to stop, then stepped into the kitchen.

"Don't ever serenade him, Mum, okay?"

"That bad, huh?"

I changed the subject. "Mum, does he know about...?" My voice faltered as I looked through the ceiling towards Heather's room.

"Yes he does, darling. After the call on Saturday, he woke up during it, I couldn't help myself. I poured my heart out to him. He held me while I cried, and talked, and cried some more. He insisted that he could cover the work, that I should come straight back here. I nearly did, you know, even though Heather was sure she'd be alright for a few days."

Her voice dropped to a whisper. "In the end I was afraid that if I came back it might be even worse for her. I thought she might somehow blame herself for messing up my work. I still don't know if I did right staying there. What do you think, Shelley?"

Shit! How the fuck could I know? But I couldn't say that, not like that. Instead I said what I thought Mum needed to hear. "Mum, Heather's been doing alright since Saturday, at least as far as I can see. You always tell us not to look back. Maybe you need to take your own advice, just this once."

"Yeah, you're right." She sounded a little doubtful. But then she took a huge breath and repeated much more firmly, "You're right." She returned to her chopping.

"Hi, Mum." Heather was standing in the doorway. Mum crossed the room quickly and threw her arms around her. I could see Heather's face over Mum's shoulder but I couldn't tell what emotions were inside her, except that the combination was a good one. If I had wanted a hug when I saw Mum, Heather needed one now and it pleased me just to see them both relax in each other's arms.

Mum broke the hug and took a couple of steps back. "Shelley's outfit looks great. Let me see yours now." Mum was not kidding. She definitely wanted her girls to wow her man tonight.

Heather had chosen pink. I'll start in the middle with her plain, light-pink t-shirt. I'd seen it loads of times before but not like this. She'd cut the bottom off it to expose her tummy. She doesn't have a six-pack, or anything near it, but she loves to swim and her whole body is ace. The bare tummy was a good move.

So was her hair. She'd done it up on top of her head. Not only did this hide Jed's handiwork (Why hadn't I thought to do the same? Damn.), but it also emphasised her wonderful long neck. She really should wear her hair up more often. This way your eye is taken right to her lovely face. She'd used only a little make-up, just enough I thought, including some bright pink lipstick. Below the t-shirt was a pair of darker-pink hip-huggers. As she twirled for us, I was impressed again by the best butt in the Hoover household. There was no panty line, so I assumed she was wearing a thong, that is if she was wearing anything.

"Lovely. Pink suits you." Then it was back to work. "Heather, dear, would you do the 'taties?" Everyone has odd little talents, right? One of Heather's is that she can peel potatoes twice as fast as either Mum or me, so this was always her job when we were helping.

"I'll put the kettle on," I offered, "Tea all round?" Both of them agreed.

"Better put the other apron on, Heather," Mum suggested.

"Fine, but I don't want to mess up my hair."

"So, what've I missed?" she asked as she opened a fresh bag of King Edward's.

"Nothing much," Mum lied. I was facing the sink and fiddling with the tea so Heather couldn't see my reaction.

Mum continued, "I was just telling your sister about what Eric and I talked about last night. I'd shown him the tape from last Friday when it was time for Samantha's concert, so he put a new tape in to record it while we watched. I know you were in a rush earlier, but what did you guys think of the singing?"

I had to be honest. "It's not my style so I really wasn't listening. I was too busy falling off my chair at what the other girls did. Fantastic or what? I mean, I was ready for Laura and Suzie, but the others!"

"Awesome!" was Heather's comment. I don't think she was talking about the singing.

Mum fetched her tea for a long, loud slurp before going on. "After watching the interview and all those naked young girls at the concert, Eric was, how should I put this, as hard as a broom handle." Now she had our total attention. "So I had to take care of him, didn't I?"

"Mum!" from Heather.

"Mother!" from me. Number eighteen.

"Afterwards I told him about Tuesday night." She glanced at Heather. "Don't worry. I left out most of the details of what we talked about, but concentrated on all of us getting naked and enjoying it so much."

Mum glanced at the clock above the hall door. "Eric'll be here in half an hour. I'll be upstairs. Would you guys set the table please? The best cloth, middle drawer, two glasses for each of us. You know what to do."

After we'd set the table, and Heather had put all the veg in fresh, cold water, we turned the telly to one of the pop video stations. During the third song Mum appeared at the door. She was gorgeous in a kind of gypsy outfit, a dark-red blouse with puffy sleeves and a deep-scooped neck, a long, full, floral skirt and open-toed sandals. She was obviously bra-less as well.

The doorbell rang. Heather killed the telly and we all went to the door. Mum opened it, threw her arms around the tall man standing there and gave him a kiss and three-quarters. Then she dragged him inside, forgetting to shut the door, she was so excited.

"Girls, this is Eric. Eric, Heather and Shelley." We all froze for a moment. Mum was holding her breath, I'm sure. Eric was standing there like a robot whose batteries were shot. Heather was not much better. She'd stuck her hand out for Eric to shake, but gave up when Eric's hands stayed stuck to his trousers.

Fuck this, I decided. Two paces and I was directly in front of him. I put my hands behind his head and pulled so I could kiss his cheek. "Hello, Eric," I said softly. Then I took a step back and grinned, "Welcome."

I didn't have to snap my fingers but the others came out of their trances at the same time. Mum shut the front door saying, "The polite one's Heather, Eric, and the other's Shelley."

Thanks, Mum, I thought, but I didn't really mind. Eric began to put his hand out to Heather. Then he shook his head and leaned forward to kiss Heather's cheek. Heather smiled and returned the kiss on his cheek.

The phone rang. "Damn, no peace for the wicked," Mum complained as she went to answer it.

First impressions of Eric? That's simple. Mum's pulled. (see cultural notes) He was tall, well over six feet. He must work out, I thought, with those broad shoulders, thick arms and fairly narrow waist.

His hair was very short and the hairline was well back. His features were ordinary, but I liked his open brown eyes. He looked clearly old enough to be our dad (I was surprised when that thought popped into my head.) and he needed to start smiling. That would not be a problem, I was certain of it.

He hadn't spoken yet and I was desperate to hear his voice. I smiled at him, "Would you like something to drink? Tea? Coffee? Glass of wine?"

"A glass of wine would be... very nice, thank you." Not as deep a voice as I was expecting, but very definitely a man's voice. He had starting almost croaking, but by the time he reached "thank you" his voice was much clearer. He was still nervous as hell, but I thought I could cure that.

"Heather? Wine all round?" Heather muttered, "Ta."

"Eric, opening the bottle is a man's job. Think you could manage?" It was just ridiculous enough for all of them to laugh. Thank god!

"Follow me please." I remembered just in time to keep things natural and fun, so I did NOT wiggle my butt as I walked into the kitchen.

Mum came back from the phone. "Samantha's going to be joining us tonight and for the weekend. Come on, Heather. Let's get glasses from the table."

Mum had got lots of white wine. She must have stopped at the offie (see cultural notes) on the way home from work. Instead of the usual two bottles in the fridge there were half a dozen.

I grabbed one of the new bottles and passed it to Eric.

"This is good stuff. Do you know what we're having for dinner, Shelley?"

"Fresh salmon."

"This'll be perfect with salmon." He smiled a little shyly at me. "Trust me, I know quite a bit about wine. Let's find out if this stuff is actually as good as its label."

Amazing, I thought. As soon as Eric could talk about something he knew about, he'd chilled completely. I suddenly remembered what they did in restaurants. I took one of the glasses from Heather and poured a tiny bit of wine into it. I passed it to Eric and again I could sense Mum holding her breath.

Eric did the sniffing bit and then took the wine all round his mouth like mouthwash, before swallowing and smacking his lips. "Outstanding" from him was enough for Mum to relax again.

I filled all the glasses then as Mum said to Heather, "Take Eric into the dining room, dear. I want a quick word with Shelley."

As soon as Heather and Eric were gone, Mum hugged me ever-so-tightly. "Thank you, darling. You've been brill. I was so scared that tonight was going to be really awkward for everyone. I won't ask what possessed you earlier, but you were just... perfect."

Golly, that made me all warm inside. She released me and headed for the cooker. "So, what do you think of him?"

"Ten out of ten, Mum."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. You never told us what a hunk he is." I grinned, "An old hunk, for sure, but definitely alright."

"He reminds me of your father a bit, you know. Not too much but a little." Now she giggled, "And he's outstanding..." She didn't finish that but I could. "Now get in there and entertain our guest. I've got to get this lot moving."

I took my wine with me and found them talking about cricket! Well actually, Eric was doing the talking, but Heather seemed to be doing more than just listening politely. She hates almost all sports so this was quite surprising.

When Eric paused, Heather turned to me, "Eric can get tickets for the test match at Old Trafford for all of us. What do you think?"

What I know about cricket wouldn't fill a thimble. I did know that Old Trafford was in Manchester (and Lord's was in London). But what the hell! Spending a day with Mum and Eric had to be good value. Heather seemed to agree.

I replied honestly, "Cool. I'd like that too, Eric."

That got a big smile from him. He looked good when he smiled.

Mum went to the door and I heard Sam's voice and Laura's Mum talking. Mum took Sam upstairs, then they came down again. But to my surprise when she joined us, Mum was alone.

She set a small timer going on the sideboard before sitting next to Eric.

"Where's Sam?" I asked.

"She had to go and get her things from her mother's. She won't be long." She turned to Eric. "I hope you haven't bored them too much with cricket, darling."

Eric looked glum. "Oh dear, I do go on and on sometimes. Sorry, girls."

Heather and I both denied we were bored. It was easy to do because we weren't.

Mum cleared her throat. "What I want to hear about is Shelley's recent adventures. Eric dear, would you like to find out how my younger daughter got her picture on the front page of every national newspaper, while at the same time scaring the crap out of her mother and sister?"

"Sounds like quite a tale," Eric responded. Then the so-and-so sat up straight and actually folded his hands on the table in front of him before looking directly at me. Watch out, mister, I said to myself. Here it comes.

"There's so much to tell, Mum, it's gonna take me ages. Okay?"

Mum smiled sweetly, "We've got all night so take your time. I want to hear everything."

I stared at her. "Everything?"

She stared back. "Yup, everything."

I thought about Eric for just a second. Either I'll kill his shyness forever, or Mum will have to start dating again. Oh well, here goes.

"It all started on the railway platform in Rugby. Our train had broken down and Heather had got out to stretch her legs. When we were ready to go again, I couldn't see her any more, so I got out to look for her."

Heather interrupted me. "In a sense, Eric, this was all my fault. I'm not claustrophobic, but I hate just sitting around when nothing's happening."

Eric nodded, "So do I."

"When the guard announced the train was ready to leave, Shel, I just got on the nearest carriage. That's why you couldn't see me."

"Fuck, what a prat I was, Sis," I grinned.

"Yeah," she grinned back.

I had a sip of wine and carried on. "When I couldn't find her I went up to the ticket guy and tried to explain what had happened. But he was acting real pervy so I freaked and ran out the station to get away. Big mistake number two. A couple of guys were chasing me but I was too fast for them. Eventually I stopped running and hid in an alley. By now I was real thirsty and there was this can of soda, nearly full. It smelled okay so I drank it."

Mum frowned at that so I looked straight at her. "Yeah, Mum, I know. Big mistake number three. There was something in it, I guess, because I suddenly got really sleepy."

"It might have had a lot of vodka in it, Shelley," Eric commented.

"What makes you say that?" Mum asked.

Eric looked embarrassed. "We always used to use vodka if we wanted to get a girl pissed."

Mum shook her head. "And why would you want to do that?" Oops, Heather and I knew that tone of voice. I wondered if Eric did.

He twirled an imaginary moustache. "To have my evil way with her, my dear."

Heather and I laughed loudly. Mum just shook her head. At that point the timer went off. Mum stood up and addressed us, "Men!" Then she turned to Eric and smiled, "For that you can help me serve. On your feet, you scoundrel!"

As soon as they were gone Heather and I put our heads together.

I began, "What do you think, Sis?"

"Well nice. You?"

"I told Mum he was a ten."

"Ten's a little high, but definitely a nine. Did you notice how he and Mum keep looking at each other?"

"Hard to miss, unless you're blind," I said. Then I giggled, "Wait till I tell him about the club."

"You're not!" Her voice was accusing, but her eyes and mouth were grinning.

"Am too. Every sordid detail. Mum did say everything, didn't she?"

I thought how wonderful it was to see Heather happy, even though I knew she could easily change again.

Eric came in then, carrying two plates with those big silly oven gloves. "Careful, girls, these plates are HOT."

He returned in a moment with the other two plates as Mum brought in covered dishes full of vegetables.

We were all quiet then, serving ourselves and getting stuck in. I liked salmon, we all did, and soon our plates were mostly empty.

Mum put down her knife and fork and said, "Let's see. When you stopped, Shelley, you were asleep in an alley. What happened next?"

"Asleep in an alley naked, Mum," I corrected her. "I'm saying that because of what happened next. When I woke up it was dark and I was freezing. Some noise had disturbed me and I suddenly realised there were men around me. I think there were three of them, but I'm not sure. It was too dark."

I looked over at Heather and grabbed her hand. "This bit might upset you, Sis, but it was not too bad."

"That's okay, Shel. Really it is." She squeezed my hand under the table. I held hers tightly for the next few minutes.

"They made me kneel up, then one of them bent down and kissed me. Double-yuk! Another one pushed his way in. His cock was out and he forced me to start to suck it."

"Bastard," Eric muttered. Mum looked very angry.

"But then there was some kind of disturbance. Somebody shouted and then shone a light towards us. While the men were distracted, I was able to get away."

I leaned towards Heather and hugged her, whispering, "That's all the really nasty shit. I'm sorry I had to say that much though."

Heather turned to me and smiled. "Just get us the fuck out of that alley, okay?"

"Yes, ma'am. I ran and ran till I couldn't run any more. The only thing open was a pub. It sounded like some football on the telly in there so I went to the other door, the lounge bar. That one looked empty so I thought what the hell and went inside.

"There was only this ugly bloke behind the bar. I told him I was tired and hungry and lost and that I hadn't any money but please, could I get something to eat and drink. He said he'd feed me if I fucked him. No way. I used his loo, though, and got some water from the tap. I was so hungry that I went back in there and said I wouldn't fuck him but I would give him a blowjob for some food.

"So that's what I did. He didn't last long," I said proudly and they all laughed. "He gave me a burger and a coke, and then another burger after I... demolished the first one. Actually he didn't seem that bad after that, just another sleaze-ball male. Sorry about that, Eric."

"Don't be."

"When he asked me if I needed somewhere to crash, I didn't want to spend the night on the streets so I said okay even though I was really worried. He made a quick call and a few minutes later a woman turned up. She seemed nice and she offered to put me up for the night."

I had an idea. I stood up before continuing. "I want to get changed now. I'll be right back."

For some strange reason I felt evil, and like a teacher! "While I'm upstairs, class, I want you to get ready to answer this question." I paused for effect. They were all looking at me. "What do you think about prostitution?" I looked at Heather. "Not one word while I'm upstairs. Right?"

She grinned her evil grin back at me. "Right."

At the door I turned back to them. "And no conferring!"

Up in my room I put on the black outfit Tara had given me. Knickers? I decided yes and found a pale-green thong that was just as tiny as Tara's pale-blue one. I picked up the unicorn necklace and held it for a while thinking of Tara and wondering when I'd hear from her. I put the necklace on. I started downstairs but then went back for my journal. I didn't think I'd need it, but I brought it down with me anyway in case.

I walked into the dining room and called out, "Okay, class, pencils down." I stood at the near end of the table opposite Eric. I looked at Heather, "Miss Hoover, what do you think about prostitution?"

"I'll answer your question, Shel, but please, first, will you put Mum out of her misery? She's been going crazy down here while you were upstairs."

I looked at Mum and felt embarrassed. "Sorry, Mum, I didn't mean to upset you, just tease you a little. How's this? I didn't turn any tricks in Rugby, none, not even close. Okay?"

"Okay, Shelley, I forgive you, although I probably shouldn't. Ever since I saw you on the box in that outfit I was worried about what you might have had to do to pay for it. And then there's that necklace you're wearing. I really didn't know what to think." Then she put on her worst grin. "So watch out, young lady, you will pay for this, maybe not now, but soon."

I grinned at Eric. "Don't ever cross our Mum. It always hurts, you not her. And she's had years practising on us."

He grinned back, "Thanks for the warning, kiddo. But for gawd's sake, tell us what happened next."

"I want to tell this my way, and in the right order so I don't leave anything out. So, Sis, prostitution?"

"I really don't know what I think. I mean, it's been going on forever, and it isn't going to stop, is it? So if it really is wrong, it wouldn't still be around, I guess. But a lot of girls have been badly hurt by it, so it can't be that good a thing. That's really all I can think of."

I faced Mum. "Mrs. Hoover, what do you think?"

"I think it's sad if a girl feels there is no other choice for her. But if she chooses to do it of her own free will and a man wants to pay her for half an hour or so of fun, so bloody what? I don't see how that's any worse than taking her to a fancy restaurant and a show, just so that he can get into her knickers later. One's a cash transaction, the other one's barter."

Wow, I thought. How cool is that? "Thank you, Mrs. Hoover, for your interesting contribution. Mr. Watson?"

"I know what I think personally and it's different to what society thinks. Society has always said that prostitution is wrong so we'll make criminals of the girls, but it's necessary so we won't bother enforcing those laws unless we feel like it. There's a lot of hypocrisy involved, especially when they use sex appeal to sell almost everything."

Mum asked me, "What about you, Shelley? What do you think?"

I was glad I'd brought my journal down. I knew how to answer her now, but not quite yet.

"I'll answer in a moment, but let me get to it. So this mysterious woman took me in her car to a big house in a different quiet street. She showed me into a nice room with its own loo, and everything seemed fine... until she locked the door. It didn't take rocket science to work out what sort of a place it was, the mirror on the ceiling above the bed and the drawer full of condoms. Shit, everybody, I was really scared. But I was also exhausted so I did fall asleep.

"The next morning I met another girl. She gave me something to wear. When she found out that I'd been terrified she explained that the door had been locked so some drunken john wouldn't get in and bother me. Then she took me down to breakfast and I met the others."

I spent a little while now explaining to all of them about names and how the girls are really worried about publicity. I used the real names then but I've got to carry on using the pretend ones for you. All of them, but especially Eric, agreed that the girls were just being sensible. I also apologised to Mum for sort of lying to her on the phone. We're straight about that now.

So, what did I think about prostitution? I read from my journal most of what Helen told me that morning. I've thought a lot about what she said. I think that the girls I met, and others like them, are brave and admirable, and as honest as anyone I've ever met. Mum seemed surprised, but I think she agreed with me.

After all that Mum still demanded, "Shelley, now explain about the clothes and necklace, if you please."

"Okay, after I rang you, Tara took me up to her room and let me choose an outfit. Tara's almost exactly the same size as me. Maybe her tits are even a little bigger than mine. But everything in her room was like this outfit. It suddenly struck me that these were her 'working clothes'." That still makes me laugh. Heather chuckled, Eric guffawed but Mum shrieked, almost as loudly as she had on Tuesday night.

Mum demanded a proper show. I raced upstairs to fetch the pink shoulder bag and some chewing gum. I strolled back in, slowly with maximum wiggle, along the length of the room, swinging my bag and chewing hard on my gum. Then I stood right next to Eric, placed my chewing gum on his empty dinner plate and leaned over like he was a punter (see cultural notes) in his car, "Looking for business, love?"

Eric looked really uncomfortable for a moment as Heather and Mum screamed with laughter. Whether it was at my show or Eric's discomfort or both, I've no idea. Soon Eric was laughing too, though, and so was I.

"Sorry, everyone, but that was hot," Eric admitted. "I hope you don't mind."

I laughed and Mum certainly didn't seem to mind, but Heather was uncomfortable and said so.

"Eric, you're really nice, but do you think it's right for you to fancy someone as young as Shelley?"

Mum and I looked at each other and I could see a slight panic on Mum's face. But before she could answer, the doorbell rang. She went to get it.

To my surprise, Eric wasn't put out at all. "Heather, just because I'm older doesn't mean I have a filter in my brain that only lets me fancy women my own age. I'm a male so I'm always going to fancy an attractive female. It's the way I'm wired. I don't have to act on those feelings though. The woman I want to be with is your mother, no one else.

"You and Shelley are beautiful young women. That means you're going to be sexually attractive to most of the men around you. You'll have to deal with that. You'll have to choose who you want to be with in that way, who you're happy to have around you even though nothing will happen between you and them, and who you don't want to know about at all. I hope you'll let me into that second category."

Heather nodded, then stood up and sat in his lap. They hugged for a while. None of us said anything. She got up again, picked up her glass and motioned Eric to do the same. They touched their glasses and drank. It was a silent toast, just between the two of them.

Mum came back in with Sam. Sam looked a mess, like she'd been crying. "Sam, this is Eric, and I think you know these two reprobates."

After the introductions Mum asked Heather to show Sam the shower. But before she could go, Mum asked Sam, "I take it you don't want this book?" Sam shook her head. "Here you go, Shelley. A present for you, from Sam." She handed it to me.

I looked at the cover, Hookers' Guide To The Law, and said to Sam, "I don't understand. How did you know?"

"Know what?" she asked.

"It's a long story," said Mum. "And Shelley can explain it to you later. Be quick in the shower and I'll get your dinner." Sam followed Heather upstairs.

When Heather came back down, Mum said, "If nobody minds, we'll wait dessert until Sam's had her first course."

Nobody minded.

"How did she get this book, Mum?" I asked. Heather looked up as well. She was just as curious.

"That was why she'd been crying. Her mother left it with her things as a parting gift."

"That's awful," I said.

"I just thought you might like to give it to your friends if you see them again, though they probably know it all anyway."

"I wonder if I will see them again." I looked at Mum for a moment before adding, "I really hope I do."

"You never explained about the necklace," Heather reminded me.

"I don't really know much. Tara gave it me. She says it's not that valuable but it represents someone who was very close to her."

While we waited for Sam to come down, Heather told Mum and Eric about the inquiry and everything she'd said. I noticed that she didn't go into too much detail about what we'd actually shown them. Perhaps that was because Eric was there too.

I'd started to tell them about our evening in London when Heather interrupted. "Eric, Mum, if you think that outfit of Shel's is hot, wait till you see her new clubbing gear."

"Can I show you, Mum? It's ace."

She laughed. "We won't get any peace until you do."

"Come on, Heather, you've got to show off yours as well."

While we were changing, Sam came out of the shower wrapped in a towel. Heather looked through my clothes and gave her a dress to wear, tame and longer than I usually wear, scarlet and classy, but nice. As Sam went downstairs, Heather explained, "We don't want to embarrass her in front of Mum and Eric."

I chuckled at that. "I think Sam is hotter in that dress than we are in this lot. You watch Eric's eyes when we walk in and see if I'm not right." If I'm being completely honest, Sam looked tastier than I ever did in that dress, even without make-up, damn her!

When we went entered the room, Sam was first and Eric's eyes nearly popped out of his head. I was right, he could not take his eyes off her at first, and I don't mean her face. I wondered if Mum noticed as well.

Mum considered all three of us, her eyes sparkling. "Well, Shelley, I'm surprised to see Heather in something more revealing than you."

"You girls are all miles more... provocative in those outfits you're wearing than you would be naked," said Eric. "Shit, what have I just said?"

Heather laughed. "Ah, but Mum, that's not how she wore it."

I slowly and teasingly undid all the zips. This time I was knicker-less.

"You went clubbing like that?" Mum's eyebrows shot up. Eric's mouth was simply "catching flies."

I grinned at both of them, "I did arrive at the club all zipped up, but I didn't stay that way for long."

"That's right, Mum. We got roped into games, like limbo..." I interrupted Heather at that point by demonstrating the limbo. Poor Eric didn't know where to look when I limbo-ed directly at him, so to speak.

"Your turn." I held out my arm for Heather to limbo under.

Sam had finished her dinner, so we both turned to her and said, "Your turn, now."

She hiked her dress up and tried, but fell.

"Penalty!" I cried, "If you fall you lose your knickers." Then Heather and I reached under each side of her dress and pulled her knickers off.

"Heather! Shelley!" cried Mum. "Leave the poor girl alone. She might be embarrassed."

"It's okay Mrs.... Janice. Not much can embarrass me after this week." She tried again but the dress still got in the way.

I got behind her and shouted, "Roll up, roll up. You've seen her on the telly, you've seen her in the newspapers, now we are proud to present, Samantha, the naked choirgirl." And before anyone had a chance to object I undid the top of her dress and it fell to the floor.

Heather and Mum both gasped. Eric couldn't do anything but stare. Then, after an agonising moment, Sam giggled as she stepped out of the dress, and said, "Put your arm back up."

This time she didn't fall.

When she got up she grabbed the bottom of my dress and pulled it up. I tried to stop her, but she growled, "Arms up or I'll tear it off you."

What could I do? I didn't want my new dress wrecked so I let her pull it off over my head. Then we turned to Heather and dragged her leggings off before she pulled her own top off.

"Mum!" both Heather and I yelled.

I dived for her skirt, pulling it down before she had a chance to resist. "OO! No knickers! Ready for action, eh Mum?"

We pulled her blouse over her head, leaving her naked.

"Your turn now, Eric," said Heather.

"Er..."

Mum went round to him. "Oh, I see the problem. I think we've embarrassed him, girls."

"That's alright," I said. "We'd all be offended if you didn't have a hard-on. Don't worry, just ask Mum for relief."

"Shelley!" said Mum. I think she was trying for that "Mum's warning tone", but couldn't keep a straight face.

"Well, WE have to get relief in front of everyone in class," I argued. "At least you can do it in private, while we go get the ice cream. Come on, girls. Mum, call us when you're ready."

Leaving both Mum and Eric speechless, we went into the kitchen. We did most of the washing up and Heather was nearly going to put the ice cream back into the freezer when Mum called us.

Eric looked a lot more comfortable, and very naked, and Mum had a silly grin like one of my teenage friends.

As she served the ice cream, Heather suggested, "I think if we don't want Eric to have another problem, we should keep the rest of Thursday night for another time."

I laughed. "But Friday morning was good too. I joined the Mile-High Club on the way home. It was crap sex, but a lot of fun."

Something in Eric's laugh made Mum glance sharply at him and say, "What?"

Eric kept his eyes on mine. "Those in-flight loos are murder, aren't they?"

I couldn't resist it, "Fucking tiny!" We all lost it then.

When Mum recovered, she looked at me seriously. "Shelley. Monday morning you were a virgin. Enjoy yourself, but don't go too mad. It sounds like you've done nothing but have sex since Monday."

"Actually I haven't. I've only had sex with, let's see, Lenny, he took my virginity on Monday. He was really sweet. He wouldn't even fuck me until I said I'd get someone else to if he didn't. Then nobody else until Thursday night with Pete and Paul. Then Ricky on the plane. That's only four. Apart from them I gave Jed and Christopher blowjobs, two more boys on Tuesday morning at Morning Groping, I don't count the two sleaze-balls in Rugby, but then there were Pete and Paul in London, oh, and James, Laura's boyfriend..."

"Didn't she mind?" interrupted Mum.

"No. I was being fucked by Pete and Paul and asked her if I could borrow James for my other hole. So not counting the four boys I've fucked, or the two in Rugby I had to do, I've only given blowjobs to five boys."

"That's still a lot in less than one week," Mum argued.

"But sex is fun, and it's not like I'm hurting anyone."

I noticed Heather trying not to laugh. "What?" I asked.

"I was trying to save Eric embarrassment by not having you tell him all about your sex show with Laura in the club and you go and tell him about doing three guys at once. At this rate he'll need relief every time you open your mouth."

We all laughed.

Then I told them all about my morning with Tara. I thought Eric was going to choke, he laughed so hard, when I repeated the story of Megan masturbating but still demanding her tea. I started to describe the double striptease between Tara and me.

Mum had an evil glint in her eye. "Why don't you read this bit from your journal?"

"But Mum," I objected, "It's very explicit what I've written."

"I hope so, dear. I want Tarzan here to really do me later."

"But, Jane, I have a terrible headache," Eric grinned.

"You certainly will if you let me down."

So I sat there in front of them and read every word of that scene to them. At the end I was dripping wet. From their expressions so were Mum and Heather.

As for Eric, he grinned at Mum, "Could you fetch me an office report? I need some serious distraction before I stand up."

I told them, "All the detail is here, but my writing's not good enough to get across my emotions. It really was an awesome experience and I don't think I've been able to get that over."

Sam came up with an idea. "I've read quite a bit of Laura's journal. She can really write. I could ask her if she'd help you with it?"

"Oh, would you, Sam, please? It would mean so much to me."

Mum said, "Don't you think that it might be too much of an imposition?"

"I guess it might. But Sam, can you ask her so that she won't get pissed off?"

"Not a problem, Shelley. But I think I should leave it till the morning." She started to blush. "I don't think she and Suzie will want to be interrupted tonight."

"Like that, is it?" Mum asked.

"Yeah, like that. I think it's the real deal for them." Her voice broke slightly. "Oh shit. I'm sorry, everyone. It's just I'm so happy for them."

Mum put her arm around Sam. "Go ahead, dear. Use your serviette to blow your nose. They're all going straight into the laundry.

"Shelley, could you take Sam upstairs and help her get her room ready for tonight? Eric will bring her heavy bags up later. And Heather, you can keep Eric company while I do the washing up."

"Most of it's done," I said and went upstairs with Samantha.

I stood for a moment in the spare room's doorway. "This could be a great bedroom, Sam. It's bigger than either my room or Heather's. The bed's bigger too. The wallpaper will have to go though. Think what they'd say at school."

We were both chuckling at the yellow teddy bears as Sam added, "And so will the bars on the windows."

"I'm not so sure about those. You can reach through them to open the windows, see?" I'd crossed the room to the nearer window and done just that. "No, I'd keep the bars as a kinky fashion statement. I'd paint them black, though, or maybe dark purple."

"Yeah." She giggled, then asked, "Does that bear have a name?"

"He's Big Ted. Not very imaginative, huh? He really belongs to Heather. He was one of Dad's last Christmas presents to her. After Dad was killed, she gave me half-shares in him for my next birthday. I've always thought that was one of the nicest presents I've ever had. When we were little we'd take it in turns taking Ted to bed. The deal was that we had to return him to this room, his room, in the morning. Really stupid, I guess."

"No, Shelley, it's really sweet." She ran her hand across the top of the chest of drawers and looked at it. "Oh dear, this needs some serious dusting."

"Fear not. Mum makes us keep old t-shirts. They make great dusters. Hang on."

I ran down to the airing cupboard and returned with a couple of t-shirts. Sam was sneezing when I got back.

She grinned, "I goofed. I sat down hard on the bed and raised a huge cloud of dust from the bedspread."

"Come on, that will need to be washed."

Sam stood and we carefully folded the bedspread, top side in. She started dusting while I took the bedspread down to the laundry room. I had to walk through the kitchen to get there.

"Oh goody!" Mum exclaimed. "I'll take that outside tomorrow and beat the dust out of it."

I knew what that was all about. "Who are you going to be beating?"

"My boss. He really is being quite the idiot at the moment. I'll enjoy giving 'him' a good thrashing." She stood there for a moment considering this. Then she added, "But I think I'll save my best shots for those two sleaze-balls in Rugby. Would you care to join me?"

"I'd like that." I lay the bedspread on the table and went and kissed her nose. "Thank you, Mummy."

She smiled at me before changing the topic. "You should find plenty of fresh bedding in the airing cupboard. Leave the under-blanket on the bed under the bottom sheet. It'll be more comfortable for Sam."

"Eric seems to be good for Heather, Mum. Don't you think so?"

She sighed, "Yes, I do. God knows she can use all the good men in her life that she can find. Every good one she'll let get near her will push those other bastards a little further away. At least I think that's so. Oh god, Shelley, I'm really struggling here. I feel like I haven't a clue any more."

Silent tears fell from her eyes as I hugged her as tightly as I could. For a moment her whole body shook, before finally easing into some quiet breathing. But then we could hear Heather crying from the lounge.

Mum grabbed my arm and we went next door. Eric had folded Heather into his big arms on the sofa and was rocking her gently and stroking her hair. Mum and I stood there quietly for some time, until Heather seemed to settle. Mum said something about asking Laura's Mum for help, but I wasn't really listening. All I could take in was this wonderful man trying to comfort my hurting sister. I was so moved that I could hardly breathe.

Then Eric stood up, still with Heather in his arms, and headed for the stairs. I ran ahead to Heather's room, switched on her bedside lamp and turned down her duvet. Eric was just behind me. He cradled Heather's head as he bent to lay her on her bed. Mum pulled the duvet back over her and then sat on the edge of the bed.

I dragged Eric back into the hallway before pulling his head down to whisper in his ear, "Heather needs you now. So does Mum." I brought my mouth around to the front and kissed his nose. "And so do I." I turned to head for the airing cupboard at the end of the hall.

And that was when I noticed for the first time that he was still naked, as of course was I. He'll soon learn how highly I rate nose kisses, I thought, if he doesn't know already. I heard him head for the stairs and it took all my will power not to turn round to check out his butt. Watch yourself, girl, very carefully.

Sam had her music centre set up on the chest of drawers with two good-sized speakers either side of it. There was some classical music playing. I had to admit it was well nice.

"What's that playing?" I asked as we started making the bed.

"Mozart. I'll put something else on if you'd prefer."

"No. I never listen to that kind of music." I stopped and listened carefully. "It's very pretty. What's it called?"

"Eine Kleine Nachtmusik. That's German for 'A Little Night Music'. It's one of my favourites, especially the middle bit which'll start in a minute."

We'd just finished the bottom sheet and the pillowcases when Sam made me sit next to her at the foot of the bed. "Listen to this."

It was beautiful. I had heard this bit before, but I never knew it was Mozart. We sat there for about five minutes, holding hands and listening with our hips and legs touching. Wicked and very relaxing.

"So, Shelley, you like Mozart as well." Eric stood in the doorway, carrying two of Sam's suitcases.

"I guess so. I just never knew it, though."

"Where do you want these, Sam?"

"In the corner's fine. Thank you very much."

"No problem. I'll need to make two more trips."

After the last trip Eric asked, "You girls mind if I stay for the rest of this. I love it."

Sam patted the bed next to her and Eric joined us.

When the music finished, Sam asked, "More Mozart?" When I nodded, she said, "We'd better shut the door. The next one should be played a lot louder."

"What is it?" I asked.

"One of his symphonies. Eric, will you stay for The Jupiter?"

"I'd love to, thanks. But I shouldn't leave Jan on her own. Another time perhaps?"

"I'd like that." Damn. Sam was flirting with him! What's more, he knew it.

Sam followed him to the door, shut it behind him and then faced me, still holding the doorknob.

"Hot, or what?" she sighed.

"I know. Mum never told us."

She grinned, "He fancied me in that red dress earlier."

"Girl, I fancied you in that red dress earlier."

Her face lit up. I swear she gave me some "walk" as she crossed to the box of CDs.

It took her several minutes to find the CD she wanted. When she finally put it on, she let it play undisturbed for a while so the music had begun to get under my skin when she said quietly, "I've had one crazy, fucked-up day. Can I tell you about it?"

She started with Laura's absence at breakfast, then went on to the Morning Groping, especially Charlie and the buzzing toy. "God, Shelley, I've never felt anything like it before. I came so hard I passed out for a few seconds."

After she told me that Charlie was going to let her keep it next time, I was more than a little curious. She's promised to let me have a go. Great!

Next came the assembly. I wish I hadn't missed that. Even if most of the school didn't know it was my idea originally, I would have known and the applause would have felt very good. Next came the chats with Mr. Thompson and Mrs. O'Brien and seeing Charlie again.

"Shelley, all she had to do was pat the pocket where I knew that thing was and I started getting wet. You'll never guess what happened next."

"What?"

"I asked for relief in O'Brien's class!"

"No shit!" I exclaimed, "This is not the same girl who fainted during Monday's assembly."

Sam was suddenly serious. "No, I'm not, and that's the heart of my problem." She jumped her story to the meeting with Gerard Vaughan and what happened afterwards with Mr. Thompson.

At the end she asked me, "You were curious about what was in that folder after school, weren't you?" I nodded. "It was the contract with Vaughan. Do you see now why I didn't want to talk about it before? Maybe I've killed off my career before it was even started."

She sat there "glum as a plum", not saying anything. Then I had an idea.

"Sam, I know what you need... a nice relaxing massage. But I don't really know how to give one."

She leaned over and kissed me gently on the lips. "Please, would you try?"

I thought for a few seconds, then stood up. "Okay, you find some super-gentle music. I'll find some baby oil."

I found a large bottle of oil in the bathroom. I also fetched one of my bedside lamps. When I returned, something else slow was playing quietly. I plugged in the lamp and put it on the floor. When I switched the main light off, the room glowed softly. My last bit of prep was to shut the window. Perfect.

Sam stood beside the bed. "How do you want me?"

Anyway I can have you, I thought. "On your tummy, I think," was what I said.

Sam lay down with her head sideways on a pillow, her arms at her sides and her legs together. I climbed over her, straddling her legs and facing her head. First I poured some oil between her shoulder blades.

"That's cold!" she complained.

"Sorry. Maybe that was too much oil at once." I'd also brought a hand towel with me and put the bottle on it before attacking her back with long slow strokes.

"That's better," she purred. I thought I could feel her body relax under my hands. I remembered some massages I'd seen and started to knead the shoulder muscles near her neck. Again she made appreciative little noises.

I leaned down and kissed her neck before whispering by her ear, "Do you want more than just a massage, Sam?"

"Only if I can do you afterwards. Deal?"

"Deal."

I decided that I had done enough back. I moved off her and got her to spread her legs so I could kneel between them. This time I poured some oil into my palm and ran my hand down the back of one leg and back up the inner thigh. I repeated this on the other leg. Then I could use one hand on each leg, around her hip, down the leg and much more slowly up her inner thigh, getting close to, but never quite reaching, her pussy. She was loving it, and to tell the truth, so was I.

It was bum time, so I poured some oil on both hands this time. That way I could attack both cheeks at once. I was working my way all over her arse and into her crack.

"Shelley, please spank me."

So I did. One slap on each cheek, then lots of rubbing, then another slap. Twice she asked me "harder", and each time that's what I did. Finally she whispered "enough".

I moved to one side and she rolled over. Even in the faint light I could see her eyes shining. She looked so pretty that I had to kiss her. I lay on top of her and we kissed for a long time. There was a quiet passion about it with our tongues constantly moving, in and out of mouths and along lips.

Then she lifted my head with her hands and grinned, "What about my interesting bits?"

I oiled my hands again and started on her tits, rubbing and squeezing but refusing to touch her nipples. When I sensed her hunger, I leaned in and started sucking her nipples, fairly roughly and switching constantly from one to the other. Suddenly her hips starting thrusting and her breath became loud and ragged.

"Please, Shelley, eat me. I'm so close."

I scooted down between her legs. Even before my face was close I could smell her pussy. There was a damp patch in the sheet below it and I could tell she really was close. Other times I might have teased a girl, but not this time. I spread her lips with my fingers and dived straight for her clit. I slipped my lips around it and started sucking. And as soon as my tongue touched its tip she started cumming.

I moved my mouth down and drank her. There's nothing sweeter to me than an ejaculating pussy and I sucked and licked and swallowed and licked some more. Sam brought her hand down on her clit and started rubbing there while I continued tonguing her. Soon her body spasmed again and again and she came, loudly and more violently than before.

Suddenly her body relaxed and so did her breathing. I climbed up the bed. She was half-asleep. Her eyes refused to focus. I forced an arm under her neck and lay next to her cuddling and rocking her.

Then she was awake again. She sat up on one elbow and grinned, "Fantastic, Shel. I really, really needed that. Your turn?"

"I'm so turned on, Sam. Would you skip the massage this time and just fuck me? Please?"

"Yes, ma'am," she giggled.

She started with my nipples, gently. Little licks and sucks on my left one while rubbing and squeezing my right one. Then she switched over and repeated herself. That was lovely, but then she continued working my tits while she started to rub my pussy with her thigh. This was a new one to me and I liked it. I started fucking my pussy against her leg like a dog. I reached down and grabbed her arse hard so I could really grind myself against her. Suddenly I started cumming while Sam squeezed and twisted my nipples.

"Fuck, Sam. That was good," I managed to say between gasps.

"That was the fast one. Now for the slow one."

Sam got down between my legs and started licking and nibbling and rubbing and squeezing, but everything was slow and gentle this time. I was floating. I could hear the music playing, but I was aware of nothing else at all except what was between my legs. My eyes were shut but I'm not sure I would have been able to see if I opened them.

Now her mouth stayed near my clit, playing with it like a cat does with a ball of wool. Two fingers entered me, slowly but insistently, all the way in and almost all the way out again, twisting constantly. Back in came the fingers a little quicker this time, then away. Each time the fingers made a circuit they moved a little faster. So did the tongue licks on my clit.

I came. It was a good one. Sam kept fucking and licking me. I came again. It was a better one. Still she kept on. This time when I came, my whole body flopped around the bed and I think I started to scream. I have to say it that way because I can't remember any more.

Sometime later Sam was holding me like I had held her. When she saw I was awake again, she began to giggle, "I think I'm getting better at that. Don't you think?"

"Ask me again tomorrow. Right now I can't think about anything, not even that."

We kissed again. "Shall I stay?" I asked her.

"You'd better not. I'm exhausted, and if you stay, we won't sleep."

I found I could stand up after all, and staggered down the hall to my room. I crawled beneath my duvet and was gone.

Continuations & Conclusions part 3

WEEK TWO

FRIDAY Evening & SATURDAY Morning

HEATHER

Mum asked Shelley to take Sam upstairs and help her get her room ready She asked me to keep Eric company while she did the washing up.

"Most of it's done," Shelley called as she and Sam ran up the stairs.

As Mum went out to the kitchen, Eric and I immediately got up and tried to follow her, but Mum told him, "No. Any other time yes, but tonight you're the guest of honour. Stay here and keep Heather company."

I sat down on the sofa as Eric bent down and kissed her on the cheek. Something about the sheer tenderness of it made me want to cry. I felt a tear oozing out from my left eye and I quickly wiped it away, hoping that he hadn't noticed.

I think he had, because when another tear followed it, he walked across the room and wiped it away for me.

"Have we done something to upset you? I promise you I'm not trying to take your mother from you both."

I almost laughed at that. "No, I was just thinking. You both looked so nice and so much in love. I was just wishing I could be like that."

"You mean all the boys just want sex."

Now I did laugh, a probably unattractive snort. "No. Actually Jed, I suppose he's my boyfriend, is great. I'm the problem. I just won't let him be nice to me or get close."

"If he loves you, he'll wait till you're ready."

"I don't mean close like that. I realised something earlier this evening, before you came. I'm okay having sex, so long as it's just fun. But when Jed wanted to be nice to me, I just fucked him to push him away. Crazy, huh? I hurt him and myself. Sex was okay, but I didn't want anything emotional."

He smiled. "I don't mean to be flippant, but a lot of boys would love that idea. A girl who just wants sex. A teenage boy's dream."

He looked at me and I looked at him and I laughed.

"Give yourself time. Heather, no girl should have to go through what those bastards did to you. It's no wonder you need time to learn how to cope with it."

"I can't. For a few days, I think I can, then I close my eyes and I see them again. I'm pushing Jed away, who really does care about me. I can't sleep properly. I feel like I'm wound up so tight I'm going to snap. Like I'm angry at everyone and I'm going to explode any minute."

"That's understandable."

"Then the anger's gone and I just feel nothing. Like I'm hollow. And I look at you and Mum and I think I'll never be like that."

I burst into tears and he slid over right next to me. He pulled me onto his lap and just held me, with one of his strong arms around me and his other hand stroking my hair.

I don't know how long we were like that, but at some point I noticed that Mum and Shelley were watching me, with worried expressions on their faces. I felt drained of energy.

Mum said, "Darling, I'm going to ask Mrs. Townley if she can see you. We're out of our depth here. We want to help you, but we don't know how."

"Mum. Can we talk about this in the morning? I'm really tired."

She nodded.

Without a word and apparently without any effort Eric picked me up like I was a small child and carried me up the stairs. Shelley raced up ahead to open my bedroom door and pull down the bedclothes.

Eric gently lowered me onto my bed. Mum had followed us and pulled the covers over me. Shelley and Eric left the room.

Mum said softly. "If you get horrible thoughts in the night, come and wake me up."

"Okay, Mum," I said, knowing that I wouldn't.

She turned the light out, but continued sitting beside me and holding my hand.

The next thing I knew the sun was streaming through my window and across my face. I hadn't thought to close the curtains so it woke me up far too early. I knew I wouldn't get back to sleep, so I crept downstairs to put the kettle on.

To my surprise, Eric was in the lounge, working on his laptop. "Hi. I'm making some tea. Want some?" I asked.

"Please."

"How do you take it?"

"Milk, two sugars."

Once I'd got everything ready I realised I hadn't plugged in the kettle. I'm not at my brightest first thing in the morning. So I went to see Eric. "What you doing?"

"Just some work I didn't finish yesterday, mostly answering emails from customers."

"I won't disturb you then."

"Don't worry, there's no hurry. Most of them won't be in to get them until Monday and I've already done the urgent ones."

There was silence, as if neither of us could think what to say. I was grateful when I heard the kettle boil. I poured out the teas and brought them in.

"Have you worked with Mum for long?"

"Off and on, a few years. But we don't often work together. Not many projects justify two seniors."

"But India did?"

"Yes, it's to do with a major company expansion, so they needed two of us. Originally it was going to be a smaller job, and it was my turn for a trip away, but when they wanted a lot more from us, I asked if your mother could come as well."

He paused for what seemed like ages.

"I'm sorry for taking your mother away when you needed her," he said heavily.

"You weren't to know. And anyway, don't tell Mum, but I'm glad she wasn't here."

"Why?"

"She'd have been so angry and so worried, I'd have ended up worrying about her. And I just wanted to put it out of my mind."

He looked at me for what seemed an age. "But you can't, can you?"

"No. Well sometimes, if I keep busy, I can manage to not think about it for a while. And this is gonna sound stupid... but when I have sex, I almost forget about it."

"I won't pretend I can understand. I can't. But if you need someone to talk to, I'm here and I'm planning on being around for a long time."

I started to cry. Again.

"Now I've made you cry. I'm sorry."

"No, it's... well I don't know, somehow whenever anyone is understanding and nice, I just want to cry, and it makes it harder somehow."

We were uncomfortably quiet again.

I decided to break the silence. "So what made you choose Mum to go with you to India?"

"Well, they needed her speciality and she's the best."

"So it wasn't just to get into her knickers then?"

"No..." then he saw me grinning. "No. But I won't say I was disappointed. Your mother is very special."

"Yes, she is."

"We were both worried about last night. It's one thing knowing your mother is seeing someone, quite another to have him here in the house."

"You needn't worry. Shelley and I haven't seen Mum this happy for, well, a long time anyway."

"Good. I'm glad."

"Now there's a sight." Mum was standing in the doorway smiling at us. "It's not often, Eric, that this one beats me up in the morning." She came over and kissed the top of my head. "Did you sleep okay?"

"Yeah, the sleep of the dead. Thanks." Then I grinned up at her, "I won't ask how you slept, not with HIM sitting there anyway."

She disappeared into the kitchen and soon the wonderful smell of morning bacon filled the house. A laundry basket floated past the doorway attached to a beaming Sam. I couldn't help it. Oh god, I thought, not another morning person. I was beginning to feel seriously outnumbered. A few minutes later Sam went back upstairs and was soon dragging a reluctant Shelley back down behind her. Thank you, Sis, I grinned to myself as I recognised an ally.

Then Sam called Eric and me into the dining room. She and Shel had set the table for a "full English breakfast" for five, too many to eat together in the kitchen. I decided that I liked staying at this hotel, but I didn't dare say that aloud in case Mum heard me.

When Mum does breakfast at the weekend, she leaves nothing out. Bacon, mushrooms and fried tomatoes were already waiting in a heated covered dish. The big teapot was steaming from under a quilted tea cosy, next to a jug of milk and the sugar bowl. Each of us had a small glass of freshly-squeezed orange juice waiting, and of course the plates were hot.

For Eric and Sam's benefit, Mum started with, "Mind the hot plates." Shel and I already knew that. Then she continued, "The sausages will be ready in a minute. Will scrambled eggs be alright for everyone?"

No one dared to contradict THAT tone of voice.

"Good. I'll start bringing them through. Sam, you seem to be a lot more awake than either of my offspring. Would you come out and help with the toast please?"

Within five minutes the eggs and sausages arrived along with the first of the toast. For a while no one spoke. There really are few better meals than this. The tea was strong and remained hot throughout the meal. Everyone wanted more toast so Sam grabbed the toast racks and headed for kitchen. This time Shelley joined her to make a fresh pot of tea and bring in the marmalade, honey and jams.

As he spooned some marmalade onto a fresh slice of toast, Eric gave the verdict for all of us, "Bloody marvellous, Jan. The meal could not have been improved, I mean that."

If Mum were a cat she'd have been purring. Instead she gave him a look to melt stone.

Eric then looked around at all of us. "Whoever's free this afternoon, I'd be ever-so-chuffed (see cultural notes) if you came out to watch my cricket match. It looks like it'll be hot and sunny all day, perfect for working on your tans and there should be a very good tea. The 'mums' always make way too many sandwiches and cakes, even allowing for a couple of dozen teenage boys.

Shelley's whole face lit up. "A couple of dozen?"

Mum laughed, "Down, girl! They're way too young for you." She turned to Eric. "Isn't that so?"

Now Eric was grinning as well, trying not to laugh at the look of disappointment on Shel's face.

"We can always tease them," Sam offered. There was a twinkle in Sam's eyes I was not at all sure about. "I've got nothing better planned. Besides," she added, "I think Stephen's probably free. Does anyone mind if I ask him?" The twinkles changed to searchlights.

It was Eric's turn to laugh. "Of course you may, Sam. This Stephen is a lucky chap. I can still remember when girls used to give me the kind of look that's on Sam's face."

"Careful, mister," Mum tried to look and sound annoyed, and failed twice.

Shelley said, "Well, I'm free too. I was going to try and get my hair cut for the party tonight, but I think Eric's idea about getting some sun sounds like an even better idea." Then she dropped her voice, "A couple of dozen, huh?"

A few seconds later Shel interrupted our laughter. "What time's the tea?"

"An intelligent question. Round about half past three. It depends a little on how the match is going."

Mum asked, "Where?"

Eric replied, "An even more intelligent question. St. Stephen's Park, just inside the Cromwell Road gates. Sam, if your young man..." His pause allowed Sam time to blush. "...Needs to take a bus, tell him he'll want, let's see, a 7, a 7A or a 22. They all stop right outside the gates."

I cleared my throat, "I may have a problem, Eric. Dr. Reynolds, he's our headmaster, has asked me to interview all the Program boys and girls this weekend for the inquiry. They'll want to look at the interviews on Monday, so I'd better do at least some of them this afternoon."

I turned to Shelley. "That big heavy bag Jed brought around yesterday, it's a video camera. He's volunteered to be my cameraman."

"Well," Mum countered, "Why don't you and Jed come with us to the park. Then the two of you can take the car, if you want, and go do some interviews. Just get the car back to us for..." she looked at Eric, "...six o'clock?" Eric nodded.

Actually, the idea of lying in the sun for at least part of the afternoon appealed, so I said, "Sounds like a plan to me."

Mum told us that she was about to go shopping with Laura's mum and Sam decided to go with them. We agreed to meet up with Sam around midday to go bikini shopping.

Eric insisted that he'd clear up the breakfast things so Mum didn't have to rush. Then, he said, he had some work to do at home until he went to the match, so that left Shelley and me on our own.

I wandered upstairs and found Shelley with her nose in her journal. "I suppose we'd better start on these interviews," I said, so I rang Jed.

Then I rang Dr. Reynolds. "Hi, Dr. Reynolds, it's Heather. No, nothing's wrong (I could hear the worry in his voice), I just wondered if Mrs. Chaplain wanted to come when I'm taping these interviews."

He gave me the number of her hotel and the porter just caught her as she was leaving the dining room. "Hello?"

"Hello, Mrs. Chaplain. It's Heather. I'm starting to do the interviews this morning and I wondered if you wanted to come along, if you've nothing else to do."

She liked the idea, so we arranged that she'd come to our house in about an hour.

"I'm going to get Jed or you to interview me first," I explained to Shelley, "Then I'll interview you while Jed tapes."

"Okay," she said brightly, but I noticed a strange look on her face.

"What's up?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"You had a strange look on your face when I mentioned Jed."

"I didn't," she protested, and started to blush, which is unheard of for Shelley!

"You did, and you have again." Then it dawned on me. "You fancy my boyfriend," I accused.

She looked down, but now she was smiling. I carried on, "You do. It's okay, I don't mind. In fact, that gives me an idea." I told her what I was planning.

Jed arrived and I quickly explained that Mrs. Chaplain would also be arriving soon, so we didn't have long.

I rested my arms on his shoulders and looked straight in his eyes. "I was pretty awful to you last night and I want to make it up to you. Take off your clothes and come up to my room."

He looked doubtful, so I stepped back, took off my own clothes and grinned at him.

Upstairs we kissed for what seemed like ages, then I made him lie on his back on the bed and began to suck him off.

When he was good and hard, I changed positions to a 69, forcing my pussy down over his mouth.

I moved my head away from his cock and grinned at Shelley, who had quietly entered the room.

Before he had a chance to react, she got onto the bed and lowered herself onto his cock.

He stopped licking my pussy and laughed. I got off so he could see who was fucking him.

I made Shelley get off of him and lie down on the bed and held her pussy open for him.

"Come on, Jed. Fuck my little sister. You know she wants it."

I watched him slowly enter Shelley and begin to speed up. Jed's timing when he's "on the job" is ace.

"Hey, save some for me," I cried.

He pulled out and lay down on the bed. "Shelley, you want a good pussy-licking?"

She didn't need asking twice and squatted down over his face. I sat down on his cock, and just watched Shelley struggling to keep control as he licked her.

When she came and flooded his mouth, I got off of him and went back to sucking him off.

I made Shelley move to one side of him, and placed his hand on her pussy. I moved my own rear end towards his face, and placed his other hand on my pussy, then went back, yet again, to licking and sucking his cock.

"You like finger-fucking me and my little sister, Jed?" I asked when I paused to breathe.

This time, I swallowed repeatedly, trying to get all of him in my mouth, and at the same time, fondling his balls.

When I felt him spurt down my throat I sucked and sucked, harder and harder, squeezing his balls at the same time.

I felt his body go limp. "Fuck!" he gasped, "I think I've been hoovered." Shel and I high-fived each other above his head.

We were in the shower together when the bell rang.

I dried myself and ran downstairs, not bothering to dress. It was Mrs. Chaplain.

"Hello. Come in. We've been doing a bit of outreach."

She smiled. "I hope I'm not disturbing anything."

The phone rang at that point and it was Mum, wanting Lindsey Crowe's number, so I gave it to her. "Hmm. Sam's at the Nelson Centre and wants a TV crew there. I wonder what that's about. Let's do these interviews quickly, then go and see."

Jed set up the camera in the conservatory, so there was plenty of light. He started by interviewing me.

"Heather. Tell us what you think of your time in the Program."

I'd had plenty of time to think about it, so it was easy...

"At first it was terrifying, and I think it will probably be scary for anyone at first, especially the shyer ones, but with proper supervision and proper protection, it could be great.

"Obviously I can't separate my own experience in the Program from being attacked on the Friday morning, but there were positive experiences too.

"I feel awkward saying this with her sitting there, but the best thing was Shelley. We've never been close. Sometimes it seemed like we had nothing in common and she was just a brat put here to torment me. Suddenly she's trying to protect me, and we're like a team that nobody can come between. When she went missing, all I could think of was that I'd only just found my sister and I couldn't bear it if I lost her again.

"Then there was Suzie. After the attack I was as low as I've ever been and someone I didn't even like put herself on the line like that. Perhaps being that emotionally vulnerable makes people react differently. I wonder if that's maybe even part of what the Program's about.

"I felt terrible that things got so out of hand in the second week. On the other hand, it showed us that by working together we could change things. And the second half of that Wednesday morning, when we had the support of the whole school, was quite something. And the other girls say it's continued that way. If so, the Program's brought the school together, if a little late for some of us, in a way that none of the other fancy schemes they've tried ever have done.

"It's made me feel a lot closer to quite a few people, my sister, my Mum, friends, including some very special new ones..."

I looked at Jed directly at this point.

"So that's it. I can't think of much else to say."

"Thank you, Heather," said Jed and cut the recording.

"I'm surprised," said Mrs. Chaplain. "After all we heard in the inquiry, I didn't really expect to hear so much positive from you about the Program."

"Thursday was about what went wrong. But that's not the fault of the Program itself. It can work, and I think it could be beautiful. Look at what it's done to Sam."

I turned to Shelley. "Okay, Sis, your turn. Jed, Lights! Camera! Action!"

"I'm here with my sister, Shelley, who has just completed her week in the notorious Naked In School Program. Shelley, what are your thoughts?"

"It's been a totally mad week. So many things went wrong, yet in spite of everything, things turned out amazing. I mean, take Sam, like you said. She started the week so scared she fainted. She's finished the week somewhere way above cloud nine. To say she's a different person to the scared little rabbit she was on Monday doesn't come close.

"And fancy Suzie and Laura falling in love! Laura especially has had such a rotten time this week that she deserves a few thousand breaks. Suzie does too, of course, and so do the rest of this week's, what's Heather call us, Naked Participants. All of us have earned it."

I interrupted her. "I really wanted to know about your own experience in the Program."

"Let me finish," she replied. "My sister Heather is still hurting, I know that. And I know why, her attack. (I still find it very hard to use the other word.) I don't know what I can do to help, except to be there for her forever and do my damnedest to make her laugh. And of course to love her with all my heart, which I do."

I felt my eyes water. I looked at her and she caught my glance and it felt like she was looking into my soul. Then she turned back to the camera and went on.

"And me, what sort of week have I had? Only the most amazing and wonderful adventure, better than I could ever have imagined. I know I wrote a couple of days ago, "God, I love sex," and it's true, I do love sex and I intend to have lots more of it, as often as I can.

"But that's only part of it. I have made FRIENDS this week. Sam and Suzie and Laura to start with, but there are so many more. Top of the list must be Tara, my new friend in Rugby. I'm wearing the unicorn she gave me again, and I don't plan to take it off. The so-and-so better ring me soon, I've got so much to tell her. And her other friends there in Rugby, all of them real and really alive. I have to see them again."

I realised with a start that she'd prepared this as much as I had.

"Then there's the London crowd we met when we were down for the inquiry. Pete comes first, obviously, but Paul is a close second. For a while he made my sister happy, and made me happy because of it. But Laura and James were lots of fun too. I hope it works out for them. And who knows? George the taxi driver, he might be one for the future."

Probably not the best idea to tell Mum about him, I thought. But Shel went on...

"But I've snuck another name onto this special list, a certain headmaster who shall remain nameless, but I think you know who I mean. Who'd have thought that old Dr. R. could be like that? He's actually human when you get to know him. And I made him laugh, in spite of himself and his job. I think he needs to, so I'll have to think of more ways to make him laugh, in spite of himself and his job. I know now he wants to, at least once in a while.

"There's one very special friend I haven't mentioned yet, the one who means as much to me as Heather does. Something magnificent happened Tuesday night, and I don't mean getting naked, although that was fun. It was like Heather and I walked through a door and found our new best friend on the other side. I mean Mum of course. I know we have to share her with Eric now, but she has never been happier that I can remember. (Hey, Daddy. If you can hear me, I know this makes you happy too.) I'm not sure it would have happened if the Program hadn't made us all less inhibited."

I still had trouble thinking of Shelley as ever having been inhibited. Then she finished with, "We have survived, we Program girls, but I think all of us have done a whole lot more than that. I know I have."

We were all silent for a while. I felt almost rude as if I'd been caught watching my sister stripping.

Then I remembered, "Thank you, Shelley, and CUT!"

Mrs. Chaplain had a big smile on her face. "I must say I'm quite astounded, Shelley. That was an extremely polished performance. I wanted to look around for one of those... oh, what are they called?"

"Teleprompter?" Jed suggested.

"Yes, that's it. Thank you, Jed. I wanted to look around for the Teleprompter."

We could see the pleasure on Shelley's face and hear it in her voice. "Thank you, ma'am. The train journey from Rugby to London is a long one." Now she giggled, "I could only tease my policeman for a little while so I had lots of time to think about what I wanted to say to the inquiry. But I never had the chance then. So thanks, Sis, for the chance now."

Then her voice got quieter. "You know, I just said some things I might have been embarrassed to say publicly before. But maybe that's another one in the plus column for the Program. I love my family and my friends and I don't care who hears me say that."

And now Jed did the most wonderful thing. He put down the camera and hugged Shelley. "And we all love you, you crazy so-and-so."

It's just as well that Jed picked the camera up again immediately. I'm not sure what Shel might have done otherwise.

Mrs. Chaplain was still smiling, but her voice had turned quite serious. "I'm really surprised. After seeing you both on Thursday, I'd half expected to come up here for the second part of the inquiry and end up having to recommend that the Program should be abandoned as being too dangerous. Yet you two, unless I'm totally misunderstanding you both, are both in favour of the Program."

"Yes," we said together.

"I wish I could do it again," said Shelley. "Not now I mean, but in a few months, when everything's running smoothly."

"It wouldn't work," I countered.

"Why?"

"Nothing will run smoothly if you're in it."

Jed and Mrs. Chaplain laughed.

"Come on," said Shelley. "Jed's turn. Tell us about all those girls you've been screwing all week." She took the camera from him and switched it on, pointing it at me.

"Okay, Jed," I said. "My sister says the Program for boys is all about how many girls you can screw. Is it like that?"

"No. Well, not completely. Of course being seduced in my first five minutes in the Program was a nice start."

Shelley giggled at that.

"But the first day or two was actually quite embarrassing. Trying not to get an erection all the time, especially after the first day, when touching was allowed and when everywhere you go, there are girls grabbing at it. By Tuesday lunchtime I'd had relief in almost every lesson and I was knackered. (see cultural notes) When everyone stopped doing anything in the afternoon after Laura got caned it was almost a relief... of a very different sort.

"Then Wednesday afternoon when you'd gone to London, it seemed like every girl in school thought it was her personal duty to make sure I didn't miss you too much. After school a whole load of them lined up to take it in turns giving me a blowjob. They each stopped before I could come. Then one didn't stop quick enough and I ended up coming in her mouth."

I laughed at that.

"But Thursday was the weirdest. It seemed like the girls had decided it was try-everything-weird day."

"What do you mean?"

"It started off with one of the girls wanting me to spank her. I think she'd got the idea from hearing about Sam. Then she said if I wanted to fuck her I had to let her spank me too."

"And did you?"

"What do you think?"

"What was it like?"

"Spanking her or being spanked?"

"Both."

"Well, I started spanking her gently, but she wanted it harder, so I made her bum really red. And in between the spanks, I felt her pussy. It was really really wet. Then when she did me, she kept stroking my cock in between each spank and talking about how much she wanted me to fuck her. The odd thing was the pain made it even more exciting.

"When she'd finished I'd fucked her pussy a few times when she told me to stop and ram it in her arse. When I've had a girl let me do her backdoor before, they've always wanted me to be really slow and gentle, but not her. But I did what she said and she really screamed when I pushed it into her. I thought I'd really hurt her, but she told me to carry on, but faster. I've never felt anything as intense as when she came."

"You said it started like that. How did Thursday continue?"

"Two girls wanted a threesome with me. They were kissing each other while I was fucking one and licking the other as she sat on my face.

"Another girl wanted me to pee all over her. Now THAT was weird, she came while I was doing it. Then she peed on my cock before giving me a blowjob."

Thank God. Jed was too busy looking directly into the camera to notice my reaction to that. I think Shel noticed, but she didn't say anything.

"And one girl insisted on giving me relief in class by fucking me, in front of the whole class, riding me like I was a horse. And after school a girl tied me up and fucked me. In fact after Thursday, Friday was almost normal."

"What happened Friday?"

Before he could answer, the phone rang again. It was Sam. She wouldn't say what had happened about the telly, but told us to meet her at the bikini shop in an hour.

"Sorry about that, Jed," I said. "We'll have to edit that bit out. What happened Friday?"

"Well, I missed most of the Morning Groping as we were watching Graham and Ghastly get escorted out of the school. But every break there was at least one girl who wanted me to fuck her. The one who tied me up the day before wanted me to tie her up over her desk and fuck her, but other than that it was pretty ordinary.

"And in the afternoon I said no to fucking or blowjobs as I wanted the energy for when you came home."

Ouch. I thought of the way I'd been last night and felt even guiltier.

"So you've had lots of sex. So tell us, what do you think of the Program?"

"I think all the boys in the Program had lots of sex. It was like girls who wouldn't normally do it thought it was okay if it was with someone in the Program. But it wasn't only sex. I won't pretend we had as much of an emotional time as the girls did, but I know we all felt responsible for the girls and the others were really guilty about Wednesday's Morning Groping."

"What happened to them all? I know you were with us until we came back from the office."

"As soon as the rest of the boys arrived, a load of girls dragged them round the back for a gangbang. When I came back from the office with you, I couldn't get near any of you for the crush of other boys and finally I went off to find the other Program boys to help. By the time I found them, Morning Groping was over. I'm sorry I couldn't do more. It was a bloody disaster."

I signalled Shelley to cut the camera. "You tried, Jed. You tried. And you made up for it in the office later."

I kissed him and for once I actually felt something more than just sex.

Jed had some errands for his parents so he went off, leaving the camera with me. The rest of us had time for a cup of tea and a chat. "How would you have coped if they'd had the Program when you were at school?" asked Shelley.

"I don't know," Mrs. Chaplain said honestly. "When I was at school it was in the backlash to the liberated sixties and seventies. Everyone was scared of AIDS and anyone who had too much sex was REALLY looked down on. There were campaigns to take benefits away from single mothers and make the fathers pay and it got really nasty. A lot of it came from America where the religious right were getting powerful, so it was probably worse there.

"I certainly wish we'd had the openness at my school that you seem to have now. One girl committed suicide when she thought she was a lesbian. Another girl tried to when she got pregnant."

"That's sick," commented Shelley.

"Yes, it is. It was a sick time. That's why we need the Program, to ensure that everyone is taught that sex isn't wrong, any type of sex, so long as everyone involved is willing. We want to ensure that the repressive factions can never get the upper hand again."

I had to ask. "You talk about if everyone is willing. So why is the Program compulsory? And why do we have to do so much in Reasonable Requests?"

"That was a difficult one," she admitted. "To our shame, our society left your generation with so many hang-ups, that left to yourselves, you might never get over them. You had no choice about those inhibitions and repressed ideas being put into you in the first place, so we had to undo the damage our generation had done. We hope that after the first few in each school, it will be seen as so positive that most will embrace it enthusiastically, like Shelley here.

"But it is a risk," she admitted. "Not all Programs in the US went well. Some still don't work well. That's why we started with one school as a pilot Program, to try out ideas and see if they work. As you know, we made a lot of mistakes, but we will learn from them, with your help. I hope you will think the end turns out to be worth what you have been put through."

I thought about that one. "I think it probably will be. But this might sound stupid. I feel kind of responsible for those that follow us in the Program. I'd like to be involved in some way. And I think other students should have an official say in how it's run. After all, we know what it's really like. You didn't, not one of you. Not even the teachers here realised until we told them."

"When we've taken evidence from everyone else involved in the inquiry, I'll ask you to come back in to make that point for the record. Okay?"

"Okay."

I explained to Mrs. Chaplain about the cricket match and the possibility of doing some more interviews in the afternoon. She complained that sadly she had a lot of work to do. Much as she'd have liked to see the match she couldn't afford the time. But she would meet me wherever when I did more interviews. We exchanged mobile numbers.

Shelley told her that all the Program students would be at Tanya's party tonight. I don't know how Shel managed it, but she persuaded Mrs. Chaplain to come to the party, at least for a little while. Shel actually said, "All work and no play makes for a dull day." Once Mrs. Chaplain started laughing, I knew she'd lost the argument.

As she was leaving, she whispered to me, "Your sister can be very persuasive," then said more loudly, "Did I hear you say you are going into town? I can give you a lift if you like."

"Thanks, give us a minute to put something on." As I dressed I looked out of my window and I swear there was a spring in her step as she walked to her car.

Continuations & Conclusions part 4

WEEK TWO

FRIDAY Evening & SATURDAY Morning

SUZIE

When Laura told me Friday lunchtime that she was leaving, for a while I wanted to die. But writing my final journal entry at home in the afternoon made me realise that life must go on, or more importantly, that I wanted my life to go on.

Several cups of tea and two pees later I was sitting in my room wondering what music I'd like to put on when I heard voices outside. I looked out of the window and saw Sam standing on the pavement outside the house. The evening sun was behind her so I couldn't see her face clearly.

I ran downstairs to open the door, ready to tell her I was okay, I just wanted to be left alone. I felt an irrational anger at Sam for disturbing me when I really needed to be alone, even though I knew she was here because she cared.

I flung the door open and opened my mouth to shout at Sam and saw Laura walking up the path towards me. I hadn't seen her from the window. From her tear-streaked face I could see that she'd been crying too, a lot.

"Suzie, I'm sorry," she began and couldn't continue as her voice choked with sobs. I had to hold her. Whatever she'd said or done, I knew I loved her. "There're... some things... I have to tell you," she whimpered, gasping for breath between her sobs.

"You don't have to say anything," I assured her.

"Yes, I do. I love you and I want to be with you."

It was like the evening sunlight had broken through a black cloud. The weight on my mind and my heart lifted so suddenly I felt I would burst.

We were still crying in each other's arms when Sam interrupted us. "I've just called a taxi. Have you invited her yet?"

"Invited me?" I asked. Invited me to what? I wondered.

"I'm moving out to Heather and Shelley's for a while, so you two lovebirds can get some time alone together."

If I hadn't been hanging onto Laura for all I was worth, I'd have hugged her. Instead I just said, "Sam, that's really nice. Thank you." The words felt so inadequate. I knew how much Sam loved living with the Townleys.

"Hey, I gotta keep my big sister happy, haven't I?" she quipped.

I packed some spare clothes and a few other bits and pieces into an overnight bag and we waited for the taxi together.

When we reached her home, Laura nearly dragged me up the stairs.

"Everything alright?" asked her Mum.

"It is now," shouted Laura.

When we reached her bedroom, she made me sit on her bed while she talked.

"I'm so sorry I hurt you today. At the very least I owe you an explanation. And if you never want to see me again after that, I understand."

"Do you think I'd be here if I never wanted to see you again?"

She smiled. "A few years ago, my best friend, Julie, was killed by a bomb." She paused. I could see it still hurt.

"It's okay, you don't have to tell me."

"Yes I do. We were more than friends, we'd been lovers for a while. She was a bit older than me, about the same age I am now, and she made it clear she wanted more than a casual friendship 'with benefits' as she called it." She faltered again. I took her hand.

"I wasn't ready for that and we had a big row and I told her she was stifling me. When she told me she loved me, I said I didn't need her, I could manage without her. So she ran out and seconds later the bomb went off and she was killed instantly. I'll never forget the look on her face when she ran out."

I could see even now her eyes were watering at the memory. I wanted to reassure her, so I squeezed her hand tighter.

"For ages I blamed myself that she died. I was convinced it was my fault. I even tried suicide, but Heather caught me, and threw away the pills. I was so angry I really hit her hard. So hard she had to go to hospital."

Suddenly the reason Laura went through all she had done last weekend for Heather became clear. These two had a history and a closeness I'd never had with anyone. And I'd begun to write off Heather as shallow. How stupid.

"I was obsessed that I'd hurt anyone I got really close to, so I wouldn't let anyone that close ever again. When I couldn't stop thinking about you, I let down my guard sometimes, then felt guilty as hell afterwards. And last night, when you said you loved me, I freaked out. I decided that I'd go away before I really hurt you."

"You can't protect me, Laura, not even from yourself."

"Then Mr. Moor got angry with me about how I'd hurt you and made me tell him all this. He said something that seems so obvious now, that I can't understand why I didn't think of it before. If we hadn't had that row, Julie still wouldn't be alive, but I'd have gone out with her and we'd both have been killed. He said I was blaming myself for something I couldn't have changed."

"Oh, Laura."

"Then he told me the terrorists killed her and hurt me, but now I was letting them hurt you too, punishing you for what they'd done. I can't make it right, he said, to Julie, but I can with you." She shook her head violently like she was shutting a door somewhere deep inside. "Suzie, I'm not leaving. And I am ready for whatever relationship you want. I love you and I'm so sorry I hurt you."

Neither of us dared breathe for fear of losing it again. I pushed her so she lay down on the bed. I lay beside her and just cuddled her. This was so much better than sex. (I'll probably fail the Program for saying that. It's got to be heresy or something, but it's true.)

"Laura, I love you." We lay there together, holding hands like kids, not saying anything, just enjoying being together.

There was a gentle knock on the door. "Come in," called Laura.

It was Sam. "Are you two okay now?"

Laura turned and kissed me so tenderly I wanted to melt on the spot.

"I guess you are," Sam smiled. "I just came to collect a few of my things. I hope I'm not interrupting."

"Sam, come here." I made her sit between us. "I know how much living here means to you, and how much Laura and Danielle mean to you. I feel like I'm pushing you out."

"Suzie, I've had time to think today. I've wanted a family that cared for me for longer than I can remember. And now that I have one, even if it does include a crazy big sister, I'll probably be leaving them. To be a success in the music business means either living in London most of the time or spending most of your life travelling. At first I wasn't sure I could do that now, but then I realised that Danielle and Laura will still be here for me even if I'm halfway across the world. So don't feel bad that I'm halfway across town."

She grinned and went on, "Besides you two have done so much for me. If I can help you be happy, it's wonderful. After all, if it wasn't for Laura, I'd be dead now. And she's so crazy, she needs someone to keep an eye on her when I go away, so you've got the job."

I laughed at that. Laura pretended to look hurt.

"But if you two hurt each other, I warn you, you'll have me to deal with." She was NOT joking.

Laura and I squeezed Sam between us and both of us kissed her.

"You know," said Laura. "Shelley has these silly names for all of us and she had you labelled as Baby Slut. But you're not much of a baby any more."

Sam considered that for a moment. "I'm not a lot of things I was a few days ago. I can barely recognise myself. I'm still trying to come to terms with it all, but I wouldn't have made it without all of you. So no more talk about being guilty. I want my two best friends in all the world to be happy."

She got up and took her things and left without another word.

"I think I love your new little sister," I told Laura, "But I love her older sister even more." And I kissed her, again.

She had a slightly sad look on her face. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"I can't believe you can still love me after what I did to you today. Especially after last night."

I put on a serious face and tried to look deep in thought. "I'll have to think about that one." Then I turned to nibble on her ear. "Well, I love this bit."

I pulled off her shoes and her socks and sucked one of her big toes into my mouth. "And I love this bit too."

I pulled her top over her head and sucked hard on the part of her left breast that wasn't quite covered by her bra, giving her a tiny love bite. "And I love this bit."

"Ow," she said. "It's a good job I'm not working this weekend."

"Oh, aren't you? Then I'd better take my chance while I can."

I undressed her completely, then began to kiss and suck everywhere, covering her with love bites, each time saying, "And I love this bit."

Laura couldn't stop giggling the whole time. "This is so silly," she said.

I sucked more gently on her nipples, playing with them with my tongue.

Then finally I went down on her by-now-dripping pussy. Having got her worked up I remembered last night and pulled her buttocks open to tongue her arse.

Normally the thought of that would have been unpleasant but I just adored the reaction of the girl I loved.

I fingered her pussy as I continued to tongue her arsehole until she came.

"And that's a little bit of how much I love you," I told her.

She had an evil grin on her face. "Now I'd better show you how much I love you." I knew what was coming.

She gently undressed me, caressing me all over until my skin was sensitised by her touch.

Then she started with my wrists, working up each arm, leaving a trail of love bites. At first I thought, thank god there was no school tomorrow. Then I wished there was. It would be worth the stares to show everyone that we belonged to each other now, body and soul.

No part of me was missed. She didn't leave my breasts till last, but sent me a little crazy with her tongue on my nipples before moving further down my body with her love bites. She even managed to get a love bite on each of my labia.

This was crazy, even a little painful, and I loved it.

She finally reached my feet and sucked one of my toes. "That tickles!" I cried, but she held me down and tortured each toe in turn.

At last she dived into my pussy. If I thought she was good last night, this time she was incredible. I tried to bite on a pillow to keep the noise down, but it was no good. Even after I came she continued to lick me, drinking my juices.

Finally, she came back up and kissed me lightly on my mouth. "And that's a little bit of how much I love you."

I was too exhausted to think of a witty answer, so I just murmured "mmm" and snuggled into her side.

She spoke once more before we slept, "And I promise I'll never hurt you again."

It was already light when I woke up with her arms around me. I pushed myself back to snuggle even closer to her, then went back to sleep.

The next time I was woken up by a rain of light kisses on my face. "You going to sleep all day or come down for breakfast? I'm starving."

Laura began to get up, but I pulled her back down to me. "Wanna kiss," I mumbled.

"You just had about a hundred."

"I wanna a proper kiss."

She grinned and threw herself down on top of me, her hand between my legs and her lips pressed over mine. We battled with our tongues until she held my tongue in her mouth for a moment and playfully bit it.

"Ow!"

"I told you I was hungry. Come on, before I eat you instead of breakfast." With that she slipped a finger into me, then got up and put it in her mouth. "Though that might be tempting." But she threw on a baggy t-shirt anyway. "You coming?"

"No, dammit, not even close. But I am getting up." I grabbed an oversized rugby shirt (essential wear for sleepovers) from my case. It fell below my bum so I didn't bother with knickers, even though Laura had donned a pair. I followed her downstairs, still a bit groggy.

"I don't know what you're used to for breakfast, but if there's anything you want, just tell me," Mrs. Townley chirped, far too wide awake first thing in the morning.

"Eggs, bacon, mushrooms, tomatoes, beans, eggy-fried bread, toast and marmalade," said Laura.

"Then you can cook it," replied Mrs. Townley, "and I wasn't talking to you, Greedy. I was talking to our guest."

"Anything thanks, Mrs. Townley, just cereal will do."

"There's a whole selection in the cupboard there, from corn flakes to those choco things that are meant for kids, but Laura loves when she thinks I'm not looking."

Laura glared at her mother, pretending to be angry.

"And, please, call me Danielle. Mrs. Townley makes me feel like I'm on duty."

I laughed at that and helped myself to the choco things. Danielle (Yes, that does feel right.) got the milk out of the fridge and handed it to me.

I was amazed that I was so hungry. I had three bowls of the stuff, washed down with two cups of tea. "Sorry, Mrs... Danielle, I'm not normally that greedy."

"Sounds like my daughter wore you out last night."

I could feel myself turn red.

"Sorry, Suzie. I didn't mean to embarrass you. And judging by the amount my daughter's just tucked away, you wore her out too, which is quite an achievement I can tell you. No boy's ever managed to do that, though a few have tried."

"MUM!" cried Laura. Now she was the one embarrassed.

Danielle poked her tongue out at Laura, who returned the gesture.

"Let's go back upstairs," Laura said, holding the door open for me.

"Before you go, I think you two ought to know what happened to Sam last night."

Laura and I sat back down. Laura looked worried.

"When we picked up her things her mother had wrecked most of her clothes and stuff, and left her a leaving present; a book addressed to 'Hookers'. She was pretty upset."

"I'll kill her," muttered Laura. I felt exactly the same.

"Don't worry, Sam's okay. But in case it comes up sometime, I wanted you to know what happened."

"Poor Sam," I said. "My parents aren't exactly supportive, putting it mildly, sometimes I don't think they know I exist, but I can't ever see them being deliberately cruel."

"Well, she's out of there now," declared Laura.

"I'm sorry, but that made me feel awful," I said.

"Why?"

"I was jealous, when you took Sam in here. She suddenly had people to care for her, and I felt like the odd one out."

"You're welcome here as much as you like," said Laura, "Right, Mum?"

"Of course she is."

"Come on, lover," grinned Laura, getting up, "Let's go upstairs."

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do," called Danielle.

Laura grinned at her as well and squeezed my bare bum through my shirt as I went past her.

Somehow, when we got back upstairs, it just seemed natural to take off our clothes again and lay close to each other on the bed. Although I'd slept later than I usually do, I still felt a bit sleepy, and Laura's occasional touch felt so relaxing. She put the radio on and the classic pop station she'd chosen just seemed to wash over me, making me even more relaxed. This was nice. Just being together. I felt totally at peace. Then a thought crossed my mind.

"Do you mind if I use the phone?" My hand was making little circles on Laura's tummy.

"If that hand of yours moves up or down, yes I will. But no, of course I don't. Who are you calling?"

"A boy named Craig."

"Who's he?" A tiny edge tinged her words.

"Don't worry, sweetheart." I leant up and kissed her lips. Neither of us said anything for a minute.

Eventually I spoke. "I've known Craig for years." I was very careful to keep eye contact with her. This would be history and not a confession and Laura needed to understand that from the outset.

There followed the short version of "The Story of Suzie and Craig", from dating, that is sex, to break-up to friendship to becoming "fuck buddies".

"Now I found myself with a real problem this week," I continued. "The best sex I've ever had was with girls recently, starting last Friday with Heather. That one was in front of the whole class and while I was doing it with her I didn't give a fuck if the BBC was transmitting it live or not. Afterwards it was different and I was as embarrassed as anything..." I giggled here, "...but not that embarrassed, I guess, because I spent the whole lunch break in the dining hall with Heather... naked... Wait! Turn that up. I love this record," I cried.

"So do I," Laura agreed as she did as I asked.

I was grateful for the break. I wanted to collect my thoughts before continuing.

"Then there's Daisy..." I began after Laura turned the radio back down at the end of the record.

"Who the fuck is Daisy?" Laura was trying to sound jealous but her grinning eyes let her down.

"Maybe the sweetest girl in the whole school, present company excluded of course."

"That's okay. I don't do sweet, not since I was about thirteen. Go on."

You're so wrong, I thought.

"I met her twice because of the Program, and both times all I could think of was, please god, give me a chance to fuck her till she can't stand up again. You've got to meet her. I know you'll feel exactly the same way."

I leant down to her nearby nipple. Between licks I added, "And if you do it with her, I want to watch, if Daisy's cool with it, that is."

I sat up again intending to carry on talking but Laura had other ideas. She grabbed my sides tightly and dove at my left tit. She licked and sucked for a while but then she started biting my nipple. I could feel each nip between my legs.

But I complained anyway. "Hey, not fair! I didn't use teeth!"

She stopped and lay back. "I know. The teeth were punishment... for stopping before."

There was a quiet knock at the door. Laura looked at me and I shrugged.

"Come on in, Mummy."

"You only call me Mummy if you think you're in trouble..." Her head came round the door. "Oh, I see."

"That's okay, Danielle. I don't mind if you don't," I called to her. "Come over and sit down if you want."

I'd never before seen her walk across an open space like the one between the door and the foot of the bed. First she gathered herself mentally, seeming to count the steps she required, then putting her body into gear. One, two, three, four small shuffling paces and she had to rest. I could feel Laura totally concentrating on her mother's efforts, desperate to leap up to help her, yet knowing how much these next few independent steps would mean. I was paralysed as well, holding my breath while she stood in the middle of the room, then exhaling slightly as her journey recommenced.

Four more steps, I counted each one, and the journey was over. Danielle sat on the bed, took a breath and gave us both a smile to light the darkest night. Nothing was said, no words were needed, and in that instant I knew that I had seen something deeply personal and extraordinarily admirable. Danielle and Laura had taken me to themselves in a way I knew I could never forget.

"I always like to chat to my daughter's lovers, Suzie, especially the ones that stay the night." The world had restarted, as if nothing unusual had just occurred.

I thought Laura was going to choke for a second and I could see her start to blush.

I couldn't resist it. "We seem to have embarrassed your daughter, Danielle."

"I do believe you're right." We both laughed.

"You're both bitches," Laura growled.

But then she joined our laughter. "That's alright, Mum, you're cool," then to me, "But you, Miss Peters, you're toast!"

Danielle laughed. "Interesting new form of body decoration for you both. Or did you both get hungry in the night?"

With a shock I realised she was looking at the love bites we were both covered in and suddenly I was as embarrassed as Laura was. If Laura's face was pinkish, mine was scarlet.

Danielle turned friendly-serious and looked right at me. "I seem to be saying this a lot lately." She paused. "If you two are happy, then I'm happy. It's as simple as that." Now she grinned at Laura. "And if you can teach this one a little humility, so much the better. I gave up on decorum a few years ago."

Before Laura could react, Danielle stood up to move closer to her daughter, sat again and hugged her, "You are happy, Laura, aren't you?"

Laura could only nod. Over her daughter's shoulder Danielle mouthed a thank you at me. Then I realised she had just taken a couple of ordinary steps and the world hadn't stopped.

She cleared her throat. "There was a reason I came in here... Oh yes, Janice Hoover's coming over soon. She's offered to take me shopping to say thanks for helping her out this week. The thing is she's busy this afternoon, something about a cricket match would you believe, so it's gotta be this morning. You two want to come?" Then she laughed loudly. "Oh dear, maybe I should rephrase that."

I could feel my face go bright red again. I knew I'd been loud last night.

"Don't worry, Suzie. I could tell what you two were doing last night but I couldn't really hear any details."

She looked away. "But I do have a good imagination."

It was the way she said that. I had to know. "And a few good memories?"

"Suzie!" Laura shouted.

"That's okay, Laura. I don't mind. More than a few memories, Suzie. More than a few."

"Mum, I never knew. You've never said... I mean..."

"You never asked, darling. Maybe it's not something a girl asks her mother, eh?"

"I suppose not," Laura agreed, then added, "Is this where you tell me you used to be a stripper as well?"

"No, dear, as far as I know you're the only living Townley stripper. And talking of strippers, who was that gorgeous little Asian girl in the wrestling the night before last?"

"Tai-Lee, why?"

"She reminded me so much of a friend at nurse training school. If I were twenty years younger."

"Mum!"

"What? Do you think desire disappears after you turn thirty?"

"No, but..."

"Laura, You make your money by getting mostly much older men fantasizing about what they'd like to do with you. Is it so hard to believe that older women can fantasize too?"

"No, but..."

"But, I'm your mother? Believe it or not, when I pushed you out, you didn't take my sex drive with you, although knowing what you're like, I do wonder sometimes!"

Laura was totally gobsmacked, but this friendly honesty between them was so different to what I was used to at home.

"My Mum never even told me about the birds and the bees. As for... the other, if she knows it exists I'd be surprised."

Danielle changed the topic back. "So, if you guys want to join Janice and me, you'd better start thinking about clothes. I don't want to keep her waiting."

Laura and I shared a look. Then Laura answered her, "Thanks, Mum, but Suzie and I have so much to talk about."

"And after you're gone," I glanced from one to the other, "We might even find a little time to talk." I grinned and squeezed Laura's hand. "Danielle, this is all very new to me and I... I mean, we... Oh dear..." I started to cry tears of the deepest joy I'd ever felt.

Laura hugged me while Danielle just beamed.

"I'll leave you two to it, then."

I had a sudden thought. "Wait, Danielle. I've got really used to being naked this week. Do you mind if..." She'd begun to stand up, but sat down again when I spoke.

"If you don't bother with clothes around here," Danielle finished for me. "Of course I don't mind. As long as you don't mind me looking sometimes."

She suddenly looked embarrassed herself. I'm sure she didn't mean to say that, but I thought that it was much better for her to say it out loud, than just to think it. Besides it seemed to me to be nothing more than a genuine compliment.

I should have just said thank you or something like that, but instead what emerged from the thoughtless side of my brain was, "What about you?"

She laughed. "What is it with you Program girls? First Sam suggests I go naked and now you!"

"Well, we are supposed to take part in outreach," I laughed, before I suddenly clicked to what Danielle had said.

"Sam suggested you should go naked?" I asked.

"Yes, Janice mentioned that they often go naked round there and Sam said that if Janice could do it, so could I. What do you think, daughter?"

Laura shook her head. "I left this conversation for the Outer Hebrides (see cultural notes) some time ago." She returned to stunned silence.

"As far as I can tell, you've got a great figure, Danielle."

She chuckled. "Thank you, but for now I'll leave the display to you younger ones and leave my saggy tits out of it."

"I can't get over Sam suggesting it." Laura had found her voice again.

"Sam's not the timid little thing she started the week as, in case you hadn't noticed, Laura. When she brought Stephen home on Wednesday, she left this door open and I accidentally interrupted them." The back of Danielle's hand half-covered her mouth. "I actually caught her with her face covered with Stephen's cum."

"Holy shit!" I cried.

"Yeah, Sam told me. I think I agree with Suzie, though. I still feel like we've pushed her out."

"Don't worry," Danielle sounded quite certain, "I think she's going to be fine."

"So how come Sam suggested about you going naked?" I asked.

"Janice told her that they go naked rather a lot in that house. The other day Janice had already mentioned it to me. It started Tuesday night, I think. She'd been away on a business trip to India for a few days. Think about what happened to Heather then. Well, Janice was gone for all that. When she got back, the girls had rather a lot to tell her."

"I can imagine," said Laura. I didn't say anything but a fast-forwarding tape ran through my head.

"Well eventually that night the girls played a video of the TV interview from last Friday." Her voice turned mischievous. "You remember that interview, Suzie, don't you?"

"I don't think I'll ever forget it, thank you very much."

"Well, watching it was quite an experience for Janice. She said she started laughing like a crazy woman after a while and... Wait a sec, I might remember her exact words here, 'I said to myself fuck it, if my daughters can be naked on national television why can't I be naked at home?' So she got the girls to strip and then she joined them. They spent the rest of the evening like that and Janice thought it was fantastic."

"So did she say that was a one-off, or are they going to do it all the time?" I asked her.

"Janice says it should be up to the girls, but she thinks Shelley will insist on it."

Laura commented, "Why does that not surprise me?" We all cracked up.

"I gotta run, in a manner of speaking," Danielle said, but before she did, she beckoned me over so she could kiss me. That was so nice. "Laura, dear, would you fetch the chair for me? I don't want to tire myself out completely."

Laura brought the chair right up to the bed. Danielle took Laura's arm, and amazed me with her strength and agility. She seemed to turn herself about in mid-air and drop into her chair effortlessly. She kissed Laura as well and a few seconds later she was gone.

Laura could see me staring at the open door. "You may not think so, Suzie, but she's having a very good day. She's been having more of them recently, and I think now she feels much more frustrated when she has a bad one than she did a while ago. God dammit! I wish there was something I could do to help her." She wanted to cry now, but no tears would come.

I pulled her down next to me and held her tightly. The tears started slowly and didn't last. Soon she relaxed and her breathing evened out.

"Don't ever leave me, Suzie."

"No chance."

She sat up suddenly, grabbed a tissue and honked like a goose into it. Both of us smiled at the ugly noise. She was back to normal again and the look in her eyes was priceless.

"Mum's putting herself down too much, you know. I probably could make a lot more money than I do if I had her tits."

"Well I think the ones you've already got are perfect."

I took my time with my demonstration. Laura has amazing nipples. When erect they're red and smooth and longer than any of the other girls' I've been with. As I sucked on each one in turn I could hear and feel her breathing deepening into a continuous sigh.

She tried to pull my head up to kiss me but I refused. "No, babe. This time is all for you."

"But I want to kiss you."

"Shush, I'm too busy."

Then I couldn't talk any more. I had taken as much of one breast as I could into my mouth and sucked on it while my infamous tongue worked back and forth as fast as possible across her fabulous nipple. Then I pulled my mouth a little ways back and began to chew on her nipple, sucking as I did so.

"Oh shit, Suzie. I don't know whether I want you stay there or do the same to the other one. My fingers aren't nearly as good." She was twisting her other nipple with her fingers while I was nursing.

I switched tits and so did she. Her hips were starting to grind now. I ran the back of my middle finger up and down her pussy. Every time the knuckle dragged across her clit she gasped.

I wanted to taste her now but I also wanted to tease her some more first. I released her nipple and kissed and licked my way off her breast and down to her navel. My mouth stopped there as I dragged my nails down both her sides as slowly as I could. There was a point on both sides near her waist when her torso convulsed. Ticklish, I thought, so I moved my fingers back up for a second go, as slowly as before.

Again she convulsed, but this time she growled at me, "Eat me, you bitch! Now!"

How could I refuse such a polite request? Easily. I got up on my knees between her legs. I fucked a finger into her, but she was so turned on that one was not enough. I added another. Better. I pulled them out and replaced them with two from my other hand. I offered the first two to Laura's mouth and she hungrily sucked on them. Now all four fingers were fucking her, two in her mouth, two in her pussy. I kept switching the pairs so she could taste herself continuously. Her eyes stared at me wildly as her hips humped back against my fingers.

I swapped my fingers one last time before leaning forward quickly to suck her clit into my mouth. A few seconds later I heard an animal's snarl and she started to cum. She bit on my fingers quite hard but I ignored the pain. I didn't care. The girl I loved was cumming. I pulled all my fingers away and grabbed her hips with both hands. Covering her pussy with my mouth I drank her sweetness. I could live on this nectar forever, I thought.

Slowly she settled down. I kept licking and sucking, trying to clean her pussy out. She reached for my head and this time I let her pull me to her mouth.

"Un-fucking-believable, Suzie. Thank you." And then we kissed.

I have no idea how long that kiss went on. Sometime during it I noticed how horny I was.

"Baby, I need you," I whispered, "And no fucking foreplay, please."

Laura got out of the way so I could get comfortable on the pillow. I rubbed each of my hands on my pussy and transferred my wetness to my nipples. Laura, bless her, wasted no time. She got her mouth between my legs immediately. She pulled my pussy open with both hands (Actually that probably should be "further open". My pussy felt like it was already gaping.) and fastened her mouth to it. Her tongue started pistoning back and forth like those things on the sides of antique steam engines, in and out over and over again. Something, I think it was her nose, kept bumping into my clit. Each time it did, a jolt of electricity shot up my spine.

I was close, jesus, I was close. My whole world was my pussy and her mouth. Then something pinched my clit and it was the Blackpool illuminations! Starbursts of intense colours exploded before me and I screamed. I know I did. I couldn't stop myself and I didn't fucking care!

My orgasm finished almost as quickly as it had begun. I was shaking but Laura came up the bed and held me. I got my breathing back under control and smiled at her.

"I think I said something earlier about the best sex I've ever had. I've just changed my mind."

And I kissed her again. Our tongues slid lazily back and forth over and under each other. There was no urgency any more, though, rather a contentment that radiated out from my mouth throughout the rest of my body.

Laura got up to go to the loo, then when she came back and got down next to me she smiled, "You, me, the bed, hell the whole damn room stinks of sex."

I took a deep breath through my nose. "Hmmm, beautiful." I swiped a couple of fingers across her pussy and sniffed. I cleaned them in my mouth, then did the same with my pussy.

Then I sniffed the air again. "Yes, the room definitely smells of both of us. Why do you think that is?"

"You silly idiot. But," her tone changed, "What about your fuck buddy?"

"Oh shit, I forgot all about him. Well, to get back to Wednesday, I was very confused. I seemed to be becoming a lesbian." I raised my hand to stop her speaking. "Yeah, yeah, I know. Either you are, or you're not, or you're both. You don't change. What I'm saying is what I was feeling.

"So when I ran into Craig on Wednesday I decided to test my theory. Now you must realise that before then sex with Craig had always been outstanding. He's pretty big down there, more than average for sure, and boy does he know what to do with it. So I agreed to meet him after school.

"We fucked and I was bored. I had been thinking about the girls I'd been with, before I met with him, so I arrived wet, but whatever we tried, nothing worked for me. I'm pretty sure I hurt his feelings. I certainly hurt his pride. He's probably the only real male friend I have so I want to call him to apologise to him and to explain, and to tell him about us."

"Aren't you afraid of hurting him more?"

"I might, that's true, but if he understands maybe we can still be friends, and that's important."

"Okay, wait here, I'll fetch the phone." A moment later, "Here you are. Do you want to be alone?"

I grabbed her arm and dragged her back down next to me. "Never again."

Both of us jumped an inch off the bed when the phone beside us chirped. Laura answered it.

"Hello?... Oh hi, Sam..." Laura smiled at me. "No, you haven't interrupted anything... On the bed with Suzie... What do you think?" She covered the mouthpiece and whispered, "She asked me if we're naked."

Then she went back to the phone. "What was that?... Yes we are, thank you... Anything you want, baby, anything at all... That's nice to hear, thanks... Shelley thinks it's not hot enough?... Oh, I see, not emotional enough... Yes, yes, I think I see... Well, we'd better do it quickly, we're all supposed to hand them in on Monday... Hang on, let me talk to Suzie."

She turned to me, "Shelley wants some help with her journal. She's not happy how she wrote something..." she grinned now, "...something sexy. I think we'll have do it tomorrow if it's gonna be ready for Monday."

"Sure thing, dear. How long do you think it'll take?" I asked.

"Who knows? Three or four hours, I guess."

"Have her ask Shelley to come over here about eleven in the morning. I'll look after you both, tea, coffee, sandwiches, pussy-licking, whatever you need." I wanted to look after her, and Shelley of course.

"Are you sure?" she asked again.

I leant over and kissed her. "Try and stop me."

Laura spoke to Sam now. "Tell Shelley we have a dedicated caterer to look after her and me... That's right... Let's say tomorrow at eleven. We can change that tonight at the party if we need to... Okay, see ya."

Laura had a distant look in her eyes. "Wow, Su, nobody's ever told me I could write, I mean really write, before. It feels weird, very good, but weird. Ouch!"

I had just pinched her side. "Back to earth, babe. I love you dearly, but you haven't won the Nobel Prize yet, you know."

She grinned sheepishly, "Yeah, you're right, but it IS rather nice." She took a deep breath. "Let's ring your fuck buddy."

Craig answered on the third ring, "Hello?"

"Hey, babe."

"Suzie!" That sounded happy but then his voice dropped. "I had a feeling I was never gonna hear from you again. What can I do you for?" One of our jokes.

"Are you alone?"

"Yeah, everyone else is out. Do you want to come over? Or under?"

I laughed. You had to admire his one-track mind.

"Listen, Craig. I haven't prepared a speech or anything, but I've got quite a bit I want to say to you? Would you be willing to keep it in your trousers for a few minutes and not interrupt me? Then we can talk about whatever you want. Is that okay?"

"Sure thing." He did not sound happy. "Let me grab my tea from next door. I'll be right back." Ten seconds later. "Okay, shoot."

"Craig, I was a class-one shit to you on Wednesday. I was using you without explaining anything to you about why. I want to apologise to you and ask you to forgive me. That's the most important bit. And here's the reason why."

And I explained everything to him starting with last Friday and Heather right up to Daisy on Wednesday morning. Then I said, "I still have a lot to say, but do you understand everything so far?"

"Sure, I think I do, but can I ask you a question now?"

"Of course."

"If you were just into girls, how come you were so turned on when we started? That's what upset me. It was like you were up for it until we started screwing."

"Just before I got to your place I stopped for a burger and sat there thinking about all these sexy girls. I'm afraid I was wet for them when I arrived and not you. Sorry."

Craig was quiet for a moment. Then, "Okay I've got more questions but they can wait."

Then I tried to bring him up to date including the other unsuccessful fuck on Thursday.

"Well at least it's not just me then. I guess that's some consolation."

"Craig, you were... you are the best lay I've ever had, and that's no lie. The other guy got me off by going down on me. But when I came I was pretending it was a girl down there, not him."

"Which girl?"

"Does it matter?"

"No, I guess not."

I decided I would skip over the rough patch between Laura and me. That was not going to help Craig at all.

"So, Craig, after all my... adventures this week, I finally figured out I was in love."

"May I ask which girl this time?"

"You most certainly may. It was, I mean, it is Laura Townley."

"Not Laura the stripper?"

"The very same, and mind your manners, she's sitting here next to me."

"Oh wow! Can I speak to her? Please. You can listen in if you want."

"I'll ask her." "He wants to talk you," I whispered. Laura nodded.

"Okay, Craig. I'll hold the phone so both of us can hear."

"Hi, Laura." He raised his voice. Why do people always do that?

"Hi, Craig. You don't have to shout. I'm right here."

"Sorry. I've always thought you were hot but, and this is a lot coming from me, I was always afraid to ask you out. I guess I should apologise to you for that, huh?"

"No, you don't have to, but apology accepted."

"And I suppose there's not a lot of point in asking you out now, is there?" He had the good sense to laugh at himself.

We both laughed with him. "Seeing as how I'm in love with someone else, probably not." Then Laura giggled again (What a beautiful sound that is!), "But if I ever need a fuck buddy, I know who to call now. You COME highly recommended."

"Oh shit, Laura, I'll try not to disappoint. Here, I do have one request. Could I see you strip sometime?"

"You've seen me, all of me, every day at school this week."

"Yeah, but not a proper striptease, like a show."

"Tricky one, that. Most of my gigs are private, strippergrams, stag parties, that kind of thing. I don't often do clubs. But, wait a minute. Can you hold on?"

"For this, Laura, I'll hold on to more than my phone."

She covered the phone with her hand. "Do you think we could invite him to the party tonight? I wouldn't mind putting on a little show there. And there's gonna be a lot more girls than boys there. What do you think?"

"Sure. We'll have to clear it with Tanya but I don't see why not. Besides, it's what a friend would do, right?"

I spoke while Laura listened. "Craig, what are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"There's the choir party tonight at Tanya's. Do you want to come?"

"Fuck! I'd love to normally. But there's a major problem with that. The reason I'm not doing anything on a Saturday night is that I broke up with my latest girlfriend last weekend and..."

I interrupted him. "And she's in the choir. Yes?"

"Got it in one. I'm afraid it was pretty ugly last week. And she's got lots of friends in the choir. If I turn up there, I might not get out alive. Oh well. Laura, Suzie, will you make me a promise? If there is a place where I can come and watch you bare your lovely body, will you invite me?"

Laura nodded, so I said, "That's a promise. Are we still friends then?"

"Of course we are, Suzie. We've never let a small matter, oops sorry, Laura, a small matter of a boyfriend or girlfriend get in the way before. Why should we start now?"

"Thank you, Craig. That means a lot to me."

"Wait a minute. I'm not going out this weekend. Would you girls like to borrow the Passion Wagon?"

"What the fuck's that?" Laura asked.

"Don't bother answering," I told Craig, "I'll tell her all about it. Are you sure about letting us borrow it?"

"Of course I am. Shall I bring it over now?"

"No, I'm at Laura's now."

"Where's that?"

Laura gave him the address.

"That's easy. I can drop it off and get a bus into town. Let's see. Would about an hour from now be alright for you guys?"

We both said, "Fine."

"See ya then. Bye."

After we hung up, Laura laughed, "He seems alright. Only interested in sex, but what the hell, he's a teenage boy, right?" Then she looked at me, "What would you say to a threesome sometime?"